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YOUNG DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE

Called to Operate on Young Lady's Tongue for Cancer.

He Found That 'Twas Husband's Scheme to Have Wife's Tongue Cut Out for Deceiving Him.

It was the public press that first gave me a lift as a young physician and surgeon, and it was the same power that wronged my death in the same way. I had been very fortunate in a surgical operation in a charity hospital in which many people of social standing were interested, and the newspapers caught up the talk and gave me a fine send off. Not a week had passed before I received a caller who came to consult me about a case of cancer of the tongue. It was a sister of the late, he said, who was the victim, and his call was to learn how I would operate and whether I would be free after a week's night after his call that the summons came. A man whom I at once took for a valet came in a cab to tell me that Mr. Gray's sister had consented to the operation and I was to go with him at once. Everything necessary except the surgical instruments had been provided, and in ten minutes I was riding through the streets of London with him. When we finally stopped after a two-mile ride, the street, so far as I could make out, was a fairly respectable one, and the house we entered was detached and built of brick and stone. I took no heed of name plate or number, but followed at the young man's heels and was conducted to a room on the second floor. As I entered a sitting room near the head of the stairs I found it well lighted and Mr. Gray awaiting my arrival.

"The patient is in the next room," he said after greeting me. "but I should like to have a few words with you before going in. I wish you to understand that I am able and willing to pay you a very liberal fee."

"Yes," I said as he looked hard at me.

"You are a young practitioner, and I have no doubt that a thousand pounds just now, with the good words spoken by the newspapers, will help you to fame and wealth. I trust you will thank of this."

"But I can think of no surgical operation to bring me such a fee," I protested. "You spoke of cancer of the tongue, I believe, and the patient is a woman?"

"Exactly. Cancer of the tongue and a woman. You will doubtless find it necessary to remove at least half the tongue. You may not think such an operation worth more than £50, but I have settled your fee at a thousand."

"Has the patient been told that it may be necessary to remove a portion of the tongue?"

"Well, no, but that is a matter for me to decide on. She must submit to my decision. Remember, at least half the tongue and a fee of a thousand pounds."

"I was trying to make him out when he led the way into a bedroom farther down the hall, and the instant the door was opened I got a whiff of chloroform. On the bed, partly disrobed and covered by a sheet, was a woman of about 35. A single glance was enough to prove that she was a lady, although she was unconscious and breathing heavily."

"You have had another surgeon here?" I said as I opened the door to let the room clear itself.

"No," he replied. "I simply thought it better to have her under the influence of an anesthetic when you arrived. Good looking woman, isn't she? Too bad a portion of her tongue must come off."

"He said these words in such a sarcastic tone that I looked him full in the eyes and began to doubt him, but he motioned for me to approach the bed and I did so and soon had the woman's head open and was looking for the cancer. There was nothing of the sort to be found. The tongue was without blemish of any sort."

"There seems to be some mistake here," I said as I turned from the bed.

"You told me this was a case of cancer, but I find nothing of the sort."

"Yes," he slowly replied, looking at me to the unconscious woman.

"You, there is a mistake. Instead of a cancerous tongue it is a lying tongue. Instead of being my sister she is my wife. For two years she has been playing me false. You cannot remove the tongue, which has worn a loving smile all through my disgrace, but you can prevent the tongue from speaking more."

"Man, you must be crazy!" I exclaimed in indignation. "Is this what you brought me here for—to mutilate?"

"That is it," he replied as he grabbed his hands together. "You will cut away such portion of her tongue as will prevent her from ever speaking another sentence. I trusted her and believed in her, but she led me to the

dishonored me. To your work, and your fee is ready. It is a thousand pounds if hand."

"Good night, sir I am going," I said as I started for the door, but I had not taken three steps when I was seized from behind and held as in a vise. Unheard by me, a second man had entered the room."

"But you see you are not going," laughed the husband as he rubbed his hands again. "It is no use being foolish over it. You will either do as I order you to or—"

"Or what?" I asked.

"I will take revenge on you as well," he quietly replied.

"Then take your revenge, for I'll have nothing to do with your case!" I think he was satisfied that I meant what I said, for after a long look at me he picked up a bottle of chloroform and a sponge and after filling the sponge applied it to my nose. Do not imagine I took the situation serenely. On the contrary, I shouted and struggled, and it was only after I had been thrown to the floor by the combined efforts of the two men—that they succeeded in depriving me of my senses. I knew when I was going and wondered in what part of London I was and what sort of fate would be meted out to me. The next thing I knew I was in a hospital, with a doctor seeking to revive me. I had been picked up on the street by two policemen and carried into the place. I was supposed to have taken too much wine and then been run over by a passing carriage. The hospital was a mile and a half from my office, and I had no doubt been carried to the spot where I was found by the two men and a carriage. If the husband had meant to have revenge on me, he had thought better of it."

"You may be sure I put the case in the hands of the police, but nothing came of it. They found a score of streets and a score of houses which answered to the faint description I could give, but were sure of none. What the fate of the woman was I could only conjecture. Perhaps the husband relented toward her as well and was satisfied with casting her off."

M. QUAD.

Wedded in Victoria.

The principals in the happy event chronicled in the Victoria Times of September 6th and reproduced below are very well known to many Dawsonites;

Last evening at the Centennial Methodist church two popular young Victorians, W. H. Shakespeare and Miss Winnifred G. Raymond, daughter of John Raymond, of Belleville street, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. W. H. Barraclough.

The church was crowded, many of the friends of the contracting parties gathering to witness the ceremony. The interior was beautifully decorated. The predominating colors were green and white. The altar was undoubtedly the most elaborately arranged. In the background were ferns and palms, and a pretty effect was obtained by a white border. A bower had been erected directly in front of the altar consisting of lattice work done over with ivy. From the centre of this hung a magnificent floral bell of white and pink chrysanthemums. The aisles were bordered very prettily by tastefully arranged festoons of flowers, while from the chandelier to the tower silk streamers were suspended, adding greatly to the effect. The groom was attended by his brother, Percy Shakespeare, and W. Luny and R. Goddard, while the three sisters of the bride acted as bridesmaids. The bride looked charming in her wedding costume. She wore a beautiful white satin dress trimmed with accordion pleated chiffon and real lace. She also wore a necklace from which suspended a pendant of pearls, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids were also handsomely dressed in white organdie and black picture hats.

On the completion of the wedding ceremony the newly married couple, attended by a large number of guests, proceeded to the residence of the bride's parents, Belleville street, where a wedding supper, at which all the delicacies of the season were served was partaken of. Here the friends of the bride and groom took occasion to shower congratulations and well wishes on the happy couple and toasts to their health were given.

The esteem in which the bride and groom are held by the community was shown most conclusively by the large array of handsome as well as useful presents of which they were the recipients.

Amid showers of rice the newly married couple embarked on the Charmer this morning on their way to Vancouver and other points to spend their honeymoon. On returning they will reside on South Turner street.

REPORTER'S GRIEVANCE

Caused Mrs. Newman to Be Misrepresented by Daily News.

Pt. Get-There, Ala., Aug. 27, 1901. Editor Klondike Nugget:

I wish if possible through your paper in Dawson that you would correct an article written by the reporter of the Dawson Daily News and published by that paper. It was concerning my leaving Dawson in the steamer Monarch for Nome. It stated that I left Dawson under an assumed name, which is an absolute falsehood, as my name appears as plain as my hand can write it on the passenger list of the Monarch as Mrs. S. Newman, which is my name. Furthermore they say I was hid away which is false, as I had stateroom No. 22 and was on board the ship for one hour before she left as Capt. Green can prove.

They also state there was a capias issued for me by one Paspender. Mr. Tozier being his attorney came to me and offered to settle with me for \$300 (three hundred dollars) then came down to \$200 and then to \$100 and in the end took \$50 for which he gave me a receipt for payment in full and I also have a witness to that effect. Mr. Paspender was aware that I was leaving Dawson and had all the chance in the world to stop me. Had it been a legitimate debt I would have paid it.

They further state that I was \$100 in debt. That is another falsehood which I am able to prove when I return to Dawson, which will be before the close of navigation. I had no occasion to hide myself away when leaving Dawson. I have always paid my honest debts and always will. I do not like to receive a piece of cheap notoriety without being there to defend myself. The reporter has a grievance himself which is the cause of the piece. A man who tries to get revenge by writing a person up in the paper may in some future time be written up himself. Trusting that you will be so kind as to publish this letter for one who has been unjustly accused and thanking you very kindly, I remain yours respectfully,

MRS. S. NEWMAN (Better known in Dawson as Sweet Marie)

SUIT FOR RECOVERY

Kast Wants His Money Returned by Lumpkins.

In the territorial court yesterday the case of Kast vs. Lumpkins came on for trial. The action is the result of a sale of two-thirds interest in 35a below on Sulphur by defendant to plaintiff, the consideration for which was \$200, \$50 being paid down at the time and the deferred payment being secured by mortgage on the claim. Included in the transfer was the interest held by defendant in a lay on lower 50 feet of the adjoining claim, No. 35, which interest was one-half of a 100 per cent lay. The fraction was but 41 feet in length and the lay was secured in order to give sufficient ground to work to an advantage. On the stand plaintiff testified that he had taken possession of the ground in December last and worked there continuously until April 1, sinking a hole 37 feet to bedrock by his sole efforts. During this time Kast had never had possession nor seen the lay papers covering the lay on the lower end of 35, having been informed by defendant that they were on Dominion awaiting the signature of Lynch, one of the co-owners in the claim. Kast made a trip to Dominion to secure the papers and there learned Lynch had refused to sign them. He now sues for the recovery of the money already paid. Another action in which Lumpkins is plaintiff and Kast defendant, the suit being for the foreclosure of the \$50 mortgage has been joined with that now on trial, as the judgment in one will practically be the same in the other.

Historic Building.

The Sheffield, Eng., Week and Weekly News, has the following item which will be of interest to many Canadians who have visited the spot referred to:

"A building intimately associated with John Wesley is about to disappear. It was, on Trinity Sunday, 1743, that the famous preacher began his ministry at the Chapel in West street, Seven Dials. Speaking of that occasion Wesley writes: 'I was a little afraid at first that my strength would not suffice for the business of the day when a service of five hours (for it lasted from ten to three) was added to my usual employment. Here it was that Wesley and Whitefield celebrated their reconciliation and here, too, the saintly Fitcher, of Madeley, preached his first sermon in 1751. The first floor of the adjoining vestry house formed a Nicodem room, where, with windows open, the day could hear without being seen. This house is now condemned, and ordered to be pulled down forthwith. It is at present the occupation of the Seven Dials Mission, and it is proposed to build upon its site a new building, where the urgently needed increase of space for the work may be obtained."

A Big Wedding Fee.

In his "Eccentricities of Genius" Major Pond says that often while traveling Henry Ward Beecher improved his time by having what he called "a general housecleaning" of his pockets, which would get loaded up with letters and papers until they could hold no more, when he would clear them out and destroy such papers as were worthless.

On one occasion Beecher happened to put his hand in the watch pocket of his pantaloons and found there a little envelope which he opened. When he saw its contents, he called Major Pond to sit beside him and remarked: "You remember the evening I married C. P. Huntington. I was so much interested in the subject that I forgot to hand me a little envelope as he went out of the door. I put it in the watch pocket of my pantaloons and never thought of it again until just now, and here it is, four \$1000 bills. Now," he said,

"don't tell any one about it, and we will have a good time and make some happiness with this money. We will just consider that we found it."

And so in a day or two Mr. Beecher went with Major Pond to look at a cargo of fine oriental rugs, many of which he purchased and sent to different friends, and afterward he spent what remained of the money for eight silver lamps, unmounted gems and various pieces of bric-a-brac, all of which he gave away until he had used up the entire \$4000 "in making happiness among those whom he loved."

After Mr. Beecher's death the major related to Mr. Huntington the incident of this discovery of the four \$1000 bills, and the railway magnate observed: "I should never have given them to him. It was all wrong. I made a mistake. Money never did him any good."—Ex-Kodak films developed, 50 cents per roll. Kodak photos 12 1/2 cents each. Goetzman's.

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We Have Added to Our Hardware Department A First-Class Tin Shop. And are now ready to meet all the demands of the trade in that line. Call and get estimates. Dawson Hardware Co. Store, Second Ave. Phone 36. Mfg. Dept. 4th St. & 3rd Ave.

STAGE LINES THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. TO GRAND FORKS—Daily each way, Sundays included. 8:00 a. m. and 2:00 p. m. TO DOMINION AND GOLD RUN—Via Bonanza and McGeorge's Forks. 8:45 a. m. TO 3 ABOVE DIS., HUNKER—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, returning following days. 8:30 a. m. ALL LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. TELEPHONE NO. 8.

THE CLIFFORD SIFTON. Made another excursion to Whitehorse Friday last with every stateroom sold and a jolly, satisfied crowd of passengers. Watch for Her Saturday! CUT RATES! \$30 First Class \$20 Second Class WAIT FOR HER. Office, Townsend & Rose. Telephone 167. Frank Mortimer, Aurora Dock, Ticket and Freight Agent.

COLD DAYS COMING! We have AIR-TIGHT STOVES. Made to Burn Either Coal or Wood. Also GASOLINE AND COAL OIL STOVES For Kitchen or Camp. N. A. T. & T. CO. Steamer Prospector SAILS SATURDAY, SEPT. 21 For Stewart River Falls. THIS IS THE LAST TRIP. Will Lay Over a Day or More at the Falls for Excursionists. For Passenger and Freight Rates, Apply Frank Mortimer, Agent. Aurora Dock.

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