

KILLING OFF WILD HORSES

Washington Disposes of 66,000 Head in Two Years.

Range Is More Valuable for Use by Cattle and Sheep—Canned Horse Sent to France.

Gradually but surely the great herds of wild horses on the interior plains of Washington, Idaho and Montana are being driven to the wall. Several canyons are working together to depopulate the bunch grass ranges of the vast herds of wild horses that have hitherto roamed there—the increased demand for irrigable lands by settlers and the purchase or lease, followed by fencing, of great areas of range lands by cattle and sheep men. The latter are swiftly fencing in the springs, creeks and ponds that form water sources which are vital to range industry. These facts denote a new element in the development of western sheep and cattle raising, increasing production and putting the industry on a more solid basis. It ends the indiscriminate pasturage of cattle, sheep and horses over immense areas of the northwestern states. It means the confining of the cattle and sheep to lands that can be acquired, fenced and made more productive—and the general extinction of the horses. The latter are being moved off the ranges by the tens of thousands. Those left are forced to eke out a precarious living on the dry pasture lands left by the cattle and sheep herders, where they may die of thirst in the summer or starve to death in the winter, with no one to mourn their end.

In the last two years at least 65,000 head of horses have been removed from the ranges of eastern Washington alone. Their disposition has been approximately as follows: Shipped to Chicago and other eastern markets, 20,000; sent to Alaska during Klondike rush, 10,000; canned into horse meat at Linton, Ore., for shipment to France, 9,000; driven into Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado and Utah, largely for pack and mule horses, 10,000; broken for use by new settlers in Washington, 10,000; and in the last two winters, 8,000; loss from state in two years, 65,000.

This loss has been double the natural increase, reducing the number of wild horses in that state from about 125,000 to 60,000 or 90,000. At this rate of decrease they would last for some years, but the fact is that the horses are being confined to a smaller area each successive year, thereby increasing the chances of destruction.

At least 5,000 horses died of starvation last winter in the districts north and south of Snake river. Fifty to eighty percent of some bands vanished under the conditions of short grass and deep snow. The cattle and sheep, on the other hand, are rounded in the lower valleys during the fall and fed during the winter.

The range horses are now confined almost entirely to the thinly populated mountains of Douglas, Lincoln, Adams and Franklin and parts of Yakima and Kittitas, in Washington. These animals are worth from \$3 to \$50 according to use and quality. A large number of them are cayuses; others are strong, large-boned horses.

In June 5,000 head of Douglas county horses were sold for shipment east at \$4.50, \$3 and \$6 per head, according to size. The horse-canning factory at Linton, Oregon, has converted about 9,200 head into meat for shipment to France and Germany in the last two years. A still larger number will be canned in the near future, for the industrial department of the Northern Pacific railway has aided in the establishment of another horse-canning factory at Medora, N. D. A home market for many thousand head has been caused by the boom in the wheat industry owing to the good crops and the good prices of the last two years. Thousands of wild horses, weighing 1,000 pounds and upwards, have been broken to the plow by both old and new settlers. The indications are that this local absorption will continue in a limited way for several years in eastern Washington and Idaho.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Has Killed Many Indians.

Some Texas historian has recently produced a volume devoted to the "conquerors of the Lone Star State" and graphically describes the hardships endured by the first white men who attempted to settle the country adjacent to the Brazos. Among those who first made the attempt was Henry L. Dillard, now a highly respected citizen of this county, who in the early '70s had taken up a ranch on the Brazos, about 25 miles from old Fort Griffin, at that time the only military post in the heart of the fierce Comanche tribes. Dillard was at the time a slender lad of not quite 19 years, fresh from the verdant mountains of Tennessee; to whom danger was a stranger and fear an idle dream. He had a nice little bunch of cattle, some horses and a team of mules. The latter he used for hauling watermelons and other vegetables, which he raised in abundance on his ranch, to the fort down the river, where his garden truck was always in great demand.

It was a sultry afternoon in August

that Dillard, accompanied by his young brother, William, a boy of 12, left Fort Griffin for their home, after having disposed of a load of watermelons. Gen. Buell, who was in command at the post, had asked him to remain over night, but Dillard had courteously declined the proffered hospitality and, whipping up his team of mules, set out on his journey of 35 miles. When about 20 miles out from the fort he suddenly espied a large band of Comanche Indians, all mounted on ponies, and armed with Winchester rifles, bows and arrows, toggled up in war paints and gorgeous costumes. They were on the warpath and a quick glance at the savages soon convinced Dillard that he had a big fight on his hands. The younger Dillard suggested that perhaps all the Indians wanted was the mules and advised abandoning the team, which was accordingly done. The Comanches, however, were out for the "whole thing" and, forming a circle around the two boys, opened fire. Dillard in the meantime was retreating toward a low swamp, filled with brush and stumps of burnt trees. Within 20 feet of him walked the boy, carrying the sack that contained the cartridges for the rifle and six-shooter that was dealing death among the redskins under the skillful manipulation of his elder brother. Bullets were flying thick and fast around them and every moment Dillard expected to be killed. Once in the retreat he stumbled against a bunch of brush and fell face to the ground. Veterans of the civil war had told him that men when first shot always fell face forward and felt no pain. The Indians, seeing him fall, supposed he was dead and, dismounting their ponies, rushed up to secure his scalp. Dillard regained his feet and emptied the contents of his revolvers into the foremost Indians and the battle was resumed with renewed energy until the swamp was reached, when the Indians, lessened in numbers to the extent of 11 killed and five wounded, retreated in bad order, returning at dusk to bury their dead. Dillard and his young brother returned to Fort Griffin that evening after dusk and reported the fight to Gen. Buell. The next morning a company of soldiers set out for the marauders and on the spot indicated by Dillard were 11 fresh graves, thrown up the night before. The trail led to the north, in the direction of the Indian territory, and the lieutenant in charge of the company, who is yet in the army, says it was one of the bloodiest he ever traveled. Three weeks later the Indians stopped at Murphy's big ranch in the territory and told of an encounter they had with a "little medicine man" down in Texas, who had killed 11 of their party and wounded nearly a dozen. Gen. Buell says that Dillard was one of the greatest Indian fighters that the west has ever produced and that this government owes him a debt of gratitude for the part he has taken in helping to prepare this western country for future generations. Friends of Mr. Dillard's in Texas are urging him to put in a claim against the government for his mules and wagon taken by the Comanches. He is entitled to it and a bounty of \$100 a head for every redskin that bit the dust before his unerring aim.—Glasgow Review.

South American Giants.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition, writes in the Century of "The Giant Indians of Tierra del Fuego."

The Fuegians have been reported, from time to time, since the country was first sighted and named by Magellan in 1520, but today they still remain almost unknown. In connection with the voyage of the Belgica we had unusual opportunities for studying their wild life and their weather beaten land. They are not, as is generally supposed, one homogeneous tribe, but three distinct races, with different languages, different appearances, different habits and homes. * * * The Onas have thus far evaded all efforts at civilization, have refused missionaries, and have, to the present time, with good reason, mistrusted white men. They have, in consequence, remained absolutely unknown.

The Onas, as a tribe, have never been united in a common interest, nor have they ever been led by any one great chief. They have always been divided into small clans under a leader with limited powers, and these chiefs have waged constant warfare among themselves. To the present they have had their worst enemies among their own people, but now that sheep farmers and gold diggers want their country, they are uniting to fight their common enemy.

Physically the Onas are giants. They are not, however, seven or eight feet in height, as the early explorers reported their neighbors and nearest relatives, the Patagonians, to be. Their average height is close to six feet, a few attain six feet and six inches, and a few are under six feet. The women are not so tall, but they are more corpulent. There is perhaps no race in the world with a more perfect physical development than the Ona men. This unique development is partly due to the topography of their country and to the distribution of game, which makes long marches constantly necessary. The Ona men are certainly the greatest cross-country runners on the American continent.

The mental equipment of the Ona is by no means equal to his splendid physical development. He understands very well the few arts of the chase which he finds necessary to maintain a food supply. His game in the past has been easily gotten; his needs have been few, which fact accounts for the lack of inventive skill portrayed in the in-

struments of the chase. The home life, the house, the clothing—everything portrays this lack of progressive skill. Instead of the children being well dressed and well cared for, as is the rule among savage races, they are mostly naked, poorly fed, badly trained, and altogether neglected, not because of a lack of paternal love, but because of the mental lethargy of the people. It is the same as to shelter and garments. They have abundant material to make good tents and warm, storm-proof houses; but they simply bunch up a few branches, and throw to the windward a few skins, and then shiver, complaining of their miserable existence.

COMING AND GOING.

James Buchanan, of Dominion, is registered at the Fairview.

Dr. Carper, of Gold Run, came down last evening but only made his visit to the city long enough to get the news after which he immediately started for Gold Run again.

Ben Lewis, of Grand Forks, is among those visiting the city today.

Whether a leopard can change his spots or not is a question not answered, but Conservatives and Democrats are seemingly much scarcer on the streets today than yesterday.

Billy Thomas made one of his lightning visits to Dawson last night. He is making arrangements for the big opening of his West Side hotel on next Friday night.

The public sale of crown claims closed this morning in the Savoy, after having been continued for 12 days.

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

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

Artistic and elegant Klondike souvenirs at Lindemann's, Dominion bldg.

Best imported wines and liquors at the Regina.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

C. H. Lindemann, the jeweler, Dominion bldg.

For watch repairing see Lindemann.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

Announcement of an Old Sourdough.

Chris Sonnikson, the oldest freighter on the Yukon, who has freighted two years at Fortymile and two years at Circle City, and the last four years in Dawson City, and now a partner in the firm of Sonnikson & Henry, announces to his friends and customers that he has yet one sour dough story untold, which he has actually withheld for 16 long years for fear someone would not believe it, but now that he has telephone No. 68 in his office, which enables him to ring up the police on the first sign of any serious trouble, or if he should be called down too heavy, and as his office has just been fitted up in fine shape and is cozy and warm, with seven chairs, where listeners may rest in comfort and ease while listening to the wonderful tale. Chris cordially invites the public to a seat as he is liable to let loose very soon.

Sonnikson & Henry are engaged in freighting, buying and selling wood and hay; they pride themselves in being the pioneer freighters of the north, and particularly of having proven that farming is possible on the Yukon, of which their farm on Stewart river will bear witness. The firm claims to be able to haul, drag or pack anything from a nugget to a windjammer, but positively limit their space of operation in the district between Whitehorse and Cape Nome. Their office is in Boyle's wharf on First avenue. Try them for luck. C17

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A Daily Train Each Way Between Whitehorse and Skagway

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SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

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