



A Texas Ranger Hall of Fame E-Book™

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF SIX YEARS IN CAMP WITH
THE TEXAS RANGERS

By

MRS. D. W. ROBERTS

"Assistant Commander" Company D, Texas Frontier Battalion

PRESS OF SON BOECKMAKN-JONES CO

AUSTIN, Texas

1928

**Project Staff: Robert Nieman, Volunteer; Byron A. Johnson,
Texas Ranger Hall of Fame and Museum Staff.**



Introduction

Welcome to the E-Book Project of the Texas Ranger Hall of Fame and Museum (TRHFM). The TRHFM, located in Waco, Texas, is the State-designated Official Historical Center of the Texas Rangers. It is operated as a service of City of Waco by authorization of the Texas Department of Public Safety and the State of Texas.

The mission of this project is to provide easy access to books, oral histories dissertations, articles, and other literary works on Texas Ranger history.

Public Domain Works: Most of the works in this non-commercial library are in the public domain and may be freely enjoyed if you follow the conditions listed below.

Copyrighted Works: Some works, which are clearly noted, are under copyright. They are in this library with the express permission of the copyright holders. Please read and enjoy them, but they may ***not*** be redistributed, copied or otherwise used without the written permission of the author or copyright holder.

Conditions & Statements

1. The Adobe Acrobat™ or other file format in which this work resides may ***not*** be redistributed ***for profit***—including commercial redistribution, sales, rentals, or fees for handling, access, download etc. These works may not be modified or changed in any manner without first contacting the Texas Ranger Hall of Fame and Museum.
2. The TRHFM staff has exercised due diligence to determine that this material is in the public domain or to secure copyright permission. If you believe this work is under copyright, and you are the copyright holder, please contact us at **Texas Ranger Hall of Fame, PO Box 2570, Waco, TX 76702-2570** with proof of ownership.
3. You may link to the main page of the library, however, please do ***not*** "hot link" directly to the files or repost them.
4. The author/copyright holder credits and the registered terms **Texas Ranger Hall of Fame E-Book™** the **logo** and name **Texas Ranger Hall of Fame and Museum™** must remain intact and associated with this project file.

A RANGER'S BRIDE

Married September 13, 1875, Captain D. W. Roberts and Miss Lou Conway, the Rev. Dr. Archer officiating. The gallant groom and his accomplished bride departed on the train immediately after the ceremony. The best wishes of all attend them.

This brief notice appeared in the Columbus (Texas) Times. The clergyman had preached the day before, Sunday, at Osage, some distance from Columbus. He returned by train; there was only one train a day; as we were to leave on this same train the conductor obligingly held it while the minister came to the house and pronounced the words "until death do us part."

Captain Roberts commanded a company of Rangers stationed in Menard County, which was on the extreme frontier. His home was in Blanco County. He had been engaged in buying and selling cattle. At that time Columbus was the terminus of the railroad, and a good shipping point. It was during his visits to Columbus on business that we became acquainted.

My friends thought that I was courageous; in fact, quite nervy to leave civilization and go into an Indian country. But it did not require either;

I was much in love with my gallant captain and willing to share his fate wherever and whatever it might be. Besides the romantic side of it appealed to me strongly. I was thrilled with the idea of going to the frontier, the home of the pioneer.

We came direct to the beautiful city of Austin. I had made trips to Houston, Galveston, and San Antonio-all located in a level country. The hills of Austin were beautiful, and, now since I have visited other States, I still believe that the scenic beauty of Austin and

surrounding country cannot be excelled. We spent a delightful week in Austin. I found there several of my girl friends from Columbus; they contributed much to my pleasure. All have passed to the great beyond except Mrs. W. B. Walker and her sister, Mrs. Holman. We boarded at Mrs. L. F. Walker's, on the corner of Fifth and Colorado Streets. Fifty years after we found the house standing unchanged except for the addition of a sleeping porch, which was not used in 1875.

While at Austin two Rangers came to take us to Menard. Except for my husband they were the first Rangers I saw; they looked formidable, armed with pistols and belts full of cartridges. Our mode of travel was by hack drawn by a pair of mules. Thus we set out on our bridal tour. I'm sure there was never a more delightful one, and there can never be another just like it. We spent a night at the old Nimitz Hotel at Fredericksburg, which became our regular stopping place as long as we were in the service. We were glad to lodge where we were served such excellent meals. Our next stop was at Mason, where my husband purposed leaving me while he went on to Menard and engaged board until he could arrange quarters at camp. In fact, he had not planned to take me to camp, thinking it was too rough a life for me. It was his idea to leave me at Mason and to visit me as often as he could conveniently do so. I had a different idea. I did not consider personal comfort, but wished to be with him. I think he was glad of my decision.

It was when he left me at Mason that my troubles began. Mason was settled up with well-to-do people who had built comfortable homes. Their principal business was ranching. We stopped at the hospitable home of Major Holmes. Captain Roberts had been away from his company so long that he felt he must proceed at once to camp. The ladies

soon made me feel at home, and I was enjoying the novelty of living in a western town, ignorant of the danger to which I was soon to be exposed.

The "Mason County War" was in progress at that time. It was a feud between Germans and Americans. The latter were led by Scott Cooley. I will quote Captain Gillette's account of the origin of the trouble: "When the news reached Scott Cooley of the murder of his friend he was much incensed and vowed vengeance against the murderers of his friend. He left his farm at once and, saddling his pony, rode into the town of Mason heavily armed. He had worked out a plan of his own and proceeded to put it into execution. As he was entirely unknown in Mason, Cooley remained in town several days without creating suspicion. He proved himself a good detective, and soon discovered that the sheriff and his deputies were the leaders in the mob that killed his friend. Biding his time and pursuing his investigations, he soon learned the name of every man that was in the posse that had murdered Williamson." (*Six Years with the Texas Rangers*, by James B. Gillette.)

At the time of which I write the town of Mason was in a turmoil of excitement. Several men had been killed. The question in everyone's mind was, Who would be the next victim? I had no fear for my personal safety. But one evening the news was spread through the town that "Scott Cooley is in town." That report struck terror to the hearts of the people. They knew he had come to get his man. There was little sleep that night. Next morning, while at breakfast, we heard the report of a gun uptown. Rushing out into the yard, we saw two men, bareheaded, with guns in their hands, come toward us at full speed. We rushed into the house, locked the doors, and Mrs. Holmes and I went into her room, which had but one window. To our horror the men rode right up to the window. I looked for a place of

safety, and the only one I could see was the space under the bed, which I pointed out to my hostess. She refused to take that shelter. She was looking out for the safety of her husband; I was looking after -my own. Mrs. Holmes asked them what they wanted; they replied that they had come to inform Mr. Hester, who was Major Holmes' guest, that Scott Cooley had killed his brother. Now, I want to say right here that I did not go under the bed, and I-hoped that Mrs. Holmes had forgotten my reference to the bed, but she not only remembered it, but told it. And some were unkind enough to say that "it was not a very dignified thing for a captain's wife to do," and that "a frontier woman would have suited him better for a wife." After having lived with the Captain fifty years, I am glad he did not think so.

I was very restless after having a gun pointed at me at such close range, and I confess that the western town of Mason suddenly lost its charm. It was altogether too unsafe a place to be. I concluded that Major Holmes' house in particular was in a very dangerous spot, so near the street that one might shoot into it without dismounting. I decided, therefore, to go to Mrs. Gooch's house, which stood some distance back from the fence, and any attacking party would have to dismount before coming to it. I was soon to discover that they could dismount. About four o'clock in the afternoon, while Mrs. Gooch and I were sitting in her room, we observed twenty men with guns coming down the road. Mrs. Gooch explained that they were Germans who lived in the country going home. But to our horror they dismounted and came toward the house. We locked the doors and ran into the dining room. Fortunately Mrs. Gooch's maid was a German, and was not afraid of her own people. She went out and talked with them. They told her that they were looking for Mr. Rank, a

friend of Mr. Gooch's, who often stopped with him. The maid convinced them that he was not there, and they rode off. That was the second time I narrowly escaped being killed; at least, that was the way I felt about it.

My husband returned to Mason that evening. He found me eager to go on into the Indian country. But before dismissing the "Mason County War," I may state that twelve men were killed. "Scott Cooley, having lost his friends and sympathizers, returned to Blanco County, where he had formerly lived. Here he was stricken with brain fever, and, though tenderly nursed and shielded by his friends, he died without ever being brought to trial for his killings."

My husband had been successful in finding a place to board until we could have quarters prepared at camp. The next morning we left Mason for Menard. We were going into a country where Indians raided, but I was leaving a country where white men raided. The distance from Mason to Menard is forty miles. There was only one house along the way, and there we had a good midday meal. When we reached Menard, one hundred and fifty miles distant from Austin, our wedding trip was completed. I can't imagine another more delightful. I have ridden in automobiles on highways, and have had a ride in an airplane, but they are not to be compared with that ride in an ambulance behind government mules.

IN CAMP WITH TEXAS RANGERS

Menard is situated on the beautiful San Saba River.' It contained only a few houses in 1875, and most of them were made of cedar pickets; had dirt floors and no spare room. We were fortunate to find one house with three rooms. The family that occupied it numbered seven, but they were kind enough to spare us one room. That was frontier hospitality. The room was small and had space for only one bed and a chair. It contained no window and no mirror. There was a wash basin on the porch that served for all.

The Rangers required only a few days to prepare quarters for us. About fifty yards from their camp stood a portion of a camp house. It had a shingle roof and a rock floor. It was converted into a kitchen, size twenty by twenty feet. Gunny sacks were tacked upon the walls. For our bedroom the Rangers built a room of logs with walls three feet high, on top of which they put a tent. It was provided with a fireplace built of stone. The floor was carpeted with gunny sacks. The kitchen also served as a storeroom. It was all so cozy. Here the newlyweds began housekeeping.

The camp was located in a fine pecan grove on the river about two miles below Menard. I wish I could describe that country as it was at that time. Beautiful nature had not been marred by the hand of man. It seemed to belong to the birds and wild animals; they were so abundant. There was game of every description. I had fished many times in the Colorado River and in Eagle Lake, but had never caught a fish. When I threw my hook into the beautiful San Saba almost immediately it was seized by a nice catfish. It was thrilling.

Another pleasure I had in anticipation was horseback riding. I had never ridden horseback at Columbus, but my sweetheart wrote me that he had a fine saddle horse for

me. Before leaving that place, I had made an up-to-date riding habit which extended below the feet from half a yard to a yard. In 1875 no part of a woman's leg was visible. Looking back I recall a vivid picture of myself on my first horseback ride. Perched upon a sidesaddle, with a habit reaching almost to the ground, I set out. We rode along a trail through a thick wood. Captain Roberts led the way. Suddenly he stopped, drew his pistol and motioned for me to stop. I thought, of course, that we had come upon Indians. After he had fired the second time, I saw wild turkeys fly. We took two back to camp with us. What do you suppose happened to my riding habit passing through that brush? It was so badly torn that I had to cut off so much of it that what remained barely covered my feet. It was much more convenient, but it required great care not to expose an ankle, which would have been scandalous.

I was now a regular member of Company D, but entirely unarmed. I spoke to the Captain about how embarrassing it was not to have a gun and not to be able to protect myself in case of an attack. He immediately purchased a .22 caliber Remington rifle. I practiced target shooting with the Rangers until I was satisfied that I could shoot as well as any of them, and could kill game, of which there was an abundance.

My ride through the brush showed that I did not have suitable clothes for hunting. I sent to Austin for a hunting suit made of heavy material, for I was particularly fond of hunting and fishing. I was warned daily of the danger of going too far from camp, but my interest in fishing caused me to forget about danger. On one occasion when I had gone some distance from camp, I discovered ten horsemen coming down the trail in single file. I had often heard that that was the way the Indians traveled. There was no doubt in my mind that they were Indians. I struck a bee line for camp, expecting every minute to be murdered. I

knew it was useless to run, nevertheless I struck a lively gait. Looking back over my shoulder, to my great relief I saw them stop to water their horses. They were Mexicans. I had my gun by me, but it never occurred to me to use it in case of an attack. After that experience I was more careful.

Life in camp did not deprive me of visitors. The pioneer women came to see me and made me feel welcome among them. Many of them were educated and refined; those that had been deprived of those advantages nevertheless had hearts of gold. Friendships formed in those days have stood the test of half a century. There were some charming young ladies in Menard-every one of them a belle. There were about ten boys to one girl. Whenever Captain Roberts was called away from camp, I would invite one of the young ladies to stay with me. The Rangers paid them "much mind," and had many excuses for calling at our camp to get a look at a pretty girl.

The frontier people were not without their social pleasures. Amusements were not frequent nor were they elaborate, but they were enjoyed all the more because they came so seldom. I recall spending a very enjoyable day at a quilting bee. While the fingers plied the needle, tongues were equally busy. At noon all repaired to the dining room, which also served as kitchen. The table groaned under the burden of rations tempting to the appetite. The feast lasted as long as we were there. When twilight began to fall the young men gathered in for a dance. And a dance it was. Few indulged in the round dance; the old time square dance was most popular. The table extended its inviting savor, and one could go in and help himself between dances. The beverage was steaming hot coffee. The dance lasted until daylight.

Many came from long distances, and then it was an Indian country. I did not spend the night, for I had Ranger protection and went home at twelve a.m.

Company D was composed of a superior class of men. Some of them belonged to the first families of Austin; for example, Captain James B. Gillette, author of "Six Years with the Texas Rangers"; Rube Anderson, stepson of Adjutant General John B. Jones; Thurlow Weed, brother of Mr. V. O. Weed; Charlie Nevill, later Captain Nevill; Grooms Lee, J. W. Bell, the Sieker brothers from Baltimore (L. P. Sieker succeeded Captain Roberts in command, of Company D), W. W. Lewis of Menard, and R. R. Russell of San Antonio. I will not attempt to name all, but mention a few who are well known to residents of Austin. But these are indicative of the class of men in our company.

Every member of Company D was devoted to Captain Roberts, and during the entire time we were in the service each did all he could to make us comfortable in camp. I recall with feelings of gratitude the many acts of kindness that were shown us.

The Rangers supplied me with various pets. Among them were squirrels, prairie dogs, a cub bear, a dog, and a canary bird. I enjoyed the bear while he was little, but he got cross as he grew up and I turned him loose. We were never dull in camp. Several of the Rangers were musical, and had their instruments with them. Captain Roberts was a fine violinist. A race track was laid out, and there was horse racing. Card playing was not allowed, and it was not done openly. Betting on horse races was permitted, but the Rangers ran their races for amusement. We had a croquet set, and that game was enjoyed.

After we had been in camp a few months it was decided to go up the river about thirty miles, which meant that far from any settlement. Going into that wild country

exposed us to encounters with Indians. A strong guard—ten men—was taken along. That number had been victorious in their last fight with Indians, so we felt well protected. After we had made our new camp, and before we commenced to fish, it was agreed that we would not scatter and that everyone would keep his gun by him. Such sport as we enjoyed! As fast as a hook could be cast it would be caught up by a fish. I have often wondered whether a white man had ever fished there before us. We spent two pleasant days. No live Indians were seen, but we found the skeleton of a dead one where he had been buried in a crevice of rock. When we returned to camp, I felt that I had been on a scout, and I have always had a suspicion that it was so reported to headquarters, but this I do not know to be a fact.

Their encounters with the Rangers had taught the Indians to be cautious. Before the Rangers were stationed at Menard, the Indians raided every light of the moon, stealing horses and murdering anyone they met on their way out. Captain Rufe Perry commanded Company D during the first six months after it was organized. I must tell you what a brave wife he had. She visited him while he was encamped right on the trail where the Indians crossed the river. One beautiful, moonlit night ten Indians passed right by his camp. She stayed there alone while Captain Perry reported the presence of the Indians to the main camp. That was a wife for a Ranger! Captain Perry detailed a scout, commanded by Lieutenant Roberts, to pursue the Indians. In the fight that ensued, Lieutenant Roberts captured the shield of an Indian chief who was killed. He presented it to his friend, Alex Casparis, whose widow still has it.

After this fight with the Rangers, the Indians were more cautious. They abandoned their favorite ford on the river. However, the news that Indians had been killed struck terror to the hearts of some of the more timid. The latter feared that the Indians would come in great numbers and murder all the whites in a spirit of revenge. They visited Captain Roberts and said, "Oh, Captain, the Indians will murder us all." He assured them that fear was the only thing an Indian could be taught.

A number of people came to camp to see the Indian prisoner. It was contrary to orders to take prisoners, but as Captain Roberts states in his book (*Rangers and Sovereignty*, pages 49 and 50), he could not kill a man even if an Indian when he was begging for his life. The prisoner suffered agony from fear while in camp, and his expression showed that he expected momentarily to be killed. At Austin the Indian prisoner was given a ride in a city carriage. He expressed his pleasure by repeating the word, "bonito, bonito." Within two years he died in the penitentiary of tuberculosis.

We had been in camp at Menard only a short time when a report was brought in that Scott Cooley was in the neighborhood. Captain Roberts at once detailed a scout, himself taking command. I was greatly alarmed. I knew Scott Cooley's reputation as a killer, and I could not believe that the Rangers would be able to arrest him without some being killed. Captain Roberts tried to remove my fears by assuring me that that class of men did not have true courage and that he had never found it difficult to arrest them. However, I was not easy until all had returned to camp. If Cooley had been at Menard he had made good his escape. False reports were not uncommon, due to unintentional mistakes. It still appears remarkable to me that during the entire period of Captain Roberts' command of Company

D not one of his men was killed by Indians and only one (George R. Bingham) was killed by outlaws.

PAY DAY

The Rangers were paid at the end of each quarter. It was necessary for the captain of the company to go to Austin for the money. That was in "the good old days" when there were few banks. As I have stated above, it was a four days' journey from Menard to Austin. We set out early in December with a guard of two men, whose homes were in Austin. The first night we spent at Mason Hotel. The war was over and everything was quiet and serene. It was pleasant to meet again acquaintances formed during the stormy times of my first visit. Our next stop was at the Nimitz Hotel, the best hotel in West Texas at that time; it has maintained its reputation down to the present time. We planned to spend the third night at Dripping Springs, but the best laid plans of mice and men, etc. It commenced raining at ten in the forenoon and continued for about three hours. The roads were soon so bad that it was clear that it would be impossible to reach Dripping Springs that afternoon. None of the men knew of any place where we could find shelter for the night. We were not prepared to camp. Finally, we met a boy riding a horse; he had no saddle, only a rope for a bridle, and wore a white hat whose brim was turned under on either side so that it was pointed. He told us that he lived about two miles away and that he could direct us to his house. He took the lead; we followed. For some cause Captain Roberts and the Rangers commenced asking the boy questions in regard to what they had to eat. It may have been his appearance, or they may have been hungry. They kept on until the boy told them that his people had nothing to eat but "taters." He said his father had gone to Fredericksburg after flour. That was discouraging, and when we got to the house, there was no room, and the children piled out of the door like sheep. Captain Roberts remarked to his

Rangers, "Boys, this is a ground hog case; we have to camp." We congratulated ourselves that the weather was warm. We had our coats, and each had a blanket. The Captain and I occupied the back, and the boys lay down on the wet ground.

Were you ever on a bleak hill when a blue Texas norther came up? Well, that is what happened to us that night. We almost froze to death. When one of the Rangers lay down, the other called to him, "Get up and die like a man." As soon as they could see to harness the mules, we set out and arrived at Dripping Springs at nine o'clock. The wife of Captain Roberts' brother gave us an excellent breakfast, which we certainly enjoyed. After thawing out, we proceeded to Austin, glad to meet our friends.

I found it impossible to convince my friends that camp life could be attractive, and they could not understand how I could be content to live in a tent. We enjoyed the few days in Austin very much, but when the time came to go back to camp I was quite eager to go. Living close to nature had its pleasures and benefits that far outweighed the privations. On our return trip the weather was good and we had good hotel accommodations each night.

The Rangers were glad to see us arrive safely with their pay. A Ranger's pay was forty dollars a month. Besides, everything was furnished him, except his clothing, which was not expensive. Rangers wore civilian clothes suitable for their work. There was nothing at Menard to tempt a young man to spend his money. Even girls were not expensive then; the only things a young man could buy for his girl was stick candy, gum drops, and chewing gum. The question then arises, What did a Ranger do with his money? Some of them invested in cattle. R. R. (Dick) Russell and others invested in that business while they were in the service. They had friends who looked after their live stock, and when their term of

service expired they had a good start. Dick Russell became a millionaire. The Sieker brothers invested in ranch property. Many others made good investments. Then there were others whose money got away from them, leaving nothing to show for it; for, while gambling was prohibited, it could not be entirely suppressed.

Soon after our return to camp, we were visited by the Major of the Battalion, John B. Jones. The battalion comprised six companies, and the Major visited them in turn. He was much beloved by all, and his visits were looked forward to with much pleasure. He was always accompanied by the battalion surgeon, Dr. Nicholson. Dr. Nicholson was a typical Southern gentleman; the kind one reads about in novels. He relished camp life immensely.

He had nothing to do but to enjoy life. Rangers were never sick; they could endure any amount of exposure, and kept in perfect health.

Our Major favored me; when supplies were sent, there was always a box directed to "Lieutenant Roberts, Assistant Commander of Company D," that was filled with fruit and other delicacies. Of this box I took possession.

A TOUR OF DUTY IN SOUTH TEXAS

We received orders to move. We were sorry to leave the camp where we had spent such a delightful time. But the company had orders to proceed to Laredo on account of some trouble with Mexicans. I was not allowed to go. It was a great disappointment. I accompanied the command as far as San Antonio, and was left there. I boarded at the Adams House on Flores Street. I realize now that I was exposed to great danger. The house was filled with tuberculars. We would sit in the living room, then called parlor, filled with tuberculars, and supplied with cuspidors. Two died in the house from that disease while I was there. How ignorant we were in "the good old days."

After spending two months in San Antonio, I was delighted to receive a message from my husband telling me to join him at Sabinal. I took the first stagecoach out. Captain Roberts had come on in advance of the company, and we boarded in Sabinal until the Rangers arrived and established camp twelve miles below the town. Three families resided at Sabinal, so we were fortunate in finding a place to board. I was glad to get back to camp.

We found that a very different country from Menard. Game was not so abundant. Fishing was good, but not as good as at Menard. It was not the frontier that we loved so well.

Our camp was in a beautiful live oak grove, and there we spent the winter of 1877-'78. The Indians made no raids while we were there, but the Rangers had plenty to do running down outlaws. Many arrests were made. The wives of some of the married prisoners camped near us in order to be near their husbands. They were permitted to talk to their husbands only in the presence of a guard. The innocent suffered with the guilty. They

may have been good women. It must have been heart-rending to them to see their husbands in shackles. I pitied them. But nature is cruel, and they were victims of that law. In "the good old days" marriage was binding. A woman who valued her reputation would endure almost anything rather than be dubbed a grass widow. I believe in divorces, and am glad to see the change, but regret that they have become so numerous.

The following copy of a letter from the citizens of Sabinal to Captain Roberts sets forth the kind of service rendered by the Rangers:

Sabinal Uvalde Co. Tex Apr 22 '78 We the citizens of Sabinal. and vicinity desiring to express our obligations to Capt D. W. Roberts and Company D Frontier Battalion, in assembly, do unanimously adopt the following resolutions,

Whereas, owing to their vigilance, we have enjoyed unusual freedom from Indian Raids and other disturbances, we would tender them our sincere thanks,

That we appreciate the gentlemanly and efficient manner with which they have performed their duties; also that we highly estimate the perfect discipline under which Capt Roberts has uniformly held his command.

That copies of these proceedings be furnished the Atty. [Adj] Gen. & Capt. Roberts;

also that a copy be sent to the San Antonio Herald for publication

Ross Kennedy Char. J. P. Rheiner Sec.

In the spring Captain Roberts received orders from Major Jones to break camp and travel under secret orders. Now, that was exciting; to go and not know where we were

going. The first day we traveled north. Sitting around the camp fire, the Rangers discussed the next day's march. Some adventurous chap suggested that we might not stop short of New York City. The earth was carpeted with beautiful flowers. Dewberries were ripe. We made it convenient to camp near some house where there was a pen full of calves so that we would be able to obtain cream. We progressed by easy stages, allowing ourselves plenty of time to gather dewberries and to enjoy the wild flowers and beautiful scenery. Thus we continued until we arrived at Austin. The Rangers camped near the city, and we visited with our friends. The trip from Sabinalto Austin was the most enjoyable I have ever taken, excepting our bridal "tower."

After resting at Austin for a few days, we again received orders to proceed, but this time we knew where we were going. I had known all the time, but did not dare to tell.

CAMP ON THE SAN SABA

Captain Roberts was ordered to take his company to Menard County and to establish his camp on the San Saba River five miles below Fort McKavett. Fort McKavett was located on the San Saba River twenty miles above our former camp. The trip from Austin to Menard was uneventful. On arriving at our destination, we pitched our tents under some beautiful oaks.

Up to this time we had had only one tent and a kitchen, but at Camp San Saba we were supplied a second tent, which because of its size the Rangers named the "elephant." We felt that our household was growing. The "elephant" I furnished as my guest chamber, and equipped it with army cot, washstand, a small table, and a mirror hung on the tent pole. Our kitchen was built of logs, with a tent for a roof. Both our tents were floored; we had outgrown gunny-sack floor covering. The two tents and kitchen were surrounded by a brush fence, with a whitewashed gate that looked quite imposing. The State furnished us a cook. The rations issued to the Rangers included only the substantials, but were of such generous quantity that we had a surplus to exchange for butter, milk, eggs, etc. Honey was obtained from bee trees. Game and fish were abundant.

The Rangers and the Yankee soldiers were now neighbors. The soldiers at Fort McKavett had never furnished protection against Indian depredations. Had they afforded such protection, Company D would not have been sent there. The soldiers did not go after the Indians the way the Rangers did. Their movements were military, regulated by a lot of red tape, and they couldn't catch them. The Rangers used no ceremony; they mounted their horses, ran down the Indians and killed them. The soldiers received thirteen dollars a month; the Rangers

received forty dollars. When a soldier wished to quit the service before his enlistment expired the only way out was to desert; when a Ranger wanted to quit, his commander would readily give him a discharge on the ground that a dissatisfied Ranger was not efficient. Rangers had their hearts in the service; they were protecting the frontier of their home State. Soldiers and officers had no social intercourse; Rangers visited at captain's headquarters, and were frequently invited to a meal.

The officers at the fort were friendly, and one of them said to Captain Roberts, "Your fights here in the shadow of this post are so humiliating that I feel like resigning." On my visit to the post I met my first house guest, Miss Cora Ogden of San Antonio. She was visiting her brother, who was sutler. She was a charming young lady. I entertained her by taking her hunting and fishing. There was always a Ranger who would volunteer to go with us, get the bait, and bait the hooks. We took a good many rides behind mules, and regretted very much that we could not ride horseback. Unfortunately there was but one sidesaddle and one habit available; it would have been impossible to have ridden a man's saddle without exposing an ankle. Some evenings we visited the main camp to listen to the string band.

The Rangers and the military exchanged courtesies in the following manner: The officers and their wives would drive down to our camp to listen to our string band, and we would go up and hear their brass band.

Soon after Miss Ogden returned to the post, I was fishing alone, with my rifle by my side, when I saw a beaver swimming near the opposite bank of the river. I had never killed any large game; I wanted to get that beaver, but felt it would be useless to try to kill him with my .22 rifle. So I trusted to finding him next day, and in the meantime I would

get Captain Roberts' gun. The next afternoon about the same hour I took a Winchester and returned to the same spot on the river to watch for the beaver. The sun was down before he appeared. I fired a Winchester for the first time, but I killed him. He sank at once, and I was greatly disappointed, fearing that I would not get him after all. Captain Roberts assured me that we would recover him. Early next morning we went to the river; the beaver had risen; and my husband fished him out for me. Beaver were shedding at that season, so the fur was useless, but the tail went to London. I had made the acquaintance of a young Englishwoman at the post. She was soon to return to her home in London, and insisted on taking the tail as a souvenir of the Texas frontier.

The Rangers were kept quite busy during the summer, scouting for Indians. However, they found time to stage a minstrel performance at Menard. The citizens of that place were planning to build a church; the Rangers gave the play for their benefit. They cleared sixty dollars, which was the first cash contribution to the church building fund. My guest chamber was frequently occupied, for I enjoyed the company of young ladies. It was fun to visit the big camp and watch the rehearsals. The manager of the play was able to select some good talent. Sometimes the boys would attend a dance at Menard; on such occasions there was "rustling" for clothes. The Captain would sometimes lend a suit, and the others would invariably tell the girls about it. Practical jokes varied camp life. Even I caught the spirit. The Rangers were always on the anxious seat when the Legislature assembled to make the biennial appropriations. Would the appropriations for the Rangers be continued? Would they all be continued in the service? The mail was looked forward to with great eagerness at such times. Cap- taro Roberts

was away one day when the mail was brought. There was a letter to him from the Adjutant General. The Rangers came to me to know what the letter contained. I read it to them correctly that the appropriation had been made, but I added, "Discharge every man under five feet ten." Then there was some measuring. When Captain Roberts returned and read the letter to them, they knew I had manufactured that last statement, but they did not hold it against me.

Each quarter Captain Roberts made the trip to Austin for the Rangers' pay, and I accompanied him. Most of these trips were uneventful, but they afforded enjoyable visits to our friends. But the trip I am going to tell about now was different. It rained all day between Mason and Fredericksburg. We found it impossible to reach the Nimitz Hotel by night. As we knew of no place where we could find shelter for the night we were worried. Fortunately, we met a man who told us that at the end of the next mile we would find a trail which would lead us to a house. It was dark when we reached the house. A woman met us, and kindly consented to give us lodging. She at once began apologizing to me, or rather explaining why they were so poor. She said, "All my children are gals. We might get along better if `he' would stay at home and work, but `he' has to be gone away il the time preaching." The house was one long room. It was occupied by two families. Each had a separate fireplace, and each had several children. Our hostess prepared our supper by cooking some corndodgers in a skillet, and by frying some bacon in the same skil!et-the only cooking vessel she had. She gave us some black coffee. The table seated four, which was our number. After supper our hostess pointed out the bed we were to occupy, which was in a row with several others. There were no partitions and no curtains. Undressing was a public affair. If

the present style of dress had been in vogue then, undressing would have been a simple thing, but in those days we wore clothes. I managed the best I could. Soon after we retired "he" came home.

While "he" was partaking of the evening meal "he" said, "I hear a lot about hard times when I'm gone, but I never see it until I come home." It was with great difficulty that I restrained myself from getting up and choking him. I wanted to say, "You lazy, trifling thing; running around, eating hot biscuit and fried chicken; and your family starving." I know our hostess served us with the best she had. The condition of that poor family made a lasting impression on my mind. Before women were emancipated, what dependent creatures they were! They had just what a man furnished them. There were three grown women in that family. At that time the only thing a woman could do was to teach school, if she had the education; if not, she could go to the kitchen and there compete with negro labor. What a great and glorious change time has wrought! What a wonderful age this is in which to live. We who have lived our lives and are passing away according to the laws of nature rejoice in the great opportunities our youth of today are enjoying.

Our next meal after leaving the preacher's house was at Nimitz Hotel. How hungry we were. We were prepared to enjoy a good meal. We reached Austin the next day. It was in the month of June. We suffered so much from the heat and felt so uncomfortable that we could not enjoy anything. We were glad to get started back to camp. Living in a higher altitude and in the open made us very sensitive to the heat.

Soon after our return to camp Captain Roberts made a business trip to Burnet. I accompanied him. We visited a favorite cousin of his, Mrs. J. A. Crews, who had a young lady

sister living with her, Miss Nellie Mabry. She was a beautiful, accomplished girl; my guest chamber was vacant; and I needed her. I described the delights of camp life in such glowing colors that she readily consented to accompany us home. When we drove into camp we could read expressions of pleasure on the Rangers' faces. They appreciated the fact that a pretty young girl was quite an acquisition to the Ranger camp. She enjoyed the novelty of camp life to its fullest extent. We fished and hunted. A Ranger was always ready to take us driving.

Nellie spent three months with us. When she returned home, she married the pastor of the Methodist Church at Burnet, notwithstanding I had told her my experience of a night spent at a preacher's house. There are preachers and preachers. The one she married was an intelligent, educated man. When I visited her, he was out preaching, but her larder was well filled. "In the good old days" ignorance and illiteracy were no bar to keep a man out of the pulpit if he imagined he had heard "the call." What a great change for the better has taken place.

The evening before Nellie left, we made a visit to the camp to say good-bye to the Rangers. We saw a bed ten feet long that attracted our attention and aroused our curiosity. They explained that while B. D. Lindsey was out on guard duty they had pieced his bed out to make it long enough for him. He stood six feet five inches in his stockings. He is now Captain Lindsey of San Antonio.

I mentioned the fact that Mr. Lindsey was on guard. Every morning several men were detailed to take the horses out to graze. At night only one man at a time was on guard.

If he was caught napping he was dishonorably discharged. During the last few months that we were encamped on the San Saba the Indians made no raids into Menard County.

CAMP ON THE LLANO RIVER NEAR JUNCTION CITY

Captain Roberts received orders to move his company to a point on the Llano River, four miles below Junction City. We left Menard County with regret. The people of that section were all our good friends. Junction City is located thirty miles southwest of Menard.

While moving from Menard to Junction, we passed but one house on the way. The history of this house is enveloped in a good deal of mystery that has never been satisfactorily explained to the curious. An Englishman, named Carton, built the house, which was patterned after one of the old English castles. It was built of native stone, but the lumber was hauled from Round Rock. The elegant furniture was imported. He brought with him a number of servants, and built for them separate quarters. He imported a church bell, which summoned the family to meals. He was clearly a man of means. He lived in complete isolation for fifteen years. Not a guest was invited. None of the family was ever seen away from the place. A servant fetched the mail from Menard. Carlon engaged in the sheep business.

It was rumored that Carlon had been guardian for a wealthy widow, whom he had robbed, and then fled to America. Hence his life of seclusion. It is also reported that his sins had found him out, and that the family left in the night for parts unknown. The house is now a ranch property, and is deservedly haunted.

Our camp was located in a beautiful live oak grove on the Llano River. The country is hilly. It was at that time on the extreme frontier. There were few settlements.

There was not a fence in Kimble County. The first house to be built of lumber was on Farmer's Ranch, twenty miles above Junction. The lumber was hauled from Round Rock by ox teams.

The day before we reached our new camp four men were killed in Junction. I was very strongly impressed that we were in a bad man's country. My inclination to hunt and fish suddenly vanished. Camp appeared to me the safest place to stay. With Ranger protection I did venture to carry my laundry to Junction. I found it comprised a few log cabins, so frequently described as the home of the pioneer. On our way back to camp the boys told me that they had heard at the post office that the women washed on the banks of the river and that they had had several fights. It made me very uncomfortable to know that we were in a country where women fought. I renewed my determination to stay close in camp and to take up my embroidery to pass the time. A few days later I accompanied the Rangers, who were going after the mail, to bring back my laundry. I got out at the house where I had left the clothes; the Rangers went on to the post office. I walked boldly to the door, I might say fearlessly, without any premonition of the danger to which I was exposed. There were three women present, and as soon as I looked at them I saw their belligerent attitude. I was so taken by surprise that my voice may have trembled when I asked for my clothes. They said the clothes were washed, but that they would never wash for me again. Then they began to tell me their opinion of people who thought themselves better than other folks. They told me that they had been well raised, had always kept the best company, and continued for some time to pour forth a tirade of abuse, mixed with swear words, about stuck-up people. Money, they said, doesn't make anyone better. During all this time I had not said a word; I

could think of nothing to say that would save me. But when they spoke of money, I said, "Surely, you are not mistaking us for rich people. Rangers are all poor." On hearing my reply they were mollified. There was a great change in their manner. They assumed a friendly attitude, and one of them asked me to have a "chaw." That placed me in an awkward if not dangerous dilemma. I was afraid to refuse for fear of giving offense. At that moment the Rangers drove up. I declined with thanks. I was glad to get back to camp. Later I learned that I had offended these women by not inviting them to visit me when I took the laundry down.

For nearly two weeks I stuck to my resolution to stay in camp, but the monotony of camp and the tempting attractiveness of the Llano River caused me to waver. I took my gun and went back to hunting and fishing, which were fine. Company could not be had; girls were scarce, and my acquaintance was limited.

Life was not monotonous for the Rangers. While the Indians had ceased to raid in Menard, they continued to depredate in Kimble. Besides hunting Indians, there was much police duty. We were not only in an Indian country, but also in the country of the bad man. The Rangers were continually making arrests, and invariably they would be "cussed out" by the wives. When the Rangers planned to make an arrest, they took station near the suspect's house the night before, and rushed upon it about daylight next morning before the culprit would have time to escape. The Rangers told the following joke on Captain Roberts. The Captain opened a door just as day was breaking; he didn't knock, and entered without ceremony. When he opened the door the wife confronted him. He said, "Good morning, Madam." She said, "Good morning, the devil," and began cursing him and

his Rangers. It was not a pleasant business. There was no jail in Kimble County; prisoners were taken to Mason.

Some time after we had established ourselves on the Llano, a report was brought to camp that a number of Indians had been discovered on a mountain two miles distant. Sergeant Sieker quickly formed a detail of ten men. The whole camp was in a state of excitement. When Doug Coalson learned that he was left off the detail, he came to our camp at top speed and asked Captain Roberts to let him go. He had a special reason for wanting a scalp. The Captain gave his permission. But in a short time the detail return crestfallen. Someone must have had double vision, for the mustangs were riderless.

Doug Coalson was a fine young man, and was one of our best Rangers. His special reason for seeking revenge on the Indians resulted from the murder of his two sisters and stepmother. Doug's father was a hunter; it was the only occupation in which he engaged. Hunting required that he live far from the settlements. He did not like neighbors. When a family moved within ten miles of his camp, he claimed that he was being crowded out, and proceeded to move further on. He provided his family with guns and ammunition. Mrs. Coalson was a good shot, and her boys Doug and Billie learned to shoot at an early age. While the family was living on the Copperas, a small tributary of the Llano, Harris and his wife lived with them. Harris tried to farm. One morning about ten o'clock Mrs. Coalson saw fifteen Indians coming toward the house. Harris was in the field. Mrs. Coalson put on a man's coat and hat and walked out into the yard, hoping that the Indians would take warning that there was a man about the house. However, they continued to advance. She re-entered the house, and hung a quilt over the entrance, for there was no door or

windows. Cracks between the logs furnished portholes through which to shoot. She gave each boy a gun, with orders not to shoot until she told them. The boys were ten and twelve years of age. When Harris saw the Indians, he ran toward the house, and arrived there at the same time with the Indians. He called for his gun, but fell before it could be handed to him by Mrs. Coalson. Mrs. Harris screamed when she saw her husband fall. Mrs. Coalson warned her that if she made any more noise she would have to knock her down with her gun, for she was trying to save her family. The Indians emboldened by the woman's screams started to enter the house. Mrs. Coalson killed the first one that approached the door. The Indians took their dead away, but remained in sight about two hours. Doug said he had a fine bead on an Indian's eye, but that his mother would not permit him to fire. She was afraid of wasting ammunition, for she did not know how long they would be there. I do not remember how far Doug had to ride to get help to bury the murdered man.

When Mr. Coalson returned, he found his family ready to move to Menard. The children were sent to school, and he returned to his hunting. A few years after these events Mrs. Coalson passed to the great beyond. Mr. Coalson married again. He had two little girls. His family lived far out beyond the settlements. There the wife and little girls were overtaken by Indians and murdered.

While in camp on the Llano, we were invaded by a pest called "Star boarders." Men would ride into camp, turn their horses out with the herd and settle down for an indefinite stay with us. They would stay until requested by the sergeant or captain to move on. Sometimes the request had to take the form of an order before it produced results.

While at Menard I made the acquaintance of Mrs. J. W. Mears, sister of the Sieker brothers, and a warm friendship sprang up between us. Mrs. Mears was an educated and accomplished lady. She was reared in Baltimore, and it was a great change from there to the frontier of Texas. The cabin home in which she lived was like others that I have described. But inside the cabin one found decorations of her handiwork and a daintiness that showed culture and refinement. When visitors called she welcomed them with as much cordiality as if her home were a mansion. She was noted for her hospitality. Her husband was engaged in ranching.

When the loneliness of camp became too great for me, Sergeant Sieker fetched his sister and her baby boy six months old for a visit. A baby in camp was an event, and he became the most popular person in it. And I enjoyed the company of both more than words can tell. Give a woman a chance to talk to a sympathetic listener about the things that interest her and she will be happy.

A few days after Mrs. Mears returned home, the Indians made a raid into Kimble County and stole some horses. Captain Roberts sent a detail of half the men in camp to a water hole thirty miles west of us, hoping to intercept them. But instead of leaving the country, the Indians hid in the cedar brakes waiting for an opportunity to secure more horses. When Captain Roberts discovered their trick, he took all the Rangers left in camp except two, the orderly sergeant and a private. The sergeant guarded the large camp, a Ranger guarded ours. We had a negro cook. He would not stay at our camp, thinking he would be safer in the main camp. My husband assured me that there was no danger, as the Indians would not attack the camp, but I did not share his feeling of security. How I wished that the

Indians had made their raid while Mrs. Mears was my visitor! After a few days Captain Roberts and the Rangers returned. They secured the horses, but the Indians got away. After their first encounter with the Rangers, the Indians did not stop to renew their acquaintance. My negro cook returned to Austin at the first opportunity.

Captain Roberts had business at Burnet. I was glad to accompany him and visit our cousin there. Some of the stage robbers that the Rangers had arrested were in jail at Burnet. Captain Roberts found that he would have to return at the end of a week when court opened. I remained in Burnet until he returned. He had to bring to Burnet a couple of women who were wanted as witnesses. My cook, a white man, told me the following joke on Captain Roberts: The evening before he was to start for Burnet, the Captain took the two women witnesses to camp. After supper he gave them some blankets and told them to occupy the vacant tent. As soon as Captain Roberts went to the main camp, the women began to investigate. They opened our tent and decided to occupy it. They said the d-d captain could sleep on the blankets; and when he returned he found his bed occupied.

Captain Roberts and I were invited to attend a barbecue at Menard on July 4th. As Menard was distant a day's drive, we started on the 3rd, accompanied by two Rangers. We looked forward with a great deal of pleasure to this meeting with our friends. When we had gone about half way, we met a man riding at full speed, hatless, and so excited that he could scarcely speak. He told us that about two miles back he counted fifteen Indians. The Rangers with us were at once dispatched to camp with orders to the sergeant to detail fifteen men. We followed them, driving mules. It seemed to me that we would never get to camp. After we met the detail I felt safe, for they were going in the direction of the Indians. The

Rangers returned about night. They had trailed a bunch of mustangs. That was another case of double vision.

NEW MEXICO

While stationed at Junction on the Llano River in 1882, Captain Roberts resigned his commission in the Ranger service. It was with regret I parted from the Ranger camp where I had spent so many happy days. Camp life afforded many pleasures, which, coupled with duty and a determination to serve the people of Texas well and honestly, have caused us to treasure the memory of those years. The whole time that I was with the Rangers, not one time did I hear an oath or an ungentlemanly word spoken. The Rangers were always ready and eager to do us a service, and we are indebted to their kindness for many of the conveniences we had. Many of them have answered their last call, and in a short time Texas Ranger will be only a name, but they have given a meaning to that name that will cause it to live forever.

New Mexico became our home for thirty years. Occasionally we visited our friends and relatives in Texas. New Mexico was a territory then, and I believe I would be justified in saying that it was in a semi-civilized state. The Lincoln County War had just closed. Billie the Kid, one of the most noted bad men of New Mexico, was a leader in this disturbance. He was slain at the age of twenty-one, nevertheless he had killed twenty-one men before he himself was shot.

Nogal is the Spanish word for walnut. The town of Nogal is situated at the foot of Nogal hill, which is crescent shaped and one mile from base to summit. The surrounding mountains are covered with several varieties of evergreen timber, and toward the northeast one mountain rises above another, culminating in what is known as Nogal Peak, on which there is perpetual snow.

Nogal is a picturesque spot, surrounded by mountains on three sides and opening out on an immense plain toward the west. It has an elevation of 7500 feet and with almost perpetual sunshine possesses an ideal climate. The place was owned by Nat Moore. Land was easily acquired in New Mexico in those days. One could acquire title to one hundred and sixty acres by simply living on it the time required by law. Moore owned one hundred and sixty acres, and had built the following business houses: hotel, saloon, store, stage-stand, and post office. He was favored with a daily mail for the road to Fort Stanton, a military post located twenty-five miles east, passed through Nogal. The nearest railroad station was Socorro, eighty-five miles west. Nogal was a one-man town. Moore's family consisted of wife and two children. He was monarch of all he surveyed.

Moore was a mining prospector and believed that a fortune was awaiting him in the precious metals in those hills. He spent much time prospecting with pick and shovel, and often found pieces of ore containing gold but had never found the lead. However, he hoped and believed that some day a more experienced prospector would come his way. One lucky day a bareheaded man, leading a burro, was seen slowly descending Nogal hill. On nearer approach it was seen that the burro was packed with the paraphernalia of a prospector. Moore welcomed him with open arms, and made him the recipient of every attention known to the host's code of hospitality. Soon the two wended their way to Dry Gulch, the place where Moore had found the pieces of gold-bearing ore.

After two weeks of hard work they were rewarded by finding the lead. They now had a gold mine. While Nogal had no telephone or telegraphic communication at that time, there was the daily mail, and the news of the discovery spread like wildfire. In an incredibly short

time capitalists and prospectors appeared on the ground. Moore and Ray sold out to Eastern capitalists for forty thousand dollars, and divided the money equally. After naming the mine "Helen Ray" for his daughter, Ray departed leading a fat burro, but bareheaded as he had come. Moore sold his one hundred and sixty acres to the purchasers of the mine, who laid them out in town lots. Nogal was no longer a one-man town. The sound of the saw and hammer could be heard in every direction. Easterners came in via Socorro, the nearest railroad station; a stream of wagons from Texas could be seen coming in down Nogal hill.

The geographical position of New Mexico made it a convenient retreat for the renegades that had infested the frontier of Texas until the Rangers made it too hot for them. They drifted into New Mexico, where every man was a law unto himself. The discovery of gold brought new accessions to this class. The first building to be completed in Nogal was a saloon and dance hall. It was the gambler's heaven.

Soon after the discovery of gold at Nogal, the "Old Abe Mine" was discovered at White Oaks, a mining camp eighteen miles to the northwest. The scenery of White Oaks was so beautiful that it inspired Emerson Hough to write his book called "Heart's Desire." Both mining camps installed stamp mills for treating the ore as quickly as machinery could be hauled by ox teams from the railroad. The discovery of gold in these two places created great excitement, and rich finds were daily reported. When the returns from the assays of the ore pronounced it worthless, they were not discouraged. One infected with the mining fever is as incurable as the leper; it is contagious and something to be feared. Buildings could not be put up fast enough to accommodate the people that flocked to this new

El Dorado. Many lived in tents. One saloon no longer sufficed; more saloons were opened and more dance halls. Dancing was not confined altogether to the dance halls, nor limited to the hilarious. With pistols drawn on them, inoffensive citizens were commanded to dance for the entertainment of the wild and woolly, and some who thought they couldn't dance did dance. An elderly Baptist minister, who had preached against the sin of dancing all his life, was called upon and commanded to dance. His piteous pleading was useless, and when the bullets commenced flying about his feet, he danced. When asked what he did when the shooting began, he replied, "I shore cut her."

Soon after the boom got well started a large hall was built, in which orators prophesied the future greatness of Nogal. It would be a second Denver. The railroad would soon be built from El Paso. They were so positive, one fancied lie could almost hear the whistle of the engine coming. At White Oaks they were making the same claims. There was quite a rivalry between the two camps. White Oaks was settled by Easterners, Nogal by Texans. The former felt very superior to the "Long Horns," and the latter couldn't imagine anything worse than a Yankee. When the machinery for treating the ore was installed at the camps, a large number of mien were employed at good wages. Money was plentiful, business houses flourished. The Helen Ray was located in Dry Gulch about two miles from Nogal. The employees lived near the mine and most of them spent their evenings in a saloon. Occasionally a man would be killed in a drunken row, but it was not given "much mind."

Previous to this gold rush there had been very few American women in New Mexico; a majority of the American men had Mexican families. Now the scene changed.

The tide of immigration brought mothers, wives and daughters, and the single women were soon captured by aspirants for matrimonial honors. The news that New Mexico offered line matrimonial opportunities spread, not as rapidly as the news of the discovery of gold, perhaps, but it became known to the disconsolate widow and the forlorn old maid in a surprisingly short time, and they heeded the call to go "West." They married. They didn't have to be attractive, just American women. If a young man had the "political bee" in his bonnet, he immediately took unto himself a Mexican wife. It was a great asset. Quite a number of American men with Mexican wives had dispensed with the formality of a marriage ceremony, and in after years when the Edmunds Law was passed, making it a felony for a man and woman to live together without being married, there was much "marrying and given in marriage." The marriage was often celebrated with dancing, good eats and drinks, their children joining in the festivities.

But to return to mining. As soon as Nogal and White Oaks commenced to ship gold brick to the railroad, bandits began to rob the stage and passengers. Not only did they rob the latter of their money, but compelled them to exchange clothing with them. They apologized for this by saying that they had to live in the hills and did not dare to go to town to buy clothes so that was the only way they had to replenish their wardrobes. The passengers were compelled to go to the railroad station wearing the cast-off clothes of the bandits. Passengers were allowed to carry arms for their protection, but they never had an opportunity to use them, as the bandits always got the drop on them. Stage robbing was kept up until heavy guards accompanied each stage.

AN ADVENTURE NEAR NOGAL

I planned to write the story of a perilous adventure of two women and a young girl, residents of Nogal, but it seemed necessary to give a brief description of conditions existing in that country at that time. The participants in this adventure were Mrs. Davis, Miss Roberts, and myself. Our niece, Lillie Roberts, lost her mother through an untimely death, and she and her baby brother, whom we adopted, made their home with us. Her father ranched in the San Andres Mountains, seventy-five miles from Nogal. She was homesick to see him. Mrs. Davis and I thought it would be a fine trip to visit his ranch. Captain Roberts was not at home, so he could not be consulted about the propriety, or rather safety, of three women setting out alone on that journey. Mr. Davis considered it perfectly safe and furnished a team that he knew to be gentle and reliable. There was but one watering place and one house on the way. This house was two miles off the road and was vacant most of the time, being used only by cowboys when making roundups. It would be necessary for us to camp out one night. We made every preparation for our comfort, and took a gun for our protection. We felt well equipped for the journey, and were a happy trio the morning we left Nogal. We congratulated ourselves on being wise enough to dispense with a man escort, as he would be superfluous. The pure, invigorating air in that altitude filled us with "pep," and before long we were gaily singing:

"What a fine old world this would be,
If the men were all transported beyond the northern sea."

But our happiness and merriment were of short duration. After three or four hours' driving we reached Mal Pais. It is the result of volcanic eruption. While crossing Mal Pais the kingbolt of our hack broke, allowing the front and rear wheels to part

company. For several hours we worked hard to make repairs, but without success. We didn't need a man. Oh, no! Night was approaching: we could not remain where we were; but the only part of the vehicle that could be moved was the front wheels. I proposed that the three of us ride the axle of the front wheels and proceed in this way to our destination, which we ought to reach by noon of the next day. We hid our bedding and provisions. We tried to eat before leaving our food behind, but our appetites were gone. Unfortunately the keg of water had been upset and spilled. It is true that it would have been easier to return to Nogal than to proceed, but we were not quitters. Besides, it would have been humiliating to return to Nogal on the front wheels after we had set out so independently that morning. So we took a blanket and the gun, determined to proceed. It was August, and every mile that we advanced the altitude was less and the weather warmer. But relieved of most of their load, the horses moved along easily and rapidly. However, three on the front axle left us crowded for room, and every now and then one would be jolted off. We had proceeded less than a mile in this way when darkness set in; fortunately for us, the night was clear and starlit. We kept an anxious watch for the dim road that turned off on the right, which would take us to the lone ranch house and water. If we missed that road, we might have to travel seventy-five miles in that arid country before finding more. Teamsters traveling through that section carried barrels of water fastened to the outside of their wagons to supply their teams. After traveling long enough, as we thought, to have reached the right-hand road, and not discovering any trace of it, we became much alarmed, fearing that we had passed it. Amidst this perplexity, Mrs. Davis put too much weight on the wagon tongue and it broke,

throwing her to the ground. She cried out that she was killed, but fortunately was unhurt. But the situation was extremely distressing. After everyone had given expression to her gloomy apprehensions, it was agreed to proceed. All walked, leading the horses, and in a short while we discovered the road so anxiously looked for.

We were overjoyed and made good time over the two miles to the ranch house. We shouted "hello," but there was no response. So we lost no time in getting to the water troughs, which were filled with alkali water. The only good quality it had was that it was wet. It tasted vile, and once tasted it can never be forgotten. It was now midnight.

Our tired feeling admonished us to find some rest, but we had forgot the blanket had left it at our second wreck. Nothing remained but to retrace our steps. There we tied the horses to a mesquite bush, spread the blanket on the ground, and Lillie and I were soon sound asleep. Mrs. Davis was too excited to sleep; she kept watch, and reported that the coyotes howled dismally all night.

Next morning we held a consultation, sitting on our blanket. What a change in our spirits the past twenty-four hours had wrought! Sad and dejected we knew not what to do. Now, Lillie, who had been over the road with her father, recalled that he had told her of a house two miles east of the lone ranch. We decided to try to find that place, and took up our line of march in the following order: my companions proceeded on foot in preference to the discomfort of riding without a saddle; I chose to ride. We again visited the water trough. The alkali water was drunk by the hungry horses. Their feed had been left with our other belongings among the rocks of Mal Pais. From this place we followed a trail that led in the direction indicated to Lillie by her father. Our mode of travel was slow and tedious, but

after what seemed to us a long time we were glad to see the roof of a house, and Mrs. Davis said, "What if there isn't any man there?" After we had approached much nearer to the house, a man was seen to walk out of the door, and Mrs. Davis clasped her hands and fervently exclaimed, "Thank God, there is a man!" We made no comment, but silently shared her sentiments.

When we reached the house we were met by a tall, angular woman of a most forbidding countenance, who greeted us in this way: "I shore that you was Injuns when I seed you comin'." No wonder we looked disreputable enough, being so dirty. She invited us in, and began to question us. She asked if any of us were married, to which two of us answered yes. She then proceeded to give us her opinion of women "gaddin'" around the country without a man, and one woman riding astride. A most shocking thing! Our hostess, whose name was Mrs. Jenkins, gave us a lengthy lecture on wifely duty and on the proprieties of life generally, told of her devotion to John, and declared that nothing would induce her to "gad around" without him. We thought to ourselves that it must require devotion to live with a man in such a desolate spot. There was not a tree to be seen, except on the mountains many miles away. The only person for whom she displayed any sympathy was Lillie. She proceeded to tell us that if anything happened to that pretty "gal" we would be responsible. When she later learned that Lillie was the daughter of the ranchman whose place we were seeking and whom she knew well, and who was their neighbor, being only fifteen miles away, she softened and let up on her lecture, and asked us if we "wan't hungry?" We replied in the affirmative. She had the meal ready in a very short time. The menu consisted of biscuits made with alkali water, dried beef and black coffee made of

alkali water. Not very appetizing, but after our long fast we ate it, wondering how anyone could subsist on such food, for it was evidently their daily bill of fare.

Mrs. Jenkins' husband was very kind, and spoke very highly of Lillie's father, and kindly offered to furnish fresh horses for us to proceed on our journey, but did not offer his escort. He said that we would have no difficulty in finding the way as he could point out the canyon in which the Roberts ranch is situated. Mrs. Davis refused to travel any farther without a man. It took a good deal of audacity to say that, in view of the fact that twenty-four hours before she had proclaimed her independence as strongly as any of us. Lillie and I decided to go on, thinking that a horseback ride would be quite agreeable as a change from the front axle. Both the Jenkinses had saddles and, of course, hers was a sidesaddle. I rode on that, while Lillie rode John's, keeping on one side until out of sight of Mrs. Jenkins. As we rested a few hours before setting out, we felt fresh and enjoyed the ride until we came to the canyon in which we expected to find the Roberts ranch. Lillie had been over the road once, and quickly realized that we were in the wrong canyon, but she felt sure that by going around the foot of the mountain to the right we would reach the ranch. I thought it best to retrace our steps rather than risk getting lost, but Lillie was so confident of her locality that she continued on, and I followed. It was then sundown. Traveling around the foot of a mountain in daytime is difficult; in the dusk it was much more difficult. At one place we distinctly heard a rattlesnake, but fortunately neither of the horses was struck. However, it was a danger to which the horses, were constantly exposed. Soon it was dark, and to add to our discomfort a warm drizzly rain set in. The horses picked their way carefully over rocks, boulders, brush and prickly pear. On reaching xxx where we expected to

find the ranch Lillie stopped and said, "This is not the canyon in which my father lives. We are lost. I do not know where we are."

The horror of being lost in the San Andres Mountains at night can be more easily imagined than told. We recognized the perilous situation in which we found ourselves. To stay was fraught with danger. We had lost all sense of direction; whither should we proceed? We decided to trust ourselves to the instinct of our horses. They were in an arid country where there was no water. We would stay on their backs as long as we could ride. We had heard many stories of mountain lions killing horses and cattle. We were afraid of every tree under which we passed, thinking one of those beasts might pounce down upon us. The rain ceased and the stars shone out. The horses moved slowly and carefully over the rough country. Then they changed their gait and stepped faster. They were on a road. We were happy; we knew the horses were taking us back. There was but one road through that country, and that was the road over which we had traveled the day before. But soon another fear seized us; the probability of having to pass Mexican teamsters. Fortunately we passed no one on the road, and the horses took us to their home. The Jenkinses were sleeping soundly; Mrs. Davis was making up for the sleep she had lost the night before. We were tired, hungry and thirsty, but there was no water but alkali, and we were sent to bed after another lecture without any offer of food. We shared Mrs. Davis' bed, which was one quilt spread on the dirt floor.

When we awoke next morning we were stiff and sore and could scarcely walk. Breakfast was a repetition of the meal described above. Hungry as we were we could eat but little of such food. Again we held a consultation, and it was unanimously decided that we

would not proceed on to the ranch. We were homesick, but how were we to get home? The Jenkinses had no vehicle of any kind. He fetched their supplies from Socorro, fifty miles away, on the back of a burro. We could obtain no help from them, but we remembered seeing a wagon under a shed at the lone ranch house and decided to hitch to that to take us into Nogal. No one knew to whom the wagon belonged, but that troubled no one. Instead we congratulated ourselves upon being resourceful. Jenkins kindly offered to go with us as far as Mal Pais and help fasten the broken hack to the wagon so that it could be trailed into Nogal. We took leave of our hostess, thanking her for her hospitality. She replied, "I don't know whether you do or do not, and I don't care. I know you et very little like you didn't think my grub was good enough for you, and I hope you wimen have larned enough not to go gadding around by yourselves any more." Mrs. Jenkins was a privileged character and she didn't get any back talk."

It was a sad, dejected trio that climbed into that wagon. Our first stop was to, pick up the broken tongue and front wheels. We reached Mal Pais at noon and found bedding and provisions intact. The latter was a little stale, but a feast for the party. Jenkins seemed particularly to enjoy them. As luck would have it we entered Nogal before nightfall. There was but one road through, as the mountain hemmed in the place on three sides. How much we wanted to slip into our homes unobserved, but that was impossible, as we had to pass through the business street. In the next issue of the Nogal Nugget appeared an article describing our gay and happy departure on Monday morning and the forlorn and travel worn appearance of our party on its return. It was not relished at the time, but we all lived to recount our adventures with some appreciation of the ludicrous. Mrs. Davis is still a

resident of Nogal. At the time that this is written Lillie graces the Executive Mansion at Santa Fe the wife of Governor J. F. Hinkle, and I am a resident of Austin, Texas.

REUNION OF THE RANGERS AT MENARD

We returned to Texas to pass the remainder of our days in our beloved State. The old Texas Rangers had formed an association and were holding annual reunions. The next reunion would be held at Menard. We were delighted to have this opportunity of meeting the former Rangers, and particularly were we pleased that the reunion was to be held at Menard, our old stamping ground. The reunion was held about the last of August. We traveled from Austin to Menard in an auto in a few hours; a trip that in the "good old days" required four days. We arrived after dark. The next morning showed us a town of twenty-five hundred to three thousand inhabitants, with beautiful modern homes. We were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W.W. Lewis. He was a young man and a member of our company when we last saw him. He is now a grandfather, and, in the words of Commander Green, "a prince among men."

The old Rangers had inaugurated these reunions about ten years ago. Major Green was elected commander and has been re-elected at each annual reunion. The meeting lasted three days, and everything was done for our entertainment. Nowhere else are Rangers more highly appreciated than at Menard. The citizens said many nice things about the Rangers, and how greatly they were obliged to them for making the country safe for them to reside there. They are truly a generous and hospitable people. Such a place and such people were ideal to recall the events of former times and renew friendships of days long ago. Only many of our friends and former Rangers had passed away. Indeed, on every hand were evident the great changes that time had wrought. Instead of the boyish faces of the Rangers we had left behind in the service, we were greeted by old men. Instead of seeing the pretty girls

pictured in our memories, we met mature women surrounded by families. "Time and tide wait for no man." Time certainly does not wait, and it leaves its impress on man. One of the entertainments given the old Rangers was a dance. Some of us had never seen modern dancing. An old Ranger who sat by Captain Roberts was very much shocked, and as the dance progressed kept remarking to the Captain, "Now ain't that scandalous?" Music and songs and the old-time ballads, varied the program. Mrs. Mears and another lady, whose name I cannot recall, played a piano duet that was very much appreciated. The reunion closed all too soon for us all.

On the morning following the close of the reunion, we were seated in the car with our nephew, Mr. W. H. Roberts, ready to return to Austin, when some of our friends took us out of the car and insisted that we remain longer. We spent two weeks delightfully. We were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, but visited around with other friends. Once more we fished in the San Saba. We visited the old camp below Fort McKavett. We found the old fort in ruins. Near Menard we found the house still standing where we had spent our honeymoon. It was now used to store hay. Mrs. Ben Ellis, Mrs. Noguess and others surprised and honored us with a beautiful luncheon on the forty-ninth anniversary of our wedding.

The next two meetings of the Rangers Association were held at Ranger. We did not attend these. But the third year the meeting was again held at Menard. In the meantime the Baptists had established an encampment in a beautiful pecan grove. They placed the entire encampment at the service of the old Rangers. For the sake of "auld lang syne" we stopped at the Nimitz Hotel, but it was so modern that there was very little left that was familiar. At Menard we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Mears during the reunion. Mr.

Mears is a prominent cattleman. I had seen Ed before; with his mother he spent some time in camp when he was a baby. But I would never have recognized him again; he had changed so much. He has two daughters that are married. All of which raised the question in my mind, "How old is Ann?"

At this reunion eleven members of Company D were present, and a picture of the group was made. Colorado City, the home of Major Green, commander, was selected as the place for the next meeting. The attentions paid the old Rangers, the hospitality and entertainments were equal to those of the preceding reunion. Mrs. Winn made the most beautiful address that was delivered at the reunion.

The Rev. Dr. George Truett of Dallas began a ten days' meeting at the Baptist tabernacle immediately after the close of the meeting of the Rangers. It was my privilege to attend these meetings. We were the guests of Mrs. Ben Ellis. Again we visited the places that reminded us of the long ago, fished in the San Saba, and visited friends. While visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Wheliss' we received a message requesting us to be at Mrs. Ellis' at four o'clock that some friends might call to see us. As we drove up, we found a number of cars parked. Our hostess met us at the door. She gave me a thread and requested that I follow it to the end to see where it would lead me. I followed the thread through the double parlors to the center table, on which there was a vase, and in the vase was a bag of gold. It was a gift from our friends, who declared that not being orators able to tell us how much the country owed to our protection, they had resorted to acts, and hoped we would interpret them right. Delicious refreshments were served, and a very pleasant evening was spent amid our generous and appreciative friends. Had it not been that our relatives lived in and near

Austin, no place could have been a more attractive home to us than Menard, with its loyal friends and hospitable citizens.

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING

At the time that the anniversary of our golden wedding approached, we were living with our daughter-in-law, Mrs. Maymie B. Roberts, unaware that anyone was giving any thought to the event. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Guy Cannon telephoned that she would call for Captain Roberts and me and Mrs. Roberts and her children to spend the evening at her home. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Cannon are our nephew and niece, and as kind and attentive as son and daughter could be. Their home was beautifully decorated, and all our relatives in and near Austin were there. When we had been seated our little granddaughter, Freddie Lou, marched in carrying a basket that she deposited in my lap, saying, "The postman left this for you." Mrs. Cannon had written to fifty relatives and friends, reminding them that the 13th of September, 1925, would be our golden wedding anniversary, and requesting them to write us, addressed to her care. Fifty letters were in the basket, and all crowded around to bear the messages when they were opened. There were congratulations accompanied by checks and pieces of gold, and messages of love and affection from warm and loyal hearts.

Loving greetings to my dear Uncle Dan and my dear Aunt Lou:

Fifty years ago today, a gallant, handsome, young lieutenant, Daniel Webster Roberts, led to the altar of matrimony a bright, blue-eyed, affectionate, sunny-dispositioned young lady of rare ability, Miss Lou Conway. Their life was started together on the frontier of Texas in the Rangers' service. Individual heroism and willingness to endure hardships on the part of this couple helped to make possible the conquest of the old-time frontier, the extension of settlements, and the wonderful civilization we enjoy today. We all owe them a tremendous debt we can never pay. Uncrowned they are, but their names are written where the true record is kept.

Many happy returns of the day.
Lillie Roberts Hinkle.

When all the messages had been read, I was asked to read "my love letter." This letter was written to me by Captain Roberts after we had been married twenty-three years, which made it very dear to me. Now Mrs. Cannon wished me to read it for the benefit of the young married couples present.

Nogal, New Mexico, April 11, 1898.

To my Wife:

A retrospective view of our married life traces the many colors that conditions have painted upon the sails of the little craft we launched on September 13, 1875.

Our union, formed upon a basis of love, has maintained the sacred honor of its plighted vows, and we are the recipients of all that human affection means.

You, my Dear, have made my life bearable under all conditions, and you are my Goddess of all that is good on earth. Scathing comments are harmless to us, when they have no place or authority in the premises.

We have stood together and watched the "clouds roll by," and as our existence narrows by the certainty of fate and the days are counting fast our compact grows strong from the fact that we have lived the proof of the holiness of love.

Love covers the contingency of every danger on earth. Treachery will sneak away from its sunshine. It is an anodyne for the sting of poverty, and its citadel is unapproachable to intended evil.

And in summing up all that we know of immortality, love holds the place of rightful ownership to that word.

Your husband,
D. W. Roberts.

The next day we set out on our bridal tour. We took the train for Llano to visit our nephew, Mr. W. H. Roberts, and his wife. We were at the station on time, for we were quite certain that the obliging conductor of fifty years ago would not be there to hold the train for us.

Austin, Texas, September 13, 1928.