

INNOVATION IN BASE BALL

Automoroller Skates Always Good for Home Run.

An Ingenious Device Which Ran Its Inventor Over Into the Adjoining County.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

"It's odd," remarked the fat ex-ponent of the Lightfoot Lilies, "how all great inventive geniuses seem to be young men. I suppose it's because they're always trying to get next to some scheme for minimizing exertion. Now, there was old Dean Braley, who did the twirling for the Lightfoots when they held the championship of Jones county. He was the laziest ball player I ever set my peepers on and yet no one can deny that he was the father of the automoroller skates.

"As a pitcher the Dean had no equal; ten strike-outs in one game on thirty balls pitched was considered nothing for him. And yet we knew right well that the only reason he took such pains to fan a batter out was that it only took three balls to do the trick, while if he should ever let a man walk to first it would require at least four efforts, and there'd be one more batter to dispose of. When it came to fielding he was all right there. Flies, liners, bounders—he froze on 'em all. Why? Just because he knew that if he ever dropped the ball he'd have to stoop to pick it up. Pure laziness. Why, would you believe it, he wouldn't even take the trouble to sit down on the players' bench between innings. 'What's the use?' he'd say. 'You only have to get up again when the other side comes to bat.'

"The only thing that made us really peevish with the Dean, however, was his conduct at the bat. Rather than have to run to first he'd invariably strike wild at every ball, whether it came high, low, wide or over. Well, sir, you can imagine how he felt when one day the opposing pitcher hit him with the ball and forced him to amble down to first. That seemed bad enough to the Dean, but when Bull Thompson, the next man up, lined out a homer his anger knew no bounds. The Bull had to grab him by the shirt collar and trousers and push him all the way around the bases. By the time they'd crossed the plate the Dean broke loose and made a rush at Bull.

"That's a nice trick," he roared. "Oh, no, I suppose you didn't knock that home run on purpose, did you? If I pitch too swift when you're trying to catch, why don't you come out and say so like a man instead of trying to even up with your low-down sneaking, underhand tricks!"

"That put us in a pretty fix—our pitcher so dead sore at the catcher that they wouldn't speak and the annual game with the Ringtail Roarers only ten days off. Soon after we reached home, however, Dean began to feel ashamed of his baby conduct and made it all up. For the next few days he kept pretty much to himself, but that didn't worry us, for he always took long sleeps when preparing for a great effort.

"The day of the big game came at last and such a sight as the grounds were I never expect to see again. It seemed as if every man, woman and child in Jones county had come for the occasion. The sheriff had previously torn down the fences in order to satisfy the demands of a dealer who had a chewing gum account against the management, and the crowds were spread out on the grass for a quarter of a mile.

"When the Dean came to bat in the second inning the Roarers were one run to the good and we all felt some anxiety as to how he would act.

"Back up and hit the ball, old man," pleaded Capt. Slugger Burrows. "The Dean simply smiled and began to undo a paper box which he had kept under his arm. He took out what first appeared to be a pair of ordinary roller skates. As he adjusted them to his feet, however, we noticed that they had a complicated series of stops and levers running up the sides with a steam whistle and bell attachment. He paid no attention to the stonishment of the crowd, but glided gracefully up to the plate. The first ball pitched he basted far out into left. For a moment or two he stood motionless. Then there was a sharp wheezing of steam and he suddenly shot forward toward first. At first base a simple turn of a lever switched him off in the direction of second. The Roarers' shortstop stood dumfounded in the middle of the base line. Clang! clang! clang! went the

gong and the Dean sped on. By the time he had rounded third the people had partially recovered from their surprise and the reception they gave the Dean was deafening. Men were dancing on each other's toes and embracing other men's wives. And above the mighty shouts of joy could be heard the sweet strains of 'When Johnnie Comes Marching Home,' as distributed by the Lightfoot Lily band. Dean's only comment, as he rolled up to the players' bench at half speed, was: 'I must get a fender, it's dangerous as it is.'

"Well, sir, thrice more did the Dean tie the score, and thrice more did the crowd go wild with glee. When he came to bat in the eleventh inning with the scores 17-17, Capt. Burrows could no longer control his curiosity.

"For heaven's sake, what are they, Dean? How do they work?"

"They're automoroller skates," replied the Dean. 'I'll explain when I get home.'

"But he never did, poor chap. He hit the ball all right, and he started for first all right. But when he went to turn for second the steering lever snapped, and he couldn't change his course. On he went out into right field.

"'Help, help! Stop me!' he cried with a heartrending look of terror. But the people seemed in a trance and mechanically sank back to make way for him. On he sped. Once he was lost to sight in some valley—only to rise again on the crest of the hill beyond. Soon he became only as a fly speck against the sinking sun. Then, after a farewell flicker or two he was absorbed entirely by the glaring ball of fire in the far west. The game was never finished.

"Where he is now I don't know. Several years later I heard he had a job as Rip Van Winkle in a wax-works tableau up state. The management fired him though, because he snored. Poor old Dean!"—New York Sun.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

In Magistrate McDonnell's court yesterday morning John Niberg, Albert Effie and a man named Blondin were given judgment against Geo. E. Ames, of Chechako Hill for \$37.50, \$167.50 and \$65.25 respectively. The claims were not contested. Ten days were allowed in which to make payment.

Instead of going home sober Saturday night W. Cubee went to the barracks for being drunk and disorderly. Yesterday morning he looked blue and said 'guilty.' A fine of \$10 and cost or ten days was imposed and conditions and circumstances were such as to require the acceptance of the latter by Mr. Cubee.

This morning two men, Henry McDonald and John Crow, were each fined \$5 and costs for having been so negligent as to omit squeezing a little lemon in it.

Chas. E. Severance, who was returned from Whitehorse for the alleged misappropriation of money, will be given a hearing Thursday morning.

E. S. Strait Capiased.

The capias habit is fast reaching grave proportions, likewise the habit of forgetfulness in the matter of satisfying little outstanding accounts before taking passage up the river in a steamer or down the stream in a small boat.

Among recent capias actions E. S. Strait has figured as the wronged one, and only a few brief days ago issued a capias warrant against a hurried traveler bound towards Whitehorse, with the result that his little bill received the attention he desired for it.

Yesterday T. M. Jones bethought him that he had not seen Mr. Strait for so many days, and filled with concern lest perchance his friend Strait might be stricken by illness, he sought for him in the haunts of men, where he found him not. What he did learn, however, was that Mr. Strait had become suddenly filled with the spirit of unrest, and had taken passage on board the Yukoner, presumably for parts beyond the border. When this came to the knowledge of Mr. Jones, he was reminded that among other reasons for thinking of the absent Strait and remembering him in times to come, was an unsatisfied account, amounting to \$2060.

On this account he asked his friend the sheriff to telegraph Capt. Primrose at Whitehorse to remind Mr. Strait of the matter, and if he could not recall it to mind with sufficient vividness to settle, to insist on his remaining a guest with him till such time as he could remember or desired to return to Dawson.

Road Building.

Superintendent of Roads and Bridges Tache is hard at work making all the improvement possible in the roads during the short time at his disposal.

The roads on Dominion, Gold Run and Eldorado creeks, are each receiving the attention of large number of workmen, and it is hoped that material improvement will be effected before cold weather and frost put an end to the work for the year.

WATER FRONT DOINGS.

Movements of Craft in Port and Along the River.

A Large Amount of Freight at Whitehorse Will Be Brought Down in Scows.

The steamer Canadian, Capt. McMaster, arrived at 12:15 this morning with a full cargo of freight, including five tons of fresh beef on her upper deck and 44 passengers. The Canadian made a very speedy trip this time, making the run in within a few hours of seven days. She left here some hours after the Bailey and arrived at Whitehorse ahead of her. She reports the Columbian and Victorian as being ten minutes apart at Lower Lebarge on the up-river, with the time in favor of the Victorian.

Following is a list of the Canadian's passengers: Mrs. Fyfe, Joe Irving, Babe Wallace, N. J. Caron, W. L. McCracken, J. Lavallier, N. Lafortune, Mrs. Healey, Mrs. A. B. L. Lleaveahyn, Mrs. Kitchason, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. O'Neal, Irene Wilson, Mrs. H. Cook, Mrs. Timmins, Mrs. Leplion, M. Rippe, C. D. Quires, Mrs. J. Cline, A. J. Nailer, M. M. Crawford, N. Kinkola, H. Nordheim, W. H. Ramshaw, W. H. Turner, W. H. Right, R. J. Billon, Mrs. Capt. Wood, Mrs. Aug. Vance, Mrs. Smith, H. McGruley, C. Worden, L. Mayer, J. Kalem, A. McKinnon, P. McKay, J. McMayne, Mr. McMayne, C. Severance, H. S. J. Murgoin, Mrs. Barrett, J. Barrett, Mrs. Barr, Mrs. Ryan.

The Gold Star got in last evening with a cargo of freight and a very long passenger list. She brought 80 passengers.

The steamer Tyrrell is making her last trip of the season to the Fortymile coal mine, having sailed yesterday afternoon.

Wood rafts and scows crowd the upper end of the waterfront, giving it a very lively appearance. The various craft moored there make a flotilla extending a long distance up and down the front, and far out into the stream. Wood, especially is coming in at a rapid rate.

The W. P. & Y. R. find it impossible to ship from Whitehorse by their river steamers the quantity of freight now arriving at that point, and have contracted with the firm of Hannaman & Cowen, scowmen, to send down river an immense fleet of scows loaded with delayed freight. Dick Dillon, formerly freight clerk at Whitehorse, is now in Dawson as agent for Hannaman & Cowen arranging for receiving the coming fleet. The barges which were used as transfers on Lake Bennett before the completion of the railroad are to be sent down also. They have a freight capacity of from 45 to 70 tons. One hundred and six scows are now ready for loading and more are to be obtained if possible. All points from Whitehorse to Bennett has been drawn upon for the scows, this firm taking everything in the shape of a flatboat offered to them. The first bunch of freight will arrive in a few days and from them until the season closes lively times can be expected in this direction.

The Village Sick Watch.

"I spent mine in a New England village," said the quiet man, when asked about his vacation. "I knew no one in the town. I had never been there before. In fact, it was the first time I was ever in New England. I wanted to rest. I did not want to camp out, or rough it. I stopped at the inn, the only one, I believe, in the town. City people have an idea that a village is a place where everybody knows everybody else's business, and where nobody talks of anything else. Perhaps I had no business, but I wish to certify that no one in this village evinced the slightest curiosity to find out who I was or from whence I came. If anything, I was the curious one. I found myself making inquiries. This brings me to my story: 'I was sitting on the big porch one night, rather later than was my custom. The stillness was broken occasionally by one person passing, and later another, and so on, until I had seen several men and women go into and come out of a house within my view. I noticed that these people were alone in coming and going. I thought they walked rather more lightly on the sidewalks than people usually do. This, however, may have been a fancy.

"While I was wondering what it meant the landlord of the inn stepped upon the porch. I had seen him come out of the house in which I had become interested, but I did not recognize him until he came upon me. I encouraged

him to stop and he sat down. As soon as I could do so with propriety, I told him that my curiosity had broken the bounds of conventionality, and had almost prompted me to go the house from which he had come.

"It is nothing new with us," he said, almost in a whisper, "but I guess you city people don't have anything of this sort to do. It's just a case of sickness. It's a young man of our village who was taken down several weeks ago, and it finally turned to a case of typhoid, the doctors say. He is the only son of the family. Finally his own people got worn out attending him, and then the villagers took it up. We divide ourselves into watches of four or five; in this case four. You see, most of us are old people in this village. There are not a dozen young people in the place. Old folks can't set up all night, so we go down there, one at a time, and set up with the patient until the next watch relieves us. We carry out the doctor's orders, and give the patient any attention necessary. There is hardly a man or woman in our village who has not been a watcher by some sick bed at some time. We consider it our duty. We don't know whose turn will come next. Our doctors are like most of us, a little old-fashioned and they don't furnish nurses, as your city doctors do. And we have never had a hospital here, because it wouldn't pay, and most of us kind o' believe that within a few more years there won't be anybody left to be sick. No strangers ever move into this community, and none of our people has left here alive in 25 years.

"Before I realized it the landlord passed in and I was again alone. Pretty soon I saw another watcher come out of the house down the street and walk away rather briskly. A half hour later he returned with another. I surmised that other was the doctor. I learned later that my surmise was correct. Another hour passed and another watcher came. He was met at the door by the doctor, who talked with him a few moments, and then they went away.

"The village watch at another sick bed side was over. The second day the few stores in the place were closed, and I heard the tolling of the bell in the cupola of a little vine-covered church. I felt it my duty to speak to my landlord of the incident and was struck by his reply:

"'Yes,' he said, 'it's too bad. If it had been one of us old people we wouldn't have thought anything about it; but for a young person to die in our village is quite a blow. Just seems as if we can't spare 'em.'—New York Sun.

Quiet on Eldorado.

Mr. Andrew Olsen, of 33 Eldorado, is in the city for a few days on business. He reports things as being quiet on that creek at present, the majority of the owners having suspended mine work until the beginning of the coming year. Mr. Olsen will return to Eldorado tomorrow.

He Was Held Up.

About 10 o'clock Saturday night Richard Rice reported to the town police station that he had been held up on the island between the sections of the toll bridge leading to Klondike City and robbed of \$300 in cash. Rice says that while walking across the island between the bridges he was stopped by two men, one of whom seized him by the throat and held him from resisting or making an outcry while the other man went through his pockets, relieving him of the sum above named. On hearing the man's story, Sergeant Wilson immediately dispatched several of his men to where Rice said the holdup occurred, but no indications of anything of the kind were found. The police are slightly inclined to doubt Rice's story as it is somewhat incoherent and disconnected.

Two Sudden Deaths.

Had Gertie Du Vault lived till Monday she would have been thirty-seven years and ten months of age, but Sunday afternoon while engaged with her household duties the angel of death touched her with his icy hand and she passed to the unknown bourne after only a few brief moments of illness.

Miss Du Vault lived and conducted a small notion store on Second avenue opposite the N. A. T. & T. Co.'s warehouses. The place is well-known on account of its evident transformation from a scow to a house. Deceased was a native of Louisville, Ky., and her nearest relative is Mamie Kain, a sister, living at 2126 Wabash avenue, Chicago. She will be buried this afternoon.

Another death said to be due to heart failure also, is reported to have occurred on the trail to the Forks Sunday, when a man, so far unidentified, dropped dead by the wayside. So far the news lacks confirmation, and has not yet been reported at police headquarters, although there is little doubt of its authenticity.

THE RIVER FRONT IS QUIET

This Morning As the Bailey Was the Only Boat In.

The Columbian Leads the Victorian by Two and a Half Hours in the Race.

The water front this morning, considering the time of year and the congested condition of traffic at Whitehorse, was exceedingly quiet.

Until the Bailey got in about 8 o'clock, beyond the wood rafts, scows and small boats, nothing larger than the Marjory disturbed the quiet of the waters.

Telegraphic reports from up the river show that the Sybil left Whitehorse early this morning. The Sifton passed Hootalingua on her up-trip at 9 o'clock last evening and the Closett at 9:30.

The Lightning passed Selkirk, up stream at 10:30 last night, and the Columbian and Victorian passed Hootalingua this morning on the home stretch in their race.

The race has attracted some little attention along the front and among shipping circles, and so far the race has been a close one. At Lake Lebarge on the up stream run the steamers were ten minutes apart. What their positions were as regards time, when they left Whitehorse on the return run is not known yet, but when they passed Hootalingua this morning the Columbian had the lead by two hours and a half. She passed that point at 5:15 and the Victorian not till 8:45.

Approximately the distance from here to that point is 250 miles, and the two hours and a half at present in favor of the Columbian may easily be in favor of the other steamer before their arrival here tomorrow evening.

The Bailey is discharging at the A. E. Co.'s wharf. She brought 30 passengers as follows: Mrs. E. Sanford, S. A. Snuffen, Mrs. Dougherty, J. H. Thomas, J. Tennent, John Keefe, C. O. Bener, D. K. Campbell, Wm. Borndo, S. Parker, Mrs. Roberts, C. C. McCane, A. J. Wilson, C. Wilson, Mrs. E. Bennett, Mrs. Campbell and son, Emery Bonneville, J. Mallette, J. B. Biel, J. A. Mollette, E. Lefebvre, Mrs. W. E. Perkman, Mr. J. McLain, D. Spotten, J. W. Rogers, Stanley Sears, Wm. Miller, D. Cameron.

Politics in New York.

Mr. P. Tecumseh Sherman, whose position as a reform alderman in the board of New York city seems nearly as isolated as did that of his father before Atlanta, has issued an impressive statement of the increase in municipal expenses since the consolidation of the five metropolitan boroughs. From an aggregate of \$68,000,000 in 1897, an aggregate of \$90,000,000 has been reached for the present year, and this does not include the subway and other permanent improvements, for which about \$500,000,000 of bonds are to be issued. In other words, during the year 1900 the municipal government is to control the expenditure of about \$140,000,000, or nearly double the expenditure of all the state governments in the country in the census year 1890. The recent increase in the regular expenses, we are glad to observe, have been largely in the departments of education, police, fire and street cleaning, but even in the last of these departments the increased payments are made almost exclusively through partisan channels, and often for partisans work. Quite apart from the work to be done on the subways, the regular pay roll in 1900 will amount to \$44,000,000, and were it not for the civil service laws and the public jealousy of patronage in the school system the whole sum could be given or withheld so as to control votes. A very large part of it can still be so used, and there is crying need of carrying forward the principles of civil service reform, both to lessen the corrupting power of political machines and to give political liberty to the public officials under them.—Outlook.

The Finny Tribe.

Every man that goes up the Klondike River these days with a fisherman's outfit and drops the flies upon the water at most any point, and continues to drop them, usually comes home with a fine string of fish of the greyling variety. These fish are taken very much the same as mountain trout but are not quite so gamey as the latter. They rise to flies the same as trout and are fully as fine for eating. A large number of fine strings were brought in yesterday evening.

School tablets 25; Nugget office.