

FATE OF THE SAWDUST KING.

Became Rich and Poor All in One Evening.

A True Story of Dawson Gaiety—A Short, Butterfly Life—The Wine Flowed Free as Water.

On last Sunday several sports were sitting around the stove, in one of the saloons, telling stories and recounting reminiscences. A yarn had just been ended which explained how the "Bull-neck Kid," some years ago, in Butte, had won out a check-rack with a candy lozenge for a starter.

"Most of you sports are cheechakos," volunteered "Classical Mike," as he looked around the circle, "and I will tell you a true tale, the facts of which occurred in Dawson some months before the April fire. At the time, I was dealing bank in the old Northern. It was the custom, during the cold weather to cover the floor of the gambling house with three or four inches of sawdust. The sawdust was changed about every two weeks. One man had been attending to this work all winter. I think that he received a dollar a sack for the sawdust, and it took ten sacks to cover the floor. Of course the original cost was nothing except the trouble incurred in packing it from the mill to the saloon.

This was all he did. On these days when he put fresh sawdust on the floor he would receive his ten dollars, buy one square meal, and immediately lose the balance against the bank. Then for the following week or so he would be distressed for enough to eat. He never took a bath or changed his clothes, and, in consequence he was as lousy as a Siwash. His empty sawdust bags were piled in one corner of the gambling room, and on them he slept every night. There were about a hundred idle men who made a practice of sleeping on the chairs and unused tables; but a rule, well known and understood was observed among the lodgers, which prescribed the particular spot that each was entitled to occupy. The empty sawdust bags formed an enviable bed; but, excepting for an occasional straggler who was quickly made to understand that he was a trespasser, no one attempted to sleep on them. The sobriquet "Sawdust King" was given to him who had this job of carrying the sawdust and who exercised this undisputed right of sleeping on the empty bags. About the end of February gambling became very dull; and for a destitute rounder to obtain a dollar to eat on was a most difficult matter. The king wearied of trying to rustle a living under such circumstances, and preferred anything, even work, to such an existence. He secured a job of packing water for the Northern restaurant for four dollars a day and board. At the end of the first day the king drew his pay, came in to where I was dealing and started to play bank. He gambled until 3 o'clock the next afternoon and then quit with a little over \$1800, all in currency. Before the Canadian Bank of Commerce closed that day he had deposited \$1000, and was the proud possessor of a checkbook. The broken rounders and his erstwhile associates and friends, trailed him, but he declined to depart with a cent. You cannot realize how the winning had swelled him up. He would not talk with any of his former companions, and drank wine by himself at the Northern bar. About 7 o'clock in the evening the king went into the Tivoli theater and dance hall. There he met Cad Wilson, then the swellest variety fairy in the camp. Together they disposed of bottle after bottle at the saloon counter. A destitute rounder with whom the king had frequently shared his bed in the Northern, came up and asked for the loan of a dollar. The king turned and looked savagely at his friend. "G—d— it, don't you see I'm entertaining this lady? Leave me alone."

"Here, here. You can't use that kind of language," declared a policeman. "What's the matter?" "Nothing's the matter," said the king. "I only said G—d— it to it."

"It don't make any difference to whom you said it," interrupted the officer. "If you don't behave yourself, I'll run you in. You had better go home anyway."

The king replied by saying: "I was here conversing with this lady and that loafer interrupted us by begging for a dollar. I've been bothered all evening with such fellows."

"So he has," Cad assented. The officer looked at the man to whom the king had pointed, and recognized an habitual rounder. The latter

was arrested and the next morning he was sentenced to six months for vagrancy. In the meantime quite a crowd of persons had collected around the king, and when the officer went out with his prisoner, they gave frequent utterance to expressions of contempt. Cad, to avoid further interference, led the king upstairs to her dressing room box, in the theatrical part of the building. That night at the show, when Cad took her turn on the stage, the Sawdust King leaned out of the box and she tickled his vanity by addressing remarks to him personally and throwing him countless kisses. The king was overjoyed and he took no pains to conceal his glee from the crowd. About 2 o'clock in the morning I dropped into the dance hall. Instead of Spitzzy or some other sporty admirer of Cad, occupying the front seat in the baby's box, the king, still dirty and ragged, was there. Cad was sitting on his lap. She had one arm around his neck and carressingly stroked his unkempt hair. Each was sipping wine from the others glass. The king every now and then would look down disdainfully, on the dancers below. Then the wine was flowing fast and furiously. About four hours later the Tivoli porter had to put him out of the house. He had spent \$800 in cash and had signed \$940 worth of checks.

He still wanted to buy wine, but Cad mercifully refused to drink any more and left him with \$60 to his credit in the bank. After leaving the Tivoli the king staggered back into the Northern. In going to the bar he fell against one of the porters, who was just going off shift.

"Get out of my way you scullion," he roared, and accompanied his words with a vicious kick. The porter lost no time in throwing the king into the street. The latter in falling, fractured his leg, and did not fully recover until late this summer. Then he hired out as a deck hand on a down river steamboat, and went to Nome. Cad never had a better night than the one on which the king went broke.

Calls it the Banner City.

Editor Klondike Nugget.

Dear Sir: Fortymile City lays claim to this title, owing to the following episode which took place there on Sept. 21st, 1899. Two popular lady residents, Mrs. Fred A. Nelson and Mrs. Elmer T. Smith (the latter being the first white woman on the north fork of the Fortymile river and the only white woman ever on Hutchinson and Montana creeks) started out early on the morning of the above date to perpetrate a surprise upon the pastor of the Church of England. Owing to the popularity of the minister, who, though he has only been here four months, has completely won the affections and esteem of the residents, the task became a very easy and delightful one. The response to the appeal were cheerful and liberal. The utmost secrecy was maintained, for although the reverend gentleman was visiting town in the afternoon, not the remotest idea of the proceedings reached his ears. The result was far beyond what the originators had dared to hope, the grand total was \$350 in kind and cash. The cash was immediately spent, and in the evening the family in the parsonage were greatly and agreeably surprised at the deluge of good things that were showered upon them. It is hardly necessary to say that this mark of appreciation was keenly gratifying to our popular clergyman and his wife, who returned thanks to the visitors of the evening in a way that obviously showed they were quite overcome by what had been done for them. We claim therefore that no other township on the Yukon of the same size as Fortymile could beat this. The business-like and energetic way in which the ladies took up and carried out in one day the above event proves that the women of Fortymile are unequalled for grit, tact and perseverance. We cannot doubt that the winning manner and handsome faces of our fair daughters had much to do with the success of the self-imposed task. Let others beat this if they can, but until they do we shall proudly call our city the banner city of the Yukon.

RESIDENT.

Fortymile, Oct. 1st.

Hitting Back.

"Our Dreyfus case may be a very ill-flavored affair," said the Frenchman, "but please don't forget that you Germans have your Schweitzer case."—Philadelphia North American.

The Harder Toil.

"Look at poor Mrs. Jones dragging that heavy hose around sprinkling their yard."

"That's all right. Listen to Mr. Jones. He's putting the baby to sleep."—Chicago Record.

Beer, ale, porter and wines served to table guests on Sunday at Cafe Royal.

FRESH MEATS! POULTRY!

Wholesale and Retail.

The Str. Lotta Talbot supplies Fresh Beef, Mutton, Pork, Turkeys, Geese, Chickens, Eggs, Lard, Butter, Sausage, Tripe, at Reasonable Prices.

STEAMER LOTTA TALBOT, YUKON DOCK.

ALASKA MEAT CO.

AT THE THEATERS.

Crowded Houses Greet the Players This Week.

The attendance at the various theaters has been exceptionally good during the present week. The presence of so many men in town may be attributed to the fact that the weather has become so cold as to prevent sluicing and summer work on the benches, and yet not sufficiently cold enough to permit drifting. That the show houses have succeeded in attracting large crowds every night, is indicative of a good class of productions. The Monte Carlo continues to draw its share of the patronage.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

The production at the Opera house this week is a great improvement over the class of amusement which has been rendered there for some time past. No doubt this is due to the engagement of Blossom and Boardman. Boardman has assumed the position of stage manager, and the well played comedy-drama, "Crimes of a Great City," is evidence of his ability in diamatic instruction, and his ceaseless energy in requiring frequent rehearsals. The work of all the players in the drama is good. Boardman, in five different characters, Robert Lawrence as a scheming lawyer, Billy Mullen as a jew miner, Miss Maud Lloyd as the den-keeper, Lucy Lovell as an adventuress, and Blossom as Daisy Tatters, are the principal characters of the play.

Little Margie Newman appears in the olio in team work with Billy Mullen. The sketch is entitled "Dan and Ted's Farewell," the production of which, it is needless to say, elicits the repeated applause of the audience. Nellie Forsythe sings excellently several sentimental songs. Gussie Lamore, May Walker, Blanche Cammetta, Bessie Pierce and the Browning Sisters, are attractive and entertaining. Frank Kelly is the first successful rag-time singer who has appeared in Dawson. He excels the average black-faced comedians, and his specialties show earnest preparation.

AT THE PALACE GRAND.

The Hillier-De Forest Company of players present the melo-drama, "A Celebrated Case," at the Palace Grand this week. The part of the principal character and the hero of the play is taken by Mr. L. De Forest, whose portrayal is nothing more than ordinary. Geo. Hillier, as Lazare, a camp follower, and afterwards as the Count de Mor-nay, is well read in his lines, and his acting is good, but the melancholic mien of his deportment detracts from an otherwise well-rendered part. The work of Frank Gardner as Dennis O'Rourke, shows attention and study. B. W. Way as Gen. D'Aubeterre, is good. Dot and Babe Pyne leave nothing to be desired in the productions of their respective character. Mrs. Chas. Meadows, as the duchess, displays pretty gowns and acts well her part. There are about 20 persons engaged in this play, and among them are seven soldiers from the Y. F. F., who appear, in the camp scene, in their regulation uniforms.

THEY WILL AND THEY WON'T.

Woman as Seen by a Seller of Rugs and Clocks on Installments.

"I'll tell you what a woman will and will not do in my line of business," said the man who was selling clocks and rugs on the weekly installment plan. "You can always figure as a starter that she's going to haggle about the price. If I'd offer one of these \$8 clocks for \$2.50, the average woman would want something off. As soon as the weekly payments begin she'll make a neighborhood hunt for plugged coins and smooth pieces and also stand him off for a day or two every pay day, and even when the money is ready she'll hang to it to the last."

"That's what you can figure on 19 times out of 20, but there's a big offset. It's rare that women ever skip out and take your property along. They could do it in scores of cases, but their conscience forbids. It's conscience and not fear of the law. I've had 50 cases where families moved, but after a little the wife would send the new address. I lost a family once after they had paid

50 cents on an \$8 clock. They shipped their goods by rail and went off west. I got a blessing from headquarters because of their skip, but somehow I felt that it would be all right in the end. So it was. After seven months had passed we got a letter from North Dakota containing a money order for the balance due, and the woman explained that she'd have sent it sooner but her husband had died and her oldest boy had been sent to jail. I sold a rug last year to a family that moved next day, and a dozen creditors tried in vain to trace them. After a week or so the wife ran after me on the street to tell me where to call, and added: 'It was the old man's doings. He took a skip to beat the grocer, butcher, baker and drug store, but if I didn't pay for that beautiful rug I could not say my prayers at night.'

Methodist Musicals.

The entertainment which took place Monday evening in the Methodist church was well attended and a musical and literary programme was most successfully carried out.

Mr. Cowan gave a recital illustrative of the respective characteristic styles of the present day music used in the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. The Methodist music, as illustrated, showed, like that of some other denominations, a departure from the Handel style of the "George the third concerts" and a strong semblance to the operatic notes of the present day.

The Presbyterians on the other hand, were shown to be more conservative, their sacred songs being still in the style of that composed by Sir John Turnbull, when confined within the ruins of Torwood castle.

Miss E. Ross appeared on the stage several times as an elocutionist.

There are many who can be said to render reading selections in a manner to entertain and edify an audience, nevertheless there are but few who seem gifted with talent to recite. Miss Ross' recital of a selection from Shelly however, entitled "To a Skylark," on Monday night last would be a rare literary treat from any enlightened stage.

Messrs. Chisholm and Erhardt were entertaining, as usual, and their musical powers are too well known in Dawson to require any comment.

The following is the programme:
Piano solo—Mrs. Lyon
Vocal solo—"Children's Home"—Mr. Chisholm
Vocal solo—"Lost Chord"—Mr. Erhardt
Recitation—"Jule la Plant"—Mr. Cowan
Song—"Dear Louise"—Mr. Long
Recitation—Miss Ross
Piano solo—"Autumn"—Mrs. Lyon
Solo and Recitation—"Charge of the Light Brigade"—Mr. Bathurst
Song—"The Vagabond"—Mr. Chisholm
Recitation—Miss Ross
Harp music—Mr. Griffith
Recitation—Mr. Cowan
Solo—"The Mighty Deep"—Mr. Erhardt

Getting Even.

"Oh, yes," said the stocky man with the square jaw, "my married life is quite a happy one!"
"Glad to hear it," said the thin man with the thin hair. "Got any particular system?"
"Well, yes. Whenever my wife gets into a tantrum I go out and find the fellow who introduced us and give him another licking."

A Diagnosis.

"Doctor, my husband says black and red spots appear before his eyes every night. What do you advise?"
"I advise that he stop playing poker."—Chicago Record.

Proof Positive.

"I never knew before that she was rich."
"How do you know it now?"
"She has married a count."—Chicago Post.

Appreciation.

Yeast—Was that your better half I saw with you today?
Crimsonbeak—My better half? My boy, she's the whole thing.—Yonkers Statesman.

Removal Notice.

Dr. Lee, dentist, has removed from the Bodega block to the V. Y. T block, upstairs.

For Sale.

Howe scale, 1,400 pounds; also small stock hardware and cooking utensils. 62 Third street south.

Pocket memo books, counter blotters, time books, pens, pencils, ink, mullage, paper fasteners, letter paper and writing tablets for sale at Nugget office.

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