



Little Jacques and the Witch.

Once upon a time, in a small village in France, there lived a boy named Jacques. On the outskirts of the same village there was living in a rude hut an old woman who every one excepting Jacques believed to be a witch. He said she was no more a-witch than he was and that there were no witches anyhow.

One day Jacques was passing by the hut with some other children,

added, "and we will show you where they are."

They took him to a place where the rocky walls were covered to their tops with spiders' webs, over which thousands of spiders were crawling. Here they taught him how to catch the spiders with two twigs, but instructed him to catch only those with red mouths. Jacques learned his lesson quickly and soon had a

journey to the top of the rainbow. Goodby! I'm sorry you're going to leave me!"

When the little witch gave Jacques the bag of provisions he thanked her, and as she flew off waved his cap at her, and then he continued his way. He climbed and climbed for four days, only lying down to sleep when fatigue compelled him. On the fifth day his provisions were exhausted and Jacques felt that he could go no further; but just when he was ready to give up he reached the top.

It was a level plain, upon which goats were grazing and over which innumerable birds were hovering. In the middle of the plain there was a small brick house of a fiery red color. Toward this building Jacques made his way, surrounded by the goats and with the birds circling overhead. As he approached the house the bleating of the goats and the noisy chattering of the birds brought a fat little dwarf to the door. He was a jolly looking little chap.

"Hey!" the dwarf cried, "where did you come from?"

Jacques told him of the witch's valley.

"Oh! You are the lucky one," said the dwarf. "You are the only one that ever got out of the old witch's clutches." "But, come," he added, "you must be hungry after your hard journey up here."

The dwarf led Jacques into the little house and set a good meal before him. The dwarf had everything to eat. There were great piles of wheat, corn, vegetables and fruit, which the dwarf said the birds had brought him. He said that when he wanted game the hawks brought it to him, and that the gulls brought him

that you are here what do you propose to do?" Jacques said he wanted to go down and start for home.

The dwarf asked him where his home was. When Jacques told him the dwarf whistled and said, "Why, that is on the other side of the earth."

The dwarf thought for a moment, and then said, "Let me see," and he looked on the side of the wall where there were a lot of figures. Addressing Jacques, he said, "You know the rainbow travels all over the world, and I see we will be in your village in three months and a day. You had better stay with me and I will take you back home safe enough."

Jacques said he would think about it. But when he went out and looked down he could see nothing but dark woods, and what he believed were wild and savage animals moving through them, he concluded he would stay.

It was a strange life he passed with the dwarf. At times they were over the ocean, and again over large cities, and then again over wild and desert countries. They must have been nearly all over the world.

A few days before the three months elapsed Jacques wanted to start for the bottom of the rainbow, but the dwarf told him he need be in no hurry, for while it took five days to climb up he could descend in a few minutes.

On the day they were to reach his home Jacques watched with straining eyes. At last, in the early afternoon, he could see the church spire, then the school house and then his own house. The rainbow slowly settled down, and one end rested in the meadow behind his home.

Jacques gratefully thanked the dwarf, and had started to go when the dwarf called out to him. "Hey," he said, "if you want to get even with the old witch get her broom and make her give you fifty bags of gold before you will return it to her. She has a hundred bags of gold. But don't let the broom get between your legs or it will carry you off again."

When Jacques rushed into the house there was great rejoicing, for his parents had mourned him as one who was lost.

Jacques arose at daybreak the next morning and went to the old witch's house. The broom was outside the

door, and Jacques seized it and ran.

The old witch heard the noise and opened the door with a loud "Ha! Ha!" But when she saw that Jacques was running away with the broom, instead of the broom carrying him off, she sprang after Jacques, shrieking at the top of her voice for him to bring back her broom.

Jacques was young and active, and he had no difficulty in keeping far in advance of the old woman. The broom tried to get between his legs, but he held it fast so it could not.

When Jacques reached his home he rushed in the back door and shut and bolted it; then he went to a window and looked out. At a distance he saw the old witch standing and shaking her skinny fist at the house.

For days the old witch followed at the heels of Jacques, wherever he went, and always begging him to return the broom to her; but Jacques turned a deaf ear. One day she said to him, "If you will return me my broom I will give you a bag of gold."

"No," Jacques said; "I want fifty bags of gold and will not return it for less." The old witch offered five, and ten, and twenty, and forty bags of gold, but finally she gave Jacques fifty bags of gold, and he returned her the broom.

—Frank G. Stark, in New York Herald.

Race Horses Attached.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 8.—Phil T. Chinn and wife today filed attachment suits against Mrs. Bessie L. Ferguson, widow of the noted starter, J. B. Ferguson, and mother of Mrs. Chinn. Late in the day fourteen thoroughbreds belonging to Mrs. Ferguson and located at Kingston stud were levied upon. Chinn alleges that Mrs. Ferguson is indebted to him in the sum of \$2,433, money expended by him while managing Kingston stud, which Mrs. Ferguson sold to R. L. Baker this week. He sues for recovery of the \$2,433 and for a half interest in four thoroughbreds claimed by him under a contract with Mrs. Ferguson. He alleges in his petition that the defendant is attempting to transfer her horses to Mrs. Maud Ferguson, wife of the son of the defendant, Garnett Ferguson, of San Francisco, and unless restrained by law would ship said horses out of the state.

Big Mortgage Filed

Guthrie, Okla., Aug. 7.—The St. Louis & San Francisco Company today filed with the territorial secretary a copy of a mortgage between the company and Robert Winthrop & Co. of New York, for \$1,543,000, bearing 4 per cent. interest, for the purpose of purchasing new equipment.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Every one a star at Auditorium.



Jacques Ran Down the Rainbow.

when he noticed a broom standing by the door. "Hello!" he cried, there's the broom the old witch rides on through the sky. I'm going to take a ride on it myself."

With that he straddled the broom, when—"Whisk!" and Jacques gave a yell—but before he could jump off of the broom he was a hundred feet in the air! His astonished companions stood in wonder watching him soar through the sky until he was only a dim speck in the distance.

When Jacques mustered courage to look down he saw they were flying along over mountains and lakes and rivers and plains. On they went until they reached the other side of

hundred spiders in a glass jar, with which they had provided him. After his task was completed the witches gave him a squirrel, nicely cooked, and he helped himself to fruit from the trees.

The witches treated Jacques very well until one day he had only ninety-nine spiders, when the largest sister beat him with her broom until he was one mass of bruises. But when she had gone the little one came and rubbed some salve on his bruises and they were all well in an instant. From that day Jacques and the little sister were good friends and often played together.

Jacques was continually trying to

find some way out of the valley, but there seemed to be none, for everywhere the rocks were straight up and down, with no projecting ends for a foothold. Once when he was looking very sad the little girl asked him what was the matter, and he told her that he wanted to get out of the valley, so that he could go home to his parents. The little witch appeared to be very sorry for him and offered to let him use her broom. When Jacques tried it he found the little broom was not strong enough to carry him. It would rise a few feet, stagger around in the air, and then tumble to the ground. He tried over and over again, but it was of no use—the broom was too weak.

more fish than he could use. The goats, he said, furnished him with milk, and when he needed water he drew it from the clouds.

In a large fireplace, which occupied all of the space in one end of the room, there was a small fire, the flames from which, instead of going up the chimney, passed out through two openings, one on each side of the fireplace. Jacques asked what the fire was for.

"I'll show you," said the dwarf. "That's what I paint the rainbow with." Then he poured some liquid from a vessel onto the fire, and at once the most beautiful colors burst forth. Taking Jacques outside, the dwarf said, "Watch!"

The bright colors poured from the openings on opposite sides of the building and kept extending further and further along the rainbow until they reached the ground. It was the most magnificent rainbow that was ever seen, yet the colors were so soft that they did not dazzle the eyes.

When they re-entered the house the dwarf looked at Jacques good humoredly. "Ha, ha!" he laughed, and said, "I'm glad to see you. You're the first human being that I have seen in five hundred years. But now

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The Young Witches Gathered Around Jacques.

the moon, then they descended into a valley surrounded by precipices a mile high. No sooner had Jacques gotten off of the broom than it rose in the air and in a few minutes was lost to sight. This made Jacques feel lonesome, as he had begun to consider the broom his companion in adventure.

He found himself in a very nice place. There were trees on every side loaded with fruit of every kind; the grass was soft and green, and almost at his feet was a brook with water clear as crystal.

Jacques stood undecided which way to turn, when he heard voices over his head, crying, "Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Mother has sent us a boy!"

find some way out of the valley, but there seemed to be none, for everywhere the rocks were straight up and down, with no projecting ends for a foothold. Once when he was looking very sad the little girl asked him what was the matter, and he told her that he wanted to get out of the valley, so that he could go home to his parents. The little witch appeared to be very sorry for him and offered to let him use her broom. When Jacques tried it he found the little broom was not strong enough to carry him. It would rise a few feet, stagger around in the air, and then tumble to the ground. He tried over and over again, but it was of no use—the broom was too weak.

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The Broom Flew Away With Him.

He looked up and saw three young witches sailing around on their brooms. Two of them were good sized girls, but the third one was smaller than Jacques. They watched him for a short time, then the oldest one said:—"We won't harm you if you will do what we ask of you, and we will give you a rabbit or a squirrel every day for dinner, and you can take all the fruit, you want."

Jacques asked her what they wanted him to do, and she told him he must catch a hundred spiders for them every day. "Come along," she

One day Jacques saw a rainbow with one end resting in a large, open space, and the other extended away over the cliffs. He ran to the bottom of it, and to his amazement saw that there were steps leading to the top. He did not hesitate an instant but started up the steps. He had gone but a short distance when he heard a sweet voice calling, "Jacques!" It was the little witch who came flying on her broom. She had a bag in her hand which she gave to him and said, "Jacques, here are provisions and a bottle of water. You will need them for it's a long

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He Followed It

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