

Stroller's Column.

He was having a four months' growth of beard shaved off as the Stroller entered the barber shop, and immediately began talking of his experiences. Asked how the government trail to Glacier was at this season he said it was good with the exception of the latter part of it where it crosses a marsh and a goose-would mire. This reminded him.

"Oh, say, Stroller, I'll tell you something that'll amuse you; the funniest thing I saw on the trail. You remember—well, I want to surprise you. About eleven o'clock to-day and about as many miles from West Dawson, I met two men on the trail making for Boucher. They had a little many cayuse, not strong enough to carry their bedding, let alone a winter's supply for themselves and provender for the animals. I helped, of course, and just as I picked up a bag of flour to put on I caught the little man's eye. I burst out laughing and so did he. Why, who do you think it was? You'd never guess in the world. It was Lily Edgerton, who used to give such a splendid trapeze performance at the Standard.

"Yes, sir, there she was dressed as a man. She had English knickerbockers and leggings just like a British mining expert, a heavy sweater and an old straw hat with a black band. The clothes set off her pretty figure first class, and she had the same saucy look in her eye.

"Why, Dawson will never get along without you, I said because I couldn't think of anything else.

"Dawson's got to look out for herself, just as I'm doing," she said with a laugh. I wished her luck and we parted. But I laughed to myself to think how they would get that weak cayuse over the wet spot near the end of the trail."

By Sir John Lovelace.

"Good morning, Mr. X, what a lovely morning."

"Good morning."

"I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. X yesterday; what a lovely woman!"

"Hum."

"And how are the dear children. Oh, how I do love the sweet children."

"Yes, er, yes, lovely, lovely; good morning." (Exit hurriedly.)

Scarelle writes me a few lines of the big things he is going to do in the way of amateur opera this winter. He will be here in two or three days, he says. And that reminds me to say a word of the excellent substitute he has had in Mr. R. W. Shannon, to preside over the organ at St. Andrew's during his absence. Mr. Shannon is an able musician of experience though to some he seemed to show a timidity in his playing. But this was a merit rather than otherwise, as all the singers there will tell you. They have been particularly pleased with his accompaniments, as he does merely accompany and sustain the voice with delicate shadings, while Mr. Scarelle, from his habit as a teacher, always leads and in some instances plays too loud for the voice. Mr. Shannon will join the amateur operatic association, so we shall hear more of his music this winter.

"Well, I must thank you, Mr. Stroller, for the nice way you put that in last week about the double wedding at the Regina, didn't he, May?" and they both merrily laughed together.

But the wee little man did not laugh about the publication at all. That is, not at first. He is too good-humored, and likes a joke too well himself, to bear any resentment. And it must be said for him, in order that his own hopes of matrimony may not be prejudiced, that although he was one of the investigators of that double wedding at the Regina which never came off, he himself had no intention of being married. He claims to have been acting as proxy for one of the young men who was rather bashful though very much in love. He had sat up late the night before at the Standard library, borrowing Librarian Hugh Gibson's history where the ambassador had gone through the marriage ceremony on behalf of his royal master.

Both of the young men who are widowers without being wed, are often seen on the waterfront, and some of their friends who went to the expense of buying them wedding presents are talking of a civil action to recover. Driven into desperation they have promised to give a bean feast at the Regina on Friday evening, and the Stroller is to be invited.

The Regina is the favorite place in town for cosy little parties in the evening, particularly wedding parties. But this double wedding is not the only one that has been proposed to be held there and wasn't. There was

one other. The prospective bride had had matrimonial experience. She was a widow of about thirty-five years of age, and had known the man she was to marry for a long time. She had been keeping house for a mining camp up the creeks. He had been in the Forty-mile country all summer and accumulated some dust, and they were to spend the winter outside.

There was to be a wedding supper party of five, and in company with another lady she called to see the proprietor, Miss Ratcliffe, about the arrangements. They talked them over.

When on the street again she is said to have remarked to her friend: "We will have our supper somewhere else."

"Why?"

"Well, I know Thomas. All men are alike, anyway. He would be looking at the proprietor all the time and never think of me."

The miners over on Miller are very sore at the treatment they recently received at the hands of a well-known Dawson man in whom they had the misfortune to place too much confidence. He was going to Forty-mile and obligingly offered to call at the recorder's office there and do any recording or filing they needed done. They trusted him with over \$200 to do it. He arrived at Forty-mile with it, but the game of solo proved too great a temptation for him. He had only \$2 left the next morning.

E. L. French, of the Calderhead line, is about as smart as they make them in his business, but on a recent sailing of the Thistle he had doubts whether he had not accepted a contract a trifle larger than circumstances warranted. George Stump, of No. 1—Last Chance, had purchased a ticket for this sailing, and called two or three times to ask when the boat was coming in. The last time he came in he called out:

"Well, where's that old boat of yours? I began to think there ain't no such boat."

It often happens that transportation agents on the waterfront do not know an hour or to half a day when a boat will get in. Mr. French didn't know when the Thistle would be in, couldn't have guessed it within four or five hours. Meantime these innocuous as to the boat's coming were calculated to interfere with the sale of tickets. So he called Mr. Stump on one side and whispered:

"See here, that boat will be here any minute. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go over and buy you a drink now, and one every hour you have to wait if you'll keep quiet."

That was agreeable, and the drinks were duly paid for. In another hour Mr. Stump was back again. The bargain was carried out. Mr. French then mentioned the matter to Mr. Calderhead, but he did not think it so clever a bargain by this time. Another hour passed, and Mr. Stump walked promptly into the office with a smile on his face.

"Here's the hour man again," whispered Mr. French to Mr. Calderhead. So the latter took out the hour man and entertained him at the Northern Annex.

As they came out the Thistle's whistle blew.

FABLE OF THE KLONDIKE MINER.

A long way after George Ade. Once there was a Klondike Miner. He became one by staking a rich claim. Before he became a Miner he had cleaned Spittoons in a Forty-mile Gin Mill and used to blow in his Weekly Draw-Down playing Stud with the Boys. He did most of his Mining in Dawson, where he was called a Mining King. He wore a Black Silk Shirt with a Headlight in the buttonhole, yellow Strathcona Boots and a Stetson Hat. The claim was worked by a Foreman who hadn't staked a Rich Claim and therefore was not a real Miner. The Girls all liked the Rich Miner and told him he was a Prince, and that he had a refined taste in Wine, and he forgot the Forty-mile Hootch and Blew in Strong every night. He used to run too with a bunch of Cheechacos who did not know a Miner from a Hop-picker and they let him see that they thought he was the only Original Miner north of the Saskatchewan. After things had gone along thusly for three Long Years, the Foreman told him the claim was worked out. So having a great Reputation as a Miner named as has been shown by wearing Diamonds and buying Wine for the Girls, he Persevered at English Syndicate to buy his Worked Out Claim, and then blew in the Wed at Alteman Left and Kindred Pleasures. Now the Syndicate are Wondering where the Pay is to be Found in the Claim and the Rich Miner is back at his Old Job cleaning Spittoons.

Moral: All are not Miners that Glitter.

Someone told an old threadbare story the other day. It was about the fellow sitting in the hotel corridor who took a few puffs at a cigar and then threw it away. The Moralist looked at him, and asked:

"My friend, how much do these cigars cost you?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"And how many of them do you smoke a day?"

"Perhaps a dozen."

"How long have you kept that up?"

"Oh, possibly 15 years."

"And did you never realize that the money you have spent in cigars with the compound interest would have been enough to buy one of the best blocks in Dawson?"

The smoker lit another cigar, and looked at the Moralist dubiously.

"Have you never smoked?"

"Never."

"Where is your block?"

Pink Love Letters.

New York, Sept. 12.—A bundle of scented pink letters tied with a blue ribbon discovered by Mrs. Douglas W. Caulkins, of Yonkers, in the bottom of a trunk, has induced her to bring suit for \$25,000 against Miss Mabel Secor, a pretty young woman of Hobbs Ferry, for the alienation of her husband's affections.

Dr. Caulkins, the recipient of the love missives, is at present dodging the police, who seek him on a charge of abandonment preferred by his wife. Both are well known throughout Yonkers and have one young son.

They lived happily at No. 141 Warburton avenue, Yonkers, until the doctor absented himself from home more than usual and according to his wife, the excuse of a "sick patient" was always ready when she complained.

On Tuesday Mrs. Caulkins directed her maid to repack a trunk of her husband's. She gave directions as the work proceeded. When the girl drew a bundle of pink envelopes from the trunk Mrs. Caulkins gave a gasp.

They were letters to her husband, and more than that they were love letters. Mrs. Caulkins sat down to read them, then she sent for her husband.

When the doctor arrived in a gay and careless mood, he got a shock he was little prepared for.

One of the exhibits which Mrs. Caulkins read to the doctor and which now figures in the hands of Attorney W. H. Torpey, of No. 41 Pine street, Mrs. Caulkins' lawyer, is as follows:

"My Own Dear, Darling Boy—As I promised, I just write a few lines. I am tired, dearest, and must take a nap. I wish you were here, Douglas dear, then I could rest in your loving arms. This is a beautiful day, sweetheart—the kind we love together. Oh, love you so, dearest, that it is a hardship to be from you. I know you love me, dear. It is so sweet to have one to care for me, and I count the minutes until you will come and kiss me."

"Your own in love, Mabel."

Mrs. Caulkins alleges that her husband begged her to institute divorce proceedings against him, but she refused to do so. Late on Tuesday the doctor disappeared and immediately his wife swore out the warrant for his arrest. The doctor was at one time a candidate for alderman in the third ward, and belongs to various clubs.

Miss Secor, when found by Detective Gore, of Yonkers, at first refused to accept service, but later changed her mind and gave the detective a hearing. Her father, who owns a small farm, stated that Caulkins had called upon his daughter for the past year and represented that he lived in Buffalo. "He had plenty of money, and acted like a gentleman," said Mr. Secor, "and we had no idea that he was a married man."

Mr. Secor is at a loss to understand where Mrs. Caulkins thinks she will be able to get the \$25,000 asked for in her suit for the alienation of her husband's affections. He says that his daughter has nothing but a little bank filled with pennies and five-cent pieces, and that all he himself owns is the little farm and fourteen chickens.

Controlled by Woman.

Cleveland, Sept. 12.—"My husband has been under some strange influence since a year ago. If there is any such thing as hypnotism he is under a hypnotic spell," tragically explained the wife of Dr. O. B. Campbell in court today. Mrs. Campbell is suing her husband for alimony, pending his suit for divorce. "There is a woman who controls my husband's mind," continued the excited woman. "and he does not know what he is doing. He did not know what he was doing when he left us. I am the best friend he has in the world."

"Who is the woman?" asked the lawyer.

"I will give her name when the time comes," responded Mrs. Campbell. Dr. Campbell was on the witness stand today. He refused to look at his wife and two daughters, and when not gazing out of the window, sat with his head buried in his arms. When Mrs. Campbell was on the stand the attorney accused her of trying to ruin her husband's business by circulating damaging reports to the effect that he was suffering from hallucinations, and she replied in the above tragic manner.

The Doting Mamma—"Where's my silk hat?" "Your silk hat? Oh, yes, Georgie took it to put on the snow man," he made. "The thunder he did!" "Yes, isn't it nice that he can entertain himself so easily?" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Soul for Music—"How queer!" exclaimed Miss Pertie Goodwin at the Wagner recital. "My foot has gone asleep—and in all this noise, too." —Chicago Tribune.

Under Sealed Orders—Auditorium, Cut flowers, Cook's, phone 1808.

MARKET REPORTS

Heavy Sales Made During the Week

Eggs and Ham Make a Slight Advance—Large Shipments of Potatoes Arriving.

There have been but few changes taken place this week in the selling price of the principal commodities dealt in by the Dawson merchants. Eggs have gone up a few points and ham has stiffened somewhat, but with those two exceptions everything is about as it was last week. Trade has been good particularly in large lots as a large number of small stores in outlying districts and big mining companies have laid in their winter stocks. Stewart river has taken over 150 tons, quite a quantity has been sent to the Sixtieth district and no inconsiderable amount has been shipped to the American side of the line. One scow loaded for Rampart carried nearly a \$10,000 cargo and several large consignments have been forwarded to creeks in the Forty-mile district. Roadhouse keepers have also been laying in heavy stocks for the winter as they have found by experience that at this season of the year prices generally reach the bottom notch. Taking all in all the sales of the past week have been very satisfactory and the freighters have had about all they could handle.

The advance in eggs amounted to about \$2.00, they selling now in case lots, guaranteed strictly fresh, at \$15.00. Some little old stock still remains which can be had for \$12.50. Large lots of potatoes are arriving and the best posted dealers are of the opinion that they will not go above 70 cents this winter. The best varieties of Yakima burbanks now bring 7 to 8 cents. Ontons are quoted at the same figure. Home production will supply practically all the balance of the hardier vegetables for the winter, such as turnips, rutabagas, carrots and cabbage.

In the line of fruits there is still quite a supply on hand. A shipment of Concord grapes that arrived in baskets early in the week were received in good order and found a splendid market. Apples, peaches and the smaller fruits are still to be had at prices quite reasonable. Quotations for the week are as follows:

STAPLES.

Flour	\$ 2.75	\$ 3.00
Sugar, per 100	7.00	9.00
Beans, per 100	8.00	8.00
Beans, Lima	10.00	11.00
Rolled oats, per 100	8.00	9.00

MEATS.

Beef, pound	19	20¢50
Veal, pound	32	30¢50
Pork, pound	20	30¢50
Ham, pound	27	30
Bacon, fancy	27	35
Mutton, pound	25	35¢50

BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE.

Wagon's butter, 60-lb.	\$3.00	1.00can
Goldbrook	25.50	1.00can
S. & W., 48-lb.	34.00	1.50can
Eggs, fresh	15.00	50

MILK AND CREAM.

Eagle, case \$10.00 \$11.00
Highland, case 8.50 12.00
Carnation Cream 9.00 10.00
St. Charles 7.00 9.00

CANNED GOODS.

Roast beef, doz. 4.50 3 for 1.00
Mutton 3.50 4.50 2 for 1.00
Ox tongue 12.00 15.00 1 for 1.25
Sausage meat 4.00 2 for 1.00
Lunch tongue, case 9.00 11.00 1 for .50
Sliced bacon 3.00 4 for 1.00
Roast turkey 7.00 1 for .75
Corned beef 2.50 3 for 1.00
Sliced ham 4.50 2 for 1.00
Salmon, case 10.00 3 for 1.00
Clams, case 10.00 3 for 1.00
Tomatoes 5.50 4 for 1.00
Corn 4.25 4 for 1.00
String beans 4.50 4 for 1.00
Green peas 4.50 4 for 1.00
Cabbage 7.50 2 for 1.00
S. & W. fruits 4.00 2 for 1.50
Shincoo fruit 6.25 3 for 1.00

Choice California Mission

Fruits 8.50 10.00
Silver Seal 11.50 2 for 1.25
Succotash 7.00 3 for 1.00
Lubeck's potatoes per tin 9.00

Beets

Beets 9.00 2 for 1.00
Asparagus 12.00 1 for .75
Asparagus tips 14.00 2 for 1.00
Celery, 4-5 stalks, doz. 12.00 1 for .50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Potatoes 7 10
Onions 7 10
Cabbage 10 15
Turnips 10 15
Lemons, case 5.00 7.00
Oranges, case 9.00 11.00
Rolled oats 9 9
Oats 4 5
Hay 4 5
Soap 12.50
Tobacco, Star 1.00

CHICKENS, FISH AND GAME.

Poultry, pound 40 45
Broilers, pound 50 60
Greyling, fresh 40 40
Halibut 30 35
Whitefish 25 35
Picketed 40 50

Whole Wheat Bread

Scald a pint of milk—add 1 teaspoonful of salt, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar and 1 tablespoonful of butter. When lukewarm add 1 cake of compressed yeast dissolved in 1/2 cup of warm water, then stir in 2 cups of white flour, or enough to make a thick batter; beat it well, cover closely and set the bowl in a pan of water, hot, but not scalding; place the pan where the water will keep hot, or add more hot water occasionally. In an hour or less the batter will be full of bubbles; then stir the whole wheat flour, using enough to make a dough that will keep its shape when you stop stirring. Mix and cut it through and through with a knife, until not a particle of flour can be seen. Work well from the bottom and edges to the center, scrape the bowl clean and smooth off the top; if it settles to a level it is too soft, and a little more flour will be needed, but add only a tablespoonful at a time, lest it be too stiff. Cover and let rise again; stir it down as soon as it cracks and seems light; and after it rises again in the bowl turn it out on the flour-board, using only sufficient flour to prevent sticking. Shape into 4 round or 3 long loaves with as little handling as possible, put in pans, cover and let rise until double its bulk, then bake about an hour. The oven should be a little less hot than for white bread, and a little more time will be required for baking. This is found to be an ideal loaf, having a sweet nutty flavor, quite unlike

that of any other bread. It also makes delicious rolls and sandwiches. For sandwiches take thin slices of the bread, cut them in shape with sandwich cutter, spread lightly with butter, then with chopped figs, dates and walnuts, and press neatly together.

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