

The Headlight.

BRUCE W. McCARTY
Editor and Proprietor.

Published at Eagle Lake, Colorado
County, Texas, every Saturday morning,
and sent out at the publisher's office at Eagle
Lake, Tex., by second class mail matter.

OFFICE: Up stairs, McCarty Building,
TELEPHONE NO. 88.

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TO PUBLISHERS: This paper has
a 22-inch Advance paper cover, good
as new. Will sell for \$20.

His Old Father Satisfied.
Twenty years ago a dis-
courage young doctor in one of our
large cities was invited once by
his old father, who came up from
a rural district to look after his
boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are
you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all,"
was the disheartened answer.
"I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance
fell, but he spoke of courage and
patience and perseverance. Lat-
ter in the day he went with his
son to the Free Dispensary
where the young doctor had an
unsalaried position, and where
he spent an hour or more every
day.

The father sat by a silent, but
intensely interested spectator,
while twenty-five poor and dis-
tressed patients received help. The doctor
forgot his visit, while he bent
his skilled energies to this task,
but hardly had the door closed
on the last patient, when the old
man burst forth:

"I thought you told me that
you were not doing anything! Why, if I had
helped twenty-five people so much in a month
as you have in one morning, I would thank
God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it,"
thought the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted,
still scornfully. "Money! What
is money in comparison with
being of use to your fellowmen? Never mind
about money; you go right along at this work
every day. I'll go back to the farm, and
gladly earn money enough to support you as
long as I live, and sleep sound every night
with the thought that I have helped you
help your fellowmen." Selected.

Correctly Named.
Mose, the darky cook of a party
of surveyors in eastern Texas, was
greatly annoyed by the razor-
back hogs that roamed around
the camp, says the Philadelphia
Ledger. One evening while he
was at the spring a particularly
ravenous band of these ravenous
"pink woods roters" raided the
cook tent and ate every thing that
was edible and some things that
weren't.

For several moments after his
return from the spring Mose
could find no words to express
his feelings.

"Wall," he finally exclaimed,
"the good Lawd sustainly knowed
his business when he named
haws 'haws'!" Dey sho is
haws.

Experienced!

They had just been married,
and were on their way to spend
the honeymoon.

The bride was indifferent as to
what she saw with her head resting
on his shoulder.

The bridegroom was also per-
fectly satisfied openly to squeeze
her hand or encircle her waist
when the inclination seized him.

A little old man sat in front of
them, and he looked around and
smiled at the happy couple so of-
ten that the young husband final-
ly said: "We're only just mar-
ried, sir."

"So I thought," chuckled the
old man.

"And we can't help being a lit-
tle snooty, you know."

"No, of course not."

"It probably all seems very
silly to an old fellow like you,
though."

"Does it? Does it?" chuckled
the old man. "Well, I can tell
you that it does not, then. I've
been married three times already
and now I'm on my way west to
get No. 4. Follow me up, and
you'll get a few tips!"

"Try them On."

A gentleman had a negro ser-
vant, to whom he was in the ha-
bit of giving his cast-off clothes.

One day the master appeared
in a new pair of checked trous-
ers, which at once took the neg-
ro's eye. Thinking they were a
long time in wearing out, he ac-
cidentally upset the ink upon them
one day.

Indeep distress he took them
to show his master, who advised
him to take the ink stain out with
salts of lemon.

Before long he returned, say-
ing he had been unsuccessful,
when his master said: "You had
better try ammonia."

To this the dusky youth re-
plied: "Oh, sah, I hab no need to
try 'em on as I'm quite surd
dey'll fit."

He got them.

A Miracle.
A priest, in Ireland, having
preached a sermon on miracles,
was asked by one of his congre-
gation, walking homeward, to ex-
plain a little more lucidly what a
miracle meant.

"Is it a miracle you want to un-
derstand?" said the priest. "Just
walk on in front of me and I'll
think how I can explain it to
you."

The man walked on and the
priest followed behind and gave
him a tremendous kick.

"Hi!" roared the man. "Why
did you do that?"

"Did you feel it?" asked the
priest.

"To be sure I did!"

"Well, it would have been a mir-
acle if you hadn't."

Not Like Kansas.
You can't lose Kansas at any
turn of the road. Her people are
as quick with their wits in the
big marts of civilization as they
are with their scythes and more
dangerous blades on their native
heath.

Senator Plum of Kansas got
away with a Gothamite some
years ago at a Waldorf Astoria
dinner given to a Kansas dele-
gation by plutocrats with axes to
grind.

The fish course presented it-
self in the form of a mammoth
salmon couchant and rampant
amid its garniture.

"You don't have fish like that
in Kansas, do you, senator?" ask-
ed the New Yorker.

"No," drawled the westerner.
"We don't need 'em. The Lord
knows where to send brain food."

Philadelphian.

Proof Not Needed.

As General Benjamin F. Butler
was standing in front of the lobby
of the Boston state house one
morning he saw two men whom
he knew engaged in a heated argu-
ment.

"One moment, general," said
one of them to him, "can't you
settle a dispute? We are argu-
ing as to who is the greatest law-
yer in Massachusetts, and as we
can't agree we will leave it to
you."

"That's easy. I am," said
Butler, with perhaps more truth
than modesty.

The two men were somewhat
taken back.

"Er—er, but, general, of course
you know—but how can we
prove it?" the first speaker man-
aged to get out.

"Prove it? Prove it?" growled
Butler. "You don't have to
prove it."

"I admit it."—Woman's Home
Companion.

If you love, love more. If you
hate, hate less. Life is too short
to spend in hating any one. Why
war against a mortal who is go-
ing the same road with us? Why
not expand the flower of life and
happiness by learning to love, by
teaching those who are near and
dear a beautiful lesson? Your
hands may be hard, but your
heart need not be. Your form
may be bent and old, but do you
not know that the most beautiful
flowers grow in the most rugged,
unsheltered places? The palace
for care, the cottage for love.
Not that there is no love in a man-
sion, but somehow if we are not
very careful, business will crowd
all there is of beauty out of the
heart. This is why God gave the
Sabbath and Saturday nights,
that we may leave business and
have a little heart cleaning. Ex-

The intoxicated individual who
after bumping into the same tree
thirteen times, bemoaned the
fact that he was lost in an impen-
etrable forest, is no greater dis-
grace to modern civilization than
the hero of this story.

A citizen of Seattle who had
looked upon the wine when he
was no longer sure what color it
was, in the course of his journey,
home encountered a tree protect-
ed by an iron tree guard. Gasping
the days, he cautiously felt his
way around it twice.

Curse it! he moaned, sinking
to the ground in despair. Looked
on!

The Relationship.
A little boy whose mother had
been married for the second time
became somewhat puzzled in try-
ing to figure out his relation with
his new papa.

"Mamma, is this man my step-
papa?"

"Yes, dear, he is your step-
papa."

"Well, mamma you call me your
little lad."

"Yes, dear, you are mamma's
little lad."

"Then I guess I must be my
step-papa's little step-ladder."

The Wrong Husband.
A very stout lady was seen to
take a sudden run amongst the
crowd by St. George's Hall Sat-
urday last and drag a timid look-
ing man by his coat collar along
the sidewalk. Getting to a place
where she could breathe, she
gave the man a good shake, at the
same time turning him around
face towards her, and then to
the people's amazement exclaim-
ed: "Well, I'm blessed, it's not
my old man at all!" Liverpool
Mercury.

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 per-
sonal 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—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Par-
goric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It
contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic
substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys 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, giving healthy and natural sleep.
The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

DR. HOWARD FITZGERALD
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at Calvert's Drug Store

T. L. SMITH, JR.
Civil Engineer and Surveyor.

Office First National Bank Bldg., Eagle Lake.

Changed His Mind.
A resident in the suburbs of a
provincial town is renowned to-
day for his herculean propen-
sities.

One day, as he was standing in
the hall of his house, a violent
ring was given to the front door
bell. He turned to the door,
opened it, and found himself con-
fronted by a little man much the
worse for wear, and evidently be-
longing to the genus tramp.

"Well, what do you want?" asked
the giant.

"Ah, ah, please, sir," the man
on the doorstep stammered, look-
ing up at the master of his foot, and
could find nothing that would lead
him to the door of his house. "I
was going to ask you for some of
your old clothes, but I've changed my mind!"

Three negro girls once pro-
fessed religion and were baptized.
The minister told each of them
to say something as she came up
out of the water. The first as
she arose clasped her hands and
joyfully shouted, "Glory!" The
second followed suit and shouted,
"Hallelujah!" The third hesitat-
ed for a moment after her immer-
sion and then triumphantly
screamed, "Christmas Gift!"

The Diagnosis.
The Gentleman Farmer (anx-
iously). What in the world, Un-
cle Pottery, do you suppose is
the matter with my hens? Why
this morning I found six of them
lying on their backs, cold and
stiff, with their feet sticking in
the air.

The Ancient (after a suitable
season of cogitation)—Yer hens
is dead, Mr. Pottery.

List of Delinquent Taxes for the year 1907 in the city of Eagle Lake, Texas.

NAME OF OWNER	No. Lots	No. Acres	Survey	Amount	Ant with Pen
Anderson, Nancy	1	14	P. Reels	\$ 7 50	\$ 8 50
Burger, L. J.	1	20	P. Reels	10 00	11 25
Burger Bros.	1	54	Westmorland	22 35	24 85
Buchman, G. M.	1	54	P. Reels	11 45	12 85
Beaks, Miss Maud	1	3 14	P. Reels	2 25	2 72
Beaks, Joe	1	3 14	P. Reels	2 40	2 89
Beaks, Vaughan	1	3 14	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Boyd, Mrs. F. G.	1	3 14	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Bird Canning Co.	1	3 14	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Beasley, Tracy	1	3 14	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Craft, W. S.	1	3 14	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Caperal, Fannie	1	3 14	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Crosby, Wm.	1	3 14	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Daniels, Manuel	1	3 14	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Davis, Lucy	1	3 14	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Dancy, Will	1	3 14	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Davis, Oiva	1	3 14	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Davidson, J. K.	1	3 14	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Ernst, Ed.	1	3 14	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Eagle Lake Imp. Co.	1	74	G. W. White	14 80	16 55
Gates, Peter Est.	1	1	G. W. White	1 50	1 90
Hudson, T. E.	1	10	G. W. White	6 00	6 85
Hill, Amy	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Hinton, Elias	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Haily, Delphia	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Hardison, Emily	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Jones, Emily	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Johnson, Ida	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Johnson, Sam	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Jackson, Sam	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Johnson, Albert	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Katawa Bros.	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Kyle, Mat Est.	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Korthauer, W. H.	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Lompkin, Lola	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
McFarland, Mrs. Wm.	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Morris, Solomon	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Mancy, Ella	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
McBride, Will	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Newsom, E. P.	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Pekins, Mary	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Pollard, James	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Robinson, Reid	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Rogers, C. L.	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Rhodes, Henry	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Stewart, D. O.	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Spates, Alex	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Simmons, Mack	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Stockbridge, Est	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Smith, Emma	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Smith, Don	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Thatcher, J. R.	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Tracy, H.	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Vineyard, Ada	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Williamson, W. M.	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Westmorland, Mrs. J. F.	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Whalen, Walter	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Walker, Mrs. Connie	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Woods, Sarah	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Williams, Stella	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Woods, Tip Est.	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Watson, G. S.	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
York, Mrs. Nina	1	1	P. Reels	1 50	1 90

I hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy of
the delinquent taxes for the year 1907. You are hereby notified
that if the above taxes are not paid within 30 days, suit will be
brought for same.

H. S. VINEYARD,
Tax Collector.

Flowers by the Wayside.

A young girl visiting the coun-
try 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
home time," said the elder wo-
man. "Tain't likely we'll come
back this way." It was one of
those simple, homely incidents
that sometimes seem to epitom-
ize life. We must pick now, if
we want them at all, the flowers
that God scatters along our way.

The pleasant hours, the dear
friendships, the offered con-
fidences, the happy gatherings—
all the brightness and bliss-
fulness 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.

STOMACH TROUBLES.
Many remarkable cures of stomach
troubles have been effected by Cham-
berlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.
One man who had spent over two thou-
sand dollars for medicine and treatment
was cured by a few boxes of these tab-
lets. Price, 25 cents. Samples free
at all druggists.

It is imperative that the man
of the house keep his temper
about the home if the surround-
ings are to be pleasant and con-
ducive to the greatest amount of
happiness in the family. Noth-
ing is so out of place and so hurt-
ful 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 be just accord-
ing to his own peculiar notions is
certainly a weak man and a hin-
drance to the welfare of the
household. He who thus shows
his temper and snaps and growls
at everything in his path makes
family life unpleasant for the entire
family. If things are not as
promised to you as you had an-
ticipated and if you find that you
are unable to buy what the fam-
ily needs, you can at least meet
them with a pleasant and cheer-
ful face morning, noon and night.
Lupine Reporter.

SOME NURSES.
Any mother who has had experience
with this distressing ailment will be
pleased to know that a cure may be ef-
fected by applying Chamberlain's
Salve as soon as the child is down
scurrying. Wipe it off with a soft cloth
before allowing the babe to nurse.
Many trained nurses use this salve
with best results. For sale by all
druggists.

Job Printing!

The Headlight wants
your Job Printing and
guarantees to please you
with every job.

Job Printing!

We Have
LEE'S LICE KILLER
For Mites, Fleas Etc.
25c pt

SPRAY PUMPS
50c each.

Also
KFESO DIP
\$1.50 per gal

**Calvert's
DRUG STORE**

W. V. BOYD
Can do any amount of hauling
at any time. Move heavy ma-
chinery. If you are going
away let me take your trunk
to the depot. When you
come back I will haul it home
for you. Prices reasonable.

W. V. BOYD
TRANSFER AND DRAY LINE.

ON SALE!

Round Trip Tickets
to the
Pacific Coast
and to
Points in Mexico

Galveston,
Harrisburg
& San An-
tonio R.R.

Limit 9 mos. from date of sale.

Write us for particulars.

C. K. Dunlap, T. J. Anderson,
Travel Mgr. Gen. Pass. Agt.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

A. Townley,
Machinery Repairing

Cypress Cisterns and all
kinds of wood work.

All kinds of pipe, fittings,
transmission goods and
engine supplies.

BLACKSMITHING
and Horseshoeing