

The Klondike Nugget

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KLONDIKE NUGGET.

MONDAY, JUNE 15, 1903.

SUGGESTION EMPHASIZED.

The arrival of steamers from Whitehorse breaks the long monotony at last. Dawson is once more in communication with the outside world and from now on until the close of navigation the waterfront will be the scene of constantly increasing activity. The season, however, is extraordinarily late, on which account the business of the community has suffered severely.

Mining operators from outlying districts have come to Dawson and on account of market conditions have been compelled to return to their claims without making any purchases. In many lines orders could not be filled owing to shortages, and in others prevailing prices have simply been prohibitory. This state of affairs has meant a set back in every line of trade, the effect of which is apparent to anyone with the slightest knowledge of local conditions.

The remedy lies in the hands of the White Pass Company. The extension of the railroad to the foot of Lebarge, or better to the mouth of Hootalinqua, would obviate the recurrence of any further difficulty of a similar nature.

Under conditions similar to those which have prevailed this year the season of open navigation would be extended almost thirty days, which would mean added business for the railroad, and a vast benefit both to the mining and commercial interests of the territory.

It would be hard to estimate the loss involved owing to the late arrival of the boats, but if figures could be obtained they would be surprisingly large. Development of the Duncan district has been seriously handicapped and the nearer mining centres have also suffered though perhaps to a lesser degree.

Strong representation should be made to the railroad directorate for the purpose named. All the facts are favorable to the extension of the road as a business proposition from the company's standpoint, and there is reason to believe that action in accord with the necessities of the situation would be taken.

TREADGOLD COMMISSION.

The public must not lose sight of the fact that the appointment of a commission to investigate the Treadgold and other concessions marks the climax of two years of constant protest and discussion. If the territory is to be delivered from the burden so long borne on its shoulders, full advantage of the presence of the commission in Dawson must be taken.

A case must be made out before the commission which will be so strong and convincing that no possibility of an adverse decision will remain.

This is no time for apathy or lack of interest. If the doom of concessions is not sounded as the result of the commission's deliberations in Dawson, it never will be. This is a final opportunity and it must be improved to the utmost.

A REASONABLE DEMAND.

Frequent complaints are heard of depredations committed by cattle and horses which are permitted to run loose contrary to the impounding laws. Gardens which enterprising citizens have spent time, money and labor in making, have been ruthlessly

trampled under foot by stray animals, and practically ruined. Property owners who pay their taxes have just cause for complaint against such nuisances and in asking that the impounding ordinance be enforced somewhat more strictly they are demanding nothing unreasonable.

FIGHTING FROM AMBUSH.

Human nature is a most complicated and peculiar affair. A correspondent in Saturday's News takes the fire department to task and reads a lecture both to the department and to people "who are afraid of saying anything about the department."

It was a most valiant letter and had the ring of one who possesses the courage of his convictions. But alas, at the end, appears the elusive signature "Taxpayer."

If Mr. Taxpayer really desired to impress the public with the sincerity of his observations he would not have made his attack from ambush.

In concealing his identity his whole case falls to the ground. What right has a man who refuses to reveal his own identity to criticize his fellows as is done by Taxpayer? He accuses others of cowardice and declines to sign his name to the accusation.

There are occasions when a newspaper correspondent may properly and justifiably assume a fictitious name, but we submit that under the circumstances narrated above "Taxpayer" is far more entitled to receive the benefit of his own criticisms than are those to whom he directs them.

No one can possibly pay and serious attention to or regard with respect, the contentions of one who is afraid to permit his identity to become known, and particularly when it is the courage of other people that is called into question. "Taxpayer" would do well to retract his views or write another letter and sign his name.

Calls Him a Duffer

London, May 30.—Many stories have been told about Lord Salisbury's absent-mindedness and strange mistakes in identifying well-known people, combined with a supreme indifference for all persons with whom he finds himself in company.

The latest of these stories which has gone the rounds this week tells of an incident which occurred at the king's levee on Monday. Lord Salisbury was present and was standing, apparently wrapped in thought, among a crowd of distinguished men, when the bishop of London approached and greeted him. To the surprise and chagrin of the latter Lord Salisbury failed utterly to recognize him and the bishop was forced to explain who he was and to recall to the former prime minister the fact that he had appointed him bishop of London in 1901.

Later on, when the bishop was conversing with the king, he expressed regret that Lord Salisbury was apparently unable to recognize his friends, and told his majesty what had happened.

The king laughed heartily, and said: "He has treated me worse than that. Not long ago while having an audience with me he gave a beautiful example of thinking aloud. On the table close to his lordship stood a photograph of myself. Lord Salisbury, taking the photograph up, gazed at it a few moments, and then remarked: 'Poor old duffer. I wonder if he is as stupid as he looks?'"

This is not the first time that Lord Salisbury has failed to recognize Bishop Ingram, who is one of the best known and most popular divines in England. A few weeks after he had appointed him bishop Lord Salisbury met him at a great London house, and had a long conversation with him. At the close of this talk the then prime minister of Great Britain went to the hostess and asked her who the intelligent young

ecclesiastic was with whom he had just been talking.

Last summer at a great annual garden party, at his country estate, Hatfield House, Lord Salisbury was seen to approach an obscure country member of parliament and greet him warmly. He led him off by the arm and kept him in earnest conversation for a long time. The country member of the house finally rejoined, his friends beaming with pride, while Lord Salisbury was carried off by his daughter, Lady Gwendolin, to perform his duties as host. The premier explained to her that he had just been having "a most important conversation" with Lord —, mentioning the name of a member of his own cabinet.

A Fierce Engagement.

New York, May 14.—The Times has the following from London: Refugees from Macedonia, says the Sofia correspondent of the Times, bring an account of recent fighting between a Bulgarian band of 170 and two Turkish battalions with two mountain guns.

The Bulgarians selected a position in front of the village of Kraderop, on the road between Monastir and Lenin, and laid a number of mines connected with electric wires. When the Turks attacked these mines were exploded, almost annihilating the front ranks.

The inhabitants of several villages, armed with various weapons, came to assist the insurgents and fell on the Turkish rear. Nevertheless, the Turks stormed the position with great gallantry and a desperate hand to hand conflict ensued, in the course of which Turkish reinforcements arrived.

The insurgents retreated to the village of Brod, another obstinate fight occurring as they were attempting the passage of a stream. They succeeded in escaping to the mountains at nightfall. Their loss, including peasants, was eighty killed. The Turkish loss is presumed to have been greater.

Supreme Court Bench

Ottawa, May 14.—It is understood here that Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K.C., will be appointed the successor to the late Mr. Justice Mills on the Supreme Court bench of Canada. As leaders of the bar appear loath to give up lucrative practices for the bench, the government will be fortunate in getting a man with the high legal attainments and judicial mind of Mr. Nesbitt to accept. In politics Mr. Nesbitt is well known to be a Conservative.

Mr. Wallace Nesbitt was born at Woodstock in 1859. He received his education there and was called to the bar in 1881. He first practised in Hamilton, but soon moved to Toronto to become a member of the firm of McCarthy, Osler, Hyslop & Creelman, and later of his present firm, Beatty, Blackstock & Co. During his legal career Mr. Nesbitt has been engaged in a number of important matters, notably in Conmee & McLenan v. C.P.R., and the St. George's railway disaster. In 1894 he was senior counsel for the city of Toronto in the civic bribery investigation before the late Judge McDougall.

Mr. Nesbitt has been president of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society and became a Q.C. in 1896. He is a Presbyterian.

Crane-Galpin Case

Mrs. Alice Rollin Moraczewski had a very trying time before Mr. Sparling, counsel for W. Galpin, the plaintiff in the suit for reprieve.

After deciding twice to be sworn the lady said she would affirm, as she would not "kiss the book that she had kissed," pointing to her erstwhile partner.

It was "gradually drawn out of the Countess after close questioning and temporary refusals to answer, that the things relievied had been sent to Eagle.

Questioned as to who took them across the boundary, the answer given was: "The man who is now my husband took them and placed them in his cabin at Eagle. He also took the manuscripts and sent them by mail at Eagle to New York." The count has returned to his home at Eagle.

Freak Dinners a Fad

This is the era of freak dinners. Fine food is not enough for New York's epicureans. The multiplied courses must be served in a freakish, if not barbaric manner. Society has its own way of doing things here.

The music of popping champagne corks is no longer enough.

A dinner, given by C. K. G. Billings, says the New York correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean, with each diner astride a blooded nag, and with the viands served on plates anchored to the saddle, was the climax of all the freakish ones which have been planned to tickle the jaded appetites of the gentry.

Billings hails from Chicago and, of course, he is nothing if not original, and it is the opinion among "the set" that he has outdistanced even Harry Lehr in the way of doing "something different."

To "Jimmy Breeze" probably belongs the credit for the earliest freak banquet. He had a freak dinner long before Mr. Seely dreamed of his wondrous meal where his father was his guest of honor. Mr. Breeze does things very cleverly at his studio. His is a place where he takes interesting photographs for the love of the thing.

One night some years ago Mr. Breeze bid a choice company of clubmen to dine there with him. The viands were superb, the wines perfect. It came time for dessert. Four stalwart negroes bore in an immense pie. The guests wondered. It was planted in the middle of the table. Mr. Breeze beamed.

Suddenly the crust broke. Out it burst a 16-year-old girl, clad in the flimsiest of garments. Before the astonished gaze of the diners she did a serpentine dance on the table till every one felt a victim to her charms and graces. Mr. Breeze was congratulated for his cleverness, and even to this day his surprise is talked about among those lucky enough to be present.

Harry Lehr vowed he would not be outdone. He knew a monkey, and a dinner was given in honor of the simian. The cream of society was present and enjoyed itself immensely. The monkey didn't. He wasn't able to say so, but the disgust on his almost human features plainly told the story of his feelings. He was dressed, as were the guests, in faultless evening dress, and there are those in society who are cruel enough to say that he exhibited even as much intelligence as the other guests.

Of Mr. Seeley's dinner there is more on record at police headquarters than in the annals of the smart set. Young Mr. Seeley was about to bid farewell to bachelorhood, and to celebrate it he hid his cronies and drank to their heart's content. There was a surprise entertainment, which was of such a nature that Captain Chapman was able to make a Fifth Avenue raid without getting into hot water.

Compared to this feat, the dinner given by the De Reszkes, Nordica and Eames sounds like a Sunday school tale. Their surprise was a little negro baby, stark naked, served by a husky darkey on a silver platter. "How cute!" gasped the diners, and that was all there was to it.

The Vanderbilt story was never published, or else the S. P. C. A. would have had a good chance to take a hand. After the formal dining and the many toasts the young men present amused themselves, so the waiters said, by spearing the live goldfish with their forks. Mr. Vanderbilt protested in vain. They didn't stop till the miniature pond in the center of the table looked like a fish market.

M. J. O'Brien's dinner was a huge joke a la Burlesque. The guests sat down with elaborate menus in front of them. The card began "Oysters R. Not." Good in "May," and empty plates were placed in front of everybody. "Cream of Lettuce" proved to be little jars of complexion lotion. "Fish au Naturel" was one tiny goldfish swimming in a bowl.

"Spring Lamb with String Beans" was a tiny wool lamb with a string of dried beans about his attenuated neck. "American Punch" was a five-ounce boxing glove. But this ended the joke and a superbly chosen dinner followed.

Maurice Meyer's dinner was notable for the fact that it lasted nearly twenty-four hours. It started as a breakfast, continued as a luncheon, broke into a formal dinner and wound up as a supper in the wee small hours.

The children began it. The wives joined in the luncheon, the men came in for dinner, and when the babies had been put to bed everybody sat down for supper. It is supposed to be the longest meal on record, and it cost Mr. Meyer several thousand dollars.

James Henry Smith's dinner was based on the position that you can give a mid-summer dinner in mid-winter if you have money enough. He proved the truth of his proposition. When the guests came to the table they found the banquet hall had been made into a summer treetop, with 10,000 roses intertwined in lattice-work overhead. Birds sang in hidden cages, and the soft splash of fountains sounded like the tinkling of the brooks in summer's heat. Even the room was heated above natural temperature to give the impression

of the dog days, and to add to the heavy scent of the roses.

The guests enjoyed themselves immensely. The sum Mr. Smith paid was a mere bagatelle to him, because his uncle had just left him a fortune of \$50,000,000. It would have given 1,000 poor children two weeks in the country each.

But in spending money per capita, Randolph Guggenheimer left Mr. Smith at the post. His dinner cost but \$10,000, but so few were the guests that the price was \$250 a plate. They walked amid a garden laid out in the myrtle room at the Waldorf-Astoria. There were growing lilacs, tulips, palms, grass, hyacinths and roses. The guests plucked grapes as big as plums from growing vines. Nero would have turned pale with rage and Lucullus blushed for envy at what was served.

Blue raspberries from Nova Scotia was the star dish, each one worth its weight in gold. Nightingales and canaries sang in gilded cages. The viands were served in gilded dishes, the wines in gold-rimmed cut glass.

Every wine served was the best of its kind. Many of the vintages cost enough for each bottle to feed and clothe a family for a month. Gold cigarettes and jeweled match boxes were the souvenirs for the guests.

When it was over Mr. Guggenheimer drew his check for \$10,000. He had given the costliest dinner ever served in New York.

A Novel Pincushion.

The summer traveler is always on the alert for small conveniences. Here is one worth copying.

Miss Dorothy Dorr, now with "The Runaways," brought from England some excellent ideas for traveling comforts, but the smallest trinket of all is the one which excited the envy of her companions on her recent trip to Baltimore and Washington. At first sight it looks like a tightly rolled bolt of pink ribbon, fastened with a pearl-headed pin. But when it is unrolled it proves to be as compact and complete a pincushion as the nearest woman could desire. The ribbon ends are shaped into right-angled points and sewed firmly. Then, starting with one end of the ribbon, safety pins of three sizes form the nucleus of the roll. Next come large and small pearl-headed pins, and pins with various colored glass heads, the several lengths of black pins and finally two sizes of the regulation white pin. The common pins must form the outside of the roll, to prevent its becoming bulky. The ribbon must be wide enough and heavy enough so that the pin points will not protrude and catch on other articles packed in the same grip.

Any woman who has carried pins in boxes, envelopes or even their original packages will appreciate the convenience of this little trinket, which in appearance is not unlike the "housewives" which our mothers and grandmothers provided for soldiers in the Civil War.—Ex.

The Newfoundland coast folk are "wreckers" as well as fishermen—not wreckers in the criminal sense, but expert workmen in stripping and unloading the hulls that are tossed up against the frowning cliffs. Every fisherman can turn his hand to this labor, which frequently pays better than his regular vocation, and salvage, schooners find permanent employment there with divers and hoists, recovering from the oozy depths the treasures of this submarine curiosity shop.

The Newfoundlanders of the southern shore counts on "a few wrecks" every year to help him maintain his family.

"How will your people get along this winter?" asked the late Mgr. Power, Roman Catholic bishop of St. Johns, of the Rev. Father Hennebury, the priest of Trepassy, near Cape Race, who was dining with him.

"Very well, my lord," replied the padre, "with the help of God and a few wrecks."—P. T. McGrath in June McClure's.

Something Terrible.

New York, May 14.—The American, which has sent Michael Davitt to Kishenev to report upon the recent anti-Semite outbreak there, publishes the following special from St. Petersburg. The papers here at last publish the horrible details of the Jewish massacres at Kishenev. It is admitted that a carpenter had both hands sawn off, that women had their eyes gouged out, that some victims had their arms pulled from the body, and that scores of children were thrown out of windows and killed. The condition of those that are left is terrible, and at least four thousand families are in absolute want.

Complies With Order.

Mrs. Frank Phiscator has complied with the order of court issued by Mr. Justice Craig in the suit of Phiscator vs. Phiscator by depositing in the Bank of Commerce \$3949 in cash, not a note as has been erroneously stated in a contemporary, as the court does not deal in notes. The money is to the credit of the clerk of the territorial court and will remain there, pending the disposition of the action. The gold dust has not been deposited as yet, not 30 ounces, which would lack a great deal of making \$2000, nor any sum. The case will come on in the regular course of proceedings.

POPULAR CONCERT.

Testimonial to Miss Katherine Krieg

Miss Katherine Krieg, probably the most accomplished vocalist who ever resided in Dawson, will be tendered a testimonial at the Auditorium on Wednesday evening of this week at which a splendid program will be rendered. Miss Krieg, in addition to her professional work during various engagements here has also tendered her services freely at all benefit performances where the object was a worthy one and for a long time was the principal soloist at the M. E. church. The list of volunteers is very extensive and includes all the leading professional and amateur talent in the city, the difficulty being that so many have offered to assist that to accept all would last through the night. Mr. Freimuth, the favorite violinist and the only soloist who was ever heard in Dawson with the exception of Hugo Schmidt, now mayor of San Francisco, and Mr.

H. Pinkiert AUCTIONEER

And Commission Merchant
Front St. Opp. L. & C. Dock

Carl Luenders, will take part, arriving today on the Casca. Miss Krieg the beneficiary will be heard in a couple of numbers one of which will be the famous cavatina from "Robert le Diable," one of the most exquisite creations that have ever written. There will also be duos, trios and quartets, readings and a full orchestra of eight pieces. The concert gives promise of being one of the most attractive that has been given this season.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advisors, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.
HAGEL & O'DELL, Barristers, etc. Offices Liggett Building, Queen St. next to Bank of B. N. A.

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SOME YUKON GARDEN

What is Doing a Greenhouse

Fourth Crop of Season Ground Now Mature Celery Ready.

There is probably no place where, with the aid of devices, vegetation grows so quickly or to a greater perfection than in the Yukon. Mr. Dabell began gardening in a big hot house the elevated beds being kept a big hot air pipe in the center of the hot house, the temperature of 80 above being as nearly as possible.

His garden is a revelation not familiar with the vegetable growing in this country. Mr. Dabell began gardening in a big hot house the elevated beds being kept a big hot air pipe in the center of the hot house, the temperature of 80 above being as nearly as possible.

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