

A Good Range Talk

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Glenwood

"Makes Cooking Easy!"

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE, VERMONT

The Times' Daily Short Story.

THE WEAPON OF DAVID

(Original.)

"Goin' to send yer boy to college, Jabez?"

"You bet."

"What ye goin' to do that for? He won't learn nothin' except how to play games. Them athletics takes all the students' time nowadays."

"There are wuss things 'n' athletics. Seems to me I'd rather have my boy git strong than git 'larin', though they're both good. I knowed a feller once that got his start in the world from baseball practice. While he was in college he kep' up his 'larin', but kep' up the athletics too. When he got out into the world he found himself in a fix where the 'larin' wouldn't 'a' been no use without the athletics."

"This was the way of it:

"When I lived out in Nevada it was a mighty rough country. Gambolin' an' minin' was the two pefessions, gambolin' bein' considered the more respectable of the two. There was two or three lawyers, doctors an' such like in the place an' a few editors. Mike Gallagher was runnin' the Diamond Drill newspaper an' tryin' to establish it by a fearless course. He was always attackin' the wealthy, an' this way he got the support of the thrifty, but he had to do a good deal of fightin' an' wouldn't have nobody in his employ that couldn't shoot. One day a young man just out of college came along and asked for a position."

"Young man," said Gallagher, "the positions are all vacant just now. The managin' editor was killed last week, an' the local 'ill' will be buried tomorrow. For the next few weeks there'll be pretty hot work for any one that takes hold on the paper, for we're bound to run the men that shot 'em out of the town. Can you shoot?"

"No," said the young feller. "I never had any practice."

"Well, then, I reckon I'll have to give the position to the next applicant."

"The young feller thought a spell, then he said: 'I can throw straight enough. I was pitcher for the university team and was counted the best pitcher the nine ever had.'"

"The young man had the education, though the next applicant knew how to 'fan the hammer' and all quick shootin' tricks, but 'larin' was out of his line. Gallagher took the college man and set him to work at once."

"The next mornin' there was a six-zin' article referin' to a certain man who had shot the local editor, goin' over his past history like a harrow over a field. Blackleg, vagabond, drunkard, murderer, was the terms used. Soon as the feller saw the article he went to the Drill office, climbed the stairs, and the first thing the new employe saw was the muzzle of a cocked revolver, comin' through the

door. The next thing was an arm and the next a man's body. Of course they was comin' mighty quick, but not too quick for the editor. He caught up an iron inkstand and, just as the man's face showed within the door, let fly, takin' him plumb in the temple.

"Well, the next mornin' there was an obituary in the paper recontatin' the circumstance and warnin' the man who had killed the managin' editor that enough of his record was known at the Drill office to land him in jail. When the new editor met him on the street that afternoon the feller was a-comin' out of the Metropolitan gambolin' saloon with two revolvers strapped to his hips. The editor had his pockets full of stones and, seein' his enemy reachin' for his gun, got out a two pounder rock and landed it in the middle of his forehead. The feller dropped like lead, but got off with concussion of the brain. When he got well he was warned by the committee to fight out, and he lit."

"But the end hadn't come yet. The towns didn't like the idea of a new feller comin' in with what they considered a barbarous way of fightin', so one of 'em—the meanest, low lived cuss in the territory—gave out that he was goin' to down the editor with the old fashioned weapon—the revolver. The next day the newspaper man was walkin' along the street when he heard a sharp cry, 'Look out!' He had to do a pretty quick job of thinkin', which was this way: Not seein' an enemy in front, he concluded there was one behind and a bullet was comin' right off. He wheeled like a flash, takin' a stone from his pocket as he turned, got his eye on a man bringin' a revolver to bear on him and put a stone right ag'in the weapon, knockin' it twenty feet away. Before the feller could draw ag'in the editor sent another stone that broke his jaw. This ended the scrimmage."

"The fact that the editor set an example of goin' about unarmed—stones wasn't considered arms—had a fine effect on the community. The best citizens declared that carryin' of weapons wasn't necessary or civilized, and the committee posted a notice for all to disarm. Any man that was caught with weapons on him would be shot down in his tracks. The Diamond Drill's circulation increased, and as the town became safe and respectable traders came in and advertisements flooded the paper."

"That was the way the young graduate got his start in life, and I reckon that when a man has got his start the better his education the more fitted he is to occupy important positions. The youngster became part owner of the paper, and when the territory was admitted as a state he went to congress. The reason why I've told the story without bringin' in his name is that he's got his eye on a bigger thing still, and he don't like in these civilized days to have it brought up that he ever killed any one."

THOMAS BARBER JUDSON.

GUARDING THE RAILWAY.

Twenty-five Thousand Russian Soldiers in Patrolling Force.

Miandouha, Manchuria, May 20.—The task of safeguarding the railroad against the constant and determined attacks of Japanese and Chinese agents has caused the Russian military authorities unremitting labor.

The line must be preserved at all hazards, especially for use in case of retreat, and the task is entrusted to a separate corps of frontier guards made up of fifty-five mounted squadrons, fifty-five foot companies and six batteries of artillery, altogether 25,000 men.

The road, which is 1,400 miles long, is divided into sections of thirty-three miles, each guarded by a detachment of troops, which is expected to constantly patrol. The smallness of the detachments makes this duty exceedingly onerous. It is a matter of comparatively little difficulty for a Japanese spy or a Chinese bandit to steal up to an exposed point and dynamite it before the patrols discover the danger.

THIRTEEN HUNDRED BURIED.

Kuroki Inters More Than a Regiment of Russians.

Tokyo, May 20.—General Kuroki reports that the Japanese losses at the battle of Kuluicheng, May 1, were: Killed, 5 officers and 218 men; wounded, 35 officers and 783 men. Thirteen hundred and sixty-three Russian dead were buried and 18 officers and 535 men were made prisoners. The Japanese captured 21 quick firing guns, 19 ammunition wagons, 1,417 shells, 8 machine guns and 37,000 shells for these guns, 1,021 rifles and 350,000 rounds of ammunition, 63 horses, 10 wagons, 1,244 coats and 541 tents.

At Fengwangcheng the Japanese captured 357 shells for mountain guns, 188,000 rounds of rifle ammunition, 1,720 coats, 40,000 loaves of bread and other supplies, together with a quantity of tools and telegraph stores.

Twenty Jag Bullets Fail to Kill.

Liaoyang, May 20.—The Russian army surgeons are praising the Japanese bullets. They inflict a small, clear wound, though they possess good stopping effect. Captain Vorobreff was struck by twenty bullets during the fighting at the Yalu river, but he survived and is expected to recover. Several gunners of the heroic Third battery are convalescent, though their intestines were pierced. The last train load of men wounded at the Yalu has gone north.

Russo-German Commercial Treaty.

Moscow, May 20.—Prominent business men learn that the Russo-German negotiations for a commercial treaty are approaching conclusion, Russia accepting the minimum scale of cereal duties proposed by Germany. A leading Russian tenor, Sobnoff, and a prominent lawyer, Maklakoff, have been enrolled among the army reserves. The latter has already started for the front.

Chasing Russians Out of Korea.

Seoul, May 20.—At the Japanese headquarters here it is said that Colonel Kinoshita's infantry battalion, which is pursuing the Russians, arrived at Kaichyong May 15. Small parties scouted the country ahead and reported that the Russians were covering their retreat by destroying bridges and blocking the passes in the hills.

Korea Annuls Russian Concessions.

Washington, May 20.—Minister Allen cables the state department from Seoul as follows: "The Korean government by an imperial decree has annulled all treaties and agreements with the Russian government. This annulment comprises the Yalu timber concessions."

Future of the American Nation.

The census estimate of a population of 80,000,000 in the United States has moved the London Spectator to remark that a population of 80,000,000, of whom 70,000,000 are white men and most of them of exceptional energy and intelligence, speaking the English language and living under Anglo-Saxon institutions, is a tremendous fact. It adds:

"If the Union, as we trust and believe she will, escapes internal convulsions, she must rise in the next quarter of a century—that is, before middle aged men alive today are very old men—to a position of power and influence to which history hardly affords a parallel."

WRECKS OF THE WAR.

Viewing the Variag and Korietz From a Korean Boat.

AMERICAN MINERS AFTER RELIQU.

Recalling Chemulpo Battle Incidents White Victors Were Recovering the Spoils—Two Japanese Torpedo Boat Destroyers Sunk—A Relic From the Korietz—Method of Distinguishing Coaly Workers.

Two men from the American gold mines in Korea, one with a camera, one with a desire for loot, wanted that they called "a chance at the Russian wrecks" of the cruisers Variag and Korietz, writes the New York Post's correspondent from Chemulpo, Korea. I took a sampan with them, three Koreans with sweeps making it go faster than an eight oared barge. Ebb tide lowers the bay water thirty feet or more, almost as much as in the bay of Fundy, and leaves the ruined ships of war stark and mangled and naked, exposing their extraordinary wounds—some from Japanese fire, but most from the explosions the Russians set off when deserting them.

There are junks from down the coast filled with fish dried in their natural state and bundled in five hundreds with hemp string. The quays are piled high with dried fish, spreading a nauseous odor through the town. There are mountains of sacked rice. Seven new wooden warehouses are crammed with supplies—what they are I have not seen. Rifle ammunition boxes, filled, make a two story half block. The sloping rock pier that forms a landing place suited to all tides is thick with white bashi bazook Korean coolies lugging dried fish on cratched stocks fastened to their backs.

In the China war the Japanese paid the coolies; probably they are doing so now, for in order to distinguish their Korean workers from the multitude they tie cords about their arms, the color indicating the regiment, and on their yellowish cheeks the quartermasters paint in scarlet Arabic figures the number of each coolie.

The workers are wondrously strong. They carry on their backs blocks of cut stone that weigh 500 pounds. Yet they are small men, somewhat taller than the Japanese, but not so sturdy or muscular, for the common Japanese look like a lot of wrestlers, hard fleshed, bullock headed, forceful animals with a sort of cunning—bruisers. The Japanese soldiers are a grade above. You would have them as gardeners perhaps, but the others, the ordinary immigrants, you would stop at Ellis Island, San Francisco or Seattle and send home.

"I'll get a souvenir from one of those wrecks," said the rough Michigan miner. He seemed one of those Americans that need to be apologized for abroad.

"That's looting," he was reminded. "I'll get only photographs," said the other, "which is not forbidden by the law of nations."

We crossed under the bows of a Japanese warship in slate war paint and up to where a junk with a fluted Island windlass operated by hand was trying to extract a Russian gun from its bolts on the perpendicular deck of the overturned Variag, which was lying prone on its port side in mud, uncovered by low tide, like a dead stranded whale, and on the top side were a hundred or more Japanese—Iliputians on a Gulliver—doing what? Lifting from the portholes of her upturned side the coal which had filled her bunkers, those bunkers which were designed to protect her from piercing shells.

"Protection by the arrangement of coal bunkers and by Krupp steel deck one-fifth to three inches" is how the naval registers describe her, and here were her destroyers placidly taking her 800 tons of coal "protection."

As the sampan drew close a Japanese sailor with a megaphone shouted some warning. We knew it was a warning from the tone. The Korean boatmen were disturbed. They comprehended.

"Go on!" commanded the camera man. There came another shout in more imperative voice. "Go on!" said the calm camera man, feeling of the bulb of his instrument and taking sight.

An officer in long gold braided coat came and stood on a gun rampart of the Variag, glared through his marine glasses and gave a signal.

We had now come around to where one of the screws of the prostrate ship lifted above the water, a powerful tail fin, now a mere obstruction to navigation. On the other side the round hull was slick and clean—copper below its water line and dull black near war paint above. All its wounds were on the side now under. There were only two large holes there, General Allen told me later. The rest were small two inch holes that made the port side look like a great pepper box. One of the big holes was amidships, and that the fatal one.

In two months the Japanese will have reclaimed her and at an expense of \$250,000 will have about fitted her for service.

The megaphone sailor came to the starboard side—for him her deck—and bellowed again.

"I want to catch him in the act," said the photographer, and he stood up and boldly snapped again at the threatener. None but an American would have done it.

"If that megaphone man were American he would have shot the camera out of your hands before this," we objected.

"What the blank," said the camera



Seven Barks

(Extract of Hydrangea Bark.)

Is the name given a wonderfully successful medicinal preparation, discovered and formulated 33 years ago, by the once celebrated physician and chemist, Dr. Franz Gauswein, of Weisbaden, Germany. The curative properties of "SEVEN BARKS" are extracted from the bark of a specially grown species of the Hydrangea plant—the bark of which, as botanists will tell you, grows in seven layers, each of different color and each possessing a distinctive medicinal value. It is the only plant known from which is extracted providence-given elements, which in combination produce a single panacea that is a sovereign remedy for most all ailments and diseases of the

Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Kidneys and Nerves.

"SEVEN BARKS" was introduced in America in 1871 by Mr. Lyman Brown, of New York City, a chemist of national repute, who in the early '70s spent nearly a year in Weisbaden before he could secure the highly prized formula. Although "SEVEN BARKS" has never been advertised in newspapers, yet thousands of American families are never without a bottle, while hundreds of physicians and druggists are recommending and prescribing it. By this slow process of personal recommendation "SEVEN BARKS" is today one of the most popular and most successful remedies on the American market. The reader has no doubt heard of it.

The undersigned purchased the formula and sole right of distribution in the United States. He realizes that every family doctor, continuous good health should always keep a supply on hand, therefore strenuous efforts will be made to introduce it in every home where it is unknown.

If you are afflicted with indigestion, or you are inclined to attacks of biliousness or constipation; if your bowels are inactive at times; if your kidneys are sluggish of pain you, or you suffer from sick or neuralgic headaches, buy a bottle of "SEVEN BARKS" from your druggist. If this first bottle does not benefit you, or you are disappointed in its action, take the remaining portion back and get your money. It will be cheerfully returned.

If you cannot afford to pay for a bottle now, send us your name and address. We will give you an order on your home druggist for a bottle, with our compliments.

LYMAN BROWN, Pharmacist, N. Y. City

RED CROSS PHARMACY, 160 North Main St., Barre, Vermont.

man, screwing up another rim. "Don't you know how to deal with these people? Just go ahead, like a Farragut."

We hoisted a fifteen sail and bore down toward where the upper works of the little Korietz were visible. You have heard about the little Korietz too. Eight years out of Stockholm yards, barkentine rigged, with a ram bow and a displacement of only 1,413 tons, she fired the first shot at an enemy's fleet of five ships of 22,700 tons, a fleet accompanied by eight torpedo boats and four transports.

Even now nobody knows what the Japanese losses were. Their policy is to hide losses. We know, though no reports of the sort have been printed in Japan or Korea, that they lost two vessels. They were both torpedo boat destroyers. Koreans reported next day that they had seen the Japanese trying to cover the signs of their losses, trying to cut away below low water the up extending parts of the two torpedo boats sunk by the Russians. I have learned since that the Japanese never allow losses to be reported when they have the censorship of dispatches.

From a sampan General Allen hailed an officer of the returning Korietz. "I will blow up my ship at 4 o'clock," he said.

The Variag was coming in listed to port, fatally damaged, a hundred killed and wounded aboard. One officer was blown overboard—only one arm was left on the ship.

The Talbot (English), the Elba (Italian) and the Pascal (French) sent boats to remove the men from the sinking ship. American boats from the Vicksburg aided, but sanctuary on the Vicksburg was not included in the service—the men were all taken to the Pascal, the Elba and the Talbot.

"I have been criticised for not taking them on the Vicksburg," Captain Marshall said the other day. "I offered to take them aboard our collier Zaphiro. The Russian commander said he was much obliged, but the offer came too late. My reason for not taking them aboard a United States warship was that we were in a neutral port, and the conflict was between nations with whom we were on terms of friendship." His position is spoken of as technically correct.

At 3:45 the last man had been taken from the Variag and the Korietz. The dead were placed in one cabin. At precisely 4 o'clock, by means of an electric wire communicating with the magazine, the little Korietz was exploded. Debris flew 100 feet high, the band aboard the French ship played "God Save the Czar," the debris came down, and the Korietz was in two parts, her forward end keel up, while the rest sank shattered, mangled, twisted out of all shape by the convulsions. The Variag sank at 6 o'clock.

JAPANESE JOTTINGS.

Thirty times as many people are living in Japan in the same space as in California.

If the territory of Russia was as closely settled as is that of Japan, it would have room to spare for all the people in the world.

Labor in Japan is very cheap. The male peasant laborers earn an average of 15 cents a day, while female help is satisfied with 9½ cents a day.

There are no rich men in Japan. There are only two men in the country who pay an income tax on over \$125,000 a year. Out of every 1,000 in the empire there are only seven who have incomes that equal \$1,350 a year.

In Japan a farm of twelve acres is considered extremely large. The average holding for the whole of Japan is only a fraction over two acres. The farmers have no hired men, but they and their families cultivate the tiny patch of ground.

Swiss Girl's Letter to the Czar.

"Please M. Tzar," wrote a girl of nine of Lindau, on Lake Constance, in Switzerland, to the emperor of all the Russians. "I have 5 francs that I want to send you for your soldiers, but I do not know whether you want it." The envelope was addressed "Monsieur le Tzar, St. Petersburg," and it duly reached his majesty, says the London Chronicle. The little girl received a letter of thanks from a secretary and directions how to send the 5 francs to him. The child wrote and posted the letter without informing her parents, who were greatly surprised on receiving a large envelope bearing the imperial crest of Russia and still more surprised when they became acquainted with the contents of the letter. The money was duly forwarded.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Itch, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and restores the complexion to its natural color. It is good for the face of 16 years, and is so harmless that it can be used by the most delicate. It is the only skin preparation that is so perfectly safe. Agents to counterfeit. Beware of cheap imitations. Dr. F. Felix Goiraud, 101 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo. As you ladies will see that I recommend

"Goiraud's Cream" is the least harmful of all the skin preparations. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada, and Europe. FELD, T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

Women in Finland.

In Finland the women of the educated classes set a good example as to practical work. Some of the daughters of the best families practice as trained masseuses and teachers of gymnastics for the sick. This is due partly to the general lack of means and partly to the democratic spirit of the country.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Don't be in a hurry about taking off your heavy underclothes.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Dreyfus "affair" proves the old proverb that "unsettled questions have no regard for the repose of nations."—New York World.

A fraction of the millions lost by fire in this country annually if intelligently expended in fire prevention would go a long way toward making disastrous fires impossible.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

John Bull sets Uncle Sam a good example by insisting that the unhappy Mrs. Maybrick shall not go on the stage nor write a book. That's a good way to check morbidity and mawkishness.—Ohio State Journal.

Representative McMorran of Michigan wants to know why it costs the government \$1,000,000 more than it would an individual to have a battleship built. This is Mr. McMorran's first term in congress.—Washington Post.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Just ask your doctor all about it. He will tell you "It is the best blood medicine you can possibly buy."

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