

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Friday night a large bouquet of flowers was presented over the footlights to Blossom, the clever little actress at the Opera house, who took the part of Camille the past week. The appreciation of her admirers was genuine, even if the flowers were not. Crystalline bouquets of vari-colored paper are the nearest approach we can make to a real presentation bouquet at midwinter in the frozen north, but the spirit of the giver is just as sincere as though the Japanese emblems were the choice product of expert florists, and had been raised under glass instead of in a paper mill. By the way, the imitation blossoms were well made, and presented nearly as good an appearance as the real Blossom, but they couldn't be as popular.

A letter received recently from Cape Nome reported "Scottie Maloney," an old Fortymile and Chicken creek sour dough, one of the fortunate men to make a strike, which recalls an incident on Dominion last spring, when Scottie came near being struck.

He is an inoffensive joker when sober and still a joker when celebrating, but not always so peaceful. He had been working during the clean up on his lay on No. 19 below upper and one right proceeded to do the roadhouses near Cariboo. About 2 o'clock in the morning he attempted to kick a hole in Dougherty's door for more whisky. Not succeeding in awakening the proprietor he looked around and espied a roll of blankets tied with new suspenders and overalls for pack straps and a motley collection of dishes and pans attached. He immediately became sleepy and out came his knife—overalls and suspenders cut to pieces, a pan kicked here and a plate there, and into the stable, now ankle deep with slush and manure, were planted Scottie and the blankets.

In the morning a big Swede arose and went outside. In a minute a mad Swede had Dougherty outside showing him the ruins of his new "overalls, cost two dollar pair." In five minutes the Swede discovered Scottie snoring away and the blankets looking like they had been tramped under foot by a pack train.

"I thank you get my blanket."
"No, them's my blankets partner."
"I thank I know him."
"No no," said Scottie, scared out of his wits, but keeping one eye on the door.

Suddenly he saw his chance and as the Swede bent over to examine them he darted between his legs, into the roadhouse, and into a bed, pulling covers over his head, and here remained for half a day. The Swede came tearing after him and named all kinds of vengeance, but Scottie had vanished.

At all times since the fig leaf episode in the Garden of Eden, human nature has been very much the same, and as it is human nature to love, little scenes of affection have been enacted all along down the line of time and are still being enacted at the present day. In all lands and climes there are young men possessing a "best girl." It is unwritten history but nevertheless true that "best girls" greatly enjoy the outdoor air. Therefore, walk abroad of a Sunday afternoon, in any part of the civilized world and you will see young men out with their best girls. The method used in effecting this airing depends wholly on the locality. In Boston and other parts of effete New England the young man gives the object of his adoration the required atmospheric exercise by walking her out. In New York he takes her out in a horseless carriage. In Chicago the young lady looks sweet upon a seat of a bicycle built for two. In rural sections of the Gulf States the Stroller has frequently known a lovesick youth to harness a mule to a cart (pronounced kawt) and take his inamorita out for an afternoon ride, he mounted upon the back of the mule and the young lady seated upon a rawhide bottomed chair in the cart. That is called long range courtship. In Kansas and other portions of the Middle West it is not unusual to see a young couple out riding in a heavy farm wagon containing sufficient room for 20 people, and yet the dovelike billing and cooing of the occupants is probably as sweet as is that of the New Yorkers in their modern carriage. On the Pacific coast a horse and buggy generally elicits a favorable answer to any important question propounded during an afternoon's outing. Herein Dawsonites are different. On last Sunday afternoon the Stroller took an hour's walk in which he observed a score or more "best girls" enjoying the crisp winter air. In each case the motive power was supplied by from three to eight dogs, and from a number of robes on each sled would be seen peeping a pair of bright and laughing eyes,

while behind each sled ran some warm-hearted youth, who, in nearly every case was panting like an exhausted freight engine. In one instance the Stroller overheard part of a conversation which was: "It has been on my mind—gee there—for a month to ask you—mush, you rascals—to put your clothes—mush on—in my trunk but this is the first haw, Jim, your son of a husky mother—time I have had—mush, you brutes—a chance to mention it to you. I trust your answer—Jack, get that leg inside the trace, and mush—will be favorable." Here they passed, out of hearing, but a block further down the street the Stroller met the young lady returning afoot, and half a block on down the young man had torn a handle from his sled and was mauling his dogs until their howls could be heard upwards of seven blocks.

Mine Host Cox of the Fairview has come to the conclusion that he will not strive for mushing honors, inasmuch as he does not think there is anything to be made by a forced stampede to the Forks. Last Wednesday night, after a meeting of the A. B.'s, at the banquet served to the members by the camp No. 4, Cox, Capt. Bliss and J. L. Sale, entered into an agreement that Cox should be given two hours to make a flying trip to the Forks, and if he did so he was to receive \$150; if not he was out a like amount. The money was put in the hands of Dr. Wilcoxon. It is claimed that the genial proprietor of the Fairview wishes to withdraw, as he claims the amount of money to be earned does not warrant the exertion necessary to prove his pedal capabilities. The money will probably be returned to both parties.

It is considered a triumph for an actor to be able to play upon the emotions of his audience as to compel them to give audible expression thereto. If this is the case Julia Walcott, who played Madame Prudence in Camille last week, is certainly entitled to a little self congratulation.

It occurred in the scene where Madame Prudence comes to Camille upon the latter's deathbed and asks to borrow money.

Leaning out of a box with his eyes fastened immovably upon the scene, was a "sour dough." The scene evidently stirred him deeply. The heartlessness of Madame Prudence as she emptied the dying girl's purses into her own pocket so worked upon the feelings of the intently gazing "sour dough" that finally he could stand it no longer. As Madame Prudence, after repeated assurances that she "must really go and leave her dear Camille," returned again to the bedside to gloat over her victim, our friend from the box leaned way out and shaking his fist in the direction of the stage, yelled in a voice choked with anger, "For God's sake get out."

To what expediences some people resort to in notifying the public of their wants and what strange desires they express. In remote corners will be found tacked to a dead wall a slip of paper on which is written in almost illegible characters something like this: "Jim Brown has given up the Dirty Dog saloon and wants some help at the Bon-Ton chop house. Nothing but cheap help employed."

"The Halifax tailor is opened for business near the Klondike river; drop in."
For sale—A lot of mining machinery, including a half ton of hay, as well as other edibles."

STORYETTES.

(By Othmar.)

WHERE THEY COME FROM.

Many toasts of the evening are taken from a bottle.

SHE HAD GOOD INTENTIONS.

A true story is told concerning one of Dawson's good ladies, who met an acquaintance on the street the other day. "I've just been to see a poor soul, who is nearly dying of destitution," was her first remark. "What did you take her?" was asked. "I took her a can of roast mutton to make some beef tea, it is so strengthening," was the reply.

We will all welcome the minute gun to be fired at noon at the barracks. As the clocks are at present it requires nearly one hour to walk from the Catholic hospital to the postoffice, while in traveling the other way you will arrive at the hospital 15 minutes before you start.

Travelers to Nome, via Skagway, will receive a cold reception when they arrive here, as well as all along the route down the Yukon.

Yes, Col. Wood has given his word that he will have to make a reasonable charge to the young man the next time he converses with his girl over one hour in the little hot house at the water hydrant.

HOW IS THIS?

The Nugget will print you 1000 BUSINESS CARDS on Fine Cut Stock, Round or Square Corners, for

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Our immense stock of job printing material has reached Dawson in safety. We have the most complete line of office stationery in the city. Let us stock you up with Envelopes, Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Cards, Hand Bills or anything else in the printing line.

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All This Season's Goods . . . Best Brands and Strictly Fresh.
Money refunded if not as represented.

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ANY OLD THING FOR SALE

From a Needle to a Steamboat

ARTHUR LEWIN

Finest Liquors. Our Cigars are famous for their excellency. Front St., nr. the Dominion.

THE CORRECT REASON.

Mythologists tell us that Iodine died because of her intense love for Jupiter; but the charm of the romantic story has more recently been destroyed by a chemist discovering that Iodine of potassium.

A JILTED BUTCHER.

The butcher who left for the outside this week had a romance at the Forks before leaving and his experience could be remembered about as follows:

He tried in drink to drown his cares,
And there found no relief;
But daily grew more woe-begone—
You never sausage grief.
At last his weary soul found rest,
His sorrows now are o'er;
No fickle maid now troubles him—
Pork reacher he's here no more.

QUAINT HUMOR.

The English penny-a-liner in a recent issue of a London paper produced two gems of unconscious humor: "The murderer," wrote he, "was evidently in quest of money, but, luckily, Mr. Duncan had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life." In a report of shipwreck off the coast the following was written: "The captain swam ashore and succeeded in also saving the life of his wife. She was insured in the Northern Marine Insurance Company for \$6500 and carried a full cargo."

THE OLD MOTTO.

An Ohio man and woman who have been twice divorced have just been tied up in the silken cord of matrimony for the third time. Their motto seems to be: "If at first you don't succeed, tie again."

ITS REAL VALUE.

No shooting scrapes take place in the Klondike, and after all the pistol pocket in a man's trousers never is of so much real service to him as when empty.

SPRINGS LOCATED.

An exchange tells us that it bears with pleasure that Hon. Herman Maschmeyer, who has been very near the brink of eternity at Nora Springs for the last ten days, is gaining in strength.

A DAWSON LAW.

He didn't have a dollar left;
His creditors he couldn't pay;
And e'en the coat he had to wear
Upon his back was cutaway.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

It usually happens
That people are shot
By men that are loaded
Or guns that are not.

WHO SANG IT?

I stood in front of the A. C. stores
And braced the strong night air,
And waited till I nearly froze
For the girl with the auburn hair.

DID SHE SAY IT?

When Adam in bliss
Asked Eve for a kiss
She puckered her lips with a coo;
Gave a look so ecstatic,
And answered, emphatic,
"I don't care, A dam if you do."

ORR & TUKEY,

Freighters and Forwarders

PACK TRAINS AND FREIGHT TEAMS.

TEAMING IN TOWN.

DEALERS IN WOOD.

All kinds of freight contracted for to any of the creeks and removed safely and quickly. Prompt and reliable.

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Barns and Corral,
Second Avenue and Fifth Avenue South

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Under New Management.

25c For Drinks or Cigars.
Our Liquors are the finest money can buy.

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Games Run in Connection With The House . . . NEWLY FITTED THROUGHOUT

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North of Monte Carlo, First Avenue.

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DEPOT,

Second Ave., South of Third St.

Mining Machinery

Boilers, Engines, Pumps,

Hoists, Sawing Plants, Belting,
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Sole Agents for the McVICKER Pipe Boiler.

One Dollar

A splendid course dinner served daily at

THE HOLBORN

Ask the boys what they think of it. Short orders a specialty. Connecting with the Green Tree.

BRUCE & HALL, Props.

New Rex ham and bacon at Mohr & Wilkens.

THE EDM

True Account
McKenzie

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