

IS HIGHLY SOCIABLE Festivities Continue on Last Chance

Mining and Dancing Seem to Go Hand in Hand—Personal Mention.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Mr. Debey on 2 above has opened his ground this winter preparatory for summer work.

Clark Bros. on discovery have taken out substantial dumps and are still holding. They, too, will operate this summer.

Higlet & Jackson have an enormous dump out on discovery benches, and down in the pup below Payson, Fitzpatrick & Longfellow are still taking out pay.

McLeod & McPhee have a nice dump to sluice on 2 below, and 2a which is being worked by Martin Chasen and partner promises excellent returns. They expect to work all summer.

Mr. Youkin quit work on the benches recently on account of a cough and will work on 14 Bear, where he is interested.

Mr. LaChance on No. 9 from the mouth has a lot of dirt on the top of the ground now but this famous piece of ground will probably never again yield the immense revenue it has in the past. On the lower hill Hamlin & Lovett are doing well this winter—good sized dumps and good pay also.

Pierce & George are steady workers and this year have outdone all previous efforts on 8. At the mouth of the pup here Dr. Brown and brother have taken out a big dump and are still resting.

Seven above the mouth has been worked hard this winter by Mr. Senell and laymen, and the clean-ups will be lucrative.

No. 6 owned by Homer Lammeax and Ellie Widman has shown up well and will likely yield the biggest clean-up of any claim on the creek this winter.

No. 5 and No. 4 have also been worked hard this season and small dumps are scattered here, there and everywhere.

Forsythe & Gorman on the hillside of 6 above have had a very successful winter's work.

Mr. Gustafson, No. 1 above mouth of Last Chance on Hunker, is putting in a sand pump and will operate on a large scale this summer.

No. 4 above mouth will be open up this summer and summer work will be carried on here and there all along the creek wherever the water supply can be utilized.

THE SOCIAL WHIRL. Last Chance folks are social if anything. The winter season is practically over but the terpsichorean festivities will hold out till mud is too deep.

Last Chance bachelors take to taking the ducks to water, and are thoroughly enjoying their new hall. Mrs. C. P. Dolan, whose charming personality has won for her hosts of friends, is quite the leader in affairs social on the upper part of the creek and along with Mrs. Ogburn, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Debey and Mrs. Freeman, has carried the burden of entertaining this winter.

Mr. Charles Johnson gave a party at the O. K. Monday evening in honor of her daughter Blanche who recently returned from the outside. The creek was well represented and a number of guests were present from Dawson. Miss Edith Johnson received the guests, assisted by her sister. There was dancing to music by the Schaffer orchestra, followed by luncheon at midnight. It was one of the happiest events of the season.

Mrs. Geo. Napier returned this week from California where she had been visiting her parents. Mrs. Napier enjoyed her trip immensely and so much improved in health. Mr. and Mrs. Napier will occupy their new home on No. 2 above the mouth. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman have left Last Chance for the season and taken up their residence on lower Doonah, where Mr. Freeman will mine this summer.

Mrs. Nell McNab of No. 1 below expects to go out this spring to visit her parents near Winnipeg.

Mrs. Anne of No. 5 on 15 pup celebrated Mrs. Thomas of the Minto last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Schaefer, 6 above the mouth, do not give many parties, but those favored with invitations to the Schaefer home for occasional evenings are to be congratulated. A hospitable reception and musical treat is always assured.

Phalen's dancing school held at the Bachelor's hall Tuesday and Thursday evenings continue to be well patronized, and her Saturday evening socials invariably draw a full house.

Wednesday evening is the date set for Mrs. Phalen's masquerade ball, and the affair promises to be something short of the "biggest thing yet."

Laundry Brothers, Bowen and Bet-

ter, on 5 above mouth, have engaged the Bachelor's hall and will give a free dance on the evening of the 22nd. Free stages will be run from Dawson. It is understood this is a sort of farewell dance as some of the parties interested expect to move over to Bonanza after clean-up.

The Bachelor Club boys have decided to give a social at the semi-monthly sort of an all-around entertainment—music, recitations, whist, etc., with dancing for desert.

ODDS AND ENDS. Mr. Dolan is about to enlarge the Treasure Hill hotel by the addition of a large kitchen.

It is estimated that Last Chance miners have burned 1500 cords of wood this winter.

The Catholic services are largely attended on Last Chance, and Rev. Geo. Pringle's congregation continues to grow. Mr. Pringle is deservingly popular.

Mr. Cunningham is going to rebuild the Discovery roadhouse this spring. A 30x30 two story structure finished and furnished with modern appliances will be the result.

It is told that a Last Chance claim owner sent down to one of the company stores for a pair of rubber boots recently and that in lieu of the boots received a case of lobsters.

X-RAYS. GOLD BOTTOM. Special to the Daily Nugget.

Miss Evans of Last Chance called on friends here Monday evening.

Timber Inspector D. A. McCrea paid us his annual visit this week.

Messrs. Dilts, Enquist, Fogelstrom and Pope have taken a lan on 38 below.

The Hunker Mercantile Co. has added lumber to its stock of supplies.

Miss Keyes of the Dawson schools spent her Easter vacation with the Howland family on 21 below Hunker.

The visitors who descended into the drifts on No. 23 one day lately seemed to enjoy the mud, candle grease and the experience of being tied with ropes.

There is considerable illness in our midst. Mr. Hansen employed on 21 below is quite sick with pneumonia, and on account of the prevalence of la grippe the Gruman claim, 35 below, also the Swanson & Carlson claim shut down work one day last week.

Easter, 1903, will be remembered as a red letter day in the Yukon by the immense audience that attended the evening service at the Presbyterian church, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The pastor, Rev. Geo. Pringle, spoke briefly and impressively on "The Resurrection."

There was special music by the choir, soloists Miss Mabel Brown and Mr. Broome. A duet by Corporal Cobb and Mr. Godfrey was particularly well rendered. The little folks carried out their part of the program with their usual readiness.

Levee Caves in Memphis, March 20.—In spite of heroic work by hundreds of men, the levee near Pecan Point, forty miles north, is reported to have given way early today and a vast column of water is running through a crevasse 100 feet wide.

Pecan Point is twenty miles north of Trice's Landing, where the first break occurred, and the additional flood being let into the St. Francis basin will cause the waters to rise more rapidly through the lowlands.

The reports of the sufferings of the people at Marion are believed to be somewhat exaggerated. Every opportunity has been given those remaining there to move out of the flooded district, but they decline to leave.

There has been some talk of dynamiting the levee opposite Marion, but so far no action in this direction has been taken.

Chief Engineer Pharr of the St. Francis board left today on the government steamer Minnetonka for Pecan Point and the levees from that place south will be closely watched.

The reported break is confirmed at North Helena, where the waters are rushing through an eight-foot gap in the small levee, flooding the north section and driving many negroes to high land. The residents along the river south of here are becoming alarmed in anticipation of the rise to come when the water begins to fall at Memphis.

The river here today continues to rise slowly, the gauge marking 40.1 feet. This is a rise of one-tenth in twenty-four hours.

The railroad situation on the west side of the river is unchanged. No trains are moving, and it will be several days after the waters recede before the tracks can be put in shape for traffic.

Make Big Hauls. Victoria, B.C., March 19.—Letters from Falkland Islands tell of the success of the Victoria sealers there. The Ola M. Balcom took 2,080 skins in three months, the Beatrice L. Corkum 1,739, the Edward-Roy 1,478, Florence M. Smith 2,300, E. B. Marvin 1,160, and Florence M. Munsie was sighted with 900. The Beatrice L. Corkum lost a boat containing two men 150 miles off the Argentine coast.

A'FISHING IN THE KEOWEE COUNTRY

My friend Wash Bozeman is not a silent man, nor yet is he talkative. In fact, he is judicious in the use of words, and shows discrimination as to the number, the kind, and the occasion thereof. I have known him to fish in silence through the whole of a summer day, opening his lips only to receive the short stem of his crook pipe. Again, I have known him, on a like occasion, to set forth the "harvels" of his experience, babbling as smoothly as does the glancing river water under the Keowee bridge.

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he told me the set. I told Wash that my teeth were good—I saw no reason for an extended explanation.

"Well," he remarked, "that is a blessing, to be sho'. Now, some folks say, no rafe teeth; I ain't a'countin' in the chancy-ware that they totes roun' on thar gums."

"But ole Parson Bowles, he war one of them chancy-ware fellers. I has heard that his front teeth wuz kicked out by a ca', an', I reckon, he jes wore his back uns off a chawlin' of his vittles; fer he war a powerful eater, war that ole Parson Bowles. Didn't know the parson, did yer, squire?"

I had not had that pleasure, and said so.

"Well, I knowed him. He war a good man, but he had false teeth an' a monst'us appetite. I dunno whether the teeth were the 'casion of the appetite or the appetite were the 'casion of the teeth, but they both wuz thar; an', squire, them teeth wuz a double set—they wuz bottom an' top, an' pears like—I disremember, but hit do r'aly pears like—that them plates wuz j'inted at the back."

"No," I interrupted, "they were hardly jointed. Artificial teeth are not fitted in that way."

Wash sighed, and then replied innocently.

"I dunno. I ain't had no experience. I has sho' 'nuff teeth."

"Go on with your story," I replied impatiently.

"Don't hurry me, squire! Don't hurry me! I ain't use to rushin'—my companion calculated. Then he

shut one eye and looked up at the sun.

"Hit war 'bout this time o' the year," he continued, "an' the parson had been ky'arn' on a meetin' at Bethabany, that thar Metherdis' church back yander, at the forks o' the road. He lived 'cross the river thar 'bout three miles back o' them hills, an' when he war a'gwine home he had ter come this way so's ter cross at the bridge."

Well, on the Sat'day after the fust Sunday he had labored with the sinners mightily, an' had fetched 'em comin' an' gwine, an', besides, he had partooked of a mighty good dinner. Tharfore the parson wuz tired, an' the warm sun o' the afternoon kinder made him drowsy, so that jes' he leant over like an' yawned. Yas, as his ole gray nag made the bridge sir, opened his mouth wide, an' them new-fangled teeth, as his'n' draped right out an' fell down inter the water! I tell yer, squire, hit wuz a scrape!

"Fust, he tried ter git 'em hisself—cut a long pole an' fumbled an' poked thar ter night about a half a day. Then he fetched a yell, and thar brought Abner Shackelford. Ab' lowed that, ef they had a rake, them thar teeth mout be drug out, so they went an' got one an' they drug that ole riverbed jes' like they wuz a'curryin' of a horse."

"Did they find the teeth?" I asked.

The speaker shook his head.

"No, much," he replied, "not much they didn't! They wuz a draggin' thar at sunset when I came to see 'bout my 'sethools."

"You helped them, I suppose," I

remarked, by way of encouragement.

"Oh, yes! I got the teeth."

"You did? Why, how did you manage it?"

"Hit war science, squire—pore science an' force o' reasonin'. I looked at hit this er way."

"Et yer wants ter git things outen the water, how does yer git 'em? Yer fishes fer 'em."

"But does yer fish wi' a bare hook? Nary a time. Yer bates, an' hit trizen's on what yer air fishin' fer as ter what yer uses fer bait. Cat-fishes, now, bites wurms, but search have a likin' for minners, an' a Metherdis' preacher's teeth."

"Squire, when I got that fur, I knowed I had struck the thing. I got out some hooks an' a string an' made me a throwline."

"Ab, says I ter Shackelford, 'you go home an' fetch some chicken-fat chicken, fried crisp an' brown,' an', when he had foteh hit, I baited them hooks wi' hit, an' made a cast."

"Squire, I'm doubtin' ef yer'll believe me, but I got a bite right away, an' I yanked them false teeth out'n thar! Yas, sir! Fer a Metherdis' preacher's teeth, fried chicken air the bait!"

The sun was already low, the mists were rising in the valley, and the upland lay in the fading light. A field of the cloth of gold. Far away the cow bells were tinkling, for the cattle were going home.

"Come, Wash," I said, uncoiling my fishing rod, "it is almost supper time."

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