

### OUTPUT OF TWO GOOD CREEKS

For the Present Season as Conservatively Estimated.

### Eureka and Gold Run Scenes of Lively Operations—Many Men Are Employed.

From Saturday's Daily. The Eureka trail has been first-class during the winter. Heavy freighting was done via Gold Run and down Dominion and Indian river, which allowed the miner to get supplies and machinery over at reasonable prices.

There is a roadhouse and store at the mouth of the creek owned by Cleveland & Carroll and managed by Ed. Culbertson.

Palmer Brothers have a large store at the forks and are building a hotel. The police are building a suitable barracks and royalty office. The detachment is in charge of the popular Staff Sergeant Corneil.

So far the government has not recognized the creek and after the river breaks an atirship is about the only thing that could reach there. There is an apology of a pack trail which follows the divide and could easily be made into a good road.

The work done shows an unbroken paystreak from 5 below right fork to 20 above, with dirt that runs from 50 to 75 cents to the bucket—eight pans. The upper part has been prospected with good returns and steady work will undoubtedly locate the paystreak to 40 above, for thorough prospecting has located pay wherever it has been done.

The left fork is not as rich as the right and seems to be in the bed of the creek only eight to ten feet deep and makes one of the best summer propositions in the country.

The main creek from the mouth to the forks from one to three holes have been sunk on each any every claim, but so far nothing to speak of has been found.

The Nugget publishes herewith a summary of the work which has been done on Eureka creek during the past winter. The figures presented below are taken from the report of the mining inspector on the creek:

- No. 5 below, right fork, 2 men.
- No. 4 below, right fork, 2 men, 6000 buckets.
- No. 4 above, right fork, 2 men.
- No. 6a above right fork, set up machinery for summer work.
- No. 7 above, right fork, 30 men, 50,000 buckets.
- No. 8 above, right fork, 10 men, 10,000 buckets.
- No. 9 above, right fork, 12 men, 40,000 buckets.
- No. 10 above, right fork, 8 men, 15,000 buckets.
- No. 11 above, right fork, 6 men, 6000 buckets.
- No. 13 above, right fork, 2 men, small dump.
- No. 16 above, right fork, 1 man.
- Nos. 19, 20 and 21 above, right fork, working with good results.
- No. 24 above, right fork, 2 men, small dump.
- No. 26 above, right fork, 2 men, 5000 buckets.
- No. 27 above, right fork 5 men, 3000 buckets.
- No. 30 above, right fork, 2 men.
- No. 39 above, right fork, 2 men.
- No. 41 above, right fork, 2 men.
- Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13 left fork, ground sluicing this summer.
- No. 18 left fork, 2 men, 3000 buckets.
- No. 3 on 18 pup, 2 men, 5000 buckets.
- No. 4 on 18 pup, 2 men.
- No. 5 on 18 pup, located pay and will put on machinery.
- No. 6 on 18 pup, 4 men.
- No. 1 below, left limit, hillside, 2 men.
- No. 5 below, left limit, hillside, 25 men.
- No. 6 above, hillside, 2 men, 6000 buckets.

The following report concerning the estimated output of Gold Run for the present season is from the books of the mining inspector and is, therefore, as accurate as it is possible to obtain:

- No. 7, 8 men, 12,000 buckets.
- No. 11, 12 men, 5000 buckets.
- No. 12, 11 men, 100,000 buckets.
- No. 12a and 11a, 50 men, 205,000 buckets.
- No. 12c, 4 men, 32,000 buckets.
- No. 13, 16 men, 70,000 buckets.
- No. 14, lower half, 40,000 buckets.
- No. 14a, 4 men, 14,000 buckets.
- Nos. 14, upper half, 15, 16, 17, 50 men, 320,000 buckets.
- No. 19, 20 men, 170,000 buckets.
- No. 20, 15 men, 50,000 buckets.
- No. 22, 10 men, just starting.
- No. 23, 15 men, 25,000 buckets.
- No. 24, 5 men, 30,000 buckets.
- No. 25, 4 men, 3000 buckets.
- No. 26, 9 men, just starting.
- Nos. 27, 28, 29, 50 men, 280,000 buckets.
- No. 30, 5 men, just starting.
- No. 31, lower half, 8 men, 50,000 buckets.
- No. 31, upper half, 8 men, 5000 buckets.
- No. 32, 9 men, 30,000 buckets.
- No. 32a, 2 men, 15,000 buckets.
- No. 33, 13 men, 45,000 buckets.

- No. 33a, 10 men, 15,000 buckets.
- No. 34, 15,000 buckets.
- No. 34a, 6 men, 15,000 buckets.
- No. 36, 11 men, 40,000 buckets.
- Nos. 36a and 37, 31 men, 105,000 buckets.
- No. 38, 3 men, 4000 buckets.
- No. 40, 4 men, 8000 buckets.
- No. 40a, 3 men, 6000 buckets.
- No. 43, 26 men, 110,000 buckets.
- No. 60, 2 men, 3000 buckets.
- No. 61, 2 men, 3000 buckets.
- No. 77, 3 men, prospecting.
- No. 35 left limit, lower half, hillside, 12 men, 25,000 buckets.
- No. 35, left limit, upper half, hillside, 10,000 buckets.
- No. 34, right limit, hillside, 8000 buckets.
- No. 2 on 43 pup, 3 men, 15,000 buckets.
- No. 1 Whitman pup, 3 men, prospecting.

### Touching Him Up.

They make rather an odd looking couple in their old fashioned cutter as they jog over the boulevard, speaking to each other about once in a mile, yet as contented and happy as in the days of their courtship. The other day they happened to be caught among the racers, and there was a new experience.

The family horse, whose declining years have been especially pleasant, pricked up its ears, made awkward attempts at prancing and showed other worldly signs of a desire to join in the sport.

"Ephraim!" said the aged wife reprovingly.

"Tain't my fault," he replied as he wrapped the reins about his hands.

"Tarnal ole fool must be gettin into his second childhood. Whoa, Dexter! Ho, boy, stiddy now! I can't hold him, Anzy."

"Get out of the road with that old crow bait and that old Noah's ark of yours," shouted one of the racers as he pulled alongside.

"Ephraim," snapped the little old woman, "what you hangin on ter that horse for? Didn't you hear that impertinent ruffian. G'ing, Dexter. Tech him with the whip, Ephraim, so he'll know what's expected. That's it. Let him out, Hekety split. He hain't doin his best ticks. Tech him ag'in, Eph. Hi, hi! Now he's movin. Hokey, we're gainin, Eph. Gi! Me the whip, and you stiddy him. Ge-lang! ge lang!"

"Whoa, boy," and the little old man was pulling hard, "whoa, boy! There goes yer bunnet, Anzy."

"What! Ephraim! Quit that pul lin. Quit this instant," and she fairly lifted Dexter with a whole arm movement of the whip. "Are you gettin senile, man? What's a bunnet you've wore ten years? I wouldn't care if it was sot with diamonds." Whack, whack, and they finished strong two lengths to the good.

When the "ruffian" smiled and said it was the liveliest outfit he had seen on the boulevard, Anzy beamed on him, but on the way home she cautioned Ephraim half a dozen times to "say nothin to nobody—it was so disgraceful, this horse racin."—Detroit Free Press.

### The English Coffee House.

The coffee house is every night crowded with men of parts. Almost every one you meet is a polite scholar and a wit. Jokes and bonmots are echoed from box to box. Every branch of nature is critically examined and the merit of every production of the press or performance at the theaters weighed and determined. This school (to which I am myself indebted for a great part of my education and in which, though unworthy, I am now arrived at the honor of being a public lecturer) has bred up many authors to the amazing entertainment and instruction of their readers.

Buttins, the grand archetype of the Bedford, was frequented by Addison, Steele, Pope and the rest of that celebrated set who flourished at the beginning of this century and was regarded with just deference on account of the real geniuses who frequented it. But we can now boast of men of superior abilities, men who, without anyone acquired excellence, by the mere dint of a happy assurance, can exact the same tribute of veneration and receive it as due to the illustrious characters, the scribblers, players, fiddlers, gamblers, that make so large a part of the company at the Bedford.—Connoisseur.

### German Law of Libel.

The German law of libel is a curiosity. An editor recently said in his paper that a certain gentleman "was an unmanly boor," in consequence of which a libel action was brought against the paper. The evidence given seemed to show that the only fault with the expression was that it was not strong enough. The case was taken from court to court in the usual way until it reached the highest tribunal. The final decision was that the editor would have been perfectly justified if he had said that the plaintiff "had acted like an unmanly boor," but since he had said that the plaintiff actually "was an unmanly boor" he had committed libel. In Germany it is libelous to call a man a pig or an ass, but if you combine the two and call a man a pig ass then there is no libel, because such an animal does not exist. The favorite combination among Germans is, we believe, pig dog—schweinehund.—Chamber's Journal.

### In Defense of Man.

Woe to woman who is not always cheerful and in the constant enjoyment of perfect health! There is no room in this world for the invalid woman. She was created to brighten up the life of man, and she cannot afford to be ill or sad. Poor thing! she must have no sorrows, no grievances especially. She must hold a bursting heart, suffer and be silent, and above all, she must always be smiling.

I know that a wife may say: "How can I be cheerful and smiling when I have a husband who never returns home before 1 in the morning?"

But the husband may perhaps reply: "How can I ever care to return home before 1 in the morning to meet a wife who is never cheerful?"

And, in truth, you must sympathize with that man, who, after spending a jolly evening with his friends at his club, returns home at 1 o'clock in the morning and finds his wife waiting for him, suffering from an attack of the blues, or, may be, from toothache or neuralgia. Now, this is what, in justice, you are bound to call devilishly hard on a fellow.

This leads me to a very serious and most important question: Of man and woman, which is the more responsible of the two for the long duration of happiness in matrimonial life? And as woman is forever and ever airing her grievances on the subject, allow me to try and plead the cause of that poor and ever abused creature that Madame Sarah Grand calls "mere Man." Let us chat on the subject in a friendly, cozy, intimate and unconventional sort of way.

You see there is a great difference between human creatures and the other members of the animal kingdom. The female birds, for instance, are plain and homely, all the fascinating power of the beautiful voice and feathers and graceful demeanor was given to the male. He has to win and conquer. Not so with us. Man is the ugliest creature of all that breathes on the face of the earth, and it was woman who was intended to attract man, fascinate and win him. Poor woman, no wonder many of them give up the job at the very outset as not worth their trouble.

Am I not speaking the truth? Is there anything to beat, for ugliness, a man, especially in his present day garb? Is there one part of his attire, from his chimney top hat, his swallow-tail coat, his unmentionables, down to the end of his boots that is not forbidding, an abomination? Man is a guy, a cure, "a perfect remedy for lovesickness. And then he smokes, in some countries he chews, in most of them he sometimes exhales alcoholic odors. Then he is often bald, and, worse, he often, too, tries to hide it by growing half a dozen hairs which he combs across the top of his billiard ball. Yet he calls himself the lord, the masterpiece of creation. Well, so much to excuse women in their reluctance to win that creature. Yet, if she marries him, she has to help man to solve that great and eternal problem: how to be happy though married.

Many intelligent women feel, after the wedding ceremony is over, that a man's love is not secure by a few sacramental words pronounced by a priest in solemn tones and in the presence of ever so many witnesses. She learns that nature has made man different from woman; she understands, as the male bird does, that plumage and sweet songs have a great deal to do to keep happiness alive in matrimony, and that cheerfulness and diplomatic ways will obtain what sulking and remonstrances will always fail to do; that woman is passive and man active; that man is not invariably wrong and to be blamed for his coldness—I do not think that man is half as bad as he is painted by women writers and philosophers, or even by himself.

Ladies, do not constantly blame the men. You have grievances, and real ones, too, in this matter, I readily admit, but they are not of man's making; they are nature's. How many couples, miserable and wretched, would be happy could, or only would, they understand this. But generally they can't; more generally still they won't. And no legislature, no female suffrage, no stormy meeting of women, no violent polemics, no female strikes, will ever put that right. As long as women will not recognize the truth of all this, there will be wretchedness and misery in matrimonial life.

MAX O'RELLY

### Looks Good to Barker.

Sergeant Barker, of the N. W. M. P., returned from Livingston creek last night, where he has been engaged establishing a detachment of the police force, and reports things booming in the Big Salmon country. He says there are a great number of miners there at present and everybody is busily engaged staking claims. There is still 60 inches of snow in that region and as soon as it disappears mining will begin in real earnest. A big rush is expected in the near future. Sergeant Barker left Livingston creek on Sunday, the 13th inst. and munched it to Whitehorse on foot, a distance of 148 miles, in three days and a quarter, a record which will not be beaten for some time to come.—Whitehorse Star.

Latest Kodak finishing at Goetzman's.

### Dwelling in Unity.

The editor of the Miner has paid the penalty which attaches in all instances when a foul-mouthed bully is attacked and shown up in his true light in the interests of the public—he has had spewed all over him the epithets and curses which might be expected to flow from a source poisonous with infective born of a hatred of decency and fair dealing.

However, that is a small matter. The personality of the editor of the Miner is hardly an issue in the controversy. The people of Nelson know John Houston, M. P. P., editor and proprietor of the Tribune, very well. They know him to be a blasphemous bully and a trickster who has stopped at nothing to gain his own ends in a community where his will has been paramount for some time.—Nelson (B. C.) Miner.

### The Pie Foundry.

A man who recently visited a pie factory in Chicago thus describes it: "The day we were there a special run was being made on pumpkin pies, and I looked in vain for any signs of pumpkin rinds. One of the foremen grinned and told me in strict confidence that real pumpkin was never used in pumpkin pies at present except possibly in a few remote and very primitive New England villages. The substitute was a mixture of sweet potatoes, apples and cheap flour flavored with a chemical extract. I tasted some of the stuff and was satisfied he was telling the truth."

"Cranberry pie contains only enough cranberries to 'make a showing,' after the manner of the oyster in the church fair stew. The rest is apple jelly colored red and flavored. I have forgotten the other substitutes employed, but these will give you a general idea of the morality of the business."

"The average output of the factory was one a second, or about 36,000 pies for a working day. The manager told me they were shipped all over the pie belt in specially prepared crates."—Rx.

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Notice to the Public. The public will take notice that from and after this date the undersigned is the only person having authority to dispose of half interest in creek claim No. 5 above lower discovery on Dominion creek, owned by S. G. Kaufman, of Skagway. Neither Leroy Tozier nor A. J. Kronert has authority to negotiate any sale of said interest. Dated Dawson, April 24. HENRY BAATZ.

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SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., Bennett 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.  
E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager J. FRANCIS LEE, Traffic Manager J. H. ROGERS, Agent

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### MINING ENGINEERS.

J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mining land out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and 4 below discovery, Hunker Creek.

### SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge, (U. D.) A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday or before full moon at 8:00 p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M., J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

### LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Between Dawson and Grand Forks, one Eastman Kodak, size 13x22. Camera was in a case with a strap to go over the shoulder. Finder please return to Nugget office and receive reward.

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