

NATHAN-GABERT WEDDING.

One of the prettiest home weddings of the season took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. Gabert in Waco Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock. When their daughter, Miss Nettie Mae, was married to Mr. Meyer D. Nathan of Eagle Lake. Rabbi Friedlander officiated and in beautiful and impressive language



MR. AND MRS. MEYER D. NATHAN

spoke the words that made them man and wife. The ceremony was performed in the front parlor which was tastefully decorated in ferns, palms and amaryllis. Just before the bride entered, Miss Nettie Efrom sang "Thine" with Miss Jennie Norich on the violin and Miss Nettie Bykowski at the piano. As the beautiful strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march were sounded, the ushers, Mr. Morris Wood and Mr. Ike Gabert entered, followed by Mr. Louis Colin of Victoria, the groom's best man. Next came the groom and his mother, who were followed by the maid of honor, Miss Minnie Galt, sister of the bride. She was followed by Miss Ruth Katz, ring bearer. The bride and her father came in next. She was a vision of loveliness in a beautiful

white lace robe. She wore a picture hat and carried a shower bouquet of white sweet peas. The maid of honor wore a lovely gown of light blue lingerie and hat to match.

After receiving congratulations the bride and groom and the many guests present repaired to the dining room where a suit course with punch was served. The bride and groom were recip-

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A nobby line of hats, the latest shapes and styles, just received at Traylor's.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Lammes are contemplating selling their farm and moving to Eagle Lake.

We are sorry to note that Mr. R. J. Patney, Sr., and Mr. Olva Davis are both on the sick list this week.

The Scrap Book Club held a delightful meeting with Mrs. Haylie Matthews at Matthews Thursday evening, the subject being "Mexico." A two course luncheon was served.

NOTTAWA NOTES

Messieurs Mervin and Dr. Witt of Ambia, Indiana, are the guests of Rev. Warner King and wife. Master Cecil Murphy accompanied them and will remain for an extended visit.

Mrs. E. A. Higgins was shopping in Eagle Lake last Wednesday.

Mrs. Robert Schaffert left Thursday for Galveston from where she sailed the following day for New York. She will visit with relatives and friends in Maryland and New Jersey.

Mrs. J. R. Westmorland of Eagle Lake was guest of Mrs. W. G. Darby last Wednesday.

Mrs. Otis Way has been sick the past week but is now much improved.

Mr. W. A. Moore of Waeider came Wednesday to look after his business interests here.

Mrs. Otis Murphy and daughter, Vera, came this week from Ambia, Indiana, to visit relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Caylor were in Wallis Thursday.

Mr. D. C. Freeman and family spent Sunday in Rosenberg with relatives.

Miss Lizzie Arnett was in Eagle Lake Thursday.

Mr. C. L. Comp made a business visit to Eagle Lake Monday.

Mr. J. C. Semprex paid Columbus a business visit Thursday.

Order your 4th of July suit from Traylor, the tailor. Style, fit and quality guaranteed.

Miss Alta Winfree visited relatives in Schulenburg and attended the Freeman's celebration.

FOR RENT - I have several nice upstairs rooms for rent. Dr. G. W. Cross.

Miss Eva Bell of Bellville came over Thursday morning for a visit to her cousin, Mrs. Ben Bader.

The HEADLIGHT acknowledges receipt of the following invitation: "Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cohen Walters invite you to be present at the marriage of their daughter, Helen Anderson to Mr. William Edward Smith on Monday evening, June the twenty-ninth, nineteen hundred and eight, at seven o'clock, Presbyterian Church, Holly Springs, Mississippi."

George Francis, an old negro, said to be over a hundred years of age, was buried in the bottom near Matthews Tuesday. During the life of Captain Duvoant the old negro was provided with a home and a good little farm, and when Hon. John H. Kirby came into possession of the Duvoant farm he generously continued the same kindness toward this aged negro. Old "Uncle George," as he was known, will be remembered by many of the older citizens of this community.

Mr. C. H. Brosig will soon begin the erection of a residence on the lot where his present home is located.

Mr. E. E. Reed of Houston who recently purchased the market business of the Eagle Lake Butcher company has not yet moved his family to Eagle Lake owing to the serious illness of one of his children, and owing to the fact that he has not yet been able to secure a suitable rent house.

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Mr. Geo. Wescott and party from Eagle Lake were here last week.

Mr. Herbert D. Hurd and Mr. Davidson of Kansas City were here last Tuesday.

Mr. O. Carver, representative of the National Rice Milling Company, of Houston, was in town last Tuesday.

A. D. BAKER

GARWOOD, TEXAS

Wanamills Erected.

Wells Bored.

Pumps put in, and all kinds of machinery work. Write me at GARWOOD, TEX.

J. W. Schneider

TAILOR

Clothes cleaned and pressed.

My shop is located on second floor of building recently vacated by Mr. Redford. All work guaranteed and my prices are very reasonable.

I will appreciate a portion of your patronage.

C. L. MILLER,

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"How Come it Stealin'?"

The prosecuting attorney sat down. As he mopped his brow he gazed triumphantly at the judge and at the young lawyer who represented the prisoner.

The prisoner was an old darky. His face was as black as the ace of spades and as wrinkled as a piece of crinoline. In his kinky hair strands of white outnumbered those of black.

During the trial of the case his eyes had never once left the judge. "Po-de-lawd de dat in' Marse Jim!" he had exclaimed when he saw the judge's face.

Room by a regular row of white teeth had been revealed by his pleased smile.

The testimony of the witnesses had been of no interest to him. He laughed scornfully when the young lawyer who had been appointed by the court to represent him poured forth college rhetoric. The prosecuting attorney had been ignored. "Marse Jim, gwine ter fix him," he whispered softly to himself.

The judge straightened himself and wiped his glasses solemnly. "The prisoner at the bar is found guilty as charged," he adjusted the gold rimmed affairs on his nose. "Has the prisoner at the bar anything to say to show cause why he should not be sentenced?"

In his turn the old darky straightened up. The stern look of the court quaked his face to fall. Then he stood up. His eyes were sparkling with indignation.

"Yes, sah," he said, "I have somethin' to say, and I gwine to say it. If dey's troublecomin' doan' you blame me 'cause you at me to talk."

Now looky-heah, Marse Jim, you know me jes' as well as I know you. I see know you ever since you knee-high to a duck, an' you ain't nebbber done nothin' mean till jes' now.

Dey brought me heah an' tol' me I stole a shoat. But I didn't tink nothin' ob dat, an' you nebber did befoah till jes' now. I come heah att'eh justice. I thought I was gwine to get hit, 'cause you was judge. But I fine's I is mistaken. If I see got to make a fight fer hit I wouldn't er let nothin' to do wid dis heah piece of pizen faced 'white trash ober heah. I'd er got a lawyah. He ain't none ob de quality. I knows, 'cause my folks befoah de war was de right kin. But I didn't know dat, an' now you axes me if I see got anything to say. Yes sah! I has somethin' to say, an' as I tol' yo' I's gwine to say hit.

Marse Jim, Joan you member I was yo' body sarvant durin' de wahn? Didn't I astor rastle for grub fer yo' and yo' ole w'en de rations go sho't? An' didn't you astor smack your lips ober my cookin' an' say 'Jim is a powerful good forager?' Why, I stole chickens and turkeys and shoats for you clean from Chatanooga to Atlanta, Georgia. An' every time you got a squah meal, which was most generally 'casionally, you an' yo' chom ud say 'Jim's a powerful forager! You didn't say nothin' agin hit ther. No sah! An' I wants to know if hit was foragin' then how come hit stealin' now?"

An' doan' you member, Marse Jim, dat one day you come to me an' say 'Jim, teemorer's Crismus an' we's got to have a fine spread! An' didn't I git outan steal a ham an' a turkey an' er bottle er dew-drop whiskey? An' didn't you invite yo' brudder officers in nex day an' order things jes' scap'ous an' make 'em open dey eyes? Er

hit was foragin' durin' de wahn, how come it stealin' now?"

Yes, an' doan' you member Marse Jim, when you was shot an' de Yanks took you pris'ner at Chancellorsville? Didn't you gib me yo' grab in'form an' er lock ob yo' hah an' yo' sword, an' didn't yo say kinder hoarse like, 'Take 'em to her?' An' didn't I take 'em? I toted dem t'ings through de bresh a hun'ed miles an' when I come to de front gate doh stood Miss Em'ly. She's daid now, an' God knows, Marse Jim, dar ain't no purer or whiter an' er er ob de clouds dan her. An' when she saw me, didn't she hug dat little ole me, heah dat you was so proud of, up close an' cry, 'He's daid!' An' didn't de tears of grief come rollin' ober dese black eyes an' wash de stains of trab-bel away? An' when I ops an say, 'no, he ain't daid Miss Em'ly de Yanks jes' got him an' he'll be home bimby; didn't de tears of joy come pourin' down an' wash de tears ob grief away?"

Now, looky beah, Marse Jim, my ol' woman an' three pickaninies is ober heah in er loz cabin in de woods near Jim Wil-son's pasture. Dey hain't got nothin' to eat an' ven I comes by Sam Johnson's hog pen de yuther day an' I sees dat skinny little shoat dat, honest to Gawd, was so poah dat you hafter tie a knot in his tail to keep him from slippin' t'ween de palis's. I jes' began foragin' agin. You can't call it stealin' nohow, 'cause I see gwine to pay Sam Johnson's back jes' as soon as my ol' sow has pigs. You aint gwine to send yo' ol' body sarvant to de pen 'fer dat is you Marse Jim!"

There was silence in the court room for a moment. The old lawyers, who at first laughed at what de old darkey said, were now very quiet and sympathy was written upon their faces. The stern features of the old judge had relaxed. There was something moist in his eyes.

He wiped them fortively and vainly tried to hide the movement by vigorously rubbing his bald pate with his handkerchief. Finally he said:

"The court has considered the motion for a new trial, and the same is hereby granted. The prisoner is released upon his own recognizance. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court. Jim—you come up to the house with me." In Dallas News.

TUCKER'S ARNICA SALVE WINS.

Tom Moore, of Rural Route 1, Cochran, Ga., writes: "I had a bad sore on the instep of my foot and could find nothing that would heal it until I applied Tucker's Arnica Salve. The day after my foot was cured. Sold under guarantee at that price drug store."

It is imperative that the man of the house keep his temper about the home if the surroundings are to be pleasant and conducive to the greatest amount of happiness in the family. Nothing is so out of place and so hurtful to a home as a man all out of humor when he is doing the chores. The man who gets mad and thrashes everything that does not happen to do just according to his own peculiar notions is certainly a weak man and a hindrance to the welfare of the household. He who thus shows his temper and snaps and growls at everything in his path makes life unpleasant for the entire family. If things are not as promised to you as you had anticipated and if you find that you are unable to buy what the family needs, you can at least meet them with a pleasant and cheerful face morning, noon and night. —Lindale Reporter.

A Favorite Climate.

Englishman (just arrived in New York)—You say you have a farm in the West for sale. I think of going West. Is your farm in good, fertile climate? Westerner—I should smile. Why sir, whenever we have visitors they just set themselves right down, and don't do a thing the whole day long but write poetry about feathered songsters an' soughing winds, an' blushing posies, an' celestial—

"Yes, but is the climate adapted to farming?"

"Well, let me tell you. We raised 600 chickens this year, and when we came to get 'em to market we was in a fix. The dealers wouldn't take 'em unless they were picked. Now you see what a job that would be. Six hundred chickens to scold and pick, and only one and my wife to do it."

"Yes, but the climate—"

"That's it. Our beautiful agricultural climate was what saved us. That very day along came a cyclone, picked up them chickens, gave their necks a twist, stripped every feather off, and landed the hull lot in the next town right in front of the market house." —Ex.

"Well," said a newly married friend to Will Maupin, the Nebraska poet, "I'm in a quandary as to just what I should call my wife's mother. I don't like to call her 'mother-in-law' on account of all the comic paper jokes on that name, and somehow there's a certain sacredness about 'Mother' that makes me hesitate to apply it to any but my own."

"Well," said Maupin, "I can only tell you of my own experience. The first year we were married I addressed my wife's mother as Say, after that we called her 'Grandma'."

"Well, well, did I say that? Never mind. Take it off, if you choose," and the doctor hung up the receiver.

Preserving the Proprieties.

A traveler in the mountains of Tennessee had been stowed away in the best bed of the cottage afforded. Late in the night he was awakened by the voice of the paternal family addressed to the daughter, who was entertaining company by the fireside.

"Mandy," growled the old man, "is that young man there yet?"

"Yes, pap."

"Is he got his arm around yer waist?"

"Yep, pap."

"You-all tell him ter take a way."

"Aw, ye tell him yerself, pap," replied the girl, in a dull, lifeless voice. "He air a plum stranger to me." —Success Magazine.

Those Irish made me sick, all ways talking about val, great fighters dey are," said a Teutonic resident of Hoboken, with great contempt. "Vey at Minna's wedding der odder night dot drunken Mike O'Hooligan butted in, and me and mein bruder and mein cousin Fritz and mein frient Louie Hartman—vhy, vey pretty near kicked him out of der house!"

THINKS IT SAVED HIS LIFE.

Lester M. Nelson, of Naples, Maine, says in a recent letter: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery many years, for coughs and colds, and I think it saved my life. I have found it a reliable remedy for throat and lung complaints, and would no more be without a bottle than I would be without food." For nearly forty years New Discovery has stood at the head of throat and lung remedies. As a preventive of pneumonia, and healer of weak lungs it has no equal. Sold under guarantee at Calvert's drug store. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Flowers by the Wayside.

A young girl visiting the country was following a farmer's wife along a wild half overgrown path amid a tangle of wild flowers. The young visitor exclaimed at their variety and beauty. "I mean to gather all I can carry when we come back and we have a little more time," said the elder woman. "Tain't likely we'll come back this way." It was one of those simple, homely incidents that sometimes seem to epitomize life. We must pick now, if we want them all, the flowers that God scatters along our way. Two pleasant hours, the dear friendships, the shared confidences, the happy gatherings, all the brightness and blessings that we so often push aside but mean to find leisure to enjoy sometime we must take them day by day as they come, or we shall lose them altogether; nor can we turn back to find them. —Selected.