

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

George Butler of the Pioneer saloon can tell a good story when the occasion is ripe, and the following was told to the Stroller by Butler, he vouching for its truth:

"There is a German laundryman named Charlie Meldner comes in here occasionally, who is imbued with the martial spirit and claims precedence over all his countrymen here for deeds of daring and physical endurance. He has recently employed another German named Buck, who is also ambitious to be famed as a Teutonic Coeur de Lion, and they have many a wordy altercation in reference to their respective courage and deeds of daring.

"One night last week they dropped in here and called for a drink. Buck asked for a pin, which I gave him, and striking a heroic attitude he plunged the pin to the head into the muscles of his forearm. The boss turned red in the face fearing he was forever silenced by this unusual occurrence. Taking a big drink he also called for a pin and stabbed himself in the same manner. He then allowed his gaze to roam around the room and absently reached down to the floor as though to pick up something. Pausing, with his arm poised negligently in mid air he exclaimed, 'I forgot dot pin,' abstracting it as though he was plucking a thread from his coat. This was evidently one for Meldner, and he assumed a fiercely victorious mein. Buck, however, was not to be silenced in this manner. Rolling up his sleeve he called attention to a number of wounds in his arm and said, 'See that, I am shot—struck mit a shoot gun,' holding his arm with muscles tense before the eyes of Meldner, and showing where a number of bird shots had penetrated.

"The boss burst into satanical laughter as, throwing off his coat and opening his shirt, he exclaimed: 'Gott in himmel! Sie sind ein—Was ist? Yah! ein snipe. You was one snipe, mitt shot in you. Look here mitt me. I am shot mit bullets. Ich bin—Was ist? Yaw, I am one lion.'

"Sure enough, Meldner had imbedded in his flesh a large bullet.

"Buck reluctantly ordered some schnapps, while the boss brushed his mustache up in military style and threw his hair back from his forehead energetically.

The shortest days of the year have come upon us so suddenly that some of our institutions have not had time to adjust themselves to the altered length of the day. The Stroller notices this more particularly of the postoffice. Inside is light and warmth. Outside, in the passage way, is a darkness equal to that of the days of eternal blackness before the day was set apart from the night. After 4 o'clock in the evening that passage way must be navigated with the greatest circumspection. With shoulders raised to protect the face, and with hands extended like the newly blind, the citizen raises his feet a root high or shuffles at a snail's pace along the floor until the street is reached. While proceeding thusly the other evening the Stroller found himself in the arms of a very stalwart man who was entering the building. He was somewhat nonplussed, also, to hear a feminine voice in the darkness in a little shocked scream. The door opening just at that moment revealed, in a burst of light from the interior, that a lady and gentleman had been also trying to pass one another for some seconds. The gentleman's outstretched hands had come in contact with a lady's sacque. He had moved quickly to the left to let her pass. She had moved to her right and then both charged ahead. This brought them fairly into each other's arms. The contending forces thrilled at the shock and withdrew two paces. The lady moved to her left and the gentleman to his right. A slight giggle and scream with a 'Beg pardon' from

the gentleman, notified the Stroller that another collision had occurred. He managed to brush by the lady, who imagined the passer to be her late unseen vis-a-vis. She moved ahead confidently and there was a scream. The door opened, as stated, just at that moment. The light revealed a sealskin sacque almost enveloped by a coonskin coat. Blushes, confusion, apologies, a demure turning down of countenances, the gentleman pressing against the wall out of the way, the lady scurrying from the scene, the Stroller, with his pencil—and there you have the ensuing scene.

Constable Linblatt is a famous swordsman and an efficient, though taciturn, soldier and constable. Linblatt has been a victim of military training so long that though gallant in the extreme he is modest and bashful in the presence of bright-eyed and bewitching femininity.

A phone message from Proprietor Cox of the Fairview, on Tuesday night, apprised the barracks that the fair Pauline Densmore was having a 'high-lonesome,' and refused to be pacified, contrary to the peace and dignity of the house. Linblatt was dispatched to the scene of gait, and hereby hangs the tale. Linblatt is tall. Linblatt is upright. Linblatt is gentle and could not be harsh to anything in skirts if he tried. The fair Pauline was invited to cease from troubling. Pauline was in a condition to be heard as well as seen. Linblatt suggested a departure from the premises in the direction of headquarters. The celebrator protested that she would have to be carried. All right. Linblatt called an assistant and the fair burden was borne down the street. Tears and protests were unavailing. Duty was duty, and though his heart bled, the gallant constable was forced to carry out his unpleasant task.

On the way down Pauline tried to win her captor by other tactics. She wheedled and she coaxed. She wept and she pleaded. She had hysterics and she fainted, but there was no wavering in the steady tramp, tramp, maintained by Linblatt and his aides. Then she played her last card. She became merry. She became affectionate. She suddenly observed the manly proportions of her captor. He was lovely and loveable. She yearned to embrace. His hands were busy—and anyhow how could he resist? She became osculatorily inclined. She must kiss—and did. Linblatt blushed like a boy, but proved unyielding as adamant and Pauline came to her senses amidst the unusual masculine surroundings of the barracks.

Manager Te Roller, of the S-Y. T. Co., figures that Nome can be reached from Dawson in the spring about five weeks ahead of the time that steamers can arrive there by the outside route. According to precedent, the river should be open in front of Dawson about May 20. Mr. Te Roller figures that on that date, and perhaps earlier, the Yukon will be navigable as far as Nulatt, below which point the ice will probably remain some weeks longer. A steamer leaving Dawson on May 20 should make Nulatto in four days. From that point a cut-off trail now leads across country to Nome in a straight line, the distance being between 175 and 200 miles. It is presumed that, owing to the amount of travel, roadhouses will be in operation along the trail during the winter, and the distance can be covered without inconvenience in six days. That makes a total of ten days from Dawson, or, to be more explicit, will land the would-be Nomad at his Mecca on May 30.

It must be remembered, however, that the Yukon is a freaky river, and there is nothing yet to show that the ice will not be still solid in front of Dawson on the Fourth of July next. It will be interesting, however, to note how nearly correct Mr. Te Roller will prove in his prognostication.

For just what reason the telegraph office was placed in its present location, at the upper end of town beyond the barracks, is a mystery. After spending

thousands of dollars and months of time to connect Dawson with the outside world by wire, it appears that a sudden inspiration struck the powers that be, and they concluded that communication had been made altogether too easy. In order, therefore, to compensate for this mistake the telegraph office was placed as far as possible from the center of business.

It may be, however, and the Stroller has not been informed to the contrary, that there was just enough wire on hand to complete the line to the edge of town. If this was the case, of course no complaint should be made. Then, again, the half mile or so which has to be covered to reach the office furnishes the opportunity for exercise which a great many Dawsonites require for their health's sake. In fact, the motive which induced the establishment of the office near the Klondike may have been entirely philanthropic in its nature. At any rate, there it is, and if you don't like it patronize some other line.

The average Indian found in the valley of the Yukon is not noted ordinarily as being over modest. If he or she is the possessor of a wardrobe, the same is usually worn; but the lack of clothing does not, as a usual thing, inconvenience the Indian if the weather is such that no discomfort results.

However, it appears that certain innate ideas of the fitness of things are placed even in the minds of a Yukon Siwash. An incident which occurred at Fort Yukon last winter will serve to illustrate the point.

A lady, who was spending the winter at Fort Yukon, had a collection of pictures which she was accustomed to exhibit for the entertainment of guests. They were nearly all reproductions of the world's great masterpieces, and among them was a Venus with all the charm and beauty of form ascribed to that deity, and, as usual, absolutely lacking in any suggestion of drapery.

It happened that one day a squaw had wandered by accident into the cabin of the lady in question, and in order to entertain her the pictures were produced.

She regarded them with much interest, expressing her pleasure by pointing at the various pictures that particularly pleased her, and giving vent to sundry grunts and chuckles of appreciation.

Finally the Venus was produced and laid before the eyes of the squaw. She regarded the picture in silence for a moment and then, with a half-shamed look on her face, turned around, with her finger pointing at the picture and muttered, 'No parkey; no parkey.'

There is on exhibition at the Dominion saloon the tusk of a 'musk ox,' which is attracting a great deal of attention and much speculation. The tusk measures about seven feet and was taken from Jim McRae's mine.

The peculiarity of the ivory is that it is gradually thawing out, and the faint odor of the musk can be easily detected if one smells the tusk at the larger end. The Stroller was one of the first to discover this, and many others can vouch for its truth.

Pickett & Devlin are operating two round-trip stages to Grand Forks daily. Stage No. 1 leaves Dawson at 9:30 a. m.; returning, leaves Forks at 2:30 p. m. Stage No. 2 leaves Forks at 9 a. m.; returning, leaves Dawson at 2:30 p. m.

Eagle milk, Highland cream, 99 cream, St. Charles cream, corn, tomatoes, peas, string beans, 3 cans for \$1, at Mohr & Wilkens.

Send your friends on the outside a special edition of The Nugget. It will tell them more about this country than you can.

Bargains—Watches and diamonds at reduced prices. Uncle Hoffman.

Solid silver toilet sets at Sale & Co.

The Nugget Express has established an office at 28 below upper, Dominion. Orders for expressage on the creeks or to the outside may be left at any branch office or given to messengers.

Dawson's only qualified horse and dog doctor, Dr. Strong, D. V. S., Pioneer barber shop.

You can get stationery in big variety at the Pioneer Drug Store. E. Shoff, chemist.

UNITED STATES TO BE FIRST.

Remarkable Strides Made By the Young Nation.

Exports in 1899 Were a Billion and a Quarter—England Makes a Good Thing Out of U. S. Exports.

That eminent authority on the statistics of all nations, Michael Mulhall, has been taking a survey of the United States, comparing 1893 with 1898. He shows that in these five years the country has made satisfactory progress in most respects, prodigious strides in some, and a positive decline in others. The worst showing is in our merchant marine, which is falling away, albeit the tonnage of port entries has risen 30 per cent. This is the most deplorable exhibit made. It is all the more inexcusable because our exports have risen \$400,000,000 and our manufacturing industry has increased its consumption of raw material about 50 per cent, or an average of 10 per cent a year.

Another publicist, A. Maurice Low, figures out this broad generalization: "If in the quarter of a century ending in 1924 the same industrial progress is held by the United States as has marked the closing years of the present century the United States will lead the world in export trade, with Germany second and Great Britain third."

Mulhall and Low in part supplement and in part confirm each other's statements.

The enormous growth of our export trade justifies Mr. Low's prediction. Our exports in 1893 were \$831,000,000 and in 1898 \$1,210,000,000. To stride thus rapidly toward the first rank as an export nation and still allow our shipping interests to go on declining would be astounding stupidity. As Lord Charles Beresford recently suggested, England naturally can view with some complacency a gradual decline of her export trade if she be allowed by us to maintain her supremacy in the ocean carrying trade—a supremacy amounting almost to a monopoly. The British rendering of a familiar aphorism is: "I care not who makes the goods of the world if I can do the carrying."

Low makes a showing of growth in exports during the last quarter of a century. Great Britain has had an increase of 13.17 per cent; Russia, of 17.35 per cent; France, of 20.40; Germany, of 42.9; the United States, of 110.60 per cent.

The opening of new markets is benefiting us most of all, and Great Britain least of all, except in the carrying trade. Intrinsicly it is very much more of an achievement to produce than to transport, but the profits on ocean freights are so large that England derives an enormous net revenue from the American exports.

During the five years under review by Mulhall the new vessels built by the United States had an aggregate tonnage of 880,100, but the loss of vessels wrecked or broken up was 960,000 tons—a net decrease of 80,000. In coasting and fishing there was increase, the falling off on the high seas being 150,000 tons. Foreign entries on the other hand show an increase of 5,100,000 tons. With all our manufacturing and territorial expansion we are losing ground precisely where it is easiest to regain it, provided only a vigorous and sensible shipbuilding policy be adopted by congress. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Sour Dough Masquerade.

The masquerade ball given by the Sour Dough Club on Thanksgiving eve was a pronounced success.

The costumes worn displayed a high degree of taste and in variety and effect were far in advance of those heretofore seen in Dawson on similar occasions. The event attracted a large assembly of Dawson's best dancers, and the hours were rapidly whiled away to the music of a well-selected orchestra.

Ladies' gold and filled watches, diamonds and cluster jewelry at Albert Mayer, Monte Carlo building. Souvenir jewelry to order.

Look at our window for Christmas presents. Kelly & Co., druggists.

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