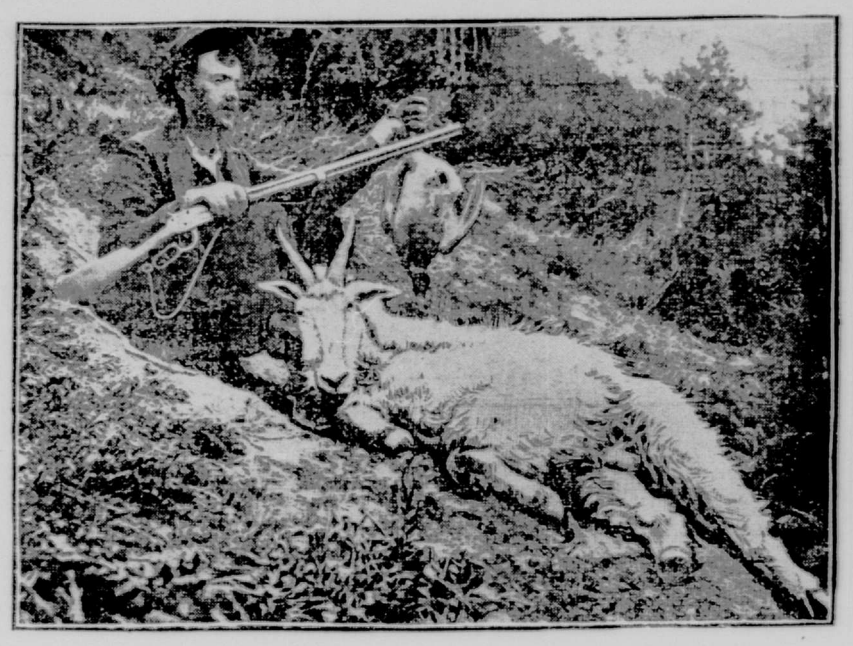

MOUNTAIN GOAT OR GROUSE—EITHER IS PREY FOR THE "GAME HOG."

MORE SAFEGUARD NEEDED

In the Far West, Where Mountain Sheep and Goats Are Disappearing.

Farseeing sportsmen in the West are decrying the wholesale and illegal slaughter of mountain goats, sheep and other wild animals by the unscrupulous huntsmen who have won for themselves the term "game hogs." Unless the game laws in Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and Washington are more vigorously enforced it is said that within ten years there will not be enough game left in those states to make it worth a man's while to take down his rifle.

In the Northwest little or no attention is paid to the laws protecting those rare animals the mountain goats, while in the Rocky Mountain states, whose peaks are the grazing haunts of the mountain sheep, those beautiful animals are being slaughtered indiscriminately, despite a farcical "perpetual closed season." In the last haunt of the elk in the Jackson Hole country, south of the Yellowstone Park, those noble animals are fast disappearing. In the National Park itself poachers carry on a vigorous campaign of killing in the long winter months when the park is snowbound and patrolled by a small body of soldiers, insufficient, it is claimed, to guard properly this great game preserve of the nation.

Colorado took steps some time ago to protect mountain sheep and forbade the killing of them at any season of the year. But the temptation of securing fresh meat and a fancy price for the mounted heads is too much for the ranchmen, especially as wardens and juries show startling leniency toward "native" offenders against the game laws.

In the home of the mountain goat, in the mountains of Montana, Idaho and Washington, similar slaughter is in progress, and the grazing grounds of these strange animals form the mecca of hunters who have no regard for the law and go after the game with a vigor that will soon make it extinct.

The white "game hog" is not the only culprit, for bands of Indians, slipping away from their reservations, carry on extensive killing. The Uintah Ute Indians in Utah make frequent pilgrimages to the deer country in Northwestern Colorado, and they spare nothing in their long hunt.

Forest preserves, vigorously patrolled summer and winter, have been suggested as the only remedy for the growing evil.

GROUP OF NEW NUT ISLAND GIRLS.
Christian daughters of cannibal parents.

HE HIT THE KING.
Fred Attrill, the Osborne gardener, who fought the King as a boy.

Attrill, who is now sixty-eight, was employed fifty years ago at the building of Osborne Cottage. The Prince of Wales used to go down to watch the building, and one day in a fit of mischief he struck Attrill with his stick. Attrill immediately gave the Prince several blows. Both were summoned before Queen Victoria, who rebuked the Prince severely. The Queen then gave Attrill the post that he has held ever since.—The Sketch.

SLOCUM MEMORIAL.

Steamboat Disaster To Be Commemorated in Marble.

The children playing in Tompkins Square Park were treated to an unusual sight recently when the sculptor, Bruno L. Zimm, set up the plaster cast of the Slocum Memorial Fountain, to judge of the harmony between the sculpture and the surrounding shrubbery and foliage, before making the fountain in marble. It is unusual for sculptors so carefully to estimate the effect of the surroundings on their work and to study its qualities in relation to its environs, before the work is completed. The fountain is to be placed in memory of those who lost their lives in the destruction by fire of the excursion steamboat General Slocum on June 15, 1904. It shows two children, in relief, gazing at the fated steamer, while above the heads are the words: "They were earth's purest children, young and fair."

GET MAIL BY SKYROCKET.

How Savages of New Nut Island Were Made Christians.

(Copyright, 1906, by W. E. Geil.)

New Nut Island lies in one of the most dangerous seas in all the world. It is volcanic, nearly circular in form, three miles in diameter and well wooded to the loftiest summit, maybe a thousand feet above the tide. I say "maybe," for the height is constantly changing as the island suffers from violent earthquake shocks. In all respects it is of peculiar formation. Its aspect, viewed from the sea, is sepulchral and forbidding. Nothing is presented to the eye but huge piles of funereal rocks, belted around the base by the white foam of the breakers. On landing, the paths are found to be black, and even the shrubs and trees look dismal. There grow the largest cocoanuts in the world, and there flourishes the famous Malau bird, which some say "lays eggs larger than itself." This bird has nothing of its kind within two thousand miles, and how it came to New Nut Island is a mystery. I call it a co-operative fowl, for many hens lay in one nest. Each hen, as she comes to lay an egg, scratches those in the nest toward the front of the hole and puts hers further in. The nests are caves scraped by the birds in the loose, hot, black sand and volcanic mud formed by the decomposition of lava. The birds exercise no mother care, and the eggs are hatched by the sun and the volcanic heat.

In all my long journeys, never before or since have I seen mail flung to its destination in such odd fashion as was done by the captain of the steamship Hauroto, at New Nut Island, and I reckon that nowhere else in the world is mail delivered by skyrocket. New Nut Island lies halfway between Samoa and Fiji and has a wharfless shore. Nobody but an expert swimmer should ever attempt to land. The whole coast, both on the windward and the lee side, is as dangerous as one will meet in a long sail. The skipper fixed a rocket on the ship's bridge, and the whole thing must have measured over eight feet in length. He waited until we came around a point, and, when close to, the volcanic isle presented a happy and attractive picture. The whole population had turned out to witness the arrival of the mail from the sky.

A blue light was set off by the captain to ignite the rocket. All eyes followed its rapid upward course, some on shore with breathless anxiety lest it burst, as on a former occasion, and blow the mail into smithereens over the sea. This time the rocket held well on its upward flight, and it sped higher and higher, as seen from the ship, until it seemed that if it ever did turn downward it surely would land sheer over the island and be lost in the restless breakers on the windward side. On shore the tension of the people was marked. Finally the rocket reached the

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A DAY'S KILL IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WASHINGTON.
Showing how wantonly the rare mountain goat is being exterminated.

SLOCUM MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.
Sculptor setting up a plaster cast of it in park to see how the finished work will harmonize with its surroundings.