The Headlight.

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BRUCE W. McCARTY
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY JULY 4, 1908.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

G. C. & S. F.

NORTH	SOUTH
No. 14, 7:45 p. m.	No. 13, 8:23 a. m.

G. H. & S. A.

EAST	WEST
No. 8, 4:31 p. m.	No. 7, 1:00 p. m.
No. 10, 3:18 a. m.	No. 9, 2:50 a. m.

The President Who Never Attended School.

Andrew Johnson came of a family poor and obscure, one of the lot who were designated "poor whites" in that section of the country. So poverty stricken was his family as to be unable to afford their children even the advantages of an education, and Johnson, afterwards seventeenth president of our country, the successor of "Honest Abe"—himself a man of the people—actually never attended school a single day in his life. He worked during his years as a young man as a tailor, and his shop in Greenville, Tenn., with the sign, "A. Johnson," is still in existance. His wife is credited with having taught him all he knew of "read-in' an' ritin' an' 'rithmetic."

In spite of the handicaps under which he labored, in spite of the obstacles in his path, Johnson rose by his own efforts and determination to the highest office in the land. When twenty-one years old he was elected alderman in his town. From that time on fortune smiled upon him. In succession he filled the officers of state senator, elector-at-large on the VanBuren ticket, representative, governor of Tennessee, U. S. Senator, vice-president and president. After his term of office had expired he returned to his native state, from which place he was elected to the senate. He died soon after, July 31, 1875.

Johnson's body lies buried on a beautiful hill overlooking the town of Greenville. When he knew that death was near, he expressed this wish to a friend, who was in attendance upon him: "When I die, wrap my body in the flag of my country, pillow my head on its constitution and carry it to one of those [illegible] and there let me sleep till the resurrection morning."

This wish was odeyed. Wrapped in a silk flag, the gift of a life long friend, the body was carried to Greenville and with a worn and tattered copy of the constitution, which he had read and studied, and which he had struggled many times under great difficulties to uphold, placed under his head, all that was mortal of Andrew Johnson was brought pack to rest in the quiet spot he had loved as a child and as a boy, and which he had never ceased to long for and to love.—Honey Grove Signal.

The Best Story.

Do you know what we think is the best story in the Bible? It may surprise you, but it's the one about Noah and the flood. We say this in the face of the educated folks who turn up their nose and declare this flood story a fake. You remember, Noah had to work a long time on the ark. It was uphill business, too at best, day after day, building away at a boat out on dry land, when the local hammer and anvil club sat around, spitting tobacco juice upon his boards; whittling up his soft pine with their old jack knives, and telling him what a fool he was to expect a big rain in a country that was too dry to raise alfalfa. But he kept at it, finally the flood came, and every mother's son of the croakers was drowned. This is the only instance, that we know of, either in sacred or profane history, where a bunch of knockers got exactly what was coming to them.—Ex.

A Mere Fad.

John D. Rockfeller Jr. was talking to a member of the famous Bible class about economy.

"But economy, like everything else, may be carried to extremes, may be made a mere fad of," said Mr. Rockfeller.

"There is a farmer out near Cleveland who makes a fad of economy. Every time he drives in to town he carries a hen with him, tied to the seat of his buggy.

"A friend rode with him one day and found out the use of the hen. When, at noon, the farmer lunched under a tree, he gave his mare a feed from a nosebag. The hen set on the ground, ate all that the horse spilled from the bag, and thus there was no waste."

The Weather Was Cold.

An American and a Scotsman were discussing the cold experienced in winter in the North of Scotland.

"Why, it's nothing at all compared to the cold we have in the States," said the American. "I can recollect one winter when a sheep, jumping from a hillock in to a field, became suddenly frozen on the way, and stuck in the air like a mass of ice."

"But, man," exclaimed the Scotsman, "the law of gravity wouldn't allow that."

"I know that," replied the talepitcher. "But the law of gravity was frozen, too."

Fate.

"People may jeer at fatalism and poke fun at all ideas which are embodied in predestination," said Senator Culberson of Texas at a small gathering of friends the other day in Washington, "but sometimes a man rubs elbows with events which make him less skeptical about such things.

"A fine young boy near Dallas was shot while out hunting and the bullet lodged so near his heart that there was not one chance in a thousand that he could survive an operation. But he did survive, and the operation was one of the things of which the surgeons in the local hospital were very proud. But the boy's recovery was tedious, and as soon as he fever left him he was allowed to see his friends and to play cards and generally to amuse himself.

"The bullet had been given to the boy and occupied a conspicuous place on the table. Every caller saw and handled the bullet, and talked over his almost miraculous escape from death. One day the boy's mother was with him and several relatives when a boy who had formerly gone to school with the patient paid him a visit, and, of course he wanted to hear all about the operation and to see the bullet.

"The boy told it all with great vim, and then, taking up the bullet, he said: "Here's the bullet that caused all the trouble and now I shall bite it to pieces to pay it back,' and he laughingly put it in his mouth. Just then he was seized with a coughing fit, the bullet slipped down his throat, lodged in his windpipe, and in a few minutes he had strangled to death.

"The poor mother was nearly crazed with grief, but she afterwards told the pastor of her church that she felt her son was destined to die of that bullet, and that she had little confidence of his recovery, even when the operation was pronounced successful. She had dabbled somewhat in the occult sciences and she declared that the boy had been predestined from all time to die from that particular bullet, and that nothing could save him from that fate."—Pittsburg Gazette.

One For Leap Year.

A shy young man had been calling on "the sweetest girl in the world" for many moons; but, being bashful, his suit progressed slowly. Finally she decided it was up to her to start something, so the next time he called she pointed to the rose in the buttonhole of his coat and said: "I'll give you a kiss for that rose."

A crimson flush spread over his countenance, but the exchange was made after some hesitation on his part.

Then he grabbed his hat and started to leave the room.

"Why, where are you going?" she asked in surprise.

"To the—er—florist for more roses," he called back from the front door.

Truth Beautifully Told.

There are pillows wet by sobs, there are gentle and sensitive natures seared and warped; there are old time friends separated and walking their lonely ways with hope dead and memory but a pang; there are cruel misunderstandings that make life sad, and homes where discord reigns supreme when love should rule; and these are but a few of the sorrows that come from the lies of the gossip's tongue.—Ranger Courier.

What Ails You?

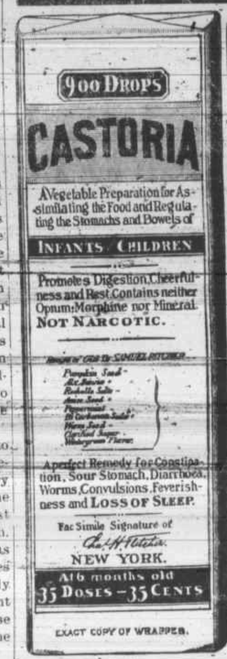
Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heartburn," belching of gas, acid rising in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from biliousness, torpid liver with indigestion and dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at its formula will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength, from the roots of the following native American forest plants, viz. Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Queen's root, Bloodroot, and Mandrake root.

The following leading medical authorities, among a host of others, extol the foregoing roots for the cure of just such ailments as the above symptoms indicate: Prof. R. Hatchett, M. D., of Jefferson Med. College, Phila.; Prof. H. C. Wood, M. D., of Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., Author of "American Dispensatory"; Prof. Joe M. Scudder, M. D., Author of Specific Medicines; Prof. Lawrence Johnson, M. D., Med. Dept. Univ. of N. Y.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., Author of Materia Medica and Prof. in Bennett Medical College, Chicago. Send name and address on a Postal Card to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive *free* booklet giving extracts from writings of all the above medical authors and many others endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient of which "Golden Medical Discovery" is composed.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. They are small, sugar-coated, granules, easy to take as candy. Price, 25 cents per vial, or five vials for one dollar, and all druggists have them for sale. They're tiny and sugar-coated.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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.

Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

A Washington man, while visiting a friend's place in Virginia, became much interested in his experiments in fruit culture.

One day the visitor was making the rounds of the place, being in charge of the friend's young daughter of ten, who acted as guide.

"This tree seems to be loaded with apples," observed the Washingtonian, indicating a particular fine specimen.

"Yes, sir," assented the little girl, "father says this is a good year for apples."

"I am glad to hear that," said the visitor. "Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?"

"No, sir," explained the girl, "only the apple trees."

A GRAND FAMILY MEDICINE.

"It gives me pleasure to speak a good word for Electric Bitters," writes Mr. Frank Conlan of No. 436 Houston St., New York. "It's a grand family medicine for dyspepsia and liver complications," while for lame back and weak kidneys it cannot be too highly recommended." Electric Bitters regulate the digestive functions, purify the blood, and impart renewed vigor and vitality to the weak and debilitated of both sexes. Sold under guarantee at Calvert's drug store. 50c.

A mother was asking her little son about a bruise on his hand. "Oh, I hit it with the hammer." And he added philosophically, "When you build fences you're bound to hurt yourself, and you might as well make up your mind to take it." And I suppose he's right.—Muskogee Times.

Revenging Himself.

"Say," asked the wild-eyed man, limping into the chiropodist's office, "can you cure a bunion?"

"Yes, sir," answered the chiropodist.

"Can you do it in a short time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Permanently?"

"Sure. Take this chair."

"No, thanks," said the caller, whipping a notebook out of his pocket and making an entry in it. "I don't want anything done. I am merely making a collection of monumental liars. I have found another one, that's all. Good day."

Turning on his heel, he limped out.

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.

When a man passes a woman without speaking, a woman whom he has known for years, he doesn't hurt the woman any; he simply advertises his own lack of courtesy, and it is a striking advertisement. The man who is too lazy to lift his hat is usually supported by his wife.—Ex.

In Doubt.

"Is the pen really mightier than the sword?"

"I dunno as it is," answered the country editor. "When I was in the army, I carried $13 a month."

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

NAME OF OWNER	No. Lots	No. Acres	Survey	Amount	Amt with Pen'ty
Anderson, Nancy		1½	P. Reels	$ 7 50	$ 8 50
Burger, L. J.	1	20	P. Reels	10 00	11 25
Burger Bros	1		Westmorland	22 35	24 85
Buchman, G. M.		5½	P. Reels	11 45	12 85
Beaks, Miss Maud	1	3 1-9	P. Reels	2 25	2 72
Beaks, Joe			P. Reels	2 40	2 89
Beaks, Vaughan		3 1-9	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Boyd, Mrs. F. G		3 1-8	P. Reels	1 48	1 86
Bird Canning Co	1		Semprez Ad	2 00	2 45
Beaks, Tracy	1	3 1-9	P. Reels	1 45	1 85
Craft, W. S	2		Semprez Ad	4 00	4 65
Caperal, Fannie		½	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Crosky, Wm	1		P. Reels	2 00	2 45
Daniels, Manuel	1		P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Davis, Lucy		4	G. W. White	1 00	1 35
Dancy, Will	1		P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Davis, Olva	6		P. Reels	7 65	8 65
Davidson, J. K	4		P. Reels	17 80	19 85
Ernst, Ed				15 00	16 75
Eagle Lake Imp. Co		74	G. W. White	14 80	16 55
Gates, Peter Est	1		G. W. White	1 50	1 90
Hudson, T. B		1½	G. W. White	6 00	6 85
Hill, Alex	2		P. Reels	1 00	2 35
Hinton, Elias	1		P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Haily, Delphia	2		G. W. White	2 00	2 45
Hardisin, Emily	1		P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Jones, Emily	1		P. Reels	1 00	1 35
Johnson, Ida	1		P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Johnson, Sam	1		P. Reels	50	80
Jackson, Sam	1		G. W. White	1 50	1 90
Johnson, Albert	1		P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Katawa Bros				6 00	6 85
Kyle, Mat Est	1		P. Reels	2 50	3 00
Korthauer, W. H		4	P. Reels	13 00	14 55
Lumpkin, Lula		5	P. Reels	1 50	1 90
McFarland, Mrs. Wm	2		P. Reels	2 45	2 95
Morris, Soloman	1		P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Mancy, Ella	1		G. W. White	3 00	3 55
McBride, Will	1		P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Newsom, E. P	4	½	P. Reels	26 25	29 15
Pekins, Mary	1		Westmorland	1 50	1 90
Pollard, James	1		Westmorland	1 50	1 90
Robinson, Reid	1		Westmorland	1 50	1 90
Raeger, C. L	1		P. Reels	4 00	4 65
Rhodes, Henry	1		G. W. White	40	70
Stewart, D. O	1		P. Reels	7 00	7 95
Spates, Alex	1		P. Reels	2 00	2 45
Simmons, Mack	1		G. W. White	1 50	1 90
Stockbridge, Est	2		P. Reels	5 00	5 75
Smith, Emma	1		P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Smith, Don	1		G. W. White	1 50	1 90
Thatcher, J. R	2		P. Reels	37 25	41 25
Tracy, H	1		P. Reels	6 00	6 85
Vincent, Ada	1		P. Reels	2 00	2 45
Williamson, W. M	1		P. Reels	5 00	5 75
Westmoreland, Mrs. J. E	1		P. Reels	5 00	5 75
Whalen, Walter	1		P. Reels	2 00	2 45
Walker, Mrs. Connie	1		P. Reels	5 00	5 75
Woods, Sarah	1		P. Reels	3 00	3 55
Williams, Silvia	1		P. Reels	40	70
Woods, Tip Est	1		P. Reels	1 50	1 90
Watson, G. S	1		P. Reels	8 00	9 05
York, Mrs. Nina	1		P. Reels	6 00	6 85

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.

Job Printing!

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

Job Printing!

No Cause to Be Alarmed.

There were several people in the shop when the stranger entered, and so he addressed them at large:

"Any of you drive up here in a buckboard?"

"Yes," said Farmer Crabbe, "I did. Why?"

"An old gray horse in the buck board?"

"Yes; but—"

"And an old lady on the seat?"

"That's right; but—"

"I suppose she could manage that old horse?"

"Rather. I should just think she could! Why, she's drove him since he was a two-year old."

"Oh," said the stranger, "then it's all right. I merely asked because the gray horse has started up the street like a mad bullock, and the old lady's hanging onto the back of the trap screaming, 'Murder!' Still, if she can manage him, of course, there's no use getting excited over it."

"How's the price of potaters down your way?"—Popular Magazine.

Sure Cure Wanted.

A wild looking man rushed into a dentist's office, nearly upsetting the butler at the door.

"Do you give gas here?" asked the newcomer.

"We do," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a fellow to sleep?"

"It does."

"Sound asleep, so you can't wake up?"

"Yes."

"You could break his jaw or black his eye and he wouldn't feel it."

"How long does he sleep?"

"About a minute, or probably less."

"I expect that's long enough. Got it ready for a fellow to take?"

"Yes; take a seat in this chair and show me your tooth."

"Tooth nothing!" said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest. "I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back."

THE BEST PILLS EVER SOLD.

"After doctoring 15 years for chronic indigestion, and spending over two hundred dollars, nothing has done me as much good as Dr. King's New Life Pills. I consider them the best pills ever sold," writes B. F. Ayscue, of Ingleside, N. C. Sold under guarantee at Calvert's drug store. 25c.

No Complaints.

The quack doctor was more than usually eloquent.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried, at the end of his telling oration, "I have visited this place for the last ten years. I have sold thousands of bottles of this marvelous specific, and I have never received a complaint from a purchaser. Now, what does this prove?"

He paused for dramatic effect and there was no doubt that his words had impressed the audience, till a man at the back of the crowd spoke.

"Don't prove nothing," he said. "Dead men tells no tales."

SORE NIPPLES.

Any mother who has had experience with this distressing ailment will be pleased to know that a cure may be effected by applying Chamberlain's Salve as soon as the child is done nursing. 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.

A Sure Sign.

"Mary," said a mother to her daughter, "has Henry proposed yet?"

"Not yet, mamma, but I think he will before many days."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he asked me if you expected to live with me if I married, and I told him no."

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

SPRAY PUMPS
50c each.

—Also—
KRESO DIP
$1.50 per gal

Calvert's
DRUG STORE

W. V. BOYD
Can do any amount of hauling at any time. Move heavy machinery. 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
SUNSET ROUTE — OIL BURNING LOCOMOTIVES — OCEAN TO OCEAN
Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio Rail'y.
Limit 9 mos. from date of sale.
Write us for particulars.
C. K. Dunlap, Traf. Mgr. T. J. Anderson, 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.