

## TRIUMPH OF DR. HARROWDEN

In the Madness of Love He Worked a Neat Scheme

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

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 cove 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 veiled 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 Mlle. Rohan.

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

Dr. Harrowden knit 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 Mlle. 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 cove, 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 Humorists 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 git to take a day off?  
Second Office Boy—Naw; 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 to 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 their 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.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Save Money  
Save Time..  
Save Labor.



TELEPHONE No. 28

By Using N. A. T. & T. Co.'s

# COAL

No creosote to destroy the pipes and endanger the building.

Used after comparative tests by

The Dawson Fire Department

and all large consumers.

Delivered in Any Quantity.

## N. A. T. & T. Co.

400 CASES 400

Four Hundred Cases

G. H. Mumms' Champagne. \$80.00 per Case.

ONE OR ONE HUNDRED CASE LOTS.

Aurora No. 1  
Aurora No. 2

TOM CHISHOLM or  
HARRY EDWARDS.

"White Pass and Yukon Route."

A Daily Train Each Way Between  
Whitehorse and Skagway . . . . .

COMFORTABLE UPHOLSTERED COACHES

NORTH—Leave Skagway daily, except Sundays, 8:30 a. m., 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.  
SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

E. C. HAWKINS,  
General Manager

S. M. IRWIN,  
Traffic Manager

J. H. ROGERS,  
Agent

## You Fellows From the Creek . . . .

Want to drop in and see us when you come to town.

You know you were always welcome to sit on the counter and whittle in '97 times, and it's just the same old place now.

You can sit on the steam pipes and shoot out the electric lights, and be perfectly at home as of yore.

Incidentally we can swap yarns about how much cheaper goods are, and possibly fit you out for the season for about what you used to pay for a sack of flour.

Don't forget the Old Trading Post

# Alaska Commercial COMPANY

Telephone 23

ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek,  
on Klondike River.

SLUICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER

Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike  
river and at Boyle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

## One Hundred Dollars Reward!

For information leading to the arrest of the party or parties who feloniously broke into the waterhouse situated on the corner of Third Avenue and Harper Street, and maliciously flooded the premises. The event occurred Monday last about 5:30 p. m.

\$100.00

D. A. MATHESON,  
McLennan-McFeeley Co.'s Building.

STEAM HOSE, STEAM PIPE

Injectors, Ejectors, Steam Gauges, Valves, Whistles, Malleable Fittings, Cable, Cable Sheaves, Lubricators, Packing, Etc.

at the DAWSON HARDWARE COMPANY

.....Blasting and Giant Powder, Caps and Fuse in Stock.