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PENN'A

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CHAPTER XVIII.
ON BOARD THE BRISBANE.

As it was now Molly's intention to organize an expedition at once in order to penetrate the wilderness of central Australia and continue on land the search which had been so fruitless on water, she resolved under Zach's advice to take passage the next day on the Brisbane for Adelaide. A thorough study of the map of Australia had convinced French that the latter city offered better facilities not only for fitting out the expedition but also for more quickly reaching the center of the continent where it was supposed that Capt. John was held a prisoner by some of the savage tribes which roam over those almost limitless plains.

Luckily the Brisbane was to sail the next day at eleven a. m., and after touching at Melbourne would reach Adelaide August 27.

As Molly was sitting on the upper deck in conversation with Zach, a cabin boy approached them to ask, by order of the captain, whether she were in need of anything.

"Nothing, my child," said Molly, to whom the boy's voice seemed strangely familiar. Suddenly it occurred to her where she had heard it. For an instant the eyes of the two were fixed in silence, but intently, searchingly upon each other.

"My boy," began Molly, "did you not speak to me yesterday at the entrance to the Marine hospital?"

"Yes, madam," said the lad, with a respectful sailor salute.

"You asked me if Capt. John was still among the living?"

"Yes, madam."

"Do you belong to the crew of the Brisbane?"

"Yes, I shipped on her a year ago, but my time is almost up. I want to get away."

"What is your name?"

"Godfrey," replied the lad as he saluted and hurried away to report.

"There is a true sailor lad for you," said Zach as the boy disappeared, "and I'll wager his father was a sailor before him. I can see that in his clear, honest, wide-opened eyes, hear it in his mild but manly voice."

"His voice!" murmured Molly, as the music of its ring still sounded in her ears. Her gaze was riveted upon the graceful, slender figure as it disappeared in the throng of passengers and crew.

French was not slow to guess the meaning of the troubled look that he now saw on Mrs. Allaire's face. Had Walt lived he would have been just Godfrey's age, and the sight of this tall, handsome boy filled the wretched mother's heart with a sorrow too deep for words.

"Zach," said she to French as the latter bade her good night at the cabin door, "Zach, I want to know more about that lad—who his family are and where he was born. Perhaps he may not be English."

"Perhaps not," replied Zach, "I'll inquire of the captain."

As there was to be a delay of thirty-six hours in Williamstown harbor Mrs. Allaire resolved to spend the time in the city of Melbourne, distant about a mile. As she was leaving the steamer in company with Zach, she caught a glimpse of Godfrey leaning on the forward railing. His eyes were following her every movement, and such a look of sadness clouded his face and so involuntarily did he reach out as if to hold her back that she was upon the point of calling out: "I'm coming back, my child!" but with an effort she smothered her feelings and turned away.

When Mrs. Allaire returned on board the following day Godfrey was on the lookout for her. He took up his position at the gangway and welcomed her with a smile of almost girlish sweetness. But Zach frowned grimly as his eyes fell upon the boy, for he was becoming apprehensive lest the lad's presence might exercise a dangerous influence upon Molly by reopening the terrible wounds of past years. However, what excuse could he make for refusing to obey her request when on the following day Molly expressed a wish to talk with the sailor lad? Hat in hand, Godfrey came timidly into Molly's presence. Instinctively Zach felt that no good could come of these interviews, but he determined not to leave them alone.

"My boy," began Mrs. Allaire as the door of her stateroom closed behind him, "I want to ask you some questions about your family. I do so because I'm interested in you, because I want to know more about you. Are you willing to tell me what you know?"

"Yes, lady, very willing!" replied the lad, as the color came into his cheeks, and he glanced nervously at Zach, who seemed to him like some terrible ogre ready to pounce upon him and tear him away from the presence of his fairy princess.

"How old are you?"

"I don't know, lady, exactly, but I think I must be about fourteen or fifteen."

"Fourteen or fifteen!" repeated Molly with almost a sob. "And how long have you been following the sea?"

"I first entered the service when I was about eight years old as a ship boy, but for two years now I've been regularly apprenticed."

"Did you ever make a long voyage?"

"Yes, lady, on the Pacific as far as Asia and on the Atlantic as far as Europe."

"Are you English?"

"No, madam; I'm an American."

"But how is it that you're serving on an English steamer?"

"The vessel which I had shipped on was sold when we reached Sidney, and, finding myself discharged, I took this billet on the Brisbane until I should get a chance to ship on an American vessel."

"You did well, my child," said Molly, making a sign to Godfrey to come closer to her.

"And now tell me where you were born."

"At San Diego, madam."

"San Diego?" repeated Molly, without manifesting the slightest surprise at the boy's answer. It would seem as if she had known intuitively what Godfrey's answer would be.

With a look of mingled surprise and pain in them Zach French's eyes wandered from the pale, beautiful woman seated on the sofa before him to the sweet, almost girlish face of the sailor lad, whose dark olive skin glowed with a rich color as he kept his gaze fastened upon the features of the lady in front of him. Something almost like a groan escaped Zach's lips.

"Yes, lady, in San Diego," continued Godfrey. "Oh, I know you, dear lady. I know you so well!"

"Know me?" repeated Molly, half starting up and leaning forward to scan the face of the youthful speaker. "Know me, you say?"

"Yes, lady, for I was brought up at the Walter home, I was sent there when a mere toddler. Oh, I often saw you there when you came to visit your children, as you used to call them. Your hand has often rested on my head, dear lady; yes, many and many a time. But, of course, you don't remember me—one in the fifty or more who used to stand up in a long line in front of you, but one day it seemed to me your eyes stayed fixed upon my face for a long time, oh, so long a time, and then you smiled and beckoned me to your side and smoothed my hair and asked me my name and I told you, and then I tried to put my arms around your neck, for you seemed so sweet and good, but the matron pulled me away and whispered: 'No, no, child, don't do that; go back to your place!'"

The tears had been gathering in Molly's eyes as the sailor lad ran on this way with his reminiscences of the Walter home, and had not Zach's stern face been fixed upon her she would most surely have reached out and taken hold of the boy's hands.

"And oh, dear lady," resumed Godfrey, "I can't tell you how glad I was when they told me that you were coming to Sydney, to look after Capt. John Allaire. I have tried to think out some good reason why he doesn't come home, for I know he must be alive somewhere. I know it!"

Molly started up as if awakening from a dream and caught the sailor lad by the hand. For a moment her lips moved, but she was powerless to utter a word. A deeper pallor spread over her face, and she seemed upon the point of falling into a swoon, when suddenly a slender but strong arm was passed around her waist. It steadied her and held her tenderly and firmly upright.

"Poor lady, cheer up," said Godfrey. "Don't worry; everybody says that Capt. John is living with the natives somewhere in the wilderness, and that he is such a brave and strong man that he'll get away from them yet. Don't cry, mother!"

"Mother!" repeated Molly, in a smothered tone of joy, as her hand passed caressingly over the thick black curls that grew in wild profusion on the lad's head. "Mother?"

"Why, yes, lady," said Godfrey, surprised at the effect of his words, "that's what we used to call you at the home. Our mother, our dear mother to whom we children owed everything in the world, our home, our clothes, our food, our education!"

Overawed by the stern look and wrinkled brow of the seaman who stood with twitching hand and trembling lips following every changing phase of this strange and moving scene, Molly drew herself in and showed a calmer exterior.

"My lad," she asked almost in a whisper, "what is your name?"

"Why, I've told you, lady, Godfrey."

"No, no, your full name—the name of your family?"

"I have no other name, madam."

"But your parents—who were they?"

"I don't know, dear lady, I can't remember them. I can only remember my nurse and I wouldn't be able to do that only she was so black, oh, so black, and her teeth were so big and white and sharp. Yes, I remember her!"

"But who took you to the Walter home?"

"I can't tell you, dear lady, I only remember being there when I was a little toddler. I think I was the smallest one of your family, mother!"

As this word again fell from Godfrey's lips, Molly lost all control over herself. Her bosom heaved convulsive as her breath came and went in sob-like catches. She turned, and throwing both her arms around the sailor lad's neck, drew his head with a wild and impassioned outburst of feeling close and tight against her bosom. For a few seconds there was a deep and painfu silence, broken only by the sound of Molly's breathing, then with little joyful cries mingled with ill-suppressed sobs, that mother's heart emptied out its long pent up grief in a shower of kisses and caresses, which Godfrey was neither loath nor slow to return. Zach looked on with wide-opened eyes and parted lips, seemingly paralyzed by what was being enacted before him.

"Oh, the poor woman! the poor woman!" he groaned. "What will become of her!"

Suddenly Molly, with an almost superhuman effort, drew herself together and succeeded in checking this outburst of feeling. Then with her arm wound affectionately around Godfrey's neck, she led him to the door, kissed him, and said:

"Go, my dear child, go. I need to be be alone. I'll see you again soon—very soon."

The lad turned, and fixing his large dark eyes inquiringly upon the beautiful face halted for an instant, then passed out of sight. Zach made a movement as if to follow Godfrey, but Molly, who was still a prey to the wildest emotion, made a sudden gesture which caused him to close the door again.

"Don't go, Zach."

"Madam, madam," urged French, "calm yourself, for Heaven's sake; your health will suffer; you'll not be in a condition to superintend the vast details of the expedition which you are to set on foot upon your arrival in Adelaide. I implore you be calm, be strong."

"Zach, Zach," she burst out, paying no heed to the man's words. "Zach, this child was raised in the Walter home. He was born in San Diego; he is fourteen or fifteen years of age; in features he bears a strong resemblance to John. He has that same open, manly bearing, that strong love of the ocean. He must be a sailor's son, Zach. Oh, Zach, he is John's son—he is mine. The world thinks that the dark waters of the bay of San Diego swallowed up that dear little baby, but no, oh, no, no, he was not drowned. God knows he was not; some one rescued him—some loving hands reached out for him as he went floating along on the bosom of those dark waters; they didn't know whose child he was—how could they? They didn't know what mother was stretching out her pleading hands to Heaven, but I was there all the time, my poor mind darkened and clouded with not a faint glimmer of hope to save me from insanity. Oh, Zach, my friend, my dear friend, I tell you this is my child—this is my little Walter, my son. God has had mercy on me at last. He has given him back to me."

Molly's voice died away. She could not utter another word. Her transports choked her, pressed the very life out of her. She could only hold out her hands toward the honest seaman, her stanch and loyal friend, as if imploring him to speak, to agree with her, to admit that it must be so, that the proof was overwhelming.

Zach stood for a moment in perfect silence, his lips closed. His eyes took on a hard and unsympathetic look, his whole face and being underwent a sudden and complete change. He stood there like a man resolved to be honest at all hazards, to speak the truth, no matter how it might stab a mother's tender heart. He had listened in silence to all she had to say. Possibly he should not have done so, possibly he should have stopped Molly at the outset. A little cruelty at first might have prevented all this. However, it was too late to speculate now as to what he should have done. What he should do now was the question, and like a man who never shrinks backward when duty bids him go ahead, he spoke out firmly, plainly, almost cruelly:

"Mrs. Allaire, you are deceiving yourself. I cannot, I must not permit you to believe what is not so. This resemblance between this sailor lad and Capt. John is an accidental one, such as often happens in life. Your little Walt is dead—yes, dead! He perished in the harbor that dreadful day. I saw him go down forever! Godfrey is not your son."

"You say Walter is dead?" cried Mrs. Allaire, starting forward with a wild, defiant look in her eyes. "How do you know it? Who can say it of his own knowledge?"

"I, madam."

"You?"

"Yes, madam. Listen! Eight days after that terrible accident the body of an infant was washed up on the beach at Point Loma. I—I—found it and hastened to inform Mr. Hollister. He recognized little Walt, whom he caused to be secretly buried in the cemetery of San Diego. We were the only mourners, the only ones to strew flowers upon that little grave."

"Walt, my little Walt, buried in the cemetery," sobbed Molly, piteously, "and none ever told me of it."

"No, madam," said Zach, solemnly, "for the time being you were out of your mind. When, four years after, you recovered your reason, we dared not. Mr. Hollister dared not tell you of it; he was afraid to tear open your wounded heart, and Dr. Bromley agreed with him that it might be dangerous, that once you had knelt by that little grave you would hover over it day by day, and your mind would gradually give way, until a settled and incurable melancholy had fastened itself upon you. We did what we thought was the best, dear lady. God help you, but be strong, make up your mind that your child is dead; that this sailor lad has only the right which hundreds of other children have to call you mother."

Molly sank with a long, deep, pitiful groan upon the sofa. She hid her face in her hands—she seemed to be praying. Zach dashed a tear off his rough cheek, and stood waiting for her to speak. With a suddenness that startled him, Molly sprang up.

"What! Can it be," she moaned, "that you, that Andrew Hollister were hard, were cruel enough to lay that little loved body away in the cold, damp earth without taking from it any bit of ribbon, any shred of his dress, and of his tiny shoes—to hand to me some day when I should be well and strong again?"

"Yes, dear lady, I did even better than that," exclaimed Zach, almost joyfully, "I cut from his little head a cluster of his silken curls."

"And you have them, Zach?" almost shrieked Molly, springing forward.

"Yes, yes, madam, here, on my heart, where I've carried them many a long year."

Zach unbuttoned his jacket and drew forth a large envelope of strong paper, soiled and blackened by its long and rough passage on this honest breast, and, placing it in Molly's hand, turned and hurried out of the stateroom. When the door closed, Molly threw herself on her knees in front of the sofa with this priceless packet clasped against her bosom. Her hand seized the stout twine, when a mysterious prompting caused her to hesitate. She bowed her head until it rested full upon the packet and there she remained, motionless, for nearly an hour in deep and comforting prayer. When she arose, the tears had dried. She walked steadily across the stateroom, opened one of the trunks and hid the package deep in the bottom.

"No," she said in a calm and resolute voice, "I will not open it now. Let me dream for awhile, anyway, that I have found my boy again!"

CHAPTER XIX.
GETTING READY FOR THE START.

There was a gleam of hopefulness in Molly's dark eyes and a strange joy in her heart as she alighted from the carriage which had taken her from the wharf to her hotel in King William street, Adelaide. It was the 26th day of August, only one month since she had left San Francisco, but it almost seemed as if a year had rounded up since leaving home, so many strange faces had confronted her, so many strange voices had sounded in her ears—one almost from the other world, faint, hollow and indistinct, while another full of warmth, tenderness and buoyancy seemed always to have been with her, so strangely familiar did it sound, such a fondness was there in its accents. Godfrey had not been near Molly when she left the steamer, but she was quite certain that it was stern duty alone that kept him away from that end of the steamer. Zach walked by her side so like a stern and incorruptible guardian that she only dared to give a timid glance about her. Still she knew the sailor lad was in safe hands and deemed it best not to alarm the honest Zach at that moment by any show of weakness. A tremendous task was awaiting her and it behooved her to give an earnest of her ability to face and accomplish it if she expected to inspire others with her courage.

Thanks to the hearty cooperation of the government, thirty picked men, well armed and well mounted, some of them half breeds and speaking the dialect of the natives, were soon enrolled for the expedition. Mrs. Allaire contracted to pay them high wages with a bounty of several hundred pounds upon their return, no matter what the outcome of the expedition might be. The men were to be under the command of Tom Marks, an old and experienced officer of the provincial police, with Zach French for his lieutenant, but above Tom Marks, above Zach, above everyone, came Mrs. John Allaire, the veritable head as well as the actual heart and soul of the expedition.

It was agreed that the expedition should rendezvous at Farina Town, the terminus of the Adelaide railway, where Mrs. Allaire was to join it a day or so before the start which was to take place some day in the second week of September. Several pleasant interviews took place between the governor general and Mrs. Allaire. The former thought himself in duty bound to set fully forth to that lady the dangers, the difficulties and even the slight hope of success awaiting such an expedition as the one she was about to set on foot, and which to make successful she had already scattered her money with a lavish hand. Everything was to be done to gain and preserve the good will of the savages through whose domain they were to pass. Valuable presents were to be bestowed upon the chiefs and their head men.

"I shall hesitate at nothing, your excellency, I shall shrink from no sacrifice," exclaimed Mrs. Allaire. "What your intrepid pathfinders accomplished in the interest of civilization and science I shall do to rescue my husband who to-day is the sole survivor of the crew of the Dreadnaught. Since the day he sailed from San Diego with all the world against me I have persisted in my belief that he was alive. Now we know that he is. Now all that is needed to reach him and take him from the hands of his savage captors is devotion to the noble task we have set ourselves. Our motto is: 'No Step Backward,' and with God's help we shall bring Capt. John Allaire home with us."

The moment that stern but honest keeper was away from Molly's side her thoughts reverted to the sailor lad who had taken such a strong hold of her heart. She had been careful not to breathe to Zach the fact of her failure to open the package delivered to her by the old seaman, or to confess to him her lack of courage to do so. Why should she long to ring the death knell to the first happiness that had come to her after so many years of sorrow? Of one thing she was thoroughly convinced, however: No matter to whom the boy belonged, he was no ordinary child; his innate grace and gentleness, his instinctive refinement, proved this, to say nothing of his handsome, high-bred features and honest, wide-opened eyes. Molly was firmly resolved not to give him up. What sunshine and joy would he not bring to their home when once the full gentleness and nobility of his character had been brought out by their love and watchful care? How could John help loving such a frank, manly sailor lad? Yes, Godfrey would take Walter's place in that father's heart, he would help John to bear the awful loss which awaited him on his return home to San Diego.

Molly's mind was fully made up. In spite of the scowl which she knew only too well would wrinkle the brow of honest Zach French when he heard of it, she was resolved to adopt Godfrey as her son, as John's and her son, educate him as such and surround him with all the luxury and refinement which her great wealth justified. When evening came she sat down and wrote a few lines to the captain of the Brisbane requesting him to send the sailor lad to her in the morning. Summoning a servant she placed the letter in his hand and directed him to take it at once to the captain's hotel. The man turned away and had reached the street door when he was accosted by a tall youth dressed in the picturesque costume of the Australian trapper, a corduroy smock frock belted at the waist, trunks of the same material, leather leggins and a broad-brimmed felt hat turned gracefully up on one side. A rifle was slung across his shoulder and a revolver and hunting knife suspended from his belt. He rather timidly asked to see Mrs. Allaire, and the man thinking him to be some member of the expedition sent with a message from Farina Town, where the leaders of the search party were engaged in completing their final preparations, at once conducted him to Molly's rooms. As he stepped into her presence, it required a second glance to recognize the sailor lad, such a complete metamorphosis had his hunting costume effected in his appearance. He seemed so much taller, so much older. The boy of fifteen had suddenly become a man.

Molly stood, half dazed, with her gaze riveted upon the handsome youth, and such a tumultuous rush of thought oppressed her mind as to rob her for a moment of the power of speech. Godfrey took her silence to mean disapproval, and stammered out:

"Dear lady, don't be angry with me. I could not bear to let you go—alone—"

The stern-visaged Zach was not standing there watching her; he was not present to frown at what he deemed a deplorable weakness at such a time when all her strength of mind and body were needed to crown their labors with glorious triumph. No, she was alone with the boy, who had in so mysterious a manner roused all the mother's love, crushed, suppressed, dormant for so many years. She was free to act out her own tender, loving, impulsive self, and with a loud cry of joy she sprang forward and caught Godfrey in her arms, and with the kisses she rained upon him came a hundred pet names which she had not dared to utter in Zach's presence. And now, too, these almost man's arms for the first time dared to clasp that form, so long beloved, nay, adored by the waif of the Walter home.

"Mother, mother," pleaded Godfrey, "don't leave me behind; take me with you. I'm big enough and old enough to protect you. I love you better than all the others put together. I'll fight for you, die for you if need be. Oh, let me go with you, mother; let me help find Capt. John."

"Yes, yes! Come with me, my darling child," cried Molly, beside herself with joy. "Be ever by my side, just as my own Walt would have done were he alive now! God hath sent you to me to fill his place. I cannot close my arms against you; and, remember, when Capt. John is found, you are to be no longer Godfrey, but Walter; you are to meet him as you met me to-night, and to call him father, as you did me mother. He must not know that you are not the child we lost in the dark waters of the bay. Such news might end his life, weakened as he must be by want and privation."

"It shall be as you say, mother," cried Godfrey. "Trust me. I'll be so good to Capt. John that possibly he, too, may learn to like me, yes, love me, in the end!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Modern Mother.

Mr. Harlem Bridge—Look here, this daughter of ours is getting more impudent every day, and her manners are simply shocking. You must take her in hand and teach her to behave herself; she is no longer a child. Before long she may marry

Mrs. Harlem Bridge—That's the very reason I'm not going to bother myself about her. If you think I am going to wear myself out so some strange man can get a model wife you are very much mistaken.—Texas Siftings.

Didn't Fit the Case.

Grumble—Neighbor, it may be unpleasant for you to hear it, but my opinion is that that son of yours is a young upstart.

Soberly—Your judgment's away off, my friend, and if you had the job of 'rousing him from sleep every morning you'd come to the conclusion that was the most unfitting word you could apply to him.—Boston Courier.

New Idea.

Cholly—Who is that man that went out just as I came in?

Fweddy—That's a fellah that comes twice a week to dun me foh a tailah's bill. Been doing it evah since last Mahch. He's a deuced boah!

"Why don't you pay it and get rid of him?"

"Baw Jove! I nevah thought of that!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Unanimous Sentiment.

They were in a prohibition state at the time.

"What will you take?" remarked the governor of South Carolina to the governor of North Carolina.

"I think I'll take a train for home," replied the governor of North Carolina, and the governor of South Carolina joined him.—Life.

Of How Many Localities Is This True?

Landlady (to applicant for rooms)—Beg pardon, sir, but what business do you follow?

Applicant—I am a doctor of music.

"Oh, then we shall be glad to have you with us, and I'm sure you'll do well here, for there's lots of music in this locality that needs doctoring."—Boston Globe.

Met a Policeman.

"This isn't the first time you have come in contact with the police," said the lawyer to the witness.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"What, may I ask, was the result of your former encounter?"

"I awoke him."—Washington Star.

FOUND IN A DREAM.

The Strange Story of the Discovery of an Arizona Gold Mine.

In His Sleep a Kansas Farmer Locates a Lost Brother and a Rich Claim and Has the Vision Materialize.

One of the most peculiar freaks of psychological phenomena ever brought to light has just culminated near Phœnix, Arizona. In 1859 two brothers, A. B. and Luther Ellett, lived in Nemaha county, Kansas. Luther chose the part of the wanderer and went west, presumably to Colorado, and nothing more was heard of him except vague reports that he had been killed by Indians. The war came and A. B. Ellett served four years in the union army, coming out in 1865 completely broken in health. He returned to Kansas and settled down on his farm near Sabetha, where he remained until recently. He accepted rumor as truth and, not getting any letters from the brother, regarded him as dead. In 1889 he was afflicted by the breaking out of an old wound and was confined to his room for many weeks. During that time he dreamed that his brother was alive and in Prescott, A. T. It seemed that they were together in the mountains, and in passing down a canyon they discovered a fabulously rich gold mine a few miles from an old abandoned shaft once owned by Luther. The dream made little impression on him, but the next night it was repeated, and even the trees and the outlines of the mountains were perfectly impressed on his mind. He did not heed the possibility of the mine being there, for the smell of hay had never been out of his nostrils, and he did not know quartz from lava, but he thought it worth while to make some inquiry about his brother, which he did. A letter directed to the postmaster at Prescott brought the information that his brother was an old resident, but was then out in the mines. A correspondence began between the two brothers, and during its course the part of the dream relating to the mine was divulged. Being in that vicinity one day Luther Ellett looked for the mine but found nothing. The matter passed along until a month ago, says the San Francisco Chronicle, when the Kansas brother concluded to visit his relative in Arizona, and at the same time to look at the country. He still had an inclination to look for the mine, but was ashamed to own it. His brother met him in Prescott, and after staying a few days there they went to the mountains and visited the old abandoned mine.

When they approached it the Kansas man recognized the country as the one he had seen in his dreams, and told even how the shaft was situated with regard to the mountains and canyons with such accuracy that his brother was filled with astonishment, but he was an old prospector and a belief in dreams was not one of his superstitions. When they arrived at the spot Mr. Ellett said it seemed to him that he had often been there before, and after looking over the ground they took a pick and walked westward toward the point indicated by the dream. In crossing the canyon the prospector stumbled on a very rich ledge and exultantly exclaimed that they had found the mine. The brother answered that it might be rich, but the one they were in search of was richer. Climbing up the other side of the gulch, they came to the spot where the dreams had located the lode, but there was nothing in sight but half-decomposed granite. The perfect resemblance of the landmarks had so excited their hope that they were disappointed and stood for some time talking the matter over. While so standing the one with the pick began picking on the shelving rock and a great piece of it fell down, exposing a blind ledge of white quartz resplendent with free gold. They worked into the mass, find it to be about thirty inches in width and widening as it went down at an angle of forty-five degrees. The prospector stayed there, afraid to leave the mine for fear of claim-jumpers, but his brother brought a sack of the samples to Phœnix and the assays go two thousand six hundred dollars in nineteen dollars to the ounce gold. Samples have also been sent to the mint at San Francisco for testing. When Mr. Ellett was seen by a reporter he did not seem disposed to talk about the mine, saying that they wished to keep its existence quiet, and had done so for two weeks, but finding that mining men from that section had already told it he narrated the story as given above.

Mr. Ellett is a responsible farmer in his home state and before September had never seen an ounce of gold ore, so he counts himself as one of the creatures on whom fortune has smiled. The story of the dream was published in 1889 by several scientific journals in the east as illustrating the fact that former knowledge and information had nothing to do with the substance of dreams.

Columbus' Descendant.

The duke of Veragua, the descendant of Columbus, who has promised to visit America as the guest of the nation next year, has received the famous order of the Golden Fleece from the queen regent of Spain. The decoration was given to him, Spanish papers say, as a recompense for the little attention paid to him during the Columbus celebration in Spain. The Golden Fleece is one of the most famous orders in Europe, and is worn, as a rule, by members of ruling families.

They Want Excitement.

The emigration of the English agricultural population into the towns is attributed by T. E. Kebbel, among other causes, to the dullness of village life. The old feasts, the fairs and the games have for the most part disappeared. Thus, while there is vastly more cricket played in England than fifty years ago, it is not played by the same class. In the old day-long matches on the village greens the elevens were mostly made up of laborers. They are so no longer.

Games for Lovers.

Totling—Tennis and billiards are both lovers' games.

Dimling—Indeed?

Totling—Yes; they go to court in the first but there are more kisses in the second.—Detroit Free Press.

An Interesting Point.

Marjorie had been puzzling over something for a long time, and finally she said: "Mamma, is tame flowers 'fraid of wild flowers, like tame animals is of wild animals?"—Harper's Young People.

A Guilty Conscience.

He hasn't a word of complaint to pronounce;
An affable mien he finds better.
He'll be thankful if on him his wife doesn't pounce
With: "My dear, have you posted my letter?"
—Washington Star.

Oftener Than Posterity.

Mrs. Hardup (pausing in her writing)—What *is* the name for the people who come after us?

Mr. Hardup (without pausing in his reading)—Collectors.—Puck.

A Bright Boy.

"Cholly must be a smart man to have accumulated all his wealth."

"Ya-as. It took his father-in-law thirty-five years to get the same money."—Chicago News Record.

Surely Not.

Wakeup—I see there's a new brand of cigars out called the Cora Potter.

Buster—Ten to one they won't draw.—Judge.

THE RYDER ROAD.

A Buckeye Lesson, Trite, But Always Timely and Important.

In Portage county, Ohio, is a long, beautiful street known as the Ryder road. It is the pride of the county. No weeds nor rubbish are allowed in its neat borders, shaded by handsome maples; no untidy farms blot its vicinity, but farms broad and goodly to the sight, bearing luxuriant crops, spread out on either side through its whole length. All this has been accomplished by persistent and united energy of the neighboring farmers. Good roads and tidy farms, wherever found, are sure evidence of thrift and intelligence. If the women folks should allow rubbish to accumulate in the corners of the rooms they would deservedly gain the name of slovenly housekeepers; so, too, should the farmer be dubbed slovenly who permits weeds along his fences and roadsides. Moreover, he neglects the golden rule, for weeds are travelers, having many ways to reach neighbors' premises. It is the nature of weeds, when undisturbed, to multiply their species amazingly. A single plant of moth mullein bore in one season ninety-one seedpods; the seeds from three of these pods, carefully counted, numbered 993. If only half the seeds from this plant had grown, how much labor would have been required to destroy one year's increase; while that of successive years would be beyond compute. Even now it is not too late to begin warfare against weeds. If immediately after rain or wilting frost the stalks are cleared up and burned from roadsides, fence lines and gardens, millions of seeds may be destroyed; then if the ground is turned over with the plow to the winter frosts most of the roots will be killed. A thorough harrowing in spring and another in midsummer would put an end to roots that may have withstood the winter and also to seedling weeds. This severe treatment is for perennials of long standing or that sucker. Annuals and some perennials may be killed out in time and by persistent close cutting, as plants cannot flourish without leaves, and are soon exhausted by being forced to send out new foliage. Bear in mind that a good work begun is more than half done. Do not wait till bushes and briers add difficulties to the work of extermination, and do not depend upon example alone to make your neighbors see the error of their ways. Start a farmers' club and make war against weeds a condition of membership. Thus you may gain co-operation and greatly lessen the danger of unwelcome tenants from your neighbors' surplus.—Mrs. J. M. Milligan, in N. Y. Tribune.

POULTRY PICKINGS.

FROM now on until spring early and late feeding should be the rule.

ARRANGE convenient drinking vessels for the fowls during the winter.

IT is important to have the floor of the duck and geese quarters dry in winter.

BY watching for the first appearance of cold and curing it roup may be prevented.

DRESSED poultry should always be thoroughly cooled out before packing for market.

ONE of the best ways of securing dryness under foot is by using dry earth on the floor.

FOR swelled head wash clean with warm water and then anoint the whole head with glycerine.

WHEN the fowls must stay in the house scatter the grains among straw or litter to give them exercise.

CONSIDERABLE care must be taken to prevent the eggs from getting chilled if they are to be hatched in an incubator.

IF plenty of clover is given there will be much less necessity for supplying lime, as there is considerable lime in the composition of clover.

WHILE less range is needed during the winter than in summer, at the same time it is usually best to give the fowls every opportunity to exercise.

BY using crude carbolic acid freely lice may be effectually cleaned out of the quarters, as they cannot thrive where this is used freely.—St. Louis Republic.

COMFORT POULTRY HOUSE.

It Provides Ample Room for Exercise in Winter.

The illustration, styled the "Comfort poultry house" by the designer, Capt. Phillips, of Chicago, and the general outline is made plain in the cut. It keeps the fowls warm in winter and provides ample room for exercise, giving plenty of floor space. The house is 6½ feet at the back, 6 feet at the bend of the roof, 2½ feet at the beginning of the covered run and 1 foot at the front end of the covered run. The house proper is 8x10 feet, and the covered run

COMFORT POULTRY HOUSE.

is also 8x10 feet, giving a total space of 8x20 feet. In the illustration, A is the door, opening into a passageway, B, and C is a passageway into the room, D showing the partition. E is the roost, and F is a drop-board under the roost, the nest being shown at G. A run under the floor is shown at H, the steps from the run to the floor above being shown at K. Ventilators are SS, and T is a small door leading outside. The covered run has a hinged door, which can be raised or lowered as desired. The roof may be of tarred felt, or any suitable roofing material, and the lights in the windows of the covered run may be of oiled muslin or glass. It is a very snug and convenient poultry house, giving plenty of room for roosting and exercise.—Farm and Fireside.

A Nice Way of Putting It.

Lawyer—Now, sir, you say the burglar, after creeping in through the front window, began to walk slowly up the stairs; and yet you did not see him, although you were standing at the head of the stairs at the time. May I venture to inquire why you did not see him?

Principal Witness—Certainly, sir. The fact is, my wife was in the way.—Puck.

The Unexpected.

Judkins—I saw Sommers drunk last night. What's the matter? He's going to the dogs.

Mudkins—He proposed to two women this season.

Judkins—Ah, yes. Got rejected, of course?

Mudkins—No; accepted by both.—Judge.

Making Him Thin.

Great Physician (cheerfully)—Yes, sir, I can reduce you at the rate of five pounds a week.

Fatman—How often shall I come around to see you, doctor?

Great Physician—You needn't come at all. I'll just send you a bill at the end of each week.—N. Y. Herald.

Decidedly Handicapped.

Aunt Nancy—Think of studying to be a doctor, eh? Don't you do it.

Young Man—Why not, aunty?

Aunt Nancy—You can't git no practice till ye git married, an' ye can't git married till ye git practice, that's why.—N. Y. Weekly.