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 Pinsander 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 smilax. Just before the bridal party entered Miss Nettie Efrom sang "Thine" with Miss Jennie Novich on the violin and Miss Nettie Bykowsky at the piano.

As the beautiful strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march were sounded, the ushers, Mr. Morris Weed and Mr. Ike Gabert entered, followed by Mr. Louie Cohn of Victoria, the groom's best man. Next came the groom and his mother, who were followed by the maid of honor, Miss Minnie Gabert, sister of the bride. She was followed by little 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 lingere and hat to match.

After receiving congratulations the bridal party and the many guests present repaired to the dining room where a salad course with punch was served. The bridal couple were recipients of many handsome and costly presents and were showered with telegrams of congratulation.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan left at 12:10 o'clock over the M. K. & T. for a few days' honeymoon trip to San Antonio. They expect to return to Eagle Lake the early part of next week and will be at home to their friends at the Drummers' Home hotel.

The bride is one of Waco's prettiest and most popular young ladies, and during her visit to this city some months ago she made a great many warm friends. The groom is one of Eagle Lake's most popular young businessmen, and numbers his friends by his acquaintances.

The HEADLIGHT extends its heartiest congratulations to this popular young couple and sincerely wishes that their future lives may never be marred by sorrow.

An up-to-date line of suit cases just received at Traylor's.

Miss Ruth Buffington left Thursday afternoon for a visit to Houston.

Mr. W. H. Rayher and little daughter, Louise, were in Columbus between trains Thursday.

Mrs. J. M. Everitt and mother, Mrs. Coleman, came up from Lissie and spent Thursday in the city.

Mr. Paul Kretzschmar, so we learn, has purchased the meat market of Mr. U. G. Delno, and will enlarge the plant and continue the business.

Mr. H. S. Vineyard left Wednesday for Ingleside in response to a telegram announcing the serious illness of his wife who is spending the summer at that place.

The Eagle Lake Rice Irrigation company is getting its new plant ready to commence pumping water into the lake from the Colorado river. The month's drouth has made this necessary.

The supreme court held to be unconstitutional the law authorizing independent school district embracing city and rural property, to levy a tax of more than 20 cents on the $100 valuation for all school purposes. This ruling will lower the taxes 18 cents on the $100 valuation on all property within three miles of Eagle Lake, this property having been taxed 38 cents on the $100 valuation for school purposes.

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. Putney, Sr., and Mr. Olva Davis are both on the sick list this week.

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

NOTTAWA NOTES.

Mesdames McKeever and DeWitt of Ambia, Indiana, are the guests of Rev. Warner King and wife. Master Orvil Murphy accompanied them and will remain for an extended visit.

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

Mrs. Robert Schrafft left Tuesday 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 the 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 Waelder 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. Semprez paid Columbus a business visit Thursday.

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

Miss Ada Winfree visited relatives in Schulenburg and attended the fireman's celebration.

FOR RENT—I have several nice upstairs room 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 Donovant the old negro was provided with a home and a good little farm; and when Hon. John H. Kirby came into possession of the Donovant 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. Bresig 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.

CHESTERVILLE NEWS

Mrs. [illegible] children, Mrs. June Wright and little daughter, [illegible] left for Hope, Kansas, Sunday evening. Mrs. H. W. Andrews, daughter, Miss Lelia and son, Orla, left Tuesday night for the same place, and Mrs. G. J. Jones and little son, Walter, accompanied them as far as Kingham, Kansas. These ladies have been ready to start north for the past three weeks, but owing to numerous washouts have been unable to purchase through tickets. They expect to be gone several months visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. Van Gorder of Audubon, Iowa, called one day last week on Mr. Geo. Gray Sr.

Mr. Chas. Herndon has been on the sick list for the past week.

Mrs. C. S. Maltby, Mrs. Smith, Misses Linderholm and Johnson drove over to Lissie last Sunday.

Mr. H. R. Anderson was suddenly transferred from Chesterville to Hallettsville last week Thursday. Mr. Thomas is coming here from Glasgow to fill the vacancy. Mr. Anderson had been among us but a few months but in that time had made many friends, all of whom were sorry to see him leave. However, we learn that the change is advantageous to him and wish him all success in his new situation.

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

A. D. BAKER

GARWOOD, TEXAS.

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,

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

GARWOOD, TEXAS.

THE 4TH. OF JULY!

WILL BE CELEBRATED AT EAGLE LAKE BY

5000 PEOPLE!

In order to half celebrate the occasion, you should be well dressed, so let us order you a nice uptodate suit or pair of trousers at once. Get a hand made suit with an elastic front, made the proper length and style for a man of your build.

We also have a nice line of ready made suits and pants as well as a complete line of everything that men wear.

If you don't need new suits, bring in the ones you have and let us clean, press and repair them for the occasion.

Remember we guarantee everything and your patronage will be TRULY APPRECIATED.

Traylor the Tailor

And Gent's Furnisher.

"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. "Fo' de Lawd ef dat ain't Marse Jim!" he had exclaimed when brought into the court room by a stalwart deputy. And two long, regular rows 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. "My ol' Marse Jim gwine ter fix hit," 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 caused his face to fall. Then he stood up. His eyes were sparkling with indignation.

"Yes, sah," he said, "I have somepen to say, and I'se gwine to say hit. If dey's trouble comin' doan' you blame me 'cause you ast me to talk.

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

Day brought me heah an' tol' me I stole a shoat. But I didn't sink nothin, ob dat, an' you nebber did befoah till jes' now. I come heah afteh justice. I thought I was gwine, to get hit, 'cause you was judge. But I fine's I is mistaken. If I'se got to make a fight fer hit I would, ef I had nothin' to do wid dis heah piece of pizen faced white trash ober heah. I'd ev got a lawyah. He ain't none oh 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'se got anything to say. Yes sah! I has somepen to say, an' as I tol' yo I's gwine to say hit.

Marse Jim, doan' you 'member I was yo' body sarvint durin' de wah? Didn't I aster rustle fer grub fer yo' and yo' chum wen de rations go sho't? An didn't you aster 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 Chattanooga to Atlanta, Georgy. An' ebery time you got a squahmeal which was most generally 'casionally, you an' yo chum 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 termorrer's Crismus an we'se got to have a fine spread.' An' didn't I git outan steal a ham an a turkey an er bottle er dew drop whisky? An didn't you invite yo' brudder officers in nex' day an order things jes' scanl'ous an make 'em open dey eyes? Ef hit was foragin' durin de wah, how come it stealin now?

Yes, an' doan' you 'member Marse Jim, when you was shot an' de Yanks took you pris'ner at Chancellorville? Didn't you gib me yo' gray uniform 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'red miles an' when I come to de front gate doh stood Miss 'Em'ly. She's dajd now, an' God knows, Marse Jim, dar ain't no purer or whiter angel an [illegible] her. An, when she saw me, didn't she hug dat little bald headed baby 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 han's an wash de stains of trabbel away? An' when I ups 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 erway?

Now, looky heah, Marse Jim; my ol' woman an' three pickaninnies is over heah in er log cabin in de woods near Jim Wilson's pasture. Dey hain't got nothin to eat an' wen I comes by Sam Johnsing's hog pen de yuther day an' sees dat skinny little shoat dat, honest to Gawd, was sepoah dat you hafter tie a knot in his tail to keep him from slippin' 'tween de palin's, I jes' began foragin' agin. You can't call it stealin' nohow, 'cause I'se gwine to pay Sam Johnsing back jes' as soon as my ol' sow has pigs. You aint gwine to send yo' ol' body sarvint to de pen fo' 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 furtively 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.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE WINS.

Tom Moore, of Rural Route 1, Cochran, Ga., writes: "I had a bad sore come on the instep of my foot and could find nothing that would heal it until I applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Less than half of a 25 cent box won the day for me by affecting a perfect cure." Sold under guarantee at Calvert's drug store.

It is imperitive 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?"

"Why, last year we raised 600 chickens this year, and when time 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 scald and pick, and only me 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, give 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.'"

Apologized to Hello Girl.

One of the most distinguished surgeons in New Jersey made the amende honorable yesterday, says the New York World. He is very gruff and quick of speech but at heart entirely kind and considerate.

Doctor X. was trying to get somebody on the phone; the telephone girl's answer did not please him. He spoke to her sharply; she answered curty.

"Oh, keep your shirt on," cried the exasperated doctor, and he flung up the receiver.

Instantly the girl connected [illegible] very bitterly to the manager of that central, who went to the doctor, his friend, and told him he really should apologize to the young lady.

"So I will," said Doctor X, and he got the girl on the phone.

"I am told I hurt your feelings, Miss."

"So you did; you were brutal."

"What did I say to you?"

"You told me to keep my shirt on."

"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 the cottage afforded. Late in the night he was awakened by the voice of the paterfamilias addressed to the daughter, who was entertaining company by the fireside.

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

"Yes, pap."

"Is he got his arm around yer waist?"

"Yep, pap."

"You-all tell him ter take it away."

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

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 at all, the flowers [illegible] The pleasant hours, the dear [illegible] the shared confidences, the happy gatherings; all the brightnesses 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.

"Dose Irish make me sick, always talking about vat gread fighders dey are," said a Teutonic resident of Hoboken, with great contempt. "Vey at Minna's vedding der odder nighd dot drunken Mike O'Hooligan butted in, und me und mein bruder und mein cousin Fritz und mein frient Louie Hartman—ply, ve pretty near kicked him outt 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.

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For the next thirty days only I will sell

Good Dry Seasoned Wood

At $2.25 A CORD

Loaded on the cars at Nedra.

This is your opportunity to lay in your supply of wood for winter use.....

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