

ON TO NEW MEXICO

Mr. L. N. Perkins Resumes His Ramblings of Early Travels

Soon after arriving at Springer I met and formed the acquaintance of a young practicing physician who was raised in an adjoining county to my home in Virginia. I told him why I was there and he generously offered to assist me all he could and as he was unmarried he invited me to share his room in the hotel where he was boarding. He gave me much information about the country and its inhabitants. The population of New Mexico at that time was largely Mexican (which as is well known is a mongrel race and were called "greasers" by the white people. They were generally an indolent, shiftless kind of people living in huts built of sun dried brick and covered with earth.

The town of Springer although it was the county site was more than half Mexican. Upon inquiry I found there was a stage line in operation to Trampas the town near where Mr. Woolford lived but the distance was called a hundred miles, the stage making two trips a week. I looked up the stage driver and found him to be a Mexican with a very poor outfit, very little accommodations and an exorbitant price for the trip, so I decided it would be more satisfactory to buy me an outfit and make the trip alone as I did not know where I would go or how long I would stay, so I bought a horse, saddle, bridle and blanket and made ready for the trip. The state at that time with the exception of the towns and railroad centers was largely controlled by the stock men. I learned there were no settlements along the road I would travel except two cattle ranches about 35 miles apart where I could spend the nights. I was also advised to take with me a canteen of water as there was no water along the route, the hot dry weather causing travelers to suffer for water at that time of the year. About all the rain in that part of New Mexico falls during the months of July and August so I was told. The precipitation in winter time is in the form of snow the snow capped mountains being in plain view. It was near the last of June when I left Springer, the rainy season just ushering in. There was no rain that day and there was no house in sight till I reached the cattle ranch a short time before sun down. That was the famous Dorseff ranch which at that time was attracting a great deal of comment in the newspapers. It was claimed that Dorseff and Elkins were using unfair means to monopolize the cattle industry. Mr. Dorseff at that time was in Europe his ranch and cattle interests were being in charge of ex-governor Hatley who had been the republican governor of Arkansas immediately after the civil war.

It was the custom in that country then when travelers stopped anywhere to spend the night to make themselves at home as long as was necessary and when they left not to ask their hosts but to throw up to the ranch man when I came up to the ranch I tried to obey instructions and inquired of the young man who was in charge of the culinary department when I should put my horse. He told me and showed me where to get feed and not to proceed to wait on myself and get ready for supper in a short time the boy who had been looking after the stock came in. They appeared to be a very gentlemanly bunch of fellows and treated me kindly. Governor Hatley and wife lived in a nice house a little apart from the stacks occupied by the men, he had seen me ride up to the stacks, so after supper he sent for me to come up to the house and sit with him awhile. I explained to him how lame there, what my business was, etc. He treated me with much consideration and proved to be very interesting in conversation. He told me much of his experience when he was governor of Arkansas and since he had been in charge of Mr. Dorseff's ranch.

They had a stack of sheep which had just been shorn and were in a pasture near the house. I saw some of the sheep and they were very fat. I inquired of the man in charge of the sheep which he said they were accepted.

The man who had the cattle and sheep was named. They were the cattle of the famed varieties and which in some 15 of them were Poll Angus and 15 were Galloways. On our way back to Springer between the two ranches the Galloways were smaller and their hair longer. Governor Hatley and the Galloways were stronger and were raised on the highlands of Scotland, where they required very little attention. After I had viewed the cattle satisfactorily I replenished my canteen, prepared for lunch and resumed my journey. After I was out of sight of Mr. Dorseff's ranch not another house was to be seen nor a drop of water until I reached the H. T. ranch about 25 miles distant.

I remained two days at the latter ranch resting up, when again I resumed my journey. The same condition prevailed until I was out of cat-

lements range, when scattering houses were seen all occupied by Mexicans. When I arrived at Trampas, a town of perhaps two or three hundred population, all Mexicans, I inquired for a man by the name of a position and learned he lived over the hill a short distance but out of sight of the town. When I reached the house I met a young white man who proved to be Mr. Woolford's foreman, looking after his ranch and stock during his absence. I introduced myself to him and told him I had just recently left Mr. Woolford and I had a letter for his wife. "Did you ever see her?" he asked me. I told him no that I did not know her. "Well," he says, "she's an Indian," I told him I could not help that; I wanted to see her anyway and deliver to her the letter in my possession. He called for Mrs. Woolford, when a very dark, tall woman with straight black coarse hair greeted me. I gave her the letter which she perused and then she told me to make myself at home and bade the young man take care of my horse.

Mrs. Woolford seemed to be reasonably intelligent and from her manners and conversation, if it had not been for the color of her skin, I could not have told but what she was a white woman. She had several children, the oldest of them a grown daughter who had been educated in one of the northern states. She was very good looking, and cultivated, showed the Indian very little. Mr. Woolford owned a large ranch well stocked with horses and cattle and the surroundings gave evidence that he was in easy circumstances. There was said to be a fine valley of land about 15 miles beyond Trampas that was being settled up by white people, mostly from the southern states, and that was my objective point from Mr. Woolford's foreman. I learned that he and some of the boys were going near there on some business, and he offered to show me over the valley. So about noon I landed in a white man's house in said valley, found a very nice family the first white folks I had met since leaving the cattle ranch. The man was a carpenter, and he and two other men building a house for some settlers, about half a mile distant. The gentleman turned my horse in the pasture and as it was very threatening, told me I had better wait until the storm passed off before looking for a location. He described a section of fine land two or three miles away that was open for settlement, and told me there was a spring of good water on it. The workmen invited me to walk over to the house they were building as it was covered it would afford protection from the threatening storm. On our way over to the new house we stepped across a small stream of water. The building was about one hundred yards beyond the brush. Very little rain had fallen, though there was heavy thunder and dark clouds. An hour or two passed away when suddenly we heard an unusual sound, roaring, cracking and crashing, as though something very unusual was taking place. When on runner to the door to see what the trouble was, the little stream that we had just crossed was coming down the valley about fifty yards wide, the wall of water looked to be ten or fifteen feet high and was very noisy, carrying brush logs and debris of all kinds before it. It was the most sublime sight I ever saw; the water in front looked like a solid wall. Of course the current of water subsided in an hour or two but we remained on that side of the stream until late in the evening, and then felled two trees across the water to get back to the house. That experience satisfied me with conditions in New Mexico so next morning I saddled my horse and started back to the railroad. It took me three days to make the trip back to Springer. Several hail storms are common during the rainy season there. On my return I learned of a calamity that befell a young man who was raising sheep. He had come from New England a poor boy, and had gone to work on a sheep ranch, had saved his wages, bought them in sheep, at that time worth \$250 head of sheep worth \$100. The same

MURDER SERIES IS TRACED TO GANG COUNTERFEITERS

System of Crooks Found to be International in Scope

12 Arrests Abroad

AMERICAN SECRET SERVICE WORKED UP CASE

New York, Feb. 28.—With the international counterfeiting system wrecked by secret service agents who laid its workings bare yesterday and with 50 to 600 persons connected with the ring in a dozen countries, under arrest, Federal authorities today prepared for a court fight to send the counterfeiters to jail for the maximum term of 15 years.

While court evidence was being set in order, the drag net of the secret service was extended to most of the large cities of the United States to catch hundreds of passers of counterfeit money, implicated by clues captured in the raids here.

Joseph A. Palma, captain of the special secret service squad, which for eight months tracked the markers and distributors of spurious money, gave evidences of the wide spread international ramifications of the plot by announcing that fifteen persons had been arrested in England, France, Egypt, Germany, Cuba, Austria, and the Bahamas, as the result of information furnished by the American secret service.

New York police, who began an independent investigation, professed to find a direct connection between the counterfeit plot and many hitherto unsolved gang murders of the past few years.

Several of the murders were believed to have resulted from passage of bogus money and from double crossing in the ranks of the counterfeiters. A number of crimes it was said have been committed in or near the Broome street cafe owned by John Di Rosa arrested yesterday as one of the ring's large wholesalers of counterfeiters.

Palma agreed that scores of important criminals were in the rank unfamiliar with American money, he said, were the easiest victims, but the gang also hunted out small stores, kept by aged women and stores left at times in charge of the children.

A photograph 36 feet long and ten feet high has been completed by the curator of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, Chicago. It is one of four immense panorama photographs showing the Lake Michigan shore at Miller Beach, near Gary, Indiana, the famous Indiana sand dunes, the Grand Calumet River and the swamps extending around the southern environs of Chicago. A picture of this size can be produced for less than after and taking in transparent oil costs but a small amount additional as compared with the thousands of dollars an oil painting would cost.

Week the ball killed them all, not leaving him a sheep. One of the boys told me that he was caught out in a hail storm and that the only way he saved his life was by taking his life was by taking his saddle off and holding over his head.

I stayed all night with a rancher who had moved from Virginia. He told me he was trying to put up some hay near the house when a hail stone hit him on the head and he was rendered unconscious.

When I returned to Springer I found a letter waiting for me from the old gentleman I had traveled with through "no man's land." He was in trouble in the Yakimaw Valley, state of Washington, was pleased with the country and urged me to come to that valley. It was my purpose to go there anyway, so I wrote my uncle at East Walth to ship me back to Kansas City, sold my horse, but kept my saddle with me and as soon as I made my arrangements satisfactory I boarded the train and rode to New Mexico.

GAVE NO THOUGHT TO PAPA

Mother Might at Least Have Warned Him, but It is All Too Late Now

There is a genial fellow of our acquaintance who possesses a daughter—the lucky dog! This particular man is a queer sort of cuss and he has always thought, along with Barrie, that there are only two great epochs in a girl's life. Contrary to all accepted thought upon the subject, marriage is not one of them. The first great event is the initial recognizable smile ripples into baby laughter; the second when she puts up her hair.

This man we have in mind had made a sort of dream ritual of this latter and had planned a thousand ways in turning the matter over in his inner consciousness how he would invest the ceremony with a thousand little graces, remarks a writer in the Baltimore News. They would talk about it ever so much beforehand and as the day drew near there would be many little backward flights and timorous fears of how it would all turn out. In her childhood days he would often toss her little mane up backward and she, the little mix, would tantalize him in turn by parading before him with a mountain of flaxseed gold banked on her dainty little head. It was to be a monumental occasion and the poor fellow hugged the thought to himself. They would plan for it as for a lord mayor's ceremonial.

The blow fell, as most blows fall, suddenly, unexpectedly. He went home one evening, carefree, joyous, to romp with this girl-child as of old. She was going to a party and she was fifteen going on sixteen, and her mother, without a word of preparation for the shock, with a thoughtlessness almost sublime, had borne her off to a hair-dresser, where all the iniquitous rites of that diabolical institution were perpetrated. We doubt very much whether this genial fellow will ever be quite the same—the deepest, the most poignant hurts somehow or other always seem to come out of thoughtlessness and the failure to grasp even faintly the other fellow's point of view. Even fathers have a few temples where they make prayer.

"Paternalism" in Sweden

In Sweden a farmer can be reprimanded by the governor of a province for abusing "mother earth." Over 1,100 cases of abusing farm land by neglecting to cultivate it properly have been dealt with during the last four years.

There has been some discussion as to definitions by those charged with determining when a farmer should be censured for neglect for his land, but the Swedish cultivation extension committee has come to the conclusion that corrective measures are necessary where land was found overgrown with weeds, where a field yielded notably less than the neighboring fields, where the annual production decreased, or where grain had been disposed of unthreshed. Of the 1,177 cases considered 123 had to be brought to the attention of provincial governors before improvement was effected.

Great Boom for Alaska

A very considerable improvement in the business of Alaska is predicted by a recent investigator who was sent there to look the field over. The exportation of fish, which has been the great source of revenue for the past ten years, will be found to have greatly increased during the last year when an account of the business shall have been taken. There is a revival in the mining industry and the export of high-grade lumber, cut from the Tongass region, has shown a very promising beginning. The government efforts to foster the pulp and paper manufacturing mean much for the country, and the completion of the railroad from Seward to Fairbanks will be the means of increasing the agricultural resources of the land. The completion of this road will take place at an early date.

The Bright Proceeding

Mrs. Grandways was calling upon Mrs. Cassidy, whose husband was well-to-do and whose daughter had therefore been sent to college.

"By the way," said Mrs. Grandways, when the two had been gossiping for a while, "where is Clara? I haven't seen her for an age."

Mrs. Cassidy sweetened with pride. "Clara is at college," she replied, with grandeur. And then added: "And I am so worried about her. I haven't had a letter from her for nearly two weeks."

"That is where you made the mistake," was the prompt rejoinder of Mrs. Grandways. "Instead of letting her go to college you should have sent her to one of those correspondence schools."

Farm Episode

"Gabe, what are you doing in the farm yard?"

"Nuffin, boss."

"You didn't come over to molest my henhouse?"

"No, boss."

"I see. You came over to chop some wood for me."

"Dat's it."

And Gabe had to chop two hours before the foxy farmer would let him go.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Too Ready to Agree

She—Can it be that you really love me? I know I am not beautiful. He—But I care nothing for beauty. She—Oh, indeed! So you do not hesitate to insult me already! Please consider our engagement at an end.—Boston Transcript.

WHY TRADE AT HOME?

Quail are classed as songbirds by the Minnesota State Humane Society. The executive committee of the Society has passed a resolution urging the farmers of all states where there are quail to feed and care for them because of the fact that a small amount of grain expended would be abundantly repaid in the destruction of seeds of obnoxious weeds and insect pests.

Because the home merchant can only remain in business through the patronage of home people and a town without merchants would be a sorry place in which to live.

Because the home merchant sells goods that do not have to be returned because of defects or inferiority of quality. It is the only way in which a local man could hold his trade.

Because the local merchant is not in the habit of charging excessive prices. You may at times be able to get the same article elsewhere for a little less money but the quality will be invariably reduced in proportion to the price. The local merchant plies soon finds that it has but little left for the purchase of additional supplies.

It is so simple a child could understand it, and what a child can comprehend should not go unheeded by adults.

Think it over. Thinking will accomplish much.

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"Slimy Taste" "When I feel stupid, get constipated, or bilious, I take a good dose or two of Black-Draught and it sets me straight," writes Mr. George B. Haislep, of R. F. D. 2, Columbia, S. C. "It cleanses the liver and I feel all right, and have not used any other medicine as I do not see the need of it. I am a guard at the State Reformatory, and have been for three or more years. When I first heard of BLACK-DRAUGHT Liver Medicine and the good medicine it was, I had been having a tired feeling when I'd get up in the morning. I would be stiff and sore, and had a slimy, bad taste in my mouth, but didn't think so much of it till I began to feel stupid and didn't feel like eating—then I knew I needed medicine. It was then I began Black-Draught, and I felt all made over, ready for any kind of work, ready to eat and sleep. So, for any return of this trouble, I take Black-Draught, and for 25 years it has been my medicine, and I wouldn't be without it at all. My work is constant. I am on my feet a lot. I am out of doors, and fresh air and Black-Draught are all the things I need. I recommend it to others for I know it is good." Sold Everywhere.

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