

### YOUNG MAN GOES BLIND

#### Through Poisoning of His Eyes With an Unclean Towel.

#### C. E. Davis' Pitiful Plight From Which There Seems to Be no Hope of Escape.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily. Near the Klondike bridge, just on the edge of the hill in South Dawson, in the cabin of his friend Edward Pierce, there sits, hour after hour and day after day, a man who has what is perhaps a more righteous cause to complain at the hand dealt him in the game of life by fate, than any living soul in Dawson.

The man's name is Charles E. Davis, and he will probably never see the light of day again. He is blind. The manner in which Mr. Davis, who is a young man, otherwise strong, vigorous and healthy, just in the prime of manhood, met his great misfortune is at once pathetic—aggravating to a degree. He was a miner, and at the time the recent quarantine was declared at the Forks, was engaged in prospecting a side hill claim opposite No. 2 Eldorado creek. One day he wiped his face, after washing on a towel which had been previously used by some one else for some unclean purpose, and his eyes were poisoned. He tried to doctor them himself, not knowing what was the matter, and used some eye water and steamed them over a vessel of hot water, but they grew steadily worse, till he went to the Forks one day intending to come to Dawson in search of relief through medical treatment.

He found, upon arrival there that there was a quarantine on, and still delayed a few days. Then, there being no improvement in his case, he consulted Dr. Edwards, who advised him to come to Dawson at once, and procure a pass for him to pass the quarantine lines, which he did. It had been his intention to secure the services of Dr. Alfred Thompson, but at the time he arrived here Dr. Thompson was away on a trip to the Stewart river, the sufferer, whose eyes were now giving him so much trouble that he felt the urgency of immediate treatment, entered the Good Samaritan hospital under the care of Dr. McDonald.

He failed to improve any and in fact his eyes grew rapidly worse until now, as noted above, he is practically blind. In conversation with a representative of this paper yesterday he spoke as follows: My right eye is totally gone so far as sight is concerned, and the left one barely enables me to distinguish between bright light and total darkness. There is a chance, I am told, although a very slender one, that the sight may yet be partially restored to my left eye, but in order to take advantage of this, I must get to a specialist on the outside, and that soon.

"In the winter time under the existing conditions here, you can see what this chance amounts to. The sufferer is now in charge of Dr. Thompson and everything possible is being done for his relief. His friends are in hopes that he may succeed in reaching the outside for special treatment before his eyesight becomes a total loss.

#### Still on Trial.

The damage suit by Mrs. McConnell against the water company is still before Justice Craig.

This morning Assessor Ward Smith was on the stand under the fire of Attorney Wade's questions concerning the assessment of the Melbourne hotel and other properties. The assessment of the volume of business of the Melbourne, the witness could not remember, but he produced documentary evidence going to show that the building and lots had been assessed at \$31,000. He said that afterwards this figure had been reduced to a much lower figure by the court of revision.

Concerning the unlovely tank house having been placed before the side door of the hotel he avowed that if the Melbourne was his property he would not do any vigorous kicking concerning the obstruction, but on the other hand he would not solicit any one to place a building of the kind there.

So far as the obstruction of the view from the windows and that of the Third house from the opposite side of Third street was concerned, Mr. Smith thought the detriment was more than overbalanced by the benefit of having the water there.

"But we don't want the water there," said Mr. Wade; "you can take the water and put it any where you like! We object to this house."

When questioned about the length of time two round sticks and a log would burn in an air tight heater with the draughts shut off, Mr. Smith said: "Oh, dear! Now, how on earth can I tell about that. I have heard of stoves that

will keep a fire all night, but I never owned one. I don't know how long two round sticks and a log will burn."

Mrs. McConnell was called in rebuttal, but she was suffering from a severe cold and her evidence could not be heard distinctly.

She testified concerning the methods practiced by the Standard theater people and the water company to make connections with the mains of the water company instead of the A. C. Co.'s water pipes, contrary to agreement. Some argument followed as to the admissibility of evidence in this matter which was finally ruled out.

With regard to a conversation she had held with Mr. Mizner regarding the signing of a petition asking for the removal of the building, Mrs. McConnell said that Mr. Mizner had said he would like to sign the petition, but he had just been dining with Justice Dugas and hadn't time. He had told her to go to Mr. Fairbanks and tell him to sign for the company.

#### Where Are the People?

The big crowds of people noticed in Dawson last fall have dwindled down until fully one-half of them are no longer in evidence. They did not all go to the outside on the late steamers; in fact, very few of them went and the late steamers carried almost as many passengers as they took out. Yet these people are not in town, hence they must be scattered around on the creeks where many of them are employed and others are awaiting the beginning of work and are hibernating in creek cabins until that time to escape the wives and allurement that beset the unemployed in the city.

#### Local Matters Discussed.

The Dawson Liberal Club, of which Thos. O'Brien is president, and Mr. Turner, of Bruce & Turner, is secretary, met Tuesday night in the Board of Trade rooms when matter of purely local rather than of political interest were discussed. The question of the present poor service afforded by the mail carriers was the principal topic discussed. A committee was appointed to confer with those in charge of the work to see what can be done towards relieving the present deplorable condition of affairs.

#### Orpheum to Open.

Alec Pantages is again to the front as manager of the Orpheum theater, that house to be opened on Monday night next as a "legit" theater, the initial performance opening with the three-act drama, "Bob, or the Debutante." Fred C. Lewis is stage manager. The company includes Bob Lawrence, Billy Mullen, Fred Breen James Duncan, Julia Walcott, Babette Pyne, Sappho, Lillian Grant, Kate Rockwell, Evaline, Josie Gordon, Ollie Delmar, May Miner, Garnett, Mac Stanley, Dolly Paxton and Mable Williams.

#### The Young Plunger.

London, Nov. 28.—Joe Leiter is still in London. Nina Farrington is also here, and common report has it that Leiter is having a hard time trying to arrange matters so that he can marry Mrs. Stuyvesant Leroy, who is still in Paris.

Nina Farrington refuses to be shaken off. Leiter is much infatuated with Mrs. Leroy. He followed her from Chicago to New York several weeks ago and urged immediate marriage, wanting her to leave the train at Albany, but Mrs. Leroy refused. Mr. Leiter and Mrs. Leroy were dining together in New York a few evenings later when the Farrington woman entered the restaurant and saw them. She went to Mrs. Leroy's hotel the next day, and there was a scene between the women, Nina Farrington threatening the deepest vengeance.

Leiter gave out a report that he was going to sail for Europe on the Saturday steamer and then planned to take the Wednesday steamer in order to fool the actress. Before the steamer was out of New York harbor Mr. Leiter was astonished to meet Nina Farrington on deck. She had divined his trick and taken the same steamer.

It is currently reported that Mrs. Leroy refuses to marry Leiter until he frees himself from all entanglements with the other woman.

Nina Farrington is staying with her former bosom friend, Panny Ward, now Mrs. Joe Lewis. They are having a gay time around London and making Joe Leiter join them.

#### A. F. Brant Dead.

There died at St. Mary's hospital yesterday morning a young man well known both in town and on Hunker, as a freighter and wood dealer. His name was A. F. Brant.

Mr. Brant came from his native state, Pennsylvania, in '98 to the Klondike and has engaged in various occupations since, the last of which was freighting on Hunker creek.

There are many cases on record where men have known that their death was due at a certain time, and have set their houses in order accordingly, but few incidents have been known where a man of only 22 years of age, has kept at work for over a month, suffering all the time with a painful illness, settling up accounts and making preparations for his end with the method and coolness of a soldier who has heard his death warrant read.

The deceased had been sick for a month yet had settled all his accounts before coming to the hospital, which he entered some two weeks before his death, which, because of the delay in coming, was known to be inevitable from the first.

Removing his cap the young fellow

### A VERY HAPPY OVERSIGHT

#### What Happened to a Young Girl at a Museum.

#### She Met an Old Man Who Was Horrid, but Who Had a Love of a Nephew.

Sept. 4, 1897, 10:30 a. m.—Just now, when I took dad his cup of coffee, I found him poring over a bill and looking worried to the verge of distraction. At last I drew from him that The Weekly Wag is wagging all the wrong way and is bound to go to the wall unless he can secure a few articles from some comic writer of note. But, though he has written to several with that object, nothing has come of it.

"In a word, the paper has turned out a ruinous investment for me," he concluded bitterly.

As I came up stairs, feeling utterly miserable and depressed, a happy thought darted into my mind. Men don't like refusing a request when framed by feminine lips, so perhaps I may succeed where poor dad has failed. At any rate, "without a trial there's no denial," and a recent incident opens the way for me to make the trial.

A few days ago, while aunt and I were whiling away an hour in the British museum, she bowed to a librarian. He responded to her recognition with a courtly bow, and a polite smile relaxed for the moment his clean shaven, inscrutable face.

"That was the celebrated Mr. Rutland, the writer of those clever articles, my dear. I met him last week at Mrs. Pelham's," she explained as we passed on into another room.

Seeing that she had turned as red as a peony, I concluded that he was a celibate as well as a celebrity! But he certainly did not look a bit like I imagined him, for, strange to say, dad had been speaking of him to me that same morning, when he had enviously pointed out an attractive announcement in a rival weekly to the effect that a series of brilliant sketches from the pen of the widely known humorist, Rolf Rutland, would shortly appear in its columns. I am very glad now that we chanced to see him, since it paves the way for me to call on him and explain in confidence the sad straits of The Weekly Wag and beg of him to contribute something to its pages.

Aunt mentioned that he lives at Forest Gate, in a beautiful residence known as Olive Lodge. So tomorrow morning I shall take heart of grace and start on this forlorn hope.

Sept. 5, 1897, 1:10 p. m.—What a day of days this has been! I really ought to have dated it in red ink. This morning directly the dear, unsuspecting dad had started for the city, I put on my sailor hat and sallied forth on my secret mission.

About two hours later I mounted a broad flight of steps to the threshold of Olive Lodge, and I must confess that while I waited admittance my courage seemed to ooze out of my finger tips. "You are a little simpaton, Rose Harvey, quaking and shaking as though you were going to face an ogre instead of a wit," I said angrily to myself as a boy in buttons ushered me into a large drawing room, very handsomely furnished, but lacking in pretty trifles. Giving the boy my card I subsided into an easy chair. As I did so I caught sight of myself in a pier glass, and was relieved to see that I looked perfectly self possessed—which I certainly did not feel.

The next minute the curtained door swung open, and "the celebrated Mr. Rutland" entered the room. Unless I was much mistaken a gleam of relief flashed from his steel gray eyes as they alighted on me. Possibly, since my aunt and I bear the same names, he had expected to see her, and of "two evils" would rather deal with the lesser! Producing the current number of The Weekly Wag, I explained—rather abruptly, I'm afraid—the nature of my visit.

While he listened his gaze of polite attention became a stare of unbounded amazement, and, instead of accepting the proffered paper, he sprang to his feet with an exasperated gesture.

"This is a most preposterous request, young lady! It is utterly out of the question that any article from my pen should appear through the medium of The Weekly Wag."

The slighting emphasis with which he named the poor little weekly, and the withering glance he cast on it, made me tingle with rage and mortification.

"Then there is nothing more to be said, except to apologize for having troubled you with this 'preposterous request,'" I said, rising to my feet. And making him a stiff little bow, I moved toward the door. He had the politeness to hasten to open it for me, and I passed out with all the dignity I could summon. At the same moment the hall door was hastily opened, and a tear blurred vision of a tall, straight figure in cricketing flannels made me redouble my efforts to repress my inclination to burst out crying.

Removing his cap the young fellow

held the door open for me, and keeping my smarting eyes bent on the ground I hastily made my exit. Never in all the 19 years of my life had I felt so annoyed and resentful.

"So much for my 'happy thought!'" I reflected briefly, as I descended the deep stairway into the station. Having ascertained that my train was not due for 15 minutes, I fell to pacing the platform, where the flaunting posters of many a prosperous compeer of the luckless little weekly I still grasped gave a yet keener edge to my disappointment. Turning in my perambulation I was surprised to see the flannel clad figure of my tear blurred vision hurrying toward me.

"The old bigwig has repented of his insulting refusal!" I thought hopefully, while I bowed in response to the young fellow's doff of cap.

"Excuse me, Miss Harvey, but there has been some unfortunate mistake, and I have followed you here in the hope of straightening matters," he said, his quick breathing and heightened color testifying to the hot haste he had made. "I am the Rolf Rutland who scribbles nonsense; my uncle is a savant, and only writes for the scientific journals."

"A savant! No wonder he was so annoyed at my request!" I exclaimed, blushing painfully. "But really, knowing you write humor, he might have guessed I had made some such mistake."

"Ah, but he did not know it until ten minutes ago. I have 'great expectations' in that quarter, and have kept my frivolous talent a dead secret from him," he replied, with a whimsical smile.

"Then I hope you will have no reason to rue this stupid blunder of mine," I said impulsively.

"I should certainly have rued it sadly if I had never discovered it—which is a rank Hibernicism, I suppose." And a mutual laugh set us both at our ease.

"And now, Miss Harvey, with regard to The Weekly Wag, I shall be most pleased to contribute to its columns," he said, as eagerly as though he were a struggling aspirant, anxious to see his effusions in print.

In the midst of my delighted thanks the train dashed in, and all was confusion. When he had handed me into a carriage he told me that directly the cricket match was over he should run into the city and see my father. Then the train moved on, and as our eyes met in a last glance, I saw a look in his that made my heart dance as it had never danced before.

About 5 o'clock there came a telegram from dad, to the effect that Mr. Rutland would dine with us at 7. In a flutter of delight, I helped aunt to improve our menu and then hastened to make my dinner toilet.

When, half an hour later, dad and Mr. Rutland entered the drawing room, I was surprised to see how much older and distinguished he looked in evening dress than in his flannels, and for the minute I felt quite shy. But his genial frankness of manner soon brought us "in touch" again, and I have passed the most charming evening I can remember.

Sept. 5, 1898, 10:45 p. m.—My wedding eve, and exactly a year since the day I made that absurd blunder. And now, thanks to the spur given it by Rolf's pen, The Weekly Wag is the foremost of its class and its editor his cheery old self again.

"But I shall never forget," he said to me this morning, "that it owes its success not to the editor, but to the editor's daughter!"—Exchange.

#### Wholesale Theft.

Vancouver, Nov. 30.—The whole Kootenay and Boundary mining districts are stirred to their depths over a railway investigation now being held at Nelson. It is claimed by the secret service agents of the C. P. R. that a regularly organized ring has existed in the mining country for some time past whereby the railway company was defrauded out of many thousands of dollars by means of fraudulent tickets originally purchased—undated—at the company's offices, to be taken up by the conductors in the "deal" and returned to the special agents of the trainmen's syndicate, and by them sold over and over again. Hotel runners were, in the majority of cases, the go-betweens; and two conductors, among the best known in the interior country and employees of the road for years—are said to have organized the scheme. Two station agents are also implicated. Every man connected with the big railway company on the division is anxiously watching the outcome of the investigation. One of the conductors has already been discharged. Chief Detectives Burns, from Montreal, and H. A. Janson, of the secret service department for the lines west of Fort William, had the conduct of the inquiry which has led to the expose.

#### Death on Dominion.

A claim owner of Hunker creek named D. Derwerde, who a short time since started with two partners for Clear creek, died last Sunday morning at No. 6 below lower discovery on Dominion, where he was taken sick on the way about a week before. The cause of death was pneumonia contracted by exposure. The body was sent to the city for burial.

### MERRY XMAS EXERCISES

#### Observed by St. Mary's and Mission Street Schools.

#### Interesting Literary and Musical Programs Rendered—There Will Be No School Next Week.

[This has been a great day to the school children in Dawson, as, owing to its being Friday preceding Christmas week, the usual Christmas exercises were held today, and they are exercises that many children in more favored quarters of the world would be indeed fortunate were they able to attend, see, hear and participate in. Christmas this year has as many pleasures for the child in the Klondike as for the back east cousin and, on the whole, the Klondike child, from the standpoint of plenty and good cheer, has probably the best of it.

As the exercises of the public schools on Mission street are in progress as this paper goes to press it is not possible to give the program as it will be presented. It is known, however, that extensive preparations have been made by both the teachers and pupils and that a program which it would be a treat to hear, comprising music and recitations, has been arranged and that the first Christmas in the public school history of Dawson will be observed in a way that will reflect credit and honor on teachers and pupils alike.

At St. Mary's school the exercises were held this forenoon, beginning at 11 o'clock. In addition to a number of the patrons of the school others were present including Commissioner Ogilvie, Mr. Justice Dugas, Fathers Gendreau and Liebert and the Sister Superior.

The following program was rendered, each participant performing her or his respective part without a moment's delay or a single hitch:

Welcome song by the school.  
Address of welcome, Lena White.  
Minie's Christmas sermon, Secondo Russo.

Song—"Christmas Greeting," school.  
Recitation—"Golden Keys," primary class.  
Song—"Christmas Bells," school.  
Address by Miss Rachel Dunham.  
Recitations of reading, arithmetic and other classes.

Duet—"Yo's Money Ain't No Good," Irene and Clara Wilson.

After this came the distribution of presents from two heavily laden and beautifully decorated Christmas trees, the packages being taken off by the teacher, Sister Mary Edith, who, passing it to Gov. Ogilvie would call the name for whom it was intended, the recipient going forward and taking the gifts from the governor's hands. Each child was presented with a large bag of sweets and toys, books, etc., suitable to their years. The presents were supplied by Mr. Ogilvie and apportioned by the teacher.

When each desk was covered with presents, Commissioner Ogilvie made a short but eminently appropriate address in which he spoke of the difficulties that have been so successfully overcome in the way of establishing schools in the Klondike, and complimented the school on its pleasant quarters, and never-tiring and painstaking little teacher.

As by this time the noon hour had arrived, those present were deprived of hearing remarks from Judge Dugas and others who could not take the time to remain. Father Gendreau spoke briefly to the children and with much bustle on the part of the little ones, goodbys were said and the vacation of Sister Mary's little school duly began and will continue until Wednesday, January 2.

To say that Father Gendreau and the Sisters are proud of their school is but mild. With his own money the former erected and furnished the building and school was conducted by the Sisters right along regardless of the fact that no public support was accorded to it. This year, however, the school receives the benefit of a neat appropriation of public money, and no institution in the Yukon is more deserving.

The teacher, Sister Mary Edith, is most happily suited to her work, being of the stamp that are born to it. Loving, patient and painstaking, her management of the school is perfect and the advancement made by her pupils wonderful. Fifty-five children are enrolled at this school.

All the schools will have holidays next week.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.