

THOUGHT THEY HAD TAPPED A LAKE.

Victoria Gulch Flooded by the Work of Thoughtless Miners.

Imprisoned Water Shoots into the Air Some Six Feet—Miners Driven to the Hills—A Large Flood of Water From a Small Stream.

A strange case of flooding occurred on Friday last on Victoria gulch, which comes into Bonanza at 42 above. There is a fractional claim between Nos. 7 and 8 which is being worked perseveringly by the owners. At that point a small island partly blocks the creek, with the stream winding on each side. Above the island the water has been breaking through the ice all winter. Coming in this way to the surface it froze at once, with the result that a mound of ice formed at last higher than the aforesaid fractional claim between Nos. 7 and 8. This endangered their shafts from the overflow and last week the brilliant idea occurred to the boys of "tapping" the creek at some point below and allowing the back water to run off. No sooner said than done and an inclined ditch was made in this ice. At 3 o'clock Friday afternoon one of the ditch makers had penetrated the ice until it reached his armpits. Underneath his feet the ice sounded hollow and he jabbed his pick through it. He was hardly prepared for the result for the imprisoned water immediately made a large rent and shot up into the air some six or eight feet, wetting the industrious ditch maker to the skin and almost washing him away in the torrent. The creek was flooded in a very few seconds to the depth of several feet and the dismay of all proceeded to fill up the shafts below. Men travelling the trail were driven to steep side hills and for a time panic prevailed. The water continued to run until Saturday when the supply was exhausted; but Bonanza creek had been reached by this time and a new alarm created there.

The philosophy of the unexpected rush of water is apparent. The creek is steep and is frozen top, bottom and sides, thus practically forming a culvert or water main. Like a broken main at the foot of a hill, the supply above is exhausted. In this case the boys are yet convinced from the amount of water which escaped that they unexpectedly tapped a lake, and such is the report of the affair which has been spread. Some six or eight shafts had been filled with water at the last reports.

For Sweet Charity.

The entertainment to be given at the Monte Carlo theatre on Sunday evening, Jan. 29, for the benefit of the indigent poor will be easily the best show ever given in Dawson, and from the outlook even at this early date bids fair to tax the capacity of the house.

There are a great number of people here who have never been able to attend a boxing exhibition who will eagerly avail themselves of this opportunity, offering as it does a chance to see Frank P. Slavin, one of the greatest boxers the world ever saw, who has kindly offered to give his services for the benefit of the poor. An exhibition between Mr. Slavin and so clever a boxer as Professor Rooney cannot help being enjoyed by every one and will enlighten a great many on the fact that the art of self defense is really a science. There will be nothing in such an exhibition that the most fastidious lady in the land could take offense at.

Frank Raphael and Charley Gleason will also spar four friendly rounds and should give a pretty go.

The bicycle race will prove a great attraction as both riders are experts and should make a very close finish.

The other attractions, including the moving pictures and illustrated songs, will complete a bill which for variety, class and cleanliness it would be hard to surpass anywhere.

Mr. E. M. Sullivan, in tendering free use of the theatre complete with the moving pictures has certainly behaved handsomely as he always does when an emergency of this kind arises.

Mr. Ogilvie has given us another demonstration that he is always ready to do his utmost to assist the needy. With two workers like Messrs. Bartlett and Boyle in charge the success of the undertaking is assured. As the entire receipts are to be applied to the fund there will be for a time at least a great decrease in the suffering here caused by want of food and inability to get medical attendance.

COMMITTEE.

Adopted the Child.

The quick adopting of the little girl baby of the deceased Mrs. Mary L. Edgren by Mrs. P. Mosier furnishes food for thought. As soon as it became known that the little cherub was motherless there were no less than fifteen pairs of open arms extended and fifteen motherly hearts yearned towards the helpless stranger. The care of an infant in this inhospitable latitude is a most serious undertaking and besides being at least five times the expense of a similar charge in California, will require the unremitting care night and day of at least one individual. What this means in a land where each person's time, whether it be a man or a woman, is worth \$10 per day is readily seen. And notwithstanding all this there were fifteen ladies eager to take and cherish the mite as if it were their own to adopt it and mother it. It warms one's heart to his kind to witness this struggle for possession of that child by the ladies of the Klondike, yet at the same time we find our indignation glowing almost at white heat at the author of those scandalous lines in the *Miner* which set forth to the world that

there are not more than four good women in the country. Even that four which the *Miner* admits may exist, are scoffed at in capital letters as the Great and Pure Four. And this at a time when fifteen ladies were clamoring for the privilege of devoting the next few years of their lives to the care of a helpless and motherless babe.

Comrades of the Klondike.

Have you, too, banged at the Chilkootee? That storm-locked gate to the Golden Door; Those thunder-built steepes have words built to suit— And whether you prayed or whether you swore 'Twere one, where it seemed that an oath were a prayer— Seem'd that God couldn't care— Seem'd that God wasn't there!

Have you, too, climbed to the Klondike? Hast talked as a friend to the five-horned stars? With muckluck shoon and with talspike, Hast bared gray head to the golden bars— The heaven-built bars, where morning is born? Hast drank with Maiden Morn From Klondike's golden horn?

Hast roared how-voiced by the northlights, Such sermons as never men say? Hast sat and sat with the midnights That sit and that sit all day? Hast heard the iceberg's boom or boom? Hast heard the silence—the room— The glory of God—the gloom?

Then come to my sunland, my soliloquy, Eye, come to my heart, and to stay— Your hand! For a better—a bolder Bared never his heart to the fray— And, whether you prayed or you cursed— You dared the best—and the worst That ever brave man durst!

JEANEN MILLER.

To Sam C. Dunham.

REPLY.

I, too, have banged at the Chilkootee— I have scaled her storm-torn height— And slid down her trail with dizzy swoot, That produced a northern "light," And I uttered a curse and a prayer, Of course God didn't care, For only the devil was there.

I, too, have climbed the Klondike Thro' bog and muck and roots, Till my legs were as stiff as the talspike And the water filled the both of my boots; Have drunk from golden horns, With maidens' night and morn— I acknowledge the corn;

Have heard loud-voiced by the northlights Such oaths as only men say; Have lain awake thro' the midnights, And fought mosquitoes all day; Cursed Klondike—not the iceberg's boom, And paid an ounce for a room, Which filled my soul with gloom.

My friend, I'll come to thy sunland As soon as this long winter's o'er, And I'll drink to thy health in the one land Whether thy thoughts ever soar; And tho' this drouth be the worst That ever humanity cursed, At last we'll banish our thirst!

SAM C. DUNHAM.

Poetical license not licentiousness. I fully appreciate the pathos of this last stanza. Remember that whiskey is \$20 a bottle in this town.

Official Temperatures.

The report from the government observatory for the week ending Wednesday, January 11th, shows two days in which there was absolutely no wind moving in Dawson at all.

	Lowest	Highest	Wind. Miles per hour.
Thursday	40.7	32.0	0.0
Friday	40.7	12.5	0.8
Saturday	19.3	6.2	0.8
Sunday	14.2	6.0	0.0
Monday	25.8	4.2	0.6
Tuesday	26.2	4.6	4.0
Wednesday	28.2	18.5	3.7

The wind of Tuesday and Wednesday will be remembered as upon the days when the thermometer showed during the daytime as moderate as 6 below; yet these days caused more discomfort from cold than at any time during the week, even when the thermometer dropped to 40 below. The absence of all wind at the lower temperature was particularly noticeable and the cases of freezing which occurred were all attributable to getting wet from breaking through rotten ice.

A Denial.

The NUGGET is in receipt of a communication from Mrs. A. L. Reiney in reference to the case of J. L. Bates, who was recently charged with using false gold scales. Mrs. Reiney takes exception to an article which appeared in this paper over the signature of Mr. Bates, wherein he laid the blame at the door of a discharged employe, and intimated that it was a piece of spite work.

Mrs. Reiney states that she is the one referred to as the discharged employe and desires publicly to deny what Mr. Bates has said. She wishes the public to understand that she had no connection whatever with the gold scales; that they had been tampered with long before she left the employ of Bates, and that instead of being discharged she voluntarily left his employ. She also says that Bates refused to weigh out on the scales which he used in weighing in.

The NUGGET does not, as a rule, permit personal disputes to be settled through its columns, but in justice to Mrs. Reiney the above is published.

The Phoenix Prize Waltz.

The "Pink Domino" dance at the Phoenix on Wednesday night attracted an immense crowd but the \$300 prize waltz was postponed one week on account of the absence of the three selected judges on the great down river stampede. However, the Phoenix prize waltz gold medal was hung up and competed for with the result that Ikey Schwartz and Mattie Nicholson were declared the winners, after a long and interesting contest.

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Cabin Robbed.

An Eldorado miner who also owns a cabin in West Dawson returned to town after a two-week's stay on the creek. He crossed the river to his cabin and found that during his absence the door had been forced and the entrance made. Examination of the cabin revealed the fact that the entire contents had been stolen. Among other things a large quantity of bacon, beans flour, clothing, a gun and other articles to the value of \$300 had disappeared. Thus far no clue to the thief or thieves has been discovered. In order to more successfully prosecute their work a cloth had been fastened over the window to prevent the light from being observed from the outside.

A Good Map for 50 Cents.

The Mine Exchange Map of the Klondike Gold Fields should be in the hands of every miner. For sale at the Nugget office. Price 50 cts.

Every Wednesday and Saturday the Nugget is delivered to subscribers. \$2.00 per month.

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