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"Had been troubled with dandruff a long time. After using one bottle of Hair Health I found the dandruff gone and my hair, which was two-thirds gray (I am 48 years old) restored to its natural color—dark brown. I am, I believe, the only man in Barre, Vt., who has used it."—E. H. HIGGINS, La Crosse, Wis.

Hair Health quickly brings back youthful color to gray hair, no matter how long it has been gray or white. Positively removes dandruff, kills the germ and stops hair falling. Does not stain skin or linen. Aided by HARPINA SOAP and Hair Health, it soothes and heals the scalp, stops itching and promotes new hair growth. Large 50c. bottle, druggists. Take nothing without signature Philo Hay Co.

Free Soap Offer Good for 25c. Calc. HARPINA SOAP.

Sign this coupon, take to any of the following druggists and get a 50c. bottle of Hair Health and a 25c. cake of HARPINA Medicated Soap, best for hair, bath, toilet, both for 50c., or sent by Philo Hay Specialties Co., Newark, N. J., express prepaid, on receipt of 50c. and this adv.

Name.....
Address.....

Following druggists supply Hay's Hair Health and HARPINA Soap in their shops only:

E. A. DROWN,
48 North Main Street, Barre, Vt.

FORGOT HER CHILD.

And Latter Was Severely Burned in Swanton Fire Yesterday.

Swanton, Feb. 14.—The dwelling of Aldie Marcell at the corner of Pine and First street was totally destroyed by fire with contents yesterday. The loss is estimated at \$500. A child six months old was so severely burned that its recovery is doubtful.

The family is composed of the parents and three children. The father is a laborer and went away early in the morning to go to his work. About 11 o'clock the mother left the children in the house for a few minutes to go on an errand at a neighbor's house.

The two older children, aged five and seven respectively, ran to her a little later, crying that the house was on fire. It is supposed that they had been playing with matches. Not thinking that the baby was left alone in the cradle in the burning building, the mother ran to the neighbors for help and an alarm speedily called out the firemen.

When the mother finally remembered that her baby had not been taken out she was distracted. Two firemen rushed into the room and picked up the child and carried it out. The bed clothing and cradle were all ablaze and the child was unconscious from the smoke and heat when rescued.

Handing up Money

to a doctor for pulling you through a heavy cough or cold can be avoided if you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar early in the attack. It's pleasant to take, harmless and effective. Sold by druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops
Cure in One Minute.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Side Lights on Public Men at Washington

COINAGE POLITICAL PHRASE

How Congressman Castor of Pennsylvania Became Responsible for a New One.

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Telephone Call, 12-2.

PREPARING BANK QUARTERS

New Financial Institution to Be Opened Soon at Enosburg Falls.

Enosburg Falls, Feb. 14.—The safe and fixtures for the First National Bank of Enosburg Falls have arrived. They will be installed in the banking rooms of the institution being fitted up on the first floor in the south part of the Billado building and the bank will be in running order as soon as possible. It will be remembered that this organization was recently incorporated with a capital stock of \$25,000, the incorporators being W. V. Phelps, A. W. Woodworth, J. B. Kimball, J. O. Kimball and O. D. Samson, all of this place.

Too Many Wolves in Texas.

Claude Hudspeth of Ozona, Tex., member of the legislature, who was recently in Houston, says that wolves are becoming very numerous in portions of west Texas and that many stockmen favor the legislature making an appropriation of \$50,000 to encourage their extermination, this sum to be paid in bounties for the scalps of the animals, says the Houston Post. The wolves are killing many young stock and committing other damaging depredations.

Celery.

Celery is not good for birds. A bit of apple is much better. Cabbage and lettuce are not at all injurious.

Japan's Christian Advance.

The following is from an essay on the Japanese written in the recent grammar school examinations by a lower school boy: "Until recently the Japanese used to fight with bows and arrows, but now they are equipped with the complete arms of a Christian."—St. James Gazette.

Wisdom Born of Experience.

A woman believes everything her husband tells her when first married because it comes natural, and later in life because she has found it best.—Athenian Globe.

GRANITEVILLE.

Summit Lodge, No. 397, N. E. O. P., will hold its regular meeting Tuesday evening, February 21, at 7:30 sharp. All members are requested to be present.

The baseball and degree club, M. W. of A., will hold a mid-winter carnival at Miles' Hall, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, February 22, 23 and 24. Admission, 10 cents.

Wilder's orchestra will furnish music at the second annual brand ball of Summit Lodge, No. 397, N. E. O. P., Friday evening, Feb. 17. A first class oyster supper will be served in the banquet hall and the best of order will prevail. Admission for dance and supper, \$1.00. Everybody welcome.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

Mgr. Doane's Description of It Just Before His Death.

Since the death of Mgr. George H. Doane, rector of St. Patrick's cathedral in Newark, N. J., and professed apostolic, a few days ago while sitting in his favorite armchair in his study whisperings have been rife concerning a strange and prophetic vision the aged prelate had on the night before the final summons, says the New York Press. The story was recently told by an intimate friend, Philip Healey of Newark, who said:

"In the week of Jan. 10 my boy Willie, fourteen years old, was very ill. One night we thought he was dying and sent to the rectory of St. Patrick's for a priest. None was there except Mgr. Doane, who had been for a long time a personal friend of mine and was very fond of the boy. It was almost midnight, and a severe snowstorm was raging, but he hurried to my home.

"The boy lived almost a week and was buried on Jan. 19. The monsignor called at the house the following day, and he took me to one side after he had talked with me and my wife for a short time and said in a manner I shall never forget:

"Philip, something very strange happened to me last night. I shall tell you, but perhaps you had better not tell Mrs. Healey just now. I had a vision, in which I seemed to be in heaven, talking to your son. I am not certain whether I was asleep or awake. I seemed to be in a place that was all light and music.

"Then the monsignor paused, and suddenly I saw by his face what the vision meant. I was overcome with emotion. I would have fallen to the floor if he had not put his arm around me and supported me. There were tears in his eyes too.

"Above all the sounds of music, he went on, 'I heard the voice of Willie, clear and strong. It said: "Oh, monsignor, are you with us so soon? This is a beautiful place, and we are all so happy, for there is nothing to do but to sing and to listen to the sweetest music. How are my papa and mamma? I hope they are well. You must stay with us, monsignor. We want you here, for we are all so happy." I answered that papa and mamma were well, and I told him I could not remain with him, however much I might wish to do so. He urged me again to stay or return soon, and then he led me through the glorious spaces and to the throne of God. I cannot tell you what it was like, for no words could picture that grandeur.

"Four hours afterward I learned he was dead."

Congressman George A. Castor of Pennsylvania, who was recently elected a second time, is responsible for the coining of a new phrase in politics, which is, "I've got to have it," says the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. When Mr. Castor had got fairly warm in his seat he made a visit to the departments at Washington in the interests of his constituents and to his surprise found that nearly all of the positions worth having were tied down under the civil service blanket. He was annoyed, but not discouraged.

One day, calling on the head of a bureau, he asked for the appointment of one of his constituents to a subordinate laboring position which did not come within the classified service. The official, for some reason or other, was not able to accommodate him and remarked:

"There is no way of getting this place at present. Besides, it don't amount to much anyhow."

Then the congressman told the official a story. It concerned three men who went out gunning. They got lost in the woods and wandered around aimlessly for nearly twenty-four hours. They were almost famished from hunger. Presently the leader of the party saw a little chipmunk roosting on the stump of a tree. He turned to one of his companions and said: "Get that. Do you hear? Get that."

"I can't," was the weak reply. "It's too far off. My aim isn't very good now, and, besides, it's too small anyhow."

The first man turned to the objector and said decisively:

"It may be small and it may be skinny, but we've got to get it or starve."

The congressman, turning to the head of the department after finishing this story, said:

"And that's the way with me. These appointments may be small and may not have much meat on them, but I've got to get them."

Nine out of ten persons who address a letter to a senator or representative mark the envelope "personal," believing that unless the communication is thus marked it will never come under the eye of the member of congress, but will be disposed of by his private secretary, says the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune's Washington correspondent. A few persons, however, recognize the futility of addressing a letter in that way, knowing that, with few exceptions, the private secretaries handle all the personal mail, although of course it comes under the eye of the senator or representative after the secretary has first perused it.

One such person addressed a letter to Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana a few days since. The envelope had the familiar "personal" mark on it, and the senator's secretary, Thomas R. Shipp, opened it as usual, but he received a severe shock. He found a second envelope inside, duly sealed and with this inscription:

"Mr. Secretary—Now that you have gone this far in opening a letter which I wish Senator Beveridge alone to open, please back up."

Senators Philander C. Knox and Win-

throp M. Crane are in Damon and Pythias, says the San Francisco Examiner's Washington representative. They have seats close to one another; they were sworn in simultaneously. Instantly there sprang up at Washington a mutual fascination for each other.

Knox waits for Crane to go to the luncheon room. Crane's carriage takes the two away when the senate has adjourned for the day. When one goes to the White House, the other goes too. They remind one of two boys arriving at college who get together in common sympathy and for mutual comfort and ever afterward may be found the best and warmest of friends.

The Hon. Bird S. McGuire, delegate from Oklahoma, recently received a letter from a constituent which read as follows, says the New York World's Washington correspondent:

"Dear Mr. McGuire—I enjoyed that last package of garden and flower seeds you sent me very much. I wish you would send me some more garden seeds and send a few flower seeds to my wife. But please do not send her any canary seeds. If you do, she might eat them and try to sing, and, God knows, I have troubles enough now."

"Summer girls" and "summer boarders" are terms that are well known. Representative Edwin C. Burleigh of Maine has invented a new summer term, says the Chicago Inter Ocean's Washington correspondent. He has a lot of people whom he calls his "summer constituents." They arrive on the coast of Maine in June, and they stay until September. They want all kinds of things done, and they are not backward about asking for favors. They have no votes and are merely there for three months, and for this reason Burleigh has named them his "summer constituents."

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The Times' Daily Short Story.

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME

[Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure.]

All day long the heavy leaden clouds had been threatening rain, and toward evening it began, very softly at first, but growing steadily in volume, until at 8 o'clock it was a veritable downpour, rattling steadily on the tin roof of the hotel piazza and beating against the windows in spiteful fashion.

It was cold, too, and a cheerful fire crackled and sputtered sturdily in the big fireplace in the hotel office, but despite the fire and the lights and the gay chatter of the guests congregated in the big palm lined room the effect of the storm outside was glaringly evident. A cold, rainy evening at a popular summer hotel is something to be remembered—and avoided.

Near the fireplace at a score of little tables the energetic Mrs. Potter had started a game of progressive euchre, and in the big hall the orchestra had been pressed into unwilling service by some of the younger guests, and the strains of the latest popular waltzes and the sound of shuffling feet drew many people thither.

Streeter, lounging in a chair near the desk, alternately read a morning paper for the third time and tried to find some interest in the attempts of the other guests to amuse themselves.

In sheer desperation he was perusing the "want column" when he saw Miss Gale come down the broad stairs. He was by her side in a moment.

"I wanted to claim you before Mrs. Potter kidnapped you or some one else dragged you off to dance," he explained laughingly.

The girl smiled amiably and shook a finger at him.

"I can see at a glance that you are bored to death and in search of diversion at any cost," she said.

"Your diagnosis is correct," said he. "I am suffering from that unhappy malady, or I was until I caught sight of you. You know that it was because you recommended this place that I came here. Now, you must do your best to dispel the gloom that has descended upon me."

"What shall I do?" she asked lightly.

"Introduce you to some of Mrs. Potter's proteges or get Mrs. Vandent to give you the personal history of every one here?"

"I think," said Streeter, "that Chopin in the music room would be the best antidote."

"You are very modest in your demands," she laughed. "Chopin you shall have until you cry for mercy. Come on!"

They made their way to the little music room far down the corridor, and to Streeter's unutterable delight they found it quite deserted. Streeter turned out the lights and lighted two little red shaded candles on the piano.

"Just right now for the fifth nocturne," he said as he surveyed the two spots of color in the gloom.

The girl ran her fingers over the keys, and Streeter drew a chair near her and sat down. She began to play the fifth nocturne very softly, and Streeter, leaning back comfortably, watched the pretty profile outlined faintly by the candle light. And as he listened to the rain beating against the windows he realized the good that a seemingly ill wind had blown him.

The nocturne died away as it had begun, very softly, and he drew his chair into the little circle of light.

"The only trouble with that nocturne," he said gravely, "is that, like all things temporal, it comes to an end."

"Are you fond of them?" she asked.

"I'll play another."

"Do you know," he said quickly, "I have often dreamed of some such situation as this."

"A long, dreary evening at a storm bound summer resort?" she laughed.

"No," he said seriously; "of a piano and candles with little red shades and of you playing nocturnes to me like this."

She began another nocturne, even more softly, that it might not interrupt their conversation.

"Dreams very seldom come true," she said. And whether or not her tone was mocking Streeter was at loss to decide.

He silently listened to the nocturne and studied the girl's profile intently, but the profile was noncommittal. He leaned forward in his chair and spoke very softly.

"It was a very pretty dream," he said, "one of those intangible bits of happiness that makes one loath to come to prosaic earth again. There was one thing about these dreams, however, quite different from this partial realization."

"And what was that?" she asked.

"The piano and the little red shaded candles—and you were in my own house," he said.

The nocturne grew a trifle louder. The girl's glance was turned to the other side of the room.

"What a presumptuous dream!" she said.

"Was it?" said Streeter meekly. "I couldn't help dreaming it, you know."

There was a long pause. Then he said slowly:

"Perhaps it was presumptuous. You see, I wasn't asleep when I dreamed it."

The nocturne came to an abrupt ending. The girl rose from the piano.

"You're not angry?" said Streeter in alarm.

"N-no," she said.

"Then—then," he began and halted miserably. "Tell me," he said, "do dreams go by contrary?"

The girl had reached the door. She turned, and even in the dim light he could see the deep color in her cheeks.

"Not—not say dreams," she almost whispered.

GRANT OWEN.

Japan's Big Bank Deposits.

"Seventy per cent of the Japanese expenditures in the present war with Russia remain in Japan, and as a result the deposits in the banks of the island kingdom are larger than they have ever been before," said Franklin B. Morse, son of the first American consul to Osaka, to a Washington Post reporter. "The working of this is simple and accounts for present conditions in Japan. The Japanese army lives on rice and fish. The government has given its orders for these provisions to the farmers and fishermen of Japan, who, when they receive the money, deposit it in bank mostly and when a national loan is called for are prepared to loan the government the very money that they have been paid. Add to this the fact that all the powder used by the Japanese in the field is manufactured at home, and it is evident why there is but 30 per cent left to go out of the country."

Nimble Sea Fish.

A sea urchin, or a starfish, is able to get away from a spot quite nimbly, and the serpent stars, the most active members of the whole order, are capable of using their long, slender, many jointed arms as legs and are as quick and alert as crabs.

Snow Blindness.

The native Tibetans escape snow blindness, as do the inhabitants in other snowy parts of the world, by greasing the face and then blackening the skin all around the eyes with a burned stick.

RICH OR POOR—YOU NEED TEETH

No one, old enough to know better, should be neglectful of that most vital and useful organ of the human system—the teeth—the very guards to the gateway of health.

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