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*The Times' Daily Short Story.*

**A Man Picked Up at Sea**

[Original.]  
The American steamer Euphemia was approaching Gibraltar, where she was to touch previous to proceeding through the Mediterranean sea to Naples. Captain Price stood on the bridge straining his eyes at some object out on his port quarter, then, raising his glass, brought it to bear on the object in question. Lowering the glass, he directed the course of the vessel to be changed. Ten minutes later a man in a ship's boat was seen frantically waving to the steamer and the crew and passengers were soon watching his lonely craft, far from land on the bosom of an ocean. A whistle was blown to let him know that he was seen, after which he ceased waving and took up a pair of oars to be ready to pull for the vessel when she had slowed down.  
"Wonder how he came to be out here," remarked a passenger.  
"Probably shipwrecked," replied his companion.  
"But we've had delightful weather."  
"You can't count on that. It may have been blowing great guns near here. Besides, there are fires and derelicts and all sorts of dangers besides storms."  
Meanwhile the machinery had stopped and the steamer was drifting past the man, a hundred yards distant. He pulled for her, a rope ladder was thrown over the side and the man climbed aboard. The captain stood at the gangway waiting for him.  
"Captain," said the man, "I want a few minutes' private conversation with you."  
"I see no reason why what you may have to say should not be heard by every one here. Speak out."  
"What I have to say is of very great importance. It concerns the safety of this vessel."  
The captain turned and led the way to his cabin. As soon as they were there he shut the door and directed the man to speak out. He had no occasion to urge speed, for the man at once began to talk in a hurried, excited manner.  
"Captain, I am happy to see this steamer about. You have an infernal machine aboard. Get it out at once and get rid of it. Then I will tell you how I came to know about it and how I came to be here. There's no time to be lost. How long have you been out?"  
"Seven days."  
"The thing is set for seven days and six hours. Hurry!"  
"What is it? Where is it?"  
"Among the baggage of John Ramsden, a box about two feet long, a foot high and a foot broad."  
Without a word the captain went with the stranger to the hold, where the box was found. The captain called a

man sitting on a coil of rope and ordered him to throw the box overboard.  
"One moment, captain," said the pick up. "This looks like a straight case, but we're not dead sure. To avoid any possible mistake and the destruction of real baggage I suggest that we lower the thing into my boat and let it drift 200 or 300 feet astern."  
"Go ahead and do it," said the captain impatiently.  
The man seized the box, carried it gingerly to the deck, tied a rope about it and lowered it into his boat that was tethered to the vessel's side. Then he permitted the boat to drift astern to a safe distance.  
"There," he said to the captain. "If it goes off it won't hurt any one. And now, captain, I will explain. I have a brother in New York who belongs to a gang of anarchists. They have determined to destroy every large steamer sailing from that city. My brother knew of this attempt and wrote me about it by a previous steamer. As soon as I received his letter I determined that there was a chance of my saving you. I went to Gibraltar, took a boat and pulled out here to meet you."  
"Why didn't you inform the police and have them come out in a steamer?"  
"My brother, captain, how could I bring my own brother to the gallows?"  
"But this anarchist—why blow himself up? He might have shipped his machine and stayed ashore."  
"Are you sure he is aboard?"  
"No."  
The captain at once sent to the purser to know if John Ramsden was aboard and learned that his name was on the passenger list, but that his room had not been occupied. This was strong confirmation of the man's story, and the captain grasped him by the hand and asked him what he could do to show his appreciation of his brave and hazardous effort.  
"Save me from testifying against my brother. Do not inform the police of this matter when you arrive."  
"I couldn't do that," replied the captain. "I'd be necessary to a crime."  
The next morning when the Euphemia was putting into the strait of Gibraltar the picked up man was missing. His boat and the infernal machine were also missing. A police boat met the steamer, and an officer came aboard to arrest John Ramsden, who was supposed to have in his possession \$100,000 in stolen bonds.  
"Umph!" said the officer in great disappointment. "This is the nearest job I ever heard of. The pick up learned that we had been cabled to make the arrest and came out to warn his pal. They're gone together with the plunder."  
The police boat put on all steam and hurried to the nearest point on the coast, hoping to intercept the fugitives, but got no trace of them. The captain of the Euphemia has since been very heartless about picking up strangers at sea. ROGER T. BERKELEY.

**THRONE LIGHTS.**

Queen Caroline of Saxony is preparing an edition of her husband's poems. Among them will be "Le Coup de Canon," which has been set to music by the Princess Amelie.  
Though Emperor William is but forty-four years old, he is beginning to show quite a bit of age. His hair is fairly well sprinkled with gray, and lines on his face tell of strain and worry.  
The Prince of Wales has a passion for white roses. An old variety has been discovered at Sandringham, and the blossoms are forwarded daily to London, his royal highness wearing a bud every day.  
The Netherlands Insurance company has canceled its policy on the life of the king of Serbia because of failure to pay the premiums, which were unusually heavy on account of liability to assassination.

**PEN AND BRUSH.**

"At night in a quiet room, with an old pen and a fresh cigarette," said Henry James to the man who once asked him under what circumstances he preferred to work.  
Some of Solomon J. Solomon's most attractive pictures have been painted by gaslight. He has accustomed himself to artificial light, and the academician considers that every artist should do so, especially in London, where it so often happens that the sun ceases to shine for days at a stretch.  
Herbert Spencer is eighty-three. He was born at Derby, his father being a schoolmaster and private tutor, and was educated by his uncle, the late Rev. Thomas Spencer, at Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath. Mr. Spencer has never sought academic degrees or other titles and has even had occasion to repudiate them when conferred upon him.

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**ALEXANDER AND DRAGA**

**Anecdotes of Serbia's Late King and Queen.**

**INCIDENTS OF RULER'S BOYHOOD.**

**How He Rebelled at Being Parted From His Mother When She Was Banished From Belgrade—Instances of His Courage and Democratic Tendencies—Traits of Queen Draga and Her Determination to Rule Serbia.**

Henry W. Fischer, a well known newspaper writer, relates the following incidents in the early life of Alexander I, the late king of Serbia:

Alexander was but twelve years old when King Milan, his father, issued the decree banishing the queen from Belgrade and commanding that the crown prince should be taken from her. Mother and son were at that time quietly living in Wiesbaden, and, as everybody knows, Prince Bismarck backed up the Serbian government in the dastardly attempt of enforcing its rulings on foreign soil.

The boy was as much opposed to return to Belgrade without his mother as Queen Natalie to separate from her son. The Princess Morssal, cousin to the queen, tried in vain to argue with Alexander.

"I will not follow papa's command. I will stay with mamma," was Alexander's persistent reply to all her entreaties.

"But," said the princess, "the German government also demands your departure."

"The German government has no right to interfere with the crown prince of Serbia," cried Alexander in return.

"You must obey or they will take you by force."

Upon this announcement the boy leaped back in his chair for a few minutes in speechless astonishment and then, stamping his foot with a fierce determination, strange in one so young, sobbed:

"I will never forgive Germany for this."

When, later, the chief of police of Wiesbaden arrived to read the imperial decree to the queen, Alexander walked up to his mother's side and declared, with much dignity:

"Your majesty must not permit this insult! It is degrading for us to even listen to this man!"

Alas, this brave face did not avail much! On the following day he was turned over to his father's messenger and conveyed to Belgrade by special train.

During the journey, lasting nearly three days, the prince spoke to General Proetics, his new governor, but once. When Proetics asked him on the second evening, "Why don't you go to sleep?" he answered him in the significant words, "Because I must pray for poor papa."

The anecdotes bespeaking Alexander's personal courage and his democratic tendencies are legion. When scarcely eleven years old he spent the summer with his mother in Baden, near Vienna. His chief delight was bathing at a public open air establishment frequented by the townspeople. The customers of the bath were, of course, divided in swimmers, for whom a large and deep basin was reserved, and non-swimmers, who had to content themselves with wading round in shallow water. Alexander hated shallow water and at once entered upon swimming lessons. As he took to the element like the proverbial duck his teacher promised to promote him to the swimming basin after the tenth lesson.

When, however, on the ninth day the teacher was preparing to dangle the crown prince on the pole and line the boy gave him the slip and jumped off the boards into deep water, where he at once began sporting with the other boys. Dr. Dokies, his tutor, who was responsible for his person, ran up and down alongside the basin entreating his royal highness to at once return to terra firma. The only satisfaction he got was: "Oh, yes. I will come out as soon as I feel tired."

"I will inform her majesty of your conduct," cried the doctor in despair.

"Oh, you will, will you?" gave back Alexander, sticking out his tongue at the same time as far as it would go and turning on his back to let himself float down the stream while he encouraged his playfellows to join in his impudent jest.

On another occasion, when he was already king in name, Alexander showed his true democracy even in a more pronounced form. He had been on a lonely drive in Budapest. Getting thirsty, he bade his coachman to halt in front of one of the open air beer gardens on Andrassy street. There the young king alighted, banded the cobby a cigarette and then sat down at a table near the sidewalk. He ordered two glasses of beer, and when the waiter brought them told him to take one beer to the cobby.

"Excuse me," said the waiter, who probably did not anticipate a large douceur from so young a customer, "I am not the 'cobby,' you know."

"Oh, I beg your pardon a thousand times," answered the king, throwing him a five florin note. He then drained his glass, took up the other one, and, walking over to the cab, added: "I guess I had better wait on him myself. That poor fellow must be awfully dry, and it would be cruel to make him wait for 'cobby.'"

Algot Sandberg, formerly the editor of a newspaper in Sweden, but now living in New York, met and inter-

viewed the late Queen Draga just previous to her marriage to the king of Serbia, says the New York World.

"While not beautiful, the queen was a handsome woman," he said. "On the day I saw her she wore a dress of corn colored silk, with black lace, rustling with every movement. Her hands were extraordinarily beautiful. They were covered with gleaming, glittering rings. She constantly was making gestures with them. Her hair was very black, but her eyebrows almost came together across her nose, giving her a most sinister look when her face was in repose. Her eyes, next to her hands, were what attracted the most attention. They were gleaming, black and wide.

"When I explained my mission to her, which was to ascertain whether or not she was to marry King Alexander, she said:

"I have nothing to conceal. My way lies open to all. Why should not I marry the king? It would be best for him. I have known him since a child, and I have promised his mother, Queen Natalie, to take care of him. Can I do it in any better way than as his wife?"

"It is now time the king was married. I care nothing for what the people will say. They do not like me. There is Russia. There is Austria. I care nothing for them. Once queen of Serbia and I will show the czar and the emperor how to rule a land. I am a Serb, as good as Alexander. Since the days of his wicked father there has been nothing but trouble in this land. Together the king and I will have peace and contentment. I will reform the king."

"The king is a good boy and I am proud of him. I shall do for him the best I can. He has no true friends among his subjects. He must have some one upon whom to lean. There will come a time of trouble for him. He is weak hearted; I am strong. It will be best for him to have me at his side. I am a woman who has lived. I know men; I can give him good advice and prevent his excesses. I shall certainly marry him."

"When the king visited his mother, Queen Natalie, at Biarritz, we were much together. His mother approved of it, and one night when he returned late from a dinner he had given to some dancers she said to me: 'Draga, Alexander will be like his father. You have the right to return to our country; promise me you will take care of him. Help him. Be his mother in my stead.'

"Why his mother?" I asked. "Why not his wife?"  
"Queen Natalie told me her son was fond of me and that she would approve our marriage. Now I am simply trying to keep my pledge to Queen Natalie."

Continuing, Mr. Sandberg said: "She was a most magnificent woman, and except for her intolerable arrogance and hatred of the king's advisers could have done much toward reclaiming the king."

**TO PREVENT FLOODS.**

**Kansas Senator Declares Intaking Canals a Remedy.**

Senator J. R. Burton of Kansas, chairman of the senate forestry commission and an enthusiastic advocate of headwater reservoirs, thinks the recent floods could have been prevented, says a special dispatch from Abilene, Kan., to the Philadelphia Public Ledger. He said the other day: "The recent floods should awaken public thought to the necessity of providing, if possible, against such terrible disasters in the future. We can, perhaps, do nothing to either increase or decrease the rainfall anywhere, but we can do a great deal toward the control of the water after it falls on the earth. It is estimated that Kansas City and vicinity lost \$20,000,000 by this flood and that Topeka lost \$4,000,000 worth of property. This, perhaps, is exaggerated, but suppose the aggregate loss was \$25,000,000? Less than that amount of money would construct intaking canals and receptive reservoirs sufficient to have prevented any destruction whatever by this flood. Beginning with the Plains county at the foothills of the mountains and extending throughout the entire arid and semiarid belt, the waters can be impounded for irrigation purposes. By the time the beneficial use is thoroughly understood it will be demonstrated that the waters that can be impounded in the rain belt can and will be used beneficially for irrigation, in addition to the prevention of destructive floods."

**Toronto's Expectations.**

The city of Toronto counts on getting 125,000 horse power from Niagara falls, although its distance from the great cataract is ninety miles.

**The Motorist's Farewell.**

My palpitating patrol steed, no more with thee I roam;  
They bear me in an ambulance to take the train for home.  
For others fly in clouds of dust with all thy winged speed,  
I will not mount on thee again; we part, my pungent steed.

No more upon pneumatic tire we rush the crowded street,  
Through streams of loud anathemas too lurid to repeat;  
No more we'll scare the country lane and foul the breezy wind  
And leave the bobby who protests a happy league behind.

I blame thee not for graceless form or hideous design;  
Thy stormy patrol spirit needs a stouter curb than mine.  
Thy brake and cylinder were false; too late I know and feel  
There lurks a demon heart within that throbbing breast of steel.

I leave thee, snorting, panting fiend, with curses loud and deep,  
Thy farmyard victims oft will rise and haunt me in my sleep,  
But when I'm tired of life and wish from this vain world to flee,  
I'd rather take the stately bear than ride again with thee.

**Split and Toast**  
**SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT**

**UNCANNY MEXICAN PLANT. CHURCH MERRY GO ROUNDS**

**Peculiar Exhibit For the St. Louis World's Fair.**

The Instituto Medico of the City of Mexico, says the Mexican Herald, will send to the St. Louis world's fair an exhibit of about fifty medicinal plants of the country and the products derived therefrom. Accompanying the exhibit will be a complete explanation as to the place where the plants are found, the procedure for converting them into medical products and the ailments which they are destined to cure. Included in the exhibit will be a plant of marvelous qualities. It grows wild and abundantly in the state of Michoacan. The Indians claim that whenever they enter a wood or place where this plant grows its aroma makes them lose their way, and they are unable to return to their homes or to reach their destination until they cease to smell the plant. The statement is said to have been fully confirmed a number of times by learned people.

The Instituto is going to make a scientific study of its physiological effects and an analysis of its properties. A delegate has been sent to Michoacan to obtain a specimen of the plant. It has been further added that a person wearing a branch of this peculiar plant in his buttonhole will often be lost in his native city, but the latter statement has not been confirmed. This plant will be an interesting exhibit at the fair, and if it is sent in large quantities and keeps its qualities in a foreign and distant land the police of St. Louis will have many visitors to guide during the exposition.

**COLLEGE AND SCHOOL.**

Rev. Alfred S. Lyle, the oldest living graduate of the University of California, presided at the commencement exercises of that institution. He took his degree in 1864.

Mrs. S. R. Reins is the oldest principal in the New York schools, having served continuously since 1865. The teachers under her presented her with a sunburst of diamonds and pearls hidden in a box of American Beauty roses which she found on her desk.

The executive committee of the Carnegie Institute, Washington, has made a grant of \$5,000 and traveling expenses to Professor Arthur Gamgee, emeritus professor of physiology, Owens college, Manchester, to enable him to prepare a report on the physiology of nutrition.

**Novel Scheme of Two Indiana Societies to Help Finances.**

The Baptist and the United Brethren churches of Washington, Davies county, Ind., in an effort to raise finances for the two churches have invested in a merry go round, which is now being erected, says an Indianapolis special to the Chicago Record-Herald.

The two churches will sell tickets, and each church is to receive one-third of the proceeds, while the remaining third will go to the showman to whom the merry go round belongs. Rev. Mr. Miles of the Baptist church and Rev. Mr. Hobson of the United Brethren church are taking an active interest in the sale of tickets, and several members are similarly engaged.

The action of the churches has led to much comment in religious circles, and the outcome of the scheme is being watched with interest.

**HOUSED IN ANCIENT TEMPLE**

**Temporary Legation of the United States at Peking.**

Pending the erection of new legation buildings for the United States in Peking the legation of this country will occupy an old Chinese temple situated on the grounds allotted to the United States by China, says the Washington Post. The premises heretofore occupied by the United States legation have become the property of the Korean government, and as the legation of that country desires to take possession as soon as possible Minister Conger has decided to repair the ancient temple in order that it may be used for temporary legation purposes.

Secretary Hay called upon the comptroller of the treasury to decide whether the sum appropriated by congress for rent of legation buildings in Peking could be used to repair the temple.

The comptroller submitted a decision in which he says that, while the question is not entirely free from doubt, on the statement of facts submitted and in view of the important public interest involved he is of the opinion that the appropriation may be used in the way suggested. By the payment for the repairs and necessary alterations of the temple the comptroller holds the government would not be paying rent, but the object of the making of the appropriation would be accomplished in providing suitable and necessary quarters for the legation.

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