

# FOR MEN

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and Fur Collarets. See

**HERBERG,**  
CLOTHIER

Service for Men.  
You are cordially invited to  
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held in St. Paul's church on  
afternoon, October 11, 11  
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you want the "Big" 50  
call at Butler's Pioneer.  
Fresh Lowney's candies. Kelly  
druggists.

**THEATRE**  
Proprietor

AY, OCTOBER 7, 1901

MR. RAY "SOUTHWAR"  
BESSIE PIERCE  
The Greatest of all Contortions  
The Famous CARROLL  
The Great ONE  
And the King of Magic  
DEL ADELPHIA.

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Beginning on  
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The Greatest Cast Ever Put  
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## Stroller's Column.

A sour dough recently returned from the outside (yes considerable pride in relating to old Klondike friends a certain experience he had while in the state of Illinois last August. He was at the most fashionable hotel of a flourishing county seat town in which the very best meals that culinary skill could devise were served at the nominal price of 25 cents per for dinner, and one day there was a side dish beside sour dough's plate and on it was a nice,

Alaska and the Klondike. Such an appetite for corn on the cob had never before been seen in that part of the Sucker state.

Finally the waiter remonstrated with the guest, but the guest called his attention to a footnote on the bill of fare which read "Guests will please report inattention or impertinence of help to the office." Then the waiter told the cook that all the corn he had carried out during the past half hour had been eaten by one man, and

prior to whom he explained the four dozen ears of corn prepared for that day's dinner were all being eaten by one man. The proprietor hastened to the dining room and there behind a stack of cobs a foot or more high sat his guest in the act of giving the waiter instructions for another half dozen ears. This was too much for the landlord, who broke out with:

"Stranger, I think, by —, that you made a mistake in not putting up at a livery stable."

The sour dough tells the story on himself and pretends to enjoy it, but one can readily see that he holds a grudge against the landlord, but probably it is for shutting him off in the midst of his feast.

replied the official, "that necessity knows no law."

It was a pathetic story that the Stroller was told the other day by a man from one of the creeks as to how a few months ago he wooed and won the affections of a widow; how he gave her \$2,000, the savings of two years at hard labor, and how, after his wife had built, furnished and stocked a road house, she gave him the "g. b.," threw his canvass clothes bag out on the road and told him to "scat." He had begged and pleaded to be allowed to remain if it was only to tend bar for her or do porter work around the house, but she averred she would tend bar her-

was unanimous. Not only was the Stroller shedding tears, but a gentle rain had set in and the cabin in which the story was told was freely leaking.

The miner's tale of woe revived in the memory of the Stroller recollections of the marital troubles of another man, Zion Johnson by name. The Stroller called him Beautiful Zion. For a long time Zion was handy man around the printing office. He appeared for a time to be happy in his domestic relations, notwithstanding that when his wife, Lizann, came to the office every Saturday afternoon to collect for washing the office towel she would also collect Zion's week's wages. This custom continued for some months, Lizann

gwine ter libben tergetder out to Long Pond."

Before another month had rolled away the little birds were again singing in Zion's dusky heart and the office towels were being washed by a buxom yellow girl.

"This is something like living!" said the man whose family left for the outside two weeks ago, as he came down town at one o'clock yesterday afternoon and began a systematic search for articles he had left in his wake the previous night. He found his umbrella at one place, his overcoat at another, his gloves at a third, but at last reports his over-shoes were still missing. Continuing the man said:

"The folks have been gone 10 days and I have not been out to the claim since, just been steaming around town celebrating my release. I will go out on the creeks next week and limber up for the road house dances, this winter, and if I miss one within a radius of twenty miles it will be because I fail to hear of it. The first thing I must do is to sort of square myself with the creek people, for my wife sorter turned up her nose at creek society during her stay, but it won't take very much swinging on the corner at a road house dance for me to convince 'em that my nose is the proper tilt. To tell the truth, a man who was here two or three years alone ain't got no business having his wife come in, especially if her confidence in him is not as solid as a mud sill."

And the man who was celebrating his freedom invited everybody in the room to make merry at his expense.

### Married at Nome.

Miss Ella Garrett, who will be remembered by many of the younger society set as one of the most charming young ladies who ever graced Dawson by her presence, was married recently at Nome to Mr. Fred Struthers, for several years a clerk in the gold commissioner's office in this city, but now head bookkeeper for the N. C. Co. at St. Michael. Shortly afterward Mrs. Struthers took her departure for California, being in rather delicate health, where she will spend the winter, returning to her St. Michael home on the first boat in the spring.

The "Flor de Manoa" at George Butler's.

SEE CUMMINGS AS DR. BILL.

### Their Parting.

"Our time is almost up," he said regretfully as he looked rather gloomily across the wide subdued blue of ocean that stretched far away in front of them.

"Yes," she said, with a slight sigh, "only a few hours more and we shall be as far apart from each other as ever."

It was late in July, and they were sitting on the quiet little piazza of the admirable hotel to which they had drifted together a fortnight before. The water lapped on the beach at their feet and the sea gulls flattened their wings against the sky above them as if in full harmony with the beating of their own hearts. Two weeks together! And now they were to be separated for no one knew how long. All romance must end some time.

"Tomorrow," she said, "you will go back to your work in town. You will attend those important directors meeting that you have told me of. Then there are stock to buy and sell, political friends to meet, campaigns to arrange and speeches to think over. Your horses, too, will claim your attention, and of course there are your club and the dinners and all the other things for a man to do."

"And you?" he said, half playfully, "you too, will be busy. You have your little work, you know. There is the church with its round of social duties. There are the societies to which you belong, the papers you are to prepare, the charities you are interested in and the literary events which claim you."

Yet there was a ray of hope that glinted in her woman's eye as she laid her hand on his arm.

"Never mind, dear," she said. "Some day we may learn better how to economize our time. Perhaps when we have been married another seven years we shall be able to see more of each other."

### Family of Skippers.

Captain A. W. Gray, who has been in charge of the longshoremen at the N. C. dock this year, will accompany his brother, Captain J. T. Gray, to the outside, leaving tomorrow on the Whitehorse. The family is truly an illustrious one and has furnished its quota of navigators of the uncharted seas. There is Captain A. W. Gray just referred to, Captain J. T. Gray, manager and port captain of the N. C. Co., and lastly Captain W. T. Gray, now on the outside, but late master of the Robert Kerr.



"YOU MADE A MISTAKE IN NOT PUTTING UP AT A LIVERY STABLE."

plunging roasting ear. To the man who had spent two years at Circle before the Klondike was discovered and had since been slaving like a trojan in a Bonanza shaft, the roasting ear had been brought to the kitchen. Then he laid siege to it and for the next thirty minutes the waiter was kept busy carrying roasting ears from the kitchen to the table, and still the man from the man who had come to the surface after a lengthy residence in

It was London that developed "Jack the Ripper," Maryland produced the kissing bug, every large city has its purse snatcher, but it has been left for Dawson to come to the front with a chronic borrower, whose victims are invariably poor working women and girls. It is told that there are at present from eight to a dozen of this chronic borrower's victims in Dawson at the present time who, by having their hands squeezed and being told that they were handsome, when in reality many of them could stop a clock by looking at it through a window, and then being given the rush act of "Oh, by the way, have you \$5 you could let me have until tomorrow?"

The other day a number of these susceptible females chanced to be together when one of them chanced to mention what a nice, kind, considerate and fatherly man Mr. — is, and incidentally she mentioned that he had asked her for and received \$5 a day or two previous. Then the cat was out and each woman present recited a similar experience with the same man.

The next V he borrows from a woman will be secured by the Canadian Bank of Commerce and John D. Rockefeller.

The Stroller was walking along the street the other evening with a certain jovial official when they met a young man whom the public is informed by a street sign is an attorney at law.

"Good evening, Necessity!" said the official as the young man passed. "Why do you call the disciple of Blackstone 'Necessity?'" innocently inquired the Stroller.

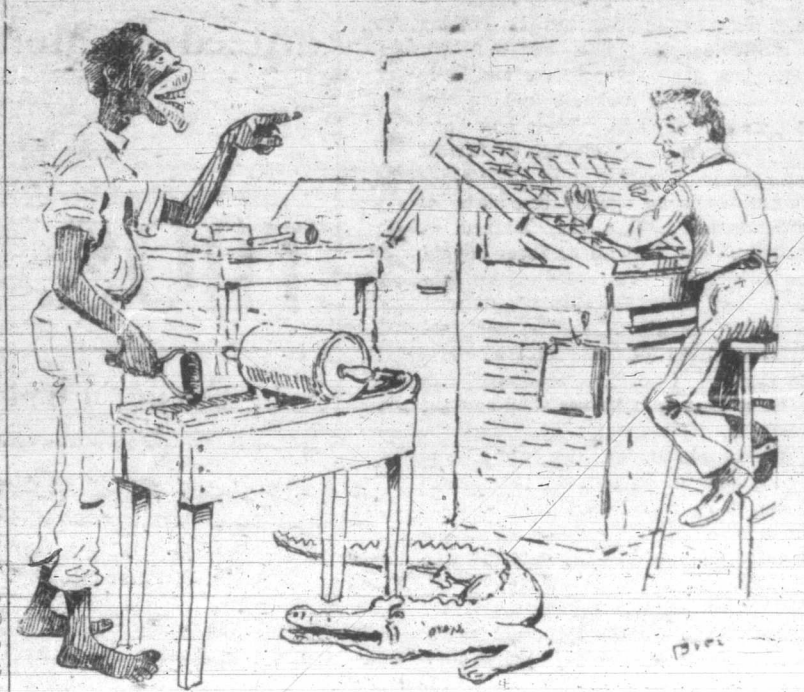
"For the very good reason, sir,"

self, and as for the porter work, there were 40 fellows in the locality who would gladly do it for her free of charge. "And they are doing it," said the "frozen out" husband, "why they hang around her place and vie with each other as to who will get to put fresh sand in the spittoons, sweep out the bar, carry in wood and do other such nigger work that I would gladly do if she would allow me, but such privileges are no longer mine."

The poor man was crying when he was half way through his story, and by the time he finished the weeping

always collecting her own and Zion's earnings. Finally there came a Saturday evening when Zion felt in at the tail end of the force, awaited his turn and drew his own wages. The same thing happened the succeeding Saturday, and shortly afterwards the Stroller inquired of Zion why Lizann had ceased drawing his wages. Zion heaved a sigh as long as a rake handle, brushed his eyes with his shirt sleeves, choked down a sob and said:

"Hit am dis way: Lizann aint livin' wid me no mo'. She done 'loped mid me fadder an' da's done



"LIZANN DONE QUIT ME AN' 'LOPED WID ME FADDER."

# WE HAVE MOUNTED THE RAMPARTS AGAIN!

THERE were some people who imagined we would desert our colors after firing our broadside. Again we mount the ramparts of LOW PRICES and hurl defiance at the enemy. WE WON'T RETREAT until our ammunition is spent. Let those interested profit while they may. ONCE MORE OUR ARTILLERY OPENS FIRE.

Gold Seal Hip Boots, pair	\$10.00	Dolge Felt Shoes, 2nd Quality	\$4.00
Gold Seal Shoes, pair	3.00	German Socks	1.00
Strauss Overalls	1.00	Heavy Wool Socks, 4 pair for	1.00
Slater Felt Shoes	5.00	Genuine Buckskin Mitts, Hudson Bay Co.	1.00
Dolge Felt Shoes, 1st Quality	6.00	Moccasins	1.50

\$70,000 Worth of Ammunition Left!

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