

# Story of the Drug Store

Old Dr. Poppitz never had an assistant till about six months before he died. Then Harold Updike, one of the "town boys," came back from the city a graduated, full-fledged pharmacist and Dr. Poppitz employed him in the drug store. "The Racket Drug Store," Beeno, Ark., that was the sign over the door, but on a little tin sign near the side entrance was the legend, "Herr Poppitz, Apotheke." The advent of Harold Updike lent new glory to the drug store. He wore a pink shirt and silk garters to hold up his sleeves. He parted his hair in the middle and kept it drooping, mane-like, over his eyes after the manner of the college football hero. He was the envy of all the young men in town because he ruled the soda fountain, and every girl in town called him "Hal" and quit buying stamps at the postoffice. Meanwhile Dr. Poppitz, who, by the way, wasn't a doctor at all, was disabled almost entirely by accelerated diabetes, and Harold came pretty near "running things" in the store.

"Would you like a cooling beverage, Miss Sue?" asked Harold one evening, when pretty Miss Clayton who had got into long dresses within the year had bought a box of note paper and some stamps. "With me, you know. My treat."

And while she was nibbling daintily at it he eyed her admiringly and stammered: "Two years have made quite a change in you, Susie."

"They've changed you, too, Hal. We're all glad to see you back—there aren't enough boys 'round, you see, and—you know Dan Atterbury—"

"Oh, that's so. I forgot about Dan. Where is he?"

"He hasn't come back from the army yet," she said, getting deeper into the confection, but blushing, too. "—that is, we have been expecting him. He said he'd be here before the Fourth, and I'm hoping—"

"Aha, Miss Susie," simpered Updike, "so he's been writing to you, eh? He always was a little sweet."

"He was schoolmate with us, with you, too," she said frowning with quite a serious attempt at severity, "and I think you ought to be glad to see him too, Hal. He's been wounded and sick and suffered ever so many things over there in the Philippines. And he was in China, too."

But Updike didn't care whether his old schoolmate ever came back, for he had some plans of his own with regard to Susie, and he knew that even a pink shirt and football hair are not special advantages over a blue uniform and a bolo wound.

But Dan came back, just the same, and the girls made quite a hero of him—for a few days. He had some presents too, principally for Susie, but he proved his generosity with gifts of a Filipino mat and a Chinese ring to Updike. He brought a carton of Manila cigars for old Dr. Poppitz, and they lay open on the little table by his bed the night the good old apothecary died.

After the funeral was over and the lonely old doctor was almost forgotten Harold began to cut quite a figure in Beeno circles. The store owed money to the Hot Springs wholesaler, and Hal was acting manager for its creditor. Meanwhile he was paying the most ardent court to Miss Susie. She might have bathed in costly perfumes and feasted interminably on bonbons and ice cream soda without infringing an inch upon Updike's grandiose hospitality. He sent her presents of every kind of note paper, fancy toilet articles, soaps, novelties, combs, brushes and the rest of drug store fancy goods.

Dan Atterbury's star, on the contrary, was on the descent. He had put aside his weather-stained campaign suit and was loafing. A soldier out of his regimentals and out of a job is not usually a heroic spectacle. Some of the good people of Beeno began to hint that "soldierin' a-lus did make fellers 'n count," and Atterbury was commencing to be aware of his questionable position in the community, when at her gate one night Susie, fixing a poppy in his button-hole, said: "Danny, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know yet, Sue," he hesitated. "I've got over two hundred saved up, I told you, and if I sell the loot I brought hom I'd have a pretty good stake—perhaps eight hundred or a thousand. We could get married on less than that, Susie."

"No we couldn't Dan. Not unless you had a position, or some business, or something ahead. It doesn't take long to spend a thousand dollars, Dan."

"Well, what would you do?" he asked, boy-like, "I'm willing to do anything. Would you go to the city and study law, or medicine, or—"

"Pharmacy?" she laughed, helping him out. "No, Dan, don't study phar-

nacy if it's going to make you like Hal. He's—"

"I don't think you ought to back-bite him, Sue. You ought to send back his presents or at least tell him to stop."

"Oh, I don't know. He gives them to all the girls the same as to me."

"I know, Sue. But he's beginning to talk like he owned you. I don't like it."

And Updike wondered that Susie quit buying trifles at his store and he became quite enraged when she asked him, kindly, to send her no more gifts.

"The drug store is for sale," Sue, Dan was saying one night a few weeks later. "I heard the man from Hot Springs telling Hal to look out for a purchaser. Seems it hasn't been making money, or they don't want to be bothered with it. Too bad, isn't it? Hal will lose his job."

"Why don't you buy it, Danny?"

"It was a bold idea and they looked at each other silently in the moonlight. But he went to Hot Springs next day with all his money and a little that she had been saving since she could remember, and he bought the Racket drug store. But when he came back to Susie with his bill of sale and the list of notes that he had agreed to pay, he was worried."

"What'll I do with Hal, Sue?"

"Let him run it for you. You can go to Chicago and study pharmacy on the profits. I'm sure he won't mind working for you, Dan."

It was quite a blow to Mr. Updike, but he swallowed his chagrin and the matter was fixed. Dan went to the city and in a year, when he came back with his diploma, Hal greeted him with a stern smile and said:—

"The jig is up, Dan. They're going to sell us out."

And so it was. Susie wept and Dan grieved, but neither of them knew what to say when Harold Updike bought the place. Where did he get the money? His father, who kept the dairy, was poor. Susie supposed it was all right, but why had he been so quiet, so sneaking about it?

"I'm going to ask him for a job," said Dan, sullenly. "I gave him one and he ought to do as well by me."

And Harold's small soul swelled with pride when he saw Dan behind the counter pounding away with a pestle, or slobbering an'ong the syrups. His eyes glistened over the new sign, "Harold Updike, Pharmacist" which gleamed above the entrance. He bought a "stepper" and got "sporty." Sometimes he even cursed his clerk. He borrowed money from Tom Kelly, who kept the saloon, and the business went on. For a while it seemed that the place was a small mint, but at last the salesmen quit coming. Duns became frequent, the bank grew "grouchy" and finally a small, fat man in a brown suit came up again from Hot Springs, "to take charge."

"I don't see how it failed," growled Hal as he and Dan sat in the disordered store at midnight after the inventory was made and the dreary work was done.

"I don't see how it failed when I owned it," said Dan.

"They were quite silent for a minute."

"What are you going to do, Updike?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I'm going to buy the store back again," said Dan, laughing.

"You? Where did you get the money?"

"Susie's dad, Hal," answered Atterbury, "we're going to be married."

There was a tap at the window and a merry voice called, "Are you there yet, Danny?" But Updike laid his hand on Dan's arm as he started for the door and said, "Will you give me back my old job, Dan?"

"N—no, Updike. Not this time. I think I'll run it myself."

And afterward, as he walked home with Susie and her father, he said, "Well, my conscience is easy, anyway. Turn about is fair play."

—John H. Rattery, in Chicago Record-Herald.

**Meeting With an Anaconda**

A New York lawyer, who has traveled a great deal, had an encounter with an anaconda, which he describes as follows:

"I was riding ahead of my party along a narrow road in the Amazon valley. My mount was a large white mule, whose only ambition in life seemed to be to bite and kill every one he encountered. I do not know but what he was a more dangerous quadruped than any of the wild animals in the Matto Grosso. On either side of the road rose the forest. The branches of the trees met here and there overhead, so that the thorough-

fare looked more like a verdant tunnel than a country road. Suddenly my mule stopped, drooped his ears and turned his head about. Thinking that this was evidence of a desire on his part to bite my leg, I was about to whip him, when I noticed that he was shivering all over in an ague."

"I looked up and down the road, and then I shivered. Not more than 60 feet away a huge snake, half coiled around a bough which projected over the road, lay swinging and looking at me with a glare that was not at all reassuring. I had left my rifle behind on a baggage mule, and had nothing with which to fight save a hunting knife. I drew this promptly from the scabbard, and, with the courage worthy of a better cause, used it as a spur upon my luckless steed, which turned and galloped for dear life in the opposite direction."

"I reached my party, got the rifle, and with my men galloped back to secure the constrictor. The reptile and I must have had the same brand of bravery. He had dropped from the bough and vanished in the recesses of the jungle."—New York Post.

**Life's Stages**

Seattle, Aug. 2.—The Lynn canal liner Humboldt reached port yesterday morning from Skagway, with \$482,070 in treasure and eighty passengers.

There was a newly married couple aboard, occupying the ship's bridal chamber; a baby boy was born in another stateroom, and the corpse of a pioneer Klondiker on shipboard.

The bridal pair were Mr. and Mrs. A. Shattuck of Juneau. The bride was formerly Miss May Agnes Swineford, a daughter of Governor Swineford.

Their departure from Juneau was marked with great eclat. Just before the steamer sailed the pair were treated to a shower of rice and worn out shoes, and a magnificent bridal bell was suspended in their stateroom on the steamer. The groom is a representative Juneau merchant.

In latitude 56-41 north, longitude 132-50 west, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. N. Johnson. The boy was christened "Humboldt" in honor of the boat, with appropriate ceremonies.

The body of C. G. Perkins, formerly of Port Townsend, who died in Dawson, was brought down for burial.

**Coronation Day at Gold Bottom**

The celebration was held after supper Saturday evening and Hunkerites are congratulating one another on its success. In the sports only local celebrities took part, which added immensely to the interest shown by the crowd. There was one event in which almost everyone took part by fair means or otherwise—the tug-of-war between up creek and down creek. The up creek fellows won, but more could be said on that subject than that bare statement.

Shaughnessy won the 100-yards dash, J. A. Crowe the running jump and Bob Highland the high jump. The girls' race, married women's race, three-legged and pick-a-back races, etc., were all well contested.

At the conclusion of the games the local orators were permitted to operate. Dr. Clendennan and Mr. R. Highland had some pertinent remarks to make re coronations and elections. George H. Locke told some interesting personal anecdotes of the king and queen.

The celebration was closed by blue-light illuminations and a great bonfire on the hill overlooking the village. They say:—

That Shaughnessy balked so often in the long jump because he couldn't get past Cassidy's saloon.

That Malcolm Campbell wanted to make a Gaelic speech but the crowd couldn't understand it.

That George H. Locke is a personal friend of the king and queen.

That there is an election not far away.

We are the people.

**Railway Bridges**

All existing railroad spans of over 300 feet have been built since 1870, and probably more in America than in all the rest of the world together, and certainly these are much better and cheaper and have been more rapidly and safely constructed than those of any other country. In a word, American engineers have built most of the greatest and most difficult bridges in the world, and in less than half a century, largely within the last quarter century, have developed the art of bridge building to a perfection that no other sort of construction has reached in hundreds of years. They have brought it to practical limits that cannot be greatly extended until some radically new material is provided that is notably stronger, cheaper or lighter than steel.

Comfortable rooms, rates reasonable. Rainier House, King street, near post office.

Auditorium—Don Cesar de Bazaan

## Dog Catcher at Work

Licenses for dogs and the sale of tags was begun a few days ago since which time the city has been doing a thriving business in that line. At the close of business last night 46 licenses and 55 tags for males and 10 for females had been issued. The discrepancy between the number of tags and the number of licenses is caused by one license sometimes covering a number of animals. Every dog must wear a tag but if several are owned by one person but one license is issued for them all. The dog catcher was instructed yesterday to begin his work of picking up the strays at once. His orders are to enforce the bylaw rigidly and any animal found running loose without a tag will be taken to the pound no matter whether it is a thoroughbred or a mongrel.

"You pretend you don't like politics," observed the doctor, "but when you open a newspaper the first thing you do is to turn to the political page."

"Certainly," replied the professor. "I don't like dead cats, either, but if there's one on my premises I hunt for it with a good deal of interest till I find it."

"So you really enjoyed hearing the declaration of independence read, did you, Johnny?"

"You bet! The man roared it through a megaphone."

**Job Printing at Nugget office.**

## \$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one malamute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox or coon. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.

Answers to name of Prince.  
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