

SOME YUKON GARDENING

What is Doing at One Greenhouse

Fourth Crop of Season for Same Ground Now Maturing—Celery Ready.

There is probably no place in Canada where, with the aid of artificial means, vegetation grows more rapidly or to a greater degree of perfection than in the Yukon. A visit to the North-Light-Ranch of which William DuBel is owner on the west side of the river and below Dawson is a revelation to those not familiar with the possibilities of vegetable growing in this country.

Mr. DuBel began gardening in and about his big hot house in March, and the elevated beds being kept warm by a big hot air pipe which runs along the center of the hot house, a temperature of 80 above being maintained as nearly as possible. So rapidly did vegetation come along that in one week three luxuriant crops of lettuce have already been raised this year a crop of cucumbers now maturing and yesterday several melons of "cukes" ready for the market were in sight, making it the fourth crop for the same ground this year by ordinary gardening methods. The first in many cases is sown above the surface of the ground.

DuBel has growing tomatoes now as large as eggs and will have celery ready for the market in two weeks.

He has already sold several dozens of cucumbers and thousands of bunches of radishes, lettuce and onions. He has a half acre of peas which are in bloom and is cultivating potatoes on a large scale. Altogether he is cultivating about 15 acres of land, fully 10,000 cabbage plants now being well along.

This is the second year Mr. DuBel has gardened on the west side and his year his efforts are meeting with much greater success than last. He is experienced in the business, which he followed in New Jersey before coming to the Yukon. Mrs. DuBel, a lady little lady, spends most of her time in the flower department of the greenhouse and is of great assistance in the cultivation of the plants of which they are cultivating with great success nearly every known variety.

In addition to three, sometimes four, white men Mr. DuBel employs one or five Indians. The latter, he says, make very careful gardeners but require a white man over them to keep them at work and supervise them. Notwithstanding the fact that competition is keen, there being several other green houses and market gardens in and around Dawson, Mr. DuBel says his products have commanded good prices all spring, cucumbers for some time bringing \$1 each, and even yet they sell readily at 50 cents each, while prices for other products are proportionate.

A Spat.

"Singular," he said musingly, "that I have never seen this feature of your character displayed before. I had never before seen me angry. I knew what he meant and knew that I was on dangerous ground, but this did not deter me.

"My character doesn't seem to suit you," I said haughtily.

"Not as it at present appears."

"Very well. Since I don't suit you here is your ring."

I took off my engagement ring and intended to toss it indifferently on the floor, but irritation put more power into my arm than was necessary. The ring ricocheted (that's what he always calls a bound) and, falling on the floor, rolled dear knows where.

"As you will," he said coldly, "but I don't care to have the ring. It is indissolubly connected in my mind with you and could only have a sad outcome."

"I can see nothing sad in being reminded of one who didn't suit you."

"It would remind me of one as I have always seen her except on this occasion—one I have dearly loved."

"It's a pity you made such a mistake, but fortunate that you found me out in time."

"I certainly would not relish a recurrence of such scenes as this."

"They would occur daily should you ill treat me as you have just done."

"If you can convince me of one act of ill treatment I will apologize on my knees."

That's just like a man. He must always be getting at the bottom of things. Instead of coming to me, putting his arms around me and telling me how sorry he was, he must go back to the beginning and prove by what he calls logic that I am all the wrong. I shall consent to no such thing.

"It isn't necessary," I said, "especially since I have come to the conclusion that you wouldn't suit me any better than I would suit you."

I looked at him to see if my shot

struck home, but he was so imperturbable that if he had any feelings he concealed them perfectly. This turned the shot into a boomerang. It made me angrier than ever. I should have waited for his reply, but I didn't. I added two words which at the time seemed very forcible, but which now seem ridiculous:

"There, now!"

I turned my back as I spoke so I couldn't see his face. This was a mistake. It gave him a great advantage, for it was impossible for me to judge of the real intent of his words.

"Will you kindly give me the meaning of that expression?" he said.

If his tone had not been so cutting I would have supposed he was chaffing me. I sat down on the corner of the sofa, with my back still toward him, and did not deign a reply.

"What would become of a husband?" he asked, "who upon presenting to his wife some proposition of vital importance to both should receive a reply rounded off by those two words? What a conclusion to an argument?"

I neither knew nor cared anything about his arguments. How would logic help us to get together again? I knew a trick worth two of that. I bent my head down on the back of the sofa, moving to such a position that he could see my waist, the waist he had so loved to encircle. He couldn't see my face and didn't know whether I was crying or not; I didn't intend he should.

"However," he said presently, "you have settled the matter by a return of my ring—that is, you flung it on the table and it rolled in under that bric-a-brac cabinet in the corner. Please keep it as a memento of my—"

"Former affection?"

I should have said it mournfully, but I couldn't. I was still very angry, the more so that he wouldn't give me a chance to make it all up. I spoke vindictively.

"Never mind that. Do you accept the ring?"

"Does a gentleman offer a lady a ring that is lost without finding it for her?"

This must have been an argument that his stupidity could comprehend for it silenced him for a few moments.

"Had you handed me the ring in a ladylike manner I would have found it for you. However, I am willing to do my part in its recovery, but you know that I am nearsighted and haven't my glasses with me."

I didn't believe a word about the glasses. "I don't want the ring," I said. "I'll find it for you, and you can give it to some other girl."

I got down on my knees in the corner, and he got down on his knees beside me. I soon saw the ring, and he must have seen it at the same time, despite his nearsightedness, for we both reached for it at the same time, and his hand fell on mine.

I waited for him to take it away, but he didn't. I looked-up at him. His face was beaming, and his eyes fairly danced.

I turned away from him, but remembered that my waist was where he could conveniently encircle it. He did so, while with the other hand he slipped the ring on my finger. Both his hands being occupied, he did the rest with his lips.

"I warn you," I said, "that you are again becoming entangled with a girl who doesn't suit you. You could never consult with her. Think of what will become of you."

"Sweetheart," he replied, "you suit me so well that I intend to bear with you when you don't suit me. So there!"

WILL BE LIVELY

Much Work Will be Done at Nome.

Seattle, May 25.—"Until this year I have always been a 'bear' when it has come to a question of advising men to go North, but this year I have no hesitation in saying that there will be work in the Nome district for all the men who are likely to go there," said Charles D. Lane last night.

Mr. Lane, president of the Wild Goose Mining Company, is known in Seattle and Alaska as the man whose enterprise and courage in investing his money in the Nome district in the early days did more for the rapid development of that section of the country than any other factor in the situation. Mr. Lane arrived in the city yesterday and went directly to the home of S. G. Simpson, where he always makes his headquarters when in Seattle. He is on his way to Nome, and will sail on the Oregon next Monday.

"This year," continued Mr. Lane, "the various mining and ditch companies intend to carry on operations on a larger scale than ever before, and at the same time the indications are that there will be a shortage of labor."

In advising men to go to Nome this year, however, I want to say that in my opinion they will do well to wait for the second sailing of the boats. At first it will take more or less time to get the camps into running order, the ground will have to be cleared of ice and altogether the man who reaches the camps by July 10 will be in ample time for all the work that he will want.

"The larger operations this year will undoubtedly mean a larger output of gold from the territory already being worked, and also the development of country that up to this time has not been exploited."

WORK LOW GRADE PROPERTIES

"There is a great deal of country in the Nome district that has been left idle because it was thought that the grade was too low for successful work. The added facilities and the development of hydraulic mining will bring a large part of this into the list of paying properties. In fact, I not only expect the output of this year to be larger than ever before, but I expect it to increase with each succeeding year for a long time to come."

"The country must develop slowly, but the development will be sure, I am convinced. It is an expensive undertaking to stake a man to prospect in the north. In this part of the country with \$100 a prospector can buy an outfit that will answer all purposes, but up there it usually means at least two years' time and an outfit that costs thousands of dollars. Under such circumstances explorations proceed slowly, and though the railroads that are now being planned will aid a great deal, it

will still be a long time before the resources of Alaska are even approximately understood.

"However, we know now that gold has been found across the Seward Peninsula in a belt about fifty miles wide by 300 miles long, and every year will add to our knowledge."

"My confidence in the development of the wealth of Alaska is by no means based on the Nome district alone. The reports that have been brought out from the new camp on the Tanana indicate that that district has a bright future before it. Usually placer mining is considered the particular form of mining best adapted for the poor man."

"In the Tanana country, however, the deposits seem to be of a low grade, though the gold is evenly distributed through the gravel. Besides this the country is so flat that if the claims are worked separately the man who builds a dam on one will be very likely to 'flood' his neighbors' claims. It seems to be a country that should be worked on a large scale with machinery, and a creek bed could be worked to the best advantage if the operators controlled the whole of it. For these reasons it looks as though it were capital that is needed in the Tanana."

"The Wild Goose Company," said Mr. Lane in reply to a question, "will continue the development of its properties along the lines established during the last season. I expect, though, to investigate some of the claims in the undeveloped districts. This year, of course, little work could actually be done in new territory, but if the indications are promising we can make our preparations for beginning early next season."

"Now that Nome has been cleaned from the scoundrels that were in control there at first, people have regained their confidence and the disgraceful corruption of the early days will never again be permitted."

The Wild Animal Business

"What is the most valuable animal now?" was asked of one of the most experienced wild animal collectors and dealers of the United States by a reporter.

"The giraffe," he answered. "It is the most expensive animal now, not only because it is rather rare, but because it is at the same time one of the most difficult to catch and to keep after you catch it, and the worst kind of an animal to ship."

"A captured giraffe has to be handled like bric-a-brac. And it is a mighty big piece of bric-a-brac; too, imagine a delicately carved cabinet twelve feet high, as crazy as a whole lunatic asylum and as powerful and quick and dangerous as an automobile. It may be hard to imagine such a thing, but it isn't any harder than it is to handle a fully grown giraffe."

"A wild animal dealer has to take all the risks. The shows and menageries and parks that buy from him don't pay for an animal until it is delivered. Generally they want it delivered in the place they have set for it. Sometimes they will take it at the ship or at the train, but usually they expect us to deliver the beast right in their place."

"Consequently the risk is enormous and we have to charge a price that will make up for the danger of loss. We cannot insure our beasts during transportation except in rare instances. If they die during a voyage they are washed overboard or thrown into the sea to save the ship, the loss is ours. The only insurance we can get as a rule is insurance as cargo, which we can collect only in case the ship itself is lost."

"Now we have just had one experience that illustrates my point. We shipped an immense lot of exceptionally fine animals in Calcutta—four baby elephants, five tigers from Bengal, four leopards and about two hundred cranes, some of which were so rare that they had got even been identified by Indian zoologists. We also had thirty-five serpents, among them a python twenty feet long."

"Well, our animal men who accompanied the shipment got them through all right for thirty-three days until we struck the Newfoundland banks, when a stout storm hammered the ship, and for a night she labored through tremendous icy seas that swept her decks continually."

"Canvas and straw were piled around the animals and everything was done by our men that was possible. But when morning came three elephants, three tigers, two leopards, almost all the rare cranes and every one of the snakes lay dead and had to be thrown overboard."

"This shows why wild animals cost so much. And there are many other risks. Last year one of the big American animal dealers heard from a beast catcher in Rangoon that he had

seven fine fullgrown rhinoceros in perfect condition.

"He sent a cable message at once accepting the animals and then hurriedly had timbers cut and shaped to build the great pens that are necessary to hold powerful beasts like these on a steamship."

"Well, the expense of these pens and the freight charges for shipping them from America more than half way around the world, made a big item in themselves. Then there were the expenses of the dealer and the three assistants whom he had to take with him."

"After their long voyage to Rangoon they found a difficult trip into the interior before them. They had to drag the heavy timbers for the pens with them, knowing from bitter experience that the Oriental animal catchers would be provided with nothing except bamboo cages—tough and strong enough so long as they are stationary, but almost useless to work apart, when they are moved over bad roads."

"At last they reached their objective point and there, after all their work and expenditure, they found three small, sickly and poor specimens."

"Not one of them was in condition to be shipped even to the coast, not to mention the long ocean voyage to America. So here were almost four months wasted, many thousands of dollars lost, and, worst of all, no rhinoceros at the very time when a dozen menageries were offering big amounts for specimens."

"But we have no redress. Wild animal dealers, in the nature of the case, have to do business with native hunters who are neither amenable to law or responsible financially, however honest their intentions may be."

"You can't send the police out to serve a warrant or papers in a damages suit on a man who lives a couple of hundred miles away from civilization in a jungle with tigers and panthers, and boa constrictors around him for friends and neighbors. If he fails to keep his contract with us, we simply have to grin and bear it."

"Shipping the beasts is always a hard job. Sailors are afraid of wild animals and they handle the cargoes with such unwillingness that they often drop a cage into the hold and kill or injure the beast because they are afraid to get near enough to it to guide or swing it properly."

"I have often put my arm into a cage and rubbed a tiger or a lion merely in order to show the crew of the ship that they need not be apprehensive. But they generally don't do anything except to grin sheepishly and say, 'All right, mister. You're welcome to them kind of foolish

LEAVE TODAY

New Theatre Company to Arrive This Week

C. Lee Morris and wife (Miss Wabton) who have been with the Bittner Company so long, will leave today for the outside being headed for San Francisco where they will take an engagement immediately upon their arrival. They are clever people and will be suitable and very acceptable additions to any company Mrs. Bittner may accompany them as far as the Sound. The new Redick Company will arrive this week and open the season on Monday next the 22nd. In anticipation of their arrival the Auditorium is being thoroughly renovated from top to bottom. Frank Montgomery and Chris Moran have been engaged by wire to join the new company and will probably remain with them all next winter if business warrants the play house being kept open continuously.

Won't Hold Them.

London, May 30.—The joint committee of the Jewish societies in charge of the Kishinef relief fund has decided not to hold public meeting of protest in England.

Sir Samuel Montague, head of the committee, said today to the correspondent of The Times:

"The great mass meetings which have been held in America must have a tremendous effect in Russia. The United States is the only power that Russia fears, and the splendid demonstration in New York in which I was glad to see Christians took so prominent part, must have made a profound impression on the Russian authorities."

"In England, however, public gatherings would have no such effect on Russia, owing to the close relations between the two countries."

"The expression of opinion of a free republic, however, is a different matter."

Heroic Cure.

Berlin, May 30.—Dr. Perc of Marburg addressed a brilliant gathering of physicians the other day on the healing properties of bee stings in cases of rheumatism of the joints and muscles. The professor pointed out that it has been known from time immemorial as a cure among the poorer classes of people. Dr. Perc allows his patients to be stung at first by a few bees, and then gradually increases the number. The stings are inserted near the joint of the muscle affected. In one sitting he allows seventy bees to sting the patient. He describes the case of a woman who suffered excruciating tortures from rheumatism. In the course of her cure she was stung 6,952 times, and this resulted in a complete cure. Dr. Perc claims that every organism is made immune from bee poison and also immune from rheumatism.

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