

# THE LAURINBURG EXCHANGE.

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

## WANDERLUST.

[Written for the Exchange.]  
BY HAY RUDE.

Far out on the great plains of the West a freight train has drawn up alongside some tank cars on a lonely siding, to take water. On the end of a tie, over in the shade of a box car, with coat and hat thrown off, sits a hobo. Realizing only too well that there is an end to everything but a woman's tongue and eternity, he is taking it easy. He has played his little game of hide and seek with the "shacks," and because he wouldn't, or couldn't, "dig up," has lost out. He knows that this time he is "ditched," for it is daylight, and the shacks are "on to him."

The fireman has taken his water and the long string of cars, like a giant serpent, and drawn by a mighty mountain type mogul—a sort of "Trojan horse" with sinews of steel, if you please—slowly crawls away. The head brakeman, apparently to inspect the trucks as they pass, has dropped off the engine and is in a crouching position at a point directly opposite. Mr. Hobo knows what this means—a "stop-over" for him. The caboose is coming and the shack swings on. Placing his thumb to his nose, in diabolical glee, he shouts to this "perennial tourist"—who has missed his train—"Are yer tired, Bill!" and triumphantly paces over the decks of the cars up to his engine.

Now, every "long distance" or globe-trotting tramp knows what it spells to wander away from the fold of a water tank, especially on the desert. But he has lost nothing here—certainly not his appetite—and in this place there is no depot, no house, no nothing save the sand, sagebrush and alkali-weeds. To wait another "rattler" might be eight or ten valuable hours.

There are always a few "lookouts" at such places for the likes of him. Characteristic of his kind, his feet begin to itch, and he must be going, going, gone! Surrendering to this prurient impulse that ever impels the slave to trample on, he throws his coat over his shoulder, turns his back on this "oasis" and hits the trail in the wake of the "rattler."

He has taken Horace Greely's advice, and is now "going west." Perhaps a thousand miles behind him, sunken out of sight now, is the ridge of the Rockies, where a few days before—like Joe Hooker at Lookout Mountain—he had muddled an egg and above the cloud-froths in cloudland, "Here lifts the land of clouds!" The mantled forms made white with everlasting snow look down

"Through mists of many canons!" Where, to look out upon this scene of glory, is to invite the spirit of rejuvenation to take hold of you, and you feel just like tossing your hat into the air, as the small boy is wont to do, and shouting at the top of your voice, "Excelsior!" Where, he remembered, he felt the exultant thrill when he heard, at Hagerman's Pass, the melodious monotone of car wheels clicking at an altitude of two miles above the "sand sea waves" that break upon old ocean's strand.

Around him let us picture a sage plain, broken only by an occasional butte or fretted with corrugated drifts of shifting sand that today unwraps and possibly tomorrow unwraps, the wild sage bushes. He is passing through a shallow cut now. On either side are odd-shaped "sand fences," constructed by the company that the action of the wind during a sand-storm might carry the sand away from the track, and in winter fill the double purpose of a "snow fence." Directly before him, and stretching away to the north and south in modulating hills, rises the tremendous heights of the Cascades. Only a few miles away, it seems, the pine-clad foothills are upheaved and rolled back in billowy folds against the dark-timbered flanks of the mountains behind them. Embazoned against the deep blue of ether, far in the distance beyond the ramparts, God built Babel's lift their peaks to heaven. Austere, majestic, silent, moody

—clad in their long, glistening robes of eternal snows, woven from the mists of the sky—these spectral "sentinels of the continent" stand in defiance of the rain and the sunshine of centuries. Winding, like a thread, we can follow the turns of the track over which the train has climbed until it disappears in a break or portal in the mountain walls far off to the southwest.

He is thirsty now, and the reflection of the early autumn's sun against the "Sand of Sahara" is sweltering—a sort of "poco inferno." Across the plain, perhaps a mile away, he discovers—what is it! Water? No, no!—a mirage!—nothingness! Quite a distance away in this direction, over in yon coulee, the conical tepees of an Indian encampment are seen.

"That pike through the sand and alkali dust over there is too much out of my latitude, and those savages are no good for chewings, anyway," he murmurs to himself, as he drills along, foot-sore and weary. Look! Just over the barbed wire fence is a prairie dog village. They are scurrying in every direction, while the "lookout" is reared up on his haunches and is "barking" frantically to warn the villagers to beat it for their mounds. A gopher darts into a hole he has burrowed for himself beneath a tie; a Chinese pheasant whirrs by, or a "covey" of sage hens are seen stalking about in the low, squat brush. The are the only diversions from the monotonous solitude that hovers about him.

Looking ahead far up the brown volcanic slopes, and coiling about among

"Bright hills that wind  
In smiling waves away;  
Green valleys meeting  
Into vapors grey,"

he traces a sinuous line of green

That by their music earn  
Fair coin of sweet-briars  
And plumes of fern."

The sun has gone down as he reaches the spot where the track swings in, seeking for its ascent, the descent taken by this little rivulet. Panting, as doth the hart for the waterbrook, he hies himself hither. Exhausted and furnished from the heat and thirst, we watch him as he falls flat on his face, and, grasping an overhanging limb with one hand and stretching the other arm out to brace himself against a boulder or "shingle" in the stream, he takes in a long draught from this cold, sparkling, frothing, impetuous current—

"Born where the ice peak  
Feels the noon-day's sun,  
And rainstorms  
On the glacier burst."

His thirst quenched, he dabbles for a while his blistered feet in the cooling waters.

Twilight remains long after sundown here; but it is getting dark now, and he seeks, beneath the leafy bowers of the cottonwoods that line the bank, his bivouac for the night. The cold air is beginning to rush down off the mountain slopes towards the heated plain, and he feels that a fire won't be uncomfortable, and might serve a defense against a possible onslaught by hungry lobo, or timber wolves. Strolling around he finds some charred logs of spruce and balsam. Hard by on the ground are the faded remnants of cedar boughs. He knows that some other "tramp" has "flapped" here not many nights previous. Soon his fuel for the night is garnered; and, before the lumbent flames that leap from the crackling fire—"broke, hungry, without friends, and a thousand miles from home"—he lays him down to sleep, or, in *Bo Latin*, to "take his snoozings" or to "pound his ear." The chill atmosphere, laden with the fragrant aroma of sage-brush, rushes around him.

The quietude is intense—save for the murmur of the rippling streamlet, or the low, soft sighing of the breeze through the pine-tops—where he feels he can all but hear the gentle breathings of the great Jehovah! In the bright moonlight, the lofty

range before him—clothed in dark, umbrageous forests of sugar-pine, birch, balsam, fir and spruce, and in whose avenues and savannas the elk, bear, lion, cougar and the mountain goat reign—standing out in contrast is the spectral, supernatural, etherealized peaks of Rautier, Hood or St. Helens, perhaps a hundred miles beyond, keeping vigil over the scene.

As in the soft surroundings of a dream, his aching limbs are soothed and he is lost in slumber—only to be ruthlessly interrupted at intervals by the long-drawn, hideous, heart-rending welps of the coyote—where one fills the void seven ought to—or to be startled by the roar of a passing, west-bound train, whose two raving engines have got "swinging on 'em" to stamper, like a maddened herd of "Bulls of Bashan," the long climb to the summit.

[To be Continued.]

## New Rails to Laurinburg.

At this writing the force laying new rails on the Carolina Central branch of the Seaboard is crossing Main street. This work began some three months ago, and it would seem that it should have been completed much earlier than it has, and if the material had been promptly furnished Superintendent Russell, it does less work; yet, considering the wretched run-down condition of the road, a fair degree of successful progress has been made, and it has been almost like building a new road.

The work being done has accomplished much good for the traveling public, all of which is highly appreciated. There is no reason why this piece of road should not be kept in first class condition. It is perfectly straight, comparatively level, and is doing a tremendous freight and passenger business.

## John Thompson's Vaudeville.

Those of our people who failed to avail themselves of the opportunity to see John Thompson in "The Funny Fellows of New York," Friday evening, certainly missed a treat, for his was the best "one-man" show that ever came to the town. His depiction of characters was not only done in the most artistic style, but proved quite instructive to the large audience in attendance.

Those present got a very bird's-eye view of the German, Irish, Italian, English, Chinese, Jew and Yankee characters. So well did Mr. Thompson portray these characters that one would almost forget that a play was going on and imagine him self in contact with the real article itself. From 9 o'clock till 11 o'clock there was one continuous peal of laughter, the show coming to an end all too soon for the interested audience.

Thompson is a well trained actor and does his work well. If the managers of the Opera House can always assure their patrons of as interesting plays as the one given by Mr. Thompson, they need have no more uneasiness about attendance.

## The Habit of Doing One's Best.

This habit of always doing one's best enters into the very marrow of one's heart and character; it affects one's bearing, one's self-possession. The man who does everything to a finish has a feeling of serenity; he is not easily thrown off his balance; he has nothing to fear, and can look the world in the face because he feels conscious that he has not put shoddy work into anything, that he has had nothing to do with shams, and that he has always done his level best. The sense of efficacy, of being master of one's craft or being equal to any emergency; the consciousness of possessing the ability to do with superiority whatever one undertakes, will give soul satisfaction which a half-hearted, slipshod worker never knows.

When a man feels throbbing within him the power to do what he undertakes as well as it can possibly be done, and all of his faculties say "Amen" to what he is doing, and give their unequal-

led approval to his efforts—this is happiness, this is success. This buoyant sense of power spurs the faculties to their fullest development. It unfolds the mental, moral, and the physical forces, and this very growth, the consciousness of an expanding mentality, and of a broadening horizon, gives an added satisfaction beyond the power of words to describe. It is a realization of nobility, the divinity of the mind,—success.

## A Reasonable Deduction.

Scene, breakfast table: Father—"Sallie, who was that young man who called on you last night?" No answer—only a giggle.

Father—"Sallie, who was that young man who called on you last night?" No answer. Willie speaks up and says: "Papa, I know. His name was Johnnie Don't—because I heard Sallie call his name ten times last night."

## THE LAUREL HILL "POINT OF VIEW."

(Continued from Last Week.)  
Can you see the comet?

Mr. Cotton makes strenuous efforts to see it.

"This is great wealth," says Mr. Cotton.

Mr. Cotton is getting as nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof.

Mr. Cotton is made miserable by the little negro and his wife.

Mr. Cotton holds its own as a market—it's coming in from all directions.

The Woodville people are happy to have Miss Daniel back as teacher in another term.

Mr. Cotton is all your cotton on the market, or selling now for 15 cents?

The Snead's Grove people did a good thing for themselves by going down in their pockets and employing a good teacher for an eight months school.

Mr. O'Brien machine shops are in active operation.

Mr. O'Brien is now covered, part of the machinery in place and on the way.

Mr. Hill neighborhood is the most hospitable in the county.

Mr. Hill was enraptured by several of our visitors the past week.

Mr. Hill "Keg Crowd" organ is in operation.

Mr. Hill Saturday night for the first time, and ably discussed the railroad rate war. Some of the ideas expressed were new and would have helped open the eyes of Speaker Finley, viz: he should make one more talk and spell it finally.

## Special Rates Via Seaboard.

Nashville, Tenn.—en-suite—Homecoming Week September 23d to 29th; one first-class fare, plus 25 cents; tickets sold September 21st to 23d; limited to September 30th.

Richmond, Va.—Triennial General Convention Protestant Episcopal Church, October 21 to 23d; one first-class fare, plus 25 cents; tickets sold September 29th to October 5th; limited to October 25th.

Washington, D. C.—International Convention Brotherhood of St. Andrew, September 25th to 29th; one first-class fare, plus 25 cents; tickets sold September 21st to 23th; limited to September 30th.

Norfolk, Va.—Jamestown Exposition, 60 day tickets; 10 day tickets sold daily; Cash Excursion Tickets at very low rates sold Tuesdays and Fridays; extra coaches from Charlotte, Raleigh and Durham on Nov. 28 and 32; Tuesdays and Fridays; dining car service on all trains.

Atlanta, Ga.—National Association of Cotton Manufacturers, October 7th-9th; one and one-third first-class fares, plus 25 cents; tickets sold October 5th to 8th; limited to October 12th.

Memphis, Tenn.—Deep Water-way Convention, October 4th and 5th; one first-class fare, plus 25 cents; tickets sold October 1st to 3d; limited to October 8th.

Washington, D. C.—National Association of Cotton Manufacturers, October 21-23; one and one-third first-class fare, plus 25 cents; tickets sold September 30 to October 3; limited to October 8th.

For time-tables, rates or any information in regard to other special occasions, address the undersigned.

C. H. GATTIS,  
Traveling Pass Agent, Raleigh, N. C.

## GLASS WARE

Pres-Cut, the kind of glass ware so very near like cut glass, but so much cheaper, cannot be told from cut glass except by an expert. If you need nice glass ware, buy this and save money. Will make special order for you if fail to have what you need.

## CANDY

We are agent here for Nunnally, the candy maker of Atlanta, Ga. You will have to try our candy to appreciate a good article, fresh on hand now. Ours will be the Fruit Store as heretofore. Fresh preparing and always on hand.

## RAZEMORE FRUIT CO.

## This is Why

We deserve to be favored with a share of your Banking Business: First, because OUR RECORD IS CLEAN, and a long record of honest dealing is the best guarantee of a prosperous future.

Then our policy is as liberal as is consistent with security; we are accommodating, we think, but prudent.

And, finally, OUR LOCATION is central and accessible—right in the centre of Business.

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SELLS  
EVERYTHING YOU NEED

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WE NEED YOUR TRADE—You need the Goods. We are pleased with the trade you have given us, but we want you to increase it. Will sell you first quality goods. Give 16 oz. to the pound. Satisfaction guaranteed in every respect. Our motto:

QUICK SALES—SMALL PROFITS.

## TAX-PAYERS!

TAKE NOTICE—That I will be at the following places and dates, and will ask you to meet me promptly and SETTLE YOUR TAXES for 1907.

GIBSON, Oct. 2.

SPRING HILL, Oct. 3.

HASTY, Oct. 4.

LAURINBURG, Oct. 5.

OLD HUNDRED, Oct. 7.

CONCLAVE, Oct. 8.

A. M. McKINNON'S STORE, Oct. 9.

T. L. McNAIR'S STORE, Oct. 10.

JOHN STATION, Oct. 11.

LAURINBURG, Oct. 12.

LAUREL HILL, Oct. 14.

W. D. McLAURIN, SHERIFF.