

FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1902.

Stroller's Column.

To His Worship the Mayor and the honorable members of the City Council.

Gentlemen,—For your benefit is this article written, this Faber No. drawn wearily over pure white paper.

The Stroller is desirous of flying to your assistance in order that he may serve to some extent, to mitigate the rigors which encompass you about. In order that the Stroller may be of service to you it is first necessary that he be put on the salary list.

In return for this he promises to return for your orders, and just think that a hard-boiled, button-down-invested, hard-wood-finished snap, in addition, so to speak, it would be in your official history, what an oasis in your official desert, to have some strapper to whom you could refer orders and have them obeyed. The Stroller would agree to obey the last order he got no matter what it might countermand.

While not obeying orders, if he had any time, he would stand around on the sidewalk and square a number of pre-election pledges by explaining that at the time they were made it was not thought that the Yukon council would continue to stir the council's mud to your utter exasperation. As many of these pledges for goods not yet delivered will require considerable diplomacy to square, the Stroller must have a salary, as diplomacy comes especially the kind of diplomacy required in the cases that are coming to be squared.

If the Stroller would wish to resign his position it would be natural for him to work for your re-election, to accomplish which you must admit to require some shrewd maneuvering and not a little wire pulling. To begin operations very necessary as there is a mighty current to stem and overcome. Many new pledges will have to be given and to think up new ones that were not given in the former campaign will require lots of time and considerable loss of sleep.

However, if the salary is such as to justify the undertaking, the Stroller will enter your service and go to work.

Gentlemen, it is up to you. If you employ the Stroller you will have some one who will obey you and that will be something new. It for sake of the novelty of being someone heed and pay attention to your orders. Besides, the Stroller would endeavor to deport himself in such a manner that the council would desire to imitate him, that means they might even come to treat your orders and wishes with respect.

If you do not care to bring this matter up at an open meeting when meddling members are present, you can send the Stroller a copy of paper bearing the stamp of the great seal of the city and the letters Y. A. O. H., which the Stroller will know means "You Are Our Buckleberry."

The Stroller is just in receipt of a letter from "Transient Trader" who requests him to go after the council through about for its passage of the bill requiring transient traders to pay \$500 for the privilege of doing business in Dawson.

The Stroller is glad his attention has been called to the matter and he will make haste to comply with the request, for if there is any class of people that is in crying need of protection it is the transient traders, those who are on the hog would sell their hogs and go out of town.

The transient trader may not stay in Dawson more than six weeks in the year but he rents a store room for the year all the same. His name is on the tax books but his one transient trader in a dozen ever leaves town without hunting up the collector and handing him from \$500 to \$500—it depends on whether he brought in a scow load of potatoes or 50 tons of machinery.

It was not for the transient trader the newspapers of Dawson necessarily go out of business in the very near future. Pick up any newspaper any time and you will find a quarter and half page advertisement and they are invariably signed "Transient Trader."

Another good thing about transient traders is the fact that when he comes he is not accustomed to paying a bill for a meal with the result that he usually goes to a Jap restaurant and that is an excellent thing for the town.

The transient trader also contributes largely to local charities and never fails to send a liberal amount to holiday sports funds.

It was surely an "Irish trick" on the part of the council to tax the transient trader. On the other hand legislation of a loving, cherishing and protecting nature should have been enacted. It is to be hoped that at its next meeting the august body will repeal its arbitrary enactment and pass a law compelling the resident dealers to close up their stores when a transient trader arrives in order that he may have no trouble in disposing of his stock.

The transient trader is an institution that must be fostered and protected.

A young man of Scotch descent was asked yesterday if he could speak Gallic. His reply was:

"No, I can not, I am sorry to say. My grandfather spoke it very fluently but I must say I can not speak it neither do I fully understand it. Speaking of the Gallic language reminds me that on the A. B. floater last night I danced with a young lady who, while she could not speak Gallic, could speak gallic that you could understand half the length of the big float. Limberger would have been a sweet pea compared with her gallic exhalations."

The Walla Walla bloodhounds that have made such miserable failures in trailing Murderer Tracy in Oregon and Washington would not be considered fit to cross with bloodhounds in the south where a bloodhound knows his business and transacts it.

It may be that the class of people who make footprints on the sands of time in the south and are trailed by bloodhounds leave more aroma in their tracks than Tracy does, but for all that the Stroller inclines to the belief that there are very few bloodhounds in the Gulf states that would not keep Mr. Tracy guessing.

For some time the press despatches insisted every day that Tracy was surrounded. They should have read: "Tracy has his pursuers surrounded."

A few days ago a Dawson lady saw low-cut shoes marked "Only \$2" in a transient trader's store and immediately entered and purchased a pair. That evening she wore her new shoes to the barracks to witness a game of baseball. She got half way home and was obliged to complete the trip in an express wagon. The shoes, being made from paper, had severed their connections.

A number of years ago in a town on Puget Sound a gentleman entered a store and was surprised to see boots marked "\$1 per pair." He at once invested in a pair, put his old ones in the store stove and departed much pleased with his new purchase.

That evening he again entered the same store with blood in his eyes.

"You infernal old scoundrel," he roared at the merchant, "I walked out in the country three miles this afternoon and when I got back I was barefooted. Those boots you sold me were made of paper."

"Vat!!!" screamed the merchant. "Do you mean to told me dot you walked tree mile dot country out in dose boots? I tot you had more sense ash dot. Vy, mine dear friend, dose vas not valking boots, dose vas riding boots."

Had the Dawson lady gone to the baseball game in a carriage she would have probably reached home with her shoes intact.

One of the depressing incidents in a country editor's life is to write something nice of the bridegroom and then have it appear in type like an account of a bull fight. A city editor gets around these troubles. He either blames it on a reporter or else makes it difficult for the indignant subscriber to get action of him. Once I wrote a fine send-off for Ike Silversmith, who had married a large widow with a small son. It read: "Ike Silversmith, our cheap-priced, enterprising tailor, returned last week with his newly made bride and her son. Mr. Silversmith's acquaintances are congratulating him on his acquisition, and joy prevails where once was gloom." Possibly at my mature years I can write a better notice than this, but whether I can or not, a facetious compositor corrected it to an extent that gave many weary and soul harrowing moments. When the paper was in the postoffice a friend came in and pointed to the item. It read: "Ike Silversmith, our cheap, unenterprising tailor, returned last week with his bride and newly made son. Mr. Silversmith's friends are condoling with him upon the inquisition and a jag prevails where once was gloom."

"I could picture no fury as Ike's. I saw him in my sleep and he was arched with a life-sized club,

I momentarily expected him to come into the office and there club me to a pulp. Four days I lived in horror like a haunted criminal. Finally I ventured forth in the open air, and in turning the first corner ran right into the arms of the man I had so malignantly vilified. Utter astonishment stared me in the face. My time had come. I saw my swift and speedy finish. He grabbed me by the hand. There was a pause, an ominous pause—then, lifting his voice he said: "That was a fine notice you gave me. Save me six copies of the paper." I had been jugged by the compositor, who had jugged the wording of just one paper and then had it presented to my view.

The foregoing from an exchange recalls to the mind of the Stroller some very serious experience he once had after he had written up the marriage of Colonel Bourbon's eldest daughter, Miss Sophrina, to Colonel Soakem's eldest son.

The wedding took place late in the evening and at 2 o'clock the previous afternoon the Stroller by special invitation called at the Bourbon home to inspect by daylight Miss Sophrina's very elegant dresses, several of which were the handiwork of a famous New York modiste.

After the wedding the guests stayed several hours partaking of the old colonel's hospitality and it was two o'clock when the Stroller reached his office to write up the wedding ring and to sleep off the effects of the old colonel's hospitality.

Next morning at 9 o'clock a bell-boy admitted Zion to the Stroller's room and never was that ebullient individual more excited in his life.

"Flee to 'yo life," he said. "Cubnel Bubhon done bin to de office lookin' fo' yo. Me bein' de only one dar, he tuck two shots at me an' de only reason he didn't git me wuh dat he wuh cump on de stair ob de office an' swar he'll kill yo' on sight."

Zion was sent down to the hotel office for a copy of the morning paper and when the Stroller opened it he soon perceived the cause of the colonel's wrath. The Stroller had stated that it had been his esteemed privilege to personally inspect the bride's trousseau and the indigent compositor had made it read "the bride's trousers."

WIPED EARTH WITH THEM

W. P. & Y. R. Baseball Team Badly Used

By Independent Steamers' Nine Which Piled Up 28 to 10 Scores.

The hottest game of baseball the diamond at the barracks has seen in many moons was that played last night between the White Pass and the Independents and if one were to judge from the score they would imagine a cricket match had been played instead of the great American national game. The slaughter of the White Pass was somewhat frightful to contemplate, the score at the end of the third inning being 28 to 3. In the last three innings they pulled themselves together somewhat, managing to decrease the discrepancy between them sufficiently to make a more creditable showing. A big crowd of rooters was in attendance and they yelled themselves hoarse at the succession of brilliant plays.

The White Pass was first at the bat with Barnes hold of the willow. The first ball pitched soaked him in the ribs and he took his base on a dead ball. Dillon was in the box for the Independents and Sharp behind the plate. Bennett followed Barnes at the bat but there was a hole in the stick and he failed to find the leather, retiring at first on three strikes muffed by the catcher. Woods hit a light grounder to third bringing Barnes in and he himself scoring on a passed ball. Johnson knocked a foul into the crowd and after several additional efforts put a high fly up in the air which Dillon sprinted for and succeeded in reaching. Dudley took his base on balls and Scott retired the side by going out at first on a light grounder hit to third.

The White Pass took the field and the slaughter of the innocents began. "Dad" Scott went in the box with a delicious bunch of curves and a twist at his shoulder that would have made the "Spider" turn green with envy. Sharp was first up and though he pounded air he managed to make the first bag safely. Heath followed, then Heacock, Dillon lammed out a two-bagger, French hit fair over third and they all scored, the latter being forced home by Crossan faking a walk to first. Lilloco sent a peach way out in the right garden which Dudley did not know what to do with when he got hold of it. Davies scored, Mortimer knocked a high fly which Johnson failed to connect with, though he was declared out under a new rule which prohibits knocking a fly on the infield when the bases are full. Sharp came to the bat for the second time in the inning, scoring as did also Heath, Heacock and Dillon. French went out on a fly to the pitcher and Crossan fanned. Twelve runs were piled up and it began to look bad for Rogers' aggregation of colts.

In the first half of the second the White Pass took a goose egg. Only three men went to the bat and they threw down in one, two, three order. Young got his base on balls but was put out at second on a fine throw from home. Yentil fanned, Rogers took a walk, but fell down, reaching second in the same manner as Young.

The Independents added two runs to their pile in their half of the second. Lilloco sent a beast out to the woodpile good for three bags but died in a vain effort to reach home. Davies scored and Mortimer repeated Lilloco's operation with a three-bagger but in his sprint around the bases he neglected to touch second which did not escape the watchful eye of Sammy Cropper and he retired him. Sharp scored and Heath drove a pretty one out to center. Scott reached for it but as it went twenty feet above him he failed to connect. Heath made two bags only to expire at the home plate.

In the beginning of the third, the White Pass added one more run to their score. The latter half of the inning was distinguished by the Independents piling up another even dozen. Changes in the players were frequent but the game was top-still for the motoplayers, the outsiders literally wiping up the earth with them. At the conclusion of the sixth the score was 28 to 10 in favor of the Independents and the game was called off. The awful slaying of the previous hour was discontinued, rats were restored and today the dove of peace once more hovers over the water front.

Drowning in Gold

C. F. De Jersey-Grut and L. Simpson, both of Sydney, Australia, have recently been traveling on pleasure through this county. Mr. Simpson has had an experience that does not often fall to the lot of man—of being nearly drowned in gold. And it happened in this wise; he says:

"I was in New Zealand about a year ago and was down in the southern part of the place. There is a river there, named the Zaidas, and a very peculiar river it is in a good many ways. It is remarkable for the strength and swiftness of its current in the mountains, and it goes underground for a space of about a mile in its middle course. But the chief of its peculiarities is the gold-bearing quicksand to be found near its mouth. There is about a mile of the river there, where it spreads out, that is full of quicksand, and for a good distance this sand is full of gold. It assays as high as \$1,200 a ton and is, of course, a very valuable thing. Until recently there was no known way of utilizing this gold, but about a year ago a new method was found whereby the gold could be extracted.

"Well, I was near there, with a party of friends, camping and shooting and fishing. The first night I rode out on my horse down the river to see some people that lived on a farm near the mouth of the river. There was a light wind blowing at the time and it blew my hat all of a sudden from my head and out into the stream. It floated down slowly and I rode on the bank and followed and watched it. I thought that it would soon come near the bank and then I would be able to go out and get it by making my horse wade in the stream. I had not heard of the quicksand.

"Pretty soon it did come near the bank, and I urged the animal out into the river. The horse would not go, however, and neighed loudly when brought near the water. After I had made repeated efforts to get the horse out into the stream I gave it up, and then thought that I would wade out and get the hat myself. It was close to the bank and the river did not look deep.

"So I jumped off the horse and into the stream and then in an instant I knew what was the matter with the animal. For I had struck the quicksand. It was the place where the gold is most to be found and that sand there is worth lots of money, but it did not seem to make any difference to me whether it was gold I was sinking in or just plain sand. It rose higher and higher on me and I felt sure that it was surely the end. But the luck was with me and I was pulled out by a chance passer on a horse, who threw a lariat over my shoulders. I thought that I was surely being cut in two by the lariat. But I was not, and I was pulled out after a while and got over my scare. That stand where I was is now worth millions of dollars and I was literally drowning in gold but it wasn't any fun, I can tell you."—Ex.

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