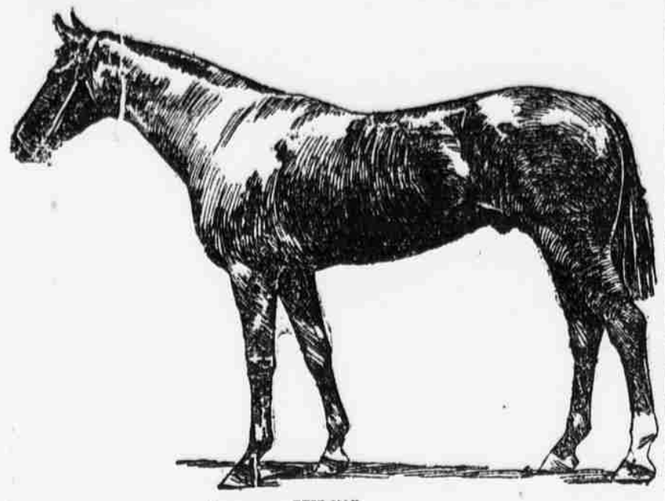
THREE BRITISH FLYERS.

CRACKS THAT DOBBINS AND OTHER AMERICANS MUST VANQUISH.

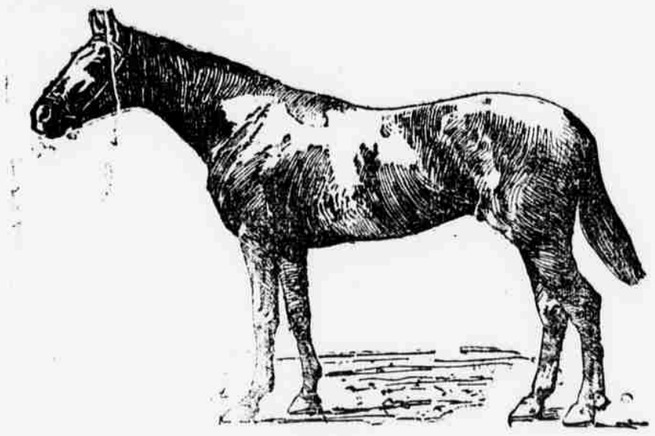
Best Man Is Such a Clinker that He Is Rated at 18 Pounds Better than Stonenell at a Mile—Great Rivalry Between Isinglass and Last Year's Derby Winner Ladas—English Critics Have Great Respect for Dobbins, but He Has a Bad Leg and Is Under Suspicion.

For the information of patriotic Americans who believe their race horses are as good as those of England, France, Austria, or Australia, THE SUN shows to-day the pictures of three of the most conspicuous competitors the American horses Dobbins, Don Alonzo, and Stonenell, owned by Messrs. Croker and Dwyer, will have to meet during the coming season. Comparisons may be drawn and everybody can form an estimate as to the qualifications of the English horses Isinglass, Best Man, and Ladas being generally regarded as the cracks that will be called upon to defend British laurels this year.



BEST MAN.

The capabilities of Best Man can best be judged from the fact that in the Kempton Park Great Jubilee Stakes, at one mile, he is asked to carry 136 pounds against 118 on our American Stonenell, a horse of which we are especially proud at sprinting distances. Stonenell has been generally regarded as one of our very best horses at three-quarters of a mile. As a three-year-old he ran seven-eighths of a mile, and in some instances a mile, in good shape, but since passing into the ownership of M. F. Dwyer his efforts have been mainly in the sprinting direction, meeting and defeating, among others, Dr. Hasbrouck and Correction, two of the speediest thoroughbreds that have ever appeared in this country. The fact that the handicapper, with Stonenell's American record before him, rates him sixteen pounds below Best Man, conveys some idea of the qualifications of Melton's great son. Of course there is a chance that the handicapper has underrated the American, but of that nobody will know until after the day of the race. At any rate, a number of English critics have plumped for Best Man, top weight and all, and this horse some of the best judges in England think will puzzle Isinglass when he meets him over a distance of ground, a number of times in the spring of this year. In the autumn there was considerable rivalry between the followers of Ladas and Isinglass, and that rivalry will doubtless be renewed the coming season, when, if all goes well, the pair will come together for the Ascot Gold Cup.



ISINGLASS.

Dobbins is the American representative for that classic event, and the people of this continent will have no fault to find if their champion goes to the front in as good form as he has been on various occasions in 1893 and 1894. Unfortunately, he is under suspicion, having them maintaining stoutly that the horse has never been thoroughly tried at a distance, and has yet to show whether he can go anything beyond a mile in first-class company.

Isinglass and Dobbins will meet in the race for the Ascot Gold Cup. Isinglass has a peculiar history. He was bred by his owner, Harry McCalmont, and is by Isonomy, out of Deadlock, a mare which, up to the time she threw Isinglass, had been a woful failure in the stud. In fact she had been pronounced worthless, and was put to draught purposes. Mr. McCalmont bought her for $100, and her first foal as the property of that gentleman was Isinglass, and who will say that there was not a large factor of luck in the purchase when it is considered that her son won the Triple Crown of 1893 and was the crack of 1894? The photograph of Isinglass given here was taken in his three-year-old form, when he was a shade over sixteen hands high. There was more sentiment in connection with Ladas's victory for the Derby last year than in any other race that was run in England that season. The fact that he was bred by the Prime Minister of England, and that Matthew Dawson, the famous trainer, was induced to come out of his retirement to prepare the son of Hampton especially for the Derby, together with the fruition of the hopes of Lord Rosebery, as expressed by himself when a boy, make quite an interesting story. It will be remembered that Lord Rosebery, as student at Oxford, said he had three ambitions. The first was to wed an heiress; the second was to become Prime Minister; the third to win the Derby. Last year saw the culmination of his aspirations, and there was the wildest enthusiasm when the Prime Minister led back the winner after the race. In the autumn there was considerable rivalry between the followers of Ladas and Isinglass, and that rivalry will doubtless be renewed the coming season, when, if all goes well, the pair will come together for the Ascot Gold Cup.

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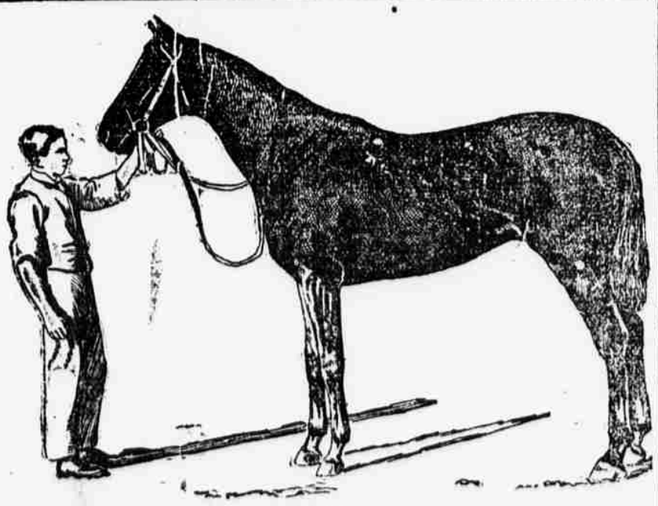


LADAS.

WILD GEESE TAKEN ALIVE.

Eighteen of Them Found Frozen Fast by the Feet on the Housatonic River.

MILFORD, Conn., Feb. 16.—Caspar Ives, who lives on the Housatonic River turnpike, between this place and Derby, was awakened a week ago Thursday morning by curious noises that seemed to come from the river. It was then shortly before daybreak, and as soon as it began to grow light he roused up his hired man and went down to investigate. It sounded something like the cries of wild geese, only louder than either the farmer or his man ever heard before.

Out on the thinly frozen surface of the river they could dimly make out several moving objects which Mr. Ives declared to be wild geese. But what on earth they were raising such a racket for and why they did not fly off were riddles he could not solve. However, he determined to satisfy his curiosity, so he sent the hired man half a mile up the river to the house of George Ebers, the fisherman, to borrow a couple of boatnooks. Meantime, he himself found an old stranded ducking boat up in the sedge, and shoved it down to the river. Together they got it started out on the ice, which was very thin. By dint of pushing at one end and pulling at the other with the sharp iron hooks, and after nearly breaking through three or four times, they at last reached the spot and the noise was fully explained.

They found a flock of eighteen big handsome Canada geese, every mother's son of which was frozen fast by both feet.

The first impulse was to knock them down with the boat hook handles, but the idea of taking them alive luckily occurred. They managed to break the ice away from the feet of the first one, but the big bird made frantic efforts to escape, and severely bit and scratched Mr. Ives. At last a coat was thrown around him, and he was safely stowed away under the deck of the boat.

This adventure made both men rather wary about tackling any of the others with their present outfit, so they returned home and got eighteen three-bushel grain sacks. With these they managed literally and figuratively to bag the whole flock. The hired man was badly torn about the face during the operation, and Mr. Ives still carries one hand bound up as a memento of the affair.

The birds were placed in a coop, and they attract many visitors from the neighboring farms. They are remarkably handsome fellows, smoky gray and white, with a big splash of black on the head back of each eye. Mr. Ives says he is going to tame them, but as yet they show no signs of docility. They continually fly against the lattice, and bruise themselves in vain efforts to escape. They seem to refuse all food that is offered, though Mr. Ives has tried clams, fish, meat, and grain of all kinds. He has an idea, though, that they eat a little at night or when left alone.

If he can succeed in keeping them alive he will have a valuable lot of fowls. As decoys they will be priceless to gunners, to say nothing of their market value for aviary purposes. A tamed wild goose is the only decoy known that never fails to bring these most wary of wild fowl within range. It is said that similar cases have been cited before further up the State, but never where so many were captured, and this is the first time wild geese have ever been found in this predicament in this locality.

FOUGHT AFRICAN SLAVERS.

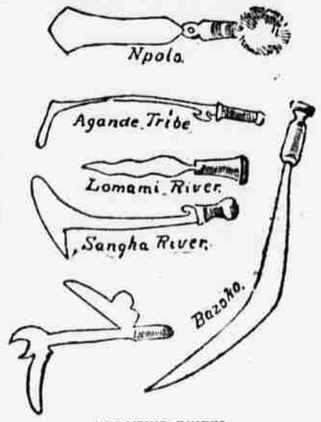
R. DORSEY MOHUN'S EXPERIENCE IN THE CONGO FREE STATE.

Besides Exploring the Country He Helped to Suppress the Slave Trade in Central Africa—An Interesting Collection Just Deposited in the National Museum.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—One of the most interesting exhibits, from an ethnological standpoint, ever deposited in the National Museum was placed there this week by R. Dorsey Mohun, the United States Consular agent at the Congo Free State, Central Africa. His mission while in that country was to look after the commercial interests of the United States, to open up the country for their commerce, and to find out what resources the Congo possessed. During the three years he spent there he made numerous trips along the Congo River, passing over the country explored by Henry M. Stanley and Emin Pasha, and penetrating regions not hitherto traversed by a white man. In addition to much valuable information which will be given to the State Department in a report he is now preparing, Mr. Mohun has succeeded in rectifying a number of mistakes in the very imperfect maps of some of the lakes and rivers. His experiences were not all peaceful, as a bullet hole in one of his legs will attest; in fact, in most of his journeyings along the upper Congo or away from the regular routes of travel he was obliged to fight his way. His researches were carried on principally in the Belgian possessions, where he assisted the Belgian officials in their explorations. Of the forty-two men who went out in the steamer with him, all but five either were killed or died of the fever. Although the inter-tribal fights of the natives are not always serious affairs, where the white men and soldiers from Boma are engaged they take on something of the aspect of small battles. In one of these fights so brisk was the encounter that Mr. Mohun lost sixty-five natives in thirty minutes while trying to get the body of one of his men.

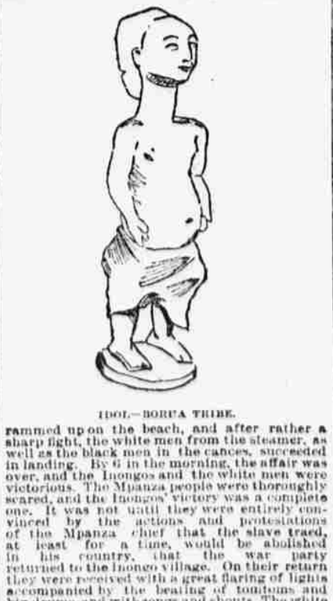
HEAD GEAR.

In 1892 the Belgian officers and foreigners began fighting the slave trade, which was carried on extensively by some of the native tribes and by the Arabs in the upper Congo. In that year Mr. Mohun went to Lake Leopold, and in his travels came across the Inongo people on the east shore of the lake. The Inongo chief was a peaceable and somewhat liberal man, who ruled his tribe without discord and got along very well with his neighbors, except the chief of the Mpanza village. The Mpanzas were a slave-dealing tribe of cannibals, who had been committing depredations for a long time. The chief of the Inongos had decided to make an attack on the Mpanza village, and on the arrival of the white men asked them if he might not count upon them for assistance. After considering the matter and realizing that if they accompanied him they would be taking a step toward the suppression of the slave trade in the interior of Africa, they at last consented. They had a small twin-screw steamer belonging to one of the African trading companies, which was provided with arrow nets and a few fighting appliances, and in the morning they got under way for the Mpanza village. They were followed by fifty great war canoes, in each of which were forty warriors.



THROWING KNIVES.

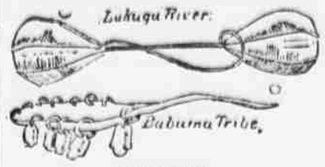
Twenty paddlemen stood up and propelled the canoes, while the others crouched at their feet and held their arms and ammunition. As they neared their objective point the whole 2,000 men set up a war chant, one man in each boat seeming to lead the rest of his crew. The chief of the Mpanzas would not consent to a parley, and so the village was attacked immediately. The steamer, a craft of very light draught, was rammed up on the beach, and after rather a sharp fight, the white men from the steamer, as well as the black men in the canoes, succeeded in landing. By 6 in the morning, the affair was over, and the Inongos and the white men were victorious. The Mpanza people were thoroughly scared, and the Inongos' victory was a complete one. It was not until they were entirely convinced by the actions and protestations of the Mpanza chief that the slave trade, at least for a time, would be abolished in his country, that the war party returned to the Inongo village. On their return they were received with a great flaring of lights accompanied by the beating of tomtoms and big drums, and with songs and shouts. The white people were requested to call upon the Inongo chief, who received them in great state, sitting on the back of a fat black woman, which was his custom in ceremonious interviews. The chief of course expressed great gratification at the success of the expedition, and in return for the assistance of the white men, offered them wives from among his people. The white men declined the offer with thanks saying that they had wives in their own country. During this expedition Mr. Mohun made a new map of Lake Leopold, the maps made previously being for the most part hastily done and inaccurate.



IDOL—BORUA TRIBE.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

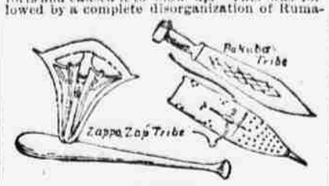
But this fight was only one of many, as parties of the white men were attacked when they passed through hostile regions by natives and by Arabs as well. In the town of Riba Riba, which the white men attacked and burned, Mr. Mohun got most of the trophies now at the National Museum. In May, 1893, Rashid, a nephew of Tippu Tib, attacked the station at Stanley Falls, and very nearly succeeded in taking it. The most important battle was fought in December of 1893 and January of 1894.



WAR BATTLES.

This fight, or rather battle, for there were over 50,000 men engaged in it, was carried on every day for several weeks between Boma soldiers under Belgian officers and 30,000 native soldiers under Mohammed bin Halfan, better known as Rumaliza, an Arab chief, who captured and traded largely in negro slaves. Rumaliza had three forts, built after methods that would do credit to better military organizations. In his own fort he had 1,000 men, armed with Martini-Henry rifles, who were very good shots. They were almost surrounded by the attacking party, who bombarded them with a three-inch Krupp field cannon and but the native fighters keep up a continuous fusillade with their muskets. Rumaliza's fort was only 600 feet from the intrenchment of the attacking party, and it is cited as an amusing incident that at night when one party wanted to sleep and the other was making too much noise, a notice to that effect would be sent in the shape of a bullet or a shell.

Mr. Mohun volunteered to go down to Bazoko for reënforcements. From Kasongo, where this battle was taking place, to Bazoko was a distance of 450 miles. Mr. Mohun departed with canoes, and, after a very tedious voyage, during which they were attacked frequently from the bank by small bands, he arrived at his destination. Returning, he brought up 250,000 cartridges, 250 soldiers, 150 shells, a Maxim gun, and 600 bales of cloth as money with which to pay off the men. But before he arrived the battle was over. The Belgians had been pounding away at the Arab works with their Krupp gun, but had apparently been able to make no impression. They had almost decided upon a new plan of attack when one of the shells dropped into the powder magazine of one of the forts and caused it to blow up. This was followed by a complete disorganization of Rumaliza's followers and after a breach had been made in the rampart, the fort was taken at a charge. In this fight 3,000 people were killed. The fort was burned, and after a parley the other forts were surrendered. The chief, with two of his officers, got away, but his forces were entirely scattered and the backbone of the slave trade broken. Of course the slave trade among the native tribes up in the unexplored portions of the country away from the rivers will still be carried on, but slave trading as a business among the Arabs has ceased. Most of the interior tribes of slave traders are a fierce lot, in character of the very lowest order of humanity, and many of them are cannibals. It is not an infrequent thing after a battle to see the victors cut off legs of the dead or wounded and, after cooking them in a pot, eat them with apparent relish.



WEAPONS.

Mr. Mohun's report to the State Department, which is nearly finished, will contain full accounts of the crusade against the slave trade. On account of his military services the Belgian Government made Mr. Mohun a Chevalier of the Royal Order of the Lion of the Congo, an honor of which he is the first foreign recipient. For his explorations of 150 miles of the Upper Congo and Lukuga rivers, where no white men had ever been before, he was made a member of several of the geographical societies of Europe. One of the mountains discovered was named Mount Cleveland, in honor of the President.

MR. ARNOLD'S WONDERFUL HEN.

Lays an Egg Every Day Except Sundays and Holidays—Is Useful as a Clock.

"I became acquainted with a rather remarkable hen on my recent trip up through western New York," said John Gilbert, travelling groceryman. "She lives in Mount Morris, in the Genesee Valley. No one knows where she came from, but a citizen named Arnold discovered her in his yard one morning last April, keeping company with the only chicken he owned, another hen. The strange hen was plainly a tramp, but she settled down on the Arnold place contentedly, and with evident determination to stay there. Arnold did not object, and a few days later the hen made a nest on top of an ash heap and laid an egg in it. She must have deposited the egg early in the morning, for it was there at 7 o'clock, when Arnold discovered it. This was on Monday. She laid an egg every day after that until the following Sunday, and each egg was laid an hour later every day. Sunday the hen didn't lay, but at 12 o'clock next day she deposited an egg as usual. As if to make up for skipping an egg on Sunday, Monday's egg was an unusually large one, and was found to be double-yolked.

"This remarkable hen laid an egg every day, the one on Friday being deposited in the nest at just 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The next day, Saturday, she started in at 6 o'clock in the morning with her egg for that day, and on Sunday laid none. The following Monday, though, she dropped another very large egg. This one, too, was found to have two yolks, and was laid at 7 o'clock. And so she went on, depositing an egg in the nest an hour later each day until she reached 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when she would go back and begin at 6 o'clock in the morning again, always taking a rest on Sunday and making up for it by laying a double-yolked egg on Monday. She was so regular and prompt on the hour that the Arnold family got to setting their clock by her, but this was not until one day, according to their clock, she laid her egg for that day at ten minutes to 12, and they thought she had made a mistake; but they found that she hadn't, the clock being just ten minutes slow.

"The fame of this hen soon spread about that part of the Genesee Valley, and folks got to coming miles to see her, but along about the end of May they found that they didn't really know what a wonder that tramp hen was. It was on a Wednesday, and Arnold went out at the hour an egg was due that day, but there was no egg in its nest. The hen was wallowing lazily in the dust near by, but she laid no egg that day. There was much disappointment over this, and it was not until they found a double-yolked egg in the nest next day that Arnold began to think. After thinking got an idea.

"'Why,' said he, 'yesterday was May 30, Decoration Day! This hen, I guess, doesn't work holidays any more than she does Sundays!'

"And that was just what she didn't. This was proved when the Fourth of July came round. No egg on that day, but a double-yolked egg next day! Then right along she went again, an egg every day except Sundays, double yolk on Mondays, until Thanksgiving. No egg Thanksgiving, double yolk day after. No egg Christmas, no egg New Year's day, but double yolks after each one of those holidays. She's been going right along since then, laying five ordinary eggs every week and a double yolk on Mondays, and of course is expected to take another day off on Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday.

"'What will she do when a holiday comes on Sunday?' said Arnold the other day. 'Why, she'd lay an egg with three yolks next day, that's what she'd do! And I'll bet on it!'

"And nobody would bet against him."

BRYCE'S CHAPTER ON TWEED.

Copies of the Book with the Suppressed Matter Bring High Prices Here.

Two copies of the suppressed editions of Prof. James Bryce's "American Commonwealth" have been sold at auction by Bangs & Co. of this city within a few days, and one of them brought next to the highest price which this comparatively new book has reached. The work was published by Macmillan & Co. of London and New York in 1888. The edition of that year was in two volumes. It contained a chapter dealing with the Tweed Ring, and the name of ex-Mayor A. Oakey Hall was used in a way to which he took exception. He protested, and threatened to sue the publishers, but while he was making his objections the edition was exhausted, and another edition in two volumes was published in 1889. There was also an edition in three volumes. Finally Mr. Hall entered suit in London, but the case never came to trial. The publishers agreed to suppress the chapter, a new edition was got out omitting it, and the action at law was withdrawn.

The first edition numbered thousand of copies, and there must be many of them around, but they do not very often come into the market. Occasional inquirers for them call at Macmillan & Co.'s, thinking that publishers hold on to books instead of getting rid of them as soon as possible. They go away disappointed.

At Bangs & Co.'s last week a copy of the two-volume edition of 1888 went to a Mr. Michaels of Buffalo at $11 a volume. On the following day a copy of the two-volume 1889 edition brought $4 a volume. At the auctioneers' office it was said that only one copy had been sold there at a higher figure than the first mentioned, and that was one of the three-volume edition, which some time ago brought $6.50 a volume, or $26.50 for the set.

MORE INNOCENTS ABROAD.

TRANSATLANTIC EXCURSIONS AND THE PEOPLE WHO GO ON THEM.

Out-of-Town Districts Are Relied Upon Chiefly to Furnish the Passengers—Scenes at the Departure of the Steamship.

The outgoing ocean steamers on regular lines are not carrying many passengers these days, but an occasional transatlantic excursion starts with a full complement. To witness the departure of such a steamer will convince one that the United States as a nation are far from being in pecuniary straits. Excursions to New Orleans, Florida, or Montreal may be considered as side trips in comparison with a tour of many thousands of miles, crossing the ocean twice, taking in southern Europe and northern Africa, and requiring two or more months of time. It would seem as if the question of expense cut little figure when the manager of such a trip has succeeded in convincing people that they will get their money's worth.

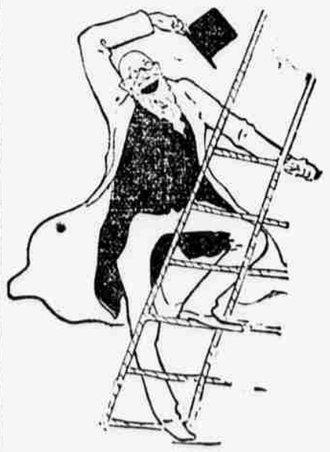
A FAMILY PARTY.

The experienced manager of any enterprise of this kind knows that he must offer an apparent bargain. A ship load of say 500 passengers can be taken at much less than regular rates, and they will afford the promoter a handsome profit. Many months of preparation are required. In fact the first move is made early in the preceding summer. The country is divided into states or sections, and representative men are secured to vouch for the affair. In this business, as in many others, the best support comes from outside of New York. The proper sort of advertising matter is furnished to the district or State manager and is distributed not broadcast but to selected persons. The manager tries especially to get one or more big men in each section, taking them free if necessary. An ex-Congressman, or Senator, or Governor is a good, attractive card. So is a preacher of note. Once a person decides to go he is expected to make a deposit, as a guarantee of good faith, and some passengers pay the whole cost on the instalment plan.

THE BRIDE AND GROOM.

A few days before the departure of such an excursion the ticket holders begin to drop into New York to make final purchases for the journey. It is interesting to study these excursionists. They are typical citizens, and, more than half of them will drop a few tears as they wave their hats, handkerchiefs, and flags, and say good-by to those left behind on the pier. Not a man, woman, or child of them but has a love of country. They are supplied with all the remedies for seasickness, but nothing that prevents homesickness.

From one little town comes the old doctor. He has worked hard, perhaps for forty years, and has planned time and again to spend a few months in Europe. The time has come at last. He has pushed collections, got a neighbor to take his practice, and had his life well insured, and how he is away. There may be no one on the pier that he knows, and all his folks may be at home, but he climbs up into the rigging and waves his hat and hurrahs like a boy, and the cold wind makes him wipe his eyes.



THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN SAVING FOR THIS ALL HIS LIFE.

The majority of these people are middle-aged. One sees on board many a husband and wife. Occasionally these are accompanied by a small family of nearly grown children. All the passengers have personal experiences to relate. One old man tells of having saved money all his life for such a trip, and now that his wish is to be gratified he is so thankful that he wants every one to know it.

In the crush a family have become separated. The father wants to be sure the son is aboard, and the wife, nervous lest she shall lose both husband and son, objects to his leaving her. The fretting lasts but a moment, for the boy turns up all right. Some of the folks from up the State and near by are accompanied by friends, many of opposite sexes. They frequently hold hands, and some stand with arms around each other. Many of these people have never seen a steamship before, much less the ocean. They are disappointed at the size of the vessel.

FAREWELL TO FRIENDS ON SHORE.

Before sailing time many acquaintances are made. The ship does not go out like a regular liner. The first warning whistle for visitors to leave has little effect. Time and again the signal is given, but the crowd won't go. One makes a remark about the cold weather and another comforts him by saying that three weeks from Sunday they will be in Jerusalem. Then some one starts three cheers, no one knows what for, but all hurrah in time, but late. The ship backs out, and hundreds of little flags are waving good-by.

THE CANADIAN INNUITS.

Speculation as to the Origin of an Interesting People.

From the Winnipeg Daily Northwester.

Advance copies of volume twelve of "Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada" are to hand, and it contains an able, exhaustive, and very interesting paper from his Honor Lieut.-Gov. Schultz on the Innuit of our Arctic coast, which throws much light on the habits and character of these peculiar Esquimaux people, and disposes the reader to form a higher opinion of these Arctic Canadian aborigines than has been hitherto generally entertained. Regarding these his Honor says:

In attempting to form my own opinion regarding this singular people I have consulted the records of early and later intercourse with them within reach here, and in the foregoing have endeavored to give from these and from unwritten sources of information as faithful an account of their habits, modes of life, religious belief, &c., as was possible, considering their wide habitat and the contradictory statements often made in reference to them, and some of these accounts of them I have copied from the records of observers who seemed to me to have had a fair opportunity of being correct, and whose veracity I do not doubt, and from all these sources of information I am inclined to class the Innuit nation high among the aborigines of Canada, high even among the aborigines of America, excepting, of course, in constructive skill and some of the arts, the tribes of Aztec and Toltec stock. And it seems to me that no aboriginal people have been, when first encountered in early or more recent days, more misunderstood or traduced. They were believed for a time to be sun worshippers, because when first emerging from their tents in the morning they invariably looked toward that luminary to see what mists were likely to obscure the haunts of the seal and what clouds betokened a gathering storm or fair weather. They have been considered cowardly, though their life is one long war with the elements, and where they constantly exercise in the pursuit of food a courage greater, indeed, than he who attacks the walrus, walrus or polar bear with modern implements of destruction, and, when smarting under the sense of injustice and cruelty, they have, in times long ago, swept the Norsemen from the Greenlandic coasts, and in chance encounters with the sub-Arctic Indian tribes they are nearly always the victors.

They have been set down as inveterate thieves, generally by those who underrated the temptation to purloin a little of the white man's stupendous affluence of that metal, the slightest bit of which in needle or knife-blade was a treasured possession to be handed down from mother to daughter and from father to son, and most writers agree that honesty and respect for their neighbor's goods characterize their dealings with each other. In their semi-communal life, however, no man must possess too much; the man who has two kayacks must allow any relative to use the spare one, and he who has three must submit to the third being taken by any one who needs it, and a misdirected exercise of this unwritten Eskimo law may perhaps account for the ingenious abstraction of a tin plate or a coveted nail from a keg of such riches. They are said to be callous or indifferent, but no savages exceed them in fondness for their children and the care of the aged, although when famine is abroad and only the well and strong can make their way to the distant sealing ground or the stranded or rancid whale, the old must wait till help can come. Family relationships, moreover, are strong, and the aged, whose young people have gone before, are only cared for in times of plenty, and left to perish when food fails. They are accused of treachery and crime when Europeans are in their power, but such was not the experience of such of the arctic explorers whom disaster caused to seek their hospitality and assistance. It is true that they attacked Franklin on his western boat expedition from the mouth of the Mackenzie River, but the Eskimo of his day had not learned to distinguish between the daring explorer and Christian gentlemen and the grasping Russian trader of the straits, who did not scruple to use powder and steel to urge the trade for his brandy in exchange for the ivory and whalebone sealskins and oil of the Eskimo, and there is good reason for believing that had Crozier's scurvy-stricken band met with and trusted Eskimo aid, the sad cairn record found by McClintock might have been spoken by the lips of rescued survivors.

We now come to the difficult question of the probable origin of these denizens of the most inhospitable regions of North America and of part of Asia, and are met at the outset not only by ordinary difficulties of such an attempt in regard to the better known aboriginal tribes of the continent, but with the very distinctive difference which exists between them and the Indians of the polar basin. The movements at least, if not the origin, of all the other Canadian Indians have been fairly well ascertained, but the habits, manners, and customs, the religious beliefs, and language, as well as their habitat, so far as we have any account of them, have remained the same with the Eskimo since they were first seen by European eyes. Migrations there have been, but these, since the eleventh century at least, have partaken more of the character of a natural overflow of population, seeking in bands of several families new fields where food was to be procured than any general hegira from internal or external causes. Unlike in appearance, manner, habits, disposition, and language from all Indian tribes near them, they have sought no communication with them. Discouraging even marriage with captives taken in war, they have nearly everywhere remained of pure blood. "Innuits," the "People" who live in plenty where all others would starve, resisting all temptation to leave their boulder-strewn and ice-furrowed shores, and who languish and die when forcibly removed from their bleak headlands and rocks.

I pass by the ingenious arguments which would have us believe that man is the result of evolution; or that men of different colors were created as unworthy of a single thought when we possess the divinely inspired account of the origin of our species, and accept without hesitation the present general belief derived from the conclusions reached after much research, by those who devoted much time to its study, that all at least of the northern portion of the aborigines of North America reached this continent by chance from the Aleutian Islands, or with intent across some part of Behring Strait.

Accepting this belief we may suppose the progenitor of these Eskimo or "Skraelings" seen early in the eleventh century on the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts by the Scandinavian discoverers of Greenland to have been one of the Mongolian offshoots of the great dispersion caused by the confusion of tongues, and we must suppose them either to have adopted their present mode of life by being forced to the northeastern portion of Arctic Asia by tribes stronger and better armed than they, and having acquired the habits of life necessitated by a residence in the polar basin, gradually found their way over 5,000 miles of Arctic and Atlantic coast line to where first met, near the straits of Belle Isle, or the (to me) far more probable conjecture that their progenitors were the Mongolian tribe or tribes who first peopled America and the great eastern and southward tide of occupation, which, inclining in its flow northward along the great river valleys and lake basins of the continent, left a northern fringe to occupy country not further south perhaps than the southern tributaries of the Saskatchewan or the northern tributaries of the Missouri, and a disabled remnant to continue to occupy the Aleutian Islands, and there learn that which was to preserve their race when they rejoined their companions and were forced northward from these homes to their present habitat; hard pressed by the tribes which, having increased, multiplied, and grown strong in the warmer portions of the continent, began those incessant, interminable wars which the discoverers succeeding Columbus found everywhere along the eastern coast, and later explorers found extending to the heart of the continent, they would naturally seek refuge northward by the rivers of the arctic watershed in the bark and wooden canoes which are so like, in form at least, the skin boats which the Russian navigators, Behring, Spangenberg, and Tschikin found in use by the then occupants of the Aleutian Islands. We can easily understand, if we accept this theory of the colonization of the arctic shores of this continent, how the bark, and even wood canoe would have to give place to the light skin boat when the northern limit of wood had been reached and passed, and how gladly a hard pressed tribe fleeing for their lives would, if accustomed to the use of boats, seek at once a limit where they would not be followed; hence the occupation of the arctic coast as a haven of safety and where the arts of the Aleutian islander could be exercised to procure the abundance of food which, till the white man came, filled the caches and storehouses of the Eskimo nearly everywhere along this extended coast line.

If we accept this theory there still remains the question whether this hegira took place down one or more of the rivers flowing into the Arctic sea; and, though not impelled, there are reasonable grounds for supposing that it took place down two at least, for three periods of time Canadian Arctic rivers, although one, indeed, of the rivers of Alaska would offer some of the facilities afforded by the others further east.

ON GUARD IN BROOKLYN.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A PRIVATE IN L COMPANY.

Showing Why He Joined the Regiment, How He Remained, and Some of the Crumpled Rose Leaves of the Campaign.

"I shall get off jury duty," Strephon had said to his wife Phillis, "and then there's no danger—who ever heard of anybody being hurt?"

This was when Strephon was trying to persuade Phillis to let him enlist in the National Guard; and it was only one of the many excellent reasons advanced by him. In time Mrs. Strephon was fully persuaded, and Strephon enlisted. He bought his shako, his fatigue cap, and his white helmet; his dress coat, his blouse, and his drill jacket (this last his sister-in-law called a "steward's jacket," but then she had just come back from abroad and was prejudiced), and his trousers. A kind friend had sold him, at advanced prices, his knapsack, cross belts, and overcoat; and he had gone into the squad and had come out of it, and was now high private and ready to be promoted Inspector-General, or lance corporal, or Lieutenant in some other regiment.

It was a great life, that of a soldier. Every week after drill the company would adjourn to a "resort." The entire expense incurred there being divided by the number of men present, each man would contribute his proportionate share, and all would enjoy themselves. The first time Strephon drank two glasses of beer, and his share was 55 cents. The second time he drank three milk punches and ate a Welsh rabbit, and his share was 40 cents, but that didn't include the cab home or the new hat to take the place of the one that he sat on. But the life of a soldier is great.

Jury notices passed Strephon by; they'd have done so any way, as he was a lawyer; but at all events he never got any, even by mistake, and Mrs. Strephon congratulated him on the cheap way of getting off the jury.

"It's better than being fined $50, as your fat brother was," she said, but the sister-in-law remarked:

"But he didn't pay it; he got off that, too," and she was right, though Mrs. Strephon thought her remark showed a captious spirit.

The Chicago strike had petered out before Strephon enlisted; but his company was still talking of how near the regiment had been to being called into the service of the United States and sent to Chicago or San Francisco.

"You know," said one old hand, "one of our Adjutants was in Washington just before the strike was over, and he heard at the Metropolitan Club—that's where the highest officers go, you know—that we were going, and the Twelfth and the Twenty-third, if the strike lasted much longer."

"I heard it was the Twelfth, the Twenty-second, and the Twenty-third," remarked Strephon, timidly.

"Who told you that yarn?" asked the old hand, scornfully. "Some Twenty-second man, I'll be bound. My! Those fellows think there can't be a strike without them. They make me tired. Gi' me a cigarette."

But one Sunday night Strephon's neighbor came in and told him that the regiment was really ordered out to go to Brooklyn; he'd heard the news in town, and very kindly waked Strephon up to let him know. It was nearly 12 o'clock. Strephon thanked him, and then told his wife.

"You really can't go," said she; "you know you've been complaining of a headache all day. You must resign and send a letter to the Colonel—put a special delivery stamp on it and post it now—there's a collection at 7 o'clock in the morning—and come back to bed. I wonder what the Colonel's thinking about! It's all very well in the summer, but I can't have you traipsing around in the open air at this time of night in the middle of January."

Finally she was persuaded that Strephon must really go, but she said he must resign when he got back. Then, like Andromache, she packed his dress-suit case, and woke up the young Astyanax to bid Strephon good-by. The sister-in-law came down, too, to speed the departing warrior, and he got away just in time to get the last boat that night to the city—for Strephon lived in the suburbs.

He reached the armory at 2 Monday morning and reported to his First Sergeant. Then he put on his uniform, and proceeded to pack his Merriam pack. The two sticks and the fourteen buckles bothered him at first; but the old hand showed him how they all went; and then he opened his dress-suit case.

In it were his razors, two white shirts, his dress coat, one handkerchief, a pair of dress shoes, a golf cape belonging to Mrs. Strephon, and some of Strephon's thin underclothes.

"Don't take anything that you don't need," said the Lieutenant as he passed Strephon.

"No, sir," said Strephon, saluting; and he obeyed orders. He took the handkerchiefs and the underclothes, then he put on his overcoat, which he got from the quartermaster sergeant just as that functionary was going to lend it to another man.

"I didn't know you were here," said the Q. M. S., as if that explained everything.

Having put on his coat, his belt, and his pack and taken his rifle from the rack, Strephon was ready; but then he decided to put the dress shoes in the pack, and that disturbed his getup again. Then his corporal reminded him to take a blanket and a poncho, and after they had been rolled he had to unsling his pack again and put in some table furniture. But finally he was ready. He had been afraid that he would keep the regiment waiting, but he didn't. He stood around for an hour and a half before the order to march was given.

The regiment entrained at its home station, and detrained at the City Hall, where it waited to let another regiment pass over the bridge. Then it followed, and in course of time it reached its Brooklyn stamping ground.

Strephon didn't like the looks of things; it was cold and damp, and car stables are not an enticing looking resort. But he had no time to think about that.

"Unsling your pack," said a sergeant; "quick now—you're going on guard at once."

That order braced Strephon up. "Going on guard!" That meant business. Ha—this is war," he thought, and he grasped his rifle more tightly, and took his place, and felt himself so martial that the rear-rank man had to kick him twice in the shins before he noticed that the company was moving by the right, and that he must move with it.

"We don't want to fight," thought Strephon, "but, by Jingo! if we do, we've got the men, we've got the guns, we've got the spirit, too——"

"Say, where did you break loose from?" asked a street boy; but Strephon didn't answer.

When he came off guard he found room in a trolley car to rest in; he had been on his feet for about ten hours and was tired. Besides, he had had nothing to eat. In time, however, he got some coffee, canned roast beef, and bread. It tasted good; but canned roast beef palls on one after a time, Strephon learned.

That evening he was on guard again. His first sergeant had instructed him in the mysteries of guard duty, and he knew that a sentry must port arms when he talks to a person. His orders were to let no one pass, and it looked as if he would have an easy time of it, for there was a sentry on each side of him, only about ten feet away. But Strephon was the tallest, and it seemed as if every one came to him, for he kept porting arms most of the time.

A child about three feet high approached him; he halted, faced accurately, and came to port arms. The butt of his rifle was over her head, so he had to bend down. She came straight on.

"Halt!" he shouted. She came on.

"Halt! Stand back!" he cried again.

"I've mean I've got ter stop?" asked the chilin.

"Halt," repeated Strephon.

"If yo do, why don't yer say 't sose I kin understand?" asked the child. "Say, soldier, I want ter speak ter yer."

Strephon stooped still lower, his rifle always at a port. The position was painful.

"Say," said the child, when she got near, "who re's the feller you're a shadder for?"

The position was embarrassing, and Strephon straightened up; but the child had gone.

The rest of the evening similar airy persiflage made things pleasant for the guard; but the shooting, in which, however, Strephon took no part, diverted the crowd's attention. When the guard was relieved Strephon went to the trolley car. Some of his friends had secured a sign "This car is to be reserved," and had fastened it to the door, and the packs and rifles were disposed decoratively about the vehicle.

Strephon lay on the floor with five other men. Boards were laid across from seat to seat, and on them a lot of the seats ten more men stretched themselves; but they slept well considering.

The next day things were in a little better shape. Strephon wrote home, and Phillis sent him some of the things she hadn't sent him before. Poker was a source of amusement, and crabs proved of interest. Strephon won at both games. The sergeant was a good fellow, the company sang a good many hymns; and lots of photographs were taken. Night by night the trolley car floor grew softer, day by day the food became better—at least Strephon became accustomed to them, which is the same thing.

Finally the regiment went home with band and cheering, the Colonel said a few words that made Strephon proud and happy when he read them in the paper the next morning, and the regiment was dismissed. The Merriam pack was emptied and its contents squeezed into the dress suit case, and Strephon hurried home to receive the welcome due to a warrior.

"I don't want you to resign until you've got a commission," said Phillis, looking proud