

A NOTABLE POTLATCH.

Preparations for a Great Event Going Forward Among the Alaskan Indians.

Chilcats to Entertain a Number of Guests During Coming Month.

One of the greatest Indian potlatches ever held on the Pacific coast is soon to take place at Klakwan, twenty-five miles up the Chilcat river, in Alaska. Several thousand Indians will be present. Among them will be the aborigines of many different tribes, including the Hoonahs, the Takuks, the powerful Aukus, the Chilkats, and the Sticks.

The potlatch will begin June 1st, at the opening of the berry season, and will last for the entire month. All the great chiefs of the several tribes will be present, and while it will be a season of feasting and general enjoyment, different dances and family matters are to come up for adjudication. In addition to the weird and grotesque dances, which will be kept up for a good portion of the time day and night, the music of their rude instruments, and the music of the Indian pantomime plays, there are to be Indian dramatic plays and dialogues before the company.

These are in accordance with the customs long prevalent among the Chilcats, Aukus and other tribes.

The finest and richest Indian apparel, including much that has taken the squaws years to make, will be worn on the occasion, where the great potlatch is to be held, is the most typical Indian village in the territory. It consists of several hundred Chilcats, and there is a white man, who is a half-breed there. It is the Chilcats who are giving the potlatch, and the other tribes are for the most part guests and are to be entertained without expense. Before the Chilcats get through they will distribute considerable money and valuable presents.

The news of the great fete, for which there has been great preparations among the Indians for some time, was brought here a day or two ago by E. O. Sylvester, of Alaska, who is now at the Palace hotel. Mr. Sylvester is proprietor of the hotel. The potlatch has aroused so much interest that some of the white residents of Juneau and Sitka are going to take a trip up the Chilcat river to the village to see it.

It will be the biggest thing of the kind ever known up there—at least it is expected to be so, said Mr. Sylvester, of Alaska, who is now at the Palace hotel. Last year \$15,000 to give the potlatch, but this will be a bigger thing than that. They will give away great many presents before they get through.

Old Shualen gave away many fine blankets and other articles highly prized among the Indians. Besides this, he caused much money to be passed around in presents. I was present one day and remember the passing around of 1,100 silver dollars. As the plates came around each Indian dipped in and helped himself. They were welcome as long as the money lasted. It was the most wonderful illustration of practical liberality and generosity I ever beheld. But the so-called barbarians of these wild regions do not need any examples in generosity from anybody. Not even the philanthropists of our civilized section can give them any. When the set out to have a good time they have it, and when a wealthy chief or tribe wants to help out a tribe less fortunate in taking furs or fishing they dispense money and everything the Indians need, that they have with the greatest liberality. Many things, also, that they do not need, are at such times distributed as tokens of good will.

The chief, Shualen, who gave the potlatch last year, will be present at this one, as will the various other chiefs and sub-chiefs.

There will also be many medicine men. It is not expected that the dances will take on the character of the ghost dances. However, the greatest shaman known in Alaska, one who has caused the authorities at Washington no end of trouble, and occasioned much talk in Alaska and elsewhere, will be there.

This is the old shaman, Scou-doo-boh, of the Aukus. It will be recalled by the readers of the paper that some time ago he caused the death of an Indian woman, and that the United States man-of-war Pinto was dispatched to capture him, and hold him until an investigation could be made. The old shaman heard of the search that was being made for him, and he went forty miles into the interior and stayed for a while at the camp of Jack Dalton, the explorer, till the interest blew over. I saw Jack not long ago, and he told me that the old medicine man had been stopping with him. The death of the old woman is to be talked about at the potlatch, and a settlement reached in regard to it. It is expected that it will be settled in the usual way when there is dissatisfaction in similar cases, by a gift of blankets to the relatives.

The case in question was one in which the medicine man was called up to treat an Indian who was ill. He treated him in the usual way, and in connection with wild incantations for some time, but he didn't get any better. He said the Indian was going to die, that he couldn't help him any, and not wanting to lose caste, and being desirous of shifting the responsibility, he charged that an old woman in the tribe had bewitched the Indian. She was therefore punished in several ways and starved to make her confess she was a witch, and had bewitched the sick man, but she wouldn't confess, and being old and weak, she finally died.

"It is a common thing for the shamans to select some person in desperate case, usually some old man or woman with few or no relations, and charge him or her with bewitching the sick person. It usually answers as a reason for failure to cure. Under punishment and starvation they sometime confess they are witches. In some cases, however, it does not work. I knew an Indian, a half-breed one, not long ago to be charged with being a witch. The Indian heard that the shaman had circulated the report, and he at once got his rifle and went to the shaman's cabin.

"He told him what he had heard, and the shaman said he was true. Then you give me twenty blankets," said the Indian, and went up and I'll blow a hole through you." The shaman made haste to reconsider it, and count out the blankets. He said that the 'spirit' had

really told him that the Indian was a witch, but that he had found out that the spirit lied. The Indian made his way with the twenty blankets, cautioning him that if he ever heard again that he was circulating reports about his being a witch, he would shoot him on sight. The shaman didn't bother him any more. If he had he would really have been killed, and he knew it.

"I suppose a few blankets will settle the matter of the death of the old woman when it comes to be considered at the Klakwan potlatch, for most of the Indians believe in a cloudy sort of a way the powers of the shamans to cure the various Indian ailments. They also take a good deal of stock in good and bad spirits.

"The opening of the great potlatch on June 1st marks an epoch. It is the beginning of the berry season, and there will be lots of berries of the different kinds for the visiting Indians to eat. The Chilcats will have a good many picked by the time the main guard of the visiting Indians arrive. The first berries of the season and those which are ripe on June 1st, are the salmon berries. They are large and fine.

"Next after this will be the ragoon, a red, deep wine-colored berry, very much like a running black-berry. It is a very fine berry and, I think, indigenous to Alaska. I never heard of it anywhere else. Besides these there are strawberries. They are small, but very sweet and pleasant to the taste. There are four or five other kinds of berries, the names of all of which I cannot recall. The Indians prize them highly, and reach from the bushes and vines they constitute a staple article of food.

"The dancing at the potlatch will be weird and strange. There will be so many Indians of different tribes that there will be a variety about it, such as to interest anybody. It is customary to give plays, or rather pantomimes, interspersed with dialogues in the Indian language. I saw much of this last year at old Shualen's potlatch. This year they are getting ready for new plays."—Examiner.

STORY OF A BURGLAR.

He Meets a Cool Man in a Town in Eastern Connecticut.

"I think about the most curious man I ever met," said the retired burglar, "I met in a house in Eastern Connecticut, and I shouldn't know him either if I should meet him again unless I should hear him speak. It was so dark when I met him that I never saw him at all. I had looked around the house down stairs, and actually hadn't seen a thing worth carrying off; it was the poorest house I ever was in, and it wasn't a bad-looking section on the outside, either. I got up stairs and groped around a little, and finally turned into a room that was darker than Egypt. I hadn't gone more than three steps in this room when I heard a man say, 'Hello, there.'"

"Who are you?" says the man, 'burglar'.

"And I said yes, I do something in that line occasionally. 'Miserable business to be in, ain't it?' said the man. His voice came from a bed over in the corner of the room and I knew that he hadn't even sat up. 'And I said: 'Well, I dunno. I got to support my family some way. 'Well, you've just wasted a night here,' says the man. 'Did you see anything down stairs worth stealing?'"

"Well, there's less upstairs," said the man. "And then I heard him turn over and settle down to sleep again. I'd like to have gone over there and kicked him, but I didn't. It was getting late and I thought, all things considered, that I might as well let him have his sleep out."

—New York Sun.

PARIS BOMB AMBULANCE.

Explosives Systematically Removed and Investigated.

The frequency of the discovery of bombs in Paris has led to the provision of a special vehicle for their transportation from the place where they are discovered to the government laboratory.

The vehicle has a hooded seat and a body well detached from it hangs on springs and with lozenge shaped openings in the sides. The whole vehicle is extremely light, so as to offer no resistance in case of an explosion. The appliances used to hold bombs steady are alone rigid and is muffled with India rubber. An ambulance horse draws this vehicle. The driver is a hale, middle-aged person, who was in the artillery. A small dog called "Nip" sits with him on the box and seems to understand that she is a heroine in her canine way.

The fuse bombs are the ones feared least. The chemical ones are never removed until they have lain some hours. In transporting them the vehicle goes at a slow pace, and the quietest streets are chosen. The artilleryman goes to a place specially arranged for the exploding of bombs, near the fortification wall. Within it is a square formed of banks of earth four yards thick and a hydraulic machine for forcing open the explosives. One of the means for opening up soldered-up bombs is to place them in a bath of mercury which eats into the solder. The bomb opened it is sent to the laboratory in the special van, to be examined there.—London Daily News.

Miscellaneous.

York Cathedral has the largest area of any cathedral in England.

The London free asylums for the old, the blind and the infirm cost annually £841,000.

The Army and Navy Journal of New York says: "Admiral Farragut's death was due to the selfishness of a woman," the Rev. James J. Kane, chaplain of the New York navy yard, said in a recent lecture. The admiral and his wife were coming east from California over the Union Pacific railway when a woman occupying a seat in front of them in the car opened a window. Admiral Farragut was ill at the time and the strong draught of wind which blew directly upon him, chilled him. Mrs. Farragut asked the woman courteously if she would not kindly close the window as it was annoying her husband. The woman snuffed out, "Oh, I won't close the window. I don't care if it does annoy him. I am not going to be smothered for him." Admiral Farragut then caught a severe cold which resulted in his death. A few days before the end came he said: "If I die that woman will be held accountable."

THE CREW OF THE EMMA.

Arrive at San Francisco and Talk About their Escape.

The Pacific Mail steamer City of Peking, Captain Searle, arrived yesterday morning from China and Japan. Few passengers of any importance came in the cabin. Clustered together at the rear of the crew of the sailing schooner Emma, which was seized while putting for the lee of one of the islands in the Okhotsk sea for safety.

The Emma left Juneau about a year ago, being fitted out by Captain Hansen, widely known as the "Flying Dutchman." He could not clear the vessel himself, not being a citizen, so he put his mate, a man named Johnson, in charge and deep water was reached, when he himself took command. The news of his capture, the imprisonment of himself and crew and the subsequent escape of four of the latter has been published. The "Flying Dutchman" is now at Yokohama endeavoring to get recompensed for the loss of his vessel. He has told half a dozen different stories of his experience.

The men who arrived on the City of Peking were Frank Trench, Victor Killgren, Frank Cook, William F. Wright and William Ferral. All were miners at Juneau, where they have claims and homes, but here they are destitute. Their story is as follows:

"Hansen shipped us at Juneau, whence he came from Sitka. We found out afterwards that he had served six months' imprisonment there for illegal sailing. It was in October and we had not caught many seals, when we unshipped our rudder and sustained other damages. The captain made for the lee of an island not far off to repair the vessel. We had barely got our anchor down when a Russian man-of-war was seen bearing down upon us. We had no boats out and had no fear of the warship until she overhauled us. Our protest that we had not been sealing did no good, for we were all taken prisoners and put on the man-of-war. The schooner was hauled up on the beach and our guns and effects were all taken with the rest. They left us nothing, even taking our razors, and the matches we had on our clothes were thrown overboard.

"We were taken to Vladivostok for our trial. We had no interpreter and could not understand any of the proceedings, but we were made aware that we were found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment. Captain Hansen said it would be all right, and the next thing we knew he was missing. We were allowed a good deal of liberty, and he was the first to take advantage of it. He slipped on board a Japanese steamer bound for Nagasaki, and we followed on the next one. Billy Ferral was in the hardest luck of all of us, for the only vessel he could get was a Russian steamer. She was also loaded for Nagasaki, but when she was out a few days he was discovered and made a prisoner. He was shut up in the galley. When the vessel reached Nagasaki we found out that he was on board, and went to the American consul there, but he said he could do nothing while Ferral was on board the ship.

"After the steamer had discharged at Nagasaki she was put in the dry dock. Billy was shut up in the galley as usual, and the big iron door closed and locked on him. One night the officer in charge opened the door and asked him if he wanted anything, as he was going ashore. Billy said he wanted a razor. Billy said that he did not, but here he saw his chance. As soon as he thought the officer was clear of the steamer he went to work. He took the iron out of the stove and used it as a lever to push at the top corner. He made a little progress, and then conceived the idea of wedging it so as to keep the hole open. He worked at it for ten hours, when he finally sprung the door, leaving the lock and the hinges intact. He made an aperture big enough for him to crawl through, and out he went."

"It was a tight squeeze," said Farrell, "and I never thought I could make it. But when a man is in trouble he somehow appears mighty small, and I got through. Then I found myself nearly as badly off as ever, for I was between the decks and completely fastened in. I looked around and found an iron grating above me. I tried it and found it fastened down by a rope. My knife was so dull that it would hardly cut. I worked, I think, saving on the rope for an hour and a half, thinking every minute that I would be caught. But finally I cut through and pushed off the grating. I had barely strength enough left to haul myself up to the deck, but I managed to do it, and I lost no time in getting down the gangplank. I can tell you, once ashore, the Russians could not touch me, and the American vice consul took care of me and sent me with the boys to Yokohama. But I don't want any more sailing in mine."

The newest to the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's office yesterday, and they will probably make arrangements for returning to their home in Alaska on the City of Peking, which sails on Wednesday next. Those who were left behind at Vladivostok were Johnson, who went as captain, the cook and two seamen.—Chronicle.

MOST BEAUTIFUL OF BIRDS.

The Quetzal, Whose Plumage Rivals the Rainbow's Brilliance.

In the Smithsonian building at Washington is exhibited one particularly perfect specimen of the most beautiful bird in the world. While its coloration is as brilliant as that of any humming-bird, its superlative size renders it more attractive to the eye, says the Star.

This is the Quetzal of Guatemala. Its plumage vies in brilliancy with the rainbow and shines with a metallic luster. Until within the last few years it was unknown to science, mainly owing to the fact that it is a hermit among feathered creatures; delighting in the silence of the deep forests. It dwells on mountain heights above seven thousand feet in elevation. The Quetzal was the royal bird of the Aztecs. Its breast is a brilliant scarlet, while its green tail attains a length of three feet. Its size is about equal to a pigeon. Its plumage was utilized anciently for the adornment of head dresses and for the famous feather pictures of the Mexicans. It nestles in holes in worm-eaten trees, which it enlarges with its bill, so as to form a comfortable and cozy residence. The young are hatched totally naked.

It is the hardest of all birds to prepare for stuffing, because the skin tears like so much tissue paper, and the feathers are so delicate that a slight touch will destroy them. A specimen of the bird, which they readily fall out, is very apt to be spoiled by falling against

a branch on being shot. Up to 1890 naturalists did not know where the quetzal was to be found. The few specimens which had fallen into their hands were obtained from the Indians of Guatemala, who kept the secret. About that time, however, a collector, visiting that country got on the track, went up into the mountains and shot a number of the birds. It is said that in ancient times the skins of all birds of this species that were killed belonged by law to the king, and nobody outside the royal family was permitted to wear the plumes.

The quetzal belongs to the family of trogons. This genus includes 46 species, 38 of which are American. All of them are very beautiful.

FOOLED HER JUST ONCE.

The Little Trick Played by Impecunious Hubby on His Better Half.

I have a friend who is comfortably well off with a reasonable amount of good investments and a good salary, but he has a weakness for using money freely.

He has also a good wife with "a frugal mind," and by a domestic arrangement she exerts a salutary check on the liberality of her husband.

Occasionally he exceeds his allowance and indulges in tricks on his "banker" to secure a little pocket money, for which he does not desire to render a strict account.

Not long ago he needed a new hat and bought it, reporting to his good wife that it cost him three dollars, and that sum was duly charged by her to his personal expenses, while, in fact, he paid but \$1.50 at a "mark down" sale, so had an equal amount to "blow in" without exposure.

In a little while, however, his wife called his attention to the fact that his hat was looking shabby, and suggested that he should get a new one, coupling the suggestion with the remark that the hat did not seem to have worn well, and he must exercise more care in his next selection.

Having forgotten his little game the husband replied hastily that he thought the hat had done pretty good service for a cheap one. "You can't expect everything from a \$1.50 hat."

"How's that?" says the wife, and forthwith she exhibited her account book with its charge of \$3, and the husband was forced to confess his fraud and promise better conduct in the future.

There is peace just now in that family, but when a husband professes to use his wife calmly but firmly asks him to turn in a receipted bill from the salesman.

MACHINE LUBRICANTS.

A Subject Upon Which Many Mechanics Are Ignorant.

There is considerable ignorance among mechanics on the subject of lubricants, which appears most prominently in a lack of familiarity with the relative intrinsic values of the common lubricants and their adaptability to various purposes. As a result much injury is done to machinery by their indiscriminate use. For ordinary machinery, the temperature of which does not exceed that of a common steam engine, says Paper and Press, talow is without exception the most effective and least deleterious. The Boston Journal of Commerce recently observed that the difficulty of applying this talow renders oil more generally acceptable.

The stiffness of plumbago, soap, tallow and oil can be varied by their internal purity, and the addition of tallow and oil of potash and soda will reduce them to any desired consistency, potash producing hardness and the latter the reverse. Greases alkalis destroy the sensitiveness of oil and fat to atmospheric changes, but render them useless on the pistons of steam engines and other very hot bearings. Glycerine is probably the best lubricant for very fine machinery.

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON.

The Tricks of the Laziest Office Boy in New York.

"Doesn't that new office boy of yours seem to be rather lazier than usual?" inquired Judge Crabtree.

"He's the laziest boy we ever had," answered his partner. "I caught him this morning setting his lips right and then putting mudclay on them so that he could whistle 'After the Ball' without the intolerable muscular exertion of holding the proper pucker."

"Well, I hope we shall have to resort to artificial respiration to keep him from dying on our hands, as we had to do with the last one," returned the judge.

"By the way, what's this boy's name?"

"Tommy."

"But his last name?"

"Cregow."

"Oh, I see—it runs in the family. I knew a man named Cregow when I first came to the city who was undoubtedly Tommy's father. The man Cregow had to be carried on a stretcher when he went to the circus. He used to show the greatest ingenuity in avoiding exertion of any man I ever knew."

"For instance, he was an inveterate smoker, but of course with his disposition his pipe went out very frequently. The labor of scratching matches to light it was simply dragging him down, and he saw it. So he moved into a house where the elevated railway ran close to the second story windows, and there he used to sit near one of them all day long smoking and resting."

"When he found his pipe out he would simply reach out and take the window with a match and let a passing train rub against it, and there he was. Ingenious man. Might have made his mark in the world if he hadn't been so lazy. I'll ask Tommy tonight when he argues his mouth how his father is getting along—New York Tribune.

Miscellaneous.

Australia has all climates. The whaling fleet is dying out. England has six million total abstainers.

London has 86 free hospitals and 35 free dispensaries of medicine.

The largest river in Asia is the Yenesei, in Siberia, whose course is about 2000 miles.

A marriage license for two Scotch gentlemen members of the Puyallup tribe of Indians was issued at Tacoma, Wash., last week.

According to the Jewish statutes it was unlawful to muzzle the ox engaged in treading out the corn, the animal being allowed to eat his fill.

YOUR FRIENDS

IN THE EAST

Are all anxious to know all about Vancouver Island and British Columbia



VERY RESIDENT of British Columbia who travels in the East is kept busy answering the many questions asked about the new El Dorado of the Pacific Northwest, and the indications are that hundreds of Eastern capitalists, merchants, bankers, farmers fruit growers, mechanics, etc., are turning Westward Ho! with British Columbia as an objective point. It goes without saying that every resident of this Province is interested in the development of our many resources and glad of an opportunity to supply their friends with reliable information concerning this country and its many attractions for the tourist and homeseeker.

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