

A MONO MILLS MIRACLE.

A TALE THAT READS LIKE A NOVEL.

The Story of George Hewitt—Helpless for Thirty Years—At Last Finds Relief in a Simple Way—The Story Corroborated by Reliable Witnesses.

Jennevill Post.

For several months The Post, in common with many other journals of Ontario, has been publishing accounts of miraculous cures in various parts of Canada and the United States. We must confess, however, that we have paid little or no attention to these reported miracles, and probably our indifference would have continued to the end had it not been for a little incident that occurred in our office when Washburn's circus was in Orangeville a few weeks ago. Mr. Stewart Mason, a respectable young farmer of Albion township, called at our office on business on that occasion, and as he was leaving we happened to ask him—a course generally pursued by the newspaper man in search of news—if there was anything new in his vicinity. He replied that there was nothing very startling and followed this up by asking us if we had heard of the wonderful cure of a man named Hewitt at Mono Mills. We confessed ignorance, and then Mr. Mason said that from what he had heard it was undoubtedly another miraculous cure through the agency of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. We had become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that the various details of miracles in other parts were only a new and catching fake in the booming of patent medicines that we must admit Mr. Mason's intimation of a genuine local cure at once excited our interest. We took a note of the name and quietly made up our mind to investigate the matter at our earliest convenience. We came to the conclusion that there must be something in it, for Mr. Mason, a respectable and reliable young farmer, would not for a moment be suspected of equivocating on a matter in which he had any interest, much less in one which did not concern him. A few days ago The Post despatched a representative to Mono Mills to make a full investigation of the alleged cure of George Hewitt. He first called on Mr. John Aldous, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, and after a few usual preliminaries asked him if he knew a man named Hewitt, in the village. "Is that the old man that wasn't able to move a short time ago, and is now getting all right so fast?" queried Mr. Aldous. The reporter nodded assent, and in less time than it takes to tell it the quill-driver and the obliging Mr. Aldous were on their way to the comfortable home of Mr. George Hewitt, Benson, with whom it was learned Mr. Hewitt resided. The Benson home is in the eastern suburb of the village, and upon the reporter and Mr. Aldous calling, they were courteously received by the busy housewife, who was not too busy, however, to spare time to tell The Post all about her interesting boarder and his miraculous cure. Mr. Benson was not at home, and The Post at once suspected that a gentleman of between 50 and 60 years, who occupied a chair in a corner of the cosy room, was no other than the famous George Hewitt. The surmise proved correct. Mr. Hewitt shook hands with the scribe, remarking as he did so, "I could not have taken hold of your hand a few months ago." When the object of the visit was announced, Mr. Hewitt, who is an intelligent, well educated man, began to dilate in glowing terms on the wonderful change that had come over him. "Shall I tell you the whole story?" asked he of the reporter, and upon the latter intimating his desire to hear all, Mr. Hewitt gave him the following narrative:

MR. HEWITT'S WONDERFUL STORY.

"In old Ireland, thirty years ago I was scaling a stone wall one day when I fell backward and had my spine injured so seriously that a short time later I became almost entirely disabled. The fatal effects of the fall were gradually but only too rapidly felt, and looking back on a stretch of time extending five years over a quarter of a century, there is little more in the prospect than a picture of pain and gloom and suffering. About twenty-eight years ago I came to Canada and am known around the country here for miles. Until twelve years ago I could sit on a chair when placed on it, and managed to move myself around a little. Then even that comfort was suddenly taken from me. One day I was unintentionally thrown off the chair, and the second fall may be said to have done all but end my life. There was not a ray of hope for me, not a sign of a break in the dark clouds. Ever since then my pitiable condition is known to every one in these parts. All power to use either arms or hands, legs or feet, completely left me. I could be propped upright in a chair, but something had to be put in front of me to keep me from falling forward. Usually a chair like this," and as Mr. Hewitt spoke he lifted and drew forward a chair which was near him, "was placed in front of me and on this, I would rest my arms. Not only was all power left my limbs, but every feeling likewise. Why, you could run an needle right into my flesh and I would not know what you were doing unless I saw the act. A myriad of flies might light and revel on me, but I would be in happy ignorance of the fact. When I was laid in bed I could not get up or move unaided if I was given all creation. The only part of my system in which any strength seemed to remain, was my neck, but at last even my head fell forward on my breast, and I was indeed a pitiable sight. My voice, formerly as clear and ringing as it is to-day, seemed to go like the strength and feeling from the rest of me, and sometimes I would scarcely be able to make myself understood. I know you hear me with incredulity, for you can scarcely believe that the helpless and hopeless invalid I have described is the man who now sits before you, cheery, vigorous and hopeful. On the legs, which

a short time ago were helpless and seemed useless, I can now walk with a little assistance, being able last evening to go to my room with my arm on Mrs. Benson's shoulder. Why, man, a few months ago I could not do that on the promise of inheriting the kingdom of heaven." Here Mr. Hewitt stamped both feet on the floor with much vigor and enthusiasm. "In those days," he resumed, "if I ever wrote anything it was by placing the handle of the pen between my teeth and getting through with the work in that way. Don't ask me if I tried the best doctors. I spent a fortune, thousands of dollars, in trying to get cured. I consulted physician after physician, and paid some of them high fees for their services. They all failed, utterly and hopelessly failed, to give me the slightest relief. You can put that down in black letters. Of course you have heard what has wrought this wonderful change in me. I read in The Post and other papers of the miraculous cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills but I never dreamed that there was even a glimmer of hope for me through the use of this much advertised remedy. Miracles might be worked on every side of me, but there was no chance for me. I was like the doomed leper, a hopeless outcast, a being whose sufferings and disabilities would end only with the period of earthly existence. One day I picked up a paper and read the Sarasota miracle, that case where Mr. Quant was so miraculously restored by the Pink Pills, and at once concluded to try the amazing cure on myself. There must be some chance for me, I thought, when a man who was as helpless as Mr. Quant got such relief. I had no money, but I sent for Mr. V. J. Mills our popular and kind hearted general merchant and postmaster, and he procured me a supply of the Pink Pills, and these I immediately commenced using with the joyful result I have described. My voice is fully restored, my head is upright once more, my chest (once so shrunk and hollow) is rapidly filling up, I am quickly securing the use of my legs and arms, and can feel the slightest touch on any part of me. Is there not a miracle here, indeed, and would I not be a base ingrate if I refused to sound the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? Even I get no better than I am now I shall be forever grateful for what has been done for me. But I have great hope that the cure will go on until I am completely restored. I drove down to the village last twelfth of July. It was in April I commenced using the pills, and the friends who saw me could scarcely believe their eyes. It was like the appearance of a spectre or an apparition. "Oh, I tell you, sir," said the grateful man with enthusiasm, "it is my full intention to write a pamphlet on all that I have gone through, on all that has been done for me, and you may be sure that the chief prominence will be given to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a boon which cannot possibly be too widely known."

THE STORY CORROBORATED.

The reporter could scarcely believe that Mr. Hewitt's voice, now so silvery and resonant, was ever the squeaky, feeble and indistinct organ of speech he had indicated, and the scribe questioned Mrs. Benson on this point. She said that every word Mr. Hewitt had related was literally true, and on the question of the restoration of his voice she was corroborated by Mr. Aldous, and other respectable witnesses whom the reporter met in the village later in the day. Mr. Aldous said he was not surprised at the hesitancy of people about believing the wonderful cure. He did not think that he himself could credit it if he had not been an eye witness of the whole affair. He had known Mr. Hewitt for years, knew that his former utter helplessness was as he had described, and either he had said that it was not Mr. Hewitt who sat before him or to admit the miraculous escape. "The pills," said Mr. Aldous, "are certainly a wonderful remedy." The reporter shook hands with Mrs. Benson and the cheerful Mr. Hewitt, and started forth into the street a doubting Thomas no longer, first promising to transmit to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Mr. Hewitt's lavish expressions of thanks for what their wonderful Pink Pills had done for him. "Here we are," thought the scribe, "in the cold and practical nineteenth century, but here's something right here in this little village of Mono Mills mighty closely bordering on the miraculous all the same." After leaving the Benson home the reporter sought out Postmaster Mills, whom he found equally eloquent in his praise of the wonderful Pink Pills. "They're certainly a great remedy," said he, "and anyone that doubts this has only to be told about George Hewitt's case. I suppose you have heard the whole story, and there's no use in my wearying you. The pills have undoubtedly worked the amazing change that is to be noticed in Hewitt's condition. It was I first sent for the pills for him, and I can certify to the striking change." The reporter further learned that the Pink Pills were kept for sale by Mr. Mills, and that the demand for them was large and increasing. The representative of The Post conversed with many other citizens of Mono Mills regarding Mr. Hewitt's case and found all agreed on the question of his former condition, his restoration and the remedy. Everyone in and around the village, in fact, appeared to know all about the cure, and Pink Pills seem to be a household word in that section. On The Post's return to Orangeville, Mr. Richard Allan, ex-warden of Dufferin county, dropped into our office. The ex-warden resides about three miles from Mono Mills, and was asked if he had heard anything about what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for Mr. Hewitt. He had heard all about the case, and was unhesitating in expressing the opinion that it was a striking instance of great results following the use of the pills. "I'm not much of a believer in wonderful cures I read about," said the ex-warden, "but I have known Hewitt for years, and this change in him is certainly astounding." The Post was surprised to hear that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were extensively used in this section,

but after the Hewitt narrative it was not surprising to hear of great beneficial results following the use of the great remedy. We are disposed to conclude from what some parties told us, that the base imitation business is already entered upon by unprincipled persons, and the public will do well to see that the Pink Pills they purchase have all the marks of genuineness advertised by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unflinching specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to the females such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THE NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

Every genuine New England village is like an apple orchard. The trees are all apple trees, and yet there is not one of them that does not insist upon its own individuality, and assert successfully its right to a special character of its own. If its neighbor leans to the north, then it will go to the east or the south. At any rate, it will be something in and for itself. So, as the crowding file comes towards us through the narrow passage, we catch for every face its own peculiar traits. That man looks not unlike the city typer. He is a rich man, and is always ready to lend money to the poor farmer, taking his farm, his cattle, and his furniture for security. The next one, with the bright blue eyes, so full of kindness, the face bronzed and full of lines, every one betraying fun and good-humor, is the old stage-driver. There is not a man, woman, or child within a radius of ten miles who he does not know, and scarcely a stone on the ten-mile road that he does not recognize as an old weather. He is a man who can manage the most obstinate horse, and make it do his will by dint of native shrewdness and tact. Following him comes a tall, slender, somewhat stooping farmer with the kindly farmer's face. He lives in a delightful old brick house by the side of the stage road, known and respected of all, and the men who hire out to him for the summer think themselves fortunate, for he is "just and kind." Here comes a mechanic—a wheelwright, carpenter, farmer, or the like, watchful mechanic's eye looks clear ahead, and has no need to lower itself before any man. There are lines of sorrow and lines of care, but when he smiles they all disappear in a glow of sunshine like those that sweep over the landscape in which he has always lived, smoothing out the ridges in their gleam. He is the grave-digger, too, and knows all the resting places under the grass of the pretty little cemetery, which he cares for as if it were his own garden. The young man behind him in shirt sleeves—"boiled shirt" sleeves—caught up with elastic, is the Democratic candidate. He has run over from the grocery store to cast his vote presumably for the Republican candidate, as they are very good friends, and as soon as he has got rid of it, runs back again to his business. The next one, tall and dark, the "honest man" who was once sent as representative, has driven four or five miles with "the nicest coat you ever saw," and has just come down from the platform, where he has been helping a very old man leaning on a stick. We seldom see him except at night, when he comes after the cows. There is something touching in the fact that it is always the very old men or the very little boys that go after the cows at night. It makes one think of what some phrenologist has said, that when a baby is born, God sends it into the world with a bare head, so that everyone can see just what material, what powers, it has to deal with. Then he covers it up with hair, and says, "See what you can do with that!" And the child goes on working till, after his life is almost done, God uncovers the head again, that all may see what has been accomplished by the man. So the old man goes after the cows most often remembering how he used to run behind them long years ago, before he had almost "got through," as the people here touchingly say when a man dies. And so they pass, farmer after farmer, though almost every man of them is something more than a mere farmer. There is nothing which strikes a city-bred person with more astonishment in the New England village than the number of things every man can do. "From 'The Aryan Mark' by Anna C. Brackett, in Harper's Magazine for September.

In a Buffalo Schoolroom.

Dr. J. M. Rice, who is contributing a series of articles to the Forum that sets forth the results of the original investigations in the schoolrooms of the principal cities of the United States, this month takes up the schools of Buffalo and Cincinnati, which he finds are good examples of the purely mechanical way of teaching, which makes the school for the child, not for the teacher or the politician. In the sixth grade he says the subject of the lesson was California. During this recitation no text book was used by the teacher. The teacher opened the lesson with the question, "How long

does it take to go to California?" Then correcting herself, she said, "No, tell me first why you would like to go to California?" though no one had expressed any particular desire to go there. "I should like to take a drive around the mountains," answered one of the children. "I should like to see the Golden Gate," said another.

This answer was followed by a cry of "cheer up!" from one of the boys. This remark did not, however, attract the attention of the teacher. In fact, during the entire lesson there was a complete absence of discipline.

After the children had given their reasons for desiring to go to California, the teacher remarked, "Now tell me how long it takes to go there?" In reply to this sort of guesses were made, the lowest being five days and the highest seven weeks.

At last a little girl said, "I know. My mamma went to California last winter. She started on a Thursday evening." This manner of solving the problem did not, however, appear to meet with unanimous approval, as the child's remarks were cut short by a cry of "Come off."

Unfortunately, to the teacher herself the whole subject of California appeared to be involved in as deep a mystery as the language of the Hindus. Indeed, the children appeared to do more toward the enlightenment of the teacher than the latter did to enlighten them. Nevertheless, she finally put an end to the agonizing suspense by saying, "I think it would take about a week."

"Through what cities would you pass travelling from Buffalo to California?" was the next question. "Chicago," said one of the children. "Let me see," the teacher remarked, as she walked to the wall map to verify the answer. When other cities were mentioned she said the same thing.

"What can you tell me about San Francisco?" she asked later. It is the largest city in California," a pupil replied. "It is one of the largest, but I don't know that it is the largest," said the teacher.

This ridiculous recitation was closed with the reading of an extract from an article on California which one of the children had found in an encyclopedia.

Whence the Water of the Great Lakes? Whence do the waters of Lake Michigan come from? is an old question, and it is a question as old as the artesian wells. Where do their waters come from? Colonel Foster, an eminent civil engineer, for many years in charge of Government interest on the lake, was fond of talking on the first subject.

"Every drop of those waters," he was often heard to declare, "came from the Rocky Mountains." His theory was that they were brought here subterraneously, but he never, to our knowledge, marked out the course of the subterranean stream.

He announced this as his conviction long before—indeed, he died before—the sinking of artesian wells in Chicago and the consequent discovery of the now undoubted fact.

William P. Ogden held the same view, and used at times to make himself very interesting in expatiating upon it. With him, as well as with Col. Foster, it was no more than a theory, but he adhered to it firmly.

Mr. Cregier, who is scientific before he is a politician, is wont to talk approvingly of the theory in a manner to convince any man.

The phenomenon is the running out of this lake through the others of the easterly chain and over Niagara Falls of an incalculable quantity of water, and this continually every minute in the hour, every hour in the day, every day in the year, and every year in progressive time!

The lake has no visible inlets; where, then, does it get its replenishment? From the Rocky Mountains.

Through rents and crevices, down into caverns at the roots of these mountains, pour over the waters from melting snow. Four thousand feet they sink to strike a gravity incline that levels with their floor under Chicago.

Under this city and elsewhere on the west side of Lake Michigan—this is the proved theory, theory as good as proved—the snow-covered Rocky Mountains are constantly sending their waters to supply flowage and evaporation that is ever going forward in the watery expanse.—Chicago Herald.

Deserved the Name. Jones—Smith is about your closest friend, isn't he? Borrowed—Yes, confound him! It's almost impossible to borrow a cent from him.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

The following condensation is based upon decisions rendered at various times by Division Court Judges:—

1. Subscribers who do not give definite notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order a paper to be discontinued, the publisher may continue to send it until all arrears of subscriptions are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect to take periodicals from the post office, they are likewise responsible till all arrears for subscriptions are settled.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the old address, they are held liable.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the post office, or removing to another town and leaving them un-called-for, prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

6. If subscribers pay in advance they are bound to give notice at the end of their time if they do not wish to continue taking the paper, otherwise the publisher may send until such time as a definite order to discontinue, accompanied by payment of all arrears, is sent him.

7. The man who allows his subscription to run for some time unpaid and then orders the paper discontinued or asks the post-master to mark it "Refused" leaves himself liable to punishment.

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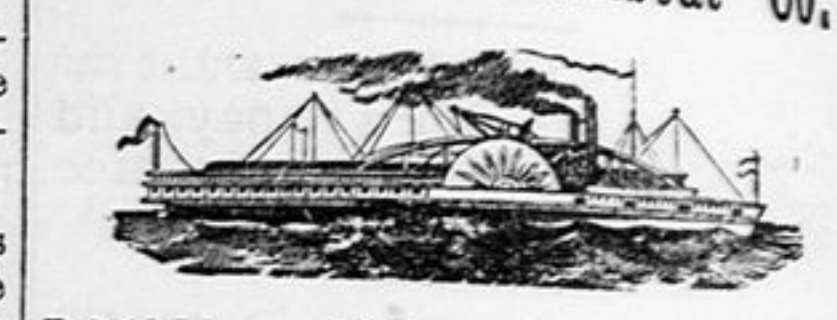
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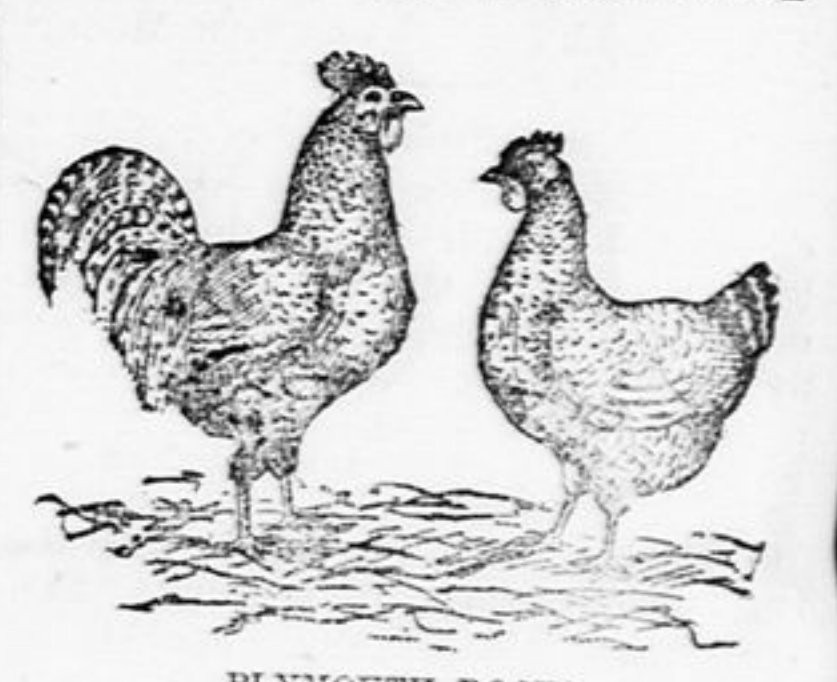
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PUSSY'S C

Once a tiny little home away, Far from woodland little rabbit gait Our old Tabby cat kitchen door, Thought she saw home returned Gave a pounce, a with a happy Ere the frightened knew what to Gently Tabby brood old doormat, Purred and rubbed ed—muzzily But what puzzled her length to kiddy's once sn Most amazing, mo sight to her: Green and round he stiff and straight "Poor, weak kitty, deformed," thot "Surely this has sn you went from a But you're welcom mother's love is Though I will conf were not so lon So the tiny little quite. And, my children, I pretty sight. When nice old Tabby gray, Would frolic in th merrily would p And when by and some wee, new k Dear old mother-c kitten just the s But she's never yet all her doubts an How it happened the extra lengthy es

THE BOTTOM

It was a clear cold was splendid sleigh sleighs of various de and down the main e lively mingling camp in tains, while crowds of the wooden sidewalks a rule to keep warm large jewelry store fifteen years old, deep ed in admiring the precious stones spr heavy panes of glass to either cold or crow ing so earnestly to c large diamond breast morocco case was p heavily chased watch supposing he were to from all that magnific valuable articles, that h a man who came out o looked at him kee seconds, and he was a to feel a hand laid on to hear a strong voice "Well, Jimmie, are some Christmas diamo "No," answered the any money. But how my name?" "I didn't know it," laughing. "I just ge of your lovely appea called Jimmie, and see Now, Jimmie, would y ride this fine night?" "You bet I would! mie, eagerly in the slant in mining camps. "Come on, then, and a good one!" And the man, adv of black horses sta quickly untied them, with Jimmie, who had ed into the sleigh to were harnessed. W and his young compani robes, of which there driver chirped briskly in two minutes the at glare and bustle, lay d front, only a mile or two great valley, and beyon mountain range glisten light. Snow covered the and Jimmie could see as in daytime. He was the view, and so pleased tion that some time p noticed how quietly the onward. There were t horses. This was a s source of regret. He p for a while, and then s think you'd have bels turnout as this." "Oh, I've got bels driver," but one of the broken, so I didn't put This explanation was able; but Jimmie wishe buckle had been replac one. Belts also so muc sleighing. A very fine team w and for nearly an hour th at a swift trot. At last from the hard level val began to ascend a hill. "I believe," began Jim quittance, "that I'll go claim just beyond here s samples of rock. We're