

The Klondike Nugget

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NOTICE.
When a newspaper or its advertising space is a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Elrod, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1907.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of anyone stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

THE PRESIDENT SHOT.

Yesterday evening the news was flashed over the wire that President McKinley had been shot by an assassin to whom he was in the act of extending his hand in friendly greeting. The cowardly act was perpetrated during the progress of a reception and although the president was surrounded by agents of the secret service, the hand of the assassin was too quick, and his aim too sure. McKinley has been shot and in all human probability has received a mortal wound—and for what reason? Simply because the government which eighty millions of people consider is best suited to their requirements is distasteful to an individual. The assassin, whose name itself proclaims his foreign origin, is dissatisfied with republican institutions as represented in the government of the United States, and consequently he aims a bullet at the president.

He foolishly imagines that in removing the president he destroys the government—a mistake self-evident to any one who is at all familiar with the foundations upon which the great republic has been reared.

But no matter what the motive may be which prompted the deed, the fact remains, President McKinley has been shot and by this time may be dead.

The knowledge of the dastardly affair has cast a gloom over Dawson only equalled by the sorrow caused by the receipt of the news of the Queen's death. The sympathy which American citizens extended to their British brethren when Victoria died is now returned. Beyond question McKinley has been the most popular president since Lincoln. He has held the affection of his countrymen and the respect of foreign nations as few of his predecessors have been able to do. An earnest prayer will go up from the heart of united Christendom that the president may be spared. His death would be a just cause for sorrow and mourning wherever the principles of representative government are held in respect, and wherever true manhood is admired.

As for the perpetrator of the foul crime, the law may safely be relied upon to punish him. Although in the opinion of the great mass of humanity, no punishment, now recognized, is adequate to the enormity of the crime.

PROBABLY A TOOL.

The attempted assassination of President McKinley recalls the fact that the United States has long been the Mecca of anarchists and other undesirable characters from foreign lands. They have flocked to the large cities of the States and have increased in numbers until they represent a possible source of danger to the safety of the country. Societies for the extermination of the rulers of this earth have been organized and have flourished in spite of every effort to root them out. Anarchistic theories have been preached and spread abroad without hindrance owing to the freedom and liberality of the laws.

In all probability the assassin who has made the attempt upon McKinley's life is a member of some oath-bound association and in attempting to kill the president, was carrying out a task

imposed upon him by lot. His statement that he was acting entirely upon individual impulse does not look plausible. It would naturally be a part of his oath to conceal in every manner possible the identity of his associates.

If it should eventually turn out that the would-be murderer is the tool of some such society, there will be a general clearing out of anarchists and similar vermin such as the States has never yet witnessed.

There is little doubt left that Manager Hawkins has severed, or shortly will sever, his connection with the White Pass company. A confirmatory wire to that effect has been received again today and it certainly appears that where there is such an abundance of smoke there must of necessity be some small amount of fire.

Missourians Walk Out.

Northport, Sept. 3.—Forty-five of the sixty-two Missourians brought here yesterday to take the places of strikers at the Lo Roi smelter, walked out today, asserting that conditions had been misrepresented to them. A purse of \$100 was raised among citizens to send them to Marcus and other points, where employment was promised on railroad construction. The union contributed the remainder of the required sum.

Sheriff Ledgerwood went to the smelter this morning and arrested Deputy United States Marshal Guiton on a charge of pointing a gun at one of the strikers yesterday when the Missouri men were being taken there. Guiton waived examination and was released on \$3000 bonds.

Nothing has yet been done with regard to the shooting affray yesterday between Deputy Marshal Guiton and Deputy Sheriff Anderson, in which several harmless shots were exchanged. There is still considerable ill-feeling, but nothing like the excitement that existed last night.

First Stake Driven.

St. Louis, Sept. 3.—Just four months from the date of the organization of the exposition company the first stake of the World's fair to be held in 1903, to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Louisiana purchase, was driven today on the site at Forest park. Officers and directors of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company, municipal officials and others assembled this forenoon on the site near the structural center of the grounds and there the stake was driven by William H. Thompson, president of the National Bank of Commerce, in his official capacity of chairman of the committee on grounds and buildings.

President David R. Francis, of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company; C. P. Wabridge, representing the committee on ceremonies, and President Hiram Phillips, of the board of public improvements, made addresses.

According to the plans adopted the principal buildings—agricultural, mines and minerals, fisheries, transportation and fine arts—will be built on foundation lines radiating from the point where the first stake was driven.

Very Strange Experience.

"Talking about dreams," said Mrs. Smith as we sat around the parlor, "I once had a very strange experience. I dreamed that I was just stepping out of my house for a walk when a funeral passed by. A man with a cap marked nine and a red scar running across his forehead jumped from the hearse and, approaching me, asked, 'Are you ready?' 'No,' I replied, and with that I awoke.

"A few months later I was stopping in Chicago. I was on the top floor of one of the big houses and just about to step into the elevator when I remembered another thing I wanted to buy. I stopped and looked through my notebook. 'Down!' exclaimed the elevator boy, and then asked me, 'Are you ready?' 'No,' I answered, and the door closed.

"The next instant a great crash was heard, and the occupants of the elevator were dashed to an untimely death. 'The cap of the boy bore the figure 9 and he had a red scar running across his brow.'—San Francisco Chronicle.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

New Furs

We are just opening our full stock of Coats, Caps, Mitts, Gloves, Rugs, Etc. This is not last year's left overs packed away, but

All New Stock

J. P. McLENNAN
233 FRONT STREET

THE YUKON WOOD CHOPPER

Won a Sovereign From the Great W. E. Gladstone

And at the Same Time Won the Esteem and Friendship of That Great Statesman.

A rare bit of experience which we prize more than anything else we can think of just now is how we once won a sovereign from the world renowned Premier Wm. E. Gladstone. It is now close on thirty years ago, that I made the trip to the mother country. And one of the incidents I best remember is making a trip to North Wales in company with a Lancashire cousin. Taking the mail packet at Liverpool we made a quick run to Llandudno, a fine resort on the north coast of Wales. The old city of Conway and the renowned Conway castle, about four miles in the rear of Llandudno are quaint old places, and have a wonderful and fascinating history.

In company with our Lancashire cousin and a jovial Frenchman from Derby, we started early one bright morning to explore the coast road from Conway to Bangor, Maenai bridge and other points. The scenery was most enchanting, and the atmosphere exhilarating, and the distance we travelled almost would to an American have been quite staggering. In our journey we visited Hawarden Hall, the famous park and surroundings of the Gladstone country seat.

Gladstone at that time had achieved fame as a wood chopper. Hearing the ringing stroke of an ax in the woods, we concluded to see who the woodchopper was, and what sort of a job he was doing. He was a man apparently 55 years of age; straight and active looking, without any hat on; in his shirt sleeves, giving lusty blows to a large birch tree. We didn't know who he was, but having lived in America long enough to think that we were pretty smart, we exclaimed in rather a loud voice:

"Hello, Johnny Bull, yer' making a rather sorry job of cutting down that tree."

The woodchopper rested on his ax, and turning slowly towards us—a fine handsome face full of good nature and smiling, he exclaimed:

"Look here, my little man," for I had been the spokesman, "maybe you are conceited enough to think you can do a better job. Would you like to try it?"

I asked how long it would take him to fall the tree. The great premier looked the tree over carefully and then said, that he thought it would take him at least an hour. Quick as a flash I replied:

"I'll bet you a dollar that I can chop down that tree in twenty minutes."

The premier looked at me good naturedly and said:

"You're a little man physically, but large in conceit. I'm not much of a betting man. I'll give you a sovereign if you can chop down that tree in twenty minutes, and if you don't do it in that time you are to cut it down for nothing."

"Agreed," said I, and I flung my coat at my Lancashire cousin, and my hat at the Frenchman, and went at it in true Yankee style.

In just 17 and 30 seconds I had felled the tree, and Gladstone looked on with much interest and surprise in his honest countenance. No sooner was the job done, than out came the sovereign.

"Surely," said he, "you're a regular Yankee, and you've got the right kind of grit."

I told him that I was English born, but had lived in America and served in the great civil war, and had become a real American.

"But," said I, as I pocketed the sovereign, "who are you, and what's your name. You know a Yankee always likes to ask questions."

"Well," said the great premier—a wide grin expressing his fine features, "my name? Gladstone and I live at the hall yonder. Come with me to the hall and we'll have a bit of lunch." The great chancellor took me

by the arm, and the Lancashire cousin and the Frenchman followed on behind. We were introduced by the great man to the lady of Hawarden hall; Mrs. Gladstone.

And such a lunch as we had! Good sweet milk, home-made bread and cold roast mutton; good enough for a king. After being shown the family library and other matters of interest, we left our card at Hawarden, with a standing invitation to call and see the great statesman either at Hawarden or London any time.

Ten or twelve years later I stopped at the Downing street residence of the premier of England, and sent up my card—simply, Richard Dobson, Niles, Mich., U. S. A.

I was soon ushered into the private room of the renowned Gladstone. "Ah," said he, "my little woodchopper from Michigan."

I showed the premier the sovereign that I had won from him for which I wouldn't take a Kentucky farm, and he told me that it was well earned, and that he had got the worth of his money, for he had had that same tree made into furniture, and the most of it now, was at Hawarden hall.

RICHARD DOBSON,
Lansing, Mich.

A HUSBAND'S REVENGE

Lands in Jail the Man Who Eloped With His Wife.

From a little mining camp situated near the shores of Douglas island, Alaska, comes a story of friendship, affection, betrayal and elopement, the sequel of which was the arrest yesterday of Frank Stoker, who lies in the city jail awaiting the pleasure of an irate husband, who vows that he will invoke the law in an effort to punish him for eloping with his wife.

Stoker, who is a machinist, until recently engaged in a mining camp on Douglas island, was intimate in the family of W. Forrest, who was also employed in the camp as a miner. On arriving home one evening not long ago Forrest discovered that Stoker and Mrs. Forrest had eloped, taking the steamer City of Seattle, presumably for this port. The irate husband took passage on the next steamer, which was the Al-Ki. He arrived here Saturday and related his troubles to the police. Detective Philbrick was assigned to the case and ascertained that a portion of Mrs. Forrest's baggage had arrived on the Al-Ki. With this crew the officer stationed himself on the wharf and was yesterday morning rewarded by the appearance of Stoker, who came to claim the baggage. He was placed under arrest.

At the station Stoker had on his per-

ARE YOU LUCKY?

It will not be many weeks before the icy grip of winter has throttled the rushing tide of the Yukon, leaving that noble stream cold and silent, and over whose frozen bosom the weary traveler will "wash out" in shuddering loneliness. Last spring we offered a complete outfit for the lucky guesser who came nearest to the time when the heavy hand of winter was removed and the icy fetters were broken. Now who can tell when the river will freeze? To the one who comes nearest the exact time of the river's freezing in front of Dawson we will give as fine a winter outfit as the heart of man can desire. Includin-

- A Fine Coat, valued at \$60.00
- A Beaver Cap, valued at 20.00
- A Pair of Dolge Shoes, valued at 7.00
- A Pair of Fur Lined Gloves or Mitts, valued at 3.00
- A Suit of Heavy Underwear, valued at 10.00

Total \$100.00

You Can Send In Your Guess Any Time Before the 17th of October.

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WANTED—Position as cook in messhouse or on the creeks. Apply Mrs. McKenna, Grand Hotel.

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PRIVATE board by the day, week or month. Rooms if desired. Terms reasonable. Apply Mrs. Mary C. Noble, east side 2nd ave. bet. 4th and 5th sts.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS
BURRITT & MCKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. The Exchange Bldg., First Avenue, Dawson. Telephone 172.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.

PATULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc.—Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

MINING ENGINEERS.
J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mines laid out or managed. Prospecting valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and 44 below discovery, Hunker Creek.

SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge (T. V. A. F. & A. M.) will be held at Masonic Hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday or on before full moon at 8:00 p. m. J. A. Donald, Secy. C. H. Wells, W. M.

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10. Full Set Teeth, Gold, 30.00

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