

LATE NEWS FROM BIG SALMON

Which Reports That Country as Being Rich in Gold.

Many Large Nuggets Found, Some Near the Surface—Demand for Labor But Wages Are Low.

The Nugget is frequently asked by mining men for information concerning the Big Salmon river country and is, therefore, pleased to be able to reproduce the following from the late issue of the Alaskan:

W. L. Norrington, of Seattle, returned yesterday evening from the South fork of Big Salmon and gives a good account of that expansive mining district, or of the patches of it that have come under his personal observation. He says that Lowe & Peterson and a man from South Seattle, whose name he could not for the moment recall, have spent \$5000 on lower discovery on Livingstone creek, and have the creek flumed and are ready to do extensive work. He says:

"These men took out of that claim last fall, just in a sniping way, without sluice boxes, between \$5000 and \$6000, and in sluicing over the ground where they had taken this out the day I was there they took out over \$25. The day before they took out a little over \$100 out of a pocket on bedrock, and the day before that one \$25 nugget."

"On this same claim last fall an old California miner named Louis Kezer, pulled a bush of that was growing on top of a boulder and a \$230 nugget rolled down."

"What is known as the Black party has nine men on upper discovery, sluicing. They are just beginning and expect to take out good money this week."

"On No. 1 above, Mike Sheehan has a number of men at work. He has put in a wing dam and a big flume and is just about ready for work. He has taken out some dust in his prospecting."

"Dan Snore, who has the roadhouse at the mouth of the Hootalinqua, has a party on No. 6 above, and expects to turn out considerable, and there are many other parties prospecting their claims to see where they can strike the pay streak."

"The great difficulty on Livingstone is the depth of bedrock, from 25 to 50 feet. Of course the government gets the next ten claims below discovery, the first four of which are supposed to be very rich, and if sold in July will bring good prices."

"Cotinea is another creek that is being worked. This is five miles below Livingstone on the south fork, and heads in the same range of mountains. Good prospects have been found on Cotinea and Louis Kerzer's party are developing discovery. Out of this claim they took about \$500 last season. It is pretty deep to bedrock, and there are many big boulders. They had no derricks or other machinery last year to move these boulders, so could not go ahead. Now they have, and are ready to do extensive mining. There are about three other claims being worked on this creek, and a number of men are prospecting."

"I should say there are about 50 men on Livingstone and 20 on Cotinea working, and others prospecting. How many there are in the South Fork district I could give no idea, as it is a vast district taking in everything on the Pelly west to the Hootalinqua."

G. E. Zinkan, of Skagway, has returned after an absence of two months in the Big Salmon district. He went in over the ice and snow with a sled, and prospected the country, and after carefully considering the situation says the Big Salmon is not a poor man's country. He says further:

"The country has attracted no great number of people. There are three creeks in the district, namely Livingstone, Cotinea and Martin. There are 65 people on Livingstone, seven or eight on Cotinea and scarcely any on Martin. I staked on Cotinea but I do not know just what the property is worth. I got colors but nothing big. Cotinea may prove a hydraulic proposition. So far as I know Livingstone is really the only creek that has yielded any gold, and the yield there is an uncertain quantity so far as I learned. Two claims are being worked and the results of the work on them this spring may prove whether or not they are of value as placer propositions. Should they pay good wages and hire a large number of men I should think they were doing well. As it is they are paying only \$3 a day and board and men are hard to get. That is on the discovery claims. Sheehan, Lowe, Peters and Cavanaugh are sluicing upper discovery

and Black is working lower discovery. No one on any other claims in the district are known to have gotten any gold. Still there may be ground there which if thrown into hydraulic proposition and worked on the wholesale order would prove a good dividend payer."

"Livingstone is staked up and down the creek. Cotinea is liberally staked but there has not been much staking on Martin."

"The recorder's office of the district is at Hootalinqua, 60 miles from the creeks and therefore it is no small task to get to the recorder's."

"In going into the Big Salmon country we took an overland cutoff from Lebarge and traveled easterly, striking Hootalinqua 30 miles out and well up from its mouth. Twenty miles more we were on Martin creek, and only a few more took us to Livingstone. A little distance beyond is Cotinea. All these three creeks flow into the Big Salmon. The trail into the country leads over what is now a marshy and boggy country, and one oftentimes sinks in the mire. It also is hilly, but underbrush is not thick, and the weather is fine."

"There seems to be no wind in the country. Rotten trees which one can push over are common."

"God Save the Queen."

A curious incident occurred at the reception tendered to the Boer delegates on their landing at Hoboken. The reports of the proceedings state that the members of the Native Hollanders' Association were present to show their sympathy for their assumed blood relations from South Africa. As the envoys stepped ashore, these patriotic gentlemen welcomed them with singing "America," a patriotic hymn arranged to the ancient, world renowned tune of "God Save the Queen." The effect on the Boer trio, who knew the anthem well and hated it cordially, is said to have been startling, and the reverse of cheerful and agreeable. They come to the United States for sympathy, and the first thing they were greeted with was an enthusiastic crowd singing the national anthem of their enemies! Their surprise and resentment were soon made known, and a damper was put on the proceedings by the frantic efforts made to choke off the singers. Explanations were then in order, but the disconcerted envoys showed plainly that they painfully felt the omen of the incident. The music of "God Save the Queen" was known all round the world before the United States became a nation as the British national anthem. It is played by military bands whenever a member of the royal family visits a foreign country, and every day at sunset by naval bands on board warships in harbor. When Admiral Dewey was at Naples the Italians were surprised to hear United States musicians play "God Save the Queen" on his ship, just the same as on board the British ship in harbor at the same time. They understood it as a compliment to the British, who also took it in the same way, and thought it very nice of the "Americans." The moral of the matter, however, is that, as the Latin proverb has it, "They change their sky and not their heart who cross the sea." The same old speech, the same old folk-songs, the same martial and patriotic airs—for this is not the only one which our brethren have innocently appropriated—make the same people. Marching to Pretoria to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia" is a favorite in the London music halls just now.—Montreal Witness.

A Pair of Blue Yarn Socks.

"Judge Emory Speer had a wonderful gift of repartee," said a former resident of Georgia, "and in his early campaigning days he frequently impressed that fact upon his opponents on the stump. Years ago, when he was running one fall against Col. Blount for congress, the two candidates made a tour of the districts and engaged in a series of joint debates. As the story goes, they drew an immense crowd of horny handed south Georgia farmers at a certain country settlement, and Blount, noting their rugged faces and homely attire, attempted to score a point against his opponent by depicting him as a haughty aristocrat."

"You might suppose that he was a plain, everyday kind of a man from the way he looks now," he said, "but you ought to see him when he gets to Washington. He's a regular Jude, and if one of you honest, hardworking farmers was to happen to meet him on Pennsylvania avenue he'd no more think of speaking to you than he'd think of jumping over the moon."

"While Blount was haranguing the crowd in that strain Speer chanced to notice that he had on a pair of white socks, and when it came his own turn to speak he began somewhat like this: "My friends, I am greatly surprised that Mr. Blount should have the audacity to refer to me as an aristocrat,

especially in view of a little incident which occurred only yesterday in the town of Macon. We were standing in conversation on the street corner, arranging for this very trip, when a good old country woman approached and endeavored to sell us some socks. They were old fashioned, plain, honest, blue yarn socks, gentlemen, the same kind our mothers used to knit, and when she drew out a pair from her basket our friend, Col. Blount, gave them one contemptuous glance, turned up his nose and walked away. I don't know, of course, but I would wager that he has on a pair of fine, city made white socks at this very moment. As for me, whom he terms an aristocrat, I bought the homely socks he professed to scorn, and—here he pulled up his trousers, exhibiting a couple of blue woolen tops—"I have 'em on right now! Colonel, let's see your socks!"

"Needless to say, Blount collapsed, and that township returned an overwhelming majority for Speer."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

The Masonic Excursion.

The excursion given yesterday on the steamer Tyrrell under the auspices of the Yukon Masonic Association in commemoration of Masonic day, June 24th, was not so largely patronized as the nature of the outing and beauty of the day warranted. As it was, however, the advantage was on the side of those who did go, as they had ample room without being crowded. It was a few minutes past 11 o'clock when the steamer pulled out from her dock and headed up the Yukon. Except one time for wood, no stop was made until Indian river was reached, which was 7 o'clock in the evening. The steamer landed in front of the N. W. M. P. station where a stay of an hour and a half was made, and where everyone took advantage of the fine opportunity to gather wild roses and get bitten by mosquitoes as big as sandhill cranes.

Those who did not have luncheon with them were well cared for by Restauranter Bruce, who had the dining saloon privileges, and by Mrs. West who provided the ice cream and confectioneries.

On the return trip the happy excursionists were regaled with several songs from Miss Marion Tracie and Mr. Tony Sala. At a few minutes before 11 last night the steamer swung into her berth at the A. C. dock, and one of the most delightful outings in the history of the Yukon was among the events of the past.

N. A. T. T. Vice President.

W. H. Ison, vice-president of the N. A. T. & T. Co., left Skagway last Monday on his way to Dawson and the lower Yukon, on a tour of general inspection. Mr. Ison will probably remain in Dawson two or three weeks before leaving for the company's lower river posts.

Mr. Delaney is looking for the arrival of a much larger consignment of coal from the Cliff Creek coal mines this year than ever before, which may, he says, make a difference in favor of the consumer in the price of coal this winter. The company is adding many improvements to the present plant at the mine.

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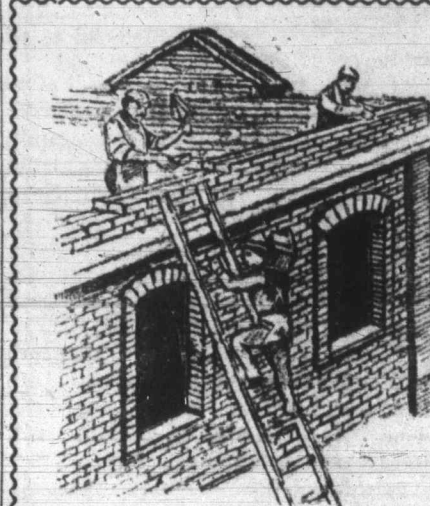
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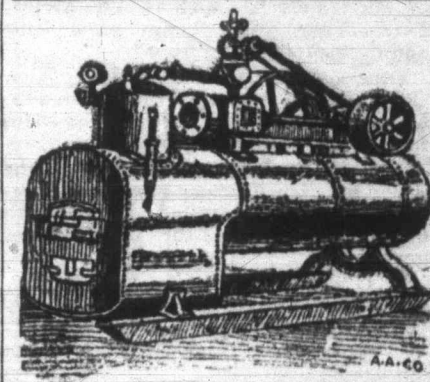
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