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The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XXII.—THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY JUNE 11, 1891. NO. 32.

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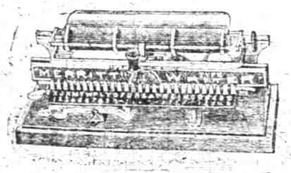

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NEW POLAR EXPEDITION.

The Dangeros Effort to be Tried Again.

The effort to discover the North Pole will be abandoned only when this real or imaginary point is discovered. For two hundred years adventurous men have sacrificed comfort, health, and life itself in the question of this elusive spot, only to be met with disaster and utter failure. And yet the spirit of enterprise, the desire, for exploration, are not subdued. The determination to penetrate this unknown place is as stubborn and persistent as if danger and privation and death had not attended all former attempts. Nothing in previous expeditions hold out at any prospect of success; the survivors of these other journeys are alive to tell the horrowing tale of the awful desolation of that desert of ice and snow, but they can not daunt the hardy and adventurous men who still cherish the hope of final success.

Two expeditions for this purpose are now in the midst of preparations, buoyant with hope confident of success, willing to hazard all risks. One of these will start from Norway in June, under the command of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, a distinguished Norweigan explorer. He is preparing for an absence of five years. His ship will be so constructed that when struck by great masses of ice it will be forced out of the water to the top of the mass. It will be manned by a crew of eight men and fully equipped for the long journey. Dr. Nansen will sail through the Strait into the Artic Ocean, and then follow the current. He believes that a current runs from the coast of Siberia into an open polar sea. His reason for this belief is that after the ill fated Jeannette was abandoned on the north Behring coast, near the mouth of the river Lena, articles believed to belong to this ship were picked up on the west coast of Greenland. Dr. Nansen's theory is that they got into this Siberian current, were carried toward the pole, and then down through Baffin's Bay to the western shores of Greenland. It will be remembered that various scientific societies in Europe have discouraged Dr. Nansen's theories, but he will proceed with his expedition, and we shall not hear of him for five years, if ever.

The second expedition is of a very different nature. It is under the direction of Engineer Robert E. Peary, of the United States Navy who has continued leave of absence for 18 months, commencing May 1. He will conduct his expedition overland through Greenland in a northeasterly direction. Three or four men will compose the party, and they will travel with dogs and sledges. Mr. Peary has previously explored in Greenland, and he is quite certain that these great ice plateaus form the safest and surest route to the North Pole. He feels sure that he will reach the northern limits of the land and find a sea of solid ice, upon which he will continue to travel. His plan meets the approval of Engineer Melville and other Artic explorers. The cost of this expedition will be borne by geographical and other societies. In the latter case it will not be impossible to follow the party up with a rescuing expedition, as has been neccessary in all previons attempts on explorations.

What lies in that impenetrable beyond is for the imagitation alone to depict. It may be only an endless expanse of ice and snow, with nothing to repay the tremendous exertion of finding it except the satisfaction of a universal curiosity. But there has always existed a vision of an open sea an equable climate, vegetation, and it has ever been dreamed that a race of people might live in this wonderland. And restless, daring, inquisitive humanity will continue its research to the end of time, or until all the mystery is solved.

Where Gold Comes From.

The gold taken from the river bars was mostly in the form of scales resembling cucumber seeds, and of varying size. It was most plentiful on the bed-rock and in a few inches of soil above it, though sometimes three or four feet of earth would pay to wash. Where the bed-rock was hard the miner cleaned it, for a shovel full of dirt might contain a few dollars worth in particles. Where the bed-rock was soft shale or slate on edge the miner picked away an inch or so and washed it, as frequently the scales were found to be driven quite thickly into the crevices. When the ground was very rich the rocker was cleansed of gold every hour or two. When work was over, around the supper fire the events of the day were discussed, earnings compared, reports made of grizzly bears or deer being seen or killed, of better diggings of "coarse gold" discovered. This was the hour for speculations as to origin of gold in the rivers, and a strong opinion was entertained by many who were not well-read that immense masses of the precious metal would some day be brought to light in the snow-capped peaks towering to the east. "Coarse gold" was a charm to the ear of the ordinary miner. His claim might be paying him an ounce a day in fine gold, but he was always interested in some reported diggings far away where the product was in lumps, and not infrequently he left a good mine to seek some rich El Dorado. The characteristic and besetting fault of the early miner was unrest. He was forever seeking better fortune. Yet it was this passion for prospecting that resulted in the discovery of gold in an incredible short time from the southern end of San Joaquin Valley to the northern limit of the State. To "prospect" was to find a spot that looked favorable and make an examination of it. The miner would take a pan of earth, shake and gyrate it under water, raising and tipping it frequently to run the dirt and water off, then plunge it again, and so continue until a small residuum of black sand and gold remained. A speck of gold was the "color," several specks were "several colors," and the number and size determined the judgement of the miner whether he should go to work or move on. I have seen ounces taken in this way in a single day, but in a single pan, but in the earlier days we counted a "bit" to the pan, twelve and a half cents, a fair prospect.—Century.

Teaching Your Dog.

The easiest trick to teach a dog is jumping. First put the learner into a corner, and make a bar of a stick—a cane will answer the purpose—so that he can not get out of the corner except by jumping over it. Do this until he jumps over the stick without hesitation, when you may gradually raise the height of the bar any required distance from the floor. After the trick has been learned in the corner, it may be tried in the center of the room. Later on you may make a hoop of your arms and teach your pupil to jump through it, and after a while a real hoop. Possibly with tissue paper may be substituted with good result.

Another easy trick is sitting up. As in the first trick, begin in a corner. Place the pupil in a sitting position, so that his back finds support against the walls, and by tapping him slightly under the chin force him to sit up. After some practice he can do this without much effort. Now accustom him to sit up without any back supiport. It is harder to make a dog stand erect than to do either of the two tricks just described. As before it, should begin in the corner. If the learner tries to come down before the lesson is over tap his chin and the bottom of his forepaws with the whip.

When he can stand erect he should be taught to walk. This is done by holding out a piece of meat or some dainty morsel on a level with his mouth, and then slowly backing away from him so as to induce him to follow. After he has walked a few steps tell him to stand on his four feet and give him the bait that you have encouraged him with.

Let me say right here that you should never let your dog come to the end of any trick without your commanding him to do so. It should never be left to a dog's own judgment to bring a preformance to a close. You should be the master of ceremonies all the way through—at the end as well as at the begining of the show. Never exercise your pupil for two long a time at a stretch. You may weary him and make him dread the lesson hour.—[Dr. Glover, in Harper's Young People.

What a Journalist Is.

After his lecture before the journalistic class at Cornell University a sophomore asked Eli Perkins when he became a journalist.

"Never," said Eli, "but I do hope that after twenty years' more experience to be a newspaper-man."

"Well, what is the difference?" asked the sophomore.

"Just this, my son," said Eli. "A callow reporter calls himself a journalist. As George Welshons says, 'in his first tadpole stage, when his head is swelled,' he is a journalist. If he finally shows great brain and industry and escapes the fool-killer, he may become a reporter. After years of study and toil, and when his brain is stuffed with wisdom, wit, and discretion enough to kill his own editorials and 'make up' a sixteen-page Sunday edition, then I say he's a newspaper-man."

"Then that is as high in the profession as he can get?"

"Yes, he is now a pinnacle. By and by, when he gets lazy and stupid they reduce him to the position of editor."

"An editor is a decayed newspaper-man with bunions on his brain, chilblains on his heart, corns in his ears, and warts and dyspepsia on his liver. The business of the editor is to sleep up-town all day and at night he prowls around a newspaper office, and at midnight he takes a blue pencil and assinates every bright and readable idea that the smart reporters have brought in during the day."

"The editor is all epithet while the reporter is all proof. The editor calls a man a chicken thief and gets sued for libel, while the reporter, kodak in hand, interviews him while picking off the feathers in his back-yard, and the next day the thief takes a whole advertisement to shut up the newspaper."

"No," continued Eli, "I hope I am a newspaper-man, and I dread the time when I shall get old and stupid and have to kill my own bright things which made the people glad, sold newspapers, and made Americans know me."—Brandon Buckeye.

Written for The Watchman.

The Dignity of Labor.

By Prof. Owen H. Bishop.

People used to say it, even if they did not think it, that there was *dignity* in labor, but we have long ago outlived even the idea of such a thing. Now what do we mean by the *dignity* of any calling? We mean that the pursuit of it calls forth the respect of mankind and that it has an ennobling effect upon ourselves and those around us. Well then, you see at once that to speak of labor being dignified now-a-days is the greatest piece of nonsense, even in poetry! In the early ages of the world, when the decree "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread all the days of thy life" held good everyone was forced to work or starve, for without helps to labor in the shape of machinery it was as much as could be done by all working to supply each with sufficient food, clothes and shelter. In those times, when all had to *work*, they considered it dignified to labor; but now in the nineteenth century, when all try to *shirk*, to labor is thought dishonorable. It is exactly this endeavor, by nearly everyone in our time, *to shirk*, which has dishonored labor, and trampled the sons of toil into the very earth. There is a certain amount of work, my friends, which must be done to carry the world on, and what a coward! what a despicable one is he who willingly and wilfully casts his share of the burden upon the shoulders of his brother! It is no wonder that Christianity, like the *dignity* of labor, is simply a flowery word, nothing more. No wonder at all, indeed, when man, degraded man, disdains God, who made the world. "Six days shalt thou labor" because God labored, and this is why humanity tried, in by-gone days, to ennoble labor and the laborer, and succeeded up to the time of the setting up of the gods Aurum and Argentum (gold and silver). All honor, we say, to those who toil and let us pity them that are idle and useless. Do not let us envy them, and then, perhaps the time may come when they will be ashamed to be drones in the human hive. Man is surely gone astray, and nothing but education can rescue him. Let a man be ever such a worthless fellow, if he only dons a fine coat our first impulse is to respect him while the toiler, however skillful and worthy, if clad in working attire, usually meets with indifference and calls forth notions of disdain. We admit that nice clothing or anything nice, is pleasing and most desirable, but there are innumerable kinds of absolutely necessary work which cannot be done in fine garments, (a cat in mittens catches no mice,) why then does our first impulse move us to despise a person in rough, if suitable, clothing? Naturally we should expect people to ridicule men if they wore garments unsuited to their occupation, e. g. if a man ploughed in broadcloth, run an engine in a plug hat or worked in a coal mine in dancing shoes! It is our lack of education my friends, and our need of logical thought that start us out into the world wrong. We are told that man is a *thinking* animal, that we are *reasoning* (though not often *reasonable*) beings; therefore let us get upon our feet, for we cannot think with our heads on the ground, and it will not be long ere we give the lie to the dishonor of labor and restore the ancient truth to the *dignity* of labor!

From Bethany Academy.

Correspondence of the Watchman.

The cotton is dying and the crop looks still more like a failure.

Julius Kirk had his skull fractured while walling a well at Gold Hill, by careless hands letting rock roll in on him.

Strawberries are about gone. Blackberries will be next and the crop promises to be exceedingly large.

One hundred and fifty more sheep went from Stanly to Ashe several days ago.

John Wagoner, of Stanly, is building a store at Rockwell. A third will follow soon.

Andy Crowell, colored, had his house burned about two weeks ago. Everything it contained, five beds, a cook stove, a good sewing machine and a new set of furniture was burned. Some time ago his wife ran away with his horse and buggy and $200 in money. His friends are helping him build a house.

The civil engineer of the Roanoke & Southern railroad is laying out a preliminary line through Gold Hill. We understand two preliminaries will be run—one by Salisbury, the other by Lexington—and then the cheapest will be selected.

The star route mail line from Salisbury to Albemarle run its last trip last Saturday week. The mail came on the train Monday. The train now runs from Salisbury to Norwood. The post offices are still held at their old places, and carriers are employed to take the mail from the train to the offices.

The rukus caused by the tearing away of the side track at Peelersville was unnecessary, for it will be replaced. The track was needed to complete the line before time run up.

DRUSUS.

June 2, 1891.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

PHILADELPHIA.

The New City Hall—Some Facts About a Vast Building.

Correspondence of the Watchman.

I promised you, while in Salisbury, some items occasionally for your paper. I have failed to redeem my promise on the grounds of having forgotten both the name of the paper and of its pleasant editor. To-day something suggested to me the name Ramsey, and I at once thought of your honor; hence, I now write.

I have seen wonderful things all among the great cities, in which I classify the New York World building, the Brooklyn bridge, the Statue of Liberty, and to your readers I will give some mention of the new city hall of Philadelphia.

The building is 486½ feet from north to south, 470 feet from east to west, covering an area of 4½ acres of ground. Its tower is 537⅓ feet high, and they are now putting a bronze statue of Penn on its top, which will make it 116 feet higher. The base of the tower is 90 feet. The centre of the clock's face is 361 feet from the ground, and the face is 20 feet in diameter. The hall has 520 rooms, all built of beautiful marble, mixed with polished granite. The building has already cost $14,000,000, and the cost is still going on.

When I looked upon this stupendous affair and thought of the real needs of institutions which are trying intellectually and morally to better the race, the scriptural expression in regard to the ointment poured upon Christ's feet came to my mind: "Why was this waste of ointment made?"

Persons standing upon this tower at work appear to persons upon the ground no larger than four or five year old boys. It will be, when completed, the highest tower known to men. Of course the pyramids of Egypt are higher, but they are not towers.

I am on my way south. I cannot stand the climate of these northern cities. I have seen snow or frost almost every day. I have been in New York. La grippe has had its hold upon me for fifteen days, and I am longing for the sunny land of birds and flowers. I find, too, that the hearts of these northern men are about as cold as their climate.

I will be in Salisbury, on Saturday and Sunday, 13th and 14th of June.

Success to your paper.

R. L. ABERNETHY,
Pres. Rutherford College.

The Aurora in Alaska.

During the winter months the aurora on the Yukon, in Alaska, is very brilliant and intensely beautiful. It commences in early fall, and lasts, with more or less intensity, throughout the long Arctic winter. It generally commences upon the setting of the sun, although, in midwinter, it was visible at noon when the sun was shining brightly. In that region the rays of light first shoot forth with a quick, quivering motion, are then gathered and form a great arch of fire spanning the heavens. It glows for an instant like a girdle of burnished gold, then unfolding itself, great columns of light drop forth. These royal mantles of bright orange, green, pink, rose, yellow and crimson are suspended and wave between heaven and earth as with an invisible hand. The rapid gyrations and scintillations of light and blending colors are intensely bewildering and superbly beautiful. The whole phenomena of waving wreaths, flickering flames, rays, curtains, fringes, bands and flashing colors; the strange confusion of light and motion now high in the heavens, then dropping like a curtain of gold and silver lace, jewelled with a wealth of rubies, sapphires, emeralds and diamonds, penetrating dark gulches and darting through sombre forests, lighting the whole landscapes with a thousand million electric lamps, forms a picture of which words can convey but a very meagre idea. The unwarming light as it flashes along the frozen rivers, the great banks of snow, and reveals huge mountains of ice, and the long dark limbs of evergreens is, indeed, a scene of pure arctic caste; one that causes the spectator to button his coat closer over his chest with an inward shiver as he views this wealth of frigid light. It has been said that no native of an arctic country can long view an auroral display without an almost uncontrollable desire to enter his hut and the glow of a fire of far less brilliancy but one much more valuable for its life-giving warmth. The light of the aurora materially assists miners of Alaska during the short arctic day, by enabling them to work when it would otherwise be dark.—St. Louis Republic.

Our dear little daughter was terribly sick,
Her bowels were bloated as hard as a brick,
We feared she would die
Till we happened to try
Pierce's Pellets—they cured her, remarkably quick.

Never be without Pierce's Pellets in the house. They are gentle and effective in action and give immediate relief in cases of indigestion, biliousness and constipation. They do their work thoroughly and leave no bad effects. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One at a dose. Best Liver Pill made.

The Way of the Speculator.

Like the way of all transgressors, the way of the speculator is hard. Only a short time ago the most interesting figure connected with the Chicago Board of trade was B. P. Huchinson, commonly called "Old Hutch." He was a great speculator, having money, nerve and original ideas. When the general impression was that wheat was going down, "Hutch" bought wheat and forced it up. When all indications seemed to point to an advance in wheat, "Hutch" sold wheat and kept it down. Wheat speculation is carried on in this way. "Hutch" believes that it is going up, another speculator that is going down. "Hutch" offers $1.00 for wheat to be delived to him thirty days days hence. When this contract is made he turns to another speculator and offers $1.01, $1.02, etc., gradually pushing the price up for future delivery. Then he sends his agents or broker out to buy all the wheat they can get. When the thirty days' time is up, the men who have agreed to deliver the wheat cannot get hold of it, it is all controlled by the "Old Hutch." Wheat is high and the men who have agreed to deliver it are forced to settle, paying him the difference between the market price and the price they had agreed to pay for it thirty days before.

Hutchison was shrewd and bold, and in this way he made a great deal of money. He had not confined his dealings to grain but bought and sold meat and other products. He had made so much money that the people began to look upon him as a great power, having some secret knowledge of prices. To say that he was selling wheat was sufficient to put the prices down or that he was buying it to put it up. Only a year or two ago he made a great corner in wheat—the result was bankruptcy of one firm and of one or two banks, and he was left absolute dictator of the market. It is said that "Hutch" was at one time worth $19,000,000, but these figures are not by any means to be accepted as trustworthy. When a man begins to make money and spend a little of it, his wealth, in popular imagination, grows to immense proportions. At any rate, "Hutch" was worth millions, and that was only a few months ago.

On Wednesday, April 29th, Hutchinson did not appear at the Board of Trade. He could not be found at his usual haunts nor at his office. His family did not know what had become of him. Men to whom he had sold wheat failed to find him. He was unable to deliver the wheat he had sold. Prices were going up every day, and Hutchison lost thousands of dollars every hour. Only a few months ago he was king of the grain market; today he is a wanderer, his prestige is gone, his opinions are worthless, and none are so good as to do him honor, and on 'Change his word, his note or his bond is worthless.

Fortunes made as Hutchinson made his, soon disappears. Horace Greely says, "Fame is a vapor, riches take wings." Riches made as Hutchinson made his, as Daniel Drew made his, as Jay Cooke and Ives made theirs, bring little comfort and nothing except vexation of spirit, and in a little while are gone.—Chicago Times.

"The Railroad of Love"

"I got a queer request from a conductor for a pass the other day," said a prominent Chicago railroad man in the Southern corridor. "He asked for a pass to one point for a young lady whom he designated as Miss Parker, and from there to Chicago for the young lady as Mrs. Elliott, his own name. I enquired how this was, and when I received the explanation I allowed the passes.

"He was on his regular run and did not care to lay off a day, even though he was going to be married. He had his home all nicely furnished in Chicago and the lady was to meet him at the station where her parents lived. A minister was to board the train also, and they were to be married on board his train. Everything went off all right and they were married according to the programme. The only trouble was that the marriage ceremony was a little longer than he expected and he had to suspend operations for a couple of minutes for his train to make a station.

"They are now quietly living in Chicago and have a very pretty little home. The train crew furnished the witnesses to the ceremony, and altogether it was an ideal railroad man's wedding. Several presents were received by the young couple, and the passengers took up a purse, which they gave to the bride."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Derivation of Buckram.

Buckram, so-called from Bokhara, where it was originally made in the Middle Ages, was much esteemed for being costly and fine, and fit for use in church vestments and for secular personal ware. John Grandison, Bishop of Exeter, England in 1327, gave to his cathedral flags of white and red buckram, and among the five very rich veils for covering the movable lantern in that church three were lined with blue buckram. As late as the beginning of the sixteenth century this stuff was held good enough for lining to a black velvet gown for Queen Elizabeth.—Dry Goods Chronicle.