

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1903.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

2,795

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

A GAIN OF 400

In the daily circulation of the Times since Jan. 1st is something no other Washington county daily can show.

The circulation statements of the Times can always be verified by anyone who so wishes. Press room, circulation books, paper bills and all that pertains to the circulation of the Times are open to the inspection of all. Is there any other Washington county daily that will show up in like manner?

Two years ago today President William McKinley died, and Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt took the oath of office.

In view of the fact that the public is paying the piper in the purchase of coal it will be fitting news to learn that the mine workers are to receive an increase.

One of the Vermont newspapers that is keeping up the most incessant howl about the failure of local option and lamenting the contrast of present conditions with the golden age of prohibition, carries the biggest beer advertisement yet circulated by the Vermont press. It is difficult to reconcile a professed zeal to stop drinking with taking money for spreading inducements to continue it.—St. Albans Messenger.

Isn't it a fact that about all the advocates of prohibition among the Vermont press take all the beer and whiskey advertising they can secure?

The liquor spotter is hardly more popular in prohibition Maine than he was in prohibition Vermont a short time ago. The attorney for a respondent convicted by the testimony of two Boston "hirelings" paid his respects in no light language, saying that they were not fit to associate with mankind. He also censured them for encouraging a man to commit a crime in order to secure evidence. That was from one side. On the other hand there was a mild condemnation from the prosecuting attorney who had used the spotter evidence. He said that "as a last resort and with much reluctance, the county authorities had recourse to the 'spotter' method of procuring evidence." But he declared that repugnant as such evidence may be, it must be taken for fact. When both sides recognize the undesirableness of such evidence it seems to be the proper thing to do without it altogether.

Tom L. Johnson wants to be governor of Ohio, and his campaign reminds one, in some of its features, of that strenuous effort of P. W. Clement in Vermont last year. While the latter toured this state in a parlor car, Mr. Johnson has engaged the more modern means of conveyance, an automobile which the newspaper correspondents picture as one of the "red devils." The sight of the automobile upon the farmers among whom the Ohio candidate is now laboring is said to have a deleterious effect on his candidacy, but for all that the candidate will not give it up. The reports from Ohio are that the farmers of that state consider the automobile a piece of extravagance, which leads them to believe that the man who uses it might be extravagant were he placed in office. Such a conclusion seems to be far-fetched, but it undoubtedly will have a considerable effect on Johnson's candidacy. His auto tour will not be so memorable in results as P. W. Clement's parlor car excursion.

They Saved the Dummy.
 Two Viennese watchmen, seeing what appeared to be a body floating in the Danube, gallantly went to the rescue, at the risk of their own lives, but when they got ashore they found they had saved a tailor's dummy.

September.
 September, thou art like a lady fair
 Who, having lately left her youth behind,
 Still has a silvery laugh, a winking air,
 And still to youthful dreaming is inclined.

September, thou art like a lady who
 Has reached the fullness of sweet womanhood,
 Whose cheeks are crimson still, who, smiling, too,
 Still thinks the world is beautiful and good.

September, thou art like a lady fair
 Who still may charm with smile or sigh or glance;
 Who, showing here and there a soft gray hair,
 Still is the spirit of a sweet romance.

September, thou art like a lady who
 Looks forward half in dread and half resigned,
 Who fancies that she still is clinging to
 The joyous youth which she has left behind.
 —S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.



"Don't be like Lucius O'Lime. Who never started in time. From morning till night He was a sight: Harried and scurried with all his might. Such procrastination's almost a crime."

We announced our opening on the 15th and here are things to interest you, if you have any of the characteristics of the man of today. Shoes! If you've been suited with our Suits, we can suit your feet. See new shapes in window, then drop an eye on your own pedal extremities.

Rogers & Grady Co.,
 TOP TO TOE OUTFITTERS,
 Quinlan Building, - Barre Vermont.

ABOUT THE STATE.

Items of Interest Gleaned From Our Exchanges.
 Daniel D. Eddy of Bennington Center, celebrated his 92nd birthday anniversary September 5.

Searsburg parties trapped a bear cub on the mountain a few days ago, where a number of bears have been seen during the summer.

John G. Foster of Derby Line, consul general at Ottawa, has been elected a director and vice-president of the Massachusetts Valley Railroad Co.

The management of the Vermont state and Rutland county fair stated Saturday that the receipts of the four days would be slightly over the expenditures, leaving a small balance.

The annual meeting of the Vermont Officers' Remuneration Society will be held at Rutland October 8. In addition to the business meeting there will be a banquet. The address will be delivered by Congressman D. J. Foster of Burlington.

The wife of John Emerson of Wilmington, who attempted suicide at her home there Monday afternoon by taking wood alcohol and a quantity of corrosive sublimate, before cutting an ugly gash in her throat, died there Thursday about noon.

In a contest just completed among over 1,000 agents of the northeastern department of the New York Life Insurance Co., Harris H. Walker, general agent of Burlington, has been awarded first prize for writing and paying for the largest amount of new business.

Mrs. Sarah Chapman of Bethel, attained her 101st birthday anniversary Sept. 6. Mrs. Chapman was not feeling very well and the day was quietly passed. Many friends called during the day to extend congratulations and she was the recipient of many handsome floral tributes.

Four houses in the vicinity of Alburg Springs are quarantined for smallpox. Dr. C. S. Caverly of Rutland, president of the state board of health, was here recently and ordered all persons that had been exposed to be vaccinated at once. The disease is in a very mild form.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Satisfactorily Explained.
 "Twas in a restaurant downtown
 I waited long, I ween;
 Then at the cashier I did frown
 And asked: "What does this mean?"
 "I sent my waiter hours ago
 From out your saffle group."
 Said he: "Of course the waiter's slow,
 He's bringing turtle soup."
 —Chicago Post.

Bravado.
 "So Mistuh Ernest Pinkley is gwine to git married," said the coffee colored youth with the large scarf pin.
 "Yes," was the answer. "Somebody done tol' him dat marriage was a lottery, an' he's such a spot dat he's bound to take a chance."—Denver News.

Did He Keep Out?
 "Madam," asked the polite stranger, "is the smell of smoke disagreeable to you?"
 "I don't know," madam replied. "No gentleman ever has smoked in my presence."—Philadelphia Ledger.

They Never Met Again.



Miss Flip—Is your face for rent?
 Aisy—Weally, I—aw—fall to compwehend youah query. Why do you awsk?
 Miss Flip—Because it has such a vacant look.

BUT A REPETITION

(Original.)
 Aunt Mary was very old. She was stone blind, but like most people who make up for one deficiency with acuteness in another, she could hear everything that was even whispered in her presence, and some people vowed she could hear more.
 The Rev. Mr. Bogle, a very young minister, whose duties as assistant rector were principally to visit the poor of the parish, usually got round to a call on Aunt Mary about 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. Jennie Pixley, who sat spellbound in church on those rare occasions when Mr. Bogle was permitted to be alone with him, knew that he visited Aunt Mary on Wednesday afternoons, for she watched him from behind the blinds going past her house to do so.

One Wednesday afternoon shortly before 4 o'clock Jennie knocked at Aunt Mary's door and, being hidden, entered, finding the old woman knitting socks in a high backed rocker.

"I am Jennie Pixley, Aunt Mary. I've often thought how lonely you must be here by yourself and just came in to have a little chat with you."

"That's very kind of you," said the old woman. "I can't see you, but I can hear you, and you have a sweet voice—a kindly voice. I'm sure you must be very unselfish to come and see a poor old woman like me."

Jennie felt a little guilty at this, because in timing her visit she had only allowed five minutes before the usual arrival of the clergyman. Indeed, she had barely time to express a little sympathy before he came in. Jennie looked very much put out at being caught and expressed wonder how it was that they happened to meet at the same hour of the same day. Mr. Bogle, who had seen Jennie's fresh young face and melting eyes looking up at him when he occupied the pulpit and had been longing to meet her, remarked that it was always pleasant to cross the path of those engaged in the Lord's work, whereupon Jennie wondered how he could be always ready with such speeches. Together they talked with Aunt Mary and the clergyman took out his notebook to put down what she required, Jennie volunteering to supply most of the articles. Then after many expressions of sympathy they left the house together.

The next Wednesday afternoon Mr. Bogle was hurrying past Jennie's house, when a sudden thought struck him and he turned and rang the bell. Jennie was watching him through the blinds and knew what he wanted. Indeed, her hat was pinned on to her head preparatory to going with the assistant rector if he should ask her. He did ask her, announcing that Aunt Mary had been ill and was rapidly failing.

When they reached the house they found the old lady in bed and not especially alive to what was going on. They stood over her and looked down upon her commiseratingly.

"She's very feeble, poor soul," said the rector.

"Very," assented Jennie.

"I think we had better sit down and talk over what it is best to do in the matter. She needs attention."

"I can stay this afternoon."

They seated themselves on a worn old sofa to talk over the Lord's work.

"It must be very nice for you to have all the girls in the congregation so ready to assist you," remarked Jennie.

"I fear if we hadn't happened accidentally to meet here I should never have been called upon."

"Not at all. When I saw from the pulpit your benevolent upturned face I said to myself, 'There is a girl for sacrifice.'"

"Did you notice me from the pulpit?" asked Jennie, looking down demurely.

"I did, and I said more than I have repeated."

"What more?"

"I said, 'She has a soul as pure as a pearl, a heart as true as the Aoly gospel and as tender as the tear of a repentant Christian.'"

"What more?"

"I said, 'What lovely rosy cheeks, what shining hair, what soft eyes, and the mouth is pretty enough to'—He paused.

"What?" asked Jennie, looking up into his face, a picture of wonder.

Jennie's face was near the clergyman's, and her parted lips were irresistible. For a moment there was the stiffness of—well, of the sick chamber, and then there was a smack loud enough to wake—At any rate, it aroused Aunt Mary. She uttered a moan. The two arose from the seat on which they had been consulting as to her requirements, went to her and stood over her.

"Aunt Mary," said the clergyman, "do you want anything?"

"I was dreaming. Was I dreaming, or was it real? It can't be real, because I'm not eighteen; I'm eighty. Mother was sick upstairs. She died that night. Arthur came in, he said, 'to ask after mother,' but I knew he wanted to see me. We sat down on the sofa, and he began to tell me of his love. 'I can't listen to it now, Arthur,' I said, 'with mother dying upstairs. It is awful selfish. We should be there ministering to her. That's the work the Lord expects of us.' But he held me for a moment while he told me he loved me and then gave me my first kiss. 'Now let us go to your mother,' he said. 'We can love each other and her too.' He kissed me just now, and I heard it as I heard it then."

The couple who stood listening turned and looked into each other's eyes, breathing at the same time a sigh of relief. They ministered to the old woman till midnight, when she died.

LAURA C. DEANE.

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DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.
 Consuela, duchess of Marlborough, is extremely deaf. The young duchess is very sensitive on this subject.
 Miss Safford, who recently resigned the pastorate of a Unitarian church in Sioux City, had held it fourteen years, her congregation being the largest of that denomination in Iowa.
 Mrs. Florilla Sweland Pierce, granddaughter of a brother of John Hancock, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, recently celebrated her one hundredth birthday at Honeoye Falls, N. Y.
 The mother of President Loubet of France still manages the farm at La Terrasse, Marsanne, where the president was born. The old lady, to whom the president is devoted, is over ninety, but is still hale and hearty.
 Mrs. Nancy Rose, who for forty-seven years has had charge of the light-house at Stony Point, on the Hudson river, has just received a handsome medal from the Scopic and Historic society in recognition of her faithfulness.
 "It is the women of the country who make tramps by giving meals to them." This was one of the statements made by Mrs. G. Francis Curtis at the convention of the National Association of Charities and Corrections recently held at Atlanta, Ga.
 In a recent letter to friends in America Lady Curzon declares that she is coming to this country some time during the next winter to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Z. Leiter, in Washington. Lady Curzon will bring her two young daughters with her.
 Miss Grace Phillips of Wolcott, Wayne county, N. Y., has the distinction of being the only woman mail carrier in the state. She is nineteen years old. Twenty-five miles every weekday she rides through a route that includes the townships of Wolcott and Butler.

MODEL FARM ON VIEW.
 Attraction Prepared for the National Irrigation Congress.
 A model irrigated farm, practically and ideally illustrating intensive cultivation, will be a feature of the national irrigation congress, so that the delegates who attend the congress at Ogden, Utah, may have a visual demonstration of the most approved and up to date methods of agriculture and horticulture under irrigation, says the Chicago Post.
 This model farm is laid out on land belonging to a state institution, where about twenty acres are used for the purpose of this illustration. Methods of taking water from the river, canal and laterals will be shown in a compact territory. Modern devices for measuring and apportioning water will be shown as well as the different methods of irrigation by furrows, flood or check. Losses in transporting water will be measured. This usage of the water will be practically demonstrated with various kinds of growing crops, including grains and vegetables, lucious apples and late peaches.
 Practical irrigators will accompany the delegates over the ground, explaining new inventions, various methods of spraying of trees, of destroying orchard pests and new methods of cultivation. A current motor will be in operation on the grounds, and other irrigation machinery will be exhibited.
Pear Trees.
 Pear trees require less space than other fruit trees, as few of them are of a spreading habit. Most of them grow in pyramidal form.

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