

JULY 1, 1902

advertising paper—
licensing are
papers com-
reading—
Set.
take me up, make
across, that's
na has all she can
Fido—Field

TONIAN
TE
ILY
ews Stands
AND CIGARETTES,
ELS, Props.
opp. White Pass Dock

COMPANY
Right Prices.
DING, King Street.

CO., Ltd.

ATION..... 9:30 a.m.
Service..... 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.
PHONES.....
e
gation Co.
er on Tap
Bonanza Saloon
RAY CO.
Night Services
HEATH, Mgr.
ARS.
Rose
TON.
SE
P. M.
urora Dock

TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1902.

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET: DAWSON, Y. T.

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Mr. Dooley on the Soldier

"Th' life iv a sojer though glory-
ous is hard," said Mr. Dooley.

"Here's me frind, Gin'r'l Fred
Fusian, wan iv th' gallantest men
that has come out iv Kansas since

Stormy Jordan's day, has been call-
ed down fr' on'y suggestin' that

Shtat Hoar an' th' rest iv them be-
langed be th' heels. I'm with th'

gallant gin'r'l myself. I'm not sure
but he'd like to hang me, though as

we know, me opiniyons on th' Phil-
ippines is various an' I don't give a

dam aether way. If he runs me to
earth I'on'y ast iv him as a fellow

pathrite that he won't give me th'
wather cure. Th' very thought iv it

makes me flesh creep.

"But the prisdint called him

down. After th' publication iv th'

speech, whin ivry college

professor in this broad an' fair land

as under sunince iv death fr'm th'

gin'r'l, th' prisdint wrote to him

"Dear Fred: Me attition has

been called to ye'r patriotic utth-

ances in favor iv fryin' Edward At-

kinson on his own cook shtove. I am

informed by me advisers that it

can't be done. It won't fry beans.

So I am compelled be th' reg'ulations

iv war to give ye a good slap. How

ar'e ye, ol' comrade-in-arms? Ye

ought to've seen me on th' top iv

San Joon hill. Oh, that was th'

day! Iver, me dear Fred, reprovingly

but lovingly, T. Rosenfelt, late

colonel First United States volunteer

calv'ry, better known as th' Rough

Riders, an' ex-officio prisdint iv th'

United States. That was wan fr'r

Fred. I wish th' same eud be-
lended to Gin'r'l Miles. Ivry time

he opens his mouth, if 'tis on'y to

'tis a fine day—which I must say

woldom—all they do to him is to

ank his back.

Th' hard life, a sojer's, but a

goryous wan. I wish me father

had esthered me fr'r a martial career

instead iv tachin' me be precipit an'-

example, as Hogan says, to be quick

on me feet. In these days when

a man gets to be a gin'r'l because

he's been a long time a doctor or be-

cause he's suprised a naygar rite,

ts me that wud go boundin' up to

th' top iv the lader.

"Janoary wan—Private Dooley

distinguished himself at th' battle of

Gowwan, in th' island iv Samar, be-

usin' out in a perfect hell iv putty

balls, rice, arrers an' harsh eries; an'

zain' th' gin'r'l iv th' Tamalese an'-

zin' him over th' head with his

beanblower.

"Janoary twinty—Col. Dooley,

th' Hundred an' Eighth Macabre-

scouts, yesterday administered

lest an' muddiest part iv th'

long river to Gin'r'l Alfonso Bim-

baprisme iv a large an' smilin'

stompe. Th' ribil had rayfused to

communicate his plans to th' gallant

council, but after he had had suffi-

ciantion his conversation was

soexted. So was th' gin'r'l Dooley.

"Feb'r eighth—Gin'r'l Dooley,

th' hayre iv th' Ph'lippeens, who is

at home with a large spleen which

got into him in our beautiful is-

land possessions, made a speech be-

re th' Locoed Club las' night. He

said we shud never give up th'

Philipeens, which had been wathered

so some iv th' best blood in our

land, he might say all. He didn't

know much about the constichoochin,

but fr'm what he heard about it

it's a man in his rigmin' who eud

spell, it wasn't intind'd fr'r use out

of court. He thought no wan shud

be dicted to congress undher th'

rank major. There was much talk

in lithracoor an' sci-

ence which he was in favor iv hang-

in'. All th' army needed was rope

an' an' all wud be well. Th' su-

me coort was all right, but if ye

wanted justice hot out iv th' oven,

then see it administrated be three

big laughin' sub-altums on th'

isles in threes, jus' alther lunch.

"March eighth—Prisdint Dooley,

at th' delay in th' sinit re-

guin' all civiliyans to submit their

signys on the tarif to th' neigh-

borin' tayer'n' sergeant wantst a

week, wint over to th' capital this

moone with a file iv sojers an' ar-

ched th' anti-administration fo-

rces who are, now locked up in th'

back baxk is th' White House. Th'

prisdint was severely lacerated by

Shuster Tillman durin' th' encounter.

"Yes, sir, I'd like to be a sojer. I

want to be a military man. An' yik

I never wanted to be a policeman.

It's strange, too, I'r li'r th' think it

over they ain't th' lot iv' diff'rence

between th' mos' ordhinary, flat-foot-

above that ever pulled wan leg

another to mornin' roll call

an' th' greatest gin'r'l that ever

went through a war behind a band on

a horse. They both belong to th'

same round-headed men. Whin ye

brace his courage. That's th' three

in all but th' bull tarryer an' th'

Turk. Both iv them fight like th'

drivel. Th' jooties is much th' same

sex, as Hogan says, wudden't be seen talkin' to a polisman, but if ye say sojer to them they're all out iv th' window, but th' feet? I want to know."

"I can't tell," said Mr. Hennessy. "I heard a word iv William J. Bryan say we was in danger iv havin' them run th' country like they do in Germany, d'y'e mind?"

"Niver fear," said Mr. Dooley. "There's too many Gilligans out in th' ar'my fr'r that."

Medicine by Proxy

The car was bathed in gloom and silence, except for an occasional groan from upper 7—a groan which grew in intensity with each repetition.

"Dat man," commented the porter, as he stopped polishing shoes to listen, "am pow'ful sick."

Then a vision appeared to him so suddenly that it made him jump. The vision was that of a woman, the unconventional nature of whose improvised night attire was partly concealed by a wrapper and whose head was surmounted by a mass of hair that looked, to say the least, straggling.

"I am from lower 7," she said. "My husband has had a bad turn to-night and I am going to mix him a little dose that will warn him up and relieve the pain. He is in upper 7. Please put the steps there so I can reach him quickly. He's waiting for me now."

The apparition disappeared in the direction of the ladies' dressing room, and the porter got the steps used in reaching the upper berths and carried them to upper 7. Then, however, there was a diversion. A masculine head appeared between the curtains of upper 9, and a masculine voice exclaimed:

"Thank heaven! I've caught you, porter. Now, take this flask, pour a good drink into a glass; put a little water in it and bring it back to me. My tongue's as thick as a two-inch plank. Take a drink yourself, if you want it, too."

The porter thoughtlessly put the steps down in front of upper 9, took the flask and retreated to the water cooler.

The apparition—but, really, things happened so quickly and in such perfectly logical and natural sequence that it would be a waste of time to give details. When the man in upper 9 yelled the apparition screamed, the man in upper 7 groaned,

the steps were overturned and a vision in white and gray, with black hair, vanished between the curtains of lower 7. The porter, returning, was met by a boot and a volley of imprecations hurled from upper 9, accompanied by a demand for a gallon of ice water and the hose. The other passengers anxiously inquired the cause of the disturbance. The porter gave copious drafts of ice water to the man in upper 9, and assured them all that there was a mistake which could be easily explained.

"Ma'am," he said, stopping in front of lower 7. "Oh, ma'am!"

This had to be repeated several times before there came a sleepy query: "What's the matter? Has anything happened?"

"Yes'm," was the meek reply. "Somethin' pow'ful bad's happened. D-did yo' give de medicine at de birth whar de steps was?"

"Medicine? What medicine?" asked the feminine voice in lower 7.

"Then it added, severely: 'Porter, have you been drinking?'"

"Don't bother the lady!" roared the man in upper 9. "What does she

know about it? Just get me some more ice water and the rest of that whisky and be quick. Lord! Lord! I wonder if it would do any good to drink from one of the chemical fire extinguishers? Hustle now! I don't want this interior conflagration to get the start of me again."

Gradually the car again became bathed in gloom and silence, and when all was quiet the curtains of upper 7 moved slowly. They were pushed out so that the occupant could lean over and look into lower 7.

"Ellen," he whispered. "S-s-sch!" she cautioned.

"Did he get it?" he asked.

"He did," she answered softly.

"Was it strong?" he persisted.

"You heard him yell," she said by way of reply.

The occupant of upper 7 shook with suppressed mirth. "Ellen," he whispered again, "that stuff ought always to be taken by proxy. It never did me so much good before!"—Chicago Post.

Heavy Loss of Timber

TACOMA, June 31.—Standing timber of commercial value to the amount of 550,000,000 feet has been burned in five districts along the line of the Northern Pacific. This timber comprised a splendid forest of fir, clear of limb for a hundred feet, and all readily accessible because it grew within a few miles of the railroad. Two days ago these giants of the Washington woods re