

A NEW SECRET SOCIETY.

To Be Established in Dawson on Wednesday Night.

An Order Distinctive to Residents of the North—The Arctic Brothers Put Themselves in Working Trim.

What is probably to be the banner camp of the Arctic Brotherhood was born in Dawson on Friday night last.

Members of the order from Skagway camp No. 1, Bennett camp, No. 2, and Atlin camp No. 3, were present to drill in the ritual and paraphernalia for the formal installation of Camp Dawson, No. 4 on the evening of Wednesday, November 29th. Between 30 and 50 applicants have signified their desire to enter the order on that occasion as charter members, their names to be duly inserted in the forthcoming charter from the Skagway home camp.

Camp Skagway had 500 members at the closing of navigation. It is believed Camp Dawson will have 1000 before navigation opens again.

The camp meets in McDonald hall. With locked doors the new order tried the newly built paraphernalia on the person of Mr. C. E. Severance, a member of Skagway, who escaped without initiation. Mr. Severance started in at the toll gate, braved the thousand and one terrors of the trail, demonstrated his fitness to graduate from the caterpillar stage of the Cheechahko and is now a full-fledged Brother Arctic.

While the plans for Wednesday night are not all completed, it is believed they will include a spread for the old and new members present.

The Dawson camp of the Arctic Brotherhood has the unique distinction of being the first and only duly authorized secret organization in the Yukon territory other than the Pioneers.

Deputy Chief George will on Wednesday impart the secret work, administer the obligations and start the Dawson camp off on its own feet—right foot first. Mush on.

The objects of the order are purely social and benevolent. No religious beliefs are antagonized. Brotherhood, fellowship and kindly encouragement under the many adversities incident to a life in this region, are the lessons inculcated. No man could make a passage over the trail without learning the lesson of mutual help.

At His Brother's Grave.

At the request of a reader we publish the famous oration of Robert Ingersoll, delivered at the grave of his brother. Many hold that in it he admits the doctrine of immortality. His adherents have ever claimed that the expressions were only those of a breaking heart reaching out for the hope of a future life:

"My friends: I am going to do that which the dead often promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but, being weary for a moment, he laid down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while the eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar a sunken ship. For, whether in mid sea or in the breakers of the father shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy, as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man, in every storm of life, was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave aims; with loyal heart and with the purest hand he faithfully discharged

all public trusts. He was a worshipper of liberty and a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote the words: 'For justice, all place a temple and all season summer.'

He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worshiper, humanity the only reason, and love the only priest.

"He added to the sum of human joy, and were every one for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath: 'I am better now.' Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was—there is—no gentler, stronger, manlier man."

LAUGHLETS.

[By Othmar.]

A beer in the hand is worth two in the bottle.

Many a would-be poker player makes a mistake in his calling.

A divorced woman is a widow, but she can't keep off the grass.

If I should ask a man to "smile" at my expense he will always smile at my jokes.

The man who bets may be doing wrong, but the one who doesn't is no better.

"Silence is golden." Did you ever notice the scarcity of female millionaires?

One man up here always admires another man if he says the right thing in the right place—especially if he is thirsty.

Kings are not always as good as they should be—especially if aces are out against them.

A tramp in this country has an advantage over a bicycle, his tire never punctures.

Ice is about the only thing in this country that I have found what it is cracked up to be.

A divorce, that epitaph carved upon loves tombstone, has not yet been granted in the Yukon.

Widows are females who have lost their husbands; old maids are females who never found them.

Clothes may not make a man, but lack of them made a living picture of Nadga before the police took a peep.

Have you noticed that some Dawson actors—like the egg—go on the stage when they are no good for anything else.

A woman goes to church to see what the women wear. A man attends a Dawson theater to see what they don't wear.

Some men came to this country near-sighted and read the old adage "never put off until tomorrow the man you can do today."

They may, at Ottawa, limit the output of whisky to the Klondike, but they can never regulate the input after it gets here.

Fortune no longer knocks at a Yukoner's door, as it did in 1897. You must now have the electric button to be in the push.

There is no use of any of our girls trying to lace themselves as tight as some of their gentlemen friends can drink themselves.

If some of the Dawson cooks were to cast their bread upon the waters (of the Yukon) it would be pretty hard on the fish that gobbled it up.

Let a woman set her cap for a miner in this country and it will not be long before he will be furnishing the dust to pay her millinery bills.

This weather is a surprise even to the "oldest inhabitant," and Chief Isaac. After all, in this country as well as others, all signs fail, the only reliable weather report being thunder.

The woman who does the human fly act in the circus is supported by suckers—and so are a number of women in this country for that matter. If you don't believe it ask—but, then, they are numerous.

LORD KITCHENER.

Impressions Which the Soudan Hero Made on a London Observer.

Throughout the entire Kitchener debate as everybody knows, Lord Kitchener sat in a most conspicuous spot in the Peers' gallery of the house of commons. Let me say at once that I heard his presence at this debate, in which his own name played so important a part, debated very vehemently and that the general verdict I heard was that it was not in good taste. However, I pronounce no opinion on that point. For myself, I was rather thankful that Lord Kitchener was present; it gave me an opportunity of studying a very remarkable personality at a very illuminating moment in his life; and the study of man and woman is my chief joy in life. And the study of Lord Kitchener was so absorbing and fascinating to me that I could not keep my eyes off his face throughout the whole evening.

And what did I see? In the first place Lord Kitchener, whatever he may do on the battle field, was not able to effectually or entirely, conceal his feelings while he was listening to the debate in the house of commons. Though it is a face that is set in lines too rigid to be altogether mobile it yet changes a good deal. For instance, when Mr. Balfour said anything that was especially pleasant, Lord Kitchener frankly smiled; and again when Mr. Balfour cleverly explained some of the things in the treatment of the Mahdi's remains the smile grew broader; and Lord Kitchener nodded his head in delighted assent.

But somehow or other the grim face never looked to me grimmer than when this smile passed across it. The large strong mouth heavily covered with the typical military and brush-like mustache; the strong square jaw; the tremendously heavy brows; the strange glittering eyes; and even the red-brick complexion—the complexion that told so many tales of hard rides for many hundreds of miles under blazing Egyptian suns; all the features of a strong fierce dominant nature were really brought out into greater relief by that strange smile. The smile as it passed over the forehead seemed to bring out into even greater prominence the bulging forehead—a forehead that has what looks like cushions of flesh or bone just above the eyes. The smile gave an additional glitter to the eyes; it seemed to impart a more deadly curl to the heavy and mustached mouth. Through it all the face seemed strangely familiar to me. I could not make out why but in the end it all at once struck me; it was the typical face of the Irish resident magistrate.

I saw Lord Kitchener again and under very different surroundings. He was one of the guests at the splendid entertainment which Lady Rothschild gave in Piccadilly one night last week. He was then in ordinary evening dress surrounded by beautiful women on whom he seems to exercise a strange fascination though he is said to be indifferent to their charms; a statement I very much doubt. The general impression left upon me was practically the same as in the house of commons except that I think the eyes far finer and more beautiful than one gathers from the photograph. There is just the least cast in them, which perhaps adds to their impressiveness; their color is quite beautiful—as deep and as clear a blue as the sea in its most azure look—and they look on the world with the perfect directness of a man that sees straight to his end.—Mainly About People.

Not an Aguinaldist.

E. T. Dunne, one of the most prominent democratic orators in Northwest Ohio, and nominee for congress in the eighth district in 1895, is out in an open card to the Hancock county democratic committee, saying he swallowed the war sentiment of the state platform under protest, but when Congressman Lentz, ex Governor Altgeld, and others praised Aguinaldo as a hero, he could keep quiet no longer, and, therefore, he repudiated the state platform and the democratic party. His action created a big sensation.

The London Klondike Development Co., Ltd.

Notice is hereby given that Mr. W. Joel is no longer connected with the above company and the undersigned is the sole representative for the Yukon territory.

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MAX O'RELL

How the French Up the

Thinks That O'Rell of a Diplomat Ready to Die

Max O'Rell, author, visited

1894, and upon book entitled "The work he has in sketch of and dent Kruger:

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