

DOMINION CREEK BOOMING

And Will Yield a Large Amount of Gold.

Careful Review of the Work Now in Progress and in Contemplation—Everybody Busy.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.
Lower Dominion will take first place in activity, of any other outer creeks. From lower discovery and vicinity to 82 below lower almost every claim is working or preparing to start in the near future.

Messrs. Hout and Stewart of 35 below upper have their wood on the ground and are overhauling the machinery preparatory to doing a heavy summer's work. Mrs. Hout has returned from a visit to San Francisco and is with her husband on the claim.

Mr. James Bullard has operated a thawer on the upper end of 36 below upper all winter and has out some good dumps. The claim will be heavily worked this summer. Mrs. Bullard and young sons are on the claim.

Henry C. Crook and family has moved to 32a below upper from Sulphur creek. Mr. Crook has charge of the drifts for Joe Barrett on 32 below upper.

Mr. Joe Barrett will probably work more men on 32 than any claim on Dominion. He is operating a self-dumping hoist similar to the Chute & Wills plant on Gold Run, and is doing excellent work. Wood is on the ground and everything made ready for a heavy output. The long disputed fraction between 36 below upper and 13 above lower is being worked and good dumps are waiting for the sluice boxes. This is the fraction that was staked, contested and rumored to have been granted to Swinehart, ex-editor of the Sun for services rendered the government—at any rate some one has the fraction and it is a rich producer.

No. 12 above lower is being worked on the lay system and a number of good dumps have been hoisted.
Jack Felix is doing a little work on 11a and will work extensively this summer. Jack says he will have the newly arrived Felix on the windlass next summer sure.

Speaking of quartz, Messrs. Felix and Coleman have a ledge on the ridge road between the head of Green gulch and Little Dominion. They sunk a shaft 60 feet deep last summer and struck ore that will pay big if a smelter were built in Dawson. Their assays go from six to sixty dollars gold and two to twenty ounces of silver. More work will be done this summer.

Messrs. Duffy and Rosendell are sinking shafts on 11 above lower and getting ready for summer work as are Messrs. Holst, Stark and Ames of 10 above. The latter claim will be worked on a large scale. There is good reason to believe that there is a second and richer paystreak yet uncovered.

Nos. 8a and 8 are worked by laymen and the dumps are good to look upon and the pay is reported fair.

No. 9 above has done light work, but will be opened up full blast during the summer.
No. 6a is burning the ground and taking out considerable dirt. The pay is not rich but there is a good depth of average pay that is well worth hoisting. The same is true of 6 above, purchased last year by Messrs. Henry Wallace and Shropshire brothers. This claim was considered worthless by laymen in '98 and '99, but this winter has shown up good pay in the creek bed and on the right limit bank.

The pup coming in at 3 above lower is a scene of great activity and, with the benches of 1, 2 and 3 above lower support a small city of workers centering around the Nugget roadhouse on two above. A number of thawers are used and several tunnels as well as shafts are used to convey the glittering product to the light of day.

Lower discovery, 1, 2, 2a and 2b, 4 and 5 below are being worked by laymen and they are nearly all satisfied with the ground. Some very good dirt has been drifted out. This is particularly pleasing to the owners of 2 above below, which claim is the one principally responsible for the Mrs. Vincent-Leroy Pelletier failure. Had they but sunk their shaft 50 feet to the left, the papers would have printed a different tale.

Messrs. Donovan and McDonald Bros., of 6 below, are working the ground with machinery and have out some good dumps. This ground netted the laymen good returns for last winter's work and should be a good producer when worked with up-to-date appliances.

Nos. 7 and 8 below are being worked by the owners—a number of French Canadian boys who are piling up the dirt in a manner showing hard work and strict attention to business.

Mr. Reister and partner report fair pay on 7a and are taking out good dumps.

Nos. 8 and 9 below lower are worked by laymen and the dumps are numerous; as are those of 12 worked in the same way.

Nos. 13 and 16 are being prospected as is 17, but 18 and 18a have good pay and large dumps out.

No. 19 below, like the above two claims is being extensively worked, burning the ground and hoisting by windlass, yet the dumps are larger than many claims where steam is used.

No. 20 below has located the pay and will be continuously worked. The owners themselves have done the prospecting and a hard winter's work will make them doubly enjoy the coming fruits of their labor.

Messrs. Gerow and son have recently placed a large boiler on 21. The wood is already there; shafts sunk, pay located and everything ready for a big season's work. From last winter and summer's work it is safe to say, Mrs. Gerow, jr., will be kept busy making gold sacks during the summer.

The pay enters the hillside below 24 which claim has out large dumps of good paydirt, and continues on the left limit to the 80s, although creek claims 30, 34, 35, 73b and 74 below have the pay and good dumps out while 32 and 33 are reported to have struck it rich. This is glad news for the former is let out on lays and at a fair percentage.

No. 34 hillside boasts of an automatic dump and Mr. Newton reports good pay.

Messrs. Larsen, Anderson, Jensen and Dillabough have placed a plant on upper 25 hillside and are starting to hoist good pay.

Nos. 32, 32 and 33 hillside are rich ground and will be heavily worked this summer. Mr. McKay is setting up a sawmill on 33 and sluice lumber will be turned out while you wait.

No. 37 hillside are taking out good dumps. Messrs. Rogers, Halland and partners certainly deserve success, for they have put in some hard licks prospecting, but everything comes to him who waits, particularly if the waiting is spent in prospecting good but unproven ground.

No. 68 is being worked by Frank Wooler and party who are getting out good dumps of fair pay.

No. 69 has the most workers of any of these hillside and all report fair pay.

No. 71a is being made ready for summer work. Messrs. Plotz and McGraw have located the pay and are ready to "go at 'em" with a vengeance.

Messrs. Kerkham and Campbell have located good pay after a great deal of prospecting on 72 and they are now making up for lost time.

Mr. Phil Walsh and partner have moved onto 73b hillside and are sinking on their already located pay streak; a thawer is on the ground and summer will show activity on the claim.

Messrs. Boyse and Baldrick are working on 9a good pay as can be wished for. They have seven feet of gravel that will show 10 cents per pan and so far an unlimited quantity of it. No. 73b is not slow and their dumps are the largest on the claim. Just across the line from them the Murphy boys have out towering dumps on the creek claim and the pay is practically the same.

The hillside from here to 93 have the pay located here and there and give promise of a large amount of summer work. Joe Braxton of 90 below is putting in a dam at 80 and will flume several sluice heads for himself and neighbors. Both 89 and 90 had good pay last summer and 87a found good prospects.

Dominion Creek Enterprise.

Mr. J. W. Willison, ex-crown timber lands agent, has just let a contract for building two miles of flume on lower Dominion which will carry the water from 30 below lower to 80 below and will be sold to the hillside owners along the line. Mr. Willison himself is heavily interested in the hillside adjoining the proposed line and these will all be opened up.

In all probability the unused water will be picked up by the Braxton flume from 80 and farmed out to the claim owners as far down as 90. These enterprises will open up a large number of claims that would otherwise be simply represented and means a great deal for Dominion.

T. C. Healy, who arrived from the outside yesterday evening, is confined to his room seriously ill. Last night and this morning he was attended by a physician. It is hoped that he will be around again in a few days.

THE QUEEN'S CORONATION

As Described by James Gordon Bennett in 1838

When He Was a Young Man With an Eye for Pretty Women—Ceremony Replete in Splendor.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.
James Gordon Bennett's graphic account of the coronation of Queen Victoria, written in 1838, is herewith reproduced in part as follows:

"London, June 29, 1838.—I have seen the coronation of Victoria from beginning to end, in Westminster Abbey and out of the Abbey. It was, without exception, the most splendid sight I have ever seen—full of poetry, beauty, nonsense, sublimity, superstition, sense and grandeur—a perfect potpourri of the ceremonies and observances of Christianity, catholicity, feudalism and the classic ages.

"On the Wednesday morning I called on Mr. Stevenson and received the following, printed on a species of light blue, hot pressed paper:

THE CORONATION
of Her Most (Here Is a Crown)
Sacred Majesty
V. R.
Admit Mr. Bennett
Into Westminster Abbey.
North Door,
No. 132.
NORFOLK, Earl Marshal.

"It took me a full hour to look around and mark out the most remarkable sights in the interior of the Abbey. The venerable gray columns of this Gothic structure contrasted beautifully with the gold and silver decorations of the galleries.

"In a short time—that is to say, at 8 o'clock—the peers and peeresses began to enter. I got a seat very contiguous to that portion of the northern transept which was devoted to the accommodation of the female nobility, and I was quite interested in watching the appearance and looks and dress of each fair dame as she entered. They all appeared in a similar costume—in white dress, with a crimson robe ornamented with ermine. Each peeress carried her coronet in her hand, and when she took her seat she put it in her lap or placed it before her. On the opposite side was the place for the peers, but I took less interest in the creatures than in the she.

"Around the galleries in every direction the crowd of beauty was immense. These were not peeresses, although the great proportion belonged to the highest and most refined orders of society.

"The Abbey contained 10,000 persons, and probably out of this number 7,000 were females, generally beautiful and all gorgeously dressed. Such another sight I never expect to see as long as I live, and I am devilish glad I went there, although I had some intentions at one time to omit the chance.

"The entrance of the foreign ministers was another object of great interest and splendor. Their costumes were as various as they were splendid. The Turkish ambassador looked well, but the veteran 'Old Soult,' as he is familiarly called, brought forth the most attention. He created a sensation on his entrance. There was a peculiar propriety in this sentiment. Marshal Soult had thrashed the English and had been thrashed by them during the last war. Two brave men and two brave nations always esteem each other. Soult won the populace.

"The entrance of the Duke of Nemours, the second son of Louis Philippe, also made a rustling. It is said that a number of the second sons of the kings of Europe have been present, besides several lots of German princes, all looking forward to have a chance for the fair hand of Victoria.

"But of all the sights in the Abbey the entrance of the young queen was the most beautiful and splendid. There she was, walking up the steps, leading to the royal platform, where stood the holy St. Edward's chair, the throne, etc. She looked quite short in stature, but, nevertheless, she bore herself with much dignity. On her brow she wore a dazzling circlet of gold and precious stones.

"Her crimson train, ten or twelve yards in length, was borne by eight young ladies of the highest rank. These eight train-bearers were tall and majestic, and also very beautiful. Their headdresses were adorned with lofty white plumes. It was really quite interesting to see the little girl bearing herself so well. In that part of the building where I stood the ladies expressed a deep interest on her appearance. 'Poor thing, they will smother her!' 'Sweet little girl, they will kill her with grandeur!'

"In truth, the accession of Victoria seemed to have changed the nature of men and things in this land of sturdy liberty. The nation has gone back to the ancient days of tilt and tournament, and loyalty has become entwined with the sentiment of love. England never had before a young, delicate, rather pretty, rather sensible, chaste maiden for her sovereign. The very populace, up to the highest ranks, seemed to consider her as a beautiful plaything, an elegant doll, an enchanting little idol, which creates in the bosom all the feelings naturally excited by youth and beauty. There never was in the world such another scene as that presented in Westminster Abbey. The highest ranks of a great empire—met in that place to express love and devotion to a weak young woman. It was altogether a different scene from that presented by the coronation of an old, ugly, gouty, grasping, old rascal. Perhaps the self-willed and majestic coronation of Napoleon, a representation of which I have sent for publication, is the only one that can produce an equal effect, though different in purpose to that of Victoria's.

"I cannot describe at length, in the compass of a single letter, all the ceremonies. It was a strange mixture of religious, theatrical, beautiful and disorderly proceedings. There were prayers at one moment and clapping of hands at the next; now a holy sermon, and then a noisy hurrah; now a reverent kneeling at the altar, and then a kissing the hand of a fair girl. How I did want to kiss her, too, and I asked my guardian angel, who was basking his purple wings in a flood of sunlight, pouring through the gothic window, whether he could not transport me for a second to the throne.

"Have you forgotten that you are a locofoco and a democrat?" said he, shaking his head, wherewith he shook fragrance from it that filled the whole gallery and revived the fat old lady in pearls that sat near me. 'Besides,' continued by guardian spirit, 'can you forget that your allegiance, your whole heart and soul and all kissing you can do, are due to the beauty of New York—to those western fair ones who, in spite of your admiration of the ladies, are beautiful and lovely, without the aid of foreign ornaments?' With this a dark cloud intercepted the rays of light; I recovered my recollections and found that during the tediousness of these august ceremonies I had been treating myself to a short nap.

"On emerging into the light again I found myself in another place, with the queen sitting on her throne, ready to receive the homage of the peers, close by. I was also still nearer to the beautiful peeresses and could distinguish the maids of honor and the fair train-bearers quite plainly. I never had before such sight of her majesty, and so I set myself to work to peruse her features with the deepest study and attention. I found that she was just to receive the crown on her head, and I had a full and perfect view of this sublime ceremonial.

"The archbishop of Canterbury, a rather grim-looking old fellow, proceeding to the task. At one moment there was some difficulty, as I thought, in fixing it, but as soon as it was on and the signal given the peeresses, all of them, with their own hands, placed the coronets on their heads—the peers the same. Now rose the din, the noise, the shouts, the huzzas, and in a few seconds the deep roar of the people within. It was a singular scene. I stood perfectly unmoved, wedged in between two very beautiful women who were so busy shouting and hallooing, like a couple of troopers, that they did not observe my perfect silence. However, I never about forth noisy, vulgar applause, either at the opera, at the theater, at Tammany hall or at coronations in Westminster Abbey.

"Shout, shout, shout—hurrah, hurrah, hurrah—continued for some minutes. I thought the roof of the venerable Abbey would have been carried up to heaven, and I looked up to see if I could see the clouds. What do you think I saw? Why, the little gothic windows in the highest part of the interior were filled on the outside with numberless beings looking down upon the interior, just as if the clouds of heaven had dropped down the populace of London in large clusters.

"The fact of the matter was this: A great many of the servants and other persons had in some way got on the outside of the upper roof of the Abbey, and there they were looking down from that dizzy height as coolly and calmly as a mob of spirits would look down from the blue vaults of heaven on a fair day. At this moment the sight was sublime.

"On the carpeted platform in the center, called the theater of the Abbey, sat the young queen, crowned in St. Edward's chair. On every side, in every direction, tier after tier, rose the audience and spectators, composed of all the beauty, chivalry and grandeur of England, up, up, up, up to the vaulted roof, on the outside of which were the crowds I have described.

"At night the illuminations and fireworks made daylight over London. I cannot find room to describe these at present.

About Gambling.

Editor Nugget:

In regard to the question of gambling, etc., as affected by incorporation, let me point out that while Regina and Calgary are incorporated in the Northwest territories, yet the administration of law and order is in the hands of the N. W. M. P., where, let us hope, it will remain for all time to come. In these towns gambling is forbidden and no amount of incorporation will now make it tolerated in Dawson by the Dominion authorities who are paramount in such questions. The attempt to ride the incorporation horse through this thin and questionable gap is a fraud and a delusion, but is quite worthy of the chief promoters of incorporation. Let their motives be closely scanned.

In regard to Jack Kirker's work in Kootenay let me say that Jack was one man in a thousand, absolutely fearless, gigantic of size and of great strength and agility. He was not a local policeman, but belonged to the provincial force of British Columbia, an organization like the N. W. M. P., which gave him great powers in his great work.

Stole Her Neighbor's Dinner.

"Disadvantages in flat life?" Mrs. Newbridge laughed. "Well, perhaps so. But then some one's disadvantages was my advantage last evening. So you see it all depends upon the point of view."

"It happened that we had unexpected company to dinner—the Van Meters. You know people who have a dozen servants do not realize what an impromptu dinner means in Poverty Flat, where but one is kept, and it never occurs to them that there might be limitations to a roast ordered for two. Unfortunately there wasn't a roast on this occasion. We were to finish the remains of Sunday's joint, for since Jack and I got back from the Paris exposition we have had to economize. When Marie (our maid is a find we made in Paris) brought me the Van Meter's cards I remembered the joint and I simply gasped. What should I do? As if in answer to my question, just at that moment the janitor's bell rang, and, following Marie out to the dumb-waiter I saw displayed upon its shelves—what do you suppose?—twenty-four oysters on the half shell, four dainty chickens, a box of cakes, and ice cream!"

"Are you sure these things are for us?" I called down the shaft. "Yes, the man was sure—top flat, he had been told. Then it occurred to me that doubtless Jack had somehow had a hint of the Van Meters' visit and had sent the things, so I directed Marie to transfer them to our larder, and I went in to greet my guests much relieved in mind. When Jack came home I had no chance to see him alone before dinner was announced."

"Soup, as only the French can make it, followed the oysters, then came the broiled chickens, croquettes (alias the Sunday roast), salad, dessert, and coffee. Jack looked gratified, but mystified, and the Van Meters left the table convinced, doubtless, that course dinners were a nightly occurrence in Poverty Flat. 'But how did you know that the Vans were coming?' I said to Jack the moment they were gone. 'I didn't know. I hadn't an inkling of it until I saw them here,' he answered. 'Then why did you send the chickens and the oysters, and—' 'I didn't.' 'Then whose chickens and oysters have we stolen?' I gasped in alarm."

"Well, this morning Jack made it his business to find out, and it seems that we had been enjoying our next door neighbors' dinner, while they were regaling their guests on scrambled eggs, and wondering what had become of the feast they had ordered. However, when Jack explained to them what a salvation those things had been to us they not only forgave us, but seemed to enjoy the joke, too."

"But how did it happen?"

"Oh, there are two top flats. I had forgotten that."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Insanity in Ontario.

Toronto, Feb. 14.—Insanity in Ontario, notwithstanding all efforts to provide most modern curative conditions, still continues to increase. At the end of 1900, according to a report just issued by the Ontario government, there were 4,408 insane and 654 idiots in various public institutions, an increase of 68 over 1899.

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