

Stroller's Column.

Stroller's Heart to Heart talks in a manner that was the surprise and admiration of all the miners of the diggings thereabouts.

"And now," continued the young woman, as the Stroller assumed a half convinced look, "just to show you that other women sometimes envy dancehall girls, I will read you a letter I received by the last mail from a married woman who was my room-mate for two years at Mills' Seminary." And producing a voluminous letter from the pocket where she carried her percentage checks, she read as follows:

"My dear —

"Talk about a flower being born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air, I am it.

"When we left the seminary we little knew what the future had in store for us. Two years later and after we both had failed as actresses even to tomale joints, and you decided to go to the Klondike, you remember I declined to go with you because Jack



SHE READ FROM A BOOK OF STATISTICS.

and I were engaged. How I wish I had broken off the engagement and gone with you. We were married early in '98 and here I am anchored at home day and night by two squalling kids, both lusty-lunged boys. Talk about a sweet-scented layout, I have it. I do my own work and Jack has developed into a perfect bear. He wears flannel shirts, shaves only once in two weeks, and stays out every night till after 12 o'clock, while I am at home pouring paregoric first into Junius Brutus Booth and then into Richard Mansfield Bittner. Being wife

of a small book from the pocket of my dress, she turned to page 10 and read:

"The woman in Butte that Miss formerly known as 'Six-foot Sal,' who for 25 years could longer and kick higher than woman in Montana, is now the best woman in the state, her success being found in doing good others. She is a devout class member, president of seventeen charitable and temperance societies, never takes a drop and is beloved by all. Sarah is all that is embodied in expression: an exemplary woman."

"said the Stroller, "do you think it is ever possible for a girl to be frequented dancehalls for dancing with every Tom and Jerry who comes along, to again have her head in what the world, perhaps, calls good society?"

"page 20 of her book of statistics, the young woman read: 'From 1865 to 1890 every German mile of Fargo, North Dakota, led by Judge — and the judge having met his wife for the first time when she was before him in court on the charge of robbing a Black Hills mine in a dancehall where she was engaged on account of her light-colored proclivities — than for her and swan-like curves in the street. Mrs. Judge — still all the fashions in a large country, her reception at home days are invariably attended with the elite of the city. She is a loving wife and mother."

"THE DUTIES OF A WIFE AND MOTHER ARE NO CAKE-WALK."

and mother, my dear — is no cake walk.

"When you write, tell me all about your nice dresses. You might send me one of your old ones.

"Yours, half the time in the wash tub and always in grief.

"KATE."

"Now," said the Stroller's companion, "you see dance hall girls are not such objects for commiseration and pity as some folks believe. By the way, you have monopolized my time for thirty minutes in this conversation, causing me to miss no less than five dances on which my percentage would have been \$2, so

please remit." The Stroller remitted and as he wandered out into the night air he thus soliloquized:

"All flesh is grass, but few go to a butcher shop for baled hay."

The following alleged poetry was forwarded to the Stroller from San Francisco, and as it refers to a Dawson affair he will publish it "as she lays." If the writer escapes being sandbagged in Frisco, the Stroller hopes he will get his "needin's" when he reaches Seattle on his way to Dawson. The effusion, of rather confusion, is as follows:

I'd been to Monte Carlo, and watched the girls in dance, I'd tried my luck at faro, to win I had no chance. So I sauntered up the chilly street to Sanis, my luck to try. Oregon Jeff I chanced to meet, who said "Look me in the eye."

"'Twill surely be a great big play," so said the Oregon Jew, "I haven't got a check today, stake me to play for you." Just then came Handsome Goldie and pushed the squeaky door, Harry Woolrich followed slowly, and half a dozen more.

Ward and Jim were off that shift, the night was very cold. The up-creek boys had quit the drift and all were spending gold. Cherokee Bob was on a drunk and couldn't deal the bank. Behind the bar the silent monk dealt but never drank.

Around the table all the boys played their checks and pokes. They had their share of woes and joys but the losers cracked no jokes. Then it was come, that big deal you've heard so much about. No man had a slicker pile than Sam when the deal was out.

The soda was the king of spades, Woolrich bet a stack; Jeff followed with his black old spades, Sam Turner on the Jack. Each man played the limit with a determined vim. But he either wasn't in it or he'd take Sam's bank roll in.

Holden copped on the duce, the bets were very high, Oregon Jeff got double shot and said "Look me in the eye." And so the fortunes varied until the cases came. Some had even tarried for the last turn of the game.

The rubbers! how they stretched their necks and pushed and swayed about. Some climbed upon the others' backs and some were crowded out. Fish, I think it was, led off with fifty on the six.

"If these cards double out," he smiled, "I'll have him in a fix." All now copped on the ace a thousand bucks or more. The queen she showed her smiling face



and the play went on the four, A thousand dollars to a card was what the gang put down. The six had won, the play was hard. Sam paid without a frown.

The next turn was a wonder, Harry got a "hunch." Or else Sam made a blunder and somewhere left a bunch. For up jumped Harry Woolrich with a wondrous flow of gall. "The play is getting pretty rich, what'll you pay me on a call?"

Sam looked up at the cases, smiled he never a smile.

"These are pretty hot passes, twenty to one for a while. Ace to lose and four to win," and a blue stack placed he there. "What in the world's come over him?" said the others with a stare.

Harry's only answer was, "It sure looks good to me." And there was hardly time to pause till the callers numbered three. Goldie followed Harry and Holden got there too. But the dealer copped off many of those colored checks of blue.

The silence was intense as Sam the cards withdrew. The ace of hearts loomed up immense and the four of spades wins too. And thus the play went on in that big deal you know. The game took place in Dawson, the mercury sixty below.

The last turn came, the cases wrong, the boys cashed in quite bold. For they were thirty thousand strong of Sam's Bonanza gold. Then Sam first spoke across the board as calm as an old buck fox. "Tomorrow night come in, my boys, I'll be behind the box."

HAD BUSY VACATION

Barrister A. G. Smith Returns

Two Important Cases Before the Court of Appeals Took Most of His Time.

Mr. Arthur G. Smith, of the well-known legal firm of Smith & Macrae, returned Sunday evening from a trip outside lasting several months. Unlike many of the other members of the fraternity who have enjoyed their vacation this winter in a less vigorous clime, Mr. Smith's excursion to the coast was one almost wholly of business. Two very large cases in which his firm was interested came up before the British Columbia court of appeals sitting at Victoria, both of which required his presence. The cases were first set for trial in November, then adjourned to January, with the result that Mr. Smith did not once get away from the coast. The cases referred to were those of Wilson vs. the C. D. Co., in which judgment was rendered in the territorial court in the sum of nearly \$30,000 and later appealed by the defendant, and D'Avignon vs. Jones, the famous 13 Gold Run case heard before Mr. Justice Craig last summer. In both cases judgment by the court of appeals was reversed and will be handed down at the next sittings of the court. The hearing of the two cases occupied nearly a fortnight.

"I enjoyed myself very well while outside," said Mr. Smith, "considering that I was more or less busy all the time. One thing I observed, the people on the coast no longer regard Dawson as a boom town, but consider it permanent, a fixture here to stay. As to the future, the great problem seems to be cheaper transportation which, when secured, will permit of working cheaper ground. No, I know nothing of the Treadgold concession or how it is regarded outside. The order-in-council which has caused so much consideration here I did not hear of until I was well on my way inside.

"The trip down the river was very pleasant and I notice a vast improvement in the road houses this year over last when those at which the mail stages stopped were operated by the C. D. Co."

Mr. Smith's face bears the usual fuddy tinge common to those who make the long trip over the ice.

Is an Anarchist.

Tacoma, Feb. 17.—The police today arrested Joe Baker, a troublesome anarchist, who has been giving residents of Tacoma much annoyance. Baker peddles anarchistic literature from house to house, and when people refuse to buy his questionable reading matter he becomes abusive, and numerous complaints reach the central station from indignant householders. The man was arrested a few days ago, but was released with a warning from Judge Griffin. Failing to take heed to the injunction given, he made trouble again today and was promptly arrested. On the way to the police station Baker threw a bundle of his literature out of the patrol wagon, and when Sergt. McCoy, who was in charge of the wagon,

jumped to the ground after it, Baker leaped from the wagon and started racing down the street with Sergt. McCoy and the patrol wagon in hot pursuit. The man ran like a deer, and would probably have escaped had he not run square into the arms of a plumber, who collared and held him until the police arrived and handcuffed him. Baker claims to be an "altruistic anarchist," or "philosophical communist." He is a butcher by trade, but lost his job at Rockford, Wash., at the time of the agitation against anarchy at McKinley's death. The police are in somewhat of a quandary, not knowing what to do with him. When brought into the police station Baker tragically held out his hands, bearing the handcuffs, and shouted, "There is coming a day when these will be relegated to the museums."

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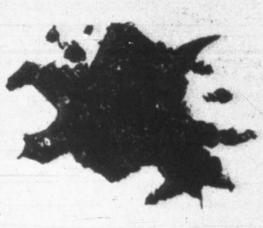
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