

Natives of the Cape Nome Country

(Copyright, 1900, by F. S. Dellenbaugh.) Never, probably, has the irony of fate been more distinctly exemplified than in the now famous Cape Nome mining district and the contiguous regions from which for centuries the natives have with great difficulty extracted a precarious living. Indeed, the traveler accustomed to lands abounding in food plants, and game, and timber, bows to these people with a kind of reverence as his

generous people and speak practically the same language everywhere, there are variations in their customs due to local conditions. The Cape Nome native, for example, has a greater abundance of driftwood, and has therefore never been so dependent on oil for fuel. For the same reason his house is considerably different from that of the Eskimo in the central continental regions. There the familiar dome-shaped snow house



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eye ranges across the vast desolation, and his senses realize the difficulties which they have so bravely surmounted. At first glance it appears to be an impossibility to sustain life there even in summer, and the thought of the long, dark winter with its frozen seas and drifting snows and lack of fuel is appalling.

Yet these natives live and are merry. Their hard-won pelts they have traded to the casual whaler for coveted steel articles made afar away in sunlands of which they have no conception, and for cartridges with which to continue their arduous seal and walrus hunting; and, alas! also for bad whiskey to add further terrors to the many of the cruel winter—and all the time these poor people have been living, or starving and dying, upon the sea beaches whose gravels embrace a fabulous wealth of gold—a wealth so easily acquired that had they but known they might all have easily become millionaires and purchased comfort and luxury. But that fate was not theirs. The gold beneath their feet means rather destruction than benefit to them. Should they be clever enough to grasp the situation they could lay by numerous nuggets against hard times and old age, but it is not likely that they will.

For, while the Eskimo, or Innuits, who make up the native population of Cape Nome, are a clever people in adapting themselves to circumstances, they are slaves, like some whites, to whiskey and are always on the alert to purchase it, so that with the advent of a great mining population, when whiskey will be readily obtained, in spite of laws to the contrary, we may expect to see the Eskimo fade away till in a few years a little of their language only will remain to recall the story of their long battle with their fearful environment.

Before Gold Was Found.

Neither Indian nor white cared for the treeless land and the Eskimo pitched his tupik, or summer tent, wherever it pleased his fancy and his earth and driftwood winter home was located with equal freedom. At Cape Nome now all is changed and similarly at other points even further north. The Eskimo sees the lands he considered his own claimed and occupied by others, who in a few days extract more wealth from the earth than the whole Eskimo tribe has possessed in all its centuries of existence. And the Eskimo gathers driftwood to sell to the new comers, the women with their customary laxity selling themselves to the desires of the miners. On such terms as these have they become a part of the population of Nome City.

While their original life was terribly hard amidst their awful surroundings, despondency had little place in their composition and for them the long night of winter, when only the stars beam on the icy air, held no terrors, provided they were able to secure an abundance of seal and walrus. Songs and dances and other original amusements passed the time happily away. At times of famine they suffered greatly and mothers would leave their little ones sometimes out in the snow to die. Hunger is a cruel thing and in the barren snowland is more to be dreaded and feared than anywhere else. The Eskimos have always been the most northerly people of the continent and in forcing the frozen land to grant them subsistence and shelter they have shown an ingenuity that is extraordinary. From skins and bones and chance bits of wood they have made excellent boats, sledges, utensils and numerous useful articles, while the very cold itself has brought into being houses that for ingenuity of construction stand unrivaled in all the world.

While the Eskimo, who are scattered along the shores from Prince William Sound, Alaska, clear across the continent to Greenland and Labrador, are a wonderfully homo-

geneous people and speak practically the same language everywhere, there are variations in their customs due to local conditions. The Cape Nome native, for example, has a greater abundance of driftwood, and has therefore never been so dependent on oil for fuel. For the same reason his house is considerably different from that of the Eskimo in the central continental regions. There the familiar dome-shaped snow house

is common as well as in Greenland, and this house is a triumph of Eskimo skill. Blocks of snow of oblong shape are cut out of a convenient bank with a steel saw, or an ivory snow-knife, the excavation thus begun forming the beginning of the room. The blocks are laid around in a circle, the first one being beveled down toward the starting point, so that when the circle of snow blocks arrives at this place they rise upon the incline of the first block without a break and thus spirally approach the center overhead, where a keyblock is finally inserted to hold all firm, and completing the dome—the only dome or arch used on this continent before the coming of the whites. When there is light these houses do not need windows, as the snow itself is translucent, but windows of clear freshwater ice are usually added; while at night and through the long winter darkness both light and heat are obtained from another clever invention of these extraordinary people, a lamp, and they are the only people on this continent who used an aid of this kind.

Dogs in Great Demand.

Near all the permanent houses a frame structure is usually erected for the storage of all but the heaviest articles out of reach of the dogs. Last winter dogs were in such demand at Dawson for the purpose of reaching Cape Nome at an early date that in some cases they sold for as much as \$100 apiece. Fine dogs of the collie breed have been sent up to Alaska from the United States and have been found to be admirably adapted to the work. One collie in a team of Eskimo dogs is of great value, as he is able to keep them in order. The Cape Nome and other Alaska Eskimo do not as a rule ride on the sledges, but in the central regions of the continent the driver usually sits on the load and urges his team forward from that position. Variations of this kind are due, like the changes and the style of the houses, to local conditions. An abundance of wood and a milder climate, for example, would probably soon completely do away with the lamp. In form this utensil is somewhat like the half of a large shallow saucer and is made generally of soapstone, though it is sometimes of burned clay.

The wick is simply a bunch of dry moss, and the oil is that obtained from the blubber of the seal and walrus. In winter the freezing breaks the vesicles of oil, so that the fluid is easily extracted, but in summer the blubber is chewed, and the chews, spits the oil from time to time into a receptacle provided. In this practice, misunderstood by early travelers, which gave rise to the reports of enormous consumption of oil by these northern people.

Eskimo Navigation.

The Eskimo travel considerable distances in the umiak, which is fitted with a sail and some from the Siberian side of the strait come over to Port Clarence and the shores down to Cape Nome for the purpose of trading. The Siberian Eskimo originally sailed across to Alaska, so that it is evident that the waters of the strait have been no obstacle to the journeys of the Alaska natives. Their customs are full of interest to the ethnologist and have been described by Boas and Turner and Murdoch and other travelers in the far north. The marriage relation is very loose. Polygamy is common and in some districts the reverse is practiced, two men marrying one woman. They seldom steal from each other, but they will take advantage of a stranger if an opportunity is offered. Like many Indian tribes, the authority of the chiefs is merely nominal. The office of the chief is sometimes hereditary. There is nothing warlike about the Eskimo and they appear to be tractable, so that the missionaries who have gone to the Alaskan field may yet be able to save them from extinction.

The government has established a reindeer

station north of Cape Nome about sixty miles at Fort Clarence and it is the intention to instruct the natives in the care of and breeding of these animals, which find abundance of food on the tundra in the shape of the abundant reindeer moss. The reindeer, under the name of caribou, is found wild in Alaska and it is believed that the tame variety will thrive, thus giving the Eskimo another source of food.

It would seem that one or two mining claims might justly be reserved for these poor people to work, under proper government superintendence, that they might dig out a little comfort from the barren soil on which they have struggled so long to maintain their existence. With some money, no whiskey and one or two devoted white teachers the natives of Cape Nome and their brethren north and south might yet become useful citizens of our Arctic province.

Forget Business During Night

"Every business man of common sense knows, whether he chooses to acknowledge it or not, that the farther away he gets in the evening from his commercial associations during the day, so that his business associates or thoughts of it or them cannot get at him, the healthier he is, the wiser life he leads; in short, the better off he is in every respect, and the abler for the duties of the morrow," says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Now, what does he get in the city in the evening, even if he lives a carefully regulated life? There is no mode of life he can possibly follow which is in any way recuperative to his mental or physical being. He has never been out of hearing of the noises of the city or out of the range of its lights. Every night he has slept in the polluted air of the city, and in the morning has looked out on the gray sidewalks which he sees all day long. What does such a man know of the exhilarating, refreshing and blood-quickenening experience of opening the shutters of his chamber window upon a landscape of space and sunshine? And what is far worse, what do his wife and children know of such a blessing? Yet he deludes himself into the belief that he must live in the city so as to be 'in touch with things.' If you ask him what those 'things' are you invariably discover that they are of a business nature, either strictly business or some social convention which he feels has a bearing on his business. But it is always business, business! Now, a man living under this pressure rarely does his best work, although he fully believes that he is doing it. But he cannot be giving out the best because he does not allow the best to get within him."

Few Know How To Drink Water

Prof. Silkham says there are few people who thoroughly realize the value of water as a beverage or who know how to obtain greatest advantage from it. The effects produced by the drinking of water vary with the



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manner in which it is drunk. If, for instance, a pint of cold water be swallowed as a large draught or if it be taken in two large portions, with a short interval between, certain definite results follow—effects which differ from those which would have followed if the same quantity were taken by sipping. Sipping is a powerful stimulant to the circulation, a thing which ordinary drinking is not.

During the action of sipping the action of the nerve which slows the beat of the heart is abolished and, as a consequence, that organ contracts much more rapidly and the pulse beats more quickly and the circulation in various parts of the body is increased. In addition to this, we find that the pressure under which the bile is secreted is raised by the sipping of fluid. And here is a point which might well be noted by our readers. A glass of gold water slowly sipped will produce a greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draught. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that sipping cold water will often allay the craving of alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it and may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulant action of the sipping.

Dumb Pets of Famous Men and Women

A volume might be written of famous people and their pets, and it would be interesting reading, says the San Francisco Call. Many books of biography have scattered along their pages tender reminiscences of an attachment to some dumb animal, from Boswell's "Johnson" and Cowper's "Letters" down to one of the latest works of the kind, "The Life and Correspondence of Charles Kingsley." Johnson's cat, Hodge, for which

of dogs. He had a number of them—Parigi, which followed him in all his tramps; Gallo, given to him by the sculptor Story, whose place was to lie at his feet; and, most celebrated of all, Pomero, the little white Pomeranian dog that was sent to him from Fiesole to Bath, where he was then living. For twelve years Landor and his dog were always together, noticeable figures wherever they went, and Pomero was written about



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he used to go out to buy oysters "lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature," and Cowper's hares, which used to amuse him in his dull, weary hours at Olney, are as well known as the two men themselves.

Charles Kingsley seems to have loved every living creature around him, and he taught his children to respect even the most loathsome insects. Mrs. Kingsley tells how a family of runaway toads made their home in a hole of the green bank at Eversley, and the sylvan was never allowed to approach their retreat. He had two little friends in a pair of sand wasps which lived in a crack of the window in his drawing room, one of which he had saved from drowning in a basin of water and every spring he would look out eagerly for them or their young, which came out of, or returned to, the same crack. He petted the white stable cat and the black house cat, and sat up with a sick dog during the last two nights of its suffering life. Wherever he went he was followed about the parish by his faithful little Dandy Dinmont, whose intelligent face was always to be seen at the lectures and school les-

and talked about nearly as much as his master.

Mary Russell Mitford was surrounded by dogs from her childhood. To relate her history would be to tell theirs likewise, for they were inseparable. Their qualities, troubles and general doings have an important place in her letters and they have tender mention that might lead one to suppose them to be human members of the household. "All our pets are well," is her usual message in closing and many of them come in for special mention, like "Marmion and Modoc and Miss Trooper, the bounds," "Maris, with her black and glossy puppies;" "Miranda, from Stratford-on-Avon;" "Mayflower and Mid and Luffa, from the north country," and Dash, who "sends his respects to Mrs. Browning's doves" and was so well beloved by his mistress that when she was in London homesick she wrote to her parents, "I am dying for my Dash and my flowers."

Wordworth's companion on his morning rambles was a dog, for whose death he sincerely mourned and to whose memory he paid an exquisite tribute in verse.

There have been other famous lovers of dogs. Sir Edwin Landseer was especially fond of them and many of his pets he has made to live again on the immortal canvas. Mrs. Browning was greatly attached to a silken-haired, hazel-eyed spaniel that Miss Mitford gave to her. Flushie lives in literature as the subject of one of his mistress's tenderest poems.

Goethe hated dogs. His pet was a live snake, which he kept in a chimney corner—a repulsive companion one would think. The pet of Tiberius, the Roman emperor, was also a snake, yet the two men were wholly unlike in every particular.

Jean Paul Richter's pets were a mouse, a squirrel and a white spider. Hogarth, the painter, was fond of cats and at his home at Chiswick he had a garden where he buried his favorites, placing little tablets to mark the spot and distinguish their individual sepulchers.

The cat has been a favorite with a number of well known people. Pope made companions of several and he showed the best side of his character to them. Dryden had also a stately favorite cat, with a temper as bitter as his own pen.

Gray, author of the beautiful "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," wrote an "Ode on the Death of a Favorite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes." In this little poem he bewails the fate of the demure and almost historic Selina. Dante made a pet of a large black cat. Theophile Gautier had a white cat of great beauty named Don Pierrot de Navarre, of which he was extravagantly fond. This animal died of consumption. He had a regular physician and was fed on asses' milk, but he finally succumbed and the poet describes his death in moving terms.

Put Him in a Box

Indianapolis Sun: "Did you ask papa?" she questioned, eagerly.

"Yes, and it's all off," he responded, as one in a dream.

"Why, did he refuse?"

"No, but he said when I asked to take you away from him I was asking to take away the light of his life; that the house without you would be a prison cell."

"Well, all papas say that, you big, tender-hearted fellow."

"I know," he responded, huskily, "but it is not that."

"What is it, then?"

"Can't you see?" He expects me to take you away from home and I wouldn't have the nerve, after he talked like that, to stay—and—er—well, don't you see?"

"I see," she answered, coldly.

sons, and was known to every cottager in the place, being almost as much esteemed by them as by the Kingsley children, whose attached friend he was for ten years.

Dogs, perhaps, have been pets with a greater number of famous persons than any other animal. Everyone will remember Sir Walter Scott's canine pets, of which he had more than a score. The most prized was the old Scotch hound Maida, his companion for many years, whose grave is near the gate at Abbotsford, with the monument and inscription that he designed for her. Then there were the two pet greyhounds, Douglas and Percy, which attended him everywhere. They had a privileged place in his library, one of the windows being left open in all weathers so that they might pass in and out when they pleased.

Lord Byron had a famous dog, Boatswain, whose picture is still to be seen at Newstead abbey; and Hood's dog, Dash, will be remembered as the one that Barry Cornwall said should have been named Rover. He accompanied Charles Lamb in many of his walks, nearly worrying the life out of the gentle essayist, who could hardly manage to keep in sight of his restless four-footed companion and was in constant terror lest he should lose him.

Walter Savage Landor was another lover