

Stroller's Column.

The present condition of the sidewalk in Dawson is such that it was with mingled joy and delight that the Stroller read the bylaw conceived by the city council and to be enforced by the city police regarding the removal of snow from sidewalks in the future.

It should snow which fell last winter, be impeding traffic the following March, as it is now doing in Dawson? Huge cakes of packed snow showing a streak for every sidewalk, like the streaks of fat and grease on Georgia bacon, are now on every hand, whereas if the four hour clause of the new ordinance had been in force and effect during the past four or five months, the sidewalks of Dawson would to be flowery beds of ease. (The Stroller man must give a check for the last thought so the Stroller can't back.)

Some people may object to the four hour clause, which is that all owners or occupants must

When asked where it came from Andie assumes a far-away but knowing look and drops vague hints about there being a mountain of it within two days travel by fast dog team of town. Gold imbedded in good smelting fuel has probably never before in mining history been discovered and as it is said to be practically unlimited in extent, it is unquestionably the biggest thing in the country.

Andie's reasons for being so mysterious about his great bonanza may be good ones, but if he is holding back expecting to sell tips, the Stroller hopes some gang will stampede his ledge some night when he is asleep.

The chances are that this article will make him mad and he will refuse to show the specimen to people who call to see it; but it is there and is just as the Stroller says it is—the greatest curiosity in the line of gold quartz ever discovered in any country.

"Hab yo' done hearn o' any whole-



COMPLYING WITH A CITY BYLAW AT 3 O'CLOCK A.M.

remove the snow from his or her, as the case may be, sidewalk within four hours after it falls. But there are people who would kick if both legs were broken. Suppose the snow should cease falling some night at 11 o'clock! No good citizen, unless his liver is deranged, will object getting out of bed four hours earlier, or at 3 a.m., and complying with the city bylaw. The Stroller does it with that time-stained "Happy Day," rolling from his bed as long as a rake handle. The council shall have no trouble with the Stroller. So long as he is a sidewalk it will be kept clear. Now if his wife has to sit up at night and hold an umbrella over it, the above rash promises are made by the Stroller for the very good reason that he is already negotiating for the purchase of a cabin site in the city center of a large square block so he will be entirely surrounded by other people's property and consequently not own any sidewalk footage. However, he promises to report to the council any and all objections of the bylaw on the part of his neighbors.

Another thing that has been brought to the attention of the council regarding the new ordinance is the fact that the hills are pouring in on it. They do on the treasurer of the amateur opera company. Every body wants a cut from the public

bill against the town, to go away back and sit down; till the council had time to turn around and go away back and sit down. Wait till I heard the real clink-clink.

The funds of the town—the good people's "chink,"—into the treasury; till then—well, I think

Away Back And Sit Down.

The quack-billed cabinet which is in Tom Chisholm's Aurora contains some very choice specimens, one of which in particular catching short of a curiosity. It is a young Andie's confidence for the Stroller to mention it, but the facts that the growth and development of a country should not be retarded to please any one man.

The choice specimen referred to is a piece of common coal, various pieces of which are filled with as bright, yellow-gold as ever

sale cabbage bein' pupetrated in dis heah town las' night?"

The foregoing question was put to the Stroller by Zion one morning on his arrival at the office. Zion looked worn out and dejected and the Stroller readily divined that he had slept in the woodshed. That could be determined by the chips in his wool.

The Stroller informed Zion that he had heard of nothing unusual on the street that morning. ("Unusual" in a far southern town means the sudden jerking hence of more than three coons in one night.)

"I've not sutin' dar wahn't sumpin' doin' 'roun' town las' night kase I wah, on mah high hoss an' was not 'sponsible fo' mah conduct."

"Yo' see hit wah diser way: De revival up to Amazin' Grace church



"TUBERCULOSIS JOHNSING DONE BIN CONVUETED AN' BACKSLID FO' TEEN TIMES."

had done bin gwine on 'three weeks, durin' which time Mistah Tuberculosis Johnsing had done bin convueted an' backslid fo' teen times. Every time Tube' backslides Lizan she kneels down bah his side, put huih arms 'roun his neck and whispah wuds o' comfort an' consolation in his yer; leastwise dat what she tol' me she wah doin'. Las' night hit done struck me dat hit wah takin' ah mighty heap o' comfort an' consolation ter do 'Tube', so I done sot on de bench behin' him an' when Lizan wah prayin' an' po'in' comfort in his yer I seed huih kiss him smack on de cheek. I done reach under de bench an' gash 'Tube' sebral times wid mah razzer an' he nebbber know 'twah me. Lizan saw de debil's look on mah face an' led me trum de meetin' house. When we got home she fished me outen de house ah' I went plum crazy an' don't know whether I lay down an' sleep in de woodshed or come down town an' kilt a dozen or mo' people.

"But I do know dat I have quit Lizan fo' good an' she am at liberty

to tuck up wid Tuberculosis Johnsing or anybody else; me an' huih will nebbber lib togadder no mo'. Yo' heah?"

There was a bucket of new paste in the office which Zion ate for his lunch that day instead of going home. That evening about quitting time Lizan dropped into the office and showed Zion some red and white calico she had bought to make him a shirt. As he started to leave the office with Lizan he picked up an eight-column iron sidestick from the imposing stone, and as they walked down the stairs the Stroller heard him say:

"Look heah, mah honey, arter I git sound 'sleep ternaigh, yo' tak' dis an' beat mah fool head plum off."

The Stroller is in receipt of a letter from a young woman down in the southern part of Indiana. She signs her name "Annette," but writes it with a little "a." She also writes with a lead pencil. She says she understands there are a great many single men here, many of whom would make good husbands. She closes her letter by saying "advise me at once whether to come or not. I have lovely red hair and mean business."

When the Stroller first began to read Annette's letter he suspected that she meant business and when he reached the part that spoke of the red hair his suspicions were confirmed. Any woman who speaks of her own hair as "red" instead of "auburn" means business and woe to the man who makes her his wife unless he deeds away all his stamina before the marriage.

Annette, the Stroller is constrained to advise you to stay in Indiana. There are already too many women here who write letters with lead pencils and who spell proper names with small letters.

Southern Indiana is not a pleasant place to live, but it is better than it was a few years ago when everybody there had chills and fever. You probably remember, Annette, what Wade Hampton said about southern Indiana? He was governor of South Carolina at the time and as the land in that state was very poor many people realized at the close of the civil war that it was impossible by tilling the soil with free niggers to make a living, so a large colony was formed to go to some more productive country. Governor Hampton sent a committee of three to inspect the then government land of southern Indiana, whose sparse population, Annette, was a very tough class; probably your ancestors were there at the time. The committee went to Indiana to spy out the land and on returning to South Carolina reported to the governor that all that was needed to make southern Indiana a perfect paradise was plenty of water and good society. "My dear sirs," said the governor of South Carolina, "plenty of water and good society

are all that is needed to make hell a perfect paradise."

But for all that, Annette, Indiana is the place for you. Some of these days a fellow who drives a pair of red steers will come along and marry you and years hence when you have eight or ten olive branches around you and are in the back yard with a basket of wet clothes on your arm and a dozen basswood clothes pins in your firm if somewhat withered mouth, you will thank the Stroller for this advice. No woman who spells her name with a small letter can expect to shine in society or command respect outside of southern Indiana. This is Good Friday, Annette, and I suppose you have been going barefooted for fully a month. How is your Easter bonnet and does it harmonize with your hair?

Annette, smother your ideas about coming to the Klondike and keep your eyes peeled for the fellow with the red steers.

A story incident to the retirement of gold dust as a circulating medium

is told in which two Dawson business men were the actors, one of them being a wholesaler, the other a retailer of whisky and cigars. The event happened some time ago and in the days when many saloons were charging four bits for whistle dampers, likewise four bits for cigars.

The retailer was in the habit of buying from the wholesaler on 30 days time, giving his note for the amount and at the expiration of 30 days the wholesaler would call with the note which would be promptly taken up, payment invariably being made in gold dust.

On one occasion a note for \$400 was given in payment for an order of whisky and cigars but before the note became due the wholesaler sent to the retailer for 100 of the cigars, expecting to return them when another consignment was opened. In the meantime the note for \$400 fell due, calmly and gently as all dew falls, and the wholesaler called to collect it. The retailer hauled out his gold sack and was preparing to weigh out the amount when he was rather taken back by the wholesaler remarking:

"Gold dust don't go with me any more. I must have cheechaco!"

"But," said the retailer, "I have always paid you in dust before and I thought I was getting the last order on the same terms."

"Can't help what you thought," replied the wholesaler, "this note calls for \$400 and gold dust is not dollars. Come, dig up the long green!"

"All right," said the retailer, "but I will deduct the price of that 100 cigars you got. Here is \$350. Give me the note."

"But," said the wholesaler, "you are not charging me \$50 for 100 cigars; besides, I will return you an equal amount of the same brand."

"No, I am not buying any more of that brand of cigars," replied the retailer. "Do you see that sign? (pointing to a card behind the bar that read, 'All drinks and cigars 50 cents.')

You see I am not wholesaling cigars but selling them at 50 cents straight."

The wholesaler saw that he was "it" and calmly passed over the note, pocketed his \$350 and went out without buying a drink, leaving the retailer about \$25 better off than he would have been had he paid off the \$400 note in gold dust.

This is not a fable but it teaches that there is a big profit on cigars which sell in Dawson for four bits.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Regina Hotel.—W. W. Moore, Vancouver; C. S. Philips, Vancouver; Chas. M. Farrer, Ora Fino Hill; A. C. Cook, city.

Empire.—Lockie McKinnon, city; Dr. P. S. Carper, Gold Hill; Ole Olson, Hunker.

African Rivers.

All the rivers of Africa have remarkable peculiarities. They seek the ocean that is farthest away from their source. Their course is always broken by falls, and their mouths are stopped by numerous sandbanks.

—Ex.

Book Agent—Is the head of the house in?

Servant—Yes; he's in the library trying to write a letter on a new typewriter he had just bought.

Book Agent (hastily)—I'll call again.

Blobbs—"Here's a story about a coal dealer being arrested for fraud."

Slobbs—"Well, the weight of the transgressor is hard."

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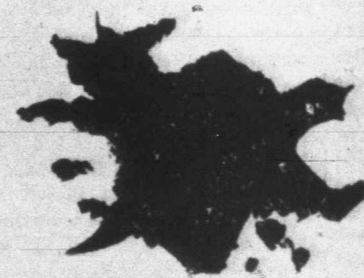
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