

Stroller's Column.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen," It was the short member who thus expressed himself at the last meeting of the Hot Air Club.



THE FAT MEMBER ENTERS AN OBJECTION.

philanthropic character and is designed to bring an abundance of happiness to all the inhabitants of this great and growing district.

more talking on the platform than I could tell you about in a day.

"He has sat up nights when other fellows have been in bed, and has given all his time to the people—such a self-sacrificing hero I never heard of before."

A Dawson lady had a novel experience in the early days which she has not yet forgotten nor is likely to forget.

The European papers do not like the president's utterances concerning the Monroe doctrine. The New Siberian Express says:

By instructions of the owners there will be offered for sale by PUBLIC AUCTION at the sale rooms of Messrs VERNON & STORRY, Auctioneers, Boyle's Wharf, First Avenue, Dawson, on Saturday, October 4th, 1902, at 2:00 p. m.

STEAMER WILL H. ISOM

Arrived From St. Michael Last Evening

Encountered Storm at Mouth of the River—Large Cargo of Freight.

The N. A. T. & T. Co.'s magnificent and powerful steamer Will H. Isom arrived in Dawson last evening from St. Michael.

WATER FRONT NOTES.

The steamer Botanza King arrived last evening with the following passengers: C. Treaton, Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Woodruff, Mrs. Wood, B. Laws, J. J. McArthur, and John Hilditch.

Increased Atlantic Freights

Hamburg, Aug. 30.—The Hamburg-American Steamship Company is preparing to recommence a number of its steamers, which have been laid up for some time, in consequence of expectations of increased Atlantic freight traffic, especially in grain.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Blundell's Improvement

"You!" said the startled Mr. Blundell.

"He might if we walked up and down five million times," said Blundell, unpleasantly.

"No," said Blundell, slowly, "but it would be much better if I saw somebody else. I don't want Daly to be pitted."

"That's all right," said Blundell, vaguely. "Don't you worry about that; I shall find somebody."

"Well, it's a riddle to me," he said, slowly. "I give it up. It seems—Halloo! Good heavens, be careful. You nearly had me in there."

"I'm staggered," said Mr. Blundell. "Another inch and I should have been overboard," said Mr. Turnbull, with a shudder.

"What are you looking at?" he demanded, impatiently, as Blundell suddenly came to a stop and gazed curiously into the harbor.

"I was just thinking how beautiful cool it is in here," said the sergeant, who was hoping for a reputation of the previous Sunday's performance.

VENIA TURNBULL

Venia Turnbull in a quiet, unobtrusive fashion was enjoying herself. The cool living-room at Turnbull's farm was a delightful contrast to the hot sunshine without, and the drowsy humming of bees floating in at the open window was charged with hints of slumber to the middle-aged.

"I can't imagine anybody being dull with only you," said Sergeant Dick Daly, turning a bold brown eye upon her.

"The garden's looking very nice," he said, with a pathetic glance toward her. "Beautiful," assented the sergeant. "I saw it yesterday."

"Some of the roses on that big bush have opened a bit more since then," said the farmer.

"I was just thinking how beautiful cool it is in here," said the sergeant, who was hoping for a reputation of the previous Sunday's performance.

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