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Any worn out range burns at least three cents more in fuel every day than a new Glenwood. That's putting it small. 3 times 365 is \$10.95

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"Makes Cooking Easy."

# Glenwood

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE, VERMONT

## The Times' Daily Short Story.

### The Trapper's Revenge

(Original.)

A century ago, when that large strip of territory then known as Louisiana was purchased from France, the region was very wild. Settlers were in danger of Indians (when the Indians were inclined to be hostile), but panthers, wolves and other wild animals were there, and they were always hostile.

Somewhere about 1820 a Scotchman named MacEwen, with his wife and daughter, settled in Illinois on the edge of what was then called the Grand prairie. Helen, the daughter, grew to be a very pretty lassie, and, as marriageable women were then scarce in that country, she had a number of suitors. Among them was a young trapper, MacDowell, whose father MacEwen had known in Scotland.

The trapper was making money, and MacEwen, being a thrifty man, with an eye to the value of property, made a match between him and his daughter. Young MacDowell was a silent, unobtrusive fellow, who spent most of his time out in the wilderness setting his traps, so that Helen MacEwen had never seen much of him.

Then came on the Black Hawk Indian war, and after it was all over a company of militia marching home passed through the place where the MacEwens lived. A lieutenant, Leonard Bright, saw Helen MacEwen and fell desperately in love with her. The soldiers passed on, but in less than a month Bright was back, ostensibly looking for an opportunity to enter government land, but really to meet the girl who had charmed him.

MacDowell saw very soon how things were going, but said nothing. Perhaps if he were not out all day setting his traps it might not have happened, but Bright had ample opportunity and made the most of it. One afternoon MacDowell, while at work in the woods, saw Bright and Helen riding on horseback along a road leading eastward. The direction, toward the more thickly settled country, put it into the trapper's head that something was wrong, though this was nothing more than a mere suspicion. It was near evening, and MacDowell went home. When supper time came and Helen had not returned to her father's house, MacDowell knew that she had gone away for good with her new lover.

Arming himself, the trapper mounted and rode after the fugitives, intending that if Bright wanted the girl he should fight for her. MacDowell suspected that the couple would point for Cincinnati, so he kept that road. It was a starlight night, and the air was crisp. Presently he heard before him a faint sound. He reined in his horse and listened. It was the barking of a pack of wolves.

Starting on, he rode rapidly, the barking of the wolves growing more and more distinct. Then there was a shot, distant, like the voices of the wolves. Presently the heavens in the direction

from which the sounds came were lighted with a red glare. MacDowell felt sure that some person or persons were being attacked by wolves and hurried on to be of assistance. As he proceeded he heard several more shots at intervals and judged that but one person was firing as fast as he could get an opportunity to load.

The barking and the shots were now so near that MacDowell could plainly realize the fierceness of the fight. But what sent him forward with all the vigor his horse was possessed of was a woman's shriek.

In a few minutes the trapper dashed up to a couple endeavoring to shelter themselves behind a fire from a pack of hungry wolves. One glance told him that they were Leonard Bright and Helen MacEwen. He took but one glance, for there was no time for more. The pack was a large one. Bright, it was plain, had expended his ammunition, for he had thrown his pistol away, and MacDowell, though he had two pistols, had but a limited amount of powder and ball. It was a question of whether all should live or all should die.

Dismounting, MacDowell permitted his terrified horse to scamper away, and with a pistol in each hand advanced to the others, firing a shot from each pistol as he advanced. There were no revolvers in those days and a pistol could only send one ball before it must be reloaded. For the time being no one thought of love or jealousy or revenge; all were bent upon saving their lives. The men did the firing, while Helen MacEwen crouched behind the trunk of a tree. Whenever they succeeded in dropping a wolf the rest of the pack desisted from their human prey and devoured the carcass.

MacDowell, who was a thorough woodsman, loaded and fired very rapidly, bringing down so many of the beasts that at last the balance, their hunger being satisfied, showed signs of weakening. MacDowell, seizing a burning brand in each hand, rushed upon them and succeeded in driving them away.

One of the horses after another was recaptured. When the last, MacDowell's, was brought up the three stood for the first time in each other's presence, conscious of the situation. "I came to kill you," said MacDowell to Bright, "and I have saved you. But I have saved her, too, and for this I have to thank the wolves. Henceforth they shall be my best friends."

Tossing a pistol he had in his hand to where the other weapons lay on the ground he unsling his powderhorn and bullet pouch and threw them on to the heap. Then mounting, without another word, he turned from them and rode back unarm'd in the direction from which he had come.

Ten years passed. Helen Bright, a widow, returned to her father's home. A town had sprung up and the trapper had become a banker. He was still single, and he married the widow.

ROSALIND GUENTHER.

tural and mural novelties. In place of the time honored palm room is an "orangerie," and for the usual German rathskeller is a quiet room devoted to the American Indian. The "orangerie" represents a tropical garden on the Italian order and is 104 by 75 feet in size and two full stories high. The lighting, which is subdued, is through a vine covered ceiling. Balconies divided into numerous booths overlook the main floor. The Indian grill room is sixty feet long and is a veritable museum, supplied with photographs and Indian trappings by the Smithsonian institution. Still another novelty is the college hall, one of the series of main dining rooms. The walls are decorated with panel pictures of college sports and with the arms of the various colleges.

The lobby is a spacious colonnade of cream colored marble and gold decorations. Around three sides of the lobby is a gallery from which the entire main floor is seen. On the walls are four panels by W. De L. Dodge, representing old and modern New York. The ladies' lounging room, the reading and writing rooms, the dining rooms, opening from the lobby, are all superbly furnished in subdued colors. Throughout the hotel there has been no overdoing of color schemes.

The bedrooms are all large and light and elegantly furnished. At the ends of the corridors are state chambers in suits, decorated variously in the styles of Louis XIV, and XV, Spanish, Dutch and Italian renaissance, in Florentine and Elizabethan and in colonial and art nouveau styles.

The kitchen is one of the largest in the world, being 231 feet long and on an average 150 feet wide. The walls are of white tiling and the floors of terra cotta red. Everything has been done to make the sanitary arrangements perfect. There are over 100 feet of ranges.

The hotel also has the first crematory ever established in a hotel. It will convert into ashes every substance, whether it be an empty box, papers, straw or garbage. This completes in every respect the sanitary features of the hotel, there being no opportunity for bad odors to arise, and it also dispenses with an objectionable feature present in every hotel—the noise connected with the removal of garbage in the early hours of the morning. The capacity of the ice machinery is 120 tons.

Instead of the old ice pitcher guests will receive their ice water in carafes, in which triple distilled water will be frozen. Triple distilled water runs through every pantry in the house. There are twelve passenger elevators, besides nine electric dumbwaiters and four electric conveyors, making altogether twenty-five electric lifts of various kinds.

#### Society Follies.

Formal verbal announcements of engagements at luncheons given for that purpose are no longer in style, says the Chicago Chronicle. One hostess recently concealed the announcement of her daughter's engagement in a small cluster of flowers put at each guest's place at the table. A few days ago another happy mother did the trick even more delicately. The guests waited expectantly all through the luncheon, but not until they had finished the sherbet were they apprised of the engagement. Then in small gold letters on the bottoms of the glasses in which the sherbet was served they saw the names of the bride and bridegroom to be linked together by the loops of a true lovers' knot.

**Aeronaut Breaks His Neck.**  
Chicago, Sept. 9.—A dispatch to the Tribune from Tuscola, Ill., says that Joseph Kelsie, an aeronaut, was killed while making a balloon ascension and parachute leap at the Douglas county fair. While descending his parachute was caught in the top of a tree, and he fell 100 feet, breaking his neck. His home was in Louisville, Ky.

**A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.**  
Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier  
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and restores the complexion to its natural beauty. It has stood the test of 20 years, and is the only skin preparation that it is so sure to be successful. Accept no imitations. Write for a copy of the booklet (a patient) to Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, 111 St. Louis, Mo. As you ladies will use them, I need no more say "Gouraud's Cream" is the most beautiful of all the skin preparations. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada, and Europe. FERGUSON, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



## SEEING THE FAIR IN DETAIL

Within a Palace of Wonders—Farming by Rule of Thumb is Out of Date—A Difference to Be Noted in the Agriculture Building—Doing Things in a Grand Way on the Other Side of the Equator—Largest Dairy in the World and How It is Run—The Argentine a Strong Competitor in the Export Trade—Raising the Standard and Profit of Products—Sugar Manufacture—The People at Business and Pleasure—Educating Her Young Men Abroad.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY MARK BENNETT.)

One needs only to set foot within the Palace of Agriculture to discover that he is within a palace of wonders. What was once the drudgery of the world is here an inspiring science. The spirit of high intelligence is diffused through the whole. You feel its influence at every step. This is the apotheosis of the farm, the ranch, the plantation, the hacienda.

Old St. Corontassel and Wayback Jimkins are out of it. Haphazard farming that raises nubbins and scrubs of all kinds is disbed and done for. It is off the map so far as representation here is concerned. Book farming that was hooted at thirty years ago is the only farming that pays in 1904. The farmer who disregards scientific results and is not within touch of the experimental stations is in almost as sad a plight as the one who spends three Saturdays a week in town "buyin' terbacker" and hasn't time to get his crops in or out.

But in this glorious Palace of Agriculture we find that one of the most impressive lessons in doing things in a scientific and magnificent way comes from the other side of the equator and from a country whose population is but one-sixteenth of our own.

I halted in the exhibit from the Argentine Republic. "Show me your most interesting exhibit," said I.

"These figures, senor," said the superintendent, "which show the wonderful growth of my country. Here are the specimens of our products, and here are the figures that show how swiftly the industries which they represent have developed."

He who runs may read, and he who rolls by in a roller chair may regret that he did not stop, as did I, for he who sits at one of the little round tables to talk a bit about the Argentine will have a charming rest and be refreshed with facts that carry with them no weariness if his interest be alive to what the big world is busy about these days.

The exhibit of the Canelas ranch is the lesson that found a responsive chord in me, bringing back the days of the old milley cow that was once my special care and the memory of whose friendship has never lost its sweetness. "How many acres in the Canelas ranch?" I asked, with practical frankness.

"Oh, senor, so many it takes two hours by train to ride from one side to the other. That is how large."

"Here, here! See the book."

A splendid volume of descriptions and illustrations was brought forth.

The Canelas ranch is a paradise both for man and beast and, I might say, particularly for babies. It is particularly a milk ranch and has upon its wide fields over 10,000 cattle. Three thousand of these are milk cows, so that upon this ranch daily 6,000 milkings take place.

Let us look hastily through the establishment. Here is the butter-making department, equipped with every modern labor saving and scientific device necessary for perfect results in butter manufacture. This butter goes to Europe packed in sealed cans. Here are some of the tins, right out of the picture—canned sunshine from Argentina meadows. Here is the pasteurizing department, with elaborate equipment, and here are bottles of pure milk for babies, the essence of grass blades from an Argentine landscape. Here is the condensed milk manufactory. Here are the cooling rooms, the engine rooms, the washing rooms for cans and bottles, pails and tools, for everything must be done by sanitary rules.

This greatest of the world's dairies is close to the great city of Buenos Ayres, and in that city is the principal market. Forty places in that city of a million souls are built with white tile interiors, and here milk is sold by the glass, quart or greater measure. Here the butter and cheese are retailed, and through these shops the people are in direct touch with a responsible and intelligent directorship.

In the enormous dairy of the Argentine the business looks like a dress parade of rural folk. At milking time every man or maid must wear fresh white clothes that are worn for no other purpose, with close white caps over the hair. The milk and other products go to Buenos Ayres in the dairy's own refrigerator cars. It has its own general depot, its own line of wagons for distributing the product. Every citizen of Buenos Ayres has milk within telephone call, and the sign "San Martin En Canelas" means a luxury to the citizen such as few cities of the world can offer.

If our exports of butter have fallen off, it may be that there is a reason, for certainly we have a competitor in Argentina. In 1895 that republic exported 1,000,000 pounds of butter. In 1903 it exported 11,700,000 pounds. The Argentine has 120,000,000 sheep as compared with 46,000,000 in the United States. She has 30,000,000 cattle against 46,000,000 in the United States. Last year she had 3,100,000 acres of alfalfa as compared with 2,095,000 in the United States. The Argentine has increased its exports of corn from 689,000 bushels in 1885 to 92,000,000 in 1903. Her exports of wine in 1894 were 9,000,000 gallons; in 1903, 41,000,000 gallons. In wheat exportation the Argentine jumped from 4,000,000 bushels in 1883 to 90,000,000 in 1893 and 105,000,000 in 1903. In wheat production she raised herself from eighth place in 1888 to fourth place in 1903, the order now being Europe, United States, India, Argentina.

## TRY SEVEN BARKS

COSTS YOU NOTHING IF IT DOES NOT PROVE TO BE THE BEST REMEDY YOU HAVE EVER TRIED FOR AILMENTS OF THE

STOMACH, BOWELS, LIVER AND KIDNEYS

YOUR HOME DRUGGIST MAKES THE GUARANTEE

This remedy is purely vegetable and easy to assimilate. The doses are small and pleasant to take. It is prepared from the original formula of Dr. Franz Gauswein, of Weisbaden, Germany, who was, until his death, one of the world's most successful and noted physicians. Thousands of families for three generations have been recommending this wonderful preparation in the highest terms.

If your digestion is impaired, if your liver is sluggish or blood is impure, "Seven Barks" will surely effect a speedy cure, as it cleanses, flushes and tones up the whole digestive and drain-

age system in a thorough manner, leaving Nature to do the rest, which it will.

We cordially invite our friends and customers to call and get a bottle of this highly meritorious remedy. You may deposit 50 cents for a bottle of "Seven Barks" as evidence of good faith. Try it as directed, and if found unsatisfactory, we will cheerfully refund your money. Or, if you cannot spare the small amount we ask on deposit, come anyway and we will take all the risk. What we want is to introduce this remedy among our friends and customers where it is not known.

Red Cross Pharmacy, 160 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

with wind a plenty, regardless of her costly war. Brazil makes a coffee show in a pavilion big enough and glorious enough to be the statehouse of a proud and prosperous commonwealth. The great German haus, a castle in name, dimensions and splendor, is for social and state affairs only, but in all the great exhibit palaces Germany covers a vast space to herald to the world her triumphs in all the arts of peace. The French pavilion is a great show house of the heirlooms of state—the richest of tapestries and the most exquisite of art decorations that the eyes of the common world may behold. Italy's pavilion, the choicest flower in this garden of architectural art, is but an expression of Italian art which in many exhibit palaces holds superior rank. So each country to the number of more than fifty and each state and territory to the number of an even fifty more are here telling the world of the gold that awaits the digging and the riches that wait the coming of capital and organization to make them available for use and enjoyment. To win the world's attention is the purpose of all. To claim a place and prove the claim to that place in the sisterhood of nations is the determination of every one. And in this manner does the art of "whooping it up" have its development.

Fair Grounds, St. Louis.

### DOG DAY AT ESOPUS.

Judge Parker's Teddy Makes the Acquaintance of a Polecat.

Teddy made Rosemount unpopular with visitors on a recent Sunday, says the New York Herald. Teddy is Judge Parker's dog. Now, Teddy is not a particularly ferocious beast, but unfortunately for those who came within close range he had an encounter with a black and white animal which he thought was a cat when he started in chase across the lawn, but at bay proved to be a skunk.

When Judge Parker and his family started for church they had to make a run for the launch at a time when Teddy was not looking. Persons who sought to enter the grounds changed their minds even before they saw the "private property" signs. Many did not know why they left, but found it unpleasant to remain.

Teddy met the polecat late at night and after killing it tried to get into the house. Judge Parker answered the dog's scratch at the screen, but was firm in his refusal to let the animal in. Occupants of the lodge were equally inhospitable. Teddy then spent an hour running back and forth between the two houses and finally found a bed in the hammock. The family wish he hadn't. Even the windows of Rosemount had to be closed.

Early in the morning the dog was taken to the river, but the odor had become set, and Mrs. Parker contributed a bottle of cologne to the cause. Even this was not effective, and Teddy remained an exile.

### Society Clog Dancers.

It takes the woman's mind to create fads, drop them and turn to new ones. Here we have Miss Cynthia Roche, says the New York Press, cutting down her horseback riding to give more time to clog dancing. A photograph of Miss Roche and Miss Alice Roosevelt doing a few steps in clogs is one of the cherished prizes of a silent few in Newport. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has given the weight of her charming authority to lessons in clog dancing, and all the swell private schools have "wooden shoe" classes.



**Take-Down Repeating Shotguns**  
The notion that one must pay from fifty dollars upwards in order to get a good shotgun has been pretty effectively dispelled since the advent of the Winchester Repeating Shotgun. These guns are sold within reach of almost everybody's purse. They are safe, strong, reliable and handy. When it comes to shooting qualities no gun made beats them. They are made in 12 and 16 gauge. Step into a gun store and examine one. FREE: Send name and address on a postal card for our large illustrated catalogue. WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

## A \$9,000,000 HOTEL.

Product of Science and Art Embodied in Astor Hostelry.

ITS ARCHITECTURAL NOVELTIES.

Dining Room For Students—In Place of a Palm Garden Is an Orangerie. Indian Grillroom Instead of Bath-kellers—Automatic Fire Detector in Every Room.

Hotel Astor, the new hostelry which William Waldorf Astor has built for W. C. Muschenheim in New York and which has recently been opened, is said to have cost \$9,000,000, says the New York Globe. It is in the French renaissance style and is ten stories in height. It is constructed entirely of limestone and red brick, with a cornice balcony on the ninth floor and crowned with a curved mansard roof of green slate and copper, with massive stone dormers. Extending back 182 feet on either side, the structure forms a solid block of architectural impressiveness.

The hotel is considered a model of the most recent development in fire-proof construction. The stairways are inclosed with fireproof material and

doors, which make them practically fire escapes. Besides the usual fire appliances and alarms on every floor each guest room is provided with an automatic fire detector service, which notifies the office if the temperature reaches 130 degrees.

Modern experience and investigation have proven that in the vast majority of cases people do not perish in accidental fires through the flames and heat, but lose their lives through suffocation. It was with these facts in mind that each floor was divided into sections and isolated from all other floors by fireproof inclosures around the stairways and elevators. At the first sign of alarm the doors to these are closed, but not locked, by the turning of a lever in the office, thus cutting off each floor from the others and insuring the confinement of any fire and smoke to its original source. This is the first hotel where this principle has been applied.

The hotel contains 500 bedrooms and 300 bathrooms, two large dining rooms, the largest cafe in the city and a score or more of smaller dining rooms. On the eighth floor are the ballrooms and a series of small private dining rooms, one of which is unique among rooms of the kind. It is in the form of a dining cabin on a yacht. The walls are decorated with a series of picture panels in oils, representing a water-trip from the Battery to Larchmont. The hotel contains other architect-