

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1902.

# The Unhappy Englishman

You were to wreck two Englishmen at one end of some long, out-lying island in the Pacific ocean, and two Scotchmen at the other end, and you happened to pass that way a few years afterward, you would discover that the Englishmen had spoken a word to each other, because they were not introduced, but you would find that the Scotchmen had started a Calcutta society.

Why does an Englishman always look generally look askance at you, and why does he look at you so steadily right and left when he enters the dining-room of a hotel? Why does he prefer travelling in a single compartment to entering one of the Pullman cars now attached to all the English trains? Why, on a steamer, does he smoke, read, and walk up and down the deck like a wild beast all day long? Simply because he does not like to eat or travel in the company of people who have not been introduced to him. At any rate, he does not associate with you, this man, when you know him well, is the charming, hospitable and considerate of men, wants to know who you are, what you are, what your father is and what your grandfather is. Well, by the time all these inquiries are satisfactorily settled, the steamer has arrived, you are gone and it is too late. And a journey which, otherwise, might have been a very pleasant one to him, has ended in death. "Just imagine the Englishman!" exclaimed the Englishman who rescued from drowning by an American patriot. "We had not been introduced!" In France at public resorts, seaside and health resorts, you want no introduction. They would one another to play together on the grounds, on the beach, in the rooms, etc. In England, if the parents do not know each other, have not been introduced, the children are not allowed to play together. Fortunately for those poor English kids, English families, as a rule, are larger than French families, and they seldom run the risk of being to play by themselves or to meet some way of spending time liberally. Go to a railway station. France you will see a man alone from one end of the train to the other in search of a carriage containing some pleasant, cheerful-looking person likely to enjoy a chat with him on the way.

The Frenchman cannot keep silent long hours. Whether he travels alone, he likes to talk, and that is why his digestion is better than that of any other inhabitant of the globe. In England you will see a man sitting by himself from one end of the train to the other, frowning at every carriage he passes it, until he finds an empty one and looks happy.

He smiles and enters it. He spreads his belongings on the seat, settles down and hopes to remain by himself the whole journey.

He knows of one exception only. In France, a man observes an English couple already settled by themselves in a compartment he enters them.

He is full of human consideration. He says to himself, "If I were myself suffering from the same indisposition as this man and had such a pleasant companion with me, I would like to be left alone. Dear me! I will respect their wishes and he keeps away. In England I have often noticed some lonely old man, male or female, choose a carriage and make a point to enter it there contentedly!

Through that constant fear of making the acquaintance of people he would not care to meet, at home and abroad, he misses his chance of a pleasant when he travels abroad or in his own country.

At seaside casinos, at health resorts, and watering places, the Englishman, perhaps not of the upper class, who, I am sorry to say, is often the sufferer from a mild attack of (neuritis) will associate with people whom they would not, perhaps, care to know and visit at home, but who are only acquaintances for the time being, people who help them to pass the time pleasantly.

When they leave the place they forget them and are glad to have produced by associations which do not compel them to pay calls until they return home.

The dullest places in the world are the seaside and health resorts. There are no casinos, because they would pay; there is no intercourse whatever among the visitors—always a terrible veto to all pleasures, which have not been introduced."

Perfect waxwork, form funeral processions and slowly, sadly follow another into the dining-room, all the time and damned," like at the tea

party described by the poet Shelley. Perhaps there are several hundred guests in the dining-room at a time, but you would hear a pin drop. They do not speak above a low whisper. Laughter seems as if it was forbidden by the statute book. They look like culprits.

"May I trouble you for the mustard?" is as much as you dare venture to say. If you were to make a remark about the weather to your neighbor he would say to his wife: "Who is he?" So you should not say such a thing if you have not been introduced.

A Frenchman and an Englishman were one day occupying a first-class smoking-carriage in an English train. The Frenchman was at one end, looking in the direction of his fellow-traveler; the Englishman was at the other, looking toward his own window and turning his back to the Frenchman.

The latter was wondering if his mute companion was not going, by and by, to give him a chance to open his mouth and say something. The Englishman dropped some ashes from his cigar on his trousers. The good Frenchman thought that at last his chance had come.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "you have dropped some ashes on your—"

"Oh," coolly replied the Englishman, "for the last ten minutes I have seen a box of matches on fire in your back pocket and I did not interfere."—Max O'Rell.

## Sault Ste. Marie Fish.

"The first time I fished in the Sault Ste. Marie rapids," said a well-known Lake Keuka sportsman, "I landed in an hour twenty-one brook trout that weighed forty-five pounds, so I was ready and willing to believe anything I heard or read about the possibilities of those waters or the astounding things that men who fished in them were able to do.

"Consequently I believed what they told me about the marvelous feats of the Indian fishermen of the Sault Ste. Marie could perform in the way of netting whitefish. Few who have fished the great lakes have not heard of these same feats, witnessed them and, of course, could do nothing but go away believing that they were all they seemed to be.

"Particularly will they marvel, as I did, at the Indian whitefish fisherman's magic eye with which he seems to look down through ten feet or more of foaming, rushing water and see whitefish that to the white man's eye would be invisible five inches beneath the surface. It would have been strange if I had not marveled at it, having witnessed more than once manifestations of its alleged power. That was before I talked with old Guide Garron.

"The astounding feats of the Indian whitefish netters of the Sault Ste. Marie that the guidebooks and the hotel keepers and steamboat men insist on telling tourists about are performed by two Indians in a canoe. One occupies the stern and manipulates the paddle to keep the canoe's head pointed up stream. The Indian in the bow, standing upright, uses a pole to aid in propelling the canoe or in keeping it steady.

"Lying ready to his hand is a dip net four feet in diameter, fastened to the end of a pole perhaps fifteen feet long. The fishing is done at the foot of the rapids, where the water boils and tumbles furiously. With his pole the Indian in the bow keeps the boat moving about in the rapids and gazes constantly into the water, which is often ten or more feet deep.

"Suddenly the Indian in the bow will seize the net handle with one hand, never ceasing to manipulate the canoe with his pole in the other nor for an instant removing his staring gaze from the water. The net is not more than in his hand before he has plunged it perhaps ten feet distant from the boat, thrusting it at the same instant to the bottom. Then he gives it a peculiar twist, draws it up and, surrendering the care of the canoe for the moment to the Indian with the paddle, he draws the net up, even without from three to half a dozen glistening whitefish in it, frequently weighing five pounds each.

"The wondering spectator, seeing nothing but the boiling water, the sudden start of the Indian and his quick and dexterous plunging and drawing up of the net with its invariable load of whitefish, can do nothing but acknowledge to himself the acromancy of the Indian's piscatorial art. I know that I did, and for two seasons gave myself away to the fascination of that mysterious fishing. Then one day I marveled at it greatly to Guide Garron, the shrewd and cunning old Frenchman who knows every rock and eddy and

# SAD NEWS FOR WIGEN

Police Chief Ames, brother of the mayor, is now under indictment and will be placed on trial within a few days. The state's case rested on the testimony of men who asserted that money was regularly paid to Gardner and that he distributed it among members of the administration, the consideration being immunity from police interference not only of shark gaming, but other places of crime, including social evil resorts.

It was the claim of the prosecution that a complete system had been perfected whereby the victims of the protected criminals were persuaded to leave town, they having been victimized. It is alleged that Detective Lorbeck, who will go to trial tomorrow under indictments of receiving a bribe, was charged with the task of getting rid of these victims.

# On His Way to Join His Brother

Mr. P. P. Wigen of Seattle arrived on the steamer Sifton on Sunday en route to Seventymile, on which river about 30 miles up from the mouth his brother Gus and Ed Kellogg, both formerly of Dawson, own and were working a mine, having taken a lot of machinery there in March.

The day following his arrival in Dawson Mr. Wigen was shocked by receiving word from another brother at Seventymile that his brother Gus had been drowned in that river a month ago and about the time the ice went out; also that the body has not yet been recovered.

The meagre news of the sad accident was that Wigen had taken a man across the river in a small boat and on returning his craft was upset, presumably by the swift current or running ice, and he was carried away in the icy water.

The Seattle Wigen left Dawson this morning in a small boat for Seventymile, where he had contracted to work for his unfortunate brother.

Word has been received here that the Kellogg-Wigen claim on Seventymile is proving a very valuable one, the pay being from 30 to 50 cents to the pan.

# He Learns of the Latter's Death by Drowning at Seventymile.

"Huddled sometimes by the score behind these rocks, getting wind, as it were, to overcome another stage of their journey, the whitefish, if the water is not too deep, can be lifted out by the hand of the fisherman. They are so nearly exhausted. The Indians as well as the white fishermen know this well, and, knowing well the location of these sheltering rocks, have only to thrust their nets down behind them and draw them up filled with fish.

"The cunning of the Indian led him long ago to give visitors the impression that he could penetrate the troubled depths of the rapids with his gaze and discover the whitefish on the bottom. The wonder of it spread, and it has been one of the fondest and best paying fictions of 'Susan Mary,' as the natives give to the pronunciation of the Sault Ste. Marie."—New York Times.

# Will Make a Night of It

As everybody anticipates ascending the mountain on Saturday evening to see the midnight sun, the Dawson City Mining Company extends an invitation for them to make a little trip of a quarter of a mile from the flag staff and look over one of the company's quartz claims there, at which there will be a gang of men at work. The company has extended a special invitation to the Dawson Press Club to make a geological and mineralogical survey of the mountain under the guidance of Wilson Foster, the quartz king. The start will be made at seven o'clock Saturday evening, and Mr. Wilson undertakes to show a body of serpentine quartz carrying gold which extends for miles, and incidentally other mineral wonders. Several enterprising young men are planning to have refreshment stands on the summit, there is talk of there being a band of music, fireworks are suggested, and kite flying, and the observance of the longest day and shortest night promises to be one of the most noteworthy ever known.

# Consult the Whelps.

New York, June 11.—Archibald R. Colquhoun's paper, just read before the Colonial Institute, was an able and comprehensive survey of the future policy of the British empire, as essentially a colonial policy. It was not an alarmist paper, but a cool and well reasoned argument, pointing to the conclusion that the empire must be bound together by federation.

Mr. Colquhoun advocated, with the approval of a large and intelligent audience, a closer commercial union between the mother country and the colonies; the representation of the colonies in the imperial councils and measures of defense. He discussed the project of the British zollverein and preferential duties within the empire, without committing himself to any definite scheme and contended that parliament was overwhelmed with routine business and that an imperial council was indispensable, since fresh impulses from the colonies were needed in order to invigorate the national policy.

He declared England is ill-equipped for the desperate struggle for existence now going on among the nations, and asserted that the colonials must come forward to contribute to the expense of the imperial household. Mr. Colquhoun's paper was closely followed and his warnings against one-sided free trade in a protection world and against the annexation of British shipping lines by American capitalists when Germany was in a position to command the maritime alliance, were warmly applauded.

Colonel Dennison presented the argument for levying a war tax on all imports in all British ports with force and lucidity, and replied to both James Bryce and John Morley's arguments against the broad tax.

Agent General Tesor, from Queensland, dissented from the proposals for a British zollverein and emphatically declared that Australians will bind themselves to supply a permanent force of 100,000 soldiers for the imperial defense and contribute liberally to the naval armament, but will not ask England to introduce a zollverein which would be unfair to her own people.

The discussion was continued by many colonial advocates, and was very animated.

# Mysteriously Disappears

Winlock, Wash., June 11.—On Sunday, June 1, Henry Minckler, a farmer living one and a half miles east of Winlock, suddenly disappeared and though the neighboring country has been thoroughly searched for the past week, he has not been found, nor can anyone be found who has seen him since that time. On Sunday afternoon Mr. Minckler left his home to go to Snyder's mill near Cowlitz, where he wished to pay for a bill of lumber. On leaving he informed his wife that he would be back for supper. When at Mr. Snyder's he transacted his business, acting perfectly rational, but during the course of conversation he said that his head was troubling him, that he had had a spell about ten days ago, when his mind seemed unbalanced. Mr. Snyder, however, thought nothing of it, but noticed that when Mr. Minckler left he started in the wrong direction. A few hours later he was seen on Cowlitz prairie by two gentlemen whom he spoke to. This was the last seen of him. A posse of men has been searching constantly but without success. Many theories are advanced as to Mr. Minckler's whereabouts, but none can be proven. It is generally believed that his mind became suddenly deranged and that he lost his way. He leaves a wife and four children, and a brother. They are in good circumstances and no reason can be imagined for Mr. Minckler's disappearance or sudden insanity since he had no family troubles and was in good financial condition.

# Algebraic.

A man owes 4 cents. He pays 2 cents one day, 1 cent the next, one-half cent the next, and so on, one-half cent each day of the debt. Now, although on the fourth day he only owes one-quarter of a cent, if he should be ended with the gift of immortality and he should continue to pay the debt at the same ratio, he could never pay all of it. There would always remain that half of the former day's payment, provided he had counters small enough to make the payments.

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# The Day After

Mrs. Mixer—Tell me the worst doctor. Is my husband's condition serious?

Doctor—There is no cause for alarm, madam. He is now out of danger, although suffering acutely from enlargement of the cerebral glands.

Mrs. Mixer—But, doctor, how do you suppose it was brought on?

Doctor—On a tray probably.—Chicago News.

"Inherited wealth," exclaimed the blase young man, with a dreary yawn, "is a curse!"

"Then why don't you try to get rid of it?" asked the youth who hadn't inherited any wealth.

"I am doing the best I can," rejoined the other. "I keep a yacht, run an automobile, belong to a swell golf club and lend you money."—Chicago Tribune.

# Errata.

In the report of the hospital benefits published in yesterday's Nugget an error of \$300 was made in the amount stated as having been turned over to the Good Samaritan Hospital by the Dawson Amateur Oper-



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