

The Headlight.

BRUCE W. McCARTY
Editor and Proprietor.

ESTABLISHED IN MARCH, 1909
AND PUBLISHED CONTINUOUSLY UNDER ONE
MANAGEMENT.

Official Organ of the City of Eagle Lake.

Eagle Lake Advertiser (established
in 1893) absorbed March 9th, 1908.

OFFICE: Upstairs, McCarty Building.

TELEPHONE NO. 88.

Published at Eagle Lake, Colorado
County, Tex., every Saturday morning,
and entered at the postoffice at Eagle
Lake, Tex., as second class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
ONE YEAR.....\$1.50
SIX MONTHS.....1.00
THREE MONTHS......50
This paper is not sent on credit.

ADVERTISING RATES REASONABLE.
And will be made known upon application.

Local advertising five cents per
line each insertion.

SATURDAY, MAR. 2, 1912.

32 PAGES.

Mr. V. J. Swansey spent a
portion of Sunday mingling with
friends in Bay City, his former
home.

For a sprain you will find Chamber-
lain's Liniment excellent. It allays
the pain, removes the soreness, and
soon restores the parts to a healthy
condition. 25 and 50 cent bottles for
sale by all druggists.

We were glad to see that Mr.
W. Y. Westmoreland, who re-
turned from the hospital at Tem-
ple last Saturday, was able to be
in town Tuesday. Dr. Cross
brought him down in his car that
he might take a look again at the
best old town in Texas.

For that Terrible Itching
Eczema, tetter, and salt rheum keep
your victims in perpetual torment.
The application of Chamberlain's
Salve will instantly allay this itching,
and many cases have been cured
by its use. For sale by all druggists.

Miss Bartlett of Excelsior,
Texas, formerly of Minneapolis,
Minn., was the guest of Mrs.
Leon D. Brown this week. Miss
Bartlett who was formerly super-
intendent of schools in Minneapolis,
visited the Eagle Lake school
while here, and she was loud in
her praise concerning all depart-
ments of our school. She says
Eagle Lake certainly has a school
and faculty of which it may feel
justly proud.

I have just received a complete
line of spring samples, consist-
ing of marquisette, voiles, king-
hams, swisses, lawns, and all
kinds of white goods, and invite
you to call and see same.

MISS CHRISTINE DAVIS, Aft.,
Levy Bros. Dry Goods Co.

"Why don't you publish the
hotel arrivals in your paper,"
was a question asked the HEAD-
LIGHT man this week. Why,
just simply because if we printed
in one issue the names of all the
hotel arrivals in Eagle Lake dur-
ing the whole week, we wouldn't
have room for another article in
the paper. Because Eagle Lake
has some hotel arrivals—that's
the reason.

Do you know that more real danger
lurks in a common cold than in
any other of the minor ailments? The safe
way is to take Chamberlain's Cough
Remedy, a thoroughly reliable prepa-
ration, and rid yourself of the cold as
quickly as possible. This remedy is
for sale by all druggists.

We are glad to note that Mr.
Claborn McDow was able to be
in town again Tuesday after hav-
ing been so low with pneumonia.
Dr. Doole brought him down in
his auto, and while in town Claborn
took occasion to remark
saying that he felt "so light" he
just wanted to see how little he
did weigh.

Mr. E. Middleton, manager of
the Schuhmacher Grocer Com-
pany's business at Eagle Lake,
brings the HEADLIGHT a compli-
ment from Houston this week
that is highly appreciated. He
says that while he was at the
Houston headquarters of the
Schuhmacher Company last week
he walked in on the manager
with his feet high on the desk
reading a copy of the Eagle Lake
HEADLIGHT, the manager, Mr.
Robson, remarking to him that
it was the newest and best paper
that came to their office and that
they subscribed for every paper
printed in their trade territory,
and considering the fact that the
Schuhmacher Company has
about a dozen houses scattered
over the State, their territory
takes in a good, big scope of coun-
try. We appreciate the compli-
ment from Houston and will con-
tinue to try to improve our
columns with that class of matter
which will prove interesting to
our readers.

Shocking Sounds
In the earth are sometimes heard be-
fore a terrible earthquake, that warn-
ing of the coming peril. "Beware" warn-
ings are kind. That dull pain or ache
in the back warns you the kidneys
need attention if you would escape
those dangerous maladies, Dropsy,
Diabetes or Bright's disease. Take
Electric Bitters at once and see back-
ache fly and all your best feelings re-
turn. "My son received great benefit
from their use for kidney and bladder
trouble," writes Peter Bonday, South
Rockwood, Mich. "It is certainly a
great kidney medicine." Try it. 50c
at Calvert's Drug Store.

Every one is invited to come to
the Mission at the Episcopal
church starting Monday, March
4th, at 7:45 p. m.—Rev. Samuel
G. Porter, Mission Preacher.

Colorado County boasts of the
lack of criminal cases on her
court docket. Explanation should
be made, however, that
cases are committed there, but
the cases are tried in other coun-
ties; one of which was settled in
this county by a hanging last
Friday. Now we are more than
willing that all such cases should
be tried by the first court in ses-
sion in the district. But we are
anxious for the law to be so
amended that the criminal, after
conviction, be returned to the
county in which the crime was
committed for execution. The
people of his class in that coun-
ty probably need the lesson
taught by such an end; and the
report of the execution should
go out from that county, and not
from one where the people are
well behaved and have never
needed such a lesson.—Seguin
Enterprise.

FOR SALE—S. C. Rhode Is-
land Red Eggs, Utility strain;
per setting of 15 for \$1.50.
CHAS. P. SALLADAY,
Chesterville, Texas.

**Devoe Takes Least
Gallons: Always**

Paint Devoe; it's the cheapest
paint in the world: never mind
the price; it may or may not be
more. Less gallons will paint
the house; and the paint will out-
wear anything.

Skip wear; you've got to wait,
to find that out.
It's the cheapest of all; no mat-
ter about the price.

N. R. Watkins, Lott, Texas,
used 13 gallons on his house be-
fore; bought 13 gallons Devoe
for same house and had 6 left.
C. B. Edwards, of Edwards &
Broughton, printers, Raleigh, N. C.,
used 30 gallons Devoe paint on
his house; bought 30 gallons De-
voe for same house and had 10
left.
That's how.
Sold by E. A. Toliver.

The Racket Store

Drescher Bros. Props.

The ONE PRICE Cash Store, where
you are sure to get your money's worth.

For School Supplies, Shoes, Hats,
Whips, Glassware, Enamel ware, Crock-
ery, and a general line of Racket Goods.

We carry a full line of Sewing Machine
needles. 25 Gold Eyed hand needles in
tube, 5 CENTS PER TUBE.

Mr. O. J. Wintermann, presi-
dent of the Lakeside Irrigation
Company, and also president of
the Lakeside Sugar Refining
Company, is putting in several
acres in corn on prairie land on
the canal. This is being planted
on now idle rice land and will be
irrigated from the rice canal, as
an experiment. The out come
of the irrigated corn will be
watched with much interest by
the farmers, and if it proves a
success it may mean a big thing
for the rice growing section of
the country, in that all the rice
land may be planted in corn dur-
ing the years it is lying out
from the rice crop, and by the
aid of irrigation, be made to pro-
duce a good corn yield, and at
the same time not injuring it for
the culture of rice.

Blamed a Good Worker.
"I blamed my heart for severe dis-
tress in my left side for two years,"
writes W. Evans, Danville, Va., "but
I know now it was indigestion, as Dr.
King's New Life Pills completely cured
me." Best for stomach, liver and
kidney troubles, constipation, head-
ache or debility. 25c at Calvert's
Drug Store.

Friend Bruce McCarty of the
HEADLIGHT asked us over Fri-
day evening to see his new pa-
per folding machine in opera-
tion. It is certainly interesting
to see the manner in which the
paper is folded several times and
finally deposited in a receptacle
ready for mailing. The new ma-
chine is quite an addition to the
HEADLIGHT's already splendid
plant and Bruce is justly proud
of it.—H. E. Carey in the Gar-
wood Express.

Thanks, Henry, but you don't
have to wait until every time we
get a new piece of machinery.
You will find the latch string of
our office always hanging on the
outside to you.

Mr. Vick Mantios, who has
been in charge of the express
business at this place under
Agent C. S. Durham for some
weeks, left this week for a few
days' visit to Houston, from
which city he will go to Matamor-
da where he will continue to work
in the express department. Mr.
Mantios is succeeded at the ex-
press office by Mr. Leon Barr, a
popular young man of Weimar.

**OUR LINE for this Spring and Summer is
the Finest Line that was ever prepared—the
Finest products of the loom—the Finest Crea-
tions of the designer.**

We invite you to call and inspect this super-excellent line—in
many respects entirely different from any we've ever shown—
superior to any you've ever seen. Have you seen the new
fabrics that will be "all the go" this season? In texture and
in color they're a decided departure from the materials worn
last season. We're showing these materials in the greatest
variety; and of course a complete assortment of the staple
blacks, blues and grays.

GEO. REDFORD. Eagle Lake, Texas.

CITY MARKET



A Fine Roast

may be found here at any time.
We take a pride in the quality of
our Meats and promise that you
will get nothing poor here.

Pickled and Canned Goods
of the best packing are here also
and everything of the finest qual-
ity at lowest prices. Test us
with an order.

W. B. Welhausen

Losses Settled Promptly

and fairly. No quibbling over
technicalities. What is due you
is paid at once, and paid cheer-
fully—not grudgingly. Your
buildings should be insured in
this company, and now, without
a single hour's unnecessary de-
lay.

Eagle Lake Insurance Agency.

WE DO NOT POSE

at the only plumbers who are
capable of doing good work. We
merely say that good plumbing
work has become a fixed habit
with us, and we cannot and will
not break that habit. You have
the privilege of testing our abil-
ity at our expense. If you are
dissatisfied, when we are through,
don't pay our bill. Doesn't that
show confidence in our methods?

**O. R. Davis, Funeral Direc-
tor and Embalmer.**
EAGLE LAKE, TEXAS
Day Phone 98 Night and Sunday Phone 113

VOLUME IX.

EAGLE LAKE, TEXAS, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1912.

NUMBER 41.

The Flying Mercury

by ELEANOR M. INGRAM
AUTHOR OF THE GAME AND THE CANDLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY DOBBS-MERRILL CO.

CHAPTER I.

"How long does it take you to

change a tire?"

"About half an hour, it's a plain

question."

"An odd, curious question, coming

from the gray machine, where a dark figure

had sat until now in quietude mutes-

ness."

"In the bleeding glare of the search-

light, the two machines, the

gray one and the limousine,

drawn to the roadside, the young girl

stood, her hand still extended in the

gesture which had stopped the

car who now leaned across his wheel.

"Oh, please," she appealed again.

On either side stretched away the

long island meadows, dark, sound-

less, apparently uninhabited. Only

this spot of light broke the monotony

of dreariness. A keen, chill, October

wind sighed past, stirring the girl's

delicate gown as its folds lay un-

heeded in the dust, fluttering her fur-

nished cloak and shaking two or three

childish curls from the bondage of

her velvet hood. The driver swung

himself down and came toward her

with the unhesitating swiftness of one

trained to the unexpected.

"I beg pardon—I can be of some

use?" he asked.

"We are lost," she confessed her-
riedly. "If you could set us right, I
should be grateful. I—we must get
home soon. I have been a guest at a
house somewhere here, and started to
return to New York this afternoon.

The chauffeur does not know Long
Island; we cannot seem to find any
place. And now we have lost a tire.
I was afraid—"

She broke off abruptly, as her com-
panion descended from the limousine.

"We only want to know the way;
we're all right," he explained. "This
is my cousin; I came out after her,
you see. Don't get so worried. Em-
ily—we'll go straight on as soon as
Anderson changes the tire."

He hurried this words slightly and
spoke too rapidly, the round, good-
humored face he turned to the white
light was too flushed; otherwise there
was nothing unusual in his appear-
ance. And his caste was evident and
unquestionable in spite of any dis-
turbance. There was no anger in
girl's dark eyes as she gazed
straight before her, only pity and help-
less distress.

"I can tell your chauffeur the road,"
the driver of the gray car quietly said.

"Have you far to go?"

"To the St. Royal," she answered,
looking at him. "My uncle is there.
Is that far?"

"No; you can reach there by ten
o'clock. I will speak to your chauf-
feur."

"Oh, like a good fellow," the other
man interposed. "Actually obliged.
You're not angry, Emily," he added,
tossing his head, and moving nearer
her. "Since we're engaged, why
should you get frightened simply be-
cause I proposed we get married to-
night instead of waiting for a big
wedding? I thought it was a good
idea, you know. It isn't my fault
Anderson got lost instead of getting us
home for dinner, is it?"

"Hush, Dick," she rebuked, hot col-
or sweeping her face. "You, you are
not well. And we are not engaged;
you forget. Just because people want
us to be—"

To proud to let her
steadfast quiver, she broke the sen-
tence.

If the driver had heard, and it was
scarcely possible.

By the acetylene light
he produced an envelope and pencil,
and proceeded to sketch a map show-
ing the route to the limousine's chauf-
feur.

"Understand it?" he queried, con-
cluding. He had a certain decision of
manner, not in the least arrogant, but
the result of a serene self-assurance
that somehow accorded with his lithe,
trained grace of movement. A judge
of men would have read him an ath-
lete, perhaps in an unusual line.

"Yes, sir," the chauffeur replied.

"I'll get Miss French home in no
time after I get the tire."

The indiscretion of the spoken
name was ignored, except for a slight
lift of the bearer's eyebrows.

"Why, why—" stammered the limou-
sine's other passenger, turning as the
motor started.

No one heeded him.

"By-by, don't break any records,"

Rupert called after the chauffeur.

"Hold yourself in, do. If you shed
any more tires, telegraph for me, and
if I'm within a day's run I'll come put
them on for you and save you time."

Silence closed in again, as the red
tail light vanished around a bend.

The gray car's driver nodded curtly
to the stupefied youth in the middle of
the road.

"Unless you want to stay here all
night, you'd better get in the ma-
chine," he suggested. "My name's
Lestrange—I suppose yours is
French?"

"Dick French. But, see here, you
mean well, but I'm going with my
cousin. I'd like a drive with you, but
I'm busy."

"You're not fit to go with your
cousin."

"Not—"

"Fit," completed Lestrange defi-
nitely. "Can you hang on somewhere,
Rupert?"

"Yes," Rupert assured, with an in-
flexion of his own. "Get your friend
aboard."

Lestrange was already in his seat,
waiting.

"What's that for?" asked the dazed
youth, as he took his place, a strap
over his shoulder, his waist, secur-
ing him to the seat.

"So you won't fall out," soothed the
grinning Rupert. "You ain't well, you
know. Not that I'd care if you did,
but somebody might blame Darling."

The car leaped forward, gathering
speed to an extent that was a revela-
tion in motoring to French. The
lean air, the rush through the
dark, were a sobering tonic. After a
while he spoke to the man beside him,
nervously embarrassed by a situation
he was beginning to appreciate.

"This is a racing car?"

"It was."

"Isn't it now?"

"If I were going to race it day after
tomorrow, I wouldn't be risking it
over a country road to-night. A rac-
ing machine is perfect like a race horse
until it is wanted."

"And then?"

"It takes its chances. If you are con-
nected with the Frenches who manu-
facture the Mercury car, you should
know something of automobile racing
yourself. I noticed your limousine
was of that make."

"Yes, that is my uncle's company. I
did see a race once at Coney Island.
A car turned over and killed its driver
and made a nasty mess. I—I didn't
fancy it."

A wheel slipped off a stone, giving
the car a shivering lurch which was
instantly corrected—with a second
lurch—by its pilot. The effect was
not tranquilizing; the shock swept the
last confusion from French's brain.

"Where are you taking me?" he
presently asked.

"Where do you want to go? I will
set you down at the next village we
come to; you can stay there to-night
or you can get a trolley to the city."

The question remained unanswered.
Several times French glanced, rather
diffidently, at his companion's clear,
firm profile, and looked away again
without speaking.

"I went out to get my cousin to-day,
and my host gave me a couple of high-
balls," he volunteered, at last. "I
don't know what you thought."

Lestrange twisted his car around a
baked farm wagon.

"How old are you?" he inquired
calmly.

"Twenty-three."

"I'm nearly twenty-seven. That's
what I thought."

The simpler mind considered this
for a space.

"Some men are born awake, some
awake themselves, and some are shak-
en into awakening," paraphrased Le-
strange, in addition. "If I were you,
I'd wake up; it comes easier and it's
sure to arrive anyhow. There is the
village ahead—shall I stop?"

"It looks terribly dull," was the
doleful verdict.

"Then come with me," dashed the
other unexpectedly. "For a fractional
instant his eyes left the road and
turned to his companion's face. Did
you ever see race practices at dawn?
Come try a night in a training camp."

"You'd better with me."

A head bobbed up by French's
knee, where Rupert was clinging in
some inexplicable fashion.

"Once I rode eight miles out there
by the hood, head downward, and
in a while I'm impaired by way of
enjoying my ride," he said.

French stared at the smiling perch
of his cousin.

"What for?" he asked.

"So we can't keep put out of the
running, of course. Did you guess I
was curing a headache?"

"But you might have been killed!"
exclaimed French.

Even by the semi-light of the lamps
there was visible the mechanicalian's
droll twist of lip and brow.

"I'd drive to hell with Lestrange,"
he explained sweetly, and settled back
in his place.

French drew a long breath. After
a moment he again looked at the
driver.

"I'll come," he accepted. "And,
thank you."

It was Lestrange who smiled this
time, with a sudden and enchanting
warmth of mirth.

"We'll try to amuse you," he prom-
ised.

CHAPTER II.

It was a business consultation that
was being held in Mr. French's front
office, in the big, airy, commodious
residence of the young man, who had
a consultation between the two part-
ners who composed the Mercury Au-
tomobile Company, of whom the lesser

indicated, and gasped.

"What for?" he asked.

"So we can't keep put out of the
running, of course. Did you guess I
was curing a headache?"

"But you might have been killed!"
exclaimed French.

Even by the semi-light of the lamps
there was visible the mechanicalian's
droll twist of lip and brow.

"I'd drive to hell with Lestrange,"
he explained sweetly, and settled back
in his place.

French drew a long breath. After
a moment he again looked at the
driver.

"I'll come," he accepted. "And,
thank you."

It was Lestrange who smiled this
time, with a sudden and enchanting
warmth of mirth.

"We'll try to amuse you," he prom-
ised.

CHAPTER II.

It was a business consultation that
was being held in Mr. French's front
office, in the big, airy, commodious
residence of the young man, who had
a consultation between the two part-
ners who composed the Mercury Au-
tomobile Company, of whom the lesser

tively, with the hesitation of one ven-

ing into unknown places. But when
French said nothing, his gray eyes
fixed on the hearth.

He understands motor construction
and designing, and he's been with
his foreign firm, Bailey resumed,
after waiting. "He'd be useful around
here. I can't be everywhere. What he'd
do for us in racing would help a whole
lot. It's very well to make a fine
standard car, but it needs advertising
to keep people remembering. And
men like to say 'my machine is the
same as Lestrange won the cup race
with.' They like it."

"I don't know," said Mr. French
slowly, "that it is dignified for the
manager of the Mercury factory to be
a racing driver."

"The Christian cars are driven by
the son of the man who makes them,"
was the response. "Some drive their
own."

"The son of the man who makes
them," repeated the other. He turned
his face still more to the quivering
floor, his always severe expression
hardening strangely and bitterly. "The
son—"

The girl rose to draw the crimson
curtains before the windows and to
push an electric switch, filling the
room with a subdued glow in place of
the late afternoon grayness. Her deli-
cate face, as she regarded her uncle,
revealed most strongly its characteris-
tic over-caresness and a sensitive
reflection of the moods of those
around her. Emily French's child-
hood had been