

POLAR PUGILISM.

How Prize Fighting Is Practiced Among the Eskimauz.

ONLY TWO TRIBES AT WAR.

These Are a Peaceful People and Only Indulge in Pugilism as a Test of Endurance.

Copyright, 1892. The Eskimauz have the reputation of being a very peaceful race of people, and they deserve it. So far as war is concerned, it is almost wholly unknown among them. When on the Arctic coast of North America, near the mouth of Bock's Great Fish river, I found a tribe called the Netschilik, or seal-eaters, an unusually aggressive tribe among this peaceful race, and they told me they were at virtual war with the Kin-derslik, or Copper Eskimauz, and they killed each other whenever they met.

There is also a legend on the Yukon river of Alaska, common to both Indians and Eskimauz, that where they have met and contended for the land, the latter have invariably forced the Indians back until the Eskimauz now occupy some four hundred miles of the stream from its mouth. They are now at peace, however, and the Mak-aganute Eskimauz, the farthest inland, live peacefully and associate with the Anviks and Shavestoks. The same statement of affairs can be made of the Kookokum and some other rivers of Alaska and the British northwest territory wherever the two races have come in contact.

To take it altogether, the Eskimauz are not a quarrelsome set. True, a number of people who ought to know what they are talking about have intimated that the Netschilik, the seal eaters I have just mentioned, probably murdered Sir John Franklin's ill-fated party while endeavoring to escape from ice-bound ships in the Arctic, but the most that can be said for them is that it is a story supported by a few inconsiderable facts. Family feuds carried to the extent of killing each other, are not so uncommon as war, and yet from our own standpoint of the civilized man they are extremely few.



HOW HE BECAME POCK-MARKED.

The Eskimauz are very slow and deliberate, and even in the rare cases of a feud existing it is often years before the revenge is taken, which is made to atone for some previous and almost ancient murder.

When I was with my party among the Netschilik of King William's Land and adjacent islands there came a tall looking fellow of about "dumpy" stature, whose mission, so my Eskimauz found out in some way, was to kill my best hunter, Toooloah, who was an Iwilik, or walrus eater, as that tribal name implies. Many, many years before, when this particular Netschilik was a mere child, a boreal bear in his foresty brood, a relative of his, a sort of three-cousin by way of Adam and Eve, had been killed by an Iwilik in their country, and it had just occurred to him that it was about time to get even while the street was yet within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Toooloah knew nothing of the matter at all, but he was an Iwilik, and that settled it so far as the Netschilik's revenge was concerned. Just about that time it occurred to me that I could not quit retreating as long as any male member of my party was in danger, and I somewhat astonished them by announcing that if Toooloah or any other member of my party was killed I would not quit retreating as long as any male member of the tribe was left whom I could find. As nine-tenths of them had never seen firearms before and had been dumfounded at their effect, it stopped all further action, as I had intended it would when I made my threat, which I knew need not be carried into effect. I have given the example to show something of the character of their feuds.

It was while among these same people, the seal eaters of the arctic shores, that I heard of a form of pugilism, unknown among the other Eskimauz tribes except so far as they had heard of it among the Netschilik. This pugilism is a modified method of settling disputes not quite so grave as the feuds, and is often used, as I understood them to say, as a test of endurance and strength. While no prizes are awarded, they differ but little from the similar contests we have among us. Such as those planned for New Orleans, except in the way of conducting them which I will now explain.



AN ESQUIMAUX PRIZE FIGHT.

The contest of the combatants nearly always takes place in a large snow house, or igloo, as they term it. In these large, semi-permanent snow houses they have generally an aisle running down the center separating the two snow beds on either side, which are about two feet high, the aisle being about as wide. Only the strictest allowed admittance, the cream of society—the ice-cream, of course. The combatants sit on opposite sides, facing each other on the snow beds, and are so close that their legs overlap each other's in order to get room. Time having been called, there is no scientific sparring or Sullivan-esque strategy displayed, while dancing around in the little snow house. They simply keep still, except one craves back his fist and plants it emphatically at the butt of the other's ear. The first blow is not very hard, but the recipient of the favor generally knows when he receives it. The first round is thus decidedly one-sided, but the dealer of the blow is usually out on the street, as no pay required. It follows a second round. He gradually increases the force of the blow, the person struck remaining quiet, his head bowed low and his

hands or elbows resting on his knees. These alternations of blows continue one at a time, each one increasing over the other in strength until they have reached the extreme limit of the power of the belligerent combatants to deal them. If one or the other is not knocked senseless, while these terrific blows are at their maximum, there will, of course, come a time when one or the other will succumb from sheer exhaustion. As a test of physical endurance these polar pugilistic encounters of the seal eaters are undoubtedly of greater value than the prize fights among our own civilized selves, but as matters of "science" so called, they cannot rank very high.

How often they take place among these people I could not find out, but I imagine they are not very frequent. When the Eskimauz who was going to kill Toooloah with a knife found his intentions balked he sent a general challenge of this character to my party, but evidently intended for the native portion only. I told him I would accommodate him if he would give me "satisfaction" in a contest with firearms next day, but this ended all further negotiations.

They were mortally afraid of powder, pistols and everything pertaining to their practice. There was among them a fellow with a face so pockmarked that I thought I would like to see the malinger, and I was curious to ascertain if it were true. He told me, however, that he had gotten it in another way.



HE ENTERED THE CAMP ON A MISSION OF REVENGE.

At one of the boat places in his country, where a large number of Sir John Franklin's men had perished, and their skeletons, mixed with debris, were found scattered around, this fellow, then a boy, secured a small red flask, filled with black sand, as he called it. He had no use for the black sand, but wanted the bright red flask, so he poured out the contents alongside of the lamp, giving them a careless flourish that threw them in the flames. His subsequent vengeance was a short sh-b-b, ending with a loud "bang" that nearly equaled a 10-inch columbian. He said he went out through the roof of the snow house, as the hole in it was larger than the door, and, in the excitement, more convenient.

Well, that explained the condition of his face and his fear of firearms as well. In fact, he managed to keep far away from a gun as possible, and all his friends had been inoculated by the same dread.

FREDERICK SCHWARTZ.

FUNNY MONEY-MAKING.

How Some People Fill Their Purses In the Kensington district of London there is a man who makes his living as a "dog-trimmer."

When he sees a lady with a pet dog, he watches her to ascertain her address, and then, calling at the house, he offers his services.

He undertakes to make a dog "look his very best," and if the pet is delivered to him sets to work to wash, brush, comb, and curl him with various odd-looking irona he carries with him.

Worms Fetch Money. On summer nights, after the dew has fallen, men provided with lighted lanterns can be seen on the Meadows cricket ground, Nottingham, snatching the worms that come up to drink.

These they sell to dealers in bit and flint, making of them "bong" that is regularly employed during the summer months to supply them.

Gold Out of Cats. A Scotch lady makes a good living by running a cat farm. Her gains from this source are \$2,500 a year.

Money Drops Into Their Mouths. On a passenger steamer entering harbor in Malta a number of Maltese generally come on board and agree with the passengers to dive off one side of the ship and bring up in their mouths any coin that they may choose to throw over the opposite side of the ship.

Swells Patronize Him. A man at the west end of London makes a living—and a very good one, too—as a "costume artist."

It is his work to advise gentlemen who are very particular as to their dress as to what will suit them.

These he visits once every month or so, and draws up a "costume recipe" for each, prescribing the hat, gloves, collar, tie, cut and color of clothes, etc., for them to wear.

State's Next Men. Every large American city has its cats' meat dealers—men who feed the mousers that live in the warehouses, etc.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING. Lightning is now photographed.

A daughter of a resident of Norwich, Conn., was struck black by a bolt of lightning on Friday.

George Arnold, who lives near Middletown, Conn., was crated on Thursday by a clap of thunder.

Two farmers in Harper county, Kas., chased a "hotting-red" pecker three miles with pitchforks.

The latest "true story" is that a bolt of lightning drew all the nails from a man's shoes in a Connecticut town without hurting him.

A resident of Saginaw, Mich., was half a block away from where lightning struck. The shock "knocked him senseless and blinded one eye."

In Denver recently during a thunder-storm, a man named Mayer, an infidel, stood on a street corner with several friends, commenting upon the electric currents. Looking skyward he exclaimed: "There is no God! This fear is all folly." Hardly had he uttered the last word when a bolt of lightning struck him upon the head and a few moments later he was carried home dead.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for