

## POOR LO ON ICE.

THE ALASKAN INDIAN IS SLOWLY BECOMING A TRADITION.

**Eskimos, Thlingits and Aleuts are Being Degraded by Civilizing Influences and are Embracing the White Man's Vices Instead of His Virtues—They are Gradually Abandoning Their Ancient Customs and Sinking Into Savagery with All Modern Improvements—Mark Fallon Writes of His Experiences among the Peoples of Uncle Sam's Territory in the Great Northwest.**

(Special.)

SITKA, Alaska, Oct. 20.

Via SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 1.

Poor Lo, the Indian, will soon be as much of a tradition in Alaska as he is in the Western States. Most of the natives are passing through what for them is certainly the degrading process of civilization. The Aleuts particularly are abandoning their ancient customs and manners of the paleface. Among this people the aboriginal fur garments have been almost entirely replaced by the white man's store clothes and the aboriginal stomach is being slowly but surely corroded by the white man's rum.

Paraphrasing, I may remark that the worst whisky on this green earth is sold right here in little old Alaska. I would give a good-sized nugget for a genuine Manhattan cocktail, and I am not what a Kentucky colonel would call a drinking man. One feels the need of a really pure stimulant occasionally in these parts. It is doubtful if any man would remain a teetotaler long in this latitude. Good whisky is a blessing here when it is needed. It is like carrying a gun in Texas. You may live here all your life and never need it, but when you do need it, you need it "mighty sudden." What is ruining the Alaskan natives is not good whisky, but bad rum—red-hot tanglefoot, that burns and bites like vitriol.

### Doesn't Like the Native.

I have met the Alaskan native in all his phases, from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and I am free to confess that I am not yet prepared to hail him as a man and a brother. As a man, he is at best a rude apology; as a brother, he would be a disgrace to the family. He is about the dullest, slowest, dirtiest, meanest coyote to be found anywhere on the North American continent, Philadelphia lawyers and Coney Island photographers not excepted, and so far as the present generation is concerned, is, in my opinion, utterly hopeless. Something may be done by the Government teachers and by the missionaries to reclaim the youthful Thlingits, Eskimos and Aleuts from their racial stupidity, but the Alaskan Indian of to-day is a pernicious and persistent barbarian, with all modern improvements in the line of savagery.

Since I undertook to prospect this country for news specials, I have fallen upon ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. I have been in Sitka just four days, after an extended tour of Alaska, and have taken two baths every day. This is just double my usual number, but for three months previous every square inch of me, except my face and hands, has been a stranger to water. You can't bathe in the open air in Alaska, save in the Summer season, and the Russians who preceded the American pioneers neglected to build Russian baths. You see, it was part of the Czar's policy to truckle to the prejudices of the natives.



A Thlingit Girl.

The Alaskan Indians have bathhouses of their own, but, although some of the most fearless desperadoes of the Pacific slope have come hither, no white man has yet been found with sufficient nerve to enter one of them. By the time I get back to the States I hope to be clean enough to enable my friends to recognize me—but it's an even chance. For three months I have foregathered

with Thlingits and Eskimos and Aleuts in every accessible part of the great Northwest. I have slept in the igloo of the kolosh, with sledge dogs lying on my chest and greasy Eskimo babies sticking their pudgy feet in my face, half suffocated by the pot-pourri of perfumes emanating from a dozen human and canine forms, and I have huddled under the inverted kayak or bidarka of the Thlingit, with the rain beating upon every part of me except my head and a bitter east wind chilling me to the marrow. As fate ordained, I have made a meagre meal of ulikan and seaweed cakes, or have gorged myself on seal blubber and moose steaks. I have discussed yukala (a very fine trout) with the Aziavikok-hamiut and have shared shellfish with the Aleut. To my discredit be it said, I have tried to drink—fusel oil and all—the fearful liquor which the Eskimo distills from flour paste, sugar, dried fruit, berries, etc. I am happy to say that I have been wholly unable to do so. That vile decoction would overstrain the bibulous endurance of a Bowery lush.

Long before I returned to this, the capital of Alaska, I learned to appreciate even the poor heat of a chiksha

his mother-in-law. She is the actual head of the family.

**Woman's Rights in Alaska.**  
Women occupy an equivocal position among the Alaskan natives. Their legal rights are many, but until they become mothers-in-law, their actual privileges are few. A mother is practically the slave of her eldest son, although he and the rest of her children take their surname and tribal pedigree from her, instead of from their father. When her daughters marry, however, her sons-in-law become her serfs, and thenceforward she enjoys sweet revenge upon the male sex. The large, ferocious-looking females in the photograph of a group of Alaskan women I sent you a couple of weeks ago may easily be distinguished as mothers-in-law.

With that photograph I also forwarded a tintype of a Thlingit girl, the belle of the village of Kanakanak, and a snapshot of an Alaskan Indian in the act of harpooning a seal. Poor Lo, when I caught him with my camera, was standing on the prow of the barabara, his harpoon poised for the lunge at the frightened seal, an expression of fiendish glee on his swart features and his whole body bristling with the joy



fire, made of the dry vines of the berry of that name. Now I am luxuriating in the delightful warmth of a real coal blaze.

### The Various Tribes.

Of the Alaskan Indians, the Sitkas have been probably less injured by civilizing influences than any other tribe. The Takus are more self-assertive and taller, and have better features than the average, excepting the Chikits, who are much like them. The most primitive are the Yakutats, who have the darkest skins. The largest men are found among the Hutznahus. The Auks are the least intelligent and have very bad figures. The Thlingits are very imitative, and extremely shrewd. These last are guilty of all kinds of offenses against the moral code, and would rather lie than tell the truth any day. I have known Thlingits to lie when it would have been distinctly to their advantage not to do so. They relish a good lie as does an American a bright joke.

Gratitude is unknown among them, and theft is second nature. All the men are born gamblers and both sexes are addicted to the excessive use of tobacco and rum. They are confirmed skeptics and laugh in their sleeves at their chief idol, Yehl, even while they are sacrificing to him. Even their belief in shamanism and witchcraft is a dead letter, and, as Christianly has not yet taken its place, they have no faith. Polygamy is as popular among them as it is with the Mormons.

**The Cheerful Kolosh.**  
One thing may be said in favor of the Eskimo—he is the most persistently good-natured chap in America. With everything under the midnight sun to make him miserable, he laughs at his frozen fate and finds humor in congestive chills. Pleuro-pneumonia is a huge joke with him, and diphtheria a delicate witticism. As for such petty details as food, clothing and shelter, they are to him absolutely ridiculous. He can get along with less of them than any man on earth, except the Frisco Chinaman. I have seen him, when the mercury was shrinking into the lowest part of the bulb, trot around with nothing on above his waist and his feet bare. Nevertheless, when he is playing in luck, he will swaddle himself in furs like a gay Parisienne. It takes such a philosopher to eke out existence in the Arctic Zone.

The Eskimo's cheerfulness is the more laudable in view of his relations with his mother-in-law. That estimable lady rules him with an iron hand. She has by law, what she has by custom in civilized climes, the right to dictate to him in every detail of his shivery career. The Eskimo would not dare to build a new igloo or kayak or bidarka, to go on a journey, to sell a bundle of furs, to buy anything whatsoever or to cut his hair without consulting

of slaughter. His companion in the stern of the boat was paddling swiftly but silently, in order not to disturb a family party of seals a few rods away, on which the hunters also had designs. It was a fierce and exciting chase, and though I felt sorry for the seal, I could not but admire the skill and strength with which the harpooner sent his slender steel plunging through the body of the animal. This is a primitive method of killing seals, but it is still popular among the Thlingits.

When I get more used to writing with pen and ink on real paper once more, and when the genial warmth of the modest hotel at which I am stopping shall have thawed the ice in my veins, I will tell you more about the peculiar and picturesque peoples among which I have lived these many weeks. At present it is an effort to think, and my fountain pen is still frozen.

MARK FALLON.

### ENGLAND'S CHILD DRUNKARDS.

**Thirty Thousand Women Visited Barracoms in One Night.**

(By Anglo-American Press.)  
MANCHESTER, Eng., Nov. 1. Lady Elizabeth Biddulph presided at the opening sittings yesterday of the Women's Total Abstinence Union in Bristol.

Mrs. Vane (London) made a special plea for children, saying that there were hundreds of little ones in courts and slums who went to bed drunk every night.

They had parents who, for the sake of drink, were willing to place their children in the care of people really unknown to them, and themselves intoxicated.

In London alone, out of 80,000 persons who went into public houses one Saturday night in the course of three hours, over 30,000 were women.

The awful amount of drunkenness among women must cause deplorable wretchedness and suffering.

### WILL VIC FREE THE IRISH?

**Petition for the Release of Prisoners Laid Before Her.**

(By Anglo-American Press.)  
DUBLIN, Nov. 1.

Dr. M. D. Kavanagh having, through the Home Secretary, sent a petition to the Queen for the release of the Irish prisoners, has received from the right honorable gentleman the following reply:

"Whitehall, Oct. 9, 1897.

"Sir: I am directed by the Secretary of State to inform you that the petition on behalf of the treason-felony convicts which you have submitted has been laid before the Queen, but that he has not been able to advise Her Majesty to give any directions thereof. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES S. MURDOCH."

### PERSONAL POINTS.

Ex-Secretary John G. Carlisle, in practicing law in New York, will devote himself to pleading cases in court instead of confining himself to office work.

Count Nicholas Esterhazy, who died recently at Totis, in Hungary, was well known on the turf in England, France and Austria. He gave orders that he should be buried in a red hunting-coat, with all the honors of the chase.

Congressman Walker, of Massachusetts, is the president's almost daily companion, when in Washington, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. The tie between the two men is their mutual fondness for horseback riding.

Col. R. G. Shaw, in whose memory Boston has unveiled a statue, was rather a poor student while at Harvard and excelled in athletics more than in study. He was extremely popular and believed in having a "good time."

Among the new recipients of honorary degrees from the University of Oxford are Wilfrid Laurier, premier of the Dominion of Canada; Sir William V. Whiteway, premier of Newfoundland, and E. L. Godkin, editor of the New York Evening Post.

Richard E. Gallienne seems anxious their mutual fondness for horseback to take the place formerly held in London society by Oscar Wilde. He appeared recently on a bicycle in a black silk costume trimmed with cream-colored lace, according to the London Figaro, which also asserts that his father is a respectable brewer.

### JUST ABOUT PEOPLE.

Miguel A. Otero, who has been appointed by the president governor of New Mexico, is a leading citizen of Las Vegas. He has held many offices and important positions.

President H. H. Vreeland, of the Metropolitan Traction company of New York city, was once a brakeman on a Long Island road, and his rapid rise is often commented on by his old associates, who find in him to-day the same friend of past years.

On his eighty-third birthday, which recently occurred, Verdi, the great composer, was seen at five o'clock in the weekly market of the town with some sheep he had brought in from his farm to sell. He also bought a cow and had a right good time with his rural neighbors.

Hezekiah Butterworth is perhaps the best known writer for juveniles; his books for boys and girls have reached a circulation of hundreds of thousands. Mr. Butterworth, for nearly a quarter of a century the editor of the Youth's Companion, now devotes himself to writing books for young people and traveling.

Gov. Blgek, of New York, who is a young man in the forties, was a farmer's son and one of a family of 11 children, yet he prepared himself, unaided, to enter college at 18, and graduated from Dartmouth at 22. He is now angular, tall and smooth-shaven and is often called "young Abe Lincoln." His long, narrow head is covered with dark hair and his face is built on square lines.

### POPULAR SCIENCE.

The average walking pace of a healthy man or woman is said to be 75 steps a minute.

It is said that the patterns on the finger tips are not only unchangeable through life, but the chance of the finger prints of two persons being alike is less than one chance in sixty-four billions.

Among the animals which surpass man in the ratio of brain weight to body weight are the following: Among the Rodentia squirrels and mice, among the Primates many old and new world monkeys.

The bottom of the Pacific between Hawaii and California is said to be so level that a railway could be laid for 500 miles without altering the grade anywhere. This fact was discovered by the United States surveying vessel engaged in making soundings with the view of laying a cable.

Important papers, maps, charts and good engravings can be successfully preserved by brushing a very thin coating of India rubber solution over their surface. This is perfectly transparent, and if an important document is varnished with it on both sides it will be protected for an indefinite period against the effects of damp, whilst the writing will remain clear and unfaded.

### SEVEN THOUGHTS.

More flies are caught with honey than vinegar.

If you would not be known to do a thing, never do it.

It may be said that yesterday suggests, to-morrow promises, but to-day accomplishes.

It is difficult to say who does the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions or friends with the best.

There is a great struggle between vanity and patience when we have to meet a person who admires us but who bores us.

Beware of prejudices. A man's mind is like a rat trap; prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out again.

A good and wise man may at times be angry with the world, and also grieved at it; but no man can ever be long discontented with the world if he does his duty in it.—N. Y. Weekly.

### A THOUGHT A DAY.

Never meet trouble half-way; let it do all the walking.

The better one is, the more goodness one sees in other people.

Say as little as possible about that of which you know nothing.

In private watch your thoughts, in the family your temper, in company your tongue.

People who live only for themselves are engaged in a very small way of business.—N. Y. Weekly.

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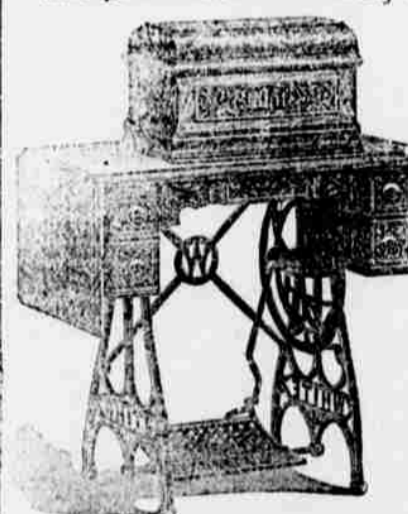
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