

Stroller's Column.

Dawson, Feb. 12.

Stroller differs from that of Jane, Kathlena or Belinda. A number of years I have been happily married and am yet to be one thing—I fear my husband is a very bad condition. It is the late municipal campaign when my husband took great interest in it. He attended all of the meetings and, while he always seemed to be called upon to make a speech, he never was and that is what was troubling him now. He spent a week preparing a speech and being invited to deliver it, he is in a very bad condition. His system is permeated—soaked to the marrow—with that speech, and it is getting the better of him. He is losing his appetite and his eyes are becoming a far-away, dim and disconcerting look. His fingers twitch, he has a shivering and only yesterday he took up a shovel with which to dig a hole. But this is not all. For the past three nights he has gotten up regularly at 1.30 o'clock and delivered his speech to an imaginary audience. As we keep the lamp burning on account of the baby I can see him and, although his eyes are wide open, I do not think he knows what he is doing. And such a speech! For a full hour he fires away at tables, chairs and stools, calling them "My fellow citizens," and appealing to them to elect none but good men to office. His speech is something like this:

Chairman and Gentlemen:

"I have many within sound of my

bottomed chair. Then hurry back and we'll run off a special before the mob comes to lynch you."

Zion said he would get the press in order before going out. He went to work and in half an hour he was singing:

"I se de man ter lead'er ban'
Way down ter Egypt'an,
Whar I'll say ter ole King Pharaoh
Yo' mus' let mah people go-o-o."

Some time previous to St. Andrew's ball the Stroller perpetrated an article based partly on fact but

and was forgotten by the Stroller until the arrival of the last mail, which brought to him the assurance that there are people in the world who take him seriously. The letter is reproduced just as written and is as follows:

Concord, North Carolina,
Jan. 22, 1902.

To the editor of the Nugget:

I seen an extract from the Nugget whare there was a fasionable St. Andrews ball given, but there was a paucity of ladies under 47 years for the swell affair, & 5 gentleman of re-

man who have been successful in making wealth there, mostly in gold mining, who want a wife & cannot leave their business to cam to the states for one, & the market not supplied there with the needfull, & it is reasonable that they would pay liberal to one that would interced in getting them a good wife. Now if one wanting to mary will write me and tell me of the kind that would please him, & tell me about himself & C I know I could get him a disiarable companion & if I did not have a suitable lady in view I would not stop till I found one, & feel that I was doing a patriotic and honorable duty that is much called for in honorable hands & I would expect to be well paid for it. The arrangements for the acquaintance & the trip to go there can be easily aranged. I have been seriously crossed financial and lossed heave in a way that could not be foreseen. But I can give plenty of the very best of references for integrity business qualifications & C. The little financing that might be necessary could be aranged through one of our banks here. The Cabarrus savings Bank Mr. D F Canno president Mr Swink paying teller & Mr Woodhouse book-keeper. They are all members of a protestant church here and men of high standing to whom I can also refer with many others. To be hapy we must be in sum way us'll I have lost two good wives, & the reason I dont mary again in my older day iz my financial condition wont justify it. I am above sharp-practice or unfair dealing in anyway & always fill my obligations promptly if I am able to do so. We have a very cold winter so far & the worst out look for the wheat crop at this season of the year that has been here for a number of years.

GEO. W. FISHER.

The Stroller believes Mr. Fisher is honest in his intentions and he recommends all of his bachelor friends who wish to have wives from the country where Opie Reid's hero 'Ristis roamed around until he was 18 years old without "trousies," to communicate with Mr. Fisher at once. If a man wants a wife who will stand by him with a gun, in North Carolina is the place to get her. If the hooch-millers up the Klondike had been so fortunate as to have North Carolina wives they would still be in business instead of sawing crown wood. In case a man expects to engage in claim jumping

he should file an application for a wife with Mr. Fisher at once.

One thing the Stroller cannot understand is why Mr. Fisher himself should remain single on account of financial stress when three drinks of four fingers each of North Carolina moonshine will cause a man to own



MR. FISHER OF NORTH CAROLINA, S.A.H.

a whole township and all the 'possum dogs in it.

However, the Stroller trusts that Mr. Fisher's pains taken and interest manifested in the poor men of the Klondike may be rewarded by his receiving orders for at least a dozen wives. And, all joking aside, a North Carolina girl is not to be sneezed at—more than once if she sees the first sneeze.

The Stroller is sorry the wheat crop in North Carolina looks so "po'ly," but so long as there is a fair yield of corn and rye the one industry of the country will not be materially crippled.

Shot the Burglars.

Valley, Neb., Jan. 30.—Matt Ruhlin, a saloon keeper, and a number of citizens had a fight with two burglars who had broken into the saloon early today, in which both of the burglars were shot. One of them, George Myers, who was captured, was fatally wounded. The other escaped.



"LIZAH DONE TALK IN HUH SLEEP LAS' NIGHT"

principally on fiction in which reference was made to a plentitude of dress suits and a scarcity of ladies for the ball. At the time the article was created considerable amusement and was the means of two or more ladies securing escorts to the grand ball. However, if had passed into history

spectability advertised in the Nugget offering to be the volunteer heroes each to protect & escort a lady to the fashionable ball if they could be found. It seams that there are more marriagable ladies then gentleman in most of the older states, & now Mr Editor I know that you have gentle-



"THIS COUNTRY IS BORDERING ON A STATE OF ARNICA."

I have the interests of my heart instead of being mere political parachute.

White Pass and Treadgold are two oo-octo-oteroons we must shake off instead of hanging another on our hands in the name of unilate officials.

For some time past this country has been bordering on a state of arm and we want men at the helm to know starboard from haw.

It is your duty, my fellow citizens when you see on your ticket the name of a man who, in your opinion, has Bright's disease of the intellect, scratch him.

We want no city government that is to be operated on for apoplextis or bone spavin before it is months old.

Thanking you, gentlemen, for the plaster manner in which you explained and borne with me, I close.

My poor husband bows and kneels at the chairs and stools in appreciation of imaginary applause. He goes to bed and sweats hailstones in the morning and when I ask him about his speech of a few hours before he knows nothing of it and tells me I am peddling "con."

My dear Stroller, I want you to tell me how to get that speech out of my darling's system, for neither I can stand it much longer. The next time a campaign comes I will take my husband up the mountain and keep him employed on bed until the election is over. A woman next door who is three times as fat as a sod and twice a grass,

down and dejected and as he halted a few feet from the Stroller's desk, said:

"Yo' 'll 'scuse me, sah, but I didn't come de fus' time yo' call me kase I didn't reckon yo' cared to talk wid er man 'bout whose neck de hang-man's rope am already tightnin'."

"Suppose you have been killing a few families again," laconically remarked the Stroller. (That is one thing the Stroller likes about himself; he can be laconic.)

"Mah han's is not yet reekin' in blood, but fo' night dey will be reder dan de innards ob a watahmilyun an' de congregation ob de 'Mazin' Grace' church 'll be lookin' fo' a new shepherd. Yo' heah me talk?"

The Stroller heard and asked what the Reverend Linoleum Washington had been doing.

"Yo' see hit am dis way," said Zion as he drew a breath that exhausted more than half the ozone in the sanctum, "Lizah done talk in huh sleep las' night an' she done say, right out plain as preachin', 'Mah deah Pa'son Washington, yo' is de bes' an' sweetes' man what ebah et chicken.' Dat what she say an' fo' de sun goes down dat pa'son is gwine ter be in one ob dem two 'laces he been spoutin' 'bout fo' yeahs. I didn't say mussen ter Lizah dis mawnin', but fo' night she will know dat de bes' an' sweetes' man what ebah et chicken won't eat chicken no mo'."

The Stroller took a 44 hammerless from his pocket and said to Zion: "Take this and hunt up Rev. Linoleum Washington and shoot him so full of holes he'll look like a cane-

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LEW CRADEN, Acting Manager.