

**Another Rudyard Kipling**

FUZZY-WUZZY WILSON HAS TO TAKE A BACK SEAT TO CONSTABLE R. D. KEAPER.

**IN THE YUKON**

You've sung of Tommy Atkins and of Fuzzy Wuzzy too, You've sung of Gunga Din and Bob-Na-Ghee, You've sung of Bhils and Bhistles, Pathans, Zulus and Burmese, And all sorts of bloomin' odes about the sea, You've sung about the Hatin' pili'n' teak at Mandalay, You've sung about the east until we know Every tribe and every caste-mark and the ways of mountain-guns— But why don't you give us westerners a show?

We ain't the Tommy Atkins you gave immortal fame, And we ain't no Rajputs, Sikhs or Bengalees, We're just what's called in Canada, "The Riders of the Plains," And we helps the bloomin' redskins keep the peace.

We've Ernest Seton Thompson, e's a "skookum" writing man, I believe you call it "pukka" over there, I can write about old Mooswa or of Krag, the Kootenay ram, But 'e don't treat 'uman beings very fair.

But if you only come across and give us a half a chance, We will go along the trail from post to post, We will show you the whole country from Regina down to Nome, From the Behring straits to the Pacific Coast.

We will take you through the canyons of a Rocky mountain pass, (That's the way you need the tallow in your socks), With a Nitch looking longingly upon the whisky flask, And a pack horse climbing slowly o'er the rocks.

We will shoot the wild Saskatchewan inside a bark canoe, (It beats the sacred Gunga in a flood), We will take you through a village of the Cree or Blackfeet tribe, And mortalize on fleas, grease, stinks and mud.

We will float you down the Yukon to the fields of untold gold, We will "mush" on snow shoes o'er untrodden snow, With a team of dogs behind, and a club I think you'll find Is a handy thing to make the 'uskies go.

We've got no Moughl' anglin' round the country yet, But surely one's enough for such as you, Still we've got lots of other things to write about, you bet, And we 'opes you'll pote for us a little too.

Now I've no poetic license, for it isn't in my line, I can only do fatigues and draw my pay, But if you only come to us and take us at our word Why, we'll give you subject matter for a lay.

**READING CHARACTER BY WRINKLES.**

Now comes a specialist who declares he can tell all about people simply by studying the wrinkles, which after all, may not be an unreasonable theory. For instance, he says life in crowded cities stamps its mark on the plastic faces of the people, and the struggle for pleasures and for wealth marks the victim with unmistakable lines.

For the benefit of the readers who doubt the assertions made by this man a plan is set forth whereby one may determine for one's self.

With the aid of a mirror one can prove or disprove the statements made by the wrinkle expert who lays down these general laws:

"The horizontal furrows upon the forehead are produced by mental anxiety, the worry and fret of life, and they indicate a tendency to nervous anxiety and are wholly opposed to the serenity of unruffled brows. Short, horizontal lines, just above the roof of the nose, indicate benevolence; when found just below the roof of the nose they show one that is accustomed to exercise authority, especially when it takes the form of forbidding.

"A single vertical wrinkle between the eyebrows strict honesty in money matters. A disposition to require justice in others is indicated by two wrinkles each side of the first, while wrinkles outward from these show conscientiousness. These lines are often marked in those who are deeply absorbed in business, in thinkers, writers and inventors, while straight, lowered brows indicate strong concentration of purpose, long and hard thinking and absorption in affairs.

"The lines raying outward from the eyes show capacity for enjoyment, as well as the two deep furrows from the mouth by the upper lip. They are the penalty we pay for mirth and form the future channel of the tear. Either perpendicular or curved channels below the angle of the mouth indicate a love of truth and hatred of cant and hypocrisy. When these lines are very marked it betrays grumbling at men and things in general. Hate and envy draw the lower lip still farther downward, exposing the under-teeth, while lines extending from the angle of the mouth toward the chin show a tendency of sadness and melancholy.

"All who are afflicted with wrinkles of this nature usually take a serious view of life and do not look upon it as a holiday, but as a season of work and struggle involving much responsibility. We notice these lines in a mother's face when she is mourning the loss of a child, and in the faces of those afflicted with some great trouble. Trouble, poor health and worry will also leave their imprint and blur the mind's outlook upon life.

"Hospitality marks the face with irregular curved lines, not far from the outer angles of the mouth. When they are pronounced a warm welcome is given to a stranger within the gates.

"Low, projecting eyebrows indicate discernment; when accompanied by eyelids which more nearly close the eye they denote less faculty of expression, but a clearer insight, more definite ideas, and greater permanence and steadiness of action. Narrow-eyed persons see less, but think more and feel more intensely.

**Bible School Lesson for Feb. 15**

Christian Self Control—1. Corinthians, 4: 4-13.

Golden Text—Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace. Romans, 14: 19.

TEXT

4.—As concerning therefore the eating of those things that are offered in sacrifice unto idols, we know that as that is nothing in the world, and that there is none other God but one.

5.—For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth, (as there be gods many, and lords many).

6.—But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things and we by him.

7.—Howbeit there is not in every man that knowledge; not some with conscience of the idol unto this hour eat it as a thing offered unto an idol, and their conscience being weak is defiled.

8.—But meat commendeth us not to God; for neither if we eat, are we the better; neither if we eat not are we the worse.

9.—But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak.

10.—For if any man see thee which hast knowledge sit at meat in the idol's temple, shall not the conscience of him that is weak be emboldened to eat those things which are offered to idols?

11.—And through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish for whom Christ died?

12.—But when ye sin against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ.

13.—Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.

NOTES

4.—It was customary after the blood and life of an animal had been offered in sacrifice to the idol, to sell the flesh in the market, when the purchaser, if an heathen, ate it as in communion with the idol. The rigid Jew carefully avoided such contamination. Some of the Gentile Christians were conscientiously opposed to using this meat. Others put the proper estimate upon the idol, "nothing at all," and purchased and ate it without a thought of its idolatrous associations. The One, only true God had taken the place of these deities in the hearts and minds of these latter.

6.—The Fatherhood of God is here taught. God is our Father and Creator, and through Christ we are brought to know God and to love. This truth lies at the foundation of all true religion. The purpose of all Christian endeavor should be to proclaim it.

8.—God looks at the heart. He regards the motives, the thoughts, the actions of men.

9.—It becomes Christians to exercise continual care, lest their conduct, even in things which are themselves lawful, should be the occasion of leading others into sin.

10.—Some went so far as to join their heathen friends in the least

held in the heathen temple precincts.

11.—Seeing that Christ suffered and died to save men, we should do nothing by which the purpose of his mission would be frustrated.

12.—Christ has a special interest in the weak; injure them and you grieve him.

13.—High principles these of Paul! Willing to deny himself any gratification if there was the remotest danger of anyone being tempted or led astray by his example. Christians today dally with wine, and cards and questionable amusements, and by such example may tempt those who are weak to become drunkards, gamblers and vicious worldlings.

**LAMB TO THE END**

Colonel T. Lamb, who shot himself on the Cunard liner Etruria, left behind him some singular letters, which were read at the inquest at Liverpool yesterday.

One of them fastened to the wall of the cabin by a penknife, was as follows:—

I consider that the Palma trophy team was perfectly fairly drawn, and Freeman a model captain, but I had no idea that the team was going to be chosen by the scores made in practice. There is no doubt that I went to Canada under false pretences and had to live on other people's money. I could not dream of using the return half of the Beaver line ticket. I see no object in life. I care for no one since no one cares for me.

I swear before God now in the hour of death that I commit suicide purely and simply because I see no object in living any longer. If I were a married man with children I would not have done this. Kisscock and Elmer (these were fellow passengers) say that the pain in my head is from the ship rolling. I hope soon to stop all pain. I have had the bottle of whisky today.

In a letter to the captain, Lamb wrote:—

Sir,—I am extremely sorry for what I am going to do on board your ship and for the mess I have made in the cabin. I would have dropped over the side instead, only I was afraid you would pick me up before I drowned.

Yours, THOMAS LAMB.

P. S.—I most earnestly request you to bury my remains at sea. Your friend, Gill, can identify me, and that is all you require. My belongings will be forwarded to 145, Warwick street, London, S. W. There is money in my bag to pay for the damage done to the cabin.

Verdict of "Suicide while temporarily insane."

Colonel Lamb, who recently retired from the army, was in South Africa with the 1st South Lancashire Regiment, holding the rank of major and second in command. He was wounded in action and lost the sight of one eye.

As a rifle shot, Colonel Lamb had few equals, and on several occasions was champion shot of the army. At Bisley he carried off many valuable prizes, and was frequently a member of the English eight which competed for the Elcho shield. He commanded the British team in the Palma matches at Ottawa in October.

**Eat Molasses**

New York, Jan. 29.—Between 4,000 and 5,000 horses in Brooklyn are being fed on molasses because it is cheaper and better than oats.

This statement is made by a veterinary surgeon, who adds that horses in harness from twelve to fourteen hours a day do not have time to masticate and properly prepare dry oats and other fodder.

The result is that the animals receive little nutritive value from their food.

Molasses, if properly mixed with hay, bran and meal in proportion, is in a digestible condition and ready for assimilation the moment it enters the stomach.

Its nutritive value is therefore quite apparent.

It is not only better and more nutritious food than oats, but it is much cheaper in the end.

**Five in One Year**

Jackson, Miss., Jan. 17.—In his morning mail State Treasurer Lampton received a letter from a friend in the southern part of the state telling him of a most remarkable woman who lives near Tangipahoa, La., which is near the Mississippi line. The woman is Mrs. Stevens, daughter of Mr. Gideon Bond, a well known lumberman of that neighborhood. She was married twelve years ago, and since that time has become the mother of fifteen children, all except one of whom are living and doing well. Five of these children have been born during the last twelve months, triplets at one time and twins at the next. Mrs. Stevens is a remarkably well preserved woman, looks young and vigorous.

A schoolmaster was giving a class a lesson in grammar, when he asked the boys to tell him the longest sentence they had ever read. There was silence for a minute or two, but at last a small boy stood up and said he could remember the longest sentence he had ever read.

"Well, Tommy," said the teacher, "what is it?"

"Imprisonment for life," said the boy.—Chums.

"They tell me, professor, you have mastered all the modern tongues."

"Well, yes; all but my wife's and her mother's."

**Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes**  
BY A. C. POST.

Thank you for all the pleasant words about the Judge. To think of it—my little boy a judge, and able to send me to jail if I don't behave myself!" So wrote Doctor Holmes to Mrs. Kellogg when, in 1889, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., was made Chief Justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts. Doubtless the elevation to the bench of the supreme court of the United States would have seemed to the senior Holmes worthy to be ranked with the various distinctions which his fancy toyed with on March 9, 1841, when he wrote to his sister: "My Dear Ann,—Last evening, between eight and nine, there appeared at No. 8 Montgomery Place a little individual who may be hereafter addressed as

—Holmes, Esq., or, The Hon. — Holmes, M. C., or, His Excellency — Holmes, President, etc., etc.,

but who for the present is content, with scratching his face and sucking his right forefinger."

This literary parentage of Mr. Justice Holmes it is right to insist upon in any estimate of the man, because it has left its mark upon his character. Lucidity, powerful logic, flashing insight piercing to the heart of complicated questions, the capacity to marshal arguments in orderly and formidable array—these have been the great qualities of the great judges. In Holmes's case there is added the touch of literary felicity. As editor of the twelfth edition of Kent's "Commentaries," and also of the "American Law Review," as lecturer on the common law before the Lowell Institute, and professor in the Harvard Law School, the son of his father showed how a judge can be both learned and witty.

But Judge Holmes knows men as well as letters. It will never be necessary to urge him, as an English chancellor was once besought, to go out among his fellow-men and discover what they are thinking about. Young Holmes was among those sons of the best families in Boston and Cambridge who volunteered in the earliest weeks of the civil war. The disastrous affair at Ball's Bluffs, which laid so many of them low, brought him his first wound, a shot through the chest. He was again at the front, however, the following year, and at Antietam got a ball in the neck. This wound it was which drove his father off upon the historic "My Hunt After the Captain," with laconic greeting at the end, "How are you, Boy?" "How are you, Dad?" Capt. Holmes completed his list of honorable scars by getting shot in the foot at Fredericksburg. In Judge Holmes's equipment

supreme court eleven years older—sixty-one—than the first chief justice, John Jay, was when he resigned from it. Younger appointees might be sought for the sake of aspiring mind and body, and the promise of the longest useful service. But age is, at best, a relative affair, and for the judicial office, it may fairly be maintained, "old experience" is almost essential, and is cumulatively valuable. It is true that Plato, in his "Republic," fixed seventy as the limit of judicial service; and that age is named in the statute as the one at which supreme court justices may voluntarily retire. But, as Hamilton declared in his state language, "the re-sensuration of the faculties of the mind has no place in the catalogue of the known arts," and congress wisely strengthened the independence of the federal judiciary by making the tenure for life. And if Lord Lyndhurst could remain an acceptable chancellor of England at eighty-five, we are entitled to hope, with the examples of Marshall and Taney before us, and especially bearing in mind the vigorous Holmes ancestry, that Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes may usefully sit in our highest tribunal of justice for at least fifteen years.

**Russia's Policy**

Pekin, Jan. 7.—The Russian customs negotiations are to continue. The British and Japanese representatives have advised the Chinese to reject the proposals, and the Chinese say they will do so. The Russian representative suggested modifications of the original scheme with the object of securing control of the Manchurian customs. Chinese ability to resist Russian pressure in this connection is doubtful.

"How do you like Hauptmann?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle, with a scornful look at the finely decorated wall as they were slipping lace in the magnificent library.

"Oh, I hardly know," her hostess replied. "Joshua seems to think he's great, but I think the next time we have any papering done I'll try to have somebody else."

Alaska is ready for territorial government, and if the people stand shoulder to shoulder in making their demands there is no reason why they should not be granted.—Dawson Nugget.

"This is an illustration of going away from home to learn the news. The people of Northwestern Alaska have not discovered that they are ready for territorial government.—Nome News.

See Mrs. J. Langlois Bell as "Hazel" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

Some objection has been raised to Judge Holmes's promotion on the age. He will take his place in the

supreme court eleven years older—sixty-one—than the first chief justice, John Jay, was when he resigned from it. Younger appointees might be sought for the sake of aspiring mind and body, and the promise of the longest useful service. But age is, at best, a relative affair, and for the judicial office, it may fairly be maintained, "old experience" is almost essential, and is cumulatively valuable. It is true that Plato, in his "Republic," fixed seventy as the limit of judicial service; and that age is named in the statute as the one at which supreme court justices may voluntarily retire. But, as Hamilton declared in his state language, "the re-sensuration of the faculties of the mind has no place in the catalogue of the known arts," and congress wisely strengthened the independence of the federal judiciary by making the tenure for life. And if Lord Lyndhurst could remain an acceptable chancellor of England at eighty-five, we are entitled to hope, with the examples of Marshall and Taney before us, and especially bearing in mind the vigorous Holmes ancestry, that Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes may usefully sit in our highest tribunal of justice for at least fifteen years.

**Kills His Own Son**

South Norwalk, Conn., Jan. 17.—While riding on a gravel train of which his father, Elliott Beach, of New Haven, was engine driver, Clarence Beach, twelve years old, was instantly killed on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad here today. He fell from the caboose as the train was being backed up and six cars passed over his body. The father was unnerved by the accident and has been relieved from further duty for a few days.

Nate Salsbury and Bill Nye were great friends. When the humorist first engaged in newspaper work in this city and took a house on Staten island, the showman went to dinner with him. Nye exploded some new stories, and Salsbury, turning to his host's little girl, said: "Very clever papa you've got, my dear." "Yes," responded the demure little miss, "when there's company."—New York Times.



"COMS, KITTY, WHERE IS THE CAT?"

In yesterday's puzzle the answer may be found by using the upper part of the picture as base. He is then in the upper part, looking towards the left.

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