

# The Mount Airy News

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## IN THE WAY OF BUSINESS.

Youths Companion.

In the winter of 1892, so said the superintendent, who had been asked to tell fully a story to which some of us had heard allusions, 'I was sent to New Mexico by an irrigation company to look up some water rights near Boswell, and at the last I found it necessary to obtain the signature of a rancher who lived one hundred miles west of Roswell. There were no means of reaching him except by riding across the plains—not a very hard ride as rides go in that country. An old abandoned cattle-trail went to his place from Roswell. About half way there was water, not very good, but it was wet. I feared the dry plain, but my business required me to cross it, and I made ready.

Long before sunrise one morning my guide and I were in the saddle, expecting to reach the water-hole by night, camp there, and make the rancher's house by the following night. Consequently we travelled light. We put a little grub in our saddle-bags, and each of us carried a two-quart canteen with water.

At first sight you would think there was no life in these dried-up sands, but as we rode, I noted cactus, mesquit, greasewood, sage and wormwood, all flourishing in their way, every plant hoarding its scant supply of water and giving up as little as possible to the air, the small, bright leaves looking green and succulent, but crumbling to dust in your hands and stinging your nostrils with their acrid gums. Prairie-dogs barked in fancied security from their holes. Rattlesnakes lay coiled on the ground, and solemn-looking little owls blinked in the sun. Gophers and squirrels, jack-rabbits and cottontails scampered over the ground, as if from under our horses' feet; thousands of bright-eyed lizards skittered from under the bushes, and horned toads buried themselves in the sand.

Toward night my guide pointed out a little sink about a mile ahead of us. 'There are the springs,' he said. We had been sparing of our canteens, which were still half-full. The fagged ponies seemed to scent water, and started up of their own accord.

My guide was somewhat in advance, and as he pulled up, he gave a short exclamation and pointed to the springs. There was not a drop of water there.

'Well,' he said, 'water or no water, we've got to stop here tonight.'

The poor ponies snuffed round the cracked mud, and even tried to lick up a little water, but the bitter alkali stopped that. We unsaddled and tethered them. They picked at the scanty, dried-up grass, but didn't seem to relish it much.

Dozens of parched carcasses lay round the spring, many standing upright in the dry mud. The animals had come in from the plains, crazed with thirst. Some had drunk their fill and crawled out and died; others had simply killed themselves drinking, or had not had the strength to crawl out.

Round the spring were great piles of bones—those of cattle that had died in the springs and had been roped and dragged out by the cowboys when this was the principal cattle-trail. I tell you, it looked pretty ghastly.

Early the next morning we were up and saddled. During the night we had barely moistened our lips. The ponies certainly could not carry us through the next day without a taste of water,

er, and we could probably endure the torture. Each of us took a swallow or two from his canteen, and gave the rest to his horse in an old tin pail. They took it down at a gulp, and licked up the last drop. Then we were off.

The early morning was chilly, but as the sun rose the heat promised to be intense. The air seemed to be filled with a strange coppery light, and my guide looked anxious. Soon the usual wind began to blow, but instead of a steady breeze, it seemed to come in short, spiteful puffs that sent the sand and dust scurrying among the shrubbery.

'Well, pardner, we're in for it,' said my guide.

'In for what?' I asked.

'You never was out in a sandstorm, I reckon?' and he looked at me with a queer anxious smile. Before night you are going to know what a rip-roaring old sandstorm is like; and if you get out of it alive, you'll have something to tell your grandchildren. Keep close now, and don't lose sight of me.

He laid on with his quirt, and galloping off along the trail, I keeping close to his heels.

Before long it settled down to a steadier blow. The intervals between the puffs grew shorter and the wind increased to a hurricane. Greasewood, mesquit and cactus were hidden in eddying clouds of sand, and a fine, stinging dust was rising, through which the sun grew dull and sharply defined, like a great copper ball. Its light grew dimmer, until at last we were in a lurid twilight, with only a dull yellow suggestion of light overhead.

The wind shifted and eddied strangely. Great sheets of sand were dashed in my face, then on my side, and then at my back. Once, in a lull, my guide held one end of his lariat to me. 'Put that over the horn of your saddle!' he said. Then we can't get separated.

Our broncos were now walking slowly, staggering painfully against the fierce blasts of wind and sand. At first I was only conscious of the stinging grains hurled against my face and hands and the finer dust penetrating my clothes and settling on my body; but later my smarting eyes and aching throat and mouth showed me that the alkali was doing its work.

My nostrils became so clogged with dust that breathing that way was scarcely possible, and when I opened my mouth, it seemed to fill with sand and dust. I spat it out, to have it refilled; then I covered my head with my blanket. That afforded me a little relief from the sand, but still the scorching, stinging alkali dust sifted through or swirled up under the edges of the blanket.

My eyes, throat and nostrils burned, and my lungs seemed to be filling, so that I breathed with great difficulty. My mouth, through constant effort to free it, had become dry and parched, and my throat felt cracked with burning thirst.

How long we rode this way I don't know. I was only conscious of the horrible present.

Gradually I became aware of a lessening pressure. I threw my blanket from my head and looked around. The wind had died down almost wholly. There was no more drifting sand, but the air was still thick with fine dust. The lurid light was rapidly fading, and it was soon almost dark.

My guide halted, dismounted, and motioned me to do the same. I was surprised that it was night, for, as I said, I had lost conscious-

ness of time.

After dismounting, my guide took his lariat, picketed his horse to a clump of mesquit, and then took off both saddle and bridle. I followed his example. 'What next?' I asked, looking at him.

'He turned slowly to me, and said, with difficulty. 'Now mind what I tell you. We're near to death, and all that'll keep us from it is the broncos. We're lost. We must let the horses rest till daylight, and then head east. They'll find the ranch if they can hold out. We may hit it to-morrow. If we do not—' He moved his hand toward a brown mass. It was a cow with a cracked hide drawn over a bleached skeleton.

The night passed away, as the longest nights must. With the first light we rose, saddled, and were off. The poor brutes made a brave show. They stepped off pretty lively, and when we came to a bit of hard ground, they even broke into an easy lope. We headed straight for the rising sun.

The storm was over. There were light, hazy clouds in the sky, and I never saw a more beautiful sight than their changing to every hue of the rainbow with the first rays of light. It's strange how one will take note of such things even in intense suffering.

As the sun mounted higher in the heavens, there was a deathly calm. On each hand I saw sights which often drive men crazy. I don't know but that I was a little out of my head. Great lakes seemed to stretch for miles. Wooded islands were mirrored in the still blue waters. Occasionally a band of antelope would dash into one of these lakes. A cloud of dust would rise beneath their feet, and in an instant the lake would become burning desert. The slight current of air caused by their moving bodies had been enough to disturb the equilibrium and dispel the mirage.

At the disappearance of one of those mockeries, I burst into a loud, inarticulate cry which sounded like a laugh. My companion looked round at me anxiously, but said nothing. I recalled how men had been found on the desert trying to swim, while their lips were cracked and swollen tongues were protruding from the mouths. The absurdity of the thing excited me to wild laughter. Then I sobered down, and wondered if I were losing my mind. No, I was simply watching a blank screen, on which changing fancies appeared and melted away. Some were amusing and I laughed; others were grand and stately; but all were things apart from me.

On looking at my companion's face I felt like laughing at that, it was so dismal. Then still in same burning, aching, horrible thirst, I became conscious of growing chilly. The sun had gone down. I was surprised, for the last thing I remembered was getting into the saddle.

My guide clambered down, pulled off his saddle, and tethered his horse. I did the same. The poor beasts fell down with a groan. I turned to my guide and tried to speak, but could not. My lips were baked; there was no moisture in my mouth. I sat down and tried to think. 'If I only had a little water—just a wine-glass full! Just a teaspoonful!' I was pleading with some one for it. Then it occurred to me where I was.

'Oh, yes, we had been caught in a sandstorm! Yes, I remember. To-day or the next day we would die. Or had we another chance? I started to my feet, staggered and fell. I remember striking the ground. I felt elas-

## Majorities of the States in the Last Six Presidential Elections.

Here is a table showing the majorities of the several states of the Union in presidential elections since 1884. Republican majorities are indicated by the letter 'R,' Democratic majorities by the letter 'D,' and Populist majorities by the letter 'P.'

In 1892, 1896 and 1900 the electoral vote of California was divided, the Republicans, however, receiving a majority of the elec-

toral votes. Kentucky's vote was divided in 1896, the Republicans getting a majority of the electoral votes. In 1904 the Democrats got all but one of Maryland's electoral vote. Michigan divided her electoral vote in 1892, while in the same year North Dakota divided her vote between the Republicans, Democrats and Populists. Ohio divided between

the Republicans and Democrats, while Oregon divided between the Republicans and Populists.

Total number of electoral votes for the 1908 election is 483, necessary to elect, 242.

This table gives information that will be of value during the next two months and is well worth clipping out for the memorandum book.

Vote.	State.	1884.	1888.	1892.	1896.	1900.	1904.
11.	Alabama	D. 33,829	D. 61,123	D. 52,937	D. 75,579	D. 41,719	D. 57,385
9.	Arkansas	D. 22,032	D. 27,210	D. 40,950	D. 72,591	D. 36,342	D. 17,574
10.	California	R. 13,128	R. 7,037	D. 144	R. 2,797	R. 39,770	R. 115,822
5.	Colorado	R. 8,567	R. 13,207	P. 14,964	D. 134,882	D. 29,661	R. 34,582
7.	Connecticut	D. 1,284	D. 336	D. 5,365	D. 53,545	R. 28,558	R. 38,180
3.	Delaware	D. 3,923	D. 3,441	D. 497	P. 3,630	R. 3,671	R. 4,365
5.	Florida	D. 3,738	D. 12,904	D. 25,300	D. 21,444	D. 20,506	D. 18,732
13.	Georgia	D. 48,964	D. 60,203	D. 81,056	D. 34,141	D. 46,665	D. 62,996
3.	Idaho	—	—	P. 1,921	D. 16,868	D. 2,216	R. 29,303
27.	Illinois	R. 25,118	R. 22,102	D. 26,993	R. 142,498	R. 94,924	R. 305,039
15.	Indiana	D. 6,512	R. 2,348	D. 7,125	R. 18,181	R. 26,479	R. 93,944
13.	Iowa	R. 19,773	R. 31,711	R. 23,428	R. 65,552	R. 98,543	R. 158,766
10.	Kansas	R. 64,274	R. 80,156	P. 5,874	D. 12,269	R. 23,354	R. 126,093
13.	Kentucky	D. 34,198	D. 28,665	D. 40,020	R. 281	D. 8,098	D. 11,893
9.	Louisiana	D. 16,182	D. 54,548	D. 61,355	D. 55,138	D. 39,438	D. 42,542
6.	Maine	R. 20,060	R. 23,253	R. 14,979	R. 45,777	R. 28,612	R. 36,791
8.	Maryland	D. 11,118	D. 6,182	D. 21,130	R. 32,224	R. 13,941	R. 51
16.	Massachusetts	R. 24,372	R. 32,037	R. 26,001	R. 173,265	R. 81,869	R. 92,076
14.	Michigan	R. 3,308	R. 22,023	R. 20,412	R. 56,868	R. 104,584	R. 227,715
11.	Minnesota	R. 41,620	R. 38,106	R. 12,367	R. 63,768	R. 77,560	R. 161,464
10.	Mississippi	D. 33,601	D. 55,375	D. 20,881	D. 58,404	D. 45,053	D. 50,187
18.	Missouri	D. 33,059	D. 25,717	D. 41,480	D. 58,727	D. 37,830	R. 25,137
3.	Montana	—	—	R. 1,270	D. 32,043	D. 11,773	R. 13,159
8.	Nebraska	R. 22,512	R. 27,878	R. 4,093	D. 12,576	R. 8,322	R. 86,682
3.	Nevada	R. 1,615	R. 1,903	P. 4,453	D. 6,439	D. 2,498	R. 2,885
4.	New Hampshire	R. 4,063	R. 2,342	R. 3,547	R. 35,794	R. 19,310	R. 20,185
12.	New Jersey	D. 4,412	D. 7,149	D. 14,974	R. 82,692	R. 55,899	R. 80,598
39.	New York	D. 1,047	R. 13,002	D. 45,518	R. 268,469	R. 143,606	R. 175,552
12.	North Carolina	D. 17,884	D. 13,118	D. 32,600	D. 19,266	D. 24,671	D. 41,679
4.	North Dakota	—	—	P. 281	R. 5,649	R. 15,368	R. 39,322
23.	Ohio	R. 31,802	R. 19,599	R. 1,072	R. 48,497	R. 69,036	R. 255,421
7.	Oklahoma	—	—	—	—	—	—
4.	Oregon	R. 2,256	R. 6,769	P. 811	R. 2,117	R. 18,141	R. 42,934
34.	Pennsylvania	R. 81,019	R. 79,452	R. 63,747	R. 295,072	R. 288,433	R. 505,519
4.	Rhode Island	R. 6,639	R. 4,438	R. 2,637	R. 22,978	R. 13,972	R. 16,766
9.	South Carolina	D. 48,112	D. 52,089	D. 41,247	D. 49,517	D. 43,667	D. 50,009
4.	South Dakota	—	—	R. 8,344	D. 183	R. 14,986	R. 50,114
12.	Tennessee	D. 9,180	D. 19,788	D. 19,788	D. 17,495	D. 23,577	D. 33,384
18.	Texas	D. 132,168	D. 132,168	D. 132,168	D. 132,168	D. 132,168	D. 132,168
4.	Vermont	R. 22,183	R. 22,183	R. 22,183	R. 22,183	R. 22,183	R. 22,183
12.	Virginia	D. 6,141	D. 1,539	D. 50,715	D. 19,341	D. 30,215	D. 32,768
5.	Washington	—	—	R. 6,658	D. 12,493	R. 12,623	R. 73,442
7.	West Virginia	D. 4,221	D. 506	D. 4,174	R. 11,487	R. 21,022	R. 31,753
13.	Wisconsin	R. 14,698	R. 21,321	D. 6,544	R. 102,612	R. 106,581	R. 156,057
3.	Wyoming	—	—	R. 732	D. 583	R. 4,318	R. 11,559

tic, and seemed to rebound like a football. To-day or to-morrow? Oh, well, it does not matter. One day more or less never matters.

That night there was a heavy fog. That is why I'm telling this story to you now. Perhaps we gained moisture through the pores; at least, we didn't lose any. In the morning our clothes were damp. With the first light we were up. We hadn't slept any during the night, or at least I was conscious all night of my horrible thirst.

The horses, standing with their legs wide apart, hardly moved as we saddled them. How long it took us I don't know. I would start to do something, and after a little would become conscious that I wasn't doing it.

We were off after a while. Our brave little ponies seemed to know that it was water or death soon. They tried to step off briskly, but I could feel mine tremble with every step.

The sun again came up blinding and burning. Again the cool lakes and ponds gleamed in the distance. I felt as if I half-floated in the air, and everything seemed far off. There were murmurings in my head, and I was again in my New England home. I saw green trees and waving fields watered by cool brooks. The sky was overcast, and then a heavy rain seemed falling on everything but me. When I held out my hand the drops changed to molten sunbeams. I could see right through the hot sands, with the hideous life that thrived on them, and behind them were water and green fields.

I heard a groan beside, and my guide's horse staggered and fell.

The man slowly freed himself, slowly rose to his feet, stood a moment, staggered and fell. This too, was a picture on a screen, and I tried to make out what it meant. Then for an instant it all came back to me. 'Played out!' I thought. 'He ought to have more pluck.'

How much farther I rode I don't know, but I became conscious of an effort to keep myself in the saddle. I looked up. Before my swimming eyes was a ranch-house and a wind-mill, and men and horses and cattle far, far away. My head dropped on my breast. Another mirage.

A lurch, and I nearly fell from my saddle. This was no mirage. My little bronco's head was straight out, with pointing ears and straining sides. Water! Water! I wanted to shriek, but I could make no sound. It seemed an age to me. With feeble strength I struck at my pony

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with my quirt again and again. Then my horse plunged his head up to his ears in the trough.

I was conscious of hands stretched out to me, and I pointed to the desert. They understood. Two men leaped into their saddles with canteens of water, and galloped back over my trail.

Then began an awful struggle. There was water sparkling in the sun, and they wouldn't let me have it. I fought and struggled, but I was overpowered and carried into the house. A wet sponge was put in my mouth, my clothing was stripped from me, and I was wrapped in moist sheets. But, oh, how could they torture me so! I was dying with thirst, and they only let the blessed water fall drop by drop on my tongue!

At last one of the men poured a teaspoonful of water into my mouth. I tried to swallow it, but it burned like fire. In a little

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Many people suffer a great deal from Kidney and Bladder troubles. During the past few years much of this complaint has been made unnecessary by the use of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are antiseptic and are highly recommended for weak back, backache, rheumatic pains, inflammation of the bladder and all other annoyances due to weak kidneys. They are sold by J. H. Gwyn.

## PIGS.

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