The Klondike Nugget

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KLONDIKE NUGGET.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1903.

A SUGGESTED MEMORIAL.

Announcement has been made by Commissioner Congdon to the effect that a meeting of the Yukon council will be called within the next fortnight.

In the absence of estimates for Yukon appropriations there is no pressing legislation in view other than the proposed lien ordinance, which undoubtedly will occupy a considerable share of the session. How to afford adequate protection to the laborer and at the same time inflict no unnecessary harship upon vested interests is certainly a difficult and complicated question. It is a matter that will need to be worked out with the utmost care and discretion and certainly will demand all the wisdom and legislative acumen available.

Other matters which in all probability will engage the attention of the council will be the presentation of memorials and resolutions designed to afford the Ottawa government reliable information as to the necessities of the community. In the future more than ever before the government will look to the Yukon council for suggestions as to needed laws, and until the latter body has been granted full legislative authority, its advisory functions should be employed to the utmost advantage.

Among other matters which might well be accorded more than passing attention is the suggestion raised some time ago through an interview in the Nugget, with reference to needed railway connection with the outside.

During the present session of parliament several plans will be laid before the house having in view the construction of a new Pacific railroad. If any of the schemes in question assume tangible form, every effort should be made to secure the construction of a spur line reaching to Dawson. A memorial from the Yukon council setting forth the mutual advantages to be derived from such an enterprise would fasten the attention of parliament upon the subject.

It is not unlikely that there will be several competing propositions brought up for consideration and if such is the case there should be no difficulty in securing from the successful applicants an agreement to extend their system to Dawson.

In any event the interests of this territory would not suffer in any particular by having the situation properly presented at Ottawa, and coming in the form of a memorial from the Yukon council proper weight to the suggestions would be given.

QUARTZ OUTLOOK.

The coming summer will determine, to some extent at least, just what real foundation exists in the claims made for Dawson as the center of a quartz camp. Thousands of claims have been located and representation work performed on most of them but thus far there has been no actual production. It is proposed, however, by several owners of quartz claims to give their properties a thorough test this summer and to determine whether they will actually pay for working on a considerable scale.

Assays and mill tests have been made in great numbers showing excellent values in a number of cases and warranting the expenditure of sufficient money to prove the actual worth of the properties concerned.

The operations which will be conducted this summer will be followed with close public interest.

It is the hope and in fact it may be said it is the conviction of most people in the territory that immense quartz operations will be in progress in this community in the not distant future. This belief is based upon excellent evidence but to become firmly established must be supported by actual results accomplished.

If the existence of paying quartz is determined through the energy and enterprise of local mining men and investors, there will be no difficulty in securing outside capital for future operations. A community which helps itself may always rely upon outside assistance, when reasons for the same can be advanced.

In a quiet but effective manner owners of quartz properties have set about the work of opening up their claims and before the water ceases running next fall the Klondike should be definitely established among the world's productive quartz camps.

The commercial and mining interests of the territory are so closely allied in interest that no possible grounds for disagreement between them should arise. As a matter of fact such misunderstandings as do exist have been brought about through outside interference and from motives of a purely personal or political nature.

Some shrinkage has occurred in realty values during the past year but only in cases where inflated valuations previously had been fixed. In the future any changes that take place should be in the nature of steady advances.

When Mr. Ross succeeds in securing the cancellation of some two or three concessions, the owners of which have failed to comply with the regulations, the radical "antis" will begin to skirmish for campaign material.

AN EPISODE IN ROBBERY

I was traveling on a train between New York and Chicago on my way to the latter city to take part in a very important ceremony—my wedding. In my coat pocket I carried my present to my bride, a bracelet composed of strung pearls. I had bought it in New York and paid $10,000 for it. A thing of beauty is a joy forever, and I could not resist the temptation to take it out of my pocket, unclasp the box containing it and look at my treasure. I was riding in a sleeping car, and directly opposite was a handsomely dressed lady. It occurred to me that I had seen her before, but ponder as I could I could not tell where. She was reading a novel and did not once look up at me. When it was growing dark, she closed the book, yawned and looked listlessly out of the window.

Of all the hours on a train I dread most those between dusk and bedtime. One can neither read nor look at the scenery. There is nothing but the interior of a car and nothing in the car but people, and if one does not know them the time goes very slowly. I made up my mind to crape an acquaintance with the lady opposite.

"I beg your pardon," I said, lifting my hat, "but your face is familiar, though I cannot place you."

She looked up at me with a smile and said, "I would be glad to remember you if only for companionship, but I fear I can't." She made room for me on the seat opposite her and I sat down. She told me that she lived in New York and mentioned a number of prominent people there, speaking of some of them familiarly, calling the men Bob, Charlie, Tom, and the women Daisy, Kit and Mollie. She did not happen to know intimately any who were my especial friends, but they were all her acquaintances. She wore the most tasteful traveling attire and had a great deal of hand baggage, including a spaniel whose coat had been groomed to a gloss and around whose neck was a broad collar handsomely mounted. Just before the porter came around to make up our berths she produced a box, set with mother of pearl, in which was a dainty yet abundant lunch, of which she invited me to partake. After the feast she told me that in her bag was a small flask of sherry and one of very old whisky.

"Men always prefer whisky," she said. "I carry it in case of illness only. If you can get on with the whisky, I will drink the sherry."

Of course I assented. There was not enough of each liquor for us both, as the flasks were tiny gold ones, only sufficiently large to hold one drink. The last thing we did in company was to pledge each other. Then I went to the smoking car and afterward to my berth.

During the night I dreamed that I was walking along a street and found it difficult to keep my head erect, it being heavy and inclined to fall forward. In the morning I awoke with a headache and the same heavy headed feeling. We were near Chicago, and the lady in the berth opposite was gathering her belongings. I staggered to the lavatory and while there naturally examined my pockets to make sure of my wedding present after a night's sleep. Taking out the box, I opened it. The bracelet was not there.

Who had robbed me? It was some time before I began to suspect the lady with whom I had spent the evening, yet I knew I had been drugged and, suddenly remembering the drink she had given me, felt sure she was the culprit. But why had she not left the train with her booty? I questioned the conductor, who told me there had been no stop for several hours. Going up to her, she smiled and bade me good morning, to which I coldly replied that she should return my bracelet or I would turn her over to the police as soon as we reached Chicago.

"How dare you, how can you so insult a woman? Never again will I travel alone!" And she broke down in passionate weeping.

It occurred to me that since there were others on the train who might have robbed me I had been hasty in accusing one whose respectability was vouched for by her acquaintance with so many people I knew myself.

Suddenly she started up. "You cannot, you shall not, subject me to such indignity! Search my baggage. I will go into a stateroom with that lady over there, and she shall search my person. Come; let us settle this matter." Then, becoming angry, she added, "And the moment we reach Chicago I will telegraph my husband to come on, and we shall see if you can thus insult unprotected women."

At that moment, like a flash of lightning, it came to me when and where I had seen her before. It was while I stood at the counter of the jeweler of whom I had bought the bracelet. I was speaking to him about marking it, telling him I must have it to go on the morning express train for Chicago. The woman was standing by, saw the bracelet, knew its value and had arranged a plan to steal it.

But where could she have concealed it? Not, surely, in her hand baggage or on her clothing. There was one place which would not be searched, and that place sprang up before my brain like a thought from the brain of Jove. It was the collar of the spaniel. Seizing the dog, I endeavored to pull it off. Impossible. The train was entering the station. I wished for a knife to cut the collar, but, having none, I carried the dog to a man at the other end of the car before I could borrow one. Ripping up the leather, there was my bracelet. The train had come to a stop. I looked for the thief. She had gone.

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Their Quarrel

For three weeks Mr. and Mrs. Simpson had been looking forward to this particular night, when they were to have a very particular celebration of a very particular event. For did not the calendar show that this day heralded the anniversary of their marriage? And what more natural than the dissipation of a theater on so festive and infrequent an occasion?

To be sure, the matter of so reckless an expenditure had been discussed with becoming gravity; but, Mrs. Simpson finally declaring that she would "save it up in other ways," the question had at last been decided. Mr. Simpson bought the tickets the next day "in order," he explained to Mrs. Simpson, "to get the pick of the seats."

The portentous day dawned brightly. Mr. Simpson went to his work with an exhilarating sense of something unusually important and pleasant about to happen; and as for Mrs. Simpson, her mind was completely enveloped in a glow of happy expectancy. She accomplished her domestic duties with mechanical dispatch; but her thoughts were far away, dwelling on the delight to come.

As the dining room clock struck 6 the closing of the hall door told of Mr. Simpson's arrival. Mrs. Simpson was folded in a warm embrace and a few things were said about her looking as young and charming as on the day Mr. Simpson led her to the altar. The pair were supremely happy, not to say jovial, and made very merry over the evening's entertainment in store.

"What did you say happened in the third act, dear?" asked Mrs. Simpson, handing her husband a collar button. "Does the unfortunate girl fall from a precipice?"

"Pushed, my love," corrected Mr. Simpson, pulling his tie into place with much exertion and a very red face. "Pushed! By the villain, who has been pursuing her and who has sworn to be revenged—"

This dramatic recital was interrupted by Mrs. Simpson, who was plainly overcome. "Mercy!" she ejaculated. "Is she killed when she gets to the bottom?"

"No," replied Mr. Simpson slowly, enjoying the appreciation of his audience. "No, she catches at a hanging bush on the way down and holds on, suspended there until her lover, riding by in the moonlight, hears a cry, looks up, sees her, climbs the bare rocks and brings her down in safety." Mr. Simpson paused impressively.

"Wonderful!" cried Mrs. Simpson. "I can scarcely wait to see it."

"Well, see it you shall, tonight," replied Mr. Simpson as he sportively caught his wife about the waist. "I declare, I feel quite young and frolicsome. After all is said and done, there's nothing like a little seeing of the world now and then for putting new life into a man."

The last touch being given to the toilet of Mr. Simpson that gentleman inquired if dinner was ready.

"Well, no, not just yet," rejoined Mrs. Simpson somewhat apologetically. "You see I've been pretty busy all the afternoon putting new lace on my dress, so I was a little late about getting the dinner started."

Mr. Simpson's face did not show quite the sympathy which such an explanation might be supposed to call forth.

"Why didn't you do that yesterday?" he asked in what seemed to Mrs. Simpson a most unfeeling manner.

"Why not?" echoed the wife of his bosom, with some show of irritation. "Why, because I had so many other things to do."

"But the day before—"

"The day before! Mr. Simpson, perhaps you think I sit here days with folded hands." Mrs. Simpson glanced with withering sarcasm at Mr. Simpson. "Do you?" she added.

"No, I don't," replied he, taking up a newspaper, "but I think if we're going to the theater you'd better not be sitting with folded hands now, or else we'll be late." With which advice Mr. Simpson shook out his paper and began reading.

This last act Mrs. Simpson seemed to take as a peculiar grievance—and in fact, as you may have noticed, after an unpleasant discussion or whatever passage at arms a man can do nothing more calculated to inspire wrath unspeakable in a woman than to take up a paper and calmly begin reading.

"Mr. Simpson," began the lady in unpromising tones, "if ever a man should be ashamed of himself you should. To speak to me in that cruel manner and then to read the paper—" This last thought was too much for Mrs. Simpson. She pressed her lips tightly together and, leaning back in her chair, rocked fast and furiously.

"Well, well, my dear, let us say no more about it," remark Mr. Simpson, trying to save the situation but glancing nervously at the clock. "I was hasty. But now do see about the dinner, there's a dear."

Mrs. Simpson, with the manner of one who forgives though not forgetting the injury, left the room and soon the dinner was placed on the table.

Mr. Simpson, after several unsuccessful attempts to restore the former tone of his hilarity to the conversation, desisted, and a frigid silence ensued. This was broken at last by Mrs. Simpson, who noticed her husband's failure to eat in his usually healthy manner.

"Why don't you eat the lamb?" she asked in hurt tones.

"Because it's underdone. It's too rare," replied Mr. Simpson in an equally hurt air.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Simpson. "The brutality of some men beats everything. This is the second time you've found fault with me this evening. If I had such an awful temper as you, Mr. Simpson, I don't know what I should do."

"Temper?" said Mr. Simpson, trying to be calm. "I don't know that I've shown so much temper. Come, come, let us use common sense."

Mrs. Simpson tapped the edge of the table impatiently with trembling fingers.

"That's right," she said, raising her voice. "Insult me. Tell me again I have no sense. Tell me I am an idiot, while you are about it. You might as well."

Mr. Simpson felt himself justly exasperated. "If you want the truth," he said, "you are behaving very much like one."

This was the last straw. Mrs. Simpson burst into tears and left the room.

Mr. Simpson gazed after her, muttering things about women in general. Finally he got up and opened the door. "Mrs. Simpson," he called, "you'd better stop this foolishness and put on your bonnet. It's time to go, at once. The play begins at 8, and it's a quarter to, now."

"You can go to the theater, if you choose, Mr. Simpson," she said, brokenly, in accents of deepest pain and injury, "but as for me, I am going to bed."

Mr. Simpson sat down and reflected. He felt very sad and very angry. He thought of their evening's pleasure gone while almost in their grasp. "It's almost past belief," he said, "that women should act so. There's no telling how to please them. And this is our wedding anniversary," he said, gathering new indignation as he pursued the bitter train of his reflections. "A fine anniversary for a man to come home to. It's a tragic thing. That's what it is."

Mr. Simpson flicked a bit of dust from his shining boots with his handkerchief.

What might have been the unhappy outcome of such meditation one dare not conjecture had not Mr. Simpson at this moment thrust his fingers into his new waistcoat pocket and extracted the theater tickets therefrom.

He gazed at them ruefully. "To think," he said, "of the money I spent on those! All wasted. All—" But as Mr. Simpson was about to relieve his mind further on this subject a sudden light came into his eyes. He looked again at the date on the tickets. He started up joyfully and ran into Mrs. Simpson's room.

That lady was lying upon the sofa, evidently in the last stages of despair. Mr. Simpson advanced and clasped the partner of his sorrows to his breast.

"Henrietta," he said, eagerly, "let us make it all up and be happy." Mr. Simpson's voice fairly trembled with delight at the turn affairs had taken. "I made a mistake," he went on, watching his wife's face for signs of relenting, "a mistake in the date when I bought the tickets. We couldn't have gone tonight anyway." Mr. Simpson laughed triumphantly as he disclosed this bit of intelligence, as who should say "Wasn't I a clever man, now, to have made that blunder?"

"But—" said Mrs. Simpson.

"But," echoed Mr. Simpson, as he shook Mrs. Simpson's arm playfully, "that is just the point. The tickets are for tomorrow."

A pleased smile lighted up the heretofore wan features of Mrs. Simpson. "Then we can go after all, can't we?" she said.

"I should just think we could," replied Mr. Simpson. He thrust his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets and looked at Mrs. Simpson with a jovial air. "We quarreled on the wrong evening, my love," he observed.

"So we did," acquiesced Mrs. Simpson, looking very happy.—Chicago News.

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