

# Stroller's Column.

"Git abo'd big peoples,  
Git abo'd little chiluns,  
Git abo'd everybody,  
De Gospel train am come—ome—me—"

It was after the Stroller had heard the above sung sixty-three times that he called to Zion to saw it square off, otherwise there would be a dead nigger in the office of the greatest family journal south of Mason and Dixon's line.

The tone used in the rather peremptory address appeared to wound Zion's sensibilities for the first time in his life (that being the first time he had ever shown that he possessed sensibilities) and coming into the editorial room wearing a very sanctimonious look, he said in a meek and contrite voice:

"Yo' will please 'scuse me, sah, but mah soul am greatly edified dis mawnin'."

"Perhaps you slept last night in the house instead of in the woodshed," suggested the Stroller.

"Las' night," said Zion, "wuh one ob de happies' ob mah life. Yo' see hit wuh dis way: Thar wuh a 'spruce meeting' at Amazin' Grace church las' night an' I wuh invited to lead in pra'r an' done did it in a mannah that is today de talk ob de congregation. De spirit ob goodness wuh in me an' de wuds jist rolled out. It fected de breddern until Tuberculosis Johnson got up an' 'fessed to stealin' a rooster de night befo', an' he clar to goodness if he hadn't done et 'em' he'd taken him back and sot 'em on de roos'. Lizan got right up in de meetin' an' said she wuh proud ter hab a husband' so powful in pra'r; dat I wuh de sturdy oak ter which she as a tendah vine wuh proud ter cling. Dat is why mah soul am greatly edified dis mawnin'."

The Stroller noticed that Zion had brought his lunch with him that morning and suspected that Lizan had arranged to get rid of him, so at half past twelve he told him to go home and see if Lizan had washed the office towel. He did not return for two hours and then he could not have looked more dejected if he had been sure he would be lynched that night. The Stroller said nothing and Zion went to work cutting thin spaces from sardine cans. He was very ill-tempered and every few minutes he would say to Old Somnam, the office alligator: "Quit lookin' at me, you—old fool. I'd like ter know what yo' know 'bout domestic troubles, nohow!"

About an hour before quitting time Zion came to the door of the Stroller's room and said:

"I done hab two favors ter ax, fus' dat you loan me dat gun yo' winged Cuhnul Buhbon wid las' week, an' secon' dat yo' promise arter I is cut down dat yo' see I is not buried wid de noose roun mah neck an' dat yo' will plant watermelon seeds on mah grave."

He broke down and pretended to cry and the Stroller to help the farce along, gave him a swig of moonshine and asked what his trouble was.

"Hit am 'dis way," said Zion. "When I went home arter eatin' mah col' lunch in de office I done foun' Lizan an' dat low down niggab, Tuberculosis Johnson in mah house at mah table eatin' dat same rooster he 'fessed, at de church las' night ter stealin' I done 'tol' him I wuh gwine right down an' have him 'rested fo' stealin' de rooster, an' he done larf at me an' ax me what good was de rooster ter Squire James arter I had done stole all de hens?"

"But I'll fix him, an' befo' he is many yahds from dat church ternaht he'll be a remains. Shake han's and if I've taken ter jail befo' bein' lynched, come an' see me."

Next morning as the Stroller mounted the steps leading to his office he heard Zion singing:

"Git abo'd big peoples,  
Git abo'd little chiluns,  
Git abo'd everybody,  
De Gospel train am come—ome—me—"

"When will the late Mr. Tuberculosis Johnson be buried?" asked the Stroller.

"I hadn't heerd ob anything happenin' ter Tube," replied Zion, "an' "

"But I thought you intended to kill him last night," said the Stroller.

"Bleve I did make some remarks 'bout dat but I changed mah mind. Yo' see hit wuh dis way: When I got home las' night Lizan done met me in de do' an' kiss me, den she lead me to de kitchen an', bless huh sweet heart, she had done save me half ob dat rooster."

Zion-whistled and sang all that day and towards evening the Stroller heard him say something to Old Somnam about "Mah hab't bleedin' fo' po' debbils wuh hab ter sleep in de woodshed."

The Stroller has retired from the arena of baseball never again to re-enter it. No more will he be seen to glide like a gazelle from base to base, never again will he be seen to gather in all the flies that to his portion of the field come, he has batted his last hot one into the dim horizon.

The man who plays baseball in the presence of his family commits a fatal error. He is expected to fall down and roll over to amuse not only his own, but all the children in his neighborhood. He is also told that he should cut wood two hours every morning and in addition to this there is a deep rooted conviction established as to his ability and peculiar fitness for beating carpet that will take years to remove.

Men make a great mistake by taking their families to baseball games instead of to prizefights, especially when the same men are to furnish the entertainment.

Since cast-iron balls instead of yarn have been introduced the Stroller has taken more interest in the game from the grandstand than on the field—a sort of long range baseball enthusiasm.

Besides, baseball is not just the thing for a staid and dignified man. He might fall on a snag.

Since his last appearance on the diamond the Stroller has been imperturbed to study law, medicine and do other things to entitle him to membership in their various ball clubs. The Rudy's have agreed to re-organize if he will join them, but to all these invitations he has turned a deaf ear. He has returned the belt he borrowed and his pants are on the market.

If a married man wishes his domestic happiness long drawn out like the right of way of a railroad he will refrain from baseball or else advertise that the game will be de-collette.

In speaking of American League baseball a few years ago, the editor of a Kansas paper who usually collected his subscriptions in pumpkins and wheat straw, said:

"When a country editor reads in one of the metropolitan papers that Kelly, Pap Anson or some other professional has signed for \$6,000 to play centerfield for the season of four months, he is apt to sit down on the hell-box and think while his Washington handpress takes a rest."

In retiring from the diamond the Stroller realizes that he is sacrificing much that goes towards giving a pale pink tint to life, but pale pink tints thus acquired come too high for the Stroller who takes this opportunity for announcing that he has batted his last hot one into the distant azure, that he has muffed his last fly.

To Office Seeker

Your scheme to have the three elections, for parliament, Yukon council and city officers occur on the same day in order that you may run on all three tickets at the cost of one campaign is possible but not practical. It would be very nice for you as a candidate but just think of the plebiscite wearing three separate and distinct jags at the same time! Enthusiasm would become so mixed that the chances are you would fall by the wayside and fail on all three points. You had better play but one game at a time and even then be careful to cut the cards. There may be some funny work done. There are thoroughfares other than Third avenue whose voices may now be heard through the mud calling aloud to have \$14,000 expended on their.

The Stroller will inform you now that he can not and will not support you for any local office. You might do as much in parliament as anyone from the Yukon as his principal business will be imparting warmth to a chair. Did you ever travel through the swamps of the north and see cooters sitting on logs? You didn't? Well, go to Ottawa after the Yukon

member is seated and you will see a cooter on a log.

Do not think when the Stroller informs you that he can not support you for a local office that he is pledged, for he is not. However, he will not support any man for a city office who does not reside or own property on Third avenue for the reason that that thoroughfare has had about all it will stand unless it be sandpapered and varnished, and if we go to work and elect a board from Second avenue we will have that highway to improve.

Thus it can be seen that the Stroller has virtually pledged himself in his own mind to the present incumbents. His own street is in a terrible condition these times and if the council will shut it up altogether he will send south for some alligator spawn and make an aquarium of it.

Office Seeker, you will readily see that you are handicapped in your proposed three-legged race and the best thing you can do is to load your dice for one certain game and play it to the exclusion of all others. The cooter game will probably be easiest for you and if you win you will have an excuse for leaving the country without being capised.

Your order for a sack of flour on the grocery store where you have credit is herewith returned as the Stroller charges nothing for this advice. If you care to, you may come up and saw wood half a day. You will find the saw hanging in the shed over the cat box.

ACCUSED OF THEFT

D. Quinn Before Magistrate Wroughton

Alleged to Have Stolen Carpenter McDonald's Outfit and Sold it for \$4.50.

Dennis Quinn was before Magistrate Wroughton this morning charged with having about July 1st stolen a lot of carpenter's tools from a shed in the rear of the Yukon Bakery on Second avenue, the tools being the property of Kenneth C. McDonald who resides in West Dawson. The tools consisted of a sackful of planes, squares, chisels, saws, files and, in fact, nearly everything that a carpenter uses in his trade.

The tools were found later in two second hand stores in South Dawson where, the amounts paid for them aggregated \$4.50. All the tools were identified by McDonald as his own.

One of the second hand dealers positively identified Quinn as the man from whom he had purchased a portion of the goods and, while the second dealer was not positive as to the identity, the name given him in making a record of the purchase was James Quinn.

Constable Egan, who arrested Quinn, testified that the prisoner confessed to him that he had stolen the tools.

As Quinn wished to bring witnesses in his defense and as they were not in the court, the case was continued until this afternoon.

Died at Whitehorse

At the Whitehorse general hospital on Tuesday, Aug. 5th, at 9 o'clock p. m., Mrs. Catherine Draine, a native of Rensselaer, Ind., U.S.A., aged 32 years.

Mrs. Draine for some time previous to her death had been a resident of Dawson but the 1st of March last was taken sick and in the early part of July reached Whitehorse on her way outside for medical treatment.

After getting here, however, she was unable to continue her journey and was taken to the hospital where she remained until her death. Her parents are dead, but she leaves two brothers and six sisters to mourn her loss. One sister, Mrs. Jas. Hume, and one brother are residents of Whitehorse, the other brother is in Dawson and five sisters live near the old home in Indiana.

The funeral took place from the Presbyterian church at 10 o'clock a. m., Thursday, Aug. 7th, and was largely attended.—Star.

She—According to statistics there are two single men in the penitentiary to each married one.

He—Yes; and two married men beat their wives where one single man does.

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# CORNER ON JIM JAMS

Attempted by a Man From Last Chance

Admonitions Regarding Hootch Gauges and Lemon in it Go Unheeded.

The police court reporter is thoroughly discouraged. Year in and year out he has traced graphite over snow-white paper in his efforts to educate the people of the Yukon to the knowledge that an appetite gauged for roadhouse hootch needs re-setting before it is put against the Dawson article. Another thing that the police court reporter has most ardently advocated is the putting of a little lemon in it.

Not only has the re-setting of gauges been neglected, but statistics gleaned at much trouble and no little expense from fruit dealers do not show a material increase in the consumption of lemons.

On the contrary, people rush in from the creeks and go against the unwearied article with a degree of carelessness that is appalling.

Only three days ago William Tug came down from Last Chance and before he had been in town 24 hours he had a corner on jim-jams, and it was this morning before William was able to appear in court, his corner having been made two days ago.

Dawson is liberal but no town can afford to have its d t's cornered by outsiders on the eve of three campaigns.

With a warning to be more careful in future, Tug was given an option by Magistrate Wroughton on paying \$2 for fine and \$5 for costs or of laboring for seven days. He paid.

Hix—Old man Skinner is quite a shrewd trader, is he not?

Dix—Well, you can call it shrewd if you want to, but he'd pick the pockets of a pool table if given half a chance.

Store building in good locality, rented, for exchange for outside property. Will trade for equity.—T. A. DAVIES, Yukon Dock.

# Whitehorse Copper Mines

The Heinze party on their visit to the Whitehorse copper properties last Saturday appeared to be much pleased with the ones they examined, among which were the Copper King, Puebla, Rabbits Foot, Anaconda and others in the immediate vicinity. Although they gave out no opinion, a significant part of their action was the taking of many samples of ore for assay on their return to the outside. On his return from Dawson Mr. Heinze will visit the Graftier and other mines to the southwest. The Graftier is having a great deal of work done on its two shifts of miners being now at work running a drift across the ledge for the purpose of ascertaining its width. A high grade quality of ore has been encountered for the entire distance traversed, in the neighborhood of 20 feet. Mr. Heinze also took with him a sample of coal from the Whitehorse veins and will submit it to a test as soon as he reaches the outside.—Star.

# Social Party

Master Calude Myrick gave a party to a few friends last evening. The evening was spent in dancing, games and music. Among the guests present were: Miss Lina Smart, Miss Deana Russo, Miss Russo, Miss Florence Schuster, Miss Lulu Prather, Master Jesse Russo, Master Alex. Smart, Master Elmer Prather. A very enjoyable evening was spent after which refreshments were served.

# Good Paper and Good Town

The Whitehorse Star has suddenly enlarged from a three column to a six column paper and is now among the best appearing papers of the northland both as to news and mechanical display. As an evidence that the efforts of the Star proprietors are appreciated by the business interests of Whitehorse, it is well filled with home advertisements while its news columns are replete with accounts of happenings in the enterprising little town.

# Signs and Wall Paper

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