

SEALS BY THE SCORE.

Scenes on the Island in Behring Sea Where Fur-Bearers Rule the Roost.

Pribilof a Great Place for Mammal After the Breeding Season in Warmer Waters.

Each Fierce and Warlike Male the Protector of a Score or More Sleek and Demure Wives.

The controversy on the Behring Sea question still wages. Our sealers go out to the fisheries and defying Yankee cruisers sent to protect the Alaska company, they take the valuable mammals right under the noses of the gun boats, and clapping on all sail speed for Victoria where they land their valuable cargoes.

Meanwhile we have appealed to the United States Supreme court. At this there is much wrath, but Salisbury laughs and inquires, with much feeling, "What's the matter, Jonathan? Can't you trust your own Supreme Court, if we are willing to?"

"But," rejoins the sapient Blaine, "will you agree to abide by the finding of the court whose decision you invoke?"

"Well," says Salisbury, "let's try it and see. We can keep up the diplomatic contention, and if your court decides wrong, then will be time enough to inquire about the next step, don't you know?"

For twenty years the exclusive right to kill seals has been vested in the Alaska Commercial company, but last year a new company came to the front and made a better offer for the privilege, which was accepted by Secretary Windom. The agent of the government is Charles J. Goff, and he allowed the new company to kill only 23,000 seals, on the plea that if it killed 100,000 as formerly, the seals would soon be exterminated. But as no females are ever killed, and as the surviving males are polygamists to an astonishing extent, and as more competent experts than Goff declare that seals are rapidly increasing, the opinion and the reason given for reducing the harvest must be taken with a good deal of salt.

Most of the seals are killed on the Pribilof islands, but they winter farther south and spend much of the year going and coming on the surface of the great intervening ocean. So it is easy for poaching vessels to intercept them and slay them by wholesale, and if all who wish are permitted to club the silky mammals while swimming in Behring sea to and from their northern breeding-grounds, the whole of the interesting race will soon be exterminated.

Half of the sealskin raucous in the world come from these Pribilof islands, lying in Behring sea 200 miles from the main land. The two principal ones are mere islets—St. Paul and St. George—each ten or twelve miles long and half as broad. For two months in the summer of each year the Aleuts, or natives, kill seals and skin them; the other ten they lie around in the twilight, never going to bed or taking off their clothes night or day, gossiping, eating, and getting drunk on quass. They eat ravenously, averaging two pounds of seal meat per day for every man, woman, and child, in addition to vast quantities of other food.

Up to last year they took about 100,000 skins a year, and the United States treasury received \$3 for each skin.

In the beneficent or malevolent economy of nature and commerce there are twice as many females as males in the seal community, so polygamy flourishes.

In the spring the adult seals come swimming back from their mysterious tropical visit, accompanied by a million of the young pups of the previous summer, and the Pribilof islands are very lively once more—lively and reverberant with roars of anger and of a friendly greeting.

Mostly roars of anger, for every male seal is the foreordained enemy of all other male seals, and must defend with his strength and often with his life the position he has assumed on the rocks as his particular regalia. Here he gathers his harem, one by one, and here, in a few weeks, the young are born. Some of these bulls exhibit the same desperate courage and insensibility to pain as is shown by the Indian brave who is hamstrung and hauled up to a tree top by quivering sinews. One was pointed out to the government agent who had survived forty or fifty pitched battles with as many antagonists and still held his place, covered with scars and frightfully gashed, raw, festering, and bloody, one eye gorged out, and a fore-flipper torn to ribbons, and yet lording it stubbornly over his harem of fifteen or twenty females huddled admiringly around him. The fighting is mostly done with the mouth. They seize each other with their canine teeth, always leaving ugly, and sometimes fatal, wounds.

The male seals arrive from the south first, and are followed by the pretty little females some weeks thereafter. The Hon. George Wardman, the treasury agent at the Pribilof islands, expresses no opinion about the question of mare clausum, leaving that to be settled by the secretary of state and the British premier, but he describes this polygamy in a very lively manner: "The matured male seal when he draws up out of the ocean after a six or eight months' cruise in waters to us unknown is a magnificent animal. Bold, bad, and beautiful, he takes a position in May among the basaltic rocks which are washed by the surf in storms, braces his broad chest upon his fore-flippers, stretches his heavily maned, glossy, undulating neck, throws his tapering head aloft, and roars forth a hoarse bellow of defiance to the world. He closes with a guttural growl that sounds like two quarts of pebbles rattling in his throat, while down the corners of his threatening mouth, stockaded with ivory fangs, droop the long, gray lines of his aristocratic mustache. Here he takes his stand, and here he will meet his expected family or death."

In June comes his multitudinous bride. The male fur seal is a huge but symmetrical brownish bulk of 600 to 800 pounds. The female is a meek, modest, submissive-looking little creature, averaging about a hundred weight. She creeps up out of the water with a demure, downcast countenance, the shining hair neatly brushed back from her pretty little head, and arrayed in a brown saccage, think you? Not at all. She is a Quakerish looking matron in an unpretending steel gray, but sleek and tidy, without a wrinkle in her dress.

"There could not," says Mr. Wardman,

"be a greater contrast; she, aggressive, fierce, and bloodthirsty; she, meek and lowly, but, as rumors go, sly wifal, and were she sole mistress of her lord's affections would, no doubt, exhibit a temper of her own. Competition keeps her spirit down, poor thing. The old bulls occupy their pre-emption for weeks without going into the water, awaiting the arrival of the females, sleeping on the ground and neither eating nor drinking from week to week. This, however, is but preliminary to the longer vigil and fast, which continues for three months after the arrival of the females. When they depart they are weak and lean."

RUNNING AWAY WITH A LOCOMOTIVE.

An Incident of The Scotch Railway Strike

During the late strike, when engines could be just about got for the asking, one was loaned to work the traffic of Mr. Robert Young, coalmaster, Greenhill, and the quarry traffic of Mr. John Scott. On Sunday the engine was taken to do some shunting, and when the work was finished, it was put away near Greenhill Pit, and left in charge of a man named A. Anderson, who had been working as brakeman for the past few days. About half-past four in the afternoon four men came up, and Anderson said, he would give them a "birl" along the line, and the result showed that he was as good as his word. He filled the boiler and got steam properly up, and then.

RAN ALONG THE SIDING

to the Drumdownie Branch of the Caledonian Railway. On getting on to this branch he made for Montcow, some 4½ miles distant. Anderson then put on full steam, and was running at from thirty to forty miles per hour. Those on the engine expostulated with him, and said he was going far too fast. Anderson's reply was, "Leave that to me, I know the road; and I have to be fireman to-morrow." He, however, put a little check on the steam valve, but as they were going downhill it did not much slacken speed. One of the "passengers" while keeping a lookout ahead, saw the runaway points at Montcow standing open, but by this time they were within 50 yards or so of them. He shouted to his companions to jump, and at once suited his action to the word. Other two jumped or tumbled out, and fortunately landed on soft spongy ground. One of them

TURNED A SOMERSAULT

and landed on his head, with his feet in the air; his heels fell back on the engine, but did not get among the wheels, and as soon as it passed his legs fell back on the rail. Two of them, Wilson and Anderson did not get time to leave the engine, and so went with it right over the small bank. After getting away from the rails the engine ploughed a track fully 10ft in depth, and after going some distance it apparently got on to stony ground, and it again came to the surface, and finished up by getting on the top of the tender, which by this time was minus a wheel or two, and both now lie like a heap of scrap-iron at a point 30 yards past the end of the rails. During the peregrinations of the engine, after getting clear of the rails, the two men got pitched right over and quite clear of both engine and tender. How any of them managed to

ESCAPE WITH THEIR LIVES

is something astonishing. They were all considerably shaken, and Anderson had four teeth knocked out. The police were soon on the spot making inquiries into the matter. Anderson had disappeared, but the others were easily got hold of, and on Monday were brought before the Procurator-Fiscal at Hamilton. He went carefully into the matter, but from the statements made he failed to see any malicious intent in anything that was done, and in consequence the three were liberated. Wilson's injuries were such that he was unable to be taken to Hamilton. Before the engine could be belted 30 yards of a railway will require to be made, or the engine will have to be taken to pieces. The damage done will be £700 at least.

Pointing To The Road.

Though my early home was very plain and my father and mother were plain people they lived close up to God, and nobody ever doubted where they went when they died. Oh, I had a glorious starting, and when I think of the opportunities I have had for usefulness, I am amazed that I have done so little! It is with no feeling of cant that I express it, but with deep and unfeigned emotion before God. Oh, it is a tremendous thing to stand in a pulpit, or write in such a paper as this Journal and know that a great many people will be influenced by what you say or write concerning God, or the soul, or the great future!

Suppose a man asks you the direction to a certain place, and you, through carelessness, thoughtlessly tell him the way, and you hear after awhile that he got lost on the mountains, and went over the rocks and perished. "Oh," you will say, "I will never forgive myself that I didn't take more time with that man! It was my fault. If I had given him the right direction he would have done the right way." And, oh, the greater responsibility of standing in a pulpit, or sitting in an editorial chair, and telling people which is the road to Heaven! Alas, if we tell them wrong! The temptation is so mighty in this day to smooth down the truth, and hush up the alarms of the Gospel, and pat men on the shoulder, and sing them on down toward the last plunge, and tell them they are all right. Or, as the poet has put it—

"Smooth down the stubborn text to ears polite, And snugly keep damnation out of sight."

"To Live Simply

as children of God is to become aware of our higher nature, and to be persuaded that we are not made of perishable stuff—that we are something quite different from a combination of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon. Creation widens into a larger home, as a cheery voice calls out, "In my Father's house are many mansions!" This little world brightens as one of the countless stars; the horizon expands to infinity; this symbolism of boundless time and space leads mind and heart and faith and hope into a large place, as if a clear-seeing Guide held us by the hand and invited us forth to share that Presence which is fullness of joy and pleasure forevermore. Then we no longer concern ourselves how long we shall live, but how well. And then we know how the disciples felt when they recalled the words of the great Forerunner, "Where I am, there ye shall be also: with my Father and your Father, my God and your God."

HEALTH AND CHARACTER.

By James G. Clarke.

Doubtless the high state of spirituality attained by the Jewish prophets and poets was greatly due to the cleanly habits for which that people were pre-eminent. Moses was the first great law-giver who combined the fundamental principles of hygiene with his political institutes, and commanded his subjects to keep clean, and to abstain from unwholesome food. The strict enforcement of laws pertaining to physical, no less than moral uncleanness, made of the Jews a separate and chosen people.—Without this there could have been no healthy root for that peculiar mental and spiritual development which afterwards blossomed in the sublimest characters and mightiest inspirations of time.

God not only visits the sins but the virtues of the fathers upon the children of subsequent generations. A clean diet and a clean skin are absolutely essential to the perfect growth of body and soul, and the civilization or the religion which has not learned this truth has yet to acquire the "first law of nature." All the various races and tribes which for thousands of years have merely existed, but have not lived—for to live is to grow—have, without exception, been filthy in their habits.

The independence and the elevation of Ireland will never be realized till the Irish people learn that their priests and their religion are powerless to save the souls whose temples are daily damned with dirt, and bad diet, and vile stimulants, and narcotics. And Protestant Christendom is scarcely less criminal than Catholic in this respect. It is doubtful if one regenerate person in ten ever thinks of giving the body a channel to throw off its impurities, and be born again with water, by becoming a practical Baptist once a week, or even once every month.

If our evangelists and teachers had, for the past century, been earnest in impressing people with the importance of proper food and cleanliness, we should not be a nation of whimpering invalids, the willing slaves of family physicians, and the victims of quack medicines.

We have yet something to learn of the Jews and of the old Greeks. Christianity is Paganism converted to Christian theories, but retaining some of the worst of Pagan customs, involving bodily filth, and the eating of unclean and scrofula-breeding meats. It is true we ignore the fine physical culture of the ancient Greeks, because it was associated with heathen ceremonies, but we feast upon the flesh of diseased and flitting swine, because the animal is supposed to have been included in Saint Peter's dream of the great white sheet.

Our theology has much to say of sins committed by our first parents six thousand years ago, but it sheds little or no light upon the relations which our "last" parents hold to their sickly offspring, and to those natural laws in the observance of which we can secure physical purity and righteousness. Our schools inform us minutely concerning the heavenly bodies and the sources of rivers, but keep silent about the care of our earthly bodies, and seldom hint at the sources of health and of disease.

Truly, we are a great people. We build magnificent cities, tunnel mountains, and cross continents with railroads; we bid the printing-press reproduce a million-fold of every good and bad human thought; we subjugate time with lightning; we uncover, explore and measure the planets. But with all these vast material achievements, our civilization has not yet risen above the plane of pork and sourkrot-eating, drug-taking, tobacco-consuming, whiskey and beer drinking. It has not yet comprehended what Moses understood three thousand years ago—that a clean skin and a sweet stomach are the beginning of health and virtue, and that good health is the rock upon which to build up a humanity sound in mind and morals. Welfare is the outcome of wellness.

If we would secure strong, consistent characters, we must invigorate the physical roots of character. Health lies behind the beatitudes, and without it virtue is a slender stock, and heaven on earth the shadow of a dream.

The Stings of Bees

A curious observation made by Dr. Tero, an Austrian physician, formed the subject of a paper read some time ago at a meeting of the French Entomological society. He asserts that a person stung by bees is for a time exempt from the effect of further stinging, and is protected in the same sense that vaccination gives immunity with regard to small-pox. This protection lasts for six months or less, according to the number of stings received.

Songs of the Heart.

The song of hope: the vow of gratitude. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever."—Psalm xxxiii., 6.

There are many millions of tolerably well educated people in the world to-day who could not quote a single sentence of the great masters of philosophy of the ancient world, of whom so much is made by certain scholars and teachers. Plato and Socrates, Epictetus and Seneca are after all merely names to thousands upon thousands who associate with those names the vaguest ideas of wonderful wisdom. But the vast majority of these same millions are perfectly familiar with many songs of Israel's royal poet. The psalms of David have a firm and prominent place in the world, because they have touched the world's great heart. This Twenty-third Psalm for example is as common as the light, or as the air we breathe. All the world that knows anything, knows the sweet music of that refrain, "The Lord is My Shepherd, I shall Not Want." Eyes of the minds of men, eyes least accustomed to the imaginative and the artistic have seen with that inner eye "serenely bright" the pictures of this song of grateful praise of living hope. There is soothing to the weary soul in the very flow of the words.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters." What worlds of rest and peace and silent quiet these simple words contain! But the last verse is perhaps in some respects the sweetest and most musical of all. It is the sum of the whole matter. The moral of the song. The crowning gem of the sacred poem. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Here hope stands with flaming torch, lighted at the fires that all along the path have burned incessantly. And from that torch casts a splendor on all coming times. What are all these past mercies, but proph-

cies of what yet shall be. As if the psalmist should say, "All that has been is but the pattern of what yet shall be." As it has been with me in days gone by, so it shall be in days to come, only much more abundantly. The good hand that has been with me will never fail me. The springs, the eternal springs, the springs that are in the everlasting hills, will not run dry. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me; follow me as close as my shadow, never for one moment parting company with me. This hope is not a dream. It is based upon the soundest logic of all the events of the past. This hope is the only conclusion to which a man can come who, looking backward through the germs, sees everywhere the marks of mercy, and mercy alone. Following fast upon this song of hope, comes the grand vow of the grateful soul. I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Here was a Jewish mode of professing life-long consecration and gratitude. Over and over again in this sacred psalter of the ancient church comes this kind of high, sacred, solemn resolution: "I will pay my vows now in the Lord's house in the presence of all His people." True gratitude is not an act or a series of acts, but a life, a disposition. Not a mood, as evanescent as a flit, but a life. The truly grateful man does not say "thank you" and there end. But he takes the cup of salvation and binds his very being to that great altar of God, which sacrifices the gives and the gift. Binds himself for all the days of life. Happy he who so sings and vows.

The Coming Minister.

In the first place he will be a man called of God. His call from God will conclusively appear to him in this—viz., his inability to choose any other pursuit. The ministerial life with him will not be a question of ease or of money, or of social advancement, or of personal popularity. He will preach for the reason that Jeremiah continued in the prophetic office. Time and again Jeremiah resolved upon quitting the office. He said to himself, "I will not speak any more in God's name." But what came from this resolution? Let Jeremiah himself respond: "When I spake thus, God's Word was in mine heart as a burning fire, and I was weary with my forbearing." As fire burns itself out of its imprisonment, so God's messages burned themselves out into public utterance. As a bird when filled with song is compelled for its own relief to pour its carol into the air, so the God-called and spirit-filled minister is pressed by the very necessity of the comfort to utter the message of eternal life to dying men.—Rev. David Gregg, D. D.

A MEMORABLE JOURNEY.

The Strange Adventures of a Millionaire.

Mr. Alexander De Vieune, a well-known millionaire of Napa City, California, has returned from a European journey which he is not likely soon to forget. Mr. De Vieune came as a passenger in the steamer of the steamship Burgundia, from Naples and Marseilles, in the company of 485 Italian emigrants. His story is a most extraordinary one. It appears that Mr. De Vieune left Napa City in September for the purpose of making a trip to Europe, intending to visit Italy and spend the winter at Nice and Monte Carlo. He took with him a few thousand dollars and a letter of credit for an amount sufficient to cover his expenses while absent. He proceeded to New York, and sailed

THENCE IN A STEAMER

for Genoa, his trip being as much for his health as for pleasure, and not wishing to visit the northern and colder climates. Arriving in Genoa in October he remained there some days, and made a journey through Italy, visiting Naples, Rome, Venice, &c. After two months of enjoyment of this kind he took a steamer for the south of France, and proceeded to Monte Carlo. Here he settled down for the winter, but one night, soon after his arrival, while on his way home from the Casino, where he had won a considerable sum, he was waylaid by some ruffians who had watched his good luck. They robbed him not only of his winnings but of his jewellery, his letter of credit, and other papers. They stripped him and left him

BLEEDING AND INSENSIBLE

by the roadside, where he was found by the police some time after. He was taken to a police station, where his injuries were dressed, but as he claimed to have been robbed, which the police refused to believe, he was quickly turned out to find his way back to his lodgings as best he could. Being absolutely without a penny, and being quite ignorant of the language—notwithstanding his French origin—Mr. De Vieune received little sympathy. His landlady kept his wardrobe as security for his bill, but would not allow him to remain in the house, and the unfortunate man resolved therefore to go to Nice, where he had some friends. He started to walk, and en route stopped several persons, hoping to find

SOMEONE SPEAKING ENGLISH,

to whom he could tell his story. But his clothes being torn, his face bruised, and his general appearance most suspicious, he was regarded as a drunken beggar by those who understood him, and all assistance was refused. Arriving at Nice he found his friends gone, and he could not get any one to listen to his story, much less believe it. Finally the Nice police arrested him as a tramp, and as his explanations were unsatisfactory, and he was without letter or paper proving his identity, he was not believed. The judge laughed at his story of the robbery and gave him a month's imprisonment for alleged begging and having no means of support. He served his term, and, having been liberated, tramped to Marseilles where he called upon the American Consul, who shipped him home in the steamer of the Burgundia.

Patriotic Canadian Song.

Though other skies may be as bright, And other lands as fair; Though charms of other climes invite My wandering footsteps there, Yet there is one, the peer of all, Beneath bright heaven's dome; Of thee I sing, O happy land, My own Canadian home.

Did kindly heaven afford to me The choice where I should dwell, Fair Canada that choice should be, The land I love so well. I love thy hills and valleys wide, Thy waters' flash and foam; My God in love o'er thee preside, My Canadian home.

GOD BLESS MY WIFE.

The Dying Words of an Inconstant Husband.

It is Another Tale of How the Course of True Love Failed to Run Smooth—Domestic Infelicity Has No Exclusive Territory—Incidents of Chicago and Toronto Life.

A despatch from Toronto says:—The death of Andrew N. Merriam, which took place suddenly at 66 Isabella-street on the 12th inst., has brought to light some very startling revelations.

This gentleman appeared in Toronto for the first time about four years ago, and has been living in the city on and off ever since. For a time he acted as manager for E. Strachan Cox, and subsequently he entered the firm of Tilt & Co., stock brokers, whose offices until recently were in the Imperial Bank buildings. Merriam was a stout, hearty, handsome man, a bon vivant of the first order, and a jolly good fellow generally. He became acquainted with a good many of the city's "bloods," spent money lavishly on the theatre, cabs, dinners and enjoying all the luxuries of high living. According to the entries in the firm's books he must have kept up his end pretty well.

About 18 months ago he went to Port Huron and returned with a woman whom he claimed to have made his wife in that city. The couple took furnished apartments at 66 Isabella-street, and lived sumptuously up to the time of his death.

On the 4th instant he was seized with a fainting fit while on his way to the office. He was confined to his home for a few days and was evidently recovering, but on the morning of the 12th instant he took a sudden relapse. A neighboring physician was summoned, but before his arrival Merriam, stretching out his hand as though in great despair, exclaimed: "God bless my wife!" and immediately expired.

It is impossible to say whether the woman with whom he was living knew her true position or whether she was deceived. She appears to have acted her part as a wife lovingly and faithfully. She took the body to Port Huron, where her people live, and laid it to rest in the family burial plot. There was not the slightest suspicion that any developments would follow Merriam's death, but the importance that can be attached to his dying words, "God bless my wife."

On Tuesday a fashionably-dressed lady of prepossessing appearance arrived in town from Chicago and registered at the St. James' Hotel as "Mrs. A. N. Merriam, Chicago, Ill." Yesterday she said that Merriam was born in Lynn, Mass., where his father conducted a big boot and shoe factory. He was a shrewd business man and was attracted to Chicago by the excitement and possibilities of a life among the brokers in that city. He figured as the leading spirit in the firm of Fleming, Loring & Merriam, whose business methods attracted the attention of the police, with the result that the firm was given an informal call and Loring arrested and sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the county jails. Fleming and Merriam skipped the town and succeeded in escaping the clutches of the law.

Merriam was also connected with the notorious "Fund W.," by which hundreds of Canadians were swindled out of their little pile.

During his stay in Chicago he fell in love with Miss Mary J. Casey, who in spite of her troubles and sad experiences, still possesses many of the charms which attracted the young broker. They were married in Chicago May 3, 1882, and the Mrs. Merriam who registered at the St. James' on Tuesday claims to be none other than the woman who was made his lawful wife. They lived together for a number of years with all possible domestic felicity, and their home was the scene of many brilliant social gatherings.

A few years ago Merriam became acquainted with one of the belles of Port Huron, but the loving wife never suspected that from that time her husband's affections were not wholly bestowed on her.

About three years ago Merriam left his cheerful home at the usual hour in the morning and started for his office. He did not return in the evening and upon inquiry it was learned that he had left the city. For two years and a half his wife could not get the slightest trace of his whereabouts. About six months ago, by the merest accident, she learned that her runaway husband was living in Toronto. She came to the city and found Merriam living with the Port Huron lady. She consequently put her case in the hands of J. G. Holmes, of the firm of Best & Holmes, barristers, Victoria-street. Mr. Holmes succeeded in getting \$350 from Merriam, for his client, together with an agreement to the effect that \$22.50 should be paid to the wife monthly. Merriam carried out the agreement strictly up to the time of his death, as the following letter will show:

Mrs. M. J. Merriam, 42 East Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR MADAM.—I herewith enclose you sight draft on New York for \$22.50 being monthly payment from A. N. Merriam.

(Signed.) BEST & HOLMES.

The payments were sent regularly each month up to the time of his death. Mrs. Merriam has been living very quietly at the above address and when she heard of her husband's death all her womanly tenderness and powers of forgiveness were aroused, and she came back to the city to claim the body of the man who had so cruelly wronged her. She found that the body had already been taken to Port Huron and buried and that not a dollar's worth of real or personal property was left for her.

Mrs. Merriam is very anxious that a truthful statement of the affair should be made public, and that her social position in Chicago, where she has a host of friends, may not be affected by her husband's faithlessness.

She says that when she heard of Merriam's dying benediction, "God bless my wife!" she immediately forgave the wrong he did her, and she had the greatest sympathy for the poor woman who was living with him at the time of his death, and who no doubt was the victim of cruel deception.

No Invidious Distinctions.

"Do you consider this piano any more reliable than the others because it's upright?" inquired the caller.

"No, sir," answered the dealer. "Those others are perfectly square."