

The Headlight.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1907.

DEATH OF EARL CLARK.

One of the saddest deaths that the HEADLIGHT has ever been called upon to chronicle was that of Earl Clark who died at one of the hospitals in Houston at 4:30 o'clock last Friday evening. The remains were brought to Eagle Lake, the home of his birth, on the noon sunset train. Funeral services were conducted in the Christian church, Rev. J. E. Morgan, the Methodist pastor, conducting the services, the body being laid to rest in the Masonic cemetery by the side of his mother, Sunday afternoon.

Earl's death is indeed a sad one. Two years ago, while playing a game of baseball at La Grange, he was struck in the side by a ball which caused him a great deal of trouble at the time but still smiles on his face. Mrs. S. Blackwell, Okla., writes: "My baby was peevish and fretful. Would not eat and I feared he would die. I used a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge, the great worm medicine. Why not keep that smile on baby's face? If you keep this medicine on hand, you will never see anything else but smiles on his face. Mrs. S. Blackwell, Okla., writes:

"My baby was peevish and fretful. Would not eat and I feared he would die. I used a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge, the great worm medicine. Why not keep that smile on baby's face? If you keep this medicine on hand, you will never see anything else but smiles on his face. Mrs. S. Blackwell, Okla., writes:

"At one o'clock on the day of his death, Earl ate a hearty dinner and remarked to his father that he believed he was getting well, but at 2:15 the fatal hemorrhage came. The sufferer then realized that death was inevitable, saying that he could not stand alone. Realizing that the end was near, he handed his father his watch and chain, kissed him good-bye and asked that his little brother and two sisters be sent for at once, and asked that the doctors give him something to ease his sufferings, whispering to his father who was at his bedside: "I'm suffering awfully; I can't stand it long and I'll be dead in a few minutes." After the fatal hemorrhage was upon him he regained consciousness, recognized and told good-bye all those around him, and with a faint "Good-bye, it's all over now," the soul of this most estimable young man passed into the great beyond. Earl was a good boy! Every person knew him only to like him. He was born in Eagle Lake where he is known by almost every citizen. He lived here up to the last two or three years since which time the family has been living in Houston and he has been assisting his father as time-keeper in different portions of the state where he has been handling large grading contracts.

Earl, had he lived, would have been 24 years old in December just in the bloom of young manhood, and which adds another

chapter of sorrow to his untimely death, he was to have been married this month.

He leaves a heart-broken father, for he and Earl were more like brothers than father and son, two sisters and a younger brother to mourn his loss, to whom the HEADLIGHT extends its heart-felt sympathy.

Those from Houston here to attend the funeral, besides the immediate family of the deceased, were Mr. James T. Clark and wife, Mr. George J. Clark and daughters, Misses Pearl, Ruby and Viola, and son, Wm. Clark, Miss Dora Benton, Miss Ora Benton, Clide Benton, Miss Lillian Wiggins and Miss

Benton.

It is a good attempt to push the noisy world hard by.

Rarely is the way-farer privileged to gaze upon a fairer scene than Sleepy Hollow's death field on a summer's day. From the ridge to the vale the ground slopes and the streets of tombs to the gorge of the Pocantico. On every hand the rude fore-fathers of the hamlet sleep quietly and at one's feet is the Irving plot; a little fence enclosed area crowded to its gate with graves. On one a miniature "Old Glory" has been placed by a loving hand, and underneath the eye reads on the plain marble:

Washington, son of William and Sarah S. Irving

Died Nov. 25, 1859.

Aged 76 years, 7 mo. and 25 days.

This man was the manly bed of the master, who cast such a spell over an old river-side town and its neighbors, hills and streams as to immortalize them. He did for Sleepy Hollow what Kingsley did for Westward Ho, what Burns did for Bonnie Doon, what Scott did for Lomond's Loch and Mountain. Ex.

THE HARVEST

By Byron Williams.

Illustration by W. C. Williams.