

Stroller's Column.

"Scuse me, sah, but I wish yo' to sen' out an' have mah breakfas' fotch in."

The above request was made of the Stroller one morning as he entered his office half an hour later than usual. A glance at the side of the office from whence Zion's voice came was sufficient to reveal the nature of the situation and the ludicrous condition into which Zion's love for corn whisky had placed him.

The Key Whiskey Company of Statesville, North Carolina, was accustomed to advertise its goods extensively and the Stroller had a contract with the company for that purpose, half his pay for the advertisement coming in a check and the other half coming in a barrel. The latter had arrived and was safely stored in a locker beneath a stock case, and the key to the locker was religiously in the interior of the Stroller's pants. Only on extraordinary occasions was a "swig" meted out to Zion.

But Zion's predicament on the

eight-column side sticks and other office furniture, we manager to raise Old Somnam's upper jaw sufficiently to permit Zion, by two men pulling on him and two others pulling Somnam's tail, to extricate himself. His leg was badly marked by Somnam's teeth, while his foot looked not unlike the long and crooked neck of a Mother Hubbard squash.

Zion was fully recovered in two weeks, except that the leg that had been swallowed was fully two inches longer than the other. It remained that way for six months and until he fell out of a tree and drove it back one night while stealing chickens.

"If th' weather was 30 or 40 degrees colder soze to make walkin' comfortable I'd put a dozen coats o' green paint on Limpin' Grouse's grave and git outen the tarnation country! That's what I'd do, sure as I never tott a lie in my life."

And having delivered himself of the above the sourest of all doughs "pe-chewed" squarely on the polished



"I SPEC' YO' HAD BETTAH SEN' OUT AN' HAB MAH BREAKFAS FOTCH IN."

morning mentioned told more plainly than words of the measure to which he had resorted to procure a portion of the clear, white product of North Carolina. Not being able to unlock the door of the locker he had, by the use of a screw driver, removed the hinges, which enabled him to pull the door sufficiently open to roll out the keg. This time he had evidently par-saken very freely of its contents, and while waiting to allow a respectable time to elapse between potations had fallen asleep on the floor. Old Somnam, the alligator that took the place of a cat as the office pet, had come upon Zion as he lay asleep, and as his "natural love for fresh coon had overcome the feeling he had cultivated for Zion through seeing him every day, he assayed to enjoy a meal by swallowing one of Zion's feet in doing which he also swallowed a large part of one of his legs. Zion suddenly awoke with a sensation that one of his feet was burning, but when he attempted to draw the member back it refused to come. He suddenly became sober on realizing his position, but he was helpless and there he was forced to lie hour after hour and until the Stroller showed up in the early forenoon.

Zion was sufficiently versed in gatorology to know that when a saurian once gets a full stomach it is apt to lie dormant for months at a time. Zion also knew the size of the swallowed foot and as he writhingly contemplated his position and realized that possibly he was doomed to lie there partly in and partly out of Old Somnam for three months he groaned in spirit.

"I reckon I'se de mos' low down niggah dat ebah was born," groaned Zion, and the Stroller assured him that a portion of him was as far down as Somnam's style of inside architecture would permit of its going.

"If Lizan seed me she would nubbah lub huh honey no mo'." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth before Lizan rushed up the stairs and into the office looking for him, as she had not seen him since the previous evening. Seeing the locker door off its hinges, the whisky keg out on the floor and Zion writhing on the floor in front of Old Somnam, she understood at once and in a disdainful air said:

"I mus' be gwine, as Mistah Tuberculosis Johnsing am watin' to de foot ob de stairs ter tok' me to der picnic out ter Gopher Ridge."

She was gone and the gurgle that Zion emitted sounded like the exhaust of a bath tub.

After he had confessed to having the locker door off its hinges every night for a week, but promising to ask for the prayers of the Amazin Grace congregation on the following Sunday, the Stroller sent out for men and by the use of cant hooks,

shoe of a man who had said the building of a railroad from Dawson to the Forks would be a grand thing for the country.

"Good thing fer folks what is tearin' through life 'thout time to git no enjoyment outen it," said the old man. "Fi cant take time to enjoy what I sees in this life, I want to saw squar off. Time was when it took me an' Limpin' Grouse three days to go as far as from here to the Forks an' now people ain't got time to even drive over a good road be-hint fast horses; but they've got to have a railroad and make th' trip in 30 minutes. They kin take their tarnal railroad fer all me. I'd rather walk from here to the Forks with a congenial companion like Limpin' Grouse than make the trip in the finest upholstered Palmer's palace hoss car as ever run on wheels. When we got tired we would sot on a log an' bask in 'tother's fectjions. What did me an' Limpin' Grouse care



"WHAT DID ME AN' LIMPIN' GROUSE CARE FOR TIME? NOT A CUSS."

fer time? Not a cuss, an' thar aint never been no sich home-made satisfac-tion in this here country as they was in them there days.

"People as wants' railroads kin hav 'em, but I'll never stay here to see an' hear 'em. F' it its gits cold enough to make walkin' agreeable, say 68 or 70 below, drat my skin 'n dont strive out an' hooof it down an' take my 'bode with Limpin' Grouse's relations at Fort Yukon. Railroads is fast things, but none of 'em is ever gorin' to git no chance to grease its axels by runnin' over yer uncle. I'm not hankerin' ter leave this country whar I've had s' much pleasure by bein' distributed along no tarnal railroad track."

And having thus unburdened his mind on the subject of railroads, the old man looked longingly toward the bar. In two minutes he was muttering to himself about not caring to leave this country until the snow goes of

and he can see whether the last coat of green paint "sot" or not.

Puyallup, Feb. 20th.

Dear Stroller:— From an agricultural pint of vu, things is lookin' bluer every day. The hop stop this year will consist mostly of poles, an' they may be et up by lice afore fall. Little hop shoots not over a inch long is covered with lice already, b'gosh.

The dehorned Jersey is once more a parent and in tryin' to learn her offspring to drink outen a bucket yer Uncle Jerry has been backed all over the Puyallup valley. 'Pears to me zif since I was a boy on the old farm in New York State 50 years and more ago I have actually been backed clean across the continent by valves with their heads in buckets— I was a holdin'.

I'd rather one o' my gals 'ud marry a circus lemonade seller any day than a farmer. I've gone through life with milk spees on my butes an' smellin' like a stable. The insides o' my hands is so hard that when I wiped my nose 'tother day I rubbed a patch o' skin off it.

All my life I've heard people say farmin' was a independent like. 'S lie! I havin' ter git outen bed every mornin' fer 65 years at five o'clock is independence, I don't see whar it comes in.

All my seed taters got fruz an' airly fruit buds was kilt after a warm spell of a month ago. After workin' like a nigger fer fourteen hours every day last year I came out \$250 behint.

Your aunt is hev'in' a devil of a time with corns, bunions an' ingrow-in' toe nails. I reckon it's kase her shoes is old, dry an' stiffer'n biler iron.

Well, as spring advances I'm bucklin' down to work harder'n ever an' if I don't pull outen the hole this year I'll — but what's the use a talkin' y' I'm destined to die with a barn yard odor a clingin' to me, an' I can't help myself.

Dam a farmer, anyhow.

YOUR UNCLE JERRY. P. S.—I'll take two cents outen th' last nickle on th' ranch to buy a stamp fer this letter.

Henry Honnen, Joe Putrow, Ed. Crawford and Geo. Smart, who came down from Whitehorse in company with Captain Donald B. Olson, deny his statement that they were in no hurry to get in. They assert that they were in a great rush and that the delay was all due to the captain, who insisted on having a shave and bath at every road house. They say it was next to impossible to get him away from any road house that had a lady cook.

The other four men request the Stroller to make this statement to set them right with people with whom they had made business engagements for three days before they arrived. They say that but for Captain Olson they would have been here three days before they were.

Donald, stand up and explain. Would Not Travel That Road. During the week ending the 18th January, one afternoon a lady signalled a street car at the corner of

Dundas street and Dovercourt road, in Toronto, and when it stopped she was about to step on board when her eye caught a sign on it reading: "The Road to Ruin." She stood still, stared, backed away, and declined to get on board. The placard was, of course, the advertisement of the attraction which was at the Toronto Opera House that week, but the lady seemed afraid to take passage on a road so labelled. She watched the car speed along with its heedless occupants, then turned and walked down street, whether going her journey on foot or returning home our informant, who was an eye-witness, was unable to state. — Toronto Star.

Old clothing made to look like new. Repairing a specialty. R. I. Goldberg, at Hirschberg's.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

A POINTER.

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CALL ON US, "WE WILL SHOW YOU"

N. A. T. & T. COMPANY.

ALL SHOT TO PEICES

Is Condition of Dawson Market

Material Decline In Price of Staples—Cream, Butter and Eggs Firm

Unlike the custom of previous years, the general tendency of the Dawson market is now downward instead of upward. Nearly every week sees material reductions in all classes of goods.

During the past week the N. C. Co. announced sweeping cuts and the result is at present a very demoralized market with present prices uncertain, but more liable to go down still lower than to rise.

Cream is firm at \$15 per case with little likelihood of there being any more on the market before the opening of navigation, as it is too bulky and too liable to damage by freezing to freight over the ice.

During the past week a few dozen cases of fresh eggs have been received and readily disposed of to the retail dealers at \$50 per case. They are retailing at from \$1.75 to \$2 per dozen. Other consignments of eggs are on the way in but can not be sold at a profit for less than the present prices. Old eggs have advanced to \$30 per case within the past week. There has also been a slight advance in butter.

The following are the prices prevailing in Dawson today:

STAPLES.	
Flour	\$ 3.25 @ \$ 4.00
Sugar, per 100	11.00 12.00
Beans, per 11	8.00 8.00
Beans, Lima	10.00 10.00
Rolled Oats, per 100	8.00 9.00

MEATS:	
Beef, pound	25 30 @ 60
Veal, pound	25 35 @ 60
Pork, pound	35 50 @ 75
Bacon, fancy	35 @ 40 40
Bacon, fancy	20 35
Caribou, pound	35 30 @ 50
Mutton, pound	35 35 @ 50

BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE.	
Agens' butter, 60-lb.	\$27.50 \$ 1.00can
Elgin butter, 60-lb.	39.00 1.50can
Coldbrook	22.50 25.00
S. & W., 48-lb.	30.00 1.50can
Eggs, case	25.00
Eggs, fresh	50.00

MILK AND CREAM.	
Eagle, case	\$11.50 \$12.00
Highland, case	15.00 15.00
Carnation Cream	15.00 15.00

CANNED GOODS.	
Roast beef, doz	4.00 2 for 7.00
Mutton	4.00 @ 5.00 2 for 1.00
Ox tongue	12.00 @ 15.00 1 for 1.35
Sausage meat	4.00 2 for 1.00
Lunch tongue, case	10.00 @ 11.00 1 for 50
Sliced bacon	3.00 4 for 1.00
Roast turkey	7.00 1 for .75
Corned beef	3.50 3 for 1.00
Sliced ham	3.50 2 for 1.00
Salmon, case	11.50 3 for 1.00
Clams, case	11.50 3 for 1.00
Tomatoes	6.00 3 for 1.00
Corn	4.25 3 for 1.00
String beans	6.50 2 for 1.00
Green peas	6.50 2 for 1.00
Cabbage	7.50 2 for 1.00
S. & W. fruits	14.00 2 for 1.50
Simcoe fruits	9.00 2 for 1.00

Choice California Mission	
Fruits	8.50 @ 10.00
Silver Seal	11.50 2 for 1.25
Succotash	7.00 3 for 1.00
Lubeck's potatoes	8.00
Beets	9.00 2 for 1.00
Asparagus	14.00 1 for 1.00
Asparagus tips	14.00 1 for 1.00
Celery, 4-5 stalks, doz	12.00 1 for 1.00

CHICKENS, FISH AND GAME.	
Ptarmigan, each	35 50
Rabbits, each	35 50
Grouse, each	35 50

Poultry, pound	30 35
Broilers, pound	50 60
Greyling, frozen	40 40
Greyling, fresh	40 75
Halibut	30 35
Whitefish	50 50
Pickrel	40 50
Salmon	20 25

MISCELLANEOUS.	
Potatoes	18 @ 20 20
Onions	35 35
Cabbage	35 35
Turnips	30 30
Lemons, case	\$15.00 \$15.00
Oranges, case	15.00 15.00
Rolled oats	9 9
Oats	9 9
Hay	4 @ 5 7
Soap	13.50
Tobacco, Star	1.20

Signs and Wall Paper
ANDERSON BROS...
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J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr.
Dawson's Leading Hotel
American and European Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly fitted Throughout—All modern improvements. Rooms and bath by the day, week or month.
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BAY CITY MARKET
Choicest Meats, Poultry, Fresh Fish and Game.
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Saint Patrick's Day

Don't make any engagement for next Monday evening or you may miss the

GRAND IRISH CELEBRATION AT THE A. B. HALL

Irish Songs, Irish Music, Irish Dances, Irish Dialogues by the Leading Talent of Dawson.

The proceeds will go toward the erection of a monument to the sour dough's friend, Father Judge.

PRICES OF ADMISSION - \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00

Tickets on sale at Reid's Drug Store, Gandolfo's, The Aurora, Dawson Hardware Store, Col. Reichert's Store, or from any of the following:

J. J. Delaney, J. R. Gray, J. L. Timmins, G. K. McCord, E. J. E. Doherty, Jno Mulligan, J. J. Thornton, F. P. Sullivan.

WATCH FOR PROGRAM.

SICK AT HEART

That's the condition of the combine today. They don't stem the tide to the C. I. K. Grocery by offering poor quality quantity. We carry the Best Grades Only, Guaranteed.

Genuine German (Warnecke & Co.) Sliced Spuds, 25-30, 75c. All FRESH EGGS JUST RECEIVED OVER THE ICE.

Ogilvie Flour, per sk	\$3.50	Peaches, 4 large cans	
Soft Wheat Flour, per sk	3.25	Pineapples, 3 cans	
Corn, Lynhally, 5 cans	1.00	Fancy Sliced Spuds, 3 cans	
Log Cabin Tomatoes, 4 cans	1.00	Great Variety of Spuds	
Corned Beef, 2s, 4 cans	1.00	3 cans	
Brawns, 2 cans	70c	Baking Powder, 30 lb	
Eagle Milk, 4 cans	Go up 90c	Snider's Catnip, 2 bottles	
Reindeer Milk, 5 cans	1.00	Peek Frean Biscuits, 3 tins	
St. Charles Milk, 5 cans	1.00	B. & K. Rolled Oats, 3 sacks	
Breakfast Bacon	20c	Mined Clams, 5 cans	
Shredded Whole Wheat, 3 packages	1.00	Best Japan Rice, 3 lbs	
Sugar, 8 lbs.	1.00	Grape Nuts, 3 pgs	

ALL KINDS OF BUTTER AT POPULAR PRICES. Others advertise they have goods coming; so long as in the 'sweet by and by'—via our own 'hot air line'—hundreds of tons of Choice General Groceries and Produce direct from farms and factories. Should this massive aggregation of nature's products succeed in passing a summit in spite of the bitter opposition of the White Ry. Co. we will offer them at less than outside prices.

Ogilvie Flour, per sack	1.05	Young Broilers, each	
Soft Wheat Flour, best		Jams and Jellies	
per sack	.99	Best of Butter, 3 lbs	
Granulated Sugar, 17 lbs.	.99	Eagle Milk, per can	
Best Japan Rice, 15 lbs.	.99	All kinds of Cream	
Hams and Bacon, per lb.	.99	can	
Fresh Eggs, doz	.11	Fruit, large cans	

OTHER ARTICLES AT EVEN LOWER PRICES.
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