

## BIGGS'S BAR

'T WAS a sultry afternoon, about the middle of  
July,

And the men who loafed in Dawson were feeling  
very dry.

Of liquor there had long been none except a barrel  
or two,

And that was kept by Major Walsh for himself and a  
lucky few.

Now, the men who loaf in Dawson are loafers to the  
bone,

And take it easy in a way peculiarly their own ;

They sit upon the sidewalks and smoke and spit and  
chew,

And watch the other loafers, and wonder who is  
who.