

ROMANCE OF A DIAMOND RING

The Finder Built Many Elaborate Air Castles

Which Sight of Ring's Owner Disappointed—Honesty Was Not Rewarded.

If any one had told my friends that I was possessed of the slightest spark of romance at the age of 45, the information would have been received as a base canard. A bachelor of that age who has drifted about with all sorts of people and bumped up against all sorts of adventures is pretty sure to have had all romance knocked out of him. He thinks more of his hat than his heart and more of his pipe than the female sex. Yes, I was a hardheaded, practical man, and had the most beautiful woman on earth attempted a flirtation with me I should have scowled her down. That was the sort of man I was, and I gloried in it, but alas, no man can tell just what day of the week he is going to fall over his own feet and make an ass of himself.

On a certain Tuesday I took a train at Elmer Junction for London, and as there were but few passengers I had a compartment to myself. I had been busy with a newspaper for half an hour when I noticed a small package lying under the opposite seat. I found it a plain pasteboard box and was prepared to find a specimen of free chewing gum or a new brand of troches inside. It was something different, however. It was a lady's diamond ring made up of five stones of the purest water, and on the inside were the initials "B. P." The ring was a double hoop of gold and had probably been made to order. It was lying loosely in the box, and the box had once contained steel pens. I argued that it must have been some careless person who carried a valuable ring around in that fashion and that it had been lost by a passenger who had left the train at the junction.

I am only a fairly honest man. My first idea was to keep the ring to my own profit, but I remembered that I was known to the railway porter and that the property might be traced to me. If not strictly honest, I am prudent, and I therefore gave up the idea of converting the ring. I would hold it for a reward, however. That bauble must have cost at least \$600 and was perhaps valued beyond price as a gift. I figured that I ought to get \$100 out of it, and I figured just what I would do with that extra money. Half an hour later I felt a curious sensation stealing over me. I began to feel sentimental. I began to connect that dear little ring with a dear little blond haired, blue eyed girl. I got up and kicked myself three times and called myself a fool, but the feeling did not go away. To my astonishment and indignation I found it growing stronger, and before I knew it the grip of romance had got me by the neck.

I was a man of leisure, though I had no great amount of money to my credit. I would hunt up the owner of that ring, and if all things went well I would marry her. I settled on that even as I kicked myself again. Common sense told me that I might better fall in love with the old apple woman at the Waterloo terminus, but when romance takes hold common sense has to let go. For a week I watched all the papers, but the ring was not advertised. This seemed to prove to me that the loser was either rich and indifferent to her loss or that for some reason the loss had not yet been discovered. Romance made me anxious, and I therefore went to the expense of advertising in five different papers. I simply stated that a diamond ring had been found on a railroad train and asked the loser to correspond.

Inside of three days I received about 150 letters in reply. They came from all sorts of places and from all sorts of people. The number of stones was given almost all the way from one to ten, and almost every railroad in the kingdom was mentioned. The 150 writers were fakes and liars, and the true loser had not answered me. I was a bit nettled at this neglect on her part. She was not meeting my romance half way. I advertised a second time, and this time I gave date and day and train. Again I got a peck of letters, and at least half of them were from people who had answered before. As none of them could describe the ring I was no better off than before. Indeed I was worse off. A railway official wrote me that in keeping an article of value found on the line I had made myself a thief and that he would take great pleasure in seeing me behind the bars.

I was now in love with the loser of that ring. Sentiment had a firm grip on me, and I got all sorts of silly notions into my head. I must see the affair to the end at whatever cost, and the end must be my marriage with the fair haired Beatrice. That was the name I gave her, and I put her age at 19 without stopping to reflect that I was probably as old a man as her father. A third crop of advertisements went out. This time I called it a hoop ring, and I got 200 replies from losers of hoop rings. In sending out the fourth batch of advertising I described the ring with the exception of the initials. The replies numbered over 400. I also got something beyond replies. A detective followed me to my lodgings and was insulting enough to ask:

"Look here, old man, what sort of a game are you trying to play on the public with that ring?"

"None of your business," I replied in my anger at finding I had been dogged.

"But it is my business," he insisted. "I don't exactly twig your lay, but I'll have an eye on you for the next few weeks and be prepared to make it hot for you."

"If you want to know who I am, go to Brown & Brown, solicitors."

"I'll find out soon enough without any help from them."

For half an hour after he had gone I was too put out to feel much romance, but as I cooled off it came gently stealing back, and I was more than ever determined to find my unknown love. With that independence which should characterize the actions of a fairly honest man I advertised for the fifth time. This time I asked "B. P." to communicate with me in case she had lost anything. There were just 107 "B. P." answers, but among them I selected one which appeared to be genuine. This "B. P." had lost a double hoop diamond ring containing five stones.

It had been lost on a railroad train and was a birthday gift from a dead mother. I was asked to call at the chambers of a certain solicitor to have the ring further identified. There is nothing romantic about calling on a solicitor. I had been in hopes to be invited to a Sloan square mansion or a grand country seat, and I was disappointed. It was quite possible, however, that the blond haired heiress would be at the solicitor's and that all would be well, and so I was on hand at the appointed hour. So was a stern faced and aggressive looking householder, together with a slick looking villain whom I at once spotted for a detective and a young woman whose hair was red instead of blonde. The ring was speedily identified by the stern faced man and red headed girl. "B. P." was Bertha Perkins, and her father and her maid were before me. Perkins was a country squire, and on the night previous to my finding the ring his daughter's jewels had been stolen. The hoop ring was part of the plunder.

Of course I was ready to hand over the ring, but it wasn't to stop there. That red-headed maid was sure she recognized me as the man who was hanging about the grounds a few hours before the robbery, and that villain of a detective was only too glad to snap the handcuffs on my wrists and hurry me off to jail. It took me three days to prove myself a respectable character and an alibi. They had to give me my liberty, but it was grudgingly done, and the detective said he'd have an eye on me all the rest of my days. The romance had departed when I was locked up. I came out of jail determined on securing reparation. Old Perkins had helped the red-headed girl to conclude that I was the robber, and I went down to his country seat to receive an abject apology or pull his nose. He not only refused an apology, but threatened to kick me off the grounds, and the red-headed girl declared that I had a cast in my left eye, and by that cast she would swear to me in any court as a man who would not stop at murder. There was one more thing to be cleared up. I wanted to find out about "B. P." herself. Was she the blond haired, blue eyed girl of my dreams, and was she worthy of my love? I had not long to wait. I was walking from the country seat to the village when a dogcart knocked me down and rolled me all over the road, and the driver halted to call me a tramp and threaten me with the law. The driver was "B. P." Her hair was bleached, her eyebrows colored and her nose turned up. She had a big mouth, bad teeth and milky eyes, and when she drove on she whistled like a man.

Zeppelin's Airship.

The following news item from Friedrichshafen, published on the 18th of October, created more than a mild stir in scientific and military circles the world over.

"The ascent of Count Von Zeppelin's airship this afternoon appears to have

been a perfect success. It was steered against the wind and made successfully a number of tacks and other maneuvers. At the close of the trial it sailed away in the direction of Immenstadt, which is about five English miles from this town. After a short flight toward Immenstadt, it remained poised in the air for 45 minutes at a height of 600 metres, and then safely descended to the lake. Among the personages who witnessed the trial were the King and Queen of Wurtemberg, in which this town is situated."

The idea upon which Count Von Zeppelin's success, so far attained, appears to be based, is that the envelope or outer portion of the balloon should be of such material as to hold the contained gas for as long a period as possible. The difficulty has not been in the making of gas in great quantities nor the buoyant power of large volumes suitably contained, but its retention in the envelope or receiver. Acting upon this idea, the count has produced a material which would hold the hydrogen, the buoyant element being the lightest substance known, for five weeks without appreciable loss. The cigar shaped envelope has a capacity of 11,000 cubic metres of this gas (1 metre, equal to 39.37 inches). The exterior of the balloon is covered with a protective surface of peyamoid and silk. The total weight of the ship and crew is estimated not to exceed 20,000 pounds. The ship when completed resembles a huge cigar, made chiefly of aluminum. It is 415 feet long, and the cylinder proper is 40 feet in diameter. The total depth, including the gondolas in which the passengers sit, is about 80 feet.

The frame work of this huge cylinder consists of aluminum bands, 24 in number. The interior of the cigar is divided by 16 vertical ribs into 17 compartments, each of which contains an independent balloon, made of a material which the manufacturer calls "balloin." The first ascent was taken place in October, 1899, but the balloons supplied did not fill the requirements and the first ascent did not take place till July 2, 1900, when it was seen that it was more than likely to be a success.

The motive power of the big airship is furnished by four screws or propellers attached to the sides of the cigar, actuated by two Daimler motors of 15 horse power each, and capable of turning at the rate of 1200 revolutions per minute. These propellers are made with blades of aluminum. The action of such propellers on air not being sufficiently well known to the inventor and his friends, various experiments had to be carried out with them. One of these was to attach them to a boat resting on the water of Lake Constance and set them in motion against the air in order to see whether they would drive the boat forward in spite of the extra resistance of the water. This experiment was eminently successful, the boat being driven in either direction at the rate of nearly ten miles an hour.

The cost of the device to Count Zeppelin before the first flight was something like \$100,000. Even one charge of hydrogen gas for the balloon costs in the neighborhood of \$2500. The count is now a man of 70, and lives at the castle of Ebersberg, near Constance, on the German side.

He served in the German army during the French war and it is said that no small part of his inspiration in ballooning was derived from his experience as a scout on a dangerous trip during that war, and by the desire to see better methods of obtaining information. It is believed that a balloon which can be directed at will—can maintain its equilibrium and descent together without danger to the life of occupants or to the structure—has been at last attained.

To Consider Ordinances.

The civil justice committee of the Yukon council will meet at 8 o'clock tonight at the residence of Commissioner Ogilvie for the purposes of considering the ordinances, one of which refers to providing for the collection of small debts and known as the "small debts" ordinance, the other to the masters and servants' act.

Prime fresh meats at Murphy Bros., Third street.

Hay and grain at Meeker's.

Candles for the Millions.

I have enough candles, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is complete. Plenty of Lowrey's chocolate and Gunther's bon-bons in any quantity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory.

GANDOLFO, Third st., opp. A. C. C.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

Imported Turkish cigarettes, at Zaccarelli's Bank Cafe corner.

HE DEFENDS MR. HARTGEN

Ex-Editor Says the Detroit Publication Is True

Just as the Reader Has Found the Yukon Which He Compares to an Elephant.

January 19, 1901.

Editor Nugget:

In the News of the 18th inst. there appears an editorial under the caption "Like a Romance." It is worthy of note not because it displays any peculiar erudition of the writer but for the reason that it is such a forcible illustration of the moral in the old story of the five blind men who went to the circus "to see the elephant."

The first man ran against him and declared him to be like unto a stone wall; the second came in contact with his leg and described him as a tree; the third felt of his tusk and maintained that he was made of bone, while the fourth, a negro, grasped him by the tail and at once commenced to forage for water melons. But the fifth was an Irishman. Walking up to the huge beast with all the dignity and self importance of the editor of the News while writing a heavy editorial upon the "Mistakes of Bryan," he lays hold of the proboscis and declares the opinion of all the others to be mere "rot" and exclaims: "Vee's all wrong. The elephant is very much like a snake." The editorial herein referred to essays to criticise an article descriptive of the Yukon written by Fred A. Hartgen and published in the Detroit Free Press some time ago. Upon perusing the criticism the only question that arises in the mind of the reader is as to what particular part of the Yukon elephant the writer is grasping at. But it is obvious that the editor of the News and Mr. Hartgen, like the negro and the Irishman, are speaking of the beast from different standpoints, yet it is evident to the reader which one of them has hold of the tail.

Mr. Hartgen says that he has covered more ground in his two years travel in the Yukon territory than any other man in the Klondike, and from the gist of his article it is obvious that he speaks of the Yukon country as a whole, while the critic in the News writes from the Dawson standpoint only.

Mr. Hartgen says:

"There is no calling in which you can so completely waste your life as in the occupation of the miner." Now if the question as to the truth of this assertion were put to the people of the Yukon territory the answers would depend almost wholly upon the part of the anatomy of the Yukon elephant the person had succeeded in getting hold of. But all will agree that nine men out of every ten will say with Mr. Hartgen that the position of their life spent in the Yukon territory is considerably wasted."

Again Mr. Hartgen says: "And think of the hardships and privations!" The News critic takes exceptions to this and sneeringly says: "Those fearful hardships read, and are, for the most part altogether 'like a romance.'"

But again the true answer would depend wholly upon the hold the party answering has upon the Yukon elephant. If he has mushed a sled up and down Bonanza, hauled his wood five miles by his own strength, dug 17 holes 75 feet deep through ground frozen as hard as the adamantine rocks of Eades and never found a color, he will think it a considerable waste of life and "think of the hardships and privations" of the Yukon. He will agree with Mr. Hartgen that "The Yukon is a grim, terrible country and that there is a heart drip in every dollar that a man earns."

But to the News man who never mushed a sled, who never took a color from the ground while in the Yukon, who doesn't know a bedrock scraper from a monkey-wrench, it is different. To him the hardships of the Yukon are "like a romance." His Yukon life is "one long sweet song." For him there is not a sweat drip for a single dollar he earns, say, nothing about "blood drips."

If Mr. Hartgen made any mistake in his article descriptive of life in the Yukon it was in not classifying the people and describing the life of each class. Then he would have not left himself open to criticisms from those in the Yukon who produce nothing, but live upon the earnings of those who endure the hardships and privations that Mr. Hartgen speaks of. Then, again, the reader should remember that the opinion of the News man must

be viewed from three different standpoints: First, for what it is actually worth; second, for what the reader thinks it worth and lastly for what he thinks it worth. I opine that the great majority of the people in the Yukon have experienced the hardships and privations spoken of by Mr. Hartgen and will agree with him that the opinion of the News man does not amount to much, while the few who wear high collars, attend the "theaters" each evening until 12 o'clock and then retire to dream of the beautiful forms that have flitted before them, will agree with the News man, that the hardships and privations of the Yukon are like unto a romance.

AN EX-EDITOR.

Cheap Reading.

The old saying that "What is one man's loss is another man's gain," is exemplified at present in Whitehorse where the price of the Seattle P.-I. has tumbled from 25 cents per copy to 5 cents. As near as we can learn it appears to be the wish of a certain Skagway newsdealer to try and corner the market on outside papers to the detriment of our local dealers.—Whitehorse Star.

The fire never touched us. We are doing more business than ever. Murphy Bros., butchers. 130

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Eastern oysters at the Postoffice market. 137

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

GO AS YOU PLEASE RUNNING MATCH

COMMENCING FEB. 18 AT "The Orpheum"

—Entries—
LOUIS CARDINAL — GEORGE TAYLOR
NAPOLEON MARION — W. E. YOUNG

Turkeys - Ducks - Poultry

Fresh Meats

Bay City Market

Chas. Baycity & Co.

THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.

Electric Light

It's steady
It's satisfactory
It's safe
Dawson Electric Light & Power Co., Ltd.
Donald B. Olson, Manager.
City Office Juniper Building.
Power House near Klondike. Tel. No. 1

The O'Brien Club

Telephone No. 67

FOR MEMBERS

A Gentleman's Resort.

Spacious and Elegant

Club Rooms and Bar

FOUNDED BY

Murray, O'Brien and Marchbank.

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
TOM CHISHOLM, PROP.

ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Henker Creek, on Klondike River.

SLUCE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER
Office: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Boyle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE

The Nugget

The Nugget reaches the

people: in town and out

of town, on every creek

and every claim, in

season and out of season.

If you wish to

reach the public you

will do well to bear this

in mind.

Our circulation is general; we cater to no class—unless it be the one that demands a live, unprejudiced and readable newspaper