

BARRE DAILY TIMES

Published Every Weekday Afternoon.
Subscriptions: One Year, \$2; One Month, 25 cts.
Single Copy, 1 cent.
Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Barre as Second Class Matter.
TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1906.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

4,150

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

A suffering people continue to hold out the distress signal but the weather maker keeps on a-billin'.

It doesn't always take legs to run; for example, a legless St. Louis man is going to run for Congress.

Congressman Nicholas Longworth and Mrs. Alice have had their first jar; but it was only a jolt when their automobile ran into the ditch.

They are trying to make appendicitis operations a luxury again by declaring that they are unnecessary. A luxury is generally something which we think we can do without.

A good rule for bathers to follow is not to enter the water until at least three hours after a meal and not under and condition when the body is overheated. The number of drowning accidents this summer is increasing in great proportion, and such simple safeguard as the above should be observed.

If the victims of this latest big wreck, the one in North Carolina, had not been nearly all negroes we should undoubtedly have heard more of a howl about it. And yet it was one of the most serious railroad smashes in the history of the country, with a score killed and more than that number injured.

SAGE, THE MONEY LENDER.

The life sketches of the late Russell Sage, money lender, all seem to agree on the one thing at least—that few people and enterprises ever benefitted by his largesses. The various newspaper histories of the noted man bring out noticeably the fact that it was Russell Sage first, last and all the time, and the rest of the world to pick up what he couldn't lay his hands on. The lesson to be learned from Sage is the tremendous grip which the money power can secure on a man who allows himself to be wrapped up in his greed for gold. Early in life Sage accumulated enough money to enable him to live comfortably during the remainder of his days—an amount, in fact, which was considered in those days to be a fortune. Instead of retiring from business, however, he dug only deeper into the whirl of business, seemingly controlled completely by the insatiable desire for piling up gold. Retiring from active participation from the Wall street Sage became a money lender, hard and obdurate demanding every cent that was his and not being satisfied until he had got it. To illustrate the grinding desire of the man for money it is only necessary to point to the suit which he instituted against a near relative for the interest on sixty dollars. This sort of a life became his chief delight and he kept at it until long after the period when most men are content to retire. By these sharp practices and a capacity for squeezing the dollars when once secured Sage was able to accumulate a fortune which is now estimated from \$60,000,000 to \$75,000,000.



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JINGLES AND JESTS.

His Faith.
'He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth?'
'Yes; but he met a chap who was raised with four axes in his hand.'—Puck.

Poor Fool!
The masher's daft who fondly hopes with girls to have his fling.
Though he may think he knows the ropes, they'll get him on a string.
—Philadelphia Press.

On One Point.
'Do you and your wife agree on anything?'
'Yes. Each of us believes that one of us is very poorly mated.'—Judge.

Revised Version.
Hushaby, baby; he still and sleep;
Your mamma has gone to her club;
There she'll strive for a eucyre prize;
While papa must stay home and scrub.
—Chicago News.

A Criticism.
'Did the audience applaud when Mrs. Hytone sang?'
'No; when she stopped singing.'—Bohemian Magazine.

Domestic Economy.
Angeline, the thrifty maiden,
Saved lots of gas for dear old dad.
Now dad's boarding William Henry;
Feeling sorry that she had.
—American Spectator.

Taking a Short Cut.
Some men spend a large part of their lives hunting trouble. Others get married right away. —Somerville Journal.

What's In a Name?
A relative left her a fortune,
And Mary Ellen at the shore
Upon the big hotel register
Wrote it Marie Eleanor.
—Detroit Tribune.

At the Wedding.
Her—The bride looks like a queen.
Him—Yes, and the groom looks like the deuce. —Minneapolis Journal.

Some Puritan Names.
One of the customs practiced by our Puritan forefathers was that of inflicting ludicrous and terrifying names upon their children. One Puritan damsel, when asked her baptismal name, answered, "Through-Much-Tribulation-We-Enter-the-Kingdom-of-Heaven, but for short they call me Tribby." Another unfortunate maiden bore the name The-Gift-of-God-Stringer. A sickly boy was christened Pain-Not-Hewitt. Another labored under the name The-Good-Fight-of-Faith-White. A little girl who had a propensity for crying at the age of eight christened Weep-Not-Billing. There also were Thunder-Goldsmith, The-Work-of-God-Farmer, Search-the-Scriptures-Morton, Be-Courteous-Cole and, worst of all, Kill-Sin-Pimple.

The Way He Viewed It.
'Good news!' cried the lawyer, waving a paper above his head. 'I've secured a reprieve for you!'
'A reprieve?' replied the convicted murderer indifferently.
'Why, yes. Don't you see you ought to be happy?'
'Ah,' replied the prisoner gloomily, 'that simply means a delay, and I've always been taught that delays are dangerous.' —Catholic Standard and Times.

A Clerical Pan.
A complaint was brought before an eminent English bishop that a clergyman in his diocese was wearing an Oxford master's hood when, in fact, he had no such degree. 'I call it my lord,' said the complainant, 'wearing a lie on his back.' 'We need not use quite so strong a word, Mr. Smith,' the bishop replied in his blandest manner. 'Call it a false hood.' —Herald.

Before and After.
She (cuttingly)—There is no doubt about it—marriage goes improve a man's politeness. His surprised—How so? She (blantly)—Well, you frequently get up and offer me a chair now. Before we were married you never gave me more than half a one.

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Double Discipline
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The Ninth regiment had been in the field ten weeks when it returned to Fort Russell. It had lost thirty men, traversed 600 miles of country and been on short rations for days and days. The bonds of discipline had relaxed, and the rank and file had "slouched."
Awaiting Company A was young Lieutenant White, fresh from West Point and bringing with him his high ideas of discipline. He rebeld the ragged men riding in, and his soul revolted. There was less discipline than among a gang of cowboys. The first lieutenant was already away on leave, and almost at once the captain of Company A took his departure, and this left the cadet officer in full command of the sixty men. When he talked discipline to his fellow officers they advised him to give his men a rest for a few days and not push them. He elected to take his own way, however. The command had come riding in one morning at 8 o'clock. Next morning at the same hour Company A was ordered out to drill. The men had not yet picked the sand burrs out of their hair, and the cadet spikes out of their fingers, and great was their amazement. There was muttering and cursing, but orders were obeyed. The officer went among his men at quarters to criticize rusty guns and sabers and personal appearance, and in a day he had the wholearrison wondering and talking.
Company A was detailed to ride down the trail for fifteen miles to meet and escort a lot of army wagons on their way up. It was not believed that there was a hostile Indian within fifty miles of the fort. Lieutenant White was to go in command, and it was a proud day for him. His troopers were marshaled and remounted, and he rode away only when they sat their saddles as if on exhibition, at a riding school.
Five miles down the road the Salt Valley trail came in. The lieutenant was riding ahead of the command, and without order from him the troopers turned off the main trail. As soon as he discovered their action he rode after them, calling a halt. No halt was made. He rode nearer and shouted louder, but not a man halted or looked back. The astounded officer then pushed to the front and, with saber waving above his head, commanded a halt. He and his horse were pushed aside by the men, who came riding steadily on.
'Sergeant, what in— does this mean?' he exclaimed as he forgot discipline for a moment and rode at Sergeant Harris.
'Too much drill!' quietly answered the sergeant.
'But this is mutiny—rank mutiny! Halt! Halt! I command you to halt! If you don't obey orders I will have every man court-martialed!'
No man halted. The lieutenant sat his horse and cursed and raged. As he came up with the men he drew his revolver and fired its contents over their heads and shouted for a halt. No attention was given him, but half a moment later the sergeant repeated the words, and the command halted.
'Men, I want to know what this means!' said the lieutenant in a hoarse voice and trembling down to his toes. 'You are off the road and you refuse to obey orders. Are you deserting in a body?'
'Too much drill!' answered every man in chorus, and then the sergeant gave the word to move on.
The cadet officer could say nothing in reply. He could not ride back to the fort alone and report that the company had mutinied, and he could not exact obedience from the men where they were. He followed after the troop in a maze, not knowing what step to take. The problem was solved for him. Suddenly there was a rifle shot ahead, quickly followed by three or four more, and the bullets came singing over the troopers' heads. There were Indians ahead.
'Right and left wheel and take cover!' shouted the sergeant, and a moment later the men were lined across the road and had the shelter of rocks and timber.
The young officer had chafed at the thought that the campaign was over and he had not had a hand in it. He had been told that it might be two years before he would have a chance to see a hostile redskin, and yet here they were before him and his company had virtually mutinied and he had no authority over them. He cursed and

shed tears as he thought of it, and it was like blow upon blow as he heard the sergeant's voice shouting:
'Extend right and left flank! Fire slow and don't waste your bullets! Horse holders lead the horses to the rear!'
The cadet dashed forward at the sergeant. His face was white, and the grim old noncommissioned officer pitied the boy as he looked into his eyes.
'Your chance, sir,' he said.
'And the men won't obey me, and I am disgraced!' whispered the lieutenant.
'Is it fight or drill?'
For a moment the cadet hesitated. It was hard for him to surrender, but maybe he had been too hard on the men. If the other officers were satisfied with the discipline he ought to be.
'It's fight and fight like—' he shouted.
'Take command then. Boys, the lieutenant is in command. Extend still farther to the left and fight like—'
And they did and beat off a force of 20 Indians and returned to the fort with glory and renown, and not for a year did any man outside the company know that military tactics had been reversed for once and an officer disciplined instead of a private.
M. QUAD.

Bismarck's Stratagem.
While Bismarck was living at Frankfort, early in his career, he was one day at a public table with a friend, when two young ladies who sat opposite began talking to each other in the Lettish language. From their manner it was evident to Bismarck that they were talking about him. It happened that he had once made a visit to Courland, one of the Baltic provinces, and had picked up a few Lettish phrases. When the ladies had talked and laughed for some time he whispered to his companion:
'The moment I say something to you in an unintelligible tongue take a key from your pocket and hand it to me.'
The young ladies kept on, and suddenly Bismarck said in an unconcerned tone to his friend:
'Delid man to aziek.'
The second man at once produced a key. The young ladies from Courland looked at their opposite neighbors, then at each other and, blushing violently, rose and left the room.

A Woman and \$10.
You give a woman \$10 and then borrow 72 cents from her and see what will happen. Two days later you casually inquire what has become of the \$10. She tells you she has not had \$10. You waive the question whether she ever had \$10 and ask her if she has \$10 now, and finally get a reluctant admission that she is penniless. Then you follow up the inquiry and discover that she has bought nothing. Then you are ready with the final charge. 'What, then, did you do with the \$10?' and that blessed woman will come back at you like this. 'You gave me \$10 and then borrowed it back.' That is the way your 72 cents becomes a boomerang that smashes you and your \$10 to smithereens. And yet, in spite of all, that same woman will hang on to 29 cents and get more out of it and make it do more things and keep it simmering over more clothes and keep it simmering like a bubbling spring—in short, take her all in all, a woman is the master financier of the world.—Judge.

suspicious.
'Some men are so suspicious,' said the pessimist, 'that if they went into the organ grinding business they would compel all the monkeys to carry little cash registers.' —Philadelphia Bulletin
Happens Sometimes.
A man and wife shouldn't take themselves too seriously. There's such a thing as falling out by sheer force of gravity.—Puck.
Gliding the whistle will not raise the steam.

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