

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

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PRICE 25 CENTS

MILLIONS AT CAPE NOME.

The New Diggings the Most Phenomenal on Earth.

The Wonderful Reports From There Being Daily and Hourly Confirmed—A Poor Man's Camp.

The following letter from Max Roth, correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, now stationed at Nome, is the most complete account yet received:

Anvil City, Aug. 17, 1899.—Editor Klondike Nugget—Dear Sir: Having arrived a few weeks ago from Kotzebue sound, to which place about 1000 of us were enticed by false reports, and almost criminal misrepresentation, I am in a position to give you an accurate report of this district, and its phenomenal beach diggings, within reach of every new comer.

Anvil City is destined to shine in the history of placer mining in general and beach diggings in particular, with radiant colors, overshadowing everything of its kind known to mortals of any age.

I shall not say much of the several streams and gulches so rich with the precious metal, as for instance, Anvil creek, Dexter creek, Snow gulch and others, which are as yet hardly being worked, owing to the lack of help and yet have responded nobly to the touch of the shovel and spade. It was my good fortune one day last week to be present at discovery claim on Anvil creek owned by Mr. Lineberg, a very modest, plain and generous gentleman, when the work was finished for that day, and was invited by Mr. Lineberg to walk through the sluice box over the virgin gold washed out in one day by six men, and it was estimated to be about \$5000 for that day's work; the day before it amounted to \$6000, and is averaging about as much each day; there were among the coarse and fine gold quite a number of handsome nuggets, the largest one worth about \$20, though I have since seen nuggets from the same claim worth several hundred dollars. Nor is that the only claim so rich; there are many which rival it; nor is Anvil the only creek where gold is found in such quantities, but many other creeks, streams and gulches can enter in the same race, and may in time be a question as to which of them will carry off the palm.

The beauty of it is that the richest deposits are only from six inches to about three feet below the surface, where bedrock is found; but it has its drawbacks also, as the streams are shallow and narrow, and unless it should rain now and then water might be scarce for sluicing.

The mines are only a few hours walk from this town, but those few hours are very tiresome. Water being so scarce, boating is out of the question, and everything needed at the mines must be packed either by man or beast through swampy, marshy and mossy ground, but I suppose next summer some kind of a road will lead to those places, and the crust of the earth tapped in such a way that water will be as plentiful as the sand or gravel.

I dwelt longer at Anvil creek than was my intention when I began to write this note, and will draw your attention to those gold fields, the likes of which I never heard of nor read before.

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and are now making many a poor man comparatively rich.

The whole district round about here for about 50 miles has been taken up last fall, and during the winter by a few only was staked out in claims by power of attorney for many a friend, real and imaginary, alive and dead, staking out several claims on each and every one of the creeks, where they should only hold one, the balance being swallowed up by Laplanders and others, which may yet also be a question as to their right of holding such claims, leaving those who came later in the cold. They, as a last chance began prospecting on the beach fronting the town, expecting only to find good colors, and probably a few dollars now and then, but to their surprise, each pan, almost on top of the surface, yielded from 10 cents to \$1 and more, and as they dug deeper, reaching at the depth of about two and three feet very coarse gravel, and a reddish kind of sand, their efforts being crowned with more success. The report of it soon spread like fire. As each small craft arrived with the disappointed ones from Kotzebue sound and unloaded their human freight, the passengers saw as they arrived the novel sight of people digging on the beach and followed the example. Hundreds began panning, then carried out rockers, and finally moving there with their tents and bag and baggage, so that now the bulk of the population is on the beach, working early and late like ants, and taking out from \$1 to \$200 a day per man. It is true that those who take out so much are in the minority, as most of the workers only make what they call good wages—about \$10 or \$20 a day, while some others don't even take out as much as \$2 a day. Who knows whether it is the fault of the man who works the rocker or the fault of the piece of ground they are working. It may be both, but the fact remains just the same that some of them are washing out hundreds of dollars per day; and while they are paying on the claims from \$5 to \$9 per day, they pay on the beach \$1 per hour. No wonder that the mine owners on the claims are short handed and are trying everything in their power to put a stop to the working of the beach, where the people are so many and so close to each other, though stretching away for about a distance of ten miles, that they can hardly tell whether they are working their own little spot or that of their neighbor. It is quite a novelty to see women, wives of miners and business men, rocking on the beach as the men do, and making good wages.

Yesterday was added a page to the American history which will always be a blot on its pages. About 300 miners, who refused stopping their work on the beach, which is supposed to be free to all to a distance of 60 feet back of high water mark, were, at the bidding of some of the rich companies, arrested by the officer in command of the soldiers stationed here, and marched in file, under military escort, to the barracks, and there held as prisoners for five hours. The supposition was that they would be sent either to St. Michael or Sitka for trial, but when the restaurant keepers were asked how much they would charge per man to feed the prisoners, the answer was \$5 per day, and as the blankets for bedding for so many men might also have cost a few dollars, and the ship to take them to St. Michael or elsewhere for trial would also cost something, the company or companies (it is supposed to be the Nome Mining and Trading Company) seemed to realize that they had an elephant on their hands and quite a large one at that, found it to be their advantage to release all the men unconditionally and there ended the matter for the time being. Whether there will be a second act to this huge farce remains to be seen.

Every one of the men who were the actors in the farce, and the business men of the city are all glad that the thing came to an issue at last, as it hung fire for several days, and kept everybody in suspense as to what would be done by the company who were so bitterly against these people making an honest living on land which virtually belongs to them—the people I mean, not the company.

Now, since the miners have gained their point, returned to their rockers, resuming work again, which news will be sent to every civilized corner of the earth, this camp is destined to be a very lively one next season, and we all are expecting to make money before we return again to our firesides at home.

MAX ROTH.

I omitted to mention that we had a prizefight last Saturday night, lasting three rounds.

From Captain Newcombe.

Capt. Newcombe, who brought up the palatial A. C. steamer, the Hannah, was seen by a Nugget man and more than confirms the above report in every particular. He describes in a most interesting manner the method of working on the beach. He says the small 60 foot square plots are staked off by the government and there are more of these pieces of ground than there are men to work them, with the result that there is but little friction or contest.

The men follow the receding tide with their rockers and work at the very edge of the surf until driven back. The men on the beach protest that for 180 miles the prospects are equally as good as where the ground is being worked.

Many men under contract to the A. C. Co. have incurred a liability to a suit for damages by deserting their various posts.

General Manager Wilson, of the A. C. Co., sent word to Mr. Sloss, at Dawson, by Captain Newcombe that the Nome country was proving to be "the richest ground he ever saw."

Governor Brady and Manager Wilson estimate that \$9,000,000 will not cover the amount of gold from these new fields this season.

The people at Nome are living in tents almost exclusively, and a great rush for the steamboats is anticipated when the final freeze up shall turn their eyes towards Seattle. Only a percentage can be accommodated and the balance will have to hustle for themselves.

The captain relates how the cook of the A. C. steamer, Moore by name, quit her on her last trip and now proudly displays \$5000 as the result of his beach work. He quit \$5 per day, but is well satisfied.

On a particularly rich spot another employee averaged two ounces per hour for a good many days.

The whole thing reads like a fairy story, but so did the first accounts of the Klondike, and many Dawsonites who have just come in were misled into, for a long time, believing all the stories of Klondike wealth to be mere hallucinations of miners run stampede mad.

Several parties are showing sand around Dawson which they claim to be the unwashed product of the Nome beach. Gold can be seen with the naked eye.

A letter received by Leroy Tozier from J. W. Worsley, at Nome, corroborated all the foregoing facts as to the wonders of the Nome beach, with much more in the same strain of the creeks.

F. A. H. Fysh and W. A. McDonald, both of the gold commissioner's office, are also in receipt of letters from Nome friends. Both letters contain stories which would pass for fairy tales, was the story uncorroborated as above.

Will H. Timkins is in receipt of a letter per the steamer Hannah which says: "My first piece of beach was only 30 feet and the water drove me off over half of the time. I worked it out all I could in a week and got \$350."

Captain Newcombe says: "During the earlier part of the season the stranded prospectors of the Koyukuk and elsewhere were pouring by hundreds into St. Michaels and were offering their services at any price in order to leave the country. Men who were then mournfully soliciting a job at stevedoring or anything else will now laugh scornfully when you mention work to them."

The beach has proved a veritable God-send to the stranded fellows of the lower country, and placing thousands of men firmly on their feet who were before the strike in an utterly hopeless condition."

Mr. Stevens, who was down there this summer with Ed. McConnell says:

"I ought to have panned once on the beach while I was there because spots were pointed out to me by friends who offered to make good anything short of \$15 per day which my rocker would yield."

Ed. McConnell talks entertainingly of the landing of men and supplies through the surf, which unceasingly rolls upon the beach in a manner which robs the landing of any pleasure. Speaking of the beach he says: "The beach is somewhat abrupt to where it meets the water, and there it flattens out. In the winter time the ocean freezes for miles out. Near the shore, on the flat place I speak of, can be reached through the ice."

"If there is gold anywhere it will be on that flat, which cannot be reached through the rolling surf of summer. Beach diggings are not at all unknown in the United States, there being considerable of it done on the Pacific coast, all the way from Peterson's point, on Gray's harbor, to the southern coast of California. Where the flattened beach under the surf forms an angle under the more abrupt bank would be a good place to drift next winter."

Mr. McConnell also tells of there being little or no tides, but always a heavy swell, which rises high with the wind and never ceases its roar and rolling. At St. Michael there is but one perceptible tide each day.

Nome News On the Hannah.

The A. C. Co.'s steamboat Hannah arrived from St. Michaels Tuesday evening, having made the trip in 13 days, notwithstanding the fact that an accident to her machinery compelled her to lay up for 24 hours below Forty-mile. She carried 250 tons of freight, and but eight passengers, among the latter being the captain's wife, Mrs. O. J. Newcomb and daughter, Maud.

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