



Last week in casting a horoscope of the present week I was very much afraid that Time in its immutability would roll by and leave nothing to record in the way of social doings and happenings. So far as I could peer into the future there was nothing in sight worthy of ever a passing mention, but I reckoned badly and took not into consideration the possibilities that might transpire within the short space of twenty-four hours. Monday morning the social horizon was a veritable Bay of Naples in its placidity, there was not even a ripple to disturb the little wavelets as they beat upon the peary shores of society's little world, a world, by the way, that in Dawson has become so narrowly contracted that it is almost infinitesimal in size. Mother Grundy and her little band of gossip faggots, cousin Germain to the widows of Macbeth, had well-nigh become recluses, for the lack of delectable morsels that they might roll with such ineffable joy upon their forked tongues and the elite were seriously considering making application for membership in the Honiess and Sacred Purity League. "This true that the number of high ball poker parties during the season, at which the grand dames held hands as well as their liege lords and masters and stipped at the loving gap as oft it was passed, had been as piquant appetizers to the palates of the gossips and Heaven help us the city is overrun with the genus, mostly of a character so malignant that they must be sui generis) but it remained for Monday night to pass into eternity before the Grundys, the Catherinees, and others of the same ilk set their tongues wagging at a pace that has rarely if ever been equalled.

Through the medium of a confere the ears of "The Chappie" have this week been filled so full of unutterable rot that if reduced to print it would fill columns and columns, and the extraordinary part of it is that the gratuitous information was handed out with the expectation that it would be published. The mission of "The Chappie" is not the moral nor the spiritual welfare of Dawson society, if a system of reformation were attempted it could better by far be aimed in another direction. For instance, there is the ephemeral wall of exclusiveness with which a few snobs have surrounded themselves, assuming that because they had the misfortune not to be born in the western hemisphere they are of a finer clay than those whose ancestors made of the western part of the globe what it is. The Chappie extends them his sympathy.

### CLARKE GOING TO OTTAWA

(Continued from page 1.)  
stance constituting themselves acting government agents, glaring instances having come to light at Miller and Glacier creeks where from a population not exceeding 50, not more than 35 or 40 of whom were entitled to vote, 161 ballots were counted for Mr. Ross alone, not mention 15 votes for Mr. Clarke. At Caribou Crossing with a total population of less than 20, 109 ballots were counted for Mr. Ross, car loads of aliens being brought over from Skagway, money for the purpose being put up by the government agents, to vote the bogus voters' list prepared by the enumerator under the act, and a similar state of affairs existed in many others of the outlying districts, notably Duncan, Henderson, Clear Creek, Mackay's, Cormack's and Five Fingers.  
"And whereas the party in power have shown an utter disregard for the observance of law, knowingly appointing as deputy returning officers unscrupulous partisans at a majority of the polls, sworn testimony being at hand that in some cases at least the deputy returning officers were furnished by Mr. Ross' committee with money for the purpose of purchasing votes and otherwise bribing the electorate, and that some of said deputy returning officers openly purchased votes for Mr. Ross over the ballot box;  
"And whereas a horde of persons were appointed commissioners for taking affidavits for the purpose of wholesale naturalization of aliens, and many of such persons were simply government agents appointed for the purpose of padding the lists, and as a result scores of persons were illegally naturalized and their names appeared on the voters' lists on election day, including "our eastern allies," the Japanese,  
"And whereas the patronage at the

brilliant advertising scheme. The success of anything, no matter whether it is pink pills or a rising actress, depends upon the cleverness of him whose business it is to work the press, and, incidentally, the public at the same time. If he succeeds in getting his wares talked about they are sure to have a ready sale, and so the remarks of internal dissensions, incompetency, etc. that were quietly and insidiously circulated early in the week will bear fruit, later on when the comedy is presented. People will be anxious to see whether such and such is the case or not and will pay for the privilege of satisfying their curiosity. The scheme was cleverly worked and if the press agent will but contrive to have the leading lady's jewels stolen the day before the play is given I will venture my all the theatre will be packed to the doors. I am assured upon the most solemn word of truth that the presentation will really be the most elaborate affair ever attempted in Dawson, and, more than that, it will be very creditable, too. A number of the cast have had a deal of experience in amateur theatricals and have before played the same characters they will essay in the present production. In connection with the play I was somewhat startled this morning to note in the Sun that R. L. Cowan is to have the leading role in the comedy. I always knew "Pick" was quite versatile, a capital story teller, a good fellow, a splendid lyric tenor and an ardent maker of love, and not averse to a little speculation in wet goods, when the market is favorable, but I did not know he was what might be called a Shakespearian comedian. Strikes me he must be working overtime to take the principal part in both the "Pirates" and in Goldsmith's comedy. The date of the latter has not been set definitely, though it is thought the first or second week in March will be decided upon.

A meeting of the Bachelors was held yesterday afternoon to consider the advisability of giving another of their enjoyable dances in the near future. Owing, however, to the operatic production next week and the near approach of Lent it was decided there was scarcely time in which to make the necessary preparations and it has been postponed until after Easter.

### THE CHAPPIE

See Mr. C. W. MacPherson as "Major General Stanley" in the opera "Pirates of Penance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.  
FOR SALE.—Four strong dogs, year and a half old. Apply to Dr. Richardson, York street, between 3 and 4 p.m.  
already apparent, the interests of the territory will be best served if instead of filing and carrying on a protest, a delegation be sent to Ottawa to guard the interests of the Yukon, to see that the representatives in parliament are informed as to the actual needs and conditions existing in the territory, and as far as possible to insist upon the carrying out of the promised reforms.  
"And further resolved that a committee of five be appointed to submit to this meeting the name or names of a person or persons who shall constitute such delegation.  
Having adopted this the meeting then elected a committee to collect money to send a delegate to Ottawa, Mr. Clarke stating that he knew a boarding house there where he could live for \$4 a day, and then a second committee was appointed to nominate to the meeting a delegate. This committee reported only one name, that of Clarke, and he was elected the delegate.  
The Old Year  
What is the old year? 'Tis a book  
On which we backward sadly look,  
Not willing quite to see it close,  
For leaves of violet and rose  
Within its heart are thickly strewn,  
Marking Love's dawn and golden noon,  
And tints down pages, noting days  
Dearly recalling through Memory's haze.  
And tear-stained pages, too, that tell  
Of starless nights and mournful knell  
Of bells tolling through trouble's air  
The De Profundis of despair—  
The laugh, the tear, the shine, the shade  
All 'twixt the covers gently laid;  
No uncut leaves, no page unscanned;  
Close it and lay it in God's hand.  
See Mr. H. D. Hulme as "The Pirate King" in the opera "Pirates of Penance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

## A MATTER OF MIND.

By JAMES E. DUNNING.

The policeman I had been noticing for some minutes came across, the station to where I awaited my train. He carried a printed paper.  
"Where are you going, sir?" he asked me, looking to the paper and back again. I had just bought a Providence ticket, but I replied:  
"Excuse me, but I'm not sufficiently decided to inform you."  
He did not seem so indignant as I expected, but smiled with an indulgent kindness which angered me.  
"No offense, sir," he continued, "only—well, aren't you Mr. Martin—Gerald Martin, of Philadelphia?"  
"I'm not obliged to reply to such impertinence," I said.  
"No, but aren't you?"  
"What?"  
"Mr. Martin, of Philadelphia?"  
"No," I replied in a way intended to settle our growing fellow.  
"I see," remarked the fellow with amazing effrontery, because I could not understand what he could see.  
"Then, sir, as a special favor to an officer in the discharge of his duty, will you tell me who you are?"  
"No," I replied.  
"An important one, sir," he replied so earnestly as to win me.  
I picked up my bag to enter the Providence train. "Since you insist," I said, "I'll tell you my name is—my name is—why, officer—"  
"Horrible, indeed!" I could not recall it. "The more I tried, the less I could. It was a most astounding psychological incident. I was interested, but annoyed.  
The policeman enjoyed another indulgent smile, and made a sign which brought up two men, they must have been watching us. I did not find myself able to respond with alacrity to their greetings. One, a tall youngster, addressed me most familiarly. The other stared.  
"I'm not Gerald Martin," I said, laughing in spite of my mortification, "and but for the rather brutal way in which you have assailed me, I could not have been placed in this embarrassing position. I've been working hard of late, I think, and—"  
"What's your business, sir?" queried the silent member, suddenly they all seemed deeply interested.  
"Nothing regular, you know," I replied, conscious of a sense of impropriety in such an answer, though it was the best I had. "I rather keep an eye on the market, and I write sometimes." That was as easy as anything.  
The end of it was that we all went to call on the chief of police. I felt chagrined. They chattered at a fearful rate, and then one said:  
"He has been calling himself George Marsh." My heart leaped.  
"I am George Marsh, gentlemen," I cried, for it seemed to come back to me then, "and I am a lawyer by profession, though given to literature. I live in the city of Boston, at the Winterest Hotel."  
The man who spoke little but looked at me hard said:  
"And how long have you lived in Boston, Mr. Marsh?"  
"Oh," I answered, "not—not so long, you know—not so long." Really, it seemed to me the time was of no importance just then. They spoke in low tones until my quiet acquaintance said:  
"Mr. Marsh, we are in a very difficult situation. We cannot get out of it without your aid. I beg you will not insist on our at present informing you of the details. I want to ask you if, as a very special favor, to help persons in deep distress, you are willing to join our party and accompany us to Philadelphia, free of all expense, and at a reasonable compensation for loss of time."  
"How long?" I asked, wondering what was coming next.  
"Two or three days—perhaps," he replied.  
"Yes," I agreed, "I will go if it will do you a service—because you seem to be afflicted by an extraordinary degree."  
"We started for Philadelphia with delay and I found myself in company whose agreeable manners were tempered with a respectful reticence. On nearing our carriage at Camden station I halted and said:  
"Gentlemen, you must excuse me. I insist that before going further, I be admitted to a knowledge of our errand."  
The slender youth seemed fit for reconnaissance, but the other, whom I had begun to like, interrupted:  
"To be sure. Well, then, I am Doctor Wrangle—this is Mr. Harold Martin, son of Mr. Gerald Martin."  
"My double, I suppose?" I said.  
"Yes," replied the doctor, and I wondered what about his face reminded me of that policeman.  
"As to our errand," he continued, "Mr. Martin most mysteriously disappeared three weeks ago. We are searching for him, and we want you, a practical lawyer with plenty of leisure—to take up the hunt as an entirely unprejudiced person. The best detectives have failed. We have been seeing a man exactly—yes, I may say exactly like you."  
"You display astounding confidence in a stranger," I suggested.  
"We are desperate," replied he.  
"Mrs. Martin is frantic with grief and apprehension. Will you allow us to put you in entire charge of the search for a sufficient period to make a study of the case?"  
I got into the carriage.  
At the door young Martin led the way past a pretty maid into a house

set with obvious elegance. It occurred to me that the missing Martin lived well when he was at home. The doctor and I waited. Harold ran upstairs. I heard a door unlatch and a woman's voice cried something indefinite. Then Harold broke in: "Yes mother," he said, "we've found him." The door closed. I found the doctor regarding me intently.  
"Well, sir?" he remarked, as if expecting me to say something of importance.  
"Mrs. Martin was expecting me, then?" I inquired.  
"Expecting you?"  
"Yes—or someone in my capacity?"  
"Yes," the doctor led the way toward what looked like a library. "We needed you desperately."  
"It's very flattering to be in such demand," I replied.  
"You'll be better than Jolworthy, the police detective who has been bungling the case," returned the doctor. "He has been outrageously careless of Mrs. Martin's feelings. This is Mr. Martin's library."  
"Martin lived well, anyway," I said. "A bookman, wasn't he?"  
"No—a lawyer."  
"A good one, then."  
"Yes—good to all but himself."  
"How?"  
"Overlook his last murder trial finished him."  
"I survived the room in detail. It overlooked with elegance."  
"I've discovered a clue, doctor," I cried, as I stood before a ripping collection of Byzantine tapestries. He was by my side instantly, all alive.  
"Don't start," said I. "I've only discovered that Martin was out of his mind. No sane man could stay out of his library three successive weeks and live."  
"Don't trifle, please," said the doctor, looking pained.  
"But my opinion of Martin was fixed. No sane man could 'quit' these tapestries three weeks," I repeated. "No proper mind could be lured from those Mongolian ivories, or these amazing brasses, or this luxurious 'Thackeray'; hence, the poor devil is mentally askew. Clue one for me. He is Jolworthy's 'ouch'?"  
The doctor only pointed to the library table. "Look over his papers," he said. "His diary is there, too, at the top of the pile. He was hot over the trial, you'll see."  
I read about the last entry:  
"Jury has now been out twenty-eight hours. My head spins. I'll walk in the park for an hour to tone me up."  
"That," I declared, "is where Martin went to smash."  
"It is," assented the doctor. "Can't you some way connect that jury business with the mystery? Can't you make that and the walk in the park and the dizzy head mean something to you? Put yourself in his place. Mr. Marsh, can't you?"  
"Can't see 'em," I replied. "I'm not a Vidoux, you know. In short, I make nothing out of it."

"Nothing at all!" cried young Martin, in a despairing voice. I turned to see him at the door, with a lady whom I supposed was his mother. They had been eavesdropping, and I did not like that. I bowed formally. In spite of Wrangle's detaining hand, Mrs. Martin, a most attractive person, I must admit, came quickly to my side and sank down with her arms about me.  
"My darling!" she whispered, "won't my love help you to see it all as it is?"  
I leaped to my feet and flung the woman off. Wrangle's face was an added insult.  
"By heaven, sir," I cried, "if this is a joke—well, sir," and I started for the door. "I don't wonder poor Martin left home!"  
Just then the detestable Jolworthy entered.  
I read insolent intentions in his eyes and met them in perfect kind.  
"They've enough of you, sir," I growled, savagely as I could.  
He grinned insultingly. "Oh, drop this bluff," he said, "it makes me tired."  
"Will you leave, sir, and let me finish my business with these people?" I demanded, very angry.  
"Jolworthy sneered audibly. I started for him. He dodged around the library table. I vaulted over it. As I alighted Jolworthy, possibly somewhat put up by my snubbing, extended his fist quite vigorously. "Something cracked back in my head and I could do nothing but fall on the floor."  
"I'll always seem that it was a very long while later when I awoke. The slender youth and his mother were over me. They looked strangely like—then it began coming back. Why, I was in my house. Mr. wife and boy—"  
"Mr. Marsh," said he, "are you better?"  
"I was irritated," I said, "what's the matter with you? Don't you know your own father? Who is Marsh and what's the matter with my head? Helena, how does all this happen? Why—Helena?"  
My wife threw a towel one way and a bottle of camphor the other, after which she, shrieking in a loud voice and cast her arms about my neck. I will not say what she said into my left ear. I discovered that my right

ear was covered with a huge damp towel. Harold was yelling like an Indian buck. And then that great boy kissed me. I was angry.  
"Be quiet, you silly people," I cried, striving to look not too deeply disgusted over such hysteria. "Now, tell me, did the jury report?"  
Harold whooped and Helena began to cry.  
"Harold," I commanded sternly, "something has happened. Tell me."  
"Yes," cried Wrangle, who had been standing behind me all the time, "tell him, Harold, all of it—beginning with three weeks ago."  
I reared my son to be truthful at all times, but I did not believe all he then said. After he had done I turned to Wrangle:  
"What brought me out of it?"  
"That thundering rag Jolworthy gave you," he answered, grinning.  
"I don't know who Jolworthy is," said I, going over to Helena and taking her in my arms then, and there, "but white or black or whatever, I insist that he be invited here to dinner and that the best in the house be his."  
But Helena did not seem to care about Jolworthy.  
"See Mr. A. M. Thornburgh as 'Samuel' in the opera 'Pirates of Penance' at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.  
As the orchestra manager skipped the town  
With the box receipts in his hand,  
He said, as he left the players behind—  
"I'm running to beat the band."  
—Haltmore Amerson.  
It is a popular saying in Brazil that every ton of rubber from the upper Amazon costs two lives.

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