

earth below his feet. He was so worn out and discouraged that nothing but a kind of dogged persistency enabled him to take up his spade; but he did take it up, set his foot upon it, and with all his strength sent it down a few inches. Then he discovered that the spade was held fast in the clay, and he could neither pry the earth out with it nor draw it out.

The thought of Johns' dream flashed over him, and with a short laugh at his own folly, he snatched up the iron crowbar and began picking at the clay beside the spade. For a moment it was tough and obdurate; then, to his surprise, it seemed a little looser. The gleam of hope animated him, and he began dashing the crowbar down with all his might. One, two three violent blows, and the crowbar slipped from his hands and sank away into some unknown depth, and up through the orifice the flood came pouring like a river.

"Johns! Johns! Wind up!" he shouted wildly, shaking the rope and looking upward, but the face of his hired man was no longer visible between him and the tiny patch of sky. The fact is that Johns, having lowered him safely down, had gone off to the house to get a drink of water from the bucket that they kept sitting in the shade; and he was in no hurry, for he knew it would take a long time for Wallace to loosen enough clay to fill the bucket.

Up and up rose the water—it was up to his knees—it was climbing to his waist—it had reached and passed it, and would soon be at his shoulders. He was afraid to move, for the ground beneath his feet might break away and precipitate him into those horrible depths into which his crowbar had fallen. He kept shouting for Johns, with so little effect, apparently, that he began to think his "help" had departed and left him to his fate. Oh, what thoughts he had of the dear little cottage away in Pennsylvania, with the vine at the southwest windows, and the two faces that would grow old watching for his coming! The water was over his shoulders. It was up to his neck. He had to throw his head back to keep it from his mouth. It had risen to this height in a few seconds. He drew himself up a little way by the rope, but one or two seconds more would tell the tale. He could not climb the rope, encumbered as he was with heavy boots.

Johns, calmly drinking water and looking sleepily at the sunny landscape, at last became conscious that something unusual was happening. The air was filled with a strange, heavy roar, and over and through it sounded shouts, gradually growing fainter. Johns paused a little longer

to locate the direction and then set out on a long run for the well.

"Johns! Johns! Where are you?" came a last despairing cry from the man below. And John, with one glance downward, began to wind frantically on the windlass, shouting:

"Here I be! Hold hard! You're safe if the rope don't break!"

A few moments later Wallace, half-drowned and trembling, came up from the depths that had so nearly been his grave. As he tottered away from the well's edge and sank down on the grass, Johns looked him over from head to foot, and drawled:

"What did I tell ye? Didn't I say I dremp't it? When I dream anything next time maybe you'll pay some attention to it."

The water rose in the well to within a few feet of the top, and was found to be all that any one could edshire in point of quality. It occurred to Wallace that if a narrow pipe were sunk into the well the water might be driven up with sufficient force to rise to the surface. He tried the experiment without delay, and wrote gleefully to his mother the day the pipe was placed, "We have an artesian well at our back door."

If you were to visit his farm now you would see that this well is the good fairy that showers blessings in every direction. Wallace is an ingenious young man, and is always contriving something new for that flowing stream to work at. It irrigates his farm and garden so that they shine with beauty and freshness all summer long. It turns the grindstone and churns the milk, and runs the sewing machine and saws the wood, and Johns, who is there still, as contented as can be, declares that it will soon be able to milk the cows and curry and feed the horses. But Wallace, much as he loves this good fairy of a well, never passes it without thinking of those dark, terrible moments when he stood there, fifty feet under ground, with the water rising around him and trying to drag him down.

MITES FROM THE WITS.

"The same thing happened twice at my house yesterday." What was that?" "Boys."

Mamma—Well, what did you see at the museum of art, Freddy?"

Freddy—A hull lot of stone wimmin in der birfday cloes.

She—Do you catch cold easily?

He—I should say so. Why, I once got a letter from a Boston girl which came near giving me pneumonia.

"Don't you believe the world is growing better?" asked the enthusiastic young woman. "Well," replied

the old gentleman, "the older people are less pig headed and prejudiced than when I was a youth. But I do not think the young men of the present day have half the enterprise or judgment of those of my time."—Indianapolis Journal.

Teacher of political economy—Mention an infant industry.

Lively young student—Sitting still and sucking one's thumb.

"Johnny, Johnny," said the minister, as he met an urchin one Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish, "Do these belong to you?" "Ye-es, sir; you see that's what they get for chasing worms on Sunday.

Cannibal King—How is it that the soup is so thin and watery to-day?

Attendant—Sorry, your highness, but there was nothing left over except the two Baptist missionaries.

"Oh, doctor, I have sent for you, certainly, still I must confess I have no faith in modern medicine." Doctor—"Oh, that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."—Tagliche Rundschau.

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