

ALASKA GAMESUPPLY

FUR-BEARING ANIMALS RECK- LESSLY KILLED.

Deer 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 where 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 apiece for salmon weighing about 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 ones to rot in the sun. With the eight-pound limit there are evidences that

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 spots 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 closes them easily from the back. Ordinarily, now, when one hide has been secured, the whole party goes back to the trading 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

letic figure that once might have trodden the boards. To halt in her quick pace down town was something unusual for the woman, but the dissipated face, with the gray, shaggy head, appealed to her, and she asked wonderingly:

"What has caused you bad luck?" "It happened, madam," the man responded, "that the world went hard with me, among other things. I know all the stages in the descent of man, and, in fact, I know the stage itself. Things were different when I played with McCullough in the '70s." He sighed as he leaned gracefully against one of the foundation pillars of the Calumet Club building, and let his eyes wander over the ruins of the burned church opposite.

The woman was compelled to admire the beggar, whose figure was as majestic as McCullough's own, and who belonged, it was evident, to the same artistic profession.

"But what brought you to this condition?" she asked, breaking in upon his abstraction as she saw a far-off look in his eyes that might have belonged to McCullough in Bloomingdale.

"Oh, I found the current too swift for me. When I got into it I couldn't get out. When a man gets to going downward," he went on, addressing the charred walls, not the woman—"when a man gets to going downward, nothing can stop him—unless it is a woman—and—and the woman died! I should have been a different man if it had not been for that. I left her in a grave back there in Donegal, and I went down with the current—left her in a grave in Donegal," he continued, forgetting his listener, forgetting his hunger, as he drew his old cloak around his once proud form and walked away, and the soft morning breeze brought back the words, "a grave in Donegal."

The woman called to him, but he did not heed her, and then she ran after him, and put a coin in his hand for the sake of a heart gone to dust in a grave in Donegal.

When she had parted with her money she walked on, reflecting that it might

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Mrs. Jimson—My dear, we must go to the seashore, and the mountains, and the springs.

Mr. Jimson—We are comfortable enough here at home. Mrs. Jimson—Yes, we are now, but you men are so short-sighted! Just think how uncomfortable we will be when people come back and begin to tell where they've been.—New York Weekly.

Ruin in Its Wake. Bighead—War is a terrible curse, isn't it? Critic—I should say so. I have noticed that every war adds a new dialect to our magazine literature.—Life.

No Good Bets There. Scene: Children's Party (Punch and Judy Show Going On)—Tom discovered by his hostess' papa in tears.

Hostess' Papa—Afraid, Tom? Cheer up, old man, they're only dolls. Poor Frightened Tommy—They won't be dolls when I dream about them to-night.—Life.

His Nerves All Right. "How are your nerves?" they asked the man who had applied for an automobile operator's license. "Oh, the best ever," was the prompt reply. "There's been nothing to disturb my nerves, you know. I've been riding in automobiles, not dodging them."—Chicago Evening Post.

Hot-Weather Foolishness. "The Indians out West are holding a green-con dance." "Yes; if it was a green-cucumber dance I could understand it."—Chicago Record.

Mutual Recognition. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the man with the iron gray beard, cordially extending his hand. "Ain't you the tow-headed boy that used to worry the life out of me twenty-five years ago, back in old Chemung County, by climbing my orchard fence and stealing my apples?"

"If you're the infernally mean and stingy old hunk who owned that orchard and used to set your dog on any boy who came within half a mile of it, I am," replied the younger man, grasping the proffered hand and shaking it heartily.—Chicago Tribune.

A Sure Thing. He—Wasn't that you on the piazza last night? She—No. "Then I wonder who in the world it was I kissed?" "You can probably tell by going there to-night at the same time."—Life.

He Knew Him. "I am a man with a history," began the visitor; "and—"

"Yes; I know. You're selling it on subscription to your best people. Don't want it. Good day."—Philadelphia Record.

Would Change It Himself. "It's a woman's privilege to change her mind, you know," she said. "That's right," he replied brutally, "and I don't blame her a bit. If I had the average feminine mind I'd change it myself."—Chicago Evening Post.

Volumes Implied. "It takes a woman to find the words to say mean things about other women."

"Yes, but she can make meaner slaps by not finding the words. For instance, when she says: 'Of course, I don't exactly know anything about her, but—'"—Philadelphia Press.

Had Been Punished Enough. Judge—You are charged with breaking a lamp on your wife's head. Prisoner—That lamp cost me \$6, your honor. Judge—Discharged.

As Experience Had Taught Her. Farmer B—This ere paper says they ain't nothin' for an appetite like a long tramp. His Wife—Land! they don't know what they're talkin' about. A short one can eat just ez much.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Getting Full Value. "I paid an eminent artist \$15 for a criticism of my painting?" "What did he tell you?" "Said it was the worst he ever saw."—Chicago Record.

A Careful Guardian. Mistress—I should like to know what business that policeman has in my kitchen every night in the week? Pretty Servant—Please, mum, I think he suspicious of neglectin' me work er somthin'.—New York Weekly.

One Way. Husband—I don't know how much of an allowance to give you next year. Wife—You know how much you can afford, don't you? Husband—Why, yes. Wife—Then give me as much more as you can spare.—Puck.

Love Versus Housekeeping. Enraptured Lover—And now, darling, why may we not be married at once? Charming but Practical Maiden—Before the peach season is over? And have you putting indelible stains on all my fine new white table napkins with your long mustache? I guess not. We'll wait till November, Arthur.—Chicago Tribune.

King Humbert's Widow. Queen Margherita is not only acquainted with all the languages of the continent, but is familiar with them and enjoys their literatures. She is not only clever, but the most beautiful of all the royalties, and rivals the Princess of Wales in youthful appearance. Her interests in life are many, and her activity is wonderful.—London Mail.

A Porch Party. "Did you have a good talk with the Dwigges last night, daughter?" "No, ma, we didn't talk; the men quarreled about politics, and Clara and I abused the weather."—Detroit Free Press.

Explained. Mrs. Watson—I broke one of those eggs you sold me into a cup, and the white of it was all green. Grocer—Certainly, mum. It's all right, mum. Those eggs is laid by grass-fed hens.—Somerville Journal.

Some Areas. England consists of 37,000,000 acres, Scotland 19,500,000, and Ireland 20,500,000.

Another batch of Marie Bashkirtseff's private thoughts are to be published.

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Although Queen Victoria does not permit smoking in her immediate neighborhood, yet she keeps on hand a stock of the most superb cigars for her guests, and the consumption thereof is about three thousand a year. They are especially made for her majesty, of the most carefully collected tobacco leaves, and when finished are hermetically sealed in glass tubes in order to guard against deterioration, connoisseurs insisting that the leaf is affected by a change of climate.

A new lightship of novel design is soon to be moored in the stormy waters of the dreaded Diamond Shoals off Cape Hatteras. It has been found impossible to place a lighthouse there, and the lightships moored on the spot have, one after another, been torn from their fastenings. The new ship is to be propelled by steam, and furnished with electric flashlights to be displayed from her masts, fifty feet above water. She will be anchored on the shoals with strong tackles, and in case she is torn loose by a gale, can take care of herself with the aid of her powerful engine.

The ingenuity of architects and builders is sometimes severely taxed to provide for the comfort of the dwellers in lofty apartment houses. In New York City plans have been filed for a gigantic building of this kind to stand on Fifth avenue, and to be connected with a well-known restaurant across the street by a tunnel, finely fitted up and lighted, whereby the occupants of the apartment house can go out to their meals in all kinds of weather without the necessity of putting on hats. The only drawback appears to be that they are limited in their choice of a restaurant.

William W. Evans of Deal's Island, Delaware, has a horse which has proved a remarkable investment and has overriden the ideas and records of the average useful life of horses. Twenty-seven years ago Mr. Evans purchased the horse from Scott Covington, who guaranteed at that time that the animal was six years old. Mr. Evans proved to be a good master, and the horse returned the kind treatment by retaining its full activity and energy, and now, at thirty-three years, the horse works nearly every day, see and hears well, and has an excellent appetite.

Bold and Sleepy. The boldness of wolves and coyotes in the presence of man is well known. "It is not uncommon," says the author of "Adventures in Mexico," "for these animals to gnaw the straps of a saddle on which your head is reposing for a pillow."

One night, says Mr. Buxton, when encamped on an affluent of the Platte, a heavy snow-storm falling at the time, I lay down in my blanket, after first heaping on the fire a vast pile of wood to burn till morning. In the middle of the night I was awakened by the excessive cold, and turning toward the fire, which was burning brightly, what was my astonishment to see a large gray wolf sitting quietly before it, his eyes closed and his head nodding in sheer drowsiness. I looked at him for some moments without disturbing him, and then closed my eyes and went to sleep, leaving him to the quiet enjoyment of the blaze.

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The ingenuity of architects and builders is sometimes severely taxed to provide for the comfort of the dwellers in lofty apartment houses. In New York City plans have been filed for a gigantic building of this kind to stand on Fifth avenue, and to be connected with a well-known restaurant across the street by a tunnel, finely fitted up and lighted, whereby the occupants of the apartment house can go out to their meals in all kinds of weather without the necessity of putting on hats. The only drawback appears to be that they are limited in their choice of a restaurant.

William W. Evans of Deal's Island, Delaware, has a horse which has proved a remarkable investment and has overriden the ideas and records of the average useful life of horses. Twenty-seven years ago Mr. Evans purchased the horse from Scott Covington, who guaranteed at that time that the animal was six years old. Mr. Evans proved to be a good master, and the horse returned the kind treatment by retaining its full activity and energy, and now, at thirty-three years, the horse works nearly every day, see and hears well, and has an excellent appetite.

Bold and Sleepy. The boldness of wolves and coyotes in the presence of man is well known. "It is not uncommon," says the author of "Adventures in Mexico," "for these animals to gnaw the straps of a saddle on which your head is reposing for a pillow."

One night, says Mr. Buxton, when encamped on an affluent of the Platte, a heavy snow-storm falling at the time, I lay down in my blanket, after first heaping on the fire a vast pile of wood to burn till morning. In the middle of the night I was awakened by the excessive cold, and turning toward the fire, which was burning brightly, what was my astonishment to