Stroller's Column.

Ever since the flowers began to bloom fond recollections of the far south have chased each other through the mind of the Stroller to the exclusion of all other thoughts. The other day while recollections of yellow jessamine and magnolia blooms were paramount in his think receptacle he glanced through a window and the only human beings in sight were four "cullud puhsons." Then it was that the Stroller went from "Happy Day" to "The Suwanee River," and, through long unused force of habit, listened for the cheerful note of the mocking bird, the resounding snort of the alligator and the cheerful kerplunk of the cooter as it rolls from a cypress log into a scum-covered pond from which malaria floats out on the flower-scented breeze at the rate of ten cases to the minute per square foot.

To cap the climax the Stroller received by the last mail a letter from Garlic Sykes. It was full of pathos, ink blots and had about it an aroma of having been written in the kitchen when a meal of hog and hominy was being prepared.

From the tone of the letter Garlic's pathway through life is not strewn with pansy blossoms. On the other hand his lot appears to be cast among weeds and lumpy jaw. The letter is as follows:

"Cactus Ridge, Fla., May 20.

"Dear Old Preceptor:

"You'd skace think it, but 19 years have done passed since i stood betwixt your neas and after tusslin' six weeks betwixt A and Z lernt to read IT IS A OX. Yet sich is the case.

"i was 5 year old then and am sorry to say i ain't ded yet. Pop is and i am working the plantation an' keeping the family. Three of my sisters is married and i have thar husbands to suppote.

"Two year ago i was all sot to marry Palmetter Martin, but she fluked and hitched up with Rube Wren. A month later both Rube's wuk steers died from eating loco weed that was toted to 'em and tossed over the fence. Rube an' me don't speak.

"i have just finished choppin' out my cotton over next to 'Gator slough.

"There was no pine mast last year and hogs never got so fat we could ketch 'em, so meat was very skace. Pinders was a pore crap too; also chinkey pins.

"Old Mac, the mule you uster ride to the Joppa postoffice, is still alive but he ain't et anything but biled sweet taters in five year. The hole whar he done kicked you outen the corral is still thar. The neighbors still gather thar an' look at it an' larf.

"Revenooers is so thick taint safe to make licker no more and last winter 'possum hides well stretched only brung 20 cents. Seed cotton was three cents and hound pups only four cents a pound. Four of my best was kilt by a bear in the river swamp and I got only 'leven left.

"You remember Granny Bass? She's dead and has been for seven year. Granny was game, and died singin' that old song 'bout 'Thar's lots o' fun in Georgia.'

"Outside of revivals and an occasional nigger lynchin', times here is very quiet.

"Corn and sugar cane both looks puny. So does Mam.

"Hoping you are enjoying the same blessing, I will close.

"GARLIC SYKES."

Since last the Stroller appeared in print he has passed through the throes incident to moving.

Next time he will pay rent and stay on.

However, he now has a house of his own and he is busy trying to determine whether it is of Florentine, Roman or Venetian architecture. After working by the light of the midnight sun for nearly a week in the vain attempt to put things in order the Stroller is forced to admit that his house looks like a case of drunk and disorderly while the back yard is nothing short of delirium tremens. It is littered with the remains of a scow that once proudly sailed the bosom of the Yukon, and with all sorts of trash and rubbish that other people have no use for and have thrown out into the cold and cruel world.

The rear gable of the Stroller's new home looks like it had been bought at a misfit store or a sheriff's sale.

Brick Pomroy once described the houses of Saratoga as being of that style of architecture known as Queen Ann front and Mary Ann behind. The Stroller's house has a sort of Mary Ann appearance all over.

There is a look of poverty about the place that a man might strive for years to obtain and then fail. It looks as though the man who put it up had built it a little at a time and just as he could steal a log or a handful of nails, building a knob here and a protuberance there, putting in a cross-eyed door in the end and a three-cornered window in the side and at last surmounting the whole thing with an incubus of bumps called a roof.

THE STROLLER STARTS GARLIC SYKES UP THE STEP-LADDER OF FAME.

Had the Stroller moved into his house a month earlier he would have planted his roof to German millet as a few years farming would make it much more even and tractable than at present.

Among other things found on the roof were four Yukon sleds, twenty-eight empty kerosene cans, and a case of condensed soup vegetables "Specially prepared for the Klondike."

If these long evenings hold out sufficiently long it is the aim of the Stroller to somewhat modify the appearance of his home, although he despairs of making it a thing of beauty.

If the man or woman who built it had gone out some night and struck a match on the leg of his or her—hold on here—and then stood by to see that the fire department didn't come around to meddle, the morals of the Stroller would not have deteriorated within the past week as he regrets to admit they have done.

* * *

The season of the year has arrived when good housewives gather up everything movable about the premises, load their husbands down like pack mules, hunt some deep, dark, damp, dangerous place in the woods and camp for a week where they get chewed up by mosquitos and contract a cold that requires a case of Dr. King's New Discovery to cure.

The only consolation a man has on an expedition of this kind is in a bottle that he keeps out in the bushes behind the tent. He arises from his bed of gnarled and knotted brush at about 4:30 a.m. after a sleepless night, his back where it came in contact with his meagre bed looking as though it had just parted from a porous plaster put on the fall before. The women and children, having monopolized all the bedding, sleep sweetly until 8 or 9 o'clock.

In the meantime the male contingent is getting smoke in his eyes and making a trip every 15 minutes to the clump of bushes in the rear of the tent, and by the time breakfast is ready he is soaked to the neck.

Can you blame him?

Scarcely.

There are two morals in the above, one for women and one for men:

To women—If you would further and promote the cause of temperance do not subject your husbands to the trials and temptations incident to a family camping party.

To men—Do not take a bottle with you; take a dozen or fifteen.

"A Lot of 'Air'"

The inhabitants of the little town of Somersby, in England, where Tennyson was born, are frank in giving their opinion of their distinguished fellow townsman. One old woman thus related her impressions of the poet to a visitor:

"'E was a very quoiet man. 'E seemed as if 'e was 'alf asleep, with 'is oyes 'alf shut an' peepin', an' 'e used to poke at ye, loike i' fun, wi' 'is stick. 'E 'ad such a lot of 'air an' a long beard, an'," sinking her voice confidentially, "'e never looked very clean; no, 'e didn't."

And this somewhat startling testimony was promptly confirmed by her husband, who added:

"If you'd met 'im gooin' along this dusty rooad, you'd 'a' takken 'im for a tramp goin' to Brigg for a night's lodgin'."

It Reminded Him

One sharp November day, says the Philadelphia Record, a boy entered a car, leaving the door open, much to the discomfort of an old gentleman who sat next. As the wind chilled his marrow his temper rose. Leaning across his seat and taking the kid by his ear, he said: "Were you brought up in a barn? Why don't you shut the door?"

The boy said nothing, but closed the door, coming back to his seat in tears. This sight moved the old man to relenting pity. "There there," he said, "little man; I didn't really mean you were brought up in a barn."

"That's just it," retorted the kid. "I was brought up in a barn, and every time I see a jackass it makes me think of it."

Ada Gray's Sad Plight

New York, May 31.—Ada Gray, a noted actress in her day, but now a helpless invalid, has been found alone and almost destitute in a little cottage at City Island. Neighbors who discovered her plight had her removed to the Fordham hospital, and she will probably be cared for by the actors' fund. Miss Gray has been in the Home for Incurables at Fordham for two years suffering from locomotor ataxia. The actors' fund provided a place for her in the home, and she appeared to be contented until about two weeks ago, when she left there and made her home in the cottage where she was found. She was taken to the hospital in a semi-conscious state, but it was said later that her condition was more hopeful.

Notice to the Public.

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SYSTEM CHANGED

City Will Manage Its Own Police Affairs

Town Station Will be Relieved on July 1—Chief of Police Plum Eagerly Sought.

The city council is dissatisfied with the manner in which the policing of the municipality is being done by the N.W.M.P. and proposes to establish its own force after July 1. It is rumored there has been some friction between the police committee and the town station, which has been doing such work since the incorporation, and the committee does not hesitate to say that its instructions issued from time to time have been disregarded. This will be remedied by the city having its own police force who will be answerable at all times to the council direct. Alderman Macdonald at the meeting last night stated that his committee had had a conference with Major Wood about the matter and that gentleman had seen no reason why the city should not do its own policing. When the question came up in the council his worship referred to the additional expense that such action would entail upon the city, instancing the one item of a city jail. Murphy replied that the city was being charged $2 a day by the N.W.M.P. for every prisoner arrested and held for an infraction of the city bylaws under the present system, and if the change were made the same arrangements could be carried on at the same cost. It would make no difference one way or the other as far as the expense of maintaining a jail or the prisoners was concerned. His worship gave out the information that from a conversation had with Major Wood he did not doubt but what accommodations for the city police force headquarters could be secured at the barracks. The matter could later be taken up with Commissioner Ross and arrangements made accordingly. The report of the police committee which results in the change being made July 1, is as follows. Upon being put to a vote on its passage Alderman Wilson was the only one who voted against its adoption:

"In view of the fact that under the city charter the policing of the city is handed over to the city council, and in further view of the fact that under the present arrangement made by the city council with the constables of the town station of the N.W.M.P., the policing of the city does not rest with the city council, but with the officers of the N.W.M.P., and in further view of the fact that the police on the town station do not satisfactorily carry out the instructions given them from time to time by this committee, the committee therefore recommends that the present arrangement made with the police on the town station be discontinued on and after the end of the present month, and the police constables and officers now in the pay of the city be notified by the city clerk that their services will be dispensed with on and after that date. And it is further recommended that a city police force, consisting of eight policemen, be appointed to take charge of the policing of the city at the beginning of next month. The committee begs to report that they have had an interview with Major Wood, the commanding officer of the N.W.M.P., in regard to this matter, and he expresses the opinion that eight policemen, four on day duty and four on night duty, would be sufficient, and saw no reason why the council should not take over the policing of the city under its own police force."

Several are already pulling wires for the appointment of chief of police but who will receive the plum is entirely a matter of conjecture.

Charged With Murder

Ottawa, May 28.—Joseph Dechalet, river driver, aged 35, was brought to Hull today, and after a preliminary examination was remanded for eight days, on the charge of murdering Benjamin Richer, a youth of sixteen. The tragedy is alleged to have occurred at Plaisance, a village on the North Nation river, about three miles from St. Andre Avelin. Richer had lived with Dechalet for two years, and, in fact, was a sort of adopted son. On Friday afternoon last Dechalet and Richer were near the North Nation river, when the elder man is alleged to have seized his companion round the waist and to have thrown him into the Devil's Hole, a huge caldron which seethes at the foot of the North Nation rapids. The occurrence is said to have been witnessed by some half a dozen persons, who were powerless to prevent the murder. Dechalet was brought to Hull, and on being arraigned before Judge Talbot stated that he remembered nothing of the affair. Detective McCaskill of Montreal arrived today and will go to Plaisance tomorrow to secure witnesses. Jealousy is alleged to be the motive for the crime. Dechalet has been married for several years, but had no family until lately, when his wife gave birth to a child. He suspected Richer of an intrigue with his wife, and in a sudden fit of jealousy made away with the youth.

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North Bound 1st Class No. 1 Daily Except Sunday	STATIONS	South Bound 1st Class No. 2 Daily Except Sunday
Lv. 9:00 a. m.	SKAGWAY	Ar. 4:00 p. m.
9:05	Shops	3:55
9:10	Scales	3:50
9:20	Clifton	3:40
9:25	Glacier	3:35
9:30	Tunnel	3:30
9:35	Switchback	3:25
9:50	WHITE PASS	3:05
10:00	Mulvane	2:55
10:05	Fraser	2:50
11:00	Log Cabin	1:50
11:15		1:35
11:25	BENNETT	1:25
11:35 p. m.		1:15 p. m.
12:00	Frazer	1:00
12:05	Pennington	12:55
1:00	Lindeman	12:00
1:05	Watson	11:55
1:20	CARIBOU	11:40
1:30	Lake Lewes	11:30
1:35	Lewes	11:25
1:45	Mann	11:15
1:55	DeWitt	11:05
2:05	Robinson	10:55
2:15	Clinton	10:45
2:25	Bennett	10:35
2:35	Carcross	10:25
Ar. 4:00 p. m.	WHITE PASS	Lv. 7:30 a. m.

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