The Democratic Advocate.

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HERING'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

FALL AND WINTER OPENING!

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY OCTOBER 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

MILLINERY, - - LADIES SUITS and COATS,
FURS and SILK RUFFS,
DRESS GOODS, SILKS and VELVETS,
FANCY TRIMMINGS,
FURNITURE, - - - CARPETS and RUGS.

We Invite Your Inspection of Fashion's Latest Styles in
Millinery Trimmings,
Untrimmed Shapes,
Ready-to-Wear and
Trimmed Hats.

STYLES TO FASCINATE ALL FANCIES.
PRICES TO SUIT ALL.

CHARLES E. HERING, Westminster, Md.

GET YOUR SUIT MADE THIS MONTH

You will have all the new, correct and smart styles in
SUITINGS & TROUSERINGS
TO SELECT FROM.

ADVANTAGES
Sharrer & Gorsuch
WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND,
GIVE YOU IN MERCHANT TAILORING:
We show you the goods, not samples.
We use only best materials and workmanship.
We have the latest patterns from best mills.
We do not have to add $2 to $3 on price for a cutter.
We guarantee to save you $3 to $5 on each suit.
It will pay you to place your order with us.

We are after your Fall Clothing Business
And to get it we have bought $10,000 worth of Men's and Boys' Clothing from the best and most reliable manufacturers in the country. We can please you and save money for you if you want good clothing. We do not handle trash, but sell you reliable goods at lowest possible price.

STYLISH FALL OVERCOATS.
JUST THE SEASON YOU NEED ONE.
Medium Weight Underwear for these cool days.
A few medium weight Suits for Men and Boys left at Great Bargain Reductions.

HOUSE FOR SALE OR RENT.
The three-story Building, recently occupied by the late Mrs. Anna Albaugh, opposite Rose's Drug Store, Westminster. It has nine rooms, out kitchen, closets, bathroom, city water, range, stable, &c.
Apply to
MRS. JAMES H. CASSELL,
Residing in the Property,
or to MRS. WM. H. VANDERFORD,
The Westminster, Westminster, Md.
sept 5 tf

300,000 CURES SINCE 1880.
THE KEELEY CURE
THE ONLY KEELEY INSTITUTE FOR MARYLAND & THE DIST. OF COL. 811 NORTH CAPITOL ST. WASHINGTON, D.C.
FOR LIQUOR AND DRUG ADDICTIONS
MANAGER W. G. HASKELL. ADDRESS CONFIDENTIALLY
jan31 1y*

MULES. MULES.
I will receive at my stables, in Hanover, Pa., on Thursday, September 17, 1903,
50 Mules of all kind.
HARRY G. SCHRIVER,
sept12 Hanover, Pa.

BEST FERTILIZER on the MARKET.
Lowest Prices for Cash.
SAUBLE'S,
june27 3mos* Finksburg Station.

NOTICE TO MORTGAGE HOLDERS.
Notice is hereby given that the tax on incomes from mortgages is due on and after September 1st. Said tax is divided as follows: One-quarter to State and three-quarters to county. If said tax is paid on or before October 1st, 1903, a deduction of 5 per cent. will be allowed on the State's part; four per cent., if paid on or before November, and three per cent., if paid on or before December 1, 1903.
On and after January 1, 1904, interest will be charged at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable to the County Treasurer.
JOHN E. MASENHIMER,
sept5 4t County Treasurer.

FER BAUGH'S FERTILIZERS
go to
SAUBLE'S,
june27 3mos* Finksburg Station.

CHAS. W. KING,
Dealer in
Cows, Calves, Sheep, Hogs & Bulls,
West Main St., Westminster, Md., at the stand formerly occupied by the late John Lynch. All stock of the above description bought, sold or exchanged. ju27 6m*

G. W. CRAPSTER,
Justice of the Peace,
Westminster, Md.
Will attend promptly and carefully to all business entrusted to his care. may1

NEW TINNING, PLUMBING, HEATING & REPAIR SHOP.
I HAVE OPENED A
TINNING, PLUMBING, HEATING AND REPAIR SHOP,
at Junction of West Main street and Pennsylvania avenue, Westminster, and am prepared to do all work in these lines promptly and efficiently. Give me a call. Satisfaction guaranteed.
United Telephone and Telegraph Co.'s Phone, Westminster.
FRANK T. SHAEFFER,
mar14 1y Westminster, Md.

WARREN WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS
Waterlick Station, Virginia.
E. D. CULLEN & SON, Proprietors.
Variety of Mineral Waters. Elevation 2,100 feet. 1 mile from station. 4 mails daily. Good shooting, trout and bass fishing. Excellent table. Rates $25 per month. Special rates to families. No mosquitoes, gnats or malaria. Open all the year. aug22 3m

INSURANCE AGENCY
OF
CHARLES E. GOODWIN,
Successor to Wilson & Goodwin,
26 W. Main Street, second story of Smith & Reifsnider's Office Building,
WESTMINSTER, MD.
Represents the following Companies:
Royal Fire Insurance Co. of Liverpool.
Continental Fire Insurance Company of New York.
Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society of England.
Employers Accident Liability Assurance Corporation Limited of London.
No Notes. No Assessments.
jan 27 v

80 HEAD OF
Kentucky Horses and Mules
At my Stables, Littlestown, Pa., MONDAY, SEPT. 7.
I will arrive at my stables on the above date with 80 head of fine Kentucky Horses and Mules of all ages, consisting of Suckling Mules and Weaning Horse Colts and Horses suitable for all purposes. Among them will be some speed. Believing that I can benefit you, and hoping to have you come and examine this stock, I remain, very truly yours,
H. A. SPALDING,
sept5 Littlestown, Pa.

J. WALTER SHUNK,
Leading Cash Harness and Turf Goods Establishment.
Just received from factory a large and carefully selected stock of ROBES and BLANKETS, from the cheapest to the best grades, consisting of Bear, Dog and Goat Robes, Golf Shawls, Plush and Wool Robes; 5 A Blankets at all prices, 50 cents and up; also an up to date line of Harness, Saddles, Whips, Harness Leather, Oils, Collars, Hames and Chains, Brushes, Combs, Trunks, Suit Cases, Grip, Telescopes, Base Balls, Turf Goods, and all Horse Appurtenances.
Yours for Prices, Quality and Service.
J. WALTER SHUNK
sept5tf 41 E. Main St., Westminster, Md.

Trappers of Animals.

The life of the modern wild animal trapper is a series of adventures and dangers and narrow escapes in the forests and jungles in the four quarters of the globe, and his work includes the hunting methods of the savages of every clime and continent. How some of the familiar captives seen in our "Zoos" are caught is an interesting chapter, involving the simplest and shrewdest trickery of which only the invention of primitive man is capable.

One of the simplest methods of capturing ferocious beasts is that used by the East Indian in trapping a tiger. With news of the coming of a wild animal agent, the natives prepare to hunt this huge, orange and black striped cat, only four sturdy men being necessary to secure a man eater, providing they know how. A fine specimen having been located, its habits and watering places are studied, and a ten foot hole, six feet square, is dug and bridged with a net-work of limbs and branches and twigs and leaves, a kid or a goat being tied in the middle of the frail covering. Aroused by the bleating of the anxious bait, the old jungle monarch is attracted, steals nearer and nearer, and finally, with a wide spring, lands upon his prey, only to bear it with him to the bottom of the pit. He tries to scramble out, but the steep walls lend no foothold. He tries to jump out, and without a doubt would succeed were the hole double as large in area, but as it is he must spring straight into the air in order to land on top, and next morning he is found, snarling madly, outwitted, and once more to be made the victim of a ruse.

CATCHING THE TIGER.

How to get the live tiger out of the pit is a problem that would puzzle any one but an East Indian thoroughly acquainted with the fierce temper of the dangerous brute. A net of heavy rope is procured, and this is thrown into the hole. Like a flash the ferocious cat is "all over it at once," biting it, clawing it, tangling himself up in it and biting and clawing the more he gets tangled and becoming tangled the more he fights, until at he lies securely bound, when a hunter descends into the trap, ties the mighty paws with rattan rope, fastens a collar about the fine, thick neck, and proceeds to haul out the grim captive, with the help of three assistants. Once landed, the animal is placed in a heavy wooden cage mounted on wheels, after which he is cut clear of nets and fetters and is hauled through the jungle to market, where the white man is ready to bargain and barter, with calico and glass and brass baubles, or, in more enlightened settlements, with silver.

A curious incident is that one of the largest and one of the smallest of animals is caught precisely in the same kind of trap, for often the lion is caught in what is practically a giant mouse trap. The trap consists of a cage provided with a sliding door that will fall into place and cut off retreat no sooner the bait inside is touched.

But lions and tigers caught when full grown only rarely survive captivity, and when they do they are unsatisfactory specimens for a menagerie, being wild and excitable, and altogether unfriendly. Most of the cat animals seen nowadays in our "Zoos" have been caught when but mere cubs or when only half grown. The easiest way to capture the young of a pair of lions or a tiger couple would be to slay the old beasts. However, the wild animal man has learned to be provident. He never slays or kills unless he has to. In a limited sense he looks upon every feline much as a farmer looks at his cows—he has an eye to the future. If he kills the parents, likely he will catch the cubs. On the other hand, if he steals the young ones while the parents are away he has the chance of stealing a second family of babies when he calls at a future date to capture desirable and sturdy specimens. In this way one animal trapper secured twenty-eight cubs from what he supposed was the same parents within seven years.

THE CAREFUL ELEPHANT.

Among the Africans the favorite method for hunting big game is the pitfall. Even the ponderous, gray sage, the elephant, is taken by bridging a long, deep hole with limbs and twigs, this method having but two objections. In the first place, the elephant is such a ponderous creature that when he falls to the bottom of the pit, even though this be heavily lined with grass and brush, he lands with such tremendous impact that he is likely to sustain permanent and serious injury. And, secondly, owing to the necessity of providing a sure footing for his immense weight, the pachyderm is remarkably cautious, often advancing suspiciously and beating the ground with his truck to sound whether he may safely proceed—and the shrewdest and most suspicious thing on earth, according to elephant hunters, is a suspicious elephant.

Once an elephant has been caught in a pitfall he is obliged to remain there for at least a week while he is brought into contact with man, and taught that he has nothing to fear and nothing but good to expect. Big bales of the finest, sappiest grass are thrown into the pit to still the gnawing hunger of the unfortunate. Men come and go, and he hears their talk and feels them "shoo" the flies from his thick skin to make him comfortable, and he understands that from them he receives his food and his drink. In remarkably few days it is possible for an elephant expert to descend to pay his prisoner a first visit, and at the end of a week he may be removed.

Nothing is easier than to take a five ton elephant out of a pitfall, be it ever so deep. The work, although laborious, is simple. An incline is dug to the bottom of the pit, and, this finished, the beast is led out and turned over to the animal agent who buys him, leads him to the coast, and ships him by steamer as one of those rarely seen "Zoo" inhabitants, an African elephant, of which but two are on exhibition in all of this country.

Most of the elephants shown here come from India. The Indian elephant is far more intelligent and more majestic, although shorter, and much more handsome than his Dark Continent brother. In India, also, the brown man learned to catch the big pachyderm not by ones or possibly twos, but by scores and scores—an instance being on record where a herd of eighty-five elephants was rounded up at once. Elephant catching stations conducted by the Indian Government are scattered throughout the country, and there are some of the most expert elephant hunters assisted by thousands of trained beaters and trackers turn in an annual catch of hundreds of these fine, noble beasts.

EMPLOYMENT FOR AN ARMY.

An elephant round-up in India means work on a giant scale and the employment of from 800 to 1200 men. Into the elephant country marches this army, trackers in front ready to locate and report the game, while in their wake come the beaters and the white men on horses and still others on the koomkies, or tame elephants, that are to be used to capture and tie their wild brethren. Once a herd has been found, the beaters are detached and sent out to surround the beasts. Stealing noiselessly through the thicket, the men form a sort of human chain in a circle, a half mile or more in diameter. Each beater is provided with a tom-tom or a blank shotgun, and the moment it is seen that the herd intends swerving toward any one spot of the circle the beaters there set up an unearthly din with their guns and yells and tom-toms, and, except in very rare cases where the animals have been frightened into charging, they are driven to the centre of the ring to await the completion of the stockade or khedda, wherein the final capture is to take place.

While one detachment of beaters holds the elephants in place, another is at work day and night building this khedda—a ten foot high inclosure of stout limbs and tree trunks, artfully concealed among the thick jungle so that the unsuspecting creatures may be driven into it, after which they are cut off by a gate, and may be captured one by one by means of the koomkies. Often it has happened that in the excitement of trying to break through the stockade an elephant has fallen and another elephant, using the prostrate body as a stepping stone, has escaped. Therefore, it is necessary to dig a wide and deep trench inside the fence and hard against it while the minute the herd is within the beaters take their places at the outside of the fence and their unearthly din discourages a charge against any one part of the great fence.

TRAPPING THE ELEPHANT.

The stockade finished, the herd is gently driven toward the entrance, care being taken that the animals are startled at no time, fearing the tremendous onslaught of a combined rush that would sweep the entire army before it were the elephants to be frightened seriously. Once within the stockade, a trap door weighted with three or four tons of stones and boulders is dropped into place, the koomkies are driven within the inclosure, and the first glimpse of the big beasts to be caught is had at close range.

An elephant at large is rather a different picture from the fine big fellows seen shifting their weight from side to side and swaying their trunks in menageries. A wild elephant is a gaunt, bony animal compared with his captive brother. Also, he is not a clean dark gray. He is disgracefully plastered with mud and leaves and grass, and what patches of his skin show through the coat are considerably darker than when the hide has been washed and groomed by a menagerie keeper. The next step in securing the captives is one dependent upon main force. The tall, intelligent, ponderous koomkies, with their long tusks, guided by the white turbaned mahouts, perform the work with a grim satisfaction. An elephant is detached from the rest of the herd, and at once a pair of koomkies edge close to him, one on each side. Securely hemmed between the big fellows, the elephant catchers appear, running between the ponderous legs of the animals darting here and there, and, quicker than it takes to write this, fastening heavy ropes and cables about the legs of the frighted ones. In case of a sudden charge, the men bob under the belly of their own elephant or climb to his back by means of a net of ropes strung from the koomkie for that purpose. The end of a leg rope fastened about a tree, the koomkies push and shove and worry the prisoner closer and closer toward the huge trunk until he stands securely bound and fettered, looking at his brethren as they fall one by one to the skill of the big tamed elephants.

It takes about a week to tame the average wild captive elephant. Once the prisoners are all tied, each is given a keeper, and it is the duty of this man to reconcile the heart of the noble brute to captivity.

Day and night he is with the sorrowing beast, feeding it grass and sugar cane, bringing it water, fanning it with a huge fan to keep the flies away from its thick but yet sensitive hide, and singing softly to it throughout the night. At the end of a week the prisoner is docile enough to be tied between two other elephants, and to be led away to the big city from the jungle which he will never see again.

CAPTURING THE "RHINO."

The white man's method of securing a young rhinoceros is to ride down the mother on horseback and to shoot and kill her, so that her little pig baby may be gathered up, squealing and kicking, to be borne into captivity and penned for the remainder of life. But the savage method is one requiring greater skill and courage. A "rhino" is surrounded and attacked on foot with hundreds of spears, which penetrate the thick skin, angering the beast so that its attention is distracted. Then a hunter steals up behind, and with a stroke of a big two-handed sword, hamstrings the victim. This method is used also in laying low an African elephant. In the case of an elephant, it is necessary to hamstring only one leg—the prey being too cumbersome to hobble away on three. But the rhinoceros is a frightfully quick and agile beast, and unless hamstrung on both legs he would get away on three almost as well as on all four. When crippled this way, however, the beast is unable to move, and it remains only to advance and put him out of misery as soon as possible.

Nowadays the hippopotamus is rarely hunted. In New York are a pair of "hippos" that have presented the city with seven babies, a supposedly remarkable occurence. Contrary to general belief, however, the "hippo" is a beast that breeds freely in captivity, almost as readily as the camel or the buffalo; and in the Old World cities there are many couples like Caliph and Miss Murphy, and it is from happy parents of this kind that the world receives its supply of young "hippos."

Hippopotamus hunting, when it is carried on here and there, is one of the most dangerous jobs an animal trapper undertakes. Like the rhinoceros, the adult animal is too heavy to transport in a cage over miles of jungles and swamp, and the only alternative is to catch a young baby after the mother has been killed. It was on an expedition of this kind that a brother of Carl Hagenback, the wild animal dealer, was killed by an infuriated mother "hippo."

Next Tuesday, the 29th, is registration day. Offices will be open from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m. Every unregistered Democrat should see to it that his name is on the books on that day.

A Close Race.

Well, Mike, did you have a good time yesterday?"

"Sure an' I did sir; an ilegant toime, the toime o' me life, sir. I was to the races, an' I put tin dollars an a horse, an' me horse won, sir."

"Close race, was it?"

"Dade an' it wuz, sir."

"Exciting, eh? Kept you on the anxious bench for fear you'd lose your money? Well, it's better to win that way, Mike, and let 'em give you a run for the money than have a walkover."

"No, it wuz too close fer comfort, sir. Took the judges some time to settle which horse won. Them wuz anxious minutes fer me. But my horse (I mane the wan I had me money on) won be a lap, sir."

"By a lap! I thought you said the race was close. That's nonsense, Mike."

"No, sir; shure as I'm standin' here that's all he won by."

"What do you mean? Tell me what you're talking about."

"I will, sir. It was this way. The horses had to run foive toimes round the track.

"There wuz a big bunch of thim, an' they kep bunched for wan lap. Whin they'd gone a half moile—that is, two rounds—there wuz three of 'em in front o' the bunch. They kep that way till they came to the last quarter; then wan o' the three dropped back, lavin' two neck an' neck. Wan of 'em wuz the horse that wuz carryin' me hopes and me tin dollars.

"'Go it, Aileen!' I yelled. Aileen wuz the horse's name, an' a good wan, too, I sez, sez I, whin I backed him. His name's what tuk me fancy and made me money. 'Go it, Aileen!' I yelled. 'Ye can bate that spalpeen out of his boots!' I yelled. Well, the whole stand wuz yellin', an' I was near crazy. But they wuz still nose be nose, and coming down the home stretch.

"'Aileen, avick, mavourneen!' I called out. Be hivins, I think the horse heard me. The Oirish caught his ear; for jist as they come to the wire, Aileen (oh! dear, the since o' the baste) stuck out his tongue and won be a lap. Ye see, 'twuz a close race, sir."

Cat Acts as Plumber.

Making her cat act as her plumber was the ingenious feat that a woman of Manayunk accomplished the other day, reports the Philadelphia Record. This woman had noticed that one of the pipes connected with the washstand in her bathroom leaked, and she wished to locate the leak precisely without tearing out any more of her wall than was needful. Accordingly she shut her cat up in the parlor—the parlor is directly delow the bathroom—and into the basin of the defective washstand she poured a vial of the oil of valerian.

Cats are excessively fond of the odor of valerian; a cat would rather inhale this odor than eat fish. The Manayunk woman's cat, after it had been in the parlor a few minutes, began to purr. Purring, it crossed the room; it settled itself on the floor with its face to one spot on the wall, and here its mistress found it when she came down stairs, its nose glued to the spot, sniffling and purring ecstatically. The wall was opened at this point, and here, sure enough, the leak was found. Here the valerian had trickled through, imparting its intoxicating odor to the cat.

Democrats who have changed their residences since the last election, should get transferred next Tuesday. They must go to the registrars where now registered, get transfers and take them to the registrars where they now are entitled to vote.

His Second Thought.

From Lippincott's.

Back in the good old days when nerves and railroads were little known an old stage road ran from Lake Champlain to Ogdensburg, N. Y., passing through the little town of Sodom. This village nestled in a valley between two great hills, over which the white ribbon of the road wound steeply.

Upon one of the trips of the stage the regular driver, who had been at home for some weeks recovering from an illness, was riding inside, while the red haired, mild featured, big boned Irishman acting as his substitute occupied the driver's seat upon the box. The day was a beautiful one, and the passengers were enjoying their drive keenly, their appetites increasing as the diitance lessened between them and the town of Sodom, with its promised pause for refreshment.

Suddenly as the heavy stage lumbered over the brow of the hill, down which the road plunged at a sharp angle, running through the little town at its foot and ascending the hill beyond, the passengers became conscious that their pace had been recklessly increased. Faster and faster they went, dashing down the hill at a rate rapidly becoming a furious one. Trees and bushes at last became but a dizzying blur along the road. All clung to the reeling stage and held their breath in terror, while on the stage raced, down the hill with ever increasing speed, into the town, past the hostelry with the waiting host left standing in amaze at the door, past the postoffice without pause, and out upon the road leading up the face of the hill beyond. There the pace slackened, and as the incline grew more steep at last the smoking horses came to a standstill. With one accord the dazed passengers tumbled out and surrounded the driver, who now stood at the head of the reeking leaders.

"What is it, Pat? What is it? Did they get away from you?" came the breathless questions.

"Nope," replied Pat with a set face. "It wor that," pointing grimly before him. There lay the stage tongue dragging uselessly on the ground at the heels of the horses and completely severed from the coach. At a glance the regular driver comprehended the meaning of the danger to which the passengers of that stage, deprived of its sole means of guidance, had been exposed, and, realizing the miracle of their escape, he turned sick and fainted where he stood.

Later, back at the inn, when the excitement had somewhat subsided and fresh horses were being put to the repaired coach, some one turned to Pat and asked:

"Pat, what was your first thought when the pole dropped?"

"Well, sor," he answered, settling the quid more comfortably in his cheek, "me furst thought wor, 'Lord ha' mercy on our sowls!' Thin thinks I to meself, 'Confound a horse that can't outrun a wagon!' and I licked the poor bastes all the way down the hill!"

Harness Horses' Speed.

From John Gamer Speed's "The Horse in America" in the September Century.

In this long and interesting effort to produce the very best trotters Americans have become the most skilful developers of the speed of harness horses the world has known, and as drivers they are unequalled. This skill has been assisted by the ingenius inventors who have contrived wagons so light and frictionless that the weight a trotter now carries is not more than sufficient to keep him steady, and is virtually no handicap at all. Take two horses of equal speed and harness and shoe and harness one as the horses of 1850 were harnessed and shod and the other as those of this year are turned out, and the horse in the older rigging would be distanced, while the winner would scarcely have to extend himself.

The fast time in the present records owes much to mechanical improvements, and much more to more skilful development and driving than to better breeding, though I do not pretend to deny that certain individual horses have recently gone faster than any of the oldtimers would have gone, let the conditions have been what they might. But the Morgans, the Clays and the Goldusts were reproducing types, which the standard-bred trotters are not. That they were types was because they were rich in that primitive eastern blood without which no great type has ever been created or maintained.

Democrats who have changed their residences since the last election, should get transferred next Tuesday. They must go to the registrars where now registered, get transfers and take them to the registrars where they now are entitled to vote.

Useful To Know.

The very best way of doing up fine handkerchiefs and pieces of lace is to spread them, when ready for drying, evenly upon the surface of a mirror. When dry they will fall off, looking as if beautifully ironed.

After removing kid gloves from the hand when it is very hot breathe into them once or twice. This helps to prevent the kid stiffening.

Stains on marble can often be removed by rubbing with salt. Polish afterward with a soft cloth.

Soap should never be rubbed on silk underwear. Put the garments in soap suds and squeeze gently between the fingers. They should be pressed on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron.

Lettuce can be kept fresh best by setting them stem downward in a shallow bowl of cold water. If inconvenient to do this, roll them up in newspaper to keep the air from them.

Monster Flock of Sheep.

According to the estimates prepared by the state officials Montana produced in the wool season just closed 37,500,000 pounds of wool from the backs of 12,500,000 sheep. For this wool Eastern buyers paid $6,000,000, an average of 16 cents a pound.

Few persons have any conception of what is meant when it is said that there are 12,500,000 sheep within the limits of Montana. There is not a single State east of the Mississippi in which this gigantic flock could graze.

If the 12,500,000 sheep of Montana were to march nose to tail, crowding each other, they would make a line 10,000 miles long, or nearly half way round the earth. This line, single file, would be about 150 days in passing a given point.

These sheep are worth $10,000,000 as they walk the range and their flesh would bring $250,000,000 for food. Their mutton would feed one man 2,500,000 years, or if 1,250 people had started to consume it at the time of the birth of Christ they would have some left.

The mutton would feed 2,500,000 on meat for a year, or, allowing the average percentage of mutton for each family, it would more than supply this nation a year.

The wool yielded by this flock of sheep would make 15,000,000 suits of men's clothes. Made into cloth of ordinary texture it would form a band a quarter of a mile wide and more than long enough to be wound about the earth at the equator. It would make a carpet on which an army might maneuver.

Baled this wool would fill 3,750 freight cars, or a train nearly 40 miles long. The United States Navy could not transport it, and an army of 50,000 men might fight behind its bales and be safe from the ordinary small arm.

The sheep of Montana, if herded together, shoulder to shoulder, one deep, would make a front 5,000 miles long. Herded in loose formation, allowing room to move rapidly, they would cover an area of eight square miles.

Allowed to breed in a favorable climate these sheep would become 50,000,000 in the course of a year or 6,707,200,000,000 at the end of 10 years. But man eats many of them annually, and disease and blizzards carry off many more. It is estimated that 3,000,000 Montana sheep perished inside of four days in a blizzard which swept the Northwest last winter.

Engine Room Heroes.

From Benjamin Brooks in Scribner's.

Nobody who has not been to sea can imagine all the things that can happen to a ship's machinery nor properly estimate the cleverness and ingenuity used up in repairs. The youth who leaves his shop full of wonderful and costly machines has another complete education waiting for him at sea in the wonderful things that can be accomplished in time with a plain, ordinary hammer and chisel, a rather wornout file and a great deal of ingenuity. I should like to have been aboard that steamer disabled in the Red sea where they took a boat davit, straightened it out in a rivet forge, made a new boiler feed pump piston rod out of it and went on again, or, better still, on the ship that lost a propeller and the end of her tail shaft off the west coast of Africa, to replace which they were obliged to move her cargo, pump her forward compartments full to sink her bow and raise her stern out of water, drag the broken shaft, several tons in weight, out through the long alley (too low and cramped to stand up in), plug up the hole behind it, drag in the spare shaft and couple it up and lower the new propeller down over the stern, all while she kicked and wallowed in a heavy sea, and finally had to lower the chief engineer over after the propeller, where he sat tied to a flimsy staging making all fast and secure while the vessel jounced him up and down in the sea till he bled at the nose and ears and the crew kept the sharps at bay with pistols and boat hooks to prevent them from eating him up before he finished the job. That was seventy-two hours in which the young and aspiring engineer might learn a host of valuable and interesting things.

Charles Carroll's Bravery.

League Prize Story in the September St. Nicholas.

There is one episode in history which made a great impression on me the first time I remember hearing about it, and that impression has not been lost or even become fainter in the years that have passed since.

It happened in July, 1776, when a group of men, the representatives of the American people, were gatherd together about a table, singing their names to that great work known as the Declaration of Independence.

Among the last to come forward was a man from Maryland, and after writing his name, Charles Carroll, one of the others said to him, "If England ever gets us in her power we are sure to be hung as traitors. But there are other men in the colonies by the name of Charles Carroll, so you have more of a chance to escape."

For a moment there was silence; then Carroll picked up the pen and after his signature wrote the words: Of Carrollton"—the only man in all those fifty-six to tell the name of the town in which he lived.

Other things, perhaps, of far more importance to the world have taken place than when Charles Carroll wrote the name of his town after his own; but the remembrance of his unselfishness and bravery will ever be treasured in my mind as an evidence of those qualities which I most admire.

A wise man adapts himself to circumstances as water shapes itself to the vessel that contains it.