

INNOVATION IN BASE BALL

Automoller Skates Always Good for Home Run.

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

"It's odd," remarked the fat ex-masochist of the Lightfoot Lilies, "how all great inventive geniuses seem to be lousy 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 automoller 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, 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 he, annual game with the Ringtail Roarers only few 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 to town 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.

"Buck 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 automoller 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.

Weeping on the Street.

A woman, in deep mourning and apparently in distress, attracted a crowd of belated citizens on Eighth avenue and Sixteenth street at 2 o'clock in the morning one day last week. She was young and good looking. She stood close to the rails of the down town track and looked up and down the pavement as if in search of something. She was nervous and said repeatedly:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

A dozen young men lit matches and joined in the search. They were unable to find anything. One asked what she had lost.

"Oh, I've lost my pocketbook," said the woman. "It contained all the money I had and I don't know what I shall do." Then she began to weep.

"It's too bad," said some one sympathetically. "How came you to be so unfortunate?"

"I alighted from one of these Eighth avenue cars and just as it was about to start I discovered that my purse was missing. The thought recurred to me that I might have left it on the seat and I shouted to the conductor to stop the car. He refused, but flung something at me which I believe was the pocketbook, and the car was soon out of sight. I thought that I would be able to find it, but it does not seem to be around anywhere. I would not mind it so much only it contained a little ring belonging to my dead child. Now I have nothing to remember her by."

One man at once said he would pay her fare home. Another offered to hire a cab, while another proposed to complain of the conductor for his rudeness, if she could only remember the number. The woman began to lament and weep again. A tall, well-dressed man, wearing eye glasses, broke through the crowd and spoke to the woman.

"What has happened?"

"Oh, nothing," she said, "only I've been very unfortunate. I have lost my pocketbook and am penniless. It is not that I care about so much. It is my dead baby's ring which I lost with it that worries me the most."

The man without listening further delved down into his inside pocket and produced a card. He handed it to the woman and said:

"This is my business address. Call on me tomorrow. I have influence with the Metropolitan Traction people, and I will see that this conductor is punished. Here, accept this five-dollar bill. It is the smallest I have. It will tide you over till tomorrow."

Here he passed and turned to the crowd continued:

"Gentlemen, I am going to start a subscription for this poor woman. She is unfortunate and deserves your assistance. The same thing may happen any night to your wives, mothers, sweethearts or even your own children. Now who will help her out of her predicament? You see I have contributed \$5, although I am not a millionaire." Quickly dimes, quarters and halves

were subscribed and in a little while more than \$7 more was collected. The money was turned over to the woman by the man with the eye glasses. The woman was profuse in her thanks and bidding her benefactors "good night," boarded an uptown car and rode away. A Sun reporter who had observed the whole proceeding thought he would watch the man with the eye glasses. The latter got on the next car and the reporter followed. The man with the eye glasses got off at Forty-sixth street and joined the woman who was waiting on the corner for him. The pair greeted each other effusively and then walked arm in arm toward Broadway. As they went along the reporter overheard this: "Say, those guys were dead easy. Why it was the softest graft I ever struck. We got about \$7. Say, this is easier than stealing, and I guess we can make enough to keep us in luxury for a couple of months."

"Yes; they were easy. Let us strike Broadway. We may catch another lay before we go home."—New York Sun.

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.

The Klondike River.

The water of the Klondike is higher now than three weeks ago and much higher than at this time last year. A great deal of freight is being towed up the river to the mouth of Hunker in small boats and several hunters are pushing up as near the headwaters as they can get with boats laden with provisions.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

Pabst beer and imported cigars at wholesale. Rosenthal & Field, the Annex.

Rosenthal & Field are selling case whiskies at wholesale. The Annex.

A new department at the Northern Annex. Liquors at wholesale.

Where to Eat

THE VICTORIA....

Just opened by R. T. ENGELBRECHT from Seattle and NICHOLAS CONDOGEORGE, a chef well known in the States and Victoria and for many years a hotel and restaurant man.

SECOND STREET, NR. FIRST AVE.

Good, Wholesome, Well Cooked Food at Reasonable Prices.

The Standard

WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 17th-22d

The Celebrated Irish Drama

'THE SHAUGHRAUN'

Also our Ollo of Vaudeville Stars headed by

POST & ASHLEY

First appearance in Dawson of

DOLLIE PAXTON

A Charming Descriptive Vocalist.

Curtain at 8:30 sharp.

HOTEL GRAND

Cor. Third Avenue and Second Street

First-class sleeping apartments. Rooms by the day, week or month. Newly furnished. Central location.

FINGER & STRIFE, Props.

Just An Item

IN AN IMMENSE SHIPMENT.

GLASS DOORS

With California Redwood Frames

For Stores and Residences.

A. E. CO.

Special Values

IN HEAVY Winter Goods

Of Every Possible Description

HERSHBERG

THE RELIABLE SEATTLE CLOTHIERS.

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE C. D. CO. DOCK FRONT STREET



DON'T FRET ABOUT THIS BOY!

He'll get through all right. He bought his outfit at

...RYAN'S

Front Street, Opp. S-Y. T. Co. Dock

HE WAS LUCKY Hay and Feed

The Story of a Man Who Had a Good Day All Around.

"Talking about luck," said A. S. Levine of the Star Clothing House, "make me think of a young fellow who called here the other day to buy some small necessity. He was what is called among the gang 'strictly on the hog.' A more dilapidated and impoverished looking man you could not find in all the territory.

"What attracted my attention was his pricing some swell overcoats, fur lined, which I had just unpacked. He did not buy, however, but a few days later in he came and ordered not only the coat but a complete outfit, including the finest fur garments in town.

"It seems he had salvaged a raft which was floating down stream without a soul aboard and for his trouble got paid \$90.00. That same afternoon he stopped a runaway horse and got another \$20.00, and that night was paid \$450.00 by a man he had staked in '97 and who had just sold a claim in Forty-mile district and returned to Dawson on the Tyrrell.

"Now, that man was lucky all round, and, if I do say it, he was lucky in coming to the Star Clothing House, for he not only saved a considerable amount on his outfit, but he has got the finest goods obtainable in Dawson.

"I might add," continued Mr. Levine, "that we are now prepared to sell all lines of goods applicable for the winter months, including Fur Coats, Caps and Gloves, Felt Shoes and Heavy Finely Woven Socks, as well as Underwear in all sizes and manufacture. Tell the public to come around and see what is offered at the Star Clothing House and compare our prices with others."

Try Cascade Laundry for high-class work at reduced prices.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

D. A. SHINDLER

Hardware, Bicycles, Guns, Etc.

500 TONS.

We will receive about September 1st 500 tons of Hay and Feed. Contracts taken for future delivery. The same stored and insured free of charge.

LANCASTER & CALDERHEAD, WAREHOUSEMEN.

We Are Prepared to Make Winter Contracts for COAL

And to insure your supply would advise that contracts be made early. Our COAL is giving the best of satisfaction, and will not cost as much as wood, having the advantage of being less bulky than wood—no sparks—reducing fire risks; no creosote to destroy stovepipe, and the fire risk you take in having defective flues caused by the creosote is great. Call and see us.

N. A. T. & T. CO.

ORR & TUKEY'S STAGE

Daily Each Way

To Grand Forks

On and after MONDAY, September 10th, will leave at 2 p. m. instead of 3 p. m. On completion of Bonanza Road a double line of stages will be run, making two round trips daily.

FREIGHTING TO THE CREEKS.

Wall Paper... Paper Hanging

ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

Str. Gold Star

CAPT. NIXON, OWNER, Leaves Yukon Dock, Making Regular Trips to Whitehorse. A swift, comfortable and reliable boat. Court-ous treatment. Get Tickets for the Outside via Gold Star Line.

Electric Light

Steady Satisfactory Safe Dawson Electric Light & Power Co., Ltd. Donald B. Olson, Manager. City Office Joslyn Building, Power House near Klondike. Tel. No 1

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON. TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.