

The Times' Daily Short Story.

The Bush Guinea

(Original.)

People on hearing of some strange incident are apt to remark, "What an excellent story that would make," whereas there may not be in it a single element the story teller can make use of.

A long while ago, when Bristol, England, was growing rich with the profits of the West India trade, a stranger settled in the town, taking lodgings near a famous old inn called the Bush.

One day soon after his arrival in Bristol, about the noon hour, he entered the coffee room of the Bush, seated himself at a table near a cheerful fire—for it was late in the autumn—and called for a glass of brandy and water.

"Would you like to see the London paper, sir?" asked the landlord, handing him the sheet.

"Thank you," said the stranger.

Now, the act of the host was noticeable from the fact that the stranger bore about him no evidence of prosperity or that he would make a customer for the inn worth cultivating.

His clothes were seedy, his body was lean, and he was bent over in a confirmed stoop. He read the paper through, paid sixpence for his brandy and went out. The next day he came again at the same hour, called for a sixpenny worth of brandy, read the paper and departed.

He never gave a waiter a fee, never took a meal in the house—indeed, his expenditure was but sixpence a day, which included the monopoly for the noon hour of the paper. He was manifestly a gentleman in very poor circumstances, and it was not long before he came to be known as the "poor gentleman."

Never for a moment did John Weeks, the landlord, intimate or permit any one of his employees to intimate that the stranger was something of a sponge.

On the contrary, Weeks would reserve the paper for him every day and gave out that when the "poor gentleman" had it no one else was to expect it.

Christmas came without the "poor gentleman" even having called for anything to eat in the house, and Weeks made up his mind that his guest should have one good square meal free of expense.

The day before Christmas, as the gentleman was departing, the landlord stepped up to him and said: "Tomorrow being Christmas, sir, we keep open table, and I should esteem it a great honor, sir, if you would partake of our hospitality."

The "poor gentleman" muttered his thanks and went out, neither accepting nor declining the invitation. The landlord feared that, though he had put the case as delicately as possible, he had wounded his feelings, placing himself in the attitude of reflecting on his guest's parsimony.

His feelings were relieved, however, by the gentleman appearing the next day punctually at 1 o'clock in the same seedy garments he had hitherto worn.

Seating himself at the table, he partook of a dinner with the apparent relish of one to whom a square meal was a novelty, not failing to do justice to the rare ale for which the inn was noted far and wide.

After he had eaten his fill the landlord handed him his paper, which he read till he had exhausted every word, then rose to leave. Weeks, who had enjoyed the satisfaction his beneficiary had shown in the one meal he had taken in the Bush, stepped up to him and helped him to put on his coat.

To cap the climax of his generosity the kindly landlord slipped a Christmas gift of a guinea into the "poor gentleman's" hand. The recipient looked at the gold piece, then at the landlord, sighed; something like a smile hovered for a moment about his lips; then, buttoning up his coat, he departed.

That was the last time the "poor gentleman" was seen at the Bush. Whether his absence was due to such kindness he was unwilling to trespass further on the generosity of the landlord, whether he had suddenly died or gone to some institution, Weeks did not know.

He only knew that his guest came no more, and he missed him.

John Weeks was too generous a man to make money. He gave a shilling's worth for a shilling, and when the owner of the building he occupied advertised it for sale he had no money to buy it, and all that he possessed, which was the good name of his hostelry and the business he had built up, was to be a dead loss.

The advertisement of the sale appeared in the London papers, and one day when Weeks' spirits were at the lowest ebb at the grim prospect before him he received a letter from a famous London banking house stating that if he wished to acquire the house he occupied he might draw upon them for the purchase money.

Was the offer bona fide or a cruel joke on the part of some one who knew his desires? Weeks made up his mind that the only way to find out was to go to London and present the letter.

He lost no time in reaching the metropolis and, going to the bank, sent the letter in by a messenger with the information that the person to whom it was addressed was without. He was not kept long waiting, the messenger conducting him into a private office. There, standing warming his back before a fire, stood the "poor gentleman."

"What does it mean?" asked the astonished landlord.

"It means that I am Thomas Coutts, head of the banking firm of Coutts & Co., and shall be happy to make some return for past favors."

It is said that the Bush guinea was afterward worn mounted in a bracelet by Mr. Coutts' widow, the Duchess of St. Albans. MARY T. ELLIOTT.

SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS.

SICK KIDNEYS.

The Bladder, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Gravel, etc.—all these diseases yield at once and are quickly and fully cured. Price only 25 cents a box.

A CURE for the PEOPLE'S PRICE.

My Kidney book and a Sample Package sent Free to any address. W. F. SMITH CO., 125 Summer St., Boston.

To cure Constipation, Sick Headache and Biliousness in one night, use Smith's Pilex and Buxternut Pills. Only 25 cents at dealers.

ALL GENUINE SIGNED

CHARGE OF FORGERY.

Middlebury Man, On Wedding Trip, Arrested at Lancaster, N. H.

Middlebury, Jan. 6.—Word reaches this place that Harry McCormick, who it is alleged, has uttered six forged checks bearing the name of Nelson Murray, of Lincoln, and passed the same in this section, has been taken into custody at Lancaster, N. H. He awaits a requisition from Governor Bell.

Mr. Murray does all his banking with the Vergennes National Bank. Checks have been issued to various parties and all on the Vergennes bank. The last one was refused by the bank because it made Mr. Murray's account overdraw.

The bank notified Mr. Murray that he must make a deposit, to which he replied that he had a balance there, and in this way the forgeries were discovered. The check that was protested and disclosed the forgery, was for a little over \$17, and was given to C. F. Rich of Middlebury. Another was given to V. M. Benedict of New Haven and another was given to Loomis J. Smith of Burlington, and still another to J. Z. Caudet of Bristol, and two of them McCormick got cashed himself at the Vergennes bank.

OVERCOME BY GAS.

But Burlington Man Was Carried Into the Air and Came Back.

Burlington, Jan. 5.—A peculiar accident happened to the clerk in charge of the lunch cart on Main street last night. A leak in the gas connection which supplies the range caused the gas to escape gradually. The man kept inhaling it without realizing that he was taking more into his lungs than was good for him. Suddenly he collapsed. There happened to be some other people in the cart at the time, and they carried him to the police office. In a short time, the young man came to his senses, but again collapsed, and Dr. Baylies was summoned and after working over the patient for a while he came around all right. He is all right today. The experience is rather a novel one.

BURLINGTON'S LIGHTING PLANT.

Progress Being Made Upon This Municipal Venture.

Burlington, Jan. 6.—Bellman & Sanford, the contractors who are installing the new municipal lighting plant in Burlington, have been awarded the contract for furnishing the poles and wires. Their price is \$12,500. The contract is signed and the work of installing poles and wires must be completed within 60 days. The contract is for wires for city purposes, and not for commercial use.

WAS FORMER HIGHGATE BOY.

James B. O'Neill Appointed Surgeon-General of Maine National Guard.

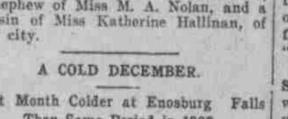
St. Albans, Jan. 6.—Governor-elect Cobb of Maine has signified his intention of appointing Dr. James B. O'Neill of Portland surgeon-general on his staff. Doctor O'Neill is a native of Franklin county, a brother of Miss Tressa O'Neill, a nephew of Miss M. A. Nolan, and a cousin of Miss Katherine Hallinan, of this city.

A COLD DECEMBER.

Last Month Colder at Enosburg Falls Than Same Period in 1903.

Enosburg Falls, Jan. 6.—The month of December, 1904, was much colder than the same month the year before. In 1903 the lowest the mercury registered was 21 degrees below zero December 28 and in 1904 it registered 33 degrees below zero December 25. In 1903 the mercury registered 1 degree above zero December 25.

HOW LONG CAN HE KEEP IT UP?



Canadian Women. Canadian women are said to eat too much sweets. Their complexions are almost invariably bad, an authority says.

A Queer City. Salti, a Sardinian city, has no police, no clergyman, no doctor, no chapel. Marriages are ratified by a priest or registrar at a parish many miles distant, to which brides and bridegrooms travel in batches to have the necessary ceremonies conducted.

Shoe Blacking. The ingredients which enter into the composition of shoe blacking are: bone black, tencil, oil of vitriol, sperm oil, gum arabic and vinegar or sour beer.

Uses of Lumber. For what is the greatest amount of lumber used? Nine people out of ten will say for houses and buildings. It is doubtful if 35 per cent of the lumber output goes into buildings. The railroads, farmers and miscellaneous purposes take about 40 per cent, and the other 20 per cent goes into boxes.

While the last preparations were going on at the residence of Thomas E. Stillman, 9 East Seventy-eighth street, New York, for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Mary E. Stillman, to Edward S. Harkness the other day a rickety old farm wagon, occupied by a white haired negro mammy and a wee pickaninny and drawn by a horse whose bones almost broke through its mud colored hide, clattered from Fifth avenue into Seventy-eighth street and halted before the Stillman doorway.

Down the stoop and across the sidewalk an awning had been erected. Underneath a width of soft carpet had been laid for the fashionable guests bidden to the wedding. Around the entrance a uniformed policeman and detectives stood guard against curious loiterers. Inside the house more detectives kept their watchful eyes on the wedding gifts—gold, silver and jewelry—all spread out on a half dozen big tables.

As the strange vehicle drew up beside the curb the old negro woman rose to her feet, handed the reins to the little boy at her side and began to smooth out the wrinkles in a gorgeous velvet gown she wore. As she parted her smock and fixed a bow or two the policeman darted forward. First he said, "Move on!" Then he moved forward toward the horse as though he would lead it away.

"Yo' jes' let dat hawsse 'lone, mister!"

Before he had time to think the old negress had made a leap to the velvet carpet, and her hand was on his coat-tail. He remonstrated: "You can't stop here!"

"Can't stop yah? Who can't?" she repeated. "Shucks, chile, you go 'way fum yah!"

"But"—began the officer.

"Now, now," dropped the old woman, pointing a bony finger at him reprovingly, "doan you reckon I know what I wants, beh?"

"Tommy," she said to the small boy in the wagon, "you take good keer o' dat wagin till granny come back."

Without more ado and still shooting off the policeman and another who had come to his aid she marched up the carpeted steps and opened the front door. A liveried servant got in the way here, but his objections were no more successful than the policeman's.

"Doan you tink I know what I wants?" she repeated. "It's gwine to see missy 'fore she gits married, I is."

The first liveried man called another, and granny shooped both of them. About that time Mr. Stillman, hearing the commotion, hurried to the scene. "Why, it's Aunt Celia!" he said.

"Yes, 'ts Mars Stillman!" cried the old woman. "It's des came to de weddin', an' dere's a leetle present out dere in de wagin for missy."

Policemen, detectives and butlers retired defeated as the lawyer ordered the door opened to the guest—"Celia Johnson, dat's ma name," as she described herself—who was a family servant of the Stillmans for thirty years until the bride's father bought her a farm over Jerseyway and built for her a comfortable house, all her own. From the farm she had emerged for the first time in several years—"jes' to bring missy a leetle present."

She was ushered upstairs to Miss Stillman's room, where her reception was that of an old family friend. She watched the bride dress for the wedding, then wept for a minute or two after the fashion of old people on joyous marriage occasions. Just before the bride was ready, and when the guests were assembled, Aunt Celia suddenly remembered the chief purpose of her visit.

"De punkin'!" she cried.

In accordance with her instructions

AUNT CELIA "DES CAME."

Negro Mammy's Visit to a Fashionable Wedding.

BROUGHT GIANT PUMPKIN

This and Barrel of Apples After Rout of Servants, Were Installed Among Costly Gifts at the Marriage.

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In accordance with her instructions

Madame PORTER'S BALSAM

Good for Bad Colds, Better for Worse. The original Cough Balsam of America. Introduced over a century ago. A pleasant, safe and sure preventative of throat and lung affections. Prices 25 and 50c. All Druggists.

BURNS' MONUMENT IN QUINCY.

Movement to Make Memorial Similar to That Set Up by Barre People.

The Scotch residents of Quincy, Mass., are back of a project to honor the memory of Robert Burns, the famous poet, much in the same way that Barre did a few years ago. The growth of the idea will be of interest to Barre people and the following outline is given, it being from a correspondent's letter to the Quincy Daily Ledger:

It has been a cherished ambition of a number of the people of Quincy to erect here a memorial in granite to the immortal bard, Robert Burns. This sentiment crystallized into resolution some two years ago. Clan McGregor appointed a committee of clausoners to take the initiative in establishing an association in Quincy with the above object. The same was duly organized with Francis Morrison as president and membership unlimited. Any one interested can become a member by application to Dr. McLennan, secretary and treasurer.

The fund is raised principally from private donations and entertainments, only a small membership fee being charged. The proceeds from the annual celebration of the birth of Robert Burns, under the auspices of both Clan McGregor and Loyal Ladies will be applied wholly to the memorial fund. The respective committees of these orders will spare no pains in making the entertainment a success socially and financially.

It seems in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that in a land where democracy is the ideal in government, in education, in religion, in hopes and aspirations, memorials are founded to one who sang so sweetly and made these ideals the household songs of a people whose language is her own. That the memorial be worthy its representation, is the fond hope of its promoters.

FORESTRY ASSOCIATION.

Annual Meeting Will Be Held in Montpelier, January 12.

"The Evolution of a Forest Growth" will be the subject of an illustrated lecture by Dr. B. E. Farnow of Utica, N. Y., at the annual meeting of the Forestry Association of Vermont to be held at Montpelier, January 12. Prof. L. R. Jones of the University of Vermont at Burlington, will also speak. The business meeting of the association will be held in the afternoon at 3 o'clock.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

Ella Gilroy has been singing the "Sammy" song in "The Wizard of Oz."

It has been reported that Ethel Barrymore will have a new play by Jack London, to be founded on one of his novels.

The title of the Drury Lane theater (London) pantomime for this year is "The White Cat," and Klav & Erianger will present it in this country next fall.

It had to come. Mrs. Chadwick has been dramatized. A play entitled "For Love and Millions" will exploit this remarkable woman on the stage next season.

Low Spencer, a well known black face comedian and at different times a member of all the best minstrel companies in this country, died at Chicago recently.

Eugene O'Rourke is the latest addition to the cast of "The Money Makers," which is to introduce Ida Conquest as a star under the management of Tom W. Ryler.

Miss Louise Gunning, whose singing and acting have helped to make "Love's Lottery" a success, will appear as a star at the head of an opera company next season.

The Alexandrite. This rare stone is sometimes called the black diamond, and its curious property of changing color enhances its charm. By daylight it is a dark, almost black green, but held to a strong light it tones to a sea green. By gaslight the gem is blood red.

Syrian Priests. The priests of the Syrian Roman Catholic church are allowed to marry, and many of them do.

Sunken Treasures. It is estimated that greater quantities of gold and silver have been sunk in the sea than are now in circulation on earth.

Not Guilty. A man may stop a foaming horse that's tearing down the street. May stop an enemy's advance amid the battle's heat. In fact, stop almost anything in situations trying. But not a single man alive can stop a baby crying.

The Drama is never served by grains. And the more of them you drink. The less your stricken conscience pains—Makes scruples, I don't think! —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Limitations of Our Language. "She seems to be a woman of unusual tact."

"Tact is no name for it. She's had the same housemaid for nearly two years." —Chicago Record-Herald.

The Baby. A man may stop a foaming horse that's tearing down the street. May stop an enemy's advance amid the battle's heat. In fact, stop almost anything in situations trying. But not a single man alive can stop a baby crying.

Sunday School Teacher—Tommy, can you tell me who threw the stone that struck Gollath?

Tommy—Ye kin search me. Our street's all tore up, an' dey ain't no automobiles. —Brooklyn Life.

Octopus and Sea Lion. The keeper of the lighthouse near Crescent City, Cal., reports a battle between a sea lion and an octopus. The octopus wound its tentacles around the lion's body, but the lion bit them off one after another and ate them. Other lions then helped to dispose of the octopus' carcass.

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Uses of Lumber. For what is the greatest amount of lumber used? Nine people out of ten will say for houses and buildings. It is doubtful if 35 per cent of the lumber output goes into buildings. The railroads, farmers and miscellaneous purposes take about 40 per cent, and the other 20 per cent goes into boxes.

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MADE IN OUR KITCHEN TO SAVE WORK IN YOURS. NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT. In 2-Pie 10c Packages with List of Valuable Premiums. MERRILL-SOULE CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

- A. Oatmeal, 3 1-2c per pound or ten pounds for - 30c
A. A. Oatmeal, 3 1-2c per pound or ten pounds for - 30c
Rolled Avena, 4c per pound or ten pounds for - 35c
Banner Oats, per box, - 22c
Egg-O-See, per box, - 10c
Zest, 10c per box or three boxes for - 25c

A few Chickens and Fowls left over, just the thing for chicken pie, to close at 11 to 13c per pound.

Smith Bros' Cash Market, 367 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont.

Spot Cash Prices For Saturday.

- Pig Pork Chops, per pound - 14c
Pig Pork Roasts, per pound - 12c to 14c
Providence River Oysters, per quart - 40c
Good Steak, Western, per pound - 16c
Lamb Chops, per pound - 18c
Hind Legs of Lamb, per pound - 18c
Fresh Fowls, per pound - 10c
Best Cranberries, per quart, 13c, two for... 25c

Celery, Parsley, Carrots, Turnips, Cabbage, Potatoes and all other fixings at the lowest cash prices.

CHESSER & BIRD, Telephone 232-12, 323 North Main Street. Meats and Groceries.

We Please Our Customers

With good, honest goods and low prices. Come in and see how we do it.

M. J. McGOWAN, Telephone 113-2, South Main Street, Barre, Vt.



Atlanta Journal.

PIMPLES

"I tried all kinds of blood remedies which failed to do me any good but I have found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and blackheads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am confident the use of them and recommending them to my friends, I feel free when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets."

Best For The Bowels. THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. Use 2 or 3 times a day. The genuine tablets stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Starling Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES