HAVE CHIEFS TO BURN.

ALASKAN NATIVES CREMATE THEIR CIVIL RULERS.

Weird Rites at the Recent Funeral of Volotskoi, a Thlingit Dignitary of the Wolf Clan, at a Little Village Near Prince Frederick Sound—The Ravens, Who Were the Guests, Tore Their Breasts and Arms with Their Talons, Bruised Their Faces with Jagged Rocks and Slashed Their Flesh with Knives—Then Everybody Fell to Gormandizing.

(Special.)

JUNEAU, Alaska, Oct. 15.
Via SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 21.

When the Alaskan native dies he becomes very much more important in the eyes of his brethren than he ever was alive. Your true Thlingit is a born professional mourner, and he would rather go to a funeral than to a picnic. Give him a chance to bowl and gash his flesh until his swarthy cuticle looks like a map of the St. Elias range or a much-trodden cow path in rainy weather, and he is supremely, aggressively happy. Put him in a good-sized morgue and let him weep and wail and gnash his teeth and punch an open-work pattern all over his short ribs, and he'll never care to wander. He would make a good running mate for the ghoul in the Arabian Nights.

Every little phratry and sub-phratry in the Wolf and Raven clans, into which the Thlingits are divided, feels in honor bound to hold a grand jamboree to celebrate the death of the least of its members. When a chief passes in his cheeks the occasion is made memorable by a potlatch, or feast, on so enormous a scale as frequently to bankrupt his heir, the giver thereof, for life. It is a gorgeous opportunity for wholesale gormandizing which every Thlingit would rather die himself than miss.

A Recent Cremation.

Volotskoi, a noted chief of the Wolf clan, was gathered to his fathers recently in a little village near Prince Frederick Sound. The festivity "to glorify the dead" held in his honor broke all funeral records throughout Alaska. Up to date more than a dozen deaths have been the results of the porcine stuffing indulged in by the mourners, who consisted of the greater part of the Raven clan. A singular fact in connection with Thlingit burials is that the guests must always be chosen from the opposite clan. So as Volotskoi was a Wolf, the guests were Ravens.

As Volotskoi was only a chief and not a shaman or sorcerer, he was cremated. Had he been a shaman his remains would have been deposited in a box swung high between two posts.

If there had been any such useful institution as a board of health in the neighborhood of Prince Frederick Sound, Brother Volotskoi would have been buried several days earlier. As it was, it was not necessary to inquire the way to the house of woe. Fortunately, your correspondent had been through a preparatory course of sleeping in Eskimo huts, and close contact with the natives, and was by that time olfactorily invulnerable.

No time was set for the cremation. The guests just drifted into the village at their own good leisure, and when a majority of them felt it was time for the circus to begin the ceremony was commenced.

Barbaric Rites.

A funeral pyre had been erected just outside the village soon after Chief Volotskoi passed in his checks, and when the guests were good and ready their noble friend was carried to the pile of fagots. Old Pop Volotskoi, as he was called by the prospectors who had enjoyed the distinguished, if somewhat expensive, honor of his acquaintance, had attended many a potlatch himself and weighed nearly 300 pounds. It took six stout Thlingits to tote him to the place.

The funeral procession was strikingly informal. Everybody just sauntered along any old way, the mourners howling in a dozen different keys. A small party of veteran Yukoners, hardened by long sojourn among the Arctic snows and brief but demoralizing experience of Dawson dance halls, brought up the rear, irreverently whistling "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." It was a new song to them, having recently been introduced among the select circles of Dawson City by a vivacious young performer formerly of 'Frisco, who sang it with great success at a Summer soiree. The natives thought it was the American national hymn, and felt highly honored by the delicate attention.

Self-Tortured Mourners.

While the relatives and guests gathered around in a solemn circle, the pyre was ignited. The relatives wept and howled and crooned and keened, while the guests started systematically to work themselves into an advanced state of seeming epilepsy. The Prince Frederick Sound Thlingits boast of torturing themselves in a most horrible manner while the body of a friend is in process of cremation. On this occasion a special deputation from Prince of Wales' Island graced the scene and did their little best to make things lively. They looked for a long time as if they would be a half dozen impromptu supplementary funerals on the spot. Yelling at the tops of their voices, and writhing with terrible abandon, writhing like snakes and shivering like wet dogs, the guests pranced around the little plateau, beating their breasts with jagged stones until they were covered with bruises and bleeding freely. They tore their arms and breasts with their nails, sharp as talons, and slashed the quivering flesh with rude knives. This frenzied self-vivisection was kept up as long as the body was burning, which was more than an hour.

Chanting the Dirge.

After the body had been thoroughly cremated all the guests followed the widow to her broken home, where they seated themselves around her. Then the relatives, their hair cropped and burned, and their faces blackened and otherwise disfigured, entered the hut and walked to the centre of the circle, where they leaned upon sticks, bowed their heads and began to chant the funeral dirge.

It may not be believed, but this same dirge was sung by the relatives for six mortal hours, and when they broke down the guests took up the weird refrain. They howled in relays, stopping alternately for refreshments, so that the death song lasted continuously four days and as many nights.

Sacrifice of Slaves.

As Volotskoi had been a rich man and full of wisdom, to say nothing of seal blubber, his relatives, to honor his memory, went out every two or three hours and killed one of his slaves. There is a popular fiction among departmental circles in Washington that slavery no longer exists in Alaska, which shows how much a few wiseacres, several thousand miles away, who are trying to govern at long range a territory two and one-half times as large as the Lone Star State, know about that same territory. When Russia owned Alaska slavery was practised openly; now it's practiced secretly—that's the only difference. The Alaskan slaves haven't read the Fifteenth Amendment and don't know they're free.

Not Too Sad to Eat.

All this time everybody was eating as much as he possibly could, the men taking the choice morsels and the women contenting themselves with the scraps. Among the delicacies on the bill of fare were ulikan, or candle fish, herring, herring spawn, cakes made of herring spawn and herbs and berries boiled together and pressed into solid blocks, strawberries, huckleberries, salmon berries, raspberries, thimbleberries, salal, seaweed cakes, seal blubber, whale steaks, moose steaks and Alaskan moss. There were also piles of potatoes fried in porpoise oil.

Distribution of Gifts.

On the fourth day following the cremation, which marked the end of the period of mourning, the relatives of the dear departed washed the black off their faces, striped those same visages like barber poles and distributed presents to the guests. These gifts consisted of everything under the sun, from a brand-new Winchester rifle, for the richest guest, to a worn out horse blanket for the poorest. Volotskoi's heir, who was his sister's son, was utterly ruined by the extravagance of the occasion. Before the old man died the youngster was tolerably well-to-do; his inheritance made him a pauper. A close count showed that he gave away more than twelve hundred presents. It pays to be a professional mourner in Alaska.

When the hullabaloo was over, Volotskoi's ashes were placed in a tin box which had formerly contained soda crackers, and were buried three feet under the floor of his hut. This was done in order that his ghost might not only feel at home, but might make the life of his widow a burden if she should ever dare to install a Mr. Volotskoi No. 2 in the establishment. Old Pop Volotskoi was very fond of his wife.

Yorks at Wynyard Park.
(By Anglo-American Press.)

LONDON, Oct. 22.

The Duke and Duchess of York are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Londonderry at Wynyard Park, County Durham, from Monday, Nov. 1, until Saturday, the 6th, and there will be a large house party to meet them, including Lord and Lady Derby and Lord and Lady Cadogan.

Impressionist Pictures.

Here are some verses Thomas Wharton once wrote after visiting an exhibition of impressionist pictures:

"And if the purple curfew tolls the knell of purple days,
And the purple herd winds lowing upon the purple lea.
And the purple plowman homeward plods his purple way.
You may leave the world to darkness—but don't leave it to me!"

Testing Him.

Mamma—I wonder why it is that Georgie plays and sings so much for Albert since they've become engaged? She never seems to cease from the time he comes into the house until he departs.

Papa—I guess she wants to make sure that he really loves her.—Chicago News.

No Falling Behind.

Native (western town) — Did you notice those big hail-stones? Here are some I picked up. They are as large as hen eggs.

Newspaper Correspondent—By Jove! So they are. Immediately telegraph: "Hail stones fell here to-day as large as ostrich eggs."—N. Y. Weekly.

He Was Afraid.

"I always expected you to marry Miss Uptown. You were engaged at one time, were you not?"

"Yes; but when I saw her beating carpets one day on the roof I realized that if I ever had a dispute I'd stand no earthly show, so after that I didn't go there any more."—N. Y. World.

A Proper Boast.

"There is one thing of which Lord Fizzlecash, will be able to boast, besides his title," remarked Miss Cayenne, thoughtfully.

"What is that?"

"No one can truthfully say that his wife married him for his money."—Washington Star.

A NEW TRUTH.

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T. A. Slocum, the Great Chemist and Scientist, Will send to Sufferers Three Free Bottles of His Newly Discovered Remedy to Cure Consumption and all Lung Diseases.

Nothing could be more philanthropic, carry more joy to the afflicted than the generous offer of the honorable and learned chemist, T. A. Slocum, of 98 Pine Street, New York City.

He has discovered a remedy and absolute cure for consumption, and all bronchial, throat, lung and chest diseases, nervous affections, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting away, and to make its goodness known, will send three bottles of his newly discovered remedy free to any afflicted reader of the Press.

Already has "this scientific system of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of the severest and apparently hopeless cases.

The Doctor considers it not only his professional, but his religious duty, a duty which he owes to suffering humanity, to disseminate his invaluable cure.

He has provided the cure for "consumption" to be a curable disease even in a climate, and has on file in his American and European laboratories hundreds of "heartfelt testimonials of gratitude" from those benefitted and cured, in all parts of the world.

Catarrhal and pulmonary troubles lead to consumption, and consumption uninterrupted means speedy and certain death. Don't delay until it is too late. Simply write T. A. Slocum, M. C., 98 Pine Street, New York, giving express and postoffice address, and the free medicine will be promptly sent. Please tell the Doctor you saw his offer in this paper.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

There are many persons who desire to go to the gold fields of Alaska the coming season, who have not enough ready money available to enable them to do so.

To all such, we would advise the desirability of forming a local syndicate of three or more persons, and jointly purchase 500 shares of our stock, and select one of your number to go and prospect and mine for joint account.

With parties forming such syndicate, this Company will contract to send out one of their number for each 500 shares of stock purchased from it at par, and maintain such party there for one year from the date of arrival at the gold fields, supplying him with food, tools, and all things requisite to enable him to prospect for gold, and with help to develop and work all good claims located by him—the claims to be located in the name of the syndicate and the Alaska-Klondyke Gold Mining Co., and to be owned jointly and equally, share and share alike.

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The business of the Alaska-Klondyke Gold Mining Company will be to run a line of steamers on the Yukon River, and between Seattle and the different parts of Alaska, open supply stores at the different camps, do a general transportation, commercial and banking business, and, in addition, deal in Mining Claims, and work the mines already owned and that may hereafter be acquired by the Company.

The Company controls the following properties:

Eight Gold Placer Claims aggregating 160 Acres in Extent, located on Forty Mile Creek under United States mining laws. Development has proved the pay streak to be five feet thick and has yielded placer dirt that pans from $10 to $15 to the pan. Five Gold Placer Claims, aggregating 100 Acres in extent, on Porcupine River, that pans from 25 cents to $10 to a pan.

Ten Gold Placer Claims, aggregating 200 acres on the Tanna River, panning from $10 to $50 a yard.

A fine gold quartz lode in Alaska, which assays from $15 to $500 per ton. The lode shows an enormous outcrop of free milling ore,—vein at surface being 12 feet thick; on this property have made 12 locations of 1500 feet by 300 feet, equaling 120 acres. We don't claim that it is the mother lode, but we do know it is without an equal for prospective values.

The estimates and statement above are of necessity based upon information obtained from our Superintendent, and are believed and accepted by the company.

This company having acquired extensive holdings of rich placer and gold quartz properties, capable of earning large dividends on its stock, offers to investors advantages that insure large and profitable returns.

Mr. George W. Morgan, our Superintendent, has been on the Yukon for the past year working in the interest of this company. Therefore, we are not asking any one to contribute to a project unplanned, but to one thoroughly matured. This company, with its able aids, extensive knowledge, and great resources, is certain to become one of the richest companies operating in Alaska.

Our President takes pleasure in referring you to the following list of references:

James E. Dewey, Mills & Co., Bankers, Detroit, Mich.;
Louis C. Tetard, Commissioner World's Fair from Mexico, "The Rookery," Chicago, Ill
Senator H. M. Teller, of Colorado;
John Shafroth, Representative to Congress, Colorado;
J. M. Bell, Representative to Congress, Colorado;
C. C. Clement, Washington Trust Co. Building, Washington, D. C.;
Joseph C. Helm, ex-Chief Justice of Colorado;
Charles D. Hayt, Chief Justice of Colorado;
C. B. Maugham, 219 Times-Herald, Chicago, Ill.;
Maurice Joyce, Electro Picture, Star Building, Washington, D. C.;
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SMALL, BUT VORACIOUS.

Moth Which Costs a State Over One Million Dollars.

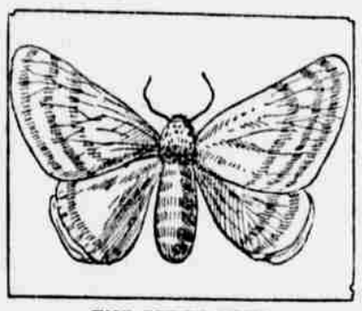
Desperate Attempts Made in Massachusetts to Exterminate the Gypsy Moth—Peculiar Origin of the Pest.

After spending $195,000 during the past six years in waging war upon the gypsy moth the state of Massachusetts has just made another appropriation of $150,000 for the same purpose. The moth will eat up that trifle in less time than it takes to collect it of the taxpayers and go marching on in countless millions more ready to meet the next attack.

Mr. Fernald, the entomologist of the Massachusetts state board of agriculture, estimates that it will require $200,000 a year for the next five years, then $100,000 a year for five years more and then another period of five years at $15,000 per year—$1,575,000 in all—to extirpate this pest. This, of course, is saying nothing of the hundreds of thousands of dollars' damage that will be done in the meantime to trees and crops.

And, says the New York World, it all came about because a Frenchman 28 years ago left a tray standing by an open window where the wind whisked its contents out to the ground below and then scattered them hither and thither. The Frenchman was Mr. Trouvelot and the contents of the tray were eggs of the gypsy moth Mr. Trouvelot had brought with him to Massachusetts from Paris. The Frenchman knew the mischief he had inadvertently wrought, for he knew the gypsy moth—knew its astounding breeding powers and knew the damage it had done in France. No living creature, unless it be the Australian rabbit, has such tremendous capacity for reproduction as this devastating moth or worm.

In a few years after that unlucky puff of wind in the vicinity of Medford had sown the seed fully 30 townships in Massachusetts were being ravaged by the moth. It was like trying to bail out the ocean with a spoon for individual farmers or even committees to make war upon the invaders. Where



THE GYPSY MOTH.
(It Will Cost Massachusetts $1,000,000 to Destroy It.)

thousands were killed hundreds of thousands sprang up in a night to take their places and breed millions more.

It was evident that there must be something more than spasmodic effort at extermination or the state of Massachusetts would be stripped bare of foliage. So Gov. Brackett called the attention of the legislature to the subject and seven years ago the war on the gypsy moth which has been raging was formally declared. How little the Massachusetts statesmen knew the formidable nature of the foe they were fighting is shown by the insignificance of the sum they appropriated—$25,000—to carry on the conflict. They might as well have thrown their money to the winds. The next year the moths were worse than they had ever been before, and they have been growing steadily worse from year to year ever since.

But Massachusetts has not thus far followed the lead of Australia in calling upon the world for help in exterminating her prolific rabbits and offering enormous rewards for any recipe that would destroy them. Massachusetts has undertaken her own fight and seems at last to realize the magnitude of what she has on her hands. It is true that at a former session of congress Massachusetts did ask for an appropriation of $40,000 to help her carry on the war. But congress declined. It was decided to take no part in an insect war that was entirely local. So Massachusetts was left to work out her own salvation, and she has gone into the task with all her traditional energy of purpose.

He Would Admit.

"You must admit," said the high-browed woman, "that many a man has gone to Heaven solely through the efforts of his wife."

"Certainly," said the disagreeable bachelor. "Otherwise they would be alive yet."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Very Fetching.

I know the girl I love to be
Most tender and most true
But, better still, I know she has
The legal tender too.
—Judge.

INEXCUSABLY CRUEL.

Sister Mabel — Young Dashaway praised my complexion the other night.

Brother Max—Sort of a powder puff, eh?—N. Y. Herald.

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