

The Messenger.

MESSANGER PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS.

J. W. COUNT, Editor. W. M. H. WHITE, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00

Entered at the Post Office at Marion, N. C., for transmission through the mails, as second-class matter.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1898.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

FOR JUDGES OF SUPERIOR COURT.

- First District—George H. Brown, Jr., of Beaufort. Second District—Henry R. Bryan, of Craven. Fifth District—Thomas J. Shaw, of Guilford. Sixth District—Oliver H. Allen, of Lenoir. Seventh District—Thomas A. McNeill, of Robeson. Eleventh District—W. A. Hoke, of Lincoln.

FOR CONGRESS.

Ninth Congressional District—W. T. Crawford.

One of the difficult questions which the Republican campaigners will have to deal with this fall is the deficit of upwards of \$42,000,000 that the Treasury statement shows to have existed at the close of the fiscal year on the 30th of June. The cleverest manipulation of figures cannot make it plain why, even with an expenditure of \$56,000,000 for war purposes, the Treasury, which had received \$64,000,000 from the sale of the Pacific railroad, should still show a shortage of \$42,000,000.

The buttons of the "White Government Union," the new Democratic order in North Carolina, have made their appearance, and more attention is being paid to politics now than the war has ended.

It is said that some 25,000 Democrats in the North Carolina failed to vote in the last election. It is to be hoped that in the coming campaign every man advocating good government in the State will feel it his duty to cast his vote for the right men to give it to us. It is far too important for any man to hold back and let his neighbor do his work for him. And it is not only the duty of each citizen to cast his own vote for the right men, but to use his voice and time in seeing that his neighbor does likewise.—Wilson News.

R. N. Hackett, while here yesterday, told a Sentinel man a story which sounds rather "fishy," but he says he can furnish proof to any doubting Thomases. He has a farm in Wilkes which is strictly Democratic. The tenant is white and only white oak white pine and white hickory grow on it. Even the blackberries are white. The tenant recently caught two white squirrels on the farm and Mr. Hackett has been advised that white ghosts have been seen in and around it.—Winston Sentinel.

The county jail is very nearly full. There will be two capital cases—one for burglary, the other for murder—at the September term of court. There is no doubt less burglary in North Carolina than any other State in the Union. The reason no doubt is that North Carolina is the only State that enforces the death penalty for this offense. Some time ago the New York Herald mentioned this fact and said that it might be well for other States to follow the example of North Carolina.—Goldboro Argus.

It is always gratifying to receive testimonials for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and when the endorsement is from a physician it is especially so. "There is no more satisfactory or effective remedy than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Dr. R. E. Robey, of Olney, Mo.; and as he has used the Remedy in his own family and sold it in his drug store for six, he should certainly know. For sale by M. F. Morphey.

Russia is said to have ordered two battleships and three protected cruisers from the Cramps of Philadelphia.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by White & Yancey, Marion; W. H. Dissaway, Old Fort.

Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, in discussing Europe's hot wave, reiterates his theory about the connection of sun spots and weather changes.

Two Millions a Year. When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascares candy cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved, that Cascares are the most delicate bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c a box, cure guaranteed.

OUR KLONDIKE LETTER.

A Perilous Voyage Into the Golden Valley of the Yukon.

INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP.

Building a Boat Under Difficulties—Exciting Plunges Through yawning Canyons—Prospects by No Means Encouraging—Disputed With the Whole Scheme.

From Our Special Correspondent.

When I last wrote to THE MESSENGER it was to tell of our tedious journey across the mountains from Skagway to Lake Bennett. It covered a distance of 50 miles and was filled with extreme hardships, taking us weeks of labor and great suffering from cold to finish it. But the end of May found us, camp and outfit, at the head of Lake Bennett, eager to make preparation for our long voyage down into the golden valley of the Yukon. The first thing to be considered was the boat. To buy one, meant to pay \$250 cash for it; to build one, two weeks of hard work. So my partner and myself took up our tools. My boat building experience in Uncle Sam's shipyard proved very valuable here. We whipsawed lumber for our frame and jointed her up smoothly and rapidly. The next thing was plank. I left my partner working on the frame, and I worked for the boat company, cementing bottoms. I got \$5 a day for a few days, and took my pay in lumber. By Saturday, the 12th of June, we had a "smart little schooner as ever sailed the seas." When we launched her on the lake I christened her "Woodlawn," and she glided out like the moonbeams through the old oaks at home. She dipped as dry a bottom as the sea gull's breast. In rhythmic words, "she sailed like a top, and didn't leak a drop." Her tonnage was 2,000 pounds, but we had only about 1,800 pounds of freight to put on, so we were sure of safe balance. We took her out on a trial trip and she sailed nicely, but the wind went down and we had to row back to camp. Not a heavy row, although our boat drew 14 inches of water.

Sunday was a rest day. We straightened up camp, sunned our clothes, cleaned up cooking utensils and ourselves, and put on summer clothes, for it is getting hot here now. The mosquitos have arrived, and truly they are the terror of men's lives in this country. Have to wear masks nearly all the time, especially in the evenings when it is calm. They don't bother much when the wind blows. This is a funny country; no spring; no fall; changes from winter to summer in less than a week. We have no darkness at all now. Can read a paper 24 hours right along.

Monday, June 13th, we broke camp at 9 o'clock, embarked on our gumtree canoe and started for Yukon, whistling. We had to row about 7 miles—no wind. Palled ashore at 12:30, built a fire, made a cup of coffee and ate a good lunch. Shortly a favorable wind blew up, and you ought to have seen us hustle into the boat and hoist sail. We don't pull oars if the wind will push us along, you may be sure. We sailed down Lake Bennett in the best shape possible. My partner and I take it time about steering when the wind is good. When he steers I can sit by the mast and write in my diary. There were about fifty boats in sight all day. We could see their white wings all around us. The formation of the country changes as you go down. The high mountain sides came right to the water's edge above, but now along a sandy beach and rolling land back. Lots of campers along the shore.

Wednesday morning we reached Tagish House and drew up in line to have our boat numbered and registered. This is the government headquarters for the north-west mounted police. They have quite a camp here in a pretty pine grove near the beach. All the boats are registered and inspected and the customs papers gone over again. Our boat number is 13,518.

Our sail down the lakes so far was very pleasant. We were hardly ever out of speaking distance of some party in front, behind or on the side. An endless fleet of boats coming down all the time. Several scows along loaded with horses and donkeys (back animals going down to Dawson)—18 donkeys on one scow. The world never knew such a stampede as this. Not one in a hundred has any idea where he is going. When we pass Mile's Canyon and White Horse Rapids all will begin to scatter. I have no intention of

going to Dawson myself; will prospect between here and there somewhere and go home in the fall.

We now entered Lake Marsh. A strait, 4 miles long, connects Tagish Lake with Lake Marsh. These lakes are from 2 to 5 miles wide, narrow in some places and wide at others, of course. The mountains now are 8 or 10 miles back from the lakes. We are down in the flat or rolling lands. Much more timber and underbrush here than above, and all along here it reminds one so much of the Potomac, near its mouth on the Chesapeake—just such a country exactly. Sitting on a stump in camp that morning, I could see the following names on boats near me: First, "Nadine," then "The Nugget," "Salter," "Joe Miller," "Dot," "Fortune," and so on down the line. It was a still day, Wednesday, when we left Tagish House, so after drifting down the current 5 or 6 miles, through the strait and into Marsh Lake, we rowed over to a point and tried to land and camp for the night. But we found the water too shallow to get within 50 feet of the shore. We put on our rubber boots and waded ashore to get a stake, to which when firmly driven down we tied our boat. We got some stove wood, set the stove up in the boat, had supper, made the bed down on top of the goods in the boat, and prepared to turn in for the night. Just at this time a breeze sprang up from the south and we set sail on our course. I sailed her all night in a lovely breeze and got nearly across Marsh Lake, 25 miles, by next morning. The wind went down and we pulled ashore. I took an hour's nap and had a good breakfast. We had fresh onions very plentiful all along the beach there; young and tender, too. About 10 o'clock a favorable breeze sprang up again and it was Hopley's turn to sail, so he steered out of Marsh Lake into Forty-mile River, leading down to White Horse Rapids. The current carries the boat along nicely from 2 to 5 miles an hour. Smooth, clear water; no rocks anywhere. The river is about 200 yards wide all the way down, with grassy banks. Really a pretty section of country. The river though is as crooked as a ram's horn. Several Indian villages along the banks. The Indians want to sell fish to the pilgrims as they pass, but want \$1, a price for the fish which is quite out of reach of these "busted" Klondikers.

About 6 o'clock Thursday evening, June 16th, we reached the famous Mile's Canyon, 2 miles above White Horse Rapids, and there tied up to the bank for the night. After supper we walked down to inspect the canyon. At first glance it did look a little "squeamish," does to anyone, and my partner remarked: "Well, we have at last come to the jumping-off place. I wouldn't go through there for a thousand dollars." I had some confidence in my ability to handle a boat, and since thousands of others went through safely, I made up my mind at once to shoot our boat through first thing next morning, if I could find any one to pull the oars.

The canyon is in two parts; first a whirlpool, the outlet of which is the first part of the canyon; then a second whirlpool and an outlet through a gorge, as in the first case. These gorges are about 12 and 14 yards wide and 400 yards long each, with perpendicular rock sides of 75 and 100 feet. Through these narrow channels the water from that big river above rushes down an incline at the rate of 18 miles an hour. You can imagine how the water rolls and boils and foams through there. Fortunately, however, these canyons are almost entirely straight, so a boat can keep a straight course. If they were crooked it would be almost impossible to get a boat through in safety. The main desideratum, getting a boat through safely as it is, is to get a straight start from the whirlpool at the upper end of the canyons and keep the boat straight all the way through—the boat shoots through in just a few minutes.

After these two canyons comes White Horse Rapids proper, just below. The banks are not so high; in fact, flat on one side, with perpendicular wall on opposite side. But the water is even swifter than in the canyons, being 22 miles an hour. Right in the rapids is a bend, and worse still, when the

river narrows down to about 15 yards wide at extreme lower end of rapids there is a "jump off" or fall of 5 feet. A young Niagara, sure enough. My goodness! how the water does boil in there and in the last whirlpool below. It got its name, I am told, from the fact that the rolling and breaking of the watercaps look like a series of white horses trying to jump over one another. The water piles up and bursts in the middle several feet higher than on the sides. The point of getting the boat through the rapids is the same as the canyon—get the boat near the center and keep it there in a straight line; steady it well and "turn it loose."

In the whirlpool below the rapids, our boat was caught in the whirl and turned around three times before we could get her out, and the water dashed over her right sharply. Nine of every ten get caught the same way. In fact, it is almost impossible to avoid it. Well, my partner would not go through, or as they say there, "shoot the rapids," so I exchanged work with another party. Friday morning, the boat being packed, with canvas tacked all over her to keep out the spray, I got an oarsman from the other party and started. I knew I could steer a boat about as well as many that went through that place, so was perfectly cool and laughing at the fellow pulling the oars to keep his courage up, for he seemed to be somewhat "on the tremble." But when we landed below the rapids he said: "No, sir; I wasn't scared a bit." I got a bee-line start and away I went rejoicing through the canyon and on through the rapids like a cork out of a beer bottle. Tied my boat up below and went back and steered the other party's boat through, a party of four, one of whose men helped me through. It was all over in a little while, and we shook hands in our delight of getting through safely. Thus we "rode the white horse" and went on our way with something to talk about. There are pilots there to steer boats through, but they charge \$25 a trip, which every one can not pay. There are also two tramways around the canyon and rapids—flat cars running on pine poles for tracks and drawn by horses, but their charges are one cent a pound. Friday, the day we went through, three boats and outfits were wrecked and one man, a negro, drowned in the rapids. I saw one of the boats wrecked in the canyon. The helmsman didn't know his business and let her dash herself to pieces against a rock.

Two negro men and a white man were taking their boat down and somehow let it get sideways in the rapids. The water broke over her and filled her, and then as the men were about to jump, in an instant a wave caught her and bottom side up she turned before you could wink an eye. One negro swam until a line could be thrown to him; the white man clung to the boat and was rescued below, but the other negro was drawn under by the boiling water and never seen again. The third boat tore herself to pieces in the canyon, but the men were all saved.

We left White Horse Rapids and drifted down the river six miles and made a camp for the night most willingly. The morning's experience had tired us, nerve and body. Saturday, June 18th, we floated down stream to the mouth of the river, which is the head of Lake La Barge. We were there becalmed for three hours, so pulled ashore and had lunch. At 5 o'clock the wind sprang up and we sailed to an island by 10 o'clock, where we tied up for Sunday. The island is three miles long by one wide, and almost tropical in its vegetation. Abundant beds of roses and a great variety of other flowers. The soil is very rich, and the days long and hot, so flowers and other short-lived vegetation can flourish luxuriantly. The germs are waited here by the trade winds from southern countries, so it is supposed.

Monday morning, June 20th, fair wind came up and we started early across La Barge. Had good wind all day and reached end of lake about 4 p. m. Here we entered Thirty-mile River, one of the most dangerous waters on the entire route, on account of so many hidden rocks in its channel—rocks that are just under the water and on which deepdraft boats get wrecked. Thirty mile is the name

of the river from La Barge to the mouth of the Hootalingna. We passed 18 or 20 wrecks and crippled boats on Thirty-mile. More Indian villages and more fish for sale. We reached the Hootalingna and camped. Here we found another police post and had to report our number.

Tuesday morning we passed the mouth of the Hootalingna and entered what is called the Lewis River, but is really the Yukon. Now we begin in earnest to study the gold diggings in that neighborhood and to pick up all the information we could get, for it was and had been our intention all along to stop in the Pelly River district, and we were nearing that river's mouth.

It was reported in Seattle that rich strikes had been made near the mouth of the Hootalingna. We met several parties there who had been digging all spring and were planning and waiting for some way to get out. They had come in on the ice and had no boats. They said the whole thing was a humbug, and not 500 worth of gold had ever been taken out of the Hootalingna valley. We went on down a few miles and camped early in the afternoon in order to prospect in a gulch there. We found "colors," but no indication to induce us to tarry.

Wednesday we reached the mouth of the Big Salmon. A good many boats there and some prospecting going on in the vicinity, but nothing so far has been found. The people we meet, like ourselves, are beginning to feel and look disappointed. We passed Cassiar Bar; not a boat there nor a living soul at work. It was positively stated that anybody with a "rocker" could pan out \$10 to \$15 a day on Cassiar Bar all summer, and we intended stopping to see. It is a thorough boom, like all the rest of this Klondike business.

The Lewis River is high and smooth, and considered one quarter of a mile wide, but more in places. We all began to feel disgusted with the layout, and felt as if we were drifting we knew not where. This stampede is the biggest "white elephant" the world ever saw. I have known it for a good while, but I am going to see it through. I dare say when I get back I will be mad at everybody who says "Klondike" to me. I will be ashamed of having been gulled into such a scheme. Our camping experience is somewhat pleasant, but our prospects are by no means encouraging. I killed a squirrel in camp this morning, so will have fresh meat for supper. Two were running around and I got one with my pistol, but the other ran off. I fear I left a widow in that family of squirrels. The squirrels here are brown. A bald eagle flew into camp the other day, but soon flew out again.

CHAS. M. CORPENING. (Continued next week.)

Cascara's candy cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. Corpening's, 25c, 50c, Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy always affords prompt relief. For sale by M. F. Morphey.

Steps have been taken by Gen. Miles to suppress the riots in Porto Rico, caused by the enmity of the Spaniards and natives.

Priceless Pain

"If a price can be placed on pain, 'Mother's Friend' is worth its weight in gold as an alleviator. My wife suffered more in ten minutes with either of her other two children than she did all together with her last, having previously used four boxes of 'Mother's Friend.' It is a blessing to any one expecting to become a mother."—S. J. Customer.

Thus writes Henderson Dale, Druggist, of Carmit, Ill., to the Bradford Regulator Company of Atlanta, Ga., the proprietors and manufacturers of "Mother's Friend." This successful remedy is not one of the many internal medicines advertised to do unreasonable things, but a scientifically prepared liniment especially effective in adding strength and elasticity to those parts of woman's organism which bear the severest strains of childbirth.

The liniment may be used at any and all times during pregnancy up to the very hour of confinement. The earlier it is begun, and the longer used, the more perfect will be the result, but it has been used during the last month only with great benefit and success.

It not only shortens labor and lessens the pain attending it, but greatly diminishes the danger to life of both mother and child, and leaves the mother in a condition more favorable to speedy recovery. "Mother's Friend" is sold by druggists at \$1.00, or sent by express on receipt of price. Valuable book for women, "Before Baby is Born," sent free on application. THE BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

A Sure Thing for You. A transaction in which you cannot lose a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, farrow tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish bowels. Cascara's candy cathartic, the wonderful laxative, keeps it clean by stirring up the food and helping it to pass through the bowels. Begins acting in half an hour. Sold by all druggists. Guaranteed to cure. Try a box today. 10c, 25c, 50c. Sample and booklet free at all druggists.

MASON'S FRUIT JARS, Quarts and half-gallons. JELLY GLASSES, Half-pints and thirds. Apple Paring, Coring and Slicing MACHINES Found with other goods you may call for at a Well-Stocked Hardware Store. Marion Hardware Company.

YOU DON'T WASTE Money when you buy good books. You don't waste time when you read them. In fact you could not invest time and money to a better advantage than buying and reading good books, and it does not take a big investment to pay handsomely. A little can add much to your pleasure and profit if you purchase a few volumes of the new books next week. ... AT SWINDELL'S.

If Dysart Sells It You May Know It is Good and Not Too High. DO YOU WANT TO DRESS WELL? Then see our new lines, Spring and Summer, percales, dimities, organdies, for evening dresses, Irish dress linen, lawns, plaids, silks for any purpose, calicoes, dotted swiss and trimmings; general line of Gentlemen's Negligee Shirts. Also, Shoes (the Douglass Shoes), Hardware, Farming Implements, Harness Goods and Saddles, Lime and Cement, and Groceries. J. S. DYSART. Marion, N. C., May 6, 1898.—t f.

DON'T BE ALARMED! SAMPSON AND SCHLEY WILL TAKE CARE OF THE SPANIARDS. Come right along and Buy your Supplies of us Cheaper than ever. We are determined by the aid of our friends to make 1898 OUR BANNER YEAR in the Mercantile business. All Light Dress Goods, Laces, Straw Hats, Low-Cut Shoes, etc., at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. A Full Stock Shoes, Extra Pants, Fur Hats, etc. Our Stock of Dry Goods is Brimfull of Bargains. Nissen Wagons, Syracuse Plows, always on hand. McCALL & CONLEY.

MARION INSTITUTE. Marion, North Carolina. A School of high grade, non-sectarian, but under decided religious influence. The fourth session will begin on Monday, September 5, 1898, and close June 8, 1899. Holidays: Thanksgiving, Christmas week, New Year's day and Easter. TERMS—From \$10 to \$30 per session, payable monthly. No deduction for holidays or for absence, except in cases of protracted sickness. Fuel Fee, 20 cents for each pupil each half term. Pupils are regarded as being entered for the full term of six months, except under special agreement with the principal. J. E. GUY, PRINCIPAL.

THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE. Offers the young women of the State thorough professional, literary, classical, scientific, and industrial education. Annual expenses \$30 to \$170. Faculty of 30 members. More than 400 regular students. Has matriculated about 1,500 students, representing every county in the State except two. Practice and Observation School of about 200 pupils. To secure board in dormitories, all free tuition applications must be made before August 1. Correspondence invited from those desiring competent trained teachers. For catalogue and other information, address PRESIDENT McIVER, GREENSBORO, N. C.

1853. 1898. RUTHERFORD COLLEGE, Burke County, North Carolina. Offers to his customers an absolutely correct stock of Drugs and Patent Medicines. TURNIP SEEDS, All Good and Dependable Varieties. FOR TREASURER. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer for McDowell county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary and County Convention. W. M. GOODSON.

FOR CLERK OF COURT. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Superior Court of McDowell county, subject to the action of the Democratic party. THOMAS MORRIS. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Treasurer of McDowell county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary election. J. L. WILSON. July 11, 1898.