

LOVE AND SCIENCE TRIUMPH

The Story of a Marvelous Cure in Chicago.

A Young Woman Who Sacrificed Her Fortune for Her Love is Amply Repaid in the End.

From Wednesday's Daily.

After ten years spent abroad Eustace Carnivert found it pleasant to be back in Chicago. Here centered all memories of his ambitious boyhood, his laborious youth, his disappointed, disheartened, suddenly illumined manhood.

As he stood awaiting his friend in the reception room of the latter he looked down on the congested sidewalks of the great street that ran far below. By narrowing his eyelids he could fancy it a strip of narrow, black and turbulent river. Much was as he remembered it, much changed. He had changed. He was not the boy of exquisite ideals who had made one of the State street throng. He was not the science loving lad who had striven and struggled and almost starved. He was not the studious and self denying individual who had sacrificed the necessities of the body for the rapture of the mind and the sustenance of the soul.

No. The man who had come back was not the man who had gone away. "Save for one thing," he said to himself softly; "for one only."

"Old boy, old boy!" cried a rich and heartsome voice. "Is it you—is it really you?" Then the hand which had crashed down on his shoulder gripped his hand hard, and the men stood looking into each other's eyes as only friends between whom an indissoluble bond exists look at each other after a parting of years. "You haven't changed, Harry. And your fame as a surgeon is as great across the ocean as in your own land. You should be a proud prophet to be honored here."

"I!" exclaimed Dr. Griscom. "I lack has come my way, but I refuse to be complimented by the American oculist whom Europe has delighted to extol! Come into my office. We can't talk here." He turned to the young woman in charge of the suit. "I shall not be at liberty until I notify you," he said.

They had a good half hour together, the old friends who had been aspiring and determined and to whom repute and consequent wealth had come. They talked of many people, many things.

"You were married, I hear, Harry," Carnivert said.

"Long ago. There are three youngsters. The boy is called after you." "You must recollect," said the other quietly, "that I was engaged to Margaret Chester. Her father was a power in the world of finance. The social and intellectual supremacy of the family was never questioned. The engagement was a tremendous mistake. I had nothing except my ambition. When I came to my senses after my insane declaration, I realized the culpability of which I had been guilty—the advantages I had taken of her frank and girlish affection. I went to her. I released her. She assented almost in absolute silence to the breaking of our betrothal. A few weeks later that windfall came to me—that undreamed of and mysterious legacy which enabled me to go abroad to study. I studied hard. Occasion offered; opportunities presented themselves. I took instant advantage of them, with what result you know. And now—now that I have come back circumstantially beyond all probability of poverty, distinguished in my chosen profession, if I may say so, I cannot find the only woman I ever loved—will ever love well enough to make my wife."

There was a brief, a sympathetic silence. "I know," said Griscom. He did not look up. "The father failed. The mother went to live with her elder son in Montana. The younger boy—well, he went the pace that kills. A shattered mind was the culmination of a brief and brilliant career. As for Margaret—"

"You," in a tense tone, "know nothing of her?" "The surgeon hesitated. Then he said in a voice of decision, "Nothing." Carnivert arose, walked down the office filled with the flanking cases of plate glass beset with glittering surgical and scientific paraphernalia, then slowly back again. Griscom sprang to his feet.

"Come!" he cried. "I'll be with you in a few minutes. What nonsense! Do you think you [shall] escape us as

easily as that? You are coming home with me—coming to see Jennie and your namesake. Dress—dinner? Oh, we are not so formal as all that at our house."

At the Griscom residence Carnivert found a warm welcome. Griscom's wife was the kind of a woman who can make a guest feel that his coming brings pleasure; that his departure causes regret. It was a happy little household, neither monotonously dull nor so painstakingly gay as to be wearisome. The oculist of wide and enviable reputation was made to understand that he was well liked personally and not merely admired professionally. So he found himself often at the genial hearthstone of the Griscoms. Sometimes he sadly needed the serenity of atmosphere which there prevailed. For the search which he had come across the Atlantic to prosecute was void of result. All his following of leads terminated at a blank wall. All his inquiries brought replies negative and unsatisfactory.

One bitter midwinter night, coming into the familiar warmth and comfort of the Griscom establishment, he was startled by the alarmed impetuosity with which the wife of his friend accosted him.

"Dr. Carnivert, you will go at once to find Harry! Little Eustace is ill—diphtheria, I fear. I have a physician here, but, of course, the child must have his father. I do not know where he may be found just now. Perhaps at the Auditorium—he spoke of attending a dinner there—perhaps he has dropped into the club. Bring him home!"

Carnivert did not find his friend at the hotel. Neither was he at the club. Message had come for him an hour before. He had hastened to the hospital where he regularly attended. The oculist followed him.

"Dr. Griscom? I must see him at once. It is important—immediate." "I shall tell him." A door at the left was opened. "You will wait here, if you please."

Carnivert entered the room indicated. It was one of the ordinary formal apartments to be found on the main floor of every hospital. A girl at a small table in one corner was manipulating a typewriter. At sound of intruding footsteps she rose, gathered her papers together and turned to leave the room. Attracted by something in her room, her motion, Eustace Carnivert glanced at her in sharp interrogation.

"Margaret!" He sprang forward, with a quick, low cry. "Margaret, Margaret!"

The papers fell from her hands. She stiffened, stood before him rigid, stone still. "Margaret!" he said again and could utter no other word.

"Hush!" she said, striving to withdraw her hands from his fierce grasp. "Don't you notice—can't you?" The speech was wrung from her, broken, painfully.

"Oh, yes!" he cried. "My dear, my poor, dear girl!" He leaned forward, his eyes full of passionate pity, fixed full upon hers. "How long has it been so—how long?" "I only learned it the day you gave me back my betrothal pledge." The long lashed lids drooped over the sightless orbs. "That was why I did not protest. I was trying to get up courage when you came to do what you did."

"And I have come back from the old world to find you? You were not using a typewriter?" "Yes, I have one with raised letters—especially constructed for the blind. Henry Griscom got me a position here. It is light and easy. I am able to do many things. Dr. Griscom has been kind to me."

"He has not been kind to me!" vehemently. "He said he did not know where you were!" "I made him promise that when I knew you were returning. Somehow I felt—I have always felt—you were coming back. But now you must go away again. You must forget me. I will not let my blindness be a burden and a barrier to you."

"You are thinner, paler than of old, Margaret, but sweeter—for your sadness—to me!" "I have suffered," she said simply. "Now go!" Instead he put firm, professional fingers on her eyelids—forced her to let him look long and steadily. A sound like a sob, still a joyful sound, broke from him.

"I can cure you, Margaret!" His voice was hoarse with exultation. "Thank God for that. I can cure you!" Just then Dr. Griscom came in. Carnivert gave his message. The men went away.

"Fate brought you together after all!" Griscom said. "You do not blame me?" "You could not break your word, but

should not have given such a promise." "How could I tell you loved her still—after all these years?" "I thought you were my friend. The intuition of a friend is definite as divine. Do you think it is in my nature to love lightly—to forget?" "I know it is not. I ask your pardon."

"Here we are at the house. I shall wait to hear how the dear little lad is." "Griscom took the stairs three at a time. "Better," he cried, coming down, radiant. "At least he is in no danger. His mother was unnecessarily alarmed. It is only tonsillitis. He will be about in a few days."

"That is fine! Now I must be selfish for a few minutes. Come in the library." There he turned and faced his comrade. "Harry," he said, "I can cure Margaret!" "Eustace!" cried Griscom. "Are you sure? For God's sake, don't deceive yourself!"

"I have examined her eyes. I am positive. The operation will be similar to that which brought me the success I had fought so long to win." The weeks that followed were weeks of eager hope, of confident anticipation, of rapturous conviction. Doubt, despair—these had no place in the sanguine mind of the great oculist.

It came—the all eventful day. Then there was the enforced period of seclusion, of waiting. But when the hour arrived when Carnivert was to remove the bandages from the long unseeing eyes of Margaret Chester his hand trembled for the first time.

"Look!" he commanded in a straining whisper. "Look, beloved!" Her voice rang out, thrilling those who heard. "I can see! I can see! Eustace, Eustace!" Oh, the ecstasy of that cry! "I can see you!"

Then he had caught her in his arms. Her head was on his shoulder, her happy face crushed against his breast. "Old fellow," Griscom said reverently, "there is something I must tell you now. After that parting between you and Margaret she transferred to you all the property she personally possessed. It was a legacy to her from an aunt. That is the money which you spoke of as having come to you mysteriously. Her lawyers were bound to silence. Without that gift of exquisite generosity you could never have gone abroad, studied, fulfilled your dreams of success!"

"Nor given Margaret back her sight?" "Dr. Griscom's wife said softly. Margaret was smiling through joyful tears. And her lover, in silence more eloquent than any speech, looked down upon her.—St. Louis Republic.

Called Down.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 19.—Bob Fitzsimmons furnished an incident in a Boston court yesterday. Nobody seemed to pay particular attention to a brawny, long-limbed man as he sauntered into the United States circuit court in the morning and modestly took a seat with other spectators. A corporation case was on hand, and the interest of the stranger soon waned. Unfolding a paper he innocently proceeded to digest its contents. Finally the ruffle of paper attracted the attention of Court Officer Ruhl, and he promptly tip toed over to where the man sat.

"None of that sat," he whispered in a business-like way, with an accompanying tap on the broad shoulder. "It's against the rules to read a paper in open court." The big man with the sandy hair and the smooth-shaven face mumbled an apology and tucked the paper into his pocket. Judge Aldrich, who is presiding over the hearing, beckoned for Court Officer Ruhl to step to the bench and inquired what he had said to the stranger.

"I suppose you know who it is," remarked Judge Aldrich with a twinkle in his eye. "No, I don't know as I do," replied Mr. Ruhl. "Why, that is Fitzsimmons."

Passage All Engaged. C. W. Thebo found out yesterday that seats in the C. D. Co.'s stages to Whitehorse are at a premium these days. Having arranged to go outside on business he went to the company's office to engage passage but was informed that all seats in the stage leaving today were engaged and that the last passage on Saturday's stage had been sold only a few minutes before he arrived at the office. By waiting until Wednesday of next week Mr. Thebo can be accommodated provided he is not too slow in buying a ticket.

At the present rate of consumption, the white fish the Pacific Cold Storage Co. brought in for the luteous season will all be gone long before Easter. Mrs. Thompson has received new ladies' furnishings over the ice. 2d st. Fresh halibut at the Denver Market.

Regarding Signs. Editor Nugget:

Can you tell me how it is that projecting and curb signs are being put up again on First avenue. Last spring (although I had a nice new one) we were all required to take down all signs projecting over the sidewalk. A good many of us have continued to comply with the ordinance, but "gold dust bought," illuminated signs, signs under the guise of awnings and various other kinds have been put up. This is manifestly unfair to those who respect the ordinance, and the authorities should at once enforce it in all its entirety, or else annul it and permit all of us to put up signs ad libitum.

For the convenience of their customers the A.E. Company has sent to the Forks several boilers and hoisting engines. Can be seen at Orr & Tukey's or at Harry Say's claim, 6 above Bonanza.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel. Fine fresh meats at Murphy Bros., Third street. Best assortment of Klondike views at Goetzman's the photographer. For choice meats go to the Denver Market.

Public Notice. The public is hereby notified that at the regular meeting of the Yukon council in the courthouse on Thursday, 14th inst., petitions concerning the adjustment of assessment and the payment of taxes in Dawson will be considered. The council will meet from night to night after that date until the question is disposed of. All interested in this matter are requested to govern themselves accordingly. (Signed) WILLIAM OGILVIE, Commissioner.

Notice. NOTICE is hereby given that the following survey, notice of which is published below, has been approved by Wm. Ogilvie, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, and unless protested within three months from the date of first publication of such approval in the Klondike Nugget newspaper, the boundaries of property as established by said survey shall constitute the true and unalterable boundaries of such property by virtue of an order in council passed at Ottawa the 2nd day of March, 1900.

CHIEF CLAIMS No. 32, 36a, 37 and 38 Gold Run creek and creek claim No. 2 on a tributary at 36° Gold Run creek, in the Dominion mining division of the Dawson mining district, a plan of which is deposited in the Gold Commissioner's office at Dawson, Y. T., under No. 40 by T. D. Green, D. L. S. First published February 6th, 1901.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—At 96 above Bonanza, a leather pocket book containing papers, pictures, etc. Apply this office.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front Street, Dawson. Telephone No. 80.

MACKINNON & NOEL, Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates; Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLenahan, McPeckly & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

BELCOURT, McDOUGAL & SMITH—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Etc. Offices at Dawson and Ottawa. Rooms 1 and 2 Chisholm's block, Dawson. Special attention given to Parliamentary work. N. A. Belcourt, Q. C. M. P., Frank J. McDougall, John P. Smith.

Mining Engineers. J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mines laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and 44 below discovery, Hunker Creek.

SOCIETIES. THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. D.) A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:00 p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y

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