

The Klondike Nugget

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Notice: When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a low price, it is a practical admission of its weakness. The Klondike Nugget asks a good price for its space and in justification thereof...

Letters: And don't forget to send the Klondike Nugget your letters on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday in Dawson, Yukon, and other places.

From Friday's Daily: VERY COARSE. Of the many war perpetrations worked by the News during its life on its readers the one which appeared yesterday evening under a four-column, poster type heading entitled "Black Sullivan's Barges Wrecked," was the most palpable...

Cricket: The rain which fell intermittently Wednesday ceased altogether late in the afternoon leaving the atmosphere and ground in excellent condition for the game of cricket between Nomany's and Police teams, which was played in the evening. A large crowd was in attendance and thoroughly enjoyed the game which was considered a first class exhibition especially on the part of the bowlers.

Herb Wilson who at the game Saturday made one of the best scores, having 36 runs to his credit, was bowled out by Sparrow on the second throw without making a score. J. Newton Story made the best score of the game, making nine runs. He was closely followed by Mack with a score of eight. Stillman who made at the previous game the biggest score, numbering 41 points, could only get four before being bowled out. The bowlers controlled the game from start to finish which will readily be seen by the way the batters were held down.

Turned Hose on Them: Chicago, July 11.—Followers of John Alexander Dowie attempted to hold another meeting at Evanston last night and were roughly handled. In addition to being pelted with eggs and decayed vegetables, they were drenched with a four-inch stream of water from a fire engine and driven in disorder from the town.

The fire engines attack was ordered by the mayor as a last resort, after the Dowies flatly refused to withdraw. He first, in order to protect them from the mob, attempted to disperse them with the entire police force. They, however, stubbornly stood their ground in the face of a police charge. The fire engine then turned a stream on the Dowies, and women and men were thrown down and sent rolling in the mud. Elder Pipes and twenty of his followers were arrested and the others fled in disorderly rout from the town.

HOTEL ARRIVALS: M'DONALD: J. G. Morgan, Winnipeg; Miss Cousins, Grand Forks; Hugh B. Gilmore, Vancouver; S. H. Perkins, Geo. B. Moore, Dominion; J. A. Mackey, Bonanza; S. W. McMichael, Toronto; F. S. Betton, Toronto; Miss Gearon, England; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Slavin, E. C. Hawkins, Jas. P. Lee.

FLANNERY: David B. Gibson, Forks; P. E. McDonnell, Dominion; J. Hanley, J. Melon, Bonanza; Wm. Abbott, Forks; John Conway, Forks; F. J. Davison, W. Flemming, Robert Lavery, J. H. Madison, Watson Pils, Wm. Gifford.

REGINA: Chas. Worden, Eldorado; H. S. Wallace, Dominion.

FAIRVIEW: Carl H. Douglas, 30 Sulphur; H. W. Sellars, Gold Run; H. J. Heideman, Grand Forks; C. A. Jamison, 27 Gold Run; Mrs. F. H. Currie, San Francisco.

YUKON: James Gillis, Last Chance; Joseph David, Last Chance; H. A. Faulkner, Dawson; H. B. Pope, city; J. Brimstone, Quartz; T. Sharpe, Quartz; J. Ben Lewis, King Solomon Hill; H. Kalsen, Gold Run.

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Carpets, Linoleums, Oil Cloths Just Received J. P. McLENNAN

Since writing you we learn that the report emanating in Seattle of our barges being in trouble is all false. Our latest wire from Dunsenir & Son says they have not only reached Kadlak but Dutch Harbor in safety. From Dutch Harbor to St. Michael the coast would be closely followed and on any indication of a storm shelter would be sought in one of the many harbors which line the shore. The News' telegram says the barges were laden with heavy cargoes. The truth of the matter is that, aside from wood, closely battened and stanchioned

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Sulphur Creek, July 15, 1904. Dear Stroller: While I should be one of the happiest women in the Yukon I am probably one of the most miserable. My days are filled with fearful expectancy and my nights—well, for nightmares, they discount a livery stable. I am a bride of only seven weeks, having come in early this season to marry my husband, as good a man as ever lived, kind-hearted, loving and, between ourselves, he washes the dishes. But he snores to beat any fog horn ever heard on a Puget sound sand spit. He snores both in and out like a cross-cut saw, the most gigantic, terrific, outlandish snorer that ever snored. What I want you to tell is this: What can I do? I love my husband—I adore him when he is awake, but I never sleep a

minute when he does; I can't for his snoring. For the past two weeks I have taken a quiet sneak after he begins to snore and have gone out and set on a stump and read a novel until 6 o'clock in the morning. Even then I can hear him snore and some times I fear he will blow the roof off our cabin. But now that it is beginning to get too dark to read from 11 p. m. until 1 a. m. I feel that some important step must be taken as I cannot bear the idea of spending the nights of the coming long, dark winter on a stump. And yet I love the ground he walks on. Oh, sir, please tell me what to do, for I do love him so much. Yours in sleepless grief, MRS. —

Now this is a new one on the Stroller who is never troubled by snoring men. Honestly, he is in a box as to what to tell the poor woman to do. He can't invite her to fly to him because he is already married. She might use an ax on her husband but after he hadn't been seen for a few days the neighbors would begin to talk and she would wind up by watching Mollie Thompson in the next room. No, don't kill him. Besides you love him. Ah, here is an idea: Tie one end of a rubber hose on his nose and lay the other end out in the bushes on the adjoining claim and let him snore away. It is worth trying and may bring you years of unalloyed domestic tranquility to say nothing of "prattling footsteps." See? But say! Never wake him up when he is snoring as snoring people are very apt to wake up in a bad humor. The Stroller awoke a snoring man once but hasn't done it since. It was this way: Some years ago when the Stroller was in the callow days of young manhood he was en route to New Orleans to attend the annual Mardi Gras. He was a passenger on a way train from the Florida peninsula to Thomasville, Georgia, where he could take a New York and New Orleans sleeper on the through train from the former place. While yet on the way train and when between the towns of Pinderville and Happy Day the baggage car cultivated a hot box and it was necessary to stop until it could be cooled. Only one person of 20 or more in the smoking car was asleep and he was what is known as a wiregrass cracker who, when curled up on the car seat did not look larger than a 10-year-old boy, his head and feet being about the only portions of him visible, and the way and tone in which he was snoring was frightful to hear. While the train was running the partially fattened car wheels had made such a din that the noise made by the sleeper had been unnoticed but when the train stopped it was a terror. Frogs in the ponds outside felt outdone and quit and the passengers within stormed, swore and raved but to no avail. At length the sleeper was silent for nearly a minute after which he gave a snort that caused the dimly burning lamps to tremble in their brackets, and the Stroller, in a basso-profundo voice, yelled "put him out." Then it was that the bundle on the seat began to uncoil and stand up on the floor. Little by little it got the kinks out of itself and at the end of a minute it stood up in majestic splendor, thin as a pole but 6½ feet high and with a gap in its right hand that looked as big as the hind leg of a horse. There was a cold glitter in his eyes as he

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

raised his gun and directing his remarks to the party in general said: "Put out to me the — that suggested that I be put out."

The silence that followed could have been sliced. After standing in expectancy for fully three minutes the wiregrass gentleman unhooked the joints in his back, curled him self up on the seat and resumed sleep, also snoring, and no more suggestions were made relative to his removal. This is why the Stroller advises the Sulphur bride to not use rude means in waking her snoring husband. A war of words drew quite a crowd to the vicinity of the garbage scow a few evenings since, the linguistic combatants being a son of the Emerald Isle and a sun-burned gentleman of African ancestry and one who makes some pretensions to pugilistic prowess.

mules are always tired and I manage to let them rest at every roadhouse while I go in and get a drink. In this way I have cultivated an abnormal appetite for hooch and I can stop at every roadhouse and have a good excuse for stopping. The mules are always willing to stop and the oftener I stay sufficiently long to make it a double-header the better they like it. Now, when the new roads are finished, if I stop at every roadhouse to wet up people will begin to talk and my boss will hear of it and will lose my job, so I might as well quit of my own accord and spare myself the humiliation of being fired.

"Good roads," continued the teamster, "are all right for the boss, but for me and other fellows who drive mules by the month it makes mighty little difference, for when the roads are bad we are on them and ain't continually loading and unloading our wagons and it is always in order to stop our critters in front of a roadhouse is a very convenient place to stop. When I quit teaming I will strike for a job as porter in a Dawson saloon and if I don't get it I'll go outside and apply

for a job in a brewery. I was a temperate man until I began associating with mules, bad roads and roadhouses. The man who can do that and not cultivate an appetite for raw whiskey has more resolution than I want."

An Idaho Tragedy. Blackfoot, Idaho, July 11.—Walter K. Hilton, formerly of Moscow, Idaho, this evening shot and very probably fatally wounded Frank K. Hitt, a well-known stockman of Idaho Falls. Hitt and Mrs. Hilton had been out driving, returning about 10 o'clock, Hilton, who is a passenger brakeman out of Pocatello, came home unexpectedly in the evening and awaited the return of his wife. When the parties drove up to the house Hilton opened fire without saying a word, five shots taking effect. Mrs. Hilton pleaded for her life and Hilton desisted. He was arrested.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel

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