

The Uganda Protectorate

Perhaps no portion of the world at the present time offers more attractions, or more difficulties and dangers, to the explorer and financier than the territory lying within the borders of the Uganda Protectorate in Africa. Its resources are almost incalculable and a description of a small portion of them might fill volumes. The topographical features of this woodland present such impressive effects in form and color as can nowhere be seen except on the dark continent. The mountain peaks of Ruwenzori are said to be the loftiest in Africa, one of them reaching a height of over 20,000 feet. It is not known that anyone has ever yet reached this summit. The native guides succumb to the cold even more easily than the white explorers. The ascent presents great difficulties which multiply after the snow line is passed. The precipitation of moisture is so excessive that after a height of 9,000 feet has been gained it is almost unbearable, as the ground is covered by a deep moss bed in which one sinks continuously to ankle and sometimes to the hips. This alternates with slippery rocks or slimy fallen tree trunks so hard that contact with a broken branch often causes a severe wound. Lengonot, an extinct volcano, is said to be over 10,000 feet high. Some of the Aberdau mountains loom 13,000 feet above the sea level, while from the great plateau, the Mau, mountains rise to 11,000 feet. Elgon is an immense tract of extinct craters which seems to form a continuation of the Mau. Elgon is said to cover an area of 3,600 miles square. Such figures give a faint idea of the vastness of the piled up masses. To the north stretch away lofty hills further than the eye can reach.

All through the Uganda Protectorate are mountains, the proportions of which would seem great if not so near the awful heights of Ruwenzori. One range forms a watershed between the systems of the Nile and the Congo.

The numerous lakes of this region are of vast size. Victoria Nyanza covering about as large an area as the whole country of Scotland, or 29,000 square miles. The navigation of all the large lakes is extremely dangerous at times, owing to the turbulence of the waves. In some directions Lake Victoria extends for 200 miles with nothing to break the water line. As yet no suitable craft have been placed on these waters and travelers have been compelled to risk their lives in canoes, small sailboats or frail launches. As this has rendered long journeys from the shore impossible, it is probable that large islands may yet be found near the centre of the lakes. Some of the known islands are most attractive, offering great variety of landscape, and on one, Buvuma, are mountains 2,000 feet above the surface of the lake, alluring sites for future hotel or sanitarium builders. The island waters are covered with beautiful water lilies, either white or the blue lotus. Lakes Albert Edward, Albert and others to the west possess harsher features and little of the luxuriance of vegetation found at Nyanza. This is probably due to the large amount of salt found in their waters. Little lakes at the northeast of Lake Albert Edward seem to lie in small craters. Some are nearly dry and from many large quantities of merchantable salt are obtained.

At the northern extremity of the beautiful Napoleon gulf, an arm of the great Victoria, Nyanza, may be seen the birthplace of the Nile. As one progresses towards what seems the end of the gulf, a faint current is observed and a sharp line of hills borders the shore line. An abrupt turn of the gulf around a barrier of sharp rocks, white with guano, reveals a swift river and a veil of spray curtaining beautiful palm-crowned islands. The densely wooded river banks are about 200 feet high. Nearly a mile distant may be seen large areas of fine grass land, with occasional clumps of trees. Here the river is, perhaps, 400 feet wide and rushes over a decline of about 30 feet, called Ripon falls. An easy path leads down the bank and the upward view is most beautiful and impressive. A tourist is not likely to be alone in viewing the scene, for groups of natives resort here for the purpose of spearing the fish which, in large numbers, are carried over the falls. Birds of prey are also seen on every side trying their fortunes as fishermen. The green forest, purple in the distance, the richly colored date-palms, the orange of their fruit contrasting with the green of their waving foliage, the brilliant blues and greens of the river, touched with white foam and glimmering through the spray, present a charming picture.

The country affords unlimited pasturage for the large variety of grazing animals which abound. In fact, animals of almost every description thrive there.

On the shores of the lakes, in the magnificent forests, in fact through the whole Uganda country, are to be found birds of every variety, shape and coloring; storks, pheasants, ostriches, birds of most cumbersome shape and those of daintiest anatomy fill the air with their cries and songs. These have their counterparts in the trees and flowers to be part in the forest. The beauty of the forests is said to be beyond all description, but to oppress one traveling through them until the impression of living in a bygone age becomes almost unbearable. Trees with heavy black trunks, with beautiful white stems, with dark, almost impenetrable foliage, with graceful, lightly waving leaves, with vines of every grotesque or pleasing shape and variety of color clambering over them, the whole intermixed with flowering trees of almost incredible brilliancy and enveloped in an atmosphere of over-development and rapid vegetable decay, in time induce a sensation of such intense awfulness that one finds it necessary to, as soon as possible, seek the open country and bright sunshine. Flowers on trees and ground are like living flames, others as dainty as a snowflake. Every color and shade is represented. Some trees bear large bunches of flowers, each resembling a large, bright scarlet teacup. Others, again, snow-white blossoms with an appearance of having been powdered with lilac. India-rubber trees have large, white flowers with yellow centers. Some trees do not bear leaves and flowers at the same time, but, when destitute of the former, are covered with a crimson or scarlet growth of the latter. Butterflies of a brilliant blue and other dazzling colors drift through the air.

To a height of about 6,000 feet the forest is tropical, after which tree ferns and tree-lilacs appear. At 7,000 feet may be seen yews and, higher still, junipers. At 8,000 feet are bamboos, the last traces of tropical growth. Now appear tree lobelias and higher still lichens. Finally vegetation almost disappears.

Nearly all fruits and crops will grow in this climate so near the equator as to be tropical in the lowlands, and yet with the mountain altitudes furnishing a temperature like that of the cooler zones. No fruit furnishes a more interesting study than the banana, which in its wild state is a sort of lily and has no juicy, edible pulp. It is generally believed to have been introduced into Africa from Asia where its nearest relative among wild plants is still found. It does not seem to have originated from the wild banana plants indigenous to African soil and which are found in great quantities from Abyssinia to Natal. These last have no sweet pulp, but a pith, and glossy black seeds, much prized by the natives as ornaments. They are very beautiful plants because of the coloring and shape of their enormous leaves. The cultivated fruits form the chief article of food for certain tribes. It contains no seeds, small, dark streaks indicating where they might have been. Besides the possibilities of mineral wealth, as yet almost undeveloped, the land abounds in game of almost every variety. Cat-tle and all kinds of domestic animals are raised by the natives who, as a rule, prefer a meat diet. From these same natives laborers may be hired at small wages. While this vast and fertile country remains to a great extent uninhabited there need be no fear of young men lacking opportunities for improving their fortunes.

Rockefeller's Bulldog.

Under the heading of profit and loss in the Standard Oil Company's books there is an entry, "1 bulldog," followed by some details. The dog is catalogued on the loss side of the balance. It is said that he is the balance. It is said that he is the balance. It is said that he is the balance.

One of the company's stations near Charleston, W. Va., had suffered the loss of many barrels from the depredations of local thieves, who found them useful as firewood. After trying in vain to capture or get a shot at the thieves, Mr. Blake Stewart, who had charge of the office, sent a requisition to the division office in Baltimore for one large and savage bulldog. In the course of time and after some fluctuations of red tape the di-

vision office notified Mr. Stewart that it possessed no facilities for the purchase or manipulation of savage bulldogs, but that if he thought he could obtain one locally of a sufficient degree of ferocity for \$10, that sum was at his disposal. Two days later a negro, delivered to Mr. Stewart a brindle-bulldog chained to the end of a pole. The negro explained to Mr. Stewart that the reason he used a pole instead of a rope was that its stiffness was of advantage in keeping the beast at a proper and respectful distance. The dog was duly established in the barrel yard and went on record as an employee of the Standard Oil Company, with an allowance for maintenance.

The office force then set about making the acquaintance of the new acquisition. Mr. Stewart conducted his advances from the top of a shed, which, being an agile and athletic person, he had gained just before the dog got to him. The head clerk tried the power of his hypnotic eye on the beast, and, though normally a dignified and slow-moving person cleared the fence by a vault that was the admiration of all beholders. Several other employees tried to establish friendly relations, and those that got away intact were the lucky ones. They named the dog Fury, and employed a trainer from Charleston to come down and train him. Three minutes after his introduction to Fury, the trainer gave up his job, together with a considerable portion of his raiment, and went home. There were no more barrels stolen, for his reputation went abroad in the land; but there were other difficulties. When a stock of barrels was acquired, it took the major part of the office force, armed with clubs, to drive Fury to cover while the workmen got the stock out. In the course of time Fury became a little more peaceable, and would allow a few favored acquaintances around the place, but no stranger ever got so much as one foot inside the inclosure without hastening to take it out again before the dog could fasten to it. Fury earned his salary.

One day a wandering pig came nosing around the inclosure, found a loose place in the fence and made his way in. Now, the West Virginia breed of pig is not the fat, lazy and inert porker of the farmyard. He is a lean, sharp-backed sinewy animal, who has had to make his own way in the world for so long that he is thoroughly equipped to take care of himself. The only thing he considers it worth while to get out of the way of is a railroad train; and he sometimes contests right of way with that, under which circumstances both train and pig commonly leave the track together. Either Fury didn't understand the nature of the invader or his lordly career had puffed him up with an undue sense of his own abilities. With a snarl of concentrated rage he made for the trespasser, and launched his powerful body like a thunderbolt straight at piggy's throat.

There was a wild clamor of grunts, squeals, growls and howls that brought Mr. Stewart and the rest out in haste. All they could see was a mad whirl of dust and writhing bodies. Then a streak emerged from the whirl. It was Fury. Away he went, yelling murder at every leap, and the pig after him. After two circuits of the yard, Fury noted the hole in the fence, and with a yelp of mingled joy and shame darted through it. It was more of a squeeze for piggy, but he got through too. There was no doubt about his intentions; he meant to murder. Fury realized it. He took to the railroad track, and headed eastward when the curve, half a mile up the road, hid him from view, the pursuer was running, head down and tail up, with a vigor which suggested that obstinacy of pursuit for which his kind is proverbial.

At the Standard Oil office they waited until closing time, expecting to gloat over the return of a chastened and drooping Fury. But he came not; neither that day nor the next. Then Mr. Stewart, following his instructions to notify the company of any loss of property, wired the division office at Baltimore as follows: "Company's bulldog last seen headed for Baltimore. Look out for him. Details follow; also a pig." The office got the details later by mail; but they haven't seen the bulldog or the pig.—Ex.

Li Hung Chang's Widow.

Li Hung Chang, shared his great wealth very generously with his wife. Princess Li, who has the deformed feet of all Chinese ladies, and who cannot, therefore make any attempt at walking, has nevertheless over 100 pairs of expensive shoes. Her silk dresses recently numbered 1,000 and her fur wraps over 500. When she went abroad Princess Li was carried in a most magnificent chair of state, for she cared much more for display than her husband.

Poor Old Jules Verne

Jules Verne, "he of the great imagination," as the French call him, the writer of eighty fabulously successful novels, lies dying at his home in Amiens, old, blind, and penniless. His son is now in England with the hope of getting some of his father's admirers to place their names on a subscription list that the dying man may lack neither doctors nor medicine while he yet lives, nor a decent burial when he dies.

The world's farewell to the novelist must be to him a bitter contrast to its welcome and to the hospitality he enjoyed during his stay. From every point of view his life has been successful. He had fame in every civilized country, money in consequence thereof, the friendship of the great among his countrymen, health and the love of a devoted wife. Today the last alone remains to him. His fame diminished as his writing waned. He had spent his money and the faculty of making more departed with old age. His friends are dead and he has become blind.

Verne's books were a new sort, different in kind from any that had been published in France. The love motif was entirely absent. His heroes were adventurers, travelers, who nevertheless, in contradistinction to the conventional daredevil, spent none of their time in either getting beautiful maidens into distress by breaking their hearts, or in getting them out of it by breaking their maligners' heads. The Verne adventures fight and beat other men or more frequently nature. The laws of time and gravity are their pet antipathies. Their tales were all pseudoscientific. Their author succeeded in accomplishing the previously impossible, for he made the marriage between science and fiction, two creatures of an incompatible temperament, happy. At least so far as the lay world could judge.

But he himself was not made happy by his work. In his later days he has been frequently melancholy, because, as he continually said, he thought he had accomplished nothing worthy in his literature. A favorite remark of his has been: "Je ne compte pas dans la littérature Française." "I amount to nothing in French literature."

George Sand, the great woman novelist, admired his tales. After reading several stories which he wrote, about balloons and flying machines, she asked him to take another tack. One of his greatest novels, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," followed. Then one of Cook's tourist time tables gave him the idea of "Around the World in Eighty Days," which is the best known of his writings. Even today, when by means of the transcontinental railroads a traveler manages to make a circle around the earth in less than 80 days, he is wont to boast of having defeated the resourceful Phineas Fogg.

Verne was not a traveler. He never tried to visit any of the places he wrote about. The majority of the sites he writes about are inaccessible to members of this age and generation, anyhow, and maybe their describer thought it was not worth while to go to the rest. He always said his hardest work came when he had to read up about the places he had not seen but would describe.

He worked hard, a fact shown by his output—80 imaginative novels in less than 40 years. Arising at 4:30 in the morning, he worked till 11:30 before eating; then came breakfast and in the afternoon four or five hours more of work.

When the first draft of a book was done he corrected and recorrected until he had gone through the proof sheets seven or eight times. His publishers say that his last correction looks entirely unlike the first draft; that the outlines of the plot and even the names of the characters are changed.

Verne began to write at the age of 12. "Poetry, it was then, and dreadful, too," he says himself. When graduated from college he went on the Paris bourse and in a few months' speculation lost considerable money. He was always glad of it, however, because he claimed he was thus enabled to see at close range that nervous energy and lightninglike thinking which makes his heroes interesting.—Ex.

Regina Hotel...

J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr.

Dawson's Leading Hotel

American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Refitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.

2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson

J. J. O'NEIL... MINING EXPERT

Quartz mines examined and reported on. Correspondence solicited.

Address, - General Delivery, Dawson

EMIL STAUF

REAL ESTATE, MINING AND FINANCIAL BROKER. Agent for Harper & Ludue, owners of Harper's Addition, Bennett's Addition, The Imperial Life Insurance Company. Collections Promptly Attended to. Money to Loan. Houses to Rent. G. H. Best Bought and Sold. N. C. Office Bldg. King St.

Electric Power....

Most Economical, Efficient and Convenient.

Dawson Electric Light and Power Co.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

PATTULLO & RIDLEY - Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A, C. Office Bldg.

W. M. THORNBURN - Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Commissioner, etc. of the Admiralty Court. Office, Bank Building, Rooms 3, 4 and 5. Telephone 118, P. O. Box 365.

The Northwestern Line

Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points.

All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with—

F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wa.

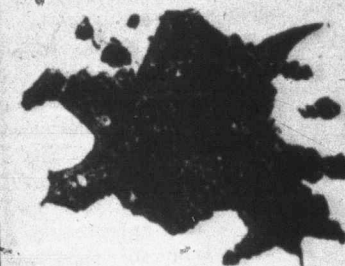
The Great Northern

"FLYER"

LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 8:00 P. M.

A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.

For further particulars and folders address the GENERAL OFFICE - SEATTLE, WASH.



Did It Catch Your Eye?

A Little Printer's Ink, if Judiciously Used, Will Do It Every Time.

Speaking of Printer's Ink, we have barrels of it, all colors; also the most complete line of Job Stock ever brought to Dawson.

How Are You Fixed

If you need anything in the Printing Line give us a call, we can supply you with anything from a calling card to a blank book.

Remember, Rush Jobs Are Our Delight.

Jobs Promised Tomorrow Delivered Yesterday.

The Nugget Printery