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, FEBRUARY 8, 1907. VOL. 76--NO. 6.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In view of the many inquiries that have been most naturally made during the past week, it becomes our duty to make a frank statement to the public.

Because of the fact that a number of persons are interested in the AMERICAN SENTINEL and job printing office; for the protection of all these interests the undersigned were by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, appointed Receivers, and will continue the publication of the AMERICAN SENTINEL and all the work of the office, under the same business and editorial management that existed before the death of Mrs. E. J. Rippard.

So far as the interests of the public are concerned there is no change whatever in the conduct of the office, and we solicit the continued patronage of subscribers and advertisers, assuring them that they will receive as in the past, faithful and efficient service.

E. O. GRIMES, Jr.,
W. L. SEABROOK,
Receivers.

MICHAEL E. WAISH, Solicitor.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A HOUSE and LOT

on Union Street, Westminster, Md.

The undersigned, mortgagee, by virtue of the power and authority contained in a real estate mortgage from George A. Summers and Sarah Crawford, to the undersigned, Ferdinand D. Schaeffer, mortgagee, dated December 22nd, 1899, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, Maryland, in liber J. H. B. No. 43, folio 301, &c., will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16th, 1907,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that lot or parcel of land, fronting 70 feet on the south side of Union street, in the the City of Westminster, Md., and extending back 175 feet, and containing

5,250 SQUARE FEET OF LAND,

more or less, which land is particularly described in said mortgage and is situate adjacent to the A. M. E. Church property. It is improved by a good two-story Frame Dwelling House and outbuildings



Terms of Sale.—One-half cash upon ratification of sale, the balance to be paid in 6 months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by note of purchaser, with approved security; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser. The purchaser will be required to make a cash deposit of $50, with the undersigned, on day of sale.

FERDINAND D. SCHAEFFER,
Mortgagee.
Elias N. Davis, auct. jan 25 4t

POSTPONED SALE!

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A Valuable Little Farm!

In Westminster District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from Conrad Schnabel to R. Virginia McCormick, bearing date on the 5th day of January, A. D., 1898, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber B. F. C. No. 40, folio 548, &c., the undersigned mortgagee will offer at Public Sale, at the

COURT HOUSE DOOR, in WESTMINSTER, Maryland, on

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12th, 1907,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that valuable small Farm, conveyed by said mortgage, containing

18 ACRES AND 27 SQUARE PERCHES

of Land, more or less, improved by a log weatherboarded Dwelling House, small Barn, and the usual outbuildings. Well of excellent water at the door.



This property is in fair condition, located on Corbin's Mill road, about 1¼ miles from Westminster, and 1 mile from Reisterstown turnpike road, adjoins the lands of Mr. Turfle, Mr. Miller, Mr. Corbin and others. A fine opportunity for any one wanting a nice little home.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third to be paid on day of sale, or on ratification of sale by the court; one-third in 6 months, and the remaining one-third in 12 months from day of sale; or all cash, at option of the purchaser. A deposit of $150 will be required of the purchaser on day of sale, (certified check accepted).

R. VIRGINIA McCORMICK,
Mortgagee.
Geo L. Stocksdale, Solicitor. jan 4 6t

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE FARMS and LOTS.

The subscriber will sell at Public Sale, on the Beaver Run road, leading from the Baltimore and Reisterstown turnpike to the Washington road, about 3 miles from Westminster, Carroll county, Md., on

SATURDAY, 23rd OF FEBRUARY, 1907,

at 12 o'clock, M., the following Farms and Lots to-wit:

1st. The Home Place of

20 ACRES, 2 ROODS and 19 PERCHES

of Land, including a nine-room Dwelling House, Barn, Stable, Dairy House, Chicken House, Pump at the door giving the very best of water. This land is in the best of condition for trucking or farming.



2nd. Four Lots of 11 Acres each, or as a whole 44 Acres, 3 Roods and 25 Perches.

3rd. About 18 Acres called Frey property, including Tenant House and small Barn and Stable, Garden, Pump at house door.



4th. 2 Acre lot adjoining home place,

All of the above four lots are joined together and will be sold separately or as a whole to suit buyer and owner. All of these lots have new fencing and the land is in the highest state of cultivation, manured and limed all over.

This property can be bought on very easy terms for good security.

FREDERICK WALKLING,
4th Election District, Westminster, Md.
R. F. D. No. 6.
Elias N. Davis, auct. jan 18 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters of Administration on the estate of

CATHERINE NICHOLAS,

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 subscribers, on or before the 28th day of August, 1907, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 28th day of January, 1907.

G. W. NICHOLAS, alias G. W. Louey;
JOHN T. NICHOLAS, alias John T Louey;
JACOB M. FITZE,
feb 1 4t Administrators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

The undersigned, having settled in the Orphans' Court, an account of the personal estate of Charles E. Pickett, late of Carroll county, Md., deceased, and ascertained the balance in his hands for distribution, according to law, among the creditors of said deceased, hereby gives notice to said creditors to file their claims against said deceased, legally authenticated with the Register of Wills for Carroll county, on or before the 12th day of March, 1907, preparatory to a distribution of the assets of said personal estate, to be made amongst said creditors under the direction of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., on the 2nd day of April, 1907. After the final ratification of said distribution by the Orphans' Court aforesaid, the undersigned will be prepared to pay to each of said creditors their respective dividends according to said distribution.

THOMAS A. BARNES,
Administrator of Charles E. Pickett, deceased.
feb 1 4t

Commissioners Notice.

HEREAFTER, and until further notice the County Commissioners of Carroll county will meet at their office in Westminster, EVERY MONDAY for the transaction of business.

By order. FRANCIS L. HANN,
feb 10 05 Treasurer.

"THE NEW STORE"

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

Our Great February Sale

of Muslin Underwear, Carpets, Rugs, Portiers, Lace Curtains, &c.

We looked forward to this great Money Saving Muslin Underwear Sale. Therefore we placed our orders months ago in anticipation of a rising market, hence the result is you can get garments here during this sale at less than manufacturers' prices. Take advantage of such golden opportunities as this.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT



LOWEST PRICES

PORTIERS

$3 00 Tapestry Portiers, heavy quality, 44 inches wide, desirable color combinations, cut to - $2.25

COUCH COVERS

$5 00 Tapestry Couch Covers, extra heavy quality, 60 inches wide, 3 yards long, reversible oriental designs, special - - - - - $3.50

CORK LINOLEUMS

$1 25 Cork Linoleum, heavy quality, 2 yards wide guaranteed to wear, excellent designs, our price for what we have on hand is only - $1.00 yd.

CARPETS and RUGS

After inventory, prices on Carpets and Rugs are very interesting, while some of them are short lengths, nevertheless every one is a bargain.

$1.00 Brussels Carpets	90c
85c " "	75c
65c " "	59c
59c " "	50c

While many of them are short lengths they are suitable for small rooms.

RUGS and MATS

$1.50 Fibre Rugs	$1.29
$1.25 Brussels Rugs	98c
$2 00 Rubber Mats	$1.50
75c Cocoa Mats	55c

Save Money by Dealing With Babylon & Lippy Co. Westminster, Maryland.

9

$5,000 STOCK OVERCOATS AND SUITS, THAT MUST BE Sold at the BIG CLOTHING STORE of SHARRER & GORSUCH, Westminster, Md.

The warm unseasonable weather the first three weeks of January has left us with an unusually large number of

Fine Suits and Overcoats

on hand for the season. They must be sold. We need the room and need the money even more to pay for our enormous spring stock which will soon be coming in.

EVERY WINTER SUIT AND OVERCOAT CUT TO COST AND MANY FAR BELOW COST. 100 MEN'S OVERCOATS—Former low prices ranged $5 to $20. Come in and see the many dollars you can save by buying now.

35 Youths' Overcoats, $8 and 9 Coats, now $5 00.
30 Boys' Overcoats, sold $3 to $5, now $2.00 and $3.00.
25 Child's Overcoats, 3 to 8 year sizes, at about half price.
15 Storm Overcoats at special big bargains. $10 00 and 12 00.
75 Elegant $15 to 18 Suits now $3 50 to $7.00.
100 Suits, sold $5 to $10, now
Mothers, don't miss getting your boys a Suit at this special bargain opportunity.
Underwear, Cardigan Jackets, Gloves, &c., at lowest prices.
No matter what others offer or advertise, you will save money here.
Still selling best CORD PANTS.
feb 10 05 19

DOYLE & MAGEE, 28 and 30 W. Main St.,

WESTMINSTER, MD. Do not miss our SPRING OPENING OF

VEHICLES AND FARM MACHINERY

of all kinds. Remember, we have bargains in HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE. We invite all to see our stock before purchasing. We have bought our goods in carload lots, direct from factories, therefore we are prepared to give you the advantage of at least 10 per cent in price.

Ask to See Our BUGGY HARNESS,

the best bargain we ever had, notwithstanding the advance in leather. Call, or write us for our 1907 Catalogue. Both Phones. jan 25 tf

READY FOR CUSTOMERS

With a FULL LINE of FINE CONFECTIONERY WHOLESOME GROCERIES, and NEW FRUITS:

RAISINS, CURRANTS, CITRON, FIGS, PEACHES, PRUNES, APRICOTS, and DATES.

We do NOT handle Ice House Fruits. All Fruits Guaranteed to be NEW or Money Back, at Prices to Suit All, at the Reliable Merchant,

GEO. R. GRUMBINE,

AT FORKS OF ROAD.

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BALTIMORE, MD.

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Photographic Artist,
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feb 12 04.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maryland.

In Bankruptcy. In the matter of Newton F. Bowers, a Bankrupt.

To the creditors of Newton F. Bowers, of Westminster, in the County of Carroll and district aforesaid, a Bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 28th day of January, A. D. 1907, the said Newton F. Bowers was duly adjudicated a bankrupt by Hon. Thomas J. Morris, Judge of said Court; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of E. Oliver Grimes, Jr., Referee in Bankruptcy, No. 19 Court street, Westminster, Md., on the 11th day of February, A. D. 1907, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

E. OLIVER GRIMES, Jr.,
Referee in Bankruptcy.
feb 1 2t

NEVER AGAIN.

I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do—
I wish it would sing of a lion slain—
Of a pirate crew on the Spanish Main—
Of a clipper ship on the sea-way high,
With a cabin boy and the Boy was I—
Just as it used to do.

I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do,
Of a little girl in a bonnet red,
Saved by a prince from a hydra-head
That lurked in the corn that towerd high,
And the girl was She and the Prince was I—
Just as it used to do.

I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do—
I wish it would sing of war's alarms,
The booming of cannon and clash of arms—
Of a blue-clad boy where the strife ran high,
With face to the steel and willing to die—
Just as it used to do.

I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do,
The lyrics it crooned and the tales it told—
But thd hearth is chill and the years are old,
The fancies it whispered have all taken wing,
And never again the kettle will sing
Just as it used to do!

- John D Wells.

THE SCOURGE.

(By Rex E. Beach in Everybody's Magazine.)

Coming down coast from the Kotzebue country, they stumbled on to the little camp in the early winter, and as there was food a-plenty of its kind, whereas they had been subsisting for some days on *puree* of sea oil and short ribs of dogs, Captain and Big George decided to winter. A maxim of the North teaches to cabin by a grub-pile.

It was an odd village they beheld that first day. Instead of the clean, moss-chincked log shelters men are wont to build in this land, they found the community housed like marmots in holes and burrows.

It seemed that the troop had landed fresh from the States, a hundred and a quarter strong, hot with the lust for gold, yet shaken by the newspaper horrors of Alaska's rigorous hardships and forbidding climate.

Debouching in the early fall, they had hastily prepared for an Associated-Press-painted winter.

Had they been forced to winter in the mountains of Idaho, or among Montana's passes, they would have prepared simply and effectively. Here, however, in a mystic land surrounded by the unknown, they grew panic-stricken and lost their wits.

Thus, when the two old-timers came upon them in the early winter, they found them in bomb-proof hovels sunk into the muck, banked with log walls, and thatched over with dirt and sod.

'Where are your windows and ventilators?' they asked, and collectively the camp laughed at the question. They knew how to keep snug and warm even if half-witted 'sourdoughs' didn't. They weren't taking any chances on freezing, not on your tintype; no outdoor work and exposure for them.

As the winter settled, they snuggled back, ate three meals and more, daily, of bacon, beans, and baking-powder bread; playing cribbage for an appetite. They undertook no exercise more violent than 'seven-up,' while wood-cutting fell as a curse upon those unfortunates who lost at the game. They giggled at Captain and the big whaler who, daily, snow or blow, hit the trail or wielded pick and shovel.

However, as the two maintained their practise, the camp grew to resent their industry, and, as is possible only in utterly idle communities, there sprang up a virulence totally out of proportion, and founded without reason, most difficult to dispel. Before they knew it, the two were disliked and distrusted; their presence ignored; their society shunned.

Captain had talked to many in the camp.

'You'll get scurvy sure, living in these dark houses. They're damp and dirty, and you don't exercise. Besides there isn't a pound of fresh grub in camp.'

Figuratively, the camp's nose had tilted at this, and it stated pompously that it were better to preserve its classic purity of feature and *pro-rata* of toes than to jeopardise these adjuncts through fear of possble blood disease.

'Blood disease, eh?' George snorted like a sea-lion. 'Wait till your legs get black and you spit your teeth out like plum-pits—mebbe you'll listen then. It'll come, see if it don't.'

He was right. Yet when the plague did grip the camp and men died, one in five, they failed to rise to it. Instead of fighting manfully, they lapse into a frightened, stubborn coma.

There was one, and only one, who did not: Klusky, the Jew; Klusky, the pariah. They said he worked just to be ornery and different from the rest, he hated them so. They enjoyed baiting him to witness his fury. It sated that taint of Roman cruelty inherent in the man of ignorance. He was all the amusement they had, for it wasn't policy to stir up the two others—they might slop over and clean up the village. So they continued to goad him as they had done since leaving 'Frisco. They gibed and jeered till he shunned them, living alone in the fringe of the pines, bitter and vicious, as an outcast from the pack will grow, whether humane or lupine. He frequented only the house of Captain and George, because they were exiles like himself.

The partners did not relish this overmuch, for he was an odious being, avaricious, carping, and dirty.

'His face reminds me of a tool,' said George once, 'nose an' chin shuts up like calipers. He's got the forehead of a salmon-trout, an' his chin don't retreat, it stampedes, plumb down ag'in his apple. Look out for that droop of the mouth; I've seen it before—an' his eyes is bad, too. They've stirred him up an' pickled all the good he ever had. Some day he'll do a murder.'

'I wonder what he means by always saying he'll have revenge before spring. It makes me creep to hear him cackle and gloat. I think he's going crazy.'

'Can't tell. This bunch would bust anybody's mental tugs, an' they make a mistake drivin' him so. Say! How's my gums look tonight?' George stretched his lips back, showing his teeth while Captain made careful examination.

'All right. How are mine?'

'Red as a berry.'

Every day they searched thus for the symptoms, looking for discoloration, and anxiously watching bruises on limb or body. Men live in fear when their comrades vanish silently from their midst. Each night, upon retiring, they felt their legs nervously, punching here and there to see that the flesh retained its resiliency.

So insidious is the malady's approach that it may be detected only thus: a lassitude, perhaps, a rheumatic laziness, or pains and swelling at the joints. Mayhap one notes a puttylike softness of the lower limbs. Where he presses, the finger-mark remains, filling up sluggishly. No mental depression at first, nor fever, only a drooping ambition, fatigue, enlarging parts, now gradual, now sudden.

The grim humor of seeing grown men gravely poking their legs with rigid digits, or grinning anxiously into hand-mirrors, had struck some of the tenderfeet at first, but the implacable progress of the disease, its black, merciless presence, pausing destructively here and there, had terrorized them into a hopeless fatalism till they cowered helplessly, awaiting its touch.

One night Captain announced to his partner: 'I'm going over to the Frenchmen's; I hear Menard is down.'

'What's the use of buttin' in where ye ain't wanted? As fer me, them frog-eaters can all die like salmon; I won't go nigh 'em, an' I've told 'em so. I give 'em good advice, an' what'd I get? What'd that daffy doctor do? Pooh-poohed at me an' physicked them. Lord! physic a man with scurvy—might as well bleed a patient fer amputation. George spoke with considerable heat.

Captain pulled his parka hood well down so that the fox-tails around the edge protected his features, and stepped out into the evening. He had made several such trips in the past few months to call on men smitten with the sickness, but all to no effect. Being 'chechakos,' they were supreme in their conceit and refused to heed his advice.

Returning at bedtime, he found his partner webbing a pair of snowshoes by the light of a stinking 'godevil,' consisting of a string suspended in a can of molten grease. The camp had sold them grub, but refused the luxury of candles. Noting his gravity, George questioned:

'Well, how's Menard?'

'Dead!' Captain shook himself as though at the memory. 'It was awful! He died while I was talking to him.'

'Don't say!' How's that?'

'I found him propped up in a chair. He looked bad, but said he was feeling fine—'

'That's the way they go. I've seen it many a time—feelin' fine, plumb to the last.'

He'd been telling me about a bet he had with Promont. Promont was taken last week, too, you know, same time. Menard bet him twenty dollars that he'd outlast him.'

'I'm getting all right,' says he, 'but poor Promont's going to die. I'll get his twenty, sure.' I turned to josh with the boy a bit, an' when I spoke to Menard he didn't answer. His jaw had sagged and he'd settled in his chair. Promont saw it, too and cackled. 'Hi 'ave win de bet!' That's all. He just slid off. Gee! It was horrible.'

George put by his work and swore, pacing the rough pole floor.

'Oh, the cussed fools! That makes six dead from the one cabin—six from eighteen, an' Promont'll make seven to-morrow. Do ye mind how we begged 'em to quit that dugout an' build a white man's house, an' drink spruce tea, an' *work*? They're too demand lazy. They lie around in that hole, breathe bad air, an' rot.

'And just to think, if we only had a crate of potatoes in camp, we could save every man jack of 'em. Lord! They never even brought no citric nor lime-juice—nothin'! If we hadn't lost our grub when the whaleboat upset, eh? That ten-gallon keg of booze would help some. Say! I got such a thirst I don't never expect to squench it proper.' He spoke plaintively.

'Klusky was here again while you was gone, too. I itch to choke that Jew whenever he gets to ravin' over these people. He's sure losin' his pay-streak. He gritted his teeth an' foamed like a mad Malamoot. I never see a low-downer-lookin' aspect than him when he gets mad.'

'I'll make 'em come to me,' says he, 'on their bellies, beggin'. It ain't time yet. Oh, no! Wait till half of 'em is dead, an' the rest is rotten with their gums thick an' black, an' their flesh like dough; they'll kiss my feet an' cry, an' I'll stamp 'em into the snow.' You'd ought a heard him laugh. Some day I'm goin' to lay a hand on that man right in my own house.'

As they prepared for bed Captain remarked:

'By the way, speaking of potatoes, I heard tonight that there *was* a crate in the Frenchmen's outfit somewhere, put in by mistake perhaps, but when they boated their stuff up river last fall it couldn't be found—must have been lost.'

It was some days later that, returning from a gameless hunt, Captain staggered into camp weary from the drag of his snow-shoes.

Throwing himself into his bunk, he rested while George prepared the meager meal of brown beans, fried salt pork and sour-dough bread. The excellence of this last, due to the whaler's years of practice, did much to mitigate the unpleasantness of the milkless, butterless, sugarless menu.

Captain's fatigue prevented notice of the other's bearing. However, when he had supped, and the dishes were done, George spoke, quietly and without emotion:

'Well, boy, the big thing has come off.'

'What do you mean?'

For reply he took the grease-dip and holding it close, bared his teeth.

With a cry Captain leaped from his bunk and took his partner's face between his hands.

'Great God! George!'

He pushed back his lips. Livid blotches met his gaze—the gums swollen and discolored. He dropped back sick and pale, staring at his bulky comrade, dazed and uncomprehending.

Carefully replacing the lamp, George continued:

'I felt it comin' quite a while back, pains in my knees, an' all that—thought mebbe you'd noticed me hobblin' about. I can't git around good—feel sort of stove up an' spavined on my feet.'

'Yes, yes, but we've lived clean, and exercised and drunk spruce tea and—everything,' cried the other.

'I know, but I've had a touch before; it's in my blood, I reckon. Too much salt grub; too many winters on the coast. She never took me so sudden and vicious, though. Guess the stuff's off.'

'Don't talk that way,' said Captain sharply.' 'You're not going to die—I won't let you.'

'Vat's de mattaire' came an oily voice, and, turning, they beheld Klusky, the pariah. He had entered silently, as usual, and now darted shrewd, inquiring glances at them.

'George has the scurvy.'

'Oi! Oi! Oi Vat a peety!' He seemed about to say more, but refrained, coming forward, rubbing his hands nervously.

'It ain't possible dat a 'sour-dough' shall have the scoivy.'

'Well, he has it—has it bad, but I'll cure him. Yes, and I'll save the whole damned camp, whether they want it or not.' Captain spoke strongly, his jaws set with determination. Klusky regarded him narrowly through close-shrunk eyes, while speculation wrinkled his low forehead.

'Of course! Yes! But how shall it be, eh? Tell me dat.' His eagerness was pronounced.

'I'll go to St. Michael's and bring back fresh grub.'

'You can't do it, boy,' said George. 'It's too far, an' there ain't a dog in camp. You couldn't haul your outfit alone, an' long before you'd sledded grub back I'd be wearin' one of them gleamin' orioles—I believe that's what they call it—on my head, like the pictures of them little, fat angelettes. I ain't got no ear for music, so I'll have to cut out the harp solos.'

'Quit that talk, will you?' said Captain irritably. 'Of course, one man can't haul an outfit that far, but two kin, so I'm goin' to take Klusky with me.' He spoke with finality, and the Jew started, gazing queerly. 'We'll go light, and drive back a herd of reindeer.'

'By thunder! I'd clean forgot the reindeer. The Government was aimin' to start a post there last fall, wasn't it? Say! Mebbe you can make it after all, Kid.' His features brightened hopefully. 'What d'ye say, Klusky?'

The one addressed answered nervously, almost with excitement:

'It can't be done! It ain'd possible, und I ain'd strong enough to pull the sled. V'y ton'd you and George go togedder? I'll stay———'

Captain laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

'That'll do! What are you talking about? George wouldn't last two days, and you know it. Now, listen! You don't have to go, you infernal, greasy dog; there are others in camp, and one of them will go, If I walk him at the muzzle of a gun. I gave you first chance because we have been good to you. Now, get out.'

He snatched him from his seat and hurled him at the door, where he fell in a heap.

Klusky arose and, although his eyes snapped wildly and he trembled, he spoke insidiously, with oily modulation:

'Vait a meenute, Meestaire Captain, vait a meenute. I didn't say I would not go. Oi! Oi! Vat a man! Shoor I'll go. Soitenly! You have been good to me, and dey have been devils, I hope dey die.' He shook a bony fist in the direction of the camp, while his voice took on its fanatical shrillness. 'They shall be in hell before I help dem, the pigs, but you—ah you have been my frient, yes!'

'All right, be here at daylight,' said Captain gruffly. Anger came slowly to him, and its trace was even slower in its leaving.

'I don't like him,' said George, when he slunk out; 'he ain't on a level. Watch him close, boy, he's up to some devilment.'

'Keep up your courage, old man. I'll be back in twelve days.' Captain said it with decision, though his heart sank as he felt the uncertainties before him.

George looked squarely into his eyes.

'God bless ye, boy!' he said. 'I've cabined with many a man, but never one like you. I'm a hard old nut, an' I ain't worth what you are goin' to suffer, but mebbe you can save these other idiots. That's what we're put here for, to help those as is too ornery to help themselves.' He smiled at Captain, and the young man left him blindly. He seldom smiled, and to see it now made his partner's breast heave achingly.

II

'Good old George!' he murmured, as they pulled out upon the river. 'Good old George!' As they passed from the settlement an Indian came to the door of the last hovel.

'Hello! There's a Siwash in your cabin,' and Captain. 'What is he doing there?'

'Dat's all eight,' rejoined Clusky, 'I told him to stay and vatch de things.'

'Rather strange,' thought the other. 'I wonder what there is to watch: There's never been any stealing around here.'

To the unversed, a march by sled would seem simplicity. In reality there is no more discouraging test than to hit the trail, dogless and by

CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.

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