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, JULY 1, 1904. VOL. 73--NO. 27.

Hyder's Jewelry Store

IS STILL AT THE SAME OLD PLACE,
75 WEST MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER, MD.

WHERE YOU CAN SEE:

The cheapest Watches that ever were sold,
Made of pure metal, both Silver and Gold;
Gold Necklaces, Chains and beautiful Charms,
And handsome Bracelets to wear on the arms.

Rings made of Silver and of pure Gold,
So cheap and beautiful for all to behold;
To see these fine goods 'tis really a treat,
And in quality and price they cannot be beat.

Now Clocks, my dear friends, I sell them so low,
A 10-dollar bill will buy a whole row;
Now facts are facts, come see for yourselves
The beautiful goods in case and on shelves.

Spectacles and Eye-glasses for young and old,
Made of good metal, both Nickle and Gold;
We will test your eyes gladly, without any fee,
So you will always be happy, because you can see.

If your glasses get broken, disabled or bent,
We'll examine them freely, without costing a cent;
If, of new frames or lenses you stand in need
We can furnish them for you, Yes, Indeed.

If any Repairing you wish to have done,
We'll do it as cheap as the work can be done;
All work done by us we warrant the best;
Come, give us a trial, for that is the test.

1847 ROGERS SILVERWARE ALWAYS ON HAND.

Repairing of fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry a Specialty ALSO ENGRAVING.

NOTICE.—All persons having Watches, Clocks, Jewelry or any other articles for repair, and who have left the same for six months, are hereby notified to come and redeem the same on or before the 1st of January, 1904, or they will be sold for the cost of repairs. No article left for repair will be kept over six months. After that time it will be sold for repairs.

All sales and repairing are strictly CASH.

Yours, Respectfully,
dec18 tf GEO. M. HYDER.

This Way for Bargains.

Great Closing Out Sale of

GOODS AT OAK HALL,
NEW WINDSOR, Md.

Having decided to reduce our very large stock we include all of our spring purchases. Special effort will be made to close out Dress Goods, Silks &c., of which all know is one of the largest in the county.

$3,500 worth of Clothing to go at a sacrifice.

Our stock of Shoes is one of the largest in the county.

200 pairs of Slippers to go at one-third reduction. 10 per cent. off on all our new Shoes and Slippers.

Ask to see our Hats and you will find us away below our competitors. A special counter of 25 cent Hats.

Carpets and Mattings will be offered at a reduction.

$1.00 Rustic Stool to go at 86 cents.

Every day will bring new bargains. We intend closing out a number of things and make a change in our stock.

A rare chance to get your spring and summer outfit cheap. A call will be appreciated.

ja 18 04 1y GEO. C. ANDERS.

John E. Eckenrode. Chas. E. Eckenrode.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in
BUGGIES, SURREYS, STANHOPES, RUNABOUTS, DAYTONS, TRAPS, STICK WAGONS, DELIVERY WAGONS, DEPOT WAGONS and all kinds of Vehicles.

NEW SHOPS, new tools and better facilities for quick and good work. Special attention given to repairing in all its branches.

We have a new Rubber Tire Machine, and can put on rubber tires at a very short notice at our factory. We put on the celebrated Kelly, Goodyear and Diamond, all high grade tires. All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

We have on hand a complete stock of HARNESS and WHIPS of all kinds, for light and heavy driving, at prices that defy competition. Come and see our stock of Vehicles and Harness before purchasing. We can save you money.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SON,
Cor. Liberty and George Sts.,
may 13 04 Westminster, Md.

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,
West Main Street, Westminster, Md.
oct 16 tf

NEW STORE.

We are now located 2 doors east of the Old Stand in the

BOWERS' BLOCK,
WITH LOWER CASH PRICES
and a new and up-to-date stock of

HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS, WHIPS, FLY NETS.

Lap Dusters, Trunks, Suit Cases, Brushes, Combs, Oils, Hames, Chains, Harness Leather, &c.

Soliciting your inspection and thanking you for past patronage,

I am respectfully,
J. WALTER SHUNK,
41 East Main St., Westminster, Md.
jan 11 03 1y

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the estate of

FRANCIS H. BANKERT,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 22nd day of January, 1905; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 22nd day of June, 1904.

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
June 24 4t Administrator.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the Stockholders of The Atlantic Machine Works of Westminster, Maryland, that a meeting of said Stockholders of said company will be held at the office of said company, in Westminster, Maryland, on Thursday, the 7th day of July, A. D. 1904, between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing FIVE DIRECTORS to manage the affairs of the company for the ensuing year; and for the purpose of adopting and taking such action in regard to the By-laws of said company as the said stockholders may deem proper.

E. OLIVER GRIMES, Jr., President.
FRANKLIN M. BEGGS, Secretary.
10 5t

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

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

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

Do you want Job Printing? If so give us a call. We can print anything you want from a small Card to a large Poster.

Hering's Department Store.

AFTER STOCK-TAKING!

We have finished taking stock and have thrown out lots of desirable goods at Great Reductions.

Silk Mulls Worth 37½c at 19c.

Beautiful Plain and Dotted Silk Mulls at half the price they're usually sold at. No woman need be told what a great Bargain this is. Shown in shades of Blue, Pink, Nile, Gray, White, Navy, Mais, Cardinal and Black.

$1.00 and $1.25 White Lawn Waists at 79c.

Made of fine quality India Linon, tucked, plaited and trimmed with Embroidery and Lace.

Very Special at 79c.

Clearance Sale of Children's Oxfords at 79c.

A lot of Children's Oxfords, in Patent and Plain Leather with patent tip, sizes 7½ to 13, worth from $1.00 to $1.25.

Clearance Price 79c.

A Sale of Fine Val. Laces at 35c Dozen.

About 50 doz. yards of fine Val. Laces, in a beautiful lot of patterns, ½ to 1 inch wide and worth 50c to 75c.

☞ CLOSED MONDAY JULY, 4th. ☜

Chas. E. Hering, Westminster, Md.

SPECIAL ITEMS OF INTEREST

For MEN and BOYS, at

SHARRER & GORSUCH'S,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

100 Suits, small lots, 3 and 4 Suits of a kind, bought from a large manufacturer of Clothing at a price that we can sell you, while they last, Suits made to sell for $10.00 and worth it for

$7.00 AND $8.00.

We sell the famous STROUSE BROS. and MARK'S CLOTHING, in FINE SUITS. What we have left in these goods at a special reduction. Remember these are best makers of ready-to-wear Clothing in the world.

Too many fine Knee Pants Suits left. They must be sold. Bring your boys in.

HOT WEATHER COATS.—Alpacas, Serges and Wash Coats.

25 doz. MEN'S 50c SHIRTS.—Positively the handsomest 50c Shirts ever brought to Westminster. We sell the usual kind of 50c Shirts at 35c. See new Monarch $1.00 Shirts.

SPECIAL IN UNDERWEAR.—50c quality 40c or 75c Suit. Splendid Shirts and Drawers 25c. New things every week in Ties, Collars, Belts and Hosiery. Knee Pants 25c. 20c doz. of these, best ever sold for 25c. See our 45c Working Shirts, sold always at 50c. The best place to buy your Cotton Pants. The kind that don't rip and still selling at old price.

Special Big Bargains in SUITS and TROUSERS to order now.

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

KEEFER & SULLIVAN.

NEW WHITE FISH,
Just arrived, all sizes.

Call and Get Our Prices.

Fresh Cakes and Crackers from the N. B. C. Co. every week.

A few of our prices: Hams, Shoulders, Bacon and Bologna 10 cents a pound.
Moth Balls 5 cents a pound, all you want. Best Fly Paper, 4 double sheets, for 5 cents.
Best Coffee in Westminster for 15c pound. Good Flour 50 cents a sack.
R. J. R. Smoking Tobacco 6 for 25 cents. Prize Tea—a present with every package.
Larkins' Sweet Home Soap 6 for 25 cents. Wanted—Ear Corn $3.50 per barrel.
Wanted—Fresh Eggs at 15 a dozen.

Give us a call by either Phone, and ask our prices.

jan 3 03 18 KEEFER & SULLIVAN, 88 and 92 E. Main St., Westminster.

FOR SALE.

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

CLOVER SEED AT MARKET PRICE.

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

Paint Cannot Be Made Of Greater Covering Capacity and density combined than DAVIS' 100 PER CENT Pure Paint

When you buy paint, see that the guarantee clearly states, how pure it is.

If our paint is not 100 per cent Pure as our guarantee label designates, no charge is made for the paint.

The WESTMINSTER HARDWARE Co.
DISTRIBUTORS,
Westminster - Maryland.

LISTEN!

YOU CAN ALWAYS GET STYLE AS WELL AS A GOOD LIKENESS IN YOUR

PHOTOGRAPHS

AT

Mitchell's

Art Gallery over Bowers' Store, Westminster, Md. oct 25 03

FOUND! FOUND!

A PLACE WHERE I CAN BUY
CUT GLASS, CHINA,
Silverware, Watches, Clocks,
Jewelry, Fountain Pens,
Sterling Silver Novelties,
Umbrellas, Pocket Books.

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

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

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

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

MYERS BROTHERS,
Surgeon Dentists,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

We are prepared to do all kinds of
Dental Work. Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

Plate 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 23 02 tf

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

[redacted]

Yes, I long once more
Down the dusty road to school,
Where the old schoolmaster governed
Us with such despotic rule;
And I'd give the world if only
I could join the boys at ball,
Or be caught while drawing pictures
Of the master on the wall,
Or by him be reprimanded
In a manner most severe,
For some other piece of mischief
To a school boy's heart so dear.
'Twas a theater, that schoolhouse,
With its sorrows and its joys,
Where the scenes of life were acted
By those country girls and boys.
Ah! though years and distance part us,
Time turns backward in its flight,
And within the old red schoolhouse
I'm a boy again to-night.

—L. C. Bishop, in American Farmer.

Our Celebration at Two-Owe-Tee.

From the Youth's Companion.

Last Fourth of July the weather came on cool and beautiful in our mountains. But there were three people at Black Rock Horse Ranch who were anything but cool. In fact, Ferd, Florence and I were as hot as we could well become—hot with impatience and disgust.

For more than four weeks we had been preparing for a celebration, a picnic at our cottonwood grove, with all the family and all our neighbors along Black Rock Creek to join in making a great day. Fred, who had borrowed some volumes of the Congressional Record from a local politician, had written a short address, and Florence had practised diligently some patriotic songs. Moreover, we had expended eight dollars for fireworks, of a magnitude worthy of the largest attainable crowd.

Our discomfiture may be imagined when I say that father, mother and the younger children had failed in a promised return from their visit at Green River, and that, just two days before the Fourth, report had reached Black Rock Valley of a "monster celebration" which was to be held at Lander, and to which every mother's son and daughter in our neighborhood had stampeded.

We were left alone, we three; so far as we knew, there was not a soul left within twenty-five miles of us.

We were, of course, still loooking for the return of our family from Green River, but as the morning slipped away and eleven o'clock came, with no sign of them, Fred and I gave ourselves up to sulking We were lying upon our backs in the shade of some cottonwoods near a horse corral, when Florence, who was still on the lookout, shouted at us.

"They're coming!" she cried, running toward us and clapping her hands joyfully. "I can see the dust of their wagon down the the valley. Splendid! splendid! We'll have a celebration all to ourselves!" As there are eight of us together, the prospect was not quite so disheartening.

Ferd and I sprang to our feet and climbed the corral fence to look. What we saw was a flying trail of dust rising above a point about a mile distant. A glance, however, showed our more practiced eyes that the dust-cloud was altogether too great to be kicked up by a span of mules and a spring wagon.

"That's not them," declared Ferd, in disgust. "It's a stampede of horses or cattle." A faint roar of trampling hoofs soon bore to our ears the proof of his assertion. The dust-cloud increased in volume, and the mutter of pounding hoofs jarred like a distant rumble of thunder.

Our suspicions were quickly roused. We craned our necks and watched in silence. We had only a minute to wait before a big bunch of horses, going at a swift trot, broke cover of the point. A few seconds later, we discovered, on the outskirts of the herd, which doubtless numbered many horses of our own, two pony-riders turning the leaders acrosss the valley.

We did not have to guess that these men were "rustlers," and that there were more of them in the rear pushing the horses forward. Every movement of herd and men proclaimed the fact. A gang of our mountain free booters had taken advantage of the stockmen's "stampede" to Lander to make another stampede, which should be vastly to their own advantage.

The men were steering their catch across Black Rock Valley up to the mouth of Two-owe-tee Pass. Once through that difficult gap, they would hustle the herd into the fastnesses of Owl Creek Mountain, break it up into small bunches, and get away with the horses at their leisure.

Ferd and I did not say this to each other—we did not need to do so. We slipped off the fence presently, and looked at each other in a grim kind of way.

"Well," said Ferd, "we've got to head off that herd, stampede and scatter 'em, somehow."

"Sure thing!"

When Florence understood the case, she set up a frantic wail. "You shan't go!" she almost screamed. "Those men will shoot you dead! Anyway, if you do, I'll go along and be shot, too!"

"You will stay at home, Florry," said Ferd, kindly, but in his masterful way. "We'll take good care of ourselves, never fear."

Thereupon she ran to the house, crying. We could not stop to comfort her. While Ferd went for our guns, trappings and a snack to eat, I ran to the creek pasture, got out two of our best riding ponies and saddled them. When I had finished, Ferd came out, wearing his hunting-jacket and carrying my jacket and our guns.

The big side-pocket of the coats were stuffed to bulging, but my jacket felt light enough, and when I thrust a hand into one of the pockets and drew out a giant "cracker" of the biggest size, I fairly whooped with delight. There were a half-dozen in each pocket, and each one was a foot in length. They would make enough noise to stampede a whole tribe of Indians, let alone four or five hundred half-wild horses.

We were off in a twinkling. We knew of an old buffalo and cattle trail a half mile distant, leading up to the head of Black Rock, and round the slopes of several mountains into the north gap of Two-owe-tee. This trail we took.

"We'll plant ourselves in front of that herd in the gap," said Ferd "and there we'll have our celebration. I believe we can 'counter-stampede,' run 'em over that crowd, and get away in the dust and racket."

The very probable event of a fight against odds, however, kept us feeling pretty sober. We clattered along the "cut off" at a hard gallop, without exchanging many remarks.

We rode on for more than an hour, passing out of Black Rock and over a mountain ridge. Then we heard a clatter of hoofs at our heels, and turned to face Florence. Her pony was sweating, her face was flushed and beseeching, as she pulled up confronting us. As the trail was a plain one she had had no difficulty in following.

"I can't stay behind!" she announced, breathlessly. "I should die of fright! I don't believe those men will fight when they see a girl along."

So that was her reason for coming! We looked at each other in dismay and some disgust. But she was a girl of sixteen, a capable horsewoman, and of a determined spirit. We could not compel her to stay behind.

"Well," said Ferd, "when we get to business you'll have to stay where we put you, or we'll tie you up!"

Then we "hit the trail again, and Florence followed. I looked back to see that she was crying, although she rode bravely, and I was truly sorry for her.

In the course of three hours of hard riding, we came out of a sharp cut into the canon of Two-owe-tee. A brief examination convinced us that we should find no better point at which to make a break in the herd and turn them back upon the rustlers. The gap of Two-owe-tee was here some two hundred yards in width, with inaccessible steeps on either hand.

We rather counted on a fight, and Ferd planned for it like a general. He even consented that Florence should take a part in cannonading the herd, whereat she at once became a calm and superior person. She agreed to keep close in to the mouth of the cut, after we should get the herd going, and in a certain length of time to take her flight back over the trail by which we had come.

Even when we told her we should fight, pointiag out from a height the high banks of a dry run where we should make our stand when we had run the herd over the rustlers, she approved the plan.

"You can stand them off easily," she declared. "Their bullets can't hit you there, and if they charge, you can stampede them with crackers."

We rather thought so ourselves. We then ate a bit of dinner and rested, listening meanwhile for the tramp of the herd. It was nearly four o'clock when we heard the rumble of their hoofs and sighted their trail of dust up the canon.

We quickly took our place. Florence stood just outside the mouth of the cut, with several giant crackers and some matches in hand. She was a little pale, but cool and collected, and showed no sign of fear.

Ferd and I sat our ponies on either side the creek-bed and waited, I must admit in a state of considerable excitement. We had no fear, for our ponies were gun-broken to firing from the saddle, and would not shy even at cannon shots. They were, in fact, accustomed to the crack of dynamite and black powder, used in breaking rock and splitting logs near our house.

The foremost horses of the herd were soon close at hand. Of course, the dust they raised completely hid us from view of the rustlers in their rear.

They were coming at a free trot on each side of the creek channel. We waited until the leaders had halted, snorting, in front of us. Then we lighted our crackers and flung them—eight or ten—one after the other. Florence took her part in the cannonade, throwing her crackers as far as she could toward the horses.

For half a minute the canno roared and reverberated with an astounding racket. This thunder and smoke flung the leading horses back upon their fellows until all were bunched like a flock of scared sheep.

Then we rode at them, each of us flinging a final cracker upon their heels, and all of us yelling like crazy Bannocks at a frolic. In no time we had them going—just "hitting the wind" in the wildest kind of a "counter-stampede." We followed, aware at first of the active operations of rustlers in our front. The swerving lines of horses told us plainly enough where they were. The dust and confusion prevented our seeing anything more than half a dozen yards distant.

By great good luck, we came together in crossing a curve of the creek-bed. We rode at the tail of the herd until assured that the frightened horses would run as long as they were able—that our stampede could not be countered for an hour or more. We knew, from the time which had elapsed, that the rustlers, not fearing immediate pursuit, had saved wind and speed for a long chase.

And now we turned back, determined to take our stand in the mouth of the cut and guard the pass until the stockmen should begin to come in from Lander. It was only through the gap of Two-owe-tee that the rustlers could hope to run stock off our range.

Dust hung heavily in the gap, and in order to dodge the rustlers, if possible, we rode back down the creek channel, which held only here and there pools of water.

But luck turned against us just as we had reached a point nearly opposite the mouth of the cut. While riding across a flat where the ditch was extremely shallow, we sighted four horsemen scouting cautiously, evidently trying to discover the cause of the tremendous racket which had turned the stock.

But they saw us bofore we could get to cover. They were between us and the mouth of the cut, and they wheeled in an ugly fashion, holding their Winchesters at a "ready." We slipped out of our saddles and got behind our ponies.

They were not more than fifty or sixty yards away. Three of them were dressed as cowboys and looked like ordinary line riders. The fourth, and apparently the leader, wore a blue woolen shirt and a stiff hat. He had a drooping black mustache and long hair.

Presently the four got in line and began moving slowly toward us. They evidently wanted to make sure of us at the first fire.

"Halt where you are or somebody'll get hurt!" shouted Ferd. The rustlers glanced at each other. Two of them grinned wickedly. They came on without pausing.

Scared as I was, I was far more frightened in behalf of those reckless men than on my own account. If they could have known how quick and certain Ferd is with a rifle, they certainly would have kept their distance. I knew one of them must fall at my brother's first, and if they charged in saddle, I did not doubt he would kill them all before they could reach us—he is just as quick as that on the trigger, and he works his lever as a boy flips a marble. His rifle was already levelled covering the leader.

"Halt there, I tell you!" he called again, and in a tone that would have stopped any but the most desperate of men. The men fingered their Winchesters. They were about to begin the fight. Then in a breath and out of the dust that still banked along the steeps Florence came galloping directly at them.

The fellows turned their heads quickly at hearing the patter of her pony's hoofs, and the leader wheeled his horse sharply about. The latter lowered the rifle he had half-presented when he saw a girl confronting him. It was well enough for him that he did so.

Florence coolly pulled up in front and a little to one side of this astonished rustler.

"Those are my brothers down there," we heard her saying in a clear voice. "I am going to help them drive the horses. I guess my stirrup-strap is breaking loose." And she stooped over on the side opposite the man, as if to attend to her footing.

Then, before the leader or his men coul d recover from surprise, Florence straightened up and flung a hissing cracker at his pony's head.

At fifteen feet she ought not to have missed, but the pony dodged at the motion of her arm, and her big yellow cracker struck the rider somewhere about the belt and exploded. The man was knocked or thrown out of his saddle, sprawling like a stricken frog. The pony sprang away, reeling from the concussion.

One of the mounted men yelled "Dynamite!" and all three put spurs to their dancing ponies, and were out of range and out of sight in no time.

Ferd and I now advanced, with our guns covering the fallen rustler, who had raised himself to a sitting posture and seemed to be groping for his Winchester. He was blind and dizzy as yet from the shock he had received.

Florence had dismounted and secured his gun.

"I'm dreadfully sorry I hurt you, sir," we heard her saying, ruefully. "I only meant to stampede your horses and keep you from shooting at my brothers."

She had indeed done execution. The man's shirt front was blown away, his breast and face were blackened with powder, his moustache and eyebrows were singed off, and his eyes were red and bleary, and rolled like those of a drunken man.

He was still light headed when Ferd and I came up. We got him to his feet and walked him round a bit. Florence ran to a pool brought water in my wool hat. He drank eagerly.

When he had fully recovered his senses, we knew that he was not seriously injured. He sat down upon the ground presently, and although the pain of his burns must have been acute, he grinned at us in a kind of grim humor.

"Well," he asked, "goin' to shoot me up?"

I had already caught his horse.

"Get into your saddle and get out of these parts," said Ferd. "Try to make an honest living in future, and no one will hurt you."

The man, with a grimace of humiliation, mounted his animal and rode away. We were glad enough to see the last of him.

We overtook the main herd of stampeded horses near the summit of the pass. That night we slept upon beds of spruce boughs. We reached home at eight o'clock in the morning, and found the rest of the family awaiting us. They thought we must have gone to Lander.

When the stockmen came back from Lander they were in a great state of indignation. There had been no celebration, and they had ridden a hundred miles and back for nothing. It soon turned out that the rustlers themselves had caused the false report to be circulated.

I must say that Florence is now a person of considerable reputation in these parts.

Mother Shipton's Prophecies.

Mother Shipton, who is said to have lived in the reign of Henry VIII (1509-1547), was famous for her prophecies, in which she foretold the death of Cardinal Wolsey (1530), Lord Percy, etc., and many wonderful events and discoveries of future times. Various pretended predictions of the fifteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are known under her name. Many of them are attributed to T. Evan Preece, a prophetess of South Wales. The following is a rhymed list of "Mother Shipton's prophecies":

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe;
Around the world thought shall fly
In the twinkle of an eye;
Waters yet shall more wonders do,
Now strange—yet shall be true;
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree;
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side;
Under water men shall walk;
Shall ride—shall sleep—shall talk;
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green;
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat;
Gold shall be found and won
In a world that's now unknown;
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a Jew;
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

How to Clean Oilcloths.

To freshen the oilcloth wring a soft cloth out of clear, warm water, dip one corner of it in kerosene, rub first with wet cloth, then with the oiled corner. Use no soap. For binding the edge of oilcloth there is no more serviceable material than silesia or the heavier drilling. Cut strips about an inch and a half in width, turn under one edge, slide the remaining edge under the oilcloth, leaving the width of half an inch or less with the folded edge, which turn over on oilcloth and tack in place.

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