THE ONLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER AND THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CARROLL COUNTY.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

JOB WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE. —o— ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 10, 1904. VOL. 73--NO. 24.

CHARLES E. FINK, Solicitor.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY,

including Valuable Machinery, Farming Implements and Buggies, at Mt. Airy, Carroll Co., Md.

The undersigned, by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Oscar M. Spurrier and wife, dated January 19th, 1904, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in Liber D. P. S. No. 49, folio 74 &c., will offer at Public Sale at the place of business of the said Oscar M. Spurrier, in Mt. Airy, Carroll county, Maryland, on

SATURDAY, 18th DAY OF JUNE, 1904,

at 12 o'clock, noon, all that lot or parcel of land situated in the village of Mt. Airy, in Carroll county, Maryland, containing

23,100 SQUARE FEET, MORE OR LESS,

being the same land that was conveyed to the said Oscar M. Spurrier by Byron S. Dorsey, trustee, June 17th, 1896, and recorded among the land records of Carroll county, in Liber J. H. B. No. 89, folio 279, &c. The improvements thereon consist of a store and warehouse.

And at the same time and place also will be offered a lot of Machinery and Farming Implements, consisting in part of Syracuse and South Bend Plows, Ross Cutter, Steel Roller, Iron Pumps, 1 Mower, Metal Tiger and McCormick Rakes, Mountville Feed Grinders, 1 Tiger Tedder, Corn Planters, 1 Ideal Feed Grinder and Power, combined; 1 Sliding Table Pole Saw, 1 New Holland Feed Mill, 2 Cyclone Feed Cutters, 1 one-horse Lamberd Wagon, complete; Cyclone Seed Sowers, lot of Harrows, Corn Sheller, Corn Plows, single and double Shovel Plows, Wheelbarrows, lot of

New Buggies and Carriages,

and other articles described in said mortgage.

Terms of Sale:—All sums of $10.00 and under, cash; on all sums above $10.00 a credit of four months will be given, upon the purchaser giving his note, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

SAMUEL L. LAMBERD,
Assignee of Mortgagee.
F. A. Crawford, Auct. 27 may 4t

NOTICE OF THE BOUNDARIES OF THE NEW OR ADDITIONAL PRECINCTS FOR ELECTION DISTRICT NO. ONE OF CARROLL COUNTY, MARYLAND, AS ESTABLISHED BY THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTION FOR CARROLL COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Supervisors of Election of Carroll County, by virtue of the power and authority vested in it by Chapter 10, of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at its session held in March, 1901, has deemed it expedient for the convenience of the voters of Election District No One, of Carroll County of the State of Maryland, to subdivide said Election District and has subdivided the same into Two Precincts, to be designated hereafter as Precinct No. One and Precinct No. Two, respectively, of Election District No. One, in Carroll County, Maryland, said Election District having had an excess of 600 voters, the boundaries of said new or additional Precincts or subdivision of Election District, hereafter given, having been established in the way that will in the judgment and discretion of said Board of Supervisors of Election best facilitate and expedite the casting of their ballots by the respective voters thereof.

Beginning for the line of Division, at a point about 3 miles distant from Taneytown, in Carroll County, in the center of the road leading from said town to Bruceville, in said county, where the division line between Election District No. Ten (Middleburg) and Election District No. One (Taneytown) crosses the center of said road and running thence along the center of said road for the distance of about 2½ miles to the center of the aforesaid road, at the point where the road leading to Middleburg intersects the Taneytown road and continuing thence from the last mentioned point along the center of said road for about one-half mile, to the junction of said road and Frederick street, in Taneytown, thence along the center of said street, through said town, to the junction of said Frederick street and York street in said town, thence continuing on the center of York street to the junction of said street and the road running from Taneytown to Littlestown, Pa., thence along the center of the last mentioned road, for the distance of about 5 miles, to the point in the center of said road where the Pennsylvania Line crosses same, being the dividing line between Election District No One, in Carroll County, Maryland, and the State of Pennsylvania.

The section or portion south of said line and within the original lines of Election District No. One, of Carroll County, in the State of Maryland, to be hereafter known and designated as precinct No. One, of Election District No. One, of Carroll County, and the section or portion north of said line and within the original lines of Election District No One, in Carroll County, to be hereafter known and designated as precinct No. Two, of Election District No. One, of Carroll County, in the State of Maryland.

JOHN M. ROBERTS, President;
HARRY S. MUSSELMAN,
J. THOMAS ROOP,
Board of Supervisors of Election of Carroll County, Maryland.
Test: SAMUEL J. STONE, Clerk.
may 27 3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters Testamentary on the estate of

JACOB BIXLER,

late of Carroll County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 16th day of December, 1904; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 16th day of May, 1904.

GEORGE A. BIXLER,
may 20 4t Executor.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The Lutheran congregation of the Mt. Union Church hereby requests that any congregation, body corporate, having any claim on or against said congregation, present the same to the undersigned, within 20 days from date of this notice, otherwise it may be debarred forever.

Rev. G. W. BAUGHMAN, Pastor.
JACOB S. GLADHILL,
AUGUSTUS LAMBERT,
May 18th, 1904. Trustees.
may 20 4t

We, the undersigned, being a majority of the directors of the A. McGinnis Company of Carroll County, do hereby call a special meeting of the stockholders of said company to be held at the Company's office, at McGinnis Sideling in Carroll County, Maryland, on Saturday, July 2, 1904, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition for the increase of a number of directors in said company and of increasing the capital stock from fifteen thousand dollars, divided into three hundred shares of the par value of fifty dollars each, to fifty thousand dollars, divided into two thousand shares of the par value of twenty-five dollars each, and of amending the certificate of incorporation accordingly.

Arthur McGinnis, Patrick McGrath,
Martin O'Connor, James McGinnis,
John McGinnis,
ju 3 5t Directors.

Statement of The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, of Newark, N. J.

FREDERICK FRELINGHUYSEN,
President.

Assets (market values), Jan. 1, 1904	$87,404,203.60
Liabilities	80,726,296.59
Surplus	6,677,907.01

MUTUAL BENEFIT POLICIES contain Special and Peculiar Advantages which are not combined in the Policies of any other.

GODDARD & THURMAN,
State Agents, Baltimore, Md.

J. HOFFMAN FUSS,
may 27 4t Agent, Westminster, Md.

LOST—WATCH AND CHAIN.

Lost in Westminster on Monday, 23rd inst., between College Hill and Bish's Fertilizer Factory, a Gold Watch and Chain. No. of case and works registered at Cassell's Jewelry store. Attached to the chain was a gold ring, gold key and gold dollar. A liberal reward for its return to J. R. Zile, or if left at this office.
may 27 3t

FOR SALE OR RENT.

Grain Elevator and Warehouse, located at Double Pipe Creek, on the Western Maryland Railroad. Possession given April 1st, 1904. For terms and particulars address

C. B. ANDERS,
an 15 tf Union Bridge, Md.

THE MILLER BROS. CO.



THIS IS SIMPLY A SUGGESTION OF THE BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS THAT MAY BE HAD IN THE MAKE-UP OF

"Pullman" Embroideries, Laces and White Goods.

The dainty things are masterpieces of needlework, wonders in weaving and anticipations in style; they are creations of the most expert designers and manufacturers of the old world and, best of all, the prices assure you of some exquisitely pretty Dresses and Trimmings at Surprisingly Moderate Cost.

Pullman Goods Will Wear--and Wash--and Still Look New.

Special Sale Begins Saturday Morning, And Lasts One Week.

THE MILLER BROS. CO., Westminster, Md.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO BUYERS OF

Men's and Boys' Clothing.

If you wish to buy the very best qualities for the lowest prices it will pay you before buying this season to see

SHARRER & GORSUCH,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

In Suits from $10 up we sell the famous "Marks" Clothing, of New York, the best makers of fine Ready-made Clothing. Every Suit equal to fine Tailor-made. Splendid Suits at $7.50 and $8, regular big $10 values. Spring weight Overcoats reduced.

A lot of New Suit Patterns to make to Order.

Bought them at a bargain and while they last will give you $18 and $20 qualities at $15.00.

See Our Boys' Knee Pants Suits.

A special line of fine Suits, $3 to $5, and cheaper Suits from $1.00 up. A present with each.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW COLORS IN $1.00 SHIRTS?

A beautiful line of white and colored 50c Shirts. All the new things in Collars and Neckwear. Our Underwear is a little better than you can get elsewhere for same price.

We bought our Cottonade Pants last November, hence we can sell at last year's prices, even if cotton goods have advanced 50 per cent.

oct 11 1y 6 SHARRER & GORSUCH, Westminster, Md.

EXTRAORDINARY SELLING OF Cotton Dry Goods, Etc.

Lawns and Fancy Batiste 5, 9, 12 and 15c a yard.
Solid Color Organdies, (all shades) 12c yard.
Dress Percales, Ginghams and Solar Cloths at 8, 10 and 12½c.
Calicoes and Dress Ginghams, 5, 6, 6½, and 7c yard.
Apron Gingham 5, 6½ and 8c yard. (This includes the Lancaster Ginghams.)
Bleached and Unbleached Muslin from 6c yard up.
9-4 Sheeting (standard quality) 25c yard.
Extra quality Cottonade 12½ and 18c yard.
Suiting Chambray and Cheviot, 8, 10 and 12c yard.
White Waist goods, in Mercerized, Madras and Pongee, at 20, 25 and 29c yard. (Worth one-third more.)
India Linens, Nainsook, Persian Lawns and Pique Embroideries and Laces at special prices.
Table Oil Cloth 15½, 18 and 25c yard.
Bleached and Unbleached Table Linen, (extra quality) 25 and 50c yard.
Ladies' Percale Wrappers 99c and $1.25.
Men's 50c Fancy Shirts 39 cts.
Men's 50c Working Shirts and Overalls 45 cts.
Men's, Women's and Children's Underwear and Hosiery, in all sizes and prices to suit.
Shippensburg Cottonade Pants at 85 and 98c.
The Men's Dress Pants we told you of at $1.50 to $3.50 are winners and sellers; get a pair.
Why are we selling so many Shoes? Because we give the best possible value for the least money and the goods recommend themselves. Our lines of Oxfords for women and children are very attractive.
In Hats and Caps we have just what you want.
Look us up on Fancy Shirts, Neckwear, Collars and Cuffs, Veiling, Umbrellas, Trunks, Satchels, etc.
Spool Cotton 4c a spool.

HOWARD D. ENSOR,
Successor to Stouffer & Ensor,
oct 09 03 1y 8 ONE PRICE CASH STORE, NEW WINDSOR, Md.

FOR SALE.

One 8-horse power Portable Frick ENGINE, in good running order; One 6-horse Fleetwood SEPARATOR, with both belt and rod attachment, good as new, run only 2 years. CHEAP, if sold at once.

THE W. H. DAVIS CO.,
Corner W. Main and John Sts. Westminster, Md.

CLOVER SEED AT MARKET PRICE.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Grace Lutheran Church.—Lecture and prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45. Sunday School at 9 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.45 p. m. Jr. Catechise at 2 p. m., on Saturday. Sr. at 2.30 p. m.

P. H. MILLER, D. D., Pastor.

St. Paul's Ref. Church.—Sunday School at 9.15 a. m. Divine service at 10.30 a. m., and 8.00 p. m. Lecture every Wednesday night.

CALVIN S. SLAGLE, Pastor.

Methodist Protestant Church.—Sabbath School Sunday at 9.15 a. m. Midweek service on Wednesday evening at 8.00. Junior C. E. service at 2.00 p. m. Christian Endeavor at 6.30 p. m. Preaching at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m.

L. F. WARNER, Pastor.

Centenary M. E. Church.—Sabbath School Sunday at 9.15 a. m. Junior League 2.30 p. m. Epworth League at 6.45 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30 p. m. Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

D. G. MILLER, Pastor.

Ascension Church.—Holy Communion at 10 a. m. Second Celebration and Sermon at 7.30 a. m. Evening service at 7.30.

E. B. TAYLOR, Rector.

Carroll Charge, Reformed Church.—Divine service at Pleasant Valley 10.00 a. m. Sunday School at Benjamin's 1 p. m. Divine service 2 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 7.30 p. m.

Catechise every Thursday 2 p. m. at Pleasant Valley; every Friday 2 p. m. Bachman's; every Saturday 2 p. m. at Benjamin's.

JAMES B. STONESIFER, Pastor.

Salem Charge, Lutheran Church.—St. Benjamin's Church.—Sunday School 1 p. m. Divine service 2 p. m. Catechise 3 p. m.

St. John's.—Children's Day services will be held at 10 a. m., to which all are invited.

R. W. DOTY, Pastor.

COMBINATIONS

Are numerous and popular these days and the strongest possible is a good painter and

DAVIS' 100 PER CENT Pure Paint.

This combination is inestimable and a winner from start to finish.

Won't you try it?

The WESTMINSTER HARDWARE CO.
DISTRIBUTORS,
Westminster - Maryland.

FOUND! FOUND!

A PLACE WHERE I CAN BUY

CUT GLASS, CHINA, Silverware, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fountain Pens, Sterling Silver Novelties, Umbrellas, Pocket Books.

1847 Rogers' celebrated Silverware, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Strings and Findings; a place where I can get Glasses to fit my face and suit my eyes.

A place to have my Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired reasonable, and that place is Cassell's Jewelry Store.

Yours Respectfully,
JAMES H. CASSELL,
iy 5 6 Westminster, Md.

POSTERS, Sale Bills, Cards, Tags, &c., done at short notice at this office.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

Bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Song of the Old Love.

—:o:—

When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth
My old sorrow wakes and cries,
For I know there is dawn in the far, far North,
And a scarlet sun doth rise;
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,
And the icy founts run free,
And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
And plunge, and sail in the sea.

O, my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore,
I remember all that I said,
And now thou wilt hear me no more, no more,
Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
To the ice fields and the snow;
Thou wert sad, for thy love did naught avail,
And the end I could not know;
How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I know I should love thee away
When I did not love thee anear?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain
With the faded bents o'erspread,
We shall stand no more by the seething main
while the dark wrack drives o'erhead;
We shall part no more in the wind and rain,
Where thy last farewell was said;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again,
When the sea gives up her dead.

—Jean Ingelow.

The Prayer of Rehoboam.

—:o:—

The scrub oaks were in tassel when Warren Ford came to the valley; the Chamiso Hills billowed towards the north in acres of snowy bloom.

Ford set to work at clearing his section. He chopped, and burned, and whistled from the time the first bird sang her matins till the sun slipped lazily behind the mountain. Twice a week he rode into town. There was always a letter waiting for him. He read it over and over, and whistled again, more softly.

By and by a freight team trundled up through the valley. It brought lumber, and several mysterious boxes. Ford was watching for it by the stage road. At last his ears caught the faint distant jingle of mule bells, and a cloud of dust, no bigger than a man's hand, rose up against the horizon. The fulfilment of his dream was near.

When the skeleton of the three roomed house had been erected, he was overwhelmed with a longing to know—to talk to some of his neighbors. He needed a human and present sympathy in happiness.

It was a good three miles to the nearest cabin by the way of the road; but the chamiso was yet green, and he cut a path through it and lessened the distance by half. He appeared, unheralded, one afternoon, upon the next home clearing.

The fragments of bottlerock about the house were clutching the rays of the departing sun; a thin curl of smoke rose from the adobe chimney, and the breath of coffee was in the air. Ford made his way to the open door. The place was tidy enough, but a lank, mongrel dog appeared to be its only occupant. He got up, surveyed the stranger, and growled defiance.

"Jeffie," called a voice from the inner room, "you're always o——" There was a shuffling step, the rythmic thump of a crutch, and a boy appeared on the threshold.

Ford took off his hat. The other stared at him. The man made the first advance. "How do you do?" he began, holding out his hand. "I'm Warren Ford, from the next clearing."

The boy nodded. He pushed forward a chair, and then turned upon the dog. "Keep still, Jefferson!" he said, "Where's your manners? He ain't used to folks," he added in apology.

There was an awkward silence, then Ford made another attempt: "And your name is——?" he began.

"Rehoboam," was the quiet reply.

Ford with difficulty held his face grave. "And your mother," he questioned—is she here?"

The boy shook his head. "No," he said. "There ain't no one but dad, and he's hunting jack rabbits. He's most generally trailin' somethin'."

"Then who keeps the house?" Ford ventured. He looked pityingly at the crutch and the shriveled leg.

"Why, Jefferson and me! Dad says the two of us is 'most as good as a woman. You see," the boy went on, "Jeff drives the hens, and he keeps things cheerful. There's an awful lot of company in that dog!" He gazed admiringly at the long scraggy tail and coarse black coat. "We think he's good lookin'." he continued.

Ford smiled. "And what do you do?" he questioned.

"Me?" Rehoboam drew himself up as straight as the crooked body would let him. "Oh, I cook the victuals, and patch the clothes. Sometimes I wash," he said. Then he asked abruptly: "Who keeps your house?"

Ford got suddenly red, the question came so near to him. "My house isn't finished yet," he replied. When it is, my—wife will keep it." He had never called her that to any one before. His heart beat more quickly; there was a mistiness in his eyes.

The boy edged closer. "A woman," he asked, eagerly. Then he added:—"I've never known 'em to speak to. Marm, she died, or somethin', years and years ago, and dad, he won't talk of her over much. But once, on the Fourth of July"—his voice grew confidential—"we went to the show, over at red Rock." He paused for a moment, and seemed to lose himself in the memory. "There was lots of 'em there," he continued, "and I liked 'em better'n all the firecrackers!"

A great pity was rising up in the heart of Ford. He put his hand into his pocket, drew from its case a tinted photograph, and held it out. "She is coming to keep my house," he said simply.

The boy gazed at the smiling, girlish face, and the color mounted to his temples. "She's beautiful!" he said, solemnly, and he and Ford were friends.

The new home on the clearing grew towards completion; the path through the chamiso became well defined. Ford, sure of his welcome, made frequent visits to the neighboring section. He and the boy and Jefferson would sit together in the doorway till the outline of the mountain grew inky black against the copper sky.

To the man it was good to have some one to listen when the spoke of her.

To the boy—he slipped his arms about the dog in the gathering twilight and drew him close. A strange loneliness had come over him. "There's just you, and dad, and me," he whispered.

Summer had grown old. The chamiso, gray with dust, had matted itself into impenetrable fastness. The clefts into the mountain showed dimly through the dizzy haze of heat.

Ford came over the trail one morning and swung himself lightly from the saddle. "Well," he said, "the last nail's in! It's waiting approval. Can you come?" he asked.

The boy was just finishing the breakfast dishes. He dropped a tin plate, and it rolled noisily behind the stove. "Me?" he questioned incredulously. "Did you mean me—and Jefferson?"

"Of course," Ford laughed. "The freight team came through yesterday. You can help me unpack the boxes."

Rehoboam drew in his breath sharply, his hand shook, and the blood burned in his cheeks.

When they were ready, Ford lifted him into the saddle, and strode beside the mare, swinging the pine crutch pendulum fashion. Jefferson trotted in the background. The trail stretched yellow through the brush. The broken bottlerock along its edge shimmered in the sun till the path seemed dwindling to a narrow thread of light.

Ford narrowed his eyes and looked critically at the sky. "We're going to have some blistering hot days," he announced.

The boy was following him in thought.

"And she's comin' on Wednesday," he answered.

They went on again in silence. Suddenly the outlines of the unpainted cabin rose up from the chamiso. Ford quickened his steps; he began to talk rapidly.

"That's home," he said, "our home. The window this way's in the kitchen. There are geraniums set out in the front." He jerked at the bridle. "Hurry up!" he continued. "That's the barn—over there. The water tank's half way between." He kicked through the browned grass on the clearing. This all came up since the brush was cut," he said, "but it's dry—dead dry."

He took the key from his pocket and fitted it proudly into the lock.

Rehoboam tugged at his collar band. He swallowed once or twice with an effort; there was a great awe in his eyes. The dog stood panting on the threshold, his legs a plaster of tarweed and cinnamon colored dust. The boy turned on him. "Jefferson," he said, slowly, "you don't look fit for this. You' better keep out."

He wiped his shoes and instinctively took off his hat.

Ford displayed the conveniences of the three tiny rooms; then he placed a chair and began at once on the boxes.

"This is the china," he said, "We've a dozen cups and saucers and plates. That's so there'll be plenty when you come to see us. These—let me think! These are the pictures. And this——" he turned the box and vainly looked for a clue to its contents. "Well, it won't take us long to find out," he said. He slipped the chisel under the lid and began to pry upwards. The breath of lavender bloom floated out to them.

Rehoboam slid from his chair. He bent curiously over the packing case.

Ford lifted the folds of brown paper. There were piles of muslin beneath, and some glimpses of ginghams. The man drew in his breath. "Oh!" he exclaimed reverently.

The boy extended a slim forefinger and touched the dainty lace and ribbons. "It's the gewgaws!" he said in an awed whisper.

"The what?" and Ford's face was a study.

"The gewgaws?" Rehoboam confidently repeated. "Dad said that, Fourth of July, that women wore lots of them."

The man threw back his head, then he suddenly checked the laugh that had risen. "Perhaps," he said.

The days lagged on the neighboring section, after. Ford went to the county seat. The boy numbered off each one at its close. At last, they were coming "to-morrow."

He and Jefferson sat in the doorway that evening. The sky was ablaze with crimson, shredded with lurid amber lights. The profile of the mountain was silhouetted against it; the chamiso stretched like a black quilt to its base.

The boy watched it dreamily. "It must be the sun," he soliloquized. "He's keepin' watch of the new house for 'm, I guess."

The day broke breathless. Rehoboam was late in rising; he felt weak, languid. Dad had already gone out. The boy made himself some coffee and took it to his accustomed seat on the step.

There was a hazy look towards the west of the valley. The deep blue of the sky grew tawny at the horizon. He shielded his eyes with his hand and watched. The heat danced dizzily in the air. Suddenly he limped down and stood bareheaded in the open. The chickens, with drooping, distended wings, had gathered in the shade of the house. A hot wind began to stir. It puffed into the boy's face as it passed. He threw back his head; his nostrils quivered; he scented the air as an animal does, then looked excitedly about.

"Dad! dad!" he called. Then louder, "Dad!"

But there was no answer. A buzzard winged himself up and wheeled lazily in the fathomless blue.

The boy made a trumpet of his hands. "Dad! Dad!" he shouted.

His voice died echoless. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew out a bit of paper, and tossed it into the air. It blew a little way towards the place of sunrise, then sank to the ground, fluttered a moment, and lay quiet.

Rehoboam put his arm up across his eyes. "The wind's from the west," he cried. "Oh, daddy, why must you be always a huntin'?"

He sank limply on the step. Jefferson came up. He shoved his muzzle into his master's face and caressed him with his hot red tongue. The boy placed his arms about him in a spasm of distress.

"Oh, Jeffie," he cried, "its the chamiso! It's a burnin'!" His voice was high, shrill. "It'll catch the new house—and the pictures—and the dishes—and the gewgaws!" He stood suddenly erect; his voice rose. "Daddy! Daddy!"

His cry hung for a second on the quiet air, seeming to dissolve reluctantly. The boy turned slowly about; his face was positive.

"Jefferson," he said, "we've got to go over there, me and you. We've got to do it! We've got to! He limped into the house, found his hat, and drew it low over his eyes; then he closed the door quietly behind him. All traces of excitement had gone. He seemed suddenly old and determined.

The haze in the west had thickened; it looked opalescent. The buzzard still wheeled against it.

Rehoboam swung himself jerkily forward. His veins throbbed with strange, new force. Each beat of the crutch measured two or more feet of his journey. His shoe was burst at the side; a jagged bit of bottle rock cut his foot, but the boy did not know it. The pungent smell of burning chamiso was in the air, and Ford's clearing half a mile away. Jefferson pulled at his sleeve and whined piteously. The boy went on. A couple of hare darted from the brush. They bounded past, their long ears pointed toward the east.

The cabin was in sight now. Behind it curled a otrtuous cloud of smoke. The path became full of living things. Lizards, heavy-winged beetles, sped in the same direction. A big spotted toad hoping heavily by; the recurrent thumps of his soft body raised puffs of reddish dust.

Rehoboam had reached the home clearing, but his strength was beginning to fail. Suddenly the crutch slipped; he lunged forward and lay quiet. The dog nosed him gently. All at once the boy drew himself together. He sat erect and turned his face up to the brown overcast sky. He stretched out his arms; his voice rose almost to a shriek.

"Oh, God," he began, "you're up there, somewheres. Don't let the new house burn! Don't you do it! Me and Jefferson ain't good for much, but we've all there was to come. And there's the furniture, and the gewgaws! Don't you let 'em burn, God! Oh, don't you—please don't you do it!"

He got up, righted his crutch, and stumbled forward. Two grain sacks lay by the water tank. Rehoboam submerged them and dragged them dripping behind him. The fire had almost reached the short grass where the brush had been cut. The sap in the wreathing chamiso beyond whined like a human thing. Rehoboam steadied himself and waited.

The first flame licked into the stubble. The sack struck it; a black, smoking scar showed where it had been. Now they were darting along the brush line, eager, thirsty little tongues of flame. The sack descended with automatic persistency.

Rehoboam scarcely felt the weight of his own body. Sweat started from every pore; his face was scarred, grimy, but he did not know. Smoke blinded his eyes; his ears were keen. Wherever there was the crackling of the grass the quenching weapon fell.

When the stage came up through the valley, it wound between smoldering blankets of burned chamiso. A man and a girl with white set faces were on the front seat with the driver. An abrupt turn in the road brought them in sight of the cabin. The man rose to his feet.

"It's standing!" he cried incredulously. "The House—it's standing!"

They stopped at the home clearing. Jefferson bounded to meet them, and then turned toward a little heap by the brush line.

Warren sprang forward. "God!" he cried. "It's—the boy."

It was late when Rehoboam opened his eyes. At first they smiled unbelievingly up into the girlish face that bent over him. Then there came a look of wistful eagerness, which settled at last into happy content. His father and Ford were there, but the boy did not see them.

"Jeffie!" he said faintly. In answer, a rough, black head was thrust up beside him. The boy weakly put out his hand. "Jeffie," he whispered, "she's lots better'n—those at the show—at Red Rock!"

Care of Watches.

Don't abuse your watch. These little workers that tirelessly tick along, even when their owners are asleep, are worthy of far better treatment than they receive. Fully 90 per cent of the people who carry a watch never give them a thought.

Take, for instance, the simple process of winding a watch. There is a right and a wrong way of doing it. Whether it be by key or a stem it should be wound in the morning. Turn slowly and avoid all jerky movements. The watch will then work best during the day, as the spring will exert its strongest traction power, whereby the external jostling inflicted on the watch by your daily work and walks are fairly counterbalanced.

When a watch is wound at night it has only the weakened spring to offer as resistance to the jerks and jolts of the daytime. The morning winding also lessens the danger of breaking the mainspring, which being no longer at full tension at night can stand the cold better. The difference in temperature between your breast or a man's waistcoat pocket and a wall that may be nearly at the freezing point is about 77 to 88 degrees F., and a watch should therefore never be suspended or laid against a cold surface. Sudden change in the temperature of the atmosphere is the cause of most mainsprings breaking.

The watch wearer should clean his or her pockets frequently, carefully brushing out all the dust and fiber, for there was never a joining made tight enough to keep out all the dust. This gets into the oil which has thickened with time and necessarily produces irregularities of rate. Even with the greatest care a watch should be cleaned once in eighteen months, and every year would be better. By this time the oil dries up and mixes with the metallic dust. It grinds away on the works like emery.

When you smash your watch glass shake out the broken glass, open the little rim that holds it, the bezel; lay over the face a piece of tissue paper and shut the bezel. This will save the hands catching in things and not interfere with the going of the watch until you can get the glass put in.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.* The Kind You Have Always Bought

In order to appreciate youth one must get on the shady side of forty.

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