

THE BELLEVUE ECHO.

EDITED BY THE BELLEVUE LITERARY SOCIETY IN THE INTEREST OF BELLEVUE AND VICINITY.

VOL. 1.

BELLEVUE, TEXAS, OCTOBER 14, 1885.

NO. 1.

A Prophetic Vision.

I strolled one evening through the pleasant village of Bellevue and sought rest in the cool shade beneath the spreading oaks that stand near the school-house. Whilst reclining upon the velvet carpet of grass, protected from the rays of a setting sun by the shade of the leafy boughs, and fanned by the cooling breezes, my mind wandered over the past, present and future of this little village, nestled so cozily in the pleasant grove and surrounded by the hill rolling prairie.

I thought that of a few years ago the wily red man lamed at will over this beautiful country, and perhaps chased the buffalo shot the deer, or rolled in his blanket, slept under the same tree that now sheltered me.

My mind followed on and beheld the lone camp of a pioneer ranchman, who, isolated from his fellow-men, found his luxury in the lowing herd of the prairie.

Westward the star of empire takes its way," so restless, resistless man pushed out into the wilderness and the present site of Bellevue was no longer a frontier cow camp, but neighboring camps, east, west, north and south, dotted the country and broke the monotony of the wilderness. Greater changes were in store for this spot. The eagle eye of capital marked out a path for one of the great feeders of busy commerce, and soon an iron track was laid and the puff, puff, puff of the invention of Fulton and the click, click, click of Morse's chained lightning surprised the natives and awoke new, strange echoes in this shady grove. One after another business house and residence were erected until Bellevue assumed its present dimensions. One after another little farms dotted the surrounding country until quite a lively trade sprang up. "The wants of mankind are so numerous and the means of supplying them are so various that these grand fundamental principles called business are begotten," and like the waves caused by throwing a pebble into a lake, expand and grow larger and larger until they extend from shore to shore.

Thus musing upon the wonderful resistless changes of time, a reverie, or sort of Rip Van Winkle sleep of twenty

years stole over me, and this is what I beheld and heard:

The silvery spray of a gushing fountain fell at my feet. I arose, and my bewildered eyes dwelt upon the marvelous beauty of a lovely park. Majestic oaks cast a cool shade over green grass plats, beds of lovely flowers and gravelly walks.

The sound of many steam whistles, the ceaseless hum of machinery, the whir of hundred of carriage wheels and all kinds of vehicles thronging the streets, made a confusing din as I left the park and wandered wonderingly along the throng streets of a large city. Towering church steeples shot up here and there. The block after another of magnificent stone and brick business houses lined east, west, north and south on neatly paved streets. Grand hotels stood upon this corner and that and another of business appeared to be fishing. I came out upon a broad street where a double track street railway was laid and as I

was very tired I stepped aboard a car and was carried onward I knew not where. After many blocks were passed and scores of passengers, all strangers to me, had gotten on and off, a large, portly gentleman, with silvery locks and a pleasant face, entered the car and took a seat beside me. His pleasant manner attracted me and I felt inclined to enter into a conversation with him. "Sir," said I, "will you be so kind as to inform me what city this is?" He looked at me rather curiously and answered—"this is the city of Bellevue, State of Texas." "Indeed," said I. "How old is this city?" "Twenty three years," he answered promptly. "Have you resided here long?" said I. "I? Granny! Yes. I was here before the town was hatched," said he, laughing as he brought his gold headed cane, with emphasis, down upon the car floor. "Your name?" said I. "Powel Cole," said he. "I must get off here. Hold up, driver," and rang the bell and the car stopped at the edge of a park. I followed him, wishing to learn more. And as we entered the park he remarked: "I am going out there to that large university, in the centre of this park, to attend commencement exercises. Prof. Bundy graduates a large class of students tonight, and as I am mayor of the city, he very earnestly

requested me to be present and give an address." "Ah! indeed?" said I. "Is it the Prof. Bundy that taught your village school in 1885?" "The same," said he. "He has been with us ever since, and in twenty years our village school has grown to huge proportions. That large university building stands upon the old school-house site." We now arrived at the door and found a large audience assembled. Mr. Cole was immediately presented and spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen of the city of Bellevue: I am happy to meet and greet you upon this occasion. In behalf of these 100 young men and young ladies, whose graduating exercises will entertain you tonight, I bid you a hearty welcome. In behalf of the old professor, whose hair has silvered in our service, whose training has prepared the minds of our young people in a manner fitting them to intelligently pursue the duties of life, I bid you a glad welcome, well knowing that you will be made to realize and marvel at the wonderful achievement of these young people.

A marked degree of prosperity, improvement and marvelous growth has characterized our city for the last twenty years. Every enterprise has flourished to an extent surpassing the most sanguine expectations, and judging the next twenty years by the past immensity itself, stands as a mole-hill to a mountain compared to our future greatness. Already we have six railroads centering in our city, car-shops and foundries, woolen and cotton factories, merchant mills, compresses and all manner of manufacturing establishments are found within our city limits. Twenty thousand people here find employment and still they come on every train from all points of the compass.

A new county has been formed with our city for its capitol and 'Squire Lyons is our efficient and fleshy county judge. He, too, has grown, as he tips the beam at 400 pounds. Now while I am speaking of old land-marks, ladies and gentlemen, I will mention a few more of them who are still with us and on the high road to prosperity and greatness. There is Captain Lipincot, who is our sheriff, and so proficient is he that he can capture a criminal just as quick where he is as where he is not. Then there is Father Ridenour, who is

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Editorial.

I stood at the base of the great Niagara, away on the western slopes of the White Mountains, and as I lifted my eyes and beheld New Hampshire's grandest scenery, my whole soul was filled with admiration and I gazed on and again.

To the eastward towered the proud and peerless Mt. Washington. He grass-grown and forest covered slopes rose high and higher, steeper and steeper grew her ascent. Her dome-shaped rock-clad summit towered just a cap of fleecy clouds. To the westward, miles and miles away, flowed the calm, clear Connecticut winding its way amid the forest-fringed hills and rocky ridges.

At my feet lay the clear blue Mirror Lake. Her glass waters reflecting not only the tall birch trees, moss-grown boulders and feathery ferns that covered her banks, but mirrored in her blue bosom are the craggy cliffs, high mountains and verdure-covered valleys all around.

As I stood, awe-struck, amid this enchanting scenery I looked to the right and a crag of solid rock, 1,000 feet high, rose almost perpendicular before me.

As I look closer, and the sharp cliff on high, I see in the outline of the rock, profiled forth against the sky, a face that at first we would suppose a sculptor's chisel had wrought the outline. But no, no hand but the hand of nature has done the work—has formed this Gray Old Man of the Mountain, for so he is called by the hundreds of curious travelers who yearly visit this place.

But already my stay among these mountains has been too long and I am forced to leave; am forced to turn my back on all these objects of interest and journey far away. And as I turn to leave I pause and survey the scene for the last time. I must leave you, Gray Old Man of the Mountain, and I exclaim, "GOOD BYE." Full and clear on the soft evening air is wafted back the words "good bye."

Again I exclaim to the mountain, lake, valley and all the loved scenery around, "FAREWELL." Distinct as my own full tone, and reverberating far and near comes back the sound, "farewell."

Was it only an echo, I thought, as I hurried along down the mountain footpath, or was it really the Old Man's voice returning a last good-bye? Could the mountain, the lake and the valley have actually spoken to me? Surely it seemed so. But reason taught me 'twas the sound of my own voice. And I thought, as I hastened on, how life-like this is. How often our own words and actions are copied by others, and when we hear them uttered here and there we are often startled by the sound, realizing not that it is the echo of our own thoughts and words.

We are each day sending forth into the world deeds and words that will as the distant echo along the mountain side, resound again and again to our ears. Be it a kind word, good deed, so will the echo be; be it fraught with harshness and selfishness, so coldness and cruelty will be wafted back by the world. Life is truly that we make it, and as we journey along o'er the mountain of life let us so live and act that only pleasing echoes will be wafted down the mountain side.

The paper we present you this evening is as a distant echo resounding only the thoughts, the feelings and actions of the people of Bellevue. It notes their various vocations, their numerous achievements and prospects, and especially will it mention the mirth and merriment among us. Its object shall be to add something to the social enjoyment of our

people, and should it chance to repeat a hearty joke or relate some pleasing personality, we hope they shall be received with the same hearty good humor in which they are given, bearing in mind that the ECHO resounds with the kindest feelings toward all.

Bellevue Entertainment.

The entertainment given by the Bellevue people on the evening of the 8th of August, was a decided success, surpassing anything of the kind we have attended in the county.

A supper was served in the twilight under the spreading branches of the oak trees surrounding the school-house, and a more elegant repast could not have been wished for. The upper part of the crowd assembled in the school-house. Precisely at eight o'clock the audience was called to order and the literary exercises were opened with an address by De la Sweazy, followed by numerous recitations, declamations, etc., from the pupils of Bundy's school, which were very interesting and showed careful training. The children sang numerous songs during the exercises, and their melodies made the house ring, bringing cheers from the audience. We were especially interested with a drill rendered by the little girls. This was something new and novel.

The BELLEVUE ECHO was then read by Miss Karr, and Mrs. L. C. Hre followed by numerous tableaux; recitations, etc., rendered by Miss Gowen, Mr. Offutt, Sherwood Owen, Miss Ida Clark and Mr. Weshan. An entertaining dialogue was rendered by Miss Lula Hart and Mr. Miller which furnished fun.

The last exercise was a burlesque on old-time dancing, given by some of the ladies and gentlemen in quaint costumes, and old dancing brought down the house.

Music was furnished at intervals during the exercises by Mrs. Wantland, Miss Hurt, Miss Clark, Miss Cowen, Mr. Sherman and others.

All of the ladies and gentlemen who were present, and those who were invited to their homes, were well pleased with the entertainment.

To Home Seekers.

You may go where you will, even over the entire State of Texas to-day, and you will find people traveling to and fro seeking after new homes, "prospectors," we call them. In fact they are so numerous that the stranger might think ours was a nomadic race of people. They are of all classes and professions—lawyers, doctors, stockmen, tradesmen, farmers and mechanics. They are all looking for a place to settle down in for life, where an honest man can make an honest living (with some exceptions).

The lawyer pre-supposes that people must disagree and litigate, steal, plunder and murder, and hence we have about enough of them already to look after this small portion of our citizens. The doctor calculates on the maladies of human kind, but is never happy here except in watermelon time, or when they locate for the benefit of their health, and then they soon drop the M. D., and are known only in the common walks of life. The stockman selects a country well supplied with good grasses, good water and protection, free from diseases, etc., and hence you find our county well represented by this class of people. Tradesmen thrive in a prosperous, progressive country, and hence we invite them to locate among us. The farmer always looks to the character of the soil, the quality and the quantity of the water, the supply of timber, etc., and ninety nine per cent. of those who come here to look find these things to suit them. Here you will find a dark, loamy soil from one-and-a-half to three feet deep, very rich and productive, an abundance of pure freestone water and plenty of timber. The skilled mechanic can prosper in most any country, and particularly so in one like this, where it is settling rapidly and something always going on.

We invite you all to come and locate among us. Here we have churches and good schools anywhere in the county; railroads and good markets; a health-

captain of the large steamboat that plies on the lake near the railroad tank that bears his name. His son John is first mate and Oscar is general freight agent. Mr. Duncan still runs his mill and gin and has added a large soap factory which his partner, James London, runs very successfully. Stickney, our old postmaster is now away up on 222d street, running a large factory, manufacturing checkers and dominoes. Bud Cole is still at home with his mother and myself. He is a dancing master of great skill. Jim Cole is still shipping cattle, he is very rich. Ben Cole has made a fortune running a skating rink. Joe Cole is a livery man, you can see him any day on the hurricane deck of a Texas pony riding up and down Broadway. The Orton boys and Mr. Cobb are bankers on Wall street. Ben Miller and Wm. Karr are running a barber shop on Canal street; they are real slick barbers and have a good run of custom. Col. Wm. Wantland has just gone to Congress and Gen. Gear has a seat in the U. S. senate.

You see, ladies and gentlemen, that all of our graduates, and these young people who graduate to-night, may do so well as to follow the examples of our old

graduates, I will mention a literary entertainment that was given here twenty years ago to-night. On that occasion \$150 was realized to buy an organ. I remember they read a paper that night called the BELLEVUE ECHO, and from that doubtless started the "Daily Journal" of the same name that greets you every morning in the city. When it first started it was a weekly, but now it is a flourishing daily paper, as is every enterprise of Bellevue.

When Mayor Cole was seated and the applause had ceased, the class of 100 pupils graduated with great honors.

I then awoke. It was all a dream, but it echoes in my memory yet, and I wonder will it come to pass?

Among our recent settlers, we mention Messrs. Morris and Brown, of Fannin county, who bought a hundred acres of land each on the 10th, and C. M. and E. H. Lovelady, of Collin county, who have commenced improvements on 320 acres recently purchased.

We have seen cattle ranches, horse ranches, mule ranches, sheep ranches, etc., but the newest thing in this line is a veritable chicken ranche. Mr. Smith has bought twenty acres of land near town on which he will soon locate his feathery herd.

O. P. Hommel, of Hill county, has concluded that this is a good enough country for him, and has invested in three hundred and twenty acres of land two and a half miles southwest of town, on which he expects to locate this fall.

The new patent desks add materially to the comfort and convenience of the new school-house.