

NEWS FROM JACK WADE.

Affairs Have Assumed a Very Quiet Aspect There.

Excepting a Few Claims, the Creek Has Resolved Into a Grubstake Proposition.

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

Affairs on Jack Wade creek have a very quiet aspect. Contrary to the expectations of last fall, the district is almost abandoned. Claims which six months ago would have sold for fabulous prices, are now almost worthless. Last September it was predicted that the present winter would witness the development of numerous properties, but this prophecy has failed of fulfillment, and probably not a hundred men have remained to test the worth of the famous creek. It is now generally conceded that Wade was overestimated. Instead of comparing with Eldorado in richness, it has resolved into little more than a grubstake proposition.

It is unquestionably true that there are a few rich claims located on the creek; but when considered as a whole it cannot be deemed paying property. Probably the banner ground is what is known as the Ophelia bench, which is situated near the mouth of Ophelia gulch, a pup on the left limit coming in at lower discovery. This claim is owned by a Mr. Anderson and two partners. The depth to bedrock is about 40 feet. The first four feet of the shaft went through muck and then for 30 feet the owners sank in solid ice, at the bottom of which they struck about six feet of wash gravel. Development work on this property has been retarded by water, which is occasioned by the thawing of the glacier whenever fires are built. It is expected that the introduction of steam thawers will overcome the difficulty now encountered in operating this particular claim.

Lower discovery is owned by W. T. Peacock. The ground has been let on lays, but nothing promising has been uncovered.

Dudley McKinnon's fraction, between Nos. 3 and 4 above lower discovery is considered to be one of the few rich claims on the creek. Buckets averaging \$25 have been hoisted.

No. 7 above lower, owned by Mr. Austin and others, is operated by steam thawers; near the side line on the left limit pay gravel has been located.

Billy Chappelle's properties, Nos. 8 and 9 above lower discovery, have prospected well and the development work has been satisfactory.

There is some ground in the vicinity of upper discovery, which, though undeveloped to any great extent, gives promise of pay dirt.

The first six claims above lower discovery are in litigation, but nevertheless No. 4 is being worked to a profit, and on the other five sufficient is being done to fulfill the representation requirement.

The Wade creek gold is coarse and lays close to the bedrock; the paystreak is uneven and irregular. Almost all of the laymen have abandoned the district.

With the exception of the Ophelia bench, the hillsides and benches have proven worthless.

On No. 5 above discovery, Joe Twan has a saloon and a small stock of provisions. There are two other roadhouses on the creek.

A few people who took an optimistic view of the situation, freighted steam thawers to some of the properties, but the gravel did not warrant their operation.

Police Court.

It was a long drawn out session of court held by Major Perry this morning, owing to the fact that people persist in rushing into court before they map out a plan of prosecution or defence, with the result that the good nature of the court is most severely tested at times.

Jams Nansen, a pleasant and inoffensive looking Norwegian, was up this morning on the charge of emptying a pail of slops on the edge of the Yukon river. Nansen admitted that he had not carried the slops out to the prescribed line, but said as the pail contained only thin dishwater he thought it was all right. The arresting officer had not assayed or analyzed the slops but said they looked pretty thick. A fine of \$2 was imposed.

W. H. McDonald had an account of \$165 against W. E. Terrill for labor as a freighter and packer. The case was probably one of the most mysterious in the annals of litigation since the sword play made by Solomon on the occasion of a dispute over a child. Old account books, yellow with age and shattered by the ravages of time were in evidence. Attorney McDougall appeared for the defendant. The plaintiff's case was a poor one, or if not, it was poorly presented and was lacking in support. Dismissal at cost of plaintiff.

A man named Hoffbauer, "Horsepower," as one of the defendants called him, was before the court with a bill of \$187.50 against Jones & Himple, owners of a claim on Dominion. The bill was for labor performed in representing. Both admitted the claim to be just, but each partner seemed to think the other should pay it. Jones denied being an owner in the claim, but partnership papers indicated otherwise. An order was made against the partners for the amount which is to be paid in five days, otherwise a distress warrant will be issued.

Theodore Cruisland, a lad accused of stealing a shovel and a shotgun, was brought from jail for trial. With large tears chasing each other down his cheeks he replied to questions of the court to the effect that, he is not quite 18 years of age, that his parents are dead and that he is rather short on friends. He acknowledged selling the shovel, but said it was given him by a young man named Gibson. He accounted for the gun by saying he picked it up during the fire. The case was continued until this afternoon in order that the boy Gibson might be present.

Superior Court.

In the pre-emptory trial docket for the week in Judge Dugas' court commencing this morning, yesterday being chambers day, are the following cases, and an effort will be made to dispose of them during the week:

Zampatti vs. Hawkes, Atkinson vs. Hawkes, Dyson vs. Hawkes, Irish vs. Hawkes, Lassidar vs. Hawkes, McRae vs. Tinkham, Hopper vs. Hayes, Albers vs. Letournian, Donatillo vs. Ames, Klondike Mill Co. vs. Bourke, Campbell vs. C. D. Co., Courtney vs. C. D. Co., Trombarg vs. Hobb, Lynch vs. Stewart, Pruden vs. A. E. Co., Dougherty vs. Hammel et al., Abramovich vs. Finilver.

At the Aurora.

There is considerable rivalry on these days at the Aurora between Proprietor Tom Chisholm and Head Day Officer Andie McKenzie. Chisholm claims to be the best looking man in town, while McKenzie lays claim to the best shape. Harry Edwards can lay them out on both propositions, but he is too modest to enter for sweepstakes. They are all good fellows, however, and to this latter trait is probably due the fact that when parties arrive in the city from either up or down the river they invariably head straight for the Aurora, thus making it one of the best points in the city for the meek and lowly newsgatherer when out chasing after elusive items.

Lost People.

Inquiries are at the N. W. M. P. station for the following lost people: Benjamin G. Haigh, San Francisco; Michael Henry Ashe, Cork, Ireland; Frederick Carpenter, Wyoming; Bernhard Diepen, San Francisco; John Harrison, London, Eng.; Frank Zikimend, Lake Benton, Minn.; W. A. McFarland, Seattle; Duncan McPhail, West Lorne, Ont.; Capt. James Davey, New York; William Lawrence, Seattle; Julian B. Smith, Los Angeles; Wilfred Robert John Hawtrey, Windsor, Eng.; Dr. Martin, Montreal; Albert McConnell, Toronto; C. Preston, Brooklyn; Silas Alfred Banks, Sidney, Australia; J. G. Johnson, St. Paul, Minnesota; William Quinton Mason, London, Eng.; John Starrs, Paterson, N. Y.; O. H. Becker, Boston, Mass.; John A. Cambridge, New York; M. A. Gralinger, Cambridge, Eng.; M. D. McClure, Cambridge, Mass.; Hans Melten, Portland, N. D.; Peter O. Teydt, Fairhaven, Wash.; A. F. Smith, Montrose, Col.

AN EXCEEDINGLY HARD TRIP.

Railroad Blockaded and Snow at Summit 12 Feet Deep.

Three Men Arrive, Footsore and Weary, 20 Days From Bennett—Dog Feed 60 Cents Per Pound.

Three men—Nugget Express Messenger H. Buckhols, and Messrs. Young and Seaver, the latter two claim owners of 14 and 15, Eldorado—arrived yesterday, 20 days from Bennett, the three previous days having been required to make the trip from Skagway to Bennett. Owing to the heavy snows which is badly drifted in places, the White Pass & Yukon road was temporarily out of business so far as its operating department was concerned when the trio started on their long trip, with the result that the journey to Bennett had to be made on foot and by breaking a trail for the dogs and sled over every mile of the 40. Mr. Buckhols, when seen by a Daily Nugget representative last night said the snow at the summit when his party crossed was from 10 to 12 feet deep and the wind was blowing as it usually does there, at the rate of 400 miles an hour, and mercury 40 degrees below zero. Two entire days were consumed in traveling from the summit to Bennett, a distance of only 20 miles.

From Bennett down this way the first six miles of the lake is very bad on account of drifted and drifting snow, but from there on to Dawson the only drawbacks experienced were from the unusually cold weather and strong head winds which blew incessantly. Mr. Buckhols says the men endured the winds much better than did the dogs, three of the five dogs with which the party started giving out, necessitating their being left behind at various stations along the trail. Fresh dogs were provided, however, and the journey continued to a successful termination. At Lebarge, owing to the unusual severity of the wind, the party laid up for 48 hours and when a start was finally made it was in the face of a howling hurricane.

In speaking of the cutoffs, Mr. Buckhols describes them as being a great improvement over the old all-river route, and this being his sixth trip over the ice, he is certainly in a position to speak knowingly on the situation; but regarding the treatment of travelers over the cutoffs with dogs, he can not speak so flatteringly.

"Aside from the cutoff," said he, "there is an established rate for dog feed all along the route from Bennett to Dawson. The price is 30 cents per pound for dry dog feed, but on cutoff trail they won't sell you dry dog feed. They will not allow a man to cook dog feed for his dogs, but cook it themselves and charge 30 cents for it cooked. Now, eight pounds of dry feed make 19 pounds when it is cooked, and that is what I call the rankest kind of graft. One roadhouse on the first cutoff coming down charged men 60 cents per pound for cooked dog feed, and I advise all travelers to stock up before reaching that part of the route."

Buckhols heard nothing new regarding the disappearance of the Clayton party, further than that six men have been arrested and are being held, four at Tagish and two at Lebarge, on suspicion of being implicated in the mystery.

The Crown Woodpile.

One of the busiest places in the city is the crown woodpile, where a score or more of men and four horses are kept busy "all the livelong day" at the work of converting long wood into suitable stove sizes. Aside from the horse power supplied for the saw, the labor is all performed by prisoners who are all doing time for offenses of one sort and another, each man having a date to which he anxiously looks forward. Some of the dates may be only a few

days, others several months in the future. The men are not oppressed in any way. If physically able, they must work steadily and regularly, they are well fed and warmly clothed, and in many cases, so far as they are physically concerned, they are in better condition while "doing time" than when bumming around outside and striving to exist by their wits and petty theft. For Dawson, the crown woodpile is a good institution and cases are indeed rare in which innocent men are employed on it.

Buckets of Gold.

Dr. L. O. Wilcoxon returned yesterday from a short trip with his partner, Humboldt Gates, to their claims, 8 and 18 on Sulphur. At the latter mine work has been resumed after a short delay caused by the breaking of the thawing machinery. Work on both their Sulphur claims is now progressing rapidly with the most satisfactory results, the paystreak growing very much richer as they get further in, the dirt hoisted on Friday running 20 cents to the pan, while by Saturday afternoon the general average of several pans washed out was 30 cents. Gates and Wilcoxon are increasing their forces and from now on the work will be pushed to the full capacity.

Dr. Wilcoxon visited Gold Hill on Sunday where he asserts that Dr. D. S. Carper has on his claim the most perfectly systematized mode of mining in the entire district. His machinery appliances are so arranged that one man at the mouth of the shaft can easily handle the 600 buckets of dirt which are taken out daily, being hoisted 80 feet. Dr. Carper's claim is a very rich one, as much as \$100 having been washed from one pan.

Dr. Wilcoxon says the aggregate amount of gold washed out on the various creeks at the cleanup will be very much in excess of the general estimate.

A Bear Story.

Only four years ago this winter, according to the annals of an old timer who was here at that time, it was not uncommon to see bears in what is now a portion of the city of Dawson, and the few prospectors who were here at that time had to keep close watch on their caches to prevent their being raided by Bruin. The old timer related an incident that happened that winter to a man who had a cache on the top of the hill above Klondike City. He had built it on posts to prevent dogs from getting at his stock, but had not thought to take the precaution to make it bear proof. Among other things the cache contained several sides of bacon and upwards of a bushel of dried apples. On returning from a trip up the creek one day about the middle of the afternoon he was surprised to find two large bears lying on the ground under his cache, and it took but a glance to convince him that a heavy raid had been made on his winter's supply of provisions. A later invoice of the stock showed that the bears had eaten two sides of bacon and the entire stock of dried apples. The after effects of such a repast were such as to produce drowsiness on the part of the animals with the result that they did not care to return to their lairs in the hills, but stayed on the scene of their late glutinous meal. Not being armed and deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, the victim of the daylight robbery hid himself up into the branches of a tree and called lustily for help. His cries were heard by a brother miner, who repaired towards the prisoner in the tree, who yelled to the rescuer to go back and bring a gun. It took several balls from a Winchester to dispatch the shaggy brutes; but even when wounded they did not appear to recover from their stupidity and resume their normal bear habits. The bacon and dried apples had been too much for them and they died victims of their own greed.

Notice.

Will C. B. Howard please call at the Nugget office.

Call and see our stock of playing cards, leather pocket case with each pack. Nugget office.

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Stampede

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Two Places.

FRONT ST., Opposite -Y. T. Dock

Corner Second Street and Fifth Avenue

Inspect Our Complete Stock of

Merries and Miners' Supplies

at We Have We'll Sell.

Company..