

## TRIUMPH OF DR. HARROWDEN

In the Madness of Love He Worked a Neat Scheme

And Saved His Patient's Life in a Way Unprofessional and Not According to Ethics.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

It was springtime and noonday, and the soft breath of the year seemed laden with fragrant promises of bloom and color, while over the woods was stealing a fairylike mantle of green.

On such a day and in such a scene as this Evangeline Rohan felt as though the world should hold nothing of strife or pain or ugliness; indeed, the particular world in which she moved and breathed and had her being held little but the surface knowledge that such things existed, for fate had favored Evangeline and, not content with bestowing on her beauty of person and mind, had dowered her with the great gift of song in its divine perfection.

Now she sauntered down the winding pathway that led from her castle terrace to the copse beneath.

A man, following her with hesitating steps, as though he feared a repulse if he presented himself too suddenly, took courage to approach when the trees relined them from the castle windows, and, though she made him welcome by neither word nor sign, walked at her side until the whim seized her to seat herself on a bank and search for the desultory flowers that were beginning to peep here and there.

It was at this moment that a visitor who had driven up to the castle in a dogcart descended and asked for Miss Rohan.

"I am afraid she is unable to see any one this morning," said the butler; "she is resting for tonight."

Dr. Harrowden knelt his brows in perplexity. He remembered that the singer had generously offered to throw open her castle to the public on that night and to give the first entertainment in her new theater for the benefit of a fund for wounded soldiers.

All the country were clamoring for tickets. Fabulous prices had been paid even for standing room, and report said the diva, having spared no pains or expense to make the occasion a success, was about to eclipse herself in a new part, specially written and composed for her, in an operatic adaptation of "Othello."

"The matter is a very urgent one," said Dr. Harrowden, after a pause. "I have a request to make of Miss Rohan that can only be made personally. If you will risk her displeasure and allow me to make my way to her, I will take all the blame. I may say it is a question almost of life and death."

The man, who knew Dr. Harrowden as one whose reputation, even in a village practice, gave weight to his words, yielded and, telling him that mademoiselle had taken the path toward the copse, led him through the conservatory and directed him to the shortest way.

He came so suddenly upon the little clearing where Evangeline was that neither she nor her companion perceived him. She was standing up, a singular look on her beautiful face, which was bereft of its usual color, and both her hands were stretched out before her as though to ward off something that she dreaded and that yet fascinated her.

His face, a dark-eyed, brown-skinned one, with something in its southern intensity that marred its handsomeness, must have worn a threatening expression, for she recoiled with a little cry of alarm and, turning, saw Dr. Harrowden as he stepped toward her.

"Ah, doctor," she said, a little shaken still, but smiling, "it is a long time since I have seen you, which speaks well for my health, though not for my hospitality. But you are coming tonight, I hope?"

"You have asked me to the castle most kindly," he answered quietly, "but I am a busy man, as you know, mademoiselle, and have to deny myself many pleasures. I have ventured to intrude on you, for which you must please lay the blame solely on me, because I have a little patient down there in the village whose recovery seems to depend entirely on you."

"On me?"

"My patient is a little child who has been at death's door through fever and whose one desire, night and day, has been to hear you sing. We thought it a delicious fancy that would pass, but it seems that, had she been well, she was to have come up to the castle one day when you sang to the villagers and that she lost her chance through this illness. She raves and weeps alternately and will not sleep, begging always to be taken to you so that she might ask you to sing one little song to her."

"Where is she? Take me to her, doctor, and I will sing to her at once."

Half an hour later, with all her soul in her exquisite voice, she was standing in the cottage singing a song of

life and love to the bewildered villagers, while the sick child, propped up by pillows to hear the desire of her heart, cried out that it was an angel who had come in answer to her prayers.

It was midnight, 12 hours since Eva had charmed away the shadow of death from the village home, and she was holding a great assembly hushed and spellbound, while her voice, no longer softened and subdued, rang with all its glorious power through the large opera hall which she had lately added to her castle.

It was the moment of her crowning triumph, the moment when Desdemona, realizing to the full her danger and the inflexible purpose of Othello, transformed by jealousy into a murderer, ceases to plead for her life and instead proudly and passionately declares her innocence.

Count Devas, the Italian singer who had already won universal applause for his wonderful rendering of Othello, faced her, the madness of rage that was consuming him portrayed vividly in every feature of his face, in every movement of his tense, nervous fingers.

There was silence, intense, dead silence, for an instant as Eva's last note died away, and then, as she covered her eyes with her hands, the count, with one swift step, was at her side, pressing with ruthless hands the cushion on her upturned face, and the curtain began slowly to descend on the death scene.

An electric thrill ran through the audience, the horror and despair of the tragedy before them seemed suddenly real and tangible, the scream, strangled in its birth, that came from the beautiful singer seemed an appeal to them for help, and then an amazing thing occurred.

In the excitement of the scene no one had noticed the sudden arrival in the hall of Dr. Harrowden, who, pale and breathless, stood watching the descent of the curtain, until, apparently overpowered by impulse, he ran up the hall, leaped up to the stage and, springing across the footlights, threw himself upon the count.

In the desperate struggle that ensued, momentary as it was, before the paralyzed onlookers rushed to separate the combatants, no one noticed that Eva herself had not moved and lay still under the cushions.

There was the flash of a knife, an exclamation from Dr. Harrowden, and then, as he dropped, stabbed in the shoulder, a dozen hands were on the count, and though he fought with the limitless strength of a madman, he was overpowered at last by numbers and carried off the stage, bound and helpless.

Dr. Harrowden, whose faintness was only temporary, had risen already and, disregarding the help offered him, hurried to the couch and raised the cushions.

Eva lay there insensible, with the marks on her white neck where the count's fingers had gone near to suffocating her.

Dr. Harrowden bent and laid his ear to her lips and heart.

"She is not dead," he said briefly. "Carry her to her room. I will attend to her."

Wondering exclamations broke out on all sides. What had happened? Had the count really attempted Eva's life? How had the doctor been aware of her danger? and a thousand other questions and surmises. Later, when Eva, very weak and ill, had recovered consciousness, she told the story of the count's strange, wild love for her, an infatuation which had seized him when they first met in the opera house at Milan, of her inability to shake off the influence which he exercised over her in spite of her dread and dislike of him, of his appearance at the castle when she was arranging the cast of "Othello," and imperious demand to be allowed to remain there and to play the title role.

"How can I ever thank you enough?" she said to Dr. Harrowden when, after many days of suffering from the count's stiletto wound, he came, at her request to see her. "It was a miracle that you should have saved me as you did. A moment longer, and it would have been too late. How did you guess that his acting was reality?"

"The thanks are due really to yourself," he said gently. "Your kindness in singing to that poor little child was the cause of your preservation. I went to see her that evening and found her just awakened from a strange dream of you, which had left the impression on her mind that you were in danger. The beautiful lady with the angel's voice," she called you. She would not be comforted until I promised to go up to the castle and assure myself that no harm threatened you. Her persistence gave me a touch of anxiety, and it came to me with a sort of intuition as I watched the count that he was mad. I felt sure he meant mischief. It seems almost as if the child had second sight; but these coincidences do occur sometimes."

"And still," said Eva, "it is to you I owe my life. You risked yours for mine. Oh, tell me how to thank you!"

"I dare ask nothing," he said, "since I dare not ask too much."

And they were both silent.

But in their silence a hope and a promise lay. And there are some who say that the most beautiful singer of the day will exercise the prerogative

that her pre-eminence gives to her and will make a romantic marriage entirely for her.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

The Way Hamlets Do.

"Oh, James, here's an account of a hen who laid five eggs in one day."

"Well, maybe she was getting ahead with her work so she could take a vacation."—Detroit Free Press.

He Tears It Off.

First Office Boy—Do you ever get to take a day off?

Second Office Boy—Now; only when I fixes de calendar in de office.—Baltimore American.

Klondike Romance.

The following appeared in the Weston (Oregon) Leader, a few weeks ago and may all be true; but as regards the little dame who was presented with her weight in gold, well, that may be true too, but John L. Martin must show the girl and the gold before his story will be generally believed:

Dawson, Y. T., Sept. 23, 1900. | Dawson as a mining camp differs widely from the leading camps of the United States in this—crime is less rampant and suicides are less frequent. This is partly due to the isolation of the place, but more particularly to the efficiency of the Northwest mounted police—the most effective institution of the kind, I dare say, in the world. Bad men from Cripple creek and Butte meet here, and they are as docile as lambs.

Characterism of the observer in Dawson is a whole book. Hundreds of men who never handled any money before are taking out of the ground from \$25,000 to \$300,000 yearly, without any outlay of money and very little labor. Ninety per cent of these people do not seem to know what money is worth.

They spend their gold with such a lavish hand that it would put Coal Oil Johnnie to the blush. Dawson has all the inducements necessary for the spendthrift to part with his dust that are found in large mining circles. Dance halls and variety shows, with their army of female rustlers, a dozen or more wide-open gambling houses, all are snares to him who is over-flush with the root of all evil.

Over-dressed and highly-scented adventuresses are in evidence everywhere in this Klondike country, all looking for rich husbands. There is one little dame who has drawn more than her share of attention of late. Mild-mannered, with a tinge of sadness in her eyes, she comes and sits in the lobbies of the saloons every day. She sips lemonade, and sometimes drinks a little champagne. She was once a leading actress, they say, starring in western cities. One day she was sitting at the gambling table—women gamble like men here—and had been plunging unusually heavy, when she made the remark to her lady companion that she had lost her last dollar. The "Lucky Swede," who had been amusing himself betting hundred dollar bills on the high card, overheard.

"Don't be sad, little one," he said to her, "I'll give you your weight in gold."

All held their breath, for they knew the Swede's word was his bond. So the little actress went to the A. C. Company's office, where the gold was stored. On the way down the other women passed her purses and jewelry, so that she would weigh more. She tipped the scales at 119 pounds. Accordingly 119 pounds of virgin gold dust was weighed and given her—more than she could carry; but just then she had lots of friends with willing hands to help her carry the yellow stuff away.

Saturday night at 12 o'clock all saloons and places of amusement close their doors tight. It is Sunday in Victoria's domain. Policemen with their bright uniforms noiselessly walk the streets, carrying no weapon whatever—not even a baton. When they arrest a man, which seldom occurs, they gently tap him on the shoulder and tell him he is wanted at police headquarters.

Sunday is a gala day to the good people of Dawson. Well-dressed women and children stroll up the Klondike river, past the suspension bridge, as far as the bluff. Others saunter over the docks along the Yukon. In the afternoon the water front presents a lively appearance. Little gasoline boats, loaded with pleasure seekers, are seen darting to and fro in the swift water of the Yukon. Others in canoes exercise their muscles with the paddle. Someone cries out, "Steamboat, steamboat!" Then the rush for the docks; the dogs are in the way; the pet bear climbing his pole; the Salvation Army on the corner, beating the drum; and the old Yukon rolls on to the sea.

In my next I shall tell you about the mines and the great bones found on the bedrock. JOHN L. MARTIN.

Christianized Scotland.

"It is a curious coincidence," said Commissioner Ogilvie, a day or two since, during a conversation of which the recent St. Andrew's ball formed the

theme, "that Ireland should have first received the Christian faith from a Scotchman, and that the first missionary in Scotland should have been an Irishman, yet such is history."

"Away back 1300 years ago, St. Columba became converted to the faith and went over to Scotland. Before he became impressed with the evil of his ways, he was far from being a saint; in fact, was guilty of a great many things tending to make him very unpopular with all but his own especial followers. He lived, and was a native of the present County Antrim, near the giant's causeway, and after he became convinced that his ways of life were highly improper he gave himself into the hands of those who sat to do duty and was sentenced to depart out of sight of Ireland, upon whose soil he was never again to set foot."

"Thus banished from the tight little isle, St. Columba, that was to be, but at the time merely an exile, sailed away till he came within sight of a strange land. Then he looked backward, and as Ireland was no longer in sight he went ashore and began teaching the strange new faith."

"Afterwards he left the main land and went to the Island of Iona, which has been from a time lost in antiquity the burial place of kings. Twenty-seven Scottish kings are buried there, and a great many others, but then, kings did not live as long then as they do now-a-days, so little adequate idea of time can be had from this."

"The island is about a mile wide by about three in length, and there St. Columba ended his days."

Gold in Ketchikan.

H. C. Strong, who is postmaster at Ketchikan, one of the young camps in Southeastern Alaska, is down on a business trip, and will return north by the next steamer. He is very well informed concerning the district. "Ketchikan is not so very well known," said Mr. Strong, "and as yet is not attracting much attention, but during the past two months many mining men or their agents have been coming into the country. In the district there are about 1500 people, mostly miners and prospectors. The town has but 400 of this number, the other being in the various adjacent camps or prospecting in the hills."

"To give an idea of the growth of this new district I might say that six new postoffices have been established this summer. The Ketchikan office is the distributing point for nine offices, all within the extent of the mining district which is 50 miles long and about 30 miles wide. Helm bay, 20 miles away, has no postoffice, but needs one. It has 100 people. Delomi post-office at Johnson's Inlet, has 100 to 150. A postoffice inspector who has recently visited each camp will report to the department that in every town there are all signs of permanency. His visit was to prevent the establishment of postoffices in camps that were 'on wheels.'"

"I have walked a mile on the surface of a certain gold-bearing ledge," said he. "The ore bodies, as a rule, are about five feet in width. Outside of a pay streak of a few inches, which will sometimes average as much as \$100 or \$200 to the ton, the whole ledge of 14 feet which will average that well, but in which the narrow pay streak appears to be much richer. I would hesitate to say in print how much richer."

"The ore is both free milling and smelting. Of course the free milling will be worked first. There is now at Helm bay a five-stamp mill, which is doing well, but most of the mine-owners are going ahead blocking out several years' ore, before going to the expense of erecting mills."

"The values of the camp are mostly gold in the base ores, as well as the free milling, but in Knibek anchorage and Kaskan bay there are copper showings, which are attracting much attention and during the last month two of these properties have passed into the hands of prominent mining men, who are proceeding to open them up on a good scale."

"The only alluvial deposits are little spots at the foot of the ledges, and are too small to work as placers."

"Only in one case are the properties more than two miles from salt water. In that the distance is five miles. Many of them are right on tide water and cheaper to work. One, however, has three shafts down 35 feet each, 200 feet apart, and has ore blocked out to the amount of more than \$100,000. The owners have refused a cash offer of that amount. I was down in two of the shafts."

"To prospect the country the only difficulty is that the ground is mostly covered with moss, which hides the croppings from view. The tops of the ranges are open parks, with a carpet of grass and are a paradise for deer, there found in great numbers."—Vancouver World.

## SAM'L. DINNIR WAS IN COURT

This Morning but the Court and Council Dined Out.

The Case Grows Out of the Saltman Charge of Fraud Which Was Heard Yesterday.

The case of the Queen vs. Samuel Dinnir was called this morning before Justice Dugas, and upon arraignment the prisoner pled not guilty, electing to be tried before the judge.

Attorneys Ashbaugh and McCall appeared for the defense, and during the morning session of court much objecting ensued.

Dinnir is charged with having on the 7th of last month received from Jacob Saltman an assignment of all the goods in his possession with knowledge of the fact that such assignment was made to him for the purpose of defrauding M. Marks and other creditors out of the amounts owed by Saltman to them for the same goods he assigned to Dinnir.

Saltman, who was found guilty of fraud yesterday and up on whom sentence was reserved till after the hearing of the present case, appeared today as a witness for the crown. He was called to the witness stand and placed his cap upon his head, after the Jewish custom, while taking the oath, and then he was told to stand down for the present, and Mr. Merrymond, the complaining witness in both cases was called.

He testified that the goods in question, consisting of gents furnishing goods, boots shoes and other things, had been sold to Saltman on credit by him as agent for M. Marks, and that the amount of the bill was \$228.50. He said that he had gone to Dinnir before the goods were delivered to him under the assignment, and made known to him the fact that he held a written agreement with the assignor to the effect that the goods were not to be disposed of by him otherwise than to retail purchasers, and that an equal settlement was to be made with creditors from the proceeds of such sales.

Dinnir had told him that he held a bill of sale of the goods and that he intended to hold the goods. Afterwards the witness stated that he had shown the agreement to Dinnir's attorneys and that they had made a copy of it.

The case was postponed till after lunch and will probably occupy the entire afternoon.

Board of Trade Meeting.

The Board of Trade met in its rooms last evening for the first time in many weeks.

The causes which have prevented the meetings being held in the regular way are many. President Fulda for some time was so unfortunate as to have such serious illness in his family as to prevent his attendance, and then the recent campaign coming on also prevented the attendance of some of the members, and others were called by private business to the outside.

Last night the principal matter of discussion was a letter asking the board to petition the Yukon council to in turn recommend to the proper department in Ottawa that the members of the council be paid each \$2500 per year for their services. The letter was laid on the table for one week.

Worse Than Last Year.

The matter of second-class mail was the subject of considerable discussion, vexation and agitation last year, but even then a number of papers came with each consignment. Even that small favor has been withdrawn, as practically no paper mail is being brought this winter. The Nugget office, which is due to receive a score or more papers with each mail, has had but one paper from the postoffice since mail began to come in over the ice. Agitation and appeals appear to have made conditions worse instead of better, and the question is: What can we do about it?

Was "Agin" Vaccination.

"I sign against being vaccinated? Just what I'll do. I gives you a crying baby, even if it didn't cry before."

"Yes, with pleasure. I never took to it since I heard as how a neighbor—Mrs. Robinson that was—lost a child by it. Not that it died of it—but when it was born'd it was as healthy a child as ever I se'd—and so it was for a year after it was vaccinated, but after that, just a year, mind you, it began to pine and pine and never got on with its mother—Mrs. Robinson that was—nor the bottle, nor even the fancy foods (not that I ever held with them), nor nothing; and two years from being vaccinated that child took and died. Yes, I'll sign with pleasure."—Ex.