

"No, thank you, I have some chores to do before the storm breaks. Here is your mail. Several papers and only one letter."

"It's from my boy out west," Mr. Westmore remarked after Mr. Larkins had gone. "We've had little news from him lately. I hope nothing's wrong."

His hand trembled slightly as he opened the letter and unfolded several sheets of paper within. Nellie picked up one of the papers, a daily from the city, and was soon engrossed in its pages. An exclamation from her father caused her to look quickly up. The expression on his face was one of joy. It was that of a man from whom a heavy burden of care has been unexpectedly lifted.

"Nellie, Nellie!" he cried. "Good news from Philip! He's won his case! The mine is ours beyond dispute, and it is far richer than was at first believed. Read it for yourself," and he eagerly thrust the letter into her hand.

Trembling with excitement Nellie did as she was commanded. The first part of the letter told about the long, stern fight which had been made, and of the victory which had been won.

"You little know, father dear," Philip wrote in conclusion, "what this will mean to us all. Upon my suggestion you invested your all in this mine, and at one time it looked as if we would lose everything. But now all that is changed. I am a rich man to-day and you will no longer want for anything. Your investment will be increased a hundredfold, and you will