

### CONCERNING WINTER MAIL

When the Letter Supply is Small, Papers May Come.

But Little Encouragement is Extended to Dawson in the New Departmental Order.

Under the terms of a circular issued to postmasters, dated the 8th instant, it was intended that letters only should be carried in the mails to and from the Yukon territory and the Atlin district of British Columbia during the coming winter, but the post-office inspector has since been advised that this circular has been cancelled, the postoffice department having decided to continue the conveyance of newspapers by mail to postoffices in the Yukon territory and Atlin districts for the winter season. Arrangements have accordingly been made for the conveyance of a limited quantity of newspapers to Dawson, Pelly, Port Cudahy, and other postoffices in the Yukon territory, as well as to Atlin, Discovery and Spruce Creek in British Columbia. To Dawson and postoffices in the Yukon territory the quantity is limited to 500 pounds per week, and to Atlin it is limited to 300 pounds semi-weekly.

In the event of the quantity tendered for carriage exceeding this limit, priority will be given to newspapers sent to subscribers or to separate addresses. Under this arrangement all merchandise and articles coming under the head of fourth-class matter will be excluded from the mails, as well as parcels of books and samples. This prohibition does not extend to Whitehorse, Lake Bennett or Log Cabin. All class of mail matter can be sent to these places as regular railway communication is in operation from Skagway. In the early days of the Yukon there may have been some cause for complaints about irregularity of mail service. That was unavoidable. Now the government has everything in excellent shape and the service is all that can be expected.—Victoria Times, Oct. 20.

#### Story of a Bashful Boy.

Robert, a bashful lad, recently summoned up enough courage to escort a young lady home. At the breakfast table next morning his father said: "Well, my son, did you go home with any of the girls last night?" "Yes," said Bob. "Who was she?" Robert hesitated, but finally blurted out: "I thought it was Annie Warren, but when I got to the turn of the road she went to Ella Ham's house." "But I should think you might have told by the sound of her voice," said his father. "Neither of us said a word," said Bob, blushing and stammering.—Ex.

#### Gambling in Mexico.

Every few months a sensational story comes from the City of Mexico to the effect that wealthy visitors have been fleeced by Mexican gamblers. The visitors are generally Americans and the amounts lost are large. The stories of these are full of hints of mysterious wonderful devices for controlling the wheel or the run of the cards, as the case may be, and there are always masked and cloaked confederates of the regular dark lantern variety who walk on tiptoe, do marvelous slight-of-hand performances and fade into the darkness upon the approach of the officers of the law. The stories are of the yellow-backed variety and the visitor always passes as a "victim."

These cases do not call for the waste of much sympathy for the individuals who are fleeced. The visitor is in the City of Mexico for a good time. He has money to burn and endeavors to incinerate it in the most exciting way possible. There are many seductive ways of pursuing this diversion in the City of Mexico—in fact, such a reputation has that place that it is sometimes called the "Paris of America."

Every hotel in this "Paris of America" is infested with leeches who live upon the credulity and liberality of others, and when the willing guide can conduct his still more willing "victim" through half a mile of dimly lit stone passages before arriving at the place where the wheel goes round the latter is quite ready to take a stake on such romantic surroundings. The American is sure of his ground, for he comes from the sharpest nation in the world, where bunko steers and gold brick men are a feature of every day life. The roulette wheel, he has seen many times, the poker game is familiar to his native soil, and he argues that it cannot be possible for a foreigner to beat him at his own game. In brief, he is easy, and his confidence costs him dear.

There are no closer figurers or more foxxy financiers in the world than those of Mexico. When they gamble they bring to bear the experience of generations to outwit their victim. They are diplomats, they are plausible and insinuating. The brusque American is petty in their hands and his money is

theirs when he still has it in the bank. There is nothing in Mexico to be had except by legitimate investment and close attention to business. This is really truer of Mexico than of the United States, though it is a trite axiom here. But what is the use, for so long as the world lasts the people who want to get rich quick, when they lose their money, will put up a sorrowful story and demand the punishment of their partners in the cheat.—Kansas City Star.

#### Huntington, Horse Seller.

Anecdotes regarding C. P. Huntington were freely circulated in Wall street after the first shock of the news of his death had passed away. A sale of horses to Henry Clews, the banker, illustrated the magnate's method of doing business. Mr. Clews said to a friend that he wanted a pair of cobs.

"Mr. Huntington has a pair that will just suit you. I'll tell him to see you," said the friend.

The Huntington and Clews offices are both in the Mills building, the former on the seventh floor, the latter on the ground. Mr. Huntington stopped in the next morning on his way to his office.

"I understand you want a pair of ponies I have for sale," he said.

"Not that I know," was the retort of the banker. "I want a team, but I don't care where I get it. I'll take your's if the animals and the price are all right."

"Oh, that's all right. These ponies are too small, and it's not right to make them haul me and my wife about—we are both big and heavy."

"What's your price?"

"What's your idea of what you want to give?"

"Eight hundred dollars."

"Well, my price is \$1500—not a cent less."

Mr. Clews told him there was no possibility of getting together, and they parted.

Mr. Huntington called again next morning.

"Ready to give \$1500 for those ponies?" he asked.

"No; I'll give \$800," was the response.

"Never," exclaimed Mr. Huntington, as he went out.

He called at the Clews office every morning for two weeks to ask about the horses. On the eighth day he said:

"Well, I'll take \$1300, but I won't leave the option long at that."

"You can close it right now if you like," was the retort, "for I'll pay \$800. Not a cent more."

On the tenth day he exclaimed:

"Now, I'll tell you. Take the ponies at \$1200 and we'll call it square."

"Eight hundred," said Mr. Clews.

The same was offered on the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth days, relates the New York Mail and Express. On the fourteenth day Mr. Huntington said:

"What is your price for the ponies today?"

"Eight hundred."

"Well, you are the hardest man I ever dealt with," said he, "and I'm going to let you have them on one condition. You must give \$25 to my coachman."

"I don't know your coachman," objected Mr. Clews, "and it would be bribery to give any money to him."

"Well, he ought to have \$25," mused Mr. Huntington.

"I suppose you pay his wages regularly?" retorted the banker.

"Yes, but he ought to get \$25 out of this deal."

"Then you give it to him," said Mr. Clews. "That will leave \$775 for the horses."

With that he gave in, and thus, after 14 days of haggling the horses were sold for \$700 less than he started out to get for them. Mr. Clews smiled as he told a reporter of the deal, and added:

"He enjoyed that horse deal as much as I did. The horses proved to be splendid animals, and I drove them for 12 years."

#### Corrected.

City Editor—Evidently you didn't get a very close view of Nookash's summer place.

Reporter—Not very close. Why?

City Editor—You refer to it as "a magnificent marble pile," whereas it's a frame house.

Reporter—Is it? Just cross out "marble" then, and insert "wood."

#### An Idyl of the Late Heated Term.

"My heart," moaned Mildred Glendowe, wringing her hands, "is like ice!"

Van Alstyne Van Brugh stared precisely as if stung.

"Then, of course, I cannot ask you to give me your heart!" he exclaimed in a hollow voice.

For even love is not blind to the great price of ice in summer.—Ex.

Fresh vaccine at Pioneer Drug Store.

Your jeweler should be Soggs & Vesco. If you want the best of work try them. Third st., opp. A. C.

For watch repairing see Lindemann.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

A new and large jewelry store now occupied by Lindeman; Monte Carlo building.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

### STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"I have just telegraphed my grandfather in Oregon!" said a clerk in one of the big company stores to the Stroller last Saturday night, "but I am afraid I was too late in sending it; I do not think he will receive it in time for me to benefit by it!"

"Is the old man dying, and did you hope that by telegraphing to him he will remember you in his will?" asked the Stroller.

"Oh, no; not at all," replied the clerk. "While my grandfather is in his 87th year he is as frisky and active as I am myself. He can 'skin the cat' as readily as any 10-year-old you ever saw, and can dance a double-back-action break-down with all the fervor of a Tom Rooney. I merely telegraphed him to express to me at once the broad-cloth suit he was married in 62 years ago. I want it to wear to the St. Andrew's ball."

There is one thing in which the Klondike probably leads all other countries, and that is in the matter of short wood measurement. In the halcyon days of the Stroller's youth the statement of Ray's third part arithmetic to the effect that it required 128 cubic feet to make a cord was generally accepted and was adhered to in trade circles. Here in Dawson anything that the wood dealer sees fit to give for a cord is a cord. The Stroller is not too old to learn; otherwise, he would not have lately acquired the knowledge that 84 cubic feet constitutes a cord. Of course, there is a way to get even with the wood dealer and that is to pay in gold dust of which the principal part is brass filings, or give him the pure stuff weighed on short scales. But to buy 84 feet of wood for 128 and pay in the "long green" is not in keeping with the rules of domestic economy.

It may be, however, that the laws of nature have something to do with short measurements in this country, as there is more or less contraction in cold weather; but it is not possible that the mercury has yet gone so low as to cause a cord of wood to shrink 44 feet. If such is the case, people who buy wood at this season should not burn it before next summer, otherwise they will not get the worth of their money.

It has just come to the ears of the Stroller that he has been chosen patron of a wienewurst eating contest between two of Fred Giesman's customers at Grand Forks, thus having honor thrust upon him wholly without solicitation. The honorary office is accepted gracefully as well as gratefully, as it has long been a leading desire of the Stroller to be patron of something, but he feared he would be required to start at the foot and work up. However, the very first move has landed him on the top round.

Gentlemen, your patron gives you permission to proceed with the contest!

The sentencing of a man to death is a trial that but few judges are equal to without having stirred within them great emotions. In fact, it is the most trying of all the duties of the judiciary, and it is one to which a judge never becomes accustomed. An old southern judge who had occupied the bench for 18 years in a circuit comprising five populous counties and who probably sentenced an average of 10 men to death every year, once informed the writer that instead of becoming easier, the duty bore harder upon him with each succeeding case. The judge in question was, to all outward appearances, a cold and heartless man, but in passing sentence his large, boney frame was invariably rocked with emotion and "May God have mercy on your soul!" was always said between sobs. During his last term the old judge had frequently to be half carried from the court-house after imposing the death sentence. He would do his duty, "But a man's a man for a' that."

There are three companion pictures in a down town saloon, the product of Harry Edwards, which attracts no little attention, as they are cartoons of no mean order of merit. They represent two gentlemen of the old sod engaged in an excited argument. The other day a son of Erin observing the caricatures became indignant and hurled the most fluent anathemas upon the author, who he said, had insulted every Irishman living or dead.

"I painted those pictures," said Harry, who was standing near.

"Oh, ye did, did ye?" yelled the Irishman. "Answer me this! Did ye ever see an Irishman wid that physog?"

"Who said they were Irish?" Harry answered gently.

Diamonds; for brilliancy, cut and color. J. L. Sale & Co.

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

Kodak films at Goetzman's.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

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MEET THE BOYS AT HOME  
When in town they stop at  
**Hotel Flannery**  
HADLEY'S STAGE LINE Leaves Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Gold Run, Dominion, Etc. reasonable rates from Hotel Office.  
STABLE SPOR HORSES AND DOGS  
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**"White Pass and Yukon Route."**  
A Daily Train Each Way Between Whitehorse and Skagway .....  
**COMFORTABLE UPHOLSTERED COACHES**

**NORTH**—Leave Skagway daily, except Sundays, 8:30 a. m., 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.  
**SOUTH**—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

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In Both Hard and Soft Finish. These Goods Add Charm to Any Color over which they may be draped. Also

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In Cream, White, Heliotrope and Black

**Dainty Silk Opera Gloves**  
In the Prettiest Shades

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