

**25 Years of Grand Results**

44 Little Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.  
 Mar. 7, 1911.  
 Gentlemen: I have used your Spavin Cure for twenty-five years with excellent results.  
 T. M. Nolan.

**Kendall's Spavin Cure**

Keeps legs sound and trim. It will add many dollars to the value of your horse. The old reliable remedy for Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, Curbs, Swellings, Joints and Lameness. Equally reliable as a household remedy. At drug stores, \$1 a bottle. Get free book, "A Treatise on the Horse," or write to—  
 DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

**The Married Life of Helen and Warren**

By MABEL HERBERT URNER  
 Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

**Helen Is Depressed at Their Homecoming Until a Real Calamity Threatens**

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Dear, it's so late—must you go to the office tonight?"



"Got to look over some of that mail before I see Griffin in the morning. This the one you want opened?" Warren was unstrapping one of the trunks.

"Both of them, and you'll have to open this suitcase," Helen handed him the key. "That's a clock catches."

"Now, see here, don't try to un-sure someone's there."

"Wait, dear; do wear your muffler. It's much colder here, and you're not used to it yet."

But Warren, scolding the muffler, buttoned his coat with a vigorous, "Cold? This is fine—not that infernal dampness we got in London."

Anxiously Helen followed him to the hall door, and stood there until with a final nod he disappeared into the elevator. Then she turned back to the dusty, dismantled apartment with a feeling of utter depression.

How strange and unfamiliar everything looked! As she switched on the lights and went from room to room, Helen almost wished herself back on the steamer. Even their stateroom seemed now more familiar than this. And their London apartment she pictured with an almost homesick throbbing.

After the excitement of traveling, there is always a "let down" in getting home. And now, instead of a feeling of relief at having left a war-menaced country, Helen had a lurking longing to be back there.

How she dreaded the unpacking! Every article would bring a rush of memories of those weeks in London that now seemed so wonderful.

Never had her home life appeared so humdrum, so dully uneventful. She shrank from taking up its daily routine. Yet with the feeling that such thoughts were disloyal, she tried to crush them out.

She had turned on the heat and the sizzling of the radiators emphasized the loneliness of the place. Everything was covered with dust. She gazed about helplessly—where should she begin?

When she had changed her traveling suit for an old kimono, Helen went out to look for a dust cloth. As she swung open the kitchen door there was a sound of dripping water, startlingly loud in the stillness.

Stumbling against a sharp corner of the table, she groped in the dark for the light. One of the faucets in the pantry sink was leaking! No, it was not turned off! Had it been dripping all these weeks?

Nora was too careless. They should never have left her to close the apartment, but Warren had insisted that it would be all right.

How had she left the refrigerator? A strong, musty odor greeted Helen as she opened it. Far back were a couple of shriveled tomatoes. In a greasy brown paper was a piece of bacon greasy with mold. And her last warning to Nora had been to leave nothing in the icebox!

There were no clean dusters. Nora had left them all in the bottom of the broom closet, black as floor cloths.

Not having the heart to investigate further, Helen turned off the kitchen light. In the hall closet rag bag, she found one of Warren's old undershirts which she took for a duster.

Even the toilet things on her dresser Nora had not put away, and the air had tarnished the silver and rusted the pins in the cushion.

The first thing tomorrow she would call up that Danish employment agency. She would never take Nora back, of that she was now grimly determined.

The snow blew in from the outside sill as she raised the window to shake out the dust cloth. It was piercingly cold. The wind was growing stronger. It rattled the window panes with a dismal whine. Oh, why had Warren gone down to the office on such a night? How desolate it must be in that great deserted building with only the night watchman on guard.

She pictured him unlocking his dark office with the silent covered typewriters, the closed desks and safe. He had taken her there once at night, and she had never forgotten that impression of deathlike stillness, of tense suspended activity.

"Mistake. Cuse it, please." Resentful and disappointed, Helen turned away. The wind was now shaking the windows with a whistling wail. She thought of it howling through those deserted canyonlike streets around Warren's office.

Impulsively she turned back to the phone—she would call him! "Cortland 1428!" Then she waited eagerly. It had been so long since she had heard Warren's voice on the wire. There had been no occasion to phone him in London.

She could hear the buzzing at the other end, but the expected click of his taking down the receiver did not come. Then at last, "Cortland 1428 don't answer!"

"Oh, ring them again, central. I'm sure someone's there."

Another long wait, then central's voice with a note of finality, "They don't answer. I'll ring you if I get them."

Baffled, Helen hung up the receiver. He must be there! It was only thirty minutes to his office, and it had been an hour since he left.

Vaguely anxious, she went back to her work. Taking off the dusty sheet that had protected the bed, she turned down the covers and laid out her night-dress and Warren's pajamas. Somehow the bed, now ready for the night, gave the first touch of home to the place.

Three times within the next half hour she called Warren's office, but still that baffling, "Cortland 1428 don't answer."

Even if he had started home before her first call, he would be here by now. What could it mean? Every gruesome possibility now obsessed her—an accident in the subway, in crossing a dark street, or in the elevator, run by the sleepy watchman.

Was this a swift punishment for her rebellious thoughts at the monotonous routine of their home? Was this routine to be broken by some tragedy? Abject in her remorse, with a tempestuous change of feeling, her home life now seemed ideal. If only nothing had happened to Warren!

By eleven o'clock Helen had worked herself into a state of feverish anxiety. Unheeding the stinging cold, she had thrown up the library window and was leaning far out, hoping to recognize Warren in every muffled figure that came up the street. Once more she turned to the telephone.

"Central," pleadingly, "see if you can't get that number now!"

Again the empty buzzing and again central's indifferent, "They don't answer."

Then, with a desperate determination, Helen found the number of a well-known cab company and called for a taxi.

In blind, trembling haste she got back into her traveling suit. This suspense she could not bear a moment longer. She was going down to his office. If he was not there or had not been there—then she would have to call up some of his family.

She was slipping on her long steam-er coat when the front door banged. A breathless second was followed by the sound of Warren's heavy step.

He was struggling out of his overcoat, as with an inarticulate cry Helen rushed into the hall.

"Oh, I—I—"

But just then the telephone rang out clamorously.

"Who in thunder knows we're home?" Shaking off Helen's clinging arms, he strode into the front room to answer it.

"Hello, what's that? A taxi? You've got the wrong number," crossly. "We didn't order any taxi here."

"Oh, yes—yes, we did," excitedly Helen caught his arm. "You'll have to go down and give the man something—and send him away."

Warren stared at her. "Oh, I couldn't get you on the phone—and I was terrified! I thought some thing had happened. I—I was going down to the office! Of all blithering—"

**CALEDONIA COUNTY.**

Harlow Hatch, held for the murder of Sumner G. Brown in the former's pool room at St. Johnsbury last July, has been released under bonds of \$5,000 furnished by several of the young man's friends. He had been in jail since he was captured by deputy sheriffs two days after the crime was committed. A grand jury in Caledonia county court indicted Hatch for manslaughter three weeks ago and bail was fixed at that time. As no motive can be established for the crime, bail is allowable.

The Fairbanks Inn, owned by E. & T. Fairbanks company at Fairbanks village, St. Johnsbury, and run by Joseph Brigham as a boarding house was damaged by fire Dec. 26 to the extent of \$8,000, the three upper stories being destroyed. There was fear of the fire spreading to the freight buildings of the E. & T. Fairbanks company, whose plant is directly opposite the inn. Many thousands of dollars' worth of scales, ready for shipment, were in the freight house, but the watchers stationed on the roof of that and other buildings near by prevented the spread of the threatening fire.

**WEST BURKE**

Mrs. Nettie McCoy visited in Barton last week.

Miss Ruth Leach returned to Montpelier seminary Monday.

Mildred Bryant and Raymond Leonard spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. H. L. Doyle of Newport visited at Leroy Roundy's Wednesday.

Mrs. Addie Godding of St. Johnsbury visited at Fred Gasken's recently.

Mrs. L. E. Burbee and Mrs. J. H. Cowen were in St. Johnsbury Friday.

Miss La'ra Roundy returned to her school in St. Johnsbury, Saturday.

Mrs. Lettie Marshall of Enosville is visiting her sister, Mrs. Leroy Fugbee.

Miss Myrtle Alexander spent Thursday with relatives in St. Johnsbury.

Mrs. E. E. Orcutt of Woodsville, N. H., was the week-end guest of her mother, Mrs. M. M. Coe.

Dr. R. H. Burke has been spending a few days with relatives in Bridgeport, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Turner of St. Johnsbury spent New Year's at Harvey Caswell's.

Mrs. E. W. Brockway of Centerville spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brockway.

Clarence Bugbee of Newport visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Bugbee, the first of last week.

Station Agent O. L. Worthen, who has been quite seriously ill for the past three weeks, began work again on Jan. 1st.

Mrs. J. Q. Angell and little daughters, Marion and Mildred have been spending the past week with relatives in McIndoes.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Jamieson and son, Stewart, spent Sunday in Lyndonville, where Mr. Jamieson occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church, the regular pastor, Mr. Moore, being away on a vacation.

**SHEFFIELD**

Harry Simpson visited in St. Johnsbury last week.

O. H. Jenness has been very poorly the past week.

Sheldon & Barber have sold their farm to Harry Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Simpson visited at Orleans last week.

A New England telephone has been installed at Mrs. Bradley's.

Mr. Stockwell of Lyndonville visited at S. A. Jones' over Sunday.

Alfred Simpson has returned to Hyde Park where he has employment.

Grace Pearl entertained her school friend, Ruby Brooks, over Sunday.

Helen Brown spent Christmas with her brother, Carl Holton, in Lyndon.

Mr. and Mrs. William Simpson visited their daughter in Irasburg last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Blake of Lyndon spent New Year's at O. H. Jenness's.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Simpson of St. Johnsbury recently visited at Clarence Ash's.

Alvin Maxwell of Morgan is wife for C. E. Coburn in the woods. H. Mr. Maxwell are boarding at H. O. Ovtit's.

(Intended for last week)

John Dean is home from college for the holidays.

Virton Chesley has sold his team to Clyde Reed.

A. A. Bronson of Arlington is visiting at S. S. Gray's.

John Stevens was home from Woodsville for a few days recently.

W. N. Robinson and family spent Christmas at A. A. Pottle's in Burke.

Flora Craig was quite sick last week with peritonitis, but is now gaining.

Mrs. F. A. Holmes has come home from the hospital and is gaining rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Benware of Lowell were recent guests at F. W. Craig's.

Mrs. Warner Jesseman and three daughters have returned to their home in Springfield, Mass.

Orest Robinson of Auburn, Me., has been spending a few days with his brother, W. N. Robinson.

**SUTTON NORTH RIDGE**

Miss Charlotte McFarlin spent the week-end with Miss Louise Fairbanks.

Bennett H. Curtis returned to his school in Boston Monday after a two weeks' vacation.

**THE LAST SHRINE.**

Not all my treasure hath the bandit Time Locked in his glimmering caverns of the past: Fair women dead and friendships of old time, And noble dreams that had to end at last.

Ah, these indeed, and from youth's sacristy Full many a holy relic hath he torn. Vessels of mystic faith God filled for me, Holding them up to him in life's young morn.

All these are mine no more; Time hath them all— Time and his adamant jailer Death. Despoilure vast! Yet seemeth it but small When unto thee I turn, thy bloom and breath Filling with light and incense the last shrine, Innermost, inaccessible—yea, thine! —Richard Le Gallienne in Century.

**An Athletic Heart.**

The use of the term "athletic heart" has led to more misunderstandings than probably any other one expression. Laymen or parents, provided they are not of the medical profession, get a picture from this expression which is anything but correct. If they were told that their boy's thigh had increased half an inch in girth under the exercise that he had been doing in the gymnasium they would be pleased, but when they are told that the size of his heart is increased they are at once very much alarmed. Active participation in almost any sport which causes the heart to beat more rapidly will produce an increase of size of that muscle as in any other muscle, and a certain amount of this is unquestionably nature's normal and proper way of taking care of her economy. Some enlargement is abnormal, but Dr. England and most of the physicians who have followed the athlete closely would not agree with this.—Outing.

**Polish Peasant Girls.**

Polish women have been known to fight on the battlefield and die in the cause of their country. And what seemed harder to some they have given up all their worldly goods in the same cause. Many have been exiled, but never has there been a murmur heard from these brave women, who are capable of any sacrifice. The Polish women have ever been noted for their physical charms, their hands and feet being, from an artistic point of view, absolutely perfect. In the field at harvest time far more women are to be seen than men, and the effect of their different colored dresses makes an attractive picture. The skirts of their dresses are generally pinned up, leaving bright petticoats exposed to view.—London Express.

**More.**

Cobb—Is it a privilege to know Jack Short? Webb—Yes; an expense also.—Judge. Where Ignorance is Bliss. "Is there anything Blinks doesn't know?" "If there is he doesn't know it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Rheuma-No Cure, No Pay**

No matter how long you have suffered, or what form of rheumatism you may have, Rheuma will remove the cause and make you well. It clears uric acid from the kidneys, muscles and joints, purifies the skin and blood, makes you feel young again. Here is convincing evidence: "I suffered from rheumatism six years. I have taken three bottles of Rheuma and am entirely free from the disease." P. W. Miller, Catawissa, Pa. F. D. Pierce or any druggist will give you money back if you are not cured after using two bottles. Be sure to get that in trademarked package. Sold and guaranteed in Orleans by F. J. Kinney.

**A Good Time**

Get that Repairing Done

watch or clock that is laid away because it refused it out and bring in and have it made as good as new as it was. Some small keepsake they would like to wear, they would like to have it made different; you how it can be made over at small expense you can wear and enjoy, and you will wonder why you don't come and save the expense and risk of sending away. small and we guarantee you a saving on the work. A you whether we are reliable or not.

**C. L. & WITCHINS**

BARTON, Independen VERMONT

**Rheum.**

How is rheumatism recognized—

- Rheumatism is a dull pain.
- Rheumatism is a sharp pain.
- Rheumatism is sore and stiff.
- Rheumatism is stiff joint.
- Rheumatism is a shifting pain.

All have declared—Rheumatism is Pain.

Sloan's Liniment applied:—

The blood begins to flow freely—the body's warmth is renewed—the congestion disappears—the pain is gone.

**Sloan's Liniment**

KILLS PAIN (GUARANTEED)

Rheumatism and allied pains yield to the penetrating qualities of this warming liniment.

**FARMS FOR SALE**

No. 1198. Village farm of 156 acres, in good state of cultivation, first-class buildings, with a good milk route, selling about 150 to 170 quarts of milk a day, and business is increasing every month, all cash business, plenty of bottles and cans, churn and butter worker. There is sink, hot and cold water in cream room, milk wagon and sleigh. Well located in good R. R. village where there are stores, schools and churches, including Catholic church. Village water at house and barn, fruit for home use, tillage is good strong light loam, in good state of cultivation, and part of tillage borders river, lays good, nearly all level and free from stone, all machine work. Will winter 30 head besides young stock, pasture for 30 head, watered by river and brook. Good quantity softwood timber and also hardwood timber, good supply wood in shed. Good size 2 1/2 story house, large size with ell and shed. Nice lawn and shade trees. Cellar with outside entrance. 5 rooms, pantry and milk room with ice house connected on first floor, hardwood floor in kitchen, also hot and cold water, 4 rooms on second floor, furnace, 2 piazzas, can have electric light and power. Mid-high drive stock barn 60x60, with leanto, stable arranged for 27 head besides young stock and 5 horse stalls, silo, double boarded, basement, implement shed and carriage room, hen house. There are 28 cows, 6 yearling heifers, 1 yearling bull, 3 calves, 3 horses, 10 shoats, and a few hens, all hay, grain and fodder, 1 new mowing machine, 1 horse rake, 4 plows, 1 wheel, 2 spring tooth and 1 smoothing harrows, 3 cultivators, 1 manure spreader, 1 corn planter, 1 separator, 1 horse hoe, 1 wheelbarrow, 1 grindstone and 1 pair platform scales, and all small tools in good condition, 1 open buggy, 1 surrey express wagon, 1 double wagon, 1 double work sled, 1 pung, 1 light traverse, 1 cutter sleigh, 1 pair work harnesses, 1 Home harness, and 1 light driving harness. This is an exceptionally good farming proposition with the milk route, and one can sell all the vegetables they can raise. Could also have a store on the farm. Price \$11,000.00.

**C. J. OBEN & CO.**

Dealers in Real Estate of all Descriptions  
 NEWPORT, VERMONT

**Just a Few Weeks to Sugaring Time.**

Why not place your orders for Sugar Tools now and have them ready when you want them. Galvanized Buckets are higher in price this year but we have a deal on them that will interest you. See us about it.

**H. T. SEAVER**

The HARDWARE MAN

Barton, Vermont