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, NOVEMBER 17, 1905. VOL. 74--NO. 46.

NO. 4251 EQUITY.

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

Frank L. Stoner, assignee of mortgagee, vs. John W. Etchison and wife, mortgagors.

Ordered, this 10th day of November, A. D. 1905, that the sale of the real estate made and reported in the above entitled cause by Frank L. Stoner, assignee of mortgagee, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 11th day of December, next; provided a copy of this order be published once a week in each of three successive weeks in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, on or before the 4th day of December, next. The report states the amount of sale to be $800.00.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True copy,—Test:
DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.
nov 10 3t

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

October Term, 1905.

Estate of Henry E. Morelock, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 31st day of October, 1905, that the sale of real estate of Henry E. Morelock, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Geo. L. Stockdale, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said executor, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 1st Monday, 4th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 4th Monday, 27th day of November, next. The report states the amount of sale to be $429.92.

A. KURTZ MYERS,
JOHN E. ECKENRODE,
GEORGE R. RUPP,
Judges.

True copy,—Test:
J. J. Stewart, Register of Wills.
nov 3 3t

THREE FARMS
NEAR WESTMINSTER, AT PRIVATE SALE.

We will sell our three farms at Private Sale, as follows:

Farm No. 1, containing 40½ ACRES, about one mile from Westminster, on the Manchester road. The improvements are an 8-room Brick House, Bank Barn and all other necessary outbuildings; water, forced to house, barn and other buildings by wind pump; an orchard of about four acres of all kinds of fruit, &c.

Farm No. 2, containing 77 ACRES, at Cranberry Station, W. Md. Railroad, about 1¼ miles from Westminster. The improvements are a 7 room Weatherboarded House, Bank Barn and all necessary outbuildings; water from Citizens' Water Co. at House and Barn, furnished by the company free of charge; an orchard of about one acre, &c. About 10 acres is fine meadow land and 10 acres in good timber.

Farm No. 3, containing 10 ACRES, on the old Myers' Mill road, about one mile south east of Westminster. The improvements are a 7-room Weatherboarded House, Bank Barn and all necessary outbuildings; water furnished by the Westminster Water Company at house and barn; an abundance of all kinds of fruit, &c.

The buildings on all these farms are in first class condition, and the land is in a high state of cultivation and of very kind nature.

Persons wishing desirable homes in the vicinity of Westminster will find this an excellent opportunity to procure them, and such properties are not often in the market.

Terms to suit purchasers.

For particulars call on or address, the subscribers, residing on Farm No. 1.

VINCENT YINGLING,
SARAH L. YINGLING.
nov 3 tf

PUBLIC SALE OF VERY VALUABLE
REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the subscribers, as executors of the last will and testament of William H. Franklin, late of said county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on the road leading from Sams Creek to Winfield, and about 1 mile southwest of Dennings, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25th, 1905,

at 12 o'clock, M., the following Valuable Real and Personal Property to-wit:

1st. A Farm containing

177 ACRES OF LAND, more or less.

This farm is improved with a large Brick two-story 10-room Dwelling House, with Basement and Cellar; a two-story Tenant House, with 6 rooms and cellar; large Bank Barn, 2 wagon sheds, one of them just built; buggy shed, large barrack; hog house, stone meat house, and all other necessary outbuildings, all in good condition; water in house and barn, and spring of water nearby. The land is in first-class condition and very productive, is under good fencing and crops with the best in the county. There is a due proportion of excellent Timber and Meadow Land. There is an apple orchard and an abundance of choice Fruit on the place, which is well watered. This farm lies in an excellent neighborhood, is very convenient to churches, stores, schools, &c., and is in every way a most desirable property.

2nd. A parcel of land, adjoining the above farm, containing about 3 Acres, improved with a two-story frame Dwelling House, with 5 rooms and kitchen, stable,

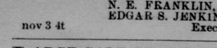
court, and the residue in two equal payments of 6 and 12 months, respectively, the credit payments to be secured by the bonds or single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with sufficient security, bearing interest from day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser or purchasers.

Terms of Personal Property.—All sums under $5, cash; on all sums of $5 and upwards a credit of 6 months will be given, on notes, with approved security and bearing interest from the day of sale.

Cash will be required for the Ground Rent and Maryland Collegiate Institute Stock.

N. E. FRANKLIN,
EDGAR S. JENKINS,
nov 3 4t Executors.

LARGE SALE OF FURNITURE, HORSES, MULES, WAGONS,



Carriages, Farm Implements, etc., near Avondale Station, W. Md. Railroad, on

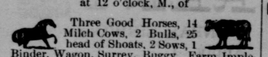
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd, 1905,

at 10 A. M., on the farm of the late Augustus Shriver. The Furniture is the finest ever offered at public sale in the State, and contains many rare antique pieces, Paintings, &c. The Horses are thoroughbreds and registered. For further particulars address

V. W. POWER,
nov 3 3t Avondale, Md.

PUBLIC SALE
ON
TUESDAY, Nov. 21st, 1905,

at 12 o'clock, M., of



Three Good Horses, 14 Milch Cows, 2 Bulls, 25 head of Shoats, 2 Sows, 1 Binder, Wagon, Surrey, Buggy, Farm Implements, etc.

THOMAS J. HANN,
nov. 10 2t Medford.

FOR SALE—COUNTRY STORE PROPERTY.

2¼ Acres of Land, improved by 2-story frame Store, Brick Dwelling House (12 rooms), Barn and other outbuildings; Freight and Express office, located on B. & H. division W. M. R. R. For further information apply to

F. LEWIS SCHAEFER,
oct 27 3t* Millers, Carroll Co., Md.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.
"The New Store!"

Full of thoroughly reliable and seasonable Merchandise.

Ready-made Apparel.

The very latest models, the most desirable styles in Tailor-made Suits, Skirts, Coats, which you can buy here at prices lower than the lowest.

FURS. FURS. FURS.

The season is here and we are here with a very pretty line of Furs, in the most desireable shades and manufacture. Call and see them.

Underwear. Underwear.

Our Underwear Department is a complete store in itself, every kind, every price., from the cheapest to the very best, in Muslin as well as Knit Goods, namely:

Ladies' Heavy Fleeced Lined Ribbed Vests and Pants only 19c.
Children's " " " " " " " 10c up.
Men's " Ribbed Shirts and Drawers from 25c up.
Boys' " Fleeced Lined Shirts and Drawers from 25c up.
Boys' Wright's Health Shirts and Drawers from 50c up.

Great Blanket Sale.

The greatest bargains in Bed Blankets ever offered here, in White and Grey, large size and heavy weight, fully worth 50c, our price, while they last, only 39c pair. Full assortment from 50c up.

Comforts. Comforts.

We have a great variety, in all colors and qualities, at all prices from 98c up.

Hosiery. Hosiery. Hosiery

Special sale of Misses and Children's Black Ribbed Hose, full regular made and absolutely worth 12½c pair. Our price, until sold, 10c pair. We have them in all sizes from 6 to 9½.

Outings. Outings. Outings.

Just received from the Mills 40 pieces of the best Outing Flannels, WE THINK, of the market today. Our price 5c yard.

Clothing, Hats, Shoes, &c.

Worthy qualities and fairest prices are reasons why hosts of

Men buy Clothing and Furnishings Here.

We are in a position to show you the greatest assortment of Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Shoes for Men, Youths and Children ever offered in this city, and at prices (quality considered) that defy competition.

We are offering some specials in each department and would suggest an early call to prospective purchasers.

We reccommend and sell the celebrated DEE VEE Shoe for Men, and the DOLLY MADISON for Women, the queen of all shoes.

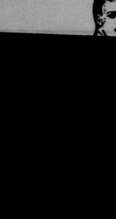
The ROCHESTER SHOES for Children are unsurpassed by all.

Watch our kitchen and the

5 and 10 Cent Counters.

Goods are arriving daily, anticipating the Holiday Shoppers.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.,
BABYLON BUILDING, OPPOSITE LIBERTY STREET, WESTMINSTER, MD.



THIS IS OVERCOAT MONTH!

likely need one for yourself or boy. You where you can get the best Coat, the best lowest price.

RRER & GORSUCH,

TMINSTER, Md.,

ng people, offer you all these inducements. nt their Overcoats as well as Suits last May, vance in wool, gives them a great chance over save you money.

UNDREDS OF

and Boys' Coats to Select

Coats $5, a few of those special $10 Coats yet egant Swell Coats, in paletots and fancies, $10

YS' OVERCOATS

d save money. We are talking Overcoats, but if you want a Suit remember here you get best Suits, largest stock and lowest prices.

IF YOU WANT A SUIT TO ORDER DON'T THINK

of ordering until you see our patterns and prices. Of course if you want best Cord Pants you will come here. Our 38c Underwear is the best; try it. A great line of Cardigan Jackets and fine Underwear. A big line of all kinds of good Gloves.

feb 10 1y 11 SHARRER & GORSUCH, Westminster, Md.

C. E. NUSBAUM & CO.

UNDERWEAR SPECIALS.

Right now is the time to buy Underwear. Winter is almost here and this is one of the first things we need to prepare us for stormy weather and snow and ice.

FOR LADIES.

Fine Jersey ribbed Vests or Pants, prettily trimmed, fleece lined, silk draw strings at neck, in every way the very best garment to be had at the price, 25c. Other excellent values in Underwear 50c to $1.00.

FOR BOYS.

Extra heavy Shirts or Drawers for boys, fleece lined, well made and warm, all sizes 25c.

FOR MEN.

Excellent values here too. Fine heavy fleece lined Shirts or Drawers, better and heavier than those found elsewhere, all sizes, 38c.

FOR CHILDREN.

Jersey ribbed Shirts and Drawers, fleece lined, nicely made, all sizes, prices 10c to 25c. The best to be found for the money, 10c to 25c.

Outing Cloth, light or dark colors, the best we have ever shown for the price, 5c yard. $1.25 Silkaline Bed Comforts 98c pair. Good Bed Blankets 50c pair. Men's Snag Proof Gum Boots (socks free) $3.50 per pair. Men's Work Felt Boots Snag Prof Arctic, $2.25. Women's Plain Gums 39c. Child's Storm Gums 30c. Men's Guaranteed Cord Pants $2.25. Tam O'Shanters 50c. Toboggans 25c. Knit Leggins, all sizes, Cloth Over Gaiters, 25c to 10c. Canvas Gloves 8c pair.

C. E. NUSBAUM & CO., Popular Cash Store,
my 26 1y 14 New Windsor, Md.

Wanted. 2000 Bushels of POTATOES. 2000 Bushels of APPLES.

Apply to C. L. BROCK,
nov 3 3t West Main Street, Westminster, Md.

WARNING NOTICE.

My wife having left my bed and board without just cause, I hereby forewarn all persons not to trust her on my account, as I will not pay any debts she may contract.

EDGAR S. JENKINS.
Dennings, Md., Nov. 1st, 1905. nov 3 3t*

IVAN L. HOFF,
Attorney at Law.

ENGLISH and GERMAN SPOKEN.

TIES WANTED
FOR CONSTRUCTION OF
WESTERN MD. RAIL ROAD.

10,000 white oak, rock oak and chestnut oak ties are wanted by the undersigned, to be delivered along the line of the Western Maryland Railroad, convenient for loading. Dimensions must be 8½ feet long, pole-ties to be 7 inches face and 7 inches thick; sawed ties to be 8½ feet long, 7 by 9 inches.

C. and P. Phone.

LESTER S. PATTERSON,
nov 3 tf. Westminster, Md.

J. S. MYERS, D. D. S. J. E. MYERS, D. D.

MYERS BROTHERS,
Surgeon Dentists,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

We are prepared to do all kinds of

Dental Work. Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

Late work and repairing will be given prompt attention. Gas administered.

J. E. Myers will be in New Windsor, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week and in Westminster the remainder of the week.

J. S. Myers will be in Westminster every day except the first Friday and Saturday of each month, when he will be in TANEYTOWN.

Maryland and C. & P. Telephone.
aug 25 02 tf

Pianos and Organs.

PIANOS: Behr Bros & Co., Chickering, Blasius & Sons, Hobart M. Cable, Newman Bros.

ORGANS: ESTEY and Newman Bros.

All sold at MODERATE PRICES and on EASY TERMS.

☞ Call and see goods and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN T. ROYER,
oct 16 tf West Main Street, Westminster, Md.

WALL PAPER AND PAPER HANGING.

A complete line of up-to-date goods can be found at our store. Estimates on

Paper Hanging and Window Shades

given without extra charge. An inspection of

STOCK AND PRICES

will convince you that we are the leaders in the business.

☞ No extra charge for country work. Look us up.

Respectfully Yours,
MATTHEWS & MYERS,
No. 80 E. Main Street, Westminster, Md.
sept 14 01 1y

CHARLES E. FINK,
Attorney at Law
And Solicitor in Chancery

Office—Court Street, Westminster. All business promptly attended to.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Dictated to J. A. H.

I.

I am growing old and feeble and my hair is turning gray,
I am waiting for the breaking of the great eternal day,
Yet before I lay me down to rest beneath the Emerald sod,
I would once more see my darling at the altar of his God.

II.

Ah, how oft a helpless infant, has he slumbered on my breast
As I soothed his baby sorrows, sang him softly to his rest;
An' in boyhood's later hours still in grief he turned to me,
Sure of mother understanding, sure of mother's sympathy.

III.

Then one day he stood before me, tall and stately, strong and true:
"I my lifework now have chosen, and I tell it first to you—
At God's altar will I serve him: this shall be my pride and joy,
Tell me you approve, my mother: O, my mother, bless your boy."

IV.

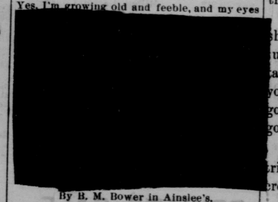
Then through many tears I blessed him, with my hand on his dear head;
We will ne'er forget that hour, nor the words that then were said,
So he went from me forever, crossed the ocean wide and wild,
But my heart has ached for him, my best beloved child.

V.

The sad years dragged their weary length and then once more he came;
The joy of the sweet moment was so keen 'twas almost pain—
When hands I had so often kissed were raised with reverent air
In solemn benediction o'er the throngs now kneeling there.

VI.

Yes, I'm growing old and feeble, and my eyes



By B. M. Bower in Ainslee's.

Mack, shivering on the doorstep, his muzzle pressed close against a crack in the door, quit snuffing lustfully at the smell of frying bacon long enough to cock one ear at the swirl behind him. The breathless swish of wind-driven snow was all about him. He listened a moment and turned, whining to the crack again.

He hated the cold and the bitter drive of the storm, and he was hungry, with the hunger that comes to growing dogs and children. He could hear Dot setting the table, and he could smell the coffee boiling—not that he cared for the coffee, however. It was the bacon and the warm boards behind the stove, just under the reservoir, where he could curl up and sleep—and it was Dot, with her soft hands patting his sleek, black head and making believe pull his ears. When Mike was gone he was not shut out like this to freeze, and he was not kicked cruelly in the ribs, either. He hated Mike, and he hated Mike's big overshoes that were at this very minute lying in his favorite place under the reservoir, making the boards nasty and wet with melting snow. If Mike were a dog

Surely, there was something back there in the storm. Mack stopped whining, listened, shook the snow off his back and rushed out to the gate, barking loudly. There he waited, bow-wowing hysterically, keeping one eye on the door behind him.

In a moment the knob turned and Mike's tousled head appeared in a jealously meager opening, while the warmth of the kitchen, doing battle with the cold from without, enveloped head and shoulders in a white haze.

'C'm back here, you fool you! C'm 'ere!'

Mack only barked the louder.

And then even Mike's dull ears heard alien sounds—the yelp, yelp of sheep dogs and the confused murmur of many animals.

A shape took form beyond the gate and a voice greeted Mack, who subsided after a querulous growl or two that he should have made such a mistake.

'Hello! C'm in whoever yuh be,' called Mike, and opened the door wider. Mack trying to sneak in unnoticed behind the stranger, got another kick for his pains, and retired to nurse his wrath and his ribs in the coal shed.

Mike shut the door and cursed the cold.

'Oh, it's you, Joe! Come up t' the fire and thaw out. Didn't walk, did yuh?'

'Thanky, Mike, I can't stop. My sheep's out here. I just stopped t' get located, for I was plum lost. I seen the light, but I couldn't tell who's 'twas.'

'Sheep driftin', hey? Hope they pile over a cut-bank, some'ers. Supper's about ready—ain't it, Dot? You warm up a little, and then we'll eat.'

A fair haired girl in blue dreas and checked apron was kneeling on the further side of the stove, taking something from the oven. The man looked again and saw it was biscuits—long rows of biscuits in a pan, with crusty light brown tops and a delicious smell.

'Why, Joe Porter! You sure have drifted off your range, haven't you? You're just in time; supper's ready, and I guess there's plenty of it.'

She smiled at him, showing him three dimples and a row of pretty teeth—surely an unfair array of weapons to flash before a weary man's face. And the biscuits—and the bacon. He smiled back at her, but shook his head regretfully.

'It looks good, all right, but I can't stop. The dogs can hold the sheep t'gether for a few miuutes, but I can't stay t' supper. The river ain't fenced down here in your field, is it Mike?'

'You still herdin' for Taylor?' Mike's face took on a crafty smile. He hated Taylor, and he hated Taylor's sheep. He stopped just short of hating Taylor's herder as well, 'Man, you're crazy t' follow them fool sheep a night like this. They'll stay in the field, likely. My line fence is good—it'll hold 'em. Set down and take off them overshoes and get your feet in the oven.'

'Is the river fenced?' persisted Joe.

Mike moved the coffeepot from the back of the stove to the hearth, where the steam of it smoked the herder's nostrils, and his empty stomach yeaned after it.

'Aw, never mind the river—come and eat yer supper. If you want t' commit suicide, they's easier ways than freezin'.'

'I'll have t' go—much obliged, Mike. I couldn't get 'em home, against this storm, so I'll just have t' stay with 'em. There ain't—could I get 'em in a corral or some place, for the night, Mike?'

'Naw, yuh couldn't. I ain't got no shelter for Taylor's sheep. You can turn 'em loose in the field and let 'em take chances—seein' they're here. An' you're welcome t' stay here, with a good supper an' a good bed; I ain't got any quarrel with you.'

Dot had poured a cup of coffee, trickled a thin stream of canned cream into it, and added sugar.

'Here, Joe, you drink this, anyway. It'll warm you up. You better stay. A man's worth more than a bunch of sheep.'

Joe took off a mitten and emptied the cup in two great gulps.

'That's sure all right, Miss Hawkins, thanks. I'd like t' stay, all right. I ain't struck on blizzard's—but I can't leave them poor animals t' face it alone.'

He pulled the door open and listened, then closed it and set his broad back against it. The dogs were holding the sheep, he could tell by the sound. He could afford to steal another minute of light and warmth and of being in Dot's presence.

'Oh, here's that song yuh wanted, Miss Hawkins,' he said, fumbling inside his overcoat. 'I copied it off last night. I hope yuh can make it out. It's all there, I guess.'

Dot took the paper, written closely with lead pencil, and slipped it into her pocket. Then she held out a paper bag, warm and moist from the hot biscuits and bacon it held.

'Take this along, Joe. It'll come handy, maybe. Oh, it's just to pay for the song, so don't say anything. I'm awfully obliged.'

Joe looked wistfully around the shabby little room, and at the face of the girl.

'Well I must get in motion. Good-by.'

'Good-by.' repeated Dot, her eyes misty. 'Good luck.'

'So long, Mike,' added Joe, cheerfully.

The door slammed, shutting out the wind and the snow and the cold. Shutting out the tall form of the sheepherder as well. Mike lifted the lid of the stove and laid in a lump of coal, dragged his chair across the floor to the table, and took up knife and fork.

'What'd you want t' give him all the biscuits fur?' he growled. 'A fool like that ought t' go hungry—and freeze, too.'

'I didn't,' retorted his sister, calmly. 'There's plenty left. He ain't a fool, either. He's what I call a brave man.'

'He's what I call a darned fool,' reiterated Mike, sullenly.

Dot crumpled the paper in her pocket and listened, shuddering, to the wind.

Out in the field, where the world seemed but a dizzying dance of frozen white meal, Joe plodded steadily against the wind, guided by the staccato of his dogs. The sheep huddled together, their weazened, reproachful little faces turned from the cruel beat of the blizzard.

Joe took his station behind, and, once his face was sheltered, set his teeth greedily into the crusty warmth of a biscuit. He had eaten breakfast before day, had munched a chunk of sour dough bread with a cold slice of bacon at noon, and had drunk from a brackish spring. Then the blizzard swept down upon him before he could reach shelter, and the sheep refused to face it home, and he had walked and shouted and cursed the shivering, drifting blot of gray. So they had wandered blindly until now.

Joe thrust his bare fingers into the bag and counted the biscuits. Two—three—four—there had been five—light, fluffy things, such as only a woman can make. He caressed them each in turn. The warmth of them—and the smell—and crisp, sweet bacon between!

Only a healthy man who has walked long hours in the cold may know the keen agony of hunger, or the ecstasy of yearning at the whiff of fresh fried bacon. The fingers closed around a biscuit.

'Oh-h, Bonnie!'

A dog voice, a tired patient voice, answered, away to the right. He could hear her scurry toward him, and he knew the trustful shine in her eyes, even though he could not see.

The little creature bounded against his legs and whimpered pitifully. Joe stooped in the snow and patted her eager little head.

'It's ladies first, ain't it, Bonnie, old girl? Here! What d'yuh think of this now? Smell it once! Ain't that the stuff? Yuh wasn't looking for no such handout as that, out here in this frozen hell, where the freeze is ground up into flour and throwed in your face, hey? Naw, it's a cinch you wasn't. That went down easy, didn't it? Here's another, old lady—put it away where it'll do the most good. They're out uh sight, them biscuits are, Bonnie, cause—Dottie made 'em!'

It seemed that even the dog read the wistfulness of the last whispered words, for she raised her cold muzzle against the man's chilled, brown cheek, and whined. Joe pushed her gently from him and stood up.

'That's all, Bonnie. Lad's got t' work' too, this night, and he's going t' have a taste. There, now—go on—*way round* 'em!'

The dog gave a short, shrill yelp which held more of courage and not so much of weariness and bounded away into the blur.

Joe listened until he heard her driving in the stragglers on the far side of the band. Then he sang out, cheerfully:

'Hi, Laddie!"

From the left came a glad yelp and another dog wallowed up to the master and crouched, fawning' at his feet. As before, Joe stopped and greeted him like a comrade.

'Good boy! You're sure the proper stuff, Lad. Here's your supper, all hot from the stove. Ain't that the clear article? Say, Lad, how's your appetits fer warm biscuits, hey? Set your teeth into that once and tell us what yuh think. Ain't it a peach? Say! You're sure the lad that can appreciate good grub on a cold stunt like this—you bet. If you'd a seen *her*, lad, with a lamp a-shining on 'er hair and in 'er eyes when she handed these out t' me, you'd love her, lad—you sure would. No, there ain't any more—I took one myself (it was an odd one, yuh see). I just *had* to, it smelled so good—and *she* made it. Well, lick my fingers, then. I wish I hadn't eat that other one, Lad—on my soul I do. I was a big chump, that's what. There—go back and keep 'em close—go *on*!"

The dog ran back to his post and the man sighed, folded the paper bag as best he could, and put it tenderly away inside his coat before he followed his sheep.

Tramping blindly with the wind at his back, he pictured the little room he had left behind. He smelled the coffee boiling, and heard the rattle of the dishes, while they ate. He felt the warmth, even while he thrashed his body with his arms to fight off the creeping numbness in his hands. He called cheering words to his dogs, and tried to forget the gnawing hunger while he hummed the song he had penciled so painstakingly the night before, in the little cabin where he lived alone with his friends, the dogs.

"'There's a sob on every breeze'—"

'There sure is, all right, on this one. What's the matter, Bonnie? Oh-h, Bonnie! Why, damn it, it's the river—and no fence!'

He set off at a run toward Bonnie, raging at her charges and trying all she could to turn them. Stumbling, breathless, slipping on the wiry sand grass which bordered the river, Joe reached her and heard the rush of water close below—too close.

He whistled imperiously to Lad, who, all unconscious, was pressing the band nearer to the death that waited a scant two rods away. Lad came with a rush and together they charged the bunch desperately. It was hard work, in the face of that gale, and by the time they were safe away from that treacherous, overhanging bank, Joe felt almost warm.

Then the dreary march began again. Mike Hawkins' south fence held them for a few minutes, but it had only three wires and they were not of the tightest, and the sheep crawled under, leaving whole handfuls of wool to gather snow and swing on the barbs. Beyond, there was no river, but there were dangerous washouts where the surrounding country drained into the coulees.

Into one of these the sheep drifted, and followed its windings like gray, troubled waters, to its outlet in the coulee. Then, worn with travel and pinched with cold, they halted at last under a high, rocky bank and crowded close for warmth, while the wind passed harmlessly over their heads to the hillside beyond, and only the snow sifted silently down upon their cowering backs.

The dogs lay down on the outer edge and licked their chilled feet while they rested, while their master tramped up and down beside them, beating his hands to keep the blood moving and thinking of many things.

He wondered how a man felt who could refuse shelter to suffering brutes on such a night, because of a prejudice against their owner, and calmly allow a comrade to face that wilderness of cold, also because of that prejudice.

He wondered if Dot read the song he had given her, and if she noticed the smudges where he erased words not spelled at first to his liking.

He wondered if the coffee-pot still stood on the stove, with the coffee hot and strong and fragrant.

What a bitter thing is a blizzard—a blizzard at night! How the cold eats up a man's courage and grips at his blood, chilling it even as it bubbiss fresh from his heart. Why hadn't he left the sheep? What was it Dot had said? 'A man is worth more than a bunch of sheep.' Well, yes. But is a man worth more than his honor?

What if he had left them? No one could blame him, surely—no one, that is, except himself—and—yes, Dot. She knew he would not stay, else why did she pour that cup of coffee? Coffee? What wouldn't he give for a cup now? Yes, and one of those biscuits.

Br-r-r, but the cold could bite! There would be a loss among the sheep—the weak ones couldn't stand a night like this. It was tough enough on the strong. Was that a coyote? What business had even a coyote out on such a night?

For comfort he turned to his dogs. 'Bonnie, old girl, this is sure hard lines, ain't it? I'd set down and let you snuggle agin' me and get warm, if I darst. It's mighty little warmth you'd get, though. I ain't running no furnace heat at the present time, old lady, I tell yuh, those. How's it coming, Lad? Think they'll find us when it lets up, hey? I'd hate t' have any money up on it, wouldn't you? But we ain't all in yet, you bet you my life we ain't. Our paws don't go in the air just so long's they can wiggle-waggle—ain't that right?'

'Gee, Bonnie, I wish I could lick my paws and get soome feel into 'em! I wisht I could stick 'm into the oven them biscuits come out of—Dotty Hawkins' oven. I wisht I could get hold of her little paws—they're soft and warm—that warm yuh can feel 'em clear to yer toes, lad. That's right. Yuh can.'

When day sifted through the snow clouds, the storm had not lifted, though it raged less fiercely.

Dot cleared away the breakfast feverishly, and swept the kitchen with less care for the dust under the stove and in the corners than was usual to her methodical nature. Mike toasted his feet in the oven and smoked his pipe.

'There's five calves missin'' he grumbled. 'Drifted off when the blizzard struck yist'day. I wisht it'd clear off so'st I could go out and look fur 'em.'

'I'll go,' volunteered Dot, eagerly. 'I don't mind the storm a bit. I think it's fun to ride in it.'

Mike sucked on his pipe and grunted.

'Anything's fun that yuh don't have t' do. If yuh go, yuh want t' fix fur it. This ain't no day fur women's skirts a-floppin' on a side saddle. Yuh go like a man, if yuh go at all. Put on my chaps an' my fur coat.'

Having thus eased his conscience, he dropped his lank body to the heat and prepared for a comfortable forenoon, at least.

Dot, having put on masculine attire, made other strange preparations for hunting stray calves. For one thing, she took a pint flask and filled it nearly full of strong, black coffee, stole into Mike's room and finished filling it from Mike's jug of brandy, then corked it tightly and slipped it into a pocket in the fur overcoat.

'Has the wind changed since last night?" she asked, when she was ready, with only her eyes to tell you who she was.

'Nah. Ain't likely to, either,' grunted Mike.

Outside, she called Mack, and waded awkwardly in her strange garb, to the barn, where she saddled not one horse, but two. Mike had not even offered to saddle up for her, and it took some time, cumbered as she was by the fur coat. She wondered, as she struggled into the saddle, how men managed to carry so many clothes. She was stifling with heat as she rode away to the south.

Following the line fence, she discovered the place where many ragged little white bunches swayed on the lower wire, and rolled precipitately off her pony.

With a hammer which she had stuck in her pocket for just this emergency, she deliberately pulled staples, the number of which would have wrung the soul of Mike had he

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