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# THE AGE

WOODSTOCK VERMONT

## IF YOU HAVE A Farm, Camp or Cottage

IN THE VICINITY OF  
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Which you would like to rent to a desirable tenant for the coming season send a description of it, together with your name and address, to the undersigned at once. Hundreds of families all over the country search the columns of the Boston Transcript each season for information as to where the most desirable summer residences are located. Free advice and all necessary information will be cheerfully given you. BOSTON TRANSCRIPT CO., 201 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Several people living on the road between Springfield and Weatherfield Center have seen an albino or white deer, a species of the animal which is very scarce, and consequently very valuable. According to the reports, the deer has pink eyes, and traces of black on the back of its head. It is of good size and seems to be in an excellent condition. As the deer is comparatively tame, the observers have had an excellent opportunity of a good look, some of them having watched the animal for nearly half an hour at a time. It is said that these animals are worth from \$1000 to \$3000.

St. Thomas, Ont., May 24.—Two special Michigan Central railway trains, carrying delegates to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers convention in Detroit to Niagara Falls, made a world's record Saturday. The first train ran 224 miles without a stop in 234 minutes, and the second train covered the distance in 217 minutes.

## The Strange Case of a New Love

An Unselfish Woman and the  
Sacrifice She Made.

By CLYBERT BAKER.  
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Association.

The married life between Clarence Hooper and Edna Werth was very happy. When they were united Clarence was twenty-one and Edna nineteen. Ten years later the husband was obliged to make a business trip to Russia. His wife being in delicate health at the time, it was not deemed best that she should accompany him.

From Russia Clarence wrote often to his wife, at times mentioning in glowing terms a certain prima donna, Veltovskoy, a Russian Pole. He was not aware that there was anything said in these letters to lead his wife to believe that his feeling for the singer was anything more than friendship. She did not write him that she was jealous of his new found friend. Indeed, she never mentioned the singer in any of her letters. When his and the singer's paths diverged he ceased to mention her in his letters.

One day he received a cablegram from his wife's bosom friend, Sarah Ingalls, that Mrs. Hooper had been caught in one of those terrible railroad accidents which kill and maim so many people and had been crushed to death. He had seen an account of the accident the day before cabled to an English paper, but did not dream of his wife having been on the train.

A death of one very dear to us in the events of which we do not participate personally is very different from one where we are present. Clarence Hooper could not realize that his wife was dead. It was only when he returned to his desolate home that his bereavement appeared to him as a reality, and then it rushed upon him with its full force. No children had come to them to impart life or cheerfulness to the companionless man. Nevertheless he remained in the home where he had been so happy, morbidly dwelling upon his loss. The lady from whom he had received the cablegram announcing his wife's death had gone abroad, crossing him on the ocean. She had, however, left a letter for him giving all the news of the circumstances attending his wife's death. It was not much, since no one living had seen her killed and the body was unrecognizable, but stated that she had buried the remains in his lot at the cemetery. He would find the grave near the center of the lot.

Hooper's first act after his return was to visit his wife's grave and shed bitter tears there. The remainder of his life seemed a dreary waste before him. He had had his one love, it had passed from him, and he would never have another. A few days after this he opened his wife's will. He was surprised to notice a codicil added during his absence abroad leaving the income of certain property to Sarah Ingalls, who had been his informant as to the testator's death. The reason Hooper was surprised at this bequest was because Sarah Ingalls was wealthy. Moreover, this legacy halved his own income from his wife's property.

It was winter when all this occurred, and as soon as spring opened Hooper went to the cemetery for the purpose of putting plants about his wife's grave. What was his astonishment to discover that the monument he had intended was there already. It consisted of rosebushes of a variety that his wife had loved and had kept in her conservatory during the winter season.

Standing there beside the grave of the woman he had loved so well a tumult of suspicious conjectures poured in upon him. The events of his married life passed before him in review as they are said to pass instantaneously before one who is drowning. He had known his wife since they were children, and his sweep of memory went so far back as their first love, and he wondered if any one then had been his rival. Next he considered those she had known when they were young men and women. From there he passed to those who might have come between them since they had been married. Among all these he could not remember a single person who could have filled the place he had for years considered as alone could fill.

Hooper was stirred by deep emotion. His wife had been an orphan with no brothers or sisters—indeed, no relatives in whom she had taken an interest or who had taken any interest in her. Sarah Ingalls had been the only being except himself that she had loved and by whom she had been loved. Yet here was some one who had forestalled him in caring for her grave. Was this unknown person man or woman? If a man, had he loved her before or after her marriage? Had that love been returned? This last thought saddened him.

He turned away with a groan expressive partly of grief, partly of anger. Why had Edna never spoken of this person? A woman she would certainly have mentioned, a man she might have mentioned, a lover she would not likely have mentioned, and

The Earl of Stamford died May 24, aged 60 years. He was the only member of the House of Lords who was a native of Newfoundland.

Some of the property owners in the vicinity of Rutland have adopted the novel method of photographing fishermen caught whipping posted streams, the pictures to be used as evidence against them.

Again there arises the question of where to spend the vacation when you've nothing but a vacation to spend.—Louisville Courier-Journal

Subscribe for The Age, \$1.00.

## A JOKE ON ANSON.

It Reacted on the Players the Captain Was Training.

In an article on baseball training camps Hugh S. Fullerton, in the American Magazine, recounts the following joke played on "Cap" Anson, the leader of the famous old White Stockings, during a training season some years ago:

"Anson was one of the most tireless runners in the world, and training under him was a nightmare to his players. Anson would drive his men for three hours in practice, then lead them in long runs, placing himself at the head of the procession and setting a steady, jogging pace. If he felt well the morning training was a Marathon route. I have seen players resort to all kinds of tricks to avoid those killing runs."

"One afternoon in New Orleans years ago Anson ordered ten laps around the field after practice, which on the old grounds was nearly ten miles. The afternoon was hot, one of those wily southern spring days that sap the life out of men fresh from the rigors of a northern winter. The players fell into line, grumbling and scowling. Back of left field a high board fence separated the ball grounds from one of the old cemeteries, and near the foul line a board was off the fence. The first time the panting athletes passed the hole in the fence Dahlen gave a quick glance to see if Anson was looking and dived head first through the gap into the cemetery. The others continued on around the lot, but on the second round Lange, Ryan, Klitzberg and Decker dived after Dahlen and joined him in the cemetery. The third trip saw the line dwindle to four followers, with Anson still leading. The fourth found only Anson and poor Bill Schriver, who had the bad luck to be directly behind his captain, plodding on, and on the next trip Schriver made the leap for life.

"Majestically alone, Anson toiled on, while the onlookers watched with delight. Perhaps their behavior aroused suspicion or the absence of following footsteps attracted 'Cap's' attention. He stopped, looked at the vacant field, grimaced and surveyed his red face, and he assumed the jogging. Straight to that fence he plodded, and, sticking his head through the hole, he beheld his team leaning against the above ground tombs, smoking and laughing. Just for that he marshaled them into line again, and, sitting in the stand, watched them grimly until every man had completed ten rounds."

A Skylark for the Shelley Class. I have heard of a professor of English in one of our universities who evidently felt that his department was laboring under disadvantages. Finding that his scientific colleagues were getting appropriations of astonishing liberality for illustrative apparatus, he gave in his annual report a request for \$5,000 for an aviary. When the president asked him to explain he said that it was impossible for him to teach poetry properly unless he had an aviary connected with his class room. "Then," he said, "when the class is reading Shelley's 'Skylark' I reach my long handed net into the cage, catch a lark and hold it up to them. And when we are studying 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner' my assistant will be stationed in the gallery with a crossbow to shoot a real, live albatross on the platform, thus giving the students opportunities for observation that doubtless Coleridge himself never had."—Independent.

The Orang Outang. It is a most interesting sight to watch an orang outang make its way through the jungle. It walks slowly along the larger branches in a semi-erect attitude, this being apparently caused by the length of its arms and the shortness of its legs. It invariably selects those branches which intermingle with those of a neighboring tree, on approaching which it stretches out its long arms, grasping the boughs as if to test their strength and then deliberately swings itself across to the next branch, which it walks along as before. It does not jump or spring, as monkeys usually do, and never appears to hurry itself unless some real danger is present. Yet in spite of its apparently slow movements it gets along far quicker than a person running through the forest beneath.

The Poppy Bee. The poppy bee is the artist of the honey makers, though she builds her nest in a hole in the ground, burrowing down about three inches. At the bottom she makes a large hole and lines it gloriously with the scarlet petals of the red poppy. She cuts and fits the gorgeous tapestry perfectly, then partly fills the cell with honey, lays an egg, folds down the red blankets and covers the hole so that it cannot be observed, leaving the baby bee to look after itself in its rosy nest.

Thrilling. Sir John Benn recently related a story of a boy who was asked what he would like to be.

The boy said, "A lighthouse keeper." The schoolmaster asked, "Why?" The boy replied, "It would be so nice to sit up at the top of the lighthouse and see all the wrecks going to pieces below."—Dundee Advertiser.

Lacked Something. "They say that dis very radium can turn a cullud punson white," said Uncle Bastus, "but it can't make a complete an' finished job on it unless it kin wipe out his appetite for polley, puvimmons an' posseum."—Washington Star.

The Best He Could Say. Mrs. Starrem—How do you like the chicken soup, Mr. Newford? Mr. Newford—Oh—er—is this chicken soup? Mrs. Starrem—Certainly! How do you like it? Mr. Newford—Well—er—it's certainly very tender.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Skaneateles, N. Y., reports a sea serpent in its lake. It has a name which is ideal for the report.

## STARTING A FASHION

The Way a New Style in Ladies' Hair Was Born in France.

TOUCHED A QUEEN'S VANITY.

Marie Antoinette's Hairdresser Was Confronted With a Serious Situation, but His Gascon Diplomacy Proved Equal to the Occasion.

At the end of the year 1781 Leonard, hairdresser to Queen Marie Antoinette, was confronted by an alarming situation, and with the fulfillment of this dread event would fall his credit. But with his name "Gascon quickness"—as Leonard puts it in his "Recollections"—he proceeded to save his reputation.

"Madame," said he one day to the queen when he saw that the fall of her hair was imminent, "the high headdress is becoming very common. It is long since the bourgeoisie has taken possession of it, and now it is the turn of the common people."

"Good gracious, Leonard, what are you telling me? Do you know it grieves me to hear it? Those headdresses were so becoming to me!"

"And what headdress would not become your majesty? I have carefully thought over a total revolution in your majesty's headdress. I have even had your portrait drawn with the new arrangement I have in view, and as I expected, my august sovereign by adopting my innovation would be made younger by six or seven years."

"Do you mean it, Leonard? The headdress you have in mind would make me look younger?"

"I do not see what your majesty could gain in that, for many women of the court would take on years to resemble the queen of France."

"Oh, I do not deceive myself, Leonard. I shall soon be twenty-seven, and at that age a style which makes one look younger is always favorably received."

"Well, madame," Leonard continued quickly, while placing a miniature before her majesty's eyes, "see this portrait. It is a striking resemblance. It is your majesty, but ten years younger."

"What do I see—the hair cut a few inches from the head?"

"Yes, madame, it will be, if you are pleased to consent to it, a coiffure for an infant, and you will see it taken up with as much enthusiasm as all those that I have created for your majesty."

"You are right, Leonard. It is charming. In truth, I am but eighteen with my hair dressed like that. But to sacrifice my beautiful hair!"

"Your majesty will have the satisfaction of seeing all the ladies of the court, all the ladies of France, sacrifice theirs."

"But if the style changes?"

"Who would dare to adopt a new one without your majesty's having first set the example? If some ambitious hairdresser amid the myriad of weaklings who swarm in Paris should dare undertake such a change I would have him reduced to atoms by the Journal des Dames. He would be a ruined man."

"But I prize my hair very much," said the queen, with an air of hesitation, still looking at the portrait. Yet Leonard, dying to have his hair dressed a "enfant."

"Well, madame, since I have been so fortunate as to find a style which pleases your majesty I must tell you all. For the last two weeks all my waking hours have been devoted to the service of my sovereign in the attempt to make an agreeable thing of an imperative necessity."

"What do you mean, Leonard?"

"Your majesty was saying a little while ago that she prized her hair, and I can easily understand it; but, unfortunately, her hair does not prize her. Before fifteen days it will have entirely fallen out! If this very day we do not apply the infallible remedy—the scissors."

## Compulsory Marriage

The Government of Dalmatia Broke Up Bachelorhood and Spinsterhood

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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The population of Dalmatia has been running down for years. The marriage licenses, which formerly had been issued by the city government at the rate of about a hundred a week, had diminished to ten or a dozen a month.

To remedy the evil the government passed a law that all men should be married by their twenty-first birthday and no girl should refuse an offer unless she could prove the proposer to be a man of bad character or that he was not able to support her.

There was consternation among the unmarried of both sexes at the passage of this law. Single men began to bestir themselves to secure—as some of them expressed it—the least undesirable girl in the town. A woman who had received a proposition was given a week to examine into her proposer's fitness and come to a decision.

But at the end of the week a new proposer might be accepted. Consequently the girl was not necessarily compelled to marry the first proposer unless she had entered a claim. This was considered a very wise expedient since it admitted of competition. Nevertheless it resulted in considerable litigation. Girls finding themselves unable to decide between several applicants would defer decision till the limit of time had passed. Sometimes a young man within a few days of his twenty-first birthday would be put off till he had broken the law.

That which has been called the Dumbleton case has come down to us as a cause celebre of this city of compulsory marriages. Irene Dumbleton was what is now called a flirt. It is said that she once met a man at a ball and so twisted his brain that within a couple of days he lay down to an eternal sleep on the bottom of a river. Another within a week after meeting her is reported to have climbed out of the sixth story window of a building and dived to the sidewalk below. Irene Dumbleton could do anything she liked with a man, either reduce him to dough or bake him so hard that she could kill an elephant with him. Nevertheless the instances mentioned were doubtless exaggerated.

When the marriage statute became a law Miss Dumbleton saw that she must marry some man who might propose to her. She did not intend that the wrong proposer should come within the limits of the law. She did not mean to wait for a proposition. She made it her object to draw into her net within a week after her first offer as many proposers as possible in order that she might choose between them.

The morning after the law had gone into effect Miss Dumbleton received a basketful of proposals. Some of the proposers were desirable, some were undesirable and some midway between the two. She wrote all the names of men she considered available on cards and laid them in a row in order of their desirability. The next day brought an accession to the list with a consequent introduction of new names and a rearrangement of the order of value. The second and subsequent days brought still larger accessions, until at the last day of grace three-quarters of the eligible bachelors of her class had proposed to her.

One would think that with so many to choose from Miss Dumbleton might find one—all the law allowed—to fill the position of husband. The truth is that the one she really desired, one whom she had previously declined, had not sent in his name as a candidate for reconsideration.

When Miss Dumbleton discovered that the proposal of Egbert Whitmarsh had not been sent in she was seized with a sudden apprehension, and she should pay without his having spoken again she would be obliged to choose between humiliating herself before the man she wanted or going to jail.

Miss Dumbleton lay awake all night thrashing her pillow like one in a fever over this alternative. At one moment she vowed that she would marry one of the men who had proposed to her, thus showing Mr. Whitmarsh that he was not wanted. At the next she decided to break the law and go to jail. Finally it occurred to her that Mr. Whitmarsh was not supposed to know of her change of heart. She concluded to make a virtue of necessity and inform him of that change.

That day—the last but one of those left her to comply with the law—she spent three hours writing letters to "My Dear Mr. Whitmarsh," "My Dear Egbert," "My Dear Friend," "Honored Sir," but she neither came to a decision as to which of these modes of address she would use, nor did any of the letters she wrote please her. Finally she threw them all in the wastebasket, went out, bought a few forget-me-nots and, putting one of them into an envelope with her card, sent it to Mr. Whitmarsh.

The reply came back to her: "You indicate that you would wish me not to forget you. This is heaping on me a sorrow's crown. If you realized my sufferings on your account you would wish me to forget you as soon as possible."

"Pool!" exclaimed Miss Dumbleton.

Grub Street's Pawnshop. If the Avant is not the oldest and best known pawnshop in the world it deserves to be. It has been in existence ever since the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. It is in Fleet street—Grub street—and has been the poor writer's uncle for all these centuries and years. It has an old legend something like this: "Old Literary Friends Never Forgotten." There are many sayings, sayings and traditions of the greatest men on earth, who, going broke, had to patronize it. Outside of its own name it is well known as the Grub street pawnshop—London Mail.

The Pennsylvania railroad has a number of men in its employ who are called "grasshoppers." Their business is to look after the gardens around the stations and they hop from one to another looking after the lawns and flowers.

Life insurance returns show that more suicides take place on Tuesday and Thursday than on any other days of the year.

## Must I tell him that I have changed my mind with regard to him? No! What shall I do? I have told him to take it at once to Whitmarsh.

The reply was, to say the least, annoying: "To me who have loved you from the first moment I laid eyes on your message is uninteresting. How can one change one's mind quickly in a matter of love? Love is not an opinion; it is a mingling of souls."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Dumbleton. "Only fifteen hours ago and this stupid man will either come to marry me I don't wish whom he doesn't wish me to marry. He will send me to jail!"

Miss Dumbleton was in deep despair. Mr. Whitmarsh had changed his mind? What was assured of to marry another would be blight her life, she could bring him to do so. But to give up a man she loved and whom she could not divorce that she loved was maddening. She recreated the law that had put her into such a position. After debating what she should do next she decided upon the following course: "Have you not heard that there are times when a woman says 'meaning Yes?'"

The reply that came back to her was, "Does a woman who says 'I mean No?'"

Miss Dumbleton stamped her feet so hard that she could be heard to tear her hair. That she would do so had not been her intention. She had a bit of calmness she determined to make one more appeal. She wrote:

"The law compels me to accept tomorrow one of a number of offers have received."

To this the reply came: "You fill with grief. How happy would I be to see you if only you loved me. The marriage of convenience is impossible. To marry one I devotedly love me to convey upon her a favor would defame my most sacred feelings."

When Miss Dumbleton received a message a suspicion came to her that Mr. Whitmarsh was not such a fool after all. Indeed, it occurred to her that he was playing with her. Was in revenge for the treatment he had himself received at her hands, or he propose to punish her for what she had inflicted on his sex? At any rate she could do no further. She considered the plan of inviting him to dinner to see her with a view to determining by observation what was his attitude toward her, but she felt that she had already demanded her share of the utmost, and she could not but herself to do so any further.

On the morning she must accept of her suitors or violate the law basket of beautiful cut flowers came to her with Mr. Whitmarsh's name attached. For a few moments she was overjoyed. Could it be possible that he would relent? She waited until he received no further word from him and abandoned herself to despair.

"The state against Dumbleton called the clerk of the court. Miss Dumbleton stepped to the front. "Irene Dumbleton," said the judge, "you are charged by the matrimonial bureau with a violation of the marriage laws in that you have refused marry Alfred Trimmingham, first fifty-four proposers, and you made claim that he is of bad character that he cannot support you. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, your honor."

"How comes it," rejoined the judge, "that with so many suitors to choose from you cannot find one to please you?"

"This, your honor," said the prosecuting attorney of the matrimonial bureau, "is the most flagrant case I have had. This woman ever since she came of a matrimonial age has drawn suitors to her, keeping them from proposing to other women and refusing to marry any one of them herself. At present we have all these bachelors who claim that they have complied with the law in proposing to her to encourage the calendar with their cases. Trust that your honor will inflict upon her the heaviest penalty the law allows."

"Once more, Irene Dumbleton," said the judge, "I ask you to choose one from among the fifty-four men who are willing to marry you. I would remind you that the law does not permit a woman to change her mind and be released from the penalty after sentence has been imposed, though she may do so before she has received sentence. The extreme penalty the I can impose upon a woman refusing to marry is ten years' imprisonment with the addition of one year for every man who has made her a proposition. It will therefore be my duty to send you to prison for sixty-four years, when you are again free to marry, being eighty-six."

"Eighty-four, your honor."

"You will not find a matrimonial market equal to that of today. What do you choose?"

The woman remained silent.

"Then, Irene Dumbleton, I sentence you."

"Hold, your honor," cried a voice. Egbert Whitmarsh advanced. "I propose for the hand of this woman Irene, will you marry me?"

"No."

"In the feminine vocabulary, your honor, I am told 'No' means 'Yes' said Whitmarsh, and taking Miss Dumbleton's hand he drew it up to his arm and led her out of court."

A French scientist claims to have discovered bacteria in coal and tracing back from this comes to the conclusion that bacteria were probably coeval with the first appearance of organic life.

The shah of Persia is said to have the most valuable pipe in the world. It is one of the water pipes used the east, and he only smokes it on state occasions. It is encrusted with precious stones and is worth about \$400,000.