



A view showing the public square and a portion of the business section of Eagle Lake.

LUCK

There are lots of people who say there is nothing in luck, but I beg to differ from them. I have been a creature of luck from the time I quit wearing dresses up to late bed-time last night.

When I was a small boy going to the Cave Creek school, good luck kept me and Sid Mason from getting our hides tanned by the teacher. One day at recess we put a pin in an up-right position in the seat of the teacher's chair, but before he had a chance to sit on the pin, luck caused Dud Williams to occupy the seat for the tenth part of a second, or just long enough to discover the pin.

It was luck that sent a couple of grown men to the Blue Hole one Sunday afternoon in time to choke Ace Hawkins from my thumb, which I had unthoughtfully placed in his warm, moist mouth at the beginning of the fight.

It was nothing but luck, pure and unadulterated luck, that kept me and Dave Green from fighting a bloody duel over a candy-haired lassie whom we were both madly in love with. All the details of the duel had been arranged by our seconds and the time and place agreed upon. But a lucky thing happened just as we were about to leave for the dueling ground—Dave was seized with cramp colic and had to be taken home by our seconds. That was one time that luck played a noble part, for it is just possible that one or both of us would have been killed, as we were to fight one hundred yards apart—I to use a "33" calibre seven-shooter and Dave a bulldog derringer.

Sometimes what seems to be the worst kind of bad luck, in the long run turns out to be the best kind of good luck. Take for an example that love affair of mine when I was

19 years old. When my adored one returned the gold-filled engagement ring that had cost me \$1.25, accompanied by a short, curt note, saying that she was going to marry a man with whiskers and not a fuzzy-faced boy, it seemed to me that my luck was of the gall and wormwood variety. But in after years when I became the acknowledged Beau

of the luck that had kept me from marrying my first love, for the sweet golden-haired girl of my youth had changed into a large fat woman with a pug nose and was the mother of three sets of twins. Of course I'll never know; but I'll bet in after years when she saw me in the prime of my young manhood, dressed in the very pink of fashion and riding a tall sorrel horse, with a red saddle which had hair pocket attachments, that she rued the day that she sent me that note and ring. There is no telling how many gallons of hot briny tears she shed over that one great mistake of her life. It is too sad for the reader to contemplate and I'll now lower the curtain over the drama.

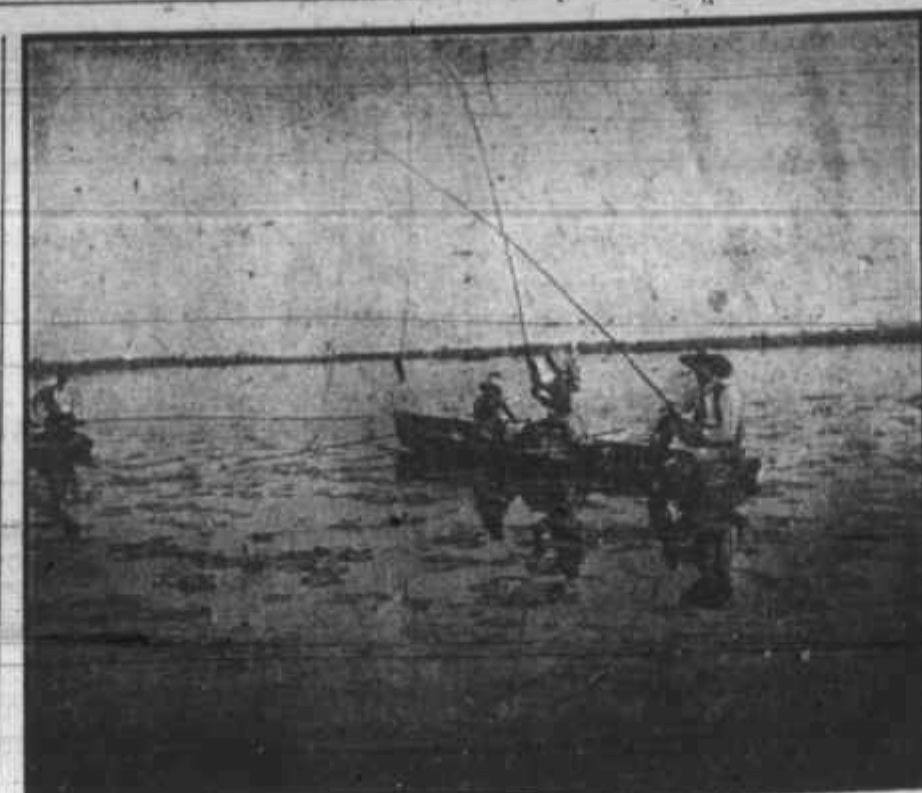
Did any of my readers ever hear of a fellow having good luck by buying a county-right to a patent churn? I bought one. The fellow I bought from asked \$300 for the rights to the county, but I jewed him down and finally got it by giving \$55 in cash, a bill of sale to my wife's milk cow and our horse, and both the animals and not worth more than \$175. I told my wife that I was the luckiest cuss on earth to run across a sucker like that patent right man. Two weeks after I had bought the churn and on the very day that I had hooped it back home from the county I had bought, my wife quoted almost the same words about luck. She said: "Joe, you have been very lucky indeed to walk so far and not blister your feet. There is not one man in a hundred who could walk two hundred miles on hard railroad ties without crippling his feet."

Luck is like lightning, and it is

purely guesswork where it will strike. There is no way to figure out when it is going to hit you. I was once the victim of a kind of luck that strikes a fellow just like lightning. It was while clerking in a store at Gatesville that I ran across that species of luck that bore a striking resemblance to electricity. This piece of luck came about by a simple visit of mine to some friends in the country. Before leaving I made me promise that I would not bring my friends to the house and play cards and drink beer as I had done on a former occasion while she was away. I told her to suffer no up-business, that I had lost my taste for beer and had flipped my last card and would not associate with a man who indulged in either.

Habit is a strange thing and becomes our master before we even suspect it. After my family had gone the old desire came over me to get with the boys and have a good time again. I tried to fight it off, but it did no good, and I finally went to some of the boys and told them about my family's absence and invited them to my house that night to have a quiet little game of poker. The invitation was promptly accepted and by 9 o'clock the game had started.

We had such a good time the first night that we decided to have it over again the very next night, and to add to the hilarity of the occasion we agreed to add a few dozen bottles of beer to it. It was about 10 o'clock and everything was going on lovely. Barney Wallard was shuffling the cards for a new deal and I was singing a love song when a hush fell over the merry-makers—someone had come in the front door. Bill Allen, in his haste to hide the cards, turned over a pitcher of milk, and Barney, in his eagerness to hide the beer, came very nearly turning the table over. The house was so full of cigar smoke that it was several seconds before we could see who the visitor was that had appeared so suddenly upon the scene. To add consternation to



The Lake is full of water. The above picture shows how it used to look and how it looks now. The question is are the people of Eagle Lake going to make an effort to keep it full of water? It should be kept full not alone for the pleasure and the commercial advantages it would be to our town, but from a healthful standpoint as well. Think what the Lake has to the town and region. What would it mean if it were a vital question for the Business League, but, sad to state, up to this good hour, a question that has been avoided by that body? Why?

our predicament our visitor proved to be a woman—the wife of my manly bosom and the mother of my children.

Some fellow from the country where my wife was visiting, it seems, had been to town that day and had heard about our game of the night before and went back and reported it, and in that manner my wife heard of it and in order that she might catch me red-handed she had waited till night to be brought back home.

In discussing the matter with the boys the next day they declared that they couldn't remember how they got out of the house. Barney said he thought that he jumped out of the window, and Bill Allen said that the last thing he remembered was when he ran over a sewing machine in the hall and sprained his back.

Taking it all around that was about the worst piece of luck that ever happened to me. The luck I happened to that night is still doing business with me, for my wife has had no faith in me from that day to this.—Joe Sappington.

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I. V. DUNCAN.



AN ORANGE GROVE—Showing orange trees growing in the yard at the home of Dr. J. S. Bruce, in this city.

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