

The Headlight.

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MANAGEMENT.

BRUCE W. MCCARTY
Editor and Proprietor.

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And will be made known upon application.

Local advertising five cents per
line each week.

SATURDAY OCT. 24, 1908.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

G. C. & S. F. SOUTH
No. 13, 7:45 p. m. No. 13, 8:25 a. m.

G. H. & S. A. WEST
No. 14, 7:45 a. m. No. 14, 8:25 p. m.

The Warped Sense of Humor.

It is a big thing to be born
with a sense of humor. It will
force smooth sailing on life's
roughest seas, and will make
even drudgery bearable.

The woman who can not see a
joke, even at her own expense is
to be pitied—and so are her fun-
ny friends. There is nothing
harder on both sides than a
humorism that falls flat.

The good people who are in-
terested in the decrease of di-
vorce should have a law passed
that the serious minded and the
joker may not wed. It means
ruinations ere the orange blos-
soms fade.

A man not long ago was be-
wailing a broken engagement.
A friend who knew them both
said:

"It is the Lord taking a hand
to save you from a lifetime of
misery. Georgia couldn't see
fun if it were labeled JOKE, and
you couldn't help joking though
it meant a separation from those
you loved best."

But it's one thing to have a
sense of humor and another to
have a warped sense of humor.
There is no one more maddening
than the person who roars at our
misdeeds and thinks it so funny
to mortify his friends.

You can afford to laugh—if you
feel like it—when you fall in a
crowded ballroom or lose your

false puffs in church; but you
have no friendship so tender that
will warrant a smile when a
friend does the same.

It is the woman with the mis-
placed sense of humor who tells
embarrassing anecdotes about
family makeshifts, or who re-
peats as a good joke to a common
friend something you have said
about her but never intended her
to hear.

One of these misplaced humor-
ists is the husband who thinks
it funny to ask a guest to have
certain dishes, and when she ac-
cepts to tell her "We are just
out of it."

Have you never been covered
with embarrassment by having

some one ask you to say grace
at his dinner table and shriek
with laughter at your efforts to
get out of it?

Then there are humorists who
when you tell a good story, think
it "smart" to receive it with
forced guffaws, and others who
willfully refuse to laugh at the
point.

Laugh all you can, but have a
sense of fitness in your laughing.
To joke over the bumps in your
own life will do much to smooth
them; to find humor in the mis-
deeds of your friends is soon to
find yourself friendless.

No matter how keen your
sense of humor, use discretion in
sharing a joke with a friend.
Humor is like lightning. It
rarely strikes twice the same
way.

Mr. Bryan's Riches.

Mr. Bryan has taken the pub-
lic into his confidence with re-
spect to his worldly possessions
and the manner of accumulation.
He had paid no attention to the
stories about his being a million-
aire until Speaker Cannon used
it to discredit him, saying that
Mr. Bryan had become a million-
aire, in spite of his assertion that
no man could amass a million
dollars honestly.

Mr. Bryan says he saved a
part of his salary while he was
in Congress and that he has
accumulated some savings from
his literary work and from his
lectures, his book, "The First
Battle," having brought him \$17,
000. Summing up his savings
Mr. Bryan estimates his entire
fortune at \$150,000, which should
be enough to keep the wolf from
the door, but hardly enough to
constitute him a plutocrat.

Having given an inventory of
his possessions, and the source
of his earnings, the Nebraskan
now invites Mr. Cannon to follow
his lead, and tell how he earned
his money. But Mr. Cannon,
like Bre'r Rabbit, keeps on say-
ing nothing.—Honey Grove Sig-
nal.

On a Wrong Diet.

A certain member of congress
from New England went to a
southern state years ago to make
a few campaign speeches. It
was his first experience in the
south, and he had considerable to
learn. One day he stopped at a
farm house for dinner.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said
to the lady presiding, "but I
don't eat hot bread."

"Why don't you?" she asked,
being quite as inexperienced in
northern customs as the con-
gressman was in southern.

"Because it is indigestible and
unhealthy."

"What kind do you eat?"

"Cold bread, always."

She looked him over carefully,
sizing up his scrawny form from
every point of view, and after
the survey she remarked with a
sniff:

"Well, it seems to me that it's
about time you had a change of
diet."

An Artist's Apology.

Dear Teacher: My mother
says I had to apologize for draw-
ing your picture on the bored
as if you was an elled made with
curis and the wisker on your
chin with you could not help
or me neither.

It was a mean thing to doo and
I am sorry I did it but I could
not help it becaus you stood
there looken so nacherl with the
curis and the wisker and all and
Jenny Ames dared me to doo it
at resess.

I doo not blaim you for wippen
me becaus it looked so mutch
like you had a perfect rite to be
mad. I know you I would be
mad too.

My mother says nobody is so
sensitive about her looks as a
lady teacher especially if she is
a little older but this was not to
go to the teacher.

If you onely understood what
what is inside of boys heads
maken them be mischeffuss you
would be sorry for them for it
is not exactly there laun.

I know you feel worse about it
than I do becaus my wippen
does not hurt now but a phis-
shure does on forever.

Teachers have a hard enuf
time, andness knows without
bein shude how they look for a
whole school to laff at.

Sometime if you do not care I
will draw you on the bored
looken awe and yung and put
your name under so everybody
will know who it is and so no
more for the present from your
true friend and skoller.

TOMMY.

Appropriate Wedding Music.

It happened at the Little
Church Across the Street.

A wedding was in progress.

The organist had played "Lo-
hengrin" as the party came in
and was prepared to play Mendel-
sohn as they went out.

During the ceremony the
strains of "Call Me Thine Own"
were blended with the prayer
book service.

Suddenly the sexton whispered
in the ear of the organist:

"Both of them been married
three times!"

Instantly the fingers on the
keyboard modulated into the key
of G flat, and through the low-
vaunted aisles rippled that beau-
tiful hymn 29th Street, "Just for
Today."—Success Magazine.

The El Campo Citizen last
week came out in a fifty-six page
special edition. The paper
contained many half-tone cuts of
the business enterprise of that
progressive little city, and much
valuable information relative to
that part of the country. It
costs money, and lots of it, to
get out such an issue, and the
progressive people of El Campo
should buy every available paper
of that edition and send them to
the people in the North, who are
interested in Texas, for surely
El Campo could send them no
better advertisement than the
Citizen's special edition. Editor
Patrick deserves much credit on
the success of the edition.

The Mercedes Enterprise is
the latest addition to our ex-
change list. The Enterprise is a
seven-column, all home print pa-
per, very liberally patronized by
the home business men and
being full of local reading matter.
The paper is boosting the lower
Rio Grande country, which, by
the way, is one of the best coun-
tries in the world, and the neat-
ness and excellent editorial work
of the paper shows that its edit-
or, Mr. Isadore Moritz, is an ex-
perienced newspaper man. We
wish the new venture much suc-
cess and exchange with pleasure.

"It."

If men would be honest,
And women be good,
And people all live just
As people all should.
The constable then would
Have nothing to do,
And all the detectives
Be idle and "bliss."

No need would be had for
The night watchman then,
There'd be no bad women!

No criminal men—
No war and no fighting,
No use for a gun,
And all would be happy,
And brimming with fun.

The courts would be idle,
The lawyers unfed,
The jails empty and
The country unbled.

The taxes would go to
The building of roads,
And not feed an army
Of "pap-sucking" toads.

Ah, me, that word "If" is
An unhandy word.
And more in the way than
All others I've heard.

Expressive of doubt and
Of certainty too,
It just plays the devil
With all we would do.

—Jake H. Harrison.

A Scotch Excuse.

A canny Scot was brought be-
fore a magistrate on the charge of
being drunk and disorderly.

"What have you to say for your-
self, sir?" demanded the magis-
trate. "You look like a respect-
able man and ought to be asham-
ed to be standing there."

"I am verra sorry, sir, but I
cam' up in in bad company fra
Glasgow," humbly replied the
prisoner.

"What sort of company?"

"A lot of teetotalers," was the
startling response.

"Do you mean to say teetotal-
ers are bad company?" thunder-
ed the magistrate. "I think
they are the best company for
such as you."

"Begging yer pardon, sir," an-
swered the prisoner, "ye're
wrong; for I had a bottle of whis-
key and I had to drink it all my-
self."

Wedding Omens

Married in January's hoar and rime,
Widowed you'll be before your prime.

Married in February's sleety weather,
Life you'll tread in tune together.

Married when March winds shrill and
roar,
Your home will lie on a frozen shore.

Married 'neath April's changeful skies,
A checkered path before you lies.

Married when bees o'er May blossoms
flit,
Strangers around your board will sit.

Married in month of roses—June
Life will be one honeymoon.

Married in July, with flower ablaze,
Bitter-sweet memories after days.

Married in August's heat and drowse,
Lover and friend is your chosen spouse.

Married in golden September's glow,
Smooth and serene your life will go.

Married when leaves in October thin,
Toll and hardship for you begin.

Married in veils of November mist,
Fortune your wedding ring has kissed.

Married in days of December cheer,
Love's star shines brighter from year
to year.

How to Escape Lightning.

Excellent authorities agree
that in a thunderstorm the mid-
dle of a room is much the safest
place in a house. A carpeted
floor is better to stand on than
bare wood. It is well to keep
away from chimneys. In the
open air tall trees are dangerous.
A person sheltered under a low
tree or shrub thirty or forty feet
from a large tree is quite safe.
If lightning strikes in the im-
mediate vicinity it will hit the
high tree, as a rule. Water is a
very good conductor, and it is
well to avoid the banks of streams
in a violent thunderstorm.—Ex.

How Adam Was Punished.

A prominent pastor tells this
story:

"I visited a certain school one
day where Bible instruction was
part of the daily course, and in
order to test the children's knowl-
edge, asked some questions. One
class of little girls looked partic-
ularly bright, and I asked the
tallest one: 'What sin did Adam
commit?'"

"He ate forbidden fruit."

"Right. Who tempted Adam?"

"Eve."

"Not really Eve, but the ser-
pent. And how was Adam pun-
ished?"

"The girl hesitated and looked
confused. Holding her sat a little
8-year-old, who raised her hand
and said: 'Please, pastor, I
know.'"

"Well, tell us. How was
Adam punished?"

"He had to marry Eve."—
Harper's Weekly.

The Wife of a California Man

became afflicted with leprosy and
was confined in jail, awaiting ar-
rangements to take her to a leper
colony where she would be con-
fined for life. At night her hus-
band stole her out of jail and de-
parted with her for an uninhab-
ited section of Mexico, where the
two will spend their remaining
days. An Indiana man was in
love with a beautiful young wo-
man and was engaged to be mar-
ried to her. In a railroad wreck
the young woman had both her
legs cut off above the knees. She
survived the shock, and last week
the marriage ceremony was per-
formed. Let us hear no more of
the inconsistency of man or his
love. A love that remains with
a leper wife and bails not at a
legless bride, is too pure and
beautiful and holy to be spoken of
in a flippant way.—Honey Grove
Signal.

World Mortgage The Farm.

A farmer on Rural Route 2, Empire,
Ga., W. A. Floyd, by name, says:
"Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured the
two worst sores I ever saw: one on my
hand and one on my leg. It's worth
more than its weight in gold. I could
not be without it if I had to mortgage
the farm to get it." Only 25c. at Cal-
vert's drug store.

Turn failure into victory.

Don't let your courage fade;
And if you get a Lemon,
Just make the Lemon Aid.

More THAN ENOUGH IS TOO MUCH.
To maintain health, a mature man
or woman needs just enough food to
repair the waste and supply energy
and body heat. The habitual con-
sumption of more food than is neces-
sary for these purposes is the prime
cause of stomach troubles, rheumatism
and disorders of the kidneys. If
troubled with digestion, revise your
diet; let reason and not appetite con-
trol and take a few doses of Chamber-
lain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and
you will soon be all right again. For
sale by all druggists.

WHAT HAS become of the Busi-

ness Men's Club of Eagle Lake?
It's services were never needed
worse than right now. A good
live business men's club could
induce a great deal of cotton to
come to Eagle Lake that is being
sold in other places.

16th National

Irrigation
Congress

Albuquerque, N. M.

September 29 to October 10

Extremely low fares

via

Santa Fe

Tickets will be on sale daily September 25 to
October 3, Inc. limited to return October 31,
1908. Stopovers allowed in New Mexico on
certificates.

On very interesting illustrated folder on this
subject in yours for the asking.

Harvey Meads Entente

W. S. KEENAN & CO.,
GALVESTON.

A Womanly Woman.

To be placed in the corner of a
young girl's mirror and read
while she is making her toilette:
She cultivates reserve.
She thinks, then acts.
She speaks ill of no one.
She is loyal to her friends.
She lives in her mother's faith.
She cares for her body as God's
temple.

She writes nothing she may re-
gret.

She knows that nothing is more
undignified than anger.

She knows that to love and be
loved is her birthright—if she is
but worthy of love. (Quibbard
City News.

David Parker, of Fayette, N. Y., a

veteran of the civil war, who lost a
foot at Gettysburg, says: "The good
Electric Bitters have done it worth
more than five hundred dollars to me.
I spent much money doctoring for a
bad case of stomach trouble, to little
purpose. I then tried Electric Bitters,
and they cured me. I now take them
as a tonic, and they keep me strong
and well." 50c. at Calvert's drug
store.

Dissolved Partnership.

A couple of colored black-
smiths in an Alabama town con-
cluded lately to dissolve their
partnership and made the fact
known by nailing on the shop a
notice to that effect. The notice
ran as follows: "The koparduer-
ship heertofoer resting be-
tween me and Mose Jenkins is
heerby resolved. All persons
owing the firm will settel with
me, and all persons that the
firm owes to will settel with
Mose."—Printers' Ink.

With Bailey's sore throat and

Campbell's physical disability,
the leaders of Texas officialism,
with the exception of Culberson
are silent and inactive in the
present campaign.—Rogers
News.

Vitality Restored

Dr. Arnett's French Tonic
and Vitalizer is a wonderful
Tonic, a vitalizer. It re-
stores the vigor of youth in
your veins; floods the body
with warm, glowing vitality,
replaces natural vigor and
makes you a real man or a
perfect woman. It puts
new life, new energy into
every organ. If you wish
to regain vitality, a pleasant
vegetable remedy awaits
you. Sent by mail in plain
wrapper. \$1 a box. Send
stamps, currency or money
order. Raben Co., 1112,
Tex. Ave., Houston, Texas.

PARLOR SALOON.

W. B. WELFORD, PROP. J. G. COOPER, MGR.
—HANDLES NOTHING BUT THE BEST OF—
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS.

"Old Forester," "Red Top," "I. W. Harper," "Paul Jones"
and "Joel B. Fraser" Whiskies.

FRESH ICE COLD BEER

ALWAYS ON TAP.

El Principe de Gales, Balmont, Duke of York, De Costa,
Foshander, Lord Dunraven, Fontella and Cubanitos (Cigars),
and YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

JUST RECEIVED!

A carload of Barbed Wire and a
carload of Pittsburg Fence

ALL SIZES

ASK FOR PRICES

A. C. McClanahan Lbr. Co.

Jenny's Quick Method.

Jenny's uncle, who was a
school teacher, met her on the
street one beautiful May day
and asked her if she was going
to the May-pole dance.

"No, I ain't going."

"Oh, my little dear," said her
uncle, "you must say 'I am not
going,'" and he proceeded to
give her a little lesson in gram-
mar. "You are not going. He
is not going. We are not going.
You are not going. They are
not going. Now, can you say all
that, Jenny?"