

# The Wooing of Clorinda

"I am very anxious about Clorinda," said my aunt, Lady Marathon. "Indeed!" she exclaimed. "She looks very well."

"Her health is, I am thankful to say, excellent! But her manners! And the way she treats poor Lord Crevecoeur!"

"Terrible!" I murmured. (In my heart I was delighted with the way she treated poor Lord Crevecoeur.)

"I notice in her conversation she frequently employs expressions which, to describe them as mildly as possible, are unusual, at any rate among my personal friends. They have been most noticeable lately."

I shook my head sadly.

"The greatest care was exercised in her education," continued Lady Marathon. "From whom she learns such things I cannot think."

"Not from me!" I cried, full of conscious rectitude.

"I am sure of that," said Lady Marathon, tapping my head affectionately.

"You don't think Lord Crevecoeur?" I suggested subtly.

"Oh, no; his conversation is always most correct."

"A wolf in sheep's clothing," I murmured. (The latter part of the description was certainly exact.)

"You must not think that," said Lady Marathon. "I believe him to be a most excellent young man."

"His conversation is always most correct, certainly."

"His family is one of the oldest in England. A Crevecoeur fought at Agincourt."

"That was, I believe, some years ago," I remarked.

"It is delightful to have him for a neighbor."

"Lovely," I murmured. Lady Marathon leant a little towards me.

"I am going to confide in you, Charles, and ask your assistance. It is my wish that Clorinda should marry Lord Crevecoeur. His mother, with whom I have a slight acquaintance, is visiting him today, and she will probably lunch with us. I am very anxious that Clorinda should not be—"

"Perverse," I suggested.

Lady Marathon sighed an affirmative.

"I am sure she is really fond of him, and the match would be most suitable. You have known Clorinda from childhood—"

"We played horses together," I interposed, thoughtfully.

"And have great influence over her?"

"I could always make her the horse—then."

"I have spoken to her on the subject and apparently she is not unwilling. But of course I cannot be much in the company of you young people. Clorinda is always most anxious that her mother should not over-exert herself. I want you to further my wishes, both as regards Lord Crevecoeur and the matter of her conversation and at times want of respect for the name she bears."

If Lady Marathon had imposed the labors of Hercules upon me I should have been more sanguine of success and much more cheerful. However, I could only promise to do all in my power, and she left me evidently greatly comforted.

The day was warm and I sauntered down to the river, first visiting the library and possessing myself of a book, which I considered might help me in my mission.

Clorinda was sitting on the gate at the end of the garden.

"Going to be studious, Charlie?" she asked, indicating the volume under my arm.

"It is the English grammar," I said, holding it out before her.

"It will be a lovely companion for you," she remarked, sliding off the gate. "Good-bye, I'm going to play tennis."

I threw the book away from me.

"Stop a little while," I pleaded.

Clorinda turned quickly and faced me.

"Charles," she said, "am I a nice girl?"

"Well, well," I began, not wishing to be unkind.

"Am I a fit and proper person to be the wife of Lord Crevecoeur?"

For a moment I stared at her with amazement. Then I gave a most emphatic negative to her question.

"Because his mother is coming today to inspect me and I must say 'please' and 'thank you' and be a good girl."

"I see your difficulty," said I.

"Charles!" cried Clorinda, indignantly.

"But do not consider it insurmountable," I hasten to add.

"I would be a most suitable match, you know," remarked Clorinda, thoughtfully.

"Oh, capital," I murmured.

"And if Archie's mother likes me, there is no reason why—"

"Not the least in the world," I said.

"I knew you would think so," said Clorinda, pensively, endeavoring to strangle herself with a stray ribbon. Then suddenly she turned her back on me and walked away, calling out, "Ta ta, Charlie," and as an afterthought, "Don't forget the grammar."

I must confess there are times when I do not fully understand my cousin Clorinda.

I sat for some time on the river bank and then got into my boat and pulled vigorously for several miles. The exertion calmed my mind, which was in a most unsettled condition. I knew that Clorinda was at that time interviewing Lady Crevecoeur, and she could be most charming when she liked; and she had told me she considered the match most suitable, and my sculls thrashed through the water in a most ridiculous fashion, considering I was going nowhere and in no hurry to get there.

On my return, as my boat glided under the overhanging trees to its resting place, I saw Clorinda sitting on the bank. I wondered whether she had been waiting for me and felt more cheerful.

"Well," said I, hitching the painter round the customary stump.

"I'm not well," replied Clorinda.

"More's Lady Crevecoeur."

"I settled myself beside her and invited confidence.

"It's been rather fun," she said.

"She sent Archie away—dear obedient boy—to pay a visit at Richmond so that she might have me to herself."

"Yes?" I queried.

"She had me to herself for two hours."

"Fortunate Lady Crevecoeur!" I cried.

"I don't believe she thought so."

"Were you—very dreadful?"

"Shocking," answered Clorinda, with a gracious smile.

"I'm so—" I began.

"Pained?" she suggested.

"Pained," I repeated. "What will your mother say?"

A shadow flitted over Clorinda's face.

"She'll be a little upset, I am afraid," she said.

Then I remembered my mission, which up to the present I had shamefully neglected. The grammar was lying on the grass some distance away, so I determined to start on the other matter.

"Has she been talking about it to you?"

"She did just drop a few hints about her wishes," I said cautiously.

"And you"—there was a distinct emphasis on the pronoun—"you back her up?"

"His conversation is always most correct," I muttered, quoting the only argument of Lady Marathon's that I could remember.

"So, you want me to marry Lord Crevecoeur?"

"Lady Marathon—" I began; but Clorinda interrupted me.

"Thanks awfully for the tip. If Archie's a starter, he'll win. Bye, bye, Charlie," she cried, and before I could say a word she turned her back on me and ran into the garden.

Knowing from experience that it was useless to follow her, I seated myself gloomily on the bank to think out the matter. I felt I had not been sufficiently diplomatic.

Late that evening I wandered down to the river to smoke a last cigar in the moonlight, and build more castles. A little to my annoyance, I had scarcely settled myself in the stern of the boat when Archie appeared.

"Glorious night, isn't it?" he remarked, seating himself on my mooring post.

"Lovely," I replied, shortly, wishing to kill the conversation while it was young.

"The moon makes you aw-beastly sentimental, doesn't it?"

"Beastly," said I.

"Moon rhymes with spoon, doncherknow?" said Archie, evidently keenly conscious of his wit.

"There is a similarity in the vowed sounds," I replied.

"I say, old chap, what d'you think?"

"I wasn't thinking."

Archie gently pulled my boat towards him, and leant over it. I felt horribly hopeless.

"I say, old chap, she's accepted me," he said.

For a moment I was puzzled as to his meaning; then the horrible truth flashed across me.

"Clorinda?" I cried.

"Why, of course," said the grinning idiot on the stump, seizing my boat and rocking it in the exuberance of

his spirits.

"Look out, you'll upset me," I exclaimed. He stopped; but he had already upset me—confoundedly.

"We settled it after dinner. I am going to write and tell the mater tonight. She left this afternoon before I got back, as she was dining in town. She'll be awfully delighted."

A ray of hope brightened my troubled soul. Would Lady Crevecoeur be so awfully delighted? Clorinda had been perverse that morning.

"I must go and do it now; it's getting late," continued Archie, rising from the stump. "Good night, old chap."

"Good night," said I.

Well, I had been a fool, and this was the result. The anger in which I had found comfort had proved my undoing. Still I could hardly believe it, although I knew Clorinda must really have promised to be his wife, and, even though she might repent, would never break her word. Lady Crevecoeur was my only hope. But would her son prove sufficiently dutiful, to obey her in such a matter? I could not think it; filial duty has its limitations.

I sat meditating long after worthy folks who rise early were in their beds, and found no comfort anywhere. I realized how I loved my cousin, now that it seemed I must lose her. We had been together all our lives, and the past made the present terrible and the future almost impossible. The peaceful beauty of the moonlit river irritated me, until at last I could bear to think no longer, but sprang out of the boat and walked quickly to the house. I resolved to go away and forget. Spilt milk is past crying for, and time works wonders.

But I got little sleep that night. The next morning I was up before times, but, early as I was, Clorinda was up before me. I found her sitting on the gate and reading the grammar.

Clorinda did not greet me with her accustomed cheerfulness, and her eyes looked heavy, as if they had not rested much during the night.

"You've heard?" she inquired, after a few minutes conversation devoted to the beauty of the morning.

"Archie told me last night," I replied.

"I am trying to—to fit myself for the post," said Clorinda sadly, holding up the grammar.

"His conversation is most correct," I murmured, seating myself on the ground at Clorinda's feet. She held out the book to me.

"The grass is horribly wet," she said.

"Have this."

I sat on the grammar.

"I shall be returning to London this morning," I remarked, ending a brief silence. "I am going abroad, probably to China."

"Oh!" ejaculated Clorinda, kicking the gate gently with her heel.

"I think it will do me good to travel."

"I hope it will."

"I am sure of it," said I. "Let's have a spin on the river—for the last time."

Clorinda consented, and we spent the time that separated us from breakfast, traveling aimlessly up and down the stream.

After breakfast, as I sat smoking on the lawn, Archie approached, and sank into a chair at my side. I observed, with surprise, that the exuberance of spirits, so noticeable the preceding night, had entirely disappeared, and he looked thoroughly miserable.

"I've had a letter from the mater this morning," he said. "She must have been rather upset yesterday."

"Yes," I replied, and then added, with an air of simple innocence, "she spent the morning with Clorinda, I believe."

"That's just it. She is awfully high-spirited sometimes—inclined to kick over the traces, doncherknow?"

"What, Lady Crevecoeur?" I cried, greatly astonished.

"No—aw—Clorinda, I meant."

"Oh, yes, Clorinda," I rejoined.

"What shall I do, old chap? I can't think of anything." (This did not surprise me.)

"It is certainly an awkward situation, if Lady Crevecoeur is—er—prejudiced against Clorinda," I said, and a silence full of contemplation ensued.

It may appear strange that Archie should come to me, of all people, for advice, but I do not think he considered me as a rival. He knows that Clorinda and I, as cousins, were much together, but he was singularly unobservant, and Lady Marathon being out of the question, I was the only person at hand to consult.

"If I don't give her up the mater will be awfully angry with me."

"That would be terrible," I said, in awe-inspiring tones.

"And if I do give her up—"

"It would be noble," I cried, enthusiastically.

"The mater is awful when she's angry," he said dolefully.

I realized that Lord Crevecoeur was very young.

"And if I marry without her consent she could make things horrid for me."

"It would be a great risk," said I.

"And perhaps you might see someone else—"

"Dolly Peighton's at Richmond," he remarked thoughtfully.

"Lady Crevecoeur always speaks of her with affection," I said.

Archie remained for a few minutes wrapped in meditation; then he rose.

"I think I'll have—a talk with Clorinda," he said, and walked slowly away. He is, as I have before remarked, very, very young.

A couple of hours afterwards, as I lazily drifted down the stream in my boat, I observed Clorinda gesticulating wildly on the bank.

"I want to come in," she shouted.

I shot the bow of the boat through the rushes and Clorinda jumped deftly on board.

"Lord Crevecoeur has gone home to his mamma," she remarked, comfortably settling herself in the stern.

"He's a good boy," I murmured.

"Charles, if you tell anyone about this I'll never speak to you again. Even mother did not know about it last night."

"I'll never breathe a word."

"You're a dear!"

Clorinda and I were, of course, facing each other. The boat was motionless under the trees. She bent forward, and—

"My lips are sealed," said I.

"These things are permitted—to, cousins."

We had a most enjoyable time on the river. I decided not to travel in China, and we were very late for lunch—The King.

**Do Something for Cuba.**

Washington, Jan. 18.—"We must do something for Cuba."

This is the word sent out to the leaders of the House and Senate today by President Roosevelt.

Every man of prominence, Democrat and Republican alike, who called at the White House today, was informed that it was the President's earnest wish that his recommendations concerning reciprocity with Cuba, made in his annual message, be adopted.

So it is, therefore, that a serious split between the President and some of the influential leaders of his party is probable. If President Roosevelt insists on forcing his reciprocity program on Congress, as the developments of today would indicate, he will have brought on himself a contest with leading Republicans.

The beet-sugar men in Congress, whose tenure of office depends entirely upon their ability to execute the will of their constituents, i.e., the continuance of the present Dingley rate on Cuban raw sugar, are up in arms against the proposed reduction of the duty on Cuban raw sugar, and they say, will fight tooth and nail to forestall the contemplated 30 per cent. reduction on Cuban raw sugar.

There are twelve representatives in Congress from Michigan. If the Dingley rates on Cuban sugar are lowered by an act of Congress most of these men will probably be defeated for reelection. Such influential men as Senators McMillan and Burrows of Michigan and Millard and Deitrich of Nebraska will fight the reciprocity plan to the end. The sentiment of the Ways and Means Committee of the House is apparently against meddling with the Dingley schedules, but acting on the suggestion from the White House, the committee is now giving hearings to the beet sugar and the Cuban sugar interest.

The men of the Ways and Means Committee know what they are going to do on the reciprocity question and nothing in all probability that has or will be said by men who come before the committee will change the committee's mind.

A delegation of beet-sugar men from Michigan called at the White House today to protest against the reduction of the Dingley rates on Cuban raw sugar.

**Daily Paper Suspends.**

In discontinuing his daily paper the Whitehorse Star man in the last issue, which was on the first day of the present month, thus explained the situation as presented to him:

"There'll be no one left to tell us of the Daily Evening Star."

Ten weeks of unremitting toil—sixteen hours a day, Sundays included—has convinced us that the long felt want we have been endeavoring to fill in the ranks of northern journalism as the great and only daily between Dawson and Skagway is in more than a financial sense a snare and a delusion. Tonight is the last issue of the Daily Star, at least for the present. When the needs of the town demand a daily we stand ready to again take up the work.

We have no apologies to make. We are here to make money, and our ambition to be recognized as the editor of a daily paper is held in subjection

by the knowledge that a diet of "hot air" is not altogether conducive to editorial longevity.

We shall, however, publish a live 8-page weekly, filled with interesting matter pertaining to the north, and dealing with subjects directly affecting the welfare of the New Yukon.

**Persons Inquired For.**

William Bird, by N. W. M. Police, Town Station.

Thomas Bakke, by Lewis Thompson, Mofie, B.C.

Dedrik Johansen, by Mrs. Lizzie Johansen, 1190 Green street, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

Harman Hegewald, by Ernest Hegewald, 421 Main street, Seattle, Wash.

Alex. F. MacDonald, by Miss Mayne MacDonald, 508 West 145th street, New York City.

Elmer McKinley, by John McKinley, 1140 George street, Chicago, Ill.

Albert James, by Mrs. Alice Vincent, Dawson, Y.T.

Claud F. Peck, by Mrs. Dr. A. Allen Hopkins, Nodoway Co., Mo., U.S.A.

Lewis Row, by Isaac Row, Selinsgrove, Snyder Co., Cal.

Wilbur K. Whitmore, by H. J. Whitmore, Lincoln, Neb., U.S.A.

Lawson Bernard, by A. Donnelly, Ferndale, Humboldt Co., Cal.

Any person knowing the whereabouts of any of the above persons will confer a favor by calling at the Town Station, N. W. M. Police, Dawson, Y.T.

**HOTEL ARRIVALS.**

Regina Hotel, Feb. 14, 1902. — W. N. Woodburn, Bonanza; John D. Powers, Seattle; Emin Johnson, Stewart.

Hotel Flannery.—Mr. McCrimmon, Gold Bottom; P. W. Doyle, No. 12 Quartz; J. H. Mathewson, No. 34 Bonanza; J. Smith, Grand Forks; N. McKay, Hunker; J. Mason, Hunker; L. O'Connor, American Gulch; L. E. McClung, American Gulch.

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W. M. THORNBURN — Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Commissioner of the Admiralty Court, Office, Bank Building, Rooms 5, 4 and 3, Telephone 19. Box 985.

**SOCIETIES.**

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATIONS of the Yukon Lodge, No. 23, A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic Hall, 2nd street, monthly, Thursday at 8 o'clock, full moon, at 8:00 p. m. G. H. WELLS, W. M. J. A. DONALD, Secy.

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