

OUTPUT OF TWO GOOD CREEKS

For the Present Season as Conservatively Estimated.

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

The Eureka trail has been first-class during the winter. Heavy freighting was done via Gold Run and down Dominion and Indian rivers, 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 Corneli.

So far the government has not recognized the creek and after the river breaks an airship 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. 6 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. 30 above, right fork, 2 men.

No. 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 set up machinery.

No. 6 on 18 pup, 4 men.
No. 1 below, left limit, hillside, 2 men.
No. 5 below, left limit, hillside, 25 buckets.
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, 35,000 buckets.
No. 13, 16 men, 70,000 buckets.
No. 14, lower half, 40,000 buckets.
No. 14a, 4 men, 14,000 buckets.
No. 14, upper half, 15, 16, 17, 30 men, 320,000 buckets.

No. 19, 20 men, 170,000 buckets.
No. 20, 15 men, 50,000 buckets.
No. 21, 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.

No. 27, 26, 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. 33a, 2 men, 15,000 buckets.
No. 33, 13 men, 45,000 buckets.

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 animals kingdom. The female birds, for instance, are plain and homely, all the fascinating power of the beautiful voice and leathers 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 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'RELL.

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 23rd inst. and pushed 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 Snapping 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 churche 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."—Ex.

Refreshing beverages dispensed at The Pioneer.

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SECOND AVENUE

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, 1901.
HENRY RAATZ.

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SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon
Lodge, (U. D. E. F. & A. M.), will be held at
Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thurs-
day on or before first 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, on
Eastman Kodak, size 13x25. Camera was in
a case with a strap to go over the shoulder.
Finder please return to Nugget office and re-
ceive reward.

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