

Poor Little Becky Eggy

Chaffee rapped briskly on the door, and drew the collar of his coat higher to shut out the cold wind. Inside the house was a moment's confusion, and then the door opened.

"The teacher is here, sick," Doctor Chaffee announced the fact cheerily. He stepped into the hall, holding his medicine case in one hand and a bottle of pills in the other. He made an attempt to enter the room of the little Greens.

Green closed the door and looked at the doctor. "Teacher's here, but she's sick. That is, no more'n usual. Always ails," in a disparaging tone. "Did she send for you?"

The doctor ignored her question. "I'll try to do better, doctor. You see, I am not strong enough to punish them. Maybe, if I tried harder, I could shake them—I'll try—" there was a choke in her voice.

Doctor Chaffee looked at the thin hands moving nervously on the black skirt, and at Becky's strained, anxious face. She did not look equal to the emergency of shaking even the smallest Green!

The doctor's lips smiled, but not his eyes. They filled as they looked into Becky's and her perplexity increased. His abrupt tone vanished, and his next words were very gentle: "Will you take my prescription?"

She glanced down at the medicine chest on the floor, and said submissively, "Are you going to give me a tonic?"

Doctor Chaffee laughed a little and pushed the medicine case away with his foot. "I brought that along as a bulwark against the Greens."

Becky responded with a smile, and went on more cheerfully, "I am willing to take anything you advise, doctor."

Doctor Chaffee suddenly sat up very straight. "I prescribe home rest."

He was looking at the fire now but he saw Becky's lips quiver and her hands touch her black dress, "and care and love."

So your own mother won't know you? Every one was laughing. Men and boys were limbering up, making ready for the first grand blare of trumpets.

"We have some ten minutes to make up," announced Mr. Hartzell as he rubbed his hands with oxide of zinc and powder. I stuck forth my face, and the background was spread over my eyes, ears and mouth.

Then a little stick and red and black paste or paint added to my decorations. A red wig, a little red cocked hat and I stood forth a clown in appearance.

I know I looked like a clown, because I had a one-by-two looking glass at my disposal.

But, O, I didn't feel like a clown should. I hated to think of that crowd upstairs. I was sure I would see some one I knew. I said I could write the story all right now; I had enough facts, if I could please go.

But no. That soft-voiced press agent was still at hand and he kept talking. I gave in.

Upstairs I followed Hartzell. "I will explain things as we go along," he told me. "All you have to do is to do what I say and it will be all right."

I was led back of the dressing rooms in and around scores of nervous, spirited horses.

"Here, you can drive one of the carts," Hartzell said. I mounted and followed another clown back of a crowd of women on broad-backed chargers.

A blare of the horns and we were off. Hartzell said: "It is a bit off this afternoon—the crowd. Not many folks here for us." Foolish man. There were more than 50,000 persons present, and every one was looking at me.

I think I should know. I was there. Around the ring we went.

"O, mamma, look at that funny-looking clown with the red wig," shouted some mother's darling.

O, if I could only have reached over and caught that little one, or some big man, or two score of men, by the neck. It would have done me good.

Half way around, my face was burning and I was cursing the press agent. All the way around and out. I was free. I was going down and clean up.

No. The press agent was at my side. "Just try it again," he said, and I gave in.

Into a baby carriage I was assisted. I received my instructions and back again, before that crowd which had doubled in numbers, I was pushed.

"Now cry, cry for all you are worth," Hartzell whispered.

Then I swore. So would you. Any man would have done the same thing.

"Cry yourself," I shouted. And some one in a box laughed.

paint they are a band of bloodthirsty Sioux turned loose. Now, do you want to be a clown? —J. C. H. in Chicago American.

Fight in a Well. Tom Carter of Summerville, Pa., was coming over the mountains last Sunday night, when he stopped to rest for a few minutes at the deserted Churchill house. Thinking he heard a noise inside, and knowing the house had long been unoccupied, he stepped inside to investigate.

Looking through the kitchen into the sitting room, he saw a pair of eyes glowing like coals in the old fireplace. Believing the animal to be a common house cat, Carter picked up an old horse shoe and shied it toward the hearth.

There were "doings" properly. With an ugly snarl the animal leaped from the fireplace and landed upon Carter's back. Tom quickly awoke to the fact that he had a big wildcat to deal with, and he made a mighty effort to free himself.

Out through the open door and into the open air struggled the fighting pair, Tom trying to throttle the cat and the beast tearing his clothes and lacerating his flesh.

Suddenly Carter stepped upon some rotten boards that covered an old dry well, and in a twinkling man and cat plunged to the bottom, but luckily with Carter on top.

For a moment he was dazed. Then he attempted to change his position, and the cat arose and savagely renewed the struggle.

Realizing that it was a case of kill or get killed, Carter, after a hard struggle, succeeded in detaching a brick from the side of the well. With terrific force he brought it down on the cat's head, killing it.

An hour later a passing party of quarrymen heard Carter's yells. They found a rope and easily pulled him out. They carried him to a farmhouse, where he received surgical attention, for he was badly bitten, and the wildcat's claws cut his flesh as if it had been done with a knife.

Then the quarrymen went back and pulled the dead wildcat from the well. The county paid \$2 for its scalp.—Ex.

Madam at the Bank. The business man who was in a hurry was standing in line at the savings bank waiting his turn to deposit. There was only one person ahead of him, and he was congratulating himself upon his good luck.

The person ahead was a woman, and when the business man arrived she was just opening negotiations with the receiving teller.

"Now, I want to open accounts," she began, "for some little nieces and nephews of mine. It's for a present, you know"—confidentially—"and I'm only going to put \$5 in each book. Of course, that isn't much, but—"

Here the teller endeavored to get down to business details, but in vain. "If they're real saving, as I want them to be, they'll soon make it more. Lots of rich men started with—"

"Yes, yes, madam," interrupted the teller, in desperation, "of course, they did. Now, what are these children's names and ages?"

"Why, there's Fannie, my namesake; she's 9—no, maybe it was 8, her last birthday—what? Oh, her full name? Frances Jane, of course; how stupid of me! And then, Johnnie—no, John William, named after an uncle that died—he's 6, and just as cute as he can be. You wouldn't believe what that child—"

"Yes, I would, madam. But please be as brief as possible and omit everything but business. Are there any more children?"

"Oh, yes; there's the baby, Mildred. She's 10 months old, and I thought she seemed pretty young to have a bank book all to herself, so I'd like to take one for her and her mother together—her mother's only my mother's sister-in-law, but she's just like my own sister to me. What? I can't remember! Well, that's funny. But you're according to the rules, of course."

The business man, who had at first been savagely at the loquacious depositor, now shifted wearily from one leg to the other, and began to show signs of collapse. The teller succeeded in extracting the necessary information as to the birthplace of the children, and then inquired in whose names the books were to be held in trust for them.

DAY, JULY 21, 1903
for a short time before they were reported, but never seen or heard from him afterward.
gones, the woman who body, will leave with the morning train for Seattle.
she will claim the reward of the state of Oregon for David Merrill, dead.

ailed to Win Her everyone that can win on wools—Mr. John W. on, of Colorado, who for some time he has been acquaintance with a very young woman, but with success. The other day light struck him, he took with thousands of some twenty or thirty we are correctly informed ed it as the young thing. She picked it up to her hotel. Shortly appeared, described he, had many a blossom in the form of a valuable property in hers if she would her husband. He was formed that the man the incumbrance to be are taught by the will not always prosper in this world—

get's facilities for mass job work cannot be side of San Francisco.

ating at Nugget office.

wart River

ECTOR

8:00 p. m. nding.

S.-Y. T. Dock

IAL COMPANY
etail At Right Price.
UILDING, No. 200
ROGERS, Gen. Agent, Dawson.

ukon Route
ION CO.

ointed Steamers
d Dawson.

A SALOON.
ISHOLM, Prop.

Beer on Tap

UKEY CO.,

L. DOMINION
Sunday Service
ORKS, 24, 25, and 26
tice Office.

IFTON.

RSE

8:00 P. M.

PLY

AURORA DOCK

CUT IN TWO The knife has been sharpened to our beautiful Trimmed Hats and Neck Puffs. Come Early and get your choice.

SUMMERS & ORRELL, 2nd Ave.

Burlington Route

No matter to what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read

Via the Burlington.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

PUGET SOUND AGENT
M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WN.

The Great Northern "FLYER"

LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 8:00 P. M.

A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.

For further particulars and folders address the GENERAL OFFICE - SEATTLE, WASH.

The Northwestern Line

Is the Short Line to Chicago and All Eastern Points

All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with—

F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wn.

Unalaska and Western Alaska Points

U. S. MAIL

S. S. NEWPORT

Leaves Juneau April 1st and 1st of each month for Sitka, Yakutat, Nutchek, Orea, Ft. Leavenworth, Resurrection, Homer, Seldovia, Katmai, Kodiak, Uyak, Kerluk, Chignik, Unga, Sand Point, Belkofsky, Unalaska, Dutch Harbor.

FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO—

Seattle Office: Globe Bldg., Cor. First Ave. and Madison Street
San Francisco Office: 20 California Street