

Experience With Loons

About thirty years ago a notion had gained belief that turtle oil was a potent remedy for rheumatism; and a self-styled doctor, living in my native town, who knew how to trim his sails to catch the popular breeze, had offered a number of the boys of the village a dollar a quart for all the turtle oil that they could procure for him.

For remedial purposes turtle oil is probably no better than goose oil, lard or tallow; but for the time being faith in it had sprung up, and that was enough for this empiric doctor.

As boys, we did not trouble ourselves with the medical question. It was an attractive offer, and our undivided attention was fixed on the dollar.

The only drawback was that the offer came in November, so late in the fall that the turtles at the lake had all gone into winter quarters in the mud of the bog, and could no longer be captured sunning on the logs, or by night upon the long sand-bank where they laid their eggs. We had a homely knowledge of their habits, however, and knew about how deep they burrowed while hibernating, and on the afternoon of my story three of us had gone to the lake, or rather to the wide, muddy bog that bordered it, bent on capturing a boat-load of big turtles. An old bayonet affixed to the end of a short pole, and a spade with a long handle made up my equipment for turtle-hunting; but in addition to spades, my two fellow hunters, Alfred and Willis, were provided, one with a strong hay fork, the other with a grapple hook lashed to the end of a stout ash sapling.

For safety's sake, too, we had each an old pair of snow-shoes. For although the mud of the bog was now slightly frozen over, the deep sloughs beneath were still dangerous. The lake itself had not yet frozen. We were therefore able to cross over from our shore to the bog in a boat—an old craft that had long been common property among the boys for fishing excursions.

Our modus operandi can be conjectured from our outfit. Having put on our snow-shoes, we began searching for turtle signs, and prodding deep into the mud with the bayonet. When touched with the point of the sharp weapon, under such circumstances, the burrowing turtle would stir slightly, thus differentiating itself from a sunken log or root. When the reptile was located, the task of unearthing it was begun with spade and grapple.

But afternoons are short in November. We had secured no more than three turtles, if I remember right,—big, muddy, semitorpid creatures that lay on their backs like flat stones in the bottom of the boat, hardly stirring,—when the approach of sunset warned us to set off for home. We were rowing back across the upper reach of the lake, when directly in front of us we saw a flock of four loons, which we had already noticed, sailing to and fro, several times that afternoon.

"It's queer they haven't gone yet," said Alfred. "They always leave here earlier, before it gets so cold."

All four of the loons were swimming down across our course,—great, handsome birds,—and one of them, turning its head toward us, uttered the short, singular laugh characteristic of loons. We noticed, however, that two of them were much smaller than the others, and that one of the two lagged about fifty feet behind the rest as they swam.

"Those two are this year's young ones," said Willis. "Perhaps they were late hatched and aren't large enough to fly far yet."

"Oh, yes, they are!" said Alfred. "A loon can fly, if only there is room to rise from the water, by the time they are half-grown."

We had come up quite near the lagging one by this time, and wondered why it did not dive. Instead, it seemed to be making frantic attempts to swim, yet did not progress fast, and the others were as evidently swimming slowly to allow it to keep near them.

"Why, I believe something's the matter with that young loon!" said Willis. "He cannot swim much. Let's catch him."

Thereupon Alfred and I plied the oars smartly, while Willis steered the boat, and after pulling for two or three hundred yards we came close upon the lagging loon, wondering all the while that it did not dive.

It continued struggling ahead on the surface till Willis steered the boat close alongside, calling out to Alfred to catch it. The young loon then made a great effort to rise, but Alfred, dropping his oar, seized it by one wing and pulled it into the boat.

We then saw that something was wrong with its feet. They were not

properly webbed, but looked like clubfeet, little deformed masses of red flesh and bone.

The instant it felt Alfred's grip it uttered a wild, harsh cry; and that cry of distress affected deeply the two old loons. They were fully fifty yards ahead, but they turned instantly, with similar wild cries, and seeming to stand erect in the water, they flapped their powerful wings and came directly toward the boat.

So far from being alarmed, however, we thought it a rather good joke at first, and made ready to strike them. But the loons had a mode of attack which we had not reckoned on. They came near the boat, and with their wings threw water over us and straight in our faces, as boys, while swimming, sometimes dash water at one another, striking it with the palms of their hands. One who has never seen loons throw water with their wings can have little idea of the force with which they propel it, or the quantity they can throw. We were quite blinded and drenched by it, and they kept a constant stream of it coming, making the whole lake resound to their loud outcries.

On a warm summer day this would have been a mere lark; but on that cold November night such a drenching was really a serious matter. To add to our discomfort, too, while dodging about in the boat trying to fend the cold douches from our face, Alfred had his foot gripped by one of our captive turtles. The reptile held fast, despite vigorous kicks, and altogether we were in a bad way.

Willis and I had seized hay-fork and bayonet to repel the attack, but the loons seemed to know their advantage. They did not come within reach, but continued drenching us, driving whole bucketsfull of that cold water over us. We were soaked to the skin.

I do not believe there remained a dry thread in the clothing of any one of us, and our assailants kept bombarding us till Alfred threw the young loon out on the lake. Then he had all that he could do to free his boot toe from the turtle. Willis and I secured the oars and paddled away. We had been fairly worsted; and I remember that we were so cold and our teeth chattered so badly that we left our turtles in the boat overnight, and ran home as fast as we could to get warm.

These four loons remained in the lake that fall till the evening of the first day of December. On the morning of the next day the club-footed young loon was seen in a small mill-pond a quarter of a mile south of the lake. The other three loons had gone. The lake froze over for the winter that night.—Ex.

International Marriages.

An English journalist, writing about what he calls "the Americanization of the world," gives full credit to the work of American women in this direction. He quotes a remark which the late Lord Dufferin made some twenty years ago:

"Few people have any idea of the extent to which the diplomatic service is Americanized by the influence of marriage. Nearly all the attaches of the various embassies at Washington are captured before their term of office expires by American beauties and American heiresses. The result is that the diplomatic service, the only service which is really cosmopolitan, is Americanized through and through."

To show that our women are doing a corresponding work in the field of business and finance, the English journalist quotes a Parisian editor who has advanced an interesting theory, that through American marriages the titled houses of Europe are postponing for a time the downfall which must follow the invasion of Yankee trade and democratic ideas. Thus the daughters and sisters, by means of the millions earned by the fathers and brothers, are temporarily preserving a state of affairs which those very millions have doomed.

International marriages have heretofore been a subject rather of impertinent jest than of grave consideration on broad economic grounds. Contrary to the general impression regarding these marriages, they are usually happy, and few of them are brought about by mercenary considerations. Moreover, to think of the American girl who marries abroad as an agent in the "Americanization of the world" gives her an importance which her brothers seldom attain.

Malvar's Surrender.

Manila, April 16.—Gen. Malvar has unconditionally surrendered to Brig. Gen. Bell at Lipa, Batangas province, with the entire insurgent force of the provinces of Laguna and Bat-

angas. Gen. Bell says his (Bell's) influence is sufficient to quell the insurrectionary movements in Tayabas and Cavite provinces and capture all those in the field who have not yet surrendered, but Malvar has ordered the complete surrender of every insurgent to the nearest American force.

Gen. Wheaton, reporting to the division headquarters, says that all resistance in his department has ended and that the surrenders just announced mean that the ports will be opened and that the Filipinos in the detention camps will be allowed to return to their homes in time to plant their crops.

Gen. Wheaton is especially pleased with Gen. Bell's care of the natives confined in the camps. The officers in charge are held personally responsible for the quality and quantity of the food served out and of the general welfare of the occupants of the camps. After scouring the mountain passes, Gen. Bell employed volunteer bolo men for protection against Ladroneism. Numbers of Filipinos volunteered, and expressed the liveliest satisfaction at the treatment accorded to themselves and to their families who were in the concentration camps.

Gen. Wheaton gives Gen. Bell great credit for his indefatigability in conducting the campaign. He was in the field, on horseback, day and night, personally superintending the most arduous operations.

The people of Manila are delighted at the prospect of a resumption of trade with the pacific provinces and are anxious to show Gen. Chaffee, Wheaton and Bell their appreciation of the fact that the insurrection is really over.

About 3,300 rifles have been received by the American officers in Batangas and Laguna provinces during the past four months. Gen. Malvar personally requested an interview with Gen. Bell in order to make his complete submission.

The lack of news in the Island of Samar is due to a defective cable. It is believed, however, that the American commander there received yesterday the surrender of all the insurgents in Samar, unless the planned proceedings were altered.

A case of cholera has occurred on the transport Hancock which arrived six days ago from Zamboanga and has been quarantined.

Ireland Makes Protest.

London, April 17.—In the house of commons today John Redmond, the Irish Nationalist leader, speaking of the crimes act proclamation, issued last night by the lord lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Cadogan, declared that an infamous conspiracy was on foot in England to foment crime in Ireland, where none existed. The stories of outrages and violence in Ireland were infamous calumnies.

The Nationalists in Ireland were only governed by a contemptible minority. This statement was cheered by the Irish members. A hundred men, continued Mr. Redmond, stood ready to replace every man sent to prison in this struggle. The Irish entreated Mr. Wyndham, the chief secretary for Ireland, to change his policy; but if he continued it they would meet him face to face, and give blow for blow. Their answer to his coercion of Ireland would be to harden their hearts, strengthen their organization and compel redress.

Mr. Wyndham replied that while it was true that there was a comparative absence in Ireland of crime against the person, the lives of people were made miserable by intimidation and boycotting. The government was not acting from political motives, but as the result of information laboriously collected and carefully examined.

A motion for adjournment, to discuss coercion, made by Mr. Redmond, was rejected by a vote of 253 to 148.

John Redmond and John Dillon have sent a joint cablegram to former Congressman John F. Finerty, of Chicago, appealing for American sympathy and support during the struggle against coercion.

Gleason and Queenan Meet.

Fairhaven, Thursday, April 17.—Larry Gleason and Perry Queenan are to fight twenty rounds tonight before the Buffalo Athletic Club of this city. An agreement is trying to be effected this afternoon that if both men are still up at the close of the twentieth round they shall continue for a decision. The fight is at catch weight. Queenan weighed in today at 141, and Gleason at 138. Queenan is a favorite in betting, a number of wagers having been made that Gleason will not stay eleven rounds. There will be a ten-round preliminary between Barney Mullen, of Sedro-Woolley, and Nichols, Queenan's trainer.

Job printing at Nugget office.

AMUSEMENTS

The Auditorium
Week Commencing Monday May 5
THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.
NO SMOKING
Monday, Thursday or Friday

Orpheum Theatre
ALEC PANTAGES, Manager.

Week Starting Monday Night May 5
Travesty on Opera Mikado.
Four Round Boxing Contest Between Burley & Marich
MAY 24th—WRESTLING MATCH KRELLING vs. BAGGARLY
Popular Prices. General Entrance Through Reception

SUMMER TIME TABLE THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.
Week Day Service
GOLD RUN via Carmack's and Dome
GRAND FORKS..... 9 a. m. and 5 p. m.
HUNKER..... 9:30 a. m.
CARRIAGE 7 BELOW L. DOMINION..... 9:30 a. m.
Sunday Service
GRAND FORKS..... 9 a. m. and 5 p. m.
For Rates on Shipment of Gold Dust see Office.
ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. PHONE 9.

City Drayage and Express. DAWSON TRANSFER CO. Day and Night Service.
DAILY STAGE TO FORKS
Leave Dawson..... 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. | Leave Forks..... 10 a. m. and 4 p. m.
Phones—Office, No. 6; Night Phone No. 9.
Freighting to all the Creeks. OFFICE, N. C. BUILDING

The White Pass and Yukon Route
The British Yukon Navigation Co.
Operating the following first-class sailing steamers between Dawson and Whitehorse:
"White Horse," "Dawson," "Selkirk," "Victorian," "Yukoner," "Canadian," "Sybil," "Columbian," "Batley," "Zealandian," and Four Freight Steamers.
A steamer will sail from Dawson almost daily during the season of 1902, connecting at Whitehorse with our passenger trains for Skagway. The steamers have all been thoroughly renovated, and staterooms put in first-class condition. Table service unsurpassed. The steward's department will be furnished with the best of fruits and fresh vegetables. Through tickets to all Puget sound and B. C. points. Reservations made on application at Ticket Office.
A. B. Newell, V. P. and Gen'l Mgr., Seattle and Skagway. J. F. Lee, Traffic Manager, Seattle and Skagway.

LONE STAR STOCK

"There is no sillier babble in this world than the ever-wise advice so often given not to buy mining stock, not to buy mines. Such people have most likely been bitten by foolishly investing in something that they had no knowledge of and which had no value; the same calibre of people go into the mercantile business, pay three prices for their goods and fail to invest in a poor farm and starve. I speak advisedly and say what every man who has investigated this issue knows to be the truth, that less money is lost proportionately in mining than in any business in this world, and larger fortunes are made in mining and in the investment of mining stocks than in any business or any investment on earth. A good mining stock will pay the investor more easily twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and 100 per cent. annually than municipal bonds, railroad bonds and stock or government bonds can possibly pay five per cent. Money invested in a good mining stock is safer than in a bank; than in mortgages, railroad securities, municipal or government bonds.

"The security of a good mining stock is the raw material of money itself; it is what we call in Africa the 'stuff' itself; it is the 'stuff' at whose feet governments, cities, banks, railroads, mortgages, land corporations and all forms of business kneel.

"I speak only of gold and silver mines, from the metal of which blooms and blossoms the everlasting dollar; the crude metal in our gold and silver mines is the first and best security in all this world. This is what makes banks and banking a possibility; this is what gives legs to a municipality; spine to a government and creates the business of the world into a living, breathing, active creature of life.

"Buy a good mining stock, buy it low; when it has made an improbable advance sell it; buy another good mining stock—pursue this policy, and before you dream of it you will find that your dollars have increased to thousands, your thousands into millions, and during all this time your dividends have been 100 per cent. higher than they would have been in any other investment you could have made!"

A few years ago the great Homestead Mining Company's stock could have been bought for a few cents a share; now it is worth upward of \$50 a share. It has paid monthly 20 cents a share for years and years, and when it was selling for 50 cents a share, for \$1.00, for \$5.00 a share,

the buyers were few; when it reached \$30.00 and \$40.00 a share the public sought it.

Calumet and Hecla stock could have been purchased a few years ago for \$1.00 a share; the Tamarack for \$10.00 a share; the Boston and Montana for \$15.00 a share.

Calumet and Hecla today is worth over \$600.00 a share; Tamarack nearly \$300.00 a share; Boston and Montana nearly \$400.00 a share.

The Old Virginia Consolidated-Comstock Mining Company's stock in its early days sold as low as 50 cents a share, hawked on the streets of San Francisco at 50 cents a share—but the security of this stock was a good proposition—the mines in a short time became developed, stock advanced, upon the merits of the property being better shown, to \$100 a share and \$1,000 a share, to thousands of dollars a share. Men who had invested a few hundred found themselves worth \$1,000,000; men who had invested a few thousands, multi-millionaires. Out of these great gold mines rose all the wealth of Flood, of O'Brien, Mackay, Ralston, Senator Sharon, Senator Fair and most of the other multi-millionaires of the Pacific coast. The same might be said of thousands of other mining companies, not on so great a scale, still on a large scale.

Lone Star Mining and Milling Company

OFFICE, KING ST., OPP. N. C. CO.

LEW CRADEN,
ACTING MGR.