# AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 44. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 1, 1890. ESTABLISHED 1833.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
## Real Estate
Situated partly in and adjacent to the city of Westminster, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county sitting as a Court of Equity, and passed in Cause No. 2870 on the docket of said court, wherein Charles W. Myers is plaintiff and Mary Elizabeth Woodrow, widow of George W. Woodrow, deceased, and others are defendants, the undersigned, appointed trustee by said decree, will offer at public sale on the premises, situated in the city of Westminster, Md., on the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Union street, on

*Wednesday, the 5th day of November, A. D.* 1890, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following valuable real estate, to wit:

1st. The lot or parcel of Land fronting on Union street, at the corner of Pennsylvania avenue, in said city, containing 20 Square Perches of Land, more or less. The improvements consist of a large and Comfortable Two Story Brick [redacted] Dwelling House, arranged for two [redacted] families; a good stable, Smoke [redacted] House, and all other necessary out [redacted] usually found on first-class town pr [redacted] well of excellent water; fruit of di [redacted] rieties, and the premises enclosed [redacted] fencing.

2nd. The lot or parcel containi [redacted] Perches of Land, more or less, [redacted] above named property and f [redacted] ately on Pennsylvania ave [redacted] The improvements consist of a [redacted] Comfortable Two-Story Frame [redacted] and Weatherboarded Dwelling [redacted] House, with Kitchen, Stable and all other necessary outbuildings; well of never-failing water at the kitchen door. There is a variety of fruit on the premises, and the whole enclosed with good fencing.

Both of the above properties are eligibly located on elevated ground, being within a short distance of the Western Maryland College, and are the same of which George W. Woodrow died seized and possessed, and are worthy the attention of any persons in want of attractive homes.

3rd. All that lot or parcel of land fronting on the Ridge road leading from Westminster past the residence of Wm. A. Cunningham, Esq., and about a quarter of a mile from the corporation limits of said city, containing 6 Acres, 1 Rood and 8 Square Perches of Land, more or less, and being the same lot which George W. Woodrow in his life time obtained from David Wantz and wife by deed dated 6th day of January, A. D. 1882. This lot is enclosed with good fencing and is in a high and productive state of cultivation.

4th. Lastly, all that lot or parcel of land situated directly opposite the above parcel (No. 3) and fronting on said Ridge road, containing 7 Acres and 30 Perches of Land, more or less, and being the same which said Woodrow purchased from Harry M. Clabaugh and Wm. A. McKellip, trustees of Peter B. Mikesell, and which said Mikesell obtained from Margaret Cassell, executrix of Reuben Cassell, deceased. This lot, like the former is enclosed with good fencing and in a high and productive state of cultivation.

The elevated situation of these two lots, and their proximity to the West End of Westminster, makes them valuable for the erection of dwellings thereon, or for farming and pasturage purposes, and are therefore worthy the attention of purchasers.

Persons desirous of inspecting the dwelling houses can call upon Mrs. Mary E. Woodrow, residing in the brick dwelling house, who will take pleasure in showing the same, and for further information call upon the trustee, or upon McKellip & Clabaugh, Attorneys-at-law, Westminster, Md.

☞All of the above properties will be offered for sale at the premises situated on the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Union street, in the city of Westminster, Md.

Terms of Sale.—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the court, and the balance in one and two years from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee and bearing interest from the day of sale.

DAVID D. BONSACK, Trustee,
Westminster, Md.
McKellip & Clabaugh, Solicitors.
R. C. Matthews, Auctioneer.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of the said George W. Woodrow, deceased, to file their claims, with the vouchers thereof, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county within two months from the day of sale. DAVID D. BONSACK,
oct-11-ts Trustee.

PUBLIC SALE
OF VERY VALUABLE
## Real Estate
AND PERSONAL PROPERTY.

THE subscriber, intending to abandon Housekeeping, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

*Saturday, the 1st day of November*, 1890, at 1 o'clock, P. M., sharp, the following valuable Real Estate, to-wit:

The property whereon she now resides, situated on the public road leading from David Roop's Mill to the Uniontown Turnpike, near the Morelock Tannery, and adjoining the lands of David H. Warehime and others. The said Property contains

2 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 12 PERCHES

of land, more or less, and is improved with a good Two-Story Log Dwelling House, Weatherboarded and Plastered, with good Basement and Cellar; Bank Barn, Dairy and other necessary outbuildings. This Land has been long known for its fertility, a reasonable portion of which is never failing grass land with a small stream of water running through it and a strong and never failing spring of good water convenient to the buildings. This property has a sufficiency of fruit trees in bearing condition; is near to Mountain View School House, and is also admirably situated with reference to other public places. For any further information apply to the undersigned, or to Mr. David Cassell. Possession given at once.

Terms of sale.—One-third cash and the remainder in two equal payments, the one at the expiration of six months and the other at the expiration of Twelve Months from the day of sale, and to be secured with the purchaser's notes, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

Also, at the same time and place, will sell a lot of Personal Property, consisting of 1 cow, 2 hogs, lot of hay, furniture &c.

MATILDA HUBBS.
Samuel Crawford, Auctioneer. oct-11-ts

PUBLIC SALE
OF A
## FARM
In Westminster District.

THE subscriber will sell at public sale, on the premises on the Myers' mill road, 1½ miles east of Westminster and ¾ mile west of turnpike, adjoining Myers' mill, lands of Jessie Stoner and others, on

*Monday, November 3rd, A. D.*, 1890,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., that valuable farm now in occupancy of Mr. Herbert Lockard, containing

88 ACRES OF LAND,

in good cultivation, and under good fencing. About 18 acres are in excellent oak timber and about 12 acres in meadow land; running water in every field; good spring of water at house; first class orchard of choice fruit. The improvements consist of a two-story log weatherboarded house, 18x45, with 8 rooms; a new bank barn and all other necessary out buildings.

Terms.—One-third cash; balance in three equal yearly payments.

JOSHUA LOCKARD.
oct-11-ts

NO. 2857 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

The Westminster Savings' Institution, a body Corporate of the State of Maryland, Mortgagee, vs. James Penn and Rachel P. Penn, his wife, Mortgagors.

ORDERED this 24th day of October, A. D., 1890, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause be finally ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before 10th day of November next: Provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll County.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.
True copy—Test:
oct-25-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

NO. 2856 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

William H. Starr, Assignee and Mortgagee, vs. Richard Brightwell and Ellen Brightwell his wife, Mortgagors.

ORDERED this 24th day of October, A. D. 1890, that the account of the Auditor, filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 10th day of November next: Provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.
True Copy—Test:
oct-25-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

## Select Poetry.

### DEATH'S FATAL CONQUEST.

[redacted] our birth and state
[redacted]
[redacted] at last may yield—
[redacted] one another still,
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
And they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow—
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds,
All heads must come
To the cold tomb—
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

## Select Story.

### RACHEL'S EXPERIMENT.

"I wouldn't have believed it of you, Rachel," said Mrs. Edmonstone plaintively. "No, I wouldnt, not unless Betsy Tacker, the manty maker, had told me; and Betsy she never told a lie no more than George Washington did."

"Why, mother, what are you talking about?" questioned Mrs. Thomas Edmonstone, untying the elder lady's bonnet strings and relieving her of a splint basket, a black silk bag, a waterproof cloak and an umbrella.

"And I've come to see if it's true," added the old lady.

"If what's true, mother?"

"That you said you wished there wasn't so such person as m—me!" faltered Mrs. Edmonstone.

"Mother, you know I never could have said such a thing," cried out Rachel.

"Well, it wasn't quite exactly that; but Betsy Tacker, she heard you say you wished there wasn't no such thing as a mother-in-law."

"Oh!" cried Rachel, with a hysterical little laugh. "I plead guilty. I did say that. But, oh, mother! it was under such strong provocation, and I never meant you. How could I, when you have always—always been so good to me?"

"I knew it couldn't be true," said Mrs. Edmonstone, setting herself in the easiest rocking chair and nodding her cap strings comfortably. "But how came you to make that ex-tra-ordinary speech, Rachel, about mothers-in-law in general?"

"It was Tom," said the young wife. "He was so aggravating!"

"Thomas always was aggravating," said Mrs. Edmonstone, stirring the cup of tea that Rachel had brought her. "And what was it about now? The breakfast cakes?"

"Oh, you remember about the breakfast cakes, don't you?" said Rachel, with merry mischief sparkling in her eyes. "No, it wasn't the breakfast cakes this time; it was the shirts."

"The shirts!"

"Well, you know he said it was such a wasteful, extravagant proceeding to buy shirts ready made," explained Rachel. "He said the linen was poor, and the work regular slop shop style, and he declared you always used to make his shirts at home, every stitch, before he was married."

"So I did," acknowledged Mrs. Ed- [redacted]

"He told me his mother's shirts set like a glove, and fitted him perfectly—and why couldn't I turn out a shirt like those? And it was then, mother dear," suddenly flinging her arms around the old lady's plump, comfortable neck, "that I lost my head, and told him I wished there wasn't such a thing as a mother-in-law in the world! And Betsy Tacker sat in the sewing room altering over my dolman in the spring style, and I suppose she must have heard me."

"Don't mind it, my dear," said Mrs. Edmonstone.

"No, I won't" protested Rachel. "But, oh, those shirts! I've been ripping them apart and sewing them together again, and rounding off a gusset here and taking in a plait there, until I've got so that I dream of 'em at night, and the more I try 'em on the worse they fit, and the more unreasonable Tom becomes. 'My mother never made such work of it as this!' says he."

"Thomas forgets," observed Mrs. Edmonstone severely.

"And I'm sure if things go on like this," added Rachel, pushing her short brown curls off her forehead, "it'll end in a separation on account of 'incompatibility of temper.'"

"No, it won't my dear," said the mother-in-law. "Here, get me the pattern and some shirting muslin and a pair of scissors."

"What are you going to do, mother?" eagerly questioned Rachel.

"I'm going to make Tom a shirt. But don't you tell him, Rachel. We'll see whether it's Tom or the pattern that has altered."

Once more the mischievous light came into Rachel's bright blue eyes.

"I wish all the world was mother-in-laws," she cried cheerfully. "Why, why didn't I think of this before?"

"One can't think of everything, child," said Mrs. Edmondstone consolingly.

Thomas Edmondstone welcomed his mother cordially when he came home from business.

"I'm so glad you've come," said he. "We can have some of the nice old fashioned dishes now. Rachel can't seem to get the hang of them, although she has always had your book of recipes to guide her."

"Rachel's a good deal better cook than ever I pretended to be," said Mrs. Edmonstone. "They have patent egg beaters and cream whippers and rasin seeders, and all that sort of thing, now that they didn't have in my day. I never tasted nicer bread than Rachel makes, and these popovers are just delicious."

"You're just saying that to encourage Rachel," said Mr. Edmonstone, with an incredulous smile. "Things will run smooth now you've come. That's one comfort."

"Oh, I shouldn't think of interfering in Rachel's kitchen," said the old lady.

"Please do, mother," coaxed the wife, not without a certain quiver in her lip. "Do let Tom have a reminiscence of the old days while you are here."

"Well, just as you children say," conceded the mother-in-law good humoredly.

She remained a week at her son's house, during which period of time Tom was all exultant complacency.

"This," said he, "is something like living. I feel myself a boy again when I taste these apple fritters.

"There're not bad," said Rachel, who had made them with her own skillful hands. And she helped herself to a little of the sauce.

"And why don't you learn my mother's knack of making such pie crust as this?" demanded Tom. "There is no dyspepsia here!"

"I'm glad you're pleased," said Rachel, with a guilty glance at her mother-in-law.

Oh, by the way, Tom, the last of the set of shirits is finished now. Will you put it on to-morrow?"

"I suppose so," ungraciously uttered Tom. "Will set like fury, I dare say, like all the rest of them!"

"You might at least give it a trial."

"Didn't I say I would?" still more ungraciously. "Those shirts will be the death of me yet," he added, turning to his mother with a groan, while Rachel sat steadily observing the pattern of the table cloth.

The breakfast sat smoking on the table next morning when Mr. Edmonstone came into the room twisting himself as if he were practicing to be a human corkscrew. Mrs. Edmonstone glanced timidly up at him.

"Don't it fit, Tom?" she questoned.

"Fit! Just look at it, will you?" he retorted. "Fit! Hangs like a window curtain around my neck— [redacted] pattern Rachel, and don't waste any more time trying to make your husband's shirts," she added. "It's an economy of time and temper, as well as of money, to buy them ready made. It's Tom that's in fault, not the work. And as for the cooking you've been praising up so eloquently all the time I've been here, I haven't touched a pot or a pan. It's all her—your wife's work. So much for imagination. Oh, you needn't hang your head so sheepishly—you're neither better nor worse than other men," went on Mrs. Edmonstone. "And I never saw the man yet that didn't need to hear a wholesome truth now and then. You've got the best and sweetest little wife in the world."

"Mother," pleaded Rachel, trying to put her hand over the old lady's mouth, but Mrs. Edmonstone resolutely persisted.

"And it's my advice to you to try and treat her as she deserves."

"I—I don't know but that I have been rather cranky of late," said Tom self consciously, "now that I come to think of it."

"Cranky! I should think so," said the old lady. "I'm sure I don't know what the world's coming to. Here's little Georgy toddling around with his wooden cart. The first you know he'll be telling his wife about the wonderful successes his mother used to make in this, and that, and the other thing. We've all got to come to it."

"And Georgy 'll be right," said Tom, who after all had a magnanimous streak through him. "What a crab I've been all this time. Hang the home made shirts! I'll buy 'em out of the store next time! Kiss me, Rachel—and you, too, mother! And be sure you let me have a dish of scalloped oysters when I come home to dinner." The oysters Rachel cooked.

He ate his breakfast and departed. And when he was gone young Mrs. Edmonstone looked with shining eyes at old Mrs. Edmonstone.

"Oh, what a nice thing to have a mother-in-law!" said she fervently.

For the SENTINEL.

## SOUTHERN KANSAS AND THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

### A Trip Through the Indian Territory and Oklahoma.

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

The next day after a drive of about thirty-five miles by way of the village of Edmond, the city of Guthrie was reached at seven o'clock in the evening. The day's route lay through a country sometimes hilly and broken, with many ravines and water-courses, some dry and others suppled by tiny streams; sometimes in timber and sometimes over the open prairie. All along the way the corn fields were found burned up by the drought, and the crop, which would have been small at best, practically destroyed. But while the corn looked dry and parched, the cotton fields and many acres of castor beans were green and fresh in appearance. Cotton-growing is of course an experiment, but from the freshness of the plants and their abundant bloom in a time of drought, there is every indication that, under favorable conditions, the staple crop of this section of Oklahoma will be cotton.

Approaching Guthrie, our way lay along the edge of deep gulches, running either to the Cottonwood Creek or the Cimmaron river, upon the bluff between which streams the city is located. South of the city no suitable camp ground could be found as every desirable spot was occupied by the camps of those who were waiting for the President's proclamation opening the new lands to settlement.

Driving through the city to Broadway, a corner lot was found on which no dwelling had been erected, and here it was determined to pitch the tent. Searching for water, each person of whom information was sought directed to "the best water in the city," a well within one hundred yards of camp. The soil around Guthrie is very red, and when the well was found the water in it was discovered to be of the color of the soil.

Locking our tent door, we took in the town, and were astonished at the quietness everywhere prevailing.

Next morning an effort was made to find pure water, and we soon heard of a lady, who had incurred the ill will of her neighbors by keeping her pump locked. Appointing the most elderly member of the party a committee of investigation, we sent him to interview the widow and if possible by his winning ways get the lock off of the pump. He succeeded and during the remainder of our stay in Guthrie we had comparatively pure water. In the evening the writer, with another of the party, went to the well to fill the keg, and then learned from the lady that her reason for keeping the pump locked is the fact that if any considerable quantity of water is taken, from any of the wells in the city, the water becomes red and unfit for use; and that there is much sickness in the city, nearly all attributable to the impure water.

The day was spent in calling on a number of former residents of Wichita, and in learning from various sources the fact that many of the present population are dissatisfied with their venture and desirous of leaving, but without the means to do so. Here is a typical case. The horses had been harnessed, the wagon loaded and we were about leaving when a woman passed through the lot. Seeing us, she asked:

"Are you going to leave Guthrie?"

"Yes, as quickly as we can. We have had enough of it."

"So have we, and I wish we could get out."

"Why don't you leave?"

"Have not the means."

"Have you a family?"

"Yes, and my husband has been ill ever since we came here. It is very unhealthy."

When did you come?"

"May, 1889."

"Is there much sickness?"

"Yes, and many deaths too. There were three funerals to-day, and it runs about that."

The description that has been already given of Oklahom a City is that which would be given of Guthrie, except that the former lies on the prairie, and the latter on a bluff; the former has level streets and the latter is hilly; and the streets of the former are wider as a rule than those of Guthrie. The population of Guthrie is about 5,500.

The fourth member of the party having as yet received no tidings from home, and this the last chance, it was determined to push northward as rapidly as possible. Leaving Guthrie about four o'clock in the afternoon, crossing the Cimmaron river, our journey lay through a country of the same character as that south of the city. A spring wagon, driven by a young girl, accompanied by her mother, soon overtook and passed us. After a time it was evident that the older woman was suffering from the heat; the thermometer had reached 114 at noon and she lay down in the wagon, protecting herself from the direct rays of the sun as much as possible, while the girl drove her ponies as recklessly as a cow-boy. The incidents of which this was the beginning will be given in detail to show the class of people that may be met with in such a country. Suddenly the road made a sharp bend to the west, and as the direction in which we wished to travel was northward, fearing that we were on the wrong road, the girl was asked the direction to Alfred. This was the beginning of a running conversation, in which the old lady roused herself to take part.

This is a sample:

She was asked—"Do you like this country?"

Old lady—"No, it's the last in the world."

Girl—"I have asked my friends if I die not to bury me here."

Later the elder woman called to us: "This is no country for white people to live in, but, boys, if you want to see God's country, I will tell you where to find it. It is up along the Shakaska river."

For several miles our interest was equally divided between the description of "God's Country," and the problem how long the rear wheel would stay on the wagon in front of us.

Reaching the top of a steep grade leading to a river, their wagon was stopped for a moment, and then they began the descent very carefully. Thinking it wisest to walk down the hill three of our party dismounted, and by the time the wagon in front had reached the bottom, those on foot were very near. Just as the ponies stepped into the water, down went (possibly quotation marks should be used for the "down went," but as this narrative has nothing to do with the gentleman, whose name has become so well known, they are omitted) the wheel with a broken hub. The writer jumped into the water and seized the ponies and held them while the others placed a pole under the axle for a drag. The girl, Ada, then drove the broken wagon across the rocky ford, about thirty yards wide, through water three feet deep, while the mother, Mrs. Handy, guided our team across the difficult passage, the writer going before on the broncho.

Our party halted on the north bank of the stream and pitched their tents, a half mile south of the Handy dug-out. After a consultation it was determined to go on our journey by way of "God's Country," if not too far from the direct route. In order to obtain particulars as to the roads a call at the Handy dug-out was necessary, and as each of the party was anxious to see how such people live, the tent was closed and all went calling together. We were greeted by a dog which would not permit us to approach the door until driven away by his mistress. It was learned that the following persons constituted the family: Mrs. Handy, her daughters Ada, aged fourteen, Grace, aged nine, and a married one, with an infant whose father is "a soldiering" at Fort Sill, Texas. Mrs. Handy and Ada had not yet retired, but the married daughter and the two children were lying on their bed, a blanket, spread on the ground, without shelter. While our driver was interviewing the widow, Ada came out, and joined her sisters. In a few minutes the little girl, Grace, called to us to know if we had brought a seven-up deck with us. Before returning to our tent, we looked into the dug-out and found it a room about ten by ten, with a roof so low that one could not stand erect. Its only furniture was a bedstead, stove and two chairs. Thus the story of one family, doubtless but a type of the many, will tell your readers something of the hardships of the Oklahoma settlers, as well as of the character of the people.

In the morning, before we had finished breakfast, the child Grace came to our camp and again challenged the crowd to a game of seven-up, and when informed that we had not the necessary implements, seemed greatly surprised.

The stream, upon the banks of which we camped, is called the Skeleton. By some the name is explained as having been given because of the rocky bed of the river; by others as on account of the great number of cattle that perished there during a severe winter some years ago.

A drive of a few hours, next morning, and the village of Alfred, the future rival of Guthrie, is reached. With larder replenished from the stores of the Alfred Mercantile Company, civilization is again left behind and we start on a drive of eighty miles to Kansas. Crossing Beaver Creek, the trail soon takes a course on the top of a divide, the prairie, yellow and dry, extending for miles on either side. Here and there, in the distance, can be seen the cabin of a settler, with an occasional field of cotton, or a small piece of corn. The heat becomes almost unbearable, and there is no water for the horses. Far to the right there are trees and other signs of the presence of a stream. The mustang is again pressed into service, and the search for water begins. The ravines are dry, and the sun has lapped up the stream from its bed. A few miles further north and a ravine, with a few small trees, promises shade if not water, and the horses must have rest.

In the head of the gulch, which is about thirty feet deep and forty feet across the top, a settler has made his home. Home! Can such a place be called home? A hole has been cut into the side of the ravine, so that the earth forms the back and sides of a room ten feet square. A roof of rough boards is overhead, and through this projects the stove pipe, by way of a chimney. The front is of logs and bark, in the center a hole being left for an entrance, and on either side of the door a small aperture for the admission of light. Below the house is a spring. Behind it, on the prairie, is a field of corn covering about an acre, without an ear on the stalks. During the noon camp the settler told us this story of his experience:—"I came here in May, 1889. I am a carpenter, and expected to get work at my trade helping the other settlers with their building. With what I could raise this summer and as the result of my labor, I hoped that another year would find me independent and owner of a good farm. I had very little money, and that, with what I earned at my trade, is all gone. Now I have no work; there is none. No one needs a carpenter, and even if he could get work, the people have no money to pay for labor. We are all in the same boat; I have no crop, and there is nothing for me to do but to give up my claim and get out of this forsaken land if possible. My condition is but a sample of the extremity to which nearly all the people in this section have come." This spot is one and a half miles south of the middle of the northern line of the Oklahoma country, out of which we soon passed.

From the descriptions which have been given, and the incidents, related, each of your readers will form his own judgment of Oklahoma, and it is scarcely necessary to sum up the conclusions reached after a journey through the heart of the land. Briefly they are as follows: In the river bottoms there is some excellent soil, but no better than is to be found along all the rivers of the United States; all through the country is much soil that is about of the average character of the land to be found everywhere, with much that is absolutely poor, and not worth accepting as a gift, even if it could be obtained without the hardships incident to its redemption. The settlers are as a rule not composed of the stuff of which pioneers are made, but are of the roving, easy-going class, who failed to call forth a living from the soil in the east, and who have been steadily moving westward, stopping here and there, in the hope of finding "a land flowing with milk and honey" without paying the price of toil. There will probably be great suffering among the people of Oklahoma during the coming winter, and they will need assistance from the people of the States.

Entering the Strip, the monotony of the afternoon drive was broken by the frequent appearance of prairie chickens, of which seven were secured before water was reached at 8.30 in the evening. Thoroughly exhausted with the day's travel, the tent was thrown upon the bank of Great Bear River, and furnished a bed instead of a shelter, and there we rested without other covering than the sky, until five o'clock in the morning, when we crossed the river, or rather the bed of the stream, for where once, between banks thirty feet high, flowed a great body of water, there are now only a few stagnant pools.

Having been without water since leaving the Oklahoma land, a great grove of immense oaks, pecans and other trees, through which flowed, really flowed, for there was water in the stream, Red Rock Creek, was hailed with delight. Here was found a beautiful camp ground, with pure water in the stream for the horses, and near by a spring of clear cold water for the men. Beyond the stream could be seen a volume of smoke rolling up from the earth, and when the journey was again taken up it was found that the trail led through the midst of a strip of prairie, upon which the grass was burning with all the fierceness of the early spring fires. Although this was the first of the fires enconntered, the smoke from many had been seen at intervals in every direction, and this affords some idea of the drought by which the land has been visited.

Toward evening, passing through a wire fence, we came into the Nez Perces reservation, six miles south of the Salt Fork of the Arkansas River. Covering hundreds of acres of what seemed to be rich bottom land, were thousands of cattle grazing. The grass, though closely pastured, appeared fresh and green. But after a time a descent of a slight grade proved that we had not been traveling through bottom land. We are now in the bottom; the grass is fresher and the soil more rich. What a stretch of bottom land is this reaching for miles east and west, as far as the eye can see, and the river still four miles to the north. Another descent and another great bottom plateau. We are certainly now upon a level with the river bank; but no, another grade must be descended before this is reached, and then the trail leads northward along the bank of the stream. Along the shore of the rapidly flowing current were to be seen hundreds of dead fish, a species of bass. If these had been small, their presence could have been accounted for by the supposition that they had been rejected by some seining party. But this theory would not hold, for they were of all sizes, from the smallest to fish that must have weighed five or six pounds. It was not until we reached the ford that any explanation of the death of the fish could be found. Having pitched the tent on the south side of the stream, the horses were led down to the water, but refused to drink. This stream flows from the west, through immense salt beds, and is fed all along its course by salt streams. When full of water the stream, fed by fresh water creeks, is comparatively pure, but in the midst of the drought, these fresh water streams have been dried up, and the fish forced into the salt water, which has become more and more briny by evaporation. At last it has grown so salty as to cause the death of the fish. This story need not be received by your readers "cum grano salis," for as wonderful as it seems, the fact remains that here, through the Indian Territory, flows a stream as briny as the waters of the ocean. The mustang, of whose pranks mention has been made, gave the writer an involuntary opportunity to test the waters of the Salt Fork, and furnished sport for the other members of the party. On the opposite bank of the stream is the headquarters of the Nez Perces ranc [redacted] the head of a ravine near which [redacted] said to be a fine spring. Mountin [redacted] the broncho, the writer started acro [redacted] the river to fill the water jug. [redacted] mid stream, the pony knelt an [redacted] plunged forward until he was hea [redacted] and neck beneath the water. Imagination will supply the omission of further detail.

Crossing the stream next morning, a short talk with the cowboys elicited the information that the range, of which this was the headquarters, covered the whole western half of the Nez Perces reservation, with 45,000 acres under fencing, with the number of cattle reduced to about 7,000. Near the ranch is a tract of land, rented from the Indians by a farmer, who has cultivated his land, and the result of his toil is seen in the abundance of his crops. A field of corn, of about three hundred acres, was beyond all injury from drought and will yield almost a full crop.

From this place a northeast course was taken that we might pass through what had been described as "God's Country," although it seemed hardly possible that a better land could be found than that in which we then were. Crossing the Shakaska south of the mouth of Bitter Creek, and then turning to that stream, which, by the way, is wrongly named, its waters being sweet rather than bitter, we came into a beautiful bottom between the two streams, extending in the one direction about fifteen miles, and in the other, at its widest part, about six miles. All reports as to the beauty of the country and the fertility of the soil were fully verified by observation, but is doubtful if more can be said of this section than of the other river bottoms, of which mention has been made, except that it is nearer to Kansas and civilization.

Having passed through this stretch of country we entered Kansas two miles east of Hunnewell, and camped for the night at the little town of South Haven, eight miles south of Wellington.

On Kansas soil, the men felt new vigor, the horses travelled better, and as all were anxious to reach home it was determined to make the drive to Wichita in one day.

That drive, by way of Wellington, was through the best portions of Sumner and Sedgwick counties. There are no better settlers in any part of the west than are to be found in this section. While here and there might be seen the homestead of an individual who is playing at farming, or expecting the soil to do all while he takes his ease, the many farms are well cultivated, and improved by substantial buildings. Upon one farm, near cribs filled with last year's corn, held over instead of sacrificed at ten cents a bushel or burned, were counted eleven stacks of wheat, ready to be threshed, while not far away was an immense pile of straw from a good crop of oats. Upon the same farm were immense fields of corn, which owing to the dryness of the season will not produce the phenomenal crop of last year, yet will well repay for the labor done. Many of the farmers by whose lands we travelled are evidently as prosperous as this one, whom we have selected as an example, and what these have accomplished all might accomplish by the exercise of common sense in planting their crops and energy in cultivating them, for their lands are the same.

Corn has been King in Kansas for so many years, that some farmers seem slow to learn the lesson, from repeated failures of the corn crop, that in order to win they must average their crops, putting in wheat, oats, corn, rye, buckwhat, and the never failing sugar-cane.

When ten miles south of Wichita the bronzed dome of the Court House came into view, and at sunset we were again at home, having travelled nearly five hundred miles.

W. L. SEABROOK,
WICHITA, KANSAS, Aug., 1890.

"The disappearance of the mackerel gull from Maine waters is due," according to the Biddeford Times, "to the merciless work of the men who supply the milliners with plumes. For the mackerel gull they are paid ten cents each, a price so remunerative to professional gunners that these birds were in the short space of two years practically exterminated. All of the snipe family were also in great demand; even the little ox-eye did not escape, for a single order was placed for 600,000 of these at three cents each to fill an English contract."

A young lady sent to a newspaper a poem, entitled "I Cannot Make Him Smile." The editor ventured to express an opinion that she would have succeeded had she shown him the poem.

### The Planet Mars.

If the world is to credit the announcements made from time to time by Italy's hawk-eyed astronomer, Schiaparelli, from the Milan observatory, some queer things must be going on, on our nearest outer neighbor, the planet Mars. The Italian's latest discoveries on his favorite [redacted] located in England, has discovered five immense canals on Mars, which are divided into double parts by straight central lines, works or constructions, which pass through them lengthwise. These canals had been seen by other astronomers, some of them five or six years ago; and some observers had even expected the central line or division in at least two of them; it is now apparently comfirmed.

Perhaps, when the latest big refracting telescope has been put in place, under California skies, but in another observatory, we may get some new facts about our nearest outer neighbor. The big glass at the Lick Observatory is either doing nothing for the use of popular astronomy—the cause for which James Lick gave his money—or else for some unknown reason, the instrument's discoveries are kept from the public. Mars is, at most times, not less than 46,000,000 miles from the earth; but at some times much less. At its approaching apposition, in the spring of 1892, Mars will present a peculiarly favorable opportunity for studying his appearance and conditions. If the Clarks finish the great 40-inch object glass for the Los Angeles observatory, on which they are now at work, in time to permit a view of Mars through that medium, in 1892, some interesting facts may be discovered. It is very probable that Mars is peopled with sentient beings—presumably much like human beings. They may know a good deal more about earth and its people than earth's people know about them. It is known already that Mars has annual seasons which correspond to ours.

### Wild Animals in Texas.

"Wolves, coyotes, cats and panthers," says The Brackett (Tex.) News, "are multiplying under the protection of the barbed wire fence and the apathy of the state legislators. A few years since a thorough scalp law would have settled forever the wild animal question in Texas at a small expense. Now it will cost twice the money, and in the meantime stockmen and farmers have lost many times the money in calves, colts and sheep killed. In a few years things will be much worse. A ranchman, G. A. Anderson, of Kinney county, has been compelled to buy a pack of hounds and turn huntsman to protect his flock from the increasing ravages of panthers. The same thing is happening all over Texas. It is about time for the state legislature to give some attention to the matter, or for the western districts at least to begin to send men of average common sense to that body."

### In a Japanese Mint.

There are about 300 hands employed at the mint of Yeddo, Japan. When the men enter in the morning they are made to divest themselves of their own clothes and put on others belonging to the mint. At the end of a day's work a gong sounds, when the somewhat curious spectacle is presented of 300 men springing from the ground on which they have been seated, throwing off their clothes and rushing a naked throng to one end of the yard. Here they pass through the following ordeal in order to prove that they have no silver on them: Their back hair is pulled down and examined, they wash their hands and hold them up to view, they drink water and then hallo, and lastly they run to the outer end of the yard, clearing two or three hurdles on their way, after which performance they are allowed to go to their lodgings.

A Saginaw lady who by great effort had procured a pair of the new French gloves—thirty-two buttons—was surprised and somewhat disgusted the other day to find them upon her little son's legs. The shaver had put them on for leather leggins, and they made him a good pair.

The salt works at Saltair, Utah, cover 900 acres. The vats are fifteen feet above the surface of the lake, and are filled by means of a huge rope driven at a high speed, which lifts the brine in a steady stream at the rate of 15,000 gallons a minute.

There is now more beet than cane sugar consumed. In 1881 the total of the world's production of cane sugar was 2,006,900 tons, and of beet sugar 1,774,600 tons. In 1890 the total of cane was 2,246,000 tons, and of beets 3,360,000 tons.

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