PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscribers, for the purpose of reducing their stock and making a change in business, will sell at Public Sale, at their implement warehouse, in Double Pipe Creek, Md., on

Wednesday, 22nd day of October, 1890, at 10 o'clock, A. M., a large lot of NEW FARMING IMPLEMENTS, consisting of a lot of wood and steel frame springtooth harrows, ranging in size from 14 tooth to 24; wrought iron and chilled plows, 2 wagons, size of skein 3 1-2 inch, tire 4x3-4; 1 new road wagon, (Collins' make); 2 carts, Riding and walking corn plows, corn drags, corn planter, double and single shovel plows, hand lever feed cutters, lawn mowers, one new Deering mower, one Champion mower, a number of good second hand grain drills, grain cradles, rakes, hoes, forks and spades, a lot of fodder yarn and binder twine, and many other articles usually kept in a well-stocked implement house. This sale presents a rare opportunity to farmers and others.

Terms of sale.—Sums under $5, cash; on all sums of $5 and upwards, a credit of Five months will be given, on notes, with approved security, and without interest until maturity. If not paid at maturity, legal interest will be charged from that date.

WEYBRIGHT & SNADER.

At same time and place, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale his property, in the Village of Double Pipe Creek, consisting of a lot of land, containing

ONE THIRD OF AN ACRE,

improved with a good two-story Frame house, two stables, Agricultural Implement Warehouse, and necessary outbuildings; a well of good water at the house and also at the stable. This property is in the centre of the village and is one of the best locations for business in the place. Also the following Personal Property, to-wit: 3 young horses, 2 fine drivers and one a good farm horse; 3 falling top buggies, two as good as new; 1 good Dayton wagon, 1 new cutter sleigh, a lot of old iron, &c., &c.

Terms of sale of Real Estate.—One-third cash, one-third in one year and one-third in two years from day of sale, credit payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned.

Terms of sale of Personal Property.—All sums under $5, cash; on all sums of $5 and upwards a credit of five months will be given, the purchasers to give their notes, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

JOHN S. WEYBRIGHT.
Thomas S. Kolb, Auctioneer. oct-11-ts

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Two Valuable Farms and Wood Lot

In Franklin District, Carroll Co., Md.

THE subscriber, intending to quit farming, will sell at public sale, on the premises, on the Sam's Creek road, near Crawford's store, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18th, 1890, at 1 o'clock, P. M., sharp, 1st—That valuable farm, now in the occupancy of Mr. John H. Bell, containing

156 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, in a high state of cultivation; about 10 acres are in excellent timber; water in every field; spring at the dwelling house; running water at barn and other outbuildings; two orchards of choice fruit. Over 3,000 bushels of lime have been lately put upon this farm. The improvements are a large and comfortable Frame Dwelling House, Switzer Barn, corn crib, wagon sheds, hay barrack, hog pen, spring house, and all other necessary outbuildings, in good repair.

2d—The home farm, now in the occupancy of the subscriber, adjoining No. 1, containing

61 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS,

about one-half of which is in excellent timber. The improvements are a new two-story Frame Dwelling House, Frame Barn, and all other necessary outbuildings. The land is in a very productive state, under good fencing, water at the house and in the fields; fruit, &c.

3d—A wood lot containing

10 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS,

of superior hickory, white and water oak timber; adjoins farm No. 2.

These tracts of land lie in a good neighborhood and are close to churches, schools, post-office, mills and stores, adjoin the lands of Elder Wm. H. Franklin, John Stem, Thomas Smith and others, and are worthy the attention of purchasers.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash, balance in equal payments of one and two years; or, all cash, at option of purchaser; or different terms may be made by applying to the undersigned.

sep-27-3t STEPHEN T. GORSUCH.

STATEMENT

Of the Condition of The Westminster Savings' Institution for the year ending Sept. 30th, 1890.

RESOURCES.

Judgments	$18,656.09
Mortgages	155,135.87
Bills receivable	72,690.35
Stocks and Bonds	97,836.00
Real Estate and Furniture	6,000.00
Cash on hand	2,484.71
	$352,803.02

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$10,105.05
Surplus	25,396.45
Weekly and Monthly Deposits	107,886.99
Special Deposits	203,655.58
Bills Payable	1,549.00
Interest on Special Deposits	3,500.00
Dividends due	2,800.00
	$352,803.02

The undersigned hereby certify that we have this day examined the stocks, bonds, securities and investments of The Westminster Savings' Institution, and that the aforegoing statement is correct, and in their judgment the funds have been carefully and judiciously invested. The loans have been well secured and the Institution is in a prosperous condition.

WILLIAM LAWYER,
WILLIAM J. BEGGS,
JACOB D. LEISTER,
JOSEPH STONER,
MARTIN L. LANTZ, } Committee.

October 2d, 1890. oct-4-3t

NO. 2864 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity.

Jeremiah Rinehart, Mortgagee, vs. Catharine Hess and Jacob Hess her husband.

ORDERED this 1st day of October, A. D., 1890, that the sale of the Mortgaged property made and reported in the above entitled cause, by Charles T. Reifsnider, Attorney or Agent named in Mortgage under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a Mortgage from Catharine Hess and Jacob Hess her husband, to Jeremiah Rinehart, bearing date on the 17th day of February, A. D. 1880, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber F. T. S., No. 14, folio 191, &c., be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 5th day of November, next: Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks previous to the 27th day of October, inst.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2850.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
oct-4-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

NO. 2766 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Emanuel D. Whitmore, Executor, and others, vs. John C. Whitmore and others.

ORDERED this 1st day of October, A. D., 1890, that the sale made and reported by Emanuel D. Whitmore, Trustee, in his second report of sales filed in the above entitled cause, be finally ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 5th day of November, next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll County, once a week for three successive weeks previous to the 27th day of October inst.

The report states the amount of sale to be $145.35.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
oct-4-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

For Rent.

House No. 47, W. Main street, one of the most pleasant and conveniently located houses in Westminster. Apply to

oct4 3t E. O. GRIMES.

Dr. J. W. Helm, Surgeon Dentist,

(Graduate of Md. University, Baltimore),

New Windsor, Carroll County, Md.

OFFERS his professional services to the Public in all its branches. He will visit TANEYTOWN—on the 1st Wednesday of each month.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.

A liberal share of public patronage solicited Respectfully,

ly-30 1y J. W. HELM, D. D. S.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 42. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 18, 1890. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

THE AVERAGE MAN.

His face had the grim look of granite,
As wrinkled and brown by the sun
As the coat on his narrow shoulders—
And his hands showed the work he had done
For his wife and the babe on her bosom;
Yet he smiled through his pallor and tan,
Impatient, sad way, as if saying:
"I'm only the average man."

"I can't be a hero or poet,
Nor a General, decked with a crown;
I'm only a badly paid servant
For them set above me. I'm down,
An' its no use complaining,
I'll get along best way I can—
But one of these days 'll come mornin'
And hope I'r the average man."

As I looked on this wistful-eyed toiler
A fire flashed in my brain,
And I cried from my heart's deepest centre
Above the wild roar of the train:
"I have seen the hero of battles,
I have looked on the hand for plan—
The mightiest force of the world is
The arm of the average man!

"He wages all battles and wins them,
He builds all towers that soar
From the heart and the heat of the city;
His hands sets the ship from the shore.
Without him the General is helpless,
The earth but a place for a plan,
He moves all, and builds all and feeds all,
This sad-smiling, average man!"

Then I lifted my hands in a promise,
With teeth hard-set and my breath
Held close in my throat, as I uttered
In a vow that shall outlive death:
"I swear that the builder no longer
To me shall be less than the plan:
Henceforth I give honor and glory—
Being just to the average man!"

Select Story.

THE NEW DEPARTMENT.

Before the non-committal door leading into the editorial department of a city daily stood a woman whose face plainly indicated painful hesitation and reluctance. Her thoughts cried out almost audibly: "Where is all the courage with which I left home? They will hear my heart beat and think I am knocking, anyway, so I might as well do it. If he is a perfect bear, as they tell me, when at work, he can't do more than eat me."

Then she gathered strength enou to call the attention of a scribb within who called out: "Come i to her feminine rap, as he follow his voice in a dazed fashion from of the heaps of papers, books a dust in which he had been immers

To her intimidated request for M Barrows, the editor, he replied: "O you want to see the chief! First do to the right," and sank into oblivi of her presence.

Thus encouraged the intruder ceded to the request to "please knoc on the first door to the right, and w told to "come in" by a business-li voice.

Now that the first awful moment admittance had passed her spir rose, giving strength to her purpo and tongue. "Is this Mr. Barrows she asked, as the sole occupant of t room rose to his feet at sight of t unexpected and altogether "takin individual approaching his desk.

"Yes, miss," he replied, "can I any thing for you?"

Looking straight up at him, wi her whole stock of courage to t front, she said: "Yes, sir, you can. want work. Have you any to giv me?"

If she had asked for bread the editor could not have been more surprised, as he looked at the brown-eyed girl whose distinctively feminine and protected appearance and generally well-kept air belied her words. At last he recovered sufficiently to say: "What kind of work do you want? Have a seat and let us talk about it."

"Yes, thank you, I might as well sit down and come to the point immediately. You and I have a mutual friend in Mr. Jameson, the architect. He knew I wanted something to do on a newspaper, and mentioned you as the only editor of his acquaintance. I did not know even as many as one. I am still in my salad days of journalism, as you have probably surmised, never having been in an office, but a good many of my things have been published over my first name—Jean—the last name is Elford—Jean Elford. I wrote only for amusement until my father died two years ago, when I was twenty-one. Since then my mother and I have not found life such smooth sailing. Now, I want some regular employment on a paper, and am willing to begin at the bottom and work up."

Now Edward Barrows was an editor hardened in the ways of feminine applicants for assistance; besides being a bachelor on the wrong side of forty, with the reputation of being what has truly never existed, a woman hater. But the way in which this girl "struck from the shoulder," as he told her afterwards, overthrew his defence at one blow.

"Well, Miss Elford, I shall be glad to do any thing in my power for you, if only for the sake of Jameson. I am surprised at his sending any one to me, considering my reputation for growling when in my den," he added, with a quizzical look.

She laughed and dared to reply: "I must confess you are a surprise to me, for I was assured that it would be taking my life in my hands, this interviewing you about newspaper work."

The veteran glanced at himself in an advertising mirror hanging on the wall, wondering if he had reached his dotage to like such impudence from a stranger.

In a few words he explained to her the hardships of such a life; the army of volunteers enlisting in the war of words for bread everyday; and finally that he had no vacancies on his paper; moreover, he knew nothing of her capabilities as he had never happened to come across articles signed "Jean." "But because I know nothing of you is no sign you can't write," he put in as a sugar plum after a bitter pill. "Although I can do nothing for you permanently, if you will send me something you have done perhaps I could publish an article now and then or help you to a place in some other office."

After which she could do no more than be grateful for crumbs and rush home to get up something fine in her very best style for the bear that did not growl.

In their small apartments up-town Jean found her mother, who had been left in the dark in regard to this venture for fear of discouraging opposition. The mother conjectured that events were in the air from the cyclonic entrance of Jean, ordinarily as dignified as a boyish face and exuberance of life would permit.

"Mother, mother, here I am!"

"Have you gone through the fiery furnace without a singe?"

Mrs. Elford's amazement increased as Jean described the whole scene. She indulged in a laugh, which atoned for many things, when, after asserting that Mr. Barrows was good-look-

[redacted]

admittance when a more comprehensive glance revealed Mr. Barrows, who somewhat nervously said: "Good evening, Miss Elford; I have brought you some books which need reviewing. How are you at that kind of work?"

Overcoming her surprise, she asked him in, said something about his kindness in coming such a bad night, and, before they quite realized it, he was presented to her mother and drying off before the open fire. Arrangements were made about the book reviewing, followed by a few moments of general conversation, after which he took leave as suddenly as he had appeared, remarking that he was on his way to a bachelor dinner given monthly by a dozen friends of that order of misanthropists.

"Your new friend seems to partake somewhat of the nature of a whirlwind, Jean;" said Mrs. Elford after the door closed upon the departing surprise.

"Yes, mother; but what is mor astonishing I verily believe he is a old bachelor after what he said abou the dinner. It is fortunate I did no know that when I went to see him for the halo of a suppositious wif and family around him softened m horror of asking a favor of a strang man."

Between the time of the first cal and the summer Mr. Barrows found considerable business attracting hin to a certain quiet up-town flat. Occasionally the ladies found themselves at the theatre or opera, followed by a dainty supper with the acquaintance whose entrance into their lives had been as abrupt in every particular as the conspicuous characteristics of the man.

During the winter Mr. Barrows talked of going abroad in June. Whenever the subject was mentioned Jean experienced an unaccountable emotion of anticipated regret, for, notwithstanding the disparity in years, they seemed to be wonderfully congenial.

One fine May day our young "literary lady," as her mother dubbed her, was standing rapturously gazing into the windows of a florist on Broadway where "Jacque" roses and violets were piled in masses of fragrant beauty. A voice over her shoulder asked: "Which will you take?" She turned and saw Edward Barrows looking down at her through glasses which failed to hide the glow of admiration in his keen, gray eyes of something—she supposed the flowers, as she knew his passion for nature's beauty spots.

He insisted upon getting her a handful of roses, and then walked on down the street enjoying the blue sky, salt breeze, and the bright faces of the multitude en promenade in their new spring clothes.

Jean asked her companion how soon he expected to sail.

He replied: "I am not sure enough yet to engage my passage."

Then in his abridged fashion, suggestive of the blue pencil, he almost jerked out: "Miss Jean, I wish to enlarge my staff."

"Do you?" she innocently asked, thinking perhaps a place would be made for her.

"Yes," he replied, "You came to me last fall for a position, but I had nothing to give you. Since then I have begun a new column called 'Love and Matrimonial Affairs.' Will you edit this new venture?"

He enjoyed her puzzled look for a moment then continued in a low, earnest tone: "This is no place to tell you Jean, that when you struck out from the shoulder that day in my office you broke down the door of my heart which had been bolted for years; but I have to do things when the spirit moves in order to succeed, and success I *must* have or give over the greatest happiness of my life. What do you say, Jean?"

She had not known herself before, but the last few moments had taught her much. She looked at him with a smile and replied: "I thought editors only employed old and experienced hands for regular employment."

"That means that you will undertake the work, dearest?" he asked in a whisper, as they mounted the stairs to the elevated road.

"I'll consider and send you a telegram or postal as to my conclusion; or, perhaps you will come out tonight for a verbal reply," she flashed back as she stepped aboard the train.

"Well, Mr. Barrows' trip abroad was deferred until October, when his new staff assistant, the editor of the column of Love and Matrimony, bore him company.

No Place for the Camel.

Those purveyors to the summer resorts of America who contemplate making camels an attraction of the ocean beach next year will doubtless be interested in the news that the town council of Brighton, England, has refused to allow the presence of these animals at that watering place. The camel, it was declared by the authors of the veto upon his advent, may be an animal whose peculiarities are full of interest to the man of science, but it cannot be said that he is suitable for general riding. His temper is uncertain, his appearance ludicrous, and his movements unduely reminiscent of the switchback railway. In deserts camels are indispensible; in circuses and menageries they frequently comport themselves with a becoming dignity. But if they were brought upon the beach of a fashionable watering place, and made to listen to the banjo of the Ethiopian serenader and the braying trumpets of the town band, there is no saying of what excesses their emotions might not make them capable.

Water serves to convey any pressure or power which may be given to

[redacted]

height of 2.3 feet a pressure of one pound per square inch is added to the base.

Mankind is not disposed to look narrowly into the conduct of great victors when their victory is on the right side.

SOUTHERN KANSAS AND THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

A Trip Through the Indian Territory and Oklahoma.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

After a drive of six miles through the prairie bottom along the Arkansas river, an entrance was made into the Pawnee reservation through a gate in the barbed wire fence by which an immense cattle range is guarded. Soon after passing through the gate, the trail seemed to take a course contrary to that which we had marked out, and leaving it, we moved eastward. The road soon bore to the northeast, and having traveled about eight miles over an immense rolling plateau, broken here and there by great ravines, along the side of which it was necessary to drive for hundreds of yards, before it was possible to cross them, through herds of Texas steers, between the horns of some of which a man might place a large armed rocking chair and have considerable room on either side, we again found ourselves approaching the Arkansas river, and soon the road upon which we were traveling "ran out" and there was not even the sign of a wagon track. To the southeast a body of timber was in sight, and bearing toward it another road was soon found. This road led into a broad stretch of wooded country. Great oak, hickory, walnut and pecan trees rose on either side, and beneath them was an impenetrable undergrowth of small timber. For a time the trail was well marked, but soon not even a foot-path was visible. Coming into a small clear space in the midst of the woodland, one of the party went forward on the broncho, searching for a trail, but without success. Back-tracking through the wilderness, a deep gulch was entered, in which were the tracks of many deer and turkeys. Another trail was found after returning to the open prairie, and an effort made to pass through the forest at another point. This second effort was successful, and presently a log cabin was reached. Here was found a white man, who was renting from an Indian, doing a little farming, running a hog ranch, and waiting for the opening of "The Strip."

After a drive of twelve mile from this point, through "all sorts of a country," high land, red land, black land, alkali land, sandy land and prairie, every thing except fairy land, about one mile beyond a great ravine in which the drift wood lodged among the branches of trees fifteen feet from the ground gave evidence of the body of water passing through it in rainy seasons, the Pawnee Agency was reached. While in the store seeking information as to the route, and watching the bartering of a number of squaws, some gorgeous in bright colored shawls, others filthy in the extreme, a party, with large wagon and single team, en route for the Stillwater country, in Oklahoma, came up. It was decided to follow the same route. They passed on at once, and having filled our beer keg with water from a good well, we soon followed. Having crossed Black Bear Creek, by a ford, a point where the road forked was soon reached. Here the party, who had passed at the agency, was in waiting, uncertain which direction to take. We informed them that we were unreliable as guides, but that if they would follow us they would come out somewhere. They decided to follow. We make a guess at the left hand trail, and soon find that we are wrong, but go ahead.

It makes little difference to us where we land, only that we find a good camping ground, with water and grass for the horses. Having driven about eight miles over a prairie covered with grass but without sign of water, a corn field with a belt of timber beyond, coming into view at sunset, relieves the fear that a stream will not be found before dark.

Beyond the corn field there are tents. It is another party in camp? This was the thought; but approaching we were undeceived. Before us were a number of wigwams and we knew that we had run into an Indian village. It would be necessary to have seen to be able to appreciate the appearance of the motley group, some seated and others standing around the largest wigwam. At the side, alone, was an old warrior, who at once rose as our team came near, and when we stopped shook hands with the entire party. Near by were a number of squaws, some with papooses strapped on their backs, and one, rather young, bearing in her arms, tied to a board, a baby whose color was more nearly white than red. As we sought to make them understand that we wanted to find a camping place with water near by, and wished to be directed by them, from another wigwam two other Indians came forth. Their appearance did not indicate whether they were men or women. The hair of each was worn in two long braids, hanging down the back. Each wore, wrapped around the body, a sheet that had once been white. One was thin and delicate in appearance, and the sheet covered the entire body, from shoulders to feet; the other, a moderately tall, well built individual, wore the sheet around the body, but without any covering for the lower extremities, in whose shapeliness he, for it turned out that both were men, evinced great pride. Two years teaching at the Indian school at Lawrence has not accomplished very much for these young men.

At first none would speak English, but at length the old buck, who had greeted our approach, jumped to a seat on the wagon and with a wave of the hand said: "Drive, me show." About two hundred yards below the village a beautiful spot, by the side of Bear Creek, beneath an immense oak, was found suitable for pitching the tent. All jumped from the wagon, except the Indian. The writer suddenly became tired, and again mounted the wagon to rest and watch their guide, while the others unloaded and set up the tent. From the Indian we learned that his name is "Pawnee Jack." To the question, "where from?" he replied "Idaho—soldiers—shoot." As soon as the tent was pitched, one of our party made a fire and placed the kettle on, while another put our keg of water in place on the spread in front of the wagon. This was a bad move. Pawnee Jack, supposing it beer, asked for a drink. As a joke he was handed a tin cup full of water. How he enjoyed it. "Good, good, more." By this time there were seven Indians in and around the tent, and all wanted a drink of water, and how they did drink. It was probably the first cool water they had seen since their last visit to the agency. The water of the creek generally supplies their necessities, and they prefer to use it to exerting themselves in digging a well.

Pawnee Jack remained upon the wagon, and not the smallest article taken from it escaped his eagle eye. When he thought the kettle had been on the fire a sufficient length of time, he called out "Huwwy-suppah-huwwy," and the others echoed his exclamation with grunts of approval. Here was a revelation. They had consumed the most of our drinking water, and now, inviting themselves to supper, would begin on the provisions. No heed was paid to their signs, and they continued their examination of our camping outfit, the great wagon umbrella coming in for the largest share of attention, and after that the two breech loaders. As they examined, they asked for everything—either that it should be given, sold, or traded—horses, pony, wagon, saddle, coffee, tea, potatoes. Again the guttural, "Huwwy—suppah—huwwy," was heard from the wagon, this time to find response in the explanation that we did not intend to cook any supper. This, by the way, was a suddenly formed resolution, and the announcement was received with expressions of doubt. At this point there was a new arrival. He who came into camp was evidently a "big man" in his tribe as he was in size. He walked to the front of the tent, held out his hand to the eldest of our party, and then having saluted each in turn, went to the fire and piled on more wood. He then marched to the tent, entered and wrapping his blanket around him, sat down. After a few moments of silence, with a sweeping gesture with both hands, he exclaimed: "Land—water—trees—all mine—all me." Just then Pawnee Jack grunted: "Give Pawnee Jack tater, he go." The potatoes not being forthcoming, he at length very gravely shook hands all around and took his departure. The others soon followed his example, except the old man in the tent, whom, for want of a better name, we called "Cow-without-a-tail," from the fact that while the others wore their hair in braids hanging down the back, the front of his head was shaved and the hair rolled on top of the head like the comb of a rooster and tied with a strip of beaver skin at the base of the skull.

Now was our chance and repeating to each other Pawnee Jack's "Huwwy-suppah-huwwy," the cloth was soon spread, and old "Cow-without-a-tail," who during all the preparation of the meal had been a quiet observer of our movements, was invited to take tea with us. He was not slow to accept the invitation, and astonished his hosts by waiting to be helped to the various kinds of food spread before him. Before the meal was finished, the two young men, clad in the traditional ghostly garments, whom we had seen in the village, came into our camp, and 'Cow-without-a-tail" informed us that, "They papoose—both—my papoose." "My papoose" were not invited to take tea and in a few minutes, having taken all the water they could hold, and looking around to see if there was any thing else they could take, and finding nothing, took their departure. As they moved away, the old chief pointing after them said, "Papoose like tea, give tea papoose." Having plenty of coffee, and only a small quantity of tea, a paper of the former was handed him. Taking this, he nevertheless made another effort to get the tea by declaring, "Papoose no like coffee, papoose like tea."

At length all the Indians were gone and we were left alone. Convinced that their eyes were still on our horses and stores, to guard against theft it was thought wise to divide the night into four watches, and one keep guard, while the others slept. This program was carried out, and at daylight in the morning a surprise was prepared for our Indian neighbors, who would doubtless have invited themselves to take breakfast with the white men. Before there were any signs of life in the village we were on our way.

Clouds covered the sun, and if we were lost in the evening, morning found us more uncertain as to our course. None were certain as to the points of the compass, and there was no way by which we could get our bearings, but, with the usual good fortune, a road bearing south was found. After traveling a mile the road ended in the midst of an impenetrable forest, and it was necessary to return a short distance and strike directly west. At length a well traveled trail was found, which led through a well wooded rolling country, with here and there great stretches of prairie land. A slight shower brought out our rubber blankets for a short time. Driving over the prairie, there appeared not far to the left, standing on a ridge, a horse, that, outlined against the sky, seemed to be very large. Supposing that the animal had escaped from some one traveling, or from one of the settlers in Oklahoma, it was determined to make an effort to capture him. Mounted on the mustang, the writer sought to approach, but it soon became evident that if the animal had ever been domesticated, he was now as wild as the wildest horse that ever roamed the plains. All other loose horses met on the trip, attracted by our animals, came as near as possible to the wagon, but this one did not permit a nearer approach than a quarter of a mile and then flew like the wind to the south and was soon out of sight. No other incident occurred for several hours, except the meeting of an occasional wagon bearing the family of some discouraged man northward from the land in which he had failed to realize his hopes. After a time a plowed field gave the glad news that a settled country was near, and before us lay the borders of "The Beautiful Land." We entered Oklahoma two miles from the north east corner, where just on the border is the home of a settler, if it can be called a home. His house was composed of two wagon covers sewed together and raised in tent form upon a ridge pole, and four corner posts. Through the top projected a stove pipe, and within the family was seen at breakfast. There were men, women and children. As we approached, the owner of the claim came forward and to our questions replied that as far as farming was concerned his effort had been a failure, but that, located just on the edge of the strip, he had pastured a number of horses and cattle and with these had done well; but that he intended to abandon his claim within a few weeks and go into the Cherokee Reservation. A drive of about twelve miles brought us to the Stillwater, at a point about seven miles from the place where we entered the country. Sometimes we traveled by road, sometimes across the unbroken prairie, now through open land, and now through timber; through deep ravines, gulches into which it seemed, before attempting them, impossible to descend, and over hills that tried the mettle of the horses, although their load was lightened by three of the party walking up and down the steep grades.

At the saw-mill were found the only people who did not know all about the country and the roads by which we should travel. They at least did not put us off the track, and we went forward "at random." The roads by which we were now traveling lay among the ravines of the bluff between the Stillwater and the Cimmaron rivers, and the hills can only be described as small mountains, covered with heavy timber.

With trails running in every direction, and without a guide in the midst of a wild country, two cowboys riding toward us were warmly greeted.

"Can you tell us the road to a ford of the Cimmaron?"

"You will find a ford either to the south or east."

"Is there a store on either road?"

"Yes, on the road to the south."

"Can we get any eggs at the store?"

"I don't know. If they have any they will be dear. I got two yesterday and paid forty-five cents for them, and the storekeeper said they would be higher in a few days."

We concluded that we did not care for any eggs and took the left hand road, and after a short drive came to the log cabin of a settler who has a timber claim. A few hundred yards further and we reached the banks of the Cimmaron, on the eastern edge of Oklahoma, looking over into the Sac and Fox reservation.

Every quarter section—160 acres—by which we passed in the morning drive, is occupied. The dwellings of the settlers were subjects of much interest to the writer. The first was a tent, as has been described. Many similar dwellings were seen. These were varied here and there by the appearance of a dugout, or a sod house, while occasionally a small hut of one room, built of rough boards was seen, and a few more pretentious frame dwellings of two rooms. Of course in the woodland most of the buildings were log cabins, generally unplastered. Very little of the land was under cultivation, and the few crops that had been put out were almost entirely destroyed by the drought.

At the Cimmaron, a drive through the underbrush and sand hills, traveiling a mile northward until we came within a few hundred yards of the mouth of the Stillwater, brought us to a ford. The river bed is nearly half a mile wide at this point, level and sandy, but contained very little water.

Crossing the stream the noonday halt was made on the east bank, among the sand hills, sand burrs, sand plums and sand ants. No spring could be found, and the river water was discovered to be unfit for use even for cooking. While clear and rapidly running, it is so salty that for a while the horses refused to drink. After several hours rest and a salt bath for men and horses, a short drive brought us to a side camp of the Turkey Track Ranch, in the extreme northwest corner of the Sac and Fox reservation. Few cowboys were found in camp, the majority of those working on the range being busy, as we were informed, in "cutting out" cattle for shipment. From those who were in camp it was learned that this range has one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land under fencing, and that the number of cattle supposed to be on the ranch at this time is about fifteen thousand.

The gateway by which we came into the range was the entrance into the most beautiful and promising country we had up to that time seen. Stretching fully fifteen miles eastward and twenty miles south lies an upland valley, unbroken by timber, or deep ravines, and surrounded by woodland. Of course the soil is virgin prairie, having never felt the plough-share, but the rank, high grass, fresh and green even in the midst of the terrible drought that has prevailed for many weeks, proved conclusively its fertility. If any of our Carroll county boys have an inclination to try their fortunes in this new land, when it shall be opened up for settlement, while I would say first of all, "don't," my next suggestion would be:—If you do, here is the spot for you, most promising as to soil, healthful climate, and judging from the topography of the country, of future railroad facilities, of all the sections through which we passed in traveling four hundred miles within the territory lines.

Leaving the rangers' camp, in a very few moments a creek was reached, along the banks of which the road bore westward toward the river, into the bed of which we descended by a short, steep hill, almost at an angle of fort-five degrees, traveled a short distance in the bed of the stream, and then eastward again, up another hill equal in incline to that which we had descended, thus crossing the creek, by going around its mouth, to find that having driven about a mile, we had advanced south only four or five rods and were again in the rolling, upland prairie valley of which mention has been made. Traveling southward through a country which needs no further description than that already given, a westward course after a time brought us into the country of the Iowas. The soil here is about of the character of the average western land, with rock cropping to the surface, here and there. For a few miles there is little timber, and the surface of the ground is broken by many deep ravines. Toward evening we came to one of these, which it was necessary for us to cross, and which for want of a better name was called by that which seemed most appropriate, "Break Neck Gulch." The descent into the ravine was accomplished only by attaching a rope to the rear of the wagon, and adding to it the weight and muscle of three men. The depth of the ravine was about twenty-five feet, and the descent about sixty yards long, and the road bed rocky. The ascent to the west was even steeper than the entrance to the gulch. In the ravine was found pools of water for the horses but none for man. Here we camped for the night.

A Workaday Romance.

This story was originally told by Spurgeon: A young clergyman and his bride were invited guests at a large party given by a wealthy parishioner. In all the freshness and elegance of the bridal wardrobe, the young wife shone among the throng, distinguished by her comeliness, vivacity and rich attire; and when, during the evening, her young husband drew her aside and whispered to her that she was the most beautiful woman in all the company, and that his heart was bursting with pride and love for her, she thought herself the happiest wife in the world.

Ten years later the same husband and wife were guests at the same house, where there gathered a similar gay company. The wife of ten years ago wore the same dress she had worn on the previous occasion, and, of course, it had been altered and remade, and was old-fashioned and almost shabby. Toil and care, and motherhood, and pinched circumstances had taken the roses out of her cheeks and the lithe spring out of her form. She sat apart from the crowd, careworn and preoccupied. Her small hands, roughened with coarse toil, where ungloved, for the minister's salary was painfully small.

A little apart the ten-year husband stood and looked at his wife, and as he observed her faded dress and weary attitude, a great sense of all her loving faithfulness came over his heart. Looking up, she caught his earnest gaze, and noticed that his eyes were filled with tears. She rose and went to him; her questioning eye mutely asked for an explanation of his emotion; and when he tenderly took her hand, and placing it on his arm, led her away from the crowd, and told her how he had been thinking of her as she looked ten years before, when she was a bride, and how much more precious she was to him now, and how much more beautiful, for all her shabby dress and roughened hands, and how he appreciated all her sacrifice and patient toil for him and their children, a great wave of happiness filled her heart, and light shone in her face so that it gave more than youthful beauty. And in all the company there was not so happy a couple as this husband and wife, their hearts and faces aglow from the flaming up of pure sentiment that transfiured and ennobled and glorified all the toils and privations they had endured and whose reflected radiance no untoward future could dim.

Too Much Shade.

In a recent number of the Sanitarian Dr. W. T. Parker protests against thick planting of trees very near the house. Not only do they prevent the free access of air and of sunshine or even light, but they also injure the character of the soil as suited for permanent occupation. "A soil," says the writer, "loaded with roots and densely shaded is unfit for man to live upon constantly. Vegetation produces a great effect upon the movement of the air. Its velocity is checked, and sometimes in thick clusters of trees or underwood the air is almost stagnant. If moist and decaying vegetation be a coincident condition of such stagnation the most fatal forms of malarious diseases are produced.

"A moist soil is cold, and is generally believed to predispose to rheumatism, catarrh and neuralgia. It is a matter of general experience that most people feel healthier on a dry soil. In some way which is not clear a moist soil produces an unfavorable effect upon the lungs. A moist soil influences greatly the development of the agent, whatever it may be, which causes the paroxysmal fevers."

A pocket telephone has been introduced in Berlin. The idea upon which its use is based is that electric bells are found everywhere, and there is no reason why they should not be used for telephoning as well. The pocket telephone is to be connected to the bell wires of the hotels and hospitals as well as private houses, and it is claimed that people will be able to speak to distant places by simply taking their telephone out of their pockets as they would their watch.

The world is his who can see through its pretension.

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