



The Mohawk's Revenge

Jim and his chum Tom sat on the fence talking.

Tom, the smaller of the two, was an alert, mischievous little fellow, with a merry, freckled face and red hair. He was fond of his friend and entertained a respectful admiration for him, although he would seldom show or admit it.

Jim was in decided contrast to Tom. Being a little Indian boy, he

"Well," drawled the other provokingly, "I don't want to, but—"

Immediately he found himself off the fence and suffering at the hands of his companion.

"Don't you dare say—I stole," panted Jim between blows.

Tom freed himself, and smoothing down his rumpled hair, laughingly protested he hadn't "said" so.



No. I.—A little dark head bobbing up and down on the water.

displayed in disposition and physique all the characteristics of his race. He was of a dreamy temperament, and delighted in the stories his grandfather so often told him of his ancestors.

Tom envied him his Indian birth, and he, too, liked the stories, and was always ready to hear him repeat them. He was now listening intently, but with assumed indifference, to the adventure Jim was relating.

The narrative came to an end. "Jim," broke in Tom, abruptly changing the subject, thus giving him the impression his story was unworthy of comment, "what's this talk about you stealing Mrs. Brown's basket of fruit?"

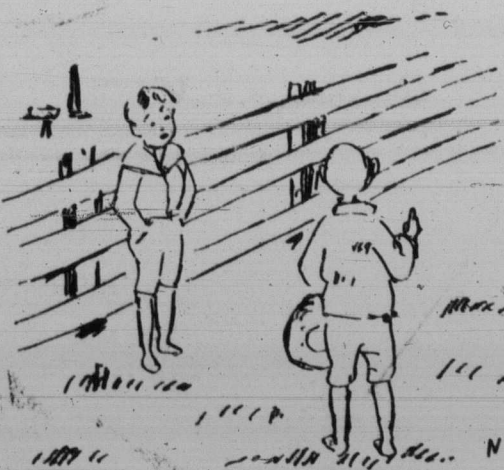
Jim jumped down, a frown settling on his face. The accusation had

"I never took the fruit!" repeated the angry boy. "Tom," tragically, "that woman has injured me! She'd better be careful! Let her beware of the Mohawk's revenge!"

Tom became serious and surveyed his companion with undisguised admiration.

The day had been hot and sultry. Over the fields in which lay sheaves of ripened wheat the sun's last red rays were east, tinting them and the entire landscape in a faint red-gold.

There was a peaceful stillness in the approaching night. All was quiet save perhaps for the monotonous droning of the never-weary crickets, or from the sly pools along the roadside an occasional croak of a lazy frog mingled with the faint tinkle of the cowbells in the distance.



No. II.—Tom surveyed his companion with undisguised admiration.

troubled him greatly, and he stood digging his bare toes into the sod, on the unappreciative Jim, who, silent and disconcerted, then said angrily:

"It's a lie! I didn't steal her fruit! My ball fell into her yard. I went after it. When the fruit was missing she said I took it."

"Looks bad," tantalized Tom.

"I tell you, I didn't touch the stuff!"

Tom had not a doubt of his friend's honesty, but he looked unbelieving, and glanced carelessly over the landscape, as if for obvious reasons he didn't care to discuss the subject.

"Do you dare say I took it?" demanded Jim.

But the beautiful scene was wasted on the unappreciative Jim, who, breaking the stillness with his shrill, tuneless whistle, sauntered lazily down the road toward his chum's house.

Reaching his destination, and disdaining the gate, he climbed to the top of the fence surrounding the yard and peering over found poor Tom seated on an old barrel, his head tied up, a woe-begone expression on his face and showing every evidence of his old enemy, the toothache.

"Hello, Tom! Gave for a swim? Ho! ho!—toothache again, eh?"

Tom neither moved nor deigned reply, so Jim disappeared, calling:

"Well, so long, baby! I'll go alone."

Jim cut his swim short. Without Tom it lacked zest. Later, however, he had reached the zenith of happiness in having been hired by some yachtsmen to take care of their boat while they went ashore.

The yacht was anchored some distance out, and Jim lay on the deck watching the moonlit waters. No other boat was in sight, and apparently no one was moving on land. He seemed alone on that big sheet of water as he lay there weaving romances.

Gradually his mind reverted to Mrs. Brown. Owing to the stigma cast on him he had been snubbed by his companions and he felt it keenly.

"If only," he thought, "it was a hundred years ago, and I a great chief, then Mrs. Brown—"

"Helloa!" called some one.

Springing up, his sharp eyes searching the water, he discerned a small boat, evidently a canoe, almost hidden in the shadow of a high bank.

"Helloa!" again.

There was distress in the cry.

As the canoe moved out from the shadows a woman in it called:

"Helloa there, yacht! I have dropped my paddle and am drifting out into the lake!"

Jim knew the voice. It was Mrs. Brown's. No need to have lived a century ago! Here was ample revenge.

Clouds gathering on the horizon indicated an approaching storm. A breeze was blowing off the land. No one from shore could hear her call. No one but they two were on the water.

The canoe drifted, drifted out past the yacht, Jim, standing in the bright moonlight, folded his arms and watched it, as he imagined his fathers would have done, going out, out to destruction.

"Help!" came again and again.

Jim stood like a statue. "This," he thought, "is my revenge!"

But there were traits in his character he hadn't counted on. There was a plunge! A splash! A little dark head bobbing up and down on the water, and a small hand grasped the canoe.

"Use that piece of stick beside you to steer, Mrs. Brown, and I'll get you ashore all right," said Jim.

They were not very far out, but he was only a little fellow of ten, and unused to swimming with one hand, and was, moreover, afraid of upsetting the canoe, so he made but slow headway, and the excited woman steered so badly they twice went around in a circle. Seeing this, she forced herself into calmness, and for a time they made better progress.

It was hard on Jim. He was tiring rapidly. Twice he stopped, rested and went bravely on again. But there seemed still a long stretch of water ahead.

On, on! His breath came in labored gasps. How far the shore seemed! Would he never reach it? On again. But his strokes became uncertain. What was the matter with him anyway?

A small boy, with a handkerchief tied around his head, sauntered carelessly down the pier, and stopped short, with the exclamation:

"Gee whiz!"

Then he shouted lustily: "Don't be a duffer, Jim! Keep up; I'm coming."

His encouragement not having the desired effect, he yelled:

"Pshaw! You're no good! Bet my jack-knife you'll be drowned!"

Spurred by Tom's taunts, Jim made fresh efforts.

Splash! A few strokes and Tom had hold of his exhausted friend.

"Here, ma'am," said he, throwing into the canoe an old barrel stave, he had hastily snatched from the wharf. "Paddle with that. I'll land this kid!"

"Who is he?" asked Mrs. Brown, as she, now safely ashore, supported the unconscious Jim.

"He's the boy what you said stole your fruit when he didn't," sobbed Tom, mistaking Jim's faint for death. "He said he'd have a Mo-

hawk's revenge on you for it, and now—he's dead!"

"No, not dead," she answered softly, "and he has had his revenge—a noble one!"

A Kentucky Tragedy

It was cold and raining hard when Ellsworth Elliot Montague drove his tired team into the big dooryard in front of his cousin Tom Bowling's country home, fifteen miles southwest of Lexington, Ky.

"Why, how ah yuh, Monty?" said Tom, who had come to the door and stood there with the lamplight making a brilliant background behind him. "It strikes me yuh look wet."

"I'm wet outside, Tom, but I'm mighty dry inside the skin, I tell yuh. I'd like a good stiff drink of Kentucky dew fust thing, soon as I get th' hosses put up."

"Heah, boy," Tom called to an old negro, "put up Mistah Montague's hosses right away, do you heah? Come right in this minute, you pooh old chap. Sit down thah next th' wood fire. I'll bring you a drink directly."

In five minutes Tom came back from the rear of the house, confusion on his face.

"It's disgraceful, Monty; it's the fuhst time it evah happened in this house, I give you may wuhd," he said.

"What's the mattah, old chap? What's gone wrong?"

"Monty, I'm ashamed to confess it, but theah ain't a drop of liquor in th' house, not a drop."

"No place to get any anywah neah by, I reckon."

"Not neaher than th' old Dutchman's, an' he's twelve miles away."

"Couldn't send a niggah ovah, could you, to tote back a pint? Th' fact is, th' cold's got in my bones an' I can't seem to get wahn nohow."

"Why, certainly, Monty. No trouble at all. I'm only mortified that we haven't got a drop in th' house. Fuhst time it was evah said of a Bowling, I assu' you of that. Heah, you, Andrew Jackson, go tell George Washington to saddle th' spotted pony an' ride ovah to th' old Dutchman's afah a quart of liquor. Heah's a dollah foh him."

The old negro went out into the yard, and Ellsworth Elliot Montague heaved a sigh of relief.

"Theah," he said, "I feel bettah already. How fah did you say it was?"

"Twelve miles, Monty."

"Good roads?"

"Yes, roads ah good an' smooth. Tuhnpike."

"That pony a fast hoss?"

"Middlin' fast, Monty."

"That boy, George Washington, a good ridah?"

"All muh boys ah good ridahs. Don't allow no uthet kind on th' place."

"You don't think he's in any dang' of fallin' off?"

"No, I reckon not," laughed Tom. "What's the mattah with you, Monty?"

"Nothin' the mattah. But it seems to me I can jess smell that liquor this minute. I'm powerful cold and chilly, an' thuh fah don't seem to reach th' spot. That boy must be about three miles out by this time?"

"Yes, I reckon so."

"Does he have to cross any bridges on thuh way?"

"Yes, but thuh bridges ah all safe an' sound, Monty."

"An' th' hoss is suah-footed?"

"Yes, he's a good, safe hoss."

"Say, Tom, he muss be about half way that by this time."

"Yes, I reckon so."

"You say he's a good ridah?"

"Yes."

"An' th' roads ah good?"

"Yes."

"Ain't liable to lose his way, is he?"

"Knows his way fuhst rate."

"Say, Tom, that boy muss be mighty nigh thah now?"

"Yes, mighty nigh."

"Say, Tom, seems to me I can heah that niggah knockin' up th' old Dutchman."

"Git up, ne's yellin', git up. Heah's Mistah Tom Bowlin' sent ovah foh a quart of youh best liquor in a hubby. Git up—Foh th' Lord's sake, Tom, they ain't any dang' of th' old Dutchman's bein' out of liquor, is theh?"

"He's always got a couple of barrels."

"You ah suah about that niggah bein' a good ridah?"

"Yes."

"Don't think thah's any dang' of his droppin' th' bottle?"

"Not a bit."

"Th' old Dutchman gets up an'—"

"An' th' niggah boy a good ridah?"

"Fine ridah."

"Say, he muss be mighty nigh home. Theah's a noise in the yahd now."

Ellsworth Elliot Montague threw open the door and peered out into the rain.

"Heah, you, George Washington," he cried. "Bring that whisky in heah this minute."

"Boss," came the answer, "I'se hurryin', but I ain't found de bridle yet."—Chicago Tribune.

Job Printing at Nugget office.



No. III.—Peering o'er, found Tom seated on a barrel *** showing evidence of the toothache.

comes down stairs. Takes th' bottle an' goes down sellah. Tips up th' old demijohn—I can jess heah th' good old stuff goin' guggle-te, guggle-te, into th' bottle. Suah they ain't any dang' of th' liquor bein' all gone?"

"No. Th' old Dutchman's got plenty."

"Say, th' boy muss be stahted back by this time?"

"I reckon."

"Fuhst he says to th' old Dutchman, 'Heah's youah old dollah. Mistah Bowling says foh to keep th' change.' You say th' roads ah good, Tom?"

"Yes."

"Boy ain't liable to drink th' liquor?"

"No, not a bit."

Tit for Tat

Man is so prone to err that he should reflect a little before drawing attention to the mistakes of others. A professor who prided himself on his correct English heard his wife remark:

"I intended to tell Jane to bring a fresh bucket of water."

"You doubtless mean a bucket of fresh water," corrected the professor. "I wish you would pay some more attention to your rhetoric."

A few moments later he said: "My dear, that picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock."

"Ah," she replied, you doubtless mean if I were to hang it above the clock. If I were to hang it over the clock, we could not tell the time. I



No. IV.—As he imagined his forefathers would have done.

"He'll be ridin' faster comin' home it's so wet?"

"Yes, I reckon so."

"An' th' spotted pony is a good looper?"

"Yes, mighty spirited hoss."

"Might run away with th' niggah boy?"

"No. He's a fuhst-class ridah."

"Say, that boy muss be half way home by this time?"

"Ought to be thah."

"I can't hardly wait foh a ho'n of that liquor. Did you say th' old Dutchman kept good liquor?"

"Best they is."

"An' th' hoss is suah-footed?"

"Yes."

New Collars, New Ties, New Belts.

JUST OPENED AT

SUMMERS & ORRELL 2nd Ave.