

LOWER COUNTRY AFFAIRS

James F. Powers Arrives in Dawson After Long and Arduous Journey - Tells of Conditions in the New Camp - The Lower River Towns Exceedingly Quiet.

Mr. James F. Powers, who since '98 has been connected with the A. C. Co. and later with the N. C. Co. at Bergman, in the Koyukuk country, arrived Thursday evening with a team of five dogs, 26 days out of Coldfoot, only 22 of which, however, were spent travelling. The trip out was made via the Chandelar to Fort Yukon, thence up the Yukon to Dawson. Mr. Powers has spent most of the winter at Bergman, but prior to his departure was for several days at Bettles and also at Coldfoot, leaving the latter place December 21. Up to the time of leaving the winter in the Koyukuk, like in Dawson, was very mild, but shortly before the holidays it turned considerably colder, the fall in the temperature being accompanied with more or less wind, which made travelling anything but pleasant. The trip across the portage from Coldfoot to the head of the Chandelar was without incident, north mentioning. Owing to snow storms it was necessary to break trail about half the distance. The fall before quite a number of prospectors poled their outfits up the Chandelar to the extreme head-of-canoe navigation and with the arrival of first snow sledged their belongings over the divide. In places the trail they had broken was still intact, but more often it had been entirely obliterated. The portage is only ten miles in width, the grade going in being so slight as to be scarcely perceptible. Coming this way it is a little steeper, but not enough so to make it a climb worth speaking of. But seven and a half days were required to reach Fort Yukon, the travelling on the latter end of the journey being somewhat handicapped by hauling a man named Austin, who had had the misfortune to freeze his feet.

Fort Yukon is very quiet this winter, there being a population of but 14 souls. Circle City is afflicted with the same complaint and that which in '95 could truthfully lay claim to being the largest log cabin city in the world has now not over 40 or 50 people. Eager with its company of soldiers seemed quite lively to Mr. Powers and looked good to him. Fortymile is also a great deal livelier than it has been for some time.

In speaking of existing conditions in the Koyukuk and the outlook for the future Mr. Powers is very sanguine, though not disposed at all to engage in any boom talk. On the contrary, his statements may be taken as coming from a man more inclined to be conservative rather than the reverse. About the mines there is greater activity this winter than ever before and for the first time since the camp was struck dumps are being taken out during the cold weather. Practically all the creeks so far located are shallow and workable to an advantage in the summer only, but an attempt is being made this winter to take out an accumulation of dirt similar to the methods in vogue in the Klondike. The bulk of such work is being done on Gold Creek, which is the deepest ground so far discovered in the district. A great deal of prospecting is also being done and the prediction is freely made that additional discoveries will be made before spring. The latest strikes were those on Union Gulch and on some tributaries of Hammond river, both of which were located last fall. It was on Union Gulch that the famous \$669 nugget was picked up, the largest ever found in the district. Hammond river, which is a tributary of the middle fork of the Koyukuk, is a large stream which has been but little explored and is presumably about 100 miles in length. No one has ever been to its source, but it is known to

lordship's philanthropy is now extended to anybody with money. It is open to anybody, in fact, to enter the syndicate for a period of three months or more.

His lordship has already secured the capital of about \$10,000, and with this he has gone to Ostend, where he has been rewarded with a fair amount of success. He actually broke the bank at Kursaal once, and has just left Ostend with about \$1,000 to the good, after paying all expenses. This has had some effect, and money is coming now fairly freely. The earl is now in London, and is about to proceed to Monte Carlo.

By the terms of the syndicate's articles of association, he will receive 50 per cent. of the profits after his personal expenses are paid. His lordship thus stands to enjoy himself, anyhow, so long as the money lasts.

ARE AFTER THE SULTAN

The Powers of Europe Are Devising Ways and Means.

London, Dec. 29.—There are increasing signs that the great powers of Europe are concentrating definite plans for action toward Turkey.

Early this week the Russian ambassador in Constantinople informed Said Pasha, the new Grand vizier, that the condition of Armenia and Macedonia was regarded by Europe as a disgrace to the Ottoman government and a peril to universal peace.

This significant announcement was followed almost immediately by a presentation of notes by all the ambassadors with reference to the amazing attitude adopted by the porte in the matter of the mining regulations. France and Russia are the leaders in this latest attempt to set the European steam roller in motion to make smooth the rough places in Turkey. What they are trying to reach is the basis of "an understanding for making representations to the porte and for eventually taking action in order to oblige the sultan, not only to carry out the clauses of the treaty of Berlin relating to both Macedonia and Armenia, but to give guarantees for the execution of these and further reforms, and for the settlement of the numerous questions pending." So runs the terms of what is undoubtedly a semi-official communication from Paris.

Russia, it is said, is discussing the question with Germany, the co-operation of Austria-Hungary and Italy can be taken for granted, and there is no doubt that Lord Lansdowne, the British foreign secretary, will combine in any genuine scheme to effect the objects which Lord Salisbury vainly endeavored to obtain some years ago.

There has never been the least question that the powers could speedily solve the problem of the near East if they would speak with one voice and were animated by one fairly disinterested motive. But right here has been the hitch. The Turkish flag waves over many millions of human beings, and the horrors that would follow the overthrow of the regime of Abdul Hamid until such time as an effective substitute was ready, can be easily imagined.

What would be the attitude of the sultan should the powers come to an understanding that would leave no room to question their earnestness? No one can predict with certainty the course of this most remarkable and miserable of potentates, but the opinion in London is that so long as the dread word "partition" remained unspoken Abdul Hamid would offer nothing more than a conventional opposition to the demands of Europe. He is getting into years, by degrees he has drawn into his own hands all the threads of administration throughout his vast dominions. The sultan is one of the hardest workers in the world, but no physique is capable of definitely sustaining the strain he imposes on both body and mind.

As a natural result, intervals of absolute inertness overtake him, and the accumulated work, which he will allow no one else to touch, has fallen appallingly into arrears.

Moreover, Abdul Hamid trusts no one. He has alienated the whole Muslim population of the capital. Individual freedom no longer exists in Constantinople, even for the faithful. Secret arrests and sudden disappearances increase. Within a fortnight seventy Turks, including several prominent men, have been denounced by spies and banished to Arabia. The troops are unpaid. If an Arab appeared tomorrow the Yildiz would be sacrificed.

All this is known and fully appreciated by the sultan. It all predisposes him to yield to the powers. The question resolves itself into one of method, and the plan which finds most favor among the advocates of Turkish reforms is the opening of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus to all the fleets of the world. Truly a simple remedy, but its very simplicity is the most formidable obstacle to its adoption.

Left This Morning. A stage belonging to Prentiss & Waite left this forenoon for Whitehorse with John A. Keiff, J. T. Croughan and Charles F. Swanberg as passengers.

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HOW THE RAJAH GOT REVENGE

He Fixed the Boat Captain When the Loadstone Failed.

Strange Story of the Occult and Will Power Attributed to Natives of the Orient.

If there was one man in college whom the Rajah thoroughly and heartily detested, it was the captain of the Boat Club. He had many faults, he was very tall and powerful, and delighted in contrasting the English physique with that of inferior races; by which he meant, among others, the Rajah's race. His manner was abrupt and overbearing, his laugh loud and unmusical. In fact, he grated horribly on the Rajah and it was merely the final straw when, in the exhilaration of a bump supper—full, as the Rajah remarked in disgust, of cow and strong drink—he called that prince, in playful chaff, a "nigger." The Rajah swore melodiously in Hindustani, and I saw that he meant to be revenged.

In those days the entertainment of the Nebraska Loadstone created a furore. Everybody went to see her, and everybody came away convinced that she possessed marvellous powers. Her peculiar gift—but everybody remembers the details of the performance, and how the tricks were finally one by one exposed, so that her adherents and believers were driven from one position to another, until at last they had to fall back on one single performance out of all those that the Loadstone gave, and maintain that on that occasion at least something unexplained and inexplicable did really happen. It is with the event of that particular evening that I am concerned. I think I can throw some light on them.

At first, however, there were many believers and few sceptics. The Dean carefully pointed out that Plato no longer denied the existence of occult force, and the Bursar, who was generally supposed to be a little better than an atheist, declared that Spencer in one passage implicitly asserted it, even the Warden, in his sermon, told us that it was better, according to Bacon, to believe two errors than to know one truth—which was, to say the least of it, sitting on the fence. But none of these authorities shook the robust scepticism of the captain of the Boat Club. He knew a conjurer, and the conjurer had told him how it was done, and he was going to expose the Loadstone.

"But why haven't you?" I urged. "She's been here a week." "He will not be too hard on her at first," said the Rajah with a little sneer. "I'll bust her up this very night," said Waterer. "I would have done it before, only I was gated."

The excuse was good, and Waterer departed, full of boastings and self-confidence, to gather together a large number of the noisy men, and make a pleasant party to "guy the unhappy Loadstone." I stayed to smoke a pipe with the Rajah.

"Of course she's a fraud," said he, "and I believe that animal really has got hold of the right explanation." "I shall go and see it," I announced.

After a moment's silent smoking, the Rajah looked up with a twinkle in his eye. "So shall I—if niggers are admitted."

After that, he and I set out together for the town hall. We found the first two rows of stalls occupied by Waterer and his friends. They were all in evening dress, and had obviously dined—not in Hall. The Rajah and I seated ourselves just behind them. The room was full, and the seats were being most successful, each one was followed by general applause, broken only by some gibes from our friends in front. These latter grew so pronounced that the Loadstone's manager at last came forward and pointedly invited one of the scoffers to submit himself to experiment.

Now was Waterer's chance. He rose in the majesty of his bulk, walked on to the platform, and said in a loud voice, as he settled himself on a chair: "If the lady can move her one foot from this chair, I'll give her a pony!" The Loadstone advanced and began to paw him about in her usual fashion. Waterer, who was sobriety enough to have lost nothing but his shyness, was apparently too many for her. He was immovable, and cries of: "Now then! when are you going to begin?" and so on, became audible. Two or three minutes passed, and the Loadstone turned with a gesture of despair toward her manager.

"I can't!" she began. "I jumped to my feet, crying: 'Wait a minute! Look!'" "For even as she spoke, there was what is scientifically called a solution of continuity between Waterer and his chair. Still in a sitting posture, but sitting on nothing, he was at least two inches from the wickerwork of the chair.

I glanced from him to the Rajah. That extraordinary man was in deep, placid, profound slumber. I jogged his elbow and pinched his arm; he showed no consciousness whatever. I looked at the Loadstone. She was standing motionless on the stage, about a yard from Waterer, with one hand outstretched toward him, and her eyes fixed on his ascending figure, for Waterer was gradually, slowly, steadily mounting in his strange

journey. He was now a foot from his chair, still in a sitting position—and up, up, up he was going. The wretch was white as a sheet, and gasping with fright and bewilderment. Thunders of applause burst from the audience. It was again and again renewed; but the Loadstone did not, as her custom was, bow and smile in response. She still stood motionless, and Waterer still ascended.

"At last, at a height of fully twenty feet from the stage, he stopped. Simultaneously the Loadstone gave a loud shriek as she fell back into the arms of the manager—and the Rajah awoke.

"I beg your pardon," he said politely; "I was drowsy. Anything going on?" "No, he's stopped now," I answered, my eyes eagerly fixed on Waterer.

The Rajah rose from his seat with a yawn. "There'll be nothing more tonight," he said. "Let's go home." "Go home, man!—with that before our eyes!"

The Rajah shrugged his shoulders. "She won't do anything more," he repeated. "Look at her; she's quite done up."

And, indeed, the Loadstone looked half dead as she gazed fearfully up at Waterer. Her demeanor was not that of a triumphant performer. "Do sit down," I urged. "We must see the end of it."

With a weary sigh, the Rajah sat down, saying, "I'm not sure you will, you know."

While we talked, the audience grew impatient. However wonderful a feat may be, the public likes to have things kept moving. They thought Waterer had been in the air long enough, and there were cries of: "That'll do! Let him down!" "Give us another!"

The manager held a hasty conference with the Loadstone. She seemed to urge her, but she shook her head and again, and would do nothing but the back-muscular, and pass her hand to her forehead.

The Rajah looked at her with a slight smile. The clamor increased. I think a sort of panic—an angry panic—seized the audience.

"Bring him down! Bring him down!" they cried, pointing to the pallid Waterer, who sat as rigid as a trussed fowl.

After another despairing appeal to the Loadstone, the manager came forward and made a lame speech. The Loadstone was exhausted. She must rest; presently she would bring him down. Then Waterer's friends arose and ascended the platform. They walked about, they stood on one another's shoulders, they made it clear that no cords held Waterer. A pair of steps was called for and brought. Placed on a sturdy table, they just enabled a man to reach Waterer's feet. One mounted amid intense excitement. Turning to the Rajah, I exclaimed, "Look!"

He was asleep again, and the Loadstone stood stilly upright beckoning toward Waterer. Slowly and gradu-

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Granted Increase. Toronto, Dec. 16.—A novelty in strikes tonight was that of 40 chorus girls of "The Burgomaster" company at the Princess theatre.

Words on Women. Remember, woman is most perfect when most womanly.—Gladstone. He that would have fine guests let him have a fine wife.—Ben Johnson.

Notice. Notice is hereby given that any partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned and Adolph Spitzel, carrying on business as saloon keepers and liquor dealers, under the name, style and firm of Spitzel & Young, in the saloon business known as the "Reception Saloon," has this day been dissolved.

Notice. Notice is hereby further given that the undersigned will not hereafter be liable for any debts or accounts incurred in the name of the said partnership.

Witness my hand and seal at Dawson, Y.T., this 15th day of January, A.D. 1902.

Witness: (Sgd) WM O YOUNG (Sgd) H. D. HULME

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