

No Balky Damper, No Cranky Grate
No Ashes in Oven, No "Off Spells"



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REYNOLDS & SON, Barre

The Times' Daily Short Story.

A Love Story of Mexico.

In Mexico it is the custom for the man who is about to be married to pay all the expenses of the wedding. He must furnish all the household effects required, the wedding feast and all the wine that the guests can drink. In addition to this, he must provide the bride with a trousseau.

Franklin Osmore, a civil engineer, went to Mexico to assist in the survey and construction of a railroad. While there he met Marina Olmedo, a girl who had been well born, but whose father had died and left his family with little or nothing. Marina was at this time arrived at a marriageable age, and it behooved her to select a husband who would take care of her. She did not think of love or, if she did, considered it in her case out of the question. But there were no men of means in the place where she lived, and she could not go elsewhere in quest of a husband. At home there were several young men of indifferent ability to make a living, any one of whom would be glad to marry her. So she settled upon Diego Escobar as the most promising of the lot and engaged herself to him.

Now, Marina, it will be seen from this preface, was a practical young woman, and it was her purpose to help the man she married to obtain this world's goods. Osmore fell in love with her and asked her to marry him, but the fact that he was not of her race or religion, that as soon as he had finished his work in Mexico she would probably have to go with him to some benighted land, most probably the ungenial United States, caused her to decide against him. But Osmore was in receipt of a good salary, and she decided to share it. She regretted that she could not marry both men, remaining in Mexico with the one and being provided for by the other. Either would have suited her if he had had the qualifications of both.

Marina, being, as has been said, of an acquiring nature, concluded to get as much as possible out of Osmore in the way of household effects and trousseau, then send him off and marry Escobar, Osmore, who was handy in lore, fell into the trap. He was a self-made man, and Marina, though of a different nationality, was a lady and at the only age when most Mexican women are beautiful. He sent her to the City of Mexico with ample means to spend in any way she liked. She did not need much for household effects, for she owned the furniture that her family had possessed in their halcyon days. She spent most of what her lover had given her on a trousseau.

After her return, instead of fixing a day for the wedding, as Osmore begged her to do, she began to cool toward him and within another month broke off her engagement with him. Now came for her the critical moment. Would Osmore try to take back the trousseau, and, if so, how could she

keep it? She offered to return it to him. He would not accept it. Later he was informed that the girl had not intended to marry him and was intending to marry Diego Escobar. Osmore would not believe it till the announcement of Marina's engagement to Escobar. Lovelike, he threw all the blame on the man and resolved to take revenge upon him. He sent Escobar an invitation to walk on the line of the railroad at 6 o'clock in the morning, armed with a rifle, and he, Osmore, would meet him, armed with a similar weapon. A reply was sent stating that the challenge was accepted.

At the appointed hour the engineer took his rifle and proceeded on his way. The stretch over which the combats were to walk was straight for a mile. Presently Osmore saw a small figure—Escobar, like most Spaniards, was diminutive—coming, bearing a rifle. The American's rifle would have carried a ball for the distance, but he did not fire. The figure kept advancing, and Osmore finally stopped and raised his weapon. After a time the Mexican did the same, but took so much time about it that Osmore could easily have shot him. At that moment the man in which he had been tricked came up to influence Osmore, and, taking aim, he pulled the trigger. The figure fell.

Regret at once took the place of passion, and Osmore ran toward his enemy, who was slouching blood oozing from a wound in the shoulder. As Osmore joined him he turned his face and revealed the features not of Escobar, but of Marina Olmedo.

In a moment Osmore had the girl in his arms, imploring her forgiveness. Hastily examining her wound, he saw that it was not in a vital part.

"Why did you come instead of Escobar?" "Escobar had nothing to do with your wrong. It was I."

"But why did you come at all?" "Because I would have been ashamed to keep you from your revenge."

"But you were not ashamed to accept from me a lover's gift when you intended to marry Escobar?" "I did wrong. It shall all be yours."

Osmore was astonished. The girl had deliberately tricked him, then to make an honorable amend permitted him to shoot her. He drew her nearer and kissed her. A faint tinge of red was left on the spot his lips had touched, the first evidence of love he had ever seen there, though he had blazed her often.

Osmore committed what would seem to be the height of folly by marrying Marina. He got a wife who loved him devotedly, and her talent for getting on developed in better channels. Osmore is still in Mexico, and his wife has been instrumental in making his fortune.

NELLIE EDNA CURTIS.

SNAPSHOTS OF FASHION.

Golfing Dresses in Various Materials. Stripes For Tall Women.

The golfing dresses of the year are made of various materials—cheviot, English suiting, Scotch plaid, French face cloth and even the heavier grades of silk. But the most fashionable of fabrics is serge. There are cashmere golfing suits that are very smart, made of trim pony coat suits, though the flannel ones are liked by women who are on the field constantly.

Even very tall women are affecting stripes this season, contrary to all



CHESTERFIELD COAT—5075.

rules, and in striped batiste a frock of this material makes even the fat woman look comparatively thin. Chamois gloves are the proper thing for traveling. They can be washed in soap and water and look as well as ever. They must be dried on the hands. Colored patent leather belts are the newest. They have large gilt buckles, and the price of the belt depends on the elaborateness of the buckle.

All white embroidered swisses are always modish and serviceable, and there are many pretty new designs in these popular fabrics. A charming piece of gray and white with lavender dots. This combination, by the way, is a favorite one with designers.

The Chesterfield coat pictured is one of the latest developments of the manly idea among wraps that is essentially smart in effect. This one is designed for young girls and can be made either in the hip length, illustrated, or longer if liked. Covert cloth is used in the present instance.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

HOLDING A CAMERA.

Some Practical Suggestions to the Engineer in Photography.

One of the most important lessons for a beginner to learn is to hold the camera in the proper position during exposure. Whenever there are corners of buildings or other objects which give vertical lines the camera must be held absolutely level. If this is not done, the building in the picture will appear to be falling either backward or forward, according to the way in which the camera was tilted.

There are times, however, when the camera may be tilted to an advantage. In some cases it is an absolute necessity. For example, in photographs of clouds, waterfalls, balloons, etc., the camera may point upward, while in taking pictures of people swimming or bathing, children at work or play, etc., it may be pointed downward.

Very successful photographs of prominent speakers, parades, crowds, etc., have been taken when the camera was upside down. It makes no difference in the negative whether the camera is right side up or not. By holding the camera in the way suggested many a photographer has secured good pictures, while others who tried to use the camera in the usual way made absolute failures.

Often by holding the camera by the side of the body and pointing it backward one may secure pictures of children at play and of other people in natural poses without the knowledge of any members of the group.

Another warning to beginners is necessary. Do not try to take a time exposure while holding the camera in the hand. Even if the camera is held against the breast and respiration stopped the action of the heart is sufficient to cause the box to vibrate and spoil the picture.—Circle Magazine.

Wants More Than Beauty.

The modern Englishman has more cool common sense than his great-grandfather. A beautiful woman attracts his eye, and he may have a passing fascination, but that feeling is only a transient one unless Miss Beauty has other recommendations. If he cannot get beauty combined with usefulness, he goes in for plainness.—London Woman's Life.

STANDARD OIL DRIVEN OUT

Also Mulcted \$1,600,000 by Texas Jury

THAT TRIED THE CASE

Judgment May Be Difficult to Collect—Trust Agents Shrewdly Have Left Little Property That Can Be Attached.

Austin, Tex., June 3.—The Waters-Pierce Oil company of Missouri Saturday was adjudged guilty of violating the anti-trust laws of Texas, convicted of having entered the state by fraud, and fined \$1,625,000. The state request for costing proceedings was granted.

The defense filed a motion for a new trial in line with future steps of appeals to the state supreme court, the case to be finally taken to the federal courts. The trial consumed three weeks in the district court, and at its conclusion today is merely the beginning of the long legal struggle.

The basis of the present legal controversy is the anti-trust laws of 1899 and 1907. Of the penalties assessed by the verdict of the jury \$387,375 will go to the county attorney if the verdict is finally upheld.

VERMONT RESIDENCE VALID.

White Man and Colored Woman Had Been Arrested in Virginia.

Washington, June 3.—When the case of Levi Welch, white and Lizzie Welch, colored, came up in the police court at Alexandria, Va., Friday, Judge Caton announced that from the evidence he could not see that the prisoners had violated the law of Virginia, which provides that any white and colored persons leaving Virginia with the intention of marrying each other and returning to Virginia shall be confined in jail for six months or fined \$500.

He said that the prisoners had left the state of Vermont and had gone to the state of New York and been married and did not return to the state of Virginia until two years after their marriage. He dismissed the case.

VETERAN DIES, AGED 91.

Oldest Survivor of Civil War in Vermont Passes Away.

Bennington, June 3.—Robert Collins, aged 91 years, the oldest veteran at the Vermont Soldiers' Home, and probably the oldest survivor of the Civil War in the state, died Saturday. He enlisted from the town of Shaftsbury, and served three years in the 1st Vermont battery, being promoted to sergeant. He had also served in the English army.

ITALY PLANS DUEL

CITIZEN SCHEME

So That She Can Send Out Emigrants and Be Sure They Will Return Rich.

Rome, June 3.—The emigration question is possibly one of the gravest problems for Italy from one point of view, and for the United States from another. According to present provisions, this year the number of emigrants will reach 1,000,000, a large proportion of whom will go to America.

Contrary to what happens in France, there is here a constant increase of population, so that from 25,000,000 inhabitants in 1870 it has now risen to 34,000,000, without calculating to Central and South America, to countries along the Mediterranean and to the United States.

America has become the preferred land, notwithstanding the greater racial, linguistic and educational difficulties. Peasants and workmen, who in certain regions have wages averaging from 20 to 30 cents a day, are attracted by the country where the minimum wage is five times as much. These emigrants to America do not spend more than in Italy for living, so they send home considerable sums or collect enough to return themselves and be comfortably off.

The government urges Italians in the United States to become naturalized, the better to reach the objective of the new bill now in Parliament. It is intended to facilitate the returned native to assume Italian citizenship, following more or less the same rules contained in the treaty of 1865 between the United States and Germany. And there is a tendency to study whether it is not possible to admit a dual nationality that shall be Italian and not anti-American.

STACY—NEWMAN.

Groom Was Member of Rough Riders and Saw Service in China.

Bellows Falls, June 3.—At high noon Saturday Miss Ethyl Amerette Newman eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Newman, was married to Aubrey Banks Stacy of New York city at the home of the bride's father, 1 Williams terrace, Rev. A. P. Pratt, pastor of the First Congregational church officiated.

Miss Stacy was graduated in the class of '02, B. F. H. S., and the class of '05 Acadia college. Mr. Stacy is a trumpeter in the U. S. army. He saw service in the China relief expedition, and in the Spanish war was one of Roosevelt's rough riders. He was also in the Philippine campaign.

Mr. and Mrs. Stacy left for Bennington, where they are to make their home.

HARRIMAN REPLIES TO ROOSEVELT.

Says Over \$250,000,000 Were Spent Honestly on Railroads.

Washington, D. C., June 3.—That he honestly expended in improving the property over which he had control every cent received from the sale of stocks and bonds, amounting in all to more than \$250,000,000, was the declaration made by E. H. Harriman in an interview with William E. Curtis, printed in the Evening Star Saturday night.

The Scrap Book

The General and the Boy.

On the Atlanta campaign General Sherman made his headquarters for a time at the house of a farmer, where a tin basin and a roller towel on the back porch sufficed for the family's ablutions. For two mornings the small boy of the household watched in silence the visitor's efforts at making a toilet under the unfavorable auspices, but when on the third day the tooth-brush, nail file, whiskbroom, etc., had been duly used and returned to their places in the traveler's grip he could suppress his curiosity no longer, so boldly put the question, "Say, mister, air you always that much trouble to yo'self?"—Lippincott's.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother, bearing his load on the rough road of life? Is it worth while that we jeer at each other? In blackness of heart that we war to the knife? God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other!

Look at the herds all at peace on the plain! When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heath, Pierced to the heart: Words are keener than steel, And mightier far for woe than for weal! Were it not well, in this brief little four-ney, On over the tethmus, down into the tide, We give him a fish instead of a serpent, Ever folding the hands to be and abide? Forever and aye in dust at his side!

Look at the roses saluting each other!

Look at the herds all at peace on the plain— Man, and man only, makes war on his brother, And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain— Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble

Some poor fellow down into the dust? God pity us all! Time too soon will tumble All of us together, like leaves in gust. Humbled, indeed, down into the dust. —Joaquin Miller.

Johnny's Ribs.

"How many ribs have you, Johnny?" asked the teacher. "I don't know, ma'am," giggled Johnny, squirming around on one foot. "I'm so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."—Everybody's.

Allying Her Feary.

Said Bar Farry, near Augusta, Ga., is a fathead affair, frail and rickety. Two timid ladies, hesitating to cross, plied the negro boatman with questions about it. "And are you perfectly sure no one has ever been lost here?" they demanded.

He Got the Mare.

An old sailor struck inland, thinking he would like to try work in the country. He approached a farmer for a meal one day, saying he was willing to work, but that he knew little or nothing of country life.

"I will give you a meal," said the farmer, "if you will round up those sheep on the common there and drive them into this fold. Come back when you've done it."

In three hours' time the sailor came back looking hot, but happy. "Have you done the job?" asked the farmer.

"Yes," replied the sailor, mopping his forehead. "You've been a pretty long while about it. Let's go and see them."

Looking over the gate of the field, the farmer saw the sheep safely in the fold. "There's a hare sitting up among 'em," he exclaimed.

"Do you mean that little fellow there?" asked the sailor. "Why, that is the little beggar who gave me all the trouble. I thought it was a lamb."

The Dreams of Avarice.

Ikey (who has been reading)—Fader, can anybody get rich beyond their dreams of avarice? His Father—I think not, Ikey. Avarice was a pretty good dreamer.—Puck.

His Only Request.

A pretty young girl was walking through a Richmond hospital with delicacies for the sick and wounded. She overheard a suffering young Confederate officer say, "Oh, my Lord!"

Wishing to rebuke him slightly, she came to his bedside and said: "I think that I heard you call upon the name of the Lord. I am one of his daughters. Is there anything that I can do for you?"

He looked upon the lovely face. "Yes," he said, "please ask him to make me his son-in-law."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Wellington Never Saw Napoleon.

In the published reminiscences of Mr. Carhoul, the drawing master to the children of Queen Victoria, there is the following: "On teaching the palace one morning the Prince of Wales showed me a drawing he had just finished. Napoleon was depicted on horseback leveling a pistol at the Duke of Wellington, who was advancing to cut down his great enemy. While I was looking at the drawing who should come in but the duke himself. 'Why, the very man who can best criticize my drawing,' said the prince. 'Now, can you tell me who is that on the left?' he went on, presenting the sketch to the duke. 'Well,' replied the latter deliberately, 'judging from the waistcoat and cocked hat, I should say it was meant for Napoleon.' 'Right,' said the prince. 'And who is that other figure?' 'By the cut of the job,' returned the duke calmly, 'I should say it was myself.' 'Right again,' Wellington, now is the drawing accurate? That's what I want to know? The duke rose, put down the sketch and thus im-

pressively addressed the Prince of Wales: 'My, boy, I'm going to tell you something that the English people don't seem to realize. I was sent out to keep Napoleon in check, but never in my life have I set eyes on him. Once in the midst of a battle someone cried, 'Look! There's Napoleon!' but before I could get the glass to my eye the smoke from a field gun had enveloped him."

Hard Hit.

Caller—What's the matter, old man? Has anything happened? Host (groaning)—Oh, nothing—only when I was called upon at the club for my maiden speech last night I began, "As I was sitting on my thought a seat struck me," and spoiled everything!—Lippincott's.

They All Paid Up.

Mr. Brown, a Kansas gentleman, is the proprietor of a boarding place. Around his table at a recent game sat his wife, Mrs. Brown; the milliner, Mrs. Andrews; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter; and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took a dollar bill out of his pocketbook and handed it to Mrs. Brown, with the remark that there was \$10 toward the bill that had promised her. Mrs. Brown handed the bill to Mrs. Andrews, who handed it on to Mr. Jordan, remarking that it would pay for the carpenter's work he had done for her. Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, requesting his receipted bill for flour, feed and lumber. Mr. Hadley gave the bill back to Mr. Brown, remarking that he had now paid her the \$20 he had promised her. She, in turn, paid it to Mr. Black to settle her bread and pastry account. Mr. Black handed it to Mr. Hadley, asking credit for the amount on his flour bill. Mr. Hadley again returning it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board, whereupon Brown put it back into his pocketbook, observing that he had not supposed a greenback would go so far.

Following Instructions.

She was a little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed how to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them," papa had said, "you must say: 'No, thank you. I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated. "Come along, Marjorie," said her little friend's father. "You must have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the little girl, with dignity. "I have already dined."—Classmate.

How Grandma Viewed Them.

"I'm glad Billy had the sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkum at the wedding.

"Why, grandma?" asked the son. "Well, girls is hity-ty, and widlers is kinder overullin' and uppethin'. But old maids is thankful and willin' to please."—Ladies' Home Journal.

One of Them Kings.

The king of Italy, accompanied by a numerous party of officers in brilliant uniforms, visited an American man-of-war at Naples. During the inspection of the ship one of the resplendent Italians tripped and disappeared like a brilliant meteor down one of the hatches. A sailor who saw the fall rushed aft and, saluting the officer of the deck, said: "If you please, sir, one of them kings has fell down the forward hatch."

There Were Others.

When Sol Smith Russell's daughter Alice was a mischievous tot, she was caught red handed in one of her peeks. Her mother sent her upstairs and charged her to pray to the Lord to forgive her.

Alice did not quite fancy the rote alone, but she had to obey, of course. She was one perhaps ten minutes when she tentatively reappeared at the top of the flight. It was observed that she was not in as chastened a mood as the gravity of the offense seemed to require.

"Alice," inquired her mother, "do you ask God to forgive you?" "Yes, mamma! I told him all about how naughty I was and asked him to forgive me. And, oh, mamma, please soon God said to me: 'Great Scott! Alice Russell, says so, there's a whole lot of little girls a heap naughtier than you!'"



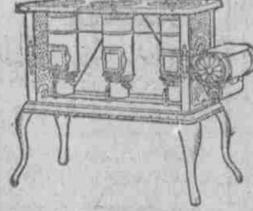
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