

A DISTANT PEOPLE

Strange Characteristics of the Terre del Fuego Indians.—The Woman's Love for Tobacco.

The Terre del Fuego Indians, the ugliest mortals that ever breathed, are always on the lookout for passing vessels, and come out in canoes to beg and to trade skins for tobacco, writes a correspondent to The New York Sun. The Fuegians, or "Canoe Indians," as they are commonly called, to distinguish them from the Patagonians, who dislike the water and prefer to navigate on horseback, have no settled habitation. They are a simple people, with a dirty and bloated appearance and faces that would scare a mule. They have broad features, low foreheads over which the hair hangs in tangled lumps, high cheek-bones, flat noses, enormous chins and jaws, and mouths like a crocodile, with teeth that add to their repulsiveness. Their skin is said to be of a copper color. They are short in stature, round shouldered, squatly, and bloated, a physical deformity said to be due to the fact that most of their lives are spent in canoes. The women are even more repulsive in their appearance than the men, and the children, which are uncommonly numerous, look like young baboons. Their intelligence seems to be confined to a knowledge of boating and fishing, and they exercise great skill in both pursuits. Scientists who have investigated them say that they are the very lowest order of human kind, many degrees below the Digger Indians.

Although these people live in a perpetual winter, where it freezes every night and always snows when the clouds shed moisture, they go almost stark naked! The skin of the otter and guanaco are used for blankets, which are worn about the shoulders and afford some protection; but under these neither women nor men wear anything whatever, except shoes and leggings made of the same material, which protect the feet from the rocks. There is some little attempt at adornment made by both sexes in the way of necklaces, bracelets, and earrings made of fish bones and sea shells, which are often ingeniously joined together. The women will sell the skin blankets that cover their back for tobacco, standing, meantime, as nude as a statue of Venus!

Their food consists of mussels, fish, sea animals, and flesh of similar sorts, which they catch with the rudest sort of implements. Their fishing lines are made of grass and their hooks of fish-bones. For weapons they have bows and spears, the former having strings made of the entrails of animals, and the latter being long, slender poles, with tips of sharpened bone. They also use slings with great dexterity, which are made of woven grass, and are said to bring down animals at long range.

During the day they are always on the water, in canoes or dugouts made of the trunks of trees, the whole family going together, and usually consisting of a man, two or three wives, and as many urchins as can be crowded into the boat. When night falls they go ashore and build a fire upon the rocks to temper the frigid atmosphere. Around this they cuddle in a most affectionate way. The name of the islands upon which they live came from these fires. The early navigators when passing through the straits, were amazed to see these fires spring up as if by magic all over the islands every night at sundown, and so they called them Terra del Fuego, or the land of fire. The English shorten the appellation, and thus the place is known as Fireland.

No one has ever been able to ascertain whether they possess any sort of religious belief or have religious ceremonies. Across the straits the Patagonians, or horse Indians, are of a higher order of creation and perform sacred rites to propitiate the evil and good spirits, in which, like the North American savages, they believe, but the Fuegians are too degraded to contemplate anything but the necessity of ministering to their passions and appetites. They eat fish and flesh uncooked, and appreciate as dainties the most attractive morsels. Their language is an irregular and meaningless jargon, apparently derived from the Patagonians, with whom they were, some time in the distant past, connected. Bishop Sterling, of the Church of England, a devoted and energetic man, who has charge of missionary work in South America, with headquarters on the Falkland Islands, has made some attempt to benefit these creatures, but with no great success. He has a little schooner in which he sails around, and has succeeded in ingratiating himself among the Fuegians by giving them presents of beads and twine, blankets and clothing. They use the first for ornaments, the second for fishing gear, but trade off the other things for rum and tobacco the first chance they get. As long as his gifts hold out he will be kindly received, no doubt, and his devotion meet with encouragement, but if he should land among them without the usual plunder they would probably kill him at breakfast time and pick his ribs for lunch. Toward the Atlantic coast the savages are of a higher order, and the bishop has established a missionary station in

a little town in which they live. His assistants have succeeded in persuading the inhabitants of this village to wear clothing and run a primary school, from which much good may come.

Secrets of the Barroom.

"Whisky-drinking is increasing immensely now," said the head bar-keeper of an up-town hotel a few nights ago, "although our custom has not increased materially. It seems to me that mixed drinks have had their day as far as popularity is concerned. Of course it will always be necessary to make the concoctions that have made the American bar famous all over the world, but I doubt if there will ever be such a run on them as there was five or six years ago. In those days a party of men would walk in here, lean against the bar, and one would order a brandy cocktail, another a sherry flip, the next a gin and worm-wood bracer, the fourth a fizz, and the other frozen absinthe with bitters. It seemed to be a matter of pride with hard drinking crowds—and hard drinkers usually travel together, you know—to change their drinks often. They took a great interest in the mixing of the drinks, and usually watched the operation closely. Most of them could tell the instant the drink touched their lips if there was a single drop of bitters too much.

"In those days a bartender had to work harder than he does now, and his skill brought him great credit. He was in constant practice, and a good deal more skillful than now. I had to make cocktails every morning for at least twenty men. They never thought of breakfasting before coming to see me. It would have been a good deal better for them if they'd staid away. I'm a drinking man myself, but I wouldn't touch liquor before breakfast for big money. Nothing knocks a man so soon as that, and do you know how I've found it out?"

"By experience, I suppose."

"Not by my own experience, but by looking at the twenty-odd guests in this house for whom I have been making cocktails for years."

He was a typical modern bartender, quick, respectful, with close-cropped hair and graceful mustache, dexterous white hands, and irreproachably neat attire. All of the men under him had the same characteristics. He told the writer once that he discharged the best bartender that he had ever had because that young man twirled his mustache while at work. It was his theory that customers did not care to have drinks mixed by a man who did that.

"What I started to say, continued the head bartender, coming back to the end of the bar after serving some favorite customers, "was that whisky is gradually becoming the staple drink. Drinkers are quick to learn the difference between good and bad whisky, and they've got over the craze for mixed drinks and settled down to steady whisky-drinking. I've noticed it particularly this summer, when many of our patrons gave up the perspiration-starting so-called summer drinks and kept on with whisky. No particular brand is now in demand, because there are so many good brands. They have all improved, because drinkers will have none but the best, and poor stuff is not profitable."

"What about the popularity of beer?"

The bartender's face lighted up with sudden interest, and he looked cautiously around. Then he said in a lower voice, as though revealing a state secret of great importance:

"You know me, and you know that I have an honest liking for my business. Well, what'll you say when I tell you that beer drinkers are having it played on them in the lowest style of the art? It's a fact that can be proved without an effort. The bars now have no such thing as an assortment or choice of beers. You must take what they offer. And what do they offer? They give you the beer that pays them best. It isn't a matter of excellence at all. The brewers all go to the saloon-keepers and bid for their custom. The brewer that pays the most gets it. What's the result? In half the bars of upper New York beer is forced on men who do not like its flavor or weight. More than that, it's not good beer. You hear me? Well, ventilate the subject in the interests of drinking men. Ventilate it!"—New York Sun.

A Business With Her.

A careful housewife, upon entering her kitchen said to the colored cook.

"Great goodness, Jane, you must be more careful. You are not clean enough in your cooking."

"Lady," replied the cook as she took up a piece of beef that had fallen on the floor. "I sees dat yer's gwine ter ack foolish wid me. Ain't yer got nothin' ter do 'cept ter fool roun' out heah?"

"It's my business to come out here occasionally."

"All right den, hab it yer own way, but I wantter say one thing: Ef yer wants ter 'jy' yerself 'at do table an' eat wid er 'comin' apertite yer'd better stay outen dis kitchen. Yas," she added as she wiped a dish with a dirty rag. "Yer'd better not nose roun' heah, fur cookin' is er bus'ness wid me an' when er pusson is 'gaged in business, foolishness is awful troublesome."—Arkansas Traveler.

The Story of a Pioneer.

Mr. George Simpson, the old Colorado pioneer who died at Trinidad a few days since and was buried in a rock tomb on the top of a high mountain, had seen many phases of life. In his early days he had been a wanderer from a palatial home in St. Louis, and had mingled with the Indian tribes in the northwest far away from civilization.

John McBrown, a ranchman on Bear creek, recently related an interesting reminiscence to a reporter for The Denver Tribune-Republican concerning Mr. Simpson:

Mr. McBrown was in charge of the Commissary of the army of Capt. Marcey in the spring of 1858, when on his forced march from Taos to Utah to supply Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson's suffering soldiers with provisions. It camped on Cherry creek, and Mr. Simpson, attache of the command, then and there washed gold in his breadpan from the glittering sands of the stream.

Said Mr. McBrown: "Away back in the early days, when the Missouri river was the westernmost border of civilization, young Simpson left his home in St. Louis and wandered with the Indians out toward the waters of the Columbia river. After a long absence—like the prodigal son—he took it upon himself to return to his home. He carried with him skins and furs from the Columbia with which to pay his fare down the Missouri on the steamer when he should arrive at that stream. This happened in the year in which the cholera first swept across the country. As the boat on which Simpson glided down the stream would approach a sand bar, he noticed a line would be thrown out, made fast to some snag or tree, and then a couple of deck hands would jump upon the bar, shovel a little hole in the sand, pop a human being in it, cover it with a few inches of debris, and then the boat would move on as though nothing had happened.

"Simpson made inquiry, and found these human bodies thus left for the crows and buzzards were the victims of cholera. No sooner had the information flashed upon him, than he began to realize that he, too, was destined to be dropped upon one of the sand-bars of the Great Muddy. He felt twinges of pain in his stomach, his feet and hands were becoming numb, and as he lay upon the deck, the death crew would occasionally slap him, to see if he was ready to be launched. At last he mustered strength, and called the captain to him, and requested that, when he was dead, his body should be carried to his father, at St. Louis.

"And who is your father?" inquired the captain, as he looked upon the dying man in buckskin and moccasins.

"My father is old Dr. Simpson, whom all the good people of St. Louis well know."

"Dr. Simpson?" said the captain, "why he is my family physician. Your request shall be complied with."

"A few moments later the dying prodigal saw the deckhand crew bring a huge box filled with lumps of ice, which they placed by his side. The last that he remembered was seeing one of the grim and dusky crew, with his hands placed together so as to form a foot-span, measuring his body so as to ascertain if the corpse would fit the casket. Directly all was over. The prodigal was dead.

"For a time the boat went creaking and groaning along over the sand-flats, when, miraculous as it was, young Simpson returned to life and began kicking the ice in all directions, and nearly frightened the wits out of the captain and all hands on board.

"This was more than thirty years ago," said Mr. McBrown, "and Simpson not infrequently related it, while sitting about the camp-fires, as his famous trip across the river Styx."

Anecdote of Lord Houghton.

In the September number of The Fortnightly Review T. H. S. Escott, in an article on the late Lord Houghton, tells the following story: "Milnes was the most kindly, forgiving, tolerant, and indulgent of men. 'Houghton,' writes to me one who knew him well, 'with all his high gifts, had, like most really noble men, a good deal of the woman in his nature, not only of the gentle, the merciful woman, but also of the woman excelling man by her ready initiative, by her swift sagacity transcendent of the reasoning process, and now and then by her nimble, her clever resort to a charming little bit of stage artifice. My laundress had come to me one day in floods of tears because her little boy of 11 years-old, but looking, she said, much younger (being small of stature), had wandered off with another little boy of about the same age to a common near London, where they found an old mare grazing. The urchins put a handkerchief in the mouth of the mare to serve for a bridle, got both of them on her back, and triumphantly rode her off, but were committed to Newgate for horse stealing! My laundress (not wanting in means) took measures for having her child duly defended by counsel, but I thought it cruel that the fate of the poor little boy should be resting on the chances of a

solemn trial, and I mentioned the matter to Milnes. He instantly gave the right counsel. 'Tell your laundress to take care that at the trial both the little boys—both, mind—shall appear in nice, clean pinafores.' The effect, as my laundress described it to me, was like magic. The two little boys in their nice 'pinafores' appeared in the dock and smilingly gazed round the court. 'What is the meaning of this?' said the judge, who had read the depositions and now saw the 'pinafores.' 'A case of horse-stealing, my lord.' 'Stuff and nonsense!' said the judge with indignation. 'Horse-stealing, indeed! The boys stole a ride.' Then the 'pinafores' so sagaciously suggested by Milnes had almost an ovation in court, and all who had to do with the prosecution were made to suffer by the judge's indignant comment."

It Always Chills.

"Yes!" he shouted, as he took a closer look at the bulletin board, "the Puritan is ahead—she wins—she's got there."

"That's good, she chuckled a man at his side.

"Good! Why, it's glorious! I want to yell at the top of my voice. Excuse me while I go into the alley and give three cheers for the blessed old Yankee Doodle Puritan!"

"Exactly; but I'd like to see you do it."

"Can't do it; got to shout or bust! Come on everybody who wants to cheer!"

"I've got a little bill," calmly observed the other, as he passed it over.

The enthusiast received it. It was a balance of \$18 on account. The enthusiasm faded from his face in a second, and his wild gestures suddenly ceased.

"See to it next week," he growled as he moved away.

"Say, ain't you going to shout?" called a boy after him.

"Shout be hanged! Let the old Puritan win and be damned! I don't go a cent on this infernal country now."

And he savagely elbowed his way through the crowd and headed for home.—Detroit Free Press.

Not a Good Weight.

"My friend," said a neighbor to a man who was giving his boy a severe thrashing, "why do you pound that boy so? Do you think it is right?"

"Well sir, I do not care whether it is right or not. I propose to make him mind, and increase his weight at the same time."

"It may make him mind you, sir, but from the way you are taking his hide off him I should think that it would decrease his weight, wouldn't it?"

"No sir."

"And why would it not?"

"Because, by pounding him sufficiently, there is a possible chance for him to become a simple-ton."—National Weekly.

Sweet Assurance.

Her head was closely encoiled in the folds of her future husband's ruffled shirt. The cats were as musical as the winds that were whistling through the rafters of the family mansion, when her melancholy clarion voice broke the stillness of the scene, when she lifted herself to his other knee, and said: Dear Doctor, will you give up your practice when we are married?"

"No, darling."

"Will you continue to love me, just the same?"

"Yes, darling."

"Always, dear?"

"Certainly, my love."

And she dozed off to sleep, with her head on her piller.—National Weekly.

Daniel's Occupation.

"Pa," said a young disciple, "was Daniel a barber?"

"No, my son, Daniel was not a barber, he was God's man."

"Well Pa, couldn't a barber be God's man too?"

"No. God's men do not go around scrapping acquaintances, but what made you think that Daniel was a barber?"

"I read it in a book."

"What did you read, my son?"

"It said that Daniel bearded the Lion in his den."—National Weekly.

Her Last Dress.

"My wife," said an old gentleman in the hotel reading-room, "bought her last dress twenty years ago."

"Been an invalid since then?" inquired a bald-headed man.

"No."

"Been making it over ever since?" inquired another listener.

"No, never made it over."

"Must have been made out of good cloth."

"Of course it was. Do I look like a man who would buy a cheap dress to bury my wife in?"—Courier-Journal.

He Waded Ashore.

The captain of one of our river steamers was surprised the other evening by one of his deck-hands exclaiming, as a boat towing astern parted her hawser:

"She's gone to shoal, sir!"

"Ha, sir, I hope she'll come up again all right."

This double shot so surprised the d. h. that he fell overboard and waded ashore.—Hatchet.

THE ROUMELIAN REVOLUTION.

A Probability that the World Will Witness Further Carving of Turkey.

It is among the beliefs of Christian that nothing was made without a purpose. Turkey, for instance, was made to be carved. Although the Turks not being Christians, may not harbor this comfortable belief, the history of European politics during much more than half a century establishes conclusively its verity. Peter and Frederic carved and denounced poor Poland without inviting to the feast any of their neighbors, and perhaps it was the completeness of their success that caused the former to try his skill a head carver upon Turkey. In that experiment, however, he was not suffered to proceed without assistance, and ever since then, at not very long intervals, the business of carving Turkey has occupied the attention of all the "great powers" of Europe. Naturally, there have been quarrels, bloody and savage quarrels, among the carvers for the savory cuts and succulent joints, and the head carver has not always had his way, but the outcome of every quarrel has been for Turkey on a new dismemberment. The modern kingdom of Greece, Albania, Serbia, Bosnia, Roumania, Bulgaria, among the dismembered fragments of what was, a century ago, the great Turkish empire. Egypt, also, is a fragment in another continent that has been virtually severed in the long process of extinguishing the Moslem power.

Advices from the east point very plainly to the probability that the world is about to witness a further carving of Turkey. The revolution in the Balkan region means, and distinctly proposes, the complete excision of the great province of Eastern Roumelia. But it is not alone the loss of Eastern Roumelia that now threatens the "unspcakable Turk." It is said that he is preparing to recover that revolted province—or, rather, to recover his right under the treaty of Berlin to extort money from it, which is about the extent of his practical dominion over it,—by force of arms. But if he is preparing to carry war to the north for the recovery of Eastern Roumelia the Macedonians are preparing to make war in the west for the severance of that great province. Thessaly also, is more than willing to secede and Greece is more than willing to repeat the exploit of the prince of Bulgaria by seconding the secession from Turkey of all the Hellenic provinces. At Athens a popular demonstration has taken place in favor of Greek intervention in Macedonia, and the prime minister of King George declared to a deputation that "if events threaten interference with the expansion of Hellenic dominion, Greece is ready to intervene"—a declaration that may mean much, or nothing. Austria has a carving-knife whetted for a couple of convenient Turkish "dependencies," and King Milan of Serbia excitedly declares that "Unless we are all going to be kept quiet together, I must be one of the first to move!"

The question is: Are they "all going to be kept quiet together?" To that question Turkey has already answered: "No! The ports has issued a circular to the signatory powers, protesting that the conduct of Bulgaria in annexing Eastern Roumelia is a violation of the treaty of Berlin,—a fact as plain to all the world as the existence of that treaty,—and making known that the sultan has resolved to maintain its stipulations in relation to Eastern Roumelia by force of arms. Which means that Turkey is not going to keep quiet under the carving-knife of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. Very well; the evident probability is that the march of a Turkish army into Eastern Roumelia will be a signal that will light the torch of revolution in Macedonia, and set in motion at the opposite extremity of the Turkish empire an army of Greeks, an army of Servians, and heaven only knows how many more European armies.

It would seem that only a prompt and decisive attitude by the signatory powers can restrain a movement of Turkey that almost certainly would start not merely a revolution but a conflagration from Thermopylae to the Danube; from the Adriatic to the Dardanelles—a conflagration that in its outcome would reduce the "military camp of the Turk in Europe" to the limited compass that eventually will precede his predestinated retirement to the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Will the signatory powers take the step that the conditions of a pacific settlement of the disturbance require? The question involves another one: Can they do it? There are conflicting interests, ambitions, projects, to be harmonized, among which how to obtain harmony may yet present the most difficult question of all.

One thing, however, is extremely probable. Whether the problem be of peace or of war, it is probable that Eastern Roumelia is lost to Turkey. Bulgaria has taken it, and the chances are, whether the question takes the course of diplomacy or of arms, that Bulgaria will keep it. In the outcome of all uncertainties, the one certainty is that it is in the destiny of Turkey to be carved.—Chicago Times

Ice is worth ten cents a pound at Key West Fla.

Julio Romano Santos.

Julio Santos, who recently passed through New York on his way to Washington to establish his claim to recognition as an American citizen, has been interviewed by a reporter of The New York Mail and Express. In regard to his tribulations in Ecuador he says: I was born at Charapoto, Ecuador, 1852, of Ecuadorian parents. When a lad of 13 I left my native country for the United States, where I went to school, first at Woodbury, Md., afterward at Sing Sing, N. Y., and finally at Charlottesville, Albemarle county, Va., where I entered the University of Virginia. I pursued a full course of engineering studies at the university, and became assistant professor of applied mathematics. In 1874 I presented myself before the court of Albemarle county and applied for letters of naturalization as a citizen of the state, which were granted me on July 6 of the same year and a certified copy of which I now possess. After my naturalization I went to Alabama, remaining at the Mobile Medical college for many months as professor of chemistry. In 1879 family affairs drew me back to Ecuador, and I and my brothers entered into business as exporters at Bahia in 1882.

All went well until the end of 1884. On the 15th of November of that year Gen. Eloy Alfaro raised the standard of revolt at Porto Viejo. The government, however, acted promptly, and on the 5th of December quietness was restored. On the 9th I was proceeding up the River Dosagua to a Hacienda Retiro in a canoe with six men when we suddenly fell into an ambush of government troops. To my intense amazement we were at once ordered to stop, taken from our canoe, seized and bound. My protests were entirely disregarded. It was in vain I represented to my captors that I had been long on the most intimate terms with President Caamaño, that I had nothing whatever to do with the revolution, that I was a friend to good government and a peaceful citizen minding my own business. I was told that I should have an opportunity of exculpating myself before a military tribunal. With my followers I was thrust into a damp and leaky shed on the river bank, where we passed the night on top of some salt bags and sacks of tagua. The next day we were removed on foot, still bound with ropes and strongly guarded, to Dosagua, whence we proceeded on horseback to Rocaforte, from there to Charapoto and Bahia. At night we were confined in the jails on the road. At Bahia we were given in charge of Col. Burbano, and were afterward handed over to Gen. Flores. The latter promised to try me by drum-head court-martial and to execute me summarily unless I paid him \$30,000. This I refused to do. I was then carried, together with my brother and the owner of the Hacienda Retiro, on board of the man-of-war Nueve de Julio, and in her coal-bunkers we were confined for eight days, without light, harassed by hourly threats in store for us. On the 22d of December I was shifted to the steamer Huacho, and on the 6th of January, 1885, I was taken by way of Manta to Porto Viejo. I had been there but a short time when there came another move to Monte Cristo, and there they thrust me into the common jail and treated me like any criminal.

During all this time I had been begging for a trial, but my prayers were unheeded until the 9th of May, when I was taken before Judge Pareno at Porto Viejo and examined for the first time. On the 6th of June I was put into a cell under the military hospital at Porto Viejo, where one of my fellow-prisoners was attacked with the yellow fever. No measures were taken to separate us. On the 11th of July I was surprised by an order from Quito for my liberation, after having remained above seven months in durance. Immediately upon my release I went to Bahia. I found that my house had been entered and stripped of all movable property. My bodegas were nearly empty, and my business was, of course, in a state of ruin. Altogether I estimate the damage I have suffered at \$100,000. I have begun to take affidavits and declarations, and shall have no difficulty in proving the justice of my claims.

Theatrical Jealousy.

There were two actors at the same theatre. We will call them A and B. They were always quarrelling with each other. Both of them were present at a dinner, and A took special pains to annoy B, by making remarks of an uncomplimentary character.

"Now look here," said B, "I've put up with this sort of thing long enough, and it has just got to stop. If you say another word, something will happen to you that has never happened to you before."

"I'd like to know what that is?" said A.

B got up and left the room. A few minutes later A was called into the hall by a message that B wished to see him. B got up and went out expecting to have a fight on his hands. The rest of the company filed out into the hall to see the fun. A was outside.

"What do you mean by calling me out here?" asked B in a rage.

"You see my prediction has come true. I told you something would happen to you that has never happened to you before. You have been called out for the first time."—Texas Siftings.