

## MAGELLAN STRAIT PIRATES

### Fuegan Indians Who Attack Ships With Firebrands.

### Dark Brown Men With Mottled Hair and Huge Spears Who Never Spare Victims.

Mariners who have shunned the wild waters that meet at Cape Horn and sought a more peaceful passage from the coast to ocean through the Strait of Magellan for more than a year have been bringing to San Francisco wild tales of savage cutthroats and robbers. More like the yarns of the forecastle than narratives of truth they have sounded.

Dark brown men, with matted hair, and armed with huge spears and knives; lights that flitted about in dark coves and on the face of the waters like the will-o'-the-wisp in the bog, have been the visions that vigilant lookouts have reported. Men disappearing from decks where they had been set to watch, and with them all that could attract a savage eye, have been phenomena of peaceful nights in the still waters under the shadow of the mountains that line the strait.

Mixed in with these tales, too, have been others of more dire import. A Chilean gunboat, armed with modern guns and bearing a modern searchlight, was mysteriously set afire there not more than a year ago, and all the members of her crew were slain. Some of the bodies found afterward bore evidence to the work of man in this catastrophe.

Booners and ships have disappeared in the years after leaving Sandy point, the strait, and after having been at anchor farther along under the hills, and partly burned hulks have been reported to indicate how they have met their fate. Even big steamships have narrowly escaped similar fortune, for flaming brands have been thrown into the boats while the crews were asleep, and when the men have rushed to fight the flames on another part of the ship and men of the woods have appeared and attacked them from behind and, besides loss of property, left death and wounds as a remembrance.

It is the Fuegan Indians who are responsible for these terrors of the only doorway to the east pending the construction of a Nicaragua canal. In the bleak mountains and valleys of Tierra del Fuego and on the islands that stretch along the west, cut up by scores of channels, they have lived as far back as the memory of the mariner extends. It was not so many years ago that they were still unacquainted with the white men and that the white men were unacquainted with them. In the olden times mariners would now and then see a canoe hurrying across some channel or catch a glimpse of a moving light on the waters at night, or an arrow would come aboard a small craft as a sign of hostility.

But the people were seldom seen except by those who might be shipwrecked on the islands, and they never lived to tell about their discoveries. Scientists went there to study the phenomena of nature and tried to learn about the denizens of the place. But they found they would best approach one of the tribesmen with a gun ready to shoot and keep a sentinel over their camps at night, at the same time being ready always to use a gun to aid in defense. They could get no information from the Indians.

Civilization, however, finally came to the tribesmen in one way. Some of the bolder ones found they could venture out to the ships that came through and could appeal to the generosity of the white men so effectively as to get food and trinkets of which they had never known before.

With their success others ventured, and now no ship can cast anchor in the coves west of Sandy point without being surrounded in daylight by canoes filled with disheveled brown warriors and their squaws, all crying out plaintively, "Yammer schooner!" It is a plea for bread or beads or money or anything else that could take the eye of an untutored man.

"Woe to the mariner who lets the godley crew send representatives on board his ship, for when the night comes he will receive a visiting card in the shape of a firebrand that will show him his visitors have used their eyes well and have learned what is the most valuable part of his craft. And he never so generous he will find plenty of others added to his first visitor ready to clamber up the side of his vessel and add whatever is loose to the store of articles gained by gift.

It is in the cruelest of crafts that these pirates of the end of the nineteenth century ply their trade. Logs burned out in the fashion known to the Indian, whether he lives in Alaska or holds the last of land on the point of Cape Horn, bear the Fuegians through the water. They are ugly craft, but their crews can shoot them through the water and turn and twist with them as though they were made of lightest bark. In them can be borne five and ten warriors at a time, men clad in the scantiest of clothing, bare to the waist and showing muscular strength won from the struggle with nature for generation after generation in the forbidding hills of their native land.

In these rough barks is found perpetual fire. Rough stone panniers always contain beds of glowing coals, fed

from hour to hour, covered at night and blown to flame in the morning. When the father hands the canoe to the son, the fire goes with it, and from generation to generation these fires have been kept alight until Tierra del Fuego has become known as "The Land of Fire."

The flames can be smothered when a deed is to be done in the dark, and ashes can protect the coals. But when signaling is to be done or secrecy is to be thrust aside, the light flashes out from these canoes until they become veritable fireflies of the water.

No other people would live where they do. There are settlements along the coast where ships can get coal and supplies and where whalers make their headquarters. But these are only outposts of commerce. None of the inhabitants care to venture into the country beyond, and the Fuegians hold undisputed sway in the valleys, covered with forest growth, and in the mountains, where hardy brush and trees vainly try to cover the ledges of rock.

The winding channel of the strait and sometimes the sea itself furnished them place for range for their craft of logs. How many of them there are no white man knows, but when the channel, leaving Sandy point, ends its southward course and turns to the northwest, they are found almost to the mountains that guard the entrance to the Pacific their canoe fires can be seen burning.—Ex.

#### Two Women's Husbands.

Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Deming are neighbors and visit each other quite frequently, and Mrs. Fuller has noticed with surprise that Mrs. Deming's husband never scolds when he comes home and finds no supper ready. She asked Mrs. Deming about it and was told it was as easy as rolling off a log.

"You have only to use a little tact," she said. "Why, any man can be managed by a tactful wife."

Just then Deming came in, looking rather tired and cross, but his wife took his hat, whispered something in his ear and asked him if he was very hungry.

He said he didn't mind waiting, and at her suggestion he took his paper and went into the other room.

"There," whispered Mrs. Deming to her neighbor, "didn't I tell you it only required a little tact?" And she went about getting supper while Mrs. Fuller went home to try how tact would work on her husband.

She found him with a thunder cloud brow and at once began the new treatment.

"Please go into the parlor and read the paper while I hurry up the supper."

"Well, you have nerve! Do you suppose I can satisfy my appetite with news from China? I like that. A man might as well be a bachelor and done with it as have a wife who is forever gadding to the neighbors."

"I was over to Mrs. Deming's a few minutes, and Mr. Deming came home while I was there, and he wasn't a bit cross, and her supper is late too."

"Of course it is. Gossiping round and hindering each other, I wonder your ever get anything done."

Mrs. Fuller had tried tact, but it didn't seem to work. Her feelings were hurt, and her temper was rising. She concluded to take heroic measures and see what would happen. She took off the white apron she had pinned on and turned as only a woman can.

"George Augustus Fuller, if you want any supper tonight you can get it for yourself. I'm going home to eat and will stay there until you know how to treat me. You should have married a cook."

"Maria," piped Fuller feebly, "don't go."

"Then will you be more reasonable?"

"Why, of course. I was only bluffing."

They made it up and got supper together like two turtle doves. Mrs. Fuller thinks it takes different kinds of tact for different men, but she doesn't know yet what it was that Mrs. Deming whispered so sweetly to her husband. It was this:

"If you say one cross word while she is here, I'll tell how much money you lost on that last deal in wheat!"—Ex.

#### He Was Fresh.

"Have you any nice fresh eggs today?" asked the woman with business-like ways.

"Madam," answered the man, who has just started in the grocery business, "permit me to remind you that nice eggs are necessarily fresh and fresh eggs are always nice. Moreover, if I have any, I have them today. My possession of eggs yesterday or tomorrow does not in the slightest degree affect the situation. Therefore, time being precious to a business man, I will simply content myself with replying that I have nice eggs."—Ex.

#### Wrestling Match.

Next Friday night Riley and Swanson are matched to wrestle catch-as-catch-can at the Orpheum. Riley, it will be remembered, wrestled last winter with Krelling in one of the most exciting contests ever witnessed in Dawson. Swanson is thought to be the better man, however, but in any event a warm meeting is looked for.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

## PERSONALITIES.

John W. Hendrie, of Sound Beach, Conn., has given \$5000 to the Masonic home at Wallingford, Conn.

The father of Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian statesman, was a Baptist minister who at 65 years of age mastered eight different languages.

G. W. Brodbeck, of Kansas, says that he heard President McKinley make his first public speech at Massillon, Ohio, on July 4, just before the civil war.

It is recorded of Thomas Pigg, a postman at Tring, England, who has just retired on a pension, that in the course of 40 years of service he has walked 220,000 miles.

Senator Platt, of Connecticut, is a man of much influence and is an important factor in affairs at Washington. He is not, however, gifted as an orator. "I always hesitate to get on my feet in public," he says.

Senator Pettus, of Alabama, was one of the officers in the Confederate army who did not allow defeat at war to discourage them in civil life. At the conclusion of the rebellion he at once opened a law office at Selma, Ala.

Before starting on his vacation recently Judge Oliver H. Horton, of Chicago, sent to the bureau of charities 12,000 street car tickets and 1000 steamboat tickets to be used in giving poor children of the city a day's pleasure.

Senator Chandler's eyeglasses are always with him. It has been said that he sleeps in them, and it is known that he eats with them before his eyes. They are big, black rimmed glasses, with a black string that is hitched somewhere down in the senator's waistcoat.

Major Lothaire, the Belgian officer who executed the Englishman named Stokes in the Kongo Free State, has been dismissed from his position as manager of the Kongo Free State Trading Company. It is understood that that is the result of the charges brought against him of cruelty to the natives.

President Gary, of the Federal Steel Company, is to build a Methodist church at Wheaton, Ill., as a memorial to Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Gary, his father and mother, who for a lifetime resided in Wheaton and were closely identified with the religious life of that place. The building will cost between \$50,000 and \$75,000.

A portrait of the late Walter O. Gresham, secretary of state under President Cleveland, will have a place of honor in the galleries of the emperor of Japan. This is to be done as a tribute to Mr. Gresham's services in negotiating the treaty between the United States and Japan which was adopted during Cleveland's second term. Frank M. Peebles painted the portrait.

#### Wrecked Scows.

Where is the Emma Nott. Has she gone upon a lee shore somewhere between here and Ogilvie and cast her crew upon the uncertain mercies of their wheels? That would be a fate terrible to contemplate. A more cheerful way of looking at the matter would be to suppose that she is engaged in helping derelict scows off bars and out of ice locked blind sloughs. At all events, she passed Ogilvie long enough since to have been here before this, if not delayed.

A story comes from the vicinity of Five Fingers to the effect that a scow, navigated by a sour dough, and loaded with a job lot of automobiles, is hopelessly stranded upon a bar there.

Stories of marine disaster are coming from up stream thick and fast, and the scenes of the wrecks commence at the point of the island just above town, where a scow was wrecked the day before yesterday, and reach as far up the river as a point between Selwyn and Selkirk, where a heavy loss is reported as the result of the wreck of a scow a few days since. Both of the wrecked scows referred to were loaded with groceries.

Four scows arrived about noon today after having been tied up all last night at Klondike City. They were manned by a total crew of 14 men and narrowly escaped being carried on to Moosehide by the ice and current. The scows are loaded with miscellaneous freight consigned to the C. D. Co.

A scow passed Five Fingers yesterday moving early which is well manned and carefully guarded from finding its way upon a bar or into a blind slough, although its freight so tenderly cared for at present, must eventually go upon a bar and be lost. The scow in question is loaded with hootch, and it is safe to say, will arrive in good order.

The Klondike is still running clear of ice, and today the Yukon is freer of ice than at any time for several days past.

#### Opened Last Night.

The California Restaurant is reopened under new ownership with J. H. Hutton, of Sagway as manager. Mr. Hutton formerly conducted the Mogdamin and the Mug restaurant in the Gateway city. The firm operating the California is J. H. Hutton, F. H. Pease and P. H. Seafford, all experienced restaurant men.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

Domestic cigars at The Pioneer. Tommy Atkins and Flor de Muoa. crt

Usher & Dewar Scotch whiskies at The Pioneer saloon. Just got in. crt

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General Manager

S. M. IRWIN,  
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J. H. ROGERS,  
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