

Snowed in; that meant much more than they imagined when the snow continued to fall so unceasingly, till at last it fastened them in securely behind the white drifts, much more at least than a goodly half even then

There were two persons, Slim Jim and Sam Slick, as they had been facetiously nicknamed, owing to the length of limb of one and the decidedly rough appearance of the other, who looked the calamity in the face under-

standingly.
"We ought ter a hed more sense, old miners as we be; but the gold was a-pilin' in so fast an' I did trust to the snow a-holdin' off a spell yet. Big gooses as ever I heard tell of, an' now we're in fur it."

"Is it very bad?" inquired Nat Good-year, who was indeed a tenderfoot, having only reached the camp a few months previous.

"Bad! bad's no name."
"And New Years' day only two
weeks off. I thought—I hoped to be
home then."

'Did yer now; well, my boy, you made yer fortune quick, an' no mistake, but it 'll be sometime 'fore you

"How long will the snow last." Nat looked astounded, the expression

on the faces of the old pards was grave, almost hopeless.

'Not all winter! why the supplies—'

'Will last about ten days," said Slim
Jim, with a queer smile. 'Jolly old

New Years' we'll have."
"But can nothing be done? can't we dig a way out under the snow?"

"Yes we might—in six years."
"But the women and children! you don't mean that we are to sit quietly down and await starvation?"

"Would probably answer as well as anything," muttered Sam. "However, the boy's not far wrong; we'll not sit down an' make no effort. Jim an' me's jist a-thinkin'."

"But it's the worst state of affairs I ever saw," said Jim. stretching his long arms out with a quaint gesture of de-

Sam chuckled and said: 'Now if Jim was jist a little longer he could make a bridge across the snow down ter the plains, out o' his arms."

Jim almost blushed at this, but answering a thought that was in his mind

"Length of limb counts sometimes, and I kin tramp through a pretty big snow drift, as you know, but I was a-wishing the snow would get a good the snow would get a good

"Twon't very soon, so a sled could be pushed over it, as I reckon you been

"It may," cried Nat; "let us go to work and rig up a sled. I know it must have broad runners, and be so light we can either carry or ride upon And I myself have an idea too, but I won't tell just now."

not only to save myself, but the little children and the women—lucky there are so few."

For a day the little camp was eagerly at work; suggestions and advice and belp was freely offe red. But who would undertake the dangerous Journey? Only a portion understood all that journey might mean. Sam drew one of their number aside

and advised to begin dealing out

rations sparingly.

"Jim an' me'll go, and I s'pose that
boy Nat won't be held back, he's spry as a cat and may hold out, and if you are real careful you can make out fur three weeks. If we shouldn't git back in ten days you better start another

The day they started, which was upon the following morning. Nat made his appearance with a pair of very respectable looking snow-shoes. and Jim eyed them in surprise. Sam

"You do beat all," said Jim; you paddle along with them things? I own I never tried, and who learned you to make 'em?"

I made a long visit to a cousin who lives up in Canada one winter, and met a number of Indians, purchased a pair of snow-shoes, and luckily learned how to use them well. These are clumsy things, but they are strong.

With many encouraging words, but secret fears, the three started down that snow-covered trail.

Only those who have been on the mountains where the snow is piled in immense drifts, can imagine the perils

and shovel, three good rifles—for possible game and foes, as it might be and a tin box containing a few biscuits.

Slowly, indeed, did they progress. but perhaps it was luck, since on that very first night Sam shot a deer amid much rejoicing.

mainder back to camp; it will be much to them." exclaimed Nat.

"But we ought to push on." "Yes, but I'll overtake you, never

Much surprised were the people to see Nat back so soon, but the burden ke bore was very welcome. Hastily he turned about and retraced his steps, but it was well on toward night of the next day ere he overtook his companions and he found the ions, and he found them in a sorry strait indeed.

They had cut their way along by the aid of the shovel, but now before them yawned a chasm, deep and long, that suddenly went down so steep and precipitous the descent seemed impos-

"We have been waitin' fur you, my boy; you're the lightest weight, an' I reckon you won't mind swinging over that there."

"No," said Nat, quietly, "I am not afraid, and the rope is strong. What am I to do when once down?"

"You are to make the rope fast, an' help us down with the sled, then I spose we're to follow. Once down there, I know a short cut to Gray's Gap, but we'll have to go in through the mountain a ways."

"Through the mountains, Sam?" "Yes, there's a cave an' a dangerous

passage-way. I went it once, never had any desire ter try it over, but it kin be done, an' it must be in this case. Now, let us make this here knot firm about you. So! that's comfortable. Now you kin use both your hands an' keep from gittin' hurt by the rocks."

They swung him over the dizzy height down, down. The rope swayed, and Nat wondered if he would ever reach the bottom, but he did, and, obeying the commands of his companous, soon had the pleasure of witnessing their safe but most dangerous descent.



After all were down they made their way to an opening in what appeared the side of a solid wall.

"Wonderful!" said Nat, following

"We'll just sleep right here, to-night, we're all played out, an' to-morrow we'll begin what's goin' to be the most dangerous tramp we ever had, likely we'll none of us ever see daylight ag'in. One false step in there, or some nest o' snakes or bears, an' it'll be all over with us."

"If anything should happen," began Nat. "I mean if you or Jim should get through and live to tell it. I wish you'd see that my belt of gold-dust is sent home to my old father and mother; it will maybe make them remember me kindly, and you can tell them I died bravely; it's been a year next New Year's day since I ran away from home."

"Ran away, did you?"

"Yes, a lot of us young fellows were shooting at targets, and I—it was lucky it did happen to be me—made a target, accidentally, out of father's best horse, a valuable animal, and one that I loved myself."

"Oh! ho!" laughed Jim, "that was a nice target, indeed. What did the old

man say?" "He said a number of things," owned Nat, the color rising to his cheeks, "and I'm sorry to say I an-swered back, and then I got my clothes "You're a brave boy, if you be a tenderfoot; but do you know that the ones whe, set out upon this here journey must start soon, so's to git back in time, an' that likely they'll never reach the plains alive?"

"I know, but I'd rather die a trying, not only to save myself, but the little children and the reserved here. It was too bad for me to kill a horse worth two hundred dollars, when there was a mortgage on the when there was a mortgage on the dear old place that I should have helped to pay-that's why I want this little fortune to reach them-if possi-

The little camp up in the mountains watched the days come and go anxiously. How long, how long, they kept saying, would it be before help

There were but two women and some five youngsters among the few miners, the women were brave, and the children unconscious of their dan-

More than one, when given their scant portion of food, set aside a frag-ment even of that for the little ones. that they, at least, might not be

hungry. And the days came and went until ten had passed; two were down with fever, and all looked wan and gaunt, for even being half-starved was by no means pleasant, and the worry that was ever about them, the fearful doubt, was as bad as the lack of food. Nobody, as yet, volunteered to set out to make the journey; all kept hoping that they might hear from the first party, but no word came, and the flour was almost gone, the weather was severe, and the snow prevented

them from getting good fuel. "We'll tear down one of the shanties, that'll last awhile, and keep the

little folks warm. So a house was torn down and divided, and two of their most ablebodied men set out, hoping to meet

the returning party.
"We will have something for tomorrow," said the leader, a tender-hearted old man, 'and then if the good Lord don't send us aid, I expect we'll

go hungry awhile." The situation was frightful, and as they counted up the days they knew that another day would usher in the New Year, and what a day it was to picked up.—Baltimore American.

Far away in another home an old mas and woman made ready for the glad New Year, also. There was the biggest and fattest turkey in the whole brood roasted, the nicest of pumpkir pies baked, and yet the faces about the board so plentifully loaded were sad ones.

sad ones.

"I keep hoping Nat will return," said the mother, "he did love my pumpkin pies so well. He'll surely remember his old home now; he must know how we want him back."

The father sighed, and just then there came a knock upon the door, but when opened it only revealed work.

when opened it only revealed a very tall and lank individual, who awk wardly entered, taking off his hat for the real reason that the low doorway would not admit him otherwise.
"How do you do?" he said, bashful-

"Quite well, stranger," said the tarmer, "have a seat, won't you, it's as cold and blustery a New Year's day as I ever remember.'

"Yes." said the tall stranger, " it's a good deal like last year, aid t it?" The mother turned her head, the old man took off his spectacles and wiped

"No. last New Year's day was warm and pleasant. I remember because the boys were out-doors so much."

"Your boys?" 'My boy and some neighbors'.

only have one son," mournfully. Only one, where is he?" "We don't know, he left us on New Year's day, we've never seen him since."

"Was his name Nat?" "Yes. Oh! yes. Do you bring us



"You must not get excited," said the tall individual in gentle tones, "perhaps I bring you a little word of him. I come from the mines. While working there this fall and summer a boy joined us, a bright, handsome young fellow that everybody liked. He said his name was Nat Goodyear." "Our son, our own dear Nat, but

where-?" "Wait. A dreadful snow storm came and shut us all up in the mountains without food or fuel. A little band was formed to try to reach the lower country and get help. Your boy was one of the three. It was almost certain death to go, just as certain to remain. One night, when beginning the journey, the boy requested his two friends, if either lived and he did not, to carry or send his small fortune to his old father and mother with his lower. with his love."

'And you have brought us that.' sobbed the mother. 'You have come to tell us that our boy, our darling child, is dead!"

"Hush! don't weep! A braver lad it would be hard to find. The way was tormous, severe, an accident happened ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. to one of the three, and he died and the other two buried him tenderly in the snow. Don't cry, the one that died was not your son. No, indeed, he lived to go on, when even the other fell exhausted by the way, to go on until help was reached, and a party quickly made up with generous sup-plies, to fight their way up the moun-tain and save the score of lives awaiting them. They have reached there by this time, and, as it is so much farther West, no doubt the New Year's dinner is already in progress. Thank God that it is so! I bring this as a peace offering from your son, it contains about one thousand dollars and will clear the mortgage on the old

place. "But Nat, our boy, we want him," said the father.

Then the door flew open with bang—a we'll-remembered bang—and Nat, taller and browner, but Nat still, entered and took them in his arms, his strong young arms as if forevermore he would shelter them.
"I've come back! We had a fight

for it and for our lives as well; but I coaxed Jim to come, too that he might spend New Year's day with me in the dear old home-for, mother dear, I've told about your famous pumpkin pies.

And far away upon a snowy mountain side, men were getting ready to partake of a dinner so plentiful that it scarcely seemed possible that it could be real, and as they talked and thanked the kind Father who had saved them, they spoke, with tender reverence, the names of the three who had gone out of their midst, only as brave men can, to succor or perish by the way. - Abbis C. . Keever.

Barreled Up His Son.

An eccentric man named George Bump, living in North Lyme, Conn., the other afternoon attempted to put a head in a cider barrel, but could not make the head stay while he tightened the hoops. So he put his 5-year-old son, who is deaf and dumb, in the barrel to hold up the head, and soon the barrel was headed up. Bump went to work in the field and forgot his son, until his wife asked him where the boy was. Bump ran to the barrel, knocked out the head, and found the boy breathing through the bunghole, but so frightened that he went into spasms. Bump was arrested, but was afterward released. He has always been noted for his absent-mindedness.

There are a hundred good lessons you can learn from the falling of the leaves. One is that when you take a

He Couldn't Afford To.

Mr. Suburb-Well, I was never more surprised in my life. I had a long and serious talk with a stranger whom I met on the train, and who do you think it was?

Editor Weekly Fun-Give it up. He was Mr. Buttonbuster, one of your chief humorists. What about him?

Why, he didn't crack a joke all the time we were together.

His jokes are worth \$5 a piece.

A Feminine Searca. Bibbs-How de do, Bob? Where's

Bob (sis's husband)—Gone shopping What did she want?

Nothing.
Then why did she go shopping?
To see if she could find anything that would make her want something. Novel to Some. Miss Antique-No, I'm not going to

Mrs. Whitehair's reception. Miss Budd—Why not? Oh, she always talks about old times

and that makes me tired. I don't see how you can stand her. But, my dear, her subject is new to most of us, you know. -Some unnamed eastern philanthropis

has given \$50,050 toward a library fund for the Colorado college at Colorado Springs. Of this £35,000 will be expended on a building and £15,000 for books.

An Extended Popularity. Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles. -"Thespian mansions" are to be built in Liverpool, Dublin and Glasgow for the purpose of providing better lodgings for touring actors than are available at pres-

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your Druggist today and get a FREE sample bottle. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

—Nobody has yet been able to find out where Rudyard Kipling has been stopping in this country, and now comes the report that he is in South Africa on his way to the South Sea Islands. The young novelist is something of a will o'the wisp.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, sho cried for Castoria When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

—The grave of Oliver Goldsmith, in the Temple churchyard, after being in a state of irreverent dilapidation for a great many years, has at last been cleaned of the undergrown weeds. The indistinct figures upon the moss-covered marble have been recut in order to render distinctly readable the date of the birth and death of the author of "She Stoops to Conquer."

Why continue the use of remedies that only relieve, when Eiy's Cream Balm, pleasaut of application and a sure cure for Catarrh and cold in head, can be had.

I had a severe attack of catarrh and be-came so deaf I could not hear common conversation. I suffered terribly from roaring in my head. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and in three weeks could hear as well as flicted with the worst of diseases, catarrh, take Ely's Cream Balm and be cured. It is worth \$1,000 to any man, woman or child suffering from catarrh .- A. E. Newman, Grayling,

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is Quickly Absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail.

—Jay Gould and Mr. Ingrils entered active life about the same time. The former walked downWall street with a patent mouse trap. He set it, and came near catching the earth. "After thirty years of untiring toil," said Ingal's in one of his lectures, "I, on the other hand, am a statesman out of a job."

The Only One Ever Printed--Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. week from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS, OF SAMPLE FREE.

—On the estate of the Marquis de la Laguna, in Spain, a water wheel of twenty-horse power runs a dynamo. Plowing by electricity has been proopsed, and the current is to be transmitted to a field three miles distant, where a motor on a plow is to be operated. The cable to be attached to the plow is to be wound on a reel and drawn over the field.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GERAT NERVE RESTOREN. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bot-tle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kilne, 931 Arch St., Philadelphis, Pa.

-Superstitious barbers think that the money earned by shaving dead men is lucky to gamble with.

DON'T fool with indigestion are with disordered liver, but take Beecham's Pills for immediate relief. 25 cents a box. -It is still possible to purchase land in

New Zealand at 10s. the acre, or to rent an acre at 6d. per annum. ACTORS, VOCALISTS, PUBLIC SPEAKERS recommend HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS Cure in one —The Fresno county, California, jail is said to be invaded by spooks, who keep up no end of a row and rapping at night.

There were 280,657 births and 150,353 deaths in the United Kingdom in the quarter ending September 30.

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nothing more than take that taste away, it would save the lives of some at least of those that put off too long the means of recovery.

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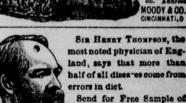
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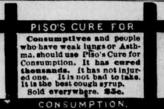
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