EARLY PIONEER DAYS IN TEXAS

J. T. ALLEN
Early Pioneer Days in Texas

By J. Taylor Allen
Dedicated to the
Memory of Our Pioneer
Fathers and Mothers
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J. Taylor Allen was born October 29, 1848, instead of 1840.

On page 146, in the write-up of Honey Grove, line 21 should read: the city of Honey Grove shipped, instead of Bonham shipped.

In the write-up of C. C. Yoakum, the author desires to mention that he was often with him in his last days and conversed with him freely as to his future hope. Mr. Yoakum said he had been a very wicked man. The author told him our Savior came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, and that there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner than the ninety and nine that went not astray. That all that was required was true repentance, and faith in the atoning blood of Jesus. He said he was sorry for his sins and would trust in Jesus. Thus Mr. Yoakum became reconciled. We shall meet him with the redeemed in the home beyond, where no sin, sickness or death ever enters.

J. TAYLOR ALLEN,
Author and Compiler.
CHAPTER I.

EARLY TIMES IN TEXAS.

Friends, early pioneers and settlers and a few remaining schoolmates of our log cabin school days: I write these lines in commemoration of the days of long ago; the days that were spent in preparation for the glorious results which have come to Texas and her people. The younger generation cannot know nor understand the dangers, nor the inconveniences, that beset us in the early days; neither can they comprehend how tedious was the slow and labored journeys we had to make to go from place to place. Now it is an easy task to travel two or three hundred miles a day, and at little cost, but in those days when we had to pick our way through vast country expanses and find our road the best we could as we went along, it was a tedious and expensive journey, both because of expenditure of energy and of means as well.

I have thought it would be a benefit to humanity, a testimony to the self-sacrifice of the fathers, and a monument to the virtues and bravery of those noble men who blazed the trail to make Texas habitable, to record some of the early experiences, episodes and primitive modes of life in the early days of Texas.

When my father left old Tennessee to come to Texas, it wasn’t in one of those wagons that run smoothly along the road, with springs to take
away the jar off the bed, but one of those old-fashioned kind that jerked and jolted at every step the oxen took. That was the kind that brought the families out here. Nor were there so many of them that the dangers and loneliness was removed. Prairie schooners were as scarce then as the ships on the open sea, and every outfit had to carry enough grub and camping equipment to keep them until they could locate in the country to which they hoped to make their home.

Along the line of their journey there were no stores, nor stations, where they could stop and stock up and what little they could get to eat or drink they had to depend on what they had with them, augmented with what they could pick up on their way. Just a few miles a day is all they could hope to make with their patient ox teams, and it was then considered a long journey to travel what we can now do on the train in a few hours.

Of course, all the pioneers didn't come in ox wagons. Some of them came with a pack on horseback; some only had a blanket, a pot and a skillet, a sack of flour and a little salt, coffee and bacon, depending on the game they could kill for food. Lying down on the ground wrapped only in a blanket when they were ready to sleep. Those who had wagons, usually carried camp outfits with them and would pitch their tents for the women and children.

The way was beset with countless difficulties, such as fording creeks and rivers, making their way through brush and briar and timber and un-
inhabited country and the ever present dangers from the marauding, thieving and treacherous Indian. It can be said for the Indian that he was always watching to rob the defenseless pioneer and he would lie in wait to surrond and capture the weaker camps and steal their belongings, or, if in larger numbers would catch the campers unawares, kill the men and rob them of their horses and cattle and carry off captives their women and children. If some of the sticks and stones on Texas prairies could testify to the things the Indians did in the early days it would make one's blood boil with indigation, and while I shall try to tell some of the experiences under my personal observation I cannot begin to tell any fractional part of the horrors and atrocities that were perpetrated on the brave and hardy settlers who first came to habitate on this noble land of ours, this, the Lone Star State of Texas.

Our first houses were on the old original primitive style—pole cabins with the cracks chinked with split out timber, daubed with clay, mortar, and sometimes boards pinned on same with wooden pins—there being no nails then—covered with boards held securely in place by weight poles. Clap board doors hung on wooden hinges, the old string latch, the string of which always hung on the outside, which was always free and more than welcome for anybody to enter and partake of the generosity and hospitality of the inmates. The chimneys were of sticks and dirt; wide fire places, around which encounters of brave, dangerous, heroic, daring deeds were rehearsed.
where anecdotes were told and the latest news from home rehearsed, or where some traveler stopped to tell of the happenings in some distant part of interest, the happy group would sit around eager to hear it. Good, hearty meals were always enjoyed. The houses had split out 'puncheon floors when there were any kind at all. Stools on which were placed dressed buffalo robes or bear skins constituted the seats. The tableware and cooking utensils consisted of a coffee pot, frying pan, old-fashioned ovens, skillet and lids, and in the absence of these the old time hoecake and ash-cakes were baked around the fire. Gourds or tin cups were used to drink out of wooden pails; and when there were not bowie knives and wooden forks to use they generously sopped the pan and feasted and fared sumptuously by using nature's own wild production. Bedsteads were made in one corner of the cabin by placing the ends of two poles in large augur holes in the poles of the wall and the other ends in one upright pole log, and narrow strips of rawhide corded across and on this were placed dressed skins of buffalo, bear or deer skins with the hair left on. When they did not have this kind they slept on buffalo robes or bear skins on the floor.

They used sleds drawn by oxen until they could make their old-time native wagons. The war whoop of the Indian, screams of the panthers, and howling of wolves on every side was heard. The clothing consisted of dressed deer skin, hunting shirt, pants, vest, leggins, moccasins and coon skin cap.
Later on more substantial hewed log cabins and other and better necessaries and conveniences were used. Progress upward and onward with enterprise has ever characterized our Texas people. Our first plows were rudely constructed, being made of scraps and bits of iron with a good portion of wood to complete. Our harness for horses was rawhide, and yokes and log chains for oxen. Grass of the finest quality, also an abundance of cane, was the only thing necessary for the stock after being worked or used in any way. Our good women, without which our big world would be a blank and a failure, were always first and foremost in every good deed and act. When she steered the craft, progress was rapid and sure; the hum of the spinning wheel, the bang, bang of the loom, the old-time carding, warping, reeling and coloring of the good old-time cloth; the washing, ironing, mending, housekeeping, milking, churning and thousands of other things too numerous to mention—hardships and dangers endured that this, our glorious and grand Lone Star Texas homeland State might be settled and developed by the progressive, the true, the enterprising and the brave. All these and more should be commemorated and ever be as a memorial unto her who has ever proved faithful and true. God bless the women. Our Texas would never have attained to what it has had it not been for them.

A pioneer family by the name of Yeary settled south of where Honey Grove is now located. The family was composed of the old man, a grown daughter and two small children, and they had a
good, faithful old negro man. They broke a small patch of ground with oxen, fenced it with old-fashioned fence made with rails on one side and good brush fence on the other side. The patch was right on the edge of the famous Journigan thicket, a dense tangle of briars, vines and brush thorns. In this brush innumerable wild animals, like panthers, bears, wild cats, wolves, etc., and an abundance of game, made their nests there.

Old man Yeary built him a log cabin with the assistance of his negro servant and roofed it with split boards held in place by heavy poles. In those days there were no nails. For bedding, dressed hides of buffalo, bears, deers, panthers and wolves were used. Stools were used for chairs and the cooking utensils consisted of skillets and frying pans; gourds were used for dippers and pails for carrying water were home-made. Even their clothing was made at home, usually from the hides of animals, and sometimes cloth was sent in from the East.

While hoeing the corn one day they were startled by the frequency of what sounded like gobbling turkeys and hooting owls; it became so noticeable that the negro became alarmed and fearing the approach of the wily treachery of the Indians, he urged the old man to retreat to the cabin. The old man told him to keep on hoeing the corn, himself believing the sounds were from the gobblers and owls, but as they reached the end of the row, near to the thicket, a blood-curdling yell of the treacherous Indian warned them, and the savages rushed on them, and shot their arrows at these two de-
fenseless men, many of the arrows penetrating the bodies of Yeary and his faithful darky. Yeary was not dead, but he lay as though he was, playing possum to deceive the Indians. The old darkey, before he fell, said: "Massa, I done made one In-jun wall his eye." He had crushed an Indian's skull in a hand-to-hand battle with his eye-hoe. The Indians pounced on their bodies, and one big Indian cut a scalp, running his knife rapidly around and putting his foot on Yeary's head, gave it a jerk, and took a piece of scalp about as big as a silver dollar.

Seeing the woman and children passing the woodpile, they ran yelling toward the house. The woman picked up an ax as she ran toward the house and closed the door in time to escape. The Indians battered at the door, and when they put their heads in the door she chopped off the head, and two of them were beheaded.

The savages finally withdrew with two of their number killed, and the woman went and dragged the old man into the house, cut the arrows out of his body, dressed his wounds, and he finally recovered, but the old man was the worst scared man, father said, he ever saw. The negro was killed.

On another occasion, near this same place, there were two families, if my memory serves me right, one of them was named Cameron, the other I have forgotten. These families camped for a while, but finally built a strong log cabin with loop holes to place their guns if they should be at-
tacked by the Indians. Around the house they built a high, strong fence as an added protection. The women, one day, seeing the approach of the blood-thirsty Indians, rushed to their husbands, who were herding a small bunch of horses and cattle a short distance from their rudely constructed fort, but the Indians were on them, and a short, fierce battle ensued. The men were killed and scalped. Several of the Indians were killed. The women had, in the meantime, reached the fort, and after slaying the men, the Indians made a rush for the fort to kill the women and children. The women were good shots, and the Indians were disappointed, for as they scaled the fence the women, with determined and steady aim, killed the Indians one by one, as they got over the fence, until the Indians, finding they had a dangerous task, hastened from the scene of danger.

The poor, disconsolate widows, after the retirement of the savages, were bewildered and borne down by sorrow, but their bereavement increased when they heard the howling and screaming of the wild animals approaching towards where the bodies of the fathers and husbands lay dead, in their scent for flesh and blood. Says one of the women to the other: "I will take my two children and defend the bodies while you go up the bed of Bois d'Arc Creek until you come to the trail made in crossing the creek, then follow this trail until you reach Throgmorton's, our only neighbor. Tell them of our disaster and ask them to come and help us." Each woman took the part thus arranged, and as the woman followed the trail she
was attacked by the bear dogs of Throgmorton, who rushed toward the woman with great fury. The brave little woman, in her fright, climbed a tree to get out of reach of the vicious dogs, and remained there till the old man, hearing the noise, grabbed his gun and calling his boys, anticipated what he thought was the approach of the Indians, and cautiously crept to where the dogs were barking. Soon they heard the cry of the woman, and fearing the Indians had captured a woman, they hastened to where she was, and seeing her in the tree, asked her why she was there. She related the experience of the night before, and begged him to come and help them. Of course, the old man told her that his life, and the lives of his sons, would be given to protect them if necessary, and urged her to go and stay with his folks until they could go and help her friends, but she said, “No, I'll go with you and help my dear friend and children to bury the bodies of our dead husbands.”

When they arrived at the desolate homestead, they found the bodies of the men laying in their own blood, and the lonely, brave woman and little children standing guard over the bodies, keeping off the hungry animals with her apron in hand. The bodies of the dead men were wrapped in sheets and buried in a deep grave near the fort, to sleep until the resurrection morn. History does not record braver nor more heroic deeds, nor greater sacrifices, than does the deeds and sacrifices of the pioneers of the men and women who first settled Texas.

There was a family of hard-working, indus-
trious people came to Texas when school houses were very few and far between. They had been used to hardships and came prepared to forego the disadvantages and the dangers and inconveniences of pioneer days, to build a home and settle a country where Indians roved in wild and blood-thirsty pursuit of greed and gain—using treachery, subtlety and cunning in their murderous pursuit of the defenseless, and scalping and killing men, women and children.

This family built a little log cabin and had a few head of horses and cattle and two bright little tow-headed boys who were the delight of their parents—whose childhood days were spent in ignorance of the dangers that confronts the pioneer in a territory infested by the blood-thirsty savage. My father says the family’s name was Cox, and one night the war-whoops of the Indians went abroad and the homes of the settlers were set on fire, their cattle stolen and the defenseless women and children killed and scalped or stolen. These two boys of the Cox family were taken in one of these raids and carried away by the Indians when they were mere children. The anguish of the parents cannot be expressed in words. Searching parties were organized to go after them. My father was one of this party and he has told me of many experiences he had in his dealings with the savages. Many of his brave comrades were forced to kill Indians and fight many a fierce battle, both by day and by night, and often were the struggles a life and death occasion. The sneaking Indians would crawl and skulk around the camps and try
to steal the horses that were lariated where they could eat the nutritious grasses, almost under the white man's eyes. On one occasion at Old Warren, on Red River, two of the party were on guard, while the remainder slept, resting from the toil and troubles incident to their warfare with the ever pestilent Indian. These two guards were stationed in a peculiar position, having perched upon an unfinished log stable. Suddenly the bear dogs began a fearful barking, the horses snorted and neighed, and became very restless, running backwards and forwards in the lots, or around and around the post to which they were lariated. This was, to the minds of the two pickets, an indication of the proximity of the Indians. The two guards moved over on the poles that had been set for the loft of the stable, and in doing so, lost their balance, came tumbling down in one great crash—men, guns, poles and all. Picking up their bruised and bleeding bodies, they rushed to their sleeping comrades, warning them of the Indians' approach, who, when awakened from their slumbers, found the imprint of the moccassined feet of the Indians that had run for their lives from the places where they had intended to steal the horses. Father always said the only thing that saved those horses from being stolen was the noise of the falling roof and men on the stable.

Four years elapsed before the Cox boys were found and returned to their parents. They were bought from the Indians by a government agent in trading, and restored to their home. The parents rejoiced exceedingly, but not for long, for
when they found the dead restored to life, imagine if you can the bitterness of feeling to find that their boys had adopted the savage life and preferred to cast their lot with the Indians. So the boys ran away and joined with the savages and never returned again. They were better suited with the savage life than the life of the pioneer and settler.

The early settlers used to gather round the camp fires, and it was always in order to tell tales of Indian fighters and fighters of wild animals. Sometimes some of the party would rehearse their own experiences of previous danger and hardships. In one of these gatherings a trial was held. Some vicious wolves had chewed the rawhide lariats that held the horses and had driven the horses away. The charge was made that the wolves had been trained by the Indians to sever the lariat so the Indians could capture the horses, as they came where they were secretly hidden from the much feared white man. The judge and jury, after hearing the case, agreed that it was true that the Indians had trained the wolves to gnaw the lariat so they could steal the white man's horses. The finding of the court was that not only did the Indians feloniously engage the wolf to aid them, but rewarded the wolves with generous supplies of fresh bear, buffalo and deer meat, and thus making an ally for Heap Big Scalp Taker Indian. Thus did the treacherous Indians to the white man in the early days.

Times have changed since then. No longer does the wily savage live off the toil of the brawny arm
of the cultivator and home builder, nor is his ally the wolf permitted to roam abroad a menace to the home and faithful heart that helped to build the home and prepare the ground so it may be fruitful, but in its stead I fear there are some other enemies in the land where our forefather's blood was spilled that coming generations may have peace and comfort. These enemies do not slay defenseless women and children, or unarmed men, by stealth and cunning, nor take their scalps as did the treacherous Indians, but, does not some of the heartless gambling exchanges, with their trained wolves, go forth seeking to devour the toiling millions of hard working men, women and children by crowding the prices high on what they buy, and lessening the value of what the labor produces? Is not our civilization a farce when these enemies price and sell a million more bales of cotton than the world produces, living off profits that never exist, while the producer ekes out a mere existence, unappreciated and un-thanked?

In this scene of plutocratic, aristocratic, grafting oppression the Son of Man will come again—He who scourged the money changers; He will bring to account the men who make money their god. The rich man who has gained by ill-gotten ways, will realize too late the utter folly of indulgences in avaricious extortion from the hard-earned toiler, and will, like the rich man being in torment, long for the comfort of the drop of water and the opportunity of warning those dear to him deluded with the view that success and honor comes in gain and wealth.
I call to mind an old man and his wife, who, by rigid economy and self-sacrifice and thrift, accumulated means enough to send one of their boys to college. The boy was glad to be free from what he considered the drudgery of clearing new ground and building fences, digging up stumps and escaping the heavy burdens incident to the making of a home such as pioneers built in early days, and such as are being built by honest men today. This young man wanted a safe, secure and easy way of making his way as do so many of our young dudes and dudesses, who acquire an education usually at enormous cost of the self-sacrificing parents, failing as so many do to appreciate the privileges that have been made possible by these dear ones at home. After this young man had been at college a couple of years the folks at home concluded they would examine their investment, so they hitched up the ox team and took a five days' journey over the rough roads to see their son in the closing exhibition at school, feeling sure he would be pleased to show them what he could do and be glad to welcome them after all they had done for him. When they camped and visited him in the college ground, imagine their feelings when he scorned his folks—his own mother and father, his own brothers and sisters—turning to his college chums and professors, declaring he did not know them.

The poor old father was a very practical man, and did not propose to return on his long journey home without first having an understanding; so he said to the mother, and other children: Fol-
low me. The family marched into the hallway, and when the bell resounded for the gathering of the classes, and the young man came in, they all with one accord proceeded to give him such a trouncing as he deserved. Of course there was a scene, and the father was arrested, fined and forced to make a mortgage to pay it, but the young man was tamed and ready to return to the family home and take up his duties with humility; ready to do his share of the work, and properly considered what he owed to those who were of his own blood.

In the early pioneer days, when rawhide and hickory switches were used—in those days there were no wires—to tie wagon beds, harness and plows together, many a time I have gone, when a small boy, with father into the woods where we had several hundred, long snouted, long tusked, back winds splitter hogs and he would catch the young pigs to mark them where the old mamma sow had left them in their snug little beds in the high cane brakes on leaves and grass. The little pigs would squeal, and you should see the rush of the vicious herd of swine as they would come in defense of their litter. In order to escape from them we were often compelled to climb a tree or use some decoy or strategy to induce them away so they would do us no injury. Many of our dogs have been killed and mutilated in rounding up hogs by their long tusks; even panthers, bears, wolves and wild-cats have been whipped by these hogs. When father wanted to kill one of these fat hogs for the family and the
negroes—we had quite a number of negroes—he would catch the hog when he was apart from the herd with a twisted hickory withe, tie in cut place in hog’s snout, and then to our old horse, Selim’s tail, and tell me to hit Old Selim, and the horse would drag the hog by his tail without any apparent inconvenience or injury to the faithful old family horse. The hogs kept fat in those days, as there was always plenty of persimmons, hawes, grapes, pecans, hickory-nuts, walnuts, etc. There was no scarcity of hog meat, lard and plenty of venison, turkey, bear, buffalo, beef, mutton and goat meat and prairie chicken, quail and fish; also plenty of wild honey. We used to make candles from tallow and beeswax in the winter from which we got our lights. Our beef hides were tanned at the Red Oak Bark Ooze Tan Yards of Uncle Farrow Medlin. We made our shoes from the leather tanned by Mr. Green, and the leather was also used for making harness and bridles.

Our mothers and sisters learned to card, spin and weave. The fleece from the sheep and the homespun cloth would wear and keep us warm under all conditions. We did not have the fashions of the day, but it was the fine wool from the sheep woven, spun and carded by the hands of true and noble womanhood—mothers and sisters of men whose lives have made the world better for their living, and whose sacrifices and labors have left a heritage that gold cannot buy, nor could it have been obtained in any other way.
Father's first plow was made on the bull tongue shovel order—at least a dozen pieces of scrap-iron, old horse shoes and wagon bed irons were used to make it, and the plow stock was chopped by hand, as well as the double and single-trees, from felled trees. Before we had our tanneries we used to make our harness and lariat ropes and halters out of rawhide and hickory withes, and rawhide strips were used to hold the wagon beds and plows together. We had no wire then, and had to invent a way to fasten things together with an easier acquired tie. The virgin soil of the prairies yielded to the magic touch of the plow drawn by the patient oxen, and in time the corn sprang up and fed the family and later, enough abundance for the cattle.

On a damp, cold night in the early part of the year—it was a night of fog—a band of redskins crept slowly over the wet prairies. They did not walk with even stride like men, but followed like a shrunken shadow brooding over a dark and dismal swamp. It was significant. They were hunched of shoulder, heavy legged. They were alive, but did not want to appear so. They were after the white man's horses and the white man's cattle, and would willingly kill the white man and his women and children if he could steal what the white man had. The love of life was only for themselves, and a wild beast was more to them than was the life of the brave men and women who came to develop a barren waste and build homes and enterprises that would leave posterity a heritage to be proud of. The Indian
The watchful bear dogs were the first to scent the encroaching redskins and set up a howl that warned the camp of settlers. The Indians paid no heed to the howling dogs, but answered in many places with sounds like hooting owls. A sentry on watch heard the commotion of the dogs and listened intently, fearful lest the Indians may be coming near, but all he could hear was the hooting of the owls. The man halted at the opening to the stockade—a protecting guard to retard the Indians from attack—and listened more intently. The dogs were by this time frantic, jumping in their fury and making a rush as though they scented wolves. The sentry was nonplussed. He could not see any indication of any danger, and could not understand why the dogs were so furious. His comrades had toiled so hard all day he did not want to disturb them, so he endeavored to pacify the dogs, but they would not be quieted. Finally he concluded he would let one of the dogs loose and let him go out of the stockade, thinking it was some animal prowling about the stockade fence. When he opened the entrance to the stockade the dog rushed to the opening, but would not go outside, and when all the dogs were turned loose they, too, rushed to the opening, set up a growl and barking, but would not go any further. This puzzled the man on watch, so he hastily closed and fastened the huge door and proceeded to awaken the men in the camp, and told them of the peculiar action of the dogs. The men determined that it was safest to
prepare for the worst, and so they got everything in readiness for a fierce battle.

The stockade was well constructed of split logs, set perpendicularly with the split side on the outside and standing about ten feet in height, and tops pointed in the shape of an inverted V. Inside this was braced and held in place by doweled and dovetailed poles, one end being buried in the ground, the other end holding up the fence. It was quite a formidable protection against the prowling wild beasts, as well as a defense against the savages. The pioneers had built loop holes, doubly protected at strategic places along the stockade for the purpose of defending themselves from marauding Indians. Inside the stockade was the corral where they kept their horses and a few head of cattle, sheep, poultry, dogs, etc., and to one side was built some two or three log cabins where the settlers dwelt. It had taken these brave, determined men a long time to build this little settlement, and it had been the rendezvous of everyone for miles around whenever there was danger of any Indian uprising, so that Indians had begun to recognize it as a great stronghold for the white man, and had also learned to fear to approach it lest they might lose their lives, for many an Indian had gone to the happy hunting grounds because he crawled too close to this fort.

On this particular night a large band of warriors had determined to attack the fort under the protection of darkness, expecting to come upon the settlers unawares, capture the horses and cattle, kill the men and women and burn their
homes and stockade. When the man on watch aroused the sleeping men and women, and boys, and recited his experiences, every one became alert for action, ready to make the marauders, whatever or whoever they were, pay dearly for the charge on their home. In the party was an experienced Indian fighter, who had been in several campaigns against the encroachment of the blood-thirsty savage, and he offered to reconnoiter and ascertain what it was that had so frightened the dogs and caused such alarm. So he crept out of an opening at the rear of the stockade, and as he did so the owls began a hooting in several different places surrounding the stockade. The Indian fighter knew at once by these calls that the Indians had gathered in great numbers, and concluded that it was to be a battle to the finish. Hastily returning to the settlement he told them what his conclusions were, and they immediately made preparations for a siege, having a presentiment that the Indians meant to destroy them if they could. The Indian fighter urged that they get all the water they could in the utensils they had, prepared to battle against fire. The weather was in their favor, as the night was damp and foggy, and he had hopes that they would be able to prevent a conflagration, as he felt that if they could keep the stockade from being burnt down they would have a good chance to defend themselves against the Indians.

It was long past midnight before the Indians began any demonstration. The first real manifestation was made by a groaning as though
someone was in great bodily pain—a plan the Indians hoped would cause some of the settlers to come out and investigate; and in fact, one of the men who heard it suggested that it might be some poor fellow being attacked by a panther. The Indian fighter warned them and told them it was but a ruse of the Indians to get them to open the stockade gate so they could rush in and slay them.

Finding their ruse unavailing, they then sent a runner up the poles to peer over, but it was so dark that he could not see, and finally, climbing over, dropped on the other side in the corral. In doing so he dropped on some sticks, and the Indian fighter rushed to the place, returning in a few minutes with a bowie knife dripping with blood, remarking as he came: “There’s one less devil to fight.” For over an hour the camp remained in absolute quiet—the women were huddled together with the children, and the men listening with keen, open ears for any movement that might occur. All were praying for the daylight, that they might see what was going on about them. Suddenly one of the dogs rushed toward the stockade wall, barking furiously and snapping his jaws as though he had seen an enemy. The Indian fighter followed closely as he could, just in time to see two dusky shadows straightening themselves up. Instantly his pistols spoke and two dead Indians lay in their tracks. As soon as the pistol shots were heard a score of arrows lit in the corral, but fortunately no one
was hurt. "Get under cover," yelled the Indian fighter. Scarcely had the words escaped his lips when another shower of arrows fell in the corral, and two or three had barbs of fire. These barbs did no injury, however, but they lit up in their progress the pointed tops of the stockade posts, so the settlers could see the heads of peering Indians, and they took advantage of this to take a shot at the heads above the posts. Just how many heads they hit was never known, for the Indian does not leave his dead if he can possibly get them away.

Gradually the day began to dawn, and the settler could see the Indians whenever they tried to put their heads over, and as rapidly as they did, a bullet would knock it down. Several efforts were made by the Indians to set fire to the stockade, but these efforts were fruitless, and the Indians were unable to accomplish their purpose. Finally the settlers were able to see, the day being well up, and they gathered in their little forts where they had made their port holes and picking out their foes, made sad havoc among them with their guns. The chief, a dangerous fellow, seeing they were at such great disadvantage, gave an order to his followers and they hastily withdrew. The men were for following after them, but again the Indian fighter warned them, and told them the Indians would lay in wait for them all day, and perhaps several days, hoping to slay them one by one.

A prayer of thankfulness went up from the besieged men and women for deliverance from those
bloodthirsty demons who had thirsted for the life-blood of these brave, determined men and women.

The Indian fighter went out cautiously to reconnoiter, and returned in a little while, telling them the Indians had been badly beaten—several of their number were slain and quite a few wounded. He told also that he had found a broken wagon only a short distance from the stockade, not over a mile or a mile and a half away, and a white man and his wife slain, the horses and all his belongings stolen. The poor man's eye-balls, gouged from their sockets, had been turned wrong side out, and his ears cut off and pinned to his nose with sharp sticks, and a little farther away lay the poor woman and her babe shamefully and horribly mutilated.

From the tracks of the hostile Indians there were some thirty who retreated, and probably the attacking party numbered forty to fifty before the fight began. With thankful hearts the settlers gave thanks to God for deliverance from such hellish fiends, whose lust for gain was so intense that no ties of sentiment or feeling gave them the slightest thought of mercy—whose desire was only to slay, to destroy—while the noble pioneers sought not to destroy, but to build and make the barren land blossom and give strength and health to the nation. Verily, God goes with the righteous, and His hand will be upheld in danger.
CHAPTER II.

INDIAN SONGS AND DANCES.

The Indian idea of war was more logical than human. He carried out in cold blood the old song that "All's fair in love and war." As a fighter he had no idea of giving quarters, and, of course, rarely expected it, although he cunningly learned the tenderness of the white man's heart and his tendency to mercy, though he himself remained obdurate, vicious and unmerciful so long as he was in power. When the early pioneers came here they were always on the alert for fear of the wily savages, who, in hunting for game, thought nothing of pouncing down on settlements at an unguarded moment, taking away with them scalps of the victims fastened to their belts or briddles, and kept them for exhibition at certain times of the moon. Notwithstanding their treachery, their merciless slaughter of men and women, they did not talk of the scalps or scalping, but used high sounding phrases. This ghastly trophy is to them the "sacred hair," an offering to their gods. It used to be told that two boys who smoked before they had proved themselves men were rebuked by a chief and told they must go to the camps of the white man and bring "some bark from the oak" before they could call themselves brave. The boys innocently went and peeled the bark from several trees, and when they brought it to
the chief, were greatly chagrined when they were told sternly to go and try again. Afterwards, when they helped to attack a caravan of travelers and brought back the “bark” from the head of one of the poor settlers then the boys were entitled thereafter to the privilege of smoking.

A band of Indian warriors came suddenly on the camp of a little settlement one night to steal what stock they might. There were a lot of horses in the corral, made of poles, whose tops were bound with iron-like ropes of rawhide. One Indian climbed quietly into the enclosure with the end of a rawhide lasso in his hand. He at one end, and a companion on the other end, sawed the rope back and forth till the ropes were cut; then several of the posts were uprooted, the horses let out, and off ran the thieves with their loot without arousing anyone. At daybreak the alarm was given, and the settlers organized and gave pursuit and overtook them some twenty miles away. The Indians resorted to their favorite tactics of savages by circling and shooting from their horses, then hiding behind their horses, thereby inviting the white men to waste their powder; and would have finally been victorious and beaten the settlers, but the settlers were too wise, and by well-placed firing from their guns, soon made the Indians take flight. The settlers recovered their stolen horses, besides a few of the Indians, but two or three of the men lost their scalps.

The Indian takes these scalps as trophies and proof of prowess, and chiefly because he believes that with it the valor and skill of the former pos-
sessor becomes his own. The scalp is taken by cutting a rough circle around the top of the skull and then tearing off the patch of skin and hair by brute force. It is a dreadful sight, never to be forgotten by anyone who has ever seen it. The scalp is cured by the one who takes it, and he takes great care in preparing it. Many magical powers are supposed to dwell in that scalp—even if touched either accidently or by design by a third person, it is supposed to transmit some of its virtues.

At certain periods of the month, when the moon is at a point equal to their festive dancing days, they gather together to hold their "mad dance," or dance in commemoration of their victory. The dancers form in two lines facing each other, with alternate men and women. The braves, in their war paint and clad in their paraphernalia of war, each carries in his left hand a bow and in his right a single arrow, pointing upward. The women wear their trinkets and their gayest costumes, but have nothing in their hands. The dancers move in perfect rhythm to the monotone of the chanters and the thump of the drum. This chanting is a metrical account of the battle and a musical explanation of how the scalps were taken.

When the dance is well under way one of the Indians, whose special duty it is to take charge of the scalps, brings them forward and walks slowly and solemnly up and down between the lines of dancers with the precious tokens of victory. At the conclusion of the scalp dance they finish with
a lively dance. At the end of every phrase they give imitations of the war hoop, or "enemy yells." The whole performance is weird and disgusting, and usually lasts two or three nights.
CHAPTER III.

HUNTING IN THE EARLY DAYS.

Game of nearly every kind abounded on these prairies that are now tilled, and where, on nearly every quarter section, now holds a home of happy, contented families, but in those days wild Spanish horses, deer and buffalo, bear and panther, raccoons, wolves and coyotes had full sway, and they roamed at will over the boundless prairies, feeding off the luxuriant native grasses that grew abundantly and as high as the arm-pits of a man in the valleys, and as high as the waist on the high ground. Game was so plentiful in the feathery tribes that they flocked in such numbers as to cloud the skies when they were in flight, and it was true that because of their abundance the farmer had great difficulty to plant his wheat, corn or other grains, because these birds and wild fowl would come and devour the seed. There were turkeys, geese, prairie chickens, quail and doves, and various and numerous other game birds and fowls in abundance. So plentiful that in their season they were common food on the table, and out of sheer necessity were we compelled to slaughter them in order that we could plant and grow our crops.

Many are the times I have taken part in hunting the wild Spanish horses, and it was an exciting experience, an experience not permitted to
this generation to enjoy. The way it was done required some skill and strength and nimbleness of feet and hands. These horses roamed at will, and on the approach of men would run pell-mell, like the wind, away from us as soon as we would come near. The only way we could get anywhere near one was to take a rifle, and with accurate and steady aim, send a ball through the top of his neck, which sent him sprawling on the ground, then with quick and active exertions, reach him before he could get up, place a rawhide loop around his neck and fasten the other end around the stoutly rigged saddle horn. Then the fun would begin. With an experienced, well-mounted rider on a good, strong horse, the battle would not be a long one, but as long as it did last it was a strenuous one. The captured horse would rear and rush and snort, and as he would try to get away the rider would draw a tighter line. Seldom did the wild horse unseat the rider, but there was always danger of the wild horse throwing himself backwards on to the rider. Many a Spanish horse has been broken and tamed to be a useful animal that looked so ferocious when first captured that it seemed impossible to tame him, and the trainers who mounted these wild steeds had many a jolt and shock in getting them to become obedient to the call of man. Many a man has been crippled for life in the effort to master one of these wild, untamed horses, not so many from being thrown as from the rearing, jumping and somersaulting of the animals themselves falling back on the rider and injuring him by the animal's fall.
These animals would double up in the air, then send their feet up almost straight, then their head down and their hind feet up, but so long as they remained on their feet, either up or down, the rider would hold on, and it was only when the horse fell backward that the danger came.

Bears furnished exciting sport also. They did not show much fight so long as they were not molested or hunted, but the bear hunted was generally no tame affair, and it was no boy’s game when the real work began. Bears did not molest us long, nor did we have much experience hunting them, as they moved farther West with the buffalo as the white man came.

Deer were very numerous, and I have seen as many as 200 playing and sunning themselves in one bunch, where they had gathered from the Sulphurs, Bois d’Arc and Sanders Creek in the spring, lazily eating the abundant grass and cavorting and playing and enjoying themselves. Well do I remember the sport we had in racing, chasing and catching deer with greyhounds in those days. How we would test the speed of our horses and the endurance of our dogs in the hunt and race for deer. We did not kill for lust’s sake, but for sport’s sake. It was easy to kill any number with our guns, but we tried our skill in choosing the biggest, and had contests to see who could kill at the greatest distance and with the cleanest shot. The deer in those days were so numerous that they would do great damage to our roasting ears and pea patches, and we would flash them with our fire pans, their eyes shining like stars.
Then we would easily capture them. The choice, juicy venison made a feast fit for kings, and we enjoyed the luxury and the benefit of those venison hams for many a day.

Wild turkeys were also very numerous, and fine, fat, sleek, blue-headed fellows. What enjoyment we used to have to get among a nice bunch of frying size and shoot till our barrels were hot, then gather so many that we could just barely carry them home, and have to leave them strewn on the ground! What fun it was to see some proud, strutting gobbler as he was helping to make the woods echo with his gobble, and take a shot at him just as he was making a bee-line for our wheat fields. What a load we had to get our trophies home, but I always found where there was a will there's usually a way. I can truthfully say that necessity is the mother of invention. It was quite common for the wild turkeys to come close to our home and mingle with mother's turkeys, and I have shot many of them close to our yard fence. A little experience I had once that happened while several of us were out on one of our camping expeditions was rather humiliating, but I look back on it now with gratification. We had secured seventeen deer and an innumerable quantity of turkeys, and I saw on a sandy branch some turkeys laying in the little creek. There was a hole full of clear water and full of fish. I made up my mind to make a record for shooting turkeys—some of the boys had killed two or three at one shot, so I put an extra load in my gun, cautiously and secretly hid my-
self in a good place on a tree in a reclining position, about six or eight feet from the ground, and, as I anticipated, the turkeys came in large numbers down the trail towards the water hole. I took careful aim, expecting to bag quite a few, as I had cocked both barrels of my big double barreled shotgun, and just when they were in range pulled the trigger. But what happened? The kick knocked me from my position, I swung under the log and couldn’t get back around, so I had to drop, and nearly broke my back in doing so. After I was able to get up I picked up my gun and went after my prize, when, to my amazement, I found feathers, feathers everywhere, enough to make a big feather bed, but not a turkey anywhere. Imagine if you can, how humiliated I was and how disappointed. The prize I expected to boast of became my humiliation. You ask: Did I tell the boys in camp of my disappointment? Well, no. I kept it to myself for several days, but finally I let it out. The joke on me was too good to keep. Even at my own expense, I felt I was letting my comrades have no share in the fun, so we all enjoyed a good, hearty laugh around the campfire as I told them my experience as we feasted on venison, turkey, fish, squirrel, quail and wild honey, which we had in abundance. Those days were bright and happy days, and we’ll never see their like again. Now we are striving for other things, times have changed, and sports have changed, and with the change we forget the dangers and the labors of the pioneers of the past, but just the same they paved the way for the comforts and the plenty we now enjoy.
When I hear of hunting parties going out today I can't help but remember what a difference there is between then and now. The prairie chickens used to fly in such numbers that they would obscure the sun. It was such sport shooting them and trying to see how many we could kill at one shot as they used to light in our fields when we were planting wheat. They were more numerous than blackbirds in oat-sowing time, and it kept us busy to keep them out of our fields. They would gather in the post oaks and live off the acorns in the fall of the year and weigh down the branches by their weight, they were so numerous. How well do I remember having stood on my father's gallery and shot at prairie chickens in the tops of the old post oak trees that stood in the yard. They didn't quite fall into the frying pan, but they dropped so close to the kitchen door that the cook had only to dress and clean them to put them there. They feasted also on berries, and in the shumake patches, when I was a mere lad herding sheep, too young to shoot a gun offhand, I carried a forked stick on which I placed the gun to shoot, and many of the feathery tribe have fallen when I pressed the trigger. I nearly always got a mess, but sometimes the recoil sent me sprawling on the ground, and not always did I have the time to choose the softest and coziest bed of flowers to lie upon. But what cared I for bruised or injured limbs, or bones, so long as I could get a goodly number of game!

The quail and partridges were fat and fine, and numerous. We used to catch them in pens and
shoot them, too. I have caught a dozen in one pen, and in harvest time we used to gather eggs and bake them in the hot sand and feast off them.

Nor shall I forget the nectar of the gods—the honey furnished us by the industrious honey bee—the most wonderful insect in God's creation, flitting from flower to flower, extracting here a little and there a little, and gathering the sweetest of all the sweets. If there is anything I like better than honey it is more honey. The wonderful tales told of honey and the honey bee may seem exaggerated, but no tale can exaggerate the abundance of honey that was to be found right here in Texas in the early days. What sweet, happy days we had cutting bee-trees and eating the rich, wild honey spread over our buttered biscuits, biscuits ready for the occasion. We had a bountiful supply the whole year round—combed honey, strained honey and candied honey. I cannot refrain from paying tribute to the industrious bees. How diligently they gather and economically store during the season of labor that they may have plenty in the store-house in the winter hours. What a lesson to us the bees give, teaching us the need for industry, thrift and economy, using our God-given talents while it is day, and laying in store for the day when our work is done. Honey Grove—let the name perpetuate the meaning that its name implies, a grove where industry, economy, enterprise and perseverance shall be perpetuated. It is said that Davy Crockett and his men, those illustrious Texas heroes, camped here a week on their way to that world-famed Alamo, and fed on the
honey that gave them the joy of service and zeal for their country's cause. These men, whose names are written in history's pages as heroes unequalled, and who will live in the memory of ages of unborn men and women for centuries to come.
CHAPTER IV.

TEN YEARS A COWBOY IN THE WILD WEST.

Ever since I first learned to ride a horse I was trained to work with herds and care for horses and cattle. Even before I could ride horseback I herded a large flock of sheep. In those days wolves and other carniverous animals were prowling around so plentifully that it required the utmost vigilance, both by night and by day, to keep them from being killed and eaten. We had to pen them in stockades built of heavy rails and logs near the house and guarded by good bear dogs to keep the wolves and panthers away. The sheep were very necessary to us then, and profitable. From their wool we carded, spun and wove our clothing, our bed clothes and our cloth. From their flesh we got our meat food. We made our own clothes then, and they were all wool and a full, wide yard. Every young woman and matron knew how to manufacture clothing for herself and for her children, and many a woman has made a suit for her husband and sons from the wool of the sheep that were raised in their own corral.

As I grew older I had to herd cattle and horses. On the prairies the luxuriant grasses grew in such an abundance that it was very profitable to raise horses, cattle and hogs. Often the grass grew as high as the horses' sides. In the summer there
was an abundance of grass on the high ground, and in the winter the cattle would fatten on the grass in the bottoms. Hogs fattened on persimmons, pecans and hickory and walnuts. Farmers could borrow money at a very low rate of interest and mortgages were very rare. A man borrowed on his honor then and confidence prevailed, and there were no losses which required the honest man to bear because of the rascality of the man who absconded. Every one practiced the golden rule, doing unto others as they would be done by—not as it seems to be the rule today, to do others or else they will do you.

There were no railroads then, and to market our stock we would round up our stock and drive them to Kansas or Nebraska, feeding them on the grasses on the way. Often for several months we would not be under a roof, sleeping out in the open, camping, exposed to the rigors of the weather, swimming rivers, in storms and rains, in bright and dark days, the thundering and lightning often stampeding the cattle, necessitating labor and work to round them up sometimes in the most trying conditions.

The first trip I took I shall never forget. I had been used to having the comforts of home, with plenty of good milk, butter and eggs, chicken, fruits, vegetables and good wholesome made bread, and a nice soft feather bed to sleep on. But my! What a change when I started on the journey to the market with the cattle—my first introduction to driving the cattle on that long journey over the Chisholm trail to Kansas. How my
bones ached and my appetite groaned, and how I longed for my happy, comfortable home. It required all my courage, ambition and determination to keep me on my way, and you may be sure the brackish, unfiltered water, and the coarse cornbread and fat bacon, and badly made coffee was not gratifying to the desires of my digestive organs. Nor did it have the effect of easing my mind—in fact, for a few days I almost starved. The cowboys and the cook called me the parson. They taunted me because I would not eat their crude food, and said: "Parson, you'll come to your appetite by and by"—and I did, for I soon got so I could eat any old thing they fixed and in any old way. Often after a long, hard day, I would arrive in camp almost exhausted after running after stampeded cattle, sometimes being gone all night, with lightning flashes and thunder roaring and rain beating, or sleet beating in my face to sit down to a meal of corn-pone and fat bacon, washing it down with badly concocted coffee.

The discomforts of the trail were not alone the hard bed of the prairie, nor the badly cooked meals, but we also had the dangers of the ever-present, murderous Indians. They lurked in every possible place that would give them a hiding place, and infested the country all along the route. Always on the warpath, painted in their hideous colors, armed with bows, arrows and their scalping knives, ready to slaughter the cowboys that they might rob them of their cattle. It was the will of the great Spirit that I should be delivered, though thousands of my brave fellows were
slaughtered by these bloodthirsty devils, and their cattle stolen. Many a night, after a tedious and dangerous chasing of stampeded cattle, have we gone without supper and breakfast, and found ourselves ten or fifteen miles from camp, all alone with seventy-five or one hundred head of cattle, at the mercy of the ever-present onslaught of the treacherous Red Man, who was only too eager to take our lives that he might get our cattle. How it lingers in my memory, and I shall remember it to my dying day, how, when I would come in from the strain of the weariness and care of the trail, to find that the other cowboys who had gone in at intervals from rounding up their stampeded cattle, had left me nothing to eat, and how well I remember the cook as he would say to me: "Just wait, Parson, and I’ll soon start a fire and have you some bread and coffee," and he would then gather up some of the weeds and grass and start to make me something to eat, telling me that he would have something for the Parson, even if he only had grass and weeds to cook it with. I would be so hungry that I couldn’t wait, and would pitch in and eat ravenously of the raw meat, and as I think of it now, it tasted better than anything I ever ate in my life, although I was wet and weary and exhausted. Emergency and necessity makes us do things sometimes that we abhor under other conditions, and I learned in those days that a man will do things sometimes he says he would never do. One must experience the need of a situation before he is capable of knowing what he would do if he had to do it. It is the experienced who have
the most sympathy, and it teaches patience to have to bear up against adversities.

Another scene comes vividly to my mind on a night of extreme disorder. The night was so dark and the storm so menacing that we could not see the distance of the length of our arm, except when a flash of lightning illuminated the way for us. Feeling our way, not knowing what we might run into, nor what we were running over, the frightened cattle rushing ahead of us invisible except as we could see them ahead of us when the lightning flashed, we were obliged to press on, for fear they would all be lost. For three days and nights we had been in the saddle nearly all the time. How we longed for the rest of the bed, rough as it was, where we could rest our bodies and give ourselves over to a good, sound sleep. While we were riding on this way, suddenly my brother's horse lit in a mudhole and his feet stuck, throwing the horse to the ground and my brother somersaulted over his head, the horse sinking up to his breast, turned over on my brother as he fell and seriously hurt his left leg, arm and breast. I stopped and got off my horse to help him, but he said, "No, go full speed and catch my horse," for the horse, after falling, had got up and ran after the fleeing, stampeding cattle. By the frequent use of the quirt and spurs I succeeded, by giving my horse his head, in reaching the herd, and finally located the horse and brought him back to my brother. But what a time I had in locating him, for with the howling of the wind and the howl of the wolves, and the cries of the panthers,
and the hooting owls, I would hear him first in one place and then another, and many a wild goose chase I had, as I thought I heard his voice calling me in many different places. When I finally reached him I found him badly crippled, and with much difficulty and some help from him, succeeded in getting him in the saddle, when I had to take him back to camp, where our wagon and mess tent was. How he suffered, and for several days we were obliged to take him in the wagon, which was drawn by ox teams, before he was able to mount his horse again. This accident, no doubt, shortened his life, as he never fully recovered from the injury he sustained on this terrible night’s experience—he always complained ever after of the pain in his breast. As I look back on those momentous days, with the dangers and exposures, and compare them with the comforts of today, made possible by the self-sacrificing pioneering of the men and women of those days, I wonder and exclaim: Surely the goodness and mercy of the guiding hand and protecting care of our gracious heavenly Father has ever protected and followed me, and words fail to express my gratitude and thankfulness to Him for His goodness to me. Millions have died since I came into existence, and yet He has thought well to leave me here. For some useful purpose He has kept me here, some helpful mission He intends I should do. I trust God will give me grace to do what He would have me do, and that I may use the talent He has given me, vigorously, courageously, for truth, honor, justice and mercy all along the path of life, till I reach the great beyond.
There were so many events in my life in the early days that it is, of course, impossible to narrate them all. One of the momentous times that I remember while we were driving our cattle was at a place where we had corralled them in a valley between two mountains, whose steep, rocky sides reared up almost perpendicularly, and on the other side was a deep, steep bank, while at the entrance of the valley we had stationed two cowboys, whom we felt certain would have no difficulty in controlling the cattle from making their escape. My brother and I had laid down with our clothes on, as was our custom when we were in expectancy of an immediate awakening from the stampeding cattle. About midnight there was a rush, like an avalanche of the long-legged Southern Texas-Spanish cattle which were grazing nearby—there must have been nearly ten thousand of them. They came rushing pell-mell over the rocks and hillsides, and the motion and noise is indescribable. I shall never forget the terrific commotion as they came towards our bunch and mingled with them. Our cattle were so frightened, and so hard to manage that we were almost desperate to separate them the following day. It took us all day to get them apart, and one of our fellows lost his hat and the cattle ground it to shreds under their hoofs; so he was compelled to wear a red bandana until we reached Kansas. He had such a spectacular appearance that we nicknamed him our "Heap Big Indian Chief." Many of our cattle were dehorned from the rush of the wild steers, and several were so badly bruised that we were compelled to kill them to relieve them of their dis-
tress. We lost many by the swollen streams in crossing the rivers, and often both riders and horses were lost in endeavoring to ford the streams. It was hard sometimes to get the herd across a stream, but after we would get one started it would usually result in the rest following without any further trouble. It was on one of these occasions that I nearly lost my life. We had to swim the rivers on horseback, and we usually constructed a raft to float over our wagon. It was on the Big Walnut Creek, in the Osage Nation, near the Kansas line. A swollen stream was rapidly flowing in the creek, and we were anxious to cross before night came on. On the opposite bank was a log raft tied to a tree, and I told my brother Loss that I was going to swim across for that raft so we could ford our wagon and grub across. So I took hold of the rope with my teeth after tying two thirty-foot lariats together, started to swim across. I got along first rate until I reached about the middle, when the weight of the rope in the water caused me to have fear that I should be unable to bear up. But I was so determined to carry out my plan that I held on with grim desperation, and was drawn under the water. I was not frightened, and preserved my presence of mind. My brother yelled for me to let go of the rope, but being of a persistent disposition, I held on desperately, and as I was drawn under I would hold my breath so that I would not strangle. I only had a short distance to go to reach the other shore, when I found my strength was about to give way. I made one strong effort, and was just about to give up when, in standing in the
water, I found I could just touch bottom, and this gave me courage to make one more effort, and after two or three more strokes I succeeded in grasping hold of a strong limb in a bush hanging on the edge of the bank, which saved me from going under. I was so fatigued and worn out that I lay there holding to the branch for several minutes before I could gather enough strength to crawl out on the shore and walk up to where the raft was tied. It did not take long to get the raft over and ferry our traps and grub, but it seemed an age when I was swimming across that dangerous overflowing river. It took me several days to get over that little experience, and I have often thought if that river had been another yard wider I would have been on the other shore, where mankind never has come back.

As my memory takes me back to those long drives to market with our cattle, and I compare them with the conveniences of today, I cannot help but feel that the present generation owes a great debt of gratitude to the pioneers who blazed the trail for the vast possibilities that are all about us. Gone are the days when we would loiter around the markets for days at a time waiting for the price for our cattle, letting them fatten on the nutritious grass so plentiful everywhere until they would fatten so we should be able to get our price. Meanwhile we would live on fish and game, and we would keep our cattle calmly feeding, with occasionally a few barrels of salt to keep them in good condition. The land is now nearly all taken up, and it is not so free
to find as then, and we shall never see them again—those days when a man was in fact monarch of all he surveyed. We did not appreciate our privileges then. Had we had the foresight, what opportunities we might have accomplished. It teaches me the lesson that we should make good use of our opportunities, and we will then have plenty for the rainy days. But each dark cloud has its silver lining, so after all is the fact that the opportunities lost were lost only to be made brighter for others, who have reaped the benefits of the sacrifices of those who were willing to give their lives in settling this, then, barren waste, and build homes and rear children for the development of what is now our great and glorious commonwealth.
CHAPTER V.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND HISTORY OF MY FATHER, W. B. ALLEN, AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

(Written by J. Taylor Allen, Jan. 6th, 1908.)

Born August 1st, 1816, in Edgefield District, South Carolina; emigrated with his parents, when eight years old, to Brownsville, Haywood County, Tennessee. He had four brothers and two sisters. His father died in Haywood County, Tennessee.

When about eighteen years old (hearing of the war between Mexico and the Republic of Texas, under President-General Sam Houston, battling for freedom, liberty and independence against Spanish and Mexican tyrannical rule) and being possessed of a patriotic, daring, adventuresome, pioneer spirit, longed to come to Texas to engage in the conflict, and faithfully, heroically and energetically battle against Spaniards, Mexicans, wild, blood-thirsty Indians, innumerable wild animals, and endure the many dangers, inconveniences and hardships incident to early pioneer settlers life.

His dear old widowed mother, brothers, sisters and other relatives and friends, fully realizing the hazard, sought to dissuade him from his greatly desired, dangerous journey, telling him that he would be killed and scalped by blood-thirsty savage Indians, his body devoured by ferocious ani-
mals, and his people in the far-away Tennessee homeland never would know what became of him.

But all scary tales and persuasion only made him bolder and more determined to make the hazardous journey; so that his mother and other relatives and friends, seeing their efforts to dissuade him were of no avail, began to plan and arrange for his departure. At just about this time, two of the old-time friends of his mother and father, Dr. Boyce and Everett Harris, were planning and arranging to make the journey on horseback to Texas to secure some of the good, rich land; so his mother told them her son, Wilson B. Allen, was determined to go and besought them that he might go with them. Of course, since it was her wish, they consented and accepted his earnest request and were really glad to have him accompany them on their long, lonesome, dangerous journey through a country almost uninhabited by white people; surrounded as they journeyed by wild, blood-thirsty Indians and wild animals. It seems miraculous that they were not killed, but a kind Providence protected and provided security for these brave and determined pioneer settlers. They proceeded on their journey without any serious inconvenience until in Arkansas. Father's horse took sick, and, notwithstanding all their efforts and remedies, died, leaving father afoot to travel in that dangerous wilderness.

To try him and test his metal, patience and courage, his friends saucily and tauntingly said: "Young man, we tried to discourage you from coming on this long, hard, dangerous journey and
warned you that you would wish you had remained with your relatives and friends in Tennessee, when they gathered in vast numbers to bid you God-speed and bid you farewell, not ex-

Captain W. B. Allen

pecting to see you again. Don't you wish you was at home with your mother?" But father boldly and courageously told them that that was not the only horse in the world and he expected to own a ranch of horses and cattle, hogs and land in Texas before he died, telling his friends to map out the
way, and each following night they would find him on their arrival waiting for them, for he would out travel their horses.

His friends, admiring his courage and earnestness, said to him: "Young man, you are of the right metal; we will never leave nor forsake you; you haven't got the money to buy a horse, but we have and will buy you one the first opportunity." They told father to take his saddle, bridle and blanket on his back and go back to the nearest stage stand and they would go on to the next stage stand, and when he came, they would buy him a horse.

On his way, trudging along with the load on his back, he saw a man in the distance driving toward him in a two-horse wagon, with a lead horse tied to hind end of wagon. Supposing father was a horse thief, as the surrounding country was infested with horse thieves—(white men who were in league with the prowling, thieving Indians, and really a great deal of the worst killing and stealing was done by mean white men, renegades, murderers and thieves who had fled from Eastern and Northern States, doing meanness and charging same to Indians)—the man with the two-horse wagon kept stopping; did not know what to do; but, when father came up he told him that he was no horse thief, but only a poor boy, eighteen years old, just from Tennessee on his way to Texas, and that his horse had died and he would greatly appreciate a ride to next stage stand. He said to father: "You have an honest-looking face; I believe I can trust you." Father said, "I am poor
but propose to be honest, truthful and industrious, and that he felt sure he could make a living in this big world."

Father was told to put his saddle, bridle and blanket on the lead horse and that his company would be very acceptable on their dangerous journey. On arriving at the stage stand they found father's friends patiently waiting father's arrival, and bought the horse for father and then continued their journey without any further misfortune or molestation, crossing Red River north of where Paris is now located. There were no houses then in that section of the country.

Coming out on the big prairie between there and where Honey Grove now stands they camped, and out in the surrounding distance they viewed the broad expanse of land, and, being from a timbered country, this was the first prairie they ever saw.

The innumerable buffalo, deer, wild Spanish horses, wolves, bear, turkeys, prairie chicken, added increased attraction, excitement and interest to the scene, and they were delighted in seeing the beautiful, waving, luxuriant, nutritious grass, up to a horse's side, interspersed with beautiful, fragrant flowers of every hue and color, around which the ever-industrious honey bees swarmed, gathering the sweetest and best of nature's dainties, a great deal of which was found in sheets hanging on to the tall grass that had previously fallen down and tangled.
After having viewed and fully contemplated nature's most beautiful and grand display, which poet's pen or painter's brush fails to fully paint or portray, and after having royally feasted on said lavish supply of the world's best, they pursued their journey across the indescribable prairie and arrived at Uncle Jesse Shelton's, the only man then living on the well-noted and far-famed Sulphur Creek. A more hospitable or better family father says he never met. After such a long journey, it seemed like meeting with kindred and long-separated friends, though they had never met before. It was like those who travel in a desert, barren wilderness who, after having nearly perished for water, come suddenly upon cold, gurgling springs of pure water from unfailing, inexhaustible fountains. With renewed vigor, hope, perseverance and patience they were encouraged to continue on their journey, surmounting every obstacle, danger and difficulty, which should ever encourage us to perseveringly labor, and patiently wait, and, if at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

After remaining at Uncle Jesse Shelton's a few days, father made him a proposition to work by the day or month for him, as he was very anxious to make some money to pay for the horse his friends bought for him. Uncle Jesse told him he did not need any hired help, as he had four boys with negroes plenty to attend his stock, make rail fences and break new land and cultivate the small acreage already planted in corn for bread and roasting ears, but father being so willing to help
in doing any kind of work that came up during the day, and with lighted fat pine knots ablaze in an old-fashioned frying pan, with the handle tied to the end of a pole and placed on his shoulder, and going forth at night to dazzle the eyes of deer, coons, etc., that were destroying the roasting ears, pumpkins and peas, and killing large numbers, thereby saved the patch to the owner, who appreciated it so much that he employed my father at $15.00 per month, one-half of his time to be put in hunting by day and part of the night, which exciting sport he greatly enjoyed.

After a great quantity of buffalo, bear, panther, deer, wolf, coon skins and beef hides, etc., were secured they were loaded on to pack ponies, horses and mules and transported eighty-five miles to Sam Fulton's store on White River, Arkansas, and exchanged for the real necessities of life. Often when they ran out of supplies before they could renew their trip for more, they made out without bread or salt; but having an abundance of all kinds of wild meats and wild honey, they fared sumptuously from Mother Nature's own hand and generous production. When they wished to capture wild Spanish horses, the plan that ever proved practical and successful was for a skillful, experienced marksman with rifle to shoot in a certain part of the neck, thus creasing the same, which stunned the animal, causing it to fall; and while struggling rawhide lariats were quickly and securely placed in running noose around the animal's neck, and when sufficient recovered from the terrible shock, a desperate struggle ensued be-
tween the captured prize and the men, the animal plunging, squealing, and bawling until completely overcome and exhausted. Then a stoutly rigged Spanish saddle was tightly and stoutly girded. After a little rest, the rider quickly bounded into the saddle and the real, exciting fun began in earnest; bounding high in the air, coming down stiff-legged, head between front legs, all humped up; snorting, continuing desperately to exert every muscle in the effort to displace the rider and send him sprawling on the ground, which was impossible if a practical, experienced rider. The most serious and dangerous part of the program was from a high plunge, straight up in the air and falling backward, which has often resulted in making riders cripples for life, and some have been suddenly killed. The Spanish horses were noted for their hardy, tough endurance, standing more hardships with nothing but wild grass to eat, than any living horse, but invariably, after a little rest, they had to be broke over again each succeeding time as long as they lived.

After a considerable time had elapsed, father being agreeably employed by Uncle Jesse, father said to George Shelton one day. "George, suppose we take a trip into Western Texas (calling this portion West Texas) and locate choice claims of 640 acres each, which we are justly entitled to." "But no," said George, "father will not consent for us to go as we are all really needed here to protect our log cabin home, for we are exposed to the danger of assault from the wild, blood-thirsty Indians and wild animals at all times."
However, it was not long until some more brave young men came from Tennessee, who insisted and earnestly plead with Uncle Jesse Shelton to let father and George go with them, and fully explore and locate land in this portion of the country. After a long time Uncle Jesse told them if they would complete a big task of making good large rails and haul same out and fence and break a certain piece of new land, that father and George might go with them. They all set to work vigorously and energetically and soon completed the required task. Then commenced a thorough preparation for their dangerous journey. After packing their ponies with such necessaries then to be obtained, such as dressed buffalo and bear skins, robes for bedding, frying pan to cook their wild game in, a good supply of guns, ammunition, bowie knives, etc.; rawhide lariats to tie their ponies onto nature's own lavish field; flint rock and spunk to strike fires, there being no matches then, they proceeded on their journey, coming out on the noted, far-famed prairie between where Paris and Honey Grove now are. They camped one or two days, killing and feasting on all kinds of game, thence across to Saunders Creek, on which a man named Wildman, the only man then living on said stream. He had a few poles tied together at the top, covered with bear, buffalo, panther, wolf and deer skins, and the same kind were used for bedding. After royally entertaining their host, they had great sport chasing game with fleet-footed grey hounds and race horses, seeing who could capture the greatest number. Prizes were awarded to successful competitors,
which consisted of best deer skin suit, moccasins and coon skin cap. Sometimes best dressed buffalo and bear skins, with hair left on, were counted good, useful premiums, and sometimes grey hounds and ponies were exchanged from owners to prize-takers.

From the creek they came out on the three-mile branch east of Honey Grove, which city has been established long since then. After enjoying themselves to their heart's content on said branch, father said: "Boys, come, let us go to yonder point of timber that extends far out in the prairie." They rapidly hastened to said place, and arriving there found camp fire signs—carcasses of wild animals that had been killed by said campers, and a great number of bee trees had been cut, all of which indicated that quite a number—perhaps fifteen or twenty men—had camped there for a week, which father and his party learned later was David Crockett and comrades on their way to the celebrated, famous Alamo, where the heroic braves engaged in deadly combat with Santa Anna and his hosts, and fell in defense of our Texas homeland. Father and comrades camped several days in the celebrated grove.

One day while father was wending his way through briars, vines and brush, he came upon a stooping pin oak tree on which was cut in large letters the following, to-wit: "Honey Grove." Father's curiosity was excited and desiring that the other boys should see same, he called aloud, "Come here, boys!" But the boys having just come in off a big round-up, having killed a great
quantity of game and being tired, were in no humor to go further until rested. They said to father, in a loud voice, "We will not come there; we are tired of all kinds of wild game and honey, anyhow." But father assured them that it was something new and uncommon. Finally they concluded to go and see the new something. Father, pointing up, said: "Boys, there is the name by which the city that will be here some day shall be called."

Another day while father was alone hunting in the grove he kept hearing some noise, pit-a-pat, in rapid succession, and proceeded cautiously through vines, brush and briars, until he could see a large bear robbing a bee tree, thrusting his fore paw into the hollow of the tree, which the bear had knawed with his teeth large enough to bring out large slices of honey covered with bees, which, of course, stung Mr. Bruin in rapid succession, he patting them vigorously and raking them off of his nose and head. Father watched him until he had eaten about a large bucketful, and then with his faithful, tried and true rifle, sent a bullet crashing through his heart. Father then, with a large bowie knife, proceeded to butcher him. When he and the boys got him to camp they all decided he was the largest and fattest they had seen. Besides abundance of honey in every hollow tree they found plenty deposited in the high grass, where it had fallen in drooping position, which justly entitles the place to the appropriate name, Honey Grove.

They found the famous waters, now known as
the Erwin Spring, which afforded an abundance of good, pure water, standing in holes where it had run far below. The innumerable Indian moccasin tracks and the tremendous amount of wild animal tracks proved that it was the regular watering place for the surrounding country. The boys added a little to truth and real facts by telling newcomers from the far Eastern States late on, that in addition to an abundance of all kinds of game and honey in every hollow tree and in the grass, there was a honey pond of as pure honey as mortal man ever ate, around which stood fritter trees heavily loaded with fritters; wooden pitchforks to fork them down, wallow them in the honey and feast to the heart's content; also, that the perpetual fountain of youth was there and from the waters of which you became young again, all aches and pains going forever. When those to whom this was told, made diligent search and returned, they were asked if they found everything as described. They said they found everything except the honey pond and fritter tree; they found the good spring in which they bathed but could appreciate no material difference to the extent of changing from old age to youth.

Continuing their journey down the celebrated Honey Grove Creek, coming opposite the noted Allen’s Point, which was named after my father, he being the first to blaze a road through, mark lines and put up corners, thinking at that time if no better place was found, they would locate their claims there, having plenty of timber, surrounded on three sides by a beautiful prairie, and plenty
of game and wild honey. But as they were out looking, they proceeded to further explore the country. Coming to the beautiful spot, where the present old homestead is, he said: "Boys, here I intend to live and die." And he did, being called home from this early pilgrimage the third day of July, 1900, being aged eighty-three years, nine months and two days. He is free from care, sorrow and pain; no more pioneer hardships and dangers to endure; sacrifices made that others coming after might have peaceable, happy, contented, prosperous homes. Oh! let us ever reverence his memory and all the heroic men and women of pioneer days of Texas. They have established monuments to their memory by good deeds, prompted by a true spirit that will live forever.

While out on this prospecting trip they traveled north, finding a lone wild pine tree near the old homestead place, and concluded that there was certainly a pinery near, and looking away in the distance they could see a high ridge of timber, which they mistook for a huge pinery; but, upon arriving there it proved to be what they called a poor, barren, post oak ridge, timbered country. Here there was an abundance of wild game of all kinds and extra fine grass. Before reaching this post oak timbered ridge they crossed the celebrated and widely known Bois d'Arc bottom and creek. Words fail to describe the immense tall cane brakes; cane so large, thick and high that thirty feet away could not be told whether Indians, bear, panther, wolves, deer, cattle or horses abounded. They entered this cane brake, but with
faithful, tried and true bear dogs, gun and ammunition ever ready and prepared for any emergency, should an occasion of necessity for self-defense or fight to a finish ensue, which often occurred in after years while hunting wild game, horses, cattle and hogs. The wild rye and other luxuriant nutritious grasses, I assure you, were indescribable, and pen is inadequate to the task to fully describe the vast quantity of valuable Bois d’Arc timber, which has proved of great benefit in supplying the world with timber, out of which the famous Bois d’Arc wagons have been and are still being made, and also the most durable fence posts, which incloses millions of acres of the richest virgin soil of the world. But this supply of Bois d’Arc timber is becoming exhausted and the ruthless hand of time will fail to replace except in very limited quantities.

From what is now known as the Erwin Spring at the head of the famous Honey Grove Creek, down to opposite what is known as Allen’s Point, father said: “Boys, here is a splendid place to locate our claims; an abundance of good timber adjoining the prairie and the world alive with game.” They proceeded to mark trees and blaze out the first claims and roads from whence the celebrated Allen’s Point derived its name, the same being named for my father and will, I hope, retain its name until the last note of Gabriel’s trumpet will be sounded. But instead of father settling at once, he proceeded with his friends to explore further the grand and beautiful country—so many good locations it was hard to decide where to
permanently settle, but he finally concluded to assist Thomas Kemble to clear up a piece of land, fence and build a pole cabin on what is now known as the Humble place, and said Kemble in turn assisted father to clear and put a brush fence around a little patch of ground on what is now known as the Ishom Jolley place (where Dr. Buck Gamble once lived; after him Bill Ward lived there).

One day while father was grubbing said patch, three Indian chiefs with 600 warriors of the Kickapoo, Kiowa and Comanche tribes, having their war paint on and equipped for their style of warfare, which consisted of bows and arrows, lances, tomahawks and scalping knives. They came screaming like multitudes of wolves and panthers, surrounded father on all sides, riding over his brush fence as if nothing was there. Imagine, if you can, his thoughts and feelings on that occasion. He, a boy only 18 years old, fresh from old Tennessee, all alone, surrounded by savage, bloodthirsty demons screaming for scalp and blood! Ten thousand thoughts rapidly revolved and passed through his mind; he would never again see his Tennessee home, his dear old widowed mother, brothers and sisters, kindred and friends; he expected to be killed and scalped, and his body left to be devoured by wild beasts and no one ever knew what became of him. But an overruling, Allwise Providence ruled and prevailed. Father's first thought was to step and get his true and tried rifle, which was standing against a tree near by, but, "No," he said, "I am helpless; I can do nothing but submit to my doom and fate and die brave like a man by standing my ground." He
afterwards said, "I was scared nearly to death." His hair stood on end, raising his hat on his head. But having heard of and read in history that if the white man acts brave the Indians will admire his bravery and not kill him. He therefore summed up all the courage possible under the circumstances and surroundings and continued grubbing. The Indians advanced within fifty yards. Suddenly they all stopped. Three, who proved to be chiefs, held up their arrows with white rags tied to them, which signified peace and friendship. The chiefs got down and advanced to where father stood, saying in broken English: "Howdy do, much heap brave, good white man; much heap brave," patting him on the back, "make heap brave, big chief; whippy all big tribes." Father felt greatly relieved, having never heard more appreciative, soothing, enchanting words. They took up the black dirt in their hands saying: "Much heap rich, good dirt; makey heap good corn," and they assured father they wanted corn. Then and there he freely and liberally gave them all the parched corn he had, which was a very small amount, indeed, in return for which they threw down at his feet dressed bear, buffalo, wolf, panther and deer skins. They then enquired for a store. He told them the nearest store was Sam Fulton's, eighty-five miles northeast of where Paris now stands. They camped on the familiar and noted Wards Creek an entire week. Father said he never saw so much game of all kinds killed in the same length of time in his life. They invited him to their camps, which invitation he gladly accepted and freely partook of their hos-
pitality, feasted royally, and smoked their pipe of peace. They also accepted his invitation and ate many a hearty meal around his campfire which consisted of all kinds of wild meat without bread or salt. Water was used, there being no such thing as milk or coffee. They pleaded and earnestly urged that father go with them and be their big chief, but he reconciled them to let him remain and in so many moons he would have corn to trade them for peltry. They packed their ponies, gave a war whoop, yell, and away they went in the direction of Sam Fulton's store, 85 miles away, which was the last father ever saw of them. He felt once more monarch of all he surveyed.

A photograph of those wild Indians with brass rings in their nose, wild cat tails hanging in their ears, warpaint on their faces and half dressed in skins of wild animals, would attract curiosity and attention, and many would exclaim: "How did the pioneer settlers escape from being killed and scalped?" Perhaps the boys and girls, and grown up people, too, will better appreciate their privileges, opportunities and surrounding circumstances if from reading our sketches of true facts and history of early pioneer life in Texas they can fully realize the difference between then and now. Oh, what dangers, hardships and inconveniences they endured that we, their posterity, might have peaceful, prosperous, happy contented homes! Let us ever reverence their memory, and commemorate their brave, daring, adventurous deeds by meeting at least once a year in reunion of the surviving old settlers, and may our chil-
dren down to future generations continue to perpetuate the practice until time shall be no more.

Guns with ammunition were few and scarce, a judicious, economical use of same in engagements with Indians and wild animals was always essential, and really necessary, for in a mortal combat life and death issue, there was no time to be lost, no time for mistakes. Father and Uncle Joe Spence had an experience one day they never forgot to their dying day. After killing a great many buffalo, bear, panther and deer in the Journigan thicket—where it was once said that "a bowie knife could not be thrust up to the handle in it so tremendously thick was the grass interwoven with brush, vines and briars." Their supply of ammunition was nearly exhausted. In this case of emergency five Indians came dashing out of the thicket, screaming and yelling, letting fly showers of arrows close about father's and Uncle Joe's heads. They, of course, had to defend themselves as best they could under the circumstances. Their supply being short, they had to reserve their loads until compelled to shoot, which they did, killing two of the Indians. They would come dashing up to within 75 or 100 yards then turn, all the time intending to decoy them to shoot out their remaining ammunition, then they would have run upon, killed and scalped them, but father and his comrade planned and maneuvered cautiously. Father said: "Joe, the one that kills the old chief shall have his fine, fleetfooted dapple gray horse," which was trained to wheel and turn suddenly on his hind feet and jump seemingly 40 feet. Their
custom was to lean away under the side of their ponies, only one foot hanging over the horse's back for white men to shoot at. But in one of his dashes big chief straightened himself up and banteringly and defiantly patted his breast, at which time father drew a bead and sent a rifle ball through his breast. He reeled and fell to one side, and was caught and held on his horse by two of his warriors, who rode on each side until they reached an opening in the thicket and hastened to escape, but upon their pursuers' close, desperate chase, father saw smoke, also buzzards fly, which indicated an Indian camp. Of course, safety demanded a right about, hasty retreat, sadly disappointed at not having come into possession of the coveted prize. Although Indians invariably take a white man's scalp when possible, yet they considered their tribe ruined and disgraced when a white man took one of their scalps, and always used every strategy, cunning and precaution to prevent one of their number, though dead, from falling into the hands of the white man.

On another occasion father and a few friends—Uncle Jerry Ward was one of the number, rigged up their camp outfit into an ox wagon, took their bear dogs, guns and ammunition and hied away to the head of the famous North Sulphur, at which place they camped one week, cutting bee trees, killing bear, panther, buffalo and many other animals too numerous to mention. In several desperate engagements with wounded bears they lost several of their best bear dogs. Mr. Bear defended himself by standing on his hind
feet and when dogs approached near enough they would box with their forepaws and send the dogs head over heels through the air, often resulting in a dead dog. Mr. Bear would also often securely hold a dog tightly in his embrace and hug and squeeze them to death. A great many bear were killed on that trip—enough bear and various other kinds of game to last one year. They also secured an abundance of good, rich honey in barrels and several fine swarms of bees in hollow logs.

An experience never to be forgotten happened en route home. Jolting along, the packing to secure the bees in the hive came out. Of course, the bees made for everything in sight, causing a tremendous stampede of men and oxen, resulting and terminating in the worst stung men and oxen you ever saw—oxen pitching and bellowing, scattering gums, bees, honey and bear meat and pieces of wagon for miles and miles along the way. Oxen broke their bows and furiously plunged into the thicket, where they remained secure by hiding away for a week before they were found. They were wild and foolish, a knotty sight to be sure. On another trip near same place they barreled up an abundance of honey, and on their way back home they camped on the head of a rocky branch. The barrels leaked out so much honey that the next morning the branch was running with honey trickling down over ledges of rocks.

Father put down Bois d'Arc land corners, stakes and posts seventy years ago which are as sound and good as when placed there; more endurable than iron, for iron will rust and finally give way,
but Bois d'Arc has the staying qualities which seem to defy Mother Time in duration.

On said trip father and his brave comrades went as far north as Red River, but finding nothing there to satisfy their curiosity, they turned about in the direction of home. On their return trip one day about noon, when they were very hungry and tired, they came upon the friendly semi-civilized Shawnee Indian village, which stood about two hundred yards west of Uncle Pinkney Self's spring, which is about one mile northeast of Shiloh church. Father said: "Boys, fix to fight, we see smoke ascending from an Indian camp." And, of course, they thought they were the blood-thirsty, wild Indians; but, after spying and close investigation, father said: "Boys, they are a friendly tribe, for I can see pole cabins, hear little bells on stock; hear dogs barking." So they boldly rode up into their camp, around which camp fire Shawnee Bill, big chief, and warriors sat feasting on bear, buffalo, venison and wild honey. When they saw father and crowd rapidly approaching they sprang to their bows and arrows, tomahawks and scalping knives, prepared to give battle, but father held up the ramrod of his gun, with a white flag tied on it, indicating peace and friendship, which had the desired effect, for Big Chief Shawnee Bill came forward and met father and the boys at once, shaking hands with them, speaking broken English, freely invited and welcomed them to partake of their hot and smoking feast, which was good enough for a king. Words fail to describe father and the boys' appreciation
and gratitude to their host for the royal style of entertainment which they never forgot to their dying day. Father said that was the first time in his life he ever ate buffalo, bear and venison cooked in royal Indian style; and they, being very hungry, surely did justice to the occasion. After a hearty meal Big Chief Shawnee Bill pointed to one of his brave warriors, who brought a large rock pipe with cane stem, filled with some of their kind of smoking herbs, each one taking a whiff and passing it on around until Indian warriors and whites had all smoked, which was a sure and invariable token of peace and friendship; "white man no smoke with big, brave Indian, big Indian heap kill him." Covenants and agreement contracts were then entered into between redskins and whites; "white man help Shawnee, Shawnee help white man follow, fight and whip wild Indians and bring back horses, cattle or hogs when they had stolen same from Shawnee or white man." They ever proved faithful and true to said treaty contract, for often when father or boys had horses, cattle or hogs stolen by wild tribes, by letting Shawnee Bill and warriors know, they came at once and proceeded on the trail, even by starlight, when the white man could only follow same slowly. After coming upon the wild tribe with stolen stock a desperate battle ensued, generally resulting in Shawnee and white man getting their stock back; but sometimes the wild tribe was too numerous, going their way with the captured, stolen prize. Father said to Big Chief Shawnee Bill one day: "Bill, why is it that Indian takes white men's, women's and children's scalps?" Bill shook
his head, saying: "Me no tell brave white man; come so many moons," telling father the exact time and he would show him why they take scalps. So when the time came, father with his picked, brave fighters, was on hand. Shawnee Bill, after welcoming him and the picked fighters, chose some of his bravest warriors and they at once proceeded on their perilous expedition. Coming to a deep ravine, having an immense tangle of grass, weeds, vines and briars, they could only progress slowly afoot. Soon they heard an indescribable yelling and weird Indian songs, which proved to be a wild Indian war whoop dance around white men, women and children scalps, which was their custom certain times each moon. Their music consisted of beating on dried buffalo and beef hides, and every time they came to a certain Indian warrior as they were dancing, screaming, yelling and jumping high, around and around, they would hold their hands enchantingly over his head, constantly going through weird ceremonies. Father whispered, "Bill, why do they practice such strange maneuvers over the head of a certain Indian all the time?" "We are now where I show you why they take white men, women and children's scalps; he having most scalps on his belt will be their big chief next moon. They do not take their word for how many they have killed and scalped, but having the scalps they know for sure and reward accordingly."

Winding their way cautiously to keep from being discovered by their enemies, they finally arrived safely and sound in camp, feeling a great
deal safer and wiser men. After two weeks' prospecting tour, exploring the beautiful country, they returned to Uncle Jesse Shelton's and found them all well, safe and sound and enjoying life. The half has never been told of the magnificent scenery that extended far out in panoramic view on every side, as the early heroes, pioneers, first settlers of our Texas homeland, journeyed day by day. Neither will the half ever be told of their many privations, inconveniences, hardships and dangers endured by our pioneer fathers and mothers in blazing out and opening up the way for all that follow until time shall be no more. We should ever reverence their memory and duly appreciate our opportunities, privileges and circumstances.

For many years before the war between the North and South father was government contractor, driving beef cattle through on the range to Omaha, Nebraska, and many other noted points, and distributed a great deal of money throughout this country among cattle raisers, for he always bought up a great many and drove them through with his own, being gone on said trips for months from home, never sleeping in a house. He was really inured to hardships and exposure; had a robust constitution, adapted to all kinds of rough and tumble life, under all conditions and surrounding circumstances, adapting himself thereto cheerfully, courageously and perseveringly. But when the great Civil War was declared, he having great faith in the cause of the Confederacy to retain their slaves, which they had honestly bought with their own hard-earned money, he exchanged many
thousands of dollars for Confederate bonds, which, of course, was a clear loss, as ours proved a lost cause. Many years before the war father paid four thousand ($4,000.00) dollars in gold for negroes at the noted Jason Petigrew sale, which proved a loss, as they were all freed a few years after his purchase; he also lost eight hundred dollars in gold stock in the first charter grant to a railroad to extend from Memphis, Tennessee, to El Paso, Texas, thence on to the Pacific, which, of course, forfeited its charter as a road could not be built on account of the Civil War. Of course, he always believed, as do I, that the present T. & P. Railroad is the same with the charter renewed and extended.

Father enlisted in the war at the outset and served as first lieutenant in Captain A. J. Nicholson's company, Colonel Young's regiment, 11th Texas. He served faithfully and true to the cause he honestly believed to be just and right in many a hard-fought battle, through prolonged dangers, sickness and hardships incident to a heroic, patriotic soldier's life. He received a furlough at Corinth, Mississippi, on account of a breakdown in health. A short time after his arrival home the war was declared ended. Our cause lost, leaving an almost wrecked and ruined Southland, but our brave patriotic boys, who were fortunate enough to get through that bloody destructive war, at once on their arrival home set about rebuilding our country and shattered fortunes.

Mother died the first year of the war. Two thousand head of cattle dwindled down to four
hundred head and over sixty head of horses to twenty; four hundred head of hogs to forty, and one hundred head of sheep to fifteen, and as father had sold the most of his once-possessed thousands of acres from 25 cents up to $1.00 per acre, our personal effects and real estate had nearly all passed away like a dream, a shadow or a vapor. Truly, we are made to exclaim, "vanity, vanity, all is vanity," and perish with their using and it cut down like the flower and the grass and man goeth to his long home from whence no traveler ever returneth, and the mourners goeth about the streets; but such is life, we are in the midst of death, subject alike to joys, cares, bereavements, sin, sickness, temptation, misfortunes and sorrows; but with renewed faith, hope, fortitude and courage we look up, pressing upward and onward, ever realizing that to each dark cloud there is a silver lining, and that beyond the clouds the bright, golden, brilliant sun is gloriously and vigorously shining, reminding us that we shall meet again to part no more, where God's love and spirit is ever shining.
CHAPTER VI.

JOHN TAYLOR ALLEN.

The author and compiler of this book was born October 29th, 1840, at the homestead of his father, which was located six miles northwest of Honey Grove, in Fannin County, and on which homestead his father settled in 1838. School advantages in his boyhood were limited, and he grew up in a part of the world where there was not much activity. Being extremely sensitive as a youth, and conscious of his lack of education, he indulged in such education as close application and study of books and papers within his ability and grasp afforded. Occasionally it was his privilege to attend the old hewed log school house, Allen's chapel, with its adobe chimney made of dirt and sticks, where he sat on seats made of logs split in the middle and in which large auger holes were bored for legs. There were no backs to the seats, and it was here that the major part of his early education was obtained, augmented at night by brush or tallow candle light in so far as he was able to get the opportunity from the demands on him for work about the home. It was not an easy matter then, nor were opportunities for information as easy to obtain what is now every child's privilege to get an education, but he had a thirst for knowledge and applied himself energetically, perseveringly to the task before him, and made advancement as rapidly as he possibly could under the circumstances. His father and mother encouraged
him in his ambitions all they could and bought him such useful and helpful books as they were able to get. Mr. Allen did not get much chance to study ancient lore or the dead languages, but his

words are the words of a living language, and he learned this living language under strenuous conditions; conditions that tested the metal of a man, and by the results of the energies and industry of these men, made possible the freedom of speech and homes of happy families that we now enjoy.
Mr. Allen was not a book worm, even though he devoted so much of his time to study and took delight in sports and hunting. The abundance of game abounding about him gave excellent opportunities for his love of the chase after wild horses and deer. When but a mere child he was sent on errands, for he could ride a horse at an early age. It was a part of his duties as a lad to go to mill, the first one built by Uncle Dad Johnson, an ox mill in 1857; Mr. J. M. Williamson was then the mill hand. The home of his boyhood was a hewed log cabin of the primitive kind, among the first built in Fannin County. It’s hard to realize it now, but there were no conveniences; the lights were made by candles or pine knots, the fireplaces and chimneys were not built of handsome firebrick and tile, but folks in those days were happy with hearths of timber and chimneys made of mud and held together with sticks, covering up the cracks and openings with plaster made of clay and pieces of wood pinned on with wooden pegs and heavy weight poles held the boards of the roof in place. The windows and doors were made of clapboards and floors were made with boards sawed out by hand with a whip saw; in most cases there were puncheon floors in the homes. They did not rest their heads in downy pillows, nor their bodies on feather beds, nor were there cosy rockers and sofas as we have them now. They had to get along with chairs and stools and benches made of rough lumber and rawhide strips; beds were made by placing one side of the bed on the logs in the wall and a round hole with upright posts set in auger holes on the other side, and laced with rawhide
strips to make the place where could lay buffalo hides and straw to lie upon. But they slept as well and enjoyed their slumber as much and dreamt sweet, happy dreams of contentment as on any bed of luxury we now enjoy. The bedding and covers were all home-made, home-spun and corded and woven blankets, quilts and bed ticking was all made by industrious hands in their own homes. There were no gas stoves then either, not even the good old family range that the cooks today make such appetizing dishes on. In those days the cooks had to get along with a frying pan or skillet and coffee pots, and it was some time before they could make suitable ovens to bake in, but the roasts of beef, pork, venison, bear and buffalo meat, not to overlook the fat turkey, quail and prairie chicken don't taste so good, nor do the fried squirrel and fish taste so good as they did when the youthful days of the pioneers were roughing it.

Twice a year the sheep were sheared and then the folks would sit up late at night picking out the burrs and trash from the wool, then wash and card it and spin and weave it into cloth, from which clothing and bedding was made. The mother of the family, assisted by the negro servants, did this work, and it was good and durable, all wool and no shoddy entered into the manufacture in those days.

They tanned the hides of the cattle at the farrier, Medlin and Green's red oak bark ooze tan yard. The upper and sole leather was used to make shoes, bridles and harness. The author of this book and his father, mother and brothers
used to sit about the fireplace cobbling shoes and making straps and halters and other things, at the same time rehearsing experiences and adventures that they had gone through during their hunting expeditions.

The table was always well provided with game of all kinds, and the delicious breakfasts that was spread before the family when they arose in the early morning hours with nice hot biscuits and fine wild honey in abundance to spread upon them. As many as a dozen bee trees were known to the author of this book, and what delight it was to cut these trees and extract the honey to spread on good buttered bread. Honey was very plentiful and was available the whole year round, ready for every festive or family need.

There was plenty of rich, nutritious grass for the stock, and they kept fat and fine in summer and spring, and in winter they would be so fat that a tub of tallow was taken from a beef and it was not unusual, either.

The cane breaks in the bottoms grew about as high and thick as a jungle, and it was impossible to detect thirty feet away, when the cane was shaking, whether the cause of the shaking was an Indian, an animal or a man, and white men used to have their guns cocked and ready for any emergency, prepared to triumph over whatever adversary may come out upon them. Hogs kept fat the year round on the wild grass most and needed no other feed; even the horses and riding stock were turned loose or lariated, and were strengthened and satisfied with the food that nature provided. The stock was turned loose with
a bell on the leader to roam at will over night, and in the morning would be rounded up, harnessed, and put to work till 11. Then about 1 or 2 o'clock would resume the work of the day, preparing the ground or harvesting the crop that made possible the development of our farms of today.

The beautiful wild flowers with their exquisite fragrance gave such a pleasant sense of admiration—emblematic of cheerfulness, peace and good will. May they ever be lavishly strewn along our path and may we rightly appreciate them for their angelic message to us as we hasten on our journey to the Great Beyond, where our loved ones and friends are waiting at the beautiful gate to welcome us to our eternal home, where the trees of life are ever blooming and where the river of life flows freely, giving healing and joy and delight wherever it goes. Where the sun never sets, nor the leaves never fade, in that beautiful city whose pavements are of gold. Where no night, no sickness or distress can exist, but where peace, happiness, love and joy abound. No wilted bouquets there, but beautiful blooms, fair and pure.

Close to the flower is the honey bee, and no words can portray fittingly the ever-industrious bee. It flits from flower to flower, sips here a little and there a little, taking a little of the sweet from one and a little from another until it has succeeded in gathering its winter's store. What a lesson it gives to us all in patient industry, in economy, in persistency.

As we judge the future by the past, and since coming events cast their shadows before them, and realizing that from the sweat of our face must
we eat bread, let us apply ourselves to industry and labor, for labor will promote health and give us a long and happy life. It is too true that idleness is the devil's workshop and no one is wise who spends the hours with idle hands. If we would be contented and happy, let us be obedient to the call of Him who has honored labor and work.

It was during the first year of the war—1861—that the author, on the 15th day of April, was called on to witness his mother's deathbed; no, not her deathbed, it was her transitory bed. There is no death; what seems so is transition. She talked freely of her readiness to go to God in peace; not a cloud intervened between her God and the home He had prepared for her. Her only sorrow was to leave her little children, four of the seven were quite small, in this world so full of trials, temptations and pitfalls. She knew well the tendency and proness to err of the unguided mind and the ease with which temptation carries off the unwary, but her confidence in God was so great she committed them all to His keeping, praying that He would prove a father to her orphans and finally bring them to himself. She fell sweetly asleep in Jesus; she had found the pearl of great price and entered into that glorious rest prepared and waiting for the children of God.

The author is now living in the house in which he was born, which is a frame building, built in the year 1846, the framing of which was sawed out with a whip-saw. My three oldest brothers were born in the old pioneer log cabinet built in the year 1837.
The others have gone, too, now, and father's words: "Taylor, my son, you can be useful; do away with enmity. I have no enmity in my heart against anyone," and after singing "Home, sweet home, my long-sought home," he passed over the river to be with Him who liveth and abideth forever. We cannot measure these ceaseless cycles of eternity; 'twould be easier to count the grains of sand carried by a bird to the outermost planet one at a time, but we can rejoice that God has so loved us as to prepare for us a home there where there is no limit to life. My father came to Texas from Tennessee in the spring of 1836. He was born August 1st, 1816, in Edgefield District, South Carolina. He went to Tennessee when he was just a mere lad of eight. When he was older he heard of the efforts of Texas to rid themselves of Spanish yolk, and being of a patriotic turn of mind, cast his lot with the Lone Star State in company with Dr. Boyce and Everitt Harris. He expected to enlist with Sam Houston, but when he got here he found peace had been declared and Texas had gained her independence. He located on a 640-acre grant, which he proved up, and accumulated several thousand acres more; married Martha P. Nicholson in 1839, from which union nine children were born; three of them still live, myself and two sisters, one of whom lives at Crowell, Texas, who married Mr. Bart Fox; the other at Newport, Oklahoma.

The camp meetings we used to have in the brush arbor at the end of Allen's chapel—a hewed log church and school house—linger with me in delightful memories with scenes of joy and thanks-
giving. How the arbor used to ring with reverberating sounds of shouts and songs, echo answering echo, till the mighty sound of voices seem to cover all the regions round about. The people used to congregate from twenty to thirty miles away, coming in their ox wagons and on horseback and some afoot, to hear the welcome tidings of good cheer. Everyone was sociable and dressed in their home-spun garments in delightful simplicity and rustic honesty. The meetings would continue for weeks at a time and lasted till midnight usually. Many a soul found peace and rest at these meetings, and most of them are answering roll call now in the presence of Him who made it possible for us to have eternal joy.

At these protracted meetings the fatted calf and beef were killed, and hogs, deer, bear and liberal feasts of plenty abounded, each vying with each other to scatter liberally of their hospitality. No price was charged, no money asked; everybody was welcome to partake freely both of the feast of the gospel and the feast of the table of food. As many as forty or fifty have been present at my father and mother's home, where we spread buffalo robes and home-spun cloth over the ground, and there they slept and enjoyed their slumber and undisturbed peace in enjoying the luxuries of spiritual fulness and physical fulness as well.

J. T. Allen, the author of this book, and Miss Mary E. Hinch, were united in the holy bond of wedlock the 31st of March, in the year A. D. 1878. Unto this union were born seven children—four boys and three girls—all of whom are living except two—one son, Isaac Franklin, died November 8,
1885, aged 1 year 11 months 1 days, and one daughter, Docia B. Allen, died April 13, 1886, aged 5 months and 16 days. Sleep on, dear precious darlings, until the resurrection; oh, then, we shall meet again, never to part again. Three sons and two daughters are still living; the oldest daughter, who married J. S. Graham, have one child, a daughter, now nearly grown; they are living at Kiefer, Oklahoma. Also two married sons, M. L. and J. C., and their families are living at Kiefer, Oklahoma. Our youngest son, W. I. Allen, aged 17 years, still single, is living with us in the old home, a great help to his parents in their old, declining, afflicted years. One daughter, Bertha May, married Walter J. Shawhart, will soon be living at Kiefer, Oklahoma. They had one son and two daughters born unto them; one daughter died in infancy.

May all the boys and girls of Texas appreciate their opportunities, privileges and conveniences, and realize that it was through the daring and adventures of these heroic men and women that the way was made for peaceful happy homes for the children of today. To those who so faithfully and sincerely performed their duty too high a tribute of respect cannot be paid. To Him who loved us and gave us the pearl of great price, to Him be praise for the lavish bestowal of such magnificence as we now have. We are hastily and rapidly passing to the end of our journey here; soon the race will be over, and may we meet in the brighter, happier home and have a great and grand reunion of the early settlers with the hosts that have followed after.
CHAPTER VII.

LEM RAMSEY.

Lem Ramsey was born in old Virginia August 24, 1834. He remained in that country until he was eighteen and came with his father and family to Texas; they settled in Fannin County, near Alien's Chapel. He professed religion in 1854 or '55 and joined the M. E. Church at Allen's Chapel on March 16, 1862; he married Bettie Saunders, of Grayson County, Texas; they were playmates and schoolmates when they were children in Virginia. Soon after they married he joined the Confederate army, Sixteenth Texas Cavalry, Captain Wood's company, made up at Sherman, Texas. He made a good soldier, was in many hard-fought battles; he went through many hardships of cold, sleet,
snow and rain; slept on the cold ground many nights with one blanket under and one over him. Many times he was thinly clothed. Sometimes they would have to march for days and nights with but little to eat and hardly any sleep. Lem was taken prisoner in one battle and kept eleven days. The news came to his wife that he was killed, and she mourned his death during that time, but the eleventh day she received a letter written by him. You can only imagine the joy of that woman's heart when she got that letter. She felt like the dead was alive and the lost was found.

In 1865 the war closed and Lem came home, sound and well. Times were hard then, and there was hardly any money in the country. He had forty acres of land with a log cabin, it having just one room with stick and dirt chimney. He took a saw and drawing knife and a few nails and made three chairs and a bedstead; they borrowed a frying pan, skillet and lid, with which they went to housekeeping in the little log cabin. I have heard them say they spent the happiest days of their lives in that cabin, as they were both strong and well and trying to live as Christians. They went to work and soon got a little start; in a few years they built a new house, and lived there until his father's and mother's deaths. Then he got possession of his father's old home, where they lived the remainder of his life. During this time they raised ten children, six boys and four girls. Jennie married Tom Johnson; they live near Roxton, Lamar County; have five children, all grown. Ella married Lige Cravens; she died, leaving two children, Overton and Edith, who were raised by
Grandfather and Grandmother Ramsey; they are grown and still live with their grandmother. Walter married Tennie Crabb; they live at Farmersville, and have two little girls. Herbert married Ula Brown, who died, he then marrying Lizzie Roberts; they have six children, and live at Childress, Texas. Joe married Sally Cole; they have seven children, and live at Vernon, Texas. Tom married Hardin Watson; they have two children, and live at Bantam, Texas. Elmer married Effice Craddoc; they have one little girl, and live at Lone Oak, Texas. Annie married L. D. Terrell; they have one little girl, and live at Vernon, Texas. Susie married Sam B. Lock; they live near the old home. Nute is single and lives with his old mother.

Lem Ramsey was a good man, good citizen, a very devoted husband, a kind, loving father and a true Christian; he loved his church, in which he was steward and Sunday school superintendent a good part of his married life. He loved to do any kind of church work, and never failed to go to the quarterly conference as long as he was able; he would have his children take him to church and Sunday school when he was so feeble he could hardly sit up all day.

In the spring of 1910 his health began to fail; he gradually grew worse, and on September 1st he passed away. He was seventy-six years and seven days old. His wife is still living at the old home, but is very feeble.
CHAPTER VIII.

JACOB RAMSEY.

Jacob Ramsey was born in old Virginia, Pittsylvania County, in 1812, and was raised in that county. In 1833 he married Miss Barbara Ramsey, a distant relative; they raised eight children, five girls and three boys. They had a nice little home, but that old country was poor and thickly settled, it taking hard work and close economy to make a living. He decided he would move to Texas, and in October, 1852, they started in wagons. They were on the road about two months; they landed in Fannin County, near Allen’s Chapel. He stopped at his brother-in-law’s, Armsted Ramsey, who was very sick, and who died a few days later. Then Uncle Jake rented land near Meade Springs, living there one year. In 1854 he bought a farm near Allen’s Chapel, from Tolbert Myers. The improvements on the place were a log house, partly finished. He and his boys went to work and soon had a good house, good stables and cribs; the farm in good shape and were raising crops.

He was a hard working man and a very successful farmer. He and his good wife were members of the Baptist church when they were young. After they settled here they joined the church at Vineyard Grove and were faithful Christians and loyal to their church. They had a nice family of children, nearly all members of the church. They had a happy home, and many of the old preachers who preached at Vineyard Grove loved to come
to Brother Ramsey’s and eat dinner and stay all night, and have a good religious feast with that good family. Everybody around loved to come to Uncle Jake’s, being known as “Uncle Jake” for many years.

The children all married and settled not far from them, and they would often come home and have a family reunion. The grandchildren thought grandpa’s was the grandest place on earth, the old folks were so patient and good to them. The old folks went to heaven thirty years ago. The children are all gone, but there are many grandchildren here who love and cherish the memory of dear old Grandpa and Grandma Ramsey and the sacred old home.
I was born on November 22, A. D. 1840, in Pickens County, Alabama, where both my parents died during my infancy and childhood.

In 1847 I was brought to Texas with a large company of my near relatives, led by my grandfather, Colonel Nathan Smith, who had served in the Creek War under General Andrew Jackson, and also in the Alabama Legislature. They all settled in Harrison County, near Marshall.

Later, my uncles, Colonel Gid Smith and Dr. J. C. Smith (my guardian) moved to Fannin County, the former in 1851, and the latter in 1853. I first saw Fannin County in 1852, when Dr. Smith sent me and others with a herd of cattle to Colonel Smith, they then being partners in the stock business.

In Fannin County a good part of my youth was spent on the Smith farms on Red River, now owned by John E. Roach and J. E. Spies. During parts of the years 1854-5 I was in the old McKenzie Institute, near Clarksville. In 1856 I went to school to the lamented Ben Fuller in Bonham; but I was mainly educated in Baylor University, then located at Independence in Washington County, Texas, where I graduated in 1859.

In 1861 I was at the law school in Lebanon, Tenn. When the war broke out and broke up the school, I went on a visit to relatives in Noxube County, Miss., thinking to return home via Mo-
bile, New Orleans and Jefferson. But in Mississippi I found the whole country aflame with excitement over the great impending war. The boys were forming companies, and the pretty girls were giving picnics, and threatening to send hoop-skirts to all who failed to join the Southern army. So I soon caught the war fever, and on the urgent solicitations of my gallant cousins, I joined the
"Noxube Cavalry," which later became Company G of the First Mississippi Cavalry, on the firm promise from the captain (H. W. Foote) that I should have a transfer if I ever found a Texas company that suited me.

I served with those gallant Mississippi boys twenty months, being with them in the great battles of Bellmont, Shiloh, Corinth. Britton's Lane and many smaller engagements. On January 1st, 1863, I was transferred to a cavalry company in Waul's Texas Legion, which company was from Washington County, and contained several of my old Baylor schoolmates.

I served with this Texas company until June 17, 1863, when, by mistaking foes for friends in the darkness of night, I was captured near Panola, Miss. I was then kept in prison for twenty-three months, most of the time at Alton, Ill., and Fort Delaware. This long confinement was by far the most trying part of my war service. I never could feel contented in prison, but kept planning and trying to escape until I finally succeeded.

In one of these efforts I, with five other Texas boys, swam the bay from Fort Delaware to the Delaware shore, on the night of July 1, 1864. I was the only unlucky man in the bunch, as I was re-captured and carried back to the fort, while the others made good their escape and safely rejoined the Southern army. One of this crowd was Ed Welch of Honey Grove, who was killed in one of the last battles of the war. Strange to say, three of these nocturnal swimmers kept together clear across the bay, and, landing in a perfectly nude state, they wended their way southward,
hiding by day and marching by night, for there were six who would undertake this dark and dangerous undertaking with the hope of finding friendly shelter among the good Southern people of Maryland. I have never heard how the other two fared en route; I only know that, like myself, they became separated from the others and that separately they reached the Southern lines. Of the 150 Texans at Fort Delaware, there were only six who would undertake this dark and dangerous swim, and of this six there are now only two alive, viz., Dr. J. C. Loggins of Ennis and myself. For the first time since we parted on that dreadful night at Fort Delaware, I met Dr. Loggins, by agreement, at the Dallas Fair, three years ago; and we sure had a glorious good time, being guests at the elegant and hospitable home of Gen. H. W. Graber, another old Fort Delaware prisoner. While there we had our pictures taken together, and as you have asked for my picture, I send this group, it being the only one I have of convenient size for sending, and as owing to the bad roads I can’t tell when I will be able to find an artist.

After the aforesaid swimming episode, I still continued my efforts to escape from Fort Delaware, and finally I succeeded by getting myself exchanged on the name of a dead man, for whose command a special exchange had been arranged. I left Fort Delaware on April 10th, 1865, and on May 10th was exchanged at the mouth of Red River, under the name of E. Wood, of Gordon’s Arkansas Regiment. At this time Wau’s Legion had already surrendered east of the Mississippi, and as the Western Department had also surren-
dered when we reached Shreveport, we were simply turned loose and told to go home, which we did at our own expense, and as best we could. I reached home on June 7, 1865, about the same time that the other prisoners whom I had left behind were released from Fort Delaware.

Yes, I knew your good old father well, as did most of the old settlers of Fannin County. "Uncle Wilce," as we called him, was indeed a grand old man. I have met him often in Bonham; also once at Red River, and at my own home, and at the State meetings of the Texas veterans at Paris and Sherman. He was utterly void of vanity, and was one of the most interesting and impressive men that I ever heard talk. He was much like old Judge Simpson in this respect, and they both reminded me of old Gen. Sam Houston, who I often saw and heard during my school boy days at Baylor University. There was weight and wisdom in their words, love in their hearts, and music in their voices, and hence their hearers were always fond admirers. I never knew your father to loose his temper or urbanity, but he was sure emphatic on the subject of reconstruction. And he could picture to perfection the words, ways and looks of the negroes who once bossed our elections in Bonham; and he would grow warm when talking of the general trend toward the confiscation of our homes, and the destruction of our liberties. He and other old heroes (too many to name here) favored moderation and a reliance on civil measures. They urged us to take the oath, and qualify as voters, and when the militia was forming under E. J. Davis, they told us all to join in, and
capture the organization, which we did; and the militia companies of Fannin County were all officered by true Southern men and never could have been used for the oppression of our people.

If I were asked at what time in life I had rendered the most efficient service to my country, I could readily answer that it was during the dark days of reconstruction.

Yes, dear reader, it was the unflinching bravery of the Confederate soldiers, curbed and guided by the cooler judgment of older heads, that rescued our State from carpet-bag rule, and restored popular government throughout the South.

If God did not favor the South during the war, He has certainly done so since, and now we rejoice in the fact that the great American Union is reunited on a firmer, broader, and better basis than ever before.
CHAPTER X.

DR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM,

Ravenna, Fannin County, Texas.

This pioneer was born midst the dark green valleys of old Kentucky on the 21st day of September, 1836. In the early days of his youth he labored in the fields of corn and tobacco along with the colored servants. His education consisted of a training in the subscription schools of Trigg County and later in the Bethel College at Russellville, Kentucky, where he earned his own way through. He studied medicine in Pope's Medical College in St. Louis. After practicing a year the war broke out and he enlisted as a soldier of the Confederacy, where he commanded a company at Shiloh.

After the war, some two years, he started for Texas, landing at Jefferson, Texas, early in March of 1867, on board the steamer Frolic, from New Orleans, La., where, being without money, he was compelled to walk from Jefferson to Old Warren, in Fannin County, about 140 miles. A caravan of five or six wagon teams were heading for Weatherford, in Parker County, who were hauling flour down into Fannin County at Bonham. The road led through an open prairie almost the entire distance, and on the way we passed through Sherman, which was then a small town of about 500 people. Fort Worth was then, when we were on our way through there, only a town of 300 souls, and Pilot Point, in Denton County, about a
hundred people, while at Bean’s Station there was only a handful. When we reached Weatherford we found a town of four or five hundred, where there were two old-time flouring mills. Most of

the grain raised in this section of Texas was wheat. The few settlers along the road lived in pole or log cabins, occasionally one or two rooms would be finished with pine planks hauled in wagons from Eastern Texas, two or three hun-

DR. JNO. CUNNINGHAM AND VALET, JNO. REEVES
Taken at Austin, 1812.
dred miles away. The settlements on the road were ten or fifteen miles apart, each house having an enclosure of about fifteen acres, where they raised wheat or corn or kept a cow lot, though they scarcely ever had a garden. Cattle and horses could be seen in every direction, and jack rabbits, wild turkeys and prairie chickens were abundant everywhere. Deer was plentiful, but mostly in the cross timbers, while wolves, wild cats and prairie dogs held high carnival at night. The elk and buffalo moved westward as man approached, and the blood-thirsty savage, with his tomahawk, bows and arrows, and later the deadly rifle, receded, leaving a trail of blood along his path.

Upon my arrival in Fannin in March, 1867, I found the following towns: Bonham, the capital, with a population of five or six hundred souls. The prairie grass surrounded the town almost waist high. On the north side it almost approached the present plaza. Honey Grove came next in size, with a population of about three hundred; Ladonia third, with a population of about one hundred fifty; Orangeville, Kentucky-town and Coontown were only respectable broad places in the roads. Bonham, Honey Grove and Ladonia have held their own and grown to be respectable towns and small cities. But since that date many towns and villages have almost, as if by magic, sprung up in various parts of the county, as follows: Leonard, Trenton, Savoy, Win-dom, Dodd City, Monkstown, Telephone, Tulip, Ivanhoe, Ector, Ravenna, Randolph, Edhube, Bailey, Lamasco, Hudsonville, Carson, Lanius,
Bantz, Self and Needmore, all flourishing young towns and villages ranging in population (we suppose) from 200 to 2,000, Leonard leading. There were no railroads then nearer than Hempstead, two hundred miles south, but now the county is passed through by the Texas & Pacific, Cotton Belt and M. K. & T. enters the county from Denison by Ravenna to Bonham. The population of Texas at that time (1867) was 600,000, but now it is over 4,000,000 and growing rapidly. Fannin County then had only about 13,000 population, and now has some 60,000 or 70,000 and rapidly absorbing more through immigration and home production.

The doctor, after making this trip, borrowed a wild mustang from Dr. A. H. Henry—one of nature's noblemen—and began the practice of medicine without a dollar in his pocket, having procured his medical supplies by pawning his army pistol to a druggist named Gray, in Bonham, and for thirty years practiced among the people, the pauper and the well-to-do, whether he was paid for his services or not he treated all alike.

Four years after landing in Texas he was elected, over five other better men than he, for the 13th Legislature, in 1872—the year Horace Greely ran for the presidency. One of the proudest votes he cast in the 13th Legislature was when he voted for Hon. John Ireland's bill, giving one-half the public domain of Texas to the free school children of the State, amounting to over one hundred million dollars. In the same Legislature he had incorporated into the free school curriculum a work on anatomy, physiology and hygiene, which
is still used by the schools. The work of the 13th Legislature turned the State over to the Democratic party in 1874, and it has remained there ever since. In 1900 the doctor was re-elected to the Legislature of the State of Texas by a plurality of fifteen hundred votes over two opponents, and again re-elected in 1902 over his opponents by two thousand. Upon the winding up of that Legislature they presented him with a gold-headed ebony cane. His wife thought it was worth $500—the doctor never told her any better.

Since the doctor has been in Texas he not only has been engaged in the practice of medicine, but has also been engaged in farming, merchandising and in the cattle business and made a reasonable success out of all of them. In 1912, at the age of 77, the people of Fannin County called on the doctor to stand for a fourth term in the Legislature. He consented and was opposed by a better man than the doctor—so the man said in the race. Early in the doctor's campaign, one evening as the shades of night came on he stepped from a porch, thinking it a foot and a half to the ground, but when he landed the distance proved to be three and a half feet. In landing, the doctor received a broken hip bone, from which he suffers today, having to travel in a push chair, but is one of the most regular attendants in the House. He goes to the House in the morning and remains until taking out time at night. John Reeves, his colored valet, goes to his boarding house and brings his dinner, which he eats upon his desk.

The doctor, after serving in four Legislatures, does not hesitate to say that the present House is
superior to all the Legislatures in which he has served (and the accomplished Speaker, Chester Terrell, may have had some equals, but never a superior) except the old Thirteenth, all of whom, except about forty Republicans, were men who wore the gray, and served in times that tried men's souls, and their acts and their votes gave the second freedom to Texas. Sam Houston, in the battle of San Jacinto, freed Texas first from Mexican subordination. Reconstruction, through the acts and laws of scalawags, carpet-baggers, coffee-coolers, State police and the Twelfth Legislature, which was composed of a large majority of Republicans and colored politicians, the people of Texas had become almost enslaved again. Through the action of the Thirteenth Legislature, assisted by a few noble-hearted Republicans in the Senate, one of whom was the Honorable Web Flanagan, a leader with a great big heart, Texas, received her second freedom. The doctor thinks the Thirty-third House to be a superior body of men. They all seem to have their individuality. They do their own voting. They are not swayed by United States Senators, the Governor or any one else but their own conscience. When they believe the Governor is right they endorse him; when they believe the Governor is wrong they oppose him, just like the Governor does the House, showing that both have their individuality and use their own minds. The doctor is proud to say that all the acts of the former Legislatures in which he served were generally approved by the people of the State. He trusts that the 33rd may occupy the same proud position. Almost every member of
the House is a pretty fair orator; many of them are first-class, with the exception of the old doctor. Some of them are really eloquent and are fit subjects for Congressional or United States Senatorial timber in the future. There is a fair sprinkling of young men in the House, mostly from what was once the wild and wooly west, but they are all up-to-date, up-headed young men of above average ability. They are nearly all good speakers. The Legislature seems to have great progressive ways, passing laws with advanced ideas demanded by the people. As time rolls on and scientific progress and the world moves forward, new and progressive laws will be demanded and will be given by future Legislatures, just as they are doing today.

The doctor believes, owing to the great natural turn in political affairs and the election of Woodrow Wilson to the presidency, the disposition to enforce the Sherman and other anti-trust laws, the nation has taken on a new lease of life. It seems that things are now working on the Lord's side and the interest of the great mass of plain people of this great country.

The doctor does not endorse the treason, bribery and political corruption and murder of their rulers, practiced by our sister republic of Mexico. It seems that Mexico has fallen into the hands of men that know very little about Republican government. It seems like a great mass of people in Mexico had rather make a living by war than labor. Should Mexico only demonstrate the fact, and it seems like she almost has, that some other means should be set on foot giving her a better
form of government. The Monroe Doctrine cuts off all European nations from helping Mexico. America claims to rule the roost over all American nationalities. Many believe that the opening has been made in Mexico for Uncle Sam to try his hand, should he and his patriotic sons so desire:

In the Twenty-eighth Legislature the doctor had the life-size portrait of that great jurist, statesman, diplomat and most eloquent orator placed on the walls of the House. We mean Judge Alexander W. Terrell. It happened this way: The judge had invited the doctor to dinner with him. He saw the portrait. He decided immediately that that picture should grace the walls of the House. That evening, without consulting the judge, he wrote a resolution consummating the same. The resolution was introduced and carried unanimously—hence the judge's portrait on the walls of the great Capitol he had planned and caused to be erected.
CHAPTER XI.

CAPTAIN A. J. NICHOLSON.

Captain Nicholson was born in 1831 and emigrated to Texas from Arkansas in 1837, with his father, six brothers and two sisters. One of these sisters—Martha P. Nicholson—was the mother of the compiler of this book. She married my father, W. B. Allen, in 1838.

Captain Nicholson was a brave, active and fearless Indian fighter, and had many an encounter with the ferocious wild beasts. In 1848, December 20th, he married Miss T. C. Parishin, (born 1832). From this union there were born seven children, four girls and three boys. All grew to mature age, except one, who died in infancy. The Captain followed as a vocation the life of a stock raiser and farmer, and was very successful. When the call of Sam Houston was made for volunteers to deliver Texas from the Mexican yoke he enlisted and served with honor and distinction in the war, making many a hard, forced march, and hazarding his life in the effort to establish freedom, liberty and independence in Texas, the homeland—land of the free and home of the brave. He fought at Monterey, Buena Vista and San Jacinto, in bloody battles, shooting in such rapid succession that the barrel of his gun was always hot. His disposition was to be humorous and jolly, and the camp-fire enjoyed his mirth, and the company was thrilled with laughter by his joviality, and the relation of merry anecdotes. General
Santa Anna, the Mexican general, learned to fear the cowboy warwhoops of our Texas cowboys when going to battle—the cry, “Remember the Alamo,” “Remember Goliad,” was always fresh.

They never forgot how brave David Crockett and the brave heroes of the Alamo were slain by the cruel Santa Anna and his hosts. Nor did they forget the noble Fannin, whose name our county bears.

Capt. Nicholson was hospitable and charitable.
No needy person was ever turned away who applied to him for help. His delight in helping those with whom he had to do, and many a heart and hand found life easier because of his good offices. God blessed and prospered him in basket and store, and he gave of his abundance, both in means and service. When the Civil War broke out he volunteered and enlisted in Colonel Young's 11th Texas Regiment, as captain; served honorably and well, was badly wounded in the Elkhorn
engagement and taken prisoner for a considerable time; finally exchanged and came home to recuperate. He afterwards joined Col. Bowlins' regiment and served to the close of the war. After the war and the cause he espoused being a lost one, he himself penniless, his negroes set free, and his stock gone, but he did not lose heart, and proceeded to regain, as thousands of others did, his lost fortunes. His cheering, encouraging ways and his voice is now stilled.

He sleeps in the beautiful grove where oft he chased the fleet-footed deer in the days of long ago. Here beneath the crumbling clods sleeps one of nature's true noblemen. There is sorrow in the old homestead, there is grief in the quiet community where he dwelt, there is regret to the utmost bounds of his acquaintance.

His death was a bitter blow to those who loved him, and they were many. Illness had deprived him of a consciousness of the presence of his loved ones, who, like shadows, lingered at the couch of death, and with a tenderness whose every touch was a prayer of love, ministered to the last wishes of the dying man. He had passed through life's vernal spring, through golden summer and russet autumn, into winter and its deep snows, yet not by the calendars can such a life be measured. His life is longest whose memory is thickest set with scenes sweet to dwell upon when daylight fades and the last rays of sunset crown the hills in glory, and for Capt. Nicholson there was a retrospection studded with a gem for every passing day. He was happiest when contributing to the happiness of his fellow-man. Poverty, ne'er plead before
him in vain; those who knew him best tell of the heavy demands made on his charity in pioneer days, but never of an instance when he refused to share his bounty with the needy. The distressed sought him and found a friend in adversity's hour; the sorrowing came and found a balm for every ill.

He has passed away; nature's vital chord was disengaged and he sleeps; it is appointed unto all once to die, and in turn we take our place in death's silent chamber. But memory does not fade, and there is a sorrow for loved ones that time cannot root from the heart. 'The love that survives the tomb is the noblest attribute of the soul. When the overwhelming mist of grief is lulled into the gentle tear of recollection, the convulsive agonies over the ruins of all we most loved are softened away into meditation of all that it was in the days of its loveliness. There is a voice from the tomb that is sweeter than song, a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of living.

REMINISCENCES OF A. J. NICHOLSON.

Captain A. J. Nicholson was a member of the legislative body at Austin in 1861 that passed the ordinance of secession; and backing his faith by his works, was one of the first to volunteer when war was decided on, and was in continuous service till the surrender except when incapacitated by a wound received at the battle of Pea Ridge in 1862. A member of his old company recently remarked that the Captain was always a just and
impartial man and if he had to decide a question of anything like equal merits between a relative or intimate friend and a comparative stranger, the decision would always be made in favor of the stranger. This was to avoid the imputation of favoritism or partiality. This trait of his character was fully illustrated in his first race for the Legislature as representative for Fannin County. It was back in the '50s and he made the race as a Democrat, and was opposed by Col. Bob Taylor, of Bonham, the Whig candidate. The parties were about equally divided and the result doubtful till the last. On the day of election a voter, not knowing to whom he was speaking, asked Nicholson to assist him in making out his ticket. The request was complied with, and the voter's choice of candidates were left on the ticket till they came to representative. The voter on being told of the nature of the two candidates, remarked: "I am not acquainted with either of the candidates, and will leave the selection to you if you have any choice." "All right," replied Nicholson, "I will leave Taylor's name on the ticket," and scratching his own name off completed the ticket. When the returns were all in Taylor was elected by three votes.

Years afterwards these two were again pitted against each other for the same office, when Nicholson easily won the race.

Capt. A. J. Nicholson came to Texas with his parents in 1837, stopping in Lamar County. One year later his father moved to this county, settling near Meade Springs, at the spot now known as the Stephen's place. Captain Nicholson served
six years in the State Legislature, and was often urged to seek other and more lucrative positions, but he positively refused to do so, preferring the quiet life of his farm. His last illness was long and severe, death resulting from paralysis of the brain.
CHAPTER XII.

JOE SPENCE.

In 1838 a young fellow, with a humorous and adventuresome disposition, bold and brave, came to Texas to make his home. He came from South Carolina; he was Uncle Joe Spence. Uncle Joe was not an ordinary man in the sense of being
uninteresting or unattractive in conduct and speech, but was vivacious, humorous and a good conversationalist. He had an excellent memory and could spill more yarns and stories and make everyone around him jolly and gay. He was like the sunshine after a cold, wet rain, and so light-hearted and gay and jovial that he was twice happy who had the good fortune to be associated with him. How charming were the times when Uncle Joe would come to the home of my parents, and how my boy chums and playmates would delight themselves as Uncle Joe would entertain the older folks, especially at Christmas. The darkies, our trusty servants, would make special efforts to get through their work to hear Uncle Joe tell of his experiences in dealing with the wily savage or thrilling experiences and encounters with wild beasts. Uncle Joe told us once how he made his first attempt at raising crops. He had cleared a small patch of new ground, put a brush fence around it, and afterwards used big heavy rails. In the patch he planted corn, peas and pumpkins. Scarcely had he got a good start when the deer, coons, squirrels and bears began to help themselves to his crop. The Indians looked on, too, with longing eyes, and about the time he was about to enjoy the fruits of his labor the blood-curdling yell of the savages burst in on his peace and began to devastate the little patch he had so carefully husbanded. Frequently he was obliged to seek the shelter of his stoutly built log cabin and through the loopholes he had specially prepared pepper the Indians with his faithful, tried and true rifle. In this way many of the Indians
were silenced forever, and many a time my father, W. B. Allen, and other brave pioneers helped to drive the pestiferous pilferers away.

The way Uncle Joe got rid of the coons and the droll and interesting manner he explained it are reminiscences I cannot help but think are novel. He made a fire pan light to shine the coons' eyes by tying a frying pan handle to a pole and setting fire to rich pine knots, put them in the pan and flash them in the eyes of the coon, then blaze away with his flint-lock shotgun, and the coons would drop in multitudes, while those that could would scatter helter skelter in every direction in their haste to get away. His bear and coon dogs followed up the chase until they found a big hollow tree, about forty feet high, that had been broken by a big storm. The tree was about four feet wide, and into this hollow the coons tried to hide, their tails, in a conspicuous heap, hanging out at the opening near the ground. Here a battle royal ensued until the bear and coon dogs had dispatched the pest, and their hides were hastily taken and loaded later for the market with bear, buffalo, panther, deer and wolf skins, and set on pack ponies to be taken to Sam Fulton's store, on White River, Arkansas, a distance of about eighty-five miles.

On another occasion Uncle Joe, my father, and a few friends were exploring and seeking a place to locate claims, which they had a right to do, after they had journeyed through a beautiful country over very rich fertile lands, pitched their camp. After being out about the third day Uncle Joe took a bucket to get some water while the
others were making ready to fix the camp. Passing over to an adjoining hill, he found a fine gurgling spring of pure, cold water, bursting out of gravel and boulders. While he was filling his bucket he noted the numerous tracks from moccasined feet and an innumerable quantity of animal tracks, evidencing that this was the watering place for a considerable surrounding country. Suddenly he was aroused by the unearthly yell of a host of bloodthirsty savages. Summoning his courage, he bravely faced his foe and defiantly held himself in an attitude of defense. The Indians, admiring his courage, said they did not want to kill brave man. The chief came forward, pattering him on the back, said: "Much heap brave white man," "White man make heap good chief," "He whip big Indian tribes if he be their chief." The Indians camped there one night, then went on their journey, following next day on their narrow, meandering trail, chanting as they went their weird war songs. As they journeyed on they occasionally encountered buffalo, bear or deer, and when hungry would take their bows and arrows, lances and tomahawks and scalping knives and eat ravenously the raw meat of their victims as quickly as they were skinned. Uncle Joe was taken with them and his days were sad and lonely, as he contemplated that he would probably never see his friends again, as he was being taken farther and farther away from them. Probably he would be killed and scalped, and his Texas friends and Carolina friend would never know what had befallen him. The Indians were surprised one day to see in the distance what seemed to be smoke,
but which proved to be a cloud of dust ascending upward to the skies. Quickly they discovered the cause was a monster rush of stampeded wild horses and other animals rushing like the wind toward them, like a mighty avalanche. Seeing the imminent danger, the Indians and brave Uncle Joe courageously prepared to give resistance and defend themselves against the onrushing beasts. They were almost on them and the blinding dust made breathing difficult. The plan agreed on was to kill the leaders in the hope that the others would divide and thus prevent them from being crushed to death. Uncle Joe, taking deliberate aim, brought down the biggest buffalo leader and the Indians did their share well, and the result was that they escaped the death which seemed certain to be upon them. After feasting on the carcasses of the animals they had slain they proceeded to the mountain ranges through the valleys and rough, rocky roads till they reached the top of one of the highest ones, from which they could have a view for miles away. Camping, the Indians compelled Uncle Joe to carry wood and water, imposing heavy burdens almost unbearable. Uncle Joe was ever on the alert for an opportunity to escape, but the watchful eyes of the squaws and spies made it impossible. After the cheerful fire of the blazing logs, which the cold night air made doubly agreeable, the Indians fell to sleep, while poor Uncle Joe, suffering from cold and dread and apprehension, not knowing what the Indians intended to do with him and having a sense of his helplessness and loneliness, sat dejectedly near, though not able to enjoy the comforts of
the fire. In the morning, after a night of stupor and unrest, he discerned the Indians pointing and jabbering over a large iron-bound whisky barrel that had been left by some white men who had camped there. The Indians proceeded to loosen the hoops and broke out the head, then rushed and violently took Uncle Joe and crammed him in the barrel, put on the head, and after giving their fiendish yell, went off and left him there to die. In his dilemma poor Uncle Joe revolved in his mind the good and the bad he had done in his life; cramped as he was there was little hope of escape and no hope of escape seemed possible. The only way he could get fresh air to breathe was through the bunghole. No one who has never been in a like position can appreciate the torture he had to bear. After he had been in the barrel some time a large number of wolves, bears and panthers came to feed upon the carcasses left by the Indians after they had broken camp. In their efforts to get the remnants the beasts began to fight. The howling, snarling and barking beasts made a hideous noise, so fierce as to make poor Uncle Joe's flesh creep. Two big black wolves got into a terrific battle and jumped and fell over each other beside the barrel in which Uncle Joe was a prisoner. One of the big wolves, in switching his tail, got it stuck through the bunghole of the barrel and Uncle Joe snatched it with a grip like a drowning man catching a straw. The big wolf, in his rage, went bounding over rocks and hills until the strain on the barrel loosened the hoops and the staves gave way, with Uncle Joe rolling down the hillside, but fortunately he had escaped
from his prison and he was overjoyed over his good fortune. He said it seemed to him as though he had rolled over a mile before he could gather together his senses, and with difficulty he picked up his bruised and mangled body, glanced about at the bewildered beasts about him who slunk away when they saw him stand up before them, master over all he surveyed.

He lost no time in returning to his comrades, traveling night and day to get to the camp. What a happy surprise it was to the boys to see him come, as they were fearful lest they would never see his face again. But he lived to have many an exciting experience after this, and not long after he had one with bears that had been carrying off his roasting ears on his new-made ground. Filling his flash pan, he went out and found the bears with a lot in their arms walking on their hind feet. Flashing their eyes with his pan, he killed two or three with his gun, and not having a good hold lost his footing, fell back, and the bear was about to jump on him when he whipped out his knife and they had a rough and tumble fight. Finally he thrust his knife to the bear's heart and he came off victorious with several carcasses of bear to his credit. They had plenty of bear meat to eat for several days.

It is, of course, impossible to recite all the deeds of valor and the only hopes I have in writing this little sketch of Uncle Joe Spence is to show to the generation now living, and those that are to follow, some of the difficulties and dangers that were daily experienced by the brave pioneers of former days. Uncle Joe's example and fortitude may not
seem so striking now, but it was the lives of such men as these that have left us the freedom and comforts we enjoy as a blessed heritage, and it is my humble privilege to extol his name as of nature's noblemen and as one of Texas' heroes.
CHAPTER XIII.

WM. SPENCE.

On February 18th, in the year 1833, in North Carolina, there was a babe born who was to be

enrolled in after years among the early pioneers in Texas history. It was the man of whom this sketch gives but a feeble reminiscence. Wm.
Spence came through to Texas on horseback with Joseph P. Spence in 1838; the long, dangerous journey was accompanied with many an adventure, as the country was then infested with in-

numerable bands of redskins and man-eating wild animals. There were also numerous bands of outlaws and horse thieves, who plied their infamous occupations on the white settlers and travelers in search of homes in the wilderness. It required more than ordinary bravery to make these trips,
as there was, on every hand, dangers from loss of life from the bloodthirsty savage, the lurking wild beast, and the outlaw.

Nor was the pioneer himself the only sufferer, for we must take into account the mother and the father and the sisters and the brothers in the North Carolina home, who knew something of the privations and the danger that awaited the absent son and brother. Pen cannot picture the anxiety and the worry on the mother mind, but these valiant men went forward in their strength and manhood to conquer unbeaten paths and set new homes for the increasing demands of the unborn generations yet to come. History has recorded names of such men who have devoted their lives to the pursuit of finding new countries, new places where man can build and develop untold advantages to mankind, and it is only fitting and worthy on our part to illuminate these pages with those who have done this for us, who have the advantages of what the early pioneers obtained by their self-sacrifice and enterprise by leaving this far-famed Texas a land of liberty and law-abiding commonwealth, where there is no longer any restraint on any man who wants to pursue his ways according to his own conscience.

It was not so when Wm. Spence came here; the policy and the purpose of the inhabitants of the country was to destroy and take away the belongings of others for themselves. It was peopled with men who loved neither home nor liberty except so far as that liberty considered themselves. They delighted in killing or scalping or stealing or burning. Whenever anyone came to try and
build, it was the desire of the inhabitants then to destroy and steal what they could get their hands on. The Indian and his ally, the notorious bands of horse thieves, composed of degenerate white men, were the sole occupants of the land except the beasts of the field, whose carnivorous desires were satiated in preying on other beasts and occasionally a helpless or wounded human being. If we can fully realize the difficulties of our forefathers who pioneered in early days we certainly ought to be thankful for what they have done for us in providing for us the happy homes we now are permitted to enjoy without fear of molestation.

Nearly all the old settlers of the early days have passed across the dark river, and those of us who are on life’s river homeward bound will soon reach the end of our journey and hope to meet again those gone before on the other side.

The nearest freighting market at which we could get our supplies in those days was at Jefferson, a distance of 125 miles. Aside from that we raised at home, was for forty years hauled from this point by an ox team attached to ox wagons, and these trains could be seen for miles hauling supplies from Jefferson and returning with loads of skins and products of the land.

Land sold in those days at 25 to 50 cents the acre, and there was abundance for everybody and plenty of grass for the cattle to feed on without the necessity for extra feeding.

Wm. Spence was one of those men, who, by sheer industry and perseverance under difficulties, earned his way through life because of his worth,
and being economical, and assisted by a thrifty and industrious wife, accumulated quite a goodly estate with considerable means and a large herd of stock. They had a delightful and happy home, and delighted in extending hospitality to those who were their friends and royally entertained them, as well as those who were traveling through the country seeking to make a home among them.

Uncle Bill, as he was familiarly called, married Virginia C. Baker in March, 1869, from which union there was born a son, William, who lives on the old home place.

Uncle Bill lost his wife March 24th, 1903, and Uncle Bill died July 24th, 1905. They are gone from us, but the memory of their devotion and usefulness remains behind for us to revere their memory. They are at rest from their labors now and the trials incident to this life, but we trust when the final roll is called up yonder we shall be with them and answer to the roll call on the right side.

Uncle Bill, by a former marriage, also had a daughter, who was named Virginia, adopted by Uncle Joe Spence and raised to womanhood by him and his good wife. She married Mr. George Finley and was the happy mother of quite a large family.
CHAPTER XIV

CAPT. SHELTON.

This indomitable old settler was born in Arkansas on April 11th, 1823. In 1827, during the month of September, he made his pilgrimage to the land we love—Texas—and located where Roxton is now. At that time it was a frontier settlement, a sort of fortification was built there, so the families could live without danger of destruction by the Indians. The women and children stayed in the fort, while the men went out and worked, having pickets and spies ready to warn them if any of the marauding Indians should approach, so that they could hasten to the fort and be prepared to defend themselves. The place was then called Fort Shelton. A company of rangers was organized under the command of W. B. Stout. Capt. Shelton was a member of this company, though only a lad of about sixteen years. The fort was afterwards moved south of where Honey Grove is now after several battles with Indians, and Capt. Shelton served in the company of rangers nearly a year. He afterwards enlisted as a minute man in a company whose watchword was to be ready at a minute's notice to defend the home and lives of women and children. They had many exciting experiences with the Indians, who made a practice of stealing the white man's horses and a pony of Shelton's, one he thought a great deal of was one the Indians stole, and he never felt kindly to the Indians thereafter. A man by
the name of Davis was killed about the time of the moving of the fort from Fort Shelton, and a great deal of skirmishing was done. Capt. Shelton was very well acquainted with Bailey English, father of Jo English, who married Capt. Shelton's sister, and so he was quite intimate with the garrison at Fort English, then a settlement located where Bonham stands now. This fort was built
of stout logs in which, at frequent intervals, were placed loopholes, enabling them to shoot any enemy that might approach. Our company of minute men was commanded by Capt. Jack Wilson, and many an Indian learned to his sorrow the accuracy of this company's aim, the rapidity of their action. They did not make many attacks on this fort, because they soon found out it was too disastrous to their braves and the Indians were glad to turn away from the dangers that attacking this fort resulted in to them.

The famous Davy Crockett came through this country on his way to the fort that has made Texas heroism and bravery the most famous in modern and ancient history. Fort Alamo is, and always will be, the synonym for deeds of bravery. History does not record a greater evidence of fearlessness and courage than that battlefield, and we do well revere their memory and extol their virtues for the battle for the glorious liberty which we hold so dear and has made our great State the admiration of every man, woman and child throughout the civilized world.

It was on the journey to the Alamo that Crockett camped at Honey Grove. He gave it the name it bears because he found such an abundance of honey. The name was cut in large letters on a chinguapin tree and has been so called from the time it was a grove on the prairies, until it has now grown to be quite a city.

In the minute men service Capt. Shelton had several encounters with Indians. There was not a great number in the company, but they were indomitable fighters, and in every conflict there was
many an Indian went to his happy hunting ground. On one of these occasions a famous Indian doctor was mortally wounded. He had in his possession a collection of Indian medicines and herbs, and a creek ran close to where the doctor was wounded and from which they named the creek Doctor's Creek, near where Cooper is today in Delta County. Sherman was surveyed by a man by the name of Shannon. Pinhook was the name of the village where the city of Paris now stands. There was a store there run by George Wright. This was before there was a home of any kind in Honey Grove. Jonesborough, thirty-five miles northeast of Paris, was our nearest town, and there is where we purchased our supplies, paying for them with skins of animals killed by our trusty guns. Our animals were driven to market, sometimes to Jefferson, Texas, and from there shipped to New Orleans. And oftentimes it was advisable to drive them to Nebraska and Kansas, over the Chisholm trail, at great risk of loss from the Indians, and the cowboys had to sleep out on the prairies, always in danger from panthers, wildcats, bears, etc. But they became inured to hardships and dangers, and were brave, honorable and industrious. They were frequently obliged to exercise the duty of guardians of the law and frequently were obliged to hang desperadoes and cattle thieves and depredators to rid the country of these undesirables. On one occasion a band of desperadoes, led by Jones Ray and some other white men who had conspired to murder and assassinate, and had committed a murder, were caught and speedily hung. Dr. Jewett, a pioneer from Missouri, was assassi-
nated in his home one night, and when his murderer was discovered and had confessed he was also hung.

It would be a good and sufficient cause for commotion to go to church Sunday morning and find the men all armed with shotguns, expecting at any minute to be called on to use them in self-defense, and yet that is exactly what did happen in those days when we had our camp meetings. At one of these camp meetings, conducted by a Methodist minister by the name of Orr, where Roxton is now located, while the meeting was in progress, the Indians crawled up and stole the finest race horse in the community and rode him away, but the spirited animal, by some means, managed to escape from them and returned with a rope dangling from his neck.

One of the first physicians that located in the community was Dr. Mittower. He was a very able and efficient physician and practiced in a very large territory. The blessings to humanity, administered by his hands, have never been fully repaid, but many a patient suffering from the ills to which flesh is heir, bless the good doctor's name for his generous administration.

In those good old days the circuit preachers were a helpful gift to our needs. The Rev. J. W. P. McKenzie and the Rev. John Graham were our first circuit preachers, and they were obliged to take long and dangerous journeys to reach their several stations over lonely trails and across vast and untenanted prairies. Every once in a while there would be big camp meetings and a regular pentecostal awakening that would last for weeks and
many souls be converted. Rev. John Newton assisted at one of these meetings and frequently the meetings would last till after midnight in the brush arbors, and there would be stirring scenes of men and women giving their souls to God's keeping. Many of those who were born into the Kingdom of God are now answering the roll call on the other side of the river now.

For seventy years Capt. Shelton has been a member of the Methodist Church, having joined under Rev. McKenzie when he was only eighteen years of age, and for sixty-five years he has been steward. The captain married Martha Elizabeth Yates, daughter of Thomas Yates and Avis Yates, who came to Texas in 1842. Capt. Shelton's wife died in May, 1911; they had lived happily for sixty-five years. She was a faithful wife and a devoted mother, blessed with all the good qualities of a Christian wife and mother.

For over fifty years he has been a Mason and was always actively engaged in the work of the order until his eyesight dimmed and his hearing was partially suspended. He was worshipful master of Roxton Lodge until disqualified because of his physical disabilities. In politics a staunch Democrat; served regular sessions and two called sessions in the State Legislature. Over half his life was devoted to the interests of the State and church, not because of political ambition, but to serve his people.

On the occasion of his dear wife's death, the following was dedicated by Rev. John D. Major, his pastor:
THE PARTING.

To Brother E. J. Shelton, of High, Texas, on the loss of his devoted wife, after sixty-five years of happy wedded life:

They stood beside the crossing as the evening shadows grew,
And he took her slender hand in his as was often wont to do;
So she received his fond caress and felt it was her due,
The homage of a knightly soul, so loving, faithful, true.

They heard the oarsman coming to bear her life away,
Though she clung more closely to him at the closing of the day;
While she whispered to him softly, in words of love complete,
We have walked so far together and the way has been so sweet.

I wouldn't mind the crossing if you could only go.
I grieve to leave you, darling, in this cold world below.
He stooped and kissed her furrowed brow, now crowned with silver gray,
As they stood beside the crossing at the parting of the way.
He saw the bloom of maidenhood and the charming bride so fair,
The lovely bloom of motherhood and the lines of mother's care;
And as the tears bedimmed his eyes, the oarsman gently bore her away
To where love's sweetest flowers bloom in the fields of endless day.

By her pastor,

JOHN D. MAJOR.

Brookston, Texas.

ADVENTURES OF CAPT. SHELTON.

I and my brother were sitting on the porch when we heard the cattle bellowing, and on looking to find the cause of the noise, we found them chasing a bear across the prairie towards a creek. We had two rifles and a shot pouch, and each of us grabbed a rifle and went to intercept the bear. He ran across the creek into a grove and I started up a cow path by the creek. I saw the bear coming toward me. Being small at the time and young, I could not hold the rifle out in my hands, so I rested my gun on a tree and made a bad shot, but I hit him, though it was not a fatal wound. My brother, hearing the shot, came to me. The bear, in the meantime, ran after my dog. I took my brother's gun and gave chase after the bear, who had run towards a big thicket, but I headed him off. A tree had been blown down and I crawled up into it waiting for him. Pretty soon
he came, and looked as though he was coming to join me, so I decided there wasn't room enough for both of us, so I hurried to get out. Just then the bear turned to pass and I let him have the contents of the gun and it hit him in a vital spot. My brother came rushing in on the scene just then. I was already on the bear and yelled to brother not to shoot, that I had him and claimed the honor and credit of being a bear hunter. The bear was a big fellow and so old he was gray. My father was amused when I told him of my skill, and after he had examined the bear, praised me for having done so well. He said it was one of the largest he had ever seen and that I deserved credit for it.

At another time my wife's brother tackled a bear up in the snow. We tried to keep our dogs in the rear, but they took after the bear ahead of us. The bear went around in a circle and finally came back near where we were. My brother-in-law shot at him and missed; my shot hit him on the thigh and broke it; the two dogs came up and I advanced toward the bear, my gun in hand. The bear sprang away from the dogs at me. I thrust my gun in his face and he grabbed it with his mouth. I shoved the gun in his mouth so he couldn't bite me. He took a good hold of the gun and broke one of his teeth in his attempt to bite the barrel and jerked the gun out of my hand. The dogs were harassing him and they partially drew his attention from me. Finally he sprang from the dogs again and tried to get me with his claws and hug me with his huge paws, but I got behind a tree. He tried to get me behind the tree
and made several attempts to bite me, but I finally got my knife out, and as he tried to reach me on the one side I thrust my knife into his side and kept myself in readiness to fight him to a finish. I finally succeeded in landing a fatal blow and we had bear meat for food for several days.

On another occasion we had a Christmas frolic down on Sulphur. The evening before we had killed a small bear and the next morning there was a misty rain which made the cane very wet—our camp had been made in this cane—so wet that it threatened to spoil our powder. All of the others had the old flint lock-guns but myself and another of my comrades, and ours used percussion caps. We tried to keep our caps and powder dry by covering it with tallow. We hadn't started very far when we discovered a large bear. The hunters and dogs gave chase to the bear except myself, but I, seeing a large cane break, felt sure he would try to make that, so went to head him off. As soon as I got to the place I expected he would go I found the bear and dogs came together and the dogs caught him close to where I was. There wasn't any chance to shoot him in a vital spot until he fell and rolled over with his head towards me, his mouth wide open. I fired into his mouth, but the ball did not go far enough back to kill him. In a short time he was up on his feet again, the dogs having hold of him. I dropped my gun, pulled out my knife, and stabbed him on the opposite side, knowing that if I stabbed him on the side next to me he would bite me. I had to cut him three times before I finally killed him,
and in one of the lunges I made he grabbed my arm and tore the cuff off my coat.

On still another occasion we found a bear in his den; he had scraped up the leaves from all around and made himself a bed. As I looked in I saw him raise his head. I thought he was coming out, so I called to the rest of the party and the dogs. The dogs charged him, but they came back with a rush and we expected the bear to follow the dogs, but he didn’t. It was so dark we could see him well, so when we fired at him we only wounded him. The dogs went in again, but came back in a hurry and one of the hunters took another shot at him. I crouched down so the light could come over my back, so I could see better, and as he crossed the light hole I fired and killed him. Hastily whipping out my knife, I trimmed a hickory pole, twisted the top and made a noose, which I fastened around the bear’s foot by crawling in the hole, and the boys caught me by the heels and pulled me and the bear out. That was next to the last bear I killed, and the last one was not at all exciting.

I have personally helped to kill as many as six bears in a day and I could fill a book with my encounters, but those days are over and the hard-fought battles with Indians and bears are over and all we can do is to live them over in memory. I still have my old bear knife, a reminder of the thrilling experiences of the days when our country was not so secure and peaceful as now. But it is gratifying to know that the security and peace we now possess is at the cost of the sacrifices and perseverance of the early pioneers.
CHAPTER XV.

C. C. YOAKUM.

This noble pioneer was born in Hardy County, West Virginia, near the Allegheny mountains, and spent his youth in that interesting community, but cast his lot with Texas pioneers in 1839. He has a vigorous body and enjoyed life abundantly.
It was his duty to tend his father’s stock, which he ranged in the excellent grass of the prairies so abundant as to reach the animals’ sides. It was great sport to him to give chase to them as they were attempting to get away from control on fleet-footed horses racing as if they were racing for life. Fond as he was of the hunt, and being of a jovial nature, he had many friends among the young men who spent a great deal of time hunting. A real royal time they had with their dogs and guns in pursuit endeavoring to keep up with the hounds and kill the wild game and carnivorous animals. How he delighted to tell of the enjoyment he got out of the delightful mountain springs with their abundance of flowing, cool, clear water. How he used to enjoy the scenery of the mountains and tell of the view away out in the distance seemingly a hundred miles away, and with what awe he was inspired as he looked at the variety of colors in nature’s paint shop among the trees and cliffs and mountains as peak stood up above peak, seemingly trying to outreach one another in the attempt to reach a higher plane and endeavor apparently to reach heaven and seemed to be trying to get in touch with the infinite. The mountain seems to be the place of God’s revelation to men in all ages. He gave Moses the law on a tablet of stone in the mountain. Moses had his last view on earth at the promised land somewhere in the mountain. And in the mountains, where Moses was either translated or buried, Satan contended with the angel for his body.

In those Virginia mountains, where our subject spent his boyhood days, it was an ideal home to
him, but the temptations of the call of Texas brought him here in '49. He landed at Shreveport, at which place he bought an ox team, and came overland in a wagon and located at his old home place, six miles northwest of Honey Grove. This place he calls home—home, sweet home—the place he so much loved and labored so many years during his manhood days in improving and building.

C. C. Yoakum and his good wife, Mary, were very industrious, hard-working people and accumulated an independence with good property and a good quantity of stock. They had two sons and two daughters, all of them now living—Bettie, the oldest, married Mr. Dock Gober, and after his death married Mr. Bud Stallings, and live at Eulia, Swisher County; Ed., the oldest son, married Miss Lee Nicholson, and they live in the old Capt. Nicholson home; they have two children, a boy, Willie, and a daughter named Ethlyn. Miss Mollie Yoakum; the younger daughter of C. C. Yoakum, married P. B. Johnson, and have five sons—Henry, Mort, Carl, Ivan and Willie. Mr. Johnson is a prosperous farmer, and his boys are equally industrious and are good business men. Mr. Mortimer Yoakum married Miss Laura Erwin, and they were parents of four boys and four girls. They live in the old homestead and are all doing well.

C. C. Yoakum died in 1909 and his wife preceded him in 1887. Their labors are over and have passed to the home prepared from before the foundation of the earth, for that is the promise to those who are redeemed of the Lord, and they were certainly good, Christian people.
CHAPTER XVI.

CAPT. W. UNDERWOOD.

Capt. W. Underwood, a retired merchant of Honey Grove, Texas, is a native of Sumner County, Tennessee, where he was born February 17th, 1828. He is the son of Nathan and Judith (Martin) Underwood. His father, who was a tailor by trade, was born in North Carolina and died in Wilson County, Tennessee, in 1842. His mother was born in Robinson County, Tennessee, and died there in 186—.

Capt. Underwood was the youngest of five children—all deceased except himself—the others being Minerva, Albert, John and Frank. Capt. Underwood settled in Texas in 1855 and was a clerk in the store of B. S. Walcott until the breaking out of the war, in which he took an active part until the close. After the struggle was over he returned to Texas, engaged in business, and has been ever since until about 1900. He retired from active work, and since then has lived quietly in Honey Grove. In 1868 he was married to Miss Martha Bagby, of Clarksville, Texas, who died January 9th, 1915. They had two sons—John Arthur and Frank W. They have been associated with their father in business several years.

Capt. Underwood is a member of the Masonic fraternity.
CHAPTER XVII.

PIONEER JAMES BAKER.

Naturally I feel that great credit is due my father, who emigrated to this country in 1837 with his family, as being one of the first pioneer Texans. He certainly had all the hardships and dangers that went with that worthy title and was useful in his way toward the building of this great commonwealth. He was a civil engineer by occupation and often, while in the performance of his duties with my oldest brother, Thomas C. Baker, were surprised, while carrying the chains, by approaching Indians, who harassed them in their work. He generally was able to make friends with the Indians, but it was trying on my mother, who looked upon the times and conditions as being times of peril. As I sit now, writing this little reminiscence of my life, I do not seem to be able to make my pen write the words that best express the conditions as they then existed. In fact, I do not think that pen is capable of depicting the hardships and dangers that attended the trials of the early pioneer.

I was born in 1838, and was only a child when my father was having the experiences which most try a men of metal, but I well remember the opinion of some of his comrades who lived neighbors to him for years. There was in old Red River and Lamar Counties old Uncle Sam Orton, Uncle Davy Lome, Mr. Harmon, Mr. Chisholm, old Father McKenzie, and many others who were lifelong friends
of my father. From my earliest recollections I remember Brother James Graham; he preached all over the country, not having a specified station, but going from place to place, wherever he could accomplish the most good. We did not have fine churches with upholstered pews and were content to hear the Word of God from the lips of those men who were willing to endure the storms and perils of the circuit to preach in hewed log cabins in which were placed hewed log benches for seats; satisfied to hear the words of redeeming love revealed through Christ to a fallen world and enjoying the consciousness of his fellowship.

In those days we were building from the bottom up, little by little, those stout old Democrats who laid the foundation which has stood the test of time and adversity as well as enjoyed the advantage of success.

My father was a Democrat, a soldier in the War of the Revolution, was in the Battle of New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1812, and served with my eldest brother in the Florida war. My two brothers, William and Robert, were also enlisted in the war with Mexico, and my brother Robert in the Civil War, so I feel as though we should be enrolled as pioneers, not only as home builders, but as home defenders as well.

My father went to glory in 1871, on Christmas day; he was then eighty-four years of age. He died at his home, six miles south of Bonham. He had been preceded by mother several years before, who passed to the world triumphant on the 21st of October, 1858.

A brighter and more perfect example of true
Christian character was never left as a legacy to children than was that of him who left the example of those I am writing of to the child who is penning these lines. There were ten children born to my mother; six have gone on before and we four are remaining, awaiting the summons to the grand reunion, as I pray God we shall meet together in glory around the Father's throne a united family.

These words are penned and these reminiscences recited by the youngest child of one of the noble pioneers, and may these men linger long in the memory of those who appreciate the worth of those who gave their lives for the good of our native land is the wish of

VIRGINIA C. SPENCE.
CHAPTER XVIII.

TRIBUTE AND EULOGY TO UNCLE JOHN JONES.

(By J. Taylor Allen.)

Honey Grove, Texas.

Words fail us to fully express our tribute of love and respect for our kind, good friend, J. W. Jones, Sr., with whom it was our happy, pleasant lot to be associated in my youthful boyhood days, herding horses on the luxuriant, nutritious grass and boarding with him in the long ago, when our memory with retrospective view, turns and lingers with those indescribable happy times. We can testify that surely Uncle John Jones complied with the edict of God in the beginning, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread all the days of thy life." For he labored diligently and continuous, and acquired a competency of the necessaries of this life. Though at times misfortune by fire bore heavily upon him, he persevered courageously, patiently and faithfully ever trusting in God, who comforted and sustained him, now in old age, longer than the usual time limit allotted to man. He is still with us. Oh, may God's richest blessings rest and abide with him, and may his last days be the most joyous, happy and peacable, and as the shadows of time grow less, oh, may he triumphantly realize that God is with him, and that his friends and loved ones are beckoning him home to the other shore, into the house of many mansions, where he shall ever be free from care,
sorrow and pain. And, oh, may the same hope and blessed assurance be with all the weary, care-worn pilgrims, our early settlers and pioneers, both mothers and fathers, is the sincere desire of the author and compiler of this book.

J. TAYLOR ALLEN.

NINETY AND ONE.

Monday of this week Honey Grove’s oldest citizen passed another milestone in the grand march of life to eternity’s shore. So far as our knowledge extends, J. W. Jones has had a longer stay on earth than any person within the bounds of what we term the Honey Grove country. The subject of this little sketch was born in North Bend, Ohio, March 18th, 1827, and is now entering his ninety-second year. The village in which Mr. Jones was born is now a part of the great city of Cincinnati.

It was in 1846 that Mr. Jones turned his face westward to make his home in a new and undeveloped country. With his parents he journeyed down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers by boat to New Orleans, and thence up Red river to Shreveport. From the latter place the family traveled by wagon to a point one mile north of the spot on which the present village of Selfs now stands. About five months intervened between the time of starting and the day the family finally drove stakes on the spot which was to be their home. In 1857 Mr. Jones purchased 300 acres of land, which included the present location of Selfs, paying 25 cents per acre therefor.
When the bugle call summoned the sons of the Southland to the defense of their country, Mr. Jones was one of the first to enlist, and he served until peace was declared in Settle's battalion, which did State guard duty. After the war he built a mill at Selfs, which for many years ground corn for all the people of this section.

Our country has had no more useful man than John W. Jones, and no country ever had a better man. This writer has known the man thirty-two years, lived under his hospitable roof for more than two years, and can say, in all sincerity, that John W. Jones is one of the grandest characters it has been his lot to know. Never did we hear him speak against any many, and never did we know him to say a foolish or an unkind word. One of the finest pictures we see is this fine old gentleman passing his declining days so peacefully, so contentedly, so hopefully, and so happily. He attends church regularly, reads the news of the day with a deep interest, discusses issues with his neighbors, tells jokes, and enjoys life to the uttermost. He has well earned a rich reward in heaven, but the Lord he has served so well has granted unto him a rich foretaste of the glories of the world to come even while he tabernacles in the flesh.
CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. N. C. JONES.

I was born in Franklin County, Georgia, in 1838. My father, Armstad W. Ramsey, came to Texas in 1851 in a four-horse wagon, starting on the 6th of October and landing at T. R. Williams the week before Christmas. T. R. Williams lived about one mile above Bois d'Arc Springs and had a water mill there. The 4th of the next July we were all taken down sick. We moved out to the prairie in a log hut on Tolbert Myers' place, the place where Bettie Ramsey now lives, and from there we moved to a log hut on Wilson Allen's place. The next January father died, and was the first one to be buried at Vineyard Grove. That old church was just being built at that time. A Baptist preacher by the name of Brisco put up the house. While we lived on the Allen place we went to school at the chapel in an old log house. A man by the name of Stovall taught the school. That was the only school house within ten miles or more, and the ones that lived off a distance came on horseback, three on a horse. I don't know of but six who are living that went to school there. With us there are Peyton Wheeler and his wife, Clem Wheeler, George Carpenter, my sister, Lucindye Johnson, and myself. Mother was ninety years old when she died. She raised six children and had never lost a child, all of whom were living when she died, but all of them are dead now excepting Philander Jones. My husband is eighty-two years old, the oldest of eight chil-
dren, who are all dead but him. We never had but one child and he died last June in his fifty-ninth year. We are almost alone, having two grand children and four great-grandchildren. Had a sister die about a month ago, Mrs. M. E. Buie. When we came to Texas it was very thinly settled, just a log cabin now and then, with one room to cook, eat and sleep in, and a puncheon floor with the roof nailed on with logs; one door, the shutter, made out of boards, and generally opened on the outside to save room. They were so low that there was but one log above the door for the door to shut against. We had no cook stoves, cooking on the fireplace, and had stick and dirt chimneys. If there was a plank house anywhere in this country I don’t recollect it, or an oak plank or pine plank, as none had ever come this country then. There were lots of wild animals here. I came very near being eat up twice, once by a bear and once by a wildcat, but I was pretty swift on foot in them days and I outrun them. These bottoms were full of wild hogs at this time and they were sure bad; the only way you had to get away from them was by climbing a tree or getting up on a high stump and staying there until they had left. But I tell you one did not enjoy waiting for them to leave very much. I forgot to mention old man McCart. He came to Texas in the fall of 1852. I think he came from Missouri. He came in an old wagon and settled just north of the Nicholson place, a short distance. I don’t know whether any of them are living or not. And then there was old Jerry Word, Ely Prickett, Mark Dalton, Adam and Columbus Yoakum, old man Lewis Stephens and
Joseph Morrison, and the Allen brothers, Hal Wilson, young Elbert Stanmore, old man Gwaltney, a hard-shell preacher, and David Peavler. He lived near where the German church now stands.
We are proud of our beautiful, prosperous and progressive little city, Honey Grove, which is situated sixteen miles east of Bonham, twenty-two miles west of Paris and eighty-five miles north-east of Dallas, with a population of 3,500 inhabitants, five churches, three schools, high and grade whites, and one colored school, with an enrolment of 800 whites and 300 blacks; water works, two livery stable and wagon yards, oil mill, compress, two corn mills, T. & P. and Santa Fe railroads and depots, with necessary number of dry goods and family grocery stores, three drug stores, shops, etc., city hall, hotels, restaurants, Woodmen and Masonic lodges; a beautiful, well-kept cemetery, enclosed by beautiful, up-to-date fencing, which is a monument to the zeal and work of the progressive ladies, who so kindly, in commemoration of their departed friends and loved ones, freely contributed to the good work and cause, which will ever be as a memorial unto them.

The city of Bonham shipped, during 1917, 22,500 bales of cotton, 10,000 or 12,000 tons cotton-seed, 100,000 bushels of peanuts; oats, corn and hay in quantities not known, but a great deal was shipped out with plenty left to supply our town and country. Our progressive city is surrounded by very rich productive land. In short, we are prosperous, contented and happy.

The justly celebrated Honey Grove derived its
name from the immense number of bee trees of richest honey; every hollow tree, and sometimes deposited in the tangled down weeds and grass which David Crockett and my father, W. B. Allen and his many pioneer comrades found here in abundance in the early days of Texas. Oh, what happy, indescribable times we would have if we could find such a country again, but gone forever.

One day, while my father was hacking away with his big hack knife through immense tangle of vines, brush and briars, suddenly came upon a stooping pine oak tree, on which was cut in big letters Honey Grove, which was supposed to have been cut by David Crockett, as they had just passed on before to the famous Alamo, where 180 tried, true and brave held at bay 5,000 Mexicans under Santa Anna for a considerable time, but who were finally brutally murdered, and dead bodies were savagely piled and burned, which proved a death knell soon after to old Santa Anna and his host of demons.

The blood of martyrs is the seed of perpetual truth and principle that shall live forever.

J. TAYLOR ALLEN.
CHAPTER XXI.

(To my Wife, Children and Many Relatives and Friends these lines are dedicated.)

Honey Grove, Texas,
R. F. D. 7, Box 51,
December 26, 1917.

As I sit in my old home in which I was born sixty-nine years and two months ago, I study, ponder and dream of the long ago; of childhood's happy days when we knew no care, misfortune or bereavement. Oh! that those days might return again. But they are gone forever. We cannot live life over again, but as we rapidly pass life's milestones to the Great Beyond, from whence no traveler ever returns, oh, may God help us to live that when we are called to cross the last river we will be prepared to enter through the gates into the city and be forever with the Lord. In the old home voices once heard are heard no more, but are forever stilled this side of the home over there. Yet when we meet there hallelujah rejoicing will be heard, safe at home at last. Places once occupied here in the old home are now vacant, but most grand and glorious thought, we shall meet again. The pictures on the wall of our friends and loved ones, who are now gone, bring vividly to memory the long ago when we were happily associated here. The remembrance of our log cabin church and school house around which we played with our schoolmates is indelibly print-
ed on memory's pages, never to be erased. Nearly all my schoolmates of those days have crossed the last river and answered to roll call on the other side. We are often made to wonder and exclaim why are we still permitted to live while millions of our fellow creatures have passed off of the stage of existence since we had a being in the world, and are now realizing the experiences of another world. All of which reminds us that we, too, are fast passing away; soon will be gone. Will you miss me when I am gone? Perhaps a few visits will be paid to our narrow, lonely grave. Perhaps a tear, a sprig of evergreen, a flower, wreath or boquet will fall thereon from loving hands in commemoration of me, but as time swiftly rolls on, and the years go fleeting by, those visits will be less frequent, yet it is worth much to know we will be kindly remembered when we are gone. Such is life; we are in the midst of death. Like as a vapor or a dream, and as the grass cut down withers and dies, and as the fading, falling leaves come forth from the budding boughs in the spring, reminding us we shall be fully reinvigorated, resurrected as was our Savior and world's Redeemer, so shall we be, and go home to the home of many mansions prepared for all, ready to enter therein. Vanity, all is vanity here, which is not our abiding place, our permanent home, but as pilgrims on a journey, we are going home to our long sought home. Meet, or, meet me there in the sweet fields of Eden, where the trees of life on either side of the river of life are ever perpetually blooming. There will be no wilted flowers there, but ever-beautiful, fragrant, fair and bloom-
Where we shall ever be free from care, sorrow and pain. Meet, oh, meet me there, when our journey is ended here. Hope, oh, blessed hope, by our divine religion given; 'tis this that makes our darkness day, our earth a heaven, all purchased by our Savior, through the merits of His sacrificial blood, accompanied by the Holy Spirit. Jesus paid it all; all to Him I owe.

Yours and His,

J. TAYLOR ALLEN.
CHAPTER XXII.

A TRIBUTE AND EULOGY TO THE GOOD LADIES AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

(By J. Taylor Allen.)

The beautiful, fragrant flowers are emblematic of peace, good will, love, and as sweet silent angelic messengers from heaven's happy, pure world. Oh, may they ever be lavishly strewn along our pathway, as we, as pilgrims on our journey through life, rapidly pass life's milestones to the Great Beyond, where there will ever be sweet fragrant flowers, perpetually blooming—no wilted flowers or bouquets there, but ever fragrant, fair and blooming in the sweet fields of Eden, where the trees of life on either side of the river of life, that ebbs and flows from the throne of God, are ever blooming. Meet, oh, meet me there. When the trials and afflictions of life are o'er, oh, let us meet on the other shore. Beyond life's river we will be at home forever more with our Savior; all the good and pure will be there. Our friends and loved ones, long gone before, are there, watching and waiting at the beautiful gate for our arrival at home, where there will be no more care, sorrow or pain. No night or death there. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the good things held in reserivate in the house of many mansions. Oh, may the good ladies, who so kindly presented me with sweet, beautiful bouquets, ever have our kindest, best remembrance for their expressions of
hearty good will for our peace, joy and happiness here and in the great hereafter. Oh, what would this world be without the good women? A waste, howling, lonely, desolate place, indeed. Homes without them would be fit habitations for owls, bats, and all kinds of vermin. She was the last at the cross and the first at the sepulchre. When men fled in dismay she remained, patient, true and faithful, representing truth and purity of heaven's pure, happy world. The good, true and faithful work she has done shall ever be held in kindest remembrance as a memorial unto her. There should be monuments erected to her that will endure the storms of time, on and on throughout the ceaseless cycles of eternity. Oh, words fail us to express our love and admiration of our mothers who prove faithful, loving and true. When all others forsake us and cast us off she will ever protect and defend us; pray on, hope on, ever, for our return as wandering prodigals. Come home, oh, prodigals, come home.

The good, nicely, well-cooked eatables, so freely and lavishly furnished by our good, kind lady friends for our old settlers' reunion occasion, I assure, was highly prized and appreciated by all present, and will never be forgotten. Oh, may we all have many more happy reunions this side of the last river, and when our reunions here are over, oh, let us meet in perpetual, happy reunion over there, with our friends and loved ones, in a reunion that will never cease or break up. Happy, most glorious thought of all; we shall meet again where there will be no more care, sorrow or pain. Meet, oh, meet me there, in that beautiful world.
so bright and fair. Words fails to express, pen or pencil to fully write, or painter's brush fully portray all that I want to say, so I will desist, hoping we all, with many more, will meet here next year in old settlers' reunion and answer to roll call. Finally, when there are no old settlers to answer roll call here, we will answer to roll call up yonder on the right side. For the present, farewell.

Yours, for a happy meeting over there.

October 2, 1915.
CHAPTER XXIII.

OUR SOLDIER BOYS.

Honey Grove, Texas,
R. F. D. 7, Box 51,
December 30, 1917.

Oh, may God’s richest blessings ever rest and abide with our soldier boy friends and loved ones as they go forth to battle for freedom, liberty and independence. May the guardian angels of love and mercy and the Holy Spirit hover over and protect them ’mid the many exposures, dangers, hardships and temptations incident to a soldier’s life. The sincere, earnest, loving prayers of millions of loving hearts are now, and will ever with earnest solicitude, be entreating at a throne of grace with the most anxious desires of the mind and heart for those absent ones in our daily and nightly prayers. Oh, may God endow us with power from on high that fathers and mothers, and all relatives and friends, may be given true faith, courage and hope to sustain them so we can sing:

"Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly. While the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high. Safe into the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last. Hide me, oh, my Savior hide; cover my defenseless head, till the storm of life is past." May those for whom we pray, and with sad hearts bleeding and weeping, bid them goodbye, and God be with you till we meet again, return with bright laurel crowns and honors on their brows, and we will fully realize that all wars
have ceased and hearty good will, peace on earth and good will to all men, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of all men has been fully established in the world. Oh, for a double blessing of God's love and peace to abide with our grand, good and patriotic women. May her good, faithful, true, patient, courageous, patriotic prayers and work be a monument to her memory of good deeds forever. She was last at the cross and first at the sepulchre. Her good Red Cross and temperance work have enlisted the admiration of all the good and true of the world. Oh, may her Red Cross and temperance banners ever be unfurled to the breeze over our homes, oceans, mountains, valleys and seas, proclaiming victory, victory, land of the free and home of the brave, from the bonds of slaves.

Yours,

J. TAYLOR ALLEN.
The old churches, to a considerable extent, have lost the Holy Ghost power they once possessed. A link in the chain has been dropped, the key has been lost. The place to find the missing link and the lost key is to diligently, earnestly, sincerely, prayerfully search at the right place, and God and our Savior and the Holy Spirit will assist in recovering the full and complete Holy Ghost old-time religion. Why, oh why, echo answers why, have the churches abandoned the Bible required practice of fasting? On one occasion, when the apostles failed to cast out evil spirits and heal the afflicted, they asked the Savior the cause of their failure, he told them this kind goeth not out save by fasting and prayer. Will the requirement be strictly, prayerfully restored and followed, so that Divine healing will be fully practiced. Oh, what indescribable joy, peace and happiness will be the result of strictly observing God's requirements. As our obedience to his commands and faith is, so shall it be unto us. Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you. With the true and tried key of prayer, fasting and faith, we will possess sanctification and holiness that God intended that His true children should possess. The chain, with all strong connecting links of spiritual communion with heaven and God, will constantly bring the Holy Ghost power down now and at all times as we sojourn here as pilgrims on a journey to that home where
our friends and loved ones are watching and waiting for our safe arrival. Be ye one as my Father and I are one. Love; love one another as I have loved you. There are other sheep not of this fold; they that are not against us are for us. As we are commanded to be one, why not all the churches come together and worship the true and living God in spirit and truth, for He seeketh such to worship Him; by so doing the key will be found, the missing links in the chain will be strongly connected and securely welded. Then, by one united co-operation of all the churches, the world will be captured for our Lord in one day. Oh, for a mighty hungering and thirsting, praying and fasting for a speedy oneness of all churches, with all prejudice gone, enmity and unhealthy rivalry done away with, and true and genuine spirit rivalry to see who can best serve the Lord. Now is the accepted time; the day of Salvation. If ye hear His voice harden not your hearts; strive not against the Spirit, but let Him come in and forever remain. Bless God, salvation is free. Whosoever will let him come and partake of the bread and water of life freely. Who will come to the fountain that never runs dry? On this rock I shall build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Oh, let us be established on the solid rock, Christ Jesus, and be one church in spirit and be one as our Savior and Father are one. The true and genuine key and God's chain that extends from earth to heaven and constantly brings the spiritual communion—the Comforter—down over God's telephone. Throw out the life-line. All aboard for heaven now.

J. TAYLOR ALLEN.
CHAPTER XXV.

FOR SPEEDY REFORMATION.

The Greatest Good to the Greatest Number.
(By J. Taylor Allen.)

Honey Grove, Texas,
October 1, 1915.

The criticisers and persecutors and the howlers are at work doing his satanic majesty's agents' work, fighting those who profess and possess true Holiness and sanctification. Like the members of the old churches criticised and persecuted our blessed Savior while on earth, as in like manner as they did then, they are doing now again. If the old churches were fully established on the solid rock, Christ Jesus, they would have nothing to fear from Holiness-Sanctified people. For the gates of hell could not prevail against, but if their old churches are torn asunder, broken up by the Holiness people proves that the old churches are tottering their foundation. Great will be their fall and decay, wreck and ruin. The Savior needs to come again, and as He did while here, enter the churches, overthrow the tables of the money changers, scourge, and run them out, for greed, graft, extravagance and extortion have entered the churches. Their money god will not be able to deliver and save them any more than the rich man who fared sumptuously every day. His doom was sealed and his destiny forever unalterably fixed; by his trusting in earthly riches placed him in hell beyond hope and mercy. Not even one drop
of cooling water to be obtained. Money will not buy a through ticket to our home in the Great Beyond, where it is our privilege to go, and will go, if we accept the great plan of salvation—one Lord, one faith and one baptism. If you make that water baptism you do away with the Holy Ghost baptism, the only one that can possibly save, for a material cannot reach and cleanse a spiritual immaterial, so there you are. The more you fight Holiness people the stronger they grow, for they are established on the real truth and solid rock—Jesus Christ, Jesus, our Savior, Redeemer and Lord. They that aid or abet are equally guilty, therefore the old churches that allow usury collectors to remain in the churches are guilty. God says that they that charge usury are thieves and robbers, proves that the churches are in co-operative league conspiracy which God never has, and never will, endorse. What, oh what, echo answers, has become of the old-time religion, fasting, in connection with true, genuine, fervent, effectual prayer, which availeth much and bringeth spiritual Holy Ghost religion down? The driving out of evil spirits and healing of the sick is promised as a direct result of fasting and prayer. A departure from the true faith is the cause of the missing link that extends from earth to heaven, that brings full and complete Holy Ghost sanctification religion down. The missing links and the lost key cannot be found without fully complying with God's will and word. Oh, let there be a speedy, sincere, earnest searching for the missing link and key where they were lost, for there is the only place to find them. Be ye one as my
Father and I are one, would unite all churches in one body, then the whole world would be fully captured for our Lord and Savior in one day. The habit of feasting, instead of fasting, has been practiced so long that habitually a perpetual rule of feasting instead has been established to the extent if a day was appointed for fasting, if good food was smelled, you would say at once, Let them go, I am going to eat, feast royally, instead of fasting, though I know that evil spirits cannot be cast out and bodily ailments healed, as our Savior said this kind goeth not out save by fasting and prayer. The handwriting is on the wall; weighed in the balances and found wanting. Better heed the warning and escape the impending doom and sealed, unalterable, perpetual destiny that came upon Nations, Empires and Kingdoms of the past. History repeats itself. We judge the future by the past. Coming events case their shadows before. There is a time in the course of human events that forbearance ceases to be a virtue; there is a limit to human endurance—surely that limit has been reached. The power that helped Moses to liberate the people out of bondage will help the toiling millions to free them from present bondage capitalistic system.
Oh, for a constant, continual communication over God's telephone direct to heaven. May we ever hear all the bells all along the line ringing; clearly bearing the true and genuine messages of love, truth, patience, courage and hope. The electric batteries ever properly adjusted—good service will be the result. Oh, that we could say "Hello, central," and hear the answer at the other end of the line, with all good connections to heaven's pure, happy world, say central ring my mother, father, baby boy or girl, brothers and sisters, with whom we sincerely and anxiously desire to talk, and ask them what their experience and full and complete realities since they left us sorrowing and broken-hearted here. Oh, how we have missed them. They have been gone so long from this old world of sin, sickness and sorrow to that peaceful, happy home in the house of mansions. Oh, grand and most glorious thought we shall form a happy reunion over there. Oh, for angelic, sweet messengers to ever hover over, comfort and cheer us on our pilgrimage to our long sought home. The recording angel, God and our Savior will help us to ever keep sacred the memory of those gone before. Farewell, dear ones, for a short while. The red ledger lines of our Savior's blood will show our account all paid in full; a through ticket on heaven's railway. Oh, we would
like so much to have spiritual communication over God's wireless telegraphy with our soldier boys, keeping us ever in touch with them as to their whereabouts; how they are getting along, sick or well, whether engaged struggling in battle on the bloody carnage battlefield. Oh, may God bless and protect them amid the many dangers, hardships and exposures to disease, submarines, airship bombs, all dangers on both land and sea. Oh, may their hearts and consciences ever be kept pure and at peace with God, and living or dying, prayers sincerely offered will, over God's spiritual telephone, reach heaven and God. Many earnest prayers offered at a throne of God's grace and mercy by mothers, fathers, and all relatives and friends that they may acquit themselves patriotically, heroically, boldly, with honors that will endure for all time and throughout the endless cycles of eternity. God be with you till we meet again and may you all retain in your hearts the sweet melody and prayer: "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly. While the nearer waters round me roll; while the tempest still is high. Hide me, oh, my Savior hide; till the storm of life is past. Cover my defenseless head, with the shadow of Thy wing. Oh, receive my soul at last." Also the other old song: "Rock of Ages, cleft for me. Let me hide myself in Thee." Prayer strengthens us on our way here and we shall enter heaven with prayer. Prayer is ever the soul's delight. Oh, ever keep us faithful and true for the right. When this war is over and victory won will be our heart's delight.

Yours and His,

J. TAYLOR ALLEN.
CHAPTER XXVII.

TO THE SOLDIER BOYS AND MANY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS THESE LINES ARE DEDICATED.

(By J. Taylor Allen.)

Honey Grove, Texas,
R. F. D. 7, Box 51,
January 3, 1918.

When our boys go to war, as my wife is a good surgeon and nurse, I want her to go, too, so if any of the boys get wounded she will bind up the wounds, nurse, doctor, and care for them. The young are the mainstay and hope of the nation, and should receive special care and attention; the old and afflicted can't ever amount to much anyway, as: Our latest sun is sinking fast, our race is nearly run; our strongest trials now are past, our triumph has begun. Oh, may God be with our soldier boys. May His richest blessings ever attend them, the Holy Spirit and ministering angels ever hover over, guard and protect them from all harm. But if they should never return, oh, God, infinite goodness and mercy, let them fully realize all is well, with the image of Jesus our Savior engraven on their hearts, and go home prepared in the house of many mansions, where there will be no more wars forever, but peace, love, joy, hallelujah rejoicing in happy reunion with our friends and loved ones that are watching and waiting our arrival home. Meet, oh meet, me
there. Jesus lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly; while the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high. Hide me, oh, my Savior hide, till the storms of life have past; cover my defenseless head with the shadows of Thy wing. Oh, into the harbor safely guide us; oh, receive our souls at last. The old Ship of Zion has safely landed her millions, and will land millions more, on that peaceful, happy shore. Jesus is our captain, pilot and conductor; jump into the lifeboat and pull for the shore. The crown at the end of the journey is well worth all our prayerful, watchful work. A crown will be awarded at the end of the journey to the successful contestants. Look away from the cross to the glittering crown. Oh, may our soldier boys return with bright laurels of honor and victory on their brow and banners unfurled to the breeze over ocean, land and seas, proclaiming victory, victory! Land of the free and home of the brave, from the bonds of slaves. Oh, may God hasten the day. God be with you till we meet again.

Yours for a speedy reformation,

J. TAYLOR ALLEN.
CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE COLLEGE DUDE.

Once upon a time a hard-working, industrious, courageous farmer's boy decided to leave the old home and farm for the city and college, with high ideals, aspirations and ambitions to climb to the highest rung of the ladder and pinnacle of fame and learning. Of course, the good old father and mother and the rest of the large, poor, industrious, hard-working, poorly clad and fed family fully decided they would really sacrifice in his behalf, to satisfy his restless, longing ambition for knowledge of upward and onward progress and development. So having speedily prepared his home-made coarse, but neat, clothes a speedy departure was arranged, the goodbyes were said, while the good old father and mother and his brothers and sisters stood with tears in their eyes, hearts all torn and bleeding, earnestly wondering what his progress would be, and when they would meet again; the big-hearted, whole-souled boy wondering, "Will they miss me when I am gone?"

Of course, as they lived away back in the interior back woods, their general manner of travel was in an old-time ox wagon, on which the would-be college boy and driver traveled on this never-to-be-forgotten occasion, over rough, rocky, hilly, mountainous, dim roads, low mud bridges, then on branches and creeks. When the noon hour arrived the oxen were invariably hobbled out on the immensely thick, tall, nutritious grass—there be-
ing no other kind of feed then. Cooking was done in the early day primitive style—frying pans, skillets, ovens and lids, and coffee pots. Seats on the ground amidst high grass. Best fat beef, venison, bear and buffalo meat, turkey, quail, prairie chickens, squirrels and wild honey—all good enough for a feast for kings—were used and really enjoyed as we sat around our bright blazing camp fires, exchanging anecdotes, real experiences of the thrilling, daring, dangerous battles with wild Indians and wild animals. Many were the inconveniences and hardships endured by the first pioneer men and women settlers of Texas.

After traveling on the aforesaid journey for three days we safely arrived at the college, which consisted of a house built of nicely hewed logs, stick and dirt chimneys, clapboard doors, wooden latch and hinges, split open logs for seats, in which were bored large holes for legs; no backs to seats. Roof of house covered with split boards, held on with heavy weight poles (pole rafters), no glass windows; really some difference between the houses, books and furniture then and now. Big cowbell used to toll and loudly ring reverberating sounding out over mountains, valleys, glade and glen, calling them from labor to refreshment time and again, amidst all the surrounding inconveniences and fully described environments.

Boys and girls rapidly advanced and progressed in their studies, until, in about two years, the subject of this sketch was far ahead of all the students, who were sixty in attendance, from surrounding country of two hundred miles.

The closing days of school were rapidly ap-
proaching, when a real examination and exhibition was to begin. The old father and mother and all the children who had sacrificed, lived hard, worked hard, living very economically, rough, coarse diet and clothes, so as to enable the aforesaid dude to acquire a good education, graduate, and get a diploma, be ready, thoroughly prepared and qualified for good, practical business in this big world. Said family speedily and hastily arranged for the long, dangerous, hazardous trip, to be present on that great never-to-be-forgotten examination and exhibition. After three days of travel, camping out of nights, they arrived safely on the college grounds. They struck camp, cooked a good sumptuous dinner, supper and breakfast. Then, when proper time arrived for examination and exhibition to begin, the old man, woman and children quickly and boldly walked up to the college door, but were treated with indifference, scorn and contempt—not invited to come in—went boldly in anyhow, took seats near the door. The old man having been treated with such indifference, the son not coming to cheerfully recognize them and greet and welcome them on their arrival the day before, the old gentleman became suspicious that his college dude son had the big head and did not know his father, mother, brother and sisters. They fully resolved not to start back on the long journey without getting acquainted with the young gentleman who, I assure you, was fine looking, intelligent college dude. When the old college bell sounded long and loud, reverberatingly, echoing out over mountains, valleys, glade and glen, the boys and girls entered rapidly. Just as said
dude, wearing fine suit, gold watch and chain, fine gold-headed cane and spectacles, looked at his old father, mother, brothers and sisters, seeming not to recognize them, but with scornful, disdainful, contemptuous look, was going to pass on, the big, stout, courageous father jumped and quickly grabbed his dude son in the collar, suddenly throwing him hard on the floor. Then the real lecture began in earnest; the father vigorously laying on heavy licks, the children sitting heavily on him, even on his dude head and spectacles, while the old woman rapidly and heavily applied a tremendous heavy paddle—not on his head. He roared in agony and pain, saying loudly: "Oh, father and mother, brothers and sisters, please let me up. I will not treat you so any more. I am now thoroughly acquainted with you." Of course, the college professors and pupils interfered and helped stop the racket and flowing blood. The officers and police were called. They arrested and started with said family to the lock-up prison. On their way they met an old-time friend and schoolmate of the college dude's father, who out with the money and paid the fine of the whole family, and as they were released they gave the young, proud, haughty college dude earnest orders to get his effects together at once, get into the ox wagon, which he gladly obeyed. They then, all being happily together once more, proceeded unmolested on their journey home, from whence the prodigal boy never wandered again, but ever humble and obedient discharged faithfully his pleasant duties all through life, not waiting to be told. All of which proves that it is too often the case that the
highly educated look upon manual labor as degrading and that the educated are far superior to the poor laboring men, women and children, who have not had the opportunities of more than a very common, limited school education, considering them as inferior creatures, which was so in my case. The great Civil War and other lack of opportunities prevented only a very limited education, and that obtained at the old primitive log cabin church and school house, built in the long ago 1838. Education, like money, proves either a blessing or a curse—often illegitimate corporations, trusts, monopolis. Gambling exchanges are operated by the educated in league, conspiring to rob and tyrannically bind in chains of bondage the toiling millions of men, women and children, who under present educated land and currency system, without one ray of hope of ever owning land on which to build a home, sweet home. No place like home. Oh, let us not allow education to give us the big head like it did the college dude.

Yours for truth, principle, justice and mercy to prevail here and the hereafter.

(Signed) J. TAYLOR ALLEN.

R. F. D. 7, Box 22, Honey Grove, Texas.

N. B.—All the education this scribe ever learned out of books was learned at said log cabin school house or around the early day tallow candles, around the fireplace in our primitive, happy, prosperous home.
CHAPTER XXIX.

TO OUR MANY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS,
THESE LINES ARE DEDICATED.

(By J. Taylor Allen.)

Honey Grove, Texas,
R. F. D. 7, Box 51,
February 9, 1918.

Don’t view me with a critic’s eye, but pass my imperfections by. If I have any worth or merit, any good words for me let me hear them while I am living; too late to express them when I am dead for me to appreciate them. The encouragement I need is while living; while lying still in death is too late for kind words of appreciation. Love! oh, what power, inexpressable affection is contained in the word Love. Far-reaching here and out in the great hereafter. Oh, how the world is hungering and thirsting for love and affection. If you have any good words, say them, for we pass this way only once; soon we shall enter that bourne from whence no traveler ever returns. Oh, for cheerful joy and gladness to our hearts now, and out in the great hereafter peace and happiness forever. More flower wreaths and bouquets while living, and not so many when dead.
CHAPTER XXX.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

(By J. Taylor Allen.)

Honey Grove, Texas,
R. F. D. 7, Box 51,
March 15, 1918.

To the readers of our book, entitled "Early Pioneer Days in Texas," these lines are dedicated.

"Be ye one as my Father and I are one," would unite all denominations in one common cause, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. By such unity and co-operative brotherly love all unhealthy rivalry would cease. Instead of extravagance, seeing who can indulge in the greatest display, great costly churches, fine parsonages, big, extravagant, excessive salaries, which Christ, our Savior and world's Redeemer, censured and practically condemned. And no doubt, were He to come again, enter the temple as He did, while here he would overthrow the tables of the money changers; scourge and drive them out as wolves in sheep's clothing. Hypocrisy, fraud, humbug, deception, money god worship, instead of worshiping the true and living God, in unity, spirit and truth, has caused ours to be an idolatrous nation, worse than the heathenism of the darkest ages of the world, and will soon cause the overthrow and downfall of our United States as other nations, empires and kingdoms have gone. The sooner we repent and get forgiveness, as Nineveh did, the
better, to save our government from annihilation before our doom is sealed and destiny unalterably fixed. The white slave trade and many dark crimes against God will place in hell with all the other nations that forget God if a speedy reformation is not practiced. There is a cause for the darkest war cloud that has ever hung over the world. It will require all the churches of the world to unite and fully co-operate to overthrow the strongholds of the devil and his agents.

Is the time drawing near when the Protestant denominations shall unite in one great church? It is thought by many of the wise, thoughtful Christian men of the present age, that the world is drawing nearer a universal peace, and arbitration instead of war will settle our national difficulties in the future, and many—very many—of us hope that this great and wise undertaking that now seems to be just dawning upon us will finally be brought to a glorious consummation; when nations will beat their swords into plow-shares and their spears into pruning hooks, and nations shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more. If the politicians and rulers of the nations of the earth are getting wiser and better, should not the leaders in the religious world—those that are trying to control the spiritual and religious destiny of the multitudes that are daily passing into eternity—should they not give up their prejudice and selfishness? During the ages past there has been many different creeds and denominations that have contended bitterly for the doctrines they have held to, and the Scriptures have been ransacked, not so much in search
of truth as to find certain passages of Scripture to strengthen the doctrine they hold to, and their teachings have become pretty well known to the intelligent public; and looking at it from that standpoint, much good may have been done. But notwithstanding all of this knowledge, the thinking men and women that are free from prejudice and not controlled by selfish motives—men and women that love God and their fellow men—are ready to say that it is character that is approved and acceptable to God, and not the obeying of any formalities or creed that shall make them acceptable with God; but rather a clean heart and love to God and their fellow man. How often is the word righteous and righteousness mentioned in the Bible? It would be quite a task to count them. The secret of the Lord is with the righteous. The sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings and yet shall go forth and grow up as calves of the stall. I believe the different denominations are growing wiser and better and nearer each other, and it would be a very hard question to decide which denomination has the largest of righteous people. But there are thousands in every denomination that will say that it is the strength of righteous character that makes the worthy and acceptable Christian. And Christ’s prayer was prayer that they all should be one. And I believe there are thousands in every denomination today, if this happy union could be consummated, would cry out as Peter did in the presence of Cornelius: “I perceive God is no respecter of persons.” Mark the language: “But he that doeth good and worketh righteousness is accept-
able with God.” Could we ask for a better and more satisfactory promise than that? Our missionary work could be carried on more satisfactorily and successfully by a united people than with division as it is at present. I will ask the layman and the preacher to put this question to themselves: Who is to blame for continuing this division? There may be many that are afraid of losing prestige or position, and cling to their particular doctrine as right and all others as wrong. When the disciple John came to Christ and told Him that he saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him because he followeth not with us, and Jesus said unto him: “Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is for us.” (Luke 9th and 49th; Matt. 12:30.) Christ says He that is not with me is against me.” (Mark 9:39.) Again John complains to the Master, “We saw one casting out devils in Thy name and we forbade him because he followed not after us.” But Jesus said: “Forbid him not, for there is no one which shall do a miracle in my name that can lightly speak evil of me, for he that is not against us is in on our part.” It is evident that the views of the Apostles were much narrower than the teachings of Christ, and I believe the teachings of the leaders of our different Christian denominations today are like the Apostles of old before they were more perfectly taught, narrowed in their views and teachings than the gospel of Christ. It cannot be intelligently claimed that these denominations, and of them, are anti-Christ, but in all their teachings Christ is the central figure. And they worship Him as their Lord and
Master, and the passage, Matt. 12:30, cannot be used in argument against these Christians. They are for Christ. Christ's prayer, recorded in John, chapter 18, 20th verse: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word. Verse 21st: "That they all may be one as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." Christ's great reason for oneness, that He emphasized and repeats in His prayer is: "That the world may believe thou hast sent me." These divisions are a great hindrance to Christ's cause. One of the great difficulties is agreeing on the mode of baptism. Let us all be baptised by the Holy Ghost; baptism into one body Christ Jesus, who has promised to never leave us; no, never leave us alone. To all the readers of our book may God's richest blessings ever rest and abide with you, and when our earthly pilgrimage shall have ended here, oh, let us all meet in happy reunion over there where our friends and loved ones are watching and awaiting our arrival home, where we shall ever be free from care, sorrow and pain.

Yours and His,

J. TAYLOR ALLEN.
CHAPTER XXXI.

BETTER THAN BONDS OR GOLD.

(By J. Taylor Allen.)

October 12, 1916.

If only one poor little child drops a tear on my grave, and says there lies a friend that helped to keep me from starvation and rags, will pay me an hundred fold for money spent and sleepless midnight hours writing in self-defense and protection of the toiling millions, men, women and children. Oh, what real joy, peace and conscientious satisfaction—words fail me to fully express in battling for freedom, liberty and independence from the tyrannical bondage slavish chains. Land owners, you certainly don’t want to reduce the poor, helpless women and children to worse poverty and rags because many of the renters voted for road bond taxes. They should not be held accountable and responsible for the acts of those who should have protected and defended them. Not a voice or vote did they have in the election, and yet widows are taxed and has to protect herself the best she can against automobile task master bondholders running their sixty-foot wide roads across her land and crops. Just think earnestly what a condition women and children would be placed in if land owners only furnished the land and the renter everything else, and pay one-half of everything produced, in self-defense and protection, strong, courageous men would be forced to apply
severe punishment to those who thus unmercifully oppressed them and theirs. What can be thought of those who profess to teach the Bible and vote to place the children in bondage; why not deliver them out of bondage and thus fulfill the teachings of the Bible. Oh, ye, deceptive hypocrites, gagging at a gnat and swallowing a camel. The Savior will come again and enter the grand high-salaried extravagant churches, overthrow the tables of the money changers, and drive them out. Money god worshipers have bound the people in slavish chains so that they and theirs can fare sumptuously every day. Better imitate Moses, one of the greatest characters the Bible gives any account of. His greatest life work was destroying the task master bondholders. Why don’t you preachers and teachers help deliver the people out of temporal bondage in the great here, and not preach so much about the great hereafter; if we do right here God will take care of the hereafter.

J. TAYLOR ALLEN.
CHAPTER XXXII.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF EARLY PIONEER DAYS IN TEXAS.

(By J. Taylor Allen.)

December 26, 1917.

The protracted camp meetings held under brush arbors around our primitive log cabin church and school house of the long ago shall never be forgotten. Preaching by those grand old heroes of the Cross, that traveled long journeys along trails that led across the vast rolling prairies, often through country infested with bloodthirsty Indians, wolves, wild Spanish horses, deer, buffalo, etc. Those tremendous, impressive sermons, songs and prayers that were often heard, even far into the night, sounded reverently with spiritual thunder tones on the consciences of men. Their work still lives, and will, until time shall be no more, and extend out in the great hereafter, when there will be a grand reunion of those who will sing the old-time religion songs in the house of many mansions. There are few of those left that were with us then. We shall meet again in glorious hallelujah meetings that shall never break up; where goodbyes are never said, no night, no sin, neither tears or sad hearts over there where our friends and loved ones are watching and waiting our arrival home. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the joys and peace held in reservation for
those that shall enter there. Look away from the cross to the glittering crown. Every dark cloud has its silvery lining, and beyond the bright, brilliant sun is shining. God be with you till we meet again.

Yours and His,

J. TAYLOR ALLEN.
CHAPTER XXXIII.
HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

Honey Grove, Texas.
December 29, 1917.

What has been will be again. The same causes that produced certain effects like causes will produce same effects again. History repeats itself. We judge the future by the past. Nations, empires and kingdoms have gone down, sunk into oblivion, annihilation, caused by their wickedness, departing from God and our Savior's teaching and commands has brought desolation, sorrow, misery, woe, bloodshed, famines, pestilence, plagues, wars, drouths, floods, devastation by innumerable multiplied millions of insects of various names, as was predicted and prophesied by the prophets would come upon the inhabitants of earth, as has come upon the children of men in the past for like sins, will come upon us of the present day and generation. Will our own United States be exempt? We shall see. Already we are realizing and experiencing trouble from some cause. What the cause and what the remedy? Will our nation go as others have gone? National sunset to rise no more on a free, liberty-loving and independent people. What are our greatest national sins, individually and collectively? Do we love and worship money more than we do God? If so, we are idolaters, and worse than the heathen that worshiped images made of gold, silver, wood, stone, etc. Being more enlightened, professing Christianity, civilization,
education, are worse than the heathen, and will be held more responsible and accountable, and punished more severely here and out in the great hereafter. Before too late, there had better be true and genuine repentance, humbling in sack cloth and ashes. Return to God and enter at once upon a strict reformation, before God sentences us to same doom as came upon nations, empires and kingdoms of the past.

J. TAYLOR ALLEN.
CHAPTER XXXIV.
THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER.

There is a limit to human endurance. There is a time in the course of human events that forbearance ceases to be a virtue. There is a trust on everything except the air we breathe, the water we drink, and heaven, our future home; and their will is good, and if it was possible, the greedy money-idol worshiping, selfish privileged few (at the expense of the many) would allow us the air we breathe by turning on each breath as we paid their price in gold, and when we failed to have the stuff our doom would be sealed and destiny fixed. Then and there the same abusive, oppressive authority would be used in regard to our water, meat and bread, if they could do so. Also they would take possession of Heaven, establish their trust bank vault, and only admit us through the gates into the city as we paid their extortionate price in gold for admission. As soon as it is possible, they will require taxes all paid in gold and require a property qualification $500 or $1,000 above a person's indebtedness before he is allowed to vote. Oh, once the greatest nation for truth, justice and right, under the constitution framed by the great Washington and all our revolutionary forefathers, whither art thou drifting and from whence hast thou fallen, and what will the final result be? The greatest good to the greatest number, equal rights to all, and special privileges to none—a government by the people and for the people was once practiced (both in precept and example). Let us hope our nation will not suffer the fate of nations in the past.
CHAPTER XXXV.

WAR CLOUDS.

(By J. Taylor Allen.)

Honey Grove, Texas,
R. F. D. 7, Box 51,
February 13, 1918.

To all who are anxious, desiring and earnestly praying that the war clouds will speedily roll by, and a universal peace be declared, these lines are dedicated.

The present war cloud is the blackest under which we have ever lived. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, plants His footsteps on the sea and rides upon the storm. If we would have His protecting care from every harm, let us ever sincerely and prayerfully look to him amid the tempestuous, thickly gathering storm. To whom can we look to help us in this great time of need, but to Him and his Son, who for us did suffer and bleed, that we poor sinful mortals might be freed from that which we deserved—everlasting banishment from the peaceful presence of Him who suffered the just for the unjust through His Son and the ever-blessed Holy Spirit of truth, mercy and love? From His side flowed the water and the blood that saves from wrath and makes us pure. He was wounded for our transgressions; by His stripes we are healed; the bread and water of life is freely given; whosoever will let him come, salvation is free to
all who will accept Him; therefore, come now to Him if ye hear His voice; harden not your heart, yield to the gentle wooings and entreaties of the spirit before too late. Now is the day of salvation to every soul. The sincere, fervent and effectual prayers of the righteous availeth much. Therefore, oh, for one united petition to God to cause the dark threatening war clouds to roll by and peace, joy and love be declared throughout the world, and the sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings—a new sun of hope, joy and gladness. No more war forever.

Yours and His,

J. TAYLOR ALLEN.
CHAPTER XV.
SELECTED POEMS AND CONTRIBUTIONS BY J. TAYLOR ALLEN AND OTHERS.

To my old schoolmates of Allen's Chapel log cabin school and church house of the long ago these lines are dedicated.

IN THE LONG AGO.

The old schoolhouse at Allen's Chapel,
The place we use to go,
When our hearts were light and our hopes were bright,
Just fifty years ago.

Our teacher, dear schoolmates, has died since then;
He was so good and true;
But his soul is gone to live with God,
And few are left but me and you.

They were joyous times, dear friends,
And my memory loves to go
To that old school house, Allen's Chapel—
Just fifty years ago.

The sparkling water, crystal clear,
From the fountain head did flow;
A swinging, moss-covered bucket from the deep well below—
From the Allen well, as it was in the long ago.

Dear schoolmates, I well remember,
The names of every girl and boy,
And the games we played upon the green,
And those we did enjoy;
But most of them are gone, dear friends,
A few are left to know
That played with us at Allen's Chapel
   Just fifty years ago.

'Twas then the blue-back speller
   Was the greatest book in school,
And we use to spell quite often
   Because it was the rule.
We stood up in our classes
   Upon the puncheon floor,
And spelled, and spelled, and spelled,
   Almost forever more;
But most of them are gone, dear friends,
   But few are left we know,
That spelled with us at the old school house
   Just fifty years ago.

There we had the spelling match
   With a chief on either side,
To make the best selections
   For in that they took a pride.
And then the spelling would begin,
   And the words go around and around,
And everybody had a chance
   To spell the others down.
But most of them are gone, dear friends—
   A few are left we know,
That spelled with us at the old school house
   Just fifty years ago.

But now the time does fly,
   And the winters come and go;
But we've been blessed by the God above
   From whom all blessings flow.
And when the march of time has passed,
   And we are called upon,
May we meet our friends in the field of bliss
   In the unknown world beyond.
Yes, the time is coming quickly
   When we all will have to go;
Hoping for a grand reunion
   With those of fifty years ago.

Yours and His God be with you till we meet again.

       J. TAYLOR ALLEN.
In the early days of Texas
The deer and buffalo,
In herds were found so plenty,
No matter where we would go.

The wily Indian, with his tomahawk,
Had nothing then to fear,
And he lived in peace and plenty
On the buffalo and deer.

These herds and flocks, they did inherit,
And the great Father gave the land;
But the advancing step did echo
Of the greedy pale face man.

The Indians, they grew desperate,
And painted for the strife,
With their trusty bows and arrows
And a wicked, flashing knife.

They swore vengeance on the white man
As their sharpened tomahawks they felt;
And said the scalps of many a pale face
Should dangle from their belts.

The whites took possession of the country,
And killed the deer and buffalo,
And looked upon the Indian
As a savage, treacherous foe.

During forty years of warfare
With death and blood and strife,
There has been many a scalp taken
By the savage Indian knife.
There were many tribes to conquer,
   And they had many ways to fight;
They would lie in ambush by day
   And attack in the dark and stormy night.

They prowled along the Southern coast,
   Both winter, fall and spring,
Where the mosquitoes, with their merry song,
   Had such a business ring.

Where the hideous alligators bellowed,
   And the owls had an Indian whoop,
Near the slimy, muddy banks
   Of the sluggish Guadalupe.

They would steal upon them in the night,
   And when near would give a whoop,
With tomahawks and scalping knives
   Down on the Guadalupe.

The ferocious, savage, ugly, kronks,
   As fierce as any beast,
And every white man they could catch
   They would celebrate and feast.

The Comanches and the Wacos
   Further North and West were found,
Where the howling wolves and rattlesnakes
   And the prairie dogs abound.

And the tarantula and the centipede,
   And the little horned frog,
That would make a fair collection
   Without the prairie dog.
AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

(James Whitcomb Riley.)

As one who cons at evening over an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of Fancy, till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low, to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes,
And light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish with the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossom of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine—
When my truant fancies wander with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When Care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm—
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm—
For I find an extra flavor in Memory’s mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty, with a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the genii from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her, and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that “as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump,” she loved me—that old sweetheart of mine!

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned;
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But write the tender verses that she set the music to.

When we should live together in a cozy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.

And I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either’s lips were dumb
They would not smile in heaven till the other’s kiss had come.

But—ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened and my wife is standing there!
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my vision I resign
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

—James Whitcomb Riley.
PERFECTION.

There is a chamber in my brain,
From which I hear a song
So sweet, so pure, I oft remain
A listener all night long.

I've never seen the singer's face;
The door I may not ope;
Yet out and in my soul doth race,
And bids me toil and hope.

Enough if I do never know
The face of her who sings;
If only everywhere I go
Her song its message brings.

Enough if now and then a light
From out that room doth shine;
If only in the ways of night
I make her vision mine.

—John Rhuddlau in Chicago Evening Post.
SOUTHERN SONG.

Sunlight in the window shines;
Bluejays calling from the pines,
Mammy must be up betimes
    Working for her baby.

Baby must not stay in bed
Sun-kist clouds are overhead,
Banks of roses blushing red
    Waiting for my baby.

Soft the Southern breezes blow,
Daddy's working with his hoe,
That will make the cotton grow
    For my darling baby.

Harvest time will soon be here,
Drifted snow the fields appear,
Mammy'll make a dress this year
    For her little baby.

Blessed Southland calm and fair,
Song and fragrance fill the air
With enchantment everywhere
    For my precious baby.

—Oscar Laighton in Boston Transcript.
The pilot's there, and the ship sails on,  
We'll weather the storm and we'll reach the dawn,  
We'll ride the waves of doubt and fear—  
The pilot's there—take cheer! take cheer!

In the rolling trough of the keen debate,  
    In the angry breath of war;  
In the hour of greed and pride and hate,  
    In the storm's contending roar;  
In the settlements of questions born  
    From the issues of the hour—  
Look up to the promise of the morn,  
    The pilot's at his tower!

We crossed the tariff sea with him,  
    And the income storm blew wild,  
But he steered the good ship to her port  
    As gently as a child.  
The wild, rambunctious beasts that lay  
    Await in the great sea's roll  
Were brought to time—not a word to say,  
    He's the captain of his ship.

The Powers wink eyes from realm to realm,  
    And the lion and the unicorn—  
Forgetting the pilot's at the helm—  
    Scent war in the distant morn,  
But the good ship sails where glory smiles  
    And peace reigns round her still—  
He's taken us safe through the stormy miles,  
    And he's going to take us still.
The pilot's there, and he's calm and wise;
He'll sail the ship to the sunny skies;
We'll watch and wait, as he wants us to—
Take cheer, for the pilot will bring us through!

—Baltimore Sun.
"GOLD, PRIDE, LOVE AND DEATH."—Part III.

A week has passed, Oh weary days,
And nights that have no end!
For what avails this pride of gold,
That pity may not bend:
Like tender vines from which support
Too rudely's wrenched away,
Despair deep-rooted in her soul,
Slow saps her life away.

The father marks the failing step,
And hectic flush that burns,
Sooth well his conscience from its stings,
Nor from his purpose turns:
Thinking, "Nay, this will pass again,
Such grief will shallow prove,"
Ah, who can balm a wounded heart
By giving gold for love?

Within the wildwoods silence deep,
The partridge whirr is heard;
The gorgeous folliaged chestnut bough,
By falling nuts is stirred;
The golden rod gleams on the hill,
The aster by the brook;
But none of these from Clare's sad eyes,
Can win a second look.

'Tis not the beauty of earth's scenes
Can win of praise the best;
If that same gladness hath not part
Within the human breast;
For earth is fair when hearts are light,
And skies shine blue above;
For winter chills the air in vain,
Where souls are filled with love.

But in the quiet country side
Soon woke a tale of woe:
The fever plague whose strength has laid
Full many a loved one low,
Finds here its way with baleful breath
Unto this valley fair;
Until the eyes can scarcely count
One out of households there.

Brave Rudolph, too, the loved, and lost,
Sore-stricken like the rest,
Within the hospital’s rude ward,
Finds fitful fevered rest:
There in delirium’s madness tossed,
Betrays his love, and care;
For through the long and weary watch,
They hear no name but “Clare.”

At length the news has reached her ears,
Nor longer can she stay
Than time it takes for nervous feet,
To choose the nearest way:
They seek her wildly at the hall,
But proves their search in vain;
Till weary Rudolph sleeps in peace,
Forever freed from pain.

But ere his dark eyes closed in death,
The solemn words were said,
That gave her right to linger still,
Beside his dying bed:
Then peaceful as an infant sleeps,
His spirit calmly passed;
With Clare's hand within his own,
Clasped closely till the last.

Then wait they not in ignorance long,
For sundry tidings drear
Have reached her home, and parent stern,
Who hears with rising fear,
Lists to the end, then hurries forth
Forgetful of his wrath:
Ah, Arnolt, that which never turns,
Must be a lengthy path.

He finds his child no longer pale,
But flushed with fever high;
By Rudolph's lonely pallet's side,
She speaks with tearless eye:
"Father, your vengeance came too late,
Death holds the chasm wide,
But will no lengthy barrier prove
To keep from him his bride.

Go, cherish well thine ancient name,
All comfort let it be;
For it will live in thee alone,
One dearer dies with me;
Death has been kinder far than life,
And on that shining shore,
When I shall meet my love again,
Earth's partings will be o'er."

Hardly the stubborn pride gave way,
The iron will to bow:
"Oh God! my all of wealth I'd give,
Were he but living now!"
Too late, Oh Arnolt! thy remorse,
Mourn not thy peaceful dead;
But rather blame the erring pride,
That to such grief hath led.

For yet another woe is thine,
And yet another grave;
For no amount of practiced skill,
Fair Clare's life may save;
Yet still she sinks though much they strive
Her strength is little worth;
Soon in poor Rudolph's pallet bed,
She sees the last of earth.

Beneath the churchyard's solemn mound,
Within one grave they rest;
White roses bloom above their heads,
And scatter o'er their breast;
At Clare's old home a desert look,
Comes with the owlets call;
And all's fast falling to decay,
For Arnolt left the Hall.

—Ella C. Eckert.
IN MEMORY OF OUR FRIENDS AND LOVED ONES.
(By Taylor Allen.)

Where are our departed friends and loved ones today,
Are their angel-spirits with us or are they far away?

Do their sweet angel-spirits, as swift messengers from above,
Attend us day by day and point us to that God who is love?

To that happy home far beyond the star-bedecked sky,
Where it is our privilege to live forever with our Savior when we die?

In heaven's pure world, with mother and loved ones gone long before,
They are free from sorrow and care, and are watching and waiting on the other shore.

Oh, may God help us to watch and pray and appreciate his love every day,
And may true principle and the Holy Spirit keep us in the narrow way;

And may we ever have the courage of our convictions, be true for the right,
Like Paul, David, Moses, and all the faithful, who fought a good fight;

Like Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and all the patriots, tried and true,
There is a chance for every one to improve their talent, a work for everyone to do.
There are times that try men and prove who are faithful and true,
And though our bodies may soon be laid in the churchyard, old or new,
There to await the resurrection of our bodies and in Him be complete,
And go home shouting and rejoicing and walk the golden street.

How often we shall meet to work our graveyard,
   God only knows,
Who will be missing, when we meet again, or who will be first that goes.

And when the final roll is called and from our graves we come,
Which side will we be on, the good and pure, or lost and undone?

Oh, may God, our Savior and Holy Spirit, guide and conduct us home
When our work, persecutions and bereavements are over, we will no longer roam.

So, kind friends and loved ones, be sincere, faithful and true;
Discharging your duties cheerfully, whatever you have to do;

And meet me over there, when your last battle with sin has been fought,
Where we will rejoice and sing praises forever with the blood bought.

—By Taylor Allen.
IN MEMORY OF "THE OLD HEWED LOG CABIN."

(By J. Taylor Allen.)

Where are the hands today
That hewed these logs? They are in the clay.

And, Oh! could their history and secrets tell
Of how many brave and true that in early days fell;

When buffaloes and Indians in abundance were here,
And deer and turkeys, squirrels and quail were as free as air;

And prairie chickens were as free as wind,
But the bear and wolves and all game are thinned.

Happy childhoods memory lingers still,
And could those hewed logs leave their will

It would be cheering and comforting still
Of buffalo, venison, and honey bees skill.

Good wishes expressed encourage us to press on,
Realizing our conveniences over those who are gone;

And ever realize the inconveniences of men,
Who hazarded their lives, their homes to defend,

When on every side the war whoop of the Indians was heard;
In those days when men were brave and true to their word;
When all were more sociable, true and brave,
Before a curse was made of money to bind us to slaves.

Oh, for good, happy, prosperous times once more
When the money was with our people as of yore;

No notes, securities, or mortgages required then,
Because people were free, brave patriotic men;

From the bonds of slaves, always free,
Which is always best for you and me.

—By Taylor Allen.
Your letter came, but came too late,
For heaven had claimed its own;
Ah, sudden change! From prison bars unto the
great White Throne!
And yet I think he would have stayed,
Could he have read those tardy words, which you
have sent in vain.
Why did you wait, fair lady, through so many
weary hours?
Had you other lovers with you, in that silken,
dainty bower?
Did others bow before your charms and twine
bright garlands there?
And yet I ween in all that throng his spirit had
no peer.
I wish that you were with me now as I draw the
sheet aside,
To see how pure the look he wore a while before
he died.
Yet the sorrow that you gave him still had left
its weary trace.
And a meek and saintly sadness dwells upon his
pallid face.
"Her love," he said, "could change for me the win-
ter's cold to spring."
Ah, trust of the thoughtless maiden's love, Thou
art a bitter thing!
For when those valley's fair in May once more
with blooms shall wave,
The Northern violets shall blow above his humble grave.
Your dole of scanty words had been but one more pang to bear;
Tho' to the last he kissed with love this tress of your soft hair.
I did not put it where he said, for when the angels come
I would not have them find the sign of falsehood in the tomb.
I've read the letter and I know the wiles that you have wrought
To win that noble heart of his, and gained it, fearful thought!
What lavish wealth men sometimes give for a trifle, light and small!
What manly forms are ofttimes held in folly's flimsy thrall.
You shall not pity him, for now he's beyond your hope and fear,
Altho' I wish that you could stand with me beside his bier,
Still I forgive you, heaven knows, for mercy you'll have need,
Since God his awful judgment sends on each unworthy deed.
Tonight the cold winds whistle by, as I my vigil keep,
Within the prison deadhouse, where few mourners come to weep.
A rude plank coffin holds him now, yet death gives always grace,
And I had rather see him thus than clasped in your embrace.
Tonight your rooms are very gay, with wit and wine and song;
And you are smiling just as if you never did a wrong!
Your hand so fair that none would think it penned these words of pain;
Your skin so white—would God your soul was half so free from stain!
I'd rather be this dear, dead friend than you in all your glee,
For you are held in grievous bonds, while he's forever free.
Whom serve we in this life, we serve in that which is to come.
He chose his way, you yours; let God pronounce the fitting doom.

—Mrs. Nora Farris, Levita, Coryell County, Texas.
Think you in this fair world of ours,
    Though you search it far and wide,
You could find a life so happy
    That it's perfectly satisfied?

If you look beneath the surface,
    Deep down in the heart of life,
You will see pale Hope and Patience
    Battling with doubt and strife.

Often the face that is brightest
    Is acting a well-learned part;
Just as purple and fine linen
    Oft cover a care-worn heart.

Do not all of us have longings,
    Wishes or hopes unfilled,
That will wring the heart with anguish
    Till by death alone 'tis stilled?

It may be a hope from childhood,
    Nurtured with loving care,
Till the wisdom of mature years
    Doomed it to sad despair;

Or something which instinct tells us
    Was made for us, sure, some day.
Thus we go on, hoping and seeking,
    Down to the infinite day.
It may be the hope or the longing,
Died out, or has never been,
And our hearts ache with the longing
And the emptiness within.

Ah, well we have this blest comfort,
The poor in spirit, you know,
Received from Christ a message
When he walked on earth below.

The poor in heart are the sorest—
Then this promise is yours and mine;
To those who are poor in spirits,
The Kingdom of Heaven is thine.

—By Carroll Cone, Dallas, Texas.
THE BLUE-EYED BOY.

My love is like a little bird
That flies about from tree to tree;
And when it sees a fairy face
It soon forgets to think of me.

Remember well and bear in mind,
A trusting friend is hard to find;
But when you find one good and true,
Change not the old one for the new.

CHORUS.

Go bring to me the one I love,
Go bring my darling back to me;
Go bring me back the blue-eyed boy,
And Oh, how happy I would be!

Oh, who, oh who will be my friend,
And who shall love those little white hands,
And who shall kiss the rosy lips
While he is in the distant land?

My father, he will be my friend;
My sister shall love those little white hands,
But none shall kiss the rosy lips
While he is in the distant land.

Or must I go bound while ye go free?
Or must I love a man who doesn't love me?
Or must I go act the childish part
And marry a man who will break my heart?

I loved him once, I love him still;
I love him now and always will.
His flattering words and memoring way
Are near my heart, and there they'll stay.
To all those having mothers up yonder these lines are dedicated.

**WILL MY MOTHER KNOW ME THERE?**

(By J. Taylor Allen.)

Honey Grove, Texas,
R. F. D. 7, Box 51,
February 24, 1918.

When I reach my home eternal,
Reach that city bright and fair,
When I stand among the angels,
Will my mother know me there?

**CHORUS.**

Yes, I know she will know me
In those mansions bright and fair;
Mother's love can ne'er forget me,
And I'm sure she'll know me there.

I've changed with changing seasons,
I am bent with toil and care;
Do you think she will remember—
Will my mother know me there?

Oft for me my mother wrestled
When she used to kneel in prayer;
Do you think she has forgotten;
Will my mother know me there?

Mother's face has been a beacon,
O'er a sea of deep despair,
And I will for her up yonder;
Will my mother know me there?
BE KIND TO THE DEAR ONES AT HOME.

(By J. Taylor Allen.)

Honey Grove, Texas,
R. F. D. 7, Box 51,
February 24, 1918.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue
And joined in thy innocent glee.

Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold;
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen.
Oh, well mayst thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.

Remember, thy mother, for thee will she pray
As long as God gives her breath.
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn.
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother wherever you are;
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament richer and purer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister, not many know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.

Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold,
Be kind to thy mother so near;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show him thy heart cold,
Be kind to thy sister so dear.
Let us think seriously and be prepared, for death which will come to all. Oh, be prepared.

IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT.

(By J. Taylor Allen.)
Honey Grove, Texas,
R. F. D. 7, Box 51,
February 24, 1918.

If I should die tonight
My friends would look upon my cold, quiet face
Before they laid it in its final resting place,
And think that death had left it almost fair,
And lay snow-white flowers against my hair;
Would soothe it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with loving care;
Poor hands so empty and so cold tonight.

If I should die tonight
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deeds my icy hands had done;
Some gentle words the icy lips had said,
Some errand the willing feet had sped.
My hasty words would be all put aside,
And I should be loved tonight.

Oh, I pray tonight,
Keep not your kindness for my dead, cold brow,
The way is lonely; let me feel it now.
Think gently of me; I am growing old—
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Oh, hearts so cold, oh, I plead,
When dreamless rest is mine, I will need,
The tenderness for which I long tonight.
To my cowboy friends of my youth these lines are dedicated.

THE DYING COWBOY.

(By J. Taylor Allen.)

Honey Grove, Texas,
R. F. D. 7, Box 51,
February 16, 1918.

“Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie!”
Those words came low and mournfully
From the pale lips of a youth who lay
On his dying couch at the close of the day.

He had wasted and pined till o’er his brow
Death’s shadows were gathering thickly now;
And he thought of his home and loved ones there,
As the cowboys came to see him die.

“Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,”
In a narrow grave just six by three,
Where wild coyote and the crow sport free,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

It matters not, so we’ve been told,
Where the body lies, as the heart grows cold;
Yet grant, oh grant, this boon to me,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

I always hoped to be laid, when I died,
In the old churchyard by the green hillside;
By my mother’s and father’s bones, oh, bury me,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.
Oh, bury me where a mother's prayer,  
Or a sister's tears might mingle there;  
Where my friends might come and weep,  
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

“Oh, bury me not,” and his voice there failed,  
But they took no heed to the dying prayer;  
In a narrow grave, just six by three,  
And they buried there on the lone prairie.
MOTHER LOVE.

(By J. Taylor Allen.)
Honey Grove, Texas,
R. F. D. 7, Box 51,
February 16, 1918.

The eager crowd impatient waits
Before the jail-yard’s massive gates;
The prisoner comes; on either side
Two bearded bailiffs stiffly stride.

He mounts the scaffold; close behind
The bailiffs follow, and they bind
His trembling hands in close embrace;
The sheriff stands with somber face.

The cap is drawn above his eyes,
The noose is placed about his neck;
Then at the sheriff’s nervous beck,
The trap is sprung; he drops and dies.

The body swaps awhile in space,
The people leave the ghastly place,
Save only one, whose piteous cries
Must surely pierce the leaden skies.

He was her boy! In mortal pain,
She gave him life. The crimson stain
His deed has placed upon her name,
But adds new fuel to her heart’s flame.
She loved him when his infant cry
She hushed to silence o n her breast;
Love more than that she gave the boy
Whose daily conduct marred her joy.

And now as dark against the sky,
His body swings, she loved him best.
For all the crimes that soiled his days,
His wasted life the forfeit pays;
And mayhap, when the deep bells toll,
A mother's tears shall buy his soul.
TO MY WIFE.
(By J. Taylor Allen.)

It is forty years since we were wed—
Time, like a ship upon the sea,
With sail all spread;
Or, as an eagle, swooping on its prey,
So swiftly the years have passed away,
To me it seems but yesterday.

Yet forty years have fled;
Loved ones of other years,
Are numbered with the dead.
While we are spared with gray hair on our heads,
A crown of glory, so the wise man said,
To those who are walking heavenward.
ONLY SAY THAT I AM FORGIVEN.

(By J. Taylor Allen.)

Only tell me I am forgiven for hasty thoughts and words expressed,
Which in an unguarded moment has often driven peace from our breast.
We all have our failures and weak points which we ever regret—
With trials, affections and bereavements on every side it seems we are beset.

Oh, how oft have we sighed, for words spoken that are forever gone,
And for which have often felt ruined, cast down in sorrow undone.
Oh, that pure, happy thoughts and words may characterize our lives until our race is run.
Oh, if I only knew that you entertain good will for me in your heart and that I am forgiven.

It is human to err, love is divine, kind words and actions makes our earth a heaven.
So let us not harbor in our breasts ill will, but by our actions prove we desire to make this earth a heaven—
Only then, by thought, deed and act prove to me honest, earnest, sincerity; only let me know I am forgiven.

A guilty stricken conscience, heavily burdened mind, sadly bereaved broken heart in distress;
Seemingly friends and character all gone, none to encourage, none to cheer, comfort and bless,
When it seems that there are none to pity, none to sympathize and save;
Oh, then how comforting that through true penitence, earnest, faithful prayer, we are released from the bonds and burden of sin's slave.

Angry words are lightly spoken in one rash and thoughtless hour,
Brightest links are often broken by their deep, insidious power.
A little word in kindness spoken, a motion, or a tear,
Often heals a heart that's broken and makes a friend sincere.
FROM THE ALAMO TO SAN JACINTO.

(By J. Taylor Allen.)

You may talk about Napoleon
And sing of Washington and Lee,
But they can't compare with the Texas men
That fought for liberty.

You may read the history of all nations
And the brave of every land,
But there is nothing found to equal
Colonel Travis and his band.

Before the storming of the Alamo
By a dim and flickering light,
A line was drawn by Travis
To test them for the fight.

Now, all that went to die like heroes
Just stepped across this line;
They were like a group of giants
That were nerved to do or die.

And they fought the hordes so desperate
That it made the price of victory high—
It was early in the morning when they
Stormed the Alamo.

But they killed them as they came, and
Killed them on the wall,
And with their knives and muskets
They tried to kill them all.
One hundred and eighty-two Texans
Against five thousand Mexicans,
And in thirty minutes they killed and
Wounded five hundred of the foe.

They all fought to desperation,
That our country might be free;
And Texas was baptised with blood
In the creed of liberty.

Then Santa Anna was rejoicing
And said there was nothing more to dread,
And he gave his soldiers orders
To burn the rebel dead.

The funeral pyre was then enveloped
And blazed with a lurid glow,
As it burned the bodies of the heroes
That fell at the Alamo.

"Heap on fire," they shouted
In all their fiendish glee;
But the flame that burned the martyrs
Was the death of tyranny.

Fannin, he at last surrendered,
But it seemed all the chance was left,
And his men were stood in solid line
And cruelly shot to death.

The Texan then grew desperate,
And they seemed in an awful plight;
But the bloody hordes of Santa Anna,
They had determined yet to fight.
At last Houston, with his little army,
   Charged upon the bloody foe,
And gained a glorious victory
   And avenged the Alamo.
IS THIS LIFE WORTH LIVING?
(By J. Taylor Allen.)

No, if all our talents and our time
To the devil we are giving,
Our life will be a failure
And hardly worth the living.

Or if this life is all and death the last,
With no hope beyond, nor sins forgiven,
No God to meet, no friends to greet;
Then this life is a blank, and not worth living.

The poet has said:
That life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
That dust to dust returneth
Was not written of the soul.

Shall our souls be bound to things of earth,
Amidst sin, deceit and worldly strife,
When there is a fountain we may reach
That gives to us eternal life.

Our minds and thoughts may rise above
All cares and worldly strife,
And on eagles' wings may soar aloft
And taste the bliss of a higher life.

This life on earth is worth the living
If we improve God's given time,
And if we obey His blessed teachings
We can make our lives sublime.
Our souls can rise to heavenly heights,
   Above this sin-cursed world of strife,
And work for Him who died for us,
   And live a glorious, happy life.

Then when time on earth shall be no more,
   Our soul shall take its homeward flight,
And gloom and fear shall be dispelled
   By a brilliant flame of heavenly light.

The poet has described the passing from this world into the next in the following lines:

What is this absorbs me quite,
   It steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath.
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
   And let me languish into life.
Texas now is a delightful place
   And is forging to the front,
And there are modern towns and cities
   Where once we use to hunt.

And our cattle are of the very best
   That is exhibited at the show,
And nearly always take the premium
   Everywhere they go.

And the hogs are of the very best
   That are brought upon the ground,
And will weigh from seven hundred
   Up to a thousand pounds.

And our horses, too, are very fine,
   And we have the best of every breed—
The Norman and the Suffolk,
   Down to the Arab steed.

We have free and universal education
   For the rich and all the poor;
And everything that's needed
   Is delivered at our door.

And when the weather is growing warm
   We use the electric fan,
And we all enjoy the comfort
   Of this artificial plan.
We ride in electric carriages,  
    In company and alone,  
And talk with people miles away  
    Over the telephone.

Our women are modest, fair and beautiful,  
    And all like ladies dressing neat,  
And are equal to the queens of old  
    When seen upon the street.

And our country is rich and beautiful,  
    Although it was abhorred;  
It is like a flowery kingdom  
    Or the garden of the Lord.

It has grown to a mighty nation,  
    After going through the rub,  
And we have a good many commercial cities,  
    And our Dallas is the hub.
LOVE AND KINDNESS.
(By J. Taylor Allen.)

When man was first created
By the power of God above,
The strongest passion He planted
In the heart of man was love.

The youth that loves the maiden
Or the men that love their wives,
When in danger or in trouble
Will protect them with their lives.

Kind parents love their children,
And their battles they will fight;
And the children love their parents
If the parents treat them right.

Our hearts go out to near kin
When in sickness, pain or sorrow;
But our love, when measured by God's word,
Is weak and small and narrow.

Men engage in strife and cruel war,
And sink to murderous depths of sin;
But Christ commands to rule by love
For all the world of man are kin.

We love to greet the smiling face,
And happy, loving words we crave;
It cheers the heart, and does more good
Than wreath of flowers on our grave.
Bad habits grow and cling to men
   And bind them like a fetter;
They fret and fume, and fuss around,
   When kindness would be better.

You, parents, should be pleasant
   And kind in all your ways;
And when your child deserves it
   Be sure and give him praise.

The aged, with silver locks and tottering steps,
   Where once they firmly trod;
Be kind to them in word and deed
   With love that's born of God.

Their wrinkled face and trembling limbs,
   And aching heart does crave,
A word of cheer and kindness now,
   Not flower upon their grave.

Father Time is swiftly passing,
   And no stop will he allow;
Then if you have some words of comfort,
   Be kind, dear friend, tell us now.

I often think of Robert Burns,
   The genius and the poet,
That almost starved in Scotland,
   And no one cared or seemed to know it.

But now they worship at his shrine,
   And of his genius prate,
And the kindness he deserved
   At last has come too late.
Soon the death knell of time shall sound the note
   And liberate the slave;
Then give me words of kindness now—
   Not flowers upon my grave.

I do not write these lines to condemn the beautiful custom of placing flowers on the graves of our dear departed friends, but rather to impress the readers to be kind to the living and throw them a few bouquets while they live.
OUR DEAR LITTLE BOY AND GIRL, DOCIE AND FRANKIE.

Our dear little Boy and girl, Docie and Frankie
That had come to give us joy,
With dimpled cheeks and golden hair,
   Our bright-eyed, blue-eyed Docie and Frankie.

They grew so fast and looked so bright,
   And acted so very smart;
Their golden hair and tiny arms
   Were twined about our heart.

Oh, our home was made so happy,
   And life's blessings we enjoyed
With these priceless treasures in our hearts—
   Our bright-eyed, blue-eyed little girl and boy.

The cords of love that are so strong
   Has bound their hearts to ours,
And it was a sad and awful day
   When we did have to part.

But the angel of death, in a pitiless flight,
   Passed over our happy home,
And the treasures we loved was called away
   And we are left to mourn alone,
   For they are gone never to return.

If God's judgment then is always right,
   We must put our trust in Him;
If He takes the treasures of our hearts
   Before they know of sin.
May heaven open wide her golden portals,
   And swing the pearly gates afar,
And hail the coming with glad tidings,
   Our bright-eyed, blue-eyed Docie and Frankie.

In memory of our little boy and girl these lines are dedicated by their papa, J. Taylor Allen.

Oh, grand and most glorious thought, we shall meet again. Look out for us, we are coming where there will be no more dieing, no black crepe on the door; no grave on the hillside any more.

Yours and His,

J. TAYLOR ALLEN.
CABIN HOME.

A little lonely cabin beside a lonely way—
   A little lonely cabin, deserted, quiet, and old—
Yet memories that bless it shall never fade away,
   Although its friendly hearthstone is gray with
dust and cold!
For Youth and Faith have met there, and lingered
   for a space,
And Happiness has dwelt there, and Hope has
crossed the sill;
And Love has made his home there, a smile upon
   his face. . . .
   Dear little lonely cabin, deserted now and still!

The forest creeps behind it, a mystic place of
trees:
   A river flows before it, reflecting sun and
   shower—
And in the early springtime, the murmur of the
   breeze
   Tells secrets to the bird-folk, and the arbutus
   flower.
A little lonely cabin beside a peaceful stream,
   A little lonely cabin, from all the world
   apart. . . .
I see it when, at twilight, I find the time to
dream—
   Dear little lonely cabin that holds my very
   heart!
   —By Margaret E. Sangster.
There's a purple road that's leading to a country far away,
There's a purple road to Somewhere that is calling us today;
Like a vagrant satin ribbon, it is winding through the plain—
There's a purple road that's calling, and it may not call again!
What if hills loom up before us? There's a castle at the top;
There are vivid bits of garden where a wayfarer may stop;
And slim poplars cast their shadows at the noon-tide of the day
On the purple road that's leading to a country far away.
Will you take my hand and follow up the winding purple path?
Yes, there may be rocks to stay us—we may meet a tempest's wrath;
We may shrink before pale lightning, we may cover under rain,
But the road is calling, calling—and it may not call again!
We have Youth and Hope for comrades and True Love will be our guide,
And we'll meet our great adventure walking proudly side by side,
For the purple road is Romance, and it's calling me and you
To a Golden Spot in Somewhere—to the Land where Dreams come true.

—By Margaret E. Sangster.
"THERE'S NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR YOU!"

(Tribute to Our Soldier Boys by S. A. Fishburn.)

A fond adieu, to you, brave boys,
   As you heed your country's call,
On land, on sea, in skies above,
   God bless you, one and all.
When this mad war shall have ended,
   And we praise the noble, the true,
All the world will join in saying:
   "There's nothing too good for you."

Go join this war against tyranny,
   Go fight that the world may be free,
That the humblest man and nation
   Shall never be robbed of liberty.
When this great cause shall triumph
   And freedom is born anew,
Our beloved President will say:
   "There's nothing too good for you."

Go fight to a world-wide truce,
   One that shall never have end,
But bring all nations to know
   "Peace on earth, good will to men."
When your swords are turned to plow shares,
   And the soldier's task is through,
From heaven will come the glad refrain,
   "There's nothing too good for you."

Boys: When you have wiped Kaiserism from
   the face of the earth—and you are going to do it
in short order—come back and do the same for old King Greed at home. Come back, and by your ballot help bring about the reform referred to in these resolutions, adopted by the Dallas Land Limit League in 1909:

"Whereas, Holding that men, in the acquirement of homes, are imbued with a greater respect for themselves, a keener love for their families, a better feeling toward their fellow-man, a stronger faith in their government, and a deeper devotion to their religion;

"Whereas, Believing home ownership would forestall anarchy and communism and strengthen our government as would no other remedy proposed for the dangers that threaten our republic; we pledge ourselves

"1. To individually urge upon our fellow-citizens the importance of home ownership and seek to induce its constant agitation by the press, in the pulpit, on the platform, and through every other agency available.

"2. To direct the attention of philanthropists to the greatest of all opportunities for helping the worthy poor to help themselves, viz.: Providing them with modest homes at reasonable prices, on long time and at a low rate of interest.

"3. To urge large land owners, in their own interest and in the name of patriotism, to sell at least a part of their holdings in small tracts and to actual settlers only.

"4. To advocate partial exemption from taxation of every home, large or small, when occupied by the owner.

"5. To work for a constitutional amendment
which, while not affecting present holdings, would in future limit the real estate a man may acquire, both in town and country, which policy, we believe, would prove a happy mean between government ownership and unbridled landlordism.

"6. To seek the placing in the platform of every party strong demands covering the policies herein referred to."

Keep this card and discuss these resolutions around your camp fires; better still, should you have time between battles, organize Land Limit Leagues—no matter how small the membership—and send us proceedings to be published at home. They would be precious tidings to those of us who want home ownership made easy, if not free, to the returning soldier boy and his loved ones. If wanted, will mail these cards to any address, anywhere, even to your future address in Berlin.

S. A. FISHBURN,
President Land Limit League.

Dallas, Texas, December 25, 1917.
GOOD FIGHT BY OLD-FASHIONED FARMER.

(By Secretary James Wilson.)

The old-fashioned farmer with a thin soil has, in most instances, fought a good fight. He struggled to educate the young people, whose education led them away from the farm, and left him to struggle alone. Everything taught them had a tendency to turn their eyes toward anything but agriculture for a career. The developing industries—the factory, the railroad, the forest, and the mine—coaxed the boys away with big pay. The nation was offering farms of new land for nothing. It gave its mines for the opening and its forests for the cutting, and it protected the factory of every kind, enabling these industries to outbid the farmer when he wanted help. The State encouraged the railway, and its schools furnished forth the youth of the land for every vocation but agriculture. The boys and girls went away, leaving the father and mother with gray hairs, on the old acres. The unproductive farm of today, in its primitive strength, educated boys and girls who have helped to build up the West and Southwest into great States, and have helped to build up the industries of the East.
DEDICATED IN MEMORY OF THE OLD-TIME ROAD.

(By Taylor Allen, Feb. 21, 1896.)

Many feet along this road have trod
That have gone from sight and under the sod.
And oh! how often in childhood's happy glee
Have we walked and run cheerful and free.

Where are those who were with us then?
Many have passed away from the walks of men.
No more do we meet them, from our sight they have gone,
When shall we meet them, when will our work be done?

Many who bid fair for long life are now gone,
And I, always a weakling, feel left alone.
My schoolmates and early friends, nearly all gone,
And are realizing and experiencing the great beyond.

Let us keep in the true road, the narrow way
That leads to the home beyond, to a more perfect day.
And when we are all done traveling that road
May we be secure forever in heaven's happy abode.
THE DESERT PATH.
(By Margaret E. Sangster.)
The camel tracks led whitely across the desert sand,
And one came riding after with furtive mystery;
Ah, one came swiftly riding, a dagger in his hand,
And he was bent on plunder—a nomad thief was he!
He did not heed the starshine that glimmered from on high,
For laden beasts had traveled along the lonely way.
He did not see the glory that swept the Eastern sky,
For he had far to journey before the dawn of day.

He followed through the desert, and then at last he saw
An inn upon the outskirts of some small village place;
And there were camels resting before the stable door—
He left his horse, crept nearer, with greed upon his face;
And peering o'er the threshold, he saw that gold was piled,
With precious stones and incense, before a little Child.

II.
A thief he was by calling, who to the stable came,
A thief whose youthful fingers had learned to steal their fill;
A thief he was who valued his heritage of shame,
Yet, standing by that doorway, he did not want to kill!
A thief he was, but—watching—he saw a Baby face,
And, bending near, a Mother, whose joy was undefiled;
And for one breathless moment across the stable space,
The Baby's eyes gazed at him—and then the Baby smiled!

A thief he was by calling, but there beside the door
He saw a Holy Vision—he knelt and tried to pray—
And something, thrilling, whispered of love forevermore—
And then he rose, half-weeping—and it was Christmas Day!
A thief he was by calling, who felt the Father's plan,
But back across the desert there silent rode a man!

III.

The years are met as milestone upon a winding road,
And some slip by like shadows, and some are fair with flowers;
And some seem dreary, hopeless—a leaden chain of hours—
And some are like a heart-throb, and some a heavy load.
The thief, a thief no longer, a lonely figure strode
Haert-weary down life's pathway, through tempests and through showers,
But always prayed that somewhere, among sweet-scented bowers,
A Baby's smile might show him where happiness abode.

For he was often hungry—a thief, reformed, must eat—
And there were folk who shunned him, and turned his plea away;
And there were those who scourged him from out the market place—
They were the ones who told him to earn his bread and meat!
Yet ever he walked onward, and dreamed of some fair day
When he would find the Christ-Child with love upon His face!

IV.
Where work lay for the asking it seemed that men might work,
But prejudice was rampant in every shop and field;
And, "What if you are trying, my scythe you may not wield!"
Men told the thief, who answered—"Indeed, I will not shirk!"
And carpenters and builders turned from him with a smirk,
And farmers hurried by him to house the harvest's yield,
And so he took his dagger, all rusted, and his shield,
And sought again the highway where thieves and jackals lurk.
And yet the spark of manhood still flamed within his heart,
And still he saw the Baby, beyond the stable door;
And oftentimes at even, as crimson daytime died,
He knelt, a sorry figures, from all of life apart.
And, "Oh, if I could see Him—and feel His love once more,
"If I could see Him smiling, I would not steal!"
he cried.

V.

It was a glowing ruby that caused the thief to fall,
But—he was very hungry, and lonely, too, and cold;
And youth lay all behind him, a tattered funeral pall,
For he was very tired, and he was growing old.
It was a glowing ruby that law upon the breast
Of one who had not earned it, who wore it with a sneer;
The thief was very weary, he only longed for rest;
He was too wan for caring, he was too numb for fear!
It was a glowing ruby—he held it in his hand—
His hand was thin and withered, it shook beneath the gem;
He took the vivid ruby, the ransom of a land,
And tied it firmly, tightly, within his garment's hem;
And then he shuffled forward, but like a thorn within.
His soul he bore the torment of bitterness and sin!
VI.
They caught him when the morning had tinged
the Eastern skies;
The gem was found upon him, as red as guilty
blood;
He stood, his head sunk forward, with listless,
shallow eyes,
And hoplessness submerged him like some unholy
flood;
A thief he was by calling. The Law? The law
was great;
What chance had he for pity? His fate was sealed
and done;
He was unclean, an outcast, a menace to the state;
A thing to be avoided, a stain against the sun!

They led him to his hearing, the hall was still and
light;
A judge was seated higher, who passed him with
a glance;
And suddenly, forgetting his weariness and fright,
The thief cried, leaping forward, "I did not have
a chance!"
The judgment hall was spacious, and coldly white
and wide—
And coldly came the sentence—"He shall be cruci-
fied!"

VII.
They nailed him, God's creation, upon a cross of
shame;
They nailed him up with laughter, they heeded
not his tears;
And people looking at him were moved to soulless
jeers,
And agony was on him—a searing, breathless flame!
And then, as he hung sobbing, a sudden feeling came
Of peace that, reaching toward him across the sound of sneers,
Was like a burst of music that one more feels than hears—
For, from somewhere beside him, a Voice had breathed his name.

Ah, he was weak with anguish, and yet he turned his head,
And saw a cross beside him, and on the cross a Form;
And he forgot the tumult, the horror and the storm—
And someone, down below him, said "Look, the thief is dead!"
But, safe from fear and torture beyond their scornful cries,
The thief had gazed at Heaven in Christ's triumphant eyes!
DEDICATED IN MEMORY OF OUR FRIENDS AND LOVED ONES.

The cold December rain is falling where they lie, Soon the same last and final debt will be paid by you and I.

They lived as we live, amid labors, disappointment, persecutions and trials, Many were their inconveniences, temptations, sacrifices and self-denials.

Through faith, courage, hope, earnest, honest labor they triumphantly entered in Through the gates into the city where they are ever at peace, joy and rest free from sin.

Watching and waiting with our friends and loved ones in that beautiful home so fair, When our labors, joys and sorrows are ended meet, oh! meet me there.

—J. TAYLOR ALLEN.
PARADISE LOST.
(By J. Taylor Allen.)

Man from original righteousness has wandered away,
And is ever seeking happiness as he journeys day by day.
The violation of God's law has caused him sorrow and distress
Which caused our Savior and Mediator from heaven to come to bless.
Man's inhumanity to man has made countless millions mourn,
Pressed by labor and cares on every side during this pilgrimage and sojourn.
What he has lost in the fall can only be atoned by the blood of our Mediator
Through his merits alone can we ever be reinstated in favor with our Creator.
Driven out from the peaceful presence of God without one ray of hope, through millions of years,
No chance to redeem himself without the intervention of Christ though he repents in anguish and tears.
Lost, wretched and undone, no paradise will it ever be our privilege to view,
Unless we repent, have faith, prove by our sincere faithful earnest work that to our Savior we are true.
Oh! why do we live and why do we die?
All who can, please tell me why.
Like as a flower or the grass, we are cut down,
Wither, die and pass away, we trust to receive a crown.
In heaven's pure world where our friends and loved ones are safely home,
From whence no traveler ever returns, we will soon no longer roam.
Like the prodigal from our Father's house far, far away,
But let us ever come home, and no longer from the fold stray.
By way of the cross we shall wear a glittering crown,
Where the injustice of man will no more keep us down.
Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn,
But the time is coming when the greedy grafters of their power will be shorn.
Let us place our spiritual deposits in heaven's own bank vaults—
Where no checks are protested, and where all are free from faults.
No bank failures there, God the President, our Savior the Cashier—
Who will represent us, introduce and for us make all things clear.
The recording angels the bookkeepers with Christ's own precious Blood the books of life are ever kept balanced and square.
Oh! meet me there.
Oh! a mother's prayer, a mother's tears have followed me all the past years;
What sweet memories of dear mother who ever lovingly quieted my fears.
Long years she has been gone; but her sweet spirit beckons me on,
Day by day as pilgrims here, on a journey our race will soon be done.

Oh! what sweet, happy memories of the long ago in childhood's happy days,
With our loving associates, playmates around the dear old home.
And around the hewed log cabin school and church house grounds
Where oh! echo answers where are those boys and girls echo still resounds.

We are safe at home awaiting your coming where will be
Reunited in heaven's pure happy peaceful world we will ever be free.
Seems long, long years since last we met but happy thoughts linger yet
As we rapidly pass life's milestones our friends and loved ones we shall never forget.

As we rapidly glide down life's river oh! let us every ply the oars of faith and love,
For the splashes of the oars of the pilot are heard on life's river to take us to our home above.
So let us all get on board the old Ship of Zion that has safely landed
Its millions on the heavenly shore with none left stranded.
Our Saviour, our pilot and conductor, we soon will be with over there,
Through faith in Jesus, truth and love, we shall enter heaven with prayer.
Will you and readers indulge me in a poetic flight?
Though adverse winds may blow,
Trials, troubles and afflictions as we go
Through this world we cannot stand still,
Let us be up and doing with a determined will.

With energy, patience and perseverance our motto
Stronger and stronger we will grow,
Though trampled beneath mud or dust
We will rise in the strength of the just.
Though we possess not great wealth,
Let us covet that which is better—religion and health.

A clear conscience before men and God,
So that when our bodies are beneath the sod
A monument to our memory erected
Will be encouragement to the dejected;
To press forward through difficulties thick and thin,
Knowing at the close of this life a better will begin.

I care not for envy, I care not for scorne;
True principle will tell when in us it is born.
Truth and true merit though crushed to earth
Will rise again enjoying a new birth.
Amid the conflict now over silver and gold
Times will be better for labor, we are told.

If silver for our forefathers was good
Who in the revolution spilled their blood,
Why not still a good honest dollar?
Why all this confusion, why whoop and holler?
Why depreciate that which is good and pure,
Which the rise and downfall of nations did endure?

We fear the end will not justify the means
To overthrow our best interests to me, it seems
Like bowing to old England's dictate and command—
They have the money and soon will have our land.
A tight grasp on our land and money already they have got,
And in the wind-up, Oh! as pretended free people what will be our lot?

What old England with sword, bayonet and bullet in the Revolution
Failed to accomplish with their force of arms and cunning evolution,
Are evolving our great American institutions to their own liking,
As American freemen let us be up and doing for there is danger of striking.

Labor cannot, will not to dishonest legislation always submit;
All we want is justice to all, if we do not get it the laborer will quit.
Looking and trusting for relief and oh! what then?
Are there no true, patriotic, unbought, genuine men?
Who look more to their country's good than to the mammon gold,
Will we forsake our own and to other nations be sold?
Our revolutionary fathers who in their graves are sleeping,
If they could rise and see our demoralized condition would be weeping;
And say our hardships endured and blood spilled, will it all be in vain?

Let not our fair record with unfaithfulness of sons be stained.
Oh! then let us in our might arise and shake off old England's yoke
And look up to the true source and comfort and blessings invoke.
And never, no never submit to old England's tyrannical yoke.

Oh! yes, the money of Washington and Jefferson is good enough for me,
Through the people we yet hope and trust we will gain the victory.
All who hold different views on this great struggle from me,
I trust will no dishonest intentions for our best interests in me see.

For as an American freeman I claim a right to my plea,
For after much study and investigation I cannot help but see
The scarcer the money the lower the price agricultural products will be.

Now appreciated editor and kind friends, if I have crossed swords with you,
I trust you will not conclude I am unfaithful and untrue;
And if you do not serve me too rough for endeavoring to explain,
Perhaps sometime in the future I will come again.
Yours truly,
TAYLOR ALLEN.
MELANCHOLY DAYS.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
When howling winds and naked woods and all is brown and sear.
Such is life with its varied changes of patient labor of love,
As the seasons come and go, we still work and trust the true source above.

Though unappreciated, amid life's struggles, and temptations we may be,
There is a better time coming when our spirits from this earthly home will be free
To drink in the water of life, and heavenly pleasure, awaiting you and me,
Oh, for right appreciation, aspirations and inspirations along the way.

For with energy, patience and perseverance, we will see a more perfect day
Than we now can comprehend, or conceive, is waiting for you and me.
Through him who purchased our redemption we will gain the victory.

Over all earthly foes, troubles, afflictions, temptations, persecutions here
Will never enter into or mar our pleasures and happiness over there;
Whatever our faults, and failures and disappointments here have been,
When we are safely anchored within the vale, we will be free from sin.

So with patience, let us press upward and onward, content with our lot,
Ever realizing that true merit in accomplishing best purposes is never forgot.
So as we glide down life's river let us ply the oars of faith and works ever true,
Learn to labor and wait and by and by we will receive our reward as quietly as dew;
In each life dark clouds and shadows disappointment and sorrowful,
Reminding us that nothing is perfect but all is vanity on this terrestrial ball.

Look up, despondent one, let us ever realize that to each dark cloud there is a silver lining
Which consoles, comforts and cheers us, when life is declining.
Amid the sharp competition, confusion and struggles of this life
We should acquit ourselves nobly and well amid the strife;
Full many a beautiful flower, both fragrant and fair,
Blushing and unseen wastes its perfume on the desert air.

Full many a gem, humble, rough, obscure, and low
Is trod upon unheeded and unappreciated, by friend and foe;
Kind, patient editor and readers, if this the waste-basket does escape,
Perhaps sometime in the near future I will come in a different shape.

Yours truly,
TAYLOR ALLEN.
MILK BRIGADE.

(Written by J. Taylor Allen.)

Come all ye members of the buttermilk brigade, let us see
Who practice what they preach and on all points fully agree;
It is very easy to tell the other fellow what and what not to do,
But do we always prove patient, courageous, faithful and true?

Do we drink anything stronger than that which we recommend,
And will we prove patient, faithful, tried and true to the end?
Of our terrestrial journey ever using that which no trouble will bring,
But ever refreshing, invigorating, nourishing, which is the thing?

I assure you if we drink the unadulterated we will have no fines to pay,
But grow stronger, more vigorous and healthy every day.
No wrecked and ruined homes from its use, but peace and joy,
In upward and onward progress and development our minds employ.

Oh, yes! rally around our banner, ever unfurled to the breeze,
Over our homes, around the world, across oceans, mountains, seas;
Proclaiming victory, victory, land of the free and home of the brave,
Ever free from intoxicating liquors and the bonds of slaves.

Oh, yes! the pure, unadulterated ale of father Adam and buttermilk is best;
Give me same all along life's journey and you may have the rest.
And when our pilgrim journey here is triumphant-ly o'er
May God, our Supreme Grand Ruler of the Universe, admit us to the other shore,

Where our friends and loved ones in that perpetual home meet,
Where the tree of life around the rivers of life are ever blooming we will walk the golden streets;
Ever be free from sin, temptation, care, sorrow, bereavement or pain,
In that beautiful, happy home let us all form a happy reunion again.
To all who are for truth, mercy and justice, and peace, love and good will, these lines are dedicated.

IRELAND.

When I think of dear old Ireland
My heart is sore distressed;
Her noble sons in poverty
And by England so oppressed.
When in olden time the English
To heathen gods were turning,
Old Ireland was a Christian land
And the seat of piety and learning.
Her missionaries were sent out
And went from place to place,
And preached the gospel to the people,
Of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Wallace was betrayed and suffered a horrible death at London. His head was cut off and placed on a pole on London bridge; his right arm displayed at Newcastle; his left arm at Berwick; one leg was sent to Perth, the other to the town of Aberdeen; the other parts of the body were burned.

The disciples of Columbia and St. Patrick,
From Java's hill did start,
To the heathen shores of Briton
Their knowledge to impart.

Saint Patrick and twelve of his disciples visited the Pagan King of Java, dressed in white robes and they carried crosses, and made such an im-
pression on the King and his ministers that the King granted them permission to preach the gospel and later Columbia and his disciples crossed over to Scotland and they founded in Scotland, England and Germany one hundred and sixty-four monasteries.

There were hundreds of monasteries, And churches many and many a score, That were founded by these noblemen On England's heathen shore. There were schools and colleges then in Ireland, And some of them were free, That drew their students from England and from Scotland And some from Germany. But the Danes and Scandinavians Did invade old Erin's shore With murder and destruction For two hundred years or more. But Erin's sons did ne'er give up, Although much precious blood was spilled, But they fought and fought and fought again Until every Dane was killed. But old Ireland then was crippled, And her wealth was all destroyed, And she was deprived of many blessings That she had so long enjoyed.

This is a bit of practical experience and testimony of my father's and mother's people in Ireland and Scotland who bore the tremendous tyrannical bondage, yoke of persecution and oppression by old England's money lords. After they
had secured all the gold, they required taxes to be paid in gold; their property was put up and sold for taxes which placed all property and money in possession of the privileged few at the real sacrifice of the toiling millions of men, women and children. My father’s and mother’s people fought them that had thus tyrannically robbed them, but old England’s armies crushed the poor laboring people unmercifully; robbed and treated them with scorn and contempt, requiring heavy rents and taxes to be paid on the land of which they were robbed. After many of my mother’s people were burned at the stake in the hills of Scotland, and father’s people were persecuted in indescribable ways, all that could worked their way on vessels across the ocean and settled in America with the then few colonists and the many wild Indians and wild animals. They preferred to risk the dangers, hardships and inconveniences than among those unmerciful tyrants over there. They followed our early pioneers and eight long years under the great Washington we struggled and fought the British; gained our freedom, liberty and independence. The Constitution was sealed by the blood of our patriotic heroes and handed to us to ever guard, protect and defend. Will we, their posterity, allow that unparalleled of all documents to perish from the earth and be supplanted by the money god image worshipers to ever rule and hold in subjugation and bondage our once free and independent American people? Our Washington, Jackson and Jeffersonian governments were the most prosperous and patriotic that ever inhabited the earth. But oh! alas! On account
of wickedness, money gods and idolatrous worshipers of the material, perishable things, which are all vanity and vexatious of spirit, and perish with their using, will our people be driven from the true, real, genuine love of God with all our heart, soul, mind and strength and let the enemy of souls wreck us individually as a nation. that will go as other nations, empires and kingdoms have gone, sunk to rise no more forever? History repeats itself. We judge of the future by the past; coming events cast their shadows before. The same causes that produced serious effects in the past will cause ruinous effects and sad disaster in the future.
EDUCATION.
(By J. Taylor Allen.)
To Truth and principle that shall live forever these lines are dedicated. By J. Taylor Allen, Honey Grove, Texas, Jan. 11, 1918, R. D. 7, Box 51.

Education when used as a blessing is grand, sublime, noble, elevating inspiration, aspiration upward and onward, progress and development higher and higher to heaven and God. But in comparison see what the Bible teaches has come and what will still come upon the educated that abuse their talents and education as a curse rather than a blessing. The Savior did not call the educated when He chose the twelve apostles as His followers for true and mightiest work, the greatest and best that ever was or ever will be in this world. He called unlearned and ignorant men as regards the education and learning, the Holy Ghost from but He gave them the mighty truth, true wisdom, education and learning, the Holy Ghost from above, which has proved the mightiest and greatest educational power ever possessed by mortal or immortal beings of the terrestrial, also the celestial inhabitants here and out in the great hereafter. Peace on earth and good will to all men. The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man as taught by our Savior and World's Redeemer if fully practiced and as the great majority popular vote would have no war, but have peace by arbitration, settle disputes, thereby saving a world being bathed in blood, woe and misery indescribable unprecedented and unparalleled just to gratify the ambitious educated military dictators that exercise more arbitrary power than ever was exer-
cised by any king or monarch that ever ruled the world.

What became of the highly educated of Egypt, including King Pharaoh that was educated in all the wisdom and learning this world afforded? King Pharaoh offered Moses second place in the royal family and his kingdom, but he chose rather to suffer the afflictions of the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of earth for a season. Moses had respect of the recompense and reward of the future joy and peace held in reservation for all the people of God out in the great hereafter in the house of many mansions. I prefer the principle of truth, love and mercy that will live in true happiness forever. Give me the education that reaches far out over and above the material transitory education of those who make their money their God that cannot deliver them in a dying, trying hour. With all our boasted Christianity civilization and education, are we going to abuse and make a curse of our boasted claims? Will our nation go as other nations, empires and kingdoms have gone—sink into annihilation to rise no more forever—all on account of the educated rich contemptuously and scornfully boasting that they are superior creatures and the uneducated being inferior creatures little above the brue creatures, fit for nothing but to work and be excessively taxed to keep the privileged big rulers in extravagance and luxury. The great Paul was educated, but he used it to bless and make peace and happiness among all people of every nationality and tongue that will live forever. Oh, may God help us to practice true and saving education. Yours for speedy reformation before too late forever.
To our friends and loved ones in heaven, and our fellow voyagers on the way these lines are dedicated.

This life will have been a failure if we fail to safely make the peaceful, happy landing in heaven's harbor and glorious shore of immortality where the glorified spirits dwell. Oh! for the far away home where angels dwell. All the pure and good will be there; no more death, temptations, sin, sickness, sorrow, orphans will be there; no graves on the hillsides or valleys over there; no black crepe on the door. Sweet messengers of peace and love dwell in that home of many mansions; no wars or sad heartaches over boys bidding farewell and hastening away perhaps never to return. Oh, war! most destructive, most horrible war! When will the terrible conflict end and the dove of peace bearing the olive branch of peace and love hover and brood over our homes with one common cause of universal contest to see who can and will live nearest to God?

What will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul, or what will he give in exchange for his soul? How can we estimate the worth of one body and soul, if the mortal body and the immortal soul were placed in the balance on one side and all the black lands, gold, silver, government paper currency and bonds in the balance on the other side, which would outweigh? Oh! man that was made in the likeness and image of God, a little lower than the angels! oh, how the mighty have fallen away, wandered like the prodigal son, spent their substance in riotous living,
following the dictates of the devil, searing the conscience in evil doing and receiving their just reward for having sown to the flesh and the wind and are reaping the whirlwind and corruption! Oh! why not resolve in our hearts that we will the balance of the time God permits us to live, to live for God and sow to the spirit and of the spirit; reap life everlasting! God seeketh such to worship Him as worship Him in spirit and in truth and constantly follow Him. That is the way—the truth and the life. Oh, yes, jump into the life-boat and with the faithful tried oars of faithful works, pull for the shore and not sink to rise no more. A speedy reformation is needed, a practical demonstration of the old-time religion; get on board the old ship of Zion that has safely landed her millions on the other shore and will land in heaven's harbor, millions more, by ever having our Saviour as our captain, pilot and conductor. We will land safely in the house of many mansions where our friends and loved ones are ever watching and waiting our arrival home, where we shall be free from care, sorrow and pain. Our mothers, our Savior and all faithful tried and true loved ones and sincere friends will be there. God be with you till we meet again.

Yours and His,

J. TAYLOR ALLEN.