

Stroller's Column.

While the snow storm was raging Wednesday evening the Stroller and several others who had soaked their winter overcoats, sought shelter in a first avenue "gents" furnishing goods' resort when, very naturally, the principal topic of conversation was the weather. One man in the party spoke with a considerable degree of self-assurance, he having first come to the country in '86, hence, so far as historical information went, he was accredited the right of way. Said he:

"This has completed my sixteenth winter in the Yukon valley, during which time I have kept very close tab on the weather and I must admit that it is behaving more peculiarly now than at any similar season of the year in my knowledge and from what I have been able to gather from the old Indians along the river from Selkirk to Fort Yukon, I find that never before in the past fifty years has such a violent snow-storm and blizzard been experienced here as late as May 7th as is this one."

"Liar! Liar! Liar!"

Everybody looked around expecting

The bartender not having removed the bottle from the bar, the old man poured himself a drink and then took a second as a chaser and continued:

"You ejoys may be honest in what you says, but you don't know nothin' 'bout what's bin and what ain't bin in this country. The heaviest snow this country ever seed, was in May of 1869 and 'I I remember rightly it were on the 20th or 21st of the month. The weather had been sorter mild before that and the Klondike had gone out jest like it has now, an' me an' Limpin' Grouse was waitin' anxiously fer the Yukon to go out soze we could float down an' visit some kin of her'n at Fortymile. Waal, on, I think it was the 20th of May, two solid foot of snow fell."

"Next day the sun came out so all-fired hot the snow hadn't time to melt and b'gosh it burned a brown crust on its top and there ain't never bin such sleddin' in this country before nor since. Me and Limpin' Grouse started to Fortymile in a sled one day arter noon an' got there before bedtime, b'gosh. That crust never did melt. The snow went away from under it and the grass and

From out the dark thy irreligious choral
Jars on my nerves and angers me again.
When dogs and other honest brutes are sleeping,
And not a cur awakes to bay the moon,
With low companions thou thy watch art keeping
And giving tongue to thy unlovely tune.
What demon, deep within thy black heart hidden,
What base promoter of foul deeds and strife,
Malignity and hate and war has bidden
Thee lead that dissolute and vicious life?
Art thou provoked by influence infernal
To levy war on all thy wretched kind,
Profane the air with revelry nocturnal,
To gratify thy dark and bloody mind?
Thy face, once thick, is largely dissipated,
Thy ears are notched, thy lips are gashed and torn,
Six inches of thy tail has been abated,
Thou art a thing to look upon with scorn,
Yet why waste hard-wrought verses in denouncing
Thy manifold transgressions, callous cat?
The word for you I'll lose no time pronouncing,
Take good care that you heed it, Thomas: Scat!

As good poetry, no matter if it is stolen, is better than poor original matter that fails to come unless drawn out by a mustard plaster, it won't stick on a corkscrew, the Stroller herewith presents the following for perusal by his benedictine friends:

When Mary greets me with a kiss on my return at night,
And when her eyes are dancing in a waltz step of delight,
I know her loving nature is so pleasantly alive,
Because she plans to ask me for another twenty-five.
She doesn't need to tell me that 'twill be excursion day;
That she's tired out with labor and just pines to get away;
I can read a woman's features and I've learned to know the sign,
When dollar articles are marked way down to ninety-nine.

The thrill that passes through me as I stand and take the kiss!
Oh, you single men, believe me, 'tis a sweet and sacred bliss;
The price has made it sacred and no wonder I hold back,
For a twenty-five is going to the gurgle of a smack,
'Tis in vain I grol at business and discourse with much dismay
Of losses I have suffered and big bills I've got to pay;
She scorns my pictured ruin and I have to get in line,
When dollar articles are marked way down to ninety-nine.
Oh, merchants of the city, pause a moment in your greed,

That you've got to make a living I most readily concede;
But I ask you frank and honest, can't you find some other way
And not torment us husbands with your blasted bargain day?
I plead the case before you, for the money's running slow,
And the house is full of notions bought because you marked them low;
I'm helplessly at mercy of this wicked wife of mine,
When dollar articles are marked way down to ninety-nine.

The Stroller realizes with no small degree of alarm the fact that his good friend Prof. George is lately developing the kindly disposition of Happy Hooligan in that he is ever volunteering his services to help unfortunates out of difficulty. Prof. is ever ready, without money and without price, to lend his kindly offices and it is worthy of comment that he usually succeeds. It was noticed that Prof.'s last client in court escaped punishment.

The Prof.'s is a spirit worthy of emulation but as in Happy Hooligan's case it invariably gets him into trouble.

Here is a poem from the Denver Evening Post, the sentiment of which is worthy of serious thought:

I am sitting by the river, Eloise,
Where the waters dance and quiver in the breeze;
And the little birds are winging overhead and sweetly singing,
Till their melody is ringing thro' the trees.

Here together we sat chumming, Eloise,
While we listened to the humming of the bees,
And you said when I made money, As the little bees made honey,
I would be your solid sonny: Oh, you tease!

As we sat beneath the willows, Eloise,
Bosoms heaving as the billows of the seas,
What a joyful recollection
That by prudent circumspection
I was winning your affection, by degrees.

All at once a scream went flying thro' the trees,
Seemed to shatter e'en the sighing of the breeze,
And the voice which erstwhile charmed me,
Now with pitying ring alarmed me,
Till the very blood that warmed me seemed to freeze.

What a chill of fear came o'er me, Eloise,
As you threw yourself before me on your knees,
And you said a bug that harm meant
Was between your back and garment,
And you begged the dreadful varmint I would seize.

But my modesty was riven, Eloise,
And my blushes ran up seventy degrees,
And you called me craven coward,
Epithets upon me showered,
And alone left me embowered beneath the trees.

So again I here am sitting, Eloise,
And the same old birds are flitting thro' the trees,
In the same old way they're singing,
And the same old way they're winging,
And the same old music's ringing on the breeze.

But I've grown a whole lot older, if you please,
And I've certainly grown bolder—by degrees,
And if now I had occasion,
I would stop that bug's invasion
Without any hesitation, Eloise.

It is said there is a man in Dawson who has a standing offer of \$10 for any man who will holler "Rubber!" at him. In these quiet times when labor is stalking up and down the face of the earth offering to work for six bits an hour and board itself, it is a wonder some fellow does not take a chance at the ten buckarinos. But as the man was mad when the offer was made, the chances are that the price of "Rubber!" has gone down to \$7.50.

It is with regret that on these bright afternoons the Stroller frequently observes men coming from their cabins on the hillside down town wearing lurid jags. This indicates a revival in the bottle trade and it also indicates getting drunk with malice aforethought.

The man who hits from one paint store to another may have good intentions but he gets overloaded before he realizes it and is, therefore, to a certain extent an object for the commiseration of distinguished people like the Stroller.

But for a man to carry a bottle to his cabin and then lay off his coat, roll up his sleeves, spit on his hands and sail in for no other purpose than to get roary-eyed drunk is not recherche in good society and the man who does it need not expect that the "100" will receive him with open arms and allow him to dampen his whistle from their punch bowls.

To drink in good society a man must be circumspect.

A young Dawson man calls his sweetheart Winter because she lingers in his lap.

Long last December when the blasts of Boreas swept o'er the land like measles over a country school district, the Dawson fire department was called out by the tintinabulations of the double-quick gong. A lively run was made up First avenue and when passing along about the middle of the block between King and Queen streets the ponderous engine which, like young Lochinvar from the west, stayed not for anything in front of it, ran over and killed a small dog. Had the dog been named Kostas, freedom would have shrieked when he fell; but as the dog's name was "Mush, you—malamute," the engine went on and freedom kept her mouth shut.

Time passed on just as time is in the habit of doing and the fact of the fire engine having run over and killed a dog would have been long since forgotten were it not for the fact that the remains of the late defunct are still lying on First avenue about two-thirds of the way across

it and almost immediately in front of the Northern Annex.

The above may strike the average reader as a flat story but it must be borne in mind that it deals with a very "flat" subject.

Brewitt, the tailor, wants to see you. Large stock of new goods. Prices reasonable. Old stand, Second avenue.

See the beautiful Southern plantation sketch, "Way Down South," or "The Old Slave's Return"—A. B. Minstrel—tonight.

WANTED—Position for man and wife. Enquire Chicago Hotel p-1-3

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2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson

Signs and Wall Paper
ANDERSON BROS.
SECOND AVE.

REMOVAL NOTICE.
On or about May 1st the YUKON BAKERY will remove to their new quarters on Second avenue, opposite S. Y. T. building, where they will be pleased to meet their many friends and patrons.



ME AN' LIMPIN' GROUSE LEFT FOR FORTY MILE AT NOON AN' WAS THAR BY BEDTIME.

to see Captain Woodside, and there just inside the entrance leading to what at one time was the black-jack reception and entertainment room stood the sourest of all doughs. He was livid with rage as was apparent by his flashing eyes and clenched fists.

"If I didn't know no more'n you raps I'd hire some school house janitor to gimme lessons at night, drat you, but I doubt if ye'd have sense nuff to ever larn th' name of th' printer of the book you was studyin' onten. Shakespeare or Bill Ogilvie, I fergit which, hit a bull's eye when he said, 'Some men is born fools, others becomes fools and others has fools thrust upon 'em.' I'm of the latter class for if ever a man had ter listen ter foci utterances, him is me."

weeds grew up and punctured it and let the wind get under it till it finally dried up and blowed away. However, I used to find hunks of that crust lyin' around till snow came next fall.

"But here I am puttin' myself on a common plain of mediocrity with you ignoramouses. I'd orter be ashamed of myself when that grave back thar is cryin' out fer a coat of green paint to last 'till grass grows."

From the number of cats—fur cats—now seen in Dawson the time is not far distant when the following will be appreciated:

Creature of night; bold, brazenly immoral,
Responsible to neither gods nor men;

The thrill that passes through me as I stand and take the kiss!
Oh, you single men, believe me, 'tis a sweet and sacred bliss;
The price has made it sacred and no wonder I hold back,
For a twenty-five is going to the gurgle of a smack,
'Tis in vain I grol at business and discourse with much dismay
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Retiring From Gent's Furnishing and Department Boot and Shoe

We have decided to withdraw the above departments from our business and will sell EN BLOC making payments agreeable to purchaser at RETAIL.

NECKWEAR. NEGLIGEE SHIRTS.
HATS, all shapes.
CLOTHING, made by W. E. Sanford
Manufacturing Co.

Boots & Shoes
The Celebrated Slater and Ames Holden.
Full line Miner's Hob Nailed Waterproof, the most sensible shoe in the market.

SOCKS, largely English imported goods
COLLARS. CUFFS.
UNDERWEAR, Marino natural wool and Silk.

Our announcement as above is Bona Fide and by giving us a call we will convince you.

Macaulay Bros., One Door Below **Front Street**
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