

Stroller's Column.

In glancing through a Southern exchange a few days ago the Stroller came upon the following:

"An Oklahoma editor, who is a deep thinker, has fixed a table of rates for publishing things, 'not as they seem,' says the Jefferson (Tex.) Jimblets, as follows: 'For calling a man a successful citizen when every one knows he is lazier than a government mule, \$2.75; referring to a deceased citizen as one who is sincerely mourned by the entire community when he knows he will only be missed by the poker circles, \$1.08; referring to some gallivanting female as an estimable lady whom it is a pleasure to meet, when every business man in town had rather see the devil coming, hoof, horns and all, than to see her coming

the squib and mildly inquired what was wrong with it.

"I want to know, sah, if you think that sufficient notice to give a membah of the family of Bubbon when that membah goes off on a visit, sah, and especially, sah, when it is the first time a membah of the family has been outside the county fo' five years? Now, sah, take yo' pencil and write another notice fo' my daughtah which you will publish tomohrow in yo' papah. Write as I dictate. Three minutes later and in a trembling voice the Stroller read for his visitor's approval the following:

"Miss Arabella Bourbon, the beautiful, charming and accomplished daughter of Colonel Bourbon, our distinguished fellow citizen who is the per-



"NOW, SAH, YOU WRITE AS I DICTATE."

towards them, \$3.19; calling an ordinary palpit rounder an eminent divine, 50 cents; sending a tough sinner to heaven with poetry, \$5."

When the Stroller ran a newspaper in the South he considered himself fortunate if he got off by saying nice things about the people at their bidding and without any extra pay. Early in his newspaper experience in the land where the gentle foot of the alligator is heard the Stroller learned how nice things about people without penning bills for it afterwards. He was learned to felicitate himself on every issue of his paper that did not come him to be shot at or chased back in his office by a razor every time he started to the postoffice. To speak of the leading citizens with respect was one of the first things he learned after entering the area of Southern journalism. One day the office devil remarked that the big, gawky daughter of

sonification of all that is embodied in that almost hallowed expression, 'Southern gentleman,' left yesterday on a two weeks' visit to friends in St. Augustine. Miss Arabella will be much missed in local society circles in which she is the acknowledged leader and that her appearance in the Ancient City will be the event of the season goes without saying. Our own city will be prosaic and dull pending Miss Arabella's return."

"Now, sah," said Old Bourbon after hearing the article read, "hand that to yo' fohman and ordah him to put it in type at once, and yo', sah, come with me and we will repah to a gentleman's resort and have some Wuhah."

In, after years and when Arabella Bourbon had outgrown her gawkiness and developed into a beautiful young woman the Stroller was wont to spruce up like a freshly laundered snowflake



WHAT THE TENNESSEAN WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN THE YUKON.

Old Bourbon had gone to St. Augustine on a visit and that evening a personal to the paper said: "Miss Arabella Bourbon left today on a visit to friends in the Ancient City."

Before the paper had been on the street 20 minutes Old Bourbon came up the stairs three steps at a time. He had a copy of it in one hand, a big double-action gun in the other and blood in both eyes. "Show me the unstonah that wrote this!" he said as he landed in the editorial room puffing like an exhausted freight engine.

The Stroller informed him in a meek tone of voice that he had written

and take him to the theater to see Joshua Whitcomb or to John Robinson's circus.

Only four weeks ago the Stroller received a letter from Arabella. She said she is still single and hinted that age has only served to add lustre and finish to her form and beauty. She closed her letter with: "Keep me posted as to your wife's health."

"Pears ter me zif some mistake has been made in the arrangin' of dis hyer kentry," said the old Tennesseean in the presence of the Stroller a few days ago. When asked on what he based his belief, the gentleman from

the Cumberland mountain country said:

"Wall, I've been in dis hyer kentry night out three year and durin at ar time I haif seed nary possum. An yit ther woods is full o' berries and all estin wot possums likes an yit ther aint none hyar; an dat's why I reckon ther's been a mistake made in ther populatin' of dis kentry. An' yit I seed sweet taters at a store here tuther day. Think on it! Sweet taters in 'er kentry whar thar ain't no possums, and 'thout possums and white licker, I reckon thar ain't much spice in life."

And evolving a scheme in his head to transplant 'possums from Tennessee to the Yukon, also to go up the Klondike a few miles and institute a still for the manufacture of 'white licker,' the mountaineer went to his cabin to dream of the ol' 'oman and children far away in a cabin in the Cumberland range, a country which Opie Reid aptly described in his book entitled "The Wives of the Prophet."

Captain Norwood the well known master marine and mining man has not confined his boating to the Yukon all his life; in fact for much of his life he was engaged in whaling in the north seas and many and weird are the stories he can tell of the days when a two years' cruise was not an uncommon thing in his life. In his vocation the captain came in contact with many odd characters as it is an old saying that whale hunters are about the toughest of all sea-faring men. In reviewing his reminiscences in the presence of a party of congenial spirits a few evenings since Captain Norwood said:

"One of the oddest characters I ever met was a man who shipped with me on a whaling expedition as ship's blacksmith. The man I had engaged disappointed me at the last moment and just as we were ready to sail, and the man I refer to was taken on his own recommendation. There was no need for the blacksmith's services until we were well out on the voyage when one day I asked him to set the forge up on the deck and make some iron pins for use in the ship's rigging. He did so, but as soon as I saw him begin work I thought to myself that he went at it like a novice. He put his after bar of iron in the fire and then blew the bellows until they would melt like lead. I was quietly watching him from around a corner and after he had dropped several stubs of burn overboard, thinking he was unserved, I went over to him and told him that his extravagance was rather more than my stock of iron aboard would permit and then asked him where he learned the trade of blacksmithing. He replied that he had never learned it. In my astonishment I said to him 'What are you?'

For reply he stepped to a clear place on the deck and to my profound surprise turned a forward somersault, then a back somersault, then he leaped into the air and turned a double back somersault, alighting right at my feet. He looked at me, laughed at my face and said: 'I am a circus clown and had been for seven years previous to signing with you as blacksmith.'

"Did you knock him down with a baying pin?" asked one of the captain's auditors.

"I did not touch him," continued the old skipper. "I was so taken back by his actions and statement that for once in my life all the characteristics of a master of a whaler deserted me. I simply sent him 'forrad' and put him to work as a sailor and to his credit I must say that he became one of the best men I ever saw before the mast before that voyage was completed. But the rascal had shipped with me as blacksmith merely as a 'lark' and possibly because he had become disgusted with the sawdust ring."

Katherine's Question.

Katherine is 2½ year old. Her father came home the other afternoon after working three days and nights under high pressure, with no sleep to speak of, and lay down with the feeling that he might not wake up for a week. Within five minutes the battle of Manila bay would not have aroused him.

Three-quarters of an hour later, from the depths of his dreams, he heard a clear, small voice:

"Father! Father! Father! Father!"

The sleeper stirred and sank deeper.

"Father! Father!"

He stirred again and moaned.

"Father! Father! Father!"

He struggled and resisted and floundered and finally raised his eyelids like a man lifting giant weights. When sight came to him, he saw Katherine smiling divinely beside his couch.

"Father! Father!"

"What is it, daughter?"

"Father, are you having a nice nap?"

Management.

"Don't you think you lose patience with your husband on rather slight provocation?" said the near relative.

"I have to provoke him sometimes," was the placid answer, "so that he will lose his temper and then give me anything I want so as to atone for the way he has acted."—Washington Star.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel

BEWARE OF TAR PAPER

As Its Use in the City May Result Disastrously.

Essence of tar is known to be good for the lungs; but tar cooked into paper and that paper used for a roof instead of shingles, tin, corrugated iron or even real estate, becomes a menace to property, consequently a dangerous substance.

In Magistrate McCanley's court this morning the Standard Commercial Company, by its agent, Mr. Edward Murray, was in the lonesome box on the charge of having a building which a tar paper roof protects from the elements. The charge was preferred by Inspector Bullock of the fire department, who said the menace in question is situated on First avenue contiguous to the buildings of the large companies and that the latter are unable to procure insurance on account of its proximity. The magistrate enlarged the case for a week and ordered the agent to remove the cause of danger immediately which will be done by covering the inflammable substance with a tin roof which is another name for a free drink, because it is on the home.

His Special Graft.

"Don't believe me, hey?" smiled the tough looking tramp who had taken a stool in a Grand River avenue drug store and asked for a free dispensation of some spiritus frumenti as a nerve tonic. "I'm giving it to you straight. I used to run just as nice a place as this in this very street. Got a hard prescription there? If I can't compound it just as well as your own pharmacist, I'll go out of here dry."

Then he entertained the proprietor by reading off the Latin labels, translating them and telling the use of the different drugs as none but an expert could. He was a "sure enough" druggist.

"How on earth did you ever lose your grip?" asked the proprietor after setting out a graduated glass with a double dose of the medicine called for.

"It's one of the strangest stories you ever heard of but it's straight. I was alone in the store about 10 o'clock at night when a well dressed man rushed in and told me in gasps that his wife had taken a dose of arsenic by mistake not five minutes before. I couldn't leave but I gave him an antidote and told him to run for all he was worth and to call a doctor as soon as he had

given the medicine. Next day he was back and told me that before the week was out he would give me an evidence of his appreciation that would put me on easy street.

"The races were on and Thursday morning he called, and took me into the back room and put me on to a sure thing at 50 to 1. He was on the inside and was going to put every dollar he could raise. He advised me to do the same, and I did, cleaning out my bank account, getting my wife's savings, putting a chattel mortgage on my stock and making my grateful friend my agent to place the money."

"And the horse lost?"

"Was no such horse. The man's wife never took poison, because he had no wife—nothing but an elaborate confidence game, and I've been hunting him ever since."

"Heaven's, what luck!" Have another. Put this flask in your pocket. "That romance grafts 'em," smiled the tramp as he headed down the avenue. "Never knew it to fail."—Ex.

The Old Home.

"Back again to the old home," cried the great emotional actress as she stepped through the wings and stood for a moment until the calcium man got the right focus.

"Back again," she continued, going upon the stage so that her Parisian costume would get all there was in the calcium tank.

"Back to the scenes of my childhood after all these long years."

Be it known that when an actor lady says "years" she shows that she loves her art.

With trembling hand she searched the room saying:

"It must be here; it must be here! I left it here long, long years ago."

The audience held its breath and swallowed clothes and allspices in its intense excitement.

"Yes, yes," she continued, "I have found it! I knew it was here. Ah, those happy childhood days!"

And she brought to view the piece of chewing gum she had concealed under the chair that happy day long, long "years" ago, when Gerald Mortimer had asked her to be his'n.

Realism is all there is to it now—days.—Baltimore American.

Natural Inference.

"The dog stuck his tongue out when he passed me, sor."

"That is the sign he was either overheated or not feeling well."

"Be dead 'til' brute must hove thought Oi was a doctor."—Chicago News.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

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