AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1897. VOL. 66--NO. 28.

Western Maryland Railroad

CONNECTING WITH

P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown, B. & O. Railroad at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; Penna. R. R. at Brucevile, and P. W. & B., N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, M. L.

MAIN LINE AND CONNECTIO

Taking effect Sunday, June 27th, 1897.

TRAINS WEST.

LEAVE	1. A M *	11. AM. †	15. AM. †	23. PM. †	29. P M †	53. AM. ‡	55 P M ‡
New York							
Philadelphia							
Washington							
Baltimore	4.30	8.11	10.17	4.01	6.07	9.30	2.33
Arlington		8.35	10.40	4.25	6.26	9.53	3 00
Mt. Hope		8.39	10.43	4.27	6.40	9.58	3 05
Pikesville		8.46	10.50	4.35	6.47	10.05	3.11
Owings Mills		9.00	11.02	4.47	7.03	10.16	3.25
Glyndon	5.11	9.11	11.13	4.59	7.17	10.28	3.34
Emory Grove		9.12	11.15		7.18	10.29	3.36
Finksburg		9.21	11.25	5.12	7.29	10.41	3.47
Carrollton		9.37	11.38	5.25	7.46	10.58	4 06
Westminster	5.40	9.53	11.53	5.42	8.05	11.12	4.17
Avondale		10.00	12.00	5.49	8.12	11.20	4.27
New Windsor	5.53	10.10	12.10	6.02	8.25	11.32	4.39
Linwood		10.16	12.16	6.07	8.29	11.40	4.48
Union Bridge	6.00	10.20	12.20	6.13	8.29	11.45	4.56
Middleburg		10.26	P M.	6.19	P M	A M.	P M.
Bruceville	6.06	10.28		6.23			
D. P. Creek		10.35		6.27			
Rocky Ridge		10.40		6.36			
Thurmont	6.34	10.53		6.47			
Edgemont	6.53	11.45		7.32			
Waynesboro	†7.30	12.02		7.51			
Chambersb'g	†8.15	12.36		8.28			
Shippensburg	†			8.55			
Hagerstown	7.30	12.15		8.05			
Wilhamsport							
	A M.	P M.		P M.			

TRAINS EAST.

LEAVE	22. P M. *	4. AM. †	8. AM. †	12. P M. †	18. P M. †	52. A M ‡	54. P M. ‡
Williamsport							
Hagerstown	4.10		7.02		2.07		
Shippensburg			6.00		1.25		
Chambrsburg			6.33		1.50		
Waynesboro			7.17		2.19		
Edgemont	4 4		7.36		2.41		
Thurmont	5.21		8.16		3.21		
Rocky Ridge			8.26		3.31		
D. P. Creek			8.33		3.38		
Bruceville	5.38		8.37		3.44	6.45	
Middleburg			8.39		3.46	6.48	
Union Bridge	5.45	6.37	8.48	12.55	3.54	6.56	3.58
Linwood		6.41	8.49	12.59	3 58	7.02	4.02
New Windsor	5.53	6.46	8.54	1.04	4.04	7.09	4.08
Avondale		6.56		1.14	4.17	7.22	4.0
Westminster	4.7	7.09	9.11	1.29	4.37	7.32	4.28
Carrollton		7.16	9.25	1.34	4.42	7.50	4.43
Finksburg		7.26	9.35	1.41	4.55	8.05	4.56
Emory Grove		7.32		1.52	5.03	8.15	5.03
Glyndon	6.17	7.46	9.43	1.54	5.04	8.20	5.01
Owings Mills	6.46	7.59	9.58	2.04	5.15	8.33	5.19
Pikesville		8.12	10.06	2.18	5.28	8.44	5.31
Mt. Hope		8.11	10.05	2.17	5.36	8.51	5.37
Arlington		8.14		2.22	5.39	8.54	5.40
Baltimore	7.18	8.37	10.27	2.42	6 05	9.20	6.05
Washington							
Philadelphia							
New York	P M.	A M.	A M.	P M.	P M	A M	P M

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. ‡Sunday.

BLUE MOUNTAIN EXPRESS.

Going west.—Leave Baltimore 3.22 P. M. Westminster 4.25, New Windsor 4.40, Union Bridge 4.47, Bruceville 4.53, arriving at Hagerstown 6.47.

Going east—Leave Hagerstown 6.43 A. M., Bruceville 7.57, Union Bridge 8.04, New Windsor 8.11, Westminster 8.24, arriving at Baltimore 9.31.

Express No. 25.—Leave Baltimore 5.00 P. M., Finksburg 5.51, Carrollton 6.04, Westminster 6.21, Avondale 6.28, New Windsor 6.36, Linwood 6.45, Union Bridge 6.50.

Accommodation No. 2.—Leave Union Bridge 5.22 A. M., Linwood 5.29, New Windsor 5.38, Avondale 5.57, Westminster 6.08, Carrollton 6.24, Finksburg 6.38, arriving at Baltimore 7.46.

Passengers for and from Cherry Run, Williamsport, P. V. and intermediate points, from and for stations east of Hagerstown change at Hagerstown.

EMMITSBURG R. R. Trains East will leave Emmitsburg daily, except Sundays at 7.10 and 10.00 A. M. and 2.50 and 5.50 P. M., arriving Rocky Ridge at 7.40 and 10.30 A. M. and 3.20 and 6.20 P. M. Trains west will leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8.26 and 10.46 A. M. and 3.51 and 6.50 P. M., arriving at Emmitsburg 8.55 and 11.10 A. M. and 4.00 and 7.05 P. M.

FREDERICK DIVISION PENNSYLVANIA R. R. (Daily except Sunday.)—Trains for Frederick leave Bruceville at 8.38 A. M. and 9.25 and 10.40 A. M. and 5.53 and 6.25 P. M. Trains for Taneytown, Littlestown and Columbia leave Bruceville 9.47 A. M., and at 3.45 P. M.

Through Trains for Hanover and Gettysburg and points on Baltimore and Harrisburg Division leave Baltimore daily, except Sunday, at 7.22 A. M. and 3.32 P. M. Through cars for Gettysburg and intermediate points leave Baltimore also daily, except Sunday at 10.17 A. M.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager
B. H GRISWOLD Gen'l Passenger Ag't.

ASSIGNEE OF MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from Amelia T. Yeager and Wilhelm Yeager, her husband, to Elias Brothers, dated March 22nd, A. D. 1895, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber F. T. S. No. 21, folio 515 &c., assigned to Elizabeth R. Shipley, wife of John C. Shipley, and duly assigned to the undersigned, I will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, now occupied by Lewis Seipp, on

SATURDAY, JULY 10TH, 1897,

at 2 o'clock P. M., the several parcels of land by said mortgage conveyed.

First. A parcel of land containing

10 ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

being a part of a tract of land called "Cumberland." The improvements thereon are a substantial and comfortable two-story Log and Frame Weather-boarded Dwelling House, with back building, large frame Barn, hog house and other necessary outbuildings, all of which are in excellent repair; water on the premises convenient to the buildings.

There is a large variety of choice fruit on the premises. The land is in an excellent state of cultivation, and is now in the occupancy of Lewis Seipp.

This property is in the Village of East View, in Woodery's district, in Carroll county, and adjoins the land of Nelson Yingling, Charles Kress and others.

Second. A parcel of land containing

24 ACRES, 3 ROODS and 34 Perches, more or less. This parcel is in a good state of cultivation.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash, or if desired, one-third cash, one-third in six and the other one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, the credit terms to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

CHARLES T. REIFSNIDER,
Assignee of Mortgagee.
P A. Gorsuch, Auct. ju-19-ts

Special Notice.

Persons having Real Estate for sale or exchange and wishing to dispose of the same will do well in conferring with

GEORGE W. ALBAUGH,
Westminster, Md.

LOANS NEGOTIATED
dec-26-96-1y

Reifsnider & Reifsnider,
Attorneys-at-Law,
and Solicitors in Chancery,
232 East Main St., Westminster, Md.

We have this day formed a co-partnership for the practice of Law, under the firm name of Reifsnider & Reifsnider. All legal business will receive prompt attention.

CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER, Jr.
June 1894.

WANTED

Every one to know that good southern or northern help of all kinds can be secured at our office. Persons out of employment can get situations by mailing us 2 cent stamp for reply.

MARTIN & HUBBALLS
Employment Agency,
233 N. Frederick St.,
ju-19-3m Baltimore, Md.

JOSEPH M. PARKE
Attorney-at-Law
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY

WILL practice in the various Courts of Carroll county. Special attention given to Orphans Court business. May be consulted for the present at the office of the Register of Wills, or at his residence on Court St., Westminster, Md. 1a5-1

New York Bargain House,

Westminster,

OFFERS YOU THIS WEEK SUMMER GOODS AT CUT PRICES.

STRAW HATS. STRAW HATS.

The lateness of the arrival of hot weather finds us with too many Straw Hats. They must be sold. No reasonable offer refused.

SUMMER SHOES. SUMMER SHOES.

Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's.

Ladies' Chocolate Tans, $2.00 quality, now $1.59.
Misses' Chocolate Tans, $1.75 quality, now $1.39.
Children's Chocolate Tans, $1.50 quality, now $1.19.
Men's Chocolate Tans, $3.00 quality, now $2.39.
Men's Chocolate Tans, $2.00 quality, now $1.69.

In Summer Underwear we are offering some good things at popular prices.

We are still selling 5-4 Table Oil Cloth at 12½c a yd.

Pure Linen Crash 6c a yd.

Extra heavy selvedge edge Cotton Crash 4c a yd.

SUMMER CORSETS. SUMMER CORSETS.

You need them now. We have them in good quality at 50c a pair.

HOSIERY. HOSIERY. HOSIERY.

We know we are rock bottom on Hosiery, quality, considered. If you haven't been our customer in this line try us once.

Our House Furnishing line is in tip top shape. Don't fail to examine this line.

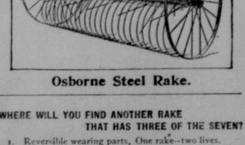
10-piece Decorated Toilet Set $1.98.
A beautiful line Sauce Dishes 5 and 6c each.
Clear Glass heavy Tumblers 25c a doz.
Fine banded Tumblers 40c a doz.
Better grade Tumblers 50c a doz.
Beautiful engraved Tumblers 65c a doz.
Beautiful tinted ware, Cups and Saucers, Plates and Relish Dishes, worth anywhere 15c, at 10c each.

Get a pair Brownie Overalls for the boy. Just the thing for hot weather. Saves his clothes and makes him happy.

Refreshing to the inner man, Root Beer. We sell McCormic's Extract for making. One bottle makes 5 gallons, 10c, or 3 for 25 cents.

Yours to serve,

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE,
31 East Main Street, Westminster,
T. W. Mather & Sons. Opposite Catholic Church.



Osborne Steel Rake.

WHERE WILL YOU FIND ANOTHER RAKE THAT HAS THREE OF THE SEVEN?

1. Reversible wearing parts, One rake—two lives.
2. 57 in wheels. Will make a bigger windrow than any other rake on earth.
3. Bicycle wheels—three times as strong as single spoke wheels.
4. Adjustable dump, high or low, suit yourself.
5. Teeth can be raised or lowered to suit different kinds of land and crops.
6. Oil tempered teeth with coil spring and flattened points.
7. Floating teeth to prevent rolling of the hay or its falling into wheels on hillside.

Send to D. M. Osborne & Co., 244 No. Broad St., Phila., for complete catalogue describing full line of Farm Implements, their "winners".



This is the Load.

We are in a position to haul your Coal or Lumber at very moderate rates. At our yard you can always find a full line of White and Red Ash Coals free from dirt and slate. Crushed Coke for domestic use. N. C. Pine, Ga. Pine, White Pine, Hemlock, White Oak and Lousiana Gulf Red Cypress Lumber, Bangor and Peach Bottom Slate. We still have a few of those 4x20 Cypress Shingles, but then we have other Shingles.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER,

226 WEST MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER, Md.

Sole Agents for "Universal" Waterproof Building Paper, and "Ruberoid" Felt Roofing, not Paper; this is Felt.

HARRY M. CLABAUGH. JOHN M. ROBERTS

CLABAUGH & ROBERTS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
ALBAUGH BUILDING,
COURT STREET, WESTMINSTER, MD.

IVAN L. HOFF,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him.
English and German spoken.
OFFICE: Main street near Court, Westminster, Md.

Wm. F. Derr. | Wm. F. Derr.

GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM,

Babylon Building, near Rail Road.

SECOND WEEK OF OUR

Occasion Extraordinary!

SALE DURING JULY.

These sales are a great money saving device for the people of this community and should be eagerly watched and attended. Our first sale during the past week was a great success. Were you with the crowd? Remember, the goods advertised are positively for one day only.

See this Week's Specials:

SATURDAY, JULY 10.—Boys' Galatea Wash Suits, Blouse and Pants, regular dollar goods, all sizes, for **62c a suit.**

MONDAY, JULY 12.—Gents' Elegantly Trimmed Full Cut Night Shirts, 50c goods, now **25c each.**

TUESDAY, JULY 13.—Heavy Yard-wide Unbleached Muslin, sold usually for 6c, today at **3c a yard.**

THURSDAY, JULY 14.—Ladies' Beautiful Embroidered Handkerchiefs, regular 25c qualities, only **9c each.**

FRIDAY, JULY 15.—Children's Tan and Black Tennis Shoes, sizes 8 to 2, sold today for **10c a pair.**

SATURDAY, JULY 16.—Mammoth Wash Goods Sale. All our 10c, 12½c and 15c Wash Goods go today for only **5c a yard.**

Next week new items. Watch for them and come quick to

The Great Model Emporium,
WILLIAM F. DERR,
Westminster, Md.

Select Poetry.

TO GIRLS.

Girls, here is a bit of advice for you:
There are men in the world whose love is true,
Whose hearts are noble, whose hands are clean,
Who would scorn a practice vulgar and mean.
Don't marry a man to save him.

Would you shun a life of disease and pain,
A broken heart and a weary brain;
Would you shun the plague of a living death?
Oh, never, while you draw your breath,
Marry a man to save him.

If your friend has wedded the fatal cup,
Try your best, endeavor to lift him up,
You may give him your sympathies and cares
Remember him to God in your prayers,
But never marry to save him.

Though you go to your grave alone, what then?
The world is full of sad women and men;
You cannot afford yourself to be lost,
And oh, you are paying a fearful cost,
When you marry a man to save him.

O'er the graves of our loved ones blossoms grow,
In the beautiful years that come and go,
But where is the love that can sanctify
The festering dead that unburied lie?
Don't marry a man to save him.

If he turns his back on the God of truth,
If he kills the beautiful hopes of youth,
If the mother that bore him cannot stay
His course to destruction, go on your way;
No woman on earth can save him.

Select Story.

TRAPPED.

Frank Peterson, a Swede, who is now one of the thriftiest settlers in south western Minnesota, started life there early in the spring of 1872, just after his marriage. He and his hearty young wife took up their claim of one hundred and sixty acres, built their "claim shanty," and went to work on their prairie land.

Throughout the whole summer Frank worked early and late, but September found him with toil poorly rewarded. The tough sod was hard to subdue. It yielded but a scant crop, and most of this had been devoured by grasshoppers before harvest-time.

Frank groaned and grieved, but he was not the man to give up because one season had gone against him. Within sight of his cabin were two sloughs, or swamps, and many more farther away, all inhabited, more or less, by muskrats that lived in houses built partly out of the water, and by mink that borrowed homes in the shores of lagoons.

Frank knew the value of the fur or thread creatures, and resolved to try whether the wastes would not yield him a better crop in winter than the arable land had given for the warm season.

Accordingly, as soon as the sloughs were frozen over, he went to the nearest village with a few dollars of his little hoard and bought a dozen common steel traps, besides to much larger ones which had double rows of small teeth set in the jaws. Next morning he set them all in a large slough whose nearest edge was about a mile from his farm.

For six weeks he met with more than common success, for he caught three hundred and sixteen rats, worth fifteen cents each, and twenty-three mink, worth each a dollar and a half.

"At this rate, Elsa," said Frank to his wife, "just let winter keep on all the time. We make plenty money, and the baby won't want for nothing at all."

But Elsa was not altogether pleased with his occupation. It took him far away every morning, and she believed it subjected him to great danger of being scalped. Previous settlers had told the young woman dreadful tales of how the Sioux had risen and massacred the whites ten years earlier. She knew at least one Indian, Big Thunder by name, was in the neighborhood, and that he lived by trapping. Would he not be angry at Frank for catching the muskrats and mink?

Often Elsa expected to see this fearful savage striding in with her husband's scalp at his belt, and then proceeding to take the baby's and her own. But Big Thunder kept his distance till January. Even Frank had not seen the Indian on whose customary grounds he was encroaching.

To tell the truth, the young Swede was not anxious for such a meeting. He felt that he must trap to provide for his wife and child, but he also felt that if he were Big Thunder, and any stranger took to trapping over his haunts, that stranger would probably get into serious trouble. The young Swede, you see, had been nbred with a sense of justice, and not yet acquired the white frontiersman's opinion that "Indian is pizen," and that it is rather creditable to deprive them of their natural livelihood.

One morning in January, while tending his traps, Frank came to a very large rat house which he had not previously seen. It was one of those structures which trappers call "hotels." They are sometimes eight feet high and thirty feet in circumference. From far and near the rats come to such hotels, and they are therefore good places to set traps in.

Frank quickly began chopping his way into the "nest," or open space in which the rats live. As it was but fifteen inches above the water line, his task was no light one, for grass and mud were well mingled in the great roof, and tightly cemented by frost.

But at last he broke into the nest from the southside, and placed one of his large traps. The nest was an opening three feet in diameter, where fifteen or twenty rats could sleep together, dry and warm.

"Maybe I'll get two at once in that big trap," thought Frank, as he sat down in the snow to rest, and watched his breath rising on the calm, cold air. It was a clear morning; the snow fairly glittered, and the zero was ten degrees higher than the mercury in the tube. But there were already signs of a change of weather.

Two rats at once! Frank had never been so greedy before. Why not make sure of two rats by chopping in from the north side and setting another trap there? No sooner thought of than the young man was at work, and soon two traps were staked on the nest and waiting for the innocents to come in search of bed. Then Frank went home; and still he had seen nothing of Big Thunder.

About two o'clock that afternoon snow began to fall lightly, and a cold, raw wind set in from the northeast; but promptly at half-past three Frank kissed Elsa and the babe, and set off on his usual rounds.

He had looked to nearly all his traps, and dusk was just setting in when he reached the muskrat hotel and began carefully digging away the grass and rubbish with which he had covered the hole on the north side.

He pulled out the small trap, found it empty, and quickly reset it. Then he did something commonly done by trappers. Before replacing the trap in the nest, he thrust in his hand to clear away any rubbish that might have fallen from the hole above.

The hotel was so large that, in order to reach the bottom of the nest he was obliged to lie down on his side and thrust his arm full length into the hole. There his fingers felt around for particles to remove, till he heard a sudden chug! At the same instant his hand was sharply seized. He tried to jerk it away. In vain! His fingers were held in a viselike grip of the large trap staked down on the other side of the nest!

"Caught in my own trap! What a joke!" thought Frank, and he laughed aloud.

Then he struggled and pulled to get loose, but the teeth of the trap seemed to sink into his fingers as he strained at them. Frank stopped laughing. Not only was the pain becoming severe, but his blood seemed to chill as his true situation flashed on him. Still he cast aside the belief that he could not free himself.

"I can reach over across the hotel to the other side and loosen the stake that holds the trap," he said to himself, and straightaway he tried the plan.

He wriggled and struggled; he sprawled face down against the roof, he moved into every favorable position that he could attain with his right arm fastened in the hole, but he could not reach the stake with his left hand.

The young man lay still awhile, trying to collect his wits. He could not, dared not, believe that he was held as surely as ever his traps had held a muskrat. Life was so strong in him! Elsa and the baby waiting over yonder through the snow-storm! He had worked so faithfully for them! Surely God would show him some way to get free.

Then the thought came that he might reach his left hand down to the trap through the hole in which his right arm was imprisoned. He tried, but the hole would not admit the other arm. Then he beat and tore at the mound with his left hand till the strong, stubby finger-nails bled, while the frozen and compact earth and grass defied his puny effort.

Frank turned till his back was partly against the muskrat-house, and looked up toward heaven with wild protestations.

"I—I to die so—like a rat in a trap! O God, why? Don't you see me? Help—quick! I shall freeze! Oh, for justice' sake, God! For my wife and baby! Will you let me die like this?"

He spoke aloud, he did not know how loudly, giving words to his real thoughts; for the sense that he was quite beyond hearing of other human beings left him free of any feeling that he should express himself in a restrained way. He as if with naked heart to God; he looked up as if to fix his despairing eyes on God. But he could not feel that God really saw or heard him—for the sky was now so completely hidden.

What had been a common snow-storm was now a raging blizzard. Snow whirling up from the plane mingled so much with the snow falling from the sky that all the driven air was white. Air? there seemed to be no air, but an atmosphere of loose and hurrying snow. It wholly hid the tall grass and reeds of the slough, and Frank could scarcely make out the edges of the muskrat-house when he turned his face again.

Though the wind blew fast, the silence was perfect. He could not hear any rustling of the dry, high grasses—the very moaning that the rushing air should have made was as if muffled by the all-pervading snow.

"It will bury me deep before morning," thought Frank, "and in the spring they will find my body thawing, stretched on this muskrat-house."

At this idea came a mental picture of how he would look to those who might find him, and in his vision he saw his axe rusting beside his own inanimate body. The axe! He might use it! Why had he not thought of it before?

He turned toward it, reaching out his free hand; he could dimly see the axe, for it was very near. There it stood, head sunk in the snow, handle upright. He squirmed around, trying to reach it with his foot, but could not quite touch it with his most extended toe.

Frank lay still again. He was in great pain. With each struggle the cruel jaws of the trap had seemed to clutch more tightly on his fingers. He lay still, and thought with quite a new pity of all the trapped creatures that he had known to free themselves by gnawing off feet caught as his fingers were caught now.

Were they sterner than he to bear pain? No; he would certainly bite off his fingers if so he could escape to Elsa and the babe. But a man's teeth were never made to gnaw through the great bone of his arm.

As for the pain—he derided it. He could endure any pain to get free! And with a sort of derision he sunk his teeth strongly into the soft upper part of his mighty right arm, and bit hard to reassure himself of his courage against mere agony.

Then a new thought came. "Why am I here if I can bear pain?" he asked himself. "What prevents me pulling my hand free if I can stand the agony? surely I can wrench it out by tearing the fingers."

To add terrible pain to that of members already tortured is one of the most difficult of human resolutions. All the nerves of Frank's body quivered as the set his teeth for the agony. He had to wait for a few seconds to let his will master his shrinking flesh. Then he pulled, bracing himself, pushed with his free arm, straining with all his strength.

The iron jaws slipped a little and set deeper. The teeth were now fast on the bone. Frank felt as if trapped anew. He gave a most desperate jerk, his lips parted in a shriek at the torment, then he lay still but for his heavy panting.

His whole body was in cold sweat now, for a few moments his brain forgot the torture; then he came to his full senses again. His fingers were more firmly held than before, and now he knew that all his force could neither tear them through the iron teeth nor pull them out of their sockets.

Frank lay still for a long time. He had put himself to pain so fierce that he was, he says, relieved in merely resting from it. The truth probably is that the period of extreme agony had dulled his sensations and put him in a sort of stupor. No doubt, too, that he had already begun to freeze, and this partly deadened his suffering from his fingers.

But out of that dullness he woke with a fear more terrible than any physical pain. He had been half-dreaming in woe on the thought of his dear wife, and how she would never again greet him with a smile as he came from his trapping. What was she doing now? Holding the baby to her heart and looking out of the window at this blizzard, looking, ever looking for him, thinking how long he was delayed, fearing, perhaps, of the coming of the dreaded Big Thunder.

Delayed? What if she should think him lost? Of a certain she would start out in search of him? Elsa would brave anything for affection. She would start out leaving the baby in the cradle. The storm would bewilder her; she would wander and stumble, and perish in the cold!

And the baby? soon the hay fire in the stove would burn out, and then his little, tender baby, his little Elsa, with her mother's lips and his bright, blue eyes, the baby, too, would become the prey of the cold!

Frank struggled again; the pain was less now, but he could not pull himself free. The clear images of his mind went lapsing into confusion. He could not hold the pictures and the fears. Stupor was surely coming. He roused himself to that perception, beat himself with his left hand, and tried to kick with his legs. But that effort ceased soon. Lying still began to be very pleasant. Soon he felt painless, warm, comfortable. Perhaps, after all, he should not freeze to death. Was the weather becoming warmer?

In the morning some one would surely find him. With this thought becoming a certainty, he moved his head contentedly into an easier position for a long sleep. Cold, like opium, lulls its victim into eternal slumber.

But now he suddenly felt vexed. "Stop! Leave me alone! Don't! Go away! I won't get up! Stop shaking me!" he said in Swedish. Then he opened his eyes and saw a dark form bending over him.

"Ugh!" said a gruff voice. "White man drunk. Heap much fool. Much fire-water, much cold, white man freeze!"

"I'm not drunk!" said Frank, thoroughly aroused. "I'm in a trap. Get me out quick before I freeze to death!"

"Where trap?" said the Indian, staring blankly.

"Down there, in muskrat house," said Frank, pointing to his left hand.

Without another word the Indian seized Frank's axe and began chopping away the side of the house. Soon he struck into the farther hole. Then he stopped. Next moment Frank's fingers were free. He pushed himself back from the hole, sat up, trembled to his feet, and at once fell down.

"Feet much freeze," said the Indian. "White man no walk home."

The young Swede tried to stand again, but again he sank. His feet were painless, and as hard and solid as lumps of ice.

"Indian carry home," said the savage, throwing his arm around Frank. Then shifting the burden nimbly to his back, and seizing Frank's arms over his own neck, the Indian started on a half trot with his load.

"But he's not taking me home," thought Frank, peering over the other's shoulder. This can't be the right way. It's the opposite direction to my cabin."

"You're not taking me home," he said aloud.

"How freeze-up Swede man know where go?" grunted the Indian. "No see—all snow—Big Thunder know where go."

And so this was Big Thunder? Frank went into a new stupor of wonderment. This was the man Elsa had feared, and he himself, too! And thus the dreaded Indian was repaying the stranger who had been taking his natural livelihood away!

"Perhaps he's going to save me only for worse," thought Frank. "I'm sure he's not taking me home. Maybe he has a wigwam in some bluff near by, and will carry me there—for what?"

The truth was that Frank was so numbed with cold that he was scarcely half-conscious. Thrice Big Thunder put him down and shook him violently to bring him out of stupor. But it was not more than half an hour after they had left the slough when the Indian said, "HereSwede manwigwam!" and Frank was thrown roughly against the door of his own home.

Roused suddenly to clear consciousness Frank thurst open the door, and stood holding on by it. Elsa, with face tear-stained by her fears for him, started up, threw her arms around him, and helped him to stagger to bed. Then she rushed to the cradle, and held the warm face of the suddenly awakened baby to the cold face of its father. Frank thought the screams of the child the sweetest music he had ever heard.

"Where's Big Thunder?" asked the young man then.

"He didn't come, but oh, I was afraid he had killed you," said Elsa.

"Didn't you see Big Thunder? Why, he carried me here!"

But Elsa had not seen the Indian at all. Leaving Frank at the door, he had instantly disappeared in the darknss and the storm.

"Well!" said Frank. "If he found his way here so easily, he will have no trouble in finding his wigwam. I've got to find it too, for I owe my life to him and I must thank him properly, and more too."

"Yes, yes!" cried Elsa, when she understood what had happened. "We must find Big Thunder—he's a good, good man."

But the wannering Indian trapper never came to be thanked, and they never saw him again. Out of the blizzard he had come as if directed by God, and into it he had returned, as if completely rapt away in the Almighty arms to eternal shelter.

IS BALDNESS CONTAGIOUS?

Dr. Sabouraud, in the Annales de Dermatologie, firmly believes that the disease is contagious, and that barbers' instruments are the most common carriers of the contagion; but as customers come and go from one barber to another, it is difficult to trace each case to its source. Starting with the theory of the microbic origin of the disease, Sabouraud has worked out a strong chain of evidence in its support. He tells us that the typical hair of Alopecia areata is found at the edge of an advancing path, and is a stump of long hair that has remained in the scalp. It is club shaped, or like an interrogation point. Its diameter becomes less as we go toward the root, and its color is lost. These hairs are always a sign of an advancing patch, and are not found in old patches. The medullary (or pith) canal of these hairs is normal above, altered in the middle, and completely wanting at the root. The root is not bulbous and hollowed for the papilla, but in the form of a turnip. * *

* * Utricules that are full and closed are found among the sound hairs. They are filled with joined strata of epidermic cells, and contain in their centers, like a larva in a cocoon, compact clusters of microbes, a pure culture of the smallest bacillus known. * * * * * As it gows old it may be one quarter millimeter (0 01 inch) wide and one-half to one millimeter long, and comma shaped, or bent. The young baccilli are a little swollen in the center, and their ends are blunt * * * * Each utricule contains millions of them. * * * This baccillus is regarded as the probable cause of the disease.

DON'T WORRY OVER WHAT MAY NEVER COME.

From the Presbyterian Journal.

Abraham Lincoln, when asked what he should do if such and such a thing happened said: "I never cross a bridge until I come to it." The Boston *Journal*, speaking of nervous prostration, says it is seldom the result of present trouble, or work, but of work and trouble anticipated. Mental exhaustion comes to those who look ahead and climb mountains before they arrive at them. Resolutely build a wall about to-day and live within its enclosure. The past may have been hard, sad, or wrong; it is over. The future may be like the past, but the woman who worries about it mey not live to meet it—if she does she will bear it. The only thing with which she should concern herself is to-day—its sunshine, its air, its friends, its pleasures, its wholesome work, and perhaps its necessary sorrow. "As the day, so shall thy strength be." "Commit thyself each coming day unto the Lord," then go about its work, whatever that may be, trusting in Him for strength and comfort and fitness.

"One day at a time! every heart that aches
Knows only too well how long that can seem
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks,
It's the darkened future without a gleam."

GEOGRAPHICAL CONUNDRUMS.

The *School Record* gives these conundrums, which our boys and girls will enjoy asking their young friends:

What city can be put in a bottle? Cork.

Of what city could a fur coat be made? Astrakhan.

What river is a Spanish title of nobility? Don.

What islands should be very wise? Solomon islands.

Of what land might a dress be made? Cashmere.

What city is very peaceful? Concord.

What city is the highest order of heavenly beings? Archangel.

What lake is used to season food? Salt.

Of what cape may I make a cape? Sable.

What city in the West might we find in a cemetery? Tombstone.

One small whiskey glass, roughly carved on a small headstone, would often tell more truth than three volumes of biography.

The prayer that opens a window in heaven must rise out of a heart that is right with God.

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