

# Eagle Lake meadlight.

Bruce W. McCarty Editor and Prop.

"NOTHING EXTENUATE, NOR SET DOWN AUGHT IN MALICE."

One Dollar Per Year, In Advance

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## POLITICS IN ANYOLDTOWN.

### Senator Haley Vindicates Himself of Charge of Taking Grease Money.

Anyoldtown, P. D. Q., Dec. 18. Senator Haley, in his great reaping the whirlwind tour of vindication and vilification, reached here today and spoke to an audience that numbered 217 people of assorted sizes.

Ex-representative Dolittle introduced Mr. Haley and compared him at first as a democrat with Jefferson, et al., as a leader and strategist with Napoleon, as an actor with Booth and Bulger, as a lawyer with Blackstone and as a prophet with Elijah.

The applause was hearty; at times it was even vigorous and again it was spirited. In fact, at one period it was vociferous, and as a result three shingles, seven ten-penny and four nine-penny nails were loosened and fell unnoticed from the roof during the excitement.

Senator Haley applauded Mr. Dolittle's speech and led the cheering several times, but it could be seen by those watching him that he was eager to be unleashed and get at 'em. As the member of the tife and drum corps blew goitres in their necks, Senator Haley, his chest swelling with pride, advanced, brushed back his oily locks and looked benignly upon his worshippers, waved his soft, fair hand for silence and spoke:

"Point out to me," he shouted, "one United States senator who has not borrowed money," and the audience looked apprehensively about the barn, but there was in sight no United States senator who had not borrowed a dollar or two to pay his room rent or breed a couple of colts. In fact, there was no other senator present and the crowd shook their heads sadly and remarked, "That was a hot shot all right. Who can answer that?"

"It is true," continued the silver-tongued orator, "that I took a piece of grease money, but I did not do this that the company might slide easily into the State again, but if any man can prove to me that the xanthography of the xanthamide is squabish or that the paleochinoiden outdid the paedogenesis or that I am proterlegal in my silurian medina-epoch I will gladly resign my seat in the senate, but until my enemies prove these things I will fight them and beat them and masticate them and mail them and brand them and drown them and do a few other things I can't think of just now. Oh, my country men, that is all."

Wild cheers greeted this last assertion and it was felt that all charges had been answered and the man vindicated. Enemies were dumb-founded by the brilliancy of the reply to the calumnies that had been heaped upon the senator and they had not a leg to stand upon. For who could undermine this defense? Tonight Senator Haley will speak at Bugtown and he will be compared to Adam as a democrat, Moses as a prophet, Job as a silent sufferer, Diogenes as a seeker after the truth, George Ade as a wit and Parsifal in the remaining roles. — Beaville Bee.

the olive bearing dove that flew from the ark and perched on the damp summit of Mt. Ararat of which you may have read about. It is infamous, it is a diabolical design to thwart the wishes of of the masses whose confidence in me is like that which the Mohammedan has in Allah. The infinity of the Milky Way will tremble in the everlasting embrace of Olympus before the solidification of the anorra borealis is conceived and executed.

"This, oh my country men, is my answer to those liars and thieves who would rob me of my greatest asset when they say that I received money improperly from A Mud Fierce of the grease combine. Can they bring any argument to answer my denial? No! What I have said is unanswerable.

"It is no crime to borrow money. Whenever you get a chance to borrow money, borrow it. Easy marks are not numerous or so easy as they used to be since the yelping press started their crusade of lies. Why should I not borrow money? Does not a United States senator have uses for money? Why, if you only know how much it costs me to keep up my racing—but enough of this. Let me at 'em again."

Senator Haley then explained the theory of dovetailing affidavits and explained the science of cabinet-making from a presidential standpoint, and then drifted back to the question of borrowing, which seemed to have

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## Ingersoll's Eulogy.

The following address by Robt. G. Ingersoll at the grave of his brother is regarded as one of the most eloquent ever delivered:

"Dear friends: I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me. The loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west. He had passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While, yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, when eager winds are kissing, every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of fate and in the sunshine, he was vine and flower.

He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstition far below, while on his forehead felt the golden dawning of the grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak and with a willing hand gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. Athus and times I have heard him quote these words: "For justice, all place a temple and all season summer."

He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and wore every one to whom he did a loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now."

Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

With a capital of

**\$40,000.00**

And strong connections, we are able to handle any class of business offered.

**The Eagle Lake State Bank,**  
Eagle Lake, Texas.

And now, to you, who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

Try some fresh Cottoline. It's sure to please. For sale by E. L. Mooney.

## Seven Bales of Cotton on Three Acres.

Joe Henry, whose postoffice address is Logansport, Franklin county, Texas, writes the Dallas News that he gathered seven 500-pound bales of cotton from three acres of land this year. Such success in cotton growing is always of interest to all, hence the Signal gladly tells how Mr. Henry did it.

First, he planted Rowden seed, probably one of the best varieties of cotton yet raised. He planted on May 25th, a date that many people would pronounce too late. His rows were five and a half feet apart, and ran north and south. He ran a few rows east and west just for an experiment, but found that they did not produce nearly so much staple as the others. He plowed the cotton twice a week, and to this he attributes principally his large yield. Mr. Henry says he was raised in a cotton patch, and after repeated experiments he has reached the conclusion that intense cultivation is absolutely necessary to heavy yields. — Honey Grove Signal.

## Hay, Bran and Chops at E. L. Mooney's.

Buy your Groceries at Mooney's and you are sure to be pleased.

## The Man Ahead.

In every newspaper we pick up we are sure to find a lot of gush about the man behind the counter and the man behind the pen, the man behind the times and the man behind his rents, the man behind the fence, the man behind the bars, the man behind the kodak and the man behind the cars; the man behind his fists, and everything behind has entered on the list.

They skipped another fellow of whom nothing has been said, the fellow who is even a little way ahead, the fellow who always pays for what he gets, whose bills are always signed; he's a blamed sight more important than the man who is behind. All the editors and merchants and the whole universe are indebted for his existence to the honest fellowman. He keeps us all in business and his own town is never dead; and so we take our hats to the man who is ahead. — Floater.

## What She Did.

A maiden left her downy couch one morning not long ago. And she put a little powder on her face. She made her toilet slowly, fixing everything just so. Then she put a little powder on her face. She ambled down to breakfast and she dropped into her seat. She passed her plate to the maid and she got a piece of meat. She finished up on coffee, cake and predigested wheat. Then she put a little powder on her face.

She took a car to go down to shop a little bit. Then she put a little powder on her face. At noon she ate a little luncheon, paying 15 cents for it. And she put a little powder on her face. That afternoon she spent a dime for ice cream at a store, and when she'd finished eating it she lodged for just one more. But thinking of the dime 'twould cost, she started for the door. Then she put a little powder on her face.

She took a car at half past 3, back to her home to go. And she put a little powder on her face. She ate her dinner with her folks; then she went to call up Joe. Joe came that night and stayed 'till most 1 o'clock, 'tis said. When he had gone she went upstairs declaring she was "dead," she tumbled into her downy couch, and as she lay in bed, why,—she put a little powder on her face. — Credit Lost.

A Coldwater, Ok., paper says: "You can always count on a Coldwater man doing justice to a subject. Last Sunday in one of the pews of a church here, a man was suddenly awakened by a vicious bite of a fly on his bald head. Not realizing where he was, he struck at the offender and audibly remarked: 'Damn the flies.' The remark aroused a deacon in the next pew, who fervently shouted: 'Amen!'"

Hon. M. M. Smith, representative from Upshur and Camp counties, insists that there is no such thing as a legal nomination of a United States Senator by a primary election, since a senator cannot be elected by a direct vote of the people; his so-called nomination can be regarded in no other light than as a mere recommendation, and as such he will regard it. Confesses that he is by no means pleased with the apparently improper conduct of Senator Bailey in his alleged affiliation with the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, but reserves his opinion until after the legislative committee have made their report. — Brenham Banner.

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