

## VIEWS OF AN OLD PESSIMIST

All the World Was Hollow. Therefore Insincere.

Loss of Faith in Humanity Invariably Followed by Loss of Faith in God. He Was Very Much Alone.

My hermit has been round again. I heard somebody disputing the right of way with the pigs and looking out of my window saw the old gentleman approaching. He was rather out of breath with his exertions, and I begged him to sit down.

"I now know the meaning of pig-headedness," he said, "that is, I am reminded of it afresh, for, of course, I have often met with it. I was afraid those pigs would go just where they weren't wanted, and so had to humor them. Even then they went wrong. Piggishness is all right sometimes, though," he concluded, with a smile.

"Not when it is displayed by a Boer, perhaps," trying to appear funny. A lamentable attempt. The hermit looked at me as though he thought the quizzical expression I thought I was wearing on my face betokened that I had eaten something that disagreed with me.

"Not when it is displayed by a woman, madam," he said, severely.

Perhaps that is why he is in the hermit business. I don't know, nor would I dare to interrogate him. So I said, hypocritically:

"No, of course, women should be meek and mild, and pliable to those—well, to those to whom they should be, you know." I ended up lamely, as people generally do when they are only speaking from the tongue and lip out, as it were.

"It would, on the whole, be better," he said.

"But in these days, women take a course of their own."

"Yes, the days of the Amazons are upon us again. There aren't any Sabine women now to carry off, and men don't carry off Amazons; and the other sort, a good many of them, are not worth carrying off."

"A lamentable state of things," said I.

I feel sure my suspicions are correct. I wonder what she did to him. But, of course, I don't want to pry. Women never do. I begin to look at my hermit in a Sherlock Holmes sort of way, and I come to the conclusion that he is an old bachelor; jilted, perhaps.

Well, it's none of my business. Hermits are, of course, unmarried, or St. Anthony would not have been bothered by Mrs. Anthony would have kept those operatic dancers at a respectable distance—with a broom, if necessary.

"Pigheadedness is born in a person," I ventured, "and if it is born in you, what can you do?"

"Oh, of course, it's born in people. Percus nascitur non fit, you know," he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

"And you think that if a woman has a mind of her own, she had better keep single?"

"Certainly, if she really has a mind of her own! Many women think they have, when they haven't. If a woman really has a mind of her own, as you call it, she is capable of standing alone without male assistance. She can earn her own living, and so be independent. But many self-willed women have only mind of their own enough to be a plague to their husbands, and if they don't get their own way, they whine and cry, and make everybody about them miserable. They are no more capable of fending for themselves than babies. As soon as a woman knows like that, she had better be contented. Her husband will never have any peace."

"Well, when is this pigheadedness a virtue?" I asked, a bit sharply.

"Very rarely," answered the old man, shaking his head. "It is not usually associated with first rate intellectual powers. As a rule, it is a mark of ignorance, and while it may enable many a man to get on it will only result in a lowish kind of success. It is a sort of brute, unthinking determination, and man shares it with the pig and the balky horse."

The noise of a wild battle down the gully set us both racing to see what was the matter. The "two dogs" of the house were engaged in what looked like mortal combat with four heavy pointers. You should have seen the hermit, armed with a broom, play the Spanish fandango on their broad backs, while I petted them with odds and ends—mainly stale crusts, the dogs enjoying it mightily. Brave hermit! good old chap! More power to you!

Striking dismally they fled, the pigs. We, breathless, sat down silent for a moment. Then I told the wise, clever old man how highly honored I was by his coming to see me occasion ally, "and if you will not think me too bold or curious," I went on, "why do you conclude yourself so very much. It must be such a lonely life for you."

"I am quite happy," he said, rather quietly. "I've been through it all and had plenty of friends in my time, but—he was looking out the window.

far through the hills which he saw not—"I gave it all up. I came to the thinking that a man could not expect to have more than two, or perhaps three friends in his life. Mine happened to die. That's all."

"How very sad!"

"Well, you see there are perhaps three or four—in cases—people who are sort of made for you. You may not meet these all your life, and then again you may. Perhaps you will meet one of them. If it is a man you will naturally want to marry him, and ten to one he finds this out. Those are the happy marriages. If it is a woman you make her your friend—I'm taking the case of a woman. But there's not many women have true women friends—here and there one—you'll excuse my frankness—here and there one. Women don't make so many friends as men do, and men make but few after all, though having, as a rule, plenty of acquaintances. A man can make any number of those, and be quite a card among them. I've proved it. Then let him clear out and the friendship melts like snow in springtime. Twenty years ago I was one of the best known men in a certain city. I was pretty well off, belonged to a good club and was what they call in the swim. There was a girl—well, well—never mind that. She left me—slipped away one wild night. I buried her with her baby on her breast."

"No, no," I could not bear him to talk about it. So we sat silently looking out at the fading light. The room filled with shadows. One could see the poor old figure trembling under the full tide of remembrance that was surging over him.

"And then," he said, struggling with himself that he might smother the tears in his voice, "the best friend I had ruined me in business, so I chucked everything, made a clean sweep and cleared out. Now I come to look back on it all, what was there in it? Nothing worth worrying about since my girl had gone forever. I am fairly happy. I've got my books, my pipe, my horse, my dog, besides my little garden. Above all I've got quiet and rest. I wouldn't return to the city again. I don't want people to come and see me except here and there one. I thought I should like to have a chat with you though. I'm glad now I came."

"Kind and good of you," I told him, "and may I come and see your garden sometimes. We have no gardens here."

"Come and welcome," said the old man heartily. "You will be the first woman that's ever been about my place, saving a scrub-woman—and the house is a pretty queer place."

"But why turn your back on the wholesome old world. Are we not all bound together by the invisible chain of sympathy?"

"I've found the world too hollow to want to do anything else but turn my back on it," he said bitterly.

"Well—suppose the world is hollow—I want to give it a good thwack and make it ring before I trot out of it for all time."

"Chacun a son gout," quoted the hermit as he rose to go. "I am content to stop in my little shell. I have lost faith in human nature and when that happens faith in God too disappears." And after a while the poor pessimistic old man went slowly away and left me thinking, thinking.

By and by the moon crept over the hills and I went out into the wondrous night and tried to shake off the narrowing creed he had preached. Peace and rest everywhere save in the great heart of the mines. The fire-rivers swept down the sides of the distant hill, I could hear the automatic whistle of the skip warning men out of its way before it crashed down the rock house. Suddenly thunderous blasts set the house trembling. I could see the broken rock flung up by that gigantic force from the pit a hundred feet deep that yawned in yonder hill. Blast after blast, and then silence and peace again. The quiet world lay beautiful in the moonlight. The poor old pessimist! Well, my three or four hundred beloved ones are alive.

Perhaps that makes a difference.

Memory, Not Mystery.

"Memory can play the strangest of tricks," says a specialist, "and it is responsible for not a few superstitious fears in sensitive people."

"A lady once told me that she found herself at times in places where her surroundings seemed to have been known to her before, though she knew that she had never been there previously."

"Probably you will recognize this experience, which is common enough. How many people, when reading or listening to a conversation, become vaguely conscious that they have read the passage or heard the identical words in 'the dim, long past'."

"It is not a haunting mystery, but just a way that memory has. Innumerable impressions of the most trivial things are stored in the brain and will come out when called upon. In the lady's case she had probably seen a picture of the scene at some time, and a view of the actual place produced memory's feeble effort to recall it."

Why pay 50 cents for a plug of smoking tobacco, when you can get the Derby and Old Virginia for 25 cents, at all dealers.

Latest stamp photos at Goetzman's.

## TUNNEL BENEATH THE SOLENT

From Start Point to Cowes by Way of Isle of Wight.

Is Proposition Which Will Ask Sanction of Parliament at Present Session—Good Defensive Measure.

The bringing of the Isle of Wight, off the coast of Hampshire, into closer communication with the mainland by the construction of a submarine tunnel has been proposed. The idea is by no means an original one, since it was first suggested over fifteen years ago. The scheme, at that time, was to construct a tunnel beneath the Solent, from Start Point, on the English coast, to Cowes, the yachting center on the Isle of Wight. It was, however, abandoned, principally owing to the many engineering difficulties that would have been encountered, the most serious of which was the provision of a suitable approach to the tunnel at Cowes, owing to the abrupt descent which the shore makes into the water.

The present idea, however, is to penetrate the bed of the Solent, near Hurst Castle, and to emerge upon the island at Totland Bay, near the Needles. The channel at this point is two miles in width, and the preliminary surveys have revealed the fact that the soil through which the tunnel will extend is favorable to the rapid completion of the work, so that no unusual engineering difficulties will be experienced. By this means the island, which is only accessible at the present time by steamboat lines, will be brought into close and rapid communication with the main trunk railroad in the south of England, and will thus be a valuable means of developing the island.

The enterprise is well supported financially, and the application for the necessary powers will be made during the coming parliamentary session. It is estimated that the total cost of the project will amount to \$1,750,000, and that it can be completed within two and a half years. It is proposed to construct a railroad branching off trunk line of the London & Southwestern Railroad at Brockenhurst, near Bournemouth, to a point on the coast of the Solent, somewhat north of Hurst Castle. This latter is really a range of buildings used principally as a Lloyd's signaling station for the mail steamers passing to and from Southampton, and is located at the end of a pebbly spit of land jutting out into the Channel somewhat similar to the Chesil Beach off Portland. The country is level at this part, so that no elaborate excavation will be necessary to construct the approach to the tunnel, the gradient of which will be gradual, since the bed of the Solent at this point has a gentle slope. The first section of the tunnel will be constructed of circular iron plates, similar to the Central London Electric Railway, only of larger dimensions. This method has been suggested as offering the best resistance to possible scouring. When the tunnel has penetrated well beneath the sea bed it will be constructed of brick. On the island the tunnel will emerge up a gradual slope similar to that on the English shore. The total length of the tunnel and necessary approaches is to be seven miles, and they journey beneath the Solent will only occupy five minutes at the most. The line will be continued inland to Freshwater, where a junction will be effected with the island railway system.

The construction of this tunnel will be instrumental in bringing the principal towns of the island within two and a quarter hours' railway traveling from London, whereas with the present facilities the journey occupies from three and a half to five hours. It will also enable the goods traffic to be carried on more expeditiously than it is under the existing circumstances.

When the Channel tunnel was projected with a view to connecting Dover on the English mainland with Calais on the French coast, the British war office vigorously opposed the scheme, on the ground of national defense. In this instance, however, it is anticipated that the military authorities will support the scheme, since it will enable them to transfer their troops from the military camp at Aldershot, which is also upon the main line of the London & Southwestern railroad, to the island, if the exigency arose, within three hours. Near the island entrance to the tunnel exist a number of modern forts, to guard the entrance to the Solent, and in case of war troops could be concentrated at this point with the utmost celerity. The military authorities have been seriously considering the advisability of strengthening the defenses of this island, which at present is in a very vulnerable condition, so that the construction of this railroad would probably facilitate the work of the military department. At any rate, it is not at all probable that they will offer any opposition to the enterprise.

Scientific American.

Case vs. Carr tonight, Savoy theater.

Holland berring, Selman & Myers.

Latest stamp photos at Goetzman's.

The Pacific Cold Storage Co. offers every facility for keeping frozen products.

Kodak tripods; \$3.50 Goetzman's.

**The Yukon Klondike General Trusts Co., Ltd.**

Offices Over Canadian Bank of Commerce  
DAWSON CITY

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED, \$100,000.00

PRESIDENT: HON. MR. JUSTICE CRAIG.  
VICE-PRESIDENTS:  
H. T. White, Manager Canadian Bank of Commerce.  
R. F. McLennan, McLennan, McFeely & Co., Limited.

OTHER DIRECTORS:  
J. J. Delaney, Esq.; D. Doug, Esq.; Alex. McDonald, Esq.; Thos. O'Brien, Esq.; R. C. Senkler, Esq.; H. To. Koller, Esq.; F. C. Wade, Esq.; Major Z. T. Wood.

Authorized to act as receiver of mining claims and to be so appointed by any judge of the territorial court.

To act as attorney or agent for the transaction of business, management of real estate or mining interests.

To act as executor, administrator, assignee, trustee, guardian, liquidator, committee of lunatic, etc.

To collect rents, notes, loans, debts, interest, coupons, mortgages and all kinds of securities.

To guarantee investments, and undertake all legitimate business usual to a trust company.

Solicitors bringing estates, administrations, etc., to the company are continued in the professional care of the same.

R. B. YOUNG, MANAGER  
Valuations Made. Correspondence Solicited.

**CHARLES E. TISDALL**  
VANCOUVER, B. C.

IMPORTER OF...  
**Arms and Sporting Goods**

RIFLES AND SHOT GUNS OF EVERY MAKE AND QUALITY.

Wade & Butcher Razors; Winchester Ammunition; Rley Load; Shot Shells; A. G. Spaulding & Bro's Athletic Goods; Wright & Ditson Tennis Supplies; Daily Lacrosse Sticks; Duke's Cricket and Football Goods; Newhouse and Hawley & Horton Animal Traps; Rodger's Cutlery; Fishing Tackle of all kinds; Manner Pistols; Colt and Smith & Wesson Revolvers.

Correspondence Solicited.  
Catalogue on Application.

**Klondyke Corporation, Ltd.**

Operating the  
Light Draught Steamers

**ORA, NORA, FLORA**

The most successful boats sailing on the Yukon. All thoroughly refitted and refurnished.

**New Machinery Has Been Installed in All Three Boats.**

We Have the Best Pilots on the River  
Capt. Martineau, Flora;  
Capt. Green, Nora;  
Capt. Bailey, Ora.

Through Tickets to Coast Cities  
**Klondyke Corporation, Limited**

R. W. CALDERHEAD, General Manager

Latest Kodak finishing at Goetzman's.

**No! For Across the River!**

THE STEAMER MARJORIE is now running on schedule time. You will hear her whistle on either side of the river every hour of the twenty-four hours, a speed of 20 m. per hour.

GEORGE LION, Proprietor.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS**

**PHYSICIANS.**  
DR. W. T. BARKETT—Physician and Surgeon. Office over Northern Cafe, First Ave. Office hours 11 to 1; 2 to 5; 7 to 9. Telephone 182.

**DENTISTS.**  
EDWARD V. CARRAGE, D. D. S.—Electricity for Painless Fillings and for Extracting. Electricity for treating diseased teeth. Grand Forks, opposite N. A. T. Store.

**LAWYERS.**  
WHITE, McCALL & DAVEY—Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, Etc. Office, Aurora Bldg. 2nd Floor. Phone 31.

CLARK, WILSON & STACPOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, Etc. Office Maple Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BERRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. The Exchange Bldg., Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 35.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C. Barrister, Notary, Etc. over McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware store, First Avenue.

WADE & ALKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, Etc. Office, A. C. Office Building.

PATULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, Etc. Office, Rooms 7 and 8 A C-Office Bldg.

**MINING ENGINEERS.**  
J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mining laid out or managed. Properties valued. Also done in, and sold to public school, and if below discovery, Hunker Creek.

**SOCIETIES.**  
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge (U. D. A. P. & A. M.) will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:30 p. m. C. H. G. M. W. M. J. A. Donald, Secy.

## Just Arrived!

Half Spring Shovels. Double Bitted Axes.  
Pick Handles.  
All at Right Prices!

**The Dawson Hardware Co.**  
Telephone 36  
SECOND AVENUE

**WANTED**  
WANTED—Bids for alterations. Flannery hotel. Apply at hotel for particulars.

**FOR SALE.**  
FOR SALE—At Eagle City, quantity of boned, brandy, rum, gin, port, claret, sherry and bitters. Flannery hotel.

**PRIVATE BOARD.**  
PRIVATE board by the day, week or month. Rooms if desired. Terms reasonable. Apply Mrs. Mary C. North, east side 2nd Ave., bet. 1st and 5th sts.

**LOST AND FOUND**  
LOST—A Pup, about two months old, brown back, white throat and legs. Reward, enquire Nugget.

FOUND—Pocketbook containing papers. OWNER can have same by proving property. Apply Nugget office.

FOUND—Placer mining grant. Apply this office.

FOUND—On Eldorado, one black pocketbook containing papers. Apply Nugget Office.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news stands.

Photo supplies reduced at Goetzman's.

**Artistic Painting**  
Wall Paper in Stock  
**ANDERSON BROS.**  
SECOND AVENUE

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS  
**Wines, Liquors & Cigars**

**CHISHOLM'S SALOON.**  
TOM CHISHOLM, PROP.

**Dome Commission Co., Ltd.**

For Bedrock Prices on  
Candles, Salt, Hams,  
Butter, Eggs and Potatoes

Give Us a Trial!

All Our Goods Are Guaranteed!

OFFICE  
Townsend & Rose, Front St. Phone 167

**Str. LEON**

Leaves June 10th, 8 p. m.

...FOR...  
**ST. MICHAEL**

...CONNECTING WITH...  
**Deep Water Steamer For Nome!**

**BOOKING OFFICE NOW OPEN.**  
For Passenger and Freight Accommodations apply at Co.'s  
Offices, A. C. Co.'s wharf.

**Northern Navigation Company**

**The White Pass & Yukon Route.**

**British-Yukon Navigation Co., Ltd.**

Operating the following Fine Passenger Steamers between Dawson and White Horse:  
"Victorian" "Columbia" "Canadian" "McConnell"  
"Gallie" "Dawson" "Yukoner" "Bailey"  
"Zelandian" "Spart" and Five Freight Steamers.

A daily steamer each way, connecting with passenger trains at White Horse. Through tickets to all Ports Round Point. Baggage checked and bonded through.

Travel by the Best Route and Avoid Trouble and Delay.  
Reservations Made on Application.

**E. C. HAWKINS,** Gen'l Mgr. W. P. & Y. R.  
**H. BARLING,** Gen'l Mgr. B. Y. N. Co.  
**J. F. LEE,** Traffic Manager.  
**A. H. BOWEN,** Agent.

**Sell Your Gold**

IN  
**VANCOUVER**

**The Government Assay Office Is Now Established There to Purchase Gold Dust.**

**Pays Same Price as Seattle. No Deductions. No Delays.**

**Government Assay Office,** VANCOUVER, B. C.