

At last after months of unceasing toil the dam was completed. First a foundation of massive piles, then a huge wall of bristling inward sloping logs, faced on the water side with a solid wall of masonry ten feet thick. This was put together with cement of Peter's own manufacture—made of marl and clay found on his own land, which hardened like iron.

The wasteway was also of cemented stone, and the completed dam was pronounced good by all who had had a hand in its construction. Few had suspected the enormous volume of water composing the sluggish river, until its further progress being stopped, they saw how rapidly it spread over the marshy valley, destined to be known always in future as "Peter's Pond."

A weekly pilgrimage to the spot became the fashion, and 'Peter's Greta' drove a brisk business in luncheons, that helped the busy Peter, who grudged every hour spent away from his hobby. Some doubted whether the dam would hold, but he never had a fear. Every faculty of mind and muscle was now centred on the building of the mill, which was commenced in October, when the water began rushing through the wasteway, leaping with a hoarse roar twenty feet to the gorge below. When this happened there was not a man but willingly left his corn-husking to again aid Peter—Peter the lazy, Peter the witless idler, Peter who played at damming brooks when he should have been hoeing corn, but who was now the most honored man in the township. A man with a purpose, who willingly spent himself for its fulfilment!

The massive foundation for the mill was put in before freezing began, but the mill was not finished much before spring. Then the people formed a stock company for the purchase of machinery, each to share the profits until such time as Peter could buy them out. By the time everything was ready to turn the water on, Peter was worn to a shadow by incessant labor and worry. While putting the rude machinery into the mill he was continually asking himself—will it be a success or failure?

At last all was ready. On the morrow there was to be a great gathering of the people; the hoppers were to be filled with wheat and the water was to be turned on the great wheel, amid the blowing of horns, the ringing of

bells and the cheers of the delighted crowd. There were no longer any doubters as to the success of the venture. Peter had not wished a gathering to witness the starting of the mill, but the people would have it, so great was their faith.

Now the foregoing narrative is authentic history, but the incident I am about to relate has only the word of Greta to substantiate it, and some circumstantial evidence, as you will see. Peter was so troubled at the last that he could neither eat nor sleep, and left his bed at midnight to go over the mill again. He was muttering and gesticulating so strangely that his wife was alarmed and followed him. It was very dark, but Peter's movements seemed as sure and certain as if in broad daylight. Greta kept close to him, but he never noticed her presence, although more than once he brushed against her. To her amazement he poured a bag of wheat into the hopper, then he darted away, and a minute later she heard the rush of water, then the groaning and creaking of machinery, and lo! the mill was in operation. Steadily and smoothly, with Peter darting here and there, always muttering to himself, but words she could not understand.

Then all at once the rush of water ceased, the machinery stopped; Peter left the building with his puzzled wife still unnoticed at his heels. As they entered the house she spoke. 'Are you satisfied?' He made no reply, but stretched himself on his bed, and then she saw that he was asleep; his eyes were wide open, but fixed and staring in a manner that made her shudder. His amazement on finding himself covered with flour on waking in the morning was complete, and on hearing Greta's story he rushed to the mill for confirmation. Of course, when the people gathered they had to be told, and honest Peter was much abashed by the chaffing he had to endure.

He was ever after spoken of as 'the man who could run a mill in his sleep.' The fact remained, however, that both mill and dam were a perfect success, and the dam is in existence and in use to-day. And all because a plain, half-educated, common man put heart and soul into the compelling of Success. Nearly every body who reads can, if he will, have an education and a chance. Will you make use of the opportunity?

One, Two, or Three—Which Would You be?

(Z. A., in 'Sunday Reading for the Young'.)

'The ball has gone through the window!
Fly, boys, fly for your lives
If you're quick, you'll be round the corner
Before the master arrives.'

They ran—the mischievous urchins—
One got well out of sight;
Two paused, breathless and panting,
'Three!' he gasped, 'Is it right?

'Ought we to hide and scamper?
Oughtn't we, praps, to confess?'
Said Three, the timid and tiny,
'If we tell, we shall get in a mess.'

'Courage,' said Two, 'I'll protect you;
Don't be afraid, I say.
He'll be angry, of course, the master,
And, between us, we'll have to pay.

'But telling is better than sneaking—'
'One got off safe,' groaned Three;
'We shall get all the rowing,
It's hard upon you and me.'

But when night came, dark and silent,
Things went hardest with One;
He lay awake, Conscience crying
'Better have told, and have done.'

While Two and Three they slept soundly,
Nothing on earth to dread;
Faults confessed, and forgiven,
Good angels around their bed.

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