

## LOOKING FOR CLAYSON.

### His Brother Coming into the Interior.

#### Unfounded Rumor at Skagway That Bodies Have Been Located—Police Have no Information.

[From Monday's Daily.]  
Skagway, Jan. 15.—Will Clayson, brother of the missing man of the same name, is in Bennett, intending to continue on into the interior in search of his brother, who there is little doubt has been killed. Clayson is to keep his friends in Skagway informed as to his movements by wire, but no word as yet has been received from him.

The Bennett mail carrier in today from that point states that a report has reached there of the finding of the bodies of two men on the trail near Hutchiku. It is stated that one of the bodies had two bullet holes in it. There is, however, no official information regarding the tragedy and the general belief is that the story of the discovery of the bodies is based upon rumor entirely.

Dawsonites just arrived say that there is no doubt expressed along the trail that the whole party, Clayson, Relfe and Olsen have been murdered and their bodies disposed of.

#### From the Outside.

Jack Reagan, well known in sporting circles, arrived from the outside last night in company with Ned Williams and wife. Last June Jack landed in Nome and things looked to use his own expression as it "I got down on a dead one." He secured a lot, now right in the center of the town and put up the first frame building there, which only took six hours to build. The only set of furniture in Nome today he purchased at that time for \$60, for which he was offered \$200 a week later. Besides his city property, Jack has interests on Ruby, New Eldorado and Shovel creeks, the latter 120 miles southeast of Nome. In answer to a question of how the Dawson boys were making it, he said:

"The fellows from Dawson knew just what to do and how to do it, and they have all made money. Billy Gibson, a partner of Gus Seiffert, made a barrel of money, running a dance hall, with only three girls. Jack McCloud, who left here with Jack, opened a gambling house and cleaned up \$30,000, and has 18 good interests in claims. Charley Cole has a coal yard, and charges \$5 for a 'little bit' sack of coal."

While in San Francisco, he met any number of Dawsonites who were anxious to get back to Dawson. Charley Anderson gave a banquet at the Cliff house to boys from here.

Billy Chappell, will soon be in. He was married recently to Miss May Lamore. Billy tried to have an automobile built in New York that would do away with mushing.

Nellie Lamore bought a house in San Francisco for which she paid \$8000 cash.

Jack passed Nellie Holgate, who was reported frozen severely, and says she is the best "musher" in that outfit.

Jack will wait for steamboats now before continuing his journey.

#### "Prince" Tommy Dolan.

Tommy Dolan, quiet, good natured, easy-going Tommy is bound for Nome. So says Corporal Skirving, who met the "Prince" of Hunker in Lee Pate's place at Fort Yukon on his return from the Edmonton trip. The corporal tells an interesting story of what he saw and heard about Tommy while there, which give's a brilliant hue to his romantic career, for he is leaving the trail smoke behind him with burning money.

Tommy is going to Nome and has two of the best teams on the trail purchased by a dog expert who had unlimited orders. He travels as only a

prince should travel. He carries coffee and tea only for his retinue of guides, cooks, dog drivers, camp makers and trail breakers, while he and his guests drink chocolate. The sled which carries the help's outfit is loaded with first-class provisions, but Tommy's sleigh is a different thing, for he carries every delicacy of epicurean delight procurable at Circle City. The trail is strewn with bottles labeled, brandy peaches, chutney, etc. It seems as if "there's nothing too good for the Irish." His reputation for generosity precedes him and his approach to an Indian village is announced by a gathering of the inhabitants with many small presents of moccasins, and dog fish, and with robes, fur garments and dogs for sale. Tommy's valet quietly disperses these gatherings by giving a "piece of silver" to each one, and the prince is not further disturbed. An instance is cited where Tommy asked a man just from the McKenzie river the price of a parkey he was wearing. The owner of the parkey thought it was worth \$10. "I'll take it," said Tommy, as he dove into his pocket and extracted a nuge roll of bills with a hundred dollar wrapper, but you could just as well have asked \$50. The corporal asked Tommy where he got so flush. His reply was that "I have just sold my claim on Hunker for \$12,000 cash," and he flashed several rolls, all with a hundred dollar wrapper, to convince the corporal that he had it with him, too.

The only danger Tommy will run on his trip is being sidetracked somewhere on the lower river with an attack of gout.

He has with him as guests the Messrs. Samuel Chesterfield Newman and John Augustus Swift, both well known in Dawson, besides a gentleman traveling incog, and a Mr. Anthony, who had just escaped the rigors of the Edmonton trail, and whom Tommy insisted upon joining them on their pleasure trip.

All hail to the "Prince of Hunker."

#### Fulda Was Puzzled.

L. R. Fulda was at the masquerade ball Friday night, not as a dancer but as a spectator. Some time before 2 o'clock two apparitions in masque, both ladies, approached the genial manager of the big company, familiarly chuckled his fat chin and passed on.

"Well," said Fulda, "those ladies appear to know me, but as I can see only their ankles, I do not recognize them." Then, after a long look at the four neatly encased extremities, he continued, "No, I can not remember having seen those ankles before."

#### New Mail Arrives.

A large mail consisting of 22 sacks, weighing 678 pounds arrived Saturday night. It was about equal Canadian and American mail. That Postmaster Hartman believes in dispatch is shown by the fact that the American mail departed for down river at 7 a. m. yesterday. It consisted of four through sacks and two sacks made up in Dawson. The arriving mail was ready for the public at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

#### Equals a Dawson Nugget.

An immense sensation has been created all over Australia by the discovery in Western Australia of a huge nugget valued at \$32,000. On account of its having been found on a Sunday it has been christened "Sacred Nugget." The prospectors are three fishermen. Its weight is authentically certified at 115 pounds avoirdupois. The lump is 15 inches long and over five inches wide, and was found on the surface of an alluvial patch near Lake Wyner, or Wind, three miles from Kanowna. This is not the biggest nugget on record, for the "Welcome nugget," found at Bakery Hill, Ballarat weighed 2217 ounces and was worth \$41,000. A huge stampede has followed to the diggings.

#### For Sale at a Bargain.

Complete steam thawing plant. Four horse-power boiler in splendid condition. Apply Nugget office.

## MINING INFORMATION.

### From Gold Hill, Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks.

#### Extensive Operations Being Conducted This Season—More Men Employed Than a Year Ago.

Large dumps evidence operations on Bonanza, Gold Hill and Eldorado. On lower Bonanza, more dirt has been taken out during the past three months than was washed through the sluice boxes last spring. Of course, this increase in the output is due to the operation of machinery on most of the claims. The creek claims, which have given any prospects, are being worked with full forces of men, and it is unquestionably true that more miners are now employed than there have been during any previous year. Numerous properties on the hillsides and benches are conducting operations, and the gravel from a number of such claims is taken directly to the creek bottom in cars operated by a wire cable.

On upper Bonanza, water is troubling the miners, and owners are engaged in overcoming this difficulty. On No. 14 above, John Trembly has succeeded in ridding his claim of water, and for the past ten days very fine pay dirt has been hoisted. Operations on the hillsides and benches on this portion of the creek are not nearly so active as they are below discovery.

The claim owners on Gold Hill are doing some extensive and deep mining this winter. Most of the properties have larger dumps now than they did a year ago. The great expense which has heretofore attached to the extraction of gold from the gravel may be obviated to some extent by most of the claim owners next spring. Costly preparations are being made to catch the water on the back of the hill, and to hold it for sluicing purposes. If this scheme is successful some of the properties will have immense cleanups.

At least 1000 men are engaged in mining on Gold Hill, and the wages average a little higher than they do on Bonanza. The owners have no trouble in increasing their dumps, for the ground is remarkably dry; but the profits of their exertions will be determined by the water supply in the spring.

All the claims on this creek are being worked. Some few, however, are doing nothing more than enough to represent; such as these are saving their property for ground sluicing during the summer. The most busy place on the creek is in the vicinity of No. 17. There are several road houses and saloons in this locality, all of which are doing a flourishing business.

On No. 16, Putrow is working about 40 men, and he is willing to wager \$5000 that he has more dirt in his dumps than any claim in the territory. He is operating a steam hoist. Recently he purchased a new boiler to take the place of the smaller one which had become useless. There are a number of holes on the claim, which are being worked with windlasses.

On 17, Tom Loyd is working 50 men; he has the most complete set of machinery in the Yukon, and operations are being conducted in a most satisfactory manner. At present there is three times as much dirt in the dumps as was washed last spring. At the clean up a year ago, over 100 men were engaged in shoveling in the sluice boxes, and it is contemplated that at least 300 men will be required to handle the dirt at this season's washup.

On No. 20, the N. A. T. & T. Co. are doing a great deal of work. The wages on this claim are \$4 per day and board for outside work, and \$5 per day and board for underground miners. About 30 men are employed at the present time, but the management expect to increase the force within the next few days.

If there is no scarcity of water for the sluicing next spring, the output of Eldorado will exceed that of any previous year.

#### Fun on Dominion.

A very pleasant party was given at McNeil's road house on Dominion last Tuesday evening. The event was to celebrate and partake of the prize cake taken by Geo. Dove as Uncle Sam and Wm. Goss as Queen of Manila at Card's masquerade. The evening was spent in singing and dancing and closed with best wishes to Uncle Sam and the Queen. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Card, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr and Mrs. Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Miss Edith Robinson, Miss Zirbis, Miss Julian, Miss Mina Holmes, M. J. McNeil and the boys of No. 3.

#### Another Concert.

Next Sunday night will witness the second in the series of sacred concerts to be given at the Palace Grand opera house. The concert will be under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society, of which C. M. Pring is the manager and Carl Lueders director. The splendid string orchestra which performed so satisfactory on the occasion of the last concert will render a still more elaborate program next Sunday. The orchestra numbers 20 pieces and equals any similar organization to be heard in the Coast cities outside.

## THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"I wish I was running a newspaper in this town," remarked a business man to the Stroller a few days ago, "you bet I'd make things hum. Why a fellow came into my store a few days ago and was kicking to me about some little innocent item that had appeared in a paper. He said he didn't care about the people in here, but that if a copy of that paper ever got outside here I would be to pay. I asked him if he meant to insinuate that there were not just as respectable people in Dawson as on the outside, and he said yes, but everything goes here. Now, if I was running a paper I would just show people of that stamp that everything don't go here and that the strong arm of decency and morality is long enough to embrace the people of Dawson just the same as it does in other places. As a general rule the class of people who say everything goes in Dawson are certainly not good patrons of the papers. The man who was kicking to me acknowledged that he had been here over a year and not spent as much as one dollar with the local newspapers in that time. Yet he thinks the newspapers should shield him in every little matter that he may prefer to not have published. If I was strolling for a paper there are several evils existing in Dawson which would be abated; the number of Yukon marriages would be lessened; the names of several men whom I know to have been offered work this winter and who declined it and are now sleeping in bar rooms (look over there behind the stove where some of them have been asleep over eight hours) would be given to the police and they would be pulled for vagrancy; I would roast the ultra sanctimonious law that closes a theater 15 minutes before the last curtain on a decent family entertainment that people have paid to see, merely because 12 o'clock Saturday night chances to pass the grandstand half a neck ahead of the play."

"That kind of journalism is all right," ventured the Stroller, "but may be you would get licked for it."

"Licked," roared the business man, "well I guess the fellow that ever tried that would curse the day he was born. Why, I would rake up everything known about him, publish his pedigree and see to it that the paper went outside. Oh, no, nobody would want to lick me but once. I knew a paper man back in Arkansas and a fellow— What, must you go? Well, s'long."

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