

The Headlight.

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County, Tex., every Saturday morning,
and entered at the post-office at Eagle
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One Dollar Per Year. In Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES REASONABLE
And will be made known upon application.

Local advertising, five cents per
line each insertion.

SATURDAY MAY 23, 1908.

TO SUBSCRIBERS: This paper is
a 22-inch magazine paper cut at 2000
as per. Will sell for \$50.

PASSED INTO HISTORY.

Flourishing Texas Town That

Was and Is No More The

Site of Old Texans.

A more visit to the site of the

early Texas town, Texana, on the

Nevada river thirty miles from

Port Lavaca, would reveal the

fact that at one time a flourish-

ing commercial center stood

on the site of the town which the mor-

chant princes of the zone

days did business and which had

a trade both by land and water

that came to her from a wide

scope of country. Texana flour-

ished before the coming of a rail

road and when only the river and

coast towns could do a heavy

business. She was at the head

of navigation and the steamers

and sail vessels that traversed

the bays made her landing and

received and discharged cargoes

and her wagon trains and stage

coaches went far inland and car-

ried freight and passengers.

Business was good and the

citizens of Texana flourished and

were happy and the foundation

of some of the big fortunes in the

mighty Texas of today were laid

in this little almost forgotten city

on the Nevada. The railroad

came; the county seat was moved;

the shipping business was trans-

ferred from the Matagorda wa-

ters to Galveston; the old lines of

commerce were destroyed and

her citizens moved away and the

town passed out of existence. It

can be said. Today, but a few

white men with their families

live near the site engaged in

farming and these with the Mex-

icans and negroes employed con-

stitute the present population,

and there is so little to afford

fluence did not start with any
cash capital. They went to work
with their plow, the hoe, the
pick plane, the broad ax, at the
printer's case, etc. and in time
their capital that God gave them
brought them a rich harvest.
Ah, but there's the rub; you
don't want to work and suffer
the privations they did. You
want money on credit so you can
play the gentleman, speculate
and eventually end your career
as a first class vagabond. Or
maybe you expect to marry

some one who will give you
money while you wear fine clothes,
smoke cigars and be a gentle-
man of leisure.

Shame on you, young man.

Go to work with the capital you

have. If you cannot succeed

with this you could not do so if

you had a large amount of cash.

If you waste your present capital,

you would waste money if you

had it. So don't keep wait-

ing for something to turn up

but go to work. Take the first

work you can get to do and do it

well. Always do your best, and

if you manage your capital that

God has given you, well, you

will soon have more to manage.

—Exchange.

COMMENTING upon the article

from Hon. J. C. Kindred which

appeared in this paper last week,

also in the Colorado Citizen and

Weimar Mercury, the Weimar

correspondent says:

"The foregoing article from

Hon. J. C. Kindred should be

read. It can be readily seen

that Mr. Kindred stands by his

convictions and his constituents

as well. The people of Eagle

Lake and Colorado county will

not mark Kindred and Davidson

for defeat, and we have our

doubts about Senator Bailey

speaking in Eagle Lake in July.

We think that he has his own

affairs to attend to and will let

Wynne, Davidson and Kindred

take care of themselves. Mr.

Kindred will soon canvass the

county and on his tour will be in

Eagle Lake ready and prepared

to give an account of his steward-

ship. If the people are desirous

of hearing publicly what he has

to say he will gladly honor their

request."

The Baptist congregation of

Columbus has purchased the

corner lot adjoining the LUTHER

office on the east and will

erect thereon a modern church

building at a cost of about \$7,000,

The Illustration.
There was once a Fond Mother
who did not watch closely the
whereabouts of her Little Boy at
the time he needed watching and
was shocked one day to hear him
sweating most profanely. There
was a thrashing and threats,
promises, tears and entreaties.
And still the offense, for Habit
and Bad Company breed faster
than the bacteria of the swine
plague. "Now the next time,"
said the Fond Mother, "I shall
bundle up your clothes and turn
you out to find your own way."

My son, asked a passing
preacher, "which road shall I
take for the Union Station?"
"Arry damned road you please
mister—I'm troubled enough
about my own!" From Taylor,
Trotwood Magazine for May.

Those persons who think they

see in Mr. Roosevelt an alarming

disposition to regulate other peo-

ple's affairs will be interested to

learn how early this tendency

was manifested.

"When Theodore was quite a

little boy, his father told him that

he was going on a long journey

and admonished young Ted to be

a good boy and take good care of

his mother. That night, in his

prayers, the lad asked the Al-

mighty to watch over his father,

who was traveling far from

home, and to help him be a good

boy; then he added:

"As for me, I will look after

her myself."—Success Maga-

zine.

A young fellow living near

Ashton brought a watch to Hac-

kett's jewelry store for repairs

late. He had purchased the

"turnip" from a Chicago cata-

logue house at a bargain price;

couldn't understand why it stop-

ped running. Hackett, upon

opening the case, found a dead

cockroach in the works. Turn-

ing to the owner of the timepiece

and said: "No wonder the thing

would not run, the engineer's

dead."

We have received the initial

number of the Columbus Chroni-

cle by Drew C. Baker. The

Chronicle is a three-column ten

page paper, but the proprietor

promises an early enlargement.

The paper is sparkling with local

news and starts off with a good

advertising patronage. The new

venture has our best wishes for

success.

AN EXCHANGE tells a horrible

tale about a young lady who

thoughtlessly jerked back her

head so suddenly to keep from

being kissed that it broke her

neck. This should be a warning

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been

in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.

Allow no one to deceive you in this. All

Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but

Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of

Infants and Children. Beware of cheap

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purg-

ative, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is Pleasant. It

contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic

substance. Its age is its guarantee. It cures Worms

and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind

Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation

and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the

Stomach and Bowels, gives healthy and natural sleep.

The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTRAL CHIMNEY, 27 EQUITY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

S. S. ROBINSON, M. D.

G. A. FOOTE, M. D.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

(SUCCEEDING DR. FITZGERALD AND DR. FOREST.)

OFFICE: FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

Phone Calls to Office—No. 85.

Beissel's Restaurant.

—WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC SQUARE—

Meals 25c

Rooms to Rent

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO COMMERCIAL TRADE

SHORT ORDERS

M. H. TOWNSEND, LEE AYARS, H. A. TOWNSEND.

Townsend, Ayars & Townsend

Attorneys-at-Law.

OFFICES: COLUMBUS SAN ANTONIO.

A group of workmen were

arguing during the dinner hour.

A deadlock had been reached

when one of the men on the losing

side turned to a mate who had

remained silent during the whole

of the debate.

"Ere, Bill," he said, you're

pretty good at argymen. Wot's

your opinion?"

"I ain't a going to say," said

Bill. "I thrashed the matter out

afore with Dick Grey."

"Ah," said the other artfully,

hoping to entice him into the fray

and what did you arrive at?"

"Well, a venchualy," said Bill.

"Dug," he arrived at the 'ospital

Nearest to Her Heart.
Seeking to know how best to
interest her in my conversation,
I hid me to the wise man, who
spoke and said: "Speak thou
of many things. So long as she
ejaculates, the subject thou
must change; but when she asks
a question, then will you know
the topic that is nearest to her
heart."

Whereupon I returned unto
the maiden and lifted my voice
most tactfully into speech.

"I was talking to a friend of

mine as I came along the street,

and he said that I was a

writer of books and has seen

the strangest sights and scenes.

She turned to me the face of

innocence, but said nothing.

"He has traveled in distant

lands, has sailed the seas and

triumphed o'er the mountain

tops. He has braved the snows

of Alaska and the tropic sun of

the Amazon. India has been his

stamping ground, and over

China he widely has roamed."

"Just to think!" she cried.

"He has studied the picture

galleries of the whole wide world

London, Vienna, Paris, Florence;

he knows them all from vesti-

pale to roof—column, base and

architrave."

"The ideal!" she cried.

"He has slept in the house

where Dickens was born and has

paid his pilgrimage to the room

where the great Thackeray

breathed his last. He has sat

at the table whereon Balzac

wrote the Comedie, and Kipling

and he are the most particular

friends."

"You don't say," she cried.

I had noticed that the half doz-

en colored men about the railway

station in an Alabama town

showed great deference to the

colored man that checked the

baggage, and I finally asked, "one

of them if he was some great

man."

"Of co'se he is," was the reply.

"Dat Mistah Jones am an honor-

able, he am."