

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Klondikers who have recently returned from Portland are telling the story of Cad Wilson's jovial time, upon the night of her arrival there.

It will be remembered that Cad experienced a very successful season here last winter. She was the recipient of many favors from wealthy mining men and local sports. Her belt of nuggets, artistically made from a collection of rare specimens, was the envy of all the variety girls in town. When Cad departed, the talent estimated her clean-up at from \$20,000 to \$25,000.

Upon her arrival in Portland, she and a female acquaintance, in company with two men, proceeded to do the city.

They visited all of the principal places of amusement. At the Fredericksburg music hall the party occupied one of the boxes and Cad added merriment to the entertainment by joining in the choruses of the songs, which were sung by the girls on the stage. The attention of the auditors was directed to the box party. Continued calls finally induced Cad to take a turn before the footlights. Adorned with her belt of nuggets, she sang, "Just a Little Ling-erie," and illustrated the words by lifting the skirt of her street dress much higher than was necessary to show her lingerie, or even the diamond garter, which encircled her left nether limb, just above the knee. She was repeatedly encored, and for an hour the spectators were amused by the singing of her catchy songs.

Surfeited with applause, she retired from the theatre, and the party then visited the Cactus saloon. There the flow of wine and song continued till dawn. Before the revelry was concluded, Cad stood on the top of the mahogany bar and rendered, without accompaniment, her famous song "Such a Nice Girl, Too."

A rather amusing incident happened recently in a Front street drug store. A lady who lived in Carson City, Nevada, came into the store and inquired from the disciple of Aesculapius if he could tell her anything about the mammoth footprints which she had found imbedded in some sawed lumber discovered in her wood fire. She stated that Nevada was celebrated for its prehistoric footprints of a giant race, but in that country the imprints were ones found in the living rock and that she had never heard of such a thing as these pedigerous impressions in whipsawed lumber. The bewildered druggist disclaimed all knowledge in this direction, however stating that he had never made a study of either antediluvian or post diluvian lithography or tegillumography.

"Why," exclaimed the lady indignantly, "the name of your firm was written on the inside, 'Reid & Co., the druggists,' and then the clerk told her as gently as possible that those signs could be found all over town, and were stamped on the sidewalks as advertisements and that—but by this time the lady had flown out in a rage.

The Stroller actually heard the following between a newly arrived citizen and a small store keeper:

"How much is hay?"

"Twelve cents."

"Only twelve cents?" in surprise.

"Why that's cheap for Dawson. I haven't anything less than a quarter, so I'll take what I can carry and come after the balance tomorrow."

The storekeeper smiled. "Don't you think you can carry a quarter's worth at once?"

"Well, hardly. Hay is bulky, and anyhow, I couldn't carry 200 pounds on my shoulder."

"Two hundred pounds?" in greater surprise than the customer had shown.

"I said 12 cents a pound."

"Great Scott! I never heard hay quoted by the pound before. I really supposed you meant 12 cents a hundred."

Good heavens! I could put a quarter's worth in my vest pocket, couldn't I?"

William G. Jenkins, familiarly known as "Jenks," made a disastrous play against the bank not long since. It is only infrequently that "Jenks" joins the nocturnal revellers; but, whenever he does, he experiences no difficulty in keeping pace with the fastest.

One night during his recent visit to town, he played the limit in the Monte Carlo, and, despite the well-wishes of a fair gaudy girl who sat beside him, he arose from the faro table some \$1500 loser.

Last winter, "Jenks" astonished the dance hall plungers by buying a case of wine for Nellie Lamore. Then wine was \$580 per case. His estimate of Nellie's capacity and his own, for champagne was not miscalculated, for he and

she succeeded in disposing of the entire case.

An habitual drunkard, such a one as lounges around saloons to bum whisky, made his appearance in the police court early in the week. The swollen head, bloated face, red nose, stubby, unkempt beard, husky voice, shabby clothes, and slovenly demeanor, evidenced the dissipated character most generally seen in the cheap saloons of outside cities.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" inquired the magistrate.

"Yer honor, 'twas this way: I've been suffering with fever ever since I came in last September, and I took but one—"

"Were you drunk?" interrupted the court.

"I was sick, yer honor; I was so weak from sickness that I staggered across—"

You plead not guilty, then," testily remarked the judge.

"Well, let me explain. I've a wife and four children depending on me for—"

"Where is your wife?"

"In Chicago, yer honor."

"He has been drunk around the saloons for a month, inspector," volunteered a police officer.

"Taint true, yer honor. I couldn't keep drunk that long if I tried. The bartenders in Dawson never give a drink away. I can prove that," confidently replied the prisoner.

"Why didn't you try to get work?" asked the magistrate.

"Me health has been delicate, yer honor; but I'm better now. Let me go this time, and I'll work. I'll really work if you give me the chance."

"All right," responded the judge, "twenty days."

"Call the next case, Mr. Clerk."

Wrestling and Boxing.

The athletic tournament came off as advertised on Tuesday night at the Palace Grand. A good houseful of lovers of sport had gathered to witness the

affray between Ed. Weymyer and Billy Cooper, since any affair with Billy as a star is usually interesting, even if not strictly first-class. From the delay in raising the curtain it was seen that something was wrong. De Forest acted as master of ceremonies, and coming to the footlights, announced the withdrawal of Billy Cooper at the last moment, on account of a sprained wrist.

Weymyer was to stop Cooper in ten rounds for \$250.

In place of the advertised event, a four-round go was given between the Barnes brothers, who gave a gentle exhibition of love-tapping in three minute heats.

Weymyer next gave an exhibition with Billy Copeland, a lad from Pennsylvania, and who, if in condition, would undoubtedly have well filled the place of the defaulting Cooper. The rounds were interesting, though Weymyer, having trained for Cooper, was too strong for his opponent and had to hold back the force of his blows or work a hardship on the volunteer.

The wrestling bout between Pat McHugh and Silas Archer came off as advertised. Pat was big and fat, with paunch hanging over the waistband. Archer is a colored man, slim as a rail and slippery as an eel. He is the same man who challenged Ole Marsh, the "Terrible Swede," but was barred on account of color. McHugh, by all accounts, has been an exceptionally good all-round man in his day, but his own remark at the conclusion of the first two falls fits the present case. He said, "I guess my wrestling days are over," and no one disputed the point with him. No time was lost in sparring and both went to the mat with McHugh underneath on hands and knees. A little shifting around and Archer got a light half-Nelson and McHugh slowly went over onto his shoulders, the time consumed in the round being two and a half minutes.

The second round was faster and longer. Knowing his wind was short, McHugh rushed things in the hope of downing his opponent by sheer strength. Though McHugh was on top most of the time, Archer at no time was in danger. Every attempt at securing a hold proved futile. Nelsons were slipped, leg and arm holds frustrated, and at last Archer straightened up and rolled his white antagonist over on his shoulders, having no hold but an arm hold. Time, 6 minutes and 45 seconds.

Archer is a tricky and sinewy wrestler, and the sports were heard to express a desire to see him pitted against someone in better shape than McHugh.

A Family Affair.

Is Little Dick going on the excursion?

"Yes."

"Then we shall all have to go."

"Why?"

"It takes all five of us to keep him from falling off the boat."—Chicago Record.

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Grand Forks Items.
Dr. T. N. Rogers has left for his home at Montreal.
They are making extensive repairs at the Butler hotel.
Mr. and Mrs. B. Curtis are visitors in Dawson for a few days.
Miss Dr. Merrill has moved to Dawson. She will be missed among her many friends here.
Gold Hill is very active. All paying claims are taking out dumps, but there are no new strikes on the hill.
Mr. R. Lamb has almost completed his residence at No. 4 above on Bonanza, where he and his family will reside for the winter. Mr. Lamb has charge of the claim.

No. 3 Eldorado is all let on lays. It represents a very lively scene, as the winter work has commenced there in earnest. No. 7 and No. 2 have also begun their winter work.

A musical and literary entertainment of the joint societies of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., will be given next Saturday evening, Oct. 21st, at the Presbyterian church. C. F. B.

We are to have a street at the Forks 25 feet wide. Its course is in front of the Dewey, Gold Hill hotel and the Butler. The cabins that have been in the way have all been moved. This is the ground that Max Endelman is reported to have paid \$6000 for.

The ladies of the Young Women's Christian Association gave a tea at the Presbyterian church last Wednesday afternoon. Those present were: Miss Dr. Merrill, Mesdames Connors, Ferguson, Boyes, Comstock, Charles Perry, Hale, Boggs and Rev. Cox. A very pleasant time was spent together.

Quite Different.
Nodd—I wonder if I shall ever be rich enough to own a steam yacht.
Todd—Um! That isn't my ambition.
"What is?"
"I want to be rich enough after I own one to run it for a few weeks each season."—Detroit Free Press.

New Chance for Trade.
Mrs. Snaggs—Isn't it odd that a French duel is usually harmless?
Mr. Snaggs—Yes; they ought to introduce the American toy pistol into France for dueling purposes.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph

They Wouldn't Pay.
Isn't it awfully difficult," asked the gushing maiden, to find new ideas for your plays?"
"I don't know," replied the successful playwright. "I have never tried it."—Brooklyn Life.

Dr. Duncah, who has charge of Dr. Simpson's practice, has removed to Room 3, of the Hotel McDonald.

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Fine Line of Pies, Cakes, Bread and
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GEISMAN & BAUER, Props.
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Freshest, finest, fattest beef, pork and mutton in Dawson. Wholesale and retail. Special prices to restaurants, steamboats and hotels.
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