

De Lobel's Hot Air Line

M. Loicq de Lobel was very enthusiastic yesterday when I asked him for a few details about the great inter-continental tunnel which he proposes making the connecting link in the Trans-Alaskan-Siberian Railway. Within six years, he said, the great work would be practically realized. The statement was based largely on the exhaustive report which has just been submitted him by his son, M. Maurice de Lobel, whose return to Paris, after two years at Behring Straits and the shores of the Arctic Ocean, was announced in the Herald of yesterday.

M. Maurice de Lobel has had some thrilling experiences during the long months spent in the Arctic circle. To carry out the task his father had set him in the matter of soundings and measurements in the treacherous strip of water that divides America and Asia, he crossed the straits twice in a small open boat, with a single companion, a feat that had never before been accomplished by a white man. The straits here are fourteen miles wide and about 350 feet deep. Through this narrow channel the waters of two oceans rush with never-ending change. The boat of the young explorer was upset twice. All his notes were lost, and he escaped narrowly with his life. He is now at work reconstructing his data from other memoranda, and soon will have them again in hand.

young man, he has accomplished, in the matter of exploration and charting, what many an older engineer well might envy. Much of his time in the north has been spent with no other companions than half-civilized Eskimaux. He speaks several native dialects fluently.

HOSPITABLE NATIVES.

He was warm in his praise of the natives and said that their treatment of all right-minded foreigners was friendly in the extreme. One of the most enjoyable features of his trip were the walrus and seal shooting expeditions he attended in company with his savage hosts.

"I went through all sorts of adventures besides the narrow escape I had from drowning," said M. de Lobel, "and never received a scratch. Then, when I was back once more in civilization, walking down the gangplank of the steamer at San Francisco, I stumbled and broke my leg. I spent three months in the hospital. I'm just as happy, though, that it didn't happen in the Arctic."—Paris edition of New York Herald.

Love Produces Beauty.

Mr. Henry T. Finck has given us some very interesting reading, and a great deal of thought producing information suggestive of much research, in his "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," a book of over 500 pages, published by the Macmillan Company.

Mr. Finck starts with the assertion that romantic love is a modern sentiment less than one thousand years old; and, startling as this assertion is, he ably sustains it by giving us a very clear synopsis of his careful studies of ancient literature and races.

By romantic love he means pre-nuptial attractions, where individual preference, rather than parental choice, or a desire to perpetuate a family, lead two people to desire marriage.

Among the savage races there is no indication of such a sentiment having existed.

With the primitive people of the earth, as with chemicals, plants, trees and insects, there is actual attraction. This leads to the propagation of their species.

Mr. Finck calls the admiration of personal beauty "the aesthetic overtone of love," and believes it to be of comparatively modern growth. He says:

"Although the admiration of personal beauty may enter into the amorous feelings of a savage, it is only the sensuous aspect of it that affects him, the moral and intellectual sides being unknown to him, as the combination of physical and mental charms, which alone inspire the highest form of love, is never to be found in primitive woman."

One of the most startling statements made by Mr. Finck is that: "In the whole of the Bible there is not a single reference to romantic love."

Conjugal love, he tells us, "is repeatedly referred to, and enjoined as the other family affections; but in the remaining cases the word love is always used in the sense of religious veneration."

The author proceeds to give his explanation of the absence of romantic love among the Hebrews by the prevalence of polygamy among them.

The Mosaic law sanctioned a plurality of wives, as we all know, and the women were taught to believe it a divine ordinance. No romance, no sentiment, no high ideal of love can possibly exist where polygamy is allowed.

It is death to the sweeter and more refined emotions, as the introduction of wild onions or rank cabbage roots out and destroys all other fairer verdure in a field.

Besides, in the days of which the Bible is a history, we learn from the best authorities that "from all education in general, and from social intercourse with men, woman was excluded." She lived to care for the home and produce children and inspire her husband with respect, but no stronger emotion.

In Genesis, we are told that "Fathers from the beginning considered it their duty to find wives for their sons," and wherever such a practice exists, romantic love is absent.

Women were held in low esteem in India, and, as in Greece, only the courtly class were allowed accomplishments or education or that association with men of culture which alone could render them agreeable companions. No more unsatisfactory existence can be imagined than that of the Greek wives.

There were no educational privileges allowed good women—they were not permitted to transact any business on their own account, and it

was considered a great privilege if they sat at the table with their husbands. They were merely mothers, and until marriage were kept almost under lock and key.

It is small wonder that the brilliant men of Greece sought the society of the gifted and cultured courtesans, and it is equally small wonder that so many remarkable women entered that class, and that such evidences of romantic love as Greek literature gives us relate to them, and not to the mentally and socially restricted moral class.

Mr. Finck's theory is that, through woman's greater sphere of liberty and her enlarged opportunities to associate with men on an equal social and moral and mental basis, romantic love and increased physical beauty have come into the world.

He points to the significant fact that Greece was famous for masculine, not feminine, beauty! We infer that, as woman has been allowed the refining process of cultivating her mind to dwell on something more than household duties, and as she has been permitted opportunities to feel romantic love before marriage, she has become more beautiful, and has brought more beauty to her offspring.

We have only to look about us with a little close observation to discover that the most beautiful faces and forms we see are invariably born of love unions. (The fact that children born out of wedlock are, with few exceptions, noticeably handsome, is an added proof of this statement.) Women who marry for any reason without love seldom produce handsome children.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

An Amateur.

There may be worse places on a train than a seat where the sun dazzles one's eyes. The Brooklyn Eagle tells of a man who, finding himself very uncomfortable during a journey to Port Jefferson, cast about for a better location, and lighted upon a private compartment at the extreme end of the car.

It was empty. The cushions were plump, padding was plentiful, the water-cooler was full. All in all, the situation could not have been better. The Brooklynite took possession. As he watched the stations go by he wondered idly why no one came to share the place with him.

"Kind of nice in here, isn't it?" queried the rear brakeman, passing through.

"Yes, indeed," replied the Brooklynite, smiling.

"What do you suppose this little room is used for?"

"Don't know. Smoking room likely. There are match scratches on the side here."

"No," answered the brakeman. "This is the room in which we usually carry violent lunatics out to the state asylum at Kings Park. This is the first day in some time when we haven't had one. This partition shuts off the rest of the car. The passengers didn't like to be associated with crazy folks, so the railroad fixed it up."

"I suppose," continued the brakeman, "that folks have been thinking you was a lunatic for the last twenty-five miles."

The Brooklynite went out immediately to the rear platform, and at the next rural stop he sneaked along the ground and clambered unseen into another car.

De Maupassant's Game-Preserve

An amusing story is told by the Courrier des Etats-Unis concerning Guy de Maupassant, who once maintained near his home a rabbit-warren of a few acres in the midst of cultivated fields. The enterprise was a source of plentiful income to the Normandy peasants, who took the opportunity to plant choice vegetables in the adjoining fields. Then they demanded large compensation for the alleged damage done by their neighbor's rabbits. Every year De Maupassant had to pay heavily, and the peasants began to feel that a rabbit-warren was an excellent neighbor.

After a few years, however, the owner of the warren began to grow tired of the arrangement. He reckoned that under the existing state of things the few rabbits he shot cost him about twenty dollars each, which was rather too much, even for an enthusiastic sportsman. So he determined to destroy the game-preserve.

It was not much trouble. There were only four or five burrows in the enclosure, and a few ferrets soon killed all the occupants.

One night, after all the rabbits had been destroyed, the owner happened to visit his former preserve, and detected a man skulking along under the trees, with a large bag on his back. De Maupassant at once jumped to the conclusion that the man had come to steal wood. When he challenged him, the supposed thief took to his heels, leaving the bag behind him. It was found to be filled with rabbits of both sexes.

The man was no thief, but a neighbor of the writer, who, shrewdly reasoning that there could be no more damages if there were no rabbits, had thought it advisable to restock the warren.

Force of Example.

The Czar of Russia, has the love of simplicity and a habit of it in his own daily life. A certain lieutenant in St. Petersburg who was in a chronic state of poverty was one day seen riding in a street car. The other officers of the regiment considered this an insult to the uniform. They were furious, and informed the culprit that he might take his choice between sending in his papers and being cashiered. The unlucky young man chose the former alternative.

Before he had time to act upon it, however, the czar heard of the affair, and without a moment's delay donned his uniform of colonel of the regiment in question. He sauntered out of his palace, hailed a car and rode down to the barracks. He asked to have the officers assembled, and when they were before him, he addressed them thus:

"Gentlemen, I have just ridden from the palace in a tram, and I wish to know if I am to send in my papers. I presume I have disgraced my uniform."

"Sire," said the major, nervously, "your majesty could never do that."

"Then," replied the czar, with a smile, "as I have not degraded my uniform, Lieutenant D. has not degraded his. He will retain his commission in this regiment, even if, like me, he dares to ride in a tram."

One of Them Escaped

The wild pigeon, which existed in countless millions forty or fifty years ago, is practically extinct, so far as this country is concerned. Some idea of how it has become extinct may be gathered from an incident which occurred in Chicago.

The last wild-pigeon seen in Chicago, so far as known, was encountered one morning in 1894 by Edward B. Clark, ornithologist and bird-lover. He was strolling through Lincoln Park, a favorite resort for birds and saw the pigeon sitting on the topmost bough of a tree.

He was examining it with interest through a powerful field-glass and feasting his eyes on its beautiful plumage, when a hasty exclamation from some one behind him caused him to turn his head.

A middle-aged man was looking hungrily at the bird.

"Good gracious!" said the man. "That's a wild pigeon! It's the first one I've seen for thirty years. I wish I had a gun!"

Her Text-Book.

One morning, says the New York Evening Post, an Italian, leading his little daughter by the hand, entered a public schoolhouse in New York and stood in the hall, his hat tucked under his arm and his eyes seeking the passers-by in amiable appeal.

A teacher came out of her room, and happening to notice him, asked his errand. He pushed the girl eagerly forward.

"She wan' go school," he answered, with many bows. "She has book" he tapped the book under the girl's arm, "and slate," pointing to her hand.

"Oh, I see!" said the teacher, smiling. "You have brought her all prepared. Can she read?"

The father shook his head, smiled and looked into the lady's eyes in a deprecating way, repeating softly, "She wan' go school."

The teacher took the book and looked at it. She found it old and worn, and neither a reader nor an arithmetic. It was a "Social Directory of the Year 1800."

Mr. Miller Appointed

San Francisco, May 3.—J. C. Stubbs, traffic director of the Harriman line, issued a circular today appointing R. B. Miller general freight agent of the Oregon-Railroad & Navigation Company, at Portland. The position of traffic director of the road, until lately filled by Ben Campbell, now assistant to the traffic director, is abolished. Mr. Miller is at present general freight and passenger agent of the Southern Pacific lines in Oregon. He will be succeeded in that position by W. E. Coman, who is at present assistant general freight agent of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company. The changes will take effect on the 15th instant.

It is told of a learned professor, who was better at Greek than golf, that after a round on the links, in which he had fished most of his shots, he turned to his caddy for advice as to improving his play. The reply of the ruthless caddy was: "Ye see, sir, it's easy to teach ladies Latin and Greek, but it needs a head for golf."—Trib-Bits.

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