

Stroller's Column.

It was the morning of the day after the big hailstorm and the Stroller was very busy. The foreman in a lousy tone of voice was calling for copy; two bill collectors had just gone out muttering imprecations; the Stroller's corns were crying aloud for relief from a pair of shoes that had something to do with the visit of one of the bill collectors; in fact, everything within the Stroller's holy of holies was awry. He noticed the door darken but thinking it was another member of the city council calling for advice, he did not at once look up.

"Show me th' gratted fool 'at writ 'at article in yistidy's paper 'bout 'at 'ar hailstorm bein' unprecedented in th' history o' this 'ere kentry!"

The Stroller pleaded guilty to the rather threatening impeachment and at the same time reached around behind a pile of exchanges and drew forth some handmade Klondike valley tan, the source of which the authorities wot not. The threatening look at once disappeared from the face of the sourest of all doughs, for it was he who had darkened the door and made the above mentioned request, and an expression of pity and commiseration mantled his brow. After striking the thumb mark to the 32nd part of an inch and wiping his mouth on a copy of the Sandon Paystreak which he took from the table, the pioneer said:

"Seem' 'at its you as has made th' all-fired fool break, I reckon I'll have to smother my desire to shed blood and wait fer time to heal my feelin's. But 'at break 'bout th' hail is just in keepin' 'ith what I've got ter stand every day. Th' kentry is fillin' up 'ith a gang of chechackers 'at ain't compos mentis. Axily, I walk 'long th' street 'ith my eyes shet to keep from gazin' on th' ignoramuses. Its got so I can't stop no place 'ithout hearin' some wallower talkin' 'bout some happenin' or other 'at he calls 'unprecedented,' jist zif he'd lived here fer a plum century.

"But speakin' of hail storms, 'at 'ar little areal disturbance of yistidy were only a gentle precipitation of bird shot compared 'ith what I've seed here time an' time agin. One hail storm I remember in partickler was in August of 1861, jist forty-one year ago now. I remember th' time kase me an' Limpin' Grouse was still in the billin' an' cooin' stage 'at naterally follows livin' together agreements.

"In order to be by ourselfs we had gone up 'bove th' mouth of Bonany an' was all oblivious of clouds, time, weather, an' ev'rything else 'ceptin' our burnin' love. Long 'bout th' middle of th' afternoon Limpin' Grouse sniffed a few times an' said, 'Ich tic uk tu,' which meant 'I smell a change of weather.' Skasely were th' words outen her mouth 'fore we heard a crashin' to the south. Nigher an' nigher it come. We could hear somethin' whistlin' through th' climate an' purty soon hailstones as big as ary watermelon I ever seed begin fallin' all 'round us. Thar warn't nothin' to do but back up again a tree an' as they warn't but one tree wide 'nuff ter putrect us I sot down on th' groun' an' Limpin' Grouse perched herself on my shoulders an' thar we sot 'till th' storm was over.

"Talk 'bout hail—stones mowin' down this table grass called lettuce! Why, thar warn't a tree in the Bonany valley less 'en four inches in diameter that warn't shivered to toothpicks and all th' bark on th' south side of th' big trees was beat off. Course th' blueberries was all smashed up an' thar were a big crap that year th' Klondike ran blue water fer th' next two weeks. Th' very next year a similar hailstorm blowed up from th' north and knocked all th' bark off 'en th' north side of th' trees an' 'course they died. P'raps you've noticed 'at all th' timber on Bonany is second growth? Charge it to hail 'at fell 40 an' 41 year ago, an' in th' future be cheerful 'bout usin' 'at abominable word 'unprecedented.' I'm a man of peace, but drat my hide 'I can hear 'at word 'thout wishin' to bust some chechacker's head."

After taking another long pull at the valley tan and remarking that its taste could be improved by adding a pinch of arsenic or rough on rats,

the old man said he believed he would walk up on the hillside and see if the hail of the day before had "druv" in the grass on Limpin' Grouse's grave.

There is a lady in Dawson who in future will be careful about cultivating what she finds growing in a flower pot. The lady in question took a furnished house in the spring and among other things which she inherited about the house was a bulb in a small bucket, of earth which, as the spring advanced, put forth a green tendril. The lady was delighted and was certain that she had inherited nothing less than a tube rose or a Chinese lily plant.

The bucket containing the plant became the object of her most solicitous care and attention. In daylight it was kept in the sun and at night it was carefully carried in and placed on a shelf behind the stove. It was regularly watered and in all respects very carefully attended. It grew rapidly and about the time the happy owner thought her plant should burst forth and develop a bunch of lilies as large as an Easter hat her husband, who for three months had been on one of the distant creeks, returned to Dawson. The morning after his return his wife took him out to show him her beautiful house plant which was sitting on a small shelf she had paid \$2 to have put up for it just outside the front door.

"Tell me," she said, "whether that is a calla lily or a Chinese lily?"

"Chinese lily—" said the practical husband. "That is a Bermuda onion!"

And a tear glistened in the poor woman's eye as she said, "The people who lived here before are mean things, so they are."

And because her husband laughed, she cried and said he didn't love her any more but was infatuated with some roadhouse woman.

A lady who has just shipped a lot of furniture in from the outside writes the Stroller to ask how to remove scratches from the limbs of her piano.

In the Stroller's heart to heart talks with mothers the limbs of pianos have not been discussed to any great extent, but he promises to seek some information on the subject in the near future. If the scratches were on a horse you would wash the mud out of the cracks, fill them with blue ointment and bandage the limb in an old shirt if one could be spared from the family wardrobe.

If the scratches on the piano do not heal up in a month, write the Stroller again. As winter is coming on apace, perhaps you can prevent the possibility of your piano taking cold in the scratches by putting pants on it.

A young man in Dawson who came from southern Missouri called on the Stroller a few days ago with the request that he have read to him a letter he had just gotten out of the post office from his father.

"My ole man writes a devil of a list," was the young man's comment as he passed the letter over to the Stroller.

In truth the letter was a series of pot hooks, rabbit tracks and monkey wrenches, but all through it there was that vein of dry humor which is found only in southern Missouri. The letter ran in part as follows:

"Our deer son,—We have not heard from you for six months and we are very uneasy about you. I myself am very uneasy about you and your ma is constantly praying for you so you will see that she is 'on-knees-y' about you to.

"If you are to bissy to rite, jist drap a postal keerd directed to us and even if they ain't no ritin' on the back, we'll no yo got this letter. The roan mare has developed a bone spavin and gwine lame. The bay hoss is improvin' in trottin' and kin now pass anything in our congregation. There was a baptizin' in the creek below the meetin' house last Sunday. Me and ma was there and passed every hoss on the road comin' home. We reckon Slocum kin step a mile in six minutes.

"The lop-horned heffer is once more a parent and her offspring like to a bit your pop's thumb off while he was teachin' the ternal thing to drink out 'en a bucket.

"Caroline was over tother day. She says to tell you she is still true to you and will wait for you. She says she ain't had on no shoes 'cept on Sunday since the middle of April. She will make you a crackerjack wife and a dandy mother fer your children.

"Don't fergit to drap a keerd. Ma says to tell you to be keferal and keep your feet dry and when you ketch cold to take catnip tea in mo-

lasses. A spoonful of sulfer mixed in it won't hurt you a bit. "Old Towse treed a coon tother night but as fur ain't good in summer I didn't cut the tree. "Your lovin' Pop."

U. S. Consul Saylor has a law suit on his hands. It is not exactly on his hands as he is in Dawson and the law suit is in Seattle. It is about the good ship May West to which the consul in his official capacity refused to issue certain papers. Probably the May West wanted the papers to patch her hull.

At any rate when Uncle Sam's Dawson representative went to Seattle to meet his family suit was entered ferntist him for \$10,000 for damages.

Now the Dawson agent of the ship which relieved the whisky famine here in '98 claims that he telegraphed his Seattle agent: "See Saylor regardin' May West;" and that the telegraph wire had a kink in it and the word "See" changed to "Sue" in transit.

However, the consul is sued.

He'll Never Make It

Everett, July 26.—James E. Bell has been decided upon by the Democrats of Snohomish county as a candidate for congress. Mr. Bell has been a resident of Everett ever since the City of Smokestacks first struggled into existence and has been closely identified with the city government and businesses. Two years ago Mr. Bell was elected mayor, serving his term to the satisfaction of his friends. He has until recently been the senior partner in the lumber business of the Bell-Nelson Company until its absorption by the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company. Mr. Bell is also president of the Pacific Coast Lumber Manufacturers' Association, and has within the month returned from an extended trip to the Orient in the interest of north-west lumbermen. One of the leading Democrats of Snohomish county says of Mr. Bell's candidacy:

"The Democrats of this section have felt the force of the oft-repeated argument of the Republicans of this city and county that Snohomish county and northwest Washington needs a member of congress to look after the many wants of this section in the way of national legislation. It has been urged by them that regardless of faction or party a Snohomish county man ought to receive a united support. The Democrats, acquiescing in this view, have been looking around for a suitable candidate and have picked ex-Mayor James E. Bell as a winner. He has finally, after no inconsiderable protestation, consented to the use of his name in this connection.

"It is believed that Mr. Bell, by reason of his intimate and long-continued identification and association with the lumbering interests of the Sound, will receive the almost unanimous support of the mill men. Inasmuch, also, as he worked himself up from the ranks of toiling men to be a large employer of labor and was widely known for his uniform kindness and fairness to those under him, it is confidently predicted that the labor vote, regardless of party affiliation, will rally to his support. Further, his long experience as a shipper in this state has brought to him an intimate knowledge of the subject of freight rates and the needs of the people in this respect. If nominated he will be able to sympathetically and intelligently discuss this question on the stump in eastern Washington and throughout the state.

"His recent visit to the Philippine islands has given him a practical insight into the situation there and he will be able to handle this question from the standpoint of a business man, both in the discussions of that subject in the coming campaign and in legislation in the house of congress.

"Even Mr. Brownell's friends can surely see nothing hostile in Mr. Bell's candidacy, for should they both receive nominations at the hands of their respective conventions, then Snohomish county would have a double chance at the plum, and should Mr. Brownell fail then his friends and all Snohomish county would still have an opportunity to vindicate their position that Snohomish county needs a representative in congress by voting for Mr. Bell.

"Jim Bell, as his intimates delight to call him, is widely known throughout the state among the Democratic politicians as a close friend of the lamented Governor Rogers, who appointed him to the position of regent of the state university, which position he still fills with great credit. In the business world he is president of the State Lumberman's Association, and in the field of local politics he is remembered by all as our most-outrageous, forceful mayor."

For Sale

Smith-Premier typewriter, good condition. Apply Nugget office.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

SIX WEEKS TO FINISH

Whitehorse Road Ready for Traffic.

Three Crews of 75 Men at Work on the Lower Division—Making Rapid Progress.

Mr. David Macfarlane, local superintendent of public works, returned to the city yesterday on the Whitehorse and to a Nugget representative stated that excellent progress was being made on the road construction. Work was begun on the Whitehorse end of the line at noon on Monday, the crew first building six and one-half miles to the Graftier group of copper mines. Following the completion of that section a road will be run to the Copper King group. On the latter road at a point three miles from Whitehorse is where the road leaves for Dawson following a plateau for a distance of about ten miles until the Tahkeenah is reached, the crossing being made 17 miles above its mouth and 25 miles from Whitehorse. A portion of the Tahkeenah, Mr. Macfarlane states that it is navigable for light draft steamers for fully 90 or 100 miles.

Two crews have been put to work at the Tahkeenah, one headed toward Whitehorse and the other working in the direction of Dawson. From that point it is 65 miles to where a connection is made with the old winter cutoff which is first struck near Montague. The cutoff is followed until the four-mile on the Nordenskiold is reached which is avoided by making a detour and so securing an easier grade to Carmack's. At that point eight miles of new road is being made which cuts off a number of hills and saves four miles in the distance between Carmack's and Mackay's, where the Yukon is first encountered. A crew is now at work on the last mentioned section which is about 20 miles in extent. The Yukon is crossed three miles below Mackay's and the right bank followed at a distance varying from one to four miles to the Pelly, 43 miles. In the three crews employed on the Whitehorse division there are about 75 men at work, all that can be used to an advantage. The old bridge across the Nordenskiold will be utilized by the new road.

On the Dawson end of the line there are about 36 miles completed from the Pelly toward Eureka, some of the gangs having averaged as much as a mile a day. The entire road will be completed within six weeks and ready for travel, and the only delay that will possibly occur will be on the upper end where the work is so far removed from the base of supplies. Taken all through the grades are said to be excellent with which the old cutoff can not be compared. Fine grazing is to be found all along the route and it is thought the road will be much used in the summer by cattlemen driving their herds in overland rather than shipping them by boat from Whitehorse.

Mr. Macfarlane will remain in town only long enough to straighten out the accumulation of office business and then he will return to the construction work in which he is so greatly interested.

One Month for Thief

Thos. Dutton, the ginger cake hued negro who on Monday night of last week stole a gold watch and chain at the Klondike City hotel in Klondike City and who was held over from the police court on last Friday, was given a hearing before Mr. Justice Dugas yesterday when he was convicted and sentenced to one month at hard labor. Dutton's defense was that he had only taken the watch as a joke.

The stolen property was found hidden behind some cans in the hotel kitchen the night following the theft.

Coronation Song

If you want a good, patriotic song, the Coronation song by I. A. Salt is the best of the best, and second to none. Everybody should buy one as a souvenir for now and all time. To be had from all the leading bookstores and new dealers, and at the Salvation Army at half value—on Saturday, August 9.

Typhoon Subsiding

Manila, July 27.—The typhoon which prevailed over central Luzon is subsiding. Telegraph and telephone wires are prostrated. Floods have prevailed in central Luzon and considerable damage has been done.

Mistook It for a Bird

At a dinner the other night a wag was laid that Marshall P. Wilder, the entertainer, could not tell fifty parrot stories in succession, says the New York Tribune. He did it without turning a feather, and so many of them were new that the man who came away and told about it could remember only one.

It was of the parrot which escaped through a window and perched in a tree. The owner's efforts to capture it, even with a butterfly net, were in vain. He stood at the bottom of the tree swearing at the bird, when an Irishman came along.

"What is the matter?" demanded Pat. "I can't catch that darned bird," said the man, "and here is a dollar for the man who can."

"I am the man," cried Pat, and he started up the tree. As he climbed from branch to branch the parrot did the same. Finally they neared the top, and the branches began to wobble dangerously. The parrot was moved to speech.

"What the devil do you want?" it demanded.

"I beg your pardon," cried Pat, already half way down the tree. "I thought you was a bird."

How It Was Managed

"And you say you run your farm without actual loss?" asked the friend.

"I did," answered the man who has just bought a country place.

"How did you manage it?"

"Sent to town and bought my meat, fruit and vegetables in market."—Washington Star.

Job printing at Nugget office.

Dawson Markets.

When prices in the Dawson market reached a summer basis a few weeks ago there was little margin left for fluctuation and in consequence there has been but little. During the past week there has been practically no change, quotations remaining as they were:

STAPLES.	
Flour, per 100	2.50 3.00
Sugar, per 100	7.00 9.00
Beans, per 100	8.00 8.00
Beans, Lima	10.00 10.00
Rolled Oats, per 100	8.00 9.00
MEATS.	
Beef, pound	19 25@50
Veal, pound	35 35
Pork, pound	20 50
Ham, pound	25 30
Bacon, fancy	25 35
Mutton, pound	25 35@50
BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE.	
Agens' butter, 60-lb.	\$27.50 \$ 1.00can
Elgin butter, 60-lb.	27.50 1.50can
Coldbrook	22.50 25.00
S. & W., 48-lb.	30.00 1.50can
Eggs, fresh	12.50 50
MILK AND CREAM.	
Eagle, case	9.50 10.00
Highland, case	8.50 12.00
Carnation Cream	8.50 10.00
St. Charles	8.00 9.00
CANNED GOODS.	
Roast beef, doz	3.00 3 for 1.00
Mutton	3.50@4.50 2 for 1.00
Ox tongue	12.00@15.00 1 for 1.25
Sausage meat	4.00 2 for 1.00
Lunch tongue, case	9.00@11.00 1 for .50
Sliced bacon	3.00 4 for 1.00
Roast turkey	7.00 1 for .75
Corned beef	3.00 3 for 1.00
Sliced ham	3.50 2 for 1.00
Salmon, case	11.50 3 for 1.00
Clams, case	11.50 3 for 1.00
Tomatoes	5.50 3 for 1.00
Corn	4.25 3 for 1.00
String beans	6.50 2 for 1.00
Green peas	6.50 2 for 1.00
Cabbage	7.50 2 for 1.00
S. & W. fruits	14.00 2 for 1.50
Simcoe fruits	9.00 2 for 1.00
Choice California Mission Fruits	8.50@10.00
Silver Seal	11.50 2 for 1.25
Succotash	7.00 3 for 1.00
Lubeck's potatoes per tin	8.00
Beets	9.00 2 for 1.00
Asparagus	14.00 1 for 1.00
Asparagus tips	14.00 1 for 1.00
Celery, 4-5 stalks, doz	12.00 1 for 1.00
CHICKENS, FISH AND GAME.	
Poultry, pound	40 45
Broilers, pound	50 60
Greyling, fresh	40
Halibut	30 35
Whitefish	25 35
Pickel	40 50
Salmon	10 25
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Potatoes	9 10
Onions	10 12
Cabbage	35 35
Turnips	30 30
Lemons, case	7.00 8.00
Oranges, case	9.00 11.00
Rolled oats	9 9
Oats	5 9
Hay	4 6
Soap	12.50
Tobacco, Star	1.00

A Successful Angler

"He was a beauty, plump 3 pounds and as handsome a fish as ever came out of Long Island."

"Where did you find him?"

"In my own brook."

"I thought as much. In these days one does not catch 3-pound trout in Long Island waters unless he owns a stream or knows somebody else who does, and will let him in for an hour or two. It is a condition of things which has made an entirely new definition of the successful angler."

"Yes? What do you call a successful angler?"

"A successful angler is one who successfully fishes for an invitation to go fishing in a preserved stream."

"Do you call yourself successful?"

"That is for you to say."

"Well, come down next Wednesday. I guess there is another 3-pounder where I got that one."—Forest and Stream.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

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