

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 10
 (DAWSON'S FOURTH FLOOR)
 ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY
 ALLEN BROS. Publishers

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THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD.

President McKinley is dead. The assassin's bullet has done its work, and he who but a few days ago was the chief executive of eighty millions of people, has passed to the Great Beyond—the third of America's martyred presidents. It seems almost impossible to realize the truth. How could such a tragedy have occurred? What could possibly have been within the mind of the wretched murderer that induced him to turn his hand to the destruction of President McKinley? What ruler of all the earth was more beloved of his people, or held their confidence to a greater extent? What statesman throughout a public career covering almost a life time has devoted himself more assiduously to the advancement of his country's welfare? What man in the course of his private life has left a nobler example to his fellows?

McKinley's career has been an open book that everyone might read. He has passed through almost every sphere of public life and come out of the fire with character uninjured and mind untainted, only to be ruthlessly cut down when in the prime of a vigorous manhood and at the culmination of a career the glory of which will live as long as the republic itself.

In this, the time of their poignant sorrow, the people of the United States will command the sympathy of the civilized world. Their beloved leader—the man who after four years of faithful service had been returned to the White House by the greatest majority ever given a president—is dead. He has been taken from them without warning, with no knowledge of the impending disaster, at a time of national rejoicing and during the progress of a splendid exhibition of the great republic's resources.

It is a disaster that passes comprehension. Words are inadequate to express the feelings that must rise within one, when the full meaning of the dreadful affair is forced upon the mind. There is no satisfaction even in the thought that the murderer is in custody and will suffer the extreme penalty of the law. What does it accomplish that a venomous snake is killed after its victim has been impregnated with its poison? The murderer's death will not restore the president to life, nor will it make any the less grievous the burden which those who are left to mourn his loss must bear.

If there is any solace in human sympathy the invalid widow will not lack for consolation, but her grief will be beyond the cure of human agency.

William McKinley is dead. The great republic is bereft of its chief, and the tender and loving wife is deprived of her noble and devoted husband. A fiend in human form has thrown civilization into mourning and in the wake of his murderous pistol he has left a train of fearful eyes and breaking hearts. No wonder the people demand his blood, and small wonder it will be should they drag him from prison and tear him limb from limb. The noble president, the wise statesman, the loving husband has been taken away. For what reason we can not explain. We only know that the president is dead, and in company with millions of others we can only render our humble tribute of praise to the memory of the third in the list of America's martyred presidents.

FROM WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY'S DAILY. MUST BE ROOTED OUT.

A meeting of Chicago anarchists was held on the day succeeding the one upon which the shooting of President McKinley occurred. The miscreants who attended the meeting cheered at the mention of the assassin's name and gave utterance of cries of condemnation when reference was made to the President. That such actions should be permitted to occur at the time and under the circumstances as stated in the report of the meeting seems almost incredible. The people of the United States must be stricken dumb by the tragedy or they would take measures immediately to prevent a repetition of such an occurrence. Liberty of speech and action when carried to such extremes becomes nothing more nor less than license of the worst type. That license must be stopped.

Anarchism must be made a crime and anarchists must be rooted out.

THE BOND OF SYMPATHY.

American citizens now resident of Dawson will not easily forget the cordial display of sympathy which has been manifested by the Canadians of our city since the death of President McKinley was announced. The dreadful tragedy has affected all classes of people alike, irrespective of nationality or creed, they have with one consent given expression to condemnations of the murderer and have united in paying their tributes of respect to the dead president.

McKinley's death is justly a matter for international mourning. Not only because a great and good man has suddenly been cut down, but also for the reason that in his death a blow has been struck at legally constituted authority in all countries. A spontaneous outburst of mingled sorrow and indignation has arisen in every quarter of the civilized world and in no place has this been more pronounced than in the city of Dawson. Words of sincerest sympathy have been spoken by everyone from whom an expression of opinion has been sought. The murderer and the class of organized assassins of whom he is a representative, have been bitterly condemned, and the hope expressed that means will be

death of Victoria, the great sovereign, who through more than half a century had been England's queen.

In that hour of sorrow a wave of sympathy swept over the United States the deep sincerity of which could not be questioned.

Now it is the turn of the United States to mourn and in that mourning, British citizens the world over have claimed a share.

In this community of feeling, another link has been forged in the indissoluble chain which is fast binding the two branches of the race together.

ROOSEVELT'S CABINET.

Some speculation has arisen as to the probable attitude of the new president, Theodore Roosevelt, toward the men who at the present time constitute the cabinet.

In accordance with well established precedent, the various secretaries who have served under President McKinley will undoubtedly tender their resignations. This is the natural course for them to pursue in order to allow the new executive the utmost freedom of action in determining the personnel of his advisers for the balance of the term which he has been so suddenly called upon to fill.

Whether he will ask the present portfolio holders to retain their positions is purely a matter of personal choice with the president. That no immediate changes will be made goes almost without saying. Respect for the late executive, if nothing else, would require that no hasty action be taken.

It is well understood that President Roosevelt has been in close sympathy with the policy of the administration and for that reason it is fair to assume that there will be no wholesale changes in the cabinet.

When Vice President Johnson succeeded to the office of President after the assassination of Lincoln, he retained a number of the cabinet officers despite the fact that his opinions in respect to the great questions then pending settlement, differed materially from those of Lincoln.

William H. Seward acted throughout the Johnson administration as secretary of state as did also Hugh McCul-

loch in the capacity of secretary of the treasury.

Edwin M. Stanton was succeeded in the office of secretary of war by Gen. Grant, but the secretary of the navy, Gideon Wells, continued to act until the close of the term. The remaining cabinet officers were replaced after a comparatively short time.

When Vice President Arthur succeeded President Garfield on the latter's death he retained Robt. Lincoln as secretary of war. The balance of the cabinet were all replaced within a year or two after Arthur took the oath of office.

There is, therefore, no precedent for President Roosevelt to follow, other than to retain such of the cabinet officers as he deems will best enable him to successfully conduct the affairs of the government.

It will undoubtedly add to the esteem in which Roosevelt is held should he determine to retain the cabinet in its entirety.

The announcement that memorial exercises will be held in Dawson in memory of the late President McKinley will be warmly approved by everyone.

REPORTER'S GRIEVANCE

Caused Mrs. Newman to Be Misrepresented by Daily News.

St. Gel-There, Ala., Aug. 27, 1901.

Editor Klondike Nugget:

I wish if possible through your paper in Dawson that you would correct an article written by the reporter of the Dawson Daily News and published by that paper. It was concerning my leaving Dawson in the steamer Monarch for Nome. It stated that I left Dawson under an assumed name, which is an absolute falsehood, as my name appears as plain as my hand can write it on the passenger list of the Monarch as Mrs. S. Newman, which is my name. Furthermore they say I was hid away which is false, as I had stateroom No. 22 and was on board the ship for one hour before she left as Capt. Green can prove.

They also state there was a capias issued for me by one Fespender. Mr. Tozier being his attorney came to me and offered to settle with me for \$300 (three hundred dollars) then came down to \$200 and then to \$100 and in the end took \$50 for which he gave me a receipt for payment in full and I also have a witness to that effect. Mr. Fespender was aware that I was leaving Dawson and had all the chance in the world to stop me. Had it been a legitimate debt I would have paid it.

They further state that I was \$500 in debt. That is another falsehood which I am able to prove when I return to Dawson, which will be before the close of navigation. I had no occasion to hide myself away when leaving Dawson. I have always paid my honest debts and always will. I do not like to receive a piece of cheap notoriety without being there to defend myself. The reporter has a grievance himself which is the cause of the piece. A man who tries to get revenge by writing a person up in the paper, may in some future time be written up himself. Trusting that you will be so kind as to publish this letter for one who has been unjustly accused and thanking you very kindly, I remain yours respectfully,

MRS. S. NEWMAN
 (Better known in Dawson as Sweet Mary.)

DROWNED IN FORTYMILE

August Tache Falls From Raft in Cleghorn Rapids.

Mr. John H. M. Court of the Jack Wade country, who is in the city on business, brings news of the drowning in Fortymile river on last Saturday, September 14th of August Tache. The unfortunate man was coming down the river on a raft from which he fell in Cleghorn rapids. Deceased was from Silver Cliff, Colorado, and was a member of the I. O. O. F.

Delage vs. Wade.

The gold commissioner's court is occupied in hearing the case of Delage vs. Wade, the dispute being the boundary lines of the left limit hillsides off 52 below on Bonanza.

YOUNG DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE

Called to Operate on Young Lady's Tongue for Cancer.

He Found That 'Twas Husband's Scheme to Have Wife's Tongue Cut Out for Deceiving Him.

It was the public press that first gave me a lift as a young physician and surgeon, and it was the same power that almost wrought my death in the same fortnight. I had been very fortunate in a surgical operation in a charity hospital in which many people of social standing were interested, and the newspapers caught up the talk and gave me a fine send off. Not a week had passed before I received a caller who came to consult me about a case of cancer of the tongue. It was a sister of his, he said, who was the victim, and his call was to learn how I would operate and whether I would be free after 9 o'clock on an evening. It was the fourth night after his call that the summons came. A man whom I at once took for a valet came in a cab to tell me that Mr. Gray's sister had consented to the operation and I was to go with him at once. Everything necessary except the surgical instruments had been provided, and in ten minutes I was riding through the streets of London with him. When we finally stopped after a two mile ride, the street, so far as I could make out, was a fairly respectable one, and the house we entered was detached and built of brick and stone. I took no heed of name plate or number, but followed at the young man's heels and was conducted to a room on the second floor. As I entered a sitting room near the head of the stairs I found it well lighted and Mr. Gray awaiting my arrival.

"The patient is in the next room," he said after greeting me, "but I should like to have a few words with you before going in. I wish you to understand that I am able and willing to pay you a very liberal fee."

"Yes?" I said as he looked hard at me.

"You are a young practitioner, and I

have no doubt that a thousand pounds just now, with the good words spoken by the newspapers, will help you to fame and wealth. I trust you will think of this."

"But I can think of no surgical operation to bring me such a fee," I protested. "You spoke of cancer of the tongue, I believe, and the patient is a woman?"

"Exactly. Cancer of the tongue and a woman. You will doubtless find it necessary to remove at least half the tongue. You may not think such an operation worth more than £50, but I have settled your fee at a thousand."

"Has the patient been told that it may be necessary to remove a portion of the tongue?"

"Well, no, but that is a matter for us to decide on. She must submit to our decision. Remember, at least half the tongue and a fee of a thousand pounds."

I was trying to make him out when he led the way into a bedroom further down the hall, and the instant the door was opened I got a whiff of chloroform. On the bed, partly disrobed and covered by a sheet, was a woman of about 35. A single glance was enough to prove that she was classed as a lady, although she was unconscious and breathing heavily.

"You have had another surgeon here?" I said as I opened the door to let the room clear itself.

"Oh, no," he replied. "I simply thought it better to have her under the influence of an anesthetic when you arrived. Good looking woman, isn't she? Too bad a portion of her tongue must come off."

He said these words in such a sarcastic tone that I looked him full in the eyes and began to doubt him, but as he motioned for me to approach the bed I did so and soon had the woman's jaws open and was looking for the cancer. There was nothing of the sort to be found. The tongue was without blemish of any sort.

"There seems to be some mistake here," I said as I turned from the bed.

"You told me this was a case of cancer, but I find nothing of the sort."

"V-e-s," he slowly replied, looking from me to the unconscious woman— "yes, there is a mistake. Instead of a cancerous tongue it is a lying tongue. Instead of being my sister she is my wife. For two years she has been playing me false. You cannot remove the

face, which has worn a loving smile through my disgrace, but you can prevent the tongue from speaking malice."

"Man, you must be crazy!" I exclaimed in indignation. "Is this what you brought me here for—to mutilate?"

"That is it," he replied as he rubbed his hands together. "You cut away such portion of her tongue will prevent her from ever speaking another sentence. I trusted her and believed in her, but she lied to me and dishonored me. To your work, your fee is ready. It is a thousand pounds in hand."

"Good night, sir I am going," I said as I started for the door, but I had taken three steps when I was seized from behind and held as in a vise. Unheeded by me, a second man had entered the room.

"But you see you are not going," laughed the husband as he rubbed his hands again, "at least not until the operation. It is no use being so shrewd. You will either do as I order you to or—"

"Of what?" I asked.

"I will take revenge on you well," he quietly replied.

"Then take your revenge, but have nothing to do with your wife. I think he was satisfied that I was what I said, for after a long look he picked up a bottle of chloroform and a sponge and after filling a syringe applied it to my mode. He imagined I took the situation seriously. On the contrary, I shouted and cried, and it was only after I had been thrown to the floor by the combined efforts of the two men that they ceased in depriving me of my senses. I knew when I was going and I desired in what part of London I was to be taken to. I was surprised to find in a hospital, with a doctor's sign to revive me. I had been picked up on the street by two policemen and carried into the place. I was supposed to have taken too much wine and been run over by a passing car. The hospital was a mile and a half from my office, and I had not been carried to the spot where I was found by the two men and a car. If the husband had meant to have revenge on me, he had thought of it."

"You may be sure I put the case in the hands of the police, but none came of it. They found a score of streets and a score of houses which answered to the faint description I gave, but were sure of none. What fate of the woman was I could not conjecture. Perhaps the husband lent toward her as well and was satisfied with casting her off."

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A KLONDIKE HOME IN 1898.



A KLONDIKE HOME IN 1901.

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