

Have you Indigestion?  
Have you Sick Headaches?

Take

**Beecham's Pills**

**To avoid Indigestion**

That distressed feeling is simply a poorly-working stomach—it needs a little help—no matter how bad it may be, a dose of Beecham's Pills will speedily give relief. Take Beecham's Pills for a few days and the trouble will disappear.

**To cure Sick Headaches**

Sick headaches mean an overtaxed stomach and a derangement of the digestive organs. Beecham's Pills have proved themselves a boon for removing that distressing feeling and discomfort. A dose will remove the immediate cause and if repeated for a few days will enable your system to work normally.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes, 10c. and 25c.

*The Times' Daily Short Story.*

**Confession  
Before Marriage**

[Original.]

"Tell me frankly, Agnes, what do you think of my lover?"  
"Personal appearance?"  
"Yes. You can't judge of his mind in one meeting."  
"Frankly, then, I don't like the look of his left eye."  
"Oh, dear! Have you noticed that?"  
"You appear to have noticed it yourself."  
"I have been worried to death about it."  
"Has he explained it?"  
"I have not asked him to do so."  
"My advice to you, Louise, is to give him an opportunity to explain. If he doesn't, I would break the engagement. I wouldn't marry a man who would keep anything back."  
My resolution was taken. That very afternoon I asked Paul:  
"Why do you wear a monocle? It is so frightfully English."  
"Because, sweetheart, I consider it useless to wear two glasses when I can see as well with one."  
"I notice you always wear it before your right eye."  
"Yes. That is the better one of the two."  
I began to feel uncomfortable. He had admitted that one of his eyes was better than the other. He noticed something was troubling me, for I saw him looking at me inquiringly.  
"Don't you think," I said, "that on the eve of a marriage it is the duty of each of the parties to it to explain every defect, no matter how trivial?"  
His brow contracted slightly. "You mean that if I should be blind in one eye you would break the engagement?"  
"You wrong me. I only wish for perfect confidence. I don't want to find out anything after we are married."

"You'll have it all to find out," he said coolly, "and more important matters than defective eyesight. You may find that I have an imperious disposition, a bad temper, a grasping nature—indeed faults enough to make me a poor husband for any woman."  
"That is a risk we all have to take, and since we are unconscious of our own faults there is no deception in not confessing them. But if, for instance, I wear false teeth or my foot is made of wood?"  
"I would love you just the same."  
"It would be a fault for me not to confess it," I persisted.  
He showed very plainly that I had offended him. He sat looking at me for a few minutes, scowling, then said:  
"Very well, I will make a confession which may cause you to break your engagement with me. But I will not place you in a position to be influenced in your decision. I will write my confession on a scrap of paper and leave it with you. Take plenty of time to come to a decision whether or no you can live with a man with such a defect as mine, then write me."  
Going to my secretary, he took up a bit of paper and a pencil and wrote his message, then, without looking at me, hurried from the room. I waited breathlessly till I heard the front door close after him, then sprang eagerly for the paper he had left on the desk. Great heavens! What a revelation!  
"I wear a glass eye."  
I sank down on the sofa limp as a wet cloth. Never, never; I can never live with a man with a glass eye. The horrid thing would stare at me the first thing in the morning and continue its dreadful ogle till the last thing at night. No; it is all over between us.  
But what a misfortune! Poor Paul! How sensitive he is about it! I don't wonder that he is so. If it is such a terrible thing for me to look at, how much more terrible it must be for him! Besides, he suffers all in losing me that I suffer in losing him.  
I must be as gentle as a dove in breaking my decision to him. There is no need to take time. My mind is made up. We must part forever.  
I took up the pen that he had just laid down—I kissed it as I did so—then began to write a note which when I read it seemed very harsh. I wrote another, then another and another till I had written half a dozen, each growing more tender, more loving. The last was simply, "Come back and let me comfort you for life." This I sent to him posthaste.  
When he came I was alone in the room to which he was ushered. I looked for a serious, melancholy expression, but was astonished to see a very merry one. He clasped me in his arms, saying:  
"Louise, pardon me if I am a little late. Just as I was about to read your note my glass eye fell on the floor, and as I am very nearsighted I spent some time hunting for it."  
"Never mind, Paul, dear. You will always have me to find it for you."  
"You see," he said, taking off his monocle, "when I hold it off there I'm as blind as a bat, for my left eye in addition to nearsightedness has astigmatism."  
He looked at me, both his eyes fairly dancing. The truth rushed upon me. His glass eye was his eyeglass.  
I suppose that the knowledge that after all he had two natural eyes should have made me inexpressibly happy. On the contrary, it made me inexpressibly angry. I tore myself from his embrace and was fleeing from the room when he caught me in his arms and covered my face with a shower of kisses. I bitterly complained that he had played me a trick. He declared that I should thank him for giving me the opportunity to prove the nobility of my nature in standing by him in his supposed misfortune.  
BERTHA E. FAIRBANKS.

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**AUTOMOBILE GAMBLING NOVEL ENDURANCE TEST**

New Game Played With Tiny Devil Wagons.

Cowboy and Wife Propose to Ride 2,200 Miles.

AN EXPENSIVE FAD IN PARIS.

BRONCHOS TO BE THEIR MOUNTS.

The Course, Divided into Three, is Laid Out on a Billiard Table or Pingpong Board and Dotted With Miniature Hens, Dogs, Peasants and Other Obstructions.

Bill McBride and His Wife Will Travel From Near Colby, Kan., to the Tenderloin in New York—Western Figures the Riders Will Reach Their Destination Early Next January.

The "jeu d'automobile" party is the "newest" thing in Paris, says the Chicago Tribune. It has supplanted "pingue pongue" and bridge whilst in the fickle Ville Lumiere. If the "newest thing" be not uncovered in Paris, it soon is carried there. For that reason it is not surprising that Parisians have been taken with the miniature automobile races. Gambling with motor cars has become a fad.

To show that the American cowboy is the greatest rider and the most enduring specimen of humanity in the world Bill McBride, ranchman on the Oak range, thirty-five miles west of Colby, Kan., proposes riding from that place on a broncho clear through to the Tenderloin of New York city, and to prove conclusively that the female product of the western plains is equally as sturdy his wife says she will accompany him on another broncho, says the New York Evening Journal.

As will be seen from the description of the game, it offers many of the pleasures and none of the dangers of the actual automobilism. There are the attractions of a dangerous road sprinkled with cattle and pedestrians and policemen in miniature, and the operator must guide his machine past them without overturning them.

"We will start from Oak Range next July," writes Bill, "and ride straight through to New York city, each mounted on a broncho. We will not stop longer than twelve hours at any one place unless we or the horses are taken sick. This is not a race for time, but for endurance, to show the public where the American cowboy ranks with the riders of other countries. My wife rides a big saddle like I ride myself. She is five and a half feet tall and weighs 145 pounds, and I am nearly six feet, weighing 160 pounds. We will ride just as we leave the plains."

There is a pool from which the winner takes his profits and in which the losers pay for their fun. It is played on a pingpong board or on a billiard table, but experts are at work to make a special course for it, and in a few weeks' time the motor car game will be played doubtless on a table of its own.

Out on Oak range there are many skillful riders, but Bill is credited with being by long odds the best horseman for hundreds of miles around. He has met and vanquished the pride of many another ranch in tests of horsemanship, and when he jumps on the wildest mustang with a wild shout it's a "cinch" that the beast will "break" to his will.

The motor car game is, so far as the main principle of it goes, simplicity itself, but it entails considerable skill to be well played and costs more than a trifle to be learned. Upon the course, which is divided into three, is at one end a little automatic starting post and at the other a winning gate, with judges' stand complete.

Twenty-two hundred miles across the continent is the trip proposed, but Bill was not at all dismayed when this fact was made clear to him. It is a fifty-mile ride out and back to the ranch when he goes for mail, and 300 or 400 miles on a round-up is a commonplace incident in his life.

Behind the starting post are nine tiny electric motor cars beautifully made, complete with india rubber tires and steering gear and even so far perfect that their course can be changed at the will of the driver. Each motor car has a different color and a number, and at the word "Go!" they all start simultaneously for a race up the board, back again and once more down to the winning post. So far this is simplicity itself, but there are many complications in the game.

A westerner, basing his figures on the cowboy race which ended at the world's fair in Chicago in 1893, says it will take Bill and his wife about five and a half months to ride to the metropolis. Starting on July 25, he calculates Atchison will be passed on Aug. 18, St. Joe on Sept. 6, Chicago on Oct. 19, Buffalo on Nov. 30, Albany on Dec. 25, reaching New York on Jan. 8, 1904.

To begin with, a pool is made to which the four outside motor cars, the two to the right and the two to the left, contribute 25 per cent more than do the five on the inside. This because it is much more difficult to steer them, and the turning is considerably more complicated. Then all over the course are dotted hens, dogs, peasants, canals (wooden imitations of those dreaded bricked drainage gutters which are so disastrous along many of the French roads) and various other obstructions known to automobilists.

The sum of \$25,000 has been appropriated to defray the expense of Peru's participation in the world's fair at St. Louis. Peru will have at St. Louis a particularly interesting exhibit of minerals. The institution of mines, with headquarters in Lima, already has a magnificent collection of mineral specimens. An exhibit of manufactured articles and agricultural products will also be made.

The three divisions of the course are numbered, and a breakdown in any one of them costs the car a sum in inverse ratio to its distance from the winning post. Thus, a panne in the ninth division—that is, division No. 1, reached for the third time—will cost the car a louis only, while a panne in the same place on the first journey down the board will cost it 9 louis. Every fowl upset costs a franc if there is a man or woman near; if not, it costs nothing. The same thing applies to dogs, but they cost 2 francs each, and a policeman upset and thrown right off the table brings a bonus of 5 francs in from the pool, which the winner has to pay.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale and some other distinguished divines are taking active interest in a weekly paper now being established in Boston. It is to be printed in Syriac and English for the benefit of some 2,000 or 3,000 Syrians in Boston. Rev. George Atlas, a native of Baireuth, Egypt, widely known as scholar and linguist, is to be editor. Dr. Hale and other noted persons will contribute to the new paper.

All the players are provided with little pencil-like switches, with which they can control their cars, and to touch the wrong car means disqualification, or, as the game is sometimes played, a fine paid by the sinner to the owner of the car he tampered with.

Fern at St. Louis Fair.

The game is a tremendously exciting one, and the shrieks of excitement at the turning points show that the fair Parisiennes are at least as interested in it as the men. There is, of course, quite as much chance as skill in the game, for the tiny cars have all sorts of weird ways and behave quite as strangely sometimes as their larger prototypes, but the chance element makes the game only the more exciting.

DELICIOUS  
Ice Cream Soda  
College Ices,  
Made right and served right by us Try them!

**E. A. DROWN,**  
48 No. Main St., Opp. Nat'l Bank.

Collision between two cars entails removal from the board and a ten franc fine, which goes into the pool, and if any but the winning car upsets the judge's stand it costs the owner 50 francs. If the winning car upsets the judge, however, it brings him 10 francs from each of the other players.

**D. F. DAVIS, "The Druggist"**  
Morse Block, Barre, Vt.

It is an unwritten rule that the host himself shall never play, as he is supposed to know his own cars and the course and therefore to have an unfair advantage over the other players.

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Everything in the Market line that is good. Our customers are our best advertisers, for we please them. Let us please you. Prices right.

**M. W. SCRIBNER,**  
A. Tomasi Block,  
Corner North Main and Merchant Sts., Barre, Vt.

**A Monument to War Correspondents.**  
A monument is to be erected in London to the war correspondents of British and colonial papers who lost their lives in the South African war, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. This will be the first of its kind in the world. Twelve names will be inscribed on it: George Warrington Stevens of the Daily Mail, George Alfred Farrand of the Morning Post, Albert Adams of the Exchange Telegraph company, Lamb of the Melbourne Age, Mitchell of the Standard, Ernest Parslow of the Daily Chronicle, H. H. Spooner of the Sydney Evening News, J. S. Smith of the Central News, Mary Kingsley of the Morning Post, I. Slaten Collet of the Daily Mail, E. D. Scott of the Manchester Courier and M. T. Mackenzie of Reuter's agency. Five of these were killed in battle. Fever accounts for the rest.

**VALUABLE QUARRY LAND**  
For Sale or Lease.  
About Sixty Acres on Millstone Hill, Barre, in the Heart of the Great Granite District.

This land joins the Langdon, Webster and other well-developed Quarries and is very central and convenient for extensive opening. Numerous outcroppings (some of them acres in extent) indicate that not much below the surface there is solid and continuous granite of good quality. The railroad passes through the land and there is also a frontage on the public highway.  
The owner being a non-resident, and not wishing to develop the property himself, will consider propositions for the purchase or lease of the whole or a part. On MAY 12TH, 13TH AND 14TH he expects to be at the Pavillon, Montpelier (evenings), and in Barre during those days (inquire at Perry's shoe store) to consider any proposition which may be made. Any parties wishing to make a preliminary survey of the premises and to ascertain the exact location of boundaries may call for such information upon Mr. C. T. Bond, who lives adjoining the property.  
HENRY WOOD,  
Cambridge, Mass.



**School Girls**

Young girls at this period of life, or their mothers, are earnestly invited to write Mrs. Pinkham for advice; all such letters are strictly confidential; she has guided in a motherly way hundreds of young women; and her advice is freely and cheerfully given.

School days are danger days for American girls. Often physical collapse follows, and it takes years to recover the lost vitality. Sometimes it is never recovered. Perhaps they are not over-careful about keeping their feet dry; through carelessness in this respect the monthly sickness is usually rendered very severe.

Then begin ailments which should be removed at once, or they will produce constant suffering. Headache, faintness, slight vertigo, pains in the back and loins, irregularity, loss of sleep and appetite, a tendency to avoid the society of others, are symptoms all indicating that woman's arch-enemy is at hand.  
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped many a young girl over this critical period. With it they have gone through their trials with courage and safety. With its proper use the young girl is safe from the peculiar dangers of school years and prepared for hearty womanhood.

**A Young Chicago Girl "Studied Too Hard."**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to thank you for the help and benefit I have received through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills. When I was about seventeen years old I suddenly seemed to lose my usual good health and vitality. Father said I studied too hard, but the doctor thought different and prescribed tonics, which I took by the quart without relief. Reading one day in the paper of Mrs. Pinkham's great cures, and finding the symptoms described answered mine, I decided I would give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. I did not say a word to the doctor; I bought it myself, and took it according to directions regularly for two months, and I found that I gradually improved, and that all pains left me, and I was my old self once more. —LILLIE E. SINCLAIR, 17 E. 23d St., Chicago Ill."



**"Miss Pratt Unable to Attend School."**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to tell all young women how much Lydia E. Pinkham's wonderful Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was completely run down, unable to attend school, and did not care for any kind of society, but now I feel like a new person, and have gained seven pounds of flesh in three months.  
"I recommend it to all young women who suffer from female weakness."  
—MISS ALMA PRATT, Holly, Mich.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the one sure remedy to be relied upon at this important period in a young girl's life.  
**\$5000 FORFEIT** if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.  
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

**Fifteen Buried in Tunnel.**  
Huntington, W. Va., May 8.—A tunnel at Eggleston, Va., has caved in, burying fifteen persons. Eight dead bodies have been recovered.

**Kaiser's Unique Gift to Kaiserin.**  
Emperor William has presented to his wife a singular bracelet, which the empress vows she will wear to her dying day, says the Berlin correspondent of the New York World. It consists of seven disks of solid California gold of the purest quality, each disk being about the size of a silver twenty-five cent piece, but three-times as thick. The disks bear enameled portraits of the imperial children, each disk being inclosed in thickly set diamonds. Hanging from the bracelet is a heart of solid gold weighing about two ounces on which is a portrait of the emperor.

**New Device For Warning Cars.**  
A new system of warning the passenger compartments on an English railway is being tried. It consists of cylinders charged with chemicals.