

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Fred Geisman owned a horse, and thereby hangs a tale—not the horse's tail by any means—but the tale of the horse—two entirely separate and distinct propositions. The horse in question was caged in a cabin on the hillside. In a neighboring cabin, unknown to Geisman, was another horse much resembling his own. Geisman made up his mind to sell his horse and procured a purchaser who was looking for about the sort of beast that Geisman owned. One day last week owner and purchaser set off to secure the animal. It was well on in the afternoon and quite dark. Geisman had only been once to the cabin where his horse had been left, and being a little uncertain of its location in the darkness, knocked at a cabin and inquired from the owner the location of the cabin containing his horse, at the same time describing the animal.

The man knew the horse, or at least said he did, and directed Geisman to the spot. Together with his companion he proceeded to the improvised stable, secured and delivered the horse to the new purchaser. There was nothing at all out of the ordinary in the transaction with the exception of the single fact that Geisman had been directed to the wrong cabin and had sold and delivered the wrong horse.

The next morning an excited man was out in search of a lost or stolen horse—he didn't care much which just so he could get hold of the right fellow. Geisman learned of the search the ex-horse owner was making and by putting several things together came to the conclusion that he might possibly have made a mistake. Investigation proved this to be the case. His own horse was still in his proper place and Geisman tuned him over to the irate owner of horse No. 2, while he (Geisman) went off in post haste to the Forks to try and recover the animal he had accidentally sold as his own.

It cost several days' time to finally square everything up satisfactorily, but it was finally accomplished and Geisman breathes freely once more.

Dawson is the scene of a great many peculiar circumstances. An instance of this kind occurred a few nights ago in front of the A. C. store. A young lady well known in Dawson was passing by the store when two men, both well dressed, approached each other from opposite directions. Neither spoke a word, but as they came within arm's length they simultaneously struck out at each other. Each man had measured his distance well, and both went to the sidewalk together.

One of the men fell by the side of the young lady, who either from fright or amazement, or both, stood perfectly still. Suddenly the man reached up and seized her by the arm, almost pulling her to the ground. A number of bystanders had gathered by this time, but none offered any assistance and the girl with a scream managed to pull herself away and escape into the street.

The two men, without resort to further hostilities, picked themselves up and went their respective ways in peace, leaving a staring crowd to wonder what it was all about.

Jack Smith is nothing if not a genuine sport. Jack came into Dawson last spring on the first trip of the steamer Flora, which trip covered a period of 16 days from Lebarge to Dawson, owing to the ice jams against which the Flora contended almost every foot of the way.

During a short time when the boat was tied up at the bank considerable talk was indulged in respecting the marksmanship of several of the passengers.

Jack was willing to back his own skill with a rifle, and finally put up \$100 against an equal amount from Frank Phiscator that he could blaze a hole through a target agreed upon, at a distance of 250 yards. The rifle used was a rusty affair belonging to a passenger. Jack took the rifle rather gingerly and sized it up in a way that showed clearly he did not like its looks.

However, he took aim carefully and slowly and pressed the trigger. The bullet sped along but missed the target entirely, and kicked up a small cloud of dust a few rods beyond. Phiscator took down the hundred, but not before Jack had offered to take another shot for \$500. "No," said Phiscator, "this hundred looks good to me, and I think I'll quit. Have a drink."

There are many men today in Dawson who, did we but know their history, could serve as the subject of a story more strange and replete with adventures or adversity than any of the famous tales of fiction.

Such a man is James E. Booge, familiarly known as "Uncle Jim." Here

is a man who, in his day, has been worth several million dollars, the owner of one of the largest packing houses in the country (the James E. Booge Packing Co., of Sioux City, Iowa), owner of real estate in immense tracts, owner of a great wholesale grocery house, which does today a business of over \$1,000,000 per year, and also proprietor of the finest hotel in that state—the famous Booge hotel, which sold for \$250,000.

Today he is comparatively a poor man, but with his accustomed energy he is striving to retrieve his fortune, and he says he will again become a millionaire.

Go it, Uncle Jim, may prosperity again enfold you in her caressing mantle, and may the Yukon hotel serve as the first step towards that end.

Apropos of the crowded condition of our two excellent theaters, the Stroller was the witness of an amusing effort at physical relief the other evening. Seats are always full long before the show time. On this occasion some first comers had made themselves more comfortable by edging their seat backwards a trifle. Later comers took the second seat back and edged the one immediately ahead a trifle forward. This left but a few inches of space for the unoccupied seat; but when, a little later, seats went to a premium, it found occupants enough. Each occupant had to sit sideways and all in the same direction, fitting in together like French sardines in a box. By and by the position became unbearable. Between the acts one of the sitters took a cramp and tried to turn and point his knees the other way. Efforts were unavailing for some time, until a happy thought struck him. "Can't you fellows all turn?" he exclaimed. Then all stood up and turned. Thereafter, every few minutes could be heard, "Now then, fellows, change!" and the row would stand up and turn, to the amusement of the more comfortably situated occupants of the other seats.

Events succeed each other in such bewildering succession in this country that it is almost impossible to hazard a guess on what is to follow as a natural sequence. This is particularly true of men and their relative position in social or business life.

An amusing incident in this regard occurred recently when a London gentleman who desired to make his "entree" in Dawson's inner circles presented himself at the blacksmith shop of Jack Stanley, asking the whereabouts of the "Hon. J. Stanley," formerly mayor of Skagway.

"Here I am," said Jack, extending a brawny hand to the dubious Englishman, and giving a grip that brought tears to his eyes. "Whats up?"

"But, my dear sir," said the Britisher, "you must excuse me, but I must have made a mistake."

"No, you didn't," said Jack; "that's me; and you see that fellow over there slinging a 12-pound hammer? Why, he used to be a senator in the States."

Labor takes precedence here and a good blacksmith has a better standing in this burg than the mayor of a city or a grand high factotum abroad.

"Look out for the sparks or you'll get burnt," said Jack to the departing one.

The Opera House Matinee.

On Saturday afternoon last, the Opera house tendered a five hours' of excellent entertainment to the people of Dawson, who do not attend the regular performances. In deference to these people's presumed prejudice against the liquor traffic the bar was closed and no liquors sold in the theater or bar. The performance of the "Two Orphans" was equal to an outside representation, many of the actors and actresses being of no mean order of merit, and the play being clean and wholesome throughout. The point in all this is that the meritorious production was witnessed by about two dozen ladies and children, which possibly would come near paying for the lights. The 35 performers donated their services.

Camp Dawson No. 4.

The preliminary steps for the organization of the Arctic Brotherhood were taken at Brand's gymnasium hall on Monday night. No cheechahkos were present, but a goodly gathering of enthusiastic trail graduates made all the arrangements necessary for the assembling of the paraphernalia at McDonald's hall on Friday night, November 24th, at which time a drill team will be appointed and put into working order for the benefit of cheechahkos some night early next week. The enthusiasm of the Brothers speaks well for the future of the order in Dawson.

Pure drugs, experience and careful attention in filling the prescriptions is demanded by your physician. Reid & Co., chemists.

AHEAD OF THE MAIL.

Starts 7 Days Behind and Over-takes It This Side of Selwyn.

Makes Stewart in One Day—Express Messenger Tritton Passes Everything on the Trail.

The first word out from Dawson this winter will undoubtedly be carried to the coast by the Nugget-Express messenger, Thomas A. Tritton, who left Dawson on the 16th inst. Word received from him will prove of interest as showing the progress of the mail, which left Dawson the 9th, and the condition of the trail. On the 21st the following telegram was received:

Selwyn Nov. 21, '99.
Arrived 7:15 today. Passed the government mail, which left the 9th inst., 14 miles below Selwyn. Am now ahead of everybody and breaking my own trail. The river is jammed below here with open water ahead for an unknown distance, but will continue tomorrow.

TRITTON.
The passing of the mail, which started seven days ahead, is explained by a letter of the 18th from Tritton, dated at Kirkman creek, 105 miles above Dawson, on the 18th of November. The following points are taken from the lengthy missive and are of interest: "Arrived at Stewart on the 17th, having made that point from Dawson in a forced march of 25 hours. The next 32 miles to Kirkman was made in 12 hours and 45 minutes. Good trail to White river. Open water on every hand at Kirkman." The mail was two days ahead at Stewart.

At Thistle, abandoned blankets and everything else but express matter and dog feed in order to pass the mail. Upper river travel is being abandoned in favor of the cutoff from Selkirk to foot of Lebarge, touching the river only at Five Fingers. The cutoff from Whitehorse to Cariboo is also the trail now used.

Tritton is confident of being able to beat the mail to the coast, now he has caught it.

Though he is now breaking his own trail, he will presently strike the trail made by travelers from the coast coming in this direction. Every probability is that the Nugget Express will be the first to reach the coast this winter, as it was last summer.

That Minute Gun.

It is probable that after the meeting of the Yukon council on Tuesday evening a standard of time will be established in Dawson. The committee of civil justice is recommending an ordinance for passage by the council which has the approval of the majority of the members. The ordinance provides for the taking of an official observation of the sun each week. In the absence of a large government clock the hour of noon will be marked each day by the discharge of one of the small cannons in the possession of the Yukon field force. An abundance of the necessary ammunition is on hand which will never be needed for any other purpose, so on Wednesday look out for the noon gun and set your watches.

Fire Insurance for Dawson.

A movement is on foot to secure fire insurance for the merchants and business men of Dawson. A local firm of brokers, are having some of our business men fill out a "risk sheet" containing all the information usually required by insurance companies. Distance from nearest building, availability of water, size and material of building, style of heating apparatus, business, materials kept in building, number of rooms—and the many other particulars necessary for insurance companies to have before the risk can be calculated.

From communications already exchanged, it is believed that fire insurance is not only possible for Dawson but probable.

Send your friends on the outside a special edition of The Nugget. It will tell them more about this country than you can.

The Salvation Army holds services in the new barracks, Second Avenue, as follows: Tuesday, 8 p. m. (barracks time); Thursday, 8 p. m.; Saturday, 8 p. m.; Sunday, 3 and 7:30 p. m. Free reading room in same building; open every day. Also in the evenings of Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

THEATRES. OPERA HOUSE.

NEW PEOPLE. NEW PEOPLE.
The Latest Songs and Dances.
Entirely New Sketches.
UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER. SUPREME JOUJITY.

Every Monday night a complete change of program. Come early and see the fun. Under management of
OPERA HOUSE COMPANY.

THE Monte Carlo THEATRE.

...THEATRE...
Crowded To The Doors Each Night.
Entire Change of Program Every Week.
SEE OUR NEW PEOPLE.
The Monte Carlo has recently been newly fitted and is now the handsomest theatre in the north-west. Drop in and have some fun.

A. E. CO.

Sole Agents FOR
Schlitz Beer.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS.
BUY A BARREL.

Runkel Patent Steam Thawing Point

JUST ARRIVED.
Something New. Perfect Working.
CAN BE SEEN AT THE AURORA
(Tom Chisholm's)

For Sale at
McDonald & Dunham Warehouse.
2d st. and 3d ave., Day's Addition; Also at 3d ave., cor 1st st.

City Market

GEISMAN & BAUER, Props.
Second Ave., Bet. Second and Third Sts.

Freshest, finest, fattest beef, pork and mutton in Dawson. Wholesale and retail. Special prices to restaurants, steamboats and hotels.

AIR-TIGHT HEATERS AND ROADHOUSE RANGES

AT...
McLENNAN, McEELY & CO., Limited
Front Street, Dawson.

D. A. SHINDLER,

Hardware...
Building Material.
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, LAMPS.
Front Street, Dawson

MRS. C. F. BOGGS,

...TYPEWRITING...
Office in Green's Grocery
GRAND FINKS

ATWOOD & CANTWELL

...Photographers...
Alaskan Views, Outdoor Portraiture. Finishing and Supplies for amateurs.
Third Avenue, Opp. Dr. Bourke's Hospital
Dawson, Y. T.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Goose the hammer on the anvil. Blacksmithing by blacksmiths, horseshoeing by horseshoers, wagon making by wagon makers.
J. STANLEY & CO.,
Second Av., Near Fifth St.

A KLONDIKE

Elopes With Month's A
Strange Case of Love-Making Lake Benne

Mrs. Mabel I. appended sketch misadventure on was followed by obliquity or romantic conventionalities framework of a The story and down by Albert from his stran led on Wednesday la whose handsome represented, left nia-home the pas dike. She was had been marri choice of her par ty was formed, couple, Ralston, make the descent breeze was blow started out whic to a gale. In ro



lake just above too rough to dangerous to l of every effort side of the is when a landi shock of the overboard. Sh the seething w ing spar. The on the barge w spar, but dared At that momie named Rossbu the party a we made for the proved a stro the aid of the the young w connects the is The barge pr same bar. A boat repaired. tied up on t time came to were missing day the couple horse, Mabel liege lord, wh even when tr testations—anc and she defi habitation. I of infatuation and Rossberg, ed with a bog originate at the mother wa to die. Acco started again ping from the