

Mis' Brennan's Kid.

The entire neighborhood had long since decided that Mrs. Brennan's youngest hopeful would close his earthly career through the unwelcome attentions of the proverbial hangman, Maggie Brennan, aged fifteen, was a popular employee at Johnson's cigar factory. Young Dan was a district messenger boy, and even little Jennie earned odd pennies by caring for the neighbor's children when the latter were called away to christenings, funerals and weddings.

But from the day that the "Kid," at the tender age of nine months, had fallen from the fire escape to the area-way, striking three clotheslines en route, and had sat up, howling vigorously, but unhurt, his young life had been marked by a succession of stirring and nerve distracting events. Even his good-natured Irish mother had begun to regard him as hopeless, and his one friend was pretty Miss Harris, whose pink and blue shirt waists and daintily embroidered skirts decorated the Brennan clothes horse each ironing day. Meta Harris always declared that the "Kid" was particularly intelligent, and some day would perform a great deed.

On this afternoon the "Kid," having reached the age of three and having acquired sufficient wisdom to snatch a stick of licorice from a weaker and meeker playmate in the gutter, had wandered far from home. An overdose of licorice on this hot, sunny day had affected the "Kid" as nothing had ever done before. He yearned for the narrow, dim court and the towering tenement, to say nothing of a drink and his mother's restful bosom. But all around him was mud, the thick, yellow mud of a newly opened street, and beyond disgustingly new cottages painted in aesthetic tints and surrounded by gardens laid out in geometrical flower and lawn patterns—that is, all were thus laid out—save one. It was overgrown with weeds, which had choked out the flowers planted there early in the spring.

A young man in a natty flannel suit had paused at the gate and was surveying with a clouded brow the scene of desolation. It hardly seemed possible that just four months previous he and she had planted those flowers, coming up each evening to water them, pick out the weeds and put finishing touches within doors.

The parlor furniture had been put in place. Even some of the shining tinware had found its way to the small pantry when the quarrel came.

He had done his best to smooth over the difficulty, but finally one afternoon he had walked over to the little cottage, which represented his savings of two hard years, closed and barred the windows and doors and with a heavy heart had walked out through the small gate. Never again had he been near the burial ground of his high hopes until this evening. Vaguely he had felt lately that something ought to be done with the place.

The frown deepened as he turned away and marched resolutely down the street. He would see a real estate man at once and offer the place at any sacrifice. Then he'd try his luck in South America. The papers all said there were great openings down there for clever fellows from the States.

"Mamma! Ma—" Jack Griswold stopped communing with the disagreeable past and started down upon a bedraggled, forlorn bit of humanity.

"Hello, old chap! Are you black or white?"

The "old chap" resented the familiar address, fell to weeping lustily and rolled desolately in the soft mud.

"Oh, I say," exclaimed Jack, bending over the little fellow, "you mustn't do that! You'll be a sight. Guess you're lost."

Griswold glanced helplessly at the seat cottages and then at the child of the slums. How ever did the youngster get way out here? And his sobs were actually pitiful. Jack thought of a policeman, but such officials were seldom needed in this quiet neighborhood.

Finally pity overcame discretion, and Jack grasped a small hand and led the runaway toward the cottage over which he had but lately been gloating in misery. He unlocked the door and led the culprit to the kitchen, turned on the water and awkwardly washed the astonished denizen of Diggle's court.

"There! When I get a few layers of dirt on my face you take you to the nearest police station, and they can locate your ma. But I'll be hanged if I drag such a connecting link as you were through the streets."

A fresh handkerchief was sacrificed on the altar of cleanliness, and then Griswold started toward the door with his unexpected charge. But here

another surprise was in store for him. The skies were overcast and lightning was playing along the horizon. There was nothing to do but wait till the storm passed by.

Griswold sank into a rocker in the tiny parlor, and "Mis' Brennan's Kid" clambered familiarly upon his knee. The afternoon was sultry, the little head sank lower and lower on Griswold's immaculate flannel suit, and soon a soft, even breathing filled the quiet room.

The storm gathered and burst, but the child slept on, and Griswold, with half closed eyes, lived over again the happy days when he and she had planned and furnished the cottage.

A sudden flash of vivid lightning and a shrill feminine shriek.

"Oh, Mrs. Brennan, if only I had a key we could get in here! And porches and trees are so dangerous."

Jack rose to his feet, the sleeping child still clasped in his arms. There was no mistaking that voice. For an instant he hesitated, then threw open the door.

Two women crouched in the portal. One was middle aged and haggard, her sleeves rolled up to her elbow and her apron tossed over her head. The other was young and dainty and fair to look upon even in her fearful fright. They rose and faced the sudden vision in the doorway.

The older woman gave a scream, half of anger, half of joy.

"It's me Kid! Where did ye find him?" Then, without waiting for reply, she jerked the sleeping child from Griswold's arms, and fell to weeping and scolding over him in true Irish fashion.

Ten minutes later the storm died down as suddenly as it had risen and Mrs. Brennan and her "Kid" duly provided with car fare, were wending their way toward the nearest trolley line.

The younger woman still stood at the window, staring out upon the weeds which hung heavy with moisture. She tapped her fingers mechanically upon the window pane.

"I had gone over to Mrs. Brennan's for a shirt waist I needed," she remarked suddenly, as if she felt that an explanation was obligatory, "and she was nearly crazy about the Kid. I felt so sorry for her, and we kept walking and walking, and every one had seen the little boy, they said, and we followed the trail till we got here—and—"

She turned suddenly and faced Griswold, who was regarding her anxiously. The contrast between his grave, pleading face and his generally demoralized attire was ludicrous. The departing "Kid" had left as mementos of his short stay liberal stains of licorice and mud on Griswold's soft flannel suit. One grimy hand had evidently found a resting place on Jack's smooth shaven cheek. Meta Harris stopped laughing and exclaimed:

"Oh, to think you'd be so good to that miserable 'Kid.' You've made me feel so—so mean and insignificant." Her face was very sober now. "Do you think, Jack, you could forgive me, and—"

"Bless that 'Kid!'" exclaimed Jack as they walked home in the twilight. Meta had resolutely refused to board a trolley car in consideration of Jack's soiled raiment.

"When we get settled, the little chap can play up here every Saturday."

"Yes," mused Meta, "I always said that boy would do something worth while."

Children Need Slang

"Boys and girls need slang. It's good for them. Let them use it. It keeps them from becoming tongue-bound. If a youngster tells you of a 'hunch,' or a 'straight tip,' or a 'pipe,' don't correct him and give him a stiff substitute. He has found the right word."

Five hundred prim schoolma'ams and masters gasped with astonishment when these words were spoken by Prof. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark university, in an open lecture to the summer school at the University of Chicago. He is considered one of the foremost educators in America. Nearly all the summer students are teachers. They stopped taking notes and waited for the speaker to explain himself.

"Slang aids the young man or young woman of 14 to 19 years of age to acquire fluency," asserted President Hall. "When the emotional side of a boy or girl is being developed during adolescence, midway between the period when speech comes slowly and they lack the power of expression and the time when they begin again to express themselves more freely and easily, the use of slang is essential and ought to be allowed free play."

Young men and women during the period of adolescence have greater

powers of perception, according to President Hall, but what they gain in perceptive power they lose in the ability to express what they see and feel. A new world opens before them and they have no words with which to express themselves. It is at this time, he said, that slang is of most use. It helps growing boys and girls because it provides them with an easy means of expression, and at the same time a very emphatic means.

Parents, teachers and ministers are charged by the speaker with paying too little attention to the child at this period. "How a nation treats adolescence," he said, "is the best proof of its civilization. The use of slang at this time by the boy and girl is natural. Let them use slang. It is valuable to them."

Many of President Hall's listeners recalled the fact that the use of slang is not unknown, even in the college classroom. Prof. Oliver T. Thatcher is one of those instructors at the university who find that they can impress facts upon the minds of their students by using slang—facts that would otherwise fall from the lips of the teacher unobserved. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Denies His Guilt

Seattle, Aug. 20.—When brought before Judge George yesterday and arraigned on a charge of rape, the Rev. Mack Scott, pastor of the African M. E. church of Seattle, entered a plea of not guilty. Judge George stated that the case being a very serious one, required a large bond. It was therefore fixed at \$8,000, in default of which he was taken back to his cell in the county jail.

Scott appeared in his ministerial apparel, and while occupying a seat in the prisoner's dock, wore a cheerful smile, and seemed not to fully realize the gravity of the charge. The scene in court was brief, and the large crowd of scandal mongers, and others, were not treated to any sensations.

During the incarceration of Scott, and pending the outcome of his trial, another clergyman will occupy the pulpit of the church. At present the Rev. A. E. Bailey, presiding elder of the Northwestern conference of the A. M. E. church, is in charge.

Next week the annual conference of the church will occur, in Portland, at which time a man will be appointed to fill the pulpit. Although the discipline would permit of Bishop Shoffer sending a man here to have charge until Scott's case is settled, it is thought probable that the appointee will be sent for the regular one-year term.

No action can be taken by the church officials regarding the charges against Scott until the courts decide his case. Should he be adjudged innocent, the affair will be dropped; if guilty he can demand a trial by a church board of officers, presided over by a bishop; and if found guilty by this tribunal, can still appeal to a special board of bishops, who can either order his case re-tried by the board of officers and bishop.

Where Vessels Capsize

The capsizing of a vessel tied up to a pier is common enough in the Bay of Fundy and its tributary streams. The usual rise and fall of the tide along that bay is from forty to fifty feet, and high tides sometimes exceed sixty feet. With the fall of the tide all craft are left high, but by no means dry, with an area of chocolate colored mud all about them. This mud is too shifting to hold a vessel in safety, so each pier is provided with one or more strong wood frames called shoes, fixed at the bottom of the stream or bay.

Upon these shoes all vessels rest at low tide. It frequently happens, however, that a vessel does not get her shoe snugly on, so to speak, and if a strong wind comes when she is thus ill balanced over she goes into the mud, to be buried forty-five feet under the next rising tide.

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The Smugglety Bug.

No doubt you have heard of a place that is "snug." And perhaps you've been told of the "bug in the rug." And if that is so, You'll all like to know That this tale is about the warm "smugglety bug."

The smugglety bug is a cozy soul, But he hides himself often down deep in a hole.

Where he's doubtless a-snooze In a pair of old shoes, For it must be confessed that his habits are droll.

The smugglety bug likes the warmth of the sun Or, the firelight cheerful when daylight is done.

He dislikes bare walls And he finds splendor palls On his snug sense of comfort and notion of fun.

There's a name that this funny bug goes by, my dear, And he lives in all homes where there's comfort and cheer.

If he lives, dear, with you, You can prove my words true, For his nickname's "Content," he's a guest without peer.

A Legend of Sir John

The late Sir John Stoll, who was sculptor to Queen Victoria, was modeling a bust of Miss Nightingale when an officer of one of the highland regiments which had suffered so cruelly in the Crimea heard that the bust had just been completed and was in Sir John's studio. Many of the men in his company had passed through the hospital at Scutari, and he obtained permission from the sculptor to bring some of them to see it. Accordingly a squad of men one day, marched into the studio and stood in line.

They had no idea why they had been mustered in so strange a place. Without a word of warning the bust was uncovered, and then as by one impulse the men broke rank and, with cries of "Miss Nightingale, Miss Nightingale!" surrounded the model and, with hats off, cheered the figure of their devoted nurse until the roof rang.

So spontaneous and hearty and so inspiring was the whole scene that in after days Sir John Stoll declared it to be the greatest compliment of his life.

Kills His Wife

Portland, Aug. 22.—George Smith, colored, shot and killed his white wife this afternoon in a lodging house at the corner of Second and Couch streets. Smith, it is said, was jealous on account of the attention paid his wife by a white man. After the shooting he ran down stairs into a saloon, telling the bartender that he had killed his wife and that he intended to commit suicide. Smith then started down the street and ran into the hands of an officer, who took him to jail.

Montana Lands.

Butte, Mont., Aug. 22.—A special to the Miner from Great Falls says that an order has been received from Washington withdrawing another million acres of land in the Great Falls district from entry. The order is in line with the intention of the government to push forward the St. Mary's canal irrigation project as rapidly as possible. Three million acres have now been withdrawn and further withdrawals are expected within thirty days.

Crushed Under a Horse

Salt Lake, Utah, Aug. 22.—A special to the Tribune from Cheyenne, Wyo., says Harry P. Hynds, while coursing rabbits with Lou Houseman, of Chicago, this afternoon, was seriously injured by his horse falling upon him. His chest was crushed and his head cut in several places. The accident occurred six miles south of town and he suffered intensely while being brought in, but is now resting easily.

Something New in Town

One of the latest additions that J. P. McLennan has made to his stock is a full line of Standard patterns. Every month he will receive a supply of the new style and will be glad to furnish the monthly fashion sheet free of charge. There has always been a call for cut paper patterns and we trust Mr. McLennan's enterprise will be rewarded.

Cut His Wrist

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 14.—Rev. Dr. M. M. Sweeney, pastor of the Bellevue Methodist Episcopal church, Bellevue, Pa., committed suicide last night at his residence by cutting his wrists. He died to death before his condition was discovered. Dr. Sweeney had a stroke of apoplexy two weeks ago and it is thought he was temporarily deranged.

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