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The Times' Daily Short Story.

HOW HE WENT GUNNING

(Original.)

A belle usually becomes such rather on account of her talent for "social politics," to use a coined expression, than her beauty. Irene Whittemore of New York was not only an adept in those artificial ways which go to make a woman a social success, but she was a very beautiful woman. Her smile was irresistible, especially as it showed a superb set of teeth. Many a woman, obliged to repress her own smile rather than reveal discolored or repaired teeth, envied Miss Whittemore her thorough abandonment to mirth, which revealed an additional beauty.

Miss Whittemore, being comparatively poor, had no choice between abandoning society and marrying a rich man. Anderson Asche, possessor of \$50,000 a year, fell in love with her, was accepted, and they were married.

All went well till one autumn day shortly before Mr. Asche was about to go gunning for woodcock a note which his wife had neglected to send lay unopened on her dressing case. It was addressed to a Dr. Bachrach, whose name the husband had never heard his wife mention, the family physician being Dr. Fairchild. Asche became suspicious and, slipping the letter from the envelope, read:

My husband goes to his shooting club on Thursday. Come Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, I will watch for you and let you in. Remember that any slip would ruin me.

As there was no street and number on the envelope, Asche concluded that his wife intended sending it by confidential messenger. Putting the note back into its envelope, he replaced it on the dressing case and left the room. Thinking that his wife might desire the services of a physician without his knowledge, he looked through a directory and discovered that there was no Dr. Bachrach in the city. Then he gave up all hope as to the innocence of the assignment.

"I have decided," he said to his wife that evening at dinner, "not to go shooting till Friday afternoon."

"Indeed?" said his wife carelessly. "And if I don't find the game in abundance I shall return Saturday morning. I can find out all about it as soon as I get to the club. If there is anything you wish to do without me, you had better attend to it on Friday night."

"There is no social matter that I think of, I shall take advantage of your absence to get a good rest."

Asche expected that his wife would change her assignment to Friday night, and he was not disappointed. When Dr. Bachrach stepped from a carriage before the Asche residence, Mr. Asche was on the opposite side of the street watching for him. A friend whom the injured husband had taken into his confidence stepped up to Dr. Bachrach

and informed him that Mrs. Asche desired the doctor to submit himself to his guidance and he would take him to a place where she awaited him and where she could receive him with less risk. Without waiting for Dr. Bachrach's consent, the friend pushed him into another carriage, got in himself, and the coachman, who had been previously instructed, drove away. Asche preceded them in another carriage.

In a few minutes Asche's carriage stopped at a house, which he entered, and directly afterward the friend and Dr. Bachrach entered after him. When the two latter stepped into a room on the second floor, Asche was standing before a fireplace ready to receive them. There was a look on his face that meant death, and Dr. Bachrach saw at once that he had been trapped.

"Sir," said Asche, "my wife's correspondence with you has fallen into my hands. You have wrecked my life. Either you or I shall not go out of this room alive."

"What?"

"Silence! You shall have the same chance for your life as I. You shall be represented by a friend."

"But—"

"Silence, I say! There are writing materials in that secretary. Go there and write to a friend simply that you desire him to come to you at once, and I will see that your note is delivered."

"Will you—"

"Do as I bid you," thundered Asche, "and do not tempt me to kill you in a way that will be considered murder."

"If you will only listen. If—"

"I will not listen. Write for your friend. Then we will settle which, if either, of us is to live."

Asche stood pointing to the desk, and Bachrach, despairing of a hearing, went there and wrote something on a piece of paper.

"Examine it, Higbee," said Asche. "Remember, he shall write nothing but a simple request for a friend to come to him."

Higbee took the paper and read it. A singular expression stole over his face.

"Well," queried Asche, "what is it?"

"A fool blunder."

"What do you mean?"

Higbee handed him the paper.

I am a Philadelphia dentist and made an appointment with Mrs. Asche to replace her teeth, which I made her some years ago, with a new set. I have always heard New York is a wicked city, but I didn't expect to be murdered here.

Asche looked up from the paper to see the dentist standing in a humble, appealing position before him, terror written on every line of his face, holding forth a dainty box, in which rested a set of false teeth.

"Get out!" yelled Asche, and the dentist bent a retreat, missing his footing in his haste and tumbling downstairs.

The story got out. Mrs. Asche retired from social leadership, and Dr. Bachrach received so many orders from Gotham society magnates that he left Philadelphia and settled in New York.

AUSTEN ALLEN KINGSLEY.

HIGH LIFE IN A FLAT.

Features of Alfred Vanderbilt's Six Room Apartment.

YEAR'S RENT WILL BE \$6,000.

All Comforts and Conveniences Are Provided by the Landlord For the Young Millionaire and His Family in Their New Abode at New York. Servants of House Have Distinct Livery.

Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the richest young matron in the United States, will keep house in a six room flat in New York. The rent is \$6,000 a year, and there are thousands in New York who pay more than that.

The Vanderbilt flat is in Madison avenue, 161 and 163. It is midway between Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets, sandwiched in between a row of boarding houses on the east side of the way. The apartment house rejoices in the euphonious name of the Warrington.

It was only a few weeks ago that the Vanderbilts, principally for novelty's sake, made up their minds to try a flat for the winter. They have been staying in Newport and have decided to return there early in the spring, after two or three months in town and perhaps a flying trip down south during the raw weeks of March and early April. As a matter of fact, two apartments have been knocked into one so as to make rooms of the necessary size. Whether the multimillionaire tenants are in Europe or Kamchatka, the flat will be swept and dusted daily, to be ready for immediate occupancy.

Mrs. Vanderbilt already has settled upon the arrangement of the six rooms at her disposal. She has decided to dine downstairs at a restaurant whenever she and Mr. Vanderbilt are at home, so there is no dining room problem. There are in the Warrington establishment a head valet and assistants to care for the men's clothes and to do the hundred and one odd little things needed every day by a man of fashion. A full corps of maids is also at the call of the women of the house. The Vanderbilts will have only breakfast in their suit.

Dinner will be taken in the public dining room, where to each family a separate table is assigned. It looks more like a dining room of some big private residence. A waiter will be detailed to attend to them alone. Fresh flowers will be provided for the table at each meal, and all butter, eggs, milk and vegetables they require will come from a private farm owned by the apartment house.

The south room of the suit will be the drawing room and the one adjoining a library and den. The two north rooms of the suit will be her room and Mr. Vanderbilt's. The baby and the nursemaid will have the two rooms in the rear, and the other servants will be assigned to rooms in the servants' quarters on the top floor. There is a bathroom on each side of the hall.

The servants of the house have a distinctive livery, such as private families of wealth now require. The men who will wait on the Vanderbilts wear clavhammer coats of brown cloth tricked out with brass buttons.

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Senator Newlands' Annexation Resolution Commented on in Havana.

Havana, Nov. 23.—The joint resolution introduced in the United States senate by Mr. Newlands inviting Cuba to become a state of the United States has occasioned a great deal of comment here. Many Cubans are amused by it, while some prominent Spaniards and other persons of foreign birth favor the idea. In the course of an interview had with him President Palma commented with considerable seriousness upon the provisions of the resolution. He said that, while there might possibly have been a time when a majority of the residents of Cuba would have favored voluntary annexation, that time had passed, the stability of the Cuban government having become so well established that the Cubans had no other desire than to perpetuate and loyally support it.

Besides this, Cuba's political and commercial relations with the United States were now being settled in a manner so eminently satisfactory that it would be impossible to organize a movement of any importance in the direction of annexation.

WAIF PONY, PRIZE WINNER.

Spider, Once an Outcast, Makes Hit of National Horse Show.

The hit of the recent national horse show at New York was made by a little pony named Spider, once an outcast and with pedigree and breeding lost in the dim shades of the past, says the New York World.

Spider's history and his triumph in the ring—for it was a triumph for a pony of unknown breeding to give the champion Doncaster Model a hard rub for first honors and finally get away with the red ribbon—recalls the attempt of that practical joker, Brian G. Hughes, to take a blue ribbon with a reformed street car horse. Hughes once entered a horse that had formerly drawn a street car. He had fattened and groomed it and given it the aristocratic name of "Pudekka Orphan," which, when spoken rapidly, sounded suspiciously like "Pulled a car often."

Spider went in under no high sounding name. He was entered with pedigree unknown, and his history was truthfully stated. When in action he was picked by Marion Story, who judged the ponies, as the winner over Doncaster Model, considered to be the best harness and saddle pony in the world, a blue ribbon winner in both England and America.

Spider did not show so well at rest and was given the red ribbon, which greatly pleased little Lorena Carroll, the three-year-old maiden who owns him and who drove him to her governers cart in the ring.

Spider is barely forty inches high. Joseph D. Carroll of the Fies, Doer & Carroll Horse company saw him one Sunday morning as he was being driven through Twenty-fourth street, in New York. He was attached to a peddler's cart and was driven by some boys who were making money out of him by letting east side children ride him a block for a penny. One of Carroll's men followed the boys and obtained the pony by paying \$200. He was given to Lorena, Mr. Carroll's young daughter.

When she drove him into the ring her father told her to get the blue ribbon. She replied that she didn't like blue, that she wanted red. And she got what she wanted. Mr. Carroll wouldn't take \$500 for Spider now.

A CALL ON THE SPEAKER.

Cannon's Informal Reply to a Michigan Delegation's Spokesman.

The members of the Michigan delegation in the house put on their long coats and wore their high hats, and all went to see Speaker Cannon the other day to ask about their committee places, says the Washington correspondent of the New York World.

William Alden Smith was spokesman. They lined up in front of the desk where Cannon sat in a dinky little coat, with a cigar jammed in the corner of his mouth.

Then Mr. Smith delivered an oration which dwelt on the glories of the Wolverine State and the talents and abilities of the speaker in equal measure and wound up with the request that Michigan—imperial Michigan—should not be neglected when it came to committee places.

Uncle Joe arose. He seemed to feel the lack of a long coat and a high hat. He concealed the stump of his cigar in his hand. "Gentlemen," he said, "I appreciate all your eloquent spokesmanship about Michigan, and I feel deeply the honor of this visit. I am sure you are all aware of the perplexities—Oh, what's the use? Boys, I'll do the best I can for you, and cut the oratory out."

NEGRO DWARF CUPID'S AID.

Cincinnati Banker Hires Colored Boy as Wedding Mascot.

Howard S. Rodgers of Cincinnati, vice president of the Merchants' National bank, recently hired Stanley Mason, dwarf colored newsboy, to act as his mascot when the banker, who is thirty-six years of age, went to the courthouse to secure a license to wed Miss Anna H. Orr, aged twenty-six, daughter of Dr. George P. Orr, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. Before taking the oath, as is necessary when a marriage license is issued, Rodgers carefully rubbed his hands over the colored boy's head.

The group presented a queer sight on the streets going and coming from the courthouse. The bridegroom to be and his best man, Attorney Dan Wilson, both big men, in tall silk hats and long Prince Albert coats, marched on either side of the colored mascot, who is scarcely three feet tall.

The boy was well paid for his trouble by the banker, who considers the money particularly well invested.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Man Restores \$60 He Picked Up Twenty Years Ago.

William Fries of Auburn, N. Y., aged eighty-one, was called on recently by a stranger, who, handing Mr. Fries \$60, said:

"Here, take this. It's not mine, and I can't stand the strain any longer. It's been haunting me for years."

He refused to give his name, and Mr. Fries would not take the money unless the situation was explained. The stranger asked him if he had not lost \$60 in a State street store more than twenty years ago. Mr. Fries recalled the incident, and the stranger said he had seen him drop the money and had picked it up and kept it. He had never had a minute's peace since, he said.

The man refused to take a reward which Mr. Fries offered.

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SOUTH AFRICA TODAY.

How the Wounds of War Are Being Healed.

A CAMP COMMISSIONER'S VIEWS.

Mrs. Fawcett Says There Are Signs Everywhere of Restored Activities of Normal, Wholesome Life—Free Farm Schools Provided For Young Boers—Poor Railroad Management.

Progress in South Africa is described in an article by Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett in the Contemporary Review detailing her recent observations of the country in contrast with what she saw as a member of the camp commission during the war.

"It is impossible," says Mrs. Fawcett, "to exaggerate the difference between 1901 and 1903. Within an hour after landing at Cape Town it was manifest. The first thing that forced itself upon even the most casual observation was the different look of the animals. In 1901 the teams of wretched mules did not look as if they had spirit for one kick between them. In 1903 they looked as wretched and cheerless as only mules can look. In 1901 the carcasses of sheep which we inspected in the concentration camps often did not weigh more than eighteen pounds each. We thought twenty-five pounds per sheep rather good. In 1903 sheep, both alive and dead, had put on flesh and resumed normal proportions."

The order of the day is "rebuilding, restoring, repaling. Everywhere were signs of the restored activities of normal, wholesome life—trees being planted, wells being dug, furrows to carry water being constructed and land being plowed and cultivated. The government, through the repatriation department, plowed 50,000 acres of land for the people and in replacing 70,000 Boers upon the land expended more than \$12,500,000 in setting them up with animals, building material, seeds, vehicles and agricultural implements."

The concentration camp schools have been replaced by free farm schools. Wherever thirty children can be promised the government advances the means to make a school. These are still often held in marquees or in buildings of crude brick which will not last, but are cool and comfortable. By the end of June the number of children in these rural schools had nearly reached the number of those in the camp schools at the end of their existence. Both Dutch and English are taught. Practically all educated Boers talk both languages.

To provide work for the destitute the government has undertaken relief works. At Mushroom Valley farm are about 400 Boer men working upon a dam which is to cost \$150,000 and which will impound the water catch of 105 square miles. The men get \$1.10 to \$1.35 a day. A clergyman, a school and a hospital are provided, and the women and children live with the men.

The government railways must be an obstacle to progress. Mrs. Fawcett was unable to get a time table for her trip. There is none. Trains start when they get ready. The general manager confessed his inability to oblige her, but said that if she would write out a list of places she wished to visit a clerk would furnish a written statement of the hours at which trains started.

And Mrs. Fawcett tells this story: "In Cape Colony the leading inhabitants of a well known place about twenty-five miles from Cape Town waited on the minister at the head of the railway administration and placed before him weighty arguments in favor of giving their town increased facilities."

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Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally. Another woman,

Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Colingswood, N.J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular."

"I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me." —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuine cannot be produced.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, and kidney troubles.

ties. The minister listened and in reply said he had been much impressed by the facts laid before him. "But," he added, "I have to remember, gentlemen, that if I accede to your request I shall have to grapple with an increase of traffic."

Yet the railroads make money for the government, something like \$19,000,000 a year.

The labor question is acute in South Africa. A former woman cook for Mrs. Fawcett goes \$44 a month and found a hotel in Rhodesia offers \$125 for a man cook. Capable women servants in Johannesburg get from \$35 to \$60 per month. But for the high prices of everything that they have to pay, South Africa might seem to be the paradise of the domestic servant.

To the great question how the suffering peoples are to live together in peace Mrs. Fawcett has no immediate answer. She finds that the work of the compensation commission, humane as it is, causes hard feeling by the natural disappointments of those who put their claims too high. It is too much to expect full accord at once. "Our Carriers and Roundheads did not make up their differences in six months or six years, nor did north and south after the American civil war. Already in South Africa the natural kindness of both English and Dutch leads to the interchange of friendly services in innumerable cases, and out of these small beginnings a great united nation will in time arise."

Pennacook Point.

Pennacook Point, Me., was one of the earliest of the New England white settlements, and the ruins of the stone fort, built there in 1639, still stand near the steamboat landing. With a short and bloody history, Indian hostility making the locality uninhabitable, the town site was shortly afterward abandoned.

French Doctors.

There are a few physicians in Paris with incomes of \$40,000 to \$50,000. The average income of French physicians, however, is only \$350 a year, or \$720 in Paris.

Bad Fire in Pawtucket.

Pawtucket, R. I., Nov. 23.—The Pawtucket depot of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, a three story brick structure, has been damaged by fire, the loss being estimated at \$25,000.

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