

## STORY OF LITTLE MRS. HOPE

Who Was Rather Short on Jewelry and Diamonds.

And Who Was Accused of Adding to Her Stock by Theft and How Her Name Was Cleared.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

There were 20 of us making up the party at an English country house for the shooting season, and it so happened that while all were of course well known to host and hostess seven or eight were strangers to each other until introduced at the house. I do not think there were over three or four who even knew little Mrs. Hope by name or could tell anything of her past. Nor did a great deal leak out about her farther after she had been generally introduced and had come to be a favorite with both men and women. She was petite and blond. She had a baby face and big blue eyes, and your first impression of her was that she was a child, and a very innocent child at that. In the billiard room it was whispered that she was a distant relative of Col. Saunders, our host, and that she had married a scamp and been so ill used that a divorce had been sought for. It was generally agreed that it must have all been the husband's fault and that the man who would ill treat such a light hearted, baby faced wife deserved something beyond contempt. She was by long odds the best looking woman among the eight or ten, but as she was not given to flirtation and as she looked pretty without artificial means she was forgiven for her handsome face and became a general favorite.

The man who leaves business for a week or two for an outing seldom takes along jewelry or money of any account, but nine women out of ten must carry their diamonds wherever they go. There was a brave display of gems at Rose Hill with all except little Mrs. Hope. She had two or three finger rings and a bracelet or two and made a poor showing compared to the rest. This was corroborative evidence that she was none too well fixed financially, but she did not display the slightest feeling of envy, and no hints were thrown out to hurt her feelings. A country house full of wealthy guests is a bonanza for a nifty thief, and the colonel warned the ladies from the outset to be careful of their jewelry. All of them agreed to act upon the advice and then, woman-like, carelessly left every ornament lying around. On the fourth day of the party a lady named White missed three valuable rings which had been left lying on a table in her room. They had been taken in broad daylight while the ladies were on the lawn and while the maid was temporarily absent from the room. It was impossible that any outsider could have got into the house, and it seemed impossible to trace the theft to any particular servant. Counting maids, valets and the house retinue, there were about 20 people in the house aside from the guests. Mrs. White's loss was kept a secret for several days from all but host and hostess, but the colonel's quiet detective work brought no reward.

The second loss was more serious. A Mrs. Willmere left her jewelry lying about after dinner and at bedtime discovered that she had been robbed of every single article. The value was at least \$3,000, and as she and her husband were both excitable people the loss could not be kept quiet. Between the finish of dinner and bedtime we were scattered about the house and lawn, with the servants moving to and fro, and no stranger could have entered the house without being seen. The bedroom window was up, but no ladder had been used. It seemed to be plain enough that some servant had secured the jewelry, and one by one the entire lot were summoned before the colonel's court of inquiry and interrogated. There wasn't one without a good character, nor could suspicion justly attach to any one. It was long after midnight before we got through, and next morning the sergeant from the police station was called over. He couldn't suspect one of the guests, and he could find no grounds for suspecting one of the servants, and he got out of it by looking wise and saying that Mrs. Willmere had probably mislaid her ornaments. Unfortunately for her she was rather absentminded, and we presently came to accept the theory, though she searched her rooms over and over again without discovery.

The losses did not break up the party, as might have been the case. The colonel and Mrs. Willmere came to some mutual understanding. I think the detective advised them to call it a "mis-

lay" and thereby put the thief off his guard. Col. Saunders insisted that every jewel of value be locked up in the family safe, and when this had been done every guest became a Sherlock Holmes. There were 20 guests and 20 theories. Everything from an owl to the stable boy was under suspicion. The detectives' theory, as he gave it to the colonel privately, was that a smart thief disguised as a lady's maid or an upper servant had entered the house and committed both robberies. Of all the theories this was the most absurd but of course the man felt bound to make a move of some sort. The jewelry had been locked up for four days, and things had quieted down, when the colonel started to produce it in honor of a government official who was to arrive that evening. I say he started to, because he no sooner attempted to unlock the safe than he discovered that the bolts had been shot. As he pulled the door open he uttered a groan, and the sight of his haggard face was evidence enough that something was wrong. The safe had been opened by means of a key, but had not been locked again. Every article of jewelry was gone, and the value of the lot was not a cent under \$10,000. In seeking to render his guests safe the colonel had helped to despoil them. It was impossible to say at what date the robbery had happened, and the only thing to do was to telegraph up to London for a detective. While waiting his arrival no servant was allowed off the grounds, and of course no guest could well leave while under fire. It was a painful position for every one, and the detective rather added to it when he got to work. As soon as he was in possession of all the facts he said to the colonel:

"These robberies were committed by one of your guests. They must all assemble in the drawingroom and submit to having their rooms searched."

Rather than subject them to such an indignity the colonel offered to pay the full loss out of his own pocket, but this no one would hear to. All were willing for the search to go on, and host, hostess and detective made it. Nothing was found. The detective clung to his theory, however, and took another look at the rooms and was given the names of their occupants. There were three rooms which communicated, and those three were occupied by the colonel, his wife and little Mrs. Hope. The door between the rooms of the colonel and Mrs. Hope was bolted on her side and had been for years. This door caught the eye of the detective, and after an examination of the bolt he said:

"This bolt has been worked within three or four days, as any locksmith will tell you, and this door has also been opened."

"Do you know what you are saying?" sternly demanded the colonel.

"I do, sir. You carry the key of the safe in your pocket. To get that key some one has entered your room by this door at night."

"But Mrs. Hope's effects have been searched along with the rest."

"Her effects—yes. She has the jewelry on her person. Let your wife search her."

The colonel was furious and his wife indignant. They would answer for little Mrs. Hope as for themselves.

"I can do no more," answered the detective. "One of your guests is the robber, and it is the guest occupying this room. If you will call her up here I believe I can break her down in ten minutes."

After long hesitation little Mrs. Hope was called up. She came smilingly, and no pair of eyes ever revealed greater innocence. A layman would have sooner suspected a toddling babe.

"Now, then," began the detective, "you are the robber. You took Mrs. White's jewelry, and you robbed the colonel's safe. You got the key from his trousers by opening this door. You have the jewelry on your person."

For the space of 30 seconds the baby faced woman regarded him with wonder, indignation, fear and anguish. Then she gasped for breath and sank down in her tracks.

"Search her," said the detective as he left the room. Ten minutes later he was called in. The little woman lay weeping on the sofa, and the missing jewelry was spread out on the table.

"God help us!" said the colonel as he looked from the officer to the recovered treasure and back.

"We must help ourselves," replied the man as he looked at the woman with pity in his eyes. "Mrs. Saunders, your maid must go. You must fix the price with her. She must get away as soon as possible, and the plunder must be found in her room later on. She will get safe away."

Three hours later the jewelry was "found" in the maid's room, and everybody else was cleared of suspicion and made happy. The maid had been gone two hours, and the detective

doubted whether she could be found in big London, though of course he would use every effort. Little Mrs. Hope was ill for a day or two under the nervous excitement and so had a good excuse for leaving Rose Hill. So far as I know not one of the guests suspected her. Indeed as the maid had left a written confession before she bolted how could any one else be suspected? This being the case, you may wonder how I got hold of the inside facts in the case. Well, that's a matter of no concern as long as I have given you the full particulars. Perhaps the colonel trusted me further than he did the others. As for little Mrs. Hope, it was want of money probably that induced her to turn robber, but I have always tried to make myself believe that she couldn't have realized what she was doing.

M. QUAD.

**The Last Round.**

Editor Nugget:

On this, the eve of the presidential election, I want to thank you for the courtesy your paper has shown me, and the accuracy with which you have published my letters.

I have still a few remarks to make for the benefit of the writer who styles himself "Light and Truth," but who falls far short, if his letters are any criterion, of possessing either. I stated some of the reasons why the people of the United States should support the Republican party, as it is the only party, in my estimation, that has ever passed any effective legislation for the country.

I also called attention to the true cause of the present strike, namely, the laws passed by Democratic legislators of the South, and this is the party he represents and calls upon the American people to place them in control of the government; the party that is incapable of making proper laws for the states they control! He tries to take the blame off the party and place it on the individual by saying Northern capitalists who are Republicans control the southern coal mines. Now, Mr. Editor, while I do not concede that which is merely a bold assertion, and hence no argument, I hold that we are dealing with the abilities of the respective parties to govern the country in such a manner as to protect all in their individual rights and at the same time make such laws that will so control individual enterprise that the rights of all will be properly conserved.

If capitalists have gone into the Southern states and taken advantage of Democratic legislation, the blame, whether they are Republicans or Democrats, must, perforce, lie with the party that made the laws, and that is the party that now seeks for control of the federal government! Shall they have it? I guess not.

A word as to trusts and combines. The Democratic party evidently counts greatly on the forgetfulness of the people in their endeavor to humbug them. But the American people remember well (aye and so do some Canadians) that W. C. Whitney, when secretary of the navy during Cleveland's administration, Democratic Senator Payne of Ohio and President Cleveland, with other Democrats, formed a coal trust, which proved to be one of the most infamous combinations of the age, that literally impoverished a whole people. I cannot go into detail. "Light and Truth" (?) will no doubt remember it. Say nothing of bond issues! But what about the cotton trust made up of Democrats to a man? The same may be said of the salt trust; likewise the eastern sugar trust; to say nothing of the present ice trust, wholly made up of Democrats. Think of these, I say, and then cease "baying at the moon;" cease howling about trusts and combines if you have any love left for the Democratic party, the worst combine of all—"Bryanism and Tammany"—the fable of the fox and the goat in a new aspect, with Reynard as Richard.

Tomorrow the Americans people will show their good sense by returning McKinley to the presidency, and Americans in the Klondike will show their appreciation, since they cannot vote for him, by forwarding him the Nugget souvenir.

CALIFORNIA REPUBLICAN.

**Snow Storm General.**

The snow storm which has prevailed here at intervals all day, was general at all points above as far as Bennett. There was also a unanimity of temperature, the mercury varying only four degrees between here and Bennett. Reports from up-river points are that much more snow has already fallen than is usual at this season of the year and, as one result, high water such as the country never experienced except in the early days of the earliest prospector, is predicted for next spring, provided the snow continues to fall at intervals during the remainder of the winter.

## THE REGINA CLUB SMOKER

One of the Most Enjoyable Events in Dawson's History.

Wheelbarrows and Sleds Were Not Needed—Club Will Have an Enjoyable Season.

The "Smoker" season was duly ushered in and roundly welcomed Saturday night at the Regina Club, where, in response to invitations issued by President R. M. de Gex and Secretary A. E. Marks, members and their friends assembled until the spacious club room was filled to its utmost capacity and where, until 4 o'clock yesterday morning dull care kept in the background and all was goodfellowship, with jollity and that broad freedom known and enjoyed only in the Klondike.

The following was the program prepared for the event:

Instrumental solo, Griffith Griffith; song, F. W. Clayton; song, Rudy Kallenborn; recitation, Joe Grant; song, Corp. Cobb; quartet, R. M. de Gex, M. W. Watrous, C. S. W. Barwell, R. L. Cowan; story, John Manning; song, H. D. Hulme; song, M. W. Watrous; boxing contest, Raphael-Moore; song, Ben Davis; song, H. E. A. Robertson; story, Leroy Tozier; song, Const. Constantine, N. W. M. P.; quartet, W. Sheridan, C. S. Mahoney, P. A. Rettig, F. W. Clayton; clubs, Ben Trenneman; violin solo, A. P. Friemuth; song, Dr. MacDonald, recitation, J. S. Cowan; song, C. S. W. Barwell; song, B. N. Davis, Griffith Griffith, accompanist; God Save the Queen.

In addition there were a number of "extemporaneous" productions, among them a three-handed wrestling match, participated in by Dr. Richardson, R. L. Cowan and P. C. Stevenson, in which the former agreed to put the latter two out in 4 hours and 23 minutes or forfeit his right and title to present himself at the punch bowl during the remainder of the night. The doctor won in 31 seconds and before he had taken his right hand from his pocket. It was in contemplation of such impromptu events, and for the care and benefit of the vanquished participants that wheelbarrows and sleds were suggested by the president and secretary on the invitations, and, while the vehicles were in evidence, they were not needed as all in attendance were able to go home on their skates.

As a whole it was the most enjoyable affair of the kind that has ever taken place in Dawson and of the many who were in attendance there are none but who speak of it in words of praise and commendation for the manner in which it was conducted.

The Regina Club is an institution which would do credit to a city many times the size of Dawson and Saturday night's "smoker" was but a foreteller of the era of success before it. President de Gex is authority for the statement that the club proposes giving a series of smokers during the winter, all of which, if effort is of avail, will be fully as enjoyable as was that of Saturday night.

**A Final Shot.**

Dawson, Nov. 5, 1900.

Editor Nugget:

Dear Sir—I have, like many others no doubt, taken a great interest in reading in your columns the controversy re the political parties in the States, and I think perhaps it might interest those who have been following this argument to hear a few views of an outsider.

There is an old saying that "lookers on see most of the game," but as regards politics in the U. S. this I think is decidedly incorrect. However, politicians as a rule very seldom present an impartial view of the questions before the country, and I take it that "California Republican" and "Light and Truth" are no exceptions judging by the letters published.

The States today are full of excitement over the presidential election. The people are waiting with a growing anxiety to know the result, whether it is to be McKinley with a republican government or Bryan with a Democratic, and I venture to assert that the same anxiety is felt not only in the States but throughout Europe, that if McKinley is elected the people of the United States have shown their determination to enter the field of foreign politics, to have a hand in the ruling of the world outside the States, or if Bryan succeeds, then that the U. S. of America is "sufficient unto itself," and that they need fear no serious rivalry. To put it shortly—the main issue is "imperialism" and this I think

is recognized by both parties in the States.

And here we come to the question, "What is imperialism?"

The Democrats describe it as "ruling alien people by a military power." The Republicans describe it as "growth of the nation."

The word is indeed a good party word, and the Democrats seem to know it. Fancy imperialism, taken in the general sense of the word, being advocated to a republic like the United States and it must seem that it is bound to be defeated, but in this instance the word does not suit the occasion, and a man who thinks out the situation for himself will not be taken in by that cry.

I quite agree with the Democrats that home affairs claim the first attention and neither party so far as I have read have claimed different, but one party recognizes that which the other one does not yet, but will have to recognize, namely, that foreign trade is necessary to regulate home affairs.

Every year sees the growth of American manufactures—the supply continues to increase above the home demand; there can be only one deduction from this, to keep the thousands of men and women employed in these manufactories at work, to find a market for the over-production of these workers, foreign markets must be opened up. These every year grow scarcer (so many other countries being all the time seeking and finding them) and this I believe the Republican party has realized, and are determined that if possible American trade shall not be stunted, that the thousands dependent on American manufacture shall not be idle for want of a market for American produce. Whether these markets, when found, are governed by force or have self-government rests with the nation possessing them. Canada, Australia, etc., are just as free as the United States. They are not kept under by force and the way they have lately proved their loyalty and love for the mother country also proves that "imperialism" has more than one side to be considered.

The "home affairs" of the States I have naturally no wish to more than touch upon. One vital question is day by day forcing itself nearer and nearer. I refer to the negro question. Here we have on the one hand the Democratic party talking about the "equality of man," on the other proposing to disenfranchise the colored race. At the same time we find that the negroes are meeting together to consider the advisability of nominating a colored president and vice president to run against the white candidates.

"Equality of man." There never was such a thing and there never will be, and this fact has been demonstrated very satisfactorily in the United States. Take any common laborer in the States and ask him if he considers a colored man his equal—no matter how far above him in education, etc., the colored man may be the answer is the same. No, he is not.

And so the world goes on, and human nature remains the same the world over, each man striving to make a place for himself and who I ask can blame the negro for doing the same; certainly not the party who talks about "equality of man."

Other questions in "home affairs," such as the coal strike, etc., are also bound to come to the front. These are the problems of "capital and labor," and are I may say very near universal, and without doubt call for a deal of thought and wisdom and patience to overcome. These problems hardly come I should say under ordinary political controversy, although they are used as points in a campaign by either party, but the parties who best understand these questions and therefore, who can best settle their own differences are the capitalists and the laborers themselves.

ANGLO-SAXON.

**To the Pole With Steam Rams.**

Boats described as steam rams are now in use in ice locked Russian harbors and rivers, and have proved that they can force their way through thick ice, even with 72 degrees of frost. The harbor of Vladivostok, till of late hermetically sealed for four or five months, has since 1893 been kept accessible through the winter; the Finnish port of Hango is now open to commerce throughout the year. And last winter a similar steam ram kept up connection with the Ural railway through the ice of the Volga at Saratoff. It is proposed now to keep open, by stronger boats of this kind, communication of St. Petersburg with the sea, and to force a winter connection through the ice from Archangel to the mouth of the Yenisei. Admiral Makarof, addressing the Russian Geographical Society, insisted that still more powerful boats of this kind might safely be counted on to cope with polar ice, such as Nansen had to deal with—and to cut a passage to the north pole.—Chambers' Journal.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.