

# Eagle Lake Headlight.

BRUCE W. McCARTY, Editor and Proprietor.

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

One Dollar Fifty Per Year, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME VIII.

EAGLE LAKE, TEXAS, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1911.

NUMBER 51.

## Reminiscences of Mrs. Dilue Harris.

JUNE, 1834.

School commenced the first of June. We had a good teacher, but he was out of his proper place in Texas. There were but few schoolbooks among the people. The teacher made the multiplication table for us. Mother gave her handbox for the purpose. Father had a fine assortment of books, but few schoolbooks.

The crops were very promising. There were plenty of roasting ears for cooking. We had been three months without bread. By the last of June the corn was too hard to cook. Uncle James said that if he had a piece of tin he could make a grater. Mother gave him a tin bucket. He unsoldered it, drove holes in it with a nail, fastened it on a board, and grated meal for supper. Mother gave part of the bucket to Mrs. Dyer. None of our neighbors had tinware; they used wooden vessels. Mrs. Roark had a Mexican utensil for grinding corn, called a metate. It was a large rock which had a place scooped out of the center that would hold a peck of corn. It had a stone roller. It was hard to grind corn.

It was hard to grind corn bread. Some of our neighbors had small mills called steel mills. Mr. Bell had a mortar scooped out of wood, with a hanging pestle and sweep which had to be pulled down. The weight of the sweep would lift the pestle. It was fun for the children to pull the sweep down and let it go up. When the neighbors would meet, the first word would be, "Is your corn getting hard? Have you had any bread? Send to my house and get meal or corn."

We were in high spirits. Our school was doing well. Everybody had plenty of bread and potatoes and other vegetables. Mr. Gallatin, from Harrisburg, came to stay with us. He was sick and came for medical advice. Father knew him in Missouri. He brought us children some pretty sea shells. He rode a gentle pony, and he said sister and I could ride the pony to school.

The men in the neighborhood were preparing to celebrate the Fourth of July. They were to have a barbecue and ball. The ladies were to have a quilting and the young people anticipated the day.

Some of our neighbors had been sent to other settlements. Toward the last of June our neighborhood was in a state of excitement. A large company of Mexicans arrived with a drove of horses for sale. The Mexicans pretended they did not understand English. All the men were confident that they were spies. Mr. Leo Roark could speak some Spanish, and he acted as interpreter. The men kept on with their preparations for the Fourth of July, but they were very cautious in their conversation, as they were confident the Mexicans understood every word that was said. The Mexicans

were very friendly and kind, and there were two or three of them that seemed to be perfect gentlemen. They visited the people and made very liberal offers in trying to sell horses. They would return in the fall with them to interpret. They paid him well for his time and wanted him to travel with them, but his mother would not give her consent.

JULY, 1834.

The Fourth of July was a fine day. The barbecue was near Mr. Dyer's house, and the quilting and ball were at the house. The ladies spent the day in conversation and work, the young people dancing in the yard, the children playing under the trees, and the men talking politics. There was no political speaking, as the Mexicans were present. The politicians and lawyers from San Felipe and Harrisburg were there, but had little to say. The people were very anxious about Stephen F. Austin, as he was in Mexico, a prisoner. Three of the Mexicans ate dinner and were very sociable. One of them danced a Virginia reel, but the others would not dance anything but waltzes, and our young ladies would not waltz.

Well, it was a grand affair for the time. The young people thought it magnificent. The music was two fiddles, played turn about by three negro men. One negro man got an iron pin and cleyis, used at the end of a cart tongue or plough beam, and beat time with the fiddles. Another man beat a tin pan. Well, the young people danced to that music from three o'clock in the evening till next morning.

Mother went home with her family before day. Everybody else stayed all night. We ate barbecued meat, all sorts of vegetables, coffee, fowls, potatoes, honey, and corn bread, but no cakes, as there was no flour in the country. The whiskey gave out early in the evening, and there was no fuss or quarreling. Everybody went home in a good humor, none more so than the

negro musicians, as they were paid for playing the fiddles and beating the cleyis and tin pan.

This was the second time we attended a Fourth of July celebration in Texas. The first time was in Harrisburg. I remembered the Fourth of July celebration in St. Louis. I had seen the militia parade, drums beating, flags flying, cannon firing, but the glory was not to be compared with that of the Fourth of July in the year 1834, near Stafford's Point on the Brazos, about 1834.

The Mexicans left shortly after the Fourth. They separated into three divisions, one party going to Brazoria, the others to Anahuac and Nacogdoches. The Mexicans behaved well while they were among us. They spent money freely, and paid for all they needed, but the people were glad when they were gone. They did not sell many horses in the neighborhood.

Mr. Gallatin swapped his gentle pony for a wild horse. Father tried to persuade the old man not to swap, but he would not be advised. He had the wild horse tied to a tree till the Mexicans were gone. One of the Mexicans put a big saddle on the pony, with a girth and bridle made of hair, lariat, blanket, bottle gourd, and other things too numerous to mention, then got on and stuck his big spurs in the pony's side, struck it with a quirt, and started it. It ran all day about the pony. Mother was provoked. She said she would have bought the pony if Mr. Gallatin would have sold it. The next night the wild horse broke the lariat and ran off. We children were glad it was gone. Uncle James and three of the young men tried to find it, but could not.

AUGUST, 1834.—ONE OF THE NEIGHBORS LEAVING TEXAS.

Mr. Stafford left Texas in June, and his wife was to leave in a few days. They had some property in the United States that required their attention. Mrs. Stafford came to see mother. She said she would not return to Texas, as she did not intend to bring any more slaves to Mexico.

She was Mr. Stafford's second wife, and had two small children. They were to travel over land, as she was going to take a negro man and woman with her. She could have gone on the schooner from Anahuac, but would have been arrested in New Orleans for bringing slaves into the United States. She had friends in San Augustine near the boundary line between Mexico and the United States, and they were to help her. Father advised her to leave the negroes. He said she might have trouble, as the United States government had Monroe Edwards under arrest for running negroes into the States of Louisiana and Mississippi. She said the man was anxious to go, that he had parents living in Louisiana near where she was going. She had a good hack and two mules to travel with. All the neighbors gave her letters to mail to friends in the United States. Adam Stafford was to go with her to Lynchburg on the

## Potato Buyers Potato Growers

For your convenience, we have fitted up an office on the ground floor of our bank building in which you will find all the necessary conveniences for the transaction of your business, which you are welcome to utilize at any and all times, and you are earnestly requested to make this place your headquarters while in the city.

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EAGLE LAKE, TEXAS

## Beware of Cream Thieves!

There are three "thieves" that are robbing cow owners all over the country of hundreds of thousands of dollars every year.

One of these is the "gravity" system of setting cream. If you are still using the "gravity" system of cream separation, you are losing from \$5 to \$15 per year for each cow; the better your cows the more you lose. If you had a cow like Jacoba Irene, producing 1000 pounds of butter a year, you would be losing \$25 to \$50 a year in cream that the DE LAVAL cream separator would save for you.

Another "robber" that masquerades under the guise of a friend is the so-called "dilution" system, which wastes even more than the "gravity" system. Our State Experiment Stations have time and again warned dairymen against the use of these thieving contraptions, advising them to buy a reliable cream separator like the DE LAVAL.

The third "thief" is the "cheap" and inferior cream separator, and this masked robber is even worse than the others. It costs you just as much as a DE LAVAL, but it gives you less cream, and it may cost you more than the original price every year in the cream that it wastes for you.

Here is a good example of how it works:

In June, 1909, John Triggalls, of Norway, Mich., was milking sixteen cows and separating his cream with a "cheap" separator. His receipts from cream that month were \$45. In May, 1910, Mr. Triggalls purchased a No. 15 DE LAVAL, and although milking the same number of cows as in 1909, and with poorer feed, his cream checks for June, 1910, was \$84.

It was hard to convince Mr. Triggalls at first that his old machine was robbing him, but he soon found when he tried a DE LAVAL alongside of it, that nearly half of his cream was going out of the skim-milk spout of his old "imitation" separator.

Cream Is Money. Why Waste It?

Come in and see us and let us set up a suitable size DE LAVAL machine for you. Then watch your cream checks grow. Once get a DE LAVAL set up on your floor, and it will sell itself. It costs nothing to try it, but it is costing you a great deal in wasted quantity and quality of product every day you go on without doing so.

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