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foam, and as I sit before the fire in cided thoughts of eternity. Once a the quiet evening hours, I often recall the wild adventures of my early manhood. They were upon the ocean, along the shores of various lands, and associated with the capture of the whale. Many of the books within my reach are full of interest, but I am not just now in a reading mood; and as my good wife is at this moment nodding over some of her fancy knitting. I will have a pen-and-ink talk with you, my friend, about the times of old.

Within the entire range of natural history there is nothing in my opinion which can give to the general student a more profound interest than the whale, and nothing in all the various pursuits of mankind possesses a more exciting and thrilling field of adventure than that of hunting the whale.

My experiences as whaler have been chiefly as an officer, and I have both mace and lost a good deal of money, sailing from New London and New Bedford.

I cannot here go deeply into the natural history of the whale family, but will give you their names and a few particulars. The sperm whales, which sometimes move in schools of two or three thousand, and at the rate of six miles per hour, are supplied with teeth, attain their full growth in twenty years, and often yie_{id} 150 barrels of oil, in addition to their sperm. Next in importance is the black or right whole, which has no teeth, but "carries a bone in his mouth" which all nations have admired and coveted. And then come the hump-back, fin-back, and sulfaur bottom whales, which in different degrees are sought for by the men who go down to the sea in disps.

If we can believe anything that is assorted by the wise average man of cience, the whale would never make as it is in reality a ounda fish a

a warm-blooded animal, appendages called fins or in reality its less; its e that of man and other ving two cavities, and doduty in the line of circu-It is not the offspring but is horn alive. What called blowholes of the nothing but its nos whalehone_of commerce

My hair is as white as the salt sea | have frequently suggested very defellow dragged me downward into the sea "full forty fathoms," judging by my feelings; and on another occasion I happened to be on the back of a big sperm whale when he made a start. and holding on to the harpoon, I traveled for a short time in a circle at the rate of thirty miles per hour, when I thought it expedient to slide into the sea and trust to being picked up by one of the boats forming the hunting party. And what will strike you as a lish story, but it is true, before I was rescued I actually went within an ace of swimming directly into the mouth of another whale which was strolling along the spot as if anxious to inquire about the general commotion going on. The largest right whale I ever saw

was captured off the coast of Kamschatka by one of my crews, and it was during the same year that I procured 1 full ship of 3200 barrels of oil and 10,060 pounds of whalebone within the space of sixty days. When the monster just mentioned was killed, the sea was very rough. After the boats had been lowered, it was necessary to move them with great care, lest an unlucky wave should carry us on too of the whale, and this actually happened, for when I called upon the harpooner to fasten, he did so, when our boat was instantly thrown upward, and one man killed. Fortunately, before the boat filled, I had time to put a fatal lance into the whale, and we were rescued by another hoat. As I was getting in, I saw near by the body of the killed man, in a standing po sition, a few feet below the surface of the water, when by diving I caught him by the ear, but a big wave came, causing me to lose my hold, and the body of our brave comrade went . .wn out of sight in the blue waters. Into this whale we were obliged to send succession of lances, and he spouted blood and disgorged food for six hours, having in that time lost what we estimated at a hundred barrels of blood alone. But I must tell you something more about this hero of Kamschatka. He was as long as our ship, and she measured 120 feet; his greatest girth 5 feet, head 39 feet long, and flukes a) feet head as feet only, and a) feet broad. His lips alone thirty bar els of oil; thro tongus the me amount, and tal yis blubber was

happened to me at New Zealand a great many years ago. I had killed : whale, and having stripped off the blubber cast off the carcass. The wind and tide landed it high and dry on the shore. A few weeks afterwards, on visiting this spot. I found that a whole family of natives had eaten their way into the carcass and turned it into a habitation; and this was anything but a "sweet home," and its influence-

such as it was-prevaded the whole country for miles around. And now, my good friend, I will con-

tinue my yarns, which I tell you are all true, with a brief dash at the sea-serpent. I am a believer in the veritable existence of such a creature. I once saw a specimen in the South Atlantic Ocean, near the Ascension Islands, He was at least sixty feet long, and I followed him with a bold crew for at least two miles, but he gave us the slip, and went down into the world unknown, and I have talked with many whalemen in different parts of the world who substantiated my belief.

In 1847, while working away from Cape Horn against a head wind, I ran my vessel into a bay and found safe anchorage. After night had settled upon us, I discovered a light not far from shore, and was greatly bothered to know what it meant. When morning came I made an exploration, and found a trio of shipwrecked sailors in a kind of camp. They were in a terrible plight, almost without clothing, and greatly emaciated by hunger. Here they had been for nine months, and one of them was so weak that he could not stand. Seven men had described from the ship Elinor of Mystic and four of them had died and were still unburied. Their tale of suffering was most deplorable. but I took these survivors on board my ship and succeeded in bringing them alive and well to New Bedford. Many years afterwards, while sitting in a friend's office in New York, I suddenly heard my name called by a person present, who rushed up and threw his arms around my neck. He was a very large and rough looking fellow, and these were his words:

"Sure's I'm a living man, this is the captian who saved my life at Cape Horn! Don't you know me, captainthe boy Jim whom you saved? I swow! You haven't changed a darn bit since I last saw you. Come, I am & farmer now, over in the 'Jarsies,' and you must go over and let my wife see the man who saved Jim's life. Come and spend the whole summer with me." And then followed a long talk, and I felt very certain that my old shipmate, like all good sailors, had a very grateful heart. But I did not go to the "Jarsies," although it would have been nt to have had a talk with Jim's

ENGINES KILL THE BIRDS MANY DESTROYED BY LOCOMO

TIVES GOING AT HIGH SPEED.

Interesting Experiences of Engineers During Night Runs-Collisions With Hit the Songbirds-Tragedy of a Dove Family.

"How many people realize," said an old Missouri Pacific engineer at the Union denot a few nights ago, "that in limited trains, they are going faster than a bird files? And how many of them know that the run of a fast train for a trip of 300 miles causes the death of from one to six Lirds?"

Not a trip is made across Missouri by any of the fast trains that one or more birds are not killed in its flight. When the fast mail trains come in from their runs frequently one of the little feathered tribe is found lodged in some nook upon the engine. A little tuft of feathers, clinging to the iron monster, tell where a life was taken. Engineers say that if they get within ten feet of a bird before it rises from the roadway it will be killed. The noise and speed of the train, they say, bewilder it.

"I was bringing the fast mail, the government train, from St. Louis one day." this Missouri Pacific engineer said, "and if I killed one bird I'll bet I killed fifty. It was one of those foggy mornings in the early spring. just after a big rain. The country all around had been soaked, and the little path down the middle of the railroad track was one of the dryest pieces of ground the birds could find. The crows, the sparrows, the doves and the quail were settied all along this walk in the track. We left St. Louis forty minutes late and I was trying to make time. I had one of our big 1100 engines, and she was working as smooth as a sewing machine.

"Down in the lowlands, between Washington and Jefferson City we were sliding along with an easy sixtymile clip. The smoke settled and hung along over the train and the suction from behind brought it into a hurrled roll as we ran from beneath it. It was nearly daylight, and the birds were out on the dry railroad track feeding. A man couldn't have heard that train more than a hundred yards and it seemed we fairly jumped on those birds. One big erow raised slow ly in front of the engine and 'bang' he went into the headlight. A smaller, bird, which I judged was a sparrow, plunked against the window pane in the cab. I along that run, clear hit the birds.

ny 1100 to the ral birds, headlight I think he would have knocked the whole works out of it." Killing Songbirds.

"Lou" Ward, who takes the Frisco fast mail out of Kansas City at 2.10 o'clock every morning, perhaps strikes

more birds with his train than does any out from Kansas City, His little hyer is made up or only the main that Feathered Travelers-All Hate to a chair car and the engine. With the light engine he uses he goes down through Southern Kansas at a speed no other train equals. He makes only one stop in the first ninety-eight miles. Much of his run between Kansas City and Fort Scott is through wooded country, where the hawks and the owls are flying. At the roundhouse this little mail train is known as the "Rabbit."

"In the early mornings," said Ward, a few nights ago, "I sometimes hit the songbirds, and I hate this. I have made a pet out of my engine, and I hate to have a pet of mine hurt the birds that sing. But my little 'favorite' is an owl exterminator. There's a world of them down between Paola any Fort Scott, and they will get in front of my train. One night I hit one down near LaCygne, and he stuck by his head in a niche on the headlight. He dropped after a while and the feathers flew as he skated along the ground in the bottom of the railway ditch."

The enginemen regret especially to kill a dove, and, above all, in the spring, at mating time. "It seems that all doves are lovers," one engineman "You can see them together said. feeding, wallowing in the dust or sitting by each other's side. There are always two, especially when they are feeding. Down on the Wabash this year, just at the time when spring was opening and the grass was turning green, I killed a dove, one of a pair. remembered it because as it rose the edge of the boiler struck it and knocked it high in the air. A little fluff of feathers showed where it lit and I turned to watch it.

"Next day when I passed that spot thought of the little dove. There, by the side of the feathers, close to the piece of body, sat the mate. It fluttered to one side as we passed. The next day the little dove was sitting there, and so it was tue third. I never saw it again. Since then I have watched the doves. One will mourn for its mate, and it seems to realize what has happened when its mate is killed."-Kansas City Star

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The last of the old-time convicts transported from Great Britain to Tasmania is dead. His name was Frederick Clarke, and he was sent to the colony in 1847 under a ten-year sentence. In a short period he did bushranging, bank robbing and eqough ing little things to pile up

THE PULPIT.

BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.

Subject : The Book of Wisdom.

New York City .- The following ser on was contributed to the Union ospel News by the Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D. It is entitled "The Book of Wis and is an appreciation of Provnob rbs. He took for his text, "The prov erbs of Solomon, the son of David, king of Israel." Proverbs 1:1.

To preach a sermon on the whole book of Proverbs may be a difficult task, but I shall attempt it this morning in order that, if for no other rea son, I may impress upon you the im-portance of reading the whole book at a litting.

If we should read a part of a friend's etter and another part to-morrow, and another part the next day, we should have at the close a very confused no-tion of what he had written to us. The method which many have of reading the Bible by plecement may impart im-portant instruction, but it does not give us the setting of the books nor a view of the Bible as a whole. Readers of fiction think little of sit-

ting up late at night that they may finish a thrilling story. If the lovers of God's Word would spead the same time reading it consecutively they would find it more thrilling than any book of fiction.

To a superficial observer, reading he book of Proverbs may be like reading the dictionary. The subject changes so often. And yet there is a plau in the book which a closer study shows to be an orderly arrange-

The first nine verses are the preface in which we have the use of proverbs. They enable us to "know wisdom and instruction, to perceive the words of understanding, to perceive the words of understanding, to give subtlety to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion." If he hears and heeds then they will be an ornament of grade unto his head and chains about his neck. Each proverb is a jewel of wisdom more precious than

From the tenth to the nineteenth verses there is described the socialism of sin, and the young man is warned "My son, if sinne ngninst it. ers entice hee, cousent thou not." If they say, "Cast in thy lot among us, let us all have one purse," "Walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy feet from their path; for their feet run evil, and make haste to shed blood." The social element in sin is one of its most dangerous features. The habit of social drinking has made many a drunkard. The social unture carries the young man to the saloon, the pool room, the gambling den, and entices him to destruction. Men and women go in flocks like sheep to the slaughter, and, when one tries to escape, the social nature becomes a lasso with which Satan drags Ifis victim to the slaughter pen. It is so hard to tear away from congenial company. The social club has wrecked many a Christian for time and eternity. Watch, there-fore, against the socialism of sin.

manly, conscientious life. The man who has wandered from The Little Sister-What was that God needs only to hear the words you played then, Effic? The Larger "The backslider in heart shall be filled One-That was a cradle song, my pet. with his own ways," to realize that The Little Sister-Well, can't you play they apply to him. God's way is the way of light, peace and joy. Our way without God is the way of darkness, a wagtime cwadle song? That one almost made me go to sleep .- Puck. turmoll and despair. The backslider who has turned from God's ways to his ensualisis say, "Cast in thy ns all have one Such a Cabman (who thinks he has been passing a lin of linkmen-When r hearts seem unprepared and our

clated with punishment and disobe dience with reward, send forth into th world the manilest sons and most womanly daughters. To refuse to administer loving chastisement to a child is to train him in a life of disobedience that will unfit him for citizenship in the State or usefulness in the church

Let there be no anger, for anger only provokes anger. Love can administer chastisement with regret and tears, but it must not shrink from the duty.

"Keep thy heart with all dillgence for out of it are the issues of life." This proverb expresses the teaching of Jesus Christ. The heart is the source of good or cvil, and if the heart is right the life will be right. Let Jesus Christ fully occupy the heart, and you may be careless about everything else. Over the archway in the old Tombs prison in New York were the words "The way of transgressors is hard," and every criminal who passed beneath it needed no argument to prove its truth. On the walls of every store should be hung the words: "A false weight is abomination to the Lord, but a just weight is His delight." Our God be-lieves in fair dealing. The man who gives good measure pleases Him, and we need to know that bonesty in trade is as holy a thing as prayer.

And when you hear anyone laughing at an oath, a vulgar remark, or a wicked deal, quietly repeat the words: "Fools make a mock at sin." The man who plays with the poisonous adder is wise compared with him who sports with sin or treats it lightly.

If you are tempted to surrender your convictions in order that you may further your interests, social or financial, recall the words: "Buy the truth and sell it not." They will give stiffness to your moral backbone and stamina to your character. No man can afford to hold the truth for sale. It is the most priceless thing that he can possess, and whatever the father of lies may offer him for it, he should scorn the price with contempt.

There are so many of "these that urely to mention them would take the time of a sermon. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." If, therefore, you would save the doctor's bill, be merry in heart, and if you have true heart merriment, let Christ the Lord of joy reign there. Link with this proverb its opposite: "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man." The pleasure-seeking spirit brings poverty of seul and purse. The man and woman whose sole object in life is to have a good time rarely have a merry heart. Their laughter is hollow, be-cause their very pleasures have be-come a burden. "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days." If, therefore, you wish to live to a ripe old age, cultivate the fear of God, which will cast out all other fear. "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely." The position of stability is not in prostrating yourself, or crawling, or creeping after the world' fashion, but in the upright walk of a

of that "P

NUMBER 9

WANDERINGS

I'm off' inclined to wonder li An angleworn, when frozen stiff, Would meet with any luck at all, Supposing that it tried to crawi.

Then, too, I often wonder whether A man who set about to tether Ten tigers in a field like cows, Could make the striped creatures bro

And then again, I wonder which is sticklest—tar, gine or pitch. Perhaps each, all or either are, But I should say pitch, giue or tar,

And, furthermore, I wonder why A normal person such as 1 Can't walk about upon one hand-Some things we never understand.

But may of all I wonder how A man can tell just when is Now, For Now keeps going back to Then. While Soon is straightway Now Again.

Tis useless, though to wonder what Is meant by this impressive rol. P D in Life



Bacon-Where do you suppose that 203-Meter Hill got its name? Egbert-Oh, I guess that's where the Port Arthur Gas Works are located .--Yonkers Statesman.

Ferdy-What's the best time for me to propose to Ida?. Algy-Right after Christmas; she will be so used to accepting things she doesn't want, she may accept you .-- Judge.

Inquisitive Girl-Why do you stand in front of that kettle ringing a bell all day? Salvation Army Captain-1'm practising "Frenzied Finance."-Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"And this," said the foreign visitor in the Senate chamber, "is where your statesmen assemble?" "Oh! no," replied the native, "only the senators meet here."-Philadelphia Press.

Chally-D'ye Miss Pepper, I deahly love normalize Pepper-I imagined so when I saw how you hugged the neck of the one you were riding yesterday .--- Cleveland Leader.

"I'm engaged in the dairy business, now," said the lawyer "You don't say!" exclaimed his friend, the doctor. "Fact," rejoined the legal light. "I'm milking an estate."-Chicago Daily News,

"Cholly says he doesn't patronize" one tailor only. He goes to the best, wherever he finds them." "Huh! It's. evident that less than nine of them have had a chance to work on him so far."--Philadelphia Ledger.