



HERO BILL CROW.

The Noble Sacrifice of a Brave and Loving Bird.

His head appeared very much too large for everything about him except his mouth and voice. The former feature was the one to engage the attention, and the latter was as hoarse as the crow.

young bird to leave its nest Billy would come sprawling and staggering from his basket to meet the baby girl, and, seizing the hem of her pinafore, would hang on and squawk, while Debby, screaming with delight, would scramble over the verandah floor on all fours as rapidly as

of the crow; but when the kingbird erected his war plume Billy would have business to attend to which necessitated his presence directly around his master's feet.

A fierce war eagle, with great hooked bill and tremendous spread of wings, known to Dick as Uncle Sam, lived in the mysterious country on the far side of the little lake in front of Birdville.

One day Dick and Billy saw the great bird at Rock Cabin Cove on the opposite side of the lake waiting for an opportunity to rob the industrious fisherman Osprey. Billy ruffled up his feathers, drooped his head and began to walk around his master's feet, talking and laughing in low guttural tones as if something greatly amused him.

Uncle Sam launched himself, and, sailing over the back of the frightened hawk, demanded the fruits of the latter's labor. The loud whistling protest of the hawk could be heard plainly appealing for help, and in a moment more Billy was flapping his wings over the robber eagle's back.

By his loud, hoarse "caws" one could tell that he was having fun with Uncle Sam and teaching him how it feels to be the under one.

Soon the eagle was glad to leave the osprey and seek the shelter of the dense woods on the other side of the lake by the abandoned quarry. Perched upon the boy's shoulder, Billy then told all about the affair.

"Caw," says Billy, "caw, Sam is nothing much. I saw Long Legs, the heron, at the leaning maple, whip him—Sam can't fight a little bit unless he has everything his way—caw, caw."

Nobody but crows and Dick understands crow talk, but Dick understands all the wood folk languages.

All unknown to her parents and Dick, little Debby had toddled after her brother to Birdville. Wearing with the long walk, the baby girl

and hummingbird. With one bound the boy landed upon the battle-ground, and with a mighty swing of his cudgel he laid the bald-headed robber prone among the flowers. The next moment he had gathered his little baby sister in his sturdy young arms. Her white pinafore was torn to shreds, but she was unhurt.

"Poo Billy, him fight naughty big bird, poo Billy," lisped the little girl. Poor Billy, indeed! There he lay, his beautiful black wings outstretched, moving with the tremor preceding death. Billy the Crow had been killed by the same blow which slew the eagle.

In vain did Dick use every means in his power to resuscitate his friend and comrade. The genial and brave bird was past help. A little mound amid the lupines marks the spot where the quaint and lovable soul is buried there. A shingle serves for a headstone and inscribed thereon is this legend:

HERE LYS BILL THE HEROE. HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND AN' HE LICKED A EAGLE.

Nigni—The Dwarf

The Adventures of a Little Man as Written by Himself.

There were many other attractions in London at the time I was on exhibition, but as we drew the crowds away from them they began to lose money. There were a giant, a wild woman, a five-legged horse, a wolf-child and half a dozen other things, and their managers finally decided that something must be done. They go together in secret, as was afterwards learned, and resolved to kidnap me and shut me up for several weeks. They didn't want to take my life, but they did want me out of the way. Mr. Yeddo and Anak were both on the watch for some move, but it came in a way they did not expect.

At the hotel where we stayed I had a bedroom to myself, but on one side of me was Anak and on the other the showman. There were doors leading from one room to another, and as these always were open at night it did not seem that I could come to harm. However, one night about midnight a man named Burke, who had agreed to kidnap me for \$1,000, climbed up a balcony to my open window and entered the room as I lay sleeping.

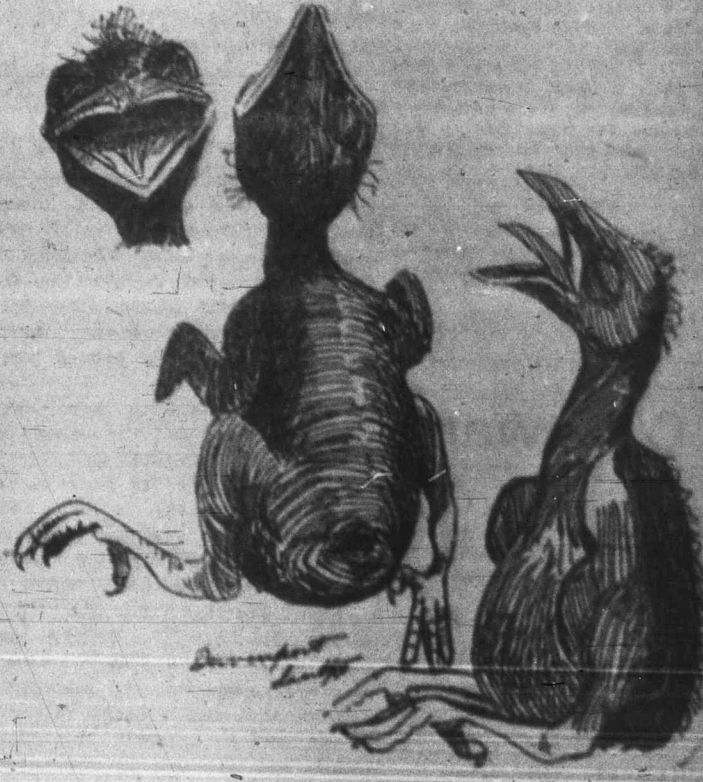
He tied a line around me and lowered me from the balcony to another man, and I was then put into a hat-box and carried through the streets for two or three miles. Burke had

very poor one, and I would eat none of it, and it was the same with supper. The house to which I had been brought was an old one, with only a couple of chairs, a table and an old bed for furniture, and although I was sure that Mr. Yeddo would have the police searching for me I was afraid that they would never find me among so many houses in great London.

After supper the man Burke went out and bought several newspapers, and all of them had much to say about my being kidnaped. The police were searching, and a large reward

by that I got it out without disturbing him. Then I unlocked the door and slipped softly out and down two pairs of dark stairs and into the street. It was a wretched street, with the poorest of houses and only a few public lamps, and in running away from the house I fell down several times on the rough sidewalk.

I was still running when I suddenly banged into a policeman, and he reached down and grabbed me and called out: "Bless my soul, but whom have we here?"



had been offered but the two men did not seem to fear that they would be found out.

They played cards and drank from a bottle all the evening, while I lay on the bed and wondered if there was no way for me to escape. I fell asleep while the men were yet playing, and when I awoke it was two hours later, and both had their heads down on the table and were asleep. I was up in a jiffy and was out of bed. I knew that the key of the door was in Burke's pocket, and I slipped over to him and worked so soft-

"I am Nigni the Dwarf, and I am escaping from those who have kidnaped me," I replied.

He could not believe it at first, but later on he put me in a hack and drove with me to my hotel and saw me safely with my friends. A day or two later the kidnapers were arrested and sent to prison, and the adventure made me so popular that crowds gathered about the hotel to cheer me and shout "Bully for the Dwarf!"

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Courtesy is Cheap

Llewellyn Mason, a conductor on the Chicago and Alton railroad, can testify that courtesy sometimes proves a profitable investment for a railroad man. In his early railroad days Mr. Mason invested in a little of it, and the investment has just paid a dividend of \$1,000 in the shape of a legacy left him by the late W. A. Tyler of Bloomington.

When the will of the Bloomington millionaire was probated yesterday it was found to contain this clause:

"To Llewellyn Mason I bequeath the sum of \$1,000 as a recognition of the courteous treatment accorded me while traveling on the Alton road."

Mr. Mason is over 60 years of age, and has been a conductor on the Alton for nearly thirty years. He now runs the "silk stocking" suburban train between Chicago and Joliet, which daily carries the steel magnates and other wealthy residents of that suburb.

No surprised was Mr. Mason when he received word of his legacy that he immediately communicated the

fact to President Felton of the Alton and to General Passenger Agent George Charlton, and asked them what he should do.

"Take the money, of course. Why shouldn't you?" asked Mr. Charlton.

Mr. Tyler was exceedingly curious when traveling, and was wont to ask many questions. In 1888 he happened to take a train upon which young Mason was the conductor. The road was then the Great Western Railway of Illinois, and Lewis Mason's father was the operating head of the road. Mr. Tyler then lived in Jacksonville, and Mason spent all of his spare time on the run to Chicago in talking to him.

Three or four times each year Mason carried the rich man between Jacksonville and Chicago, and later between Bloomington and Chicago, and he never once tired of the old man's questions.

"My Tyler made his last trip with me four years ago, and had almost passed from my mind," said Mason yesterday.—Chicago Tribune

Job printing at Nugget office.



He Told His Troubles to Dick.

black skin hung in wrinkles around his withered neck, but was slightly stretched over his rounded abdomen. He was as naked as the brass Diana on the top of Madison Square garden and as blind as Love. His legs were too long and too weak to support his aldermanic body; but we must not blame Little Billy for these peculiarities; he was born with them. He was only a little orphan baby crow.

The crib in which the baby reposed was a work basket, his mattress was dry grass and his coverlid a rag of more comfortable than the nest in which he was born and the flannel was as warm as an embroidered quilt. Billy was no bottle baby, but was very fond of raw eggs which his foster father, Dick, knew how to slip into the great, gaping mouth of the little crow.

After Dick had fed him, Billy would settle down in his soft bed and sleep until next egg time. Sometimes the baby sister, Deborah, would creep to the crow's basket. Her first experiment was to try and put the bird into her own mouth. This proved a failure; but she was more successful in her next experiments, and she amused herself by picking up the various and other small objects which came handy and dropping them into the red mouth of Billy. Why these things did not cause the death of the crow is a mystery, possibly because of the habit that the young bird had of fisting distasteful objects from its mouth with a quick twist of its head.

The real result of these attentions was the gradual growth of a feeling of affection between Debby and Billy, which was expressed by the bond of devotion which bound Dick and the boy together, making them almost inseparable companions. Long before it was the proper time for a

her hands and knees could carry her, Debby still was a baby and had just learned to walk when Billy was a handsome, full-grown, glossy black crow. By this time Billy appointed himself private detective in plain clothes and personal bodyguard to the little girl, and it was woe to the strange cat, dog, or barnyard fowl who approached too near little Debby. The innocent little garter snakes that timidly wriggled through the grass, by the feet of Debby never failed to lose their heads and rest their bodies inside of Billy Crow.

Dick would never harm the pretty little insect, eating snakes, or any other wild creature. He loved them all too well. He loved the grass, the trees, the sky and the air; the birds were his personal friends.

Dick knew where all the people of bird town lived, from the kingbird in the tall buttonwood tree to the ground sparrow in the clover. Billy the Crow also knew the inhabitants of bird town, but it would not have troubled the conscience of the crow to eat the robins' eggs and the young catbirds at a meal and wantonly destroy their little nests. If he refrained from so doing, it was possibly because he always had enough to eat at home, or perhaps Billy thought that the inhabitants of Birdville belonged to his young master. Billy Crow might steal from every one else, but he never was guilty of robbing Dick and even such tempting objects as Dick's bright glass marbles were deemed sacred by the crow.

The other birds always looked with suspicion at Dick's black companion and although they learned to trust the boy they never failed to scold, and often to attack, the crow.

The beautiful scarlet tanager would cry, "Chip-jarr, chip-jarr!" whenever he saw Billy, and the generously colored oriole, as he flashed in the sunlight, singing as he flew, would suddenly become silent at the sight

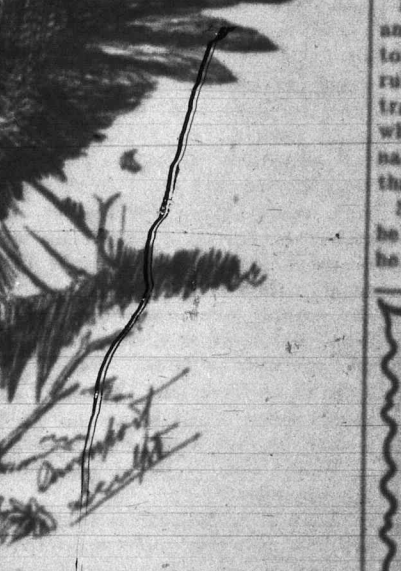
upon the eagle, aided by the kingbird

now slept peacefully among the blue flowers of the lupine, near the sparrows' nest. The impertinent and noisy bluejay came chattering over to see why Debby was there, and incidentally to rob a nest or two by the way, but the kingbird raised the hue and cry and drove the gaudy bandit away, and as the jay disappeared down the tote road his mocking, high-keyed voice was heard to cry, "Got 'im, got 'im, I've got him!"

"Who? Who?" asked the barred owl, aroused from his day-nap by the tumult.

"Phoebe," mournfully replied a faint voice; and Dick said to Billy, "I here not."

But the crow was not there to hear him. Just then the boy heard his black friend using most unprintable language, betokening both rage and great excitement. Seizing a club and hastening to his friend's assistance, Dick was horrified when he saw Uncle Sam vainly trying to lift a white object from the ground, while Billy was making a frantic attack upon the eagle, aided by the kingbird



rented a house to hide me in, and I was in bed in that house and it was nearly noon the next day before I awoke.

My head ached and my eyes were heavy and it was some time before I made out that I was in a strange place. Then I cried out to know why I was there, and why Mr. Yeddo and Anak were not with me. The men who had kidnaped me were in the room, and it was Burke who answered me.

"Don't get frightened, little chap. You are with friends, and won't be hurt."

"But how did I get here?" I asked.

"No matter. Do you want your dinner now?"

I soon came to know that they had played me a trick, and I was both angry and frightened. I was angry that they should be so bold, and frightened because I thought they meant to keep me prisoner for weeks or months. I called them rogues and kidnapers and robbers, but they only laughed at me in return. The dinner they offered me was a

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