

"He is." "And he has been with you here—yesterday—tonight?" "He has." "Enough." He laughed a weak, foolish laugh, and turning pale, suddenly leaped against a tree. He would have fallen, but with a quick instinct Teresa sprang to his side and supported him gently to a root. The action over, they both looked astounded. "I reckon that wasn't much like either you or me," said Dunn, slowly; "was it? But if you'd let me drop then you'd have stretched out the biggest fool in the Sierra." He paused and looked at her curiously. "What's come over you? Blessed if I seem to know you now."

"Teresa! Hang it—look here. When I was laid up yonder in Excelsior I said I wanted to get well for only two things. One was to hunt you down, the other to marry Nellie Wynne. When I came here I thought the last thing could never be. I came here expecting to find her here with Low, and kill him—perhaps kill her too. I never even thought of you; not once. You might have risen up before me—between me and him—and I'd have passed you by. And now that I find it's all a mistake, and it was you, not her I was looking for—why?" "Why?" she interrupted bitterly, "you'll just take me, of course, to save your time and earn your salary. I'm ready."

"Marry me!" said Teresa in a voice that with all her efforts she could not make cynical. "Yes," he repeated, "after I've married Nellie; tote you down to San Angeles, and there take my name like a man, and give it to you. Nobody'll ask after Teresa, sure—you bet your life. And if they do, and he can't stop their jaw, just you call on the old man. It's mighty queer, ain't it, Teresa, to think of your being my daughter-in-law?"

She was none too soon, for, after holding him upright a moment, his limbs faltered, and stooping gently she was obliged to support him half reclining against a tree. "It's the heat!" he said. "Give me some whiskey from my flask, never mind the water," he added faintly, with a forced laugh after he had taken a draught at the strong spirit; "tell me more about the other water—the Sleeping Water—you know. How do you know all this about him and his father?"

AGRICULTURAL REMEDY FOR HEN LICE. One of the most pestiferous visitations in the hen house is lice; abundant at any time from May until frost comes. They do not confine their presence to their own quarters. If in the vicinity, they invade the pig sty, the carriage house, the horse and cow stable. The horse and his rider are both likely to be covered with this minute pest. They do not trouble the farmer's hen roost always, for the hens as a rule have the freedom of the premises, roost in the apple trees by night, and wallow in unlimited dust by day, which effectually keeps off the vermin. But many must confine their hens in narrow quarters during the growing season, if they keep them at all, and these creatures come upon them by stealth. Do you suggest fumigation by tobacco, or by sulphur? What if your henry is complete in its ventilation, and without a door? It will not hold smoke. Do you advise whitewash and thorough cleansing? That is a big job. Kerosene is now in almost every man's house, and this cheap agent will make your master of the situation. Saturate every box, perch and beam in the establishment, and the job is done. Use the lamp-filler carefully, and much trouble will be avoided.

LETTER FROM MR. REDMOND. THE SUCCESS OF HIS MISSION. The following letter has been received by Mr. Alfred Webb: "Union Club Hotel, Collins street, Melbourne, June 23, 1883. "MY DEAR MR. WEBB.—I have been amused to observe in some home papers a statement that my mission to Australia has proved a failure." To enable you to judge for yourself whether the story is accurate or otherwise, I append a few particulars. "Four months ago I arrived in the Colonies. During these four months I have visited the principal towns in South Australia, New South Wales, and Queensland, and have held upwards of seventy meetings, attended by large and enthusiastic audiences of all creeds and political opinions, and presided over by Ministers of the Crown, members of both Houses of Parliament, mayors of towns, and justices of the peace. The result of these four months' work has been the sending home already of £5,000, with another £1,000 by the mail which takes this letter. There is a probability that I shall be able to continue sending £1,000 by every fortnightly mail in the future. At present I am engaged in visiting centres of population in Victoria, and with every prospect of still greater financial success. Everywhere flourishing branches of the National League have been established. The month of August I shall devote to visiting Tasmania (Van Diemen's Land) and New Zealand, where extensive preparations have been made; and in September, or in the beginning of October, a convention, comprising delegates from all the colonies—on the lines of the recent American Convention—will be held to consolidate the movement. In a word, the result of my work will be (1) the establishment of an enduring and widespread organization, from which continual support may be expected in the future; and (2nd) contributions of £10,000 or £12,000 from my meetings. If this be a failure then I need hardly wish the National League many similar disasters. Great as is my anxiety to return home to Parliamentary work, I feel it my duty to remain in Australia until I have completed the task which I have undertaken. The wisdom of this course will, I am sure, be seen and acknowledged by my constituents and friends at New Hove.—I remain, my dear Mr. Webb, very truly yours, "Alfred Webb, Esq., Hon. Treasurer I. N. L., Dublin.

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