

A WONDERFUL DREAM.

'O, yes—! Yes, yes—I believe in dreams,' said old Silas Taffon. He took another whiff at his pipe, and then added: 'One of the greatest speculations I ever went into comes of a dream, a wonderful dream. I'll tell you about it!'

And we listened to the old man's story as follows: 'You remember, some of you, about the great land speculation here in Maine some 30 years ago. Poor men—a very few of them—were made suddenly rich; and rich men were made suddenly poor.'

We conversed further on the subject, and after breakfast Mr. Meckmore took a pencil, and upon the blank leaf of an old atlas he drew a picture of the spot he had seen in his dream; and he pointed out where beneath the roots of an old stumpy pine tree, he had seen an outcropping of the precious metal.

That very afternoon, armed with an axe and pick, I went forth to the rough cliffside of the twist lot. I knew exactly where the pictured spot was to be found, and when I reached it I was more than ever struck by the faithfulness of Mr. Meckmore's draught. The accuracy in detail was wonderful. And when I reflected that this draught had been made by one who was an utter and absolute stranger to the place—made from the simple impressions of a dream—it is a marvel that I was not struck and strangely impressed.

On the next day I rode over to see my cousin, and when I had spoken of the twist lot he informed me that not only that lot, but a number of others were for sale. They had been advertised and were to be sold at auction in two weeks. He called me a fool when I told him I should bid on the Twist lot, but I told him I had looked it over and had made up my mind that my sheep could find plenty of grazing there! through the summer months. He asked me if I hadn't already got all the sheep pasture I wanted; but I told him he need not trouble himself.

During the next two weeks I kept quiet and held my tongue, giving no opportunity for my secret to become known. On the appointed day I went over to the settlement, where the land was to be sold. It was to be put up in hundred acre lots, and sold by the original plans of the Whitney purchase. Lot number one was put up first, and sold for one-quarter of a cent an acre.

The next lot was the Twist lot, and I heard that iron and copper ore had been discovered upon it. A stranger in jockey clothes, started in at 50 cents an acre. Another stranger who wore a blue frock and a top boot bid 75.

Then there was more talk about iron and copper. The man in the jockey suit said that he had positive assurance that pure iron ore had been found in some of the gulches—and he bid \$1 an acre. At this point I entered into the contest, and bid \$1.25. Up—up—up—25 cents at a time, until I had bid \$10 an acre. People called me crazy. Ten dollars an acre was more than the very land in the whole country was worth. But I held to my bid, and kept my own counsel.

And the Twist lot was knocked down to me for just \$1,000. The terms were cash. I told them to make out the deed while I went home after the money. And away I rode. I emptied my old stocking of gold and silver, and found \$850. I borrowed the other \$150 without trouble at the settlement, and straightway proceeded to the office of Squire Simpkins, where the deed had been made. The instrument was duly signed and sealed, and when the squire had assured me that the payment of the money would make all fast and safe I handed over the gold and silver.

I observed that the name of John Twist had been recently signed, and I asked Simpkins if Mr. Twist was present. 'He was here a few minutes ago,' said Simpkins, 'and will be back again for his money. He's feeling pretty good I should judge, since he has got rid of his hundred-acre lot for twice as much as it cost him, and for a lot of times more than any sane man could think it was worth.'

occasion, and when questioned upon the matter he told us that he had been visited by the same strange dream again. 'This time,' he said, 'the vision appeared with wonderful distinctness. I not only beheld the vast chambers of virgin silver, but I saw an exact profile of the surrounding territory. It was a wild, desolate spot by a deep ravine, through which the snows of winter, rushing down a craggy hillside to a dark, wide-stretching swamp below. This would not impress me so seriously were it not that once before a dream of the same import proved a startling reality.'

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On the next morning at the breakfast table our guest was even more sedate and thoughtful than on the previous occasion, and when questioned upon the matter he told us that he had been visited by the same strange dream again. 'This time,' he said, 'the vision appeared with wonderful distinctness. I not only beheld the vast chambers of virgin silver, but I saw an exact profile of the surrounding territory. It was a wild, desolate spot by a deep ravine, through which the snows of winter, rushing down a craggy hillside to a dark, wide-stretching swamp below. This would not impress me so seriously were it not that once before a dream of the same import proved a startling reality.'

the green coat and bright buttons? 'That,' said Simpkins, is 'Mr. John Twist.'

In a moment more the man in the bottle green coat had ridden away, with his heavy saddle bags behind him; and he returned again that coat I beheld my reverend guest? It flashed upon me that the Rev. Paul Meckmore and he were the same person! And this was not all that flashed upon me. A few days afterwards I took my lumps of white metal to a man who was versed in such matters, and asked him what they were. He took the largest lump, and tested it and said: 'Pewter.'

I asked if pewter was ever dug out of the earth in that shape. 'Well,' said he, 'seeing that pewter is an alloy of tin and lead, it couldn't be very well dug up, unless somebody had gone and buried it beforehand.'

Touching further exploration upon my Twist lot I will not speak. I will only add that I have an old stocking at home with half a dozen lumps of pewter in it, and I never look upon it but I am forced to acknowledge that dreams are sometimes very strange and wonderful things.

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Law. Robert Murray BARRISTER-AT-LAW, Notary Public, Insurance Agent, ETC., ETC., ETC. D.G. MACLAUCHLAN, Barrister-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

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