

All the Credit Was Billy's

"Talk no use cryin'," said Paddy to McGann. "If the boss bounces tomorrow, I has got to go, but I have to leave you, Billy. I just have to go."

Billy was Paddy's lead mule in the mine, a big rawboned animal with a philosophic countenance and conversation with all except Paddy of a vicious temper.

"It ain't right," cried Paddy, "and it ain't a-goin' to stand it. Oh, Billy, if I had lots of money d'you know what I'd do? Well, I'd buy a new coat and take you up to the surface and let you do nothin' but eat grass and run around the fields. Say, how has it been, Billy, since you was in the sky? Guess it must be all over seven years."

Billy looked contemplative. "Well, never mind; there's a good comin' some day. And say, Billy, if I don't get even with Evan Jones—well, you can kick me for a while. It won't be long before I'm as big as he is, and then we'll both even with him. You—say, Billy, what's the matter, Billy?"

For Billy had shaken off the nose with a jerk, and with ears cocked and eyes staring, and nostrils agape was looking down the gangway.

"What is it?" began Paddy, and then, seeing the air, he cried, "Why, it's smoke, Billy!"

The mule whinnied, and there was a sound of terror in the long, low cry. "Smoke," cried Paddy again, "and you ain't no powder smoke neither! Billy, she's afe!"

Down the gangway they sped. Paddy was justified. Where could the smoke come from? There was nothing along the gangway which could have done it. It was all rock. He stopped suddenly, horrified. The air current had changed. He was in an out-cave, but as he asked himself the question Paddy knew what had happened. Some one had left the door open, and the diverted air current was sweeping into the work-cave, carrying the smoke with it.

Billy pulled at the restraining hand, but again they dashed forward, and again they stopped, for Paddy was crying:

"The shaft, Billy—the shaft! They're there. They don't know, Billy, they'll all be killed!"

He sprang the gangway and at one end a remote working the inside of the mine and thirty men had gone in early morning to block an old tunnel. Paddy knew what that meant. They were isolated, and the smoke would not reach them until it was too late. By that time the surrounding chambers would be so full of smoke that escape would be impossible.

He flashed through Paddy's mind that he could bring Billy to a stop. Without thinking he had determined what to do. There were two things he could do in a moment or two: he could lead him to a safe place or he could go back into the smoke and warn the men. He might be overcome before he could lead them, and might find them only to die in their company, but he did not think of these things. He pulled Billy around.

"You've got to help me, Billy!" he cried. "I can't reach them alone."

He whinnied and whinnied.

He sprang around the mule's neck, he gasped for breath. It seemed that with each inhalation he poured down his throat, were his eyes, though closed, were his ears. How it was faring with Billy Paddy did not know. He saw the mule gasp as he stumbled forward, and once when Billy stopped, he moaned and moaned until his agony was a despairing scream. Paddy could do to smother the mule's own throat and urge the men on.

At last, and it seemed as if the smoke grew lighter, for they were extracting it, and the farther they got from the entrance to the tunnel the lighter it became. Then they reached the spot where the side tunnel commenced. Billy dashed through the narrow opening and, with a gasp, drank in great gulps of comparatively unadulterated air.

They sped until Paddy knew they were close to the working in which they were. Could he find them? Their lives and his—depended on his quickness.

He stopped off Billy's back and from one opening into another, straining his eyes to see any glimmer of light. He found nothing, and knew that the smoke was gradually filling with men, yet he had not found any of the men. He cried in his agony and then shouted in the utterance of his efforts. His eyes were beginning to burn, and his breath was again, and his breath was again, and his breath was again.

He studied his handkerchief for a moment, but the relief was not there. Once or twice he had to stop and wipe the sweat from his forehead, but he stumbled on again. He almost as he fell into an opening. Gathering all his

strength, he raised his voice in a long shout. There came an answer. "Hurry! Danger!"

Then they came with a rush. There was no need to ask questions. The workings were already filled with smoke, and the men dropped everything and ran. One by one they passed Paddy. As the last one passed the boy he shouted back:

"Tell the boss!"

"Tell the boss!" "Tell the boss!"

The words rang in Paddy's ears like the roar of a waterfall. All at once a cold and inquiring nose was thrust into his face. It was Billy. With the touch Paddy's senses returned, and he knew what the words meant. Evan Jones, the inside boss, the man who was to discharge him on pay day, was somewhere inside, ignorant of the danger which in a few moments would overtake him. Even now there might not be time. Paddy said nothing to Billy. Breath was too precious. Instead he grasped Billy's mane and swung himself on the mule's back again. Then straight down the passage they went until, after some minutes, they came upon Evan Jones.

"She's afe!" gasped Paddy.

The boy's face told the foreman there was no time to ask questions, but as he swung himself up beside Paddy and laid his head low on Billy's back to avoid bumping against the low hanging roof he cried:

"Where are the others? Do they know?"

"They ran when I told 'em!" gasped Paddy.

"Cowards!" muttered the foreman.

The working was rapidly filling with smoke, but Billy gallantly breasted it beneath the double load, and so they came to the opening upon the gangway. In the darkness they dashed into it, only to recoil the next moment.

"It's full of smoke!" cried the foreman.

Billy, terror stricken, shook them off and would have plunged back down the passage but for Paddy's restraining hand.

"It's our only chance," said Jones. "We must make it. Give me your hand."

"But Billy?" questioned Paddy.

"He'll have to find his own way out. We can't bother with him."

"Go ahead," said Paddy. "Me and Billy'll get out together."

"Fool!" cried Jones. "Come on!" he called as he ran.

Paddy drew off his coat and, throwing it over the mule's head, tried to lead him out, but Billy would not move.

"Billy," cried the boy, "don't you know I'll take care of you? Come!"

Billy whinnied and then, with a big shake, sprang down the passage, dragging Paddy after him. The foreman was already some distance away, but Billy's burst of speed soon brought them together again. Paddy, keeping his feet in a remarkable manner, passed the foreman, and they dashed on into the smoke. Paddy's head was swimming, and his eyes were bursting from their sockets. He seemed to spin along like a top. Then there came a crash, and he found himself on the ground huddled against Billy. The mule sank down with a pitiful cry of pain. His leg was broken.

It seemed ages after that when Paddy opened his eyes to find a lot of anxious faces gazing into his. He was helped up, and a distant roar, like the voice of many people, fell upon his ear. He saw he was at the head of the shaft and that a number of men stood around. Evan Jones bent over him and said:

"Don't cry about Billy. You did all you could to save him, and you were nearly gone when I found you and brought you out. We both had a narrow shave, and so did the other fellows, and we all owe our lives to you. The people want you to say something. Are you strong enough?"

Raised by willing hands, Paddy was greeted by a roar of cheering, and when he found his voice he said, although he could hardly hear himself speak: "Don't say nothin' to me about it. It was Billy done it all. Billy, he was!"

But he could say no more, and, turning to his mother, who had forced her way to his side, he burst into sobs and hid his tears on her bosom.

colonel quickly. "I was shot at Antietam. A bullet went through my nose, taking the gristle out." He wriggled his nose from side to side to prove the truth of his statement.

"Ah, well, you were quite fortunate, after all," said Major M. consolingly. "If the bullet had struck a half inch further in, your soul would have been launched into eternity."

"Yes," said the colonel, "and if the blamed thing had gone a half inch further out it wouldn't have hit me at all."—Lippincott's.

Canada's Red Men.

The annual report of the Department of Indian Affairs for the year ending June 30 shows that the work performed and the results obtained demonstrate that the Indians throughout Canada continue to be law-abiding and contented and to be more self-supporting as they increase in numbers. Those engaged in agriculture are adopting the same methods as their white brethren, with very pleasing results. The main features of the policy followed by the department are:

The fixity of their abodes.

The careful safeguarding of their interests with respect to the alienation of their lands.

Their individual and direct responsibility to the crown.

The enactment of special legislation for their protection against their own weaknesses or aggression on the part of the stronger race with a view to their eventually assuming the responsibilities of citizenship.

The granting of all necessary educational facilities and limiting such material assistance as may be offered to the needy to what may tend to make them self-supporting.

The report says that there has been no more potent factor in the elevation of the Indians than the religious instruction afforded them by the missionaries of the various churches, who have been and still are devotedly working to inculcate the principles of Christianity among these people, and who, moreover, largely co-operate in the work of their secular education.

The Indians are showing increased providence of habits and greater self-reliance. The vital statistics show that there were last year 2,233 births and 2,557 deaths, so that as compared with it, there had been an increase during the year under review of 146 in the number of births and a decrease of 317 in the number of deaths. A gratifying feature of this increase is that it has not been confined to any particular province, but proportionately distributed throughout the Dominion. The following table gives the Indian population by provinces:

Provinces.	1900.	1901.
Ontario	20,708	20,763
Quebec	10,785	10,865
Nova Scotia	2,018	2,020
New Brunswick	1,639	1,655
P. E. Island	308	315
British Columbia	24,523	24,576
Manitoba	6,754	6,840
N. W. T.	17,714	17,927
Outside treaty limits	14,566	14,566
Totals	99,010	99,527

This shows that, compared with the preceding year, there has been an aggregate increase of 517 in the Indian population. The capital of the Indian trust fund has now increased to \$3,941,393.

Solving a Problem.

Many years ago a green country boy applied to the superintendent of a western railway for work and, somewhat against the superintendent's wish, on account of the danger to life and limb attendant upon such occupation, was given a place as brakeman of a freight train.

On one of his first trips it happened that his train met another freight train at a station where the sidetrack was not long enough to accommodate either of them. The conductors were debating which train should back up to a point where they could pass when the new hand ventured to suggest that neither should back; that they could pass each other by means of the short sidetrack if the thing was managed right.

The idea excited a good deal of laughter on the part of the old trainmen, but the boy stood his ground.

"Well, how would you go about it?" asked one of the conductors, confident that the lad would soon find himself against a stump.

The boy took up a stick and traced in the sand a diagram to illustrate his plan.

"Good gracious!" said the conductor, "I believe that will do it!"

And it did do it. Today every trainman in America probably knows how to "saw by" two long trains on a short sidetrack, but it is not so generally known that the thing was never done until an inexperienced country boy became the manager of a great railway line worked out the problem for himself.—Ex.

J. J. PUTROW RETURNS

Has Been Outside Since Last Year

Spent Considerable Time Traveling In the East—Seattle a Hummer.

Mr. J. J. Putrow, of 16 and 27 Eldorado, returned to Dawson Tuesday afternoon after an absence of over nine months. Mr. Putrow left here in June last year, going direct to Seattle, where the larger part of his time has been spent. Two months however, he spent travelling in the east, visiting all of the principal cities. He says that Seattle is enjoying a large boom now and is being looked upon all over the United States as the coming city of the country. The most conservative business men predict that the population will double in the next three years. The latest estimate placed upon the present population including the suburbs is 110,000. During the last two years a large number of handsome large buildings have been erected, some of which rent as high as \$2,000 per month.

The last word Mr. Putrow had from Mr. Thos. Lippy, who is now making a tour of the world, was in January and written from Egypt, where Mr. Lippy was then making preparations for a trip up the Nile river. Mr. Putrow met Mr. E. C. Hawkins in Seattle shortly before he left for Dawson and Mr. Hawkins told him that he would be in Dawson some time the latter part of the present month and would immediately commence the construction of the railroad to the Forks.

Mr. Putrow left this afternoon accompanied by Mr. H. H. Honnen for an extended trip over the creeks and expects to return Saturday.

As Viewed at Ottawa.

Ottawa, Feb. 18.—The trouble in Dawson, a sensational report of which has been sent out from Seattle arises over the granting by the Dominion government of certain concessions to Mr. Treadgold and others for diverting the waters of the Klondike river to be used for mining purposes. The company has got to supply a certain quantity of water at a certain price to miners. The particular grounds of objection is as to the company getting abandoned claims on Bonanza and some of the tributary creeks, but before they get these claims a very large amount of money will be required to be expended by the company. Commissioner Ross, of the Yukon, is now on his way here, and the matter will no doubt come up for decision, and if it is shown there are any rights of the miners or general public interfered with the affair will be properly adjusted. Those interested in the company say that there were some applicants for concessions, and seeing that they did not succeed are now starting up trouble against those who did.

In reply to the Treadgold concession it is said here, by prominent Yukoners, that miners can have no grievances as long as water is supplied to them at reasonable prices. Until this water is supplied by the company no abandoned claims can be had by the company. That is part of the agreement. An expenditure of over a quarter of a million dollars will be necessary before any abandoned claims can be had by the company and if the water can be obtained to work claims there would be no object in abandoning them. The order, which has not yet been gazetted, is said not to interfere with the rights of anyone. There is an idea here that the meeting at Dawson was the work of a gentleman who has been figuring as an agitator in the past.

Value of an Honest Eye.

A business man said that he once devoted half a day to hiring a man whom he needed in his office. In answer to his advertisement a great many applicants called. He rejected the first because he would not look him in the eye. "The second man," said the merchant, "was armed with a double barreled recommendation from his pastor, with testimonials as to his business ability and good character; but, though he looked me in the eye, I saw that we could never hope to get along well together, and so I dismissed him. The third interested me the moment he stepped inside the door. He was poorly dressed, and, though his clothes were whole, they were at

least two sizes too small. It was evident that his attire troubled him not the least, for he held his head high and as he approached my desk looked me squarely in the eye. He said that he had no recommendation, but that he was willing to do his best to please me. In an instant it dawned upon me that before me was the man that I was looking for. He had nothing to recommend him save an honest, bright eye and a pleasant face, but that was sufficient. I engaged him on the spot.

"Since then I have seen fit to advance him over a man who had been with me three years. The latter grumbled, but there was reason for my move—the new man had proved himself worthy of promotion."

Instances might be definitely multiplied of the value of an honest eye. That wonderful window of the soul, the eye, is a sure index to character. If you have it not, cultivate a bright honest, straightforward look. It will more than repay your effort. Look up and fearlessly meet the eyes of those with whom you converse. Many a choice position has been lost through an indifferent, finching eye, and many a coveted position has been won through a fearless, honest eye. That kind of eye is better than a hundred recommendations.—Success.

"Pa, what is a philosopher?"

"A philosopher, Jimmy, is a man who thinks he has got through being a fool."

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