

# The Yankee Girl at Court

Miss Sadie Milman of New York was the first drawing room of the coronation-season. Sadie was delightfully attracted. It was a great event in her social life. After two winters in New York society she had come to conquer London.

"My dear," said the duchess, "with your face a fortune, you shouldn't look at anybody lower than an earl." This allusion to Sadie's millions was a bit of vulgarity that even duchesses are sometimes guilty of. Now, Sadie stood a little bit in awe of the duchess, so she was silent. It was the same she wasn't going to accept that broken down, bankrupt old earl who was "first favorite" with the duchess.

"As I've got to stop the season under the ducal wing I'd better not say all I want to," reflected the little New Yorker.

"Just a bit of a girl," the duchess called her. "It's fiddlesticks for a child to choose her own husband. You leave it all to me."

Sadie's father had sighed. He supposed it was all right. Anyway, he had to get back to Wall street. So he left his little girl to the duchess with the firm conviction 'way back in his business head that if it came to the right corner her father's daughter would not come out second best.

There was nobody at dinner but the duchess and Sadie—for the duke didn't count—at home. "You must have your energies to make a sensation tonight," said the worldly minded old lady who had successfully reared half a dozen daughters and a score of nieces on the marriage market, and felt quite equal to running a regiment of girls into double harness.

This was the first evening drawing room ever held at the English court. King Edward had broken away from the mid-day court presentations with silvering girls and dowagers in low-cut gowns.

Two hours before his majesty was in the throne room, Sadie and the duchess swept through the sculpture gallery en route to the grand staircase. Already this was thronged with dowagers and debutantes in priceless gowns, fortunes in jewels flashing from snowy throats, myriads of diamond butterflies sparkling in coronation coils.

The ambassadors and suites wore state attire, the magnificent Yeomen of the Guards in picturesque medieval costumes, the royal pages, such of whom is a nobleman, and the gentlemen-at-arms, combined to make the most lovely living picture Sadie had ever seen.

The duchess seated herself on a bench among the beautiful statuary of the famous sculpture gallery at Buckingham palace, where she soon established a little court of her own. For the duchess was not only a very great personage, but the fame of her lovely debutante had spread around the palace. The royal footmen in gorgeous scarlet liveries had great difficulty in "keeping the line clear," and great was the crush to see the new American beauty whose reputation as a belle had been made in half an hour.

Sadie glowed with the triumph of beauty and success. But suddenly her face clouded, the detestable old earl of Carston was making straight for the spot which the duchess had selected as best suited to show off the points of the girl she was proud to be socially responsible for.

"Sadie love," she murmured, with her most winning smile, "here is Lord Carston coming to conduct me to the throne room."

But Sadie was nowhere to be seen. The bewildered duchess stared around through her lorgnettes. Not a sign of the wilful beauty who a few moments before had been the focus for all eyes. The duchess vainly searched the even shook a crimson velvet curtain and peered behind a giant alabaster set in an alabaster pot.

Sadie had vanished before the very eyes of her astonished chaperon. Such an event was so unparalleled in her history as court chaperon that the duchess lost her head. She tore up the dressing room certain of finding her charge re-arranging a curl and a hurried court hair-dresser had been called to secure properly. Meanwhile Sadie, with a beating heart and a determination to escape the old fortune-hunting earl, had crept up the magnificent marble staircase with the throng that was pressing toward the royal presence. In half an hour his majesty was due in his place of honor on the throne chair. She clung to the gold mosaic balustrade and reached the ornate decorated lobby on the first landing. To gain a moment for reflection she stepped behind a giant

tree fern. There were two staircases leading up from the lobby, each going in opposite directions. Which should she take. From behind the fern she saw the hated earl, whom she had so cleverly escaped, with his foot on the lowest stair awaiting his turn to mount with the rest.

This decided her. She stepped from her hiding place and, hoping she was unobserved, went toward the deserted staircase. A curtain of priceless tapestry was drawn at the top of the silent staircase. Once safe behind this she intended to watch her chance to slip down again and join the duchess in time to make her courtesy to the royal circle. Glancing back on reaching the top stair she was horrified to find that two men were following her. The nearer was young and wore the uniform of a king's equerry. But horrors! Lord Carston pressed close behind. She knew the duchess and he had plotted for the proposal to take place that night. And she had played into his hands by coming alone to this solitary spot. Heavens! Where did this staircase lead and what was behind that curtain. Moving it aside she disappeared from sight. The king's equerry redoubled his steps and speedily vanished behind the pictured tapestry. Old Earl Cranston paused for breath. The pace of these young people was too fast for his 60 years.

Sadie found herself alone in the vast drawing room. Was there no hiding place? In another minute the earl would be upon her. The hatefulness of his proposal! Perhaps he would kiss her! He hadn't a reputation for delicacy.

Turning quickly toward the royal equerry she cried: "Please save me from that horrid old man." "Why, Miss Milman," began the courtier. "What a lovely piece of luck, it's you," said Sadie. "Now I'm safe. Hide me somewhere till that terrible Carston is gone."

"I dare not, what would his majesty—"

"Bother his majesty," returned this irreverent young person. The curtain was slowly drawn aside and Carston's hand was already visible. In one moment he would come upon the two conspirators. They looked uncommonly like lovers, too, he with a protecting hand on her arm, she gazing up at him with a very tender smile. On the spur of the moment the young man forgot loyalty and duty—he thought only of beauty in distress. They stood before a full length mirror let in to the panel of a cabinet. He touched a spring, the panel opened and Sadie was safe in the royal closet.

The old earl advanced with haughty dignity. "Sir Claude," he demanded, "where is Miss Milman?"

"My lord," he answered, "I am not answerable for the lady's whereabouts. Miss Milman is under the Duchess of Bayr's chaperonage. I must refer you to her grace."

By this time the earl was furious. Perhaps he compared his shrunken frame and wicked, time-scarred face with this handsome young courtier. The Carston estates were in a bad way; unless he speedily married a rich girl bankruptcy was inevitable. "Stand aside, Sir Claude," he said sternly, placing his hand on the spring. Carston, being an old courtier, knew the secret of the royal closet panel.

"In the king's name, my Lord Carston, I forbid you to enter the private closet," said Sir Claude Connaght. The earl hesitated. He knew that in fifteen minutes his majesty must pass through the panel on his way to the throne. He dared not risk the royal displeasure by forcing himself into this closet where only princes and princesses of the royal blood were ever admitted.

"And what is your business here?" sneered Carston. "Are you a squire of dames that you dare to conceal your lady loves in this royal room?"

"I await his majesty here, my lord, as is customary, but, by heavens, if you hint at anything derogatory to Miss Milman the king will find two fighting subjects where he expects to find one loyal equerry."

The earl took the hint. "I'll confront her on the other side of the curtain and offer to hush up the scandal by making her the Countess of Carston," he reflected, spitefully.

"Sadie," whispered the young man through the panel, "I frightened the old man off in the king's name. I'm going to let you out." The mirror flew back at a touch and Sadie stood before him in her lovely court robes.

"The old serpent is waiting on the top stair, expecting you to come out that way, but we'll trick him, dear—I mean Miss Milman."

"I like the other name best, Claude—I mean Sir Claude."

"Ah, Sadie, if only I dared to love you, but what right has a

peniless equerry to marry an heiress."

"And what's the good of being an heiress unless it gives you the right to marry a peniless equerry, Claude?" The problem was too great. But they solved it with a kiss, which is a very easy solution to a problem in which a man and a maid are involved. "But the king—I forgot the king," confessed his loyal servant. "In five minutes he'll find you here and there'll be one equerry the less at the court of St. James."

"What shall we do?" "Dearest, there's only one way. If you pass that curtain Carston will make a horrible story out of it. I can take you to a dear old lady connected with the court and return in time to meet the king. But you can't be presented at this court, my pretty sweetheart! There is only one way to reach the throne room but that staircase, where old Carston is doing sentry. No curtsy to the king for you, my love, tonight."

"I curtsy now to the king—my king," said Sadie, sweetly.

And then she was hurried off through the white drawing room to the care of a lady in waiting "off duty" from illness. The story was hurriedly told and Sir Claude Connaght stood ready with his royal salute when the king and his suite passed through the panel to his first coronation court.

Everybody wondered why the beautiful young American failed to make her curtsy on that memorable occasion. But the disappointed duchess was equal to the occasion and gave dramatic accounts of a fainting fit and court physicians in the apartments of a lady in waiting. And Sadie Milman went to court after all. She was presented by the duchess "on the occasion of her marriage" with Sir Claude Connaght, equerry to his majesty.

"I always said I would marry an American," said Sadie, saucily, as the happy couple started on their honeymoon.

"My mother was an American beauty, like yourself," said Claude. "Half of me belongs by birth to the Stars and Stripes. All of me belongs to you. So who can say I'm not a good American?" And the problem was solved once more by a tender kiss.

## THE WHIRL OF SOCIETY

### A. B.'s Give Their Last Ball of Season

#### A Very Enjoyable Event, Though One Feature Might Have Been Omitted.

What will probably be the last ball of the season was given last night under the auspices of the Arctic Brotherhood and like all its predecessors was a most enjoyable event. From the standpoint of comfort to be had in dancing, the size of the crowd was just right, everyone having sufficient room to tread the stately measures without tramping over his neighbor's feet or caving in the ribs of his vis-a-vis. The floor was in excellent condition, the music was inspiring and the 24 numbers on the program were reeled off almost before the dancers were aware of it. Mr. D. C. McKenzie and Dr. Edwards had charge of the floor and were indefatigable in their efforts to diffuse enjoyment and hospitality. About 75 couples were present and nearly all remained until the orchestra had played the last bar of the medley.

#### CHURCH NOTICES.

Sunday services, St. Mary's Church.—Low mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10.30 a. m., during which the choir will sing Leonard's mass and Battmann's gloria. The solos, duets and quartettes will be rendered by the following ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. James, Mrs. McCann, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Mullen, Mr. Clayton and Mr. Pepin.

At the offertory the sopranos and altos will sing a hymn to St. Joseph. Vespers at 7.30 p. m., followed by the reading of Father Damen's lecture, "The Catholic Church the Only True Church of God."

During the benediction the following music will be rendered:

- 1.—Hymn—A Duet sung by Mrs. Mullen and Parkes.
- 2.—O Salutaris.
- 3.—Ave Maria—by Willard—solo by Mrs. James.
- 4.—Tantum ergo—by the choir.

Methodist Church.—Preaching 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school and Bible class, 3 p. m. Subject for evening discourse, "Religion in Business."

The choir will render the following special music:

Anthem—"Sweet Sabbath Eve"—Parks.

A double male quartette, with soprano obligato solo by Mrs. A. E. Hetherington, will sing "Saviour Breathe an Evening Blessing" by Reichart.

All are welcome.

Presbyterian Church.—The following special music will be rendered at St. Andrew's Presbyterian church at tomorrow evening's service.—Mrs. Dr. Thompson will sing "Glory to Thee, my God this night," a sacred solo by Chas. Gounod, and the choir will sing "The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away," an anthem by Wvaward.

day and will be kept up till next Wednesday.

Whether the young men are too bashful or whether they do not believe in early marriage is not known, but there is no end of attractive young women in the parish, and all of them declare that the falling off in weddings has been no fault of theirs. Father McEvoy, pastor of the church, did not know about the novena until told of it yesterday.

"I don't know what the young women have been praying for, but I can truthfully say that the pews of the church have never been better filled than they have been for the past week," he said. "The number of marriages in the parish was unusually small last year, but I did not deplore the fact from the pulpit because that is not the Catholic way of going about such things. Neither would it be Catholic, usually, for my people to tell me what they were praying for."—New York Sun.

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arts.

Feb. 29.—The city has started a new plan. The working order be crushing about a week are brought in. A plant is call- ing process. A portion is remodeled, and fitted up. It will be a day. The appropriated plant of will not be machinery in. The crush- ing information, and two & Howell are blue area before cyanid- ing will be erected to stand near

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## MOUNTAIN OF QUARTZ

### Rich in Gold and Silver Known to Exist

#### On Arctic Slope of Rocky Mountains 400 Miles Northeast of Dawson.

Mr. F. M. Brown has lately returned to Dawson from the outside to which place he went for the purpose of endeavoring to form a company for the development of a mountain of white gold quartz which he discovered while en route to the Klondike by a roundabout way three or four years ago. The location of the mountain of quartz is known only to Mr. Brown and his son and is located about 400 miles northeast of Dawson on the Arctic slope of the Rockies.

An assay by Messrs. Emden & Maibaum of this city gives to the ore a value of \$720 per ton of which \$340 is gold and \$380 is silver.

The ore is almost as white as Vermont marble, the bright yellow gold shining all through it.

Mr. Brown, who is an old California miner, had all kinds of offers from syndicates on the outside but the terms on which he was to be taken into the corporation were not to his satisfaction, therefore, not considered by him. He says that years ago he had a good thing in California taken away from him by a company that made millions out of it, and that this time he will see that his interests are protected.

There is a likelihood that a company will be formed in Dawson and an expedition, led by Mr. Brown, may visit the property as soon as the snow leaves.

The quartz, of which Mr. Brown has samples, speaks for itself and is unquestionably as rich as the assay makes it.

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