

MAGELLAN STRAIT PIRATES

Fuegan Indians Who Attack Ships With Firebrands.

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

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.
Mariners who have shunned the wild waters that meet at Cape Horn and sought a more peaceful passage from ocean 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 fore-castle 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 caves 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.

Schooners and ships have disappeared in late years after leaving Sandy point, in 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 burning brands have been thrown into portholes while the crews were asleep, and when the men have rushed to fight the flames on another part of the ship wild 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 motley 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 ever 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.

Letter Was Too Late.

If a letter which arrived at the Nome postoffice a few days ago from Nulato had reached P. R. McGuire and A. Pennycuik, the Canadian Mounted Police detectives, who left for Seattle by the Kimball last week, one of the Clayton murderers would probably have been landed ere this.

When the Seattle No. 2 from St. Michael arrived at Nulato on August 20 G. Bush, owner of a trading post at that point, was handed a letter by one of its passengers addressed to P. R. McGuire, Nome, Alaska. To show the importance of its prompt mailing the contents were made known to Mr. Bush, who arrived in Nome a day or two ago, and read the account of the officers' departure for the States in last week's Gold Digger.

To a Digger representative Mr. Bush stated that when the Seattle made the landing a nervous looking man applied for passage on the boat, offering to work his way as deckhand.

"His actions and looks were so peculiar as to attract the attention of several passengers, among whom was the writer of the letter, who immediately recognized him as a man he had met on the trail last spring, and whom he had good reasons to suspect was implicated in the Clayton affair.

"The contents of the letter were quite positive as to facts," said Mr. Bush. "The writer apparently was fully informed of the movements of the police and wrote such definite instructions that I believe he is connected with the Canadian government. The letter stated that the writer would follow the suspected man, and at Tanana station would invoke the aid of the United States officers in detaining him until the arrival of Pennycuik and McGuire. If this could not be accomplished he would report at all A. C. Co. posts any new developments in the case.

"The suspect landed at Nulato in a small boat with a party from the Koyukuk, he having joined them several hundred miles up that river, and he was heard to mention that he came over the trail in the spring.

"I mailed the letter a few days later on the Hannah, but when I read your account of the chase to Nome and out to Seattle I knew that the letter had reached here too late to effect the purpose it was written for."—Nome Gold Digger, Sept. 21.

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 s'pose 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 worm 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.

Water Company Enjoined.

Edward McConnell, who owns the Melbourne hotel building and who, with his wife, occupies the rooms facing on Second avenue and looking directly out on the water house lately located there, is averse not only to the house occupying the position it does, but especially is he averse to having a roaring fire kept in it. In other words, he does not believe in a warm storage water depot so close to his hotel building and immediately beneath the windows of his living apartments.

On Saturday Mr. McConnell caused an injunction to be served on the water company from putting fire in the building above mentioned. The document was served late in the day and a few hours later a fire was started in the water house. Mr. and Mrs. McConnell had gone out for a short time and when they returned to their rooms their bed was on fire and was practically destroyed, sparks, presumably from the water house chimney, having passed into the room through the open window.

Knowing that the injunction had been served, Mr. McConnell waxed very wroth on seeing his bed in flames, and hastened out to see why the restraining order was not enforced. It proved to be owing to the fact of an employee of the water company not being informed of the existence of the order. Since that time the stove in the house has been as cold as a Democrat's enthusiasm at a Prohibition meeting.

The injunction was argued yesterday afternoon before Judge Craig, Attorneys Wade & Aikman for McConnell, and Taber & Hulme for the water company. The judge had not announced his decision this afternoon.

Commissioner Ogilvie and Councilmen Dugas and Girouard were observed sizing up the situation at the point in question this morning, but no expressions were heard from them regarding any disposition of the matter.

J. S. Lancaster Missing.

Considerable anxiety has been felt by the friends of Mr. J. S. Lancaster, senior member of the firm of Lancaster & Calderhead, over the fact that he has not been heard from for a matter of about 60 days. Mr. R. W. Calderhead was seen by a Nugget representative this morning and stated that while the last word received from Mr. Lancaster was dated at Seattle on the 25th of August he feels no immediate alarm. Mr. Lancaster left Dawson on August 1 and went to Seattle, where he procured certain large shipments of goods for the firm all of which were sent in and received in first-class condition.

"I have advices from Mr. Lancaster of August 25," said Mr. Calderhead, "stating that all of the firm's business in Seattle had been satisfactorily wound up and the arrival of all goods ordered assures me that such was the case. I am considerably surprised at his nonappearance in Dawson, it is true, but Mr. Lancaster being a man quick to make up his mind and having both money and leisure may have determined upon a trip east. I do not think that anything serious has happened to him, and shall not believe so until it has been clearly proven that such is the case. The only cause for alarm thus far is the fact that no letters have been received since the date mentioned. I hope, however, to hear from him in the mail now coming down the river."

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.

Impure Water.

It is reported that a number of purveyors of water in Dawson procure their supply from the eddy immediately in front of the city and that they are disposing of the same to private individuals for domestic purposes and claiming to procure it from the Klondike river. If this report is true, and a gentleman who came to the Nugget office this morning says he can prove that it is, the guilty parties should be brought up with a round turn, for the water in the eddy can be nothing else than the essence of filth, and its use will assuredly result in sickness and possibly death.

The party who registered the complaint at the Nugget office named a number of restaurants, mostly on Second avenue, which he said are using water from the eddy. This is a field for the operation of the health officer, and in the meantime each water consumer will do well to interrogate his carrier on his own hook.

A Business Proposition.

"I think it's mean," she sobbed. "You might give me the money I ask for. I don't think you care for me at all."

"My dear," said her close husband, "I care more for you than all the money in the world. You're worth your weight in gold, and"

"Then why don't you give me credit for what I'm worth?"

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.

COTING AND GOING.

Mr. Thompson, of Bonanza creek, has a mule for which he is shy a name. Will his friends help him out of the difficulty by contributing some suggestions?

Tonight Riley and Swanson meet at the Orpheum in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match, best two out of three falls. Both men are confident of success and are in excellent form.

Notices are out to the members of the executive committee of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, calling on them to meet this evening at the residence of Dr. Brown, corner of Mission street and Seventh avenue.

Freight is commencing to move to the creeks by means of dog teams. This morning a big load of household goods loaded upon two sleighs and drawn by six malamutes was seen going towards the Klondike bridge.

Since G. Vernon took charge of the Hotel Flannery that favorite hostelry has enjoyed an even greater patronage than ever. The miners from the creeks make it their rendezvous and many an interesting bit of information is picked up by the visitor there.

Upwards of 175 Americans have exercised the voting privilege in the Nugget's presidential contest at Chisholm's Aurora since 7 o'clock last night. Chief Pilot Andy McKenzie and his gallant mates will see that there is no "funny work" perpetrated. Every American is entitled to one free and untrammelled vote.

A Lively Interest.

The Nugget's election at Bonfield's last night was the means of practically suspending business at the tables for almost an hour and until all Americans present had deposited their ballots. Both parties were strongly represented, but no matter how a man voted, he was hooted by the opposition. Fully 100 ballots were voted last night at this one place, and not a few bets were made as to the result of the Klondike vote. The best of feeling prevailed and it is to be hoped it will continue to prevail. The honor of every American is trusted to be the management of the contest, as any attempt at "stuffing" will destroy all interest in the result. Vote, but only one time.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

CROWDED SCHOOLS

Is The Result of Short-Sighted Educational Policy in Dawson.

MORE ACCOMMODATIONS ARE NEEDED

Miss McCrae and Her Assistants Doing Good Work.

SISTER'S SCHOOL A SUCCESS

Many Children Forced to Remain in Kindergarten Department Who Should Be Advanced.

Although the public school has been open but a short time and has twice been enlarged since its opening day, it is again over-crowded. The present attendance is too great for the rooms and the teachers employed, and besides this there are many children not in school who would be if there were room for them. Principal Miss McCrae has had much to contend with since she became principal of the school, because, to apply an apt phrase, the pupils, coming as they do from widely different parts, and representing the different systems of schools from pretty much all over the world, form a conglomerate mass, from which it naturally takes time to bring order and intelligible classification. This has been done, however, and today the school room presents a most orderly and business-like appearance.

Miss McCrae is proud of her school, and it can easily be seen that her heart is in the work. She has, she says, no difficulty in keeping order, and has reason to be proud of the advancement made by the school under her direction.

In the room under her immediate supervision there are 45 pupils, and the daily rolls show an average attendance of 38. The principal explains this high average by saying that owing to the very crowded condition of the school all the names of pupils not actually attending have been stricken from the roll.

There are four grades, from first to eighth, in this room, and one high school pupil. The youngest child in the room is 11 years of age, and the oldest 10. No two pupils in the school have ever attended the same school previous to coming here, but from the advancement made since the school was opened, and the orderly and quiet conduct of the children seen in the school-room this morning, it seems evident that the council made no mistake when it appointed Miss McCrae principal.

Down stairs in the primary department, Miss Keys also proves herself a very efficient and able teacher. The attendance there is also high, and the room equally crowded. There are 57 pupils enrolled, and the average attendance for the month is 43. The ages of the children range from 7 to 11.

Miss Keys has only been teaching the room about two weeks, but is well established and has the work thoroughly in hand. She, like her principal, is well pleased with the behavior of her charges, and proud of the advancement they are making.

In the kindergarten school which is kept in a room at the rear of the Methodist church, there are 30 younger children, some of whom, however, are old enough and far enough advanced to be out of that department and in the primary, but unfortunately there is no room for them there, and for the present at least they must remain where they are.

This must continue to be the case till such time as the council can see its way to employing another teacher and furnishing another schoolroom. The kindergarten presents a pleasant picture. The 30 bright young faces all showing interest and pleasure in the work; the teacher, Miss Edwards, equally enthusiastic, and the general neat appearance of the well-lighted and cosy room, go to make a picture very agreeable.

The little schoolroom at the other end of town, which is taught by Sister Mary is also well filled and ably managed, the attendance being large in proportion to the room. It is not a public school, properly speaking, inasmuch as it does not come under the immediate control of the council, but receives a grant, and is otherwise maintained and conducted by the Sisters. It is, like the other schools, free.

Lee Guthrie Married.

The many Dawsonites who know Lee Guthrie, of Skagway, will be surprised to learn that on September 27th he was married to Miss Abbie Adkins at Temple, Texas. His bride is the daughter of a prominent Methodist minister. Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie are now visiting in New York, but will return to Skagway soon.