

STOCK LAW ELECTION ORDERED FOR FIRST TUESDAY IN APRIL.

Being on Day of City Election, an Unusually Large
Vote is Expected and it is Believed it Will Car-
ry By a Large Majority.

Upon the petition of a required number of free holders, the Commissioners' Court at Columbus last Friday ordered an election to be held in Eagle Lake on the first Tuesday in April, for the purpose of deciding whether or not horses, cattle, mules, jacks and jennets shall be allowed to run at large in this Justice Precinct No. 8. The question was voted on in this precinct in December, 1909, and was defeated

by a small vote, but at the election in April it is expected to carry by a very large majority. The election is set on the same day of the city election. As there are a number of candidates for marshal and two for mayor and will likely be several for aldermen, an unusually large city vote is expected, and while the two elections will be conducted separately and by different judges, a large vote is looked for at both.

LEE ROY JENNINGS. An Old Confederate Veteran; the Father of C. M. Jennings.

Mr. Lee Roy Jennings of Jacksonville, Texas, the father of C. M. Jennings of Lissie, was a member of the Ninth Virginia regiment. He enlisted in 1861 in Company S, Nineteenth Virginia Hunting Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's corps. His company was organized at Buffalo Springs, Amert County, in the spring of 1861, with Richard Tallero as captain. From there he went to Charlottesville and on to Centerville, and the Battle of Bull Run was the first he participated in. This was his first fight of the civil war; next was the battle of Williamsburg, May 1862, then the Seven Pines. The next fight he was in was the seven days' fight around Richmond. On July 27th he was at Gaines' Mill and in that battle was wounded in the left hip. After being wounded he was sent home where he remained for some time. As soon as he sufficiently recovered from the wound he went back into the war, and his next battle was Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862. He was also in the battle of Chancellorsville, and the next battle he participated in was the battle that every one remembers, the bloody fight of three days at Gettysburg. In this battle Mr. Jennings was shot in the right breast. He says he does not remember how long he lay wounded on the field, but a long time. He was taken to the hospital where he remained about ten days, and having been taken prisoner, was carried from there to Baltimore where he staid three months. Mr. Jennings says while there he came near dying from the wound, the bullet having been cut out of his back. He says he was mighty well treated at the hospital, having had good doctors, good treatment, and good nurses. When he recovered so he could travel, he was payrolled and sent to Richmond. Mr. Jennings says he should never have gone back as a prisoner of war, but he did, and that it was eleven months before he was exchanged. He joined his command at Gordonsville and his next fight was the Wilderness. Mr. Jennings says he was there when Grant tried to blow them up at Petersburg, but instead of getting the Confederates, he got his own soldiers. He was in the battle of Five Forks and was wounded in the left foot and went home, and was at home just a few days when Lee surrendered. Mr. Jennings was seventy-three years of age on the 23rd of last November. He says that if any one sees this article and was in the

same company with him, he would like to hear from them, as he says, "We are all getting old, and not many of us left."

A Bachelor's Retort.

Smith's idea of women in general underwent a radical transformation when he got married. Where formerly he held the tender sex to be beneath comparison with his own, now he believes the women to be wonderful beings, his wife the most wonderful of them all.

Consequently, when Mrs. Smith espoused "votes for women," and became an ardent worker for this cause, Smith backed up her every act and declaration. During the first week of this transformation, Smith met his friend Stevens, a confirmed bachelor.

"Stevens," he enthused, "women are certainly the noblest works of God."

"Well, maybe you're right," was the reluctant rejoinder.

"And, Stevens, this is the age of women!"

"Tut, tut!" retorted his friend, turning on his heel. "Neither you nor any other man knows the age of a woman!"

Miss Verda Towley of Chesterville was the guest of Miss Jewel Vineyard last week.

Mrs. Ernest Newsom of Houston is the guest of relatives in the city this week.

A certain high school professor, who at times is rather blunt in speech, remarked to his class of boys at the beginning of a lesson, "I don't know why it is—every time I get up to speak, some fool talks." Then he wondered why the boys burst out into a roar of laughter.

Actor—The people in this town don't understand acting. I'll be hanged if I ever act here again!

Stage Manager—You will, my boy! It was all I could do to keep the audience from laughing you to-night.

Miss Kate Griffin of Las Esperanzas, Mexico, is in the city, having been called here by the sad and sudden death of her mother which occurred on last Friday evening. Miss Kate attended the funeral near Columbus Sunday, and returned with her father to Eagle Lake the following afternoon.

Mr. Isadore Nathan made a business trip to Houston the first of the week where he met a salesman and placed with him a large order for merchandise for the new J. Nathan & Sons store, which will open for business as soon as their brick building is completed. Mr. Nathan has already spoken for a regular advertising space in this paper, and will keep the buying public posted as to store news through the columns of this paper.

Mr. J. C. Townley is having the house recently purchased from Mrs. Zuber improved and remodeled. He is having another room added, a brick foundation placed under same and considerable other improvements. As soon as completed he and his family will move from Chesterville and make their home here.

Mr. Durham and family who were occupying the house when Mr. Townley purchased it, are, for the present, domiciled in the O. R. Davis house on Main St., but a little later on he expects to build a home of his own.

The HEADLIGHT regrets that the paper was not printed in time to reach its subscribers at Chesterville, Lissie and Nottawa last week as usual, but the delay was unavoidable, as trouble at the power plant prevented us from getting power to run the press in time needed that the papers get out in the evening's mail. To print the amount of local news that we are printing in this paper and reach our subscribers at these places on same day of publication works our office force right up to train time, but our efforts to give our read-

ers at these towns good newspaper service is being appreciated, as evidenced by our growing subscription lists at these places.

We hope never to disappoint our readers again at these places by the failure of the arrival there of the paper on the day they come to the postoffice for it. We use every effort to make the paper reach its subscribers at the same time every week, for a paper that reaches its subscribers first one day and then another, in our opinion is a poor excuse for a newspaper.

Representative X, from North Carolina, was one night awakened by his wife, who whispered, "John, get up! There are robbers in the house." "Robbers?" he said. "There may be robbers in the Senate, Mary; but not in the House! It's preposterous!"

FOR SALE—One No. 3 American pump, line shaft, ball bearing 21 feet discharge, pipe and check valve. Price \$60.

LEE HART, Lissie, Texas.

COAL, COAL, COAL!
FOR SALE—Ten tons of stove coal.

OKLAHOMA 101 Ranch Seed Corn at WESTMORELAND BROS.

Anxious Voice Over the Phone—Doctor, please hurry over to our house. One of the family has suddenly been stricken with a fainting fit. Is there anything you want ready when you get here, so that there will be no time lost? Doctor—Yes—pr—you may have my fee ready.

Spanish Peanuts for planting at WESTMORELAND BROS.

Willie was on a visit to his uncle in the country, and was watching him milking one evening. When he returned to the house his aunt asked him: "Is Uncle Hezlie through milking yet, Willie?" "Not yet," answered Willie. "He's finished two faucets and just commenced on the other two."

Try our bread—it is the best.
THE FRANK STEPHENS CO.

A good housewife suggests the following recipe for cranberry sauce, to be used in the summer months: To each six pints of cranberries add five pints of hot water and six pints of sugar; boil cranberries twenty minutes in hot water, then add sugar; cook until it will jelly. Some prefer strained, others as it is. Can as you would any kind of fruit, in sealed jars.

"Has Dinny got a stiddy job yet, Mrs. Mulcahey?" asked Mrs. Branigan. "He has that," said Mrs. Mulcahey. "They've sint him to the penitentiary for twenty years," Harper's Weekly.

Four-year-old Dorothy, being in a thoughtful mood, wished to know what she would be when she grew up. Her mother told her she would be first a young lady, then perhaps a married lady, an old lady, a grandmother, and a great-grandmother. "And after great-grandmother, what?" Dorothy inquired. "Then you will die." Your soul will go to heaven to live forever, and the rest of you will be put under the soft grass and flowers." "Oh!" said Dorothy, and asked no more questions at the time. When her mother was undressing her for bed that night, and the rosy little figure stood uncovered, Dorothy said eagerly: "Mother, will you show me just what part of me will go to heaven to live forever, and what goes under the flowers?"

Obliging Clerk—Well, little girl, what can I do for you today?
Little Girl—I'd like a quart of molakak. I can't say molakak, so I have to say molakak.

Taking it Out in Trade.

The proprietor of a Turkish bath establishment in Milwaukee was much taken by the physical perfections of a young man he saw in a butcher's shop. After minute survey of the huge muscles of the young man, the Turkish bath proprietor offered him a position as rubber in his establishment. "I'll give you more than you're getting here," said he. "What does this man pay you?" "Ten dollars a week and my week's meat," said the butcher's employee.

"What is the meat worth?"

"About four dollars."

The Turkish bath man did some rapid figuring. "Look here," said he finally, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you ten dollars, and five dollars' worth of baths weekly. That'll be a dollar more than you get from the butcher."

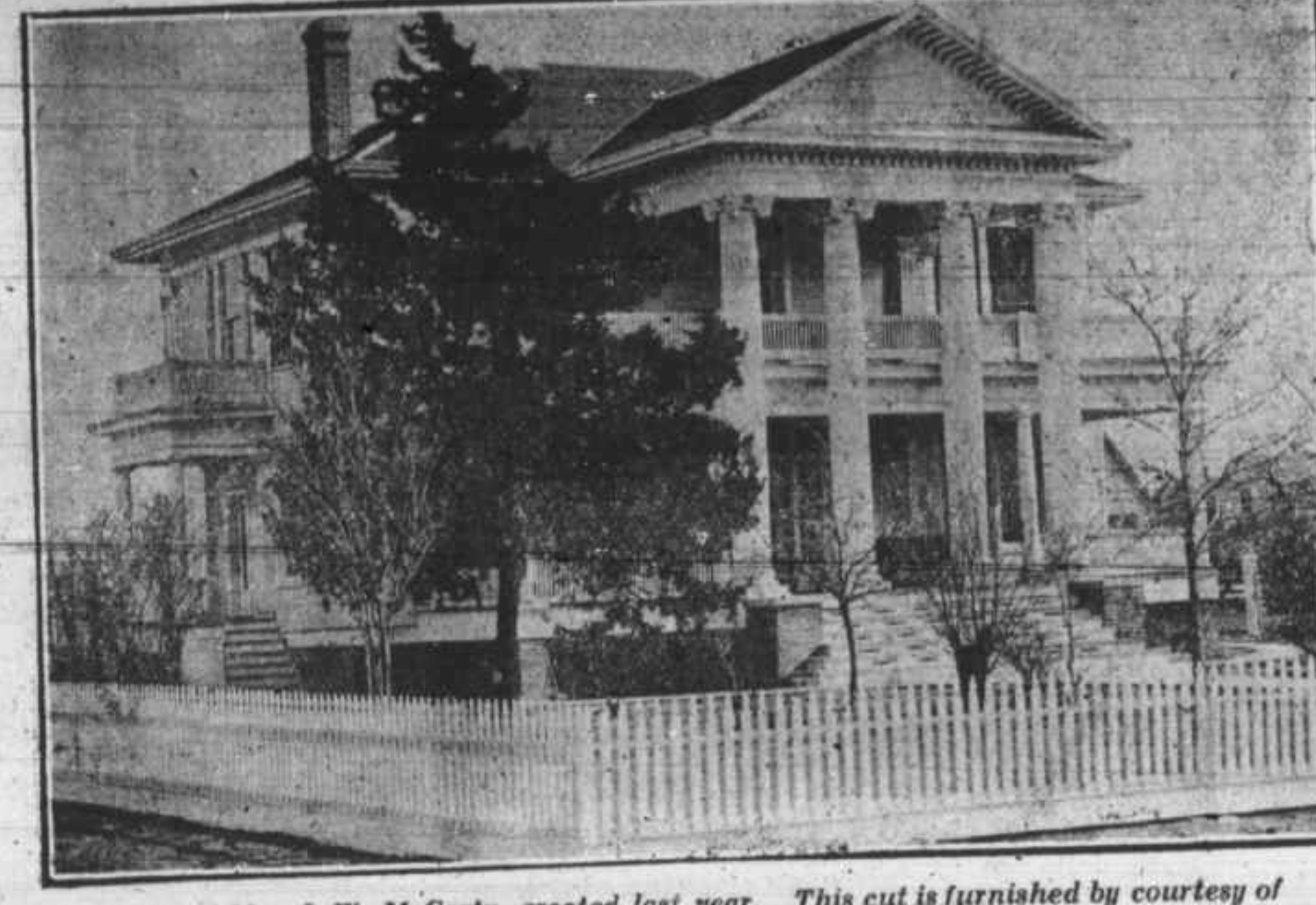
Before visiting the circus Sammy had a passage-at-arms with his aunt, who assisted in dressing him. At the menagerie he was greatly interested in a foreign animal of long, lithe body. "What animal is that?" he inquired at length. "That is called an ant-eater," his mother replied.

"Mamma, can't we bring Aunt Sally here some time?" he asked earnestly.

A friend once asked "Uncle Joe" Cannon for information as to the prospects of a politician who was at the time generally thought to be on "the ragged edge." "He seems to think he's getting on all right," said Uncle Joe, "but others entertain a decidedly different opinion. His situation brings to mind the story of the old lady up in Maine. When she was asked as to the whereabouts of her husband, the dame replied: "If the ice is as thick as Henry thinks it is, he is skating; if it is as thin as I think it is, he is swimming."

Mr. Smith's dog, which was extremely vicious toward strangers, one day became involved in an argument with a street car and suffered an untimely demise. The four-year-old daughter of the house, who had always been afraid of him, greatly surprised her mother by her grief. She wanted to know if dogs go to heaven, and, on being assured that they did, sobbed harder than ever. When pressed for the reason, she replied between sobs: "I'm afraid he'll bite the angels, 'cause he never did like strangers, anyway."

Last week the Chronicle asked: "What has become of the big-fish-tailed boy who used to get up of morning, build the fires and then get out to the barn and feed the stock?" A subscriber who knows, hands in the following answer: "He is married now, lives in town and has boys at his own who lie in bed till breakfast is ready, while the old-fashioned boy still gets up and makes fires and feeds the stock."—Wills Point Chronicle.



Home of Mrs. J. W. McCarty, erected last year. This cut is furnished by courtesy of The Galveston Daily News.

Bill's School and Mine.

I always think of my school as my childhood. As a child, and until I was well into my teens, I lived in a little town of less than 300 inhabitants. We boys lived in the woods and in the water all summer and lived in the woods and on the ice all winter. We trapped and hunted and played in the woods; we rowed and fished and built dams and cut stick horses and kept stick horse livery stables in the woods under pawpaw bushes with grapevines hanging down.

We climbed the trees and cut the saplings, and sucked the juice of the vines and squashed the pokeberries, and picked the wild grapes and gooseberries, and in winter on the ice ate hackberries. In the autumn we gathered the walnuts, and in the spring we greeted the flowers—the sweet williams and johnny-jumpers, as they came peeping through the mold.

Always we seemed to be out-of-doors, getting acquainted with our environments. You know a tree when you have climbed it, or cut a sapling to make a "nigger-shooter" fork from it. You know the birds and the woodland animals when you have chased them, and you know the flowers when you have waited for them to come. So the woods were part of my school.

And the barn, also, was a considerable part of my curriculum. The chores a boy does are a liberal education in "manual work." And I took my course without a stint. It is something to know how easily hackberry splits, how tough hickory is under the saw; how mean elm is to handle, and how walnut falls apart under the ax. A certain dexterity comes to the boy who teaches a calf to drink and slops hogs without soiling his Sunday clothes in the evening. Also the hay makes acrobats.

In the loft one learns to turn flip-flops, and with a lariat rope he can make a trapeze. My rings were made by padding the iron rings from the hubs of a lumber wagon, and swinging them from the rafters.

Bill—our little boy Bill—has a better school than I, so far as the school house and all that goes with and in it are concerned. They have more scientific methods; they know more accurately what they are about than they did that taught us in the old days nearly forty years ago. They have more "method," and I feel sure Bill is getting many things from his school indoors that I did not get. Yet I feel that he is growing up with a woefully second-hand idea of life. What does Bill know about the woods, and the flowers and the trees and the crops of Lyon county, Kansas? What does he know about Lyon county and its streams, that I knew of Butler county, from

Living on them?

The silversides used to live in the puddles under the limestone ledge by the old stone quarry in spring, and the snakes used to sun themselves there at noon; the sensitive rose with cinnamon scented flower and its curling leaves, used to bloom in the prairie in May for me—for me and a little brown-eyed girl who found them in her ink bottle at noon. We roamed far and wide over the prairie in spring and picked wild flowers and thought wild thoughts and dreamed wild dreams—children's dreams. I suppose little Bill dreams some such dreams now, but he dreams them in a fifty-foot lot and with only his mother's flowers under the eaves and in their beds to teach him the great mystery of life. Bill has no barn. I doubt if he can skin a cat, and I am sure he can not do the big drop from the trapeze. To turn a flip-flop would fill him with alarm, yet Bill Betts, down in Eldorado, used to turn a double flip-flop over a stock of barrels, and Bill Betts is a man to look at. He is built by the day. He has an educated body, and is going into its middle forties with health and strength that our boy, Bill, may have to work for.

It all amounts to this: That my school was life and living of it. The woods and the chores and the play and the books and the teachers seemed to be part of reality. Bill's school seems real enough. But his play and his work seem rather empty. His manual work is the best he can do. But it has not trained his hands, as work with an ax and a jackknife might, it seems to me. Her still has trouble with nine times six and his eight times seven, and his seven times nine, that he might not have if he had learned his tables to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

But it's Bill's problem, not mine. Probably he and his fellows will

make better men than Bill Betts and I. For the world moves. The new system will work some way, and the world will go edging along toward the millennium. And Bill will go with it; and think his father a radical old fogey without much sense. That is the way of the world. But it is interesting to consider for a moment the two systems of education—Bill's school and mine. —William Allen White, in the Kansas School Magazine.



City Marshal H. S. Vineyard.
Candidate for Sheriff.

The Law as a Swindler.

A New York man was released from the Federal prison last week after serving a term of one year. His release was due to the fact that it was accidentally discovered that he was innocent of the crime for which he was convicted. The fellow was poor and couldn't make much defense, though he went to prison protesting his innocence and begging for mercy. He has a wife and four little children, all dependent upon his weekly earnings for sustenance. To make matters worse, when he was hustled off to the penitentiary there was a new babe in the home into whose eyes he had never looked. During his absence his family came near starving, and doubtless would have perished of hunger but for the slight assistance relatives were able to render.

Of course the authorities were glad to release the innocent man when it was ascertained that he was innocent, but what about the wife's labor the law had taken from him, and the suffering his family had been subjected to through no fault of their own or his? If an individual corporation had so robbed him he could recover damages, but with the law as the robber he is helpless and must bear the loss as best he can. There are many such cases. Not long since a man who had served twenty years in a Texas prison was found to be innocent of the crime of which he was convicted. He was released, but

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not a cent was paid him for his long term of hard labor or his blighted life. We can not but wonder why the law of a civilized land can be so unjust; and the people will praise the name of the man who secures the passage of a law to compensate the innocent who are punished, not only for their time but for the disgrace heaped upon them.—Honey Grove Signal.

Prevent Rather Than Cure.

Soap, sunshine and common sense are worth more than disinfectants, says Dr. Theodore Hull, in the prevention of tuberculosis and other diseases. The chief means for prevention is to destroy the bacilli. Sunlight and fresh air are the great enemies of the destructive germ and the greatest agency for the spread of tuberculosis and other diseases is the fly.

"The fly might as well be called the 'tuberculosis fly' as the 'typhoid fly,'" he said, "for this little pest carries more tubercular bacilli than it does germs of any other kind. Pedestrians bringing into the houses the dust of the street also aid in the spread of consumption. Every housewife should have her carpets taken up and dusted every few days, the windows should be kept open winter and summer, and cleanliness, above all things else, should be practiced in the household. Also, there should be a law requiring fruits, vegetables, etc., to be protected from flies."

Dr. Hull also urged that the children be made to spend most of their time out-of-doors, indulging in games and building up strong constitutions, so that they may be able to withstand the attack of disease germs.

The "Unwritten Law."

I believe as much in the preservation of the purity of the home as any man, but the so-called unwritten law has been grossly abused and is often an easy way of escape for a criminal who richly deserves the gallows. If the love, confidence and fidelity of the marriage relation can not be preserved because one or the other is unworthy, or because of a natural incompatibility, will the crime of murder bridge the chasm between husband and wife and unite disaffected hearts: I think not.

When old John Ruskin, one of the literary lights of the English world, discovered that his beautiful wife had fallen in love with the painter, Millais, he gave her liberty to marry him, was himself present in the London chapel at the gray dawn of a winter's morning, when they were made man and wife, and was ever the staunch friend of the struggling young artist. In time he became "Sir John Millais" and his wife "My Lady Millais," and Ruskin's influence and assistance contributed much to his success. Many have condoned and some have censured Ruskin, but

this romance not only adorns a tale, but points a moral.

We offer a plea that the unwritten law is necessary to preserve the home and safeguard the virtue of our women. In a Texas city of 80,000 people we behold sixty-six murders in one year. In London, a city of twice the population of the entire State of Texas, we have nineteen. In the record of our divorces and disrupted homes we go so far ahead of England that they are not in the running. It does not seem that our "unwritten law" preserves our homes. The fact is, it is a relic of barbarism, a form of anarchy, and altogether without excuse, as applied among us.—Correspondent Fort Worth Record.

In the above there is much food for thought. There is danger of the "unwritten law" being overworked. The home must be guarded, and every protection thrown around the good women of the land, but when a woman voluntarily steps over the line and casts a husband's love aside, the belching of the shotgun will not restore her to virtue's path, neither will it unite severed hearts or bind up broken affection. Not many men have done or would do what Ruskin did, and yet, perhaps, he chose the wiser course.—Honey Grove Signal.

Homely Facts Quickly Told.

Newspapers will tell nothing but the truth—when people quit dying and marrying.

The world never learns the value of some men until they are killed by a railway train.

The woman who has several diamond rings fixes her hair a great deal at church and at the theater.

There is economy in the beautiful. A pretty throat makes the waist shorter, while a pretty ankle abbreviates the skirt.

The man who has many out-of-town creditors gets much mail. The man who has no creditors, but many debtors, does not need a postoffice box.

The miser will have a very hard time of it in the next world. He will have to live under the same roof as the thief and the burglar, and won't have a burglar proof safe.

An exchange says when a minister gets a call to another field, and the salary is much larger, the minister at once takes the call "under prayerful consideration," and his wife begins to pack her trunk.—Honey Grove Signal.

"Why are you rushing around so today?"

"I'm trying to get something for my wife."

"Had any offers?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Do you think any woman ever believed a man when he said she was the first girl he had ever kissed?"

"Yes, Kate."

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