

# The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 18 No. 32

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, OCT. 7, 1915

\$1.00 PER YEAR

## News from the Grapeland Bargain Store

We are not offering you something for nothing.  
 We are not giving away premiums.  
 We are not offering you anything for less than cost.  
 That is why we do not overcharge you for anything we sell  
 We don't do a cut-throat business.  
 Remember that we give you bargains every day in the week and every week in the year.  
 While others are cutting the price on groceries we will meet all legitimate competition on groceries.  
 And we will save you from 15 to 25 per cent on Dry Goods, Shoes and Notions.  
 We carry a full line of patent medicines.  
 Watches and Jewelry.  
 Everything sold under a guarantee.  
**COME TO GRAPELAND!**

Come to Grapeland where the High Cost of Living has been reduced

**MY MOTTO: "SPOT CASH AND SMALL PROFITS"**  
**W. R. WHERRY**  
 THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND  
**FREE DELIVERY UNION PHONE NO. 45. CALL US UP**

## Buy Now!

## Buy In October

## Buy from Kennedy Bros

Don't be deceived in regard to prices. For you to buy your bill before seeing our lines you are losing money.

Allow us the pleasure of telling you about the advantages of trading with us.

Visit our store and inspect the many good values that we are offering for your consideration.

We are able to show you any item that any first class dry goods store can offer, so pay us a visit and let us serve you.

# Kennedy Brothers

The Store For Everybody

## THINK!

How much you could

## SAVE

If You Trade with us

We are the People Who Put the Price Down in Grapeland

20 lbs standard granulated sugar.....	1.00
8 lbs roasted coffee for.....	1.00
8 lbs green coffee for.....	1.00
High patent flour per sack.....	1.45
Garrett's Snuff per bottle.....	20c
3 plugs Brown Mule tobacco for.....	25c
Swift's best compound lard.....	8 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> c
10 bars good soap for.....	25c
12 boxes matches for.....	35c

Our 5, 10, 15 and 25c Bargain Counters are loaded down with bargains. Come in and look at them

## BIG CUT IN FURNITURE PRICES

IRON BEDS SPRINGS  
 MATTRESSES  
 DRESSERS SAFES  
 TABLES  
 ROCKING CHAIRS

## See Our Line of BRIDGE-BEACH STOVES

The stove that has been in constant use for 34 years right in Grapeland, Texas.

## Remember--

We sell you goods at live and let live prices fifty-two weeks in the year. Help us keep the price down.

## Keeland Bros.

The Price is the Thing

## SEED OATS To Arrive this Week

Car of extra bright Texas Red Rust Proof Seed Oats. See us for prices.

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ON SEED OATS

We handle the Grand Saline No. 1 fine Salt, in the white sacks. Any size package you want.

"Verabest" and "Silver Lake" Flour Fresh car due this week. Quality considered, you will find our flour the cheapest.

We handle the "PEERLESS BRAND" Pure White Cooking Oil. Better buy now, as cotton seed oil is going higher every day.

**THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY**  
 FREE DELIVERY Phone us Your Orders

## BABY BURNED TO DEATH

The fourteen months old baby of Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Campbell of Salmon was burned so badly last Wednesday that death ensued Saturday morning. A fire had been built in the yard for ironing purposes, and while the baby was playing in the yard, walked into the hot bed of coals. The remains were buried in the Guiceland cemetery Sunday morning, Rev. S. W. Edge conducting the services.

The family has the sympathy of the entire community in their bereavement.

## CHANGE IN SCHEDULE

A slight change was made in the schedules of the day trains last Sunday. No. 3, formerly No. 1, is now due here at 10:47 a. m., and No. 2 is due at 11:52 a. m. Nos. 2 and 3 meet at Crockett. No change was made in the night trains.

## OYSTER SUPPER

The Ladies Aid of the Christian church will give an oyster supper tomorrow (Friday) night in W. H. Dotson's restaurant on the east side of the railroad. They solicit your patronage, and you can spend the evening very pleasantly with them.

## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

The County Superintendent's Office will be open regularly on Saturdays and Mondays of each week, on other days he will be visiting the schools as required by law. J. N. Snell, Co. Supt.

Miss Lois Ballinger of Henderson, who attended the normal here in the summer, was operated on for appendicitis in a Palestine sanitarium last week. Mrs. J. O. Edington of this city was with her at the time and reports that she is now rapidly recovering.

## "CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT"

Rockwall, Texas, Oct. 1.  
 Editor Messenger:  
 Enclosed find check for \$1.00 for my renewal to the Messenger, which I think expires today. Send the paper to me at Rockwall, former address Alto. I do not want to be without the Messenger, as I have been taking it ever since it started. It is like getting a letter from home, as a good many of the correspondents are my acquaintances, and I appreciate their letters; especially Antrim, Rock Hill and Prospect.  
 With best wishes and prosperity to you and your many readers, I remain,  
 Yours truly,  
 J. A. Hughes.

## PREACHING TO-NIGHT

The Messenger is requested to announce services at the Christian church tonight (Thursday) by Elder Thomason. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend.

## NOTICE

Teachers' Examinations for first and second grade State Certificates to be held on the 15th and 16th of this month.  
 J. N. Snell, Co. Supt.

A young man was awarded a pearl handle pen knife last Saturday by one of Grapeland's progressive merchants just because he read his ad and complied with the requirements made. You might have got the knife had you read the ad. Read them now—and every week.

Ben Masters came up from Lovelady Friday night, and after looking after some business matters here, returned on the morning train. Mr. Masters told us that he would move back to his farm near here as soon as he gathered his crop.



# The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATIONS By C. D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Confederate Sergeant Wyatt of the Staunton artillery is sent as a spy to his native county on the Green Briar by General Jackson.

CHAPTER II—Wyatt meets a mountaineer named Jim Taylor, with whom he rides to a house beyond Hot Springs.

CHAPTER III—In the house Wyatt and Taylor meet Major Harwood, father of Noreen and an old neighbor of Wyatt, who is sent to bed while the two other men talk. Wyatt becomes suspicious, and finds that Taylor has murdered Harwood and escaped.

CHAPTER IV—Wyatt changes to the U. S. cavalry uniform he has with him, and rides away in the night, running into a detachment of Federal cavalry, to whom he identifies himself as Lieutenant Raymond, Third U. S. cavalry, by means of papers with which he has been provided. Captain Fox finds Harwood's body and follows Taylor's trail.

CHAPTER V—Fox and Wyatt believe Taylor to be old Ned Cowan. The detachment is ambushed. Wyatt escapes to the Green Briar country and goes to Harwood's apparently deserted home.

CHAPTER VI.

The Mistress of the House.

I stood with ear pressed against the panel, fingers gripping the butt of my revolver. An ordinary latch held the door closed, and I pressed this, opening the barrier slightly. The movement made not the slightest noise, and gave me a glimpse within.

In front of a small grate fire, her back toward me, snuggled comfortably down in the depths of an easy chair, sat a woman reading. I could see little of her because of the high back of the chair rising between us—only a mass of dark brown hair, a smooth, rounded cheek, and the small white hand resting on the chair arm. I knew vaguely her waist was white, her skirt gray, and I saw the glimmer of a pearl-handled pistol lying on a closed chest at her side. Still she was only a woman, a mere girl apparently, whom I had no cause to fear. The sudden reaction caused me to smile with relief, and to return my revolver silently to the belt. Her eyes remained on the page of the book. I think I would have withdrawn without a word, but, at that instant, a draft from the open door flickered her light, and she glanced about seeking the cause. I caught the startled expression in her eyes as she first perceived my shadow; the book fell to the floor, her hand gripping the pistol, even as she arose hastily to her feet. The light was on her face, and I knew her to be Noreen Harwood.

"Who are you? Why are you here?" she asked tersely, a tremor in the voice, but no shrinking in those eyes that looked straight at me.

I moved forward from out of the shadow into the radius of light. It was only a step, but the girl recoiled slightly, the pearl-handled pistol rising instantly to a level with my eyes. "Stand where you are!" she ordered. "What are you doing, creeping about this house in the dark?"

"Not in the dark exactly," I answered, seeking to relieve the strain, and holding my hat in one hand, as I bowed gravely, "for my lamp is on the stairs."

I marked the quick change of expression in her eyes as they swept over me. There was no evidence of recognition; scarcely more than a faint acknowledgment that my appearance was not entirely unfavorable. Yet



The Book Fell to the Floor, Her Hand Gripping the Pistol.

surely that alone was all I could hope for. Except for that one chance encounter on the road we had never met since we were children, and she would not likely associate the son of Judge Wyatt with the man now confronting her, attired in the wet and muddy uniform of a Federal lieutenant. Indeed it was better she should not; and a feeling of relief swept over me as I realized her failure to connect me with the past. No memory of my features found expression in her face, as her eyes fell from mine to the clothes I wore.

"You are Union? an officer of—of cavalry? I—can scarcely comprehend why you should be here." Her attitude no longer threatening, the gleaming pistol lowered. "There are Federal troops at Lewisburg, but—but I do not recall your face."

"My being here is wholly an accident," I explained quietly. "I supposed the house deserted, and sought entrance to get away from the storm. There was a broken window—"

"Yes," she interrupted, her eyes again on mine questioningly. "I found that when I came; someone had broken in."

"Robbery, no doubt."

"I am not sure as to that. I have found nothing of any value missing. Indeed we left nothing here to attract vandals." She hesitated, as though doubtful of the propriety of further explanation to a stranger. "I—I belong here," she added simply. "This is my home."

"Yes; I supposed as much; you are Miss Noreen Harwood?"

Her blue eyes widened, her hand grasping more tightly the back of the chair.

"Yes," she admitted. "You knew my father?"

"Slightly; enough to be aware of the existence of his daughter, and that this was his plantation."

"Then you must be connected with the garrison at Charleston?"

"No, Miss Harwood; I belong to the Army of the Potomac, and am here only on recruiting service. A word of explanation will make the situation clear, and I trust may serve to win your confidence. I do not have the appearance of a villain, do I?"

"No, or I should not remain parleying with you," she responded gravely. "The war has taught even the women of this section the lesson of self-protection. I am not at all afraid, or I should not be here alone."

"It surprises me, however, that Major Harwood should consent to your remaining—"

"He has not consented," she interrupted. "I am supposed to be safely lodged with friends in Lewisburg, but rode out here this afternoon to see the condition of our property. Word came to me that the house had been entered. The servants have all gone, and we were obliged to leave it unoccupied. I was delayed, seeking to discover what damage the vandals had done, and then suddenly the storm broke, and I thought it better to remain until morning."

She laughed, as though amused at her own frankness of speech.

"There, I have told you all my story, without even waiting to hear yours. 'Tis a woman's way, if her impulse be sufficiently strong."

"You mean faith in the other party?" "Of course; one cannot be conventional in wartimes, and there is no one here to properly introduce us, even if that formality was desired. So I must accept you on trust."

"My uniform alone should be sufficient guarantee."

She laughed; her eyes sparkling. "Well, hardly. I imagine you fail to comprehend its really disreputable condition. But—well, you—you look like an officer and a gentleman."

"For which compliment I sincerely thank you. However, Miss Harwood, my story can be quickly told. I am a lieutenant, Third United States cavalry—see, the numeral is on my hat—attached to Heitzelmann's command, now at Fairfax Court House. I have recently been detailed to the recruiting service, and ordered to this section."

I found it strangely difficult, fronting her calm look of insistence, to go on. But there was no way of escape. Beyond doubt the sympathy of this girl was with the cause of the North, and if I were to confess myself Tom-Wyatt, and a Confederate spy, all hope of the success of my mission would be immediately ended. Besides I lacked the will to forfeit her esteem—to permit her confidence in me to become

changed into suspicion.

"Then I will go on," I said more slowly, endeavoring better to arrange my story. "I picked up a guide at Fayette, but the officer in command there could spare no escort. The man who went with me must have been a traitor, for he guided me south into the Green Briar mountains. Last night at dusk we rode into a camp of guerrillas."

"Who commanded them? Did you learn?"

"A gray-headed, seamed-faced mountaineer, they called Cowan."

She emitted a quick breath, between closely pressed lips.

"You know the man?" I asked.

"Yes; old Ned Cowan; he lived over yonder, east of here in the foothills. He and—and my father had some trouble before the war. He—he is vindictive and dangerous." She stopped, her glance sweeping about the room. "I—I have some reason to suspect," she added, as if half doubting whether she ought to speak the word, "that either he, or one of his men, broke in here."

"In search of something?"

"A paper; yes—a deed. Of course I may be mistaken; only it is not to be found. The desk in the library was rifled, and its contents scattered over the floor when I came. I put them back in place, but found nothing of value among those that remained. My father must have removed those of importance."

"Possibly he carried them with him?"

She leaned her head on her hand, her eyes thoughtful.

"I think he once told me they were left in charge of a banker at Charleston—an old friend. It would be too dangerous to carry them about with him in the field. You see I do not know very much about his affairs," she explained. "I was away at school when the war broke out, and we have only met briefly since. My father did not talk freely of his personal matters even to me. I learned of his feud with Cowan by accident."

"It was a feud then?"

"On one side at least. My father was shot at, and several of our out-houses burned. The trouble arose over the title to property. Cowan," she explained, "was a squatter on land which had belonged to our family ever since my grandfather first settled here. We had title from Virginia, but the tract granted had never been properly surveyed. My father had it done, and discovered that Ned Cowan and two of his sons occupied a part of our land with no legal right."

Her eyes uplifted to my face, and then fell again, one hand opening and closing on the back of the chair. She laughed pleasantly.

"I hardly know why I am telling you all this family history," she continued almost in apology. "It is as if I talked to an old friend who was naturally interested in our affairs."

"Perhaps the manner of our meeting accounts for it," I ventured. "But truly I am more deeply interested than you imagine. It may prove of mutual advantage for me to know the facts. Did Major Harwood try to force them from his land?"

"Oh, no," hastily, "my father had no such thought. He tried to help them to purchase the property at a very small price, and on long time. His intention was to aid them, but he found himself unable to convince either father or sons of his real purpose. They either could not, or would not, understand. Do you realize the reckless, lawless nature of these mountain men?"

"Yes, to some extent; they trust no one."

"That was the whole trouble. Seemingly they possessed but one idea—that if my father was killed they could remain where they were indefinitely. Their single instinct was to fight it out with rifles. They refused to either purchase or leave."

There was silence, as though she had finished. She had seated herself on the wide arm of the chair, still facing me, and I could hear the rain beating hard against the side of the house. Suddenly she looked up into my face.

"How odd that I should talk to you so freely," she exclaimed. "Why I do not even know your name."

"Charles H. Raymond."

I could not be certain that the expression of her eyes changed, for they suddenly looked away from me, and she stood again upon her feet.

"Raymond, you say!" the slightest hardening of tone apparent, "on recruiting service from the Army of the Potomac?" She drew a quick breath. "I—I think I have heard the name before. Would you mind if I did ask to see your orders?"

"Not in the least," I answered, not wholly surprised that she should have heard of the other, and confident the papers I bore would be properly executed. "I prefer that you have no doubt as to my identity."

She took them, and I noted a slight trembling of her hands as she held the paper open in her fingers, her eyes glancing swiftly down the written lines.

"I have become quite a soldier of

late," she said, and handed the package back to me. "And I cannot doubt your credentials. I am very glad to meet you, Lieutenant Raymond," and she held out her hand cordially. "As I have admitted already, I am Noreen Harwood."

"Whom I shall only be delighted to serve in any manner possible," I replied gallantly, relieved that she was so easily convinced.

"Oh, I think the service is more likely to be mine. You confessed you



I Noted a Slight Trembling of Her Hands as She Held the Paper Open in Her Fingers.

broke in here seeking after food and a fire. Down below we may find both, and it will be my pleasure thus to serve a Federal officer. You have a lamp without?"

"On the stairs?"

She led the way like a mistress in her own home, and I followed. There was a force of character about the girl not to be ignored. She chose to treat me as a guest, uninvited, but none the less welcome, a position I was not reluctant to accept. I held the lamp as we went down the stairs together, the rays of light pressing aside the curtain of darkness.

CHAPTER VII.

Parson Nichols.

She put aside laughingly my suggestion of assistance. The fire in the grate burst into blaze, and her hands were busily rearranging the table.

"With no servants left, and the house unoccupied for months," she explained, "I shall have to give you soldier fare, and, perhaps, not very much of that. Pardon my not joining in the feast, as I have only just eaten."

She drew up a chair opposite to where I sat, supporting her chin in her hands. The light between us illumined her face, outlining it clearly against the gloom of the wall behind. It was a young face, almost girlish in a way, although there was a grave, strong look to the eyes, and womanly firmness about lips and chin. I had seen so little of her in the days gone by. And here I found her a woman—a woman of charm, of rare beauty even; sweet and wholesome in look, her cheeks aglow with health, her eyes deep wells of mystery and promise.

Her father! I dare not tell her of his death, of his dastardly murder. It was strange she had not recognized me, yet probably the real truth was that she had never before observed me with any care or interest—considering me a mere boy to be laughed at and forgotten. I was only a stranger entering into her life for the first time. This expression was in the eyes surveying me as I ate—quiet, earnest eyes, utterly devoid of suspicion.

"You are a very young man," she said simply.

"Not seriously so," I answered, rather inclined to resent the charge. "I am twenty-four."

"You look like a boy I used to know—only his eyes were darker, and he had long hair."

"Indeed!" I caught my breath quickly, yet held my eyes firm. "Someone living about here?"

"Yes; his name was Wyatt. I never knew him very well, only you recalled him to memory in some way. He and his mother went South when the war first broke out. Where was your home?"

"In Burlington, Vermont."

"You are a regular soldier?"

"I was a junior at West Point last year; we were graduated ahead of our class."

Her eyes fell, the lashes outlined on her cheeks, her hands clasped on the table. "Isn't that odd!" she said quietly. "Do you know Mrs. Hactell's school for young ladies at Compton on the Hudson? That is where papa sent me, and I was at the senior hop at West Point a year ago last June. A half

dozen of us girls went up; Fred Carlton of Charleston was in that class, and he invited me. You knew him, of course?"

My lips were dry, but I nodded, half fearful I might be slipping into some trap, although her words and manner were surely innocent enough.

"We were acquaintances, not friends," I replied, hoping the retort might cause her to change the subject.

"Most of the boys seemed to like him. He was very pleasant to me, and I had a splendid time. I met one cadet named Raymond; he had dark hair and eyes."

"Oh, yes," I managed to answer, now desperately alert. "There was another in the class—James R., I believe."

"I did not learn his first name, but when I heard that a Lieutenant Raymond was coming here, I hoped it might be he. That was why I was so deeply interested. It is not such a common name, you know."

I made some answer, and she sat there silently, her face turned now toward the fire in the grate. The profile held me in fascination, as I wondered what these seemingly innocent questions could signify. Anyhow, let the truth be what it may, there was no other course left for me, but to keep on with the deception. I was in the heart of the enemy's country, in disguise, my life forfeit in case of discovery, and the time had not come when I could entrust her with so dangerous a secret.

The wind rattled the blinds, and the rain beat heavily against the side of the house. The thought of venturing out into the storm, not knowing where I could seek shelter, was not an alluring one. Nor had I any excuse to urge for immediate departure; indeed as a gentleman and soldier my duty called me to remain for her protection. She could not be left alone in this desolate house. It was my steady gaze that roused the lady from whatever dream the flames of the grate had given her. She turned her head to meet my eyes—then sat suddenly erect, the expression of her face instantly changing, as she stared beyond me at the open door. I wheeled about to look, startled at the movement. A man stood in the doorway, water streaming from his clothes on to the floor. I was on my feet instantly, a hand gripping my revolver, but before I could whip it from the leather sheath, the girl had taken the single step forward, and grasped my sleeve.

"Do not fire!" she exclaimed. "He is not a fighting man."

The fellow lifted one arm, and stepped forward full into the light. He was a man of years, unarmed, a tall, ungainly figure, a scraggly beard at his chin, and a face like parchment. His eyes were two deep wells, solemn and unwinking.

"Peace to you both!" he said gravely. "I ask naught save fire and shelter."

"To these you are welcome," the girl answered, still clinging to my arm. "You travel alone?"

"Even as my master in rags and poverty, having no place wherein to lay my head. The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests—you know me, young woman?"

"Yes; you are Parson Nichols."

"An unworthy soldier of the cross, I address the daughter of Major Harwood—and this young man?"

"Lieutenant Raymond of the Federal army," she explained simply. "He sought refuge here from the storm."

The man's eyes searched my face, but without cordiality, without expression of any kind. Saying nothing he crossed to the fireplace, and held out his hands to the warmth of the blaze. The girl's eyes met mine almost questioningly. Then she stepped forward.

"We were just completing our meal," she said softly. "There is not much, but we will gladly share what we have."

"The flesh needeth nothing," he answered, not even looking around, "and the spirit liveth on the bread of life. I seek only converse with you. The young man is an officer?"

"Yes—on recruiting service."

"You know him well? You trust him?"

"I—I have not known him long," she replied hesitatingly, and glancing back at me. "Yet I have confidence in him."

The man did not answer, or move and, after a moment of silence, she asked:

"Have you ridden far?"

"From Lewisburg."

"Lewisburg!" in surprise. "Then you knew I was here? You came seeking me?"

He turned on his stool, his eyes searching her face gravely.

"On a mission of ministry," he replied solemnly, "although whether it prove of joy, or sorrow, I am unable to say. I am but an instrument."

The man's reluctance to speak freely was apparent, and I stepped forward.

"If you prefer conversing with Miss Harwood alone," I said quietly, "I will retire."

"The words I would speak are indeed of a confidential nature—"

"No, no!" she broke in impulsively, her eyes of appeal turned toward me,



"Do not leave us, lieutenant. This man has nothing to say I am afraid to have you hear. He has not come here as a friend; there is some evil purpose in all this, which I cannot fathom." She faced him now, her slender body poised, her eyes on his. "Tell me what it is—this mysterious mission? Ay! and who sent you to find me? I will not believe it was my father."

The minister rose to his feet, a tall, ungainly figure, his solemn face as expressionless as before, but a smoldering resentment was in his deep-set eyes. He possessed the look of a fanatic, one who would hesitate at nothing to gain his end. To me he was even repulsive in his narrow bigotry.

"No, it was not your father," he said almost coarsely, "but it is a part of my mission to bring to you, young woman, the news of your father's death."

"Death? My father dead?" she stepped back from him, her hands pressed against her eyes. Obeying the first instinct of protection, I stepped to support her as she seemed about to fall. "That cannot be! You lie! I know you lie! You were never his friend. You come here to tell me that to frighten me; to compel me to do something wrong."

The man exhibited no trace of emotion, no evidence of regret, his voice the same hard, metallic sound.

"I expected this outburst," he concluded unmoved. "Indeed, it is no more than natural. But I harbor no resentment, and in this hour freely forgive all. He that taketh the sword, shall perish by the sword, and my words are true."

"But I saw him four days ago." "On his way east to Hot Springs, with an escort of soldiers. It was there he was killed, together with his servant. A messenger brought the news."

"A soldier? One of Captain Fox's men?"

A sardonic smile flickered an instant on the preacher's thin lips.

"No, but equally reliable; one of Ned Cowan's mountaineers. Captain Fox is a prisoner, wounded, and his men mostly dead."

A moment she rested unknowingly against my arm, her face covered with her hands. There was that in the man's words and manner which convinced her that he spoke the truth. The face she finally lifted was white and drawn. The girl had changed to a woman. She stood erect, alone, one hand grasping the back of a chair.

"You say my father is dead—killed," she said, in steady, clear voice. "But be that one or the other, you never came here tonight, through this storm, to bring me such a message alone. Who sent you, Parson Nichols? What devilry is on foot?"

"My dear young lady," he began smoothly, spreading his hands deprecatingly. "Be charitable, and just. I realize that in the first shock of this suddenly learning of your father's demise, you naturally speak harshly. With me the past is forgotten, blotted out, covered with the mantle of Christian charity. I felt it my duty to break to you this sad news in all possible tenderness."

"And you had no other object?" "Certainly not; what other could I possibly have had?"

The man lied, and I knew it; the suave, soft tones of his voice irritated me. The girl stood motionless, silent, her breath coming in sobs. Then she turned her head slightly, and her eyes met mine. The piteous appeal in their depths was all I needed. With a grim feeling of delight, I took a step forward, and the muzzle of my revolver touched his breast.

"Now, Mister Preacherman," I said shortly, "we'll have done with this play-acting. Not a move!"

(To be Continued)

**CHILD ATTACKED BY ROOSTER**

Cuts Her Face and Spurs Her, But Is Beaten Off by Neighbors of the Family.

New York.—Mildred, two years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Loughlin of Patchogue, L. I., was seated on the lawn of her home, when she was attacked by a big stray rooster, who wanted the cake the baby had in her chubby fist.

The child tried to beat the big bird off and alarmed the neighborhood with her screams. The rooster pecked at her face, coming dangerously close to her eyes, and then catching her hair in his beak he spurred her face, drawing blood. The rooster was killed by one of the rescuers and will make soup for the baby while she is convalescing.

**Fish Story With Evidence.**

Emporia, Kan.—Frank Cooper suffered a fracture of his left arm here while pulling out a 29-pound catfish from the Cottonwood river. In the excitement of hauling up the big fish Cooper slipped and fell.

**EUGENIC BABY PERFECT**



The first eugenic baby is perfect and thriving. The baby is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin R. Bell and has been named Helen Elizabeth. She was eight and one-half pounds at birth and has gained steadily half a pound a week. She sleeps in the open and is fed with a combination of artificial and natural food. Her mother is seen holding her in the picture.

**MUCH WOODED GIRLS IN COURT**

Older Sister Charges That New York Pair Have Too Many Admirers.

Newburgh, N. Y.—The Misses Jennie and Grace Babcock, nineteen and seventeen, of Ramapo, were arraigned in the Newburgh police court because they have too many wooers. The complainant was their older sister, Mrs. Jessie Thompkins of this city. They went to visit her and then refused, she alleges, to go home. She charges them with receiving the attentions of several young men.

Both girls denied being courted, and asserted that the complainant was simply jealous of her husband. Police Justice Cantline deferred final action in the case because the defendants' sister, who sided with them, said she wished to retain counsel for the girls.

**She Perches High.**

Albany, Ore.—A hen which insists on laying her eggs from the top of a cherry tree is owned by Frank Vail. This peculiar fact was reported here recently by Fred Fortmiller, a truthful Albany business man, who had returned from a visit at the Vail farm.

**CANDIDATES GET A SURPRISE**

See Meteor as They Are Crossing Swamp and Fear End of World Is Coming.

Hickory, Miss.—A few nights ago, as four gentlemen of this place were coming through Chunky swamp, a meteor threw a flash of light as bright as day into their faces and scared them almost as badly, perhaps, as did the mysterious light which surrounded Paul on the road to Damascus. Two of the men who, by the way, are candidates, were in a very dark and lonely part of the swamp, and thought they were about to be held up by highwaymen when the light flashed all around them.

Then they saw the meteor falling through the trees not more than a hundred feet away, apparently. One of the men said he thought the world was coming to an end, while another said perhaps the Germans had his address.

The gentlemen who saw the meteor were M. G. Scarborough, F. G. Semmes, W. M. Everett and N. M. Everett.

**MAKES ALLIGATOR USEFUL**

Carried Line Through Sewer That Had Become Clogged in Florida Town.

Wauchula, Fla.—Capt. B. R. King, superintendent of the Fort Meade waterworks, was in town recently and showed a picture of the only working alligator in Florida. Some time ago one of the sewers of Fort Meade became clogged up. It was 400 feet from manhole to manhole, and the sewer was 20 feet below the surface and in quicksand.

It looked as though the city was in for an expensive job. The captain conceived the idea of getting an alligator, tying a line to him and letting him work his way through the sewer. At first an 18-inch alligator was tried. He went nearly 200 feet and turned back.

Then a four-foot gator was obtained, and he worked his way from manhole to manhole, carrying the line with him, after which the cleaning of the sewer was a simple matter.

**A TALE OF WOE.**

Down in Georgia there is a mail carrier who is a foe to the parcel post law. Since it has been effective this particular carrier's life has been overburdened with woes, and they are faithfully depicted in a letter received by Representative Thomas W. Hardwick of Georgia. Mr. Hardwick is informed by his constituent that Congress has placed the rural mail carriers in a "devil of a fix," and immediate relief is sought.

The letter which Mr. Hardwick regards as a gem in its line, is from F. T. Dawson of Irwinton, Ga., and reads in part as follows:

"I seat myself with pen in hand to write you a few lines to let you know that you have played the devil with me. I am the mail carrier from McIntyre to Irwinton, and took the contract to carry the mail three times a day, a distance of three and one-half miles, for \$319 a year. At that time the express company was doing a pretty good business, and I got 10 cents for each express package and 10 cents and a drink for every jug."

"You fixed the law so I could not carry the jug, and now you have fixed up a thing called the Possum post and the express company doesn't handle any more small packages, nor do I handle any more dimes. When I made this contract I could carry the mail in a road cart and a Texas pony and haul the express on the side; now the express has shrunk and this business has swelled so I have to get a mule and wagon."

"Now when I made this trade to carry the mail I didn't know anything about the dam foolishness of sending livestock and farming implements through the mail. I thought that this was just campaign talk and had no idea that Congress would be fool enough to pass any such law. I ain't a man to quit his job, and I never get my boncsmen in trouble, but I tell you this is getting serious, and I want some help."

"You have just about ruined the express company, and you have worse than ruined me. The express company has made enough to quit, but I was not making a square living at first, but now am working for nothing and feeding myself. I would not mind working three more years for nothing, but the feed is about out."

**GENERAL VON EICHORN**



General von Eichorn, a pupil and protege of Field Marshal von Hindenburg, led the German troops that stormed and captured the strong Russian fortress of Kovno.

**HOME MISSION NOTES**

The following members of the W. H. M. Society met with Mrs. A. H. Luker Tuesday afternoon of last week: Mesdames. J. P. Royall, John A. Davis, Roy Brewton, Frank Leaverton, S. N. Boykin, W. G. Darsey, Minnie Miller, Claude Sadler, E. H. Darsey, Byron Maxwell, W. L. Smith, J. W. Howard, Jas. Owens and Miss Maude McCarty. This was a very enthusiastic meeting. The society transacted several business items and voted to have a quilting and bazaar to raise funds. The bazaar will be held in November. The hostess, assisted by Mrs. Miller, served refreshments, after which the society adjourned to meet with Mrs. Howard the second Tuesday afternoon in October.

**THE QUILTING PARTY**

On Friday afternoon of last week, twenty-one members met at the home of Mrs. Jas. Owens for the purpose of quilting two quilts to raise funds for the society. Each one was provided with thimble, needle and thread and set to work. It was really amusing to see some of the inexperienced ladies sticking their fingers and trying to make short stitches. Nevertheless, the two quilts were finished and highly complimented by the experienced quilters. The hostess, assisted by her daughter, Miss Lura Mae Owens, and Misses Arline Howard and Esther Davis, served refreshing grape juice and cake. The society will have another quilting soon.

Reporter.

We call your attention this week to our advertising columns. It will pay you to give them careful perusal. This much must be admitted in favor of the advertiser. He wants your business, he comes into the open to bid for it, he puts his prices down in black and white where you can see what they are, he gives you his name and you will find him at the door ready to welcome you. The generous advertiser is invariably the generous fellow. He bubbles over with enthusiasm and when you meet him you feel like you had come in contact with an invigorating breeze right from the sea. The advertiser must be given credit for being a pusher and this is further attested by the fact that among the fellows who, in "life's race," got there, he numbers nineteen to one, compared to the fellows who meet land seekers' trains to cop out here and there a prospective buyer whom the advertiser has brought into the country, or who sends small boys to stand before the door of the advertiser to turn



**"Oh Look!**

I can eat 'em' all—they won't hurt me! That's because they're made with Calumet—and that's why they're pure, tempting, tasty, wholesome—that's why they won't hurt any kid."

Received Highest Awards  
New Cook Book Free—See Slip  
in Pound Can.



Cheap and big can Baking Powders do not save you money. Calumet does—it's Pure and far superior to sour milk and soda.

the crowds into his own doors. The advertiser indeed is the Siamese twin to the fellow who followed the biblical instruction and is not afraid to cast a little bread upon the waters.

**TEXAS WOMAN'S FAIR, Houston, Oct. 11-16. Excursions VIA I&GN.**

Two Popular Excursions for Special Days. Season tickets on sale daily. See Ticket Agent, I&GN Ry.

Quite a number of Grapeland people went to Lovelady Sunday to attend the revival being conducted by Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Flowers. They held a meeting here in June, and made many warm friends.

**NOTICE**

**HULLS AND MEAL ARE POSITIVELY CASH**

Bill be sent with each Load

**J. W. HOWARD**



# Geo. E. Darsey Says:

## COME TO GRAPELAND

Bring your cotton, cotton seed, hides, chickens, turkeys, eggs and bees' wax to Grapeland where we will at all times pay you the top of the market and sell you what you want to buy for less than you can buy it elsewhere. Look at these prices and compare them with prices of other towns and then come to Grapeland and see for yourself that **WE DO JUST WHAT WE ADVERTISE TO DO**

### Groceries

We are still selling groceries cheap and we want you to come and let us show you what we are doing. Why pay more when we will sell you

Best granulated sugar 18 lbs for.....	1.00
100 lb sack granulated sugar for.....	5.50
Best green coffee 8 lbs for.....	1.00
Best flour for.....	1.50
Good flour per sack.....	1.40
Second grade flour per sack.....	1.30
Good meat per lb.....	10c
Best side meat per lb.....	12 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> c
Brown mule tobacco 3 plugs for.....	25c
3 pounds for.....	1.00
10 pound box for.....	3.10
Best cooking oil per gallon.....	65c
Garrett snuff per bottle.....	20c
5 bottles Garrett snuff for.....	90c
Best lemons per dozen.....	15c

### Bed Springs

\$2.00 bed springs for.....	1.50
\$3.00 bed springs for.....	2.50
2 only hall racks worth 6.50. Slightly damaged otherwise all right. Close out price.....	3.25

### Furniture Bargains

All beds steads complete with rollers and slats.	
\$2.00 Iron bed steads for.....	1.75
\$3.00 Iron bed steads for.....	2.65
4.00 Iron bed steads for.....	3.60
6.00 2-inch post, Iron bed steads for.....	4.40
The above iron beds are in white, blue, green and Vernis Martin.	
10.00 dresser for.....	8.90
12.50 dresser for.....	10.60
15.00 dresser for.....	11.90
2.00 mattress for.....	1.75
3.00 mattress for.....	2.65
75c double cane seat chairs for.....	60c
75c double cane seat chairs, set of 6 for.....	3.50
1.25 chairs for.....	1.00
Set of 6 for.....	5.90
1.50 rockers for.....	1.25
1.75 rockers for.....	1.50
2.50 rockers for.....	2.25
6.50 kitchen safes for.....	5.00
4.50 kitchen safes for.....	3.90
15.00 side board for.....	12.60

A few high grade wood bed steads at close out prices. These you will have to see to appreciate.

## Geo. E. Darsey's 1915 Cash Register Check Contest

October 1st, we will begin our 1915 Cash Register Check contest which will be open and free to all people. It will be conducted under the following rules. The trade territory of Grapeland will be divided into six (6) districts:  
DISTRICT NO. 1.—Will include all people getting their mail on Grapeland R. F. D. No. 1.  
DISTRICT NO. 2.—Will include all people getting their mail on Grapeland R. F. D. No. 2.  
DISTRICT NO. 3.—Will include all people getting their mail on Grapeland R. F. D. No. 3.  
DISTRICT NO. 4.—Will include all people getting their mail on Grapeland R. F. D. No. 4.  
DISTRICT NO. 5.—Will include all people getting their mail at Grapeland and not on either of the above R. F. D. points.  
DISTRICT NO. 6.—Will include Latexo, Augusta, Percilla, Salmon, Elkhart and all territory not included in either of the above districts.

### The Premiums

The Premiums that we are going to give are the most valuable that we have ever given and are as follows:  
To the man or boy in each district that gets us the largest amount of our Cash Register Checks during the contest we will give a Gold Hunting Case Watch. This means that we will give six watches. One to each district.  
To the lady or girl in each district getting us the largest amount of our Cash Register Checks during this contest we will give a Gold Bracelet and Watch. This means that we will give six Gold Bracelet Watches. One to each district.

### Rules Governing this Contest

All contestants will be recorded in the district in which they belong, and will contest only with people in their own district, but will be allowed to solicit help from any person or friend from any district, or any person can help any friend regardless of what district he or they may be long.

Cash Register Checks once voted cannot be withdrawn or re-voted.

Customers are requested to always call for your Cash Register Checks when settling with the clerk for your bill as all Cash Register Checks not called for or taken will be destroyed, as the clerks will not be allowed to save up or solicit Cash Register Checks for any person.

### No Employee will Enter this Contest

No employee or the member of any employe's family will not enter this contest.

### How Darsey's Cash Register Checks Count

For every purchase at our store for cash, produce or Darsey's checks we will give a Cash Register Check showing the amount of your purchase, and what your Cash Register Check shows your purchase to be, that check will count for that amount of votes. 1c for 1 vote, a 5c check will count 5, a 50c check will count 50, a dollar check will count 100 and so on up to what ever amount that your purchase may be.

### What Cash Register Checks Count

All Cash Register Checks issued by us during this contest will count and all Cash Register Checks showing signs of the amount being raised, altered or changed will be thrown out and not counted. No checks issued before October 1, 1915, will be counted.

### Specials

Special votes and premiums will be given from time to time during this contest and we want to know the name, Post office address and district of each contestant so that we may notify you of any thing special that we may have offer at any time.

### The Grapeland Messenger Free

To all contestants not taking the Grapeland Messenger we will send it free to them during this contest.

### Contestant's Application

Geo. E. Darsey,  
Grapeland, Texas.  
Please enter Mr., Mrs. or Miss (state which)

as a contestant in district No. ....

Post office....., R. F. D. ....

Do you take the Messenger.....

### Genuine Padgitt Saddles

We have probably the best line of saddles to be found in the county at from \$2.50 to \$7.50, below their present value. If you want a bargain in a good saddle don't fail to see us.

### Cooking Stoves

In cooking stoves we handle the genuine Buck's cooking stove and sell every one of them under a guarantee to be a good cooker. We have them in different styles and prices for a guaranteed stove from \$5.90 up to a complete range. If you want a good stove cheap don't fail to see us.

## Business is Good, Thank You! In our Dry Goods Department

Never before has our stock of dry goods been in as good shape as now. Anticipating a low price for cotton we were very conservative in buying, and only booked staple goods early, waiting until late to buy our line of fancy dress goods, trimmings, etc. As a result, we have one of the cleanest and most up-to-date stocks of high quality merchandise as you will find anywhere. Our line of dress goods, clothing, shoes, hats, millinery and ladies' and men's furnishings is cleaner from "old stuff" than any other its size any anywhere, and everything is strictly first-class. We are not offering mill remnants, job lots, off brands, seconds or storm damaged goods, but all strictly A NO. 1 VALUES for the price. We sell standard brands of merchandise and maintain QUALITY.

### New Goods Arrived This Week

New goods are always arriving at the SERVICE FIRST STORE, and below, we list a big lot of new arrivals. We have more enroute.

Crepe de Chine handkerchiefs for.....	15c
Silk handkerchiefs 15c to.....	1.00
Fur trimming (new) all colors 25c, 35c and.....	50c
Several new pieces of dress goods.	
Stetson hats, "The shape you want" All sizes. \$4.00 to.....	5.00
Tailor made caps 25c, 50c and.....	1.00

You will always find our stock of men's and boys' clothing complete.

Our line of woolen goods, poplins, serges, silks, etc., is always new and up-to-date.

We will have more "Billiken" shoes next week. Millinery due to arrive by express Friday.

### All Leather Work Shoes for Men

We have shoes to fit every foot at a price to fit every purse. All leathers and all styles.

## NOTICE CONTESTANTS

Next week we will publish a list of those who have entered our contest. Get your name in at once. We will have something to say next week that will be of interest to every contestant.

I Thank You

**Geo. E. Darsey**  
Grapeland, Texas



# Prize! Prize! Prize!

Who Got the Prize on the Heaviest Ear of Corn? Ask EARL HOWARD how he likes his new PRIZE KNIFE.

We have another \$1.00 pocket knife to give to the party bringing to our store

## THE HEAVIEST SWEET POTATO

The only requirement is that you have the potato in our store and weighed by 4 p. m. Saturday, October 9.

It will always pay you to read our ads, more especially the one next week

## "THE PEOPLES' DRUG STORE"

WADE L. SMITH

### LOCAL NEWS

Remember the oyster supper Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard Miller, formerly of Huntsville, are here on a visit to relatives.

Mrs. Hood Pitts of Austin is here on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Anthony.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Traylor moved into their new home Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Walling announce the birth of a girl baby, born Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse McGee and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Ellis of Crockett visited here Sunday afternoon.

Subscribe for the Galveston Daily and Semi-Weekly Farm News from Tump Murchison at Darsey's store.

Don't eat supper Friday night, but eat with the ladies at Dotson's restaurant. They will serve oysters.

J. H. Nanny of Hall county, who formerly lived here, is here looking after business matters. Mr. Nanny reports good times in his section.

Charter Oak stoves at Kennedy Bros. A solid car load just received. All sizes. Prices will be satisfactory to you. See them before you buy.

#### SEED COTTON WANTED

We want to buy your remnant seed cotton and will pay you the highest market price for same. Spence Bros., Ginners.

Own your home! Save the rent! The land lord may say move! For home in or out of town I can help you.

S. E. Howard.

#### MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS

I take subscriptions for newspapers, magazines and periodicals, makes no difference where published, and can get them cheaper than you can buy them. Try me with your next subscription.

Frank Leaverton, Postmaster.

Frank Butler of Percilla has gone to Druso, where he will teach school. His school opened Monday.

Hats cleaned and re-blocked, made to look new. New bands put on inside and outside. adv. M. L. Clewis.

Miss Lura Mae Owens left Sunday for Ephesus to assume her duties in the school, which commenced Monday morning.

J. W. Ellis of Route 3 has the editor's thanks for some nice sweet potatoes brought to the office Saturday.

Ben Keen left last week for Richards, in Montgomery county, where he will teach the coming term.

"Doctor" M. L. Clewis, Clothes Specialist. Old clothes renovated and made new. Charges most reasonable. Adv.

Buy a Charter Oak stove at Kennedy Bros. if you want a good value for your money. They stand the test. Car load just received.

#### LOST

On the streets of Grapeland, a graduating pin. It has on it "S. H. N. I." and the No. "15." One dollar reward will be given for the return of same to J. E. McRee, Percilla, Texas.

#### STOVES

We have just received a car load of the celebrated Charter Oak cook stoves—the best stove manufactured. We have them in all sizes. Prices reasonable. Let us show them to you. Kennedy Bros.

M. L. Williams has returned home from Huntsville, where he has been the past thirty days working extra in the telegraph office. Mr. Williams is an old operator and followed the profession many years before engaging in farming. A while back he underwent an operation for appendicitis, which for some time rendered him unable to do farm work, and he took up telegraphy until he regains his former strength. He is now at the depot taking the market reports for the business men.

#### COMMUNITY CO-OPERATION

A few weeks ago a small-town merchant stated to the writer that unless business improved materially during the winter of 1915-16 he would sell out and retire.

He had been in business "at the same stand" for over twenty years and "admitted" that he was thoroughly familiar with local conditions, having kept abreast the times in matters pertaining to merchandise embraced in his business.

In answer to my query as to the causes for the steady, and apparently permanent, decrease in his volume of business, he advanced the opinion that buyers expect too much for their money, "not only in quantity and quality of goods, but in service" as well.

In substantiation of this contention he related how he had lost the patronage of one of his best customers because he refused to furnish an operator for a sewing machine bought from him.

He went on to say that the purchaser of the machine, who "didn't have sense enough to properly care for and operate it," expected him to assume this service gratis.

A talk with the purchaser developed the fact that her request for information had been met with so much discourtesy that she had decided to trade elsewhere. She had influenced a friend to do likewise.

This incident contains a moral for merchants of the moss-back class that they cannot afford to overlook.

#### IS ADVERTISING EXPENSIVE?

Advertising that is regarded by the advertiser as an expense is just that. There is something wrong with it. Nine times out of ten the copy has a charley-horse. Its so weak it couldn't move itself let alone move others. And whose fault is that? Advertisings? Not on your life. Its the fault of the man who is paying for the advertising. Go to his store, and the chances are that you will find it slowly expiring from dry rot. The goods will be dirty and unkept. The shelves will be dusty and neglected. Even the boss will have a grouch, and the grouch never attracts buyers. Life is too short to waste with the wooden faces. It isn't the advertising that's expensive, its the lack of push that's behind the failures.

#### Good Paint

is cheap; and Devoe is not the only good paint; it is one of a dozen; and very likely, the only one in your town—there are hundreds of middling and bad.

You can see what chance there is of another good one there: perhaps one in ten at the most.

Bad paint is dearest; middling is dear; costs 2 or 3 times as much as the best.

No matter about the cost a gallon; that isn't it; the cost a square foot; the cost a job; better yet, the cost a year.

There's a whole education in paint in this advertisement.

DEVOE

Kennedy Bros. sell it.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Kerr motored to Dodge Sunday.

#### ANTRIM SCHOOL

The Antrim school will begin Monday, Oct. 18. All parents e requested to enter their children on the first day and have them supplied with the proper books and material to work with. Our new desks have been placed and we are anticipating a good term.

Trustees.

In every country town there is a sign at the railroad crossing like this: "Look out for the cars." Now, everybody in that town knew it was a railroad crossing the day the track was laid. When the sign was put up it took two days longer for every inhabitant to become familiar with it. In a week even the small children could read and spell it backward. Did the railroad people take it down? No. If they had the warning would have been forgotten in a week, and smash-ups and damage suits would have resulted. Transient advertisements act the same way. You must keep everlastingly at it, like the railroad crossing sign. —Monroe (La.) News-Star.

#### FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

### 'CLIFTON'

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Will return to Grapeland and make photographs when there are enough orders to justify. See samples and leave orders at Leaverton's Drug Store.

Palestine, Texas

# Some Specials

## for the Coming Week

It will pay you to investigate these articles before you buy

#### Groceries

8 lbs best green coffee	1.00
for.....	
7 lbs best roasted coffee	1.00
for.....	
1 sack good patent flour	1.40
for.....	
1 sack best high patent flour	1.45
for.....	
1 sack highest patent flour	1.50
for.....	
1 sack extra high patent flour	1.55
for.....	
8 bars lenox or silk soap	25c
for.....	
7 boxes best matches	25c
for.....	
7 boxes success soda	25c
for.....	
Garrett snuff	20c
per bottle.....	
2 bars toilet soap	5c
for.....	
5 gallons best oil	60c
for.....	
Best white cooking oil	60c
per gallon.....	

We have plenty of salt on hand.

#### Dry Goods

9c quality domestic	7 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> c
per yard.....	
10c quality domestic	8 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> c
per yard.....	
Big lot of gingham going at	8c
per yard.....	
10c quality outing	7 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> c
per yard.....	
10c quality mattress tick	8 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> c
per yard.....	
\$1.00 overalls	90c
for.....	
90c overalls	80c
for.....	
Very best boys overalls	45c
for.....	
Blue work shirts	45c
for.....	

Don't fail to take a look at our dress goods, Men's and Boys Clothing, Hats, Shoes and Furnishing goods.

We have equally as good bargains in these.

Don't fail to call. You might find other things you need at a Bargain

## Traylor Brothers

Keep the Price Down



**FOR WOMEN ALSO**

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

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**

IT IS A POWERFUL SYSTEM REGULATOR

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

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle

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

D N LEAVERTON

**THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER**

A. H. 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, OCT. 7, 1915

The Balkans are about due for another blow-up.

This time last year the slogan was "buy a bale of cotton for 10c a pound." Now it ought to be "hold your cotton for 15c."

"The farmer of today is a man of brains, and the greatest evidence of this fact is that he is not always blowing about it.

The top crop of cotton has gone glimmering, but the good price received for the bottom crop has been satisfactory.

Saturday seemed like old times in Grapeland, and the business transacted was nearly equal to a trades day.

October 1 marks the opening of the tax paying season. If there be those who complain that the tax rate is high, just think of the poor devils in Europe for the next generation to come.

The national wealth of the United States is estimated at the colossal sum of \$185,000,000,000, and yet we would jolly well like to see the color of a few more of those subscription dollars that ought to be in our pocket.

Banker Scott of Houston is some prophet when it comes to predicting cotton prices. Last year he forecasted 10c cotton, and this year he said cotton would sell for 12c. Both of his predictions came true.

Here's an humble suggestion to our farmer friends and others who have machinery or implements of any kind: When you have finished with them for the season why not clean them up carefully, oil them up to prevent rust, and house them in some way to keep them out of the destructive winter weather? Rains and winds and snow do more harm to them than the work you accomplish with them. It is simply a matter of horse sense and economy.

**LOCAL NEWS FROM ANTRIM**

Oct. 3.—Autumn is drawing on, the leaves are falling, the woods and grass is turning brown and mother earth is again claiming her share of all that was beautiful and tender not many days ago. This all reminds us that we, too, are like the "grass, which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth, in the evening it is cut down and withereth." But unlike the season of returning to earth of the beautiful flowers and tender plants of the field, mankind has no special time and knoweth not the hour, but as the days come and go, goeth man. No door is strong enough to resist the stealthy tread of the death angel and none can say "thou shalt not enter." Solomon once said in these beautiful words: "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern, then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it," and so we pass on and others follow.

The health of the community is not good, lots of chills and fevers.

People as a rule are about through picking cotton. There was about one third of a crop through here. The better price will partly off set the small yield but people are going to be financially in as hard shape next year as they were this. They may be getting more used to it like the fellow that got used to hanging but its certainly inconvenient to us.

Zack you sure are lucky or else you failed to find out all about those insects. Instead of a few of all kinds we have plenty of many kinds.

Our literary society meets Saturday night, Oct. 9th, and while we are not acquainted with the program in full we think there will be a Governors race between A. N. Edens and G. L. Waddell and many other features. Come, let's see the fun.

At our next meeting we have been informed that there will be a joint debate between this place and Grapeland. The contending parties are Hon. Phil Murchison and W. A. Riall for Grapeland and John M. Warren and G. L. Waddell for Antrim. The question will be "Woman Suffrage." This meeting will be Friday night before the second Sunday in November.

Antrimite.

Strengthen the tired kidneys and purify the liver and bowels with a few doses of Prickly Ash Bitters. It is an admirable kidney tonic. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

**EXHIBIT TO SEND TO HOUSTON SHOW**

On Wednesday afternoon of last week a meeting of the business men of Grapeland was called at 2:30 for the purpose of arranging an exhibit to send to the Houston Carnival with the Houston county exhibit. The meeting was a very enthusiastic one and every business man in attendance was heartily in favor of the movement. The chairman, T. H. Leaverton, was authorized to appoint two committees, an active committee and an advisory committee. He appointed on the active committee: W. G. Darsey, C. W. Kennedy, and D. N. Leaverton; advisory committee: T. S. Kent, W. P. Traylor, M. E. Darsey, U. M. Brock, W. D. Granberry and A. H. Luker. Everyone is asked to lend his co-operation so that we can get up a creditable exhibit for the northern end of Houston county and the Grapeland country. Let's all pull together, and in the meantime, make arrangements to hold our community fair.

Messrs. R. H. Wootters and H. A. Fisher of Crockett attended the meeting and made good talks. Before the meeting adjourned, Mr. Fisher made an interesting talk on the dairy industry, and promised to come back and talk to the farmers any day desired.

**STATEMENT**

of the ownership and management, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, of the Grapeland Messenger, published weekly at Grapeland, Texas, for October 1st, 1915.

Name of editor, managing editor, business manager, publisher, A. H. Luker, Grapeland, Texas.

Owners: (If a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not a corporation, give names and addresses of individual owners.)

Not a corporation, A. H. Luker, owner, Grapeland, Texas.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: (If there are none, so state.) None.

A. H. Luker, Editor and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October, 1915.

A. E. Owens,

Notary Public, Houston (SEAL) County, Texas. (My commission expires June 1, 1917.)

**Toned Up Whole System.**

"Chamberlain's Tablets have done more for me than I ever dared hope for," writes Mrs. Esther Mae Baker, Spencerport, N. Y. "I used several bottles of these tablets a few months ago. They not only cured me of bilious attacks, sick headaches and that tired out feeling, but toned up my whole system. For sale by all dealers.

**WHY IT PAYS TO TRADE WITH FIRMS THAT ADVERTISE**

Advertising creates sales. The modern business man knows this. He also knows he must depend upon many sales with a small profit rather than on a few with big profits on each. The buying public knows the firm that advertises most can sell cheapest.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**

**Absolutely Pure**

**Contains No Alum**

**YOU CAN TRY THIS**

Fellow dropped into the office the other day and ordered the paper, and we were pleased. Said it was a good paper, and we were glad. Said it was more than worth the money to any man of intelligence, and we were tickled. Said it was the mainstay of the town, and we were super-tickled. Said it was the greatest booster and the most reliable town builder and developer in this whole community, and we yelled with joy. Paid for his paper, and—we slid gently to the floor in blissful unconsciousness. Nature had reached its limit.

**Why Not Publish It?**

When you want a fact to become generally known, the right way is to publish it. Mrs. Joseph Kallans, Peru, Ind., was troubled with belching, sour stomach and frequent headache. She writes, "I feel it my duty to tell others what Chamberlain's tablets have done for me. They have helped my digestion and regulated my bowels. Since using them I have been entirely well." For sale by all dealers.

You miss a great deal every week if you do not read the ads. It's the live wires, the men with the goods and who can sell them at the right price, that carry space in the local paper every week.

Cleanse the liver and bowels, and regulate the system by using Prickly Ash Bitters. It creates and sustains energy. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

**THE CATTLE TICK**

Beef is high in price. It should not be. That we have not hundreds of thousands more cattle on our farms and ranges today is due to the cattle tick—a parasite which directly and indirectly has cost the United States more perhaps than Germany has spent thus far on her war. The bureau of animal industry puts the loss last year owing to the tick at \$90,000,000. Formerly it ran as high as \$150,000,000 a year. Twenty-five years ago it was discovered the so-called "Texas fever," which caused the death of countless heads of cattle, was caused by the tick, yet the work of exterminating the insect has proceeded so slowly that the nation still suffers from its ravages.

Through the cattle tick and Texas fever the loss in the last 35 years is estimated at \$3,600,000,000. This is the direct loss. To that may be added the indirect loss through the higher price of meat, the reduction in soil fertility and such.

The key to health is the kidneys and liver. Keep these organs active and you have health, strength and cheerful spirits. Prickly Ash Bitters is a stimulant for the kidneys, regulates the liver, stomach and bowels. A golden household remedy. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

Rev. J. B. Luker is the proud possessor of a new two-passenger Ford car, and has been practicing on it for the past two weeks. —Hemphill Reporter.

**In the Spring-Time of Youth**



When everything is bright and when health and vigor you are fighting the rough battles of life with keen enjoyment, then is the time to prepare for

**The Autumn of Old Age**

which is sure to come. The best way to provide for the future is by saving while you are making.

LET US HELP YOU

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





**When  
Little Willie  
Gets the  
Tummy Ache!**

The youngsters just will eat green apples or puckery persimmons or too much jelly cake. Old-fashioned bellike is acute indigestion. Give the sufferer a good big dose of castor oil and apply a hot water bottle to the spot of greatest pain.

You ought to have one of our guaranteed hot water bottles in your home—for neuralgia, toothache and rheumatism, too.

We carry the highest quality of rubber goods to be had.

Our castor oil in bulk or capsule is as slick and active as greased lightning.

**D. N. LEAVERTON**

GRAPELAND'S LEADING DRUGGIST

**M. L. CLEWIS, Tailor**

**CLEANING  
and  
PRESSING  
DONE THE SANITARY WAY**

**Satisfaction Guaranteed  
Moderate Prices**

TAILOR MADE CLOTHING A SPECIALTY  
SEE OUR NEW FALL SAMPLES

**A Good Offer**

**The Grapeland Messenger  
and  
Galveston Semi-Weekly News  
Both One Year Each  
(156 copies of the two publications)**

**For \$1.75**

The regular price of the News and the Messenger is \$2.00 per year in advance. By subscribing now through the Messenger you get the two papers for \$1.75—a good farm paper and your favorite local paper.

Bring or send \$1.75 to the office of the Messenger Do it now and get the benefit of the cut price.

**RENEW To-Day!**

WHAT'S THE USE TO PUT IT OFF?

There's news in the advertise-  
ments the same as in the news  
columns. The ads should appeal  
to you because you can save  
money by purchasing advertised  
goods. Get the habit of reading  
the ads. It's a habit that pays  
cash dividends.

Rev S. W. Edge, who has been  
ill at the home of Mr. and Mrs.  
J. Y. Renfro for the past two  
weeks, has about recovered. He  
went to Grapeland yesterday to  
fill his regular appointment in  
the Baptist pulpit Sunday.—  
Trinity Tribune.

**YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.**

To visit our interesting and instructive exhibit at the Texas State Fair, Dallas, and La. State Fair of Shreveport. We invite all of our former students, their friends and those contemplating entering a business training school to visit our booth in the Exposition Building, and see our splendid exhibit which has won first honors at these state fairs. Our exhibit this year will be more extensive than ever before; it will be interesting and educational to old and young. We will have demonstrations on some of the most modern office appliances which are taught in our school. Speed demonstrations in Stenotypewriting, exhibit of student's work in Bookkeeping, Business Training, Shorthand, Typewriting, Business Administration, and Finance, Penmanship, Cotton Classing and Telegraphy. A visit to our exhibit will show you why we have the largest school of the kind in America, when you are shown clearly why it is that we can make you a more practical and thorough stenographer in three and one-half months, and why it is with our original copyrighted systems of Bookkeeping and Business training that we can give you both a course of Bookkeeping and Business Training in less time than other schools can give you a mere theoretical course of Bookkeeping, and why it is that our practical department of Telegraphy, the largest in the United States, with a loop of the Cotton Belt train wire, giving every message to our students that goes from Mt. Pleasant to Waco; every station blank and record book that is used by Western Union or Cotton Belt Railroad, turns out practical operators and station men; and that we place our graduates into good positions.

From present indications we will easily enroll 2000 students this year.

Whether you are going to attend one of these Fairs or not, write today for catalogue and read what we guarantee to give you, what our former students say we have given them, and what their employers say of their efficiency. Address Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

**It Always Does the Work.**

"I like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy better than any other," writes R. E. Roberts, Homer City, Pa. "I have taken it off and on for years and it has never failed to give the desired results." For sale by all dealers.

**FIDELIS CLASS ORGANIZED**

Last Sunday, Sept. 26, at the regular Sunday School period, with Miss Ray as chairman, a Fidelis class was organized and the following officers elected:

Miss Sallie Mae Kent, president; Miss Addie Hill, vice-president; Miss Adele Mansell, secretary and Miss Inez Haltom, treasurer. No committees were appointed as the president had not decided just what ones were most needed. This will be done soon. The class has planned to make itself felt in church work and to be a help to the young ladies of the town especially.

A most cordial invitation is extended to all young ladies of the Baptist church and to those who do not attend any other Sunday School to come and work with us. Sallie Mae Kent, Pres. Adele Mansell, Sec'y.

**STOMACH TROUBLE  
FOR FIVE YEARS**

**Majosity of Friends Thought Mr. Hughes Would Die, But One Helped Him to Recovery.**

Pomeroyton, Ky.—In interesting advices from this place, Mr. A. J. Hughes writes as follows: "I was down with stomach trouble for five (5) years, and would have sick headache so bad, at times, that I thought surely I would die. I tried different treatments, but they did not seem to do me any good. I got so bad, I could not eat or sleep, and all my friends, except one, thought I would die. He advised me to try Thedford's Black-Draught, and quit

taking other medicines. I decided to take his advice, although I did not have any confidence in it.

I have now been taking Black-Draught for three months, and it has cured me—haven't had those awful sick headaches since I began using it.

I am so thankful for what Black-Draught has done for me."

Thedford's Black-Draught has been found a very valuable medicine for derangements of the stomach and liver. It is composed of pure, vegetable herbs, contains no dangerous ingredients, and acts gently, yet surely. It can be freely used by young and old, and should be kept in every family chest.

Get a package today.

Only a quarter.

**PARAGRAPHS**

Pertaining to Community Prosperity—Clipped from FARM AND RANCH

There are all kinds of stocks, but the tall green stalks in the farmer's back field are the preferred.

Save plenty of field and garden seeds suitable for planting next year. There is a demand generally for good seeds and those who have more than they need can dispose of them at fair prices.

It costs very little to raise a colt where one is prepared. With plenty of pasture, some extra grain and hay, all of which need not be very expensive, there are no difficulties in raising colts for teams. Every farmer with a few horses should keep two or three mares and raise colts every year. The colts would interfere very little with the work of the mares, yet they would be a profitable addition to the activities of the farm.

No importations of Percherons or Belgians have been made since early last fall, and there is no prospect that any will be made until long after the European war is over. The demand for horses will continue, for horses will be needed there for industrial purposes after the war closes.

There is, therefore, every reason for breeders of draft horses to feel optimistic. The demand for good draft horses cannot help being stimulated for the future. It is America's opportunity. The horse-breeding industry in this country is deserving of more attention than it is now receiving.

**What Would You Do?**

There are many times when one man questions another's actions and motives. Men act differently under different circumstances. The question is, what would you do right now if you had a severe cold? Could you do better than to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy? It is highly recommended by people who have used it for years and know its value. Mrs. O. E. Sargent, Peru, Ind., says, "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is worth its weight in gold and I take pleasure in recommending it." For sale by all dealers.

**IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE**

**WATCH THE DATE!**

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

John Doe      § 1 15

Means that the subscription expired Oct. 1st, 1915.

**RENEW PROMPTLY!**

**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

**VETINARY  
L. S. HARRIS**

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

**CASKEY & DENSON  
BARBERS**

Your Business  
will be  
Appreciated

Shop on main street, the new brick building, next door to the Guaranty State Bank.

**INEDA LAUNDRY, Houston**  
Laundry basket leaves Wednesday and returns Saturday

**John Spence  
Lawyer**

Crockett, : : : Texas  
Office upstairs over Monzingo Millinery Store



# Would You Pick Up a Dollar in the Street?

Then why not seize the opportunity to "pick up a dollar" in your shopping? Why not trade at the store that picks up the dollar for you and hands it to you in shape of reduced prices on the goods you buy? Why not **BUY HERE**, where others are **ALREADY SAVING THE DOLLARS**? Bring your dollars here and watch them perform. Hand them over our counter and note the splendid values you get in return. Do it once and you will keep on doing it in the future months and years. And it is the performing of the dollar that brings you back again.

Every woman uses Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, Corsets, Gloves, and other articles necessary to the modern toilet.

Every girl wants dresses and furnishings that possess style and service.

Every school boy or girl wants clothing that is comfortable and will last.

Every husband and father wants his family to have the best

obtainable in accordance with his means and commensurate with the value of the goods.

Every person wants to appear to advantage in the presence of other people without paying inordinate prices for the privilege.

No sane person is looking for "something for nothing," but everybody, yourself included, wants to know where they can get the best for the least expenditure.

This is the Place Where Your Dollar Performs

## Special Offerings for You

Kirshbaum Clothes - - \$16.00 to \$20.00  
Dittman shoes, none better for style & service  
All wool blue serge suits for - - \$10.00  
See them.

## Special Offerings in Groceries

Will pay for Eggs - - - - - 26c  
Blue Ribbon Flour - - - - - \$1.60  
Good high patent flour for - - - \$1.40  
We always save you money.

We Buy Cotton

# McLEAN & RIALI

We Buy Cotton

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE  
GRAPELAND - TEXAS

## LOCAL NEWS FROM SALMON

Salmon, Texas, Oct. 3.—Health of the community is not so good at present, chills and fevers are prevalent.

The death angel visited the home of Bro. and Sister C. A. Campbell and took away their little son, C. A. Jr. Interment was made in the old Guiceland cemetery. The entire community extend their sympathy to the much bereaved family.

Dr. Paxton was called to see little Orelean Smith yesterday, who has been ill the past few days.

There is to be an ice cream supper at the public school building next Friday night, Oct. 8, for the purpose of securing funds for a Public Library. We are expecting some good speakers to be with us, and also good singing by Prof. Willie Campbell.

Every body come out and bring some of your "high priced" cotton money, and 'twill be seen that you have an enjoyable time.  
From Bill.

The goober industry is going to be one of the most important in the south in a very few years. Machinery for manufacturing oil and other products will be installed with cotton seed oil mills, and instead of these factories running a few months as is the case now, they will run all the year.—Rusk County News.

The Grapeland country is peculiarly adapted to growing peanuts and when the time comes for this crop to have a high commercial value this country will come to the front as a peanut center

**FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

## BOOST A BIT.

Here! you discontented knocker,  
Growlin' 'bout the country's ills

Choloform yer dismal talker  
Take a course o' liver pills,  
Stop yer durn ki-o-tee howlin',  
Chaw some sand an' git some grit;

Don't sit in the dumps a-growlin',  
Jump the roost  
An' boost  
A bit!

Fall in while the band's a playin',  
Ketch the step an' march  
along—

'Stead o' pessimistic brayin',  
Jine the hallelujah song!  
Drop yer hammer—do some  
rootin'—

Grab a horn, you cuss, and  
split

Every echo with yer tootin'—  
Jump the roost  
An' boost  
A bit!  
—Anonymous.

## SAME LINE.

"Billyons began life by watering  
horses and cows on a farm."  
"And he's still watering stock in  
Wall street."

## NOT SO MUCH.

"I can throw all comers at first  
touch."  
"That's nothing; so can a banana  
peel."

## AWFUL!

"It would be horrible!"  
"What would be?"  
"A strike of the dry cleaners dur-  
ing the white flannel trouser season!"

## KEPT HIS WORD.

She—You promised to stop smok-  
ing when we were married.  
He—Well, I did. They wouldn't  
allow smoking in the church.

## ODD BITS OF NEWS.

Benton, Ill.—The modern Enoch Arden, returning to his wife, first calls over the telephone. Peter Schessler, after a difficulty with his wife, left Normal, Ill., seven years ago. A year later the body of a man killed by a train was identified as Schessler. Returning from Liverpool recently, Schessler called his sister at Normal over the phone and from her learned that his wife was about to marry his brother. Schessler is now in Normal trying to effect a reconciliation.

Pana, Ill.—Eight years ago Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Gootch, of Litchfield, placed their child in an orphan asylum, from which she was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. George Metzger of Pana. Gootch then became wealthy and started to search for his daughter. He found her recently in Mrs. Samuel P. Mooney of Pana.

LaCrosse, Wis.—This section of the country has had winter all this summer. Farmer William Finn got so angry because the snow had spoiled his crops that he picked up a snowball the other day and threw it at a rooster. That day for dinner he ate the first chicken ever killed by a snowball in August in the United States.

Toledo, O.—Clarence R. Featherstone, 22, went to great pains to serve well a customer named Mrs. Henrietta Johnston, at the restaurant where he was employed as a waiter. She came every day and he grew attentive. Then they decided to marry. At the marriage license office, the records showed they were mother and son.

Over in the restless state of New Jersey a hen, anxious to find a new place in which to lay her eggs, selected a barrel filled with soft tar. She laid the egg all right and proceeded to announce the fact to the world in the usual way, when she made the discovery that she had made a mistake in location. Her joyous cackle over an addition to the food supply of the country turned to cries of alarm. Two men rushed to her assistance and pushed both hands down under to lift her out. They also found themselves stuck, and their

wives had to call out the police to get them released. It is said the egg was a clear loss.—Mineral Wells Index.

C. W. Butler Jr., principal of the Creek school, returned Friday morning from Austin, where he had been to represent his school before the state educational board in the interest of some special funds. He was accompanied to Austin by County Superintendent Snell and Prof. Rosser of the Porter Springs school.

## We Are Ready for You

We've just stocked up our store with the greatest array of FALL GOODS we ever carried, especially in clothing, dry goods and shoes.

THE PRICES WILL  
INTEREST YOU

We are ready and anxious to greet you at the door.

REMEMBER QUALITY IS THE THING

**T. S. KENT**