



# Barbara and the Doctor

SERVICE IMPROVED

New Mains Being Laid by the Water Co.

Executive Mansion to be Supplied With Hot and Cold Water All Winter.

D. A. Matheson, general manager of the Dawson Water and Power Company, is busily engaged these days in perfecting his system so that there will be but little interruption in the service during the approaching winter. No attempt will be made to keep the pipes open in the residence portion of the city, but down town the service will be a great improvement over last year. Workmen are engaged today in laying a new four-inch main through the alley running from King to Queen streets between First and Second avenues. The old iron pipe which was laid last fall is being taken up, the new one being galvanized, a great improvement in the old as rust will not so quickly form in the latter. By an arrangement at the tap house at the corner of King and Second avenue the main now being put in will be kept open all winter thus affording the restaurants and other large consumers of water in that vicinity to enjoy a continuous service. After leaving the main on Second avenue the water will pass through a coil that will be placed in the stove in the tap house. It will there acquire sufficient heat which with the current in the pipes will prevent any possibility of the water freezing. Passing down the alley to Queen street a turn is made there and the Bank of Commerce building is supplied before the overflow reaches the river.

Similar arrangements have been made in the official residence of Commissioner Ross. There a coil is placed in the furnace in the basement of the building which answers the same purpose as that in the tap house on King and Second avenue. The coil in the furnace suffices to keep the pipes from freezing and a water-back in the kitchen will supply all the hot water needed for every purpose. The same tap houses that were in use last winter will again be utilized this season though some of them will occupy slightly different positions. There will be more in use than heretofore, the addition being made necessary by the new system of water works that is to be installed yet this summer. The contract with the city requires the establishment of 21 hydrants each of which will have to be protected by a tap house so that the hydrant may be available at any time no matter what the temperature may be.

### To Succeed M. Cambon

Paris, Aug. 22.—The correspondent of the Associated Press was informed at the foreign office that the successor of Jules Cambon as French ambassador at Washington had not yet been appointed, but that M. Jusserand, the French minister at Copenhagen, had been selected for the post. M. Jusserand speaks English fluently, and is the author of several books. His wife, who was a Miss Richards, is an American, and has resided for a long time in Paris. It is said on good authority that M. Cambon will be appointed French ambassador at Madrid, succeeding M. Patenotre.

### Admiral Resigns.

Berlin, Aug. 22.—Admiral von Diederichs has resigned his post as chief of staff of the navy. He has been succeeded by Vice Admiral Buresel. Admiral von Diederichs is the officer who, as vice admiral, was in command of the German squadron of five cruisers in Manila bay at the time Commodore, now Admiral Dewey, was operating against the Spaniards.

### Was Deeply Moved

Brussels, Aug. 22.—Gen. Botha visited the cemetery of Ixelles today and saw the body of Gen. Lucas Meyer in the cemetery. Botha, who was deeply moved, stood some time in prayer, and then placed a wreath on the coffin. The body of the Boer general will remain in the cemetery for three months, when it will be taken to South Africa. We can do your repairing on short notice. Geo. Brewitt, the tailor, Second avenue.

# Buster John's Milking

There isn't a thing Buster John would hesitate to do. He had already done so many things that he knew he could undertake anything that came along. Thus it was that when he visited Uncle John's family in Philadelphia, and Uncle met with an accident, Buster was the first to offer his services. What he offered to do was to run his uncle's business for him till he recovered.

Uncle John refused politely. "I don't want any pay for it, uncle," said Buster delicately. He knew his uncle had to work hard to make ends meet. "I shall be perfectly willing to do it for you just for the experience, and you needn't feel bad at all about not paying me, because it will be a pleasure. I'd like to be in the publishing business for a little while."

"Don't bother your uncle," said Aunt Hilda, somewhat ungraciously. Buster thought, considering his gracious offer of help.

His uncle and aunt were not very up-to-date, he thought, or they certainly would have heard of his wonderful ability. He was really a marvel for 12 years old, in the way he thought he could do everything.

Fortunately for Buster's opinion of himself, he had other uncles and aunts, who knew less of him than did Uncle John and Aunt Hilda. So when he went visiting at his Uncle Jim's farm in Ohio he had a much better time. One day Uncle Jim was called into the next county on business. He could not get back before the following day, and he left instructions with his wife, Aunt Esther, to send over to the Secore's farm and ask Al Secore to come over and milk Bonnie, the Alderney cow.

Early in the afternoon Buster went over with the message.

"Al's gone fishin'," said Jennie, his sister. "He won't be home till late. I should think you were a big enough boy to milk a cow."

"I can," said Buster, promptly. "Then why—" began Jennie, and then she changed her sentence and said:

"Tell Mrs. Banks that Al won't be back in time, but if she would like, I'll come over and milk Bonnie for her."

"You!" exclaimed Buster. "Yes, me," replied Jennie, ungrammatically. "I wouldn't give a cent for a girl who couldn't milk."

That settle it. Buster started home, saying to himself: "I never saw a girl yet who could do anything I couldn't do—and I shall milk that cow!"

Perhaps you have heard the saying, "Never count your chickens before they are hatched." In this case it should be, "Consult your cow before you milk her."

Buster didn't intend to be untruthful in any way, when his Aunt Hester called out: "What about the milking, Buster?" "Oh, it'll be all right," answered Buster carelessly as he sauntered off toward the swamp.

Some children think that a cow has no memory. Buster was one of these, and he had no idea that Bonnie would remember having carried the big dinner bell around tied to her tail one whole long day, until Uncle Jim had relieved her. If you don't believe poor Bonnie was uncomfortable in the middle of flytime, with no weapon to whisk away those persistent flies, just let some one tie up your hands and legs and put you where mosquitoes swarm, and you will understand what Bonnie had to endure.

Bonnie also remembered how Buster had driven her from the pasture at a gallop instead of a sedate walk, when she expected to find that her beautiful rich milk had been churned to butter and pot cheese. And of the corn Buster had poked through the fence just under her nose and then pulled tantalizingly away.

Yes, cows certainly remember. So when Buster sauntered down the meadow, calling "Come, Bonnie, come home and I'll milk you," Bonnie pricked up her ears.

"What does the whippersnapper mean, anyway?" she thought to herself. "Probably some more of his miserable tricks. Well, we'll see who can play the better at that game."

Bonnie herself had been young only a short time ago. "Bonnie," said Buster, yawning from his seat on the stone wall. "It's time to go home and be milked. You're a poor dumb brute, so you can't understand what I say. I'm going to milk you, Bonnie. Not that I ever milked a cow before, but if others can do it, I can, you better believe."

Bonnie said something that sounded like "Umph!" Then, before Buster could even think "Jack Robinson," he was standing on his head in a brush pile on the other side of the stone wall. When he untangled himself Bonnie was peacefully chewing her cud and swishing her tail, and apparently half asleep.

"I must have lost my balance," said Buster to himself, though he strongly suspected that Bonnie knew something about his sudden fall. But Buster wasn't one to let people know that he knew they knew things—not even a cow.

"Come on, Bonnie," he called cheerfully, jumping down and taking one of Bonnie's horns familiarly in his hand, "let's go and have it over with."

Bonnie followed along peacefully to the gate that led from the swampy pasture, than as Buster took both hands to lift the gate from its socket Bonnie lowered her head.

In a second there was a squag as of something heavy falling in the soft mud to the right of the lane, and Buster picked himself up ruefully and tried to shake some of the sticky mud off, but it clung to him like a brother.

"Oh, you villain!" cried Buster, and then with both fists doubled, he pounded Bonnie as if she had been a punching bag. It could not have hurt very much or Bonnie would not have had that humorous twinkle in her usually calm, brown eyes.

She went peacefully along to the barn, now, while Buster had a scowl on his usually smiling face, for which, perhaps, you cannot blame him when you think how uncomfortable it must be to have swamp mud squeezing down your neck at every step you take.

Buster had often watched his uncle milk, and he thought, as perhaps you do, that it is a very easy process. All there was to do, he thought, was to balance easily on the milking stool, say gently, "Now, boss, so-so boss," place the pail in position and with a regular, swinging motion, press the milk in steady streams into the pail.

His first trial was anything but successful, no milk came, and he must have pinched Bonnie, for she bit him hard in the face with a well-aimed blow from the end of her tail, which surprised him so he reeled backward. Picking himself up, Buster took his red necktie off and tied Bonnie's tail securely to a post. Then he started again, and after dancing about after the restless Bonnie, he finally tied her head close to another post, so that she was stretched quite tight between the two posts, which would be humiliating even to a donkey.

Then, red in the face with his exertions, Buster valiantly went to work again. And, being a bright boy, he made such a success of it that Bonnie was much surprised. Bonnie was not at all comfortable, however. Always used to her freedom, she felt outraged to be placed in such a humiliating position, and cast her eyes about for some means of revenge.

Through the half open barn door she caught sight of Aunt Esther and Jennie Secore coming through the barn yard, and with them a sweet and dainty young girl whom Bonnie recognized as "city company." They reached the door without attracting Buster's attention—and Bonnie had an idea.

"Why, Buster Banks!" exclaimed his aunt, "You'll spoil my cow trying to milk her!"

Buster looked over his shoulder triumphantly. The pail was half full and he felt very proud of himself. He held his head very high and looked at Jennie.

some lessons in milking, Miss Jennie?" "Why don't you tie her feet, too?" asked Jennie, ignoring his question. "You know a cow?"

But Buster didn't hear the end of the sentence, and for a very good reason. At that instance Bonnie saw her opportunity to finish "taking him down," and with a deft stroke of her hoof she knocked the stool from under Buster, and then with lightning quickness kicked the pail of milk so dexterously that it rose in the air, turned and descended with all its contents on the head of luckless Buster. And there he lay, spitting and helpless till Jennie came forward to aid him with willing hands.

Such a sorry looking sight you never saw! Buster felt small enough to crawl through a straw. But he must have looked funny, too, for even Aunt Esther laughed till her fat cheeks shook, though the loss of the milk was a loss indeed to her. "I do declare!" said Jennie, "Mrs. Banks, that cow is laughing aloud. Take my advice next time, Buster, and tie her feet fast, too. Kitty and I came over to ask you to supper. We will promise not to make you drink any milk."

## Insect Nature.

Life history: 1, caterpillar; 2, chrysalis; 3, butterfly.

Directions for coloring: The body is black; the antennae or feelers, brown. The wings are straw yellow, with heavy black borders in which are many small yellow spots. On the fore or upper wings are four irregular black stripes; on the hind or lower wings, two rusty black ones. The first small spot on the margin of each hind wing, nearest the fore wing, is not yellow like the rest, but deep orange. The edges of the hind wings have also a narrow yellow line outside the black border.

The leaves are green, the stem brown, the wild cherry blossom white. The heading, "In Butterfly Land," may be colored in any color you choose.

The tiger swallow-tail, as his name indicates, is something of a swell in Butterfly Land, for he belongs to the aristocratic swallow-tail family whose members never appear in anything but full dress. Their long black coat-tails make them easy to distinguish from other butterfly folk. Like his namesake, the tiger, he wears a gorgeous yellow coat trimmed with broad black velvet stripes, but that is as far as the resemblance goes. He is not a bit sly or stealthy in his movements, but just the opposite for his wings are so big that it is often somewhat difficult for him to get them quickly in motion, after he has been lazily sipping nectar from the clover blossoms. Hence if you wait until he is too busily engaged in getting breakfast to notice your coming, he can easily be captured. But let him once seriously get under wing and you may as well give up the chase at once, for he is quite sure to sail far out of reach over your head to the top of some tall tree. Probably it will be a wild cherry, for that is one of the trees upon which the tiger caterpillar lives, and Madam Swallow-Tail carefully lays her eggs upon its leaves so that her babies may have plenty of food just at hand when they crack the shells and come out.

These small baby swallow-tails—we should call them caterpillars—have one very curious habit. They spin little cushiony carpets of silks upon the leaves, on which they rest when not eating, and when ready to change to the chrysalis stage they weave a web from one edge of a leaf to the other, thus making a comfortable little spring bed upon which to pass the long period of rest before coming forth as full-grown butterflies.

## OBITUARY

Dresden, Aug. 19.—War Minister Planitz died this morning at Hosterwitz.

Missoula, Mont., Aug. 19.—Chief Charlots, the famous Indian scout of the Rocky mountain district, is dead on the Flathead reservation. It is asserted that Charlots' death removes the only barrier that has prevented the opening of the Flathead reservation for settlement.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

"This is my sister, Miss Dilman, Mr. Dunn. She has come to spend a month or two with me. I ought to warn you that she is a most incorrigible flirt, so that you—"

"Why, Molly Ware!" her sister exclaimed in a horrified tone, while the doctor laughed. "What are you saying?"

"Just what is true," Mrs. Ware said defiantly. "He might just as well know it now, at the beginning of the acquaintance, as to be stung by the fact later on. At all events, my conscience will be clear for having done my duty at the start."

"By the way you talk, Molly, one would think that I made a practice of going about seeking whom I could devour," said Miss Dilman resentfully. "It's very unbecomingly of you to betray one of my blood-bought accomplishments to Mr. Dunn. It's downright brutal!"

"Then you plead guilty to the charge Mrs. Ware has made?" said the doctor, watching her admiringly. "Never! And I warn you that my case will be filed away among those 'not proved.'"

"I don't know about that. I shall work hard gathering evidence."

"I defy you." "And I'll convict you," he retorted laughing. Mrs. Ware and he had been sitting in a shady corner of the piazza, she in her invalid chair and he opposite, when Bab strolled over and joined them, a vision of blond loveliness in violet.

As his carriage drove up to the gate for the third time he arose to take leave reluctantly—reluctantly because the sunlight of the girl's beauty had got into his eyes and dazzled him. She sauntered to the edge of the piazza.

"It's no more than fair to warn you that as a detective I shall watch you closely," he said, smiling up at her.

"As a detective only?" she said, with an arch laugh. "There are untold possibilities in the duties of a detective," he said, raising his hat. "I shall exhaust those first."

When he had gone she resumed her low chair beside her sister, "Molly," she said reproachfully, "you are a very mean girl. Now he'll expect me to flirt with him, and I'll have to do it."

"What of that?" "Didn't you know that I had come down here to reform?"

"Heavens, no!" "Your surprise is disheartening."

"I intend it to be. I have set my heart upon a match between you and the doctor. He's very wealthy and has a fine practice besides. It would be an excellent thing for you, Bab, dear, and would please Aunt Nell so much. She has done a great deal for us both, you know."

The girl's face darkened with pain. "I spent such a horrible winter," she said in a low voice, "one refusal after another. Oh, Molly," in passionate protest, "if only I had some money of my own and could marry for love, how sweet it would be!"

Mrs. Ware's eyes filled with tears. "I couldn't," she said gently; then added comfortingly, "but I was not unhappy in my marriage. John was a very kind husband, and I have missed him sorely since his death. Your beauty ought to be some sort of compensation to you, dear. I was fairly staggered by it. Aunt Nell has done wonders for you."

"Yes, Aunt Nell and her tailor." "Well, anyway, you will do your best to captivate my doctor, won't you?"

"Oh, he's like all the rest—diplomatic, absolutely in good form, cultivating only those in high places, with one eye on the god Mammon, the typical physician in ordinary to swindle. A beautiful, tactful, well-gowned wife would be of assistance to him. Would she be anything more? Has he any heart under that well-groomed, well-tailored exterior?"

"Barbara, we might just as well look upon this question dispassionately, for we both know how necessary it is for you to marry, and marry well."

Barbara went to the end of the piazza and stood looking out at the hills for a moment. She returned, smiling.

"Now I'll be good," she said softly, "and I'll do my best to captivate your stupid old doctor. You mustn't mind my calling him that, dear, for he is stupid. But, oh, Molly, if ever I meet Love face to face, what explanation will he demand?" Mrs. Ware could not reply. She stared into space with so melancholy an expression that Barbara laughed by way of diverting her.

Her sister looked up alarmed by the mischievous light in her eyes. "Barbara," she said entreatingly, "if he falls in love with you, you will not throw him over, will you, darling? He might go off and shoot

himself, and if Aunt Nell should hear of—his death and lay it to your doings—"

"She'd never hear of it. We, darkly, we'd bury him out in the potato patch and never divulge the awful secret. But really, my dear, you do not know doctors. They never kill themselves if they are disappointed in love. They always take it out on their charity patients."

Mrs. Ware sighed patiently. "I don't know that he has any charity patients."

"Just so," said Miss Dilman, with finality. "I'll make him bring me face to face with one or prove him too fond of catering to the rich to do charitable work among the poor."

It was brought about during one of the many drives that Miss Dilman and the doctor had together in the weeks that followed. "Doctor," she began artfully "have you any charity patients—left?"

"Left?" he echoed, puzzling over that seeming afterthought. "I have some? Why?"

"Would you—er—take me to call upon one?"

"Would you really go?" he asked, looking at her averted face with a passionate light in his eyes.

"Yes, of course I would," she said demurely.

"This is good of you," he said unsteadily and turned at once into a side street crowded with tenement houses. The carriage stopped.

"Serves me right," she thought, with an inward laugh, as she followed him into the small, ill smelling room. "Faith without sight should have sufficed for me."

A wailing cry greeted their ears. A young Italian woman was bending over a child. There was a heart-breaking look in the face she raised to them. Barbara seated herself gracefully. As the doctor bent over his little patient the child held up its arms to him, and he lifted it tenderly to his breast, talking in crooning tones to it. The small hand feebly patted his face, and he held it there against his cheek. He had forgotten all else, even the woman he loved.

Barbara felt strangely isolated. Somehow a breath of tragedy had blown across her little comedy, chilling it and her.

"Stupid—stupid—stupid!" she repeated, with miserable self-reproach, as she awaited him outside in the fresher air. "Barbara Dilman, if you have a spark of decency, apologize to him for that word!"

They drove on into the woods in silence, he grave and she for the first time in her life all adrift from her worldly self.

"Will it live?" she faltered at last trying not to wink lest a tear fall. "I fear not," he said sadly and looking at her just as the tear fell.

A great change swept over him. He bent lower. "Thank God for that tear, Barbara!" he said huskily.

She struggled wildly, but helplessly, for her usual toughness. "Stupid, but—"

"My heart and soul are yours, dearest. Is there any hope for me?" As his hand closed over hers pleadingly the other tear splashed down on his glove. His clasp tightened.

"Speak to me, Barbara!" he entreated.

"If you were not so—so—stupid—stupid, but—but—" And as she paused a beautiful color rushed over her face.

"But what?" he demanded.

"Dear!" she said tremulously, but with a laugh like music.

### Sir John Macdonald.

Of course legend has been busy with the capitol of the parliament buildings at Ottawa, as it has been with nearly every notable effect round the house of commons. Now we have not passed the stage of putting all the good things down to Sir John Macdonald. In this case legend has connected Sir John with a squirrel, a leaping squirrel, evidently in a tremendous hurry. Just remember that a legend is a lie old enough to be respectable. The story goes this way. An applicant for office came down to Ottawa on a promise from some one in authority. He saw Sir John, who promised it all over again. Months went by, and the promise failed to bear fruit. But one day the discouraged applicant met the premier face to face in the vestibule.

"You haven't done anything for me yet," he said. "Too bad," said the great chief-tain, scratching his head. "Now, what can I do for you? Ah, I have it! You see that squirrel there?"

"I do." "Well, just you watch to see that it doesn't get away."

The legend forbears to relate whether a salary went with this dubious office or not.—Ex.