

ALASKAN CANNIBALS.

GOLD SEEKERS WILL SEE THEM ON THE R WAY TO KLONDIKE.

They Believe in Monsters, and Dwell Amid Imaginary Hordes of Horned Demons—Feasts and Necromancy.

Along the coast of Southern Alaska dwell some very queer aborigines, as gold seekers, flocking to the Klondike region will surely discover. They do the most of the freighting across the passes into the interior, carrying loads on their backs, but their population during many centuries has been so shut away from other tribes by gigantic ranges of snow clad mountains that they have developed a peculiar culture and customs unknown anywhere else. Hence the exceptional value of a monograph about them prepared by Dr. Franz Boaz, a distinguished ethnologist.

These natives may be said to live largely in a world of imagination, inasmuch as their customs and habits of living are based to a great extent upon ideas and beliefs wholly supernatural. Creation, from their point of view, is peopled by strange monsters and demons, which while normally hostile to man, may be rendered friendly and even helpful with the aid of certain ceremonials of a quasi religious character.

For example the most important of these monsters is a serpent which has a head at each end of its body and a human head in the middle. To touch this strange monster these natives believe is death, all the joints of the victim becoming dislocated, but specially favored individuals are enabled to perform wonderful feats by wearing a belt of its skin, while its eyes, used as sling stones, will

KILL ANY ANIMAL, even whales. Another of these fabulous beings is a wild woman who lives in the woods. She has enormous breasts, and carries a basket, into which she puts children whom she steals for the purpose of eating.

One of the most remarkable of the festivals celebrated by the Indians is a carnival of ghosts, which is held each winter. It seems to be derived from a tradition that tells of a journey made by an adventurous individual to a region beneath the earth, inhabited by phantoms. The celebration itself is a mimic representation of the visit to Hades, attended, and the performer who represents the submundane traveler wears a necklace and headress set round with skulls.

Cannibalism is very conspicuous in the myths current among these people, who have themselves been eaters of human flesh up to a recent period. Indeed, though the whites are supposed to have put a stop to such practices it would seem that the secret indulgence in them has not been wholly done away with.

Quite a number of strange demons are worshipped as guardian spirits—among them a cannibal demon that lives on the mountains and is always engaged in the pursuit of human beings for his table. The smoke of his chimney is the color of blood, and he has a female slave who gets food for him by catching men and collecting corpses. In his house is a fabulous bird with an immensely long beak, which lives on the brains of persons whose skulls it fractures with its bill. Anybody who is so unfortunate as to encounter the cannibal spirit may be transformed into

A GRIZZLY BEAR. On the other hand, if he can please the demon, he may obtain power to handle fire without being burned.

Another guardian spirit is a fearsome warrior, who lives in the far North. He travels constantly, and never leaves his canoe. By obtaining his protection a man may become invulnerable, or he may acquire power to catch the invisible disease demon. This demon is at all times flying about in the air in the form of a worm. The fortunate protegee of the warrior spirit catching the worm can throw it into the body of an enemy, who will die at once. The suggestion of the modern germ theory of disease contained in this belief is quite interesting. Not to be neglected among the guardian spirits are certain ghosts, which bestow the power of returning to life after death.

WOMEN PIANO TUNERS.

Many women are taking to tuning pianos as a profession. It pays well, and is easy to acquire, requiring for its skilled practice neither much time nor great expense. The amount of strength demanded is quite within the powers of most women after a little training. Piano tuning can be made to give an excellent return, since, according to the condition of the piano, from \$1 to \$3 is paid for putting the instrument in order, and three hours is more than most piano tuners think it necessary to expend on doing so. Any piano-maker of a woman's acquaintance will be glad to explain to her the intricacies of the piano, and make her familiar with its construction; particularly when he thinks she might, in return, be able to sell some of her customers a piano, for which, by the way, she would get a commission. Small repairs are easily taught. The stringing of wires and the proper treatment of the felt of the hammers and other parts is soon learned, and after a short course of practice on some old piano standing at the back of a store, a piano tuner can start out on her career. The outfit is not expensive. A key, a tuning fork, bits of leather and felt, a few ordinary tools, such as a hammer, piles and screw-driver, are all that are necessary, and can be carried in a small satchel. There is one thing, however, that is indispensable. If a woman has not a good ear, she had better leave piano tuning to some one else.

About the House

THAT'S BABY.

Two bright eyes
Looking into mine,
Two tiny arms round
My neck to twine;
That's baby.

One rosybud mouth
For mother's lips to kiss,
One pug nose
On a cunning little miss;
That's baby.

Two little feet
Running up to me,
Bringing her treasures
For mother dear to see;
That's baby.

Two little hands
Folded in prayer,
Kneeling by mother
Free from every care;
That's baby.

THE LITTLE ONES.

Of course every mother thinks her baby the loveliest, the sweetest and dearest that ever existed, and the poor helpless little infant is exhibited to admiring friends many times a day. Naturally everybody wants to hold it, and it is caressed and handled about to an alarming degree. Babies are roused out of healthful sleep to show the color of their eyes and they are bounced about so they will laugh; they are talked to and hugged and jugged and excited until they are limp as rags. Then if they do not seem well the doctor is sent for and like as not doses the little thing with medicines which it does not need. It never occurs to these mothers that babies can suffer from nervous exhaustion, as well as grown folks. They do, and that is very often the cause of peevish and half-dead looking infants. Excitement of any kind is bad for babies and mothers should carefully guard against it, and resist the temptation of "showing them off."

"How are the children to be amused on Sunday," is a vexatious question in many a home where parents are trying to rear their children with a proper regard for the Sabbath. It seems unjust to deprive them of all their amusements if nothing else can be substituted. Children must be amused or they become restless and discontented. So many children hate and dread the coming of the Sabbath simply because they feel so restrained and the day is dismal and endless to them. It certainly is the duty of the parents to make Sunday a day to be looked forward to with gladness and which will be a bright spot in their memory. Church and Sunday School do not keep them all day, so stories can be told or read, but let them not be of the impossible "goody" type of which the children soon tire, but something with a moral attached of course. Then the mother can do much in the way of preparing on Saturday some especially favorite dainty for Sunday dinner or tea. That will do much toward brightening the day in the eyes of the little ones. If the family is fond of music and singing that is a pleasant way of spending the evening, and songs can be sung in which even the tiny tot may join. The wise parent does not go to extremes and cut his children off from all simple enjoyment on the Sabbath, but rather exerts himself in some respect to keep them bright and happy.

Most mothers find it very difficult to get their children to take castor oil; but as that is one of the safest medicines for little ones and yet is so disagreeable, any way that it can be administered without the knowledge of the children will be appreciated by the mothers. Make a dough of one cup of milk, one of molasses, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of castor oil, a teaspoonful of soda stirred in the molasses, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, a pinch of salt and enough flour to make it stiff. Roll out and cut into small squares or cookies and bake in a quick oven. The children will eat these unsuspectingly and one or two will have the effect of a dose of the oil.

Mothers cannot be too careful about keeping their little ones in good health. Keep their systems in perfect order and much serious trouble will be avoided. Certainly, it may require a little more thought on the mother's part, but that is amply repaid by strong, healthy little folks, and consequently happy ones.

Little infants often cry because they are suffering from thirst—thirst for water. Milk does not quench thirst, as mothers too frequently suppose. A nursing bottle of pure water should be kept near at hand, so it may be offered to a child that wakes and cries in the night. In nine cases out of ten the water quiets the child, and it drops asleep.

BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

Habits formed in childhood are hard to break and frequently follow us through life. A bright, energetic little woman has a small daughter of five years, whose first exclamation upon entering the house is: "I want something to eat." No matter where she is or what time of day it may be, the little maid demands a lunch of bread and butter, cake or cookies, and if it is not forthcoming there is a "tantrum." Although very self-willed and hard to manage, had the mother started out differently this habit need not have been formed.

From a health standpoint it is very unwise to let a child eat between meals continually. Occasionally, when a child is not well or eats no breakfast, it may be necessary to give it a lunch in the middle of the forenoon or afternoon, but this eating at any and all times is altogether unnecessary. Then again it is a very disagree-

able habit. No housekeeper enjoys having a child eat bread and butter all over the parlor or library, dropping crumbs here and there and rubbing her hands on the furniture.

Most of us know children who govern their parents instead of being governed by them. How long do you think it takes for a child to learn who is master? A six-months old baby knows very well whether crying will bring him food or attention.

In governing children, a good rule to observe is kindness, but firmness. No two children are alike, consequently different methods should be used in training and governing them. A wise parent or teacher resorts to corporal punishment only in extreme cases, some never. Sensitive, high-strung children derive more harm than good from it. Some children can never be driven, but they can be coaxed or reasoned with.

A wise mother who did not believe in whipping children, had two boys who were full of life, and oftentimes it puzzled her to know what to do with them. Her most effectual method of punishment was to have them undress and go to bed, no matter what time of day it might be. Their meals were always sent to them, but they were not allowed to get up or see any of their playmates until the following day.

Nothing is ever gained by punishing a child while angry. A very wise and effectual punishment for some children is to deprive them of some pleasure, for instance, a picnic, drive, or some entertainment they have longed for.

Mothers who allow their children to eat any and all kinds of food are doing them a great injury, which can never be undone. Simple, wholesome dishes, which can be easily digested, should be provided for them. Children who live mainly on meat, pastry, pickles and candy, and are allowed to sit up late at night, are invariably pale, irritable and nervous. What better heritage can we give our children than sound, healthy bodies, and then teach them to take care of them?

QUEER KINKS FROM KLONDIKE.

The Lyre Adds to the Wonderful Stories from the Land of Gold.

Our esteemed townsman, Bud Gravel, piped upon our desk yesterday a handsomely-shaped nugget. It weighed twenty-seven pounds. We have credited him with three months' subscription to the Lyre. We are pleased to see that Mr. Gravel, who is one of our best citizens, is doing well. He is one of a syndicate who expect to buy a quart of whiskey on Saturday night.

The high wind yesterday raised considerable dust. Jake Luckenbill, who was out on the Eldorado road with his team, says he was nearly blinded by it. When he came home he coughed up \$73.89. One of our greatest needs is street sprinkling.

Lawson Pettibone has finished his new well in the rear of his kitchen. It now has eleven feet of ice water in it, and he washed over \$85,000 in dust from the dirt taken out.

The widow Larkin yesterday met with a misfortune, which will, we are sure, call forth the sympathy of the public. During the heavy rainstorm of the afternoon a regular torrent rushed down the gully back of her house, and washed so much gold into her pig sty that the pig was smothered. A subscription has been started for her benefit.

While Ike Sigman, the esteemed proprietor of the Big Strike saloon, was fishing in the river yesterday, his boat struck a snag, it proved to be a 600-pound nugget. He will have it taken out, and will use it as a horse block in front of his house. Ike is always bound to have the best that is going.

Large numbers of dead catfish are seen floating in the river every day. When examined it is found that every one of them has from six to eight ounces of gold dust in its stomach. This carelessness of allowing loose gold to escape into the river will ruin fishing unless stopped.

Bill Jaobs made a pretty good strike on the Little Juniper this week. He struck plenty of gold at a depth of three feet; but as the lumps were too big to carry, he closed up the hole, and has staked another claim farther up the creek.

Aleck Cameron put a new fireplace in his cabin this week, but he will now have to build another one. After he had completed it he built a roaring fire, but there was so much metal in the stone that it melted and ran all over the floor. He now has a gold-plated floor, but no fireplace.

There was a bull movement in dog meat yesterday, the price closing at 68 cents, above the opening figure. It is supposed to be due entirely to professional speculation.—Klondike Lyre.

HUDSON BAY FILLING UP.

The rapid rise of the land about Hudson Bay is said to be the most remarkable gradual upheaval of an extensive region ever known. Driftwood-covered beaches are now 20 to 60 or 70 feet above the water, new islands have appeared, and many channels and all the old harbors have become too shallow for ships. At the present rate this shallow bay will disappear in a few centuries, adding a vast area of dry land or salt marsh to British territory in America.

A THOROUGH ENTHUSIAST.

Mrs. Goodgurl—And, in the evening after you are through your weary, weary rounds and are ready to sink with fatigue, I suppose you retire at once to rest?

Letter Carrier—No, mum; I ride my bicycle.

AN IMPORTANT EXCEPTION.

Indolent Ivors, reading the paper—They sell nearly everything on de installment plan dese dese days.

Dry Dugan—Except beer.

A COURSE OF TRAINING.

The Object is to Fit Mr. Sirius Barker for a Trip to Alaska.

An expression of dreary disgust overspread Mr. Sirius Barker's face as he looked over the dinner table and exclaimed:

"Late again!"
"What you mean is that you're home on time for the first day in weeks."

"Nobody asked you to shift the schedule, did he?"
"No. I simply tried to accommodate myself to circumstances. It isn't as if we were rich and could employ a retinue of servants to keep meals going at all hours."

"That settles it!" he almost shouted. "I had my mind made up that if it happened again I'd make the plunge. I am tired of having the fact that I'm no millionaire flung in my face day after day. It has become wearisome to the point where fatigue develops into desperation. You can get my old clothes out and pack 'em in a telescope trunk and put some cold chicken and doughnuts in a paper box so that I can have some lunch to eat on the train."

"What are you going to do?"
"I'm going to the Klondike to sacrifice myself on the altar of a woman's discontent! I'm going to stand up to my arm-pits in ice water delving for pay dirt; I'm going to eat canned food three times a day and take a chance of being used as the entree of a course dinner by polar bears, so that I may one day stand before you as Armand stood before Camille, and, after throwing gold by the valise-full at your feet, say, 'Woman, behold your work!' You can keep the money. You can buy ostrich feathers and passamenterie trimming to your heart's content. All I will want then is a mereittance; just enough to buy pepine and catarrh cure, and now and then a bottle of rheumatism liniment."

Mrs. Barker had turned her head away and her husband heard something which might be either a sob or a snicker.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "You weep in vain. Remorse comes too late. My mind is irrevocably made up!"

There were no tears in her eyes as she turned her face to him, although an effort to control the expression of her face was apparent.

"I'm not going to try to restrain you, Sirius," she answered. "I know your immovable determination too well to undertake to shake it. I ask only one thing."

"Postpone your perilous venture till next spring."

"Never, I'm afraid I might change my mind."

"I promise that I shall not say a word to alter your purpose. On the contrary, I will do everything I can to encourage you in getting ready for the trip. But if you go now you will get there just as winter opens and you will have to wait till the cold weather is over in order to get started in the actual labor of mining."

"There is something in that."

"There are lots of ways to prepare yourself for the enterprise that I could suggest and I assure you that I will leave nothing undone to assist in the preparation for your hardships. It would be folly for you to plunge into the mining business without any previous training."

"I shouldn't be surprised if that were true. But how am I going to get the discipline?"

"I'll tell you, you'll have to learn to handle a pick-ax. Now your beams are not developed for that sort of thing. Our garden is terribly run down, you might take a hor and use it awhile just for the sake of the exercise. Then I'll let you get up every morning in the winter before the servant comes and you can go down in the cellar and handle a shovel at the coal bin so as to get into practice. While you are building the kitchen fire you will be gradually inuring yourself to withstand the arctic climate. I know the programme seems hard, but it wouldn't be nearly as discouraging as what you will have to go through in Alaska. After you have put in a winter that way at home, if you are prepared to go through the same experiences, only worse, at the mines, I'll bid you good-bye and stay at home and take boarders and hope for the best."

A LIGHTNING TRAGEDY.

It has been an extraordinary year for thunder storms in England as well as here, and a most unusual number of fatalities have resulted. One of the most pathetic of them happened in Birkenhead, where a young man and his sweetheart, taking shelter under a great tree in a violent shower, were killed by a thunderbolt. The tree was curiously marked with a white, spear-like stroke, pointing straight down to the spot where the young people stood. So great was the popular interest in the sad tragedy that it was found necessary, after the news got abroad, to station a policeman at the foot of the tree. Otherwise it would have been totally stripped of its bark in spite of the great size—by the morbidly curious relic hunters.

KNOTS AND MILES.

Distances at sea are measured in miles, just as they are on land, but the speed of a ship at sea—that is, the number of miles she makes through the water in one hour of time—is measured in knots. There is, therefore, a difference in the meaning of the word "mile" and "knot"; they are no more synonymous than are the words "distance" and "speed" to which they are related. It is well to bear in mind in speaking or writing of nautical matters, this distinction, that a mile is a unit of distance but a knot is a unit of speed. There are two kinds of mile—a statute or land mile and a nautical or sea mile.

CANADA'S TIMBER SUPPLY.

WARNINGS OF EXHAUSTION HAS COME AS A SURPRISE.

Ontario Forestry Commission Now at Work—Fire is a Great Destructive Agent—Restocking Will be a Valuable Provision for Future Revenue.

The last Dominion census report shows that there is over \$100,000,000 of capital invested in lumbering and the industries directly dependent on the Canadian forests for their raw material. The yearly wage is estimated at \$30,000,000 and the output at \$125,000,000. The forests have so long been regarded as inexhaustible that recent warnings of exhaustion within the measurable future have come as a surprise. Considering the magnitude of these industries, no question could be of more material importance than the perpetuation of forest growth. White pine is the most important wood of the country, and no doubt the possession of it will be a factor in deciding national supremacy on this continent in the future. At present destruction is so rapid and growth so slow that the exhaustion of the supply is within measurable distance. Although the spruce of the Maritime provinces will stand the present drain for a long time and the forests of British Columbia are almost untouched, the prospect of the exhaustion of white pine is none the less serious.

THE FORESTRY COMMISSION

appointed by the Ontario Government is now at work inquiring into the present condition of the timber supply and collecting information as to the best method of preserving, protecting and re-foresting.

Fire is the greatest destructive agent, although lumbering operations are responsible for the depletion of large areas. Every province has made stringent laws regulating the lighting of fires in the timber forests and preventing the carelessness which is generally the cause of forest fires. The pine is more exposed to danger than the spruce as it grows higher and there are no branches to retain moisture during the dry season. The chief injury from fire is to the smaller trees, which are entirely destroyed. The standing timber is seldom injured, although the trees are killed by the passing of a fire. The chief immediate loss is through the necessity of cutting the timber at once. If left standing it is attacked by the pine borer or sawyer, and is rendered worthless, except for the most common uses. When the trees killed by fire are cut there is no younger growth to take their places, and it is this absolute denudation which makes fire such a serious destructive agent. The cutting of small and growing timber is now prohibited, and with the effective prevention of fire the spruce forests at least can be made to

REPRODUCE THEMSELVES.

The increasing demand for wood pulp from spruce has made serious inroads on that class of timber and careful regulations are necessary to prevent the smaller trees being utilized to the depletion of valuable forests. The preservation of white pine is by far the most important part of any scheme of re-foresting. It will be necessary to learn the rate of reproduction under ordinary conditions, that an effective system of re-stocking can be adopted. It will not do to trust longer to chance, destruction of the woodman's axe and the occasional fires, which will be inevitable under the most careful supervision. As the results of re-stocking become available the price of timber will be still tending upward and the people will be amply repaid for the cost of their time. Re-foresting must be undertaken on a large scale. Ashcroft, B. C., is to have water-works this fall.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable.—London.

The man who lives in vain, lives worse than in vain. He who lives to no purpose, lives to a bad purpose.

Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Elegance comes of no breeding but of birth.—Emerson.

Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sinews at the wrists.—Sterling.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—Swift.

By struggling with misfortune we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious is by running away.—Goldsmith.

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them, and they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.—Blair.

Home can never be transferred—never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated by paternal love; by the innocence of sports of childhood; and by the first acquaintance of the heart with nature, is thy only true home.—Wolfe.

THEY KNEW MA.

The train had stopped for a few minutes at a station out on the plains, and two or three barefooted little boys and girls had their backs against the depot and their fingers in their mouths, while they stared at the passengers.

Suddenly a boy of about ten years dashed round a corner of the station and called to his brother and sister: "You, Joey! Ma says if you an' Maggie don't come right straight home she'll—she'll—well, I forgot what, but she'll do it, sure, for you know what ma is when she gets started; so you'd better git home straight off!"

Joey and Maggie evidently knew what ma was when she "got started," for they started homeward as fast as their bare little feet would carry them.