

THE CHRISTIAN REVIVAL

Evangelist Jones one of Strongest Preachers Ever in Eagle Lake.

The following subjects will be discussed at the revival at the Christian church during the coming week:

Tonight—"My Son, Give Me Thy Heart."

Saturday night—Darkness in Egypt.

Sunday morning—Transformed from Glory to Glory.

Sunday afternoon, at 3 p. m.—Royal Motherhood.

Sunday night—Why Be a Christian?

Monday night—The Unpardonable Sin.

Tuesday night—What We Believe.

Wednesday night—The Foolishness of God.

Thursday night—What Must I Do To Be Saved?

Friday night—Hallelujah to God.

The evening services begin at 7:45 and continue for about an hour and fifteen minutes. There will be good singing at each service. On last Sunday night the church was crowded, more than fifty people being turned away for lack of room. Fifty or more additional seats will be provided for next Sunday.

Everybody is invited to come and learn more about Christ and his way.

Evangelist Jones is one of the very best and most convincing preachers that has ever visited Eagle Lake. He explains clearly the word of God as he understands it. "In preaching his belief on the manner of salvation, Evangelist Jones has a way of expressing plainly his views at which no member of any other denomination can take the slightest offense. As a Bible scholar and a preacher, Evangelist Jones ranks highly in the State of Texas, and he is a logical and convincing speaker. His pleasing personality and his dignified manner in the pulpit add to his charm as a preacher.

Prof. E. M. Douthett is a splendid song leader, and the singing is good at each service. He invites the singers of all churches of the town, and those of no church, are cordially to attend and take part in the song service.

The Evangelist invites everybody to attend the meetings, and especially does he invite the members of all churches to attend and assist, by their presence, in the one great fundamental principle of Christianity, the saving of souls for Christ.

To the Public

Next week is the closing week of the piano contest at Calvert's Drug Store, and I, in advance, sincerely thank those who have voted their coupons for me, and ask that all who will, make an effort to vote as many for me during the closing days as possible. While I realize that I am working against great odds in the contest, so many members of the different organizations to work against me, still I am in the contest to win and to win the piano. If I do win, I know it will be entirely through the kindness of those who have thus far and those who will vote for me during the few remaining days of the contest. If you have coupons and are not pledged for any other contestant, I will appreciate it if you will vote for me. If you have coupons and will not be able to vote them before the contest closes, if you will phone me, I will call for them. Thanking all those who have been so kind to me during this contest, and hoping that I may receive enough votes during the next few days to win the piano, I am, very sincerely,

BUNNY FRICK.

The election of school trustees will be held next month, at which four trustees are to be elected.

The retiring trustees are Chester Westmoreland, Baring and Carney. This is a most important election to the people of Eagle Lake. Nothing needs the attention of the people so much as the school work, and the people should begin to select the proper men for these offices now. Care should be taken in the selection of school trustees.

The HEADLIGHT 1 year, \$1.50

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cludes the following subjects in his program:

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Sunbeam Coffee

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Sunbeam Olives

Sunbeam Asparagus

Sunbeam Preserves

Sunbeam Catsup

Sunbeam Pork and Beans

Sunbeam Apricots

Sunbeam Peaches

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Cream de Roquefort, Cream de Camembert, Dutch Girl and Brick Cheese.

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At Both.

"Late a worm," said the little tot in the kindergarten.

The teacher, thinking that perhaps the child had really done such a thing, protested warmly over the undesirability of the proceeding. "Why, just think," she said as a final argument, "how badly the mama worm felt to have her baby eaten up."

"I ate she's mam, too," was the triumphant rejoinder that proved too much for the teacher. —Harper's Magazine.

Your coupons for the piano at Calvert's would be appreciated by the Baptist Philathea Class.

Adv.

Mr. J. E. Roberts is spending a few days in Houston.

FOR RENT—One room to gentleman. Mrs. S. R. Bruce.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take ANATINE. It loosens the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. (Druggists refund money if it fails to cure.) E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 25c.

Subscribe for the HEADLIGHT.

M. G. Calvert, Eagle Lake, Tex.

Subscribe for the HEADLIGHT.

Bogus Revenue Officer Gives Thrifty Youth Good Scare.

I am not going to use any real names in this story, for the simple reason that the principal actor does not live more than a thousand miles from the Press Club and I know he will not do to trifle with. He may be afraid of the United States government and revenue officers, but he is not afraid of anything else. It is nice, too, to use false names, for then I can say just what I please. Real or false, everybody from Richmond to Columbus knows the story, for it has been repeated often and is one of the traditions in that territory.

Out that way there were some of the most devilish boys that ever lived. They were ever ready for a fight or frolic and it was a toss of the hat which it should be. That was in the evening of a fine day in the month of June, in the city of Houston, Texas, in spite of the presence of the army of occupation and the swarms of special deputy tax and revenue collectors. These gentlemen were found everywhere. Money was easy and nearly everybody had some. Just as they are today the boys were they, and they spent their money as rapidly as they earned it. There was one marked exception to this. He was a young man who shared in all the fun making and frolicking and paid his part of the cost, but never went beyond that. If he saw a chance to make a good trade he made it, even if it happened to be at the expense of one or more of his friends. He was a good fellow and everybody liked him, though they abused him for his closeness.

Once the young men decided to give a grand ball at a large farm house not far from Eagle Lake. Everybody for miles around went to the ball and the young men turned out in full force. It was a very cold night and to add to the fun as well as keep out the cold about every young man in the crowd had a small bottle of whiskey in his off pistol pocket.

The girls were pretty, the music fine and everything was passing off grandly when most of the young men had their spirits depressed by discovering that they had not brought enough of the other kind of spirits along. In a word the supply of whiskey was exhausted almost before the ball got under good headway.

There were hurried consultations and anxious inquiries among the young men, but there was no comfort for any of them, for each had "destroyed" his own private supply, hoping to get more from his friends. Our provident young man, whose name was Jim, was approached and asked if he had brought any whiskey along. To the joys of the others he admitted that he had a whole quart hidden out in the bushes. The joys of the crowd fell below zero the next moment when he informed them that he had paid a dollar for his bottle and that he was not going to give them any of it. When they found that he was not going to do the elegant thing they offered to buy him out and let him fix his own price. After some hesitation, hoping that they would stand for a good, stiff price, he offered to sell them the bottle for \$4. There was no hesitation on their side. The four dollars came out quickly and the whiskey was fished out of the bushes and turned over to thirsty crowd. After the whiskey was exhausted the boys began to think of the meanness of Jim in charging such an outrageous price for the whiskey simply because he had the market cornered. They were anxious to play even with him and put their heads together to devise ways and means. There was one stranger present who had arrived at Eagle Lake the day before and had been brought to the ball by one of the boys who loved a practical joke better than anything. The joker hit on a plan to punish Jim and to have a lot of fun in doing so. He instructed the stranger what to do and let the boys in on the joke so they might enjoy every stage of it. About 11 o'clock the stranger drew Jim to one side and asked him in a whisper if he had any whiskey. Jim told him that he had disposed of all he had. The stranger asked him how he had disposed of it and Jim told him that he had sold it.

"You mean to tell me that you sold whiskey?" asked the stranger.

"Are you in the liquor business, and if so have you paid your internal revenue license?"

Jim told him that he was not in the liquor business and that he did not have a license, internal, external or any other ternal.

"Well," said the stranger, "I am a deputy internal revenue tax collector and I arrest you for selling liquor without a license."

Jim collapsed. The stranger consulted with Jim's friends and found that no one was able or willing to go on his bond. He stated that he did not want to leave the party and take Jim to jail, so he finally accepted the proposal of one of the young men that he lock Jim up somewhere until the party was over. There was a big smokehouse and they put Jim in there and locked the door. It was very cold, but Jim was too scared and mad to feel that much. He realized that he was up against it good and hard. He cursed and shivered until about 3 o'clock in the morning when one of the conspirators slipped out and consulted with him, telling him of the long prison sentence and heavy fine he would surely get in the federal court. He then slipped Jim an ax and advised him to break out and leave for parts unknown. Jim acted on his advice. He burst the back out of the smokehouse with the ax, mounted his horse and left in a hurry.

Everybody thought he had gone to Mexico, but he had not. He buried himself in the river bottom about 30 miles away from the home of a friend, and remained hidden for several weeks. Then someone found him and told him what a trick the boys had played on him; that the stranger was only a new cowboy who had moved in and was no officer at all. Jim was so glad to find the thing was only a joke that he actually joined in the enjoyment of it and forgave all implicated. —S. O. Young in Houston Chronicle.

A fine baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. B. H. McElhinney on last Monday morning. The young man is Ben H. McElhinney, Jr. "Daddy" Ben has acted very nicely so far, but his friends say that something has already gone to "Grandpa" Paul Gordon's head.

Rev. Samuel G. Porter, the Episcopal rector, will preach in Eagle Lake at the Episcopal church hereafter on the first and third Sundays of each month. Everybody is cordially invited to attend these services.

Never Again.

General Gordon, the Confederate commander, used to tell the following story:

He was sitting by the roadside one blaring hot day when a dilapidated soldier, his clothing in rags, a shoe lacking, his head bandaged and an arm in a sling, passed him. He was soliloquizing in this manner:

"I love my country. I'd fight for my country. I'd starve and go thirsty for my country. I'd die for my country. But if ever this blaring hot war is over I'll never love another country." —Everybody's Magazine.

"El-ah-ee!" said the gentleman with the tawny mustache, making these preparatory sounds by which the Briton warns the world of his intention to speak, "jolly little place this Canada—and all that sort of rot. Kindly feeling toward all you colonials, too—quite so. But have you a tap room or an inn where a chap can get a pint of ale and a blarney bladder?"

The Canadian scratched his head. "Waal, now, I dunno."

Up to the Washington Hotel, though, you kin get some Chicago ham and Milwaukee beer and New York crackers. I'm from Iowa myself—just moved north last winter—but I'm glad to see you even if you are English. Who's king over in your country now?" —Puck.

A Hot One.

The story is told on one of the central Illinois country papers. It was devoted considerable space each week to a sensational divorce case then being fought in the local court. A reporter on the paper, walking through the city park one afternoon, noticed a young lady lay aside a copy of the paper, take off her shoes and stockings, turn the latter wrong side out and then put them on again. This aroused the curiosity of the reporter and he went to her and asked the reason for her peculiar actions. She replied, "I was just reading the account of the divorce case in this paper and it was such hot stuff I had to turn the hose on myself."

Men's \$3.00 gun metal button oxfords for \$2.50 at Eagle Lake Racket Store.

A sporting gentleman, meeting an old angler, who was a perservering, but unsuccessful, hand, asked:

"How are the fish in these parts?"

"Well," replied the old man, grimly, "I really don't know. I dropped them a line every day last week, but I got no reply yet."

Come and try our cold drinks. Eagle Lake Racket Store.

Seed peanuts for sale. J. J. Pehoushek.

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All the News in Pictures.

As It Looked To Him.

The philanthropist who was visiting a lower east side school, says the Sunday Magazine. To test the brightness of some of the poorer pupils she asked them:

"Children, what is the greatest of all the virtues?"

No one answered.

"Think a little," she said.

"What is it I am doing when I give up time and pleasure to come and talk with you for your good?"

A gummy first went up.

"Well, what am I doing, little boy?"

"Buttin' in!"—Exchange.

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