

CAVENDALE.

A beautiful resident addition to the town of Eagle Lake, which is now being graded and graveled, is going to attract your attention. For the past few years Eagle Lake has stood in need of more room to spread, this is true because the little city is steadily growing—her population is increasing each year. Her people are thrifty, progressive up-to-date citizens, who, in common with the balance of the world, want homes in which to live. All natural wives want homes, and all natural husbands desire to satisfy their wives in that the first step to respectability: this is the first step to real citizenship, and to a better life. The possession of a home is this, we have traveled over the rugged road, we have been there and drank from the bratch, and know whereof we speak. To meet this demand, we will, about OCTOBER 15th, place on the market, CAVENDALE! This sale will be the opportunity of your life to own a home of your own—a home in the most desirable section of the town. Cavendale is located one block from the High School, is well drained and in every respect a most ideal place at which to build "Your Own Home." The prices of lots at Cavendale will not be given to the public until the addition is ready for the market. But the terms will be such as will appeal to anyone with a desire to own a home of his own. We will place these lots within the reach of anyone with a moderate income. Cavendale is composed of 17 blocks of high, perfectly drained resident property, ten minutes' walk from business center of city. The lots are 50x150 feet, with a 20-foot alley running through each block. The streets are 80 feet wide, and will be well graded and graveled. Sidewalks are 10 feet wide and well above the level of the street, giving ample room for the planting of trees and otherwise beautifying of same. A complete system of water mains will be laid throughout the addition. Cavendale will be a first class, HIGH GRADE Addition, the equal of which has never in a city of less than 10,000 inhabitants, been offered the people of Texas.

Free of incumbrance. Abstract to every purchaser. Title perfect. Whites only.

EAGLE LAKE IMPROVEMENT CO.

For further information, call on or address

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W. M. WILLIAMSON, LOCAL AGENT,
Eagle Lake, Texas.

A LEGEND OF THE LAKE.

Written for The Headlight in 1903 by Mrs. E. M. Duke, Deceased.

Let us close our eyes to the scenes around us. The huge sugar and rice mills, the large business houses and pretty homes, the handsome churches—let us forget for a little while that Eagle Lake is fast growing into a city. Now let us look through the vista of time, seventy-nine years. What do we see? A broad prairie covered with luxuriant grass, where herds of deer and buffalo are quietly feasting. Flowers of every hue, "objects of the wild bees' love," are blooming here and there, planted by the hand of God to soften the savage hearts around them, with their beauty. On the south side of this lovely expanse there is, seemingly a forest of live oak trees. Let us peer through them. Lo! there are camp fires and wigwams on the margin of a beautiful lake, whose waters are dotted with canoes paddled by brawny Indians. Oh, horrors! they are the savage Caranchuas. Let us silently watch the scene on the shore. There are free and happy children playing amid the leaves and flowers. Sad and weary women are seated on the

ground; women who are only beasts of burden to their heathen masters; women who know nothing of the elevating influence of the gospel of peace. Look! there is one quiet, young and pretty Prairie Flower, the pride of the tribe. The name is evidence enough that the parents' hearts had been touched with the beauty of God's flower gardens. Prairie Flower is a part of the company of tired warriors who are seated on the low limb of a live oak, wistfully gazing out on the lake. Two young warriors are approaching the shore. They step from their canoes with a determined look and glance at each other with the red eyes of rivalry. It is quite impossible to discern the choice of this uncultivated Indian girl, she is so kind and

courteous to both. Leap High is the first to present his claim. With a look of assurance he takes her hand, saying: "Prairie Flower we move; will you go with me to build new camp fires, and dress my venison?" She answers briefly, "wait!" She could not say no, for she had seen him leap from the ground upon his pony and gallop to the massacre of the pale face bringing back his bloody trophies to lay at her feet. She knew that he was brave. Light Foot, the swift in the chase with his free foot step and unfailing bow, now approaches hesitatingly to the side of the coveted prize and with the low voice of love, says: "Will you go with me? You know your duties, but I will lighten your labors." He has found the key to her heart, but she cannot say yes. She arises and points to the opposite shore saying, "The tree is high, the wee ones cry for food. The bird of the broad and sweeping wing will go hunting for her babes. I want one of the young ones to look at, who will go to the nest and bring it to me?" Leap High and Light Foot now sprang into their canoes, each eager to accede to the wishes of their beautiful enchantress. Prairie Flower calls her brother who has just emerged from a thicket, and tells him of her love test, asking him to paddle with her to the lofty tree that bears the eagle's nest. They reach the scene. Fifty canoes are there, and the lusty red men are cheering their favorites. Leap High has gained an eminence several feet higher than Light Foot. The tree is an immense cotton wood, smooth and hard to climb, their only aid being their scalping knives, which they use as climbing devices, inserting them occasionally too.

in the tree. It is a painful venture. Look! Leap High has gained a limb. He mounts it and sits with angry brow. The test of his love is too great. He prepares to descend, although the cries of the eaglets are only ten feet above him. Light Foot passes on the opposite side of the tree. He, too, finds a limb, but pauses only a moment, when he starts with renewed energy to the nest. The mother bird is coming; he hastens. He has reached the hungry young eaglet, and places one in the deer skin hunting pocket on his back. Leap High has rapidly descended into the shallow water at the foot of the tree, and skulks into the forest on the southwest of the lake, amid the taunts of the red men and the sneers of Prairie Flower. Light Foot now descends and leaps into the water near the delighted girl. He now springs into the canoe to receive her smiles and embraces. He sends the eaglet to her, and she commences the long journey with her hero. Thus was our lake named Eagle Lake by the cruel Caranchuas, in 1823. Time speeds on. Thirty-six years have rolled by. The white man's settlements are nearing the romantic spot. In 1859 a little town arises on the prairie adjacent to it, and the name of Eagle Lake was given to it without dispute.

FIGS grow as fine in Eagle Lake country as anywhere in the world. And many young fig orchards have been put out during the last two years, and the day is distant when there will only be fig preserving plant in the country, which they use as climbing devices, inserting them occasionally too.

LOADING SUGAR CANE FOR THE MILL.

An every day scene in the Eagle Lake country during the fall months.

