

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Jim Hall is a well-known character. He has been in the Yukon country for the past 14 years, and during that time, he has never visited the outside. About six weeks ago, he left Dawson on one of the up-river steamboats. His intentions were to take a trip to the States, and to spend the winter in visiting the principal cities. Upon reaching Bennett, he changed his mind respecting his plans and took passage on a returning steamer to Whitehorse. At the latter place, he boarded the W. S. Stratton. When the boat was wrecked at Selwyn he started for Dawson with Capt. McLean, and reached here last Wednesday. Jim says that he will never again attempt to leave the Yukon.

The stroller has seen many strange things on the Yukon and has drunk many strange drinks, but never until Sunday week ran up against bean pie. It happened on No. 5 above on Hunker. Josie, the charming young daughter of the foreman, is lately from the outside and occupies herself in ministering to the material comforts of the men under her father. Sunday, is, of course, an occasion for a little more elaborate spread than usual, not the least of the change being an additional piece of pie, such as "mother used to make." Now, it so happened on Sunday that the recently fallen snow presented a most tempting opportunity for sleighing, provided, of course, some young gallant looked at the matter in the same light. The opportunity was not wasted. The young man, the horse and the cutter duly put in an appearance during the process of pie making. Dinner was served and each hungry miner thrilled with a perceptible thrill to observe the thickness and profusion of the delicacy which was to finish off the hearty meal. Meanwhile the jingle of sleigh bells apprised them of the departure of the pie-maker.

Jack, the hungriest of the men, counted the quarters of pie and exultantly apprised his companions of the fact that there was a little more than two quarters of pie apiece. Ted thought they had best slight the beef so as to make the pie more comfortable. Tom guessed he didn't want any soup; "it fills up so, you know."

By a strange unanimity they all reached the pie stage together. Nine heaping quarters were piled on nine empty plates and nine mouths simultaneously closed on nine goodly sections of pie. A comical look of dismay spread itself over nine weather-beaten visages and nine voices said something that sounded like "What the hotel, Bill? What the hotel?" Nine knives lifted nine top crusts and nine pairs of eyes peered into the interior.

When the sleigh riders came back the nine plates were still occupied by the nine pieces of pie. Investigation between the crusts showed—Oh, horror! O tempora!!

We draw the curtain except to explain that the fair Josie protests that the 'dish washer is to blame, and must certainly have put the beans in the stewed fruit can.

Rudolph Kallenborn, of the Dawson City drug store, is of a philosophical turn of mind. He had a large consignment of drugs coming in, which like many another man's goods, got left by the steamer at Bennett, until it became necessary to bring it on down in a scow. It was entrusted to a man who had made the trip so many times that he believed himself infallible, and he therefore guaranteed safe delivery. One day, when the ice looked bad in front of Dawson, Kallenborn got a telegram like this:

"Wrecked at Whitehorse. Lost two-thirds of outfit. What shall I do?" As quick as Kallenborn could write he penned the following answer: "Sink the other third and be d—d."

"Count Carbonneau? Did you say Count Carbonneau?" said Mr. Justice Dugas, one day to the Stroller. "You can publish it over my signature that he is no more a count than you or I. Why, the last time I met him was a year ago in Montreal. I was magistrate then and he came to me, as per ordinance, to secure a saloon-license. You can put that, too, over my signature, if you like. He's French Canadian; there is no title of count belongs to him at all. Quote me as your authority, for, knowing him as I do, I should feel that possibly I was slightly to blame if by the assumption of this title he was enabled to mislead anyone."

Jacqueline deprecates the condition of affairs on the Yukon. Occasionally she becomes reminiscent and talks entertainingly of other days. "Just think of it," she said last night, "two years ago the dance hall

and variety businesses were so good that it was nothing exceptional for me to make \$150 or \$200 in a single night. Then rich claim owners would come to town, and consider it a privilege to buy drinks for the girls. But how very different now. I seldom see the old time acquaintances. Surely my face has lost none of its comeliness, neither have my winning ways fallen into desuetude; yet, this week's percentage will not pay my laundry bill. "How do you account for it?" she asked by way of conclusion.

The persons to whom the question was addressed had to pass it up.

The funniest thing in Dawson was Millionaire Fritz Kloke learning to ride the bicycle on Saturday last. Of course, Fritz bought the finest bicycle he could get—a racer geared up to 74. Nothing is too good for Fritz, and if he could have got one geared to 100, he would have taken it just as quick, let the cost be what it would.

Fritz wheeled his machine onto the clear street in front of the big companies and essayed to climb it. Of course, as fast as he got upon one side he fell off on the other, until friends went to his assistance and steadied the machine while he mounted.

"Let her go!" shouted Fritz in a tone of voice he uses when he is preparing to shoot the rapids.

They gave him a shove, his feet caught the pedals and he was flying along Front street faster than his best dog team ever carried him. The only difference between Fritz on a sled and Fritz on a machine, was that on the wheel he proceeded in a peculiar spiral fashion. He would head straight for the sidewalk, and just as friends were preparing to call the ambulance, with an agonized expression on his face he would get the dummed thing turned and would rush for the precipitous river bank in a most alarming fashion. At last the N. A. T. stores loomed up to his right. He saw them distinctly enough long before he got there.

"Haw!" shouted Fritz, thinking for a minute his dogs were running away with him. "Haw! haw! Can't you haw?" and his face assumed a more and more anxious expression as the balky machine carried him closer and closer to a row of buildings which would require a balloon to surmount.

"Whoa! Back!! Haw!!!" but it was no use. Though an open roadway was in front, Fritz took a "header" against the sidewalk, landing all in a heap with a long slide, but all unhurt and "right side up with care."

"I don't understand," said Fritz, "why I couldn't steer away from those buildings when I wanted to so strongly."

By the aid of friends he mounted again, missed an engine and boiler just by a hair's breadth, when he made up his mind that escape was impossible; grazed the fire alarm tower, cut a dog team in two, scared the driver out of his basket sleigh; tried to climb the N. A. T. Co.'s pile of coal; stared twice over the river bank; made a bee line for a telegraph post; turned round so suddenly that he was going south when he wanted to go north; went up Fourth street when First avenue was his route; got tangled up with a team of horses; run a pedestrian down; took two somersaults; scared three ladies into running away; wobbled so badly that he traveled a mile in going 500 feet; tried to get into the A. E. warehouses; ran upon the sidewalks when he wanted to keep the street; doubled on his track every 100 yards when he wanted to go straight; lost his pedals in going down grade and believed it was all up with him; caught his heel in the chain; steered right when he should have steered left—in fact did the thousand and one things which a fellow does when he tries for the first time to ride the bicycle. Meanwhile his face underwent a vivid portrayal of all the human emotions from buoyant hope to blank despair; from placid benevolence to malevolent hate; from despondency to triumph; from quivering fear to conquering hauteur; from abject misery to effervescent joy; from direct alarm to brilliant boldness; from sorrowful anxiety to jubilant assurance; from joy to sorrow—in fact the whole gamut of passions and emotions, brought out in rapid succession as only a bicycle in the hands of an amateur can bring them out.

The Stroller, in justice to Fritz, has to record that he has now mastered his new steed, and never tells it to "mush" or "gee," and when he goes into a store, has not been heard to command his machine to "lie down" for at least four days by actual count.

Her Hands Full.

"What a very large mouth Miss Fannie Twimbler has!"

"Yes. I understand that she's so afraid of kissing bugs that she sleeps with both hands over it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First-class goods only. Mohr & Wilkens.

STORAGE—Boyle's wharf, under the management of the Nugget Express.

WORK ON THE CREEKS.

As Reported From Monte Cristo, Hester and Gold Run.

Machinery Will Be Used Generally in Conducting Operations on the Principal Creeks.

Winter work on the creeks is progressing actively. The trails are in good condition, and no trouble is being encountered in transporting machinery and supplies from Dawson. The principal claims have employed their forces of men for the season. Unquestionably, larger dumps will be taken out this winter than there have been during any of the past years. This will be due to the improved methods of mining, which will prevail this season, on all of the rich properties. It is also true that many claims, which could not be worked profitably in the past will be operated to advantage this winter with steam thawers. Many expect that the introduction of machinery will increase materially the value of all ground, which contains any prospects at all.

MONTE CRISTO.

There has been much doubt respecting the richness of Monte Cristo hill. Undoubtedly there have been some very rich pans of dirt washed; but in many instances the rich pay is spotted, and is found in small pockets. No uniform nor regular pay streak of great value has been uncovered. The most damaging tact against this locality is that nearly every claim has changed hands during the past year. However, there are many properties of great value.

Mr. William Barr and others recently purchased the Baldwin claim. One shaft has been sunk to bedrock, and the results have been most gratifying to owners. They claim three feet of pay dirt, part of which will run \$2 to the pan.

The claim owned by George Maunson & Co., is considered to be one of the richest in this vicinity. Before the freeze-up last fall the owners are said to have rocked \$120 per day to the rocker out of three feet and a half of gravel.

Those who own the claim are conducting operations on a portion of it; they are engaged now in sinking one hole, which has attained a depth of 50 feet, and they expect to reach bedrock at 75 feet. A number of lays have been let on the claim. Messrs. Hester, Hardwick and Capt. Waud of the steamer Ora have one of the lays. They will operate with machinery, and are very confident of success. Mr. Hileher, the merchant of Dawson, also has a lay on a piece of the property. He has moved his machinery to the claim and will commence working in a very short time. Another lay has been let to Messrs. McDonald and Dunham, who have almost completed preparations for winter's work.

The Planagan property, the north side of which adjoins the Manson claim, is being worked by Anderson & Co., the owners. They have rich prospects, and plenty of gravel. Extensive operations are being conducted on the McLeachen claim, which lies east of the Manson property.

Kern & Co. are working a large force of men on what is known as the Frenchman's claim. Good pay has been struck on this particular property. Bonfield & Co. are operating with machinery and are taking out rich pay. Their claim is immediately west of the Manson property.

The Haigh claim, which produced so well last winter, is now owned by Ed McConnell; he is preparing to work it this season.

HESTER CREEK.

Many properties on this creek, which empties into Hunker at No. 60 below, will be worked during the present winter. There are about 20 claims on Hester. Those from No. 1 to No. 10 will be thoroughly prospected.

Some pieces of ground in this locality have proven valuable. The hillside, off of No. 10, owned by Mr. Lind, is considered rich. Recently he also acquired creek claim No. 8, and he expects to work it successfully this season. Creek claim No. 7 is one of the best properties in this vicinity. The dirt has panned 75 cents. A number of laymen are operating on Hester; but as a general rule, the ground is being developed by owners.

GOLD RUN.

Recent reports from Gold Run affirm that practically every claim from No. 11 to No. 50 will be worked this winter. Even many claims above No. 50 will be developed; the operations extending as far as No. 75. Some fine prospects have been taken from the pup at No. 58. This is also true of Whitman gulch, which enters at No. 28 on the

left limit. The hillsides on the left limit are being prospected diligently. Many claims will be worked with machinery.

The Coming Six-Day Race.

Interest in the coming go-as-you-please foot race grows apace. A new aspirant for honors—and incidentally for dollars—is Montague Martin, an adventurous young Britisher who made somewhat of a fame for himself a few years ago by trundling a wheelbarrow on a wager from Paris to Munich a distance of 1007 miles. The wager was won, and it was while on that trip he met another globe trotter, one of the present contestants in the go-as-you-please, Thoenner. Seeing the mention of Thoenner in The Nugget, Martin hunted him up and after depositing his \$100 forfeit, has gone into training for the race. Like Thoenner and other contestants, he is of athletic build and is confident of success against the redoubtable Taylor.

By the way, Taylor has not yet posted the \$1000 which he agreed to forfeit to any of the contestants who beat him. Neither has he put up the \$250 which he agreed to present to anyone he did not beat by ten miles in the six days' run.

Thoenner has been training hard and conscientiously until within a few days. A slight strain required rest for a cure. Taylor claims to be in the very best of trim with wind like a horse.

The irrepressible Taylor is trying to complete a half a dozen matches while waiting for this one to come off. He is trying to close a wager to beat a bicycle to the coast, and another one to beat a horse.

Another Lost Plan.

Emma I. Cook, of No. 18 1/2 Henry street, San Francisco, Cal., has addressed a letter to Judge Wood, of the Seattle-Yukon Transportation Co., asking for information concerning Joseph M. McGee, formerly in the employ of Judge Wood's company. Anyone knowing anything of the present whereabouts of Mr. McGee is requested to communicate with Miss Cook.

Candles, \$9.25 per box, at Mohr & Wilkens'.

The Nugget Express will start a dog team for Cape Nome and intermediate points after the freeze-up. Letters and small packages may be left at office on Boyle's wharf.

The only qualified horse and dog doctor practicing in Dawson. Dr. Strong, D. V. S., Pioneer barber shop.

Jingle Bells.

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