

were artificial, and such it is, but I guess not one of you ever thought that in that mound a human being sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. But such is the case. A little over twenty-five years ago a stranger from the city came to Bill Wade's place—you all know where he lives, away over yonder near Long Lake. Well, Bill and I were the only settlers in here at that time, and although we were over five miles apart we were always neighbors for the reason that there was no one else to neighbor with. This stranger wanted to know of Bill if many people ever came to his place and Bill said that outside of me no one ever came; so then the stranger told Bill that if he could make it convenient he would like to erect a small shanty on his place as he had some great work in view—invention he called it—that he didn't want a living soul to know of until it was completed. Bill was always an obliging fellow, and as he had more land than he could use conveniently, he told the stranger,—whose name by the way was Saunders—that he could have the privilege of putting up the shanty. However, he only intended this as his workshop and he had his meals at Bill's house. For a long time he did nothing much but read a lot of big books all about electricity and such like. He was a curious sort of chap was this Saunders and he used to amuse Bill and me by doing all sorts of odd things. Once he got an old stove pipe and put a lot of wood inside of it and soaked the wood with coal oil; next he got an old paper flour bag and putting it over the pipe he set fire to the wood. Presently the bag began to want to get away and soon he tied a string quickly around it and away she went sailing off into the air. Bill and I both thought it was rather childish but when he began to explain to us the reason why the bag floated and talked of things like oxygen, hydrogen and specific gravity we concluded he either knew more than we thought he did, or else he was crazy. After a time he seemed to get all he wanted out of the

books for he left them at Bill's and would go to his shanty and stay there all day, working, as he said, on his invention; though what it was none of us had the slightest idea.

"Often too he would hire Bill's horse and light wagon and go to the station at Ormsby, thirty miles away, for material that he said was being sent from the city for his invention.

"So the days wore on into weeks and still Saunders was as mysterious as ever and perhaps even more so for he would confine himself to his workshop all day and half the night.

"Bill and I asked him one day what he was making but he wouldn't tell; he only said he was working on a great invention and that one day the world would hear of it and that we would be the first to witness it. He worked so hard and got so thin and pale that we tried to get him to stop and take a rest, but he refused saying there was no rest for him until his work was finished; we then offered to go and help him but he promptly told us that he would never let any one see him at work much less let them handle his precious treasures. He was so awful scared of letting any one see his work that I thought perhaps he was doing something wrong. I had read once of some fellows who had gone away among the mountains and had made counterfeit money and I thought perhaps since this fellow was so scared of any one seeing him that he was doing the same.

"Bill," said I one night when we were sitting together in Bill's house, 'I'll bet you that fellow Saunders is doing something queer or he wouldn't be so mighty particular about no one seeing him.'

"What do you mean by queer?" asked Bill.

"Well," I replied, 'something not right. Maybe he is making counterfeit money,' and then to strengthen my theory I told Bill of the piece I had read.

"I never thought of that before," exclaimed Bill, 'but by thunder if he is he can't make it on my place—unless,'