

Eagle Lake Headlight.

Bruce W. McCarty Editor and Prop.

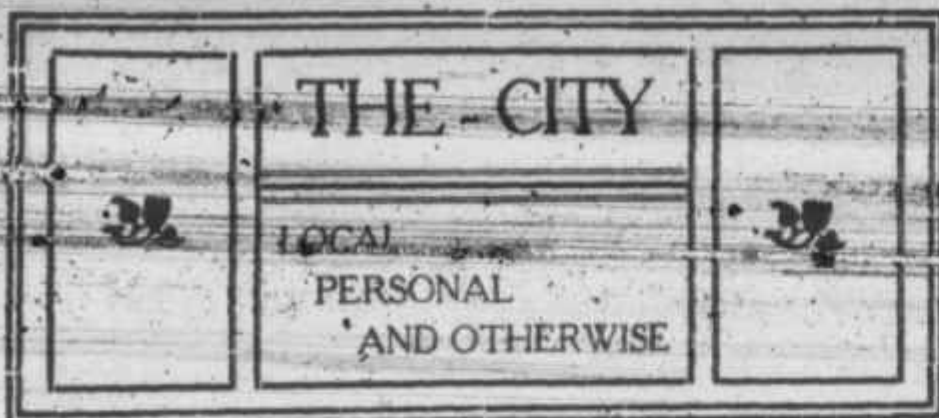
NEVERING EXTENUATE, NOR SET DOWN AUGHT IN MALICE.

One Dollar Per Year, In Advance.

VOLUME V.

EAGLE LAKE, TEXAS, SATURDAY MARCH 7, 1908.

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Mr. I. Harris of Altair was a visitor in the city Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Baskin left last Saturday night for Shiner where they will make their future home.

Civil engineer Jno. A. Norris and Mr. Frank Davidson came up from El Campo and spent several days in the city this week.

We were glad to see Mr. Felix Hooyer in town last Saturday after a severe six-weeks' spell of the grip.

Mr. J. J. Whitley visited his father in Huntsville the early part of the week.

Mr. Stewart Lewis, a popular young traveling man, was a Sunday visitor in the city.

Mr. G. C. Duncan of Egypt was in the city Monday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Fox Stephens have been spending the week in Fort Worth, Mr. Stephens having gone there to attend the Masonic Grand Lodge.

Messrs. John and Cole Hopkins of Garwood were in the city Tuesday.

Mr. Robert Able of Garwood was a business visitor in the city Monday.

Mr. W. E. Welford bought seventy-eight bales of cotton Tuesday, sixty-eight of which were purchased from Mr. A. E. Harbert. Algernon says he doesn't expect to hold any more cotton, but will in future sell each bale at market price as soon as it is ginned.

I have on sale a big line of all kinds of white muslin underwear, also a large supply of pretty embroideries. Friends and customers are invited to call and see same. Mrs. Lewis Fell, Agt. Levy Bros. Dry Goods.

Mr. Henry J. Laas, our present tax collector, and a candidate for re-election, and Mr. W. H. Fehrenkamp, our present tax collector, and candidate for re-election, both of Columbus, were in town Wednesday. Messrs. Laas and Fehrenkamp are two of our county's most popular officers.

The Eagle Lake HEADLIGHT reports the marriage at that place last week of Mr. Ed Rand of Alexandria, La., to Mrs. Annie Walker. Mr. Rand is a wealthy lumber manufacturer and is well known in Pittsburg. Pittsburg Gazette.

Otto Bell, the negro who was arrested some weeks ago by City Marshal Beakes, charged with burglarizing the residence of Mr. Hainer, about a mile north of town, was tried in the district court at Columbus this week and given two years in the penitentiary.

The first picnic of the season was enjoyed at the lake Tuesday.

Miss Kate Ernst is spending the week with relatives in Columbus.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Maultby of Chesterville spent Tuesday in the city.

Mr. W. A. Dallas went to Richmond Tuesday afternoon to attend a meeting of the Masonic order.

Mr. William Green of Shiner, president of the Eagle Lake State bank, was a visitor in the city on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Messrs. J. W. Westmoreland and T. J. Roberts were visitors to Columbus Tuesday.

Mrs. J. C. Kennedy of Mercedes came up Monday night on the Cané Belt for a visit to her mother, Mrs. N. R. York.

Mr. Walter de Verges returned this week from an extended visit to the lower rice country, where he has been in the interests of his mill, the Eagle Lake Rice Milling Co.

Mr. O. E. Linderholm of Chesterville was here Tuesday and left the same afternoon for a visit to Houston. Mr. Linderholm may become a permanent resident of this city and the people of Eagle Lake will indeed extend him a hearty welcome.

We were glad indeed to see W. C. Lammes in town Monday. This is the first time Mr. Lammes has been able to come to town since he was accidentally shot several months ago. He is improving nicely now and we hope he will soon be entirely well again.

Fish are biting now and a great many people have been fishing in the lake this week. So far Mr. W. A. Thatcher is the "boss fisherman," he having caught one of the finest strings of large perch that the writer has seen caught out of the lake for several years.

Hon. J. C. Kindred of Weimar announces in this paper today as a candidate for re-election for representative of Colorado county. Judge Kindred represented this county in the last legislature and made us an able and efficient representative. He is a man of high principles and his constituents may rest assured that he will always be found in favor of those principles which he deems right and just. Judge Kindred having had experience in the legislature, understands the needs of our county, and he is deserving of re-election on his pure and clean record in office. He will make a canvass of the county in due time, and he will appreciate your support at the Democratic primaries.

FOR SALE—Eggs of white and brown S. C. Leghorns, \$1.00 per set of 25 eggs. J. S. Thompson.

James A. Radford of Houston closed a deal last Friday through a real estate agency of that city for the sale of 3500 acres of land a few miles north of Eagle Lake. The land was sold to a group of Illinois investors at a price which is said to be equal to \$12.50 per acre, or a total of \$43,750 for the whole tract. Mr. Radford has confirmed the statement that the sale has been made, but he stated at the same time that he did not know the names of the purchasers. It is understood that this land is to be divided into 40 and 80-acre tracts and colonized. The deal for the sale of the land has been pending for several weeks and was closed only after the Illinois parties had made two or three trips here to investigate the land.

Our little city and people were inexpressibly shocked and grieved last Sunday night to learn of the death of Mrs. Hertha Priest, wife of Mr. Walter D. Priest, which occurred that night at 9 o'clock at the residence of her brother, Mr. Clem Boettcher, at East Bernard, after a week's illness of pneumonia. This death was made doubly sad through the fact that but a few short weeks ago the little babe of this couple was buried here. After the death of her babe the mother left for East Bernard, where she was spending a few days with her brother. She was taken ill the Monday preceding her death and from the first realized that death was near, and talked to the loved ones around her about the fact, giving such directions as to the funeral as she wished carried out. Everything possible was done to prolong the life so dear to husband, mother, brothers and sister, but it was not to be, and late Sunday evening the spirit winged its flight to that heavenly home above where sorrow, pain and suffering are unknown. The remains were prepared for interment and Monday afternoon were brought here and laid to rest by the side of her darling babe in the Odd Fellows cemetery, Rev. Worrell, pastor of the Methodist church, conducting the funeral services. The deceased was the daughter of Mrs. J. Boettcher, and some four and a half years ago met Mr. Priest to whom she was united in marriage some few months afterward. It was an ideal match, and until death entered the circle no cloud marred their happiness. She was of an affectionate disposition, bright and winning in her ways, so that friendship's circle was to her a large one. Truly it may be said of her that none knew her but to love her. Our deepest, most heartfelt sympathy goes out to the bereaved ones in their great loss. — Weimar Mercury.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Garmon and Mr. G. W. Keith were in Columbus Tuesday as witnesses in the case of the State vs. Sam Speakes, charged with attempt to burglarize the house of Mr. Garmon here some weeks ago, the arrest having been made by Deputy Marshal Gray Payne.

Speakes pleaded guilty to the charge and was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

HISTORIC HOUSE BURNED

Ancestral Home of Dr. Baxter Smith of Bay City Is Destroyed

Fire destroyed the old Smith home, eight miles east of Selma, Ala., a few days ago. The place was the property of Senator Jas. B. Creary of Kentucky, who purchased it several years ago.

The house was an old landmark, having been built during the early days of Alabama, in 1836.

Until the plantation upon which the house was located was purchased by Senator McCreary about twenty years ago, it was the property of Mrs. Rebecca Smith, mother of "Batt" Smith, who now lives at Bay City, Tex.

A particularly handsome feature of the house was the grand stairway to the second floor from the hall. This was hand carved and of most beautiful design and workmanship.

During the ante-bellum days the old house was the scene of many social and state gatherings. The host and hostess held open house the year around. There gathered the belles and beaux of the old South, and dances and other entertainments were held until the small hours, while hundreds of slaves stood within call. — Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

Pass It On.

We learned something last week that was of great value to us, and we desire to pass it on.

Friday morning the palm and fingers of the writer's right hand were badly burned. Poultices of scraped Irish potato were applied, being renewed as fast as the heat dried the potato, and in a few hours the inflammation was all gone. In case of a burn, do not fail to try it. Cover the surface of the burn with a thick layer of the potato and wrap well with linen to hold the moisture. As fast as the potato dries, renew until the inflammation is gone. The application is very soothing. — Lancaster Herald.

The HEADLIGHT had two fits and a spasm over two barrels of radish roots expressed out of the Lake by the truckers two weeks ago. If the Irish editor of the HEADLIGHT would have visited Richmond for the last two months he could have eaten radishes off every table in town and seen thousands of barrels of radishes, spinach, onions, lettuce and cotton shipped out of this producing center. — Richmond Coaster.

The radishes went from Rock Island, a suburb of Eagle Lake.

One Distinguished Texan.

There are 56 millionaires in the United States congress, according to the Kansas City Star—32 in the senate and 14 in the house. The name of Joseph W. Bailey appears in the senatorial list. No other Texans have reached this mark of distinction. — Denison Gazette.

Messrs. Urban York, Sam Hancock, Bennett Watson and Fisher Townsend, all of Weimar, were in the city last Saturday, having come down to see the carnival.

Mr. and Mrs. Dempson Reed returned Saturday afternoon from a visit to Weimar.

The Grip.

Now that this disease is, has been and will likely continue to be prevalent in our midst, we copy the following from the Honey Grove Signal for the benefit of our readers who have had it.

The grip is pronounced as a movable stationary pain. It moves to a hundred places a minute without leaving any place, hence it upsets all laws of nature and science by being both fixed and movable.

The object of the grip, so far as ascertained, is to make humanity miserable and create a demand for whiskey. In these it is succeeding admirably. There is no safe rule for measuring the misery, it has already dumped upon the world, but statistics show an increased consumption of whiskey, in spite of the fact that nearly half the country has gone dry.

The birthplace of the grip is said to be Siberia, but this is disputed on good grounds. Siberia probably furnishes the chill part but there isn't a caloric bed anywhere except in Hades that could have touched into life the warm end. The preparation has never been thoroughly analyzed but the best chemists say it is composed of equal parts of iceberg, blizzard, aqua fortis, highlife and h-l fire.

The symptoms of grip are positive and unmistakable. In the stage of preparation or incubation you feel like you had stolen the rattle from the neighbor's baby and sold it to the junk man. Two minutes later you get dissatisfied with your surroundings and weep and wail because you didn't migrate to Gehenna or to Bonham week before last. Then you cuss your wife, vow to vote the socialist ticket, and go to bed with your pants on.

After the first day the symptoms change materially. Your head feels like a room jammed full of powder and no space or airhole for the thing to explode. About the same time your stomach begins to surge and seethe and roar like Mount Pelee on a Christmas spree, and your bones run together like molten lead. No matter whether your life has been that of a miserable sinner or a devout Christian, you pray that you may die, and you don't care a fig whether prayers are said for the repose of your soul or not; you are more than willing to change the pain you have for the very worst there may be on the other side of the river Styx; you simply cuss the boatman because he doesn't hurry.

Treatment of the grip is of small concern. Take anything that's handy, without fear of its doing any damage or proving beneficial in the slightest degree. Don't be afraid of narcotics. An ounce of opium won't put you to sleep or bring surcease of pain. If your feet are cold don't hesitate to sear them with a red-hot poker. It won't blister them; neither will it impart the slightest warmth.

The standard remedy is whiskey. Doctors prescribe it, not because it will do any good, but because it is the only thing that can possibly make a fellow feel as bad as the grip itself. A whiskey headache has been known to make a fellow forget a grip backache.

All grip convalescents should be confined in a madhouse or in a dog kennel.