

STRONG HOMING INSTINCT

It Develops in Animals Very Early in Their Lives.

Horses, Pigs and Turkeys Return to Their Old Homes and Even The Cat Came Back.

The homing instinct develops in young animals almost as early as the desire for food. In the wild state it is necessary, since without it the young could never keep in touch with herd or pack. Even after centuries of domestication it is still acute.

Witness this tale of little pigs: They were under a month old when their owner decided to move. He wanted to fatten and kill their mother, so offered a lot of 40 at a bargain price. A neighbor five miles away bought the pigs, put them in a box, hoisted the box on a wagon and hauled it home. There the pigs were put in a close pen, fed on milk and mush for two weeks, then allowed to run in a small lot adjacent to the pen. Three mornings later every one was missing. A small hole carefully rooted under the gate was the sole explanation of their disappearance. Their buyer searched high and low for them, sending even to adjacent farms, but could not find them.

That afternoon the original owner sent word he had found 39 of the 40 straggling squealing at his gate when he came. The buyer going to reclaim the strays found the missing fortieth pig lying exhausted by the roadside, still struggling to follow the trail of mates.

On the same middle Tennessee plantation a 4-year-old mare was bought from an Ohio drover. The drover had brought down on stock cars to the entry town, seven miles away. The mare seemed perfectly content in her surroundings, so after a week or so she was allowed to pasture with her stock. For a day she was happy, eating and frolicking with the rest. At noon of the second day a watchman heard her suddenly fling up her head, she came one ear forward, one back, as though listening intently to a far-off sound, then start in a swinging gallop for pasture fence, clear it with one spring leap, cross a field of young corn, she the boundary fence, a much stiffer one, and go away due north.

Nothing more was seen or heard of her for three months. Then by a simple chance she was discovered, impounded as an stray, more than half way across the state of Kentucky. She had swum a considerable river to get so far and had been taken up through breaking into a pasture to graze. She was going home straight as the crow flies, making no account whatever of the bends and turns in the route by which she had been fetched.

Among fowls, domestic turkeys are the most persistent homers. This same plantation's mistress found that out in a way at once odd and provoking. She raised a brood of 14, which turned out to contain 13 gobblers. They were fine, lusty, bronze brown fellows, although this was in the year when bronze turkeys, so called, were unknown. She gave away seven out of the 13 to many neighbors to put at the head of their breeding flocks. As a consequence almost every day for six weeks she had to go out and help to separate her own turkeys from some other flock. Each of the gift gobblers came back home, not once, but many times, with his harem at his heels.

Cats are proverbial homers. Southern negroes have many entertaining superstitions connected with their transfer. In moving they say it is the worst luck in the world to take along the cat. It is also very bad luck to give away a cat unless its feet are greased and allowed to make marks on the threshold as it goes over. They say, further, the homing propensity can be destroyed by putting butter on pussy's feet before they touch anything in her new home. Black walnuts, which it is nearly as bad luck to move as a cat, may be made to serve as ill luck antidotes by cracking them carefully and either tying a necklace of shells on the cat or putting them upon her feet for boots. It is lucky to have the gift of a cat and luckier still to have one come to you of its own motion. A gift cat ought to be taken home in a bag securely tied so none of the luck will escape.

Notwithstanding this was done in the case of a tortoise shell tabby, she came home over a distance of 15 miles. She took all summer to do it in. The road home led through pleasant woods and was never very far from a clear creek. At various times between June and November, when she reappeared at her old one, tabby was seen scurrying through the woods with a bird in her mouth or sunning herself luxuriously in some safe tree crotch. The first nipping frost brought her to the familiar door mewing and looking up at her old master as if she had never left it. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mining Under the Sea.
The great zinc works at Arnao, Spain, obtain 50,000 tons of coal a year from a coal mine which extends under the Bay of Biscay. On the seaside of the shaft, working has to be carried on with the utmost precaution and very slowly, says the Philadelphia Record. The water tightness of the submarine portion of the mine is due not only to

the slowness with which the working is carried on, but also to the existence of certain beds of shale which crack and fissure when pressure comes on to the roof, and then swell as the sea water filters through.

Unlike most of the Austrias coal which is friable, dull and iridescent, the Arnao coal, especially that from the portion of the mine below the sea, is hard, brilliant and whitish, like that from the Saar coal field, this whitish tint being due to scales of calcium sulphate and sometimes there is an appearance of concentric rings on the surface of the coal pieces.

The Eskimo's Liver.

Does every one know in what notable physical particulars the Eskimos who live in the far north differ from us temperate zone people? It will be remembered that half a dozen or more Eskimos came to New York from the arctic zone with one of Lieut. Peary's homing parties. Most of them died presently of pneumonia, to the distress and somewhat to the indignation of the public. Of several of them careful autopsies were made and, not a little to the excitement of our medical world, it was discovered that the Eskimo intestine was about four feet shorter than ours is, and that his liver was not shaped like what we have been used to call a human liver, but was more like that of a dog. The Eskimo, apparently, is so constructed that he can live and thrive under such conditions and on such a diet as he can command at home. —Harper's Weekly.

That Coal Scuttle.

In these days when so many excuses are used to obtain entrance to dwelling houses and burglars carry off everything possible it is as well to be careful. Therefore when a servant recently informed her mistress that a strange man had called and said that he had come to "measure for a coal scuttle," the mistress was naturally alarmed. The man came again, however, bringing with him three others, and then it appeared that he had come to put in an electric wire and box for messenger service. What he really meant to tell the servant in the first place was that he had come to measure for the "call box." He had apparently broadened it into "coal box," and the servant had repeated it as "coal scuttle." —New York Mail and Express.

Roasted Lawyers in His Will.

George F. Bloss, for 13 years butler in the family of James A. Strymer, in this city, died on April 12 last, leaving about \$3000 in personality and a curious will drawn by himself. This document, which is filed in the surrogate's office, says in part: "This will is expected to be understood by people of ordinary intelligence and not by lawyers, idiots, imbeciles and others who may perhaps become insane in their desire to make money out of it by robbing my wife of what will through my wishes rightfully belong to her." —New York Letter.

Old Man Sorry for Bailey.

Strange to say, Bailey of Texas, who is such a hero with the sentimental women frequenters of the house galleries, is not a favorite with the men visitors. One day last winter his dramatic conclusion to a rather long-winded speech elicited from a gray-haired man in the second row of the members' gallery the ejaculation: "Too bad, too bad!" "What's too bad?" asked his companion. "It's too bad," replied the venerable auditor, "that the Lord Almighty when He made that roaring Texan should have used up so much material in fashioning his thorax that He had nothing left for his brains." —Washington Star.

A Little Nonsense.

"Dolly, if you keep on spending money this way we'll have to go to the poorhouse." "Well, if we do, Jack, we'll have a lot of nice things to take with us." —Chicago Record.

Dolly—So Molly isn't going to marry that real estate agent after all.

Polly—No; she says he comes under the heading "Undesirable Flats." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

"At last the wolf is at the door!" "Well, coax him in, and we'll eat him." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Newrich—That Mrs. Hyffart is a stuck up thing. I know just as much about music as she does. She needn't get funny.

Mrs. Browne—Why, what has she done?

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, she tried to trip me up today; asked me if I'd ever heard somebody's "Songs Without Words." —Philadelphia Press.

"President Hadley of Yale talked to the senior class about 'The Mighty Power of Patience.'" "That would have sounded better if addressed to the medical class." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Pa I know that ma wants me to become a sleight of hand artist," remarked the light of the household, who was just about to shift for himself. "Infinite rot!" stammered the disgusted pater. "Well," was the reply, "she tells me I should learn always to keep something up my sleeve."

Same old price, 25 cents, for drink, at the Regina.

LIST OF NAMES.

(Continued from page 1.)

Kennedy; Halifax, W. B. Wallace, R. L. Borden; Inverness, A. McLennan, Dr. Cameron; Kings, F. W. Borden, B. Webster; Lunenburg, A. K. McLean; C. E. Kaulbach; Pictou, — McGregor, Sir C. H. Tupper; Pictou, — McDonald, A. C. Bell; Richmond, J. A. Gillies; Shellburne and Queens, W. S. Fielding, J. J. Ritchie; Victoria, Hon. W. Ross, — McCaskill; Yarmouth, F. B. Flint, — Corning.

Province of New Brunswick.—Albert, W. J. Lewis, R. C. Weldon; Carleton, — Carwell, F. Hale; Charlotte, R. E. Armstrong, G. W. Ganong; Gloucester, none, F. Blanchard; Kent, O. J. LeBlane, G. V. McInerney Kings, J. Domville, G. W. Fowler; Northumberland, none, J. Robinson; Restigouche, J. Reid, J. McAllister; St. John City and County, Col. Tucker, A. A. Stockton; St. John City, A. G. Blair, G. E. Foster; Sunbury and Queens, A. S. White, R. D. Wilnot; Victoria, J. R. Costigan, W. H. La Forrest; Westmoreland, H. R. Emerson, H. A. Powell; York, A. Gibson, Jr., — McLeod.

Province of British Columbia.—Burrard, G. R. Maxwell, J. F. Garden; New Westminster, A. Morrison, E. Dendey, W. MacClain; Vancouver, W. Sloan, Wooley Phillips, R. Smith; Victoria, R. L. Drury, T. Earle; Victoria, Geo. Riley, E. G. Prior; Yale and Caribou, — Galliher, A. H. MacNeill, Chris. Foley.

Northwest Territories.—East Assiniboia, J. M. Douglass, — Lake, West Assiniboia, W. Scott, N. F. Davin; Alberta, F. Oliver (Ind.), R. B. Bennett; Saskatchewan, — Davis, D. Spence.

Prince Edward Islands.—Kings, J. J. Hughes, A. C. McDonald; East Prince, J. H. Bell, A. A. Lefurgey; West Prince, B. D. McLellan, — Hackett; East Queens, D. McKinnon, — Martin; West Queens, Sir L. H. Davies, W. S. Stewart.

Manitoba.—Brandon, — Sifton, H. J. Macdonald; Lisgar, — Winkler, none; Macdonald, R. J. Rutherford; N. Boyd; Marquette, W. T. Thompson, Dr. Roche; Provencher, S. A. D. Bertrand, A. A. C. Lariviere; Selkirk, W. F. McCreary, J. H. Haslem; Winnipeg, none, — Marton (Ind. Lib.), Puttee (Labor).

An African King.

Khama is king of the Bamangwato tribe. His 40,000 subjects are called Bechuanas because they live in Bechuanaland; but they resent this name themselves and do not acknowledge it as a tribal term.

Khama is an old man now—lean, hungry and as ugly as only an old negro can be; but he is a very good old man and in his way has probably done more real good to the cause of the natives in his part of the country than any other two dozen native chiefs.

He will not allow any intoxicating liquors whatever to be sold anywhere within his dominions. He and all his people are strict teetotalers and there is a heavy fine even for making tschuala or Kaffir beer a comparatively harmless decoction of fermented mealie meal. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Long Walk.

Thomas Nelson Page's entrance into literature was discouraging. He sent the short story called "Marse Chan" to the Century. It was accepted. Then Page waited, just waited. Six years later the tale was printed. It made a hit, and after that things came easily. —New York World.

Nelson A. Soggs and Vincent Vesco, manufacturing jewelers and watchmakers, Third street, opp. A. C. Store, have succeeded W. H. Gorham. —ero

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