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feb-4-tf

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1895. VOL. 64--NO. 29.

THE

MORNING HERALD

FOR 1895.

The Publishers take pleasure in announcing that **"The Morning Herald"** has recently been enlarged from four to eight pages, and that while the price remains at one cent per copy, or $3.00 per year to mail subscribers, each edition contains as much news and more general reading matter than is printed by the Baltimore two cent dailies

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AVONDALE, - MARYLAND.

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Cream delivered at any hour every day in the week except Sunday—on Sunday, in the morning. Plain cream, of a single flavor, $1.00 per gallon; Mixed Cream $1.10 per gallon, to private families. Larger quantities at special rates.

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Telephone call 262-2.

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Ice Cream, Water Ice

—AND—

PURE SPRING-WATER ICE

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I have the largest supply of Ice this season, that I ever housed and of the best quality, from 8 to 12 inches thick, at 10 per cent. less in price than last season.

Send orders to Postoffice Box 14. Those wanting Cream for Sunday should send in their orders by 3 o'clock, Saturday afternoon.

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CHOP OF ALL KINDS.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Grain

Longberry a Specialty.

DAVID ROOP & SON.

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TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, GUARDIAN OR FOR ANY OTHER PURPOSES,

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Apply to CHAS. E. FINK,
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While we shoe more Westminsterians and residents of the adjoining towns than are shod by any other shoe firm, our shoes are extensively sold all over the county and adjoining counties. We enjoy the enviable reputation of

Selling Reliable Shoes Only,

and of being the lowest priced retailers of good Shoes and Hats in the county.

We sell no Poor Shoes at any price. Sell the Finest Goods made.

But have good Shoes as low as follows:

Infants' Button Shoes, 25 cents.
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Men's Dress or Working Shoes, $1.00.
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To produce a more complete line of Men's, Boys', and Children's Fur and Straw than can be found at this magnificient Hat Store.

In Men's Stiff Hats we have all the latest styles in Blacks and Browns.

Soft Hats, 25 cts. and up.

Boys' and Children's Wear, almost every style and shape that can be seen in the leading city stores.

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Leading Shoe and Hat House of
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Sugars, Coffees, Tees, Spices,

Syrups, Canned Goods, at rock bottom prices; Fruits, Nuts, Cakes, Candies, &c., Queens, Glass, Stone, Tin and Woodenware Tobaccos and Cigars,

Flour, Butter, Eggs, Bacon, Lard.

Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods at the highest prices.

I make a specialty of Red C. and White C. Coal Oils.

All goods delivered free of charge and orders called for Tuesdays and Fridays. Thankful for past favor I solicit a continuance of the same. Respectfully yours,

ja-20-1y G. MORITZ ZEPP.

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MANUFACTURER OF

Coaches, Carriages, Jagger Wagons, Buggies, Phætons, &c.,

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SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRING.

All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

I have on hand a complete stock of

Harness of all Kinds.

Fine Light Driving Harness, Phaeton, Buggy and Cart Harness, at prices that defy competition. Come and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I can save you money.

☞ Factory Corner Liberty and George Sts.

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All orders promptly filled and work of ever kind warranted. se-12

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For Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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jan 27 94 2y

SOMETHING NEW.

THE BURROWS & JAMISON

Circulating Coffee and Tea Pot,

patented May 14th, 1895. Fine Coffee and Tea produced from its use, free from grounds and sediments, retaining all the aroma, and saves coffee

H. B. GRAMMER, having purchased the exclusive right for the sale and manufacture of the said Coffee and Tea Pot, in Carroll county, respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that he is now prepared to take orders for the same at his store,

No. 145 E. MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER, MD.

The pot must be seen and tried to be fully appreciated. Agents wanted to canvass. County districts for sale.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hotel Albion, Westminster, July 11, 1895.

H. B. Grammer, Esq.—Dear Sir:—We have purchased and have been using one of the patent Coffee Pots, sold by you, and take great pleasure in recommending it to the public. The coffee produced is very clear, free from all sediment whatever, and my wife says she would not do without one for double the cost.

G. BROOK YANTIS.

Westminster, July 10, 1895.

H. B. Grammer.—Dear Sir:—Having in use one of the Burrows & Jamison patented Coffee and Tea Pots, purchased from you, I can truthfully say that it is the best I have ever used, and do not hesitate to recommend its use to all lovers of good coffee.

Very Respectfully,

S. C WICKERT,
jn-29 6m Prop. 1st Nat. Restaurant.

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BUILDING LUMBER,
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HARD AND SOFT COAL

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At Manufacturers' Wholesale Prices.

PIANOS,	$110.00	up
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SEWING MACHINES,	10.00	"
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Everything new and shipped direct from the factory if desired. Send for our large catalogue giving full description and wholesale prices of many kinds and styles of above goods; state what you need when sending for catalogue.

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Protect Yourselves from Loss BY WIND-STORMS.

Wind-Storm Insurance Policies Issued very low and losses promptly adjusted. No charges for Policy to persons who have their Fire Insurance in this Agency. Drop a postal card to or call on

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WILL practice in the various Courts of Carroll county. Special attention given to Orphans Court business. May be consulted for the present at the office of the Register of Wills, or at his residence on Court St., Westminster, Md. ja5-1

HORSE BILLS. We have a number of Fine Horse Cuts and print bills cheap

Select Poetry.

SOME DAY, SOME HOW.

"Some day, some how!" the hour is dead
When I looked into loving eyes,
And kissed the whispering lips that said
These words to me. And if the ties
Then made are broken; if the breast
Then warm with life is pulseless now,
I still will think that God knows best,
And that we'll meet, some day, some how!

Until that time I still will know
That wherso'er in heavenly care,
That pure and radiant soul may go,
My thoughts will follow. Everywhere
I'll hear that voice, so low and sweet,
Just as I seem to hear it now;
I'll hear the fall of fairy feet,
I'll hear the words, "some day, some how?"

Upon the mantelpiece I see
The picture of a fair, sweet face,
And though the lips are sealed, to me
They speak with more than tender grace.
I question not the mystic spell:
But hark? How clear the accents now!
'Tis not the language of farewell;
'Tis trusting love's "some day, some how!"

And so I fondly hope 'twill be,
Not now, but some time, after life
Is finished and eternity
Dawns on the soul. The toil and strife
Of time once ended, then comes rest,
Such as we do not dream of now;
And then will come to me the best
Of all my love, some day, some how!

—Minneapolis Journal.

Select Story.

LEONARD'S FINE YOUNG MEN.

A proud man was Abel Leonard—proud of his house and everything in it, proud of his elegant accomplished daughter, proud of his long-established and profitable business. He had been heard to boast that he had in his concern the three finest young men in the city. There was his own son, Charley—he was certainly a fine young man, and his father was more than a little proud of him. Then there was Evan Jones, the head bookkeeper, and thirdly—a sort of head clerk and general manager who made himself felt everywhere, and of whom even his employer was half inclined to stand in awe—Walter Sterne.

Sterne had many peculiar ways of his own. He owned the very respectable house he lived in, and nevertheless he was accustomed to make the fact that he supported his mother, who was also his housekeeper, an excuse for all sorts of unnecessary economies; though not only Abel Leonard, but his fellow clerks, were well aware that Walter's bank account had been steadily climbing upward from the very hour, ten years ago, that he had entered the establishment. And yet Sterne was a welcome visitor at the house of his employer; for he could be entertaining in many ways.

Three very fine young men were these, and undoubtedly Abel Leonard was justified in being proud of them; but the time had come, in the natural course of human events, when the old gentleman must necessarily be puzzled. For forty years he had had no partner in business, and for half that time he had accustomed himself to look upon his daughter Belle as a girl; but now two important facts were slowly dawning upon him. One was, that he must speedily assign the charge of his business to younger and more active management; and the other was, that two of his very fine young men were rivaling each other in well-directed efforts to establish even a nearner connection with himself than that of partner in business.

Abel Leonard had always pretended to keep a sharp eye after his books and balances, but of late years this had been little more than a pretense, until, now that he seriously contemplated a change in his arrangements, he once more made a practical reality of his formal examinations.

Perhaps the old gentleman was not as quick at figures as he had once been, and there were some accounts that puzzed him sadly. At all events he went over them again and again. Still he called no one to his assistance, though, as Charlie was cashier, Even Jones head bookkeeper, and it was Walter Sterne's duty to go over things after them, he could have very easily had everything explained. To be sure, Walter had been absent for two or three days, just before the worst of the puzzle came. That night Leonard went home with a clouded brow, and a good deal less of pride than usual in his heavy step.

"There can be no doubt of it; there's a deficit in the cash account, and it was well covered up too; false entries and false footings, and what not; but they could not deceive old Abel. I wonder how long this has been going on?"

And then, as somebody whispered to him, there came the thought of Walter Sterne's comfortable account, so large for a young man with his salary and expenses.

"I hope not," said Abel. "I wonder what Belle thinks of him?"

After dinner that evening Abel called his daughter into the library and unfolded his terrible news. So absorbed was he that he hardly noticed Belle's sudden change of color when he dimly hinted his suspicions.

"But, father, may you not be mistaken?"

"No, not about the deficit."

"But who could have taken the money?"

"Any two of them could, if they worked together, or may be one of them could have done it alone. They have chances every now and then, but Walter had the most."

She could say little more, but the whole thing seemed impossible.

"Walter will be back to-night," said the old gentleman, "and I will say nothing about it till he has had a look at the books."

The next day old Leonard sent down word that he was ill, and did not make his appearance on that day, or the day following, so that the three fine young men had it all their own way. The second evening Sterne came up to the house to make one of his frequent calls. He was received as usual, made a good report of the business, but he seemed to have something heavy on his mind. What it was he did not mention in his brief interview with his employer, nor did the latter, muffled up in flannels, make any allusion to his own portenteous discovery. After the talk with the old gentleman, there followed an interesting call in the parlor, and never before had Belle seemed so subdued in her manner or so sweetly engaging. To such an extent did her manner and the half-pleading expression of her face work upon the already pretty well formed determination of her young friend that the secret, which for a long time had been only half a secret, forced its way to his lips in a rush. Belle bowed her face upon her hands for a moment, and then raised it, pale as marble.

"Mr. Sterne, you must give me time for consideration. If you will call again to-morrow evening I will give you your answer."

Walter's fellow-clerk was destined to receive a very similar reply to a very similar question, only that Evan was put off somewhat indefinitely.

Still later that same evening, two very fine young men were walking down Broadway, arm-in-arm, when one said to the other:

"Evan, I can't go to the old gentleman for more money just now—have you any?"

"Not a cent. You know how unlucky we've been of late."

"Can't you raise some?

"Don't think I can. I've done a good deal for you already."

"Yes; but that will be all right when you marry Belle."

"Why don't you propose?"

"I did that very thing to-night."

"You don't say! What luck?"

"Good, I should think; only she has put me off for a week."

"Oh, that's nothing. You couldn't have expected an answer off-hand."

"Not from so proud a girl as Belle Leonard. Still, you can help me."

"I will. Don't be afraid; I'm not anxious for Sterne as a brother-in-law."

"Ha, ha, don't worry about that."

And they separated; but the next morning, no sooner did Jones reach the store than Walter called him aside for a private consultation.

Whatever was its nature, even the countenance of Walter Sterne was unable to conceal an expression of astonishment and consternation.

"But why did you not tell me at once?" he asked.

"I knew your cast-iron ways, and I was afraid you would tell the old gentleman, and that wouldn't do, you know."

"Tell him? Never! We must keep him ignorant at any cost."

"But how will we do it?"

"Oh, leave that to me. I'll go over the books at once. There won't be the slightest danger."

Walter Sterne was unusually busy with his accounts that day, and in the afternoon, late, Abel Leonard came down in a carriage. He tumbled the books over, as usual, but had little to say, and he really looked sick when he started for home.

The ride was not a long one, but it seemed to have shaken all the pride out of the fat little merchant. As he entered the hall he was met by Belle.

"Father?"

"The very worst, Belle!"

"How do you mean?"

"The footings and entries are corrected, and the cash is all straight again."

"But how is that the worst?"

"The corrections are all in Walter Sterne's own hand."

"Oh, father, isn't it terrible!"

"Indeed it is. And I loved that young man almost like a son. I'd have trusted him with all I was worth."

"And, to tell the truth both father and daughter were thoroughly miserable. Belle especially looked forward with a nervous horror to the fast approaching hour for Walter's call.

At last the expected feet were on the doorstep, and never had he looked so near the ideal of a "fine young man." There was even a look of pride and elation on his face as he entered the parlor, but his countenance fell as he cast his eyes on the face that came forward to meet him.

"Miss Leonard?"

"Mr. Sterne—"

And for a few moments neither of them could say more. Their embarrassment was, to say the least, changed in nature by the sudden entry of Abel Leonard.

"Walter Sterne, I will save Belle the trouble of giving you your answer. Does not your own conscience tell you what it ought to be?"

"My conscience? I cannot comprehend you."

"Then I will say that I have examined the books. I saw them before you made the corrections. I may also add that I have extorted an unwilling confession from Jones—not that he has done wrong in anything but his desire to shield you. It will not be necessary for you to come to the office to-morrow.

While the old gentleman had been speaking Walter had been thinking, and replied in a husky voice:

"Mr. Leonard, I see into what a snare I have fallen, but I see also that I cannot at once lift myself out of it. I will only say now that I have been honest with you, and more than honest. There is not one stain on my conduct." And so saying, he strode from the room, leaving a deeper impression behind him than he was aware of. As for Belle, she threw herself upon a sofa in the back parlor, and all but sobbed herself to sleep.

Perhaps an hour, perhaps more, passed by, when she was awakened by voices conversing near her in low tones in the darkness.

"No you can't, Charley; that was the very money I let you have. I told him you helped yourself to it, and he made it good to straighten the books and clear you. It was only by bad luck that the old gentleman pried it out, and it's too late to help it. He'll forgive Walter in a day or so. Then, you know, it fixes the other thing."

Thus far Charley had said very little that Belle could hear, but now his voice was raised a little.

"Jones, do you think I'll shield myself, or you either, at the expense of a man who would do so generous a thing as that? No, not by—"

"Hurrah for you, Charley!" almost screamed Belle, as she sprang from the sofa and threw her arms around his neck. "I knew that Walter was not dishonest! Go and bring him back here. Never mind how late it is. Go!"

By the time she ceased speaking there came a loud bang from the front door as it shut behind the retreating form of Evan Jones.

Charley went, as he was bidden; and if Abel Leonard never again boasted of his "three fine young men," he had, in after years, much to say about "my son-in-law, Mr. Sterne."

Seal Hunting.

All of the vessels of the United States patrol fleet for Bering Sea are now on the cruising ground, says the New York *Times*. The headquarters of the fleet is at Unalaska. At this point the Alaska Commercial Company has a large coal supply, upon which the fleet is permitted to draw. Unalaska is also the most wessern mail point belonging to the United States. Mail reaches there during the summer at least once a month.

The most western limit of the cruising ground of the fleet is Attu Island. This island is in east longitude, and is distant from the Japan coast but a few hundred miles. Attu Island is the most western possession of the United States. It is at a greater distance to the west than is New York to the east of San Francisco.

The islands of St. Paul and St. George, or, generally speaking, the Pribilof or Seal Islands, are distant some 200 miles from Unalaska. It is around these latter island that the zone exists in which no sealing craft are permitted to enter for the purpose of catching seal. This prohibition zone extends around the Pribilof group, every portion of which is distant sixty miles from land. Although there are four islands in the Pribilof group—St. Paul, St. George, Otter and Walrus—the two islands, St. Paul and St. George are the ones selected by the seals for their breeding purposes. On the other two islands the seals occasionally haul up, but do not breed. So far as is known, the Islands of St. Paul and St. George are the only land points where the fur seal haul out. The Pacific and Antarctic Oceans have been scoured by sealers in the hope of finding the winter homes of the animal, but to no purpose. It is now the generally accepted opinion that the seals betake themselves on the approach of winter to some of the high plateau's on the bottom of the ocean, where it is possible for them to live on small fish, and there remain until the instinct of reproduction forces them to seek the breeding rookeries.

The discovery of the Pribilof Islands dates back to 1875, and is credited to Russian hunters. In the succeeding year over 500,000 seals were killed by Russians. For twenty years after that awful slaughter in 1786, the fur seal almost entirely disappeared from the Pribilof Islands. It is said that more than half of the skins taken in the year 1786 were subsequently thrown into the sea in an advanced stage of decomposition, because of careless curing, and the waters were so poisoned as to drive away the seals for successive seasons.

The Russian-American Company obtained control of the Pribilof Islands in the early part of the present centurey, and prompt measures were taken by the representatives of this company to stop further killing. For five years, from 1807 to 1812, the killing of seals was interdicted by the Russian authorities, with the result that at the expiration of that time the animals had returned, and showed signs of incrasing in considerable numbers. Before many years passed the revenue in seal-skins once more became profitable. The skins of the seal were first shipped to London and to New York, in the early fifties, and these shipments continued at the rate of nearly 60,000 skins per annum until the transfer of the Russian possessions to the United States.

During the early sixties the Russian Government received reports from its agents on the Pribilof Islands to the effect that the seals were increasing at an enormous rate that the rookeries were crowded beyond their capacity, and permission was again and again asked to increase the number of seals allowed to be killed annually, in order to make room for the apparent millions which were coming. From the time of the purchase of the Pribilof Islands by the United States until twenty years subsequently, the limit of seals to be killed annually was placed at 100,000. Even with this large number destroyed each year, the seals showed no signs of decrease, and it would seem that the conditions which prevailed in 1780 must have again returned.

There is no telling how long this annual killing of 100,000 seals might have been continued without complete decimation of the herd had it not been for the operations in late years, particularly of Canadian seal hunters, who make a pratice of striking the seal herds when on their way to the Pribilof group, and killing in the open sea female as well as male seal—young and old. Furthermore, as the Canadians hunted the seals recourse was had to the shotgun, loaded with buckshot, and it is estimated that out of every five seals shot in the open sea, not more, on an average, than one was secured. The remaining four usually sank to the bottom before their bodies were seized or, if wounded, made away and died subsequently.

This wholesale slaughter on the high seas has well-nigh exterminated the seal, and it has been the direct cause of the restrictions imposed during late years on the sealing work of hunters. Under the present restriction the company which leases the Pribilof Islands from the United States is not permitted to kill during a single season more than 7500 seals. The restrictions imposed on hunters prohibit the capture of seals in Bering Sea and within certain limits of the North Pacific prior to July 1, and after July 1 seals cannot be taken inside of the sixty-mile zone surrounding the Pribilof group. In addition, sealers are not permitted to kill seals with shotguns, and the fact that a sealing craft caught in Bering Sea has skins on board which give evidence of having been taken by shooting the animals is sufficient to insure the seizure of the vessel by the United States revenue cutter which comes up with her.

Every craft in Bering Sea will be overhauled during the present summer by the officers of the revenue cutter fleet, and a thorough examination will be made of all vessels boarded. If the craft overhauled be an English vessel, and it is evident that the sealing regulations have been violated, the vessel making the seizure, if she be a United States revenue cutter, will turn the offender over to the senior British warship of the English fleet patrcling Bering Sea. The British naval commander will send the offending sealer to Victoria, B. C., to be dealt with there by the courts having jurisdiction.

Up to the present time one Canadian sealer has been seized, the United States revenue cutter Corwin, making the capture.

The Chinese appear to have taught the methods of curing sealskins. It was the Chinese who first impressed upon the Russians of Eastern Siberia the value of the skin, and it is said that years ago, when Chinese merchants traded along the Siberian coast, they would take in exchange for their wares nothing except sealskins. The English appear to have learned the art of curing during the first half of the nineteenth century.

The killing of the limited number of seals by the lessees of the seal islands is done entirely on land, and only on damp and cloudy days. The young males are usually found grouped by themselves, while the older males generally surround themselves with a number of females, often fifty. There is always a general fight going on among the older males as to which shall have in its particular group certain of the female seal. The latter are actually whipped into a group by a male, if there is evidence of any sign of bolting to some more attractive set.

The seal killers on a killing day crawl along the shore, and, getting between the young males, who are left undisturbed, and the males and their respective groups, drive the latter inland, often to the number of 1000 to 3000. The objective point of the drive is the killing ground and Mr. Seal is made to carry his own pelt to the vicinity of the storehouse. The driving has to be conducted with great care, otherwise the seal will reach the killing ground in an overheated condition, and with a consequent injurious offect upon the skins. Arrived in the vicinity of the storehouse, the seals are divided off into groups of twenty or thirty, and in these groups are surrounded by the executioners. There is a sharp rap over the nose with a club, the seal is stunned, and in a second later is dispatched with a knife. The killing is done entirely by Aleut Indians, the descendants of those Aleuts whom the Russians, many years ago, brought to the Pribilofs from the Aleutian Islands for this very work. The Aleut killers are very proud of their skill. They are expert killers, and do their work in an astonishingly rapid manner. While a number of them kill the seals others follow and remove the pelt. The pelt is tossed into a wagon, and is carted to the curing house, and there cured. For the time being it is merely salted. Later on the brine is removed and pressed out of the skin, and two pelts with the fur in are rolled up together, securely strapped, and are then ready for shipment.

Before the Aleut killers begin their work they glance over the seals in the group, and if one is discovered which is either under or over age he is given a tap on the nose, and is sent scurrying toward the beach. The Aleut employers receive from the lessees of the seal islands forty cents for each pelt removed. Lifelong practice has made these Indians expert in stripping skins, and they carry their pride to the extent of stoutly refusing to demean themselves with any other form of work.

White men, aside from Government officers are not permitted to land or the seal islands. Occasionally, late in the fall, and during a fog, some daring seal hunter will attempt a dash at one of the sea islands. In the course of a couple of undisturbed hours he may kill a couple of hundred seals. Usually, however, the natives of the islands are able to take care of such poachers, but to make matters doubly safe it has been the practice in late years for at least one United States revenue cutter to remain off St. George and St. Paul until as late as December 1. The revenue cutter Bear is the vessel generally assigned to this late patrol work. She is a sturdy, able craft, and is able to weather the heavy blows which are prevalent in the Bering Sea in the late fall. To see that the number of seals permitted to be killed by the lessees is not exceeded, the United States Inspectors from the Treasury Department are constantly on hand and they remain on the islands throughout the year.

Vast Herds of Caribou.

In the Great Slave Lake Country They Are as Thick as Buffaloes Were.

From St. Nicholas.

The Barren-Ground Caribou now inhabits the Grand Slave Lake country, and just eastward thereof, not only in thousands, but tens of thousands, and it is almost safe to say hundreds of thousands! In 1891, when Mr. Warburton Pike found himself in the very midst of the vast throng of Caribou that were migrating southward, he was moved to doubt whether the buffalo had ever existed in greater numbers. Think of it! Vast herds of big game animals, fit for food, alive and unslaugetered in North America to-day! Why this oversight on the part of the game-butchers? Where are the hide-hunters, the tongue-hunters, and the grand army of greedy game-killers generally?

The reason for the unslaughtered condition of the Caribou herds of the far North is that Jack Frost owns the Barren Grounds, and by game-butchers Jack is considered "bad medicine." As usual, the inhabitants of Caribouland slaughter the herds with sickening wastefulness whenever they get an opportunity; but thus far the Caribou is holding its own fairly well, save in Alaska.

Mr. Warburton Pike says that in summer they keep in the true Barren Grounds, but in the autumn, when their feeding-grounds are covered with snow, they seek the hanging moss in the woods. "From what I could gather from the Yellow-knife Indians, and from my own personal experience, it is late in October that the great bands of Caribou, commonly known as La Foule, mass upon the edge of the woods, and start for the food and shelter afforded by the stronger growth of pine farther southward." Of the great annual migration, here is what plucky Mr. Pike actually saw on Lake Camsell, about sixty miles north of the eastern end of Great Slave Lake. It reads like a fairy tale, but nevertheless the account is undoubtedly true.

"Scattered bands of Caribou were almost always in sight from the top of the ridge behind the camp, and increased in numbers till the morning of October 20 [1889], when little Baptiste, who had gone for firewood, woke us up before daylight with the cry, 'La foule! La foule!' [The throng! The throng!] Even in the lodge we could hear the curious clatter made by a band of traveling Caribou. La foule had realy come, and during its passage of six days I was able to realize what an extraordinary number of these animals still roam the Barren Grounds."

He thus describes the migration:

"From the ridge we had a splendid view of the migration. All the south side of Mackay Lake was alive with themoving beasts, while the ice seemed to be dotted all over with black islands, and still away on the north shore, with the aid of glasses, we could see them coming like regiments on the march. In every direction we could hear the grunting noise that the Caribou always make when traveling. The snow was broken into broad roads, and I found it useless to try to estimate the number that passed within a few miles of our encampment. We were just on the western edge of their passage, and afterward we heard that a band of Dog-Ribs, hunting some forty miles to the west, were at this very time in the last straits of starvation, only saving their lives by a hasty retreat to the woods. This is a common danger in the autumn, as the Caribou, coming in from the Barren Ground, join together in one vast herd, and do not scatter much till they reach the thick timber. * * * The Caribou, as is usually the case when they are in large numbers, were very tame, and on several occasions I found myself right in the middle of a band, with a splendid chance to pick out any that seemed in good condition. * * * Notwithstanding all the tall stories that are told of their numbers [the buffaloes'], I cannot believe that the herds on the prairie ever surpassed in size *La Foule* of the Caribou."

W. T. HORNADAY.

His Pills.

Syracuse Post.

There lives in a town not far from here—in fact, it is at Skaneateles—a couple who think a good deal of each other, and when one is ill the other does everything in the world for her or his welfare. Not long ago the husband was taken ill, and his wife rummaged around to find some medicine in the house. Finally she came across a box of little black pills. There was no writing on the cover of the box to tell what they were, but as they resembled a certain liver pill the wife concluded they must be the required thing. She gave them to her hubby regularly, and he seemed to improve. About a week after, when he had got down to the last pill, he chanced to turn the box over. He gave a yell that startled the whole neighborhood. His wife ran to him, thinking that he was dying. "Look," he cried. "Read what it says on the bottom." She did as he bade her, and this was what she read: "Prime Crown Morning Glory Seeds!"

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