

PROSPECTING FOR COAL.

A. E. Co. Has Men Delving on Rock Creek.

Steam Engine Sent Up to Facilitate Work—Product Is Now Used by the Company for Fuel.

Although mention has been made from time to time in The Nugget of the coal prospects being developed by the Alaska Exploration Company of this city, little more has been said than that the work of prospecting was being carried on, and, in fact, but little more can yet be said, Manager L. R. Fulda of the company, declining to discuss details of the proposition. He stated, however, in conversation with a representative of The Nugget that his company some months ago took an option on a large tract of land on Rock creek, on which coal blossom is abundant. Coal creek is a tributary of the Klondike river, emptying into it about three miles above Hunker. The point at which the company decided to prospect is eight miles up Rock creek from its mouth, consequently about 24 miles from Dawson. For some time the pick and shovel method of prospecting was followed, the result being a large sized dump of "black diamond." Several tons of this coal was hauled to the city and is now being used by the A. E. Co. in heating its large stores and warehouses with most satisfactory results.

"There," said Mr. Fulda, pointing to the big heater in his office in which a fine coal fire was burning, "is a sample of our coal." The coal thus seen in process of consumption was apparently as fine as any ever produced by the Ohio or Pennsylvania fields. It makes a strong, lasting, steady heat and does not form clinkers.

Lately the company has decided to push work in the line of developing with the result that a large engine and mining machine have been sent up and are now being placed in position over the shaft, and from now until the time of the option on the land expires or until it is conclusively demonstrated that coal in paying quantity does not exist, work will be pushed as rapidly as possible.

As to the estimated depth of the vein and of its thickness and extent Mr. Fulda declined to give any information for the present. From that gentleman's demeanor, however, it is apparent that he is conscious of the fact that his company has a big thing in sight, for Mr. Fulda, like any other sensible business man, realizes that an inexhaustible coal mine in this country will be of greater value than the richest gold mine in the district.

The Tourist Cartoonist.

Shortly after I was fired on de mustard job what I had in de San-wakeen valley, I hit de blind for Frisco, and say, dat is de worst place I was eber in for to get a hand-out. I was travelin' by me lonesome dose days—my pardners havin' left me wen de mustard patch; yes, sir, left me, right in de middle of 240 akers of oats, what had to have de mustard picked outen.

Well, if you have been in Frisco you must know de Frenchman's place on Clay street. Coffee John, all de boys eat dere after gentleman Jim get de big wallop. I didn't get a smell of work in de town or out at de Cliff house eider, so I mushes up de line to Sebastapool, what is near to Petalauma, and haint very far from Santa Rosa. I struck a guy to pick prunes, but he didn't see it dat way. So I went over and cepted a job cartoonin' de sheriff in Santa Rosa. Say, talk about bein' swell, why, my feed bill was never less than five plunks a week, and I rented a wheel nearly every night—lots of water millions out on de dobe—see? Dat town is where dis happened wat I am goin' to tell you about. I was workin' me graft for about two weeks wen dey hired a swell guy wat just aggravated from de high school and didn't know dat he was alive. He got so all-fired stuck on hisself dat none of us gees were in it wid him. And wat made me sore was, wen I wrote a story, de guy comes to me an' says, what did you tink of dat punk story wat Willie wrote. I never let on, see? and says it was pretty much on de pig, den de

guy laughs and says it was de worst dat he eber saw. Next day I met de guy "doin'" de trains and takes him over to a iron fondery wat was near to de depot. Says I, Mr. Dorman, allow me to knock you down to our swell reporter. Den I says, Dorman dis is de guy wat is going to rite dat air ship story up. Den I kicks Dorman on de left leg, den I hats my left lamp at him, but after awhile he hooks on, and of all de fills wat ever a native son got dat was de worst. Say, you ou'ter seen de rite-up, and de lustrations was outer sight. De gang got on and dey calls him Airship Coglan, wat was de guys name. About a month after dat I gets a letter from de Frisco Zaminer wat wants me to trow up my job and take de management of de pictnré business. Dat was provided I knowed me bizness. Say, talk about de swell head. I goes ober and tel's de news to de sheriff, wat was my fren, and he says wat did I tole you. I made de pictures and sent dem down, wat was to be my zaminations, see?

Well, I didn't get no ans, and was about to use de railroad pass wen de editor calls me inter his sanktum and shows me a letter from de Zaminer, wat says I aint in it for a minute. Say, dat was a knocker, I was groggy for five hours and didn't eat anyting till dinner time. Say, I was all broke up. Den I meets me frens and dey rubs dere necks and I tink I am jobbed. Den I meets de reporter and he had de sour-domic grin on his phiz and I treats to give him de big wallop. I hadn't read his record and I goes to him de 1, 2 and tree, den de pivot; and, say, I must have struck me head on de composin' stone, fer I was laying in de sack yard and dey was an old hen usin' my cover fer an incubator—and de next day, it rained.

THE FALSE ONE.

(Dedicated to L. T.)

I don't like you any how, I never thought you true,
You had too many sweethearts, and little girls in blue;
You wore too many costumes, and had too bland a smile,
To be a constant lover, and no maidens heart beguile

You were too often petted, and held in loving arms,
You were too often flattered o'er your fascinating charms;
You were too much a hero, had too great a social sphere,
You were too gay and frolicsome in your mad and wild career.

In spite of all your failings though, I gave you all my love,
Thought this world was not your dwelling place, but in the heavens above;
You had completely captured me, in your hands you held my life,
For I had your promise solemnly, some day to be your wife.

You said you had alliances, other pebbles on the shore,
But that I was the only one you really did adore;

That as soon as spring time came again, and the wasup it was done,

We would visit Moosehide quietly, and have the two made one.

Alas! though late, I know it now, your perfidy is plain,
Your treachery in marrying has wrecked my soul with pain;

I trust no more in fickle-man, I know him now of old,
He could not win my love again with base flattery and gold.

I do not want to love again, I do not think I can,
For all such empty promises are only part of man;
I'm broken hearted now and sad, my grief I can't restrain,
But in future I'll console myself in "Remembering the Maine."

U. S. Holidays.

Bonanza, Jan. 1, 1900.

Editor Nugget—Dear Sir: To decide a bet between two "sour doughs" please mention through your paper the national, also the legal holidays of the United States, and oblige THEM BOTH.

(There is no "national" holiday. There are 28 days observed as legal holidays in different states. Three of these only are observed in all the states, viz.: July 4, Thanksgiving day and Christmas.—ED.)

Notice.

All persons indebted to the late Andy Young for newspaper subscriptions or on other accounts are requested to call at the office of W. H. P. Clement, public administrator and pay same.

Warm offices for rent in the A. C. Co. office building. M. I. Stevens, Room 3, agent.

CONSUL M'COOK IN LONDON

Sailed From New York on December 23d.

Will Return to Dawson in April—Slated for Increase of Salary—None in the East.

Deputy United States Consul John Q. Adams is just in receipt of a letter from Consul McCook, written by that gentleman while in the national capital early in the preceding month. The letter states that the writer, while in Washington was besieged for news regarding the Nome country. The letter intimates that a general Nome fever has broken out not only in Washington, where the interest reaches from officials down along the line to porters, but all over the coast. Mr. McCook says that many thousands will come west and north to the new Eldorado, which, he says, will be the greatest camp known in mining history by the middle of the present year.

While in Washington Mr. McCook presented himself to the powers that be and the result of that presentation and accompanying interview is, the consulate says, that he is slated for a material advance in salary.

The letter states that the writer was to sail December 23 from New York for London, which place he has doubtless reached ere this. Mr. McCook will remain abroad from four to six weeks. Returning to America, he will visit Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and other Canadian cities before coming west. It is his intention, the letter states, to reach Dawson sometime in April, coming over the ice from Bennett.

Fuel Destroyer.

Last week an article appeared in The Nugget to the effect that the bill for one week's fuel at the Monte Carlo was \$240. This is indeed a large amount to expend for fuel in so short a period, but the Monte Carlo is not in it as compared with the electric light and power house, which according to Mr. J. A. Williams, one of the proprietors, consumes 10 cords of wood every night, which at the present low rate of \$18 per cord, foots up \$1,260 per week, but as the company probably does not pay but \$150 per cord, it still leaves the amount \$1050 per week.

From Eldorado.

Mr. Joe Putraw, the popular superintendent of No. 16 Eldorado, was on New Year's eve, the recipient of a magnificent five-carat diamond ring from the employes of the claim, 40 in number. It was presented by Mr. Ed Shea, better known as 'Uncle Ned,' with a graceful speech expressive of their appreciation of Mr. Putraw's many kindnesses to them. Mr. Putraw's gratitude was too strong for words—he had no

answering speech ready in reply—but his few words showed far more how deeply he felt and appreciated his gift.

He says he is going to have each of the parties' names engraved in full on the inside. After enjoying speeches, music, singing, and refreshments the merry party dispersed, welcoming the new year in and wishing the host many happy returns of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Higgins, of No. 16 Eldorado, entertained at dinner New Year's, Mr. Desmera of Grand Forks, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Turbly of 17, and Mr. J. J. Putraw of 16.

Miss Dorcas B. Coffman was on Christmas eve presented with a beautiful watch, with a diamond setting, by her boarders of No. 16 Eldorado.

A new 40 horsepower boiler has been purchased on the famous Lippy mine and work is being pushed successfully night and day.

Mr. Vergne Gorst of 16 Eldorado, spent Christmas with friends on Hunker creek.

In Re Cold Brook Butter.

Mr. F. A. Ames, is in receipt of a letter from C. E. Whitney & Co., of San Francisco in reference to the Cold Brook creamery butter so extensively shipped by that firm to this country. Mr. Whitney states that any butter packed by them is absolutely pure and is so guaranteed. He further says that any butter bearing the Cold Brook brand, and found to contain impurities has been packed by imposters who have stolen the firm's name.

The letter was called forth by reason of an article which appeared in The Nugget some time ago wherein was published the fact that certain cans of butter bearing the Cold Brook brand had been examined and found unfit for use.

The Wrong Wheels.

When the firemen undertook Thursday morning to set up the chemical engine, which arrived the day before, they ran against a snag. The intelligent watchman on the C. D. Co.'s scows at Scow island had sent the wheels of the hook and ladder truck instead of those belonging to the engine. He also sent the shafts for the truck instead of the tongue for the engine wagon. The fire laddies will send a chromo to the watchman by the next Nugget Express.

Distances From Dawson to Skagway.

Name	Miles from Last Station	Maintained by
1 Dawson		
2 Indian River	28	McDonald
3 Sixty Mile	26	A. C. Co.
4 Stewart	23	C. D. Co.
5 Thistle	20	
6 Tulare	19	Stewart
7 Selwyn	36	Brewster
8 Solikirk	30	B. A. Co.
9 Hinto	32	Fissel
10 Mackay	24	Wilson
11 Cormack	25	C. D. Co.
12 Montague	24	G. D. Co.
13 Chico	20	C. D. Co.
14 Lower Lebarge	21	Brackett
15 Upper Lebarge	32	Brackett
16 White Horse	25	B. A. Co.
17 Lurgin	23	C. D. Co.
18 Cariboo	16	C. D. Co.
19 Bennett	28	Yukon Hotel
20 Skagway	41	Earnie Miller
Total Distance	495	

WE have the most complete job printing plant between Seattle and the North Pole. Call and get our prices before ordering—we will save you money. The Klondike Nugget, Third Street, between Third and Fourth avenues.