FATHER DUNCAN ON GUARD.

ENVIOUS MINERS CANNOT GET A FOOTHOLD ON ANNETTE ISLAND.

The Missionary Holds It For His Reclaimed Indians—His Model Indian Town—How a Report of His Death Started a Stampede to the Island—Rich Gold Outcrops There.

SEATTLE, Wash., Aug. 9.—"Seems to me we ought ot be pretty near that Ketchikan wharf," remarked Captain James Bonifield of the Alaskan packet Humboldt to the pilot, George, better known as "Sinbad" along the southeastern Alaskan shore.

"Strange we can't make out no light," was the reply, "and it beats me what that floating thing was we nearly ran down a minute ago. It looked like a house but where could it have come from?"

The night was a foggy one, late in July, and a drizzling rain was falling. Capt. Bonifield and his pilot were pacing the wet bridge trying to get their bearings in the narrow channel that passes Ketchikan. The Humboldt was to have landed at the little Alaskan canning station but her skipper could not find the wharf.

"Hello there! What steamer's that"

The cry came up from the port bow with a suddenness that startled the skipper into his favorite exclamation—"Well I'll be blowed!" One of the miners from the little settlement had been roused by the steamer's whistle and was out in his canoe to get the news.

"This is the Humboldt from Seattle," replied the captain, "and I've been trying for an hour to locate that shack you people call a wharf."

"There aint no more wharf," was the information that drifted up from the canoe through the fog. "Leastwise not since the Al-Ki called here yesterday. She knocked the whole business off its pins and its floating down the channel now. You'd better bet we'll sue the company for it though. What's the news?"

"Father Duncan's dead," said the captain and he paused for the outbreak that he knew would follow the telling of the most important bit of information that Ketchikan had heard in months. There was silence in the boat for a full moment while the Alaskan managed to think out the situation. The news of the death of this good priest was welcome to him. It meant many things—at leat a chance for a fortune.

"What! When did he die? Where did you hear it? Its too good to be true! Are you sure there is no mistake?"

Capt. Bonifield explained how the United States treasury agent in charge of the custom house at Mary Island had told him of Father Duncan's death a few hours before. The customs man said he had learned it from the Indians.

"Don't mention this at Juneau, Captain, and I'll stake you a claim that will give you the 'rocks' to buy a fleet like the Humboldt. Say, you've made my fortune. Haven't time to come ashore for a drink, I suppose," and the man with the canoe paddled slowly off to shore while the Humboldt proceeded toward the northern terminal of her voyage. Since the Al-Ki had knocked the wharf down she certainly would have to pass by Ketchikan.

This is how Harvey Thompson got the start in the latest stampede to Annette Island. How he came out is the rest of the story.

That the death of a poor old priest of the Church of England should cause such joy to the usually good-hearted Alaskan miner may need some explanation to those unacquainted with Father Duncan, one of the most prominent characters in Alaska. William Duncan is the most successful missionary that ever operated in the north. He has in forty years' continuous work transformed the greater portion of the fierce, cannibalistic tribe of Port Simpson, British Columbia, Indians into satisfactory citizens of the United States. The Government has given him the use of Annette island for his reclaimed savages and the model Indian town of the world has been built up at New Metlahkatlah.

Annette Island is as unprepossessing as any of its size along the southeastern coast of Alaska. It is rougher than most of the others and, with the exception of a small portion of the northeastern end, is unsuitable for habitation. As if to make up for the crude way in which the southern portion of the island was finished off nature seems to have ribbed it with countless veins of quartz. Many of the other islands have quartz ledges, but nowhere does the rock seem to be as rich as on Annette.

Time and again have prospecting parties landed on the southern end only to be discovered after a few days' work by some of Father Duncan's Indian policemen and promptly driven off. The few days' work done before discovery always seemed to develop some good ore finds. This only increased the desire of the miners to return. They say that Father Duncan is acting like a dog in the manger. His Indians do not mine, and as yet he has taken no steps to teach them. It is true the miners would use some timber and that the scanty herd of deer that now runs on the lower part of the island might be driven away, but they are willing to pay a hundred fold for the privilege of getting at Annette's treasure store. Hundreds of claims have been located at one time and another by sneaking ashore at night and working under cover. The locations could not be recorded and extensive work was always stopped by the police, who were not slow to use force.

Washington Congressmen and Senators receive long petitions every year asking that Annette be thrown open to mineral settlement. Names for this petition are not hard to get, as there is scarcely a man on the southeastern Alaska shore but has one or more claims staked out on the Indian island. Last year a fund was raised to send a representative to Washington, D. C., to lobby a bill through. He might have succeeded had not war measures demanded so much attention from the law makers.

While working away on less valuable ledges on surrounding islands the miners are keeping a weather eye on Annette, and the slightest pretext is enough to send them stampeding in that direction. Father Duncan is old and feeble, and his death has been looked for at any time. The miners, if not actually hoping for it, have been waiting for it, and this was the reason Thompson was so elated at what he learned from the Humboldt on the rainy July night. He had been put off the island more times than any other miner in the country. On his hairy breast, when his blue flannel shirt was pulled away, a crimson mark showed where an Indian policeman's rifle bullet had once struck when he refused to move on. Thompson nearly died from the wound, but his desire to work out the rich gold ledges on Annette still lived. It even seemed to take new strength along with his hatred for Father Duncan and his Indians, although the latter had nursed him well after his brush with the policeman.

Thompson rowed slowly to shore, tied up the canoe, and climbed the little hill to the cabin which he occupied jointly with two other miners. "SquawMan" Porter and young Joe Fletcher were old Annette stampeders and loved Father Duncan no better than did Thompson. They were quietly awakened by the alert newsgatherer and soon became excited listeners.

"Father Duncan's dead and his police force will go to pieces," was the way Thompson commenced his reasoning. "We must get off for Annette at once and get the pick of those claims. Nothing can stop us now. The Indians will be at sea, now that their guardian is no more, and we'll simply stay in spite of them. This is the last stampede, so hurry along."

Porter and Fletcher dressed rapidly and soon the three were carying supplies from the cabin to a small sloop that lay anchored near shore. Thompson laboriously wrote a note to a friend informing him of the chance to get a foothold on the island and tacked it on the door. In an hour all was ready and the sloop bore away under a fair wind from the north.

The sloop was put ashore on a sandy beach and the trio with a heavy pack on each pair of broad shoulders started into the hills in search of the stakes they had driven long before. Each man had a ledge picked out that just suited him. Fletcher went around on the western shore where an immense copper ledge cropped through the rock. It could be traced for over half a mile and finally plunged into the sandy beach. Its green colorings, toned off by rusty iron stains, and the most encouraging sort of side walls, smiled at him before noon. By night he had new stakes driven and an extensive group properly located.

Thompson was after gold. He did not care to wait for the smelting process that the baseness of Fletcher's copper ledge necessitated. The stamp mill was more to his liking. He climbed the height and followed a trail along that side of the island which looked toward the mainland. He had little trouble finding a marvelous ledge, stumbled on the year before while prospecting during a storm when the Indian police were not looking for trouble. He broke off a piece of the glistening white quartz and on the inner side found traces of gold—free gold that could be saved with a rocker if he hammered up the soft quartz. His group was to be another Treadwell and he called it the "Hope of Death." Young Porter also knew of a fine ledge and was in full possession before nightfall.

In the meantime Thompson's letter on the door of his Ketchikan cabin had fallen into other hands. The absence of the well known trio was noticed and soon the news of Duncan's death was over the whole camp. Other sloops were hastily provisioned and other parties started for Annette. A steam launch from Juneau soon overtook them for Capt. Bonnifield had forgotten to keep Duncan's death secret. Within twenty-four hours hundreds of miners were stampeding toward the Indian island. Such a stampede had never been known before. The news spread as rapidly as though the Indians themselves had telegraphed it by signal fires on the heights. The miners scattered to all parts of the island and it was not long until an Indian hunter ran across them. He made good time getting back to Father Duncan's house.

The Missionary had been sick but was now feeling better than he had for weeks. This sickness had undoubtedly started the story of his death. News that his beloved island was again invaded roused him to immediate energy and all the police in the community were called in. Recruits volunteered for the work of driving out the miners and arms were freely distributed.

One by one the miners were rounded up and escorted to their boats and started for home. There was no trouble once they were convinced that Father Duncan was still alive. They knew he had the law on his side and that he stood vigorously for his rights.

Thompsan laughed at the three policemen who found him comfortable encamped on his free gold ledge. He told them Father Duncan was dead and with him passed away the Indians' right to sole possession of Annette. They finally convinced him that his "sure thing tip" had been a bad one and much against his will compelled him to leave. He went back to Ketchikan as did the others and is probably there now waiting for another excuse to stampede to Annette.

Metlahkatlah is slightly out of the track of tourist steamers but it is well worth a visit. Your correspondent happened to be on a steamer that took north a load of supplies for the Indian store and was enabled to spend the better part of the day in the town, as well as to hear from Father Duncan's own lips the story of his work among the Indians.

From the ship deck one would never think that the people moving busily about the well improved streets were all Indians, and least of all, Indians whose fathers had eaten human flesh. The town lies back from a substantial wharf nearly half a mile. The settlement is pleasantly placed in a little valley among the hills and is surrounded by a heavy forest. Many well built houses shelter the 1,200 Indian inhabitants. The finest church in all Alaska has a prominent position. It is undemoninational and has the unqualified support of the entire cotomunity.

Several industries—all operated on the co-operative plan—give evidence of a prosperous condition. A salmon cannery on the beach turns out many cases of fine fish every season that find ready sale in the East. A sawmill is operated by hydraulic power obtained from a mountain lake three miles away. About the only successful brick yard in Alaska is located on the outskirts of the village. Restaurants, photograph galleries, shoe shops, general stores, music rooms, etc. are all operated by Indians. There is lacking only one familiar feature of a city in the states. There is not a saloon in Metlahkatlah. You cannot buy a drink on the island. The natives will not even accept a treat.

In a large white house Father Duncan is waiting for the messenger that will call him home. He expects death at any time and has already appointed his successor. The name of the man who will probably follow up Duncan's plans has not yet been made known. It will probably be an Indian and there are several in the settlement who seem fitted for the task.

Father Duncan likes to tell the story of the wonderful reformation of the Port Simpson Indians. Slightly condensed but still in his own words it follows:

"Forty years ago as a lay member of the Church of England, inspired by religious zeal, I established a mission for the natives near Port Simpson, British Columbia. I knew nothing of their language and only acquired it with the utmost difficulty. The natives were considered the mostworst of all the tribes on the coast. They were sadly in need of reformation. I secured permission from the British Government to have protection from the soldiers at Fort Simpson before venturing among them.

"I did not have a full realization of the task that was before men until I witnessed one of the tribe's cannibal feasts. It was in plain view of the Fort, but we dared not fire a shot, or even enter a protest, so poorly were we fortified and so greatly did they outnumber us.

"After thoroughly mastering their language I left the fort and took up my abode with the Indians. I afterwards had the pleasure of converting one of the two men who figured prominently in the sacrifice. After five years preliminary work the village of Old Metlahkatlah was established.

"The chief opposed my work and often I was sadly discouraged. I saw finally that it was useless to try to accomplish anything unless tribal relations could be broken. Belief in witchcraft was fostered and filth and degradation encouraged as long as the Indians continued to live in community houses. It was hard work to induce them to live in separate houses with the family as a unit, but it was finally accomplished.

"Old Metlahkatlah grew until 800 natives belonged to the prosperous, self-supporting and law-abiding community. For twenty-five years the settlement flourished. Then the British Government, seeing a source of profit in our trade, persecution began. The Indians were arrested and fined on the slightest pretext and were taken to Victoria and Vancouver for trial. The bishops of the Church of England also insisted on assuming and exercising an authority for which the Indians were not prepared. Another source of trouble was the whiskey smugglers who for years plied a profitable trade between Fort Simpson and Alaskan ports. They objected to the prohibitory restraint exercised by the Indians. At last life under the British flag became unbearable.

"In 1887 I called a council of my people and determined to locate on United States soil. A committee selected Annette Island. From the United States Government I secured jurisdiction over it with the powers of a United States marshal.

"The migration occurred in the fall of that year. In a body 823 of my people packed their personal belongings into canoes and paddled up the coast to this beautiful spot. We were compelled to leave behind $50,000 worth of actual property besides gardens and improvements. Here we cleared away the forest and began life anew. On the day of landing we tacked the Stars and Stripes to a tall tree and held a Thanksgiving service. God has allowed us to prosper and will continue to do so."

Father Duncan refused to talk of the invasion of his island by the miners. He said that the rights of the Indians would be protected whether he lived or died. He is now preparing to transfer the titles to the island and improvements to an Indian council.

WHAT TO PUT AROUND A TRUNK.

The Baggage Man Says That a Strap Is Firmer Than Anything Else.

"No good," said a baggage man, touching as he spoke a rope that was tied around a trunk standing in a railroad baggage room. It was a stout rope, and securely tied so far as the knot was concerned, but it did not bind on the trunk and it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to draw it close without some mechanical means to help. As it stood with the rope loose about it, the trunk could have been as easily broken by careless handling as though there had been no rope around it at all.

"A strap is the only thing," the baggage man said, "to put around a trunk."

SHANTYTOWN AT ITS BEST.

THE REAL ARISTOCRACY NOW TO BE FOUND IN BRONX BOROUGH.

The Residences are of Substantial Build, and the People Who Occupy Them Long Ago Passed the Goat Keeping Stage—Italian Parvenus Encroaching On Them.

Shantytown, with its goats, its dusty streets strewn with tomato cans, its melancholy lamp posts, its whizzing trolley cars and its diversified and cosmopolitan life, appears to be a necessary adjunct of every American city. Although the shanties long ago disappeared from Manhattan Island, the present city of New York would seem to be especially favored in this way. There are shantytowns and shantytowns; but the peculiar settlement of suburbanites that fringes the Borough of the Bronx and frequently merges its individuality in that of the borough itself, has a long and honorable history, a picturesque manner of life at the present time, and occupies an important and almost commanding position in the community of which it forms a part.

A large number of the shanties in question—the only ones indeed, that are worthy of any consideration from an artistic and social point of view—date back many years. They go back to that golden age in the history of the borough before the advantages of consolidation had been dreamed of, when the lands north of the Harlem river were divided into a few large estates and devoted to peaceful and sunny farms. It was during this era that the most substantial shantyites appeared on the scene; and, like many other important American families their origin should not be too carefully inquired into. A few irreverent and scandalous souls go as far as to say that the original shantyites at the beginning did not possess even a shanty that they could call their own; and such unpleasant epithets as "squatters" are sometimes applied to them by the envious. It is said that their common method was to select some advantageous plot of ground to which they had no legal claim; pitch some temporary shanty upon the same and proceed to "squat."

If the rightful owner of the land objected to this high handed and truly noble way of securing a foothold, the squatter would simply move out of his jurisdiction and occupy a position of vantage elsewhere. His hope was that he could succeed in remaining on the land long enough to secure a legal title; and in the majority of cases his ambition was gratified. In the meanwhile it was a simple matter to sustain life and earn a penny beside by cultivating a small piece of land; and by the time the title, by virtue of a number of years' successful squatting, was secure, the small landed proprietor was usually in a position to build the family mansion, and to leave a lasting memorial to his sons.

And time has dealt kindly with the little houses of the old Bronx squatters, far more kindly than with the more pretentious architecture of his aristocratic compeers. While the old farm houses have for the most part fallen into decay, and the old families moved into the city or entirely disappeared, the old squatters' houses remain in their pristine quaintness, and the little gardens in the rear are still cultivated by their descendants. The whole borough is dotted with these shanties, a few of which border upon the public highway, but a larger number of them are retired some distance back from the street and reached only by a winding footpath. Hardly a hill or a knoll of ground but what is capped by one of these diminutive structures, shanties only in the sense that they are seldom more than one story high.

There is nothing temporary or ramshackle in their appearance; they are strong and substantial, have withstood the rigors of a great many years and will probably endure for many years to come. But a few make some pretense to ornamentation; they are frequently surrounded by dainty piazzas, shut in by green lattice work or greener vines. On the side of many there are little shady arbors, and gorgeous sunflowers and morning glories are the rule. One of these little houses, on a now frequented street, is so hidden behind trees and shrubbery as to be visible only to the keenest eye. It is only one story high, with a small porch, supported by columns in the true colonial style, and long windows entering upon the pizza. The whole appearance is that of a neatly kept summer house, but the white dimity curtains at the windows and the small red chimney, to say nothing of the market garden in the rear, reveal it as one of the abiding places of an unusually aristocratic shantyite, probably descended from a shanty family of unusual substance and prestige.

It will be thus seen that shanty architecture is diversified, and that occasionally it makes some pretence at elegance. There is, indeed, hardly any manner of house that will not find itself reproduced in little in the shanties of the Bronx. There are shanties with gables and shanties with flat roofs; shanties built partly of stone and partly of wood; shanties that compensate for the fact that they are only one story high by a "basement kitchen." In a number of cases additions have been tacked on to the main house, never in the way of an additional story, but in a reproduction of the conventional box shaped structure in the rear. The surroundings of all these little houses are for the most part cleanly and attractive. Few of the old shanty families have sufficiently degraded themselves to keep a goat, and the yards, usually fenced off by themselves and occasionally shut off from the common herd by an evergreen hedge, are freed from tin cans, ash piles and general debris that are commonly regarded elsewhere as the indispensable adjuncts of the shanty life.

The descendants of the old settlers live in almost precisely the same way as their forbears. They usually have large families, though their houses are not overrun by ragged children—they are invariably sent to the nearest school and grow up to be decent and self-respecting citizens. The families are usually supported by a small-sized farm, or market garden, for the original squatters always staked off enough land to provide for their own and their families subsistance. Early every morning the head of the family may be found diligently working their little plots of land—a few potatoes, a number of tomato vines, a few lettuce rows, an occasional radish bed. In the summer two or three times a week they take the choicest products of their industry down town and have no difficulty in disposing of it at the large city markets—for the fruits of the shanty farms are at a premium. A small amount they save for themselves, and with this and the money earned from the rest they manage to get along comfortably enough. The true shantyite never moves; and, indeed, there is no reason why he should. He is a man of frugal habits and philosophical manner of life; he is never disturbed by the fiercest blasts of the winter season, for he has his little Franklin stove, and he can keep it cheerfully blazing away, too, without daily resorting to the charity associations, as is the custom with many of his less fortunate neighbors.

During the past few years a number of these old settlers have abandoned farming—a lamentable sign, which can only forebode their gradual decline. A score or so have become flagmen on the railroad crossings, night watchmen in factories, and, in a few especially mournful cases, they have fallen so far away from the family traditions as to become day laborers. It should be said in all justice, however, that few have sunken to this depth—in the majority of cases the old Spartan simplicity still prevails. These latter, however, are frequently found among a race of upstarts that have arisen in shanty town during the past few years, and taken upon themselves all the airs of the original settlers. There are a large number of immigrant families, chiefly Irish and Italian, who have moved into the borough, set up in the shanty business on their own account, and made every pretence of being the real thing.

But the shantyite is born, not made; and these latter day squatters may be easily distinguished from those they basely imitate, whom they resemble only in the most obvious externals. A few of them have been fortunate enough to discover the abandoned homes of a shanty family that has fallen into decay, or whose present representatives have been allured by the attractions of city life. A still larger number have built shanties of their own, which they have distributed all over the borough, even in the residence and business part, and which can be detected at a glance. These houses have a decidedly modern appearance; a cheap tenement air, and are distinguished by all the accessories of modern tenement life. The original white paint has to a large extent disappeared; the little red chimney is minus a number of bricks; the grass in the front yard has been completely worn by swarms of squalling children, and everything is a miserable travesty of the true refinement of the old shanty aristocracy. It is here that we find the goats chewing their cud in the front yard—frequently more than one; and an occasional pig is not a rarity. The occupants make no pretence to a rural life; the returns of the small shanty farm are too small and too uncertain for them; they are for the most part laborers in the streets, motor men, stevedores and the like. At night they disturb the quiet rest of the old shanty families with their drunken orgies—especially in such places as Springhurst, which is little more than a collection of shanties, genuine and false, or Belmont, of which the less said the better.

The descendants of the old shanty families, however, endure it all in silence, and maintain an attitude of indifferent exclusiveness towards these miserable *parvenus*. Even the fact that a number of enterprising real estate dealers have caught the shanty idea and constructed rows of the little structures, which are rented out monthly, apparently does not disturb them in the least. They may hold their heads a little higher when they pass such evidences of shanty decadence as these, and may be betrayed into expressing their disgust at some unromantic shantyite who has sold the rear of his domicile to some patent medicine concern for advertising purposes—but in the main they view it all with aristocratic stolidity. There are a few who have found their surroundings irksome and have moved into the tenements of the city or the borough itself, but the pride of the majority stands in the way of such a change. They cannot bear the thoughts of abandoning the ancestral homestead to such degenerates as they see about them every day; and they have always scorned tenement house life, even of the better class, as unfitted to their station.

For years they have come to regard themselves as immeasurably superior to their surroundings; and it is a terrible experience to find themselves elbowed out by plebeians who have no appreciation of the dignity of shanty life. The change, however, seems inevitable. The time must come when the old shantyites must die; the young men are altogether too likely to take the elevated train to the great borough at the South; and in a decade or so it seems likely that the spurious shantyites will have everything their own way, and that the old settled families and their market gardens will be merely a tradition.

MILLIONS IN SKUNK FARMING.

An Official of the Agricultural Department Illustrates a Col. Seller's Scheme.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—"There's money in a skunk farm," said an official of the Agricultural Department, "and skunk farming will some day be a great industry in this country. There's a barrel of money in the business, and yet the man who suggested it was regarded as out of his head. It does not take a prolonged and expensive investigation to demonstrate the truth of what I assert. It is not necessary to send a lot of special agents from this department helter-skelter over the country to gather facts and figures. Not a bit. All that is necessary is to get one of the old-time fellows who has spent his life on the farm and in the woods, and who is a close observer of the habits of "varmints" and he can give all the information needed.

"An old fellow of this kind can tell you when the first skunk was discovered on the American continent, how often they have young, how many, how fast they grow, to what age they live, and, as I said, tell all that is needed. From such information as this it is easy to figure out the facts you wish. Coming from such a source there can be no doubt of its accuracy.

"While there are no official statistics on record, it is known that skunks—the American skunk—will begin breeding at one year old. They breed twice each year, and have litters of from five to thirteen, an average of eight to a litter. It is said that skunks can live on as little as any known animal, so there is little expense in raising them. They are of a different disposition to the coon, squirrel and many other small animals, in that they cannot be tamed, and I do not suppose that many people would care to have one as a pet.

"There are two distinct species of the American skunk—the jet black and the black and white striped. The latter is regarded as one of the most beautiful creatures of the animal kingdom. Its pelt is highly prized as it makes the prettiest of muffs, wraps and neck boas. The jet black pelt is also highly prized, but is not so valuable as the black and white striped. The pelt of the latter can always be sold for one dollar. The oil from the skunk is worth fifty cents an ounce, and is used in severe cases of croup, colds and kindred diseases. The oil does not have the unpleasant aroma of the skunk.

"Now, it has been figured out that a man who understands skunk farming can begin on twenty skunks—fifteen females and five males—and in a very few years will have a large and healthy bank account. It is easy to calculate how rapidly these twenty skunks will increase in number. If you begin operations on the farm in the early fall the skunks will breed in December. Right from the jump, estimating the increase at the rate of eight to the litter, you have an increase of 120 skunks. Well, in June they breed again and at the same ratio of increase at the expiration of one and one-half years you will have 7,495 skunks. In four years, without mishap, your skunks will have increased to 3,780,000.

"This is a good big drove of skunks, and if the pelts are worth $1 each, the pelts of 200 male skunk would bring in open market $200, and the oil at 50 cents an ounce would be worth $800. Then figuring as we did on the increase of skunks, at the expiration of one and one-half years, you could kill 3,700 male skunks, the pelts of which would be worth just as many dollars as skunks killed. The amount of oil gathered from this number of skunks would amount to 20,600 ounces, worth just $14,800. At the expiration of four years you would have killed 1,890,000 male skunks the pelts of which would be worth $1,890,000, and the oil—15,120,000 ounces—$7,560,600, and you would still have 3,700,000 skunks left to continue business with.

"These figures are not at all extravagant, and it will not be long before some of our enterprising citizens will be embarking in the skunk farming business. I do not know of anything which will produce money faster than this, and the beauty of it is that it takes only a small sum to begin with. It discounts raising five cent cotton or any other agricultural pursuit that I know of.

A PARIS EXPOSITION NOVELTY.

The Imitation Ocean Voyage Which May be Taken on the Grounds.

Possibly the most striking of the many novelties which will be offered to the visitors at the coming Paris Exposition will be the "Mareorama," as it is called. This is a great mock ocean steamer. It is arranged precisely like one of the transatlantic vessels, has a crew and captain, and even the motion of a ship speeding through the waves. It does not move from the spot on which it is erected, but to those on board the illusion promises to be perfect. The passengers are supposed to be on a journey from Marseilles to Constantinople, and as the last bell sounds "all ashore" the harbor of Marseilles seems to recede from the vision, the vessel passes out to sea, and all of the scenery of the coast passes in review.

This is done by a large number of paintings which unroll in panorama fashion, and are so realistic that the observers, if not over critical, may really imagine that they are taking the sail. The vessel rocks and throbs as if it were really on the ocean, and this is brought about by the machinery which gives the vessel the required motion. Meals are served, and if you are not careful you will find your soup in your lap. Genuine seasickness will be the portion of all predisposed to that ailment, and it will be almost as if the actual voyage were taken, except that it will last but a short time. The coast of Algiers, Tunis, and much of the Mediterranean Sea will pass before the eyes of the passengers, and at last, the Golden Horn, the port of Constantinople will be entered. The painting of the panorama has been entrusted to Hugo d'Alexis, a graphic artist who has depicted the scenes in all their natural beauty. It will be a cheap and speedy method of making the journey, not to mention the novelty of experiencing all of the pleasures and some of the qualms of a long sea voyage, without the least danger of shipwreck.

FATE OF THE PRIZE HOG.

RED PEPPER, RATTLESNAKE AND NITRO-GLYCERINE UNDID HIM.

Hank Dunham's Invention For Inducing the Rattlers to Commit Suicide Ended the Snake-Killing Hog's Career—His Owner Says Hank Meant To Do It.

BLOOMING GROVE, Pa., Aug. 25.—"Del Hawkins thought the world of that hog," said Deacon Ellis. "Kill snakes! That hog was like a Christian regarding snakes. He killed them morning, noon and night. 'There ain't a snake in Pike County that hog is afraid to tackle,' Del was telling me only last week. But the last snake Del's hog tried to eat was full of nitro-glycerine and red pepper and the combination of rattler, red pepper and nitro-glycerine was too much, even for the prize hog.

"'He died doin' his duty,' Del says to me with tears in his eyes, 'and, if I could find his scattered remains, I would put a stone over them with that inscription.' But nothing but a drag net through Pike and the surrounding counties can ever gather together what is mortal of that noble animal. Del says it was all a put-up job on the part of Hank Dunham, and allows he will fill Hank full of buckshot when he sees him, but I says to Del:

"'It's the finger of Providence did this, Del. Don't interfere or something worse may happen.'

"'Finger of Providence, nothing!' says Del, being a profane man, and a backslider, 'it was Hank Dunham's new fangled way of killing rattlers. Besides, what worse can happen to hog or man than rattler, red pepper and nitro-glycerine?'

"You see, the summer being dry folks about here had been greatly bothered by rattlers. Hank Dunham was a great one for chasing and killing them and was always thinking of ways and means for decreasing the visible supply of rattlers in Pike County. But try as Dunham would Del's hog held the record, and Del thinks that Hank—being jealous of the hog, and knowing its fondness for rattlers—laid a trap for the noble animal. I say, 'fate and the finger of Providence,' but Del says, 'jealousy, and red pepper and nitro-glycerine and rattlesnake.'

"Hank Dunham was blowing up stumps on his farm this spring and using nitro-glycerine for that purpose. One day he carried out some in a little pail and, finding he had forgotten something, put the nitro-glycerine down by a stump—being a careless, heedless sort of a man—and went back to the house. When he got back to the stump the pail was there, but all the nitro-glycerine was gone.

"'Danged queer,' says Hank. 'Why in thunder should anyone steal the glycerine and leave the pail?'

"Then he looked round and about one hundred feet away he saw three or four big rattlers lying on the ground and sunning themselves as if they had just eaten a big meal. Hank didn't connect the rattlers with the loss of his nitro-glycerine, but picking up a rock he threw it at the snakes. It hit one of the biggest square on the back. Then there was an explosion and the air was full of rattlesnake meat, and fangs and rattles.

"'Holy bullfishes,' says Hank, 'them rattlers is what stole my glycerine.'

"That set Hank to wondering if he couldn't use the nitro-glycerine to kill off the rattlers, who were getting to be a pesky nuisance on his place. When supper time came Hank was sort of pondering over the problem of the snakes and the nitro-glycerine, and, without thinking what he was doing he put a lot of red pepper on some cabbage he was eating.

"'Holy jumping bullfishes,' he shouted, springing for the water pail, 'my whole insides is on fire.'

"When Hank got sort of cooled off inside he had an idea.

"'Supposing red pepper makes me jump about like that, what will be its effect on a big rattler, who can't get at a water pail right off? And supposing that rattler is filled to the brim with nitro-glycerine, what is going to be the effect of his thrashing about in that fashion?'

"Well, a man don't need to have what Judge Means calls a 'mammoth think tank' to know that if a rattler loaded to the limit with nitro-glycerine tries to dance the hornpipe there is going to be one less rattler. So Hank, after pondering on the way to put his discovery in working order, finally made a lot of little capsules and filled them with red pepper. Then he mixed the capsules up with the nitro-glycerine.

"'A snake swallows its food whole,' says Hank to his wife, 'and when his digestive organs get to working on that red pepper there is going to be one mighty surprised snake, but it won't be a marker to the surprise party he will get if he goes pounding around with all that nitro-glycerine in him.'

"The next day Hank set out some nitro-glycerine with pepper capsules in it in a place where rattlers were frequent. Nitro-glycerine has a sweet taste, and a sort of sickish, sweet smell, and it wasn't but a few minutes before Hank, who was hiding behind some bushes, saw a big rattler mosy up to where the glycerine was, poke his nose into it, and gulp down the whole dose. Then Mr. Rattler went to a sunny spot, stretched himself out, and began to doze after the manner of a snake who has done his duty, eaten all he can hold and is now ready for a good solid snooze. In about five minutes the snake lifted up his head, like a person who hasn't been sleeping just comfortable. Then he glanced around, and Hank says you could see a look of pained surprise on that snake's countenance. In another minute the snake began to squirm, as if he had eaten something that didn't quite agree with him. Then as the red pepper got in its fine work, the rattler began to thrash around like a man with the colic. Then he jumped into the air and pretty soon in his jumpings he hit his stomach against a stone. That gave the nitro-glycerine in him a jar, there was an explosion, and one big rattler had joined the great majority as the parson says.

"Hank Dunham was the proudest and joyfullest man in Pike County, when he saw the success of his experiment.

"'Talk about your inventors,' he says to his wife when he came home that night. 'I am the prize pumpkin of the lot. Future generations will take their hats off at the name of Mr. Henry Dunham, the man who discovered the way to clean the country of rattlesnakes. People that want rattlers had better be getting in a supply, for they will be scarce. White blackbirds are going to be common compared with Pike County rattlers after my idea gets in its fine work.'

"The next three days Hank spent in mixing nitro-glycerine and red pepper pellets and laying traps for the rattlers. And there's no denying his scheme was a success. About every ten minutes you could hear a muffled explosion on Hank's farm. That was a sign that some benighted rattler had been tasting Hank's 'medicine' and had passed in his checks. By the end of the week most of the rattlers on Hank's place had blown themselves up. Then Hank came over to the store. There he met Del. Del was boasting about the number of rattlers his prize hog had killed. Hank listened scornful like, and finally broke in:

"'It's intellect, not trained hogs,' says he sort of sarcastically, 'that decides the destiny of a country. Trained hogs and their owners were all right for uncivilized times, but what Pike County needs to-day is nineteenth century inventions and men who can use them. That well meaning, but ignorant animal of yours was all right in its time, but the day of trained hogs is gone by.'

"Mad? Why Del most had a fit, when he heard Hank talk about his prize hog in that way. For years Del had taken an honest pride in that hog and the way it could kill rattlers, and he looked at it as one of the family and a mighty important member, too.

"'Just because some self-respecting reptile committed suicide at finding himself on your farm, Hank Dunham,' Del says in his most cutting way. 'You think you are the boss snake killer in Pike County. But I'll bet you a good bear skin against a barrel of cider that my hog can get rid of more snakes in an hour than all your inventions can in a day.'

"'I'll take that bet,' says Hank, and they agreed to go over to Hank's place the next day and settle the matter. The next morning Del and his prize hog and a whole slew of the neighbors came over to Hank's farm. Hank met them and says:

"'Just killed two big rattlers. Start that pet of yours to work, Del. Snakes is getting scarce and he'll be a long time getting one.'

"'Dumbed easy to say you've killed two or twenty-two rattlers,' growled Del. 'I don't see any signs of dead snakes, though. When my hog kills one you can see him do it.' Then Del made a sort of whirring sound, like the rattle of a snake, and that hog began to root around and poke into the bushes looking for a rattler.

"Here was where the tragedy came in. Del says it was a put-up job on the part of Hank to kill the hog which had been the pride and joy of the Hawkins family, and Hank says it was a fool hog and ought to have known enough to let alone a rattlesnake that had been dieting on red pepper and nitro-glycerrne. However that may be, the prize hog sighted a rattler which was lying stretched out in the sun lazy and comfortable, evidently after eating a big meal of something it thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Hog started after the rattler, but before he could reach the snake it began to twist and thrash around. It didn't seem afraid of the hog, or to try to run away, but acted like a snake which had such serious troubles of its own that it wasn't interested in the movements, even of a prize hog. This seemed queer and all of a sudden Hank calls out:

"'Say Del, stop that hog of yours. I'll bet that rattler has just been eating nitro-glycerine.'

"Del thought this was just a trick of Hank's to call off the hog and prevent him from killing the snake, and he answered back, scornful like:

"'Yes, call off the hog. Don't let him eat the poor snake, or Hank will lose his bet,' and he grinned like a man who thinks he has said something mighty funny.

"It was all over in a moment. The prize hog planted his front feet square on the head and neck of the rattler, looked proudly around, as if he knew he was doing his duty, and then took a good big bite of the nitro-glycerine loaded stomach of the snake. Then there was an explosion, and a steady rain of pieces of prize hog all over that part of the country.

"'The proud and happy look that animal gave me just before he parted company with the top of his head will go with me to the end of my life,' says Del, telling the details of the tragedy, 'and I will get even with that reptile of a Hank Dunham for murdering the pride of the Hawkins family, if it takes me all my born days. It's my belief he loaded that rattler and left it where my faithful animal would find it and die in the pursuit of his duty.'

"But Hank only laughs and says a hog that don't know any better than to try and make a meal off red pepper, rattle snake, and nitro-glycerine was sure to come to an untimely end."

THE WELLMAN EXPEDITION.

Further Evidence that Franz Josef Land Is Not a Promising Route to the Pole.

The expedition led to Franz Josef Land, last year, by Mr. Walter Wellman, of Chicago, has returned to England, and the story it tells gives a fair idea of the work it has done and the mishaps which resulted in its premature retreat. It left behind the Italian expedition of the Duke of the Abruzzi which it met as the Duke was entering the southern confines of the archipelago. The Duke saw his expected rival in the race for the pole turning homeward from the starting point, and he will therefore have a walk-over to the pole, if he can get there, which is extremely doubtful.

Mr. Jackson, in his recent three years' work, discovered that Franz Josef Land is merely an archipelago of comparatively small islands, affording no continuous coast line along which sledging parties might make their way toward the pole. He also discovered that strong currents in the channels among the islands tend to keep the ice rather thin and dangerous for sledging parties, and that Arctic work in this region is, on the whole, about the severest test of human endurance that explorers have experienced. These facts convinced nearly all the Arctic experts that Franz Josef Land is about the worst base for further assaults on the pole that could be selected, and they had little faith that Wellman would succeed in making a far northing. The event has justified their skepticism, for he found the most miserable conditions for sledging, and finally fell into a snow-covered crevasse with results so serious that he was compelled to return.

It is not often that explorers are engulfed in these pitfalls, numerous as they are and frequently hidden under the snow, but Wellman is not the first to suffer from them in Franz Josef Land. While crossing Middendorf Glacier in Crown Prince Rudolf Land in 1874 Payer's sledge, dogs and comrade fell thirty feet into a crevasse. Payer was dragged in his sledge harness to the edge of the opening, but managed to free himself in the nick of time. The only chance to rescue Zaninovich and the dogs was to secure the help of a party whom Payer had left six miles behind. To expedite his movements the explorer threw off his outer garments and ran in his stocking feet through the deep snow, covering the six miles in an hour; and in four hours and a half after the accident the man, dogs and sled were pulled out of the hole, fortunately not much the worse for their tumble.

Wellman established his winter quarters, on July 30, last year, at Cape Tegethoff, the southern terminus of Hall Island and a little north of the 80th parallel. At this point he was on the south edge of the archipelago and near the entrance to Austria Sound, up which he proposed to ascend. From this winter camp he sent Mr. Baldwin, the meteorologist of the second Peary expedition to northwest Greenland, north with Norwegians and an equipmenr and they established an outpost at Cape Heller on the west coast of Wilczek Land about 80° 45' north. Here two volunteers, Ventzen and Bjoervig, who had been members of the Nansen expedition, were left for the winter and Wellman with a party expected to join them, but was prevented from doing so by the treacherous ice and almost incessant fog that prevailed until the Arctic night set in. Ventzen died in December and his comrade lived alone in the Arctic night till Wellman with a sledging party joined him late in the winter. Starting on Feb. 18, before the sun's return, he was eight days making this journey, which is noteworthy from the fact that it was the earliest sledging journey on record for so high a latitude. He made this early start north in order to see how his outpost was faring and also to insure the best possible advance to the north during the sledging season. He went on from Cape Heller with sledges, and by March 20 had reached 82° north on the sea east of Crown Prince Rudolf Island.

It was here that he fell into a crevasse and so severely injured his right leg that it was necessary, after two days further effort to get North, to face about and make for headquarters. The travelling was terrible owing to floating ice fields and open crevasses.

Before the arrival of the ship that took him home his party was able to make some original geographical researches and the expedition was by no means barren of results. All his travel was done in the eastern part of the archipelago, much of which had not been explored. Jackson in his three years' work did not touch any part of the region in which Wellman's sledge expeditions were made, and the charts of the American explorer may go far to complete the mapping of this group of islands.

According to Wellman the group extends further to the east than has hitherto been known. In April last Mr. Baldwin and four Norwegians went across the ice to Wilczek Land, charted the unexplored east coast of it, and found a new island covered with ice, almost as large as Wilczek Land and extending about 120 geographical miles to the east of Wilczek. They named it Graham Bell Land, after the president of the National Geographical Society. This island extends the south part of the archipelago a considerable distance to the east.

The highest north among the islands may still remain with Payer, the first explorer there who, in April, 1874, reached Cape Fligely on Crown Prince Rudolf Land in 82.05 north. Wellman, however, says his turning point was twenty-five miles northwest of the Freeden islands, and he may have reached Payer's latitude or a little surpassed it. It will be remembered that the Fram drifted to the north of the group. Wellman turned back about seventy-five miles northeast of the little island where Nansen and his comrade spent the winter. Nansen first landed on one of the Freeden islands, and Wellman says that he photographed three islands and some large land to the north that were seen neither by Payer nor Nansen. He also reports Payer's "Dove Glacier" north of Wilczek Land as non-existent, but this fact had already been made known by Nansen who said that he found only water where Payer had marked land and this glacier.

FLOUR GOLD OF INDIANA.

SMALL QUANTITIES TAKEN OUT OF THE CREEK OF BROWN COUNTY.

Primitive Methods In Use By the Farmers—One Indianapolis Jeweler Takes Nearly The Whole Output—Natives Land Poor But Hang On Because of the Gold Fever.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 1.—Thirty miles from Indianapolis, as the crow flies, is a county almost as unknown to the rest of the State as Thibet is to the civilized world. Jagged and rough with hills, whose poor soil offers a scanty subsistence to its struggling handful of people, this county has never heard the shriek of a locomotive's whistle, and though for more than fifty years gold has been found there, yet it has never known a mining camp of more than three tents. Last week the whole State was interested in the announcement that the Indianapolis & Southern Railroad was to build its line through the heart of this isolated country. The officials speak in no sanguine terms of what they expect to haul out of Brown county, although they refer hopefully to the hardwood timber of the rocky hills.

But it is its gold which has given Brown county its greatest claim to prominence. Prof. John Collett, one of the most learned of the Indiana geologists, who died recently, once said there was enough gold in this county to pay the entire national debt, grimly adding that every dollar's worth of gold taken out of the county would require the expenditure of another dollar, and that is what the hundreds, even thousands, of men who have ventured to pan the creeks of Brown county in the last half century have found out. Yet each summer finds the hopeful gold seekers at work on the black sandbars.

This summer the activity was renewed with greater zest than ever before, and the prospectors are also drifting up into Morgan county, where the finds are better and the signs more favorable. It is not so uncommon to hear of men making $5 a day panning for the minute yellow flakes. Nothing more progressive in mining machinery than the old fashioned rocker and the rough sluice-box has ever been utilized. Indeed, there is little opportunity to make use of more extensive appliances for, while every rain brings down gold from the hillsides, no one has yet been able to find the quartz whose disintegration is supposed to release the precious particles. It is all very fine, this flour gold, and equal in quality and color to the best metal of the West African coast. No borings have been made, and the source of the gold is a mystery even to those geologists who maintain that it came down from the North with the glacial drift. When attention can be diverted from the miserable garden patches, the farmers take a turn on the creeks and make for themselves profits ranging from 75 cents to $3 a day, every man having a gold mine in his barnyard. The scarcity of the flow of water operates against larger profits. From Centerton, Morgan county, a few miles over the Brown county line, many phials of the flour gold have come this month, most of it reaching Indianapolis, where it is handled by one jeweler who has great faith in the ultimate gold output of the two counties. Many articles of jewelry worn in this city are made of gold of the Hoosier State, and the Brown county gold has been a favorite in the emblem rings worn by local Scottish Rite Masons.

The Morgan county gold-washers are much the same type of people as found in Brown county, rough, rugged and with a dialect not Hoosier but peculiar to themselves. Some of them have acquired large farms and thus have become land poor, for the ground is of little value for crops, except where the wild blackberry occasionally grows. The State Board of Tax Commissioners last week assessed the county at an average of $6.26 an acre, yet when a stranger appears along one of these gold-bearing creeks and asks a farmer to put a price on his land, the value immediately jumps to $50 an acre, only to take a mighty tumble when the stranger leaves on the morrow. The fluctuations of prices on Brown county land are greater than those in any wheat pit, and seldom is a farm sold.

The sluice-box used by the farmers in getting the gold out of the creeks is about five feet long. At intervals on the bottom of the box are boards a few inches high. The black sand and plenty of water are poured into one end of the box and the particles of gold heavy enough to sink find resting places between the intercepting boards. But much of the gold is so fine that it floats on the surface of the water, and the "miners" use a simple method to catch it. A blanket is laid over the open top of the box and is allowed to rest on the water flowing through. The minute grains of gold catch on the rough blanket and are thus arrested to help pay the winter expenses of the farmer-goldseeker. The blanket is taken to the farmhouse and placed in a warm room. It soon dries out and is then shaken and beaten over paper spread on the floor until all the particles of gold have left the fabric and are ready to be carefully gathered and poured into a phial with the heavier grains.

The Indianapolis jeweler spoken of above, has a scheme by which, he figures, twenty times as much gold can be taken out of the creeks in a day as is being taken out by the small sluice box. He proposes to construct a trough 150 feet long after the pattern of the crude sluice-box, and by the use of a pump force the black sand and water of the creek into the trough by the barrel full. He estimates that with a capital of $1,000 for first expenses a profitable gold-gathering plant can be established on Gold creek, in Morgan County.

In the Brown County recesses are queer characters. One of them, Henry Blivens, an argonaut of '49, lives a lonely life in his cabin up in the hills. That he washes for gold everyone knows, though no one has any definite information as to what Blivens has made. One can hear reports that he has discovered "the lode" and that he is taking out gold secretly and in small quantities and spiriting it away to some city. A mysterious trip he made to Chicago set the farmers to speculating, and the fact that Blevins admitted he had sold $100 worth of the flakes only magnified the belief in his hidden wealth. It is said Blivens has found several nuggets, something rare for Brown County, although some as high as $35 in value have been picked up in years passed. Most of the nuggets, however, have been no larger than a grain of wheat. The first find of nuggets was on Bean Blossom Creek, which for many years gave its name to Brown County gold. Tradition has it, and there's little else of history in Brown County except tradition, that large finds were made by the natives before the war.

Another quaint goldseeker is "Old Man" Merriman. His farm consists of 1,000 acres of barren land. He spends most of his time along Gold Creek, a small tin pan in hand, industriously washing out the black sand. On his trips he carries a bag of brown sugar, and his few acquaintances say he lives on sugar alone when he is seeking gold. He is content to lie down at night at the side of a log and sleep until the sun calls him to the creek again. Four times a year he comes to Indianapolis with a bottle of flour gold, sells it and returns to his monotonous existence on Gold Creek.

A few years ago an old California prospector, buffeted about for a quarter of a century and unsuccessful, thought he could solve the problem in Brown County, and arriving there he surprised the natives by constructing a rocker. The natives wondered why they had not invented the same device. It cost him about $1 to build one of these, and the farmers for miles about began constructing rockers. The old prospector bided his time and then went around demanding a royalty of $17 on every rocker, saying he was the inventor and patentee. A year later some chap from the city strolled in and told the people there was no more patent on a mining rocker than on a plain broom handle. A quiet meeting of farmers was called, and between sunrise and sundown of the next day the old prospector left Brown County for good.

Mt. Washington's Summer Snow Cap.

From the Boston Transcript.

"On the first day of August the snowbank on Mt. Washington, near the head of Tuckerman's ravine, was plainly visible from our home, about thirty miles distant as the crow flies, without glasses. We have been watching it every clear day, and were surprised to see how slowly it has melted. The mountains have been obscured since Tuesday until this morning (Aug. 6), and we can just see a small patch of snow, which will doubtless vanish in a day or two. I have no data to show how long the snow has remained there in previous years, but it seems to us quite remarkable that it should last so long, exposed as it has been to the sun and rain."