

How Mickey Was Robbed

A bell rang sharply. A row of whispering boys straightened up. "Hi, Mickey, there's your 'Klondike' call," sang out one of the row as a boy came around the corner of the corridor.

Mickey glanced up at the register, saw his number and dashed up the stairs. For three years Mickey had regularly answered this call. It was the call to take the daily money to the bank for deposit. Every morning he had carried to the bank sums varying from \$300 to \$1,000 without a mishap, and as he was a wide awake, honest boy, he had become the most trustworthy messenger of the large firm of Denslow & Denslow.

Mickey entered the outer office and went up to a tall desk where the cashier sat writing.

"Call, sir?" "Mr. Denslow will speak to you," said the cashier without looking up.

Mickey went through a door which bore the name of "President" on a neat brass plate, into a handsomely furnished office.

"Ah, good morning, Mickey," said Mr. Denslow, as he took up a newspaper bundle from the desk and put it in a worn leather bag. "I have a very important errand for you this morning. There is in this bag a large sum of money, much larger than any that you ever carried, and it is very necessary that it should be deposited in the bank before 11 o'clock. If it were possible I should prefer a man, but this is a rush affair and I cannot spare anyone. However, you have never had anything happen and I dare say it will be all right now. All is, Mickey, don't stop to play marbles on the way," and Mr. Denslow laughing passed the bag to Mickey, who took it up with a "thank ye sir."

Up the street went Mickey whistling a merry little tune. He whistled his way past toy shops, street vendors and chummy newsboys, without turning to right or left, intent on his errand, and content that he was alive and allowed to be part of the joyousness of the world.

He turned the corner of an alley that made a short cut to the bank and trotted happily along between the walls that closed darkly in, leaving only space enough for one to walk comfortably. He saw a man enter the other end of the alley, and as he came up to him Mickey pressed against the wall to allow him to pass. In the opposite wall was a door and Mickey, as he waited, noticed that it was half open, idly wondering where it led. The man instead of passing him, stopped, and Mickey saw he had only one arm.

"Say, sonny, reach your hand in my pocket and get a match, will you? My hand is so bandaged up that I can't use my fingers and the other arm is gone," said the man, holding out the bandaged hand which was in a sling.

Mickey was touched by the crippled condition of the man and carefully putting the bag between his feet, he pressed it closely and reached up his hand toward the man's pocket. In an instant the bandaged arm became one of human flesh, and before Mickey could think, he was sent reeling against the wall with a crushing blow and the man disappeared in the half-open door with the bag of money. For a few minutes Mickey lay stunned, then he staggered to his feet. He found the bag gone and he had his senses enough to realize that the man had taken it. He looked up and down the alley—no one was in sight, but the door opposite was shut tight.

Mickey sprang to it—tried it—dashed himself against it—it didn't yield—it had shut with a spring lock when the man rushed through. Mickey, dazed, stood stock still, then he darted out of the alley, back through the crowded streets to the building where the Denslow & Denslow Co. were, up past the gaping bell boys, through the outer office into the office of the president.

where Mickey lives and have him arrested if there is anything suspicious. That is all." Then turning with a shrug of his shoulders to a friend who was seated near by, he said, "The dogs! This comes of trying to help them to rise above the place they were born for."

All day long Mickey wandered miserably about, saying to himself, "I will get that money back. I will get that money back."

He hunted the crowded streets, the elevated stations, the lobbies of the theatres, everywhere that men congregate, there was Mickey with his white strained face, looking up at each person that he met. That night he did not go home, but laid down, after the streets had become deserted in the shadow of a large tree in the public park. He awoke from a troubled sleep by daylight and after a cup of coffee and a sandwich was off on his way on his weary search again.

Suddenly, right in the middle of the street, a picture flashed into his mind and he darted off like a shot down toward the docks that lined the busy river. Once when Mickey had gone on an excursion down the river on the Pride of the East he and some other boys went down on the lower-deck in order "to get nearer the swash." Some men were there shooting craps and the boys stood watching them for a few minutes. Sharp eyed Mickey had detected one of the men cheating and had, in his honest way, spoken right out and told the other players of it. It had broken up the game and he never forgot the look that the cheater had given him, although he was unable to injure him on account of the crowd.

That was the same man who had stolen his bag. The Pride of the East happened to be in the dock when Mickey reached there. "Say, mister, do you remember last summer a man what cheated, shooting craps on that big Pythian excursion?" Mickey asked one of the deckhands, whom he remembered as having been one of the players.

The deckhand stopped in his swabbing the deck and looked down at Mickey. "Well, of all things. What are you trying to give me, youngster?"

"Last summer, yer know," began Mickey all over. "He flipped over one of the 'bones' and swiped all youse money."

A glimmer of recollection began to force its way into the man's mind.

"Was you the kid what blowed on him?" "Yes. What's his name and where's he live?" eagerly questioned Mickey.

"I dunno," indifferently said the deckhand turning to his work.

"Oh, please mister, tell me if you know it," and Mickey related the story of the stolen bag.

"I'll be jiggered," whistled the deckhand, when Mickey had finished.

"All I know about him is that he used to hang out at a hash house on the corner of Blossom and Pearl streets. I dunno his name or where he's at now." He had just got the name of the streets out when Mickey was off.

He hung around the corner of Blossom and Pearl streets the rest of that day, until some of the boys in the neighborhood, seeing a stranger in their own precinct began to gey him.

"Oh, ho, look at Buttons, ain't he a swell?" Poor little Mickey still had on his bell boy uniform, which consisted of a single-breasted coat, buttoned straight up to the neck.

"It's a w'y we 'ave in the Bow'y," sung another boy, drawing his coat around him and mincing his steps.

fleetest runner in his district and as an acknowledged leader of many neighborhood scraps, he was used to the devious ways of escape, when to run was the better part of valor. He easily got away, but the difficulty was that he had been driven from the ground where he felt it was important for him to stay.

It was now dusk and as he was slowly walking along, thinking how he was to get back to Blossom street without the gang seeing him, he happened to glance up, and in a passing car he saw the man whom he was hunting down. His heart stood still, then he bolted for the car, but the conductor was looking the other way and the car sped on—without Mickey.

However, Mickey kept on running in sheer despair, and as luck would have it, the car was held up a block or two further on by an express wagon on the track. He caught on to the end rail just as the car was starting again. He paid his fare and stood, half hidden behind a man on the back platform, keeping his eye all the while on the man inside.

A mile or two out the man stopped the car and got off, and a minute after Mickey swung off and followed him up a short, dark, side street. The man disappeared through a door, sharply slamming it behind him and Mickey watching, soon saw a light appear in a room in the upper story.

How to get in was the next thing that presented itself to Mickey. As he stood turning over the question in his mind, a man came up the street and went in the same door, while Mickey pretended to be looking at the numbers on the houses. He evidently joined the man in the upper room, for Mickey heard voices floating out through the open window soon after. After a while the light went out and Mickey saw the man below sitting at a table eating dinner. Now was his chance to get in to that room, if ever, and get the money if it were there. He tried the basement door, it was locked; then the windows, he couldn't budge them; then he went around on the other street and climbed over the fence into the back yard. To his joy a window in the cellar was open about an inch and he crawled through. Groping his way about he found some stairs which led him into the kitchen, fortunately for him the cook happened to be in the pantry and he slipped through an open door into a dark little entry.

"Who's there? I'm sure I heard someone in this kitchen. Who on earth left that cellar door open?"

Mickey just outside stood trembling, hardly daring to breathe. The person talking, slammed the door and Mickey crept up another flight of stairs and still another. By instinct he found the room where the man had been that he was looking for. By this time the moon was well up and the light flooded into the room. The room was not large and was in great confusion, as though packing had been going on. Mickey looked about. In a corner on a table stood the familiar leather bag. He flew over to it, put his hand in it, it was empty. He thought, however, that the money must be somewhere in the room, so he ran quickly from one thing to another, but could find no trace of it. Just as he was about to search in an open trunk that was there, he heard voices and steps on the stairs. As they came nearer he dove through a door and closed it.

He found himself in a narrow, dark closet, close, suffocating, with hardly room enough to turn around. As he crouched down in one corner his hand came against a square tin box.

"I tell you, we'd better be off to-night. They are sure to make a holler today."

"Nonsense, that kid would never dare to go back and report that he had let go that bag and Pinkie's men ain't too sharp you know, me boy. So cheer up, tomorrow we will be sailing the ocean blue."

"I reckon I'll have a peep at the 'lithy,'" said the man who spoke first.

Mickey excitedly sat up.

"Oh, that's all right in the closet," started the other man.

"Come on and have a game." Mickey, quietly as a mouse, opened the box under his hands and sure enough there was the newspaper bundle in which he heard the rustle of crisp notes and felt the gold coins. Although he was nearly suffocated, yet he held on to the box with a joy unspeakable. The only difficulty now was how to get out on the room.

turn the precious money after all his trouble in finding it.

"Oh, come on, that's all right, you'll wear it out counting it. Four o'clock in the morning, you know, we shake the dust of this little village."

Mickey waited breathlessly until all was perfectly still and then, tucking the money in his blouse and buttoning it tightly up again, he opened the door of the closet and stole out into the room. At each step he stopped and listened, the breathing from the bed was even and noisy. When he got to the door he found it was locked and bolted. At the first sound of the bolt creaking one of the men on the bed moved.

Mickey's heart beat hard way up in his throat—and he didn't breathe. Again he pushed the bolt another inch and at last he had the door opened and was out through it just as one of the men sat up in bed. He did not wait to see if he were followed, but flew down the stairs and out through the back window.

When he had been running for some time and felt that he was safe, he sank down on a bench near by and waited for morning, too happy and excited to do anything but hug the money close up to him.

President Denslow was busily writing at his desk that morning when he became aware of someone in the room, and looking up, impatient of the interruption, his eyes fell upon a dirty, disheveled, forlorn little figure who stood looking steadily at him.

"Mickey!" he exclaimed.

"Here's de money, sir," and Mickey pulled the crumpled paper from his blouse.

"By thunder, boy, what have you been doing and where did you get the money? Tell me all about it."

Thereupon Mickey told the story of his adventures. When he had finished Mr. Denslow stood up and holding out his hand said: "Mickey, will you shake hands with me? You are a brave boy and I beg your pardon for my suspicions of you."

Mickey, proud as a king, said, "Say, shall I take de money to de bank?"—Max Bruce in the Brown Book.

Songs That Killed Singers

The popular song of "Dolly Gray" has connected with it two sad and striking tragedies. Not long ago a promising young actress fell dead on the stage of the Lyceum theatre, in Birmingham, England, just after finishing the refrain, which, as everyone knows, begins with the line: "Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you."

Now news comes by cable of an occurrence equally pathetic, which took place at Southend a few weeks back. A child actress was singing "Dolly Gray" at a place of entertainment in the seaside town on a Monday night. On Tuesday she was too ill to appear and on Wednesday was dead.

Few of the musical world forget the shock caused a few years back by the tragic death of the famous contralto, Madame Patey. The vocalist had created an immense success at a concert in the provinces, and in response to a vociferous encore returned to the platform and sang the pathetic Scottish ballad of "The Banks of Allan Water." Madame Patey gave the last line, "There a corpse lay she," with thrilling expression, walked from the platform, and straightway fell dead. The gruesome coincidence was much commented on at the time.

Even more striking was the death of an opera singer in Melbourne in 1897. The opera for the night was Gounod's immortal "Faust," and the stage singer was cast for Mephistopheles, the evil spirit. All the evening the tempter flitted sardonically about the stage in his flaunting suit of red and black—the "devil's livery"—and his jaunty cock's feather in his cap, gloating over the ruin he was bringing by his insidious arts on his unfortunate victims—Faust and Margaret.

The last act came in due course. Poor tortured Margaret had found among the angels the peace denied her on earth, and the profligate Faust was about to suffer the penalty of his misdeeds. Mephistopheles summoned him to the infernal regions. The trap in the stage opened, and the evil one and his dupe sank from sight. When the curtain had fallen, those about the theater were horrified to learn that the representative of Mephistopheles had died suddenly during the descent of the trap.

His Odd Suit

A thrifty Weishman at one time exhibited himself publicly in England attired in a costume composed from top-toe of ratskins, which he had spent three years and a half in collecting. The dress was made entirely by himself. It consisted of hat, neckerchief, coat, waistcoat, trousers, tippet, gaiters and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was 570. Most curious of the garments was the tippet, composed entirely of rats' tails.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Why She Forgot

"Bridget, I want a pound of steak, a bag of salt, two ounces of pepper, a loaf of bread and a pound of butter. Do you think you can remember them all, or shall I write them down?"

"Sure, ma'am, I can remember one by the other. When I have bread, I know I want butter, and when I have steak I know I want pepper and salt."

"All right. Go and don't be long." Bridget was not long. She was back in a very short time, but with an empty basket.

"Why, where is the dinner, Bridget?"

"I couldn't remember one of them, ma'am."

"Why, I thought you could remember each article by the one before it?"

"Faith, ma'am, I had nothing to remember the first one by!"—London Tit-Bits.

The English Skylark

The English skylark has inspired some of the most beautiful poems in our language, and its migrations are of a character which, it would seem, might appeal to English poets only less effectively than its song does. In violation of the general rule that birds move southward in the autumn immense numbers of skylarks which have summered in central Europe ar-

rive in England in September, October to pass the winter in British isles. In October an entirely distinct immigration of skylarks enters Great Britain from Scandinavia, while all through the autumn yard, many of them going to continent for the winter. Yet remain in England all the year round.

The Grasshopper

The grasshopper a curious beast. He leaps when he expected to be do not know why he should do this.

Except that he a kangaroo. That is, no kangaroo. As it is known to you. But just (to make it seem comical).

A kangaroo entomological. Whenever he flies the noise is ing.

As if he were Santos-Dumont. And like that navigator spelt. His flight, when scarce he ended.

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