Che heart of the Fores

the blue sky. It was ringed around the grass and pranced before her. with spreading oaks, and the softest green grass grew under foot.

sweet wind, brushing the leaves as it the Heart of the Forest, it whisper- tree you dwell in." ed "Hush !"-laughing a little - for there in the warm sunlight, by a ad. 'It is not an oak." newly sprung sapling, sat the littlest Dryad, wailing aloud.

Why ?" sighed the wind, lifting a

golden curl from her cheek. big oak tree, like the others? O, it has only a tiny stem, and hardly any Nephele.

She screwed her chubby fists into were tears in them, one in each - leaves." while the wind flew away to tell the

When the Forest knew, there was a fluttering of leaves. From the nearest of the great oaks glided four dwellers." der figures, dressed in palest youngest sister.

ele ?" asked Maia, swiftest of all the waving in the evening breeze.

nd tear crept down over her to the vineyard.

that we spirits of the trees live only her own golden curis. wind. Your tree is newly born, lit- hear?" tle sister, and if you guard it well, The tree shook and quivered, and the grasshoppers and the bantam

"our trees are all the same - with they like ?" bitter acorns-while you have been given one that is quite unlike any

"I didn't think of that," said the second tear and beginning to smile the sun shines on them."

Then Daphne, who had been watching for that, caught her sisters' returned Nephele. hands, and together they all danced

peared the littlest Dryad stood up, tree. bo, and tripped about merrily on

"And can I do just what I like

"If you do not harm it in any way," answered Aenone. "If you should, the harm would be to your own life as well."
"I shan't burt it the very wee-est

bit. It's my dear little tree." She bent over and put her arms around it, looking over her dimpled should-ers at the other Dryads. "Please go back to your big old oak trees and let me take care of myself."

Her sixters looked at each other in the wilful littlest Dryad, and all began to laugh, until it seemed like silver bells chiming in the forest. The wind carried the sweet ringing sound onward, and all the woodland laugh ed, too-even the brook as it pattered over the white stones beneath the

So all the sisters flitted back into the cool shade and left the littlest Dryad alone with her tree.

For a long time she stayed close to it, bringing fresh water in a folded leaf to pour on its roots when the sun was hot and the ground around med dry, and never straying far; but as it grew taller she often slipped away, running beside the brook to peep down the hillside. where the vines grew that would oon be heavy with purple grapes.
Once at sunset she heard singing

down in the valley, and the words lingered in her ears as she went slowly back to her tree.

"Could I sing, too?" she wondered, and before she knew it, her voice was following the same merry tune while the squirrels sprang across th branches to listen, and the rabbits sat up, perking their furry ears. Even a little porcupine crept from its

Last of all a roguish face peeped out from a bush, and when they saw it all the little living creatures whisked away in a flash, for they knew mischievous Ion, with his inted ears and tiny goat's feet and

all feared him except the porcupine. "Why do you frighten all my rab-

plied Nephele, "just as my tree is my ing that Nais was wise. One morning in spring came a own. They are never afraid of me.

"Ha, ha, ha! Not an oak? Is nuts. that its name? Has it nuts?"?

"What are nuts?" "It's nothing but a twig, and not are like the acorns that fall from the the tree." a tree at all!" wept the littlest oaks of Maia and her sisters, but Dryad. "Why couldn't I have had a they are sweet, instead of bitter."

"But you cannot tell what they gers-very angry. should be like," said Ion. "Ask me. the big brown eyes-for truly there I have seen many trees with pointed to Ion. "You have taken the nuts fainted away, and father was so

because you frighten the Forest at us."

Ion caught up water in his palms have been little Nephele. green tissue, which floated behind to sprinkle over her, but the littlest "Her hands are too soft and tenthem as they ran lightly out into the Dryad only yawned a dear little der," answered the other fauns. "No, sunshine and knelt around their yawn, leaned back against the sap it was you. Come, brothers. Let us yesterday to have the remains of his produced sister.

| Value | "Why do you weep, little Neph-1 saw nothing but a slender young tree to hold him under the water until he

"If that isn't just like a Dryad !" Because my tree is so very small, he said, provoked that she should rushed, through bushes and vines and and because it isn't an oak, like have eluded him so easily. He tried yours, and can have no acorns in it" to catch the porcupine, to tease it, the hillside. sobbed the littlest Dryad, as one but it pricked him, and he ran away

One day the littlest Dryad noticed "But your tree will grow," whis- her tree was putting out long yellow. ered Silvia. "Has no one told you tassels-almost the same color as pily with her sisters - and Nais

while they do? The water spirits "They do not look like nuts," she little fauns. live forever, but when my oak falls I thought, ruefully. "Little tree of shall pass away like a mist in the mine, you must have nuts. Do you

you will have long life in the lovely at last a gentle whisper came from roosters, and I must relate yet anthe boughs.

"How? I never had any. What are

"Like acorns" said Nephele. "They must be pale brown and shiny, like bowl, my father brought home a goat See, the leaves have tiny the acorns-but with a sweet white in order that we might make an ex-

"Then the nuts may do it, too,"

Now that both tears had disap- ad saw the brown, shiny nuts on her to admit their mistake.

"See Maia, Silvia! Look, sister ing this, my father said to me "It's my tree, isn't it ?" she asked Daphne, at the nuts on my tree. Are "Nigni, you must beware of the they not better than acorns?" and

> ing. "Yes, better than bitter acorns" one of the ripe kernels. He bounded away to tell all of his brother fauns. who dwelt in the Forest, and when the littlest Dryad came back ound every ripe nut gone.

"Who did it ?" asked the littlest Dryad ready to cry. "Ion," sighed the tree, sadly

Then she did cry, a very small cry-after which she felt better, and ready to find a remedy

"You must cover all the other nuts with soft brown fur, bits," said the littlest Dryad, "and the fauns cannot tell whether the nuts are ripe or not, and they may not take them."

"I'll try," promised the tree, and in the morning every nut was dressed in silky down, like the ears of the baby rabbits, and Nephele tripped away to her sisters to tell them what she had done

Alas the day! When she returned, mly a few unripe nuts hung on the highest boughs. She sat down by the brook and dropped many sait tears into the running water, until Nais eeped up through the wavelets to see who was weeping so bitterly.

"What troubles you, little Nephele?" asked the rippling voice. "Ion, the naughty faun, has taken away my nuts. 'They were beauciful and brown and shining, so I told the

tree to cover them with soft fur that he might not find them; but he brought the other fauns and tore them from the branches."
"Rend down and listen," said Nais.

'I have seen many little fauns." So Nephele leaned close to the water, and the spirit of the brook whispered-just a few words, but enough to make the littlest Dryad clap her hands and run quickly back to her

"Yes, " rustled the tree.

kernels, with their shining brown cover - and the soft fur shall be around to keep them warm. But outd the littlest Dryad, trying Lard side of all you must grow little back and fell over on her side. sharp spines, like the porcupine. Then | Something told me that now was

Ion and his brothers cannot touch the time, and as the goat slowly

It was troublesome work for so

The Heart of the Forest was fill- "Who gave them to you?" asked about nuts-but by the next morning those bucking broncos you have seen ed with sunshine, for it lay open to Ion, laughing as he capered across all those that remained were conceal- with a circus, but try as hard as she ed by a prickly coat, and the littlest could she could not throw me off. "They have always been mine," re- Dryad nodded her sunny head, know-

"Oh, your tree!" chuckled Ion. that wherein dwell Aenone - and and bushes, but all her efforts were d them; but when it reached "You do not even know what kind of waited. And before many hours had in vain. I not only kept my place, "But I do," said the littlest Dry- heard, and there were the fauns, slit her ears with my sword and

"Where are they?" asked one. "At the top," said Ion. "Throw "Oh, ignorant little Nephele! Nuts up stones. Or wait, and I will shake on without a saddle. The goat was

The tree cared little for what Ion in her mind when I slid off and let could do, but at last it let one nut her go, and from that day on as long "My tree shall have nuts," decided fall. All the fauns were on it at once as I remained at home she was afraid -and all sprang up with pricked fin- of me.

"You have tricked us," they said away when we were far from here, "No." said Nephele. "This is my and have put baby porcupines in the turned pale and could not speak. It tree, and it shall have only the nuts tree to hurt us. Soon their mother did not seem possible to them that that I wish. None shall be for you, will come and shoot her sharp quills their dwarf had got the better of a

"No, no !" said Ion. "It must

gives us the nuts."

Ion did not wait for that. Off he never paused until he was far down "If that wasn't just like a Dryad,"

he thought, out of breath and in a very had temper But the littlest Dryad laughed haplaughed, too-for she had seen many

Nigni, the Dwarf Tells Tales.

I have told you of my battles with other adventure of my childhood before I pass on.

When I was 4 years old and yet so small that I could hide in the sugar periment. Several people had told "Yes," breathed the tree. "I'll him that if I drank plenty of goat's littlest Dryad, brushing away the try. But the acorns turn darker as milk I would begin to grow fat and tall, and so he paid \$3 for a goat.

I can tell you that the milk did no So, after the summer passed, the a day for many weeks, and the folks around Nephele and her baby tree. tassels dropped, and the littlest Dry- who thought themselves so wise had Tallman held that Mrs. Davies had

The goat and I took a dislike to "See t" she laughed in triumph, each other from the start, and see-

goat. She cannot only strike a hard the Bible is in Exodus XIV., 25, "Surely," came the four sweet she danced across the grass in glee. blow with her feet, but she can when the chariot wheels of the Egyp butting it. If she should get in a chariots are mentioned in Genesis fair blow at you with her head she XII., 43. But there were older nawould break all your bones. I have tions than the Egyptians. The Chalknown a goat to knock a strong man deans used chariots, and the Greeks down and do him a great injury."

I promised to keep away from her, 900 B.C.—had chariots at the sege but at the same time I used to go of Troy, 1500 B.C. Probably in realout to her when she was tied upand ity the wheel is about as early a wish that I was old enough and big piece of machinery as any now existenough to give her a fair fight. She would bleat at me and shake her head in anger, and no doubt she was lineal descendant of the section of a saying that if she could only break log of wood used by the agricultural her rope she would make short work of me

One day as my mother went to market and left me on the doorstep alone, a boy came and gave a new tin sword to me. The cost was only a cent but I had never had one be fore. He was a boy who had always spoken kindly to me, and he bought the sword as a present.

I had no sooner waved it around my head than I began to feel very But, though a reckless character, brave, and soon after the boy had left me I went out into the garden and walked up and down before the goat to show her that I was not afraid. When she shook her head and stamped her feet I threatened her with the sword, and shouted:

"I am only a dwarf and 4 years old, but my name is Nigni and I am He's breathing still, though breathnot afraid of man or animal! Should you ever break loose and attack me I will stab you to the heart !"

My words seemed to be understood by the goat and to excite her to anger and as she tried to reach me her rope broke and she was free. I was To this poem, though 'tis senseless, not the boy to run away after what I had said, but I may tell you that I was badly frightened for a minute

or two. She was a big, strong goat, and she was so made that her eyes glared like a dog's. No sooner did she find nerself free than she lowered her head and made a rush.

Had she struck me I would have en smashed like an empty box, but "You shall keep the sweet white I had my eye on her and leaped aside just in time. Her head struck an apple tree instead of my body, and with such force that she bounded Lustige Blaetter.

rose to her feet, wondering what had "I'll try," sighed the waving happened, I seized her long hair and mounted to her back. As soon as she felt me astride of her she began young a tree, which knew so little jumping up and down like one of

When she tired of bucking she began to run around the yard and to She hid behind the nearest oak - try to rub me off against the trees passed little pattering feet were but when she had tired herself out I ready to rob the tree of its last and made her gallop around for my pleasure.

It was my first horseback ride and I was very proud that I could stick not only tired out but very humble

When my mother learned what had happened she threw up her hands and frightened for the moment that he savage goat:-New York Sun.

Hints at Murder

Seattle, June 6.-Raphael Cheadle, of Fremont, applied to Coroner Hoye and the stomach examined for traces of poison. He accuses nobody of the crime, but says he is satisfied his brother was murdered. The coroner expressed his willingness to comply with the request.

When Lamar Cheadle, who was an old man, died at Adelaide, supposedly of blood poisoning on October 6, 1901, he left property valued at \$5,-000. He is survived by a brother, Raphael, and a sister, Mrs. Martha Marinda Schaff. He left no will, but by a contract his property reverted to Mrs. Ellen Davies, his housekeeper. Her claim was fought in the courts and yesterday Judge Tallman handed down a decision awarding the property to Mrs. Davies.

The contract between Mrs. Davies and the deceased was signed on July 13, 1901. It was witnessed by D. E. Davies and Rose E. Rhodes. The provisions of the instrument were that Mrs. Davies should take care of Cheadle until his death. She was to look out for his farm and he was to receive one-third the profits derived from the sale of farm products until good at all, though I drank a quart his death, when all the property was to go to his housekeeper. Judge carried out her part of the contract and was entitled to the farm.

The earliest mention of wheels in tians were taken off by the Lord. But -Homer's poems date from about ing. Of course it has been developed, but the bicycle wheel of today is a peoples thousands of years ago

Innocuous Idiocy in Verse (From the European edition of the New York Herald.)

There was an artless artist, and He had wheels in his head; 'I have no horseless carriage, So I'll buy a 'bike,' " he said. He sent a wireless telegram, And bought a chainless wheel,

His wreck I must reveal.

The bicycle they sent him was A chainless, brakeless make, But straightway as he mounted it That wheel began to break.

His injuries were endless, And though life's but a span

For he is a deathless man.

L'Envoi.

Since for contributions brainless You can daily find the space, I trust you'll give a place;

Then, sure, you', l be subscriberless, "King Cole," "Old Lady," "Dude" Will, readerless, descend into Innocuous desuctude.

-A Hopeless Idiot. Countryman-Where will the railroad run ?

Civil Engineer-Directly through your barn. Countryman-And do you think I'm going to stay here and open the door

every time a train comes along? -Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

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