



## A Jump in the Dark...

It's almost time for Willie to go to bed with the cows," said Farmer Adams to his little four-year-old daughter Estelle. "We've had a good play-spell since papa came home today down there in the corn-field where papa's been hoeing—corn day-long. Now, I must go, I've got a little work to do before I milk the cows—and—and—then after supper, we'll have more of a cock horse to Banbury cross. My foot's all tired out now."

"Now you stay right here—and help mamma get the supper—and when I come in, and Willie and I eat all the supper you get for us—we'll play till you go to sleep, sleep, sleep."

He kissed the little one, with a big smile, and put her down, went out to the branching posts by the well, took a pail on each arm, and then stopped at the bench in the woodshed and took hammer in one hand and a nail in the other.

In the meantime Willie, Daisy and the cows had come down the road to the barn at the west end of the low-hill, around that and up the hill on the south side of the meadow, the upper part of which was under the barn some fifteen feet. The barn rested on long posts and a high bank wall on the north side.

Farmer Adams went down the road to the front of the barn, and through the door to the main floor. Then he took hold of the heavy ring in the plank floor and pulled up a big trap door, turning it over back on the floor. At certain seasons of the year was the custom to put the hay through this floor opening for the cattle and cows fed in the yard, and the "young stock" kept in a partition stable at one end of the underground department.

Then he took the fifteen-foot ladder leaning up against the mow and lowered it to the rough, stony ground below, and went down the ladder pail on each arm, and a basket with hammer and nails in one hand. He set the pails just at the side of the barn, and carried the hammer and basket of nails to a place on the barn where one board was off and another loose about the slanting earth that led up the incline to the stable door at the west end of the barn. For a kicking ox within the stable had knocked off one of the boards and loosened the other, a day or two before. Then he went back and got the ladder and placed it up against the barn near the edge of the slanting embankment, and put in the necessary nails.

In the meantime Willie had gone to the lower barn to attend to some chores. Although the sun had not yet wholly disappeared in the western woods, it was growing dark in the barn, where it never was very light, and decidedly dark in the underground cellar part of the yard.

Farmer Adams had just placed a pail on each arm, and was about half way to the first cow, and had started in the usual milking style, half humming, half singing, so as to tempt to sing (for he wasn't much of a singer):

"I'll never see my darling any more."

"My poor Nellie Gray, they have taken her away."

"Papa, papa, where is you? I see you, but I can't see you; it's all dark here in the barn."

His heart almost stopped beating. That carelessness. He had left that trap door open and the ladder was on the farther end of the barn. He stopped the pails and rushed in under the barn and pleadingly shouted, "Estelle, Estelle, don't come any farther. Wait right where you are. Can you hear papa?"

"Yes, papa, dear. Why can't I see you? I know where you are. I know where the pails go hang, and I know where you are. Ith tomin'."

"What, O, Estelle, you wait there, and stand below the trap door, up above his head, peering at the faint light, for only a little light from the small door far to the west of the barn, and the big mows on both sides shut out all light from the ends.

"Yes, papa, I'm right here by this black piece of tarpot you got on the floor. What do you have a piece

of tarpot for on your barn floor?"

"That isn't a carpet, it's a door in the floor. Don't go to it."

"I forgot, papa—I know now, that's where you put the hay down for little bossy's mother."

"Yes, dear, you wait—but what to wait for was the problem. Should he go back and get the ladder? That seemed too much risk, for the little Estelle might be frightened, or make a step to try what seemed to her a "black carpet," and be dashed on the hard, rough stony ground below. He would wait, for he could catch her if she fell. There was the outline of the opening. Perhaps Willie or some one would come. But to delay would be equally dangerous, for it grew dark in the barn very rapidly after sunset, and as soon as there was no faint light up through the big hole she might fall right down by him and he know nothing of it till she was killed at his feet. All this took but a moment to fit through his mind. If she fell now he could catch her. Why not have her jump now?"

"Estelle, papa's here below the door that you call a black carpet. Come up just to the edge of that black place and give a big jump right into the middle of it, and papa will catch you."

"But, papa, I can't see you. I can't see anything now; it's so dark. I can hear what you say, papa."

"Yes, dear, papa's here. You jump—you aren't afraid to jump into papa's arms, are you?"

"All right, papa, go clear up to the black place and then dump on it! Is that right, papa? Here I go! See me dump."

Down, down into the blackness the little form went—

O, what a faith and love! What a reception was that! The safety of belief in the wisdom of the father in unknown ways—the safety of perfect love and trust!

somebody can't think of something right away, I'll cut out of this and go and play in Freddy's yard."

There was an aggrieved silence. It was somewhat of an honor to have a boy play with you when you are only three girls, although a carefully concealed honor. Each felt that a crisis had come, and just as the boy turned on his heels and started whistling down the graveled walk, Clara spoke up and saved the day. "I've got an idea."

The boy stopped impatiently. "Well out with it then," he said. "You've kept it to yourself long enough. I never knew you so stupid."

"I was thinkin'," returned Clara, with dignity. "If you'll help me bring up the bench I'll show you something."

The bench was carefully brought and ranged alongside of one of the biggest box-bushes. "Now, then," said Clara, "this is our ship—get aboard, all of you. It's a terrible storm and the thunder's just a-roarin', and the lightning has struck the mast and carried it off." "That's the bully!" said the boy excitedly. "That rattle'll do for the mast. What else?" "And we're holdin' to the side of the ship to keep from being knocked overboard and drowned. And we've got to wave and shout 'boat ahoy!' loud as ever we can. The box-bush is the big ship that's comin' to save us; don't you see?"

"How'll we get on board?" shouted the others with delight, as they jumped up and down and waved their bonnets.

"O, we've got to jump. There's the brave cap'n on deck and he says: 'Trust your lives to me my fine fellows, and jump at the word of command.' One, two, three—good-by, my friends," and with a wild leap into the air Clara landed in the very heart of the box-bush, which trembled and swayed and snapped its twigs viciously at her.

"O come on; it's fine—I mean—Thank heavens! I am saved! Jump, comrades, jump," and the boy, with a shout, sprang into the air and landed beside her, scratched and panting among the swaying boughs.

Nancy's impetuosity brought her aboard next, with the war cry of a Comanche brave, and the timid Julia following, just grazed the ship and with scuffed and bleeding legs fell to the ground.

"O, I say, this is jolly!" said the boy, indifferent to the fate of his comrade-in-misfortune. "Let's try another box-bush; this one is all broken up, and next time, jump clear, you idiot," to Julia, "or I'll wait behind and stick pins in your fat legs."

Julia hastily promised, and the bench was laboriously moved until another rescuing ship hove in sight.

Five times had the mast of their little schooner been struck by light-

ning and five times had the life-saving ship come to their rescue, when, as they were being tossed up and down on her deck by the angry waves and laughing uproariously as her timbers groaned and creaked beneath them, voices other than the gallant captain's were heard bearing down upon them.

"I want to show you how prettyly Jim has trimmed the hedges and the big box-bushes," said one voice. They are for a surprise for mother when she gets well. You know how she loves them."

The other voice, belonging to an awesome personage known as "Aunt Mary," replied grimly, "There will be another sort of surprise for her if those little savages are let loose in here."

The little savages stopped bounding and held their breath. "P'raps she'll go round the other way," murmured Clara stiffly. "Not she," sniffed the boy, whose palm was already tingling in anticipation.

And she didn't.

Julia and Clara were put in adjoining rooms, which gave them a morsel of comfort, as they could whisper through the key hole. "What'd you think she'll do to us?" asked Clara with bated breath.

"Don't know," said Julia, who was the cautious and pious member of the firm, "but I'm prayin' hard. You'd better pray too," she added with the missionary spirit so common to her sex.

"I shan't!" whispered Clara, indignantly. "You just do it for all of us if you're 'traid."

Strange to say, whether it was the prayers of this righteous morsel that prevailed, or the fact that it would have distressed Grandmamma to punish them, they escaped that day with a lecture.

But there were other days when Fate was not so kind.

**Medicine Bow range, in Wyoming, and will soon reach Colorado if not checked. Some of the finest timber in the state is in the path of this fire. A number of fires are known to be of incendiary origin.**

**Kilauea Still Active**  
Honolulu, June 17 (via San Francisco, June 27).—The latest news from the volcano Kilauea indicates little more than the normal state of activity. The volume of smoke and the heat continued to be greater than has been the rule recently. Many people have hurried to the scene in view of the reports of an outbreak.

Gov. Dole has made an order requiring all government employes to keep out of politics as far as active campaign work is concerned.

**\$50 Reward.**  
Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one male amute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chopp, 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.

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