

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"Hello, Bill!" said the Stroller to the Auld Lang Syne friend whom he met on the street yesterday evening and whom he had known in prosperity and adversity on the outside before either of them were vaccinated, "how's business and where have you a lay for this winter's work on the creeks?" For the Stroller well knew that his friend Bill, who has been a chronic lay worker ever since his advent in the Klondike.

"Say," said Bill as he took the Stroller by the ear and lead him off and on to a vacant lot, where none could hear his reply, which was in course cat-guttural tones: "I quit the lay business in July and took to 'scowling' on the river between Whitehorse and Dawson. I have not made a fortune but I made a few dollars and say!" Here Bill twisted the Stroller's ear until bright red blood ran down and soiled some week-before-last laundry, "if any mine owner mentions 'lay' to me I'll—"

"Knock him down?" volunteered the Stroller.
"Knock him down?" said Bill, as a murderous look crossed his face transversely from southeast to northwest, "I'll entice him on to a vacant lot, as I have done you, and murder him! Let's go and have something."

"Do you know," said an ex-convict a few days ago, "that there are more confounded chumps in Dawson than in any place I've ever been in, even if I have done time. I mean more fellows whose heads should be opened with coarsers and a few ounces of common sense matter poured in. I refer to the class of men who chew tobacco and spit and spout around like a bed of clams at low tide. One day last week I stood on the corner by the Bank saloon, whose doors open from the corner of the building. There is always someone passing that corner, in fact, it is always one of the most crowded places in the city. Well, while I was standing there as many as two dozen men came out of the saloon one at a time and fully two-thirds of them would, as soon as they pushed the door partly open and before looking ahead of them, 'pechew' nearly half a pint of tobacco juice out in front of them and in several cases they got fairly against passersby. One man spit on me and I knocked him down for

it. I have been hoping ever since he would have me arrested, but he hasn't. There are lots of men in Dawson who act as though they had never been in any place larger than a crossroads town in their lives, and their actions put me very much in mind of country colts at a county fair."

The Stroller attended the pugilistic carnival last night when, between bouts, there flashed across his mind the thought of how much nicer it is for men to get in a roped arena in a nice, comfortable building and fight than to meet on street corners by water houses and go at it a la canine.

As to Snatchy.
"Squinchy seems to be a man of considerable versatility."

"He is. He always has a different hard luck story to tell when he comes to me to borrow money."—Chicago Tribune.

Franchises.
Franchise grabbing is distinctly not good form. A franchise should always be taken deliberately between the thumb and forefinger, with the little finger extended.—Detroit Journal.

In the Parlor Car.
"Look at that woman. She has been lying down all day reading a novel of Marie Corelli's."
"Well, maybe it isn't worth sitting up to read."—Chicago Record.

One Sided Understanding.
"They say that rich girl from Skihoo can marry the Duke of Manchester if she wants him."
"Pity the duke doesn't know it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Off His Mind.
"Didn't you feel dreadfully when you lost your gold handled umbrella?"
"No; I expected to lose it for so long that I was glad when it was gone."—Chicago Record.

Why the Parson Got Sardines.
Talk about grief of a real somber hue. An Atchison woman had her preacher invited to a Sunday dinner, and when she went to get the chickens to kill them they had escaped, and the stores were closed.—Atchison Globe.

Why the Bishop Did Not Scold.
"A little boy in the neighborhood of Bishop Brooks' home in Boston was one day mischievously ringing door bells and running away before the doors were opened," says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal. "In pursuit of this amusement he ran up the steps of the bishop's residence, and the bishop, happening to be in the hall ready to go out, opened the door quickly, before the boy had turned to descend the

steps. The child was so startled by the sudden appearance of the good man, who had a kindly smile for all children, that he ejaculated: 'Why, Phi's Brooks! Do you live here?' In spite of the misdemeanor the bishop could not find it in his heart to scold the little fellow. He also had been a boy."

Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given that the following survey, notice of which is published below, has been approved by Wm. Ogilvie, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, and unless protested within three months from the date of first publication of such approval in the Klondike Nugget newspaper, the boundaries of property as established by said survey shall constitute the true and unalterable boundaries of such property by virtue of an order in council passed at Ottawa, the 2nd day of March, 1900.

HILLSIDE CLAIM. Lower one half left limit No. 27 Gold Run creek, in the Indian River mining division of the Dawson mining district, a plan of which is deposited in the Gold Commissioner's office at Dawson, Y. T. under No. 15983 by C. & W. Barwell, D. L. S. First published October 14th, 1900.

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E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager J. H. ROGERS, Agent

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