

LIVES OF SEAL-HUNTERS

Their Occupation Is Fraught With Perils and Hardships.

OF LONG EXISTANCE

No Marine Industry in These Days Brings Such Hazards—Daily During the Sealing Season Hundreds of Men Risk the Dangerous Ice Flows.

There is a seal fishery which has had a far longer existence than the fur-seal fishery of the Pacific, and enjoys greater vitality, and that is the hair-seal fishery of Newfoundland and Labrador. No marine industry in these days brings such hazards to crews and ships as this one. Daily during the sealing season hundreds of men risk their lives on the seas, and the vessels face arctic "rips" which often crush them. When the hunt opens, stout steamers, built for this fishery and carrying 5,000 men, sail from various ports in quest of mighty flocks swept south from Greenland. Somewhere amid these herds will be found, the mothers having moulted the ice to drop their young, which are cradled there, the parents fishing in the adjacent waters for their subsistence. The seal-ships must venture amid the flocks for their quarry, and the seal-men must hunt these "pinnipeds," as scientists call them across the frozen wastes, subjected to all the perils of such a pursuit, without tents or other shelter, fire, or the means of making any, and no chance of retreat to their ships if a blizzard besets them when they are far from the vessels, and often they go six or eight miles across the crystal wastes in the excitement of the hunt.

The crews always start off at day-break and remain out till night. They are clad in fannel underwear and canvas outer garb, but carry no overcoats, that they may travel the easier, and take along only a little food, for the same reason. Hence, when blizzards assail, they are ill provided to defy them, and if the storm is prolonged, they cannot withstand the rigors of a night on the ice, with its numbing cold and gnawing hunger. Never a year passes but some seal-ship will shelter ten or twelve hundred men for a night or two, the whole assemblage on the flocks making for the nearest steamer when storm or fog threatens, lest they lose their way in trying to reach their own and fall victims to the perils with which they are engirdled.

One of the most serious tragedies in the annals of this industry befell the crew of the steamer Greenland on March 29, 1898. Up off Labrador at this time winter has by no means spent its fury, and on this eventful day, while her two hundred men were scattered over the flocks, a blinding snowstorm began, with a startling drop in the temperature, the vessel was driven helplessly seaward, and the hapless crew were left to their fate, no other ship being near and they being far from land. When the tempest ended, after two days and nights, it was found that forty-seven had perished and sixty-three were severely frostbitten, some so severely as to be deemed for life. The story of the sufferings of the wretched party was appalling. A few years ago the steamer Huntman was driven in a fog off Labrador and driven against a rocky isle, where she went to pieces, forty-two men perishing within an hour amid the contending ice reefs, and fragments of the vessel. The rest of the crew crossed the ice to the land; but one man, named French, had been left behind, unconscious. As the ship struck, he was flung against the rocks, having his shoulders, two fingers and two ribs broken and his head badly gashed. But he was wedged in a crevice, and when consciousness returned he crawled, with the aid of his uninjured hand, to the top of the rock, where he lay for forty-two hours drenched by the spray and battered by chunks of ice, lacking drink and food, and agonized from the pain of his wounds, till the ice closed in solid and enabled him to make his way to the coast, which he did safely and ultimately recovered. That same man, aged 70, was seal-hunting this year, it being his fifth consecutive season.

Record For Good Cows. James Miller, of Schuylville, Lackawanna county, Pa., has a herd of 16 cows that yielded 15,631 pounds of milk in one month, an average of almost 1,000 pounds a cow, or about 16 quarts a day.

The laws of Norway compel a man who chops down a tree to plant three saplings.

By emigration Europe loses 900,000 natives every year, and this same period 200,000 return.

Man's motto for training: Keep busy and you won't have to read books on how to be happy.

When a man returns away from home he can wear a blue shirt with a red necktie, if he wants to.

Little boy says that a girl who surrenders at the piano is a girl who surrenders at the piano.

BENEATH GROUND.

In a British Columbia Gold Mine. When the manager of a gold mine at Rossland offered to take us down we accepted readily, and it was only when we were invited to "step in" that we thought of the light summer suits which most of us were wearing. We had left the boat at Robson and come on to Rossland to learn something of that vast mineral wealth, upon which, with lumber and fisheries and fruit growing, the commercial and industrial future of British Columbia is to be built. At the Centre Star the slant of the shaft is one of about 60 degrees and the body of the skip slopes back to the rails upon which it falls into the depths. Which means that when the eight of us are packed tightly in the inclines who have entered first find themselves tilted on their heels, their backs upon the cold, wet, rusty iron, and held fast by the overlying strata of human avoirdupois which fills the skip.

It was at the third floor window that the man stood who heard the Optimist, hurrying by on his long fall from the roof of the twenty story skyscraper, murmur to himself that it was "All right, so far." It is at about that stage of his downward journey, probably, that the man who descends a mine for the first time begins to take the cheerful view. His earlier mind is complex, elusive and difficult of analysis, but at any rate it is not cheerful. Sudden blackest darkness; the feeling of falling out of one's hair; the whirling cable that may snap; the engine man who may lose control; an upward glancing of the soul to all Defending Powers, and then oblivion—an oblivion cloven as it were in part by the openings, one below the other, of the dimly lit galleries at deeper and deeper levels. The skip slackens speed, hovers hesitatingly for a moment and then comes to a stand and we step out.

"You'll want candles," says the manager, and on the threshold of this new world we light them propitiatorily, as upon an altar. It is a world of gray. The walls before us and the roof above, upheld by huge timbering, are gray, relieved only at a nearer view by the shimmer of the imprisoned metals. The galleries that extend to right and left, the cars which pass us laden and the men who bend behind them are gray as the ore which they dump between the rails into a chamber below. The electric lamps which line the roots of the galleries burn gray, as it seems, and the very air is gray. On the mountain above the sun is shining, and thank God for the green world that one can look upon thence.

"Ollabod!" cries our guide. Obediently we clamber into the little square trucks which have been brought up in a row to carry us through the mine. Each man has his truck, rides alone upon his own plank and lights himself with his own particular candle.

In a moment we are in the gallery. As we meet the sharp current of air the hot wax gutters over onto our fingers and we slant the candles back to the horizontal.

At the end of a long gallery, where a second shaft descends, we climb out, penetrate a gloomy, narrow passage in which heaps of ore lie waiting to be trucked away, and crouching enter from below a little chamber, some 8 by 8 feet, blasted in the rock.

Here, where the air is still full of the odor of gaults, is a driller at work with his machine. We squeeze ourselves flat and bend low against the sloping walls and watch. The heavy iron arm shoots out and in, striking the face of the rock full square perhaps fifty times a minute, every blow falling with the weight of 1,000 pounds, twisting as it strikes as if to bore through what it cannot break away. The man behind the drill turns on us an impassive face. No one speaks or would be heard for the echoes of the thrust and thud and the vibration of the machine. We wonder that beneath such blows and amid such din the sleeping masters of gray underworld should not awake and bring the foundations down upon us.

At the bottom of the shaft we wait while the men of the night shift flash by us, skip after skip, to work in the lower depths, and then we are drawn out of the void as we came.

London Daily News.

Bread in Sixty Minutes. Reaping began on a field of wheat at Blockley, in Worcestershire, at 9 o'clock in the morning and was served as bread just 60 minutes after.

The 'coon hunters of Three Springs Huntington county this state, recently treed a 'coon, shot it, and then had a dog fight under the tree, and all the fun and excitement belonging to a genuine 'coon hunt, only to find later that it was somebody's tabby cat.

There are now in Germany 116 cities with special schools for backward children. The total number of these schools is 203, and the number of pupils is 13,100. Berlin has 31 of these accessory schools.

If you are prosperous you will be envied and if poor despised; get in the middle of the road and turn on steam.

How fast does your automobile go? "I can't say," replied the motorist. "It all depends on how many sharps we meet on the route."

Many a girl surrenders at the piano.

TRUSTS IN THE CIRCUS

In 1837 Titus & Angevine Conceived Idea of Amalgamation.

AND THEN P. T. BARNUM

The Clever Showman Thought It Could be Done—The Tent Show Business Controlled by a Few Men. Forepaugh a Tireless Fighter.

On the eve of the unforeseen panic of 1837, June, Titus & Angevine, of the powerful and wealthy combine of "Flatfoots," conceived the idea of amalgamating the interests of those engaged in the circus and menagerie business and the importation of wild beasts into one gigantic monopoly to be known as the Zoological Institute. Considerable progress was made in the alarm of managers, who desired to preserve their individuality, when the financial crash of the century thwarted their scheme.

It was decades after this well-nigh successful attempt at centralization, before Phineas Taylor Barnum came to believe that the tent show business could be controlled by a few men, with himself at the head. This opinion was strengthened by the immediate unparalleled success of the P. T. Barnum Show under the direction of William C. Coup.

Adam Forepaugh, was at the head of a large show and his field was after leaving Philadelphia the territory west of Pittsburg and Hudson. He had touched the East and paid for his experience, shipping his whole outfit out of Yankeeedom as fast as a special train could carry him in 1879 he again tempted fate down East with unsatisfactory results, but later on he conquered the land of the rising sun and by tours of the extreme West the Pacific Coast and the South, acquired a national reputation and became the only admitted rival of P. T. Barnum.

"Old" John Robinson "owned the South" as Barnum and Coup learned to their cost. Then there entered the American sawdust arena, a new gladiator with his fighting clothes on in the person of James A. Bailey, backed by his former employer and later associate, James E. Cooper Bailey was a Whirlwind warrior and hit a managerial head wherever he saw one, and went after P. T. Barnum and Adam Forepaugh as fearlessly as he did the small fry.

Cooper was a man of considerable financial resources, and Bailey, in 1881, planned the purchase of the Forepaugh and Coup shows, which added to the London, would have made Cooper and Bailey a power on the road. The Coup show was in straits but the Forepaugh show had already cleared for the season three times as much money as its would-be purchaser offered for the entire fabric. Adam Forepaugh only laughed at the inadequate proposition.

Bailey now looked hopefully to an alliance with P. T. Barnum as a stepping stone to his heart's desire. Bailey assumed the Barnum management and the personal direction of all the advertising, and he just made everything hum and the weaklings stand from under, or take to the woods.

P. T. Barnum and James A. Bailey both underrated Adam Forepaugh who was a diamond in the rough without graces or culture, but an abundance of common sense.

One spring P. T. Barnum came out in one of the official publications of the show in a personal card, the like of which he was so skilled in indulging and boldly called on the dear public to support the Barnum show and the Barnum show alone. With the clever argument that if he received all the patronage, he would be the better equipped to supply all the arctic amusements, Mr. Barnum was speaking for himself and the "equal owner" who probably endorsed the sentiment.

When Adam Forepaugh read this proposition he exploded verbally and emphatically, and he said: "Barnum and Bailey or no one else in the business can ever monopolize it."

Barnum & Bailey, in their attempt to corner the business, also set out to secure the brains in the circus calling. Their staff was made up of the very best of talent but when they were all assembled there still remained men of capacity and intellect in the employ of pugnacious and hectoring rivals fully able to contend against annihilation.

In England, after the death of Mr. Barnum and Mr. Bailey's sole succession, the result was quite different than here. In that "tight little isle" the Barnum & Bailey show crushed all opposition out of existence and lastingly ruined the circus business in Great Britain.

No "Mountain High" Waves. When writers speak of waves "mountain high" they are merely indulging in poetic extravagance. A wave exceeding 80 feet in height is seldom encountered. Some have been seen in the Atlantic that reached a height of 44 to 48 feet, but that was entirely exceptional.

Huggins—That pretty little scriptress I met at your reception the other evening completely turned my head.

Miss Peachley—Indeed! I knew she peached in clay, but I wasn't aware that she worked in wood.

A HINT TO HUNTERS.

A Connecticut Farmer Says Deer Are Destroying His Vegetables.

A farmer in the town of Barkhamsted writes to the Hartford "Courant" a detailed statement of what he has suffered from the ravages of deer in the past summer and of the meagre compensation with which he has been forced to content himself, that seems to form justifiable ground for complaint. The complaint is the more worthy of consideration from the reasonable tone in which it is voiced, and one is led thereby to believe that it is based in fact rather than in imagination.

This farmer of Barkhamsted, to condense his troubles has had destroyed by deer this summer the product of one-fourth of an acre of wax beans, 240 out of 1,259 cabbages, and three-fourths of an acre of mangel wurtzels, getting from the latter three tons of crop, where he had reason to expect twenty tons. In compensation for all this damage the state has paid him the sum of \$20. He has to take that or nothing for there is no suing the state. Farmers who have tried to raise crops of this sort, and some others who have had experience with them, may judge how inadequate a sum this is to pay a farmer for so large a part of a whole summer's labor.

"I can't afford to work all summer like a slave and lose everything just for the pleasure of some city sports," says the farmer sadly. Hasn't he come dangerously close to the real root of this matter? For what are we so jealously protecting our Connecticut deer? Why are we allowing them to multiply so unrestrainedly, to be so practically undisturbed that they venture with impunity on to the land of any farmer, and into any field he cultivates? Is it from motives of humanity or love for the deer, graceful animals themselves? Not for a minute.

The real motive back of this careful protection of the deer is the idea of certain misguided ones who think they are sportsmen, that in time we may be able to make Connecticut over into a happy hunting ground for at least a few weeks in a year, with the customary attachments to the deer shooting season elsewhere presumably. There are others than farmers who should have an interest in preventing any such result.

Meanwhile, let's face this deer situation fairly and sensibly. If we must protect the deer in all his depredations for a few years longer, let's see that the farmer who suffers gets just remuneration for his sufferings. In that way we shall run up a state deer expense account which by the time the legislature meets again will be sufficient to sober the state into revising the deer protection law to a point which in a year or two will thin the deer into proper numbers for the good of the state.—New Haven Register.

A Canny Quaker.

To get a subscription from Stephen Girard, founder of Girard College in Philadelphia was no easy matter. It required tact and the right introduction, and many failed while few succeeded. It is told, by the author of "The French Blood in America," that Samuel Coates, a genial Quaker, was one of the few men who knew how to approach the eccentric millionaire.

He was a manager of the Pennsylvania hospital and called on Girard for the purpose of raising money for the institution.

"Well, how much do you want, Coates?" asked Girard, in his usual brusque tones.

"Just what thee pleases to give, Stephen," replied the Quaker. Girard wrote out a check for \$2,000, and handing it to Mr. Coates, was surprised to see that gentleman pocket it without looking at the amount.

"What! You don't look to see how much I give you?" cried Girard, incredulously.

"Deegars are not choosers Stephen," replied the Quaker.

"Give me back my check and I will change it," said Girard, after a moment's pause.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, thee knows, Stephen," mildly replied the Quaker. Without another word Girard sat down and wrote him out a second check for \$5,000.

His farm on the outskirts of Philadelphia is one of the best in the country, and while living in town he often drove out before breakfast to see that all was going well.

Arriving one morning a mile earlier than usual he was great yannoyed at not finding his man at work on a fence that he was building. The man's wife, noticing Girard approaching the house hurriedly awoke her husband and sent him to his duties by the way of the back door. After visiting the house Girard returned to the fence and seeing the man at his post, reprimanded him for being late.

"I'd been here, sir, but went back for a spade," said the man.

"No, you hadn't. I went and put my hand in your bed and found it warm." He discharged him on the spot.

The man who writes with a quill is naturally a goose.

When a man doesn't care a rap, he generally gets the sack.

The man who lives in the valley of discontent should put up a bluff.

Many a financial upset is the result of a tip.



Miss Marion Abbott, who has been appearing in the title role of Madame Sans Gene at the Baker Theater the past week, is one of this admirable company's most finished artists. Miss Abbott is an actress of recognized ability and has supported some of the best known stars on the American stage. Since her engagement at the Baker she has been loaned to Chas. Frohman to support Maude Adams in a week's revival of "Quality Street" at the Empire Theater in New York, and Mr. Frohman has since then sought to have Miss Abbott join his forces permanently. However, she prefers to remain in Rochester. Miss Abbott, like several other members of the stock company, is a devout Catholic.

BAKER THEATRE

Bellows-Spencer Stock Co. Week beginning Monday evening February 10.

"Leah Kleschna"

Mrs. Fiske's greatest success as played in New York by her for more than five hundred nights. A powerful drama of intense human interest, and said to be the greatest play of the age. First time ever produced in Rochester. Presented by special arrangement with Mrs. Fiske. No raise in prices therefore tickets should be procured early.

Special Lincoln's Birthday Matinee on Wednesday.

Matinees—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

PRICES: Matinees, 10c, 20c, 25c. Nights, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Eastern Eye, No Bar, Kentucky Bourbon, Bell Phone Main 30.

Murray Importing Company

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Wines and Whiskies. 24 North St., Rochester, N. Y.

Follow the Lead of the Many

Who bring their Oculist's Prescriptions here—who have Glasses made here—who have Spectacles made here—who order Toric Lenses and So-Easy Mountings here—who get everything they need in Optical Goods here. Because of our reliability!

E. E. BAUSCH & SON

Opticians, Optometrists, 6 MAIN STREET EAST

MISS ELIZABETH MCGARTHY

VOICE CULTURE AND PIANO Studio 509 Central Building

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & C. Any one sending an sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications should be confidential. HARRISON & RICHMOND, 605 Broadway, New York.

Scientific American

A weekly illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year in advance. Single copies, 10c. Sold by all newsdealers.

COOK OPERA HOUSE

High-class Vaudeville. Matinees Daily 10, 20, 25c. All Next-Week:

"The Rain Dears"

Biggest and best girl act in vaudeville. They dance in a real down-pour of rain.

Charlotte Parry

In The Comstock Mystery. In this she plays seven different parts.

Nellie Wallace

Noted English comedienne in grotesque feminine types.

Eddie Leonard

And his planation act, "In the Land of Cotton." Assisted by the Gordon Brothers, expert dancers.

Other Big Stars

National Theatre

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Mat. Thursday and Saturday

Lillian Mortimer

in Bunco in Arizona

Prices—Matinee, 15 and 25. Night, 15 to 50c.

GENEVA

Cures Rheumatism, Stomach and all LITHIA troubles. WATER. Home phone 3526. 117 Main Street West

A. J. DENINGER

TALKING MACHINES. Edison Headquarters. \$1 down, \$1 week sends one to your home. Every dollar counts at Deninger's, 535 NORTH STREET

Clothing

Furs, Jewelry, Silverware, Umbrellas, Pictures and other useful gifts. Home Phone 6092. G.W. BEELER, 46-48 Reynolds Arcade. Up One Flight