

ALASKA GAMESUPPLY

FUR-BEARING ANIMALS RECK-LESSLY KILLED.

Beaver Are Now Almost Extinct, Sea Otters Are Extremely Scarce, and Moose Are Vanishing with Great Rapidity.

Ten years ago Alaska was a fur country beyond all else, with a trade annually in excess of \$2,000,000. This year the fur crop, exclusive of the seals, will not exceed \$500,000. In the judgment of a prominent Chicago furrier, recently returned from a fourth trip of four months in that country, the slaughter of the fur-bearing animals, with the exception of the seals, is such as to make the life of the fur trade short indeed. The sea otter, one of the most valuable of all animals, is practically extinct. Wolves have killed all the deer spared by the hunter or have driven them to the islands off the coast. The moose are fast going, and only the seals are more numerous than they have been for years. But these are at the mercy of a United States monopoly and of the British hunters, who come openly within three miles of the American coast and kill seals in open water. Yet 200 American seal hunters sit idly on the coast, not daring to go what the British and the North American Trading and Transportation Company are doing unhindered.

Not only are the fur-bearing animals threatened, but it is said that the canneries are raiding the salmon supply of the country in such a way that Indians receiving only 5 cents a piece for salmon weighing above eight pounds are making \$15 to \$20 a day at fishing. In the Columbia River country years ago the canneries worked havoc with this magnificent game fish, throwing them out of the coast rivers by machinery, taking the big fish and leaving the smaller

The mother otter nurses her babe in her arms, and they sleep on their backs in the water. When frightened or suspicious they keep only their noses and eyes out of the water.

"When the hunters start out each is armed with a rifle, and each man uses marked bullets, that may be identified after they are fired. When the nose of an otter is sighted the man finding it gives a signal to the nearest boatman, and in a few moments the little fleet is surrounding the creature. When the great circle is complete as may be the nose of the animal may be a thousand yards from the nearest marksman. A shot is fired at the black spot on the water and it disappears. The animal is capable of diving 3,000 feet under water, and it may not come up for many minutes, but if the circle is well formed it is not likely to break the line.

"The instant the nose appears again another shot or two is sent after it, and the boats close in on the circle. Time and again it comes up, only to be frightened down again, each time for a shorter period. As it weakens and grows short of breath the otter raises more and more of its head out of the water, until finally it is a good target for the hunters. As soon as it is in range the Indians begin to take careful aim. Finally a lucky shot kills the creature, and the whole party lands.

"The otter is skinned at once and the shots that may have struck it are followed until the bullet is found. The rules of the hunt are that \$10 from the skin shall go to the man who sighted it; \$5 each shall go to the other nine men in the party, while the one whose marked bullet evidently killed the animal gets all the rest. There is seldom any disagreement in these parties, either.

"Sometimes an otter killed on land may have several bullet holes in his skin, but these holes are no damage to the fur, as the furrier chooses them easily from the back. Ordinarily, now, when one hide has been secured, the whole party goes back to the trading

for escaping pursuit. A pack of wolves chases a deer to the sea and it swims out to an island. In this way the whole archipelago of the Alaskan peninsula is full of deer.

"Once the moose and caribou were in great herds, but they have thinned greatly. After Sept. 1 the mountain sheep gather in bands and even yet as many as 300 may be found in a flock. The moose and caribou, however, are seldom more than twenty-five in a herd, and they are exceedingly shy and difficult to kill.

"The territory needs a good, practical game law that could be enforced. That enforcement would be difficult, however. Among the thousands of adventurers in the territory there are many who kill game wantonly. The Indians, too, have no regard for the preservation of species.

"The fish supply of the country is open to the onslaught of canners and packers. Something should be done to regulate this. A fisherman may go out, and in an hour, with only hook and line, catch fifteen halibut, some of them weighing 200 pounds. These big fish, of course, have to be let go, as they cannot be taken into a boat. There are millions of codfish, herrings in myriads, and salmon in swarms, but at the present rate of canning the supply will be cut into heavily in a few years. All other kinds of shell-fish save oysters abound in these Alaskan waters. It is only a matter of time when Alaska will be supplying the United States with fish. Just how long it supplies will depend upon how the sources of supply are treated by the fishermen. There are no reptiles of any kind in Alaska, not even turtles, lizards, or frogs. There are a few toads, however."

Resigned to His Fate.

The following story of a negro slave is told by a French officer conducting an exploring expedition recently up one of the rivers which flow into the Congo: "One night while we were in camp



MOOSE ANTLERS, 72 INCHES FROM TIP TO TIP... KILLED IN ALASKA.

THE OTTER FLEET.

HUNTING SCENES IN ALASKA, WHERE GAME SUPPLY IS BEING RUINED.

ones to rot in the sun. With the eight-pound limit there are evidences that the slaughter already has begun when it is said that one company for 1900 will pack 950,000 cases of salmon at Kodiak Island.

"The seal fisheries are the greatest of the fur-bearing possibilities of this great country," says the Chicagoan. "The impression has been given out that these animals are rapidly becoming extinct. But it is not so. I have my own eyes as evidence in this statement, and anywhere along the Alaskan coast natives and those long resident there will tell you that more seals have been seen this season than ever before.

"According to law the Alaskan Indian may kill seals for food, but in selling the skins he must make affidavit that the animals were killed for food purposes and he must not kill too many for that purpose, either.

"The most valuable and most nearly extinct animal now in Alaska is the sea otter. Ten or fifteen years ago a hunting party could go out and kill perhaps twenty of these splendid animals in one hunt. Now the same party may go out and get one, or it may come back without any. Owing to the scarcity of the animals, too, the hunting of the few left is becoming more and more difficult. A skin now brings from \$200 to \$300 to the Indian hunters, and in London they sell for \$350 to \$1,200. Most of these skins are bought in London by the Russians.

Hunting the Sea Otter.
"At least eleven canoes, each holding a hunter, are necessary in the killing of an otter. They can be hunted only when the water is glassy smooth, as their habits are such that they are incapable on a rippling surface. They are a thoroughly honest set of animals—

post. The Indians are much shrewder traders now than they were once. They have need to be. They may take the hide to every dealer in the post and still be dissatisfied. In such a case they pick upon some squaw to take the pelt to another post—maybe even to Dawson. They would not trust a man to do it, for he would be almost certain to get drunk. The squaws are almost universally honest and dependable, and the hunters count on every penny of returns save the necessary expense incurred. Sometimes the Indians make money by this; sometimes they don't. I offered a party of hunters \$300 for a skin, but they refused to take it. They sent a woman with it to Dawson and there she got only \$300 after spending \$40 on steamer fares and incidental expenses. She was the wife of the man who had killed it, and she was quite pleased with her trip and experience.

"Near Cook's Inlet one finds the best hunting. There are moose, caribou, mountain sheep, and bears for big game. In addition there are millions of geese, ducks, brants, and water fowl of all description. Our party killed three moose, seven mountain sheep, and one caribou in the four months that we were there. We have brought back twelve moose skins and heads, seventeen mountain sheep, thirteen wolf skins, and the hides of sixty bears. The largest of these bear hides is more than nine feet long and is eight feet in width. It came from a grizzly. Some of these grizzlies reach a length of thirteen feet.

Dear Have Become Extinct.
"Dear in Alaska proper are now extinct, but the islands off the mainland are full of them. This is due to the fact that wolves will not take to water, while it is the deer's favorite refuge—

there came from the jungle a youthful voice crying out to our boatman in the Yakoma tongue: "Hallo, Sangos! Do you know on the Ubanqui the Yakoma chief Dembaasi of the village of Di-massa?"

"Yes! we know him."
"Is he still living?"
"He was living when we left Ubanqui."

"He is my father. When you see him on your return, salute him for me. Tell him that his son, now become a man, has not much to complain of in his situation, but that he longs for his native country, his father's village and his friends. Tell them that I am a slave of the Sango chief, and that he treats me well."

"How came you here?" asked the boatman.
"My father, debtor to a Bougou, sold me to his creditor eight times twelve moons ago. From market to market I have passed, through many hands to finish here fifty moons ago. You will give my message to my people, will you not?"

Largest Room in the World.
The largest room in the world, under one roof and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 150 in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays and a whole battalion can completely maneuver in it. By night 20,000 wax tapers give it a beautiful appearance. The roof is a single arch of iron.

A Bad Situation.
"Travel in the Swiss Alps is dangerous."
"Yes, it is; I climbed all over the whole place once, and didn't meet a man who could understand that I wanted to know a fellow."

Marjorie's Sailor Lad.

GOOD-BY, Marjorie, my darling; write often to your 'boy in blue,' and may heaven bless you for the promise you have given me. You little know what it means to me, who have felt myself alone in the world, to know that there is one heart beating in response to my deep love, and a dear face watching for my return. As heaven bears me witness, you shall never have cause to regret it."

"Good-by, Herbert. I shall pray for your safety and speedy return. Take care of yourself, for (with drooping lids and an almost inaudible voice) you are my life."

Herbert Lord drew the beautiful girl to him in a closer embrace, and the last moments of their parting, though silent, were full of eloquence.

Marjorie had watched her handsome lover as he mounted the hill. When he reached the summit he turned, and she stretched out both hands to him in mute entreaty for his return; then she summoned her courage and gayly kissed her hand to him. He raised his cap, returned her salute, and with head still bowed, disappeared from view.

Marjorie leaned against the tree and covered her face with her hands. She felt a loneliness that she had never before experienced. All unconscious that their parting had been witnessed, the young girl sat musing until she was startled by hearing a voice almost in her ear:

"Why these tears, Miss Marjorie? Surely no one has less cause for unhappiness than the beautiful Miss Gardiner."

Marjorie turned and saw before her Thomas Braeme. How she loathed him at that moment! Yet, why? She knew him to be immensely wealthy; he was considered a great catch by mammas with marriageable daughters; he was lionized by society; and yet Marjorie involuntarily shrank from his smooth tongue and persistent attentions. She had once refused his offer of marriage, and this act on her part had been the cause of many bitter reproaches from her family.

When she heard his voice she drew herself up, and ignoring his outstretched hand, replied: "Pardon me, Mr. Braeme, I am not unhappy; and if I were I fail to see how it could possibly concern you."

His eyes flashed ominously, but he controlled his anger and replied:

"Anything that affects you concerns me, Marjorie. No; hear me. You know that I have loved you—that I still love you, and I now come for the second time with your parents' approval and good wishes for my success. Marjorie, marry me and you shall have everything that makes life worth living. I will be a good husband to you."

Husband! At the thought of Thomas Braeme as a husband her face grew white and a shudder shook her frame. She answered, coldly:

"Mr. Braeme, I can only answer you as I did before, and I ask you to accept this as final. Your persistency in this matter annoys me, and I beg of you to cease."

She turned to go, but he stopped her. "There is some one else—you cannot deny it!"

"Neither does that concern you," she haughtily replied.

In his anger he cried: "And do you imagine that I do not know your little game? You have met Herbert Lord against your parents' wishes and many of your clandestine meetings have been witnessed. A common sailor! Where is your sense of honor that you stoop so low?"

Marjorie was thoroughly aroused by this attack, and her reply, though uttered in anger, carried conviction.

"I will tell you. My idea of honor lies in the fact that when a man responds to his country's call and is worthy to wear its glorious uniform, poor man though he be, he has reached a degree of honor which a rich stay-at-home can never attain. Listen! Herbert Lord is poor, you are rich; but one button on his coat is worth more to me than all your piles of boasted gold. I respect him, and if he lives to return I shall marry him. Now, if you have one atom of the honor for which you are looking in others you will never mention this subject to me again!"

Marjorie Gardiner turned and walked away.

Every argument was used to induce her to change her decision, but Marjorie remained true to her promise, and when she was married a year later it was a quiet affair, as befitting the bride's future station as the wife of Herbert Lord.

After a brief honeymoon they went to reside in Dorwent, where Herbert owned a cottage. At the station they were met by a smartly liveried footman, who touched his hat respectfully as Herbert Lord and his bride alighted.

"Everything all right, Matthew?"
"All right, sir," with another touch, so he led the way to an elegant carriage

drawn by handsome bays. As they rolled comfortably along, tired after their journey, Herbert Lord thought it time to prepare his bride for the surprise in store for her; so, drawing her to him, he remarked: "This is rather more comfortable, isn't it, dear?"

Marjorie looked at him with a look of unutterable content as she replied: "Yes, Herbert, but I fear you have indulged in another bit of extravagance as a windup to our month of luxurious living."

"No, my little wife, I can afford to do what I have done. I have practiced a little deception which I hope you will not find it too hard to forgive. I am not the poor sailor you thought me, although I am proud of my connection with Uncle Sam's navy. I have won the truest little woman in the wide world for my wife, and it will be the one great pleasure of my life to give her the luxuries that she so bravely fought against sharing with Thomas Braeme. Here we are. Welcome home, my darling wife, and may you be as happy as you have made me."

They drew up before a colonial mansion of fine architectural design, and as they reached the steps the massive door was thrown open and the pleasant though respectful expressions of greeting from the servants bespoke the love and esteem in which their master was held.

Father and Mother Gardiner spent several weeks of each year at the Lord mansion, and loud and long were the praises they sang of their son—Herbert. To Marjorie he was the same—her gallant, true-hearted sailor lad.—Boston Post.

MARRIAGES IN THE ARMY.

Stringent Regulations in Force in Several Countries.

The restrictive conditions at present in force with regard to the marriage of officers of the Russian army, says a writer in the Brooklyn Citizen, forbid this privilege under any circumstances in the case of officers under the age of 23. Between the ages of 23 and 28 years the dot of an officer's wife must amount to a sum representing the minimum income of 250 rubles yearly.

On comparison of these conditions with those regulating the same question in other European armies, it may be noted that in the Austro-Hungarian army the number of officers authorized to contract marriage is limited by a fixed proportion assigned to each grade, and, these totals being reached, all further marriages must be deferred pending the occurrence of vacancies in the married establishments.

The Italian army regulations, which fix the income of the fiancée at a minimum of from 1,200 to 2,000 lire, would appear to be more rational in their operation. Italian officers, however, apply a somewhat liberal interpretation to this law, with the result that the number of marriages occurring under actual provisions does not exceed more than one-eighth of the total number, seven-eighths of the officers being united under the conditions of the religious ceremony only, and thus exposing themselves to all the inconveniences which attend a marriage not recognized by civil law.

Similar disabilities would now appear to be incurred by the Russian officers, and suggestions have been made by the press in Russia that a general revision of the law is necessary. The question is assuming more importance from the fact that Russian officers, reaching a total of nearly 40,000, represent one of the most important classes in the state.

Electricity Interferes with Science.

The observations of earth currents at Greenwich observatory have been made practically useless for several years by the electric railway from Stockwell to London, modern instruments being so sensitive that indications of the current of this railway have been detected more than 100 miles away. An early effect of the railway led to a funny experience. The generating station was visited by the magnetic superintendent of the observatory, and on his return to work the tracings of his magnets showed a curious deflection, which continued day after day, but only during the hours of his attendance. The idea that he was magnetized was a startling one. But one day he left his umbrella at home and there was no disturbance, the umbrella having been a permanent magnet since the visit to the power station.

Earliest Sea Fight.

The earliest authenticated sea fight is said to have been that between the Corinthians and the Ceryreans, in which the former conquered—684 B. C.

If you missed punishment for your sin, don't rejoice; it often happens that a rooster's life is spared, that he may be saved for the pot another day.

MADE THE FIRST STOGIE.

Wheeling Man's Manufacture of a Cheap Cigar Brought a Fortune.

By the death of Mifflin Marsh, the veteran Wheeling, W. Va., stogie manufacturer, was removed one of the most unique figures in the history of the city. He gave to Wheeling the impetus that placed its name high in the list of large cigar and stogie-making centers. Shortly after Marsh came to Wheeling he entered the cigar manufacturing trade.

In 1856 he was impressed with the need of a cheaper smoke than was then on the market. The 5-cent cigar was the lowest-priced article made then in this country. Marsh invented and manufactured a smoke, rolling it into the long, familiar shapes now assumed by all species of the stogie family. This was in the days when the stage coach was the only mode of travel between the East and Wheeling. The stage-coach drivers were among the first to test and appreciate the merits



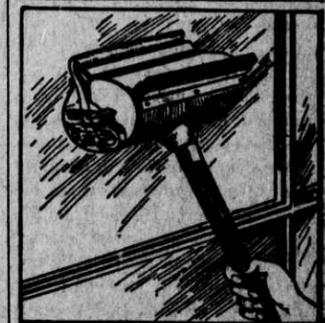
MIFFLIN MARSH.

of the stogie. They carried them in their long 'stogie' topped boots to prevent breaking them, thus giving them the name of stogies.

When Mifflin Marsh entered the stogie business, he was able to supply the trade by his own work. At the time of his death his factories, employing several hundred expert rollers, and a dozen other plants just as well supplied, were catering to the demand for Wheeling stogies. Marsh assisted materially in the recent litigation in the United States Court in Boston, which resulted in the handing down of a decision protecting the name "Wheeling stogie." That decision has been the means of increasing the local trade, in which he amassed a fortune.

Scrubs and Dries Windows.

The picture shows an improved cleaner, which has just been patented by Ernest M. Farmer of Cleveland, Ohio. Hitherto a brush mounted on a pole, with a rubber mop on a separate handle, were in common use for this purpose, and water has also been applied to the brush through a hose attached to the faucet. But the implement shown below is complete in itself, hav-



FOUNTAIN CLEANER AND MOP.

ing the scrubber, mop and fountain of water all combined in one convenient utensil. The apparatus consists of a tube to contain the water, with an elongated slot in one face, through which a wick or piece of heavy cloth is forced. The strips of rubber forming the mop are inserted between two metal strips secured to the outside of the reservoir and the latter is provided at one end with a screw cap, through which the water is poured into the interior. To use the cleaner it is first filled with water and tilted downward until the wick is saturated, when the latter is placed against the window pane and scrubbed up and down until the dirt is removed. Then the mop side is applied to drain the water off.

He Lacked Something.

"I wish," said the old man to a fellow passenger on the rear platform of the street car. "I wish I had the gift of what they call repartee."

"Can't you talk back?" was the query.

"Not to amount to anything. Just now when I left home my wife called me a slink, a sneak, a fool, a liar and a villain, and all I could say in reply was to tell her to shut up. Lordy, if I only could talk back, how I would make that woman's heart ache from Monday morning to Saturday night!"—Washington Post.

Women are better qualified for making wagers than men are.