

Stroller's Column.

When R. P. McLennan took up the Nugget the day after the meeting at A. B. hall he was astonished. "Did I say that much?" he asked. For Mr. McLennan had the belief that he could not make a speech under any circumstances whatever, and there was in his favorite newspaper a condensed report of a column and a half of what he said. If he had taken the trouble to think that he spoke for half an hour at the minimum rate of 120 words a minute, and had upon this basis reckoned up the number of printed words, he would have found that he had spoken many more words than were printed. It reminds the Stroller of General Grant on his tour around the world. The general was one of those who believe that the human race is divided into two classes: those who do and those who talk. Grant had not the gift of oratory and he knew it. After speaking for two minutes to the immense crowd which had met to honor him at Birmingham, England, he said, and the Stroller happened to be there at the time and take a note of it: "Now you must excuse me, I never made so long a speech before. If I added a word more to it those reporters on the other side of the Atlantic would not believe it was my speech at all."

It was an undoubted fact that at no time in his life, as general of the United States army or as president, was General Grant ever regarded as a public speaker. But this is certain, that he spoke with more ease to the people of the large cities of the United Kingdom who turned out in such crowds to do him honor than he had ever done at home. The Stroller had the pleasure of traveling with him through England and as far as Paris, and met him when he returned to New York. That was when his supporters had failed to nominate him for a third term and he had been asked to take the stump for General Garfield, who had won the nomination of the convention. It was easy to see the change that had been wrought in the general by his travels. He was always a man of sound common sense, with a directness of expression such as few so called orators can ever acquire. But he had no confidence before an audience. He was modest enough to believe that he could not say anything worth listening to. He knew that he had lots to say but before a crowd his timidity overcame him. After his travels he was completely changed. He had gained confidence. Altogether outside of his great prestige he made some of the best campaign speeches that were heard in that campaign.

By the way, this recent edict that there shall be no more prize fighting in Seattle has led Gibbs to declare that he is coming over the ice to Dawson, with the hope of taking all the talk out of Burley or some other fellow. He has the honor of having had the last "go" in the puritanical town of Seattle. This was with Williams, and the Times of that city says it was a howling fiasco. Just to prepare those who paid gate money for the inevitable Gibbs said to a reporter: "I have already whipped this Williams twice. Once in seven rounds and again in eight. I will tell you frankly that I won't be able to do anything with him for the first five rounds. I won't be able to hit him. He will make a punching bag out of me, and only my ability to take punishment will see me through. Beginning with the sixth round, I will whip him before the end of the tenth."

The result, as might be naturally expected, was declared a draw, and everyone was so disgusted that they agreed with the police to have no more of such coarse work. If Gibbs does come to Dawson, well, I rather think so.

The Viscomte

"Ab-er, by the way, Donald, I've a crow to pick with you," said Vandervoort, taking his mint julep in his hand and settling back into the rattan rocker.

Donald Hurlburt set down the glass he was raising to his lips, frowned quizzically and said: "For God's sake, Van, don't look so serious about it. Pick all the crows you want, but if you're going to preach a sermon I'll quit you."

"I'm not going to preach, Donald, I'm just going to make a few remarks—for your own good, you know."

"Well, make 'em quick, and do try to look pleasant, will you, Van?"

"You remember that Mr. Hughes you introduced to Miss Harker and me the night of the yacht race?"

"Yes, Jack Hughes. A fine boy that."

"Fine? Why, Don, he's an engineer on the Doris—a mere mechanic. He's—"

"He's a splendid chap, that's what he is, Van. You see I don't know what you mean by a mere mechanic. He's a man, a modest, strong, gentleman."

"He's strong all right—a regular giant of an animal—but you don't seem to see what I mean, Don. Suppose, for instance, Miss Harker had—"

"Fallen in love with him? Well, what of it? He has more brains than half the ping-pong dudes around here. She has money and more sense than the average woman, and, to sum up, I don't see the drift of your crow-picking."

"Well, then, look what an awkward fix you got me into. I took Miss Harker for a cruise on the Doris the other evening, and, of course, she wanted to inspect the boat's works. When we got into the gallery in the engine-room who should come up in a blue jumper all covered with oil, a red handkerchief around his neck and a black cap like a hangman's on his head, but your 'friend' Hughes! Everyone in our party was mortified when he saluted Miss Harker as an old friend, and began to talk about you as if you'd been his comrades and equals. It mortified me beyond

expression, Donald, but here comes Colcord—I'll quit!"

"No, don't quit, Van!" cried Hurlburt, hailing the newcomer, who was an ascetic young man with a pale eye and irreproachable flannels. "Sit down, Harold, and hear Vandervoort's sermon. He's lecturing me about my vulgar associates. What do you think? Am I so hopelessly common in my tastes?"

"Well, Donald," lisped the newcomer, in a minor key, "for a man of your birth you know, you are, ah—remarkably democratic."

"Is that all? Well, I can stand that verdict. I'm democratic, Van, and we'll let it go at that, eh?"

"Well, if you can stand it, I guess we shouldn't complain." Then after a pause of frowning protest, "but hereafter I must request that you spare me the honor of acquaintanceship with your, ah—democratic friends."

"All right, Van. I don't think any of my friends will object, but where are we to draw the line? Come, Colcord, what would you suggest as a measure of men whose friendship we three might mutually endure without any fear of embarrassing results?"

"Oh, I think it is largely a question of breeding or family. I, for instance, have no objection to poverty. Take Lord Duncrombie, who was here last winter. I actually had to lend him money to enable him to be able to get out of town, but I felt honored to be able to assist him. He was a gentleman, a nobleman, and I have heard that he has since become a common laborer in a copper mine. Then we must defer to wealth. In the formative state of our society, men of means are not to be overlooked. They are, so to speak, the corner stones of what will be, in time, a sort of aristocracy. And besides, the ability to make money is a kind of genius."

"Does it take any genius to inherit money, as I did, for example?" asked Hurlburt, "and in what does your beggarly nobleman, Duncrombie, excel my friend Jack Hughes, the marine engineer? Jack is a graduate of the schools of mines and engineering, he neither begs nor borrows of any man. He is brave, loyal and truthful. I can't see it, Harold. I suppose I must be a degenerate, eh?"

Neither of his companions answered. They were staring at him with looks of pity tinged with contempt.

"Well, then," laughed Hurlburt, "I'll promise. Hereafter I'll never expose you, either of you, to such a humiliating experience as Van here had with the engineer of the Doris. If you see me going along the street with a man, and I don't stop, you can rest assured that my companion isn't up to your class. If I stop you may be sure the man I present is entitled by birth, achievement or inheritance to—well, say, the privilege of your acquaintance. Is that all right, Harold? Van?"

They nodded deprecatingly as he rose to go, but he only smiled sweetly at them and stalked away.

"Never be more than a boy," drawled Vandervoort.

"He's ruining his standing in society. Such a pity!" murmured Colcord.

They, Vandervoort and Colcord, were strolling on the Surf Walk the next morning when they saw Donald coming arm in arm with a distinguished-looking young man. He was tall with short clinging black curls, a patrician face, the military bearing, a duel-scar on his swarthy cheek a fine, flashing brown eye, the swing of an athlete, the manner of a gentleman born and bred.

"Ah, good morning Van! Good morning Harold! Let me introduce my friend Vicomte d'Angouleme." Donald and his companion stood bowing. The faces of Vandervoort and Colcord beamed with delight.

"Raoul," said Donald, "my friend, Mr. Vandervoort—the Vicomte d'Angouleme. Mr. Colcord—the Vicomte."

The handsome young Frenchman, hat in hand and blushing like a woman, squeezed the extended hands in turn, and they turned to stroll abreast along the deserted walk by the shore. Raoul d'Angouleme was attentive, courteous to a fault, ill at ease only when he spoke, which was rarely. No, he had no fault to find with America. He was not long in this country. He had not seen its best side as yet. Hotels, he said, with that delightful accent peculiar to Parisians, were not the best places to become familiar with the conditions, habits, manners and methods of the best society. Besides, he did not speak English very well. He hoped to learn quickly. He was of the d'Angoulemes of Danpierre, but had spent most of his life in Paris, which he pronounced "Parry," as all smart Parisians do.

At the end of the walk the Vicomte excused himself.

"Et is that I may attend a small matter of commerce," he explained, smiling ingeniously, "and so they had him good day."

Hurlburt had met him in Paris, where he had been quite a gay spirit in the best saloons, in the boulevards and even among the bohemians of the Latin quarter.

"He's poor, though. Never had what Colcord here would call a 'decent income' but squandered what he had."

"Like a gentleman, I'll warrant. Anyone can see that he's an aristocrat. I like him," averred Vandervoort, gazing after the distinguished, immaculately arrayed figure of the Frenchman.

"I say," suggested little Colcord, twirling his feeble, saffron mustache, "why wouldn't it be a good idea to

give the poor fellow a little support—hasn't many friends, has he, Donald?"

"No. Raoul d'Angouleme had very few friends in America. Certainly, a little dinner, say at the Maison de Paris, would be quite nice—just a quiet little time for four. At the Maison, because Raoul felt more at home there. No, he was not a guest at the little French hostelry, but he dined there—usually. And so it was agreed that Donald Hurlburt should arrange for the little dinner to the Vicomte. There was no doubt that he would be there. And so it was planned. French noblemen of such evidently perfect manners were rare even in the top-lofty circle in which Vandervoort and Hurlburt moved.

On the evening set for the little dinner Donald and Colcord went down to the Maison de Paris in Vandervoort's drag. The Vicomte—they all spoke of him as Raoul now—was to meet them there at 9. They found their table spread in a cozy little corner of the balcony overlooking the sea and draped with honeysuckles. The Vicomte had not arrived, so they sat jollily in their places. The clock struck 9, the half, 10.

"Wonder if anything could have happened to Raoul," said Colcord in a sudden pause in Donald's running fire of talk.

"Oh, by the way, I'd almost forgotten him. I say, Pierre!" to the head-waiter, "is Raoul here? Yes? Please tell him that we are perishing for our dinner. Tell him to make haste, and—"

The grinning garcon bustled away and in a moment the green baize door on to the balcony swung open and Raoul in evening dress came into view.

"My dear Vicomte, so glad—" the words froze in Vandervoort's throat when he saw that the Vicomte was carrying three plates of soup. He looked at Colcord and took heart of grace when that worthy saw the joke and laughed. "Capital! Capital, my dear Raoul!"

The blushing but deft Raoul placed the soup before them, bowed with the grace of a cavalier at court and stepped nimbly back through the door whence he had come.

"By the way," said Donald, fixing his napkin and toying with his spoon. "I forgot to mention that the Vicomte is at present a waiter here in the Maison. Odd, isn't it, and sad, too, to see the action of so old and noble a family reduced to such straits. But I like him for it. It shows spirit."

Vandervoort and Colcord were staring into their soup plates, very nervous and ill at ease.

"It's much more honorable than borrowing money, don't you think so, Van? Not that I have any fault to find with Colcord's friend, Lord Duncrombie."—John H. Raftery in Chicago Record-Herald.

stances, when the pole slips it usually strikes the span wire with such force as to break it, or at least to pull down its fastenings. To obviate such troubles a "trolley retractor" has been devised. The function of this device, which is usually fastened on the dashboard, is to hold the trolley pole when off the wire about fifteen inches below the trolley wire. Provision is made in its design to automatically accommodate the variations in the height of the trolley wire. When the trolley jumps from the wire, however, the sudden upward movement locks the tension reel and releases an arm which swings downward, under the action of a spring and carries the trolley with it.

Political Announcements YUKON TERRITORY.

Dr. Alfred Thompson

Is a candidate for the Yukon council from the Dawson district. The support of the electorate is respectfully requested.

FOR MEMBER OF THE YUKON COUNCIL, DISTRICT NO. 1.

A. J. Prudhomme

MEETING SATURDAY NIGHT

J. C. Larsen's Vacant Store, So. Dawson

In the interests of the candidature of

R. P. McLENNAN

All candidates for mayor and aldermen are invited to be present and participate in the meeting.

CITY OF DAWSON.

VOTE FOR

R. P. McLENNAN

For Mayor of Dawson, 1903.

CANDIDATE

FOR MAYOR

1903,

D. W. DAVIS.

VOTE FOR

James F. Macdonald

FOR ALDERMAN

Candidate

FOR ALDERMAN

1903

J. A. GREENE

A Little Way

A little way to walk with you my own—

Only a little way.

Then one of us must weep and walk alone

Until God's day.

A little way! It is so sweet to live

Together that I know

Life would not have one withered

rose to give—

If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile,

With your heart far from mine—

'Twould be for joy that in a little while

They would be kissed by thine.

'Let's go have a drink, Smithers."

"No. I've sworn off this week a test."

"Why, what are you testing?"

"Myself. As long as I find I can stop, I won't stop, but as soon as I find I can't stop, I will stop."

Prevents Damage.

With the increased speeds on suburban and even upon trolley lines it has become necessary to protect the overhead wires from the sudden shocks caused by the slipping of the trolley wheel when the car is running at high speed. Under such circum-

Monogram Hotel AND STORE

No. 6 Below Chicken Creek, Alaska.

Good meals, good beds, good bar.

Seco C. Holbrook, proprietor. Take cut-off at the mouth of Lost Chicken which brings you to the door and saves you three miles travel on the river.

For Member of the YUKON COUNCIL Dawson District No. 1,

C. W. C. TABOR

For Yukon Council

Candidate for District No. 1, which includes Dawson, Forty-mile, Miller, Glacier and Boucher.

WM. THORNBURN

If elected I shall endeavor in every matter to act for the general good of this territory, and I trust my many friends will give me their vote and influence.

FOR YUKON COUNCIL

To the Electors of Electoral District No. 2:

Gentlemen,—I hereby announce myself a candidate for election as one of your representatives in the Yukon territorial council and solicit your votes and influence in my behalf.

JOHN PRINGLE.

Bonanza, 30th Dec., 1902.

CANDIDATE

FOR MAYOR

1903

Thos. Adair

Vote for

PETER VACHON

For Alderman.

Vote for

JOHN L. TIMMINS

For Alderman. He stands for a clean administration and a judicious expenditure of the people's money. He makes no pre-election pledges but will treat conditions as they arise to the best of his humble ability.

TO THE VOTERS

At the solicitation of my friends I will be a candidate for alderman at the coming municipal election. Your votes and assistance are solicited.

H. E. A. Robertson.

Candidate

For Alderman

1903.

Dr. Z. Strong,

M. D.

Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Requested for

ALLAYNE

JONES

As Alderman for 1903

FRANK N. JOHNSON

Candidate for

ALDERMAN, 1903

Candidate for

ALDERMAN 1903,

A. LA LANDE.

Candidate for

ALDERMAN

1903,

R.H.S. Cresswell

New Stock AT THE NUGGET JOB PRINTERY New Type