

# The Tiger and the Holdup

"Just one more," pleaded Squab O'Neill, leaning persuasively over McArdele's bar.

"No, sir," said McArdele emphatically. "You've had one too many already."

This was well within the truth. Since leaving the winter quarters of the Grand Panjandrum Menagerie early that morning the erring Squab had augmented the raging flame of thirst that burned within him by many an enpouring of oil, the fusel oil that comes in five cent whisky. Now his exhilarant soul had risen above that brand. It yearned for the kind that comes at 15 cents a throw. The trouble was that he didn't have the 15 cents.

"Put it on the slate, Mac," he begged. "It's terrible 'tirsty work, fi'er chasin'."

"Chasing the can," amended McArdele grimly.

"Chasin' the tiger, I said," insisted the other.

"What tiger?" There was a contemptuous tone to the query, and it was with some heat as well as triumph that Squab retorted:

"Salamander—that's wot tiger."

"Yes; that's likely," sneered the saloon man. In truth, nothing seemed less likely than that the undersized, shambling, irresponsible doer of odd jobs about the winter quarters should be engaged in any chase to which Salamander was the other party. For Salamander, once the prize performer of the Grand Panjandrum, had "gone bad" a few weeks before and had gathered to himself (and their fathers) a trainer, his assistant and sundry loose ends of other persons engaged about his cage, such as ears, fingers and once the better part of a forearm. "I guess it's one of your pipes, Squab," continued McArdele.

"You'd never win no spellin' bees by guessin'," retorted Squab. "I'm on the job, I am. The boss give it to me, you're the only man I'd trust to git him," he says. "Say nothin' to nobody," he says, "but git him an' bring him back quiet," says he to me, "an' your pay check'll be twins at the end of the week," he says.

"Oh, cut it out!" said McArdele good naturedly. "Salamander's at home in his cage, where he belongs. You'd better get home to yours."

"That's where your brain's softenin'," remarked O'Neill. "But he will be before night. I'm after him, I am."

He marched proudly to the door, opened it and held it open to fling back a parting word.

"When I come back with me tiger under me arm, maybe you'll set up that drink."

Two men who crouched up close to the outer wall looked after him as he disappeared in the gathering darkness.

"Wot's that he said about a loose tiger?" growled one of them under his breath.

"One of the show's beasts escaped prob'ly," answered his companion. "Good thing we got our pops ready," he added, feeling for the handle of a revolver in his pocket.

"Lot of good that'd be ag'in a tiger," said the first, peering fearfully over his shoulder. "Well, he hadn't oughter bother us. We're on the hunt ourselves."

For some minutes they examined the brightly lighted interior of the saloon from the windows. They walked in and ordered drinks. Before McArdele and his assistant could fill the order they were looking down the barrels of two revolvers.

"All the cash in the register an' drawer an' a quart of the best!" said the spokesman.

"Well, I'm hanged!" mourned the discomfited McArdele. "This is worse than wandering tigers."

"Shut up an' hustle!" snarled the robber, casting an uneasy glance at the swinging doors.

A few rods outside was a spectacle which would have deeply interested him could he have but seen down the now dark street—Squab O'Neill and a crouching man who had picked up in a saloon, energetically escorting Salamander homeward. There seemed to be some unwillingness on the part of the great, striped beast, for the two men breathed hard as they pushed and hauled. But where was the ferocity that had made his name a terror to the whole show? Never a snarl, never a growl, never the unsheathing of a claw, as the two half-drunken guardians led their charge almost to the door of the saloon. There they halted, and O'Neill spoke:

"You hold him, Aleck, while I take a look."

Tip-toeing to the nearest window, Squab peered in, then clapped a hasty hand over his mouth to hold in a shout of amazement. He had surprised the holdup in full swing, the two robbers covering McArdele and his assistant while they heaped

up the money on the bat. In two jumps the eavesdropper was back beside the tiger, his teeth chattering with excitement.

"Wh-wh-whispered, Aleck!" he twittered. "Can you roar?"

"Can I roar?" repeated Aleck, who was a convivial soul. "With one more good drink in me I couldn't help but roar."

"Roar, then, like a thousand devils!" hissed Squab. "Salamander an' me is goin' inside. Gimme a hand with him. Now let'er go!"

In flew the doors, and through them burst a tangled mass of tiger stripes and struggling man. Down to the floor they went with a thunderous crash. There, close locked amid a tornado of flying sawdust, they whirled and thrashed and wrestled, while the air rang hideously with mad roarings, snarlings, howlins, shriekings and yellings.

For one frozen second the quartet in the game of holdup stood like statues. Then a pistol shot perforated a far corner of the ceiling, there was a strangled bellow of terror, and a dark figure dove headforemost through the window, with a mighty crash of glass.

"Wait fer me, Mike!" another voice implored.

There was a second rush, and the glass of another window shattered. Across adjacent fields two gashed faces dripped blood at such intervals as a man may cover in mighty leaps. The holdup was over.

But what did McArdele care? Wedged half way down his dumb waiter, he alternately cursed his girth and the impulse that had led him to that false hope of escape and prayed forgiveness for his profanity with the fervor of a man who momentarily expects a tiger to reach down and bite his head off. Above the din of battle he could hear Tim, his assistant, reciting in a series of frenzied howls a catalogue of horrors to freeze the blood. Tim's voice seemed to come from up stairs, but McArdele couldn't be sure because of the noise of the fight. Would the unequal conflict never end? It seemed impossible that human strength could so long hold out. And now the clamor began to mitigate, then died away until nothing could be heard but a hoarse panting.

"He's getting his wind before he eats poor Squab!" thought the imprisoned saloon keeper. "Then he'll come after me!" a forecast followed by so paralyzing an excess of terror that he lost consciousness for a moment. The voice of Tim brought him back.

"Mr. McArdele! Oh, Mr. McArdele! Where are you?"

"In the dumb waiter shaft."

"Come up. He's dead."

"Of course he's dead. Did you think the tiger was pettin' him, you fool?"

"Of course nothin'. It's the tiger that's dead."

Sheer amazement at the prowess of Squab O'Neill choked McArdele for the moment. Then he called:

"Help me out of this. I'm stuck faster'n a prize onion in a goat's gullet. Get me out, I say!"

By dint of much huffing and struggling McArdele emerged. His first glance fell upon the corpse of Salamander, stretched on the floor. On it sat Squab O'Neill. He was breathing very hard. All about was scattered the money dropped by the robbers in their haste, and Tim was doing the jig of jubilation among it. McArdele staggered over and laid a hand on the striped body of the tiger.

"Squab O'Neill," said he, "speak truth to a man that's feared for his reason. Is that Salamander?"

"It sure is," said Squab.

"Is he dead?"

"Deader'n the any Noah's elephant stepped on."

"And you're alive?"

"An' dry."

McArdele wobbled over to the bar and took the biggest drink of whisky he had swallowed in ten years.

"Hold hard," said Squab resentfully. "I need that worse'n you do."

"Need nothin'," said McArdele—"man that can lick a tiger hand to hand. How'd you ever do it?"

"Well, he didn't fight back much."

"Didn't fight back?"

"No," explained Squab. "He couldn't. You see, he's stuffed!"

"Stuffed!" yelled McArdele. "How could he roar if he was stuffed?"

"I did the roarin'," explained the convivial Aleck, thrusting his head in at the door. "It's 'tirsty work, but for a long drink I could roar s'more."

"An' I put in the snarl'n' an' growlin'," added Squab. "I didn't go fer to fool you at first, Mac," he added earnestly. "I told you I was sent to get Salamander, though I didn't tell that he died last week and has been at the taxidermer's ever since. So I come back to show you, an' Aleck come along to help, an'

when we run into the holdup we done our little act, Salamander an' me, an' he concluded judicially, "I think it was a sensation. Do we get a drink the three of us?"

Very late that night they left a disreputable Salamander on the head trainer's doorstep. His fur was flecked with sawdust and exuded an unmistakable flavor of revelry. Coked over one eye was a wreath made of greens and the gold foil from champagne bottles. In his mouth was a flask of brandy. Each fore paw clasped a whisky bottle, each hind paw a magnum of champagne. The end of his tail flaunted a corkscrew. On his massive forehead was a placard for all to read: "Treat him kind, for he done his best."

It was signed with four names, that of Squab O'Neill conspicuous among them. Next day Squab lost his job, but he doesn't care. McArdele is going to set him up for himself as a tiger trainer one of these days.

## Another Eruption

Castries, Island of St. Lucia, B. W. I., Sept. 1.—The British steamer Korona, which arrived here yesterday from Fort De France, reports that a terrible eruption of Mont Pelee occurred at 9 o'clock Saturday night and people who arrived at Fort De France from the northern part of the island reported that the village of Morne Rouge, near the district previously devastated, has been entirely deserted, and destroyed and J. Carbet, a village on the coast close to the southern end of the territory which was destroyed at the time of the great eruption, has been swept by a tidal wave. About two hundred persons lost their lives. A sloop from the island St. Vincent, which reached here this morning, reports Mont Pelee's crater now quiet but the detonations during Saturday night were the loudest heard up to that time and the inhabitants were terribly alarmed.

## Forest Fires

Nelson, B. C., Aug. 13.—Large forest fires are raging in the mountains, up Wild Horse Creek, near Ymir, and around Hill Siding. Numerous mine buildings and prospectors' cabins have been destroyed, and families living at the Black Cook mine had to take refuge in a tunnel. The large stamp mill and other buildings at the Ymir were saved after a fierce and prolonged fight by a large crew. Meetings of citizens have been held at Ymir to devise plans for saving the towns, and Nelson has been requisitioned for help. Several large fires are reported from the Slovan branch near Slovan City.

## Robbed Her Fathers Grave

There is still need of having more home missionary work done in the "tight little islands" in which the king was recently crowned. At Preston a young woman was recently charged with stealing an artificial wreath in a glass case from her father's grave at the cemetery and selling it for 3s. 6d. She begged the judge to give her a short sentence, saying that she did not mind going to jail in the winter, but she hated it when the sun was shining. She got two months.

## Disgraceful Politics

There have been entirely too many disgraceful happenings in South Carolina politics during recent years. Not always open fights, but often indulgence in personalities calculated to shock the ethics of even the proverbial fishwife. A wave of blackguardism that has done injury not only to South Carolina, but to the entire south, has been sweeping over the state.

So long as people tolerate such a condition they will find candidates catering to their tastes. — Atlanta Constitution.

## Preachers "Heeled"

The ruling passion in Tennessee was illustrated the other day when two brothers assaulted a Baptist clergyman at Wingfield. The clergyman endeavored to escape from them, but when he found that they were the best runners, he "drew his revolver" and shot them both dead on the spot. In a land where the every day clergyman carries a revolver like the others, no man is perfectly safe in making an assault unless he manages to get the "drop" with his revolver.

## Mr. Bryan in Omaha

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 22.—William J. Bryan spent a few hours in Omaha today and called at the local Democratic headquarters. He said he would make but few speeches outside of Nebraska, and that he would devote the entire month of October to the campaign in this state.

Paris, Aug. 23.—An official telegram from Cape Haytien says that very many persons were incinerated during the burning of Petit Goave on Saturday last.

# LONDON BUDGET

## Events of Interest to Canada

## Subsidy to be Paid for Line of Steamers Between Canada and South Africa.

London, Aug. 15.—The Express states that a subsidy of £30,000 a year is to be paid by the Canadian government and another subsidy of £15,000 a year is to be paid by the British government to the combine running the service of steamers between Canada and South Africa. The inauguration of the new line will mark the beginning of a huge imperial shipping and railway scheme which is being organized with a view to drawing the British colonies closer together. In conjunction with the Canada-South Africa service vessels will sail from England, conveying passengers and cargo, on a working understanding with the conference which regulates British shipping to South Africa. With the three powerful shipping lines which are combined the Canadian Pacific Railway has been thrown in its lot, and it is stated that arrangements are being completed between the British government, the Canadian government, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Allan, Elder-Dempster and Furness lines combine to carry on a fast mail service between Montreal and Liverpool with a subsidy. A through freight service with Australia will also be initiated.

While Sir William Mulock has made an arrangement with the Allan, Furness and Elder-Dempster lines for a monthly service between Montreal and Cape Town, he evidently regards it as the first link in a much longer circuit, ending in New Zealand and Australia. He receives many compliments from the English press, and is urged to persevere in the attempt to establish a fast service across the Atlantic. The three steamship inter-

ests named have not yet agreed upon the tenders which either the Canadian or British ministers can consider.

The curtain has been rung down upon the coronation drama in London, and the final naval tableau is reserved for Spithead. The closing function yesterday was a pretty one, which delighted the enthusiastic throngs from Buckingham palace to Victoria station. There was an escort of Household Cavalry, and the landau was drawn by four horses, with the usual attendants in scarlet liveries. The weather was clear and the carriage was open, so that the king and queen were smiling and happy, and evidently relieved because the London functions had ended. The heartiness of the public greeting again demonstrated the popularity of both sovereigns. They were received by guards of honor at Portsmouth and salutes from the fleet as the yacht returned to her anchorage at Cowes.

By a happy coincidence, the arrival of the Boer generals is closely timed for the naval review, which they are expected to witness, whether or not they accept the hospitality of the king on the royal yacht. The rumors from Holland that they will decline friendly overtures, and justify the peace which they themselves made, are clearly inspired by the resentment of Boer partisans. Generals Botha, Dewet and Delarey cannot be ignorant that the king himself exerted much influence in securing the generous offers of peace which they accepted, and they are not likely to decline the royal invitation. The Boer generals will be met by a large group of sympathisers from Holland, and by a contingent of lecture agents and book publishers. They will probably visit the United States during the autumn or winter.

Lord Roberts is hale and hearty, and has no intention of retiring from the chief command of the army. The Duke of Connaught will probably succeed him in the course of a few years but not prematurely.

It is not yet known whether the Prince of Wales or the Duke of Connaught will attend the coronation Durbar in India.

The Shah will be escorted by two cruisers from Calais to Dover on Sunday evening. He will proceed to London the following day, and will take up quarters at Marlborough

house. The Prince of Wales, on behalf of the king, will give a state banquet in his honor at Buckingham palace on Monday evening. The Persian monarch will lunch with the king on board the royal yacht on Wednesday.

## Negro Voters

The Republican state committee of Alabama adopted a resolution Saturday which is expected to make the Republican party in that state almost exclusively a white man's organization. The resolution provides that "only those shall be recognized and be permitted to participate in the state and county conventions and be present at meetings, who are duly qualified voters under the new constitution of Alabama." The new constitution substantially deprives negroes of the suffrage. The effect of the committee's action, therefore, will be practically to exclude negroes from representation in the party.

It will not be surprising if the Republicans of other southern states follow the example of those of Alabama. The party has struggled for years to keep the suffrage for the black man. It has been unable effectually to help him. By fraud and force, by fair means and foul, he has been disfranchised in nearly every state of the south. The acts by which this has been accomplished seem irrevocable, at least until the negro becomes more competent for the duties of civilization. Having lost the rights of a citizen, however unjustly, he has also lost the citizen's responsibility. The situation would, therefore, be anomalous if he should be permitted to dictate the nomination of candidates for whose conduct he would not be in any way responsible, and in whose election he could not aid.—Kansas City Journal.

## \$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one male amute 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.  
F. J. HEMEN,  
Klondike Nugget.



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