Every Five Minutes In The Day A New

Glenwood

is made and sold.

The Range that "Makes Cooking Easy"

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

Bugler Dick.

[Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.]

Having a year yet to serve, we of the Michigan Cavalry brigade were sent to the Indian country after the grand review in Washnigton. Just where we picked up little Dick no one seemed to know.

We had a lot of hangers-on when we left for the march across the plains, and strict orders were issued to weed them out and leave them behind. Dick was one of them, but we had fixed things. Three days later he joined us under cover of night, mounted on a government mule, and from thence on he was one of us. In his idle hours at the fort he had learned to blow a bugle and give most of the calls, but there was no place for him. It was in the Indian heyday. Almost every tribe in the west was hostile and out on the warpath, and when once we had left the frontier behind us all the talk was of the red man and his way of fighting and his fiendish cruelties. There would be no such thing as fear with the old veterans of the Army of the Potomac, but we often wondered how our boy would take it. He was no boaster. He never said whether he would run or fight, but he fought.

One day the Sixth was ordered out to follow a broad trail and hang to it until we had come up with the war party and punished it. At a certain point we divided into three columns. Half an hour later the first column walked into an ambush with its eyes wide open. We were greenhorns at Indian fighting. Half a dozen men had fallen when the colonel looked around for his bugler. The lad had been one of the first to fall. The other columns must come to our relief or we should be wiped out. We could neither advance nor retreat, and the hidden redskins offered us no target. It was then that little Dick dropped the carbine he had taken from a dead trooper's hands, and, running forward, he seized the bugle from the grip of the dying lad and shouted:

"All right, colonel; I know what you want."

The other columns had heard the sound of the firing, but had made no move. It was only when they heard the notes of the bugle telling that we were in sore straits that they came galloping down and helped us win a victory.

I don't know how they fixed it, but from that day on little Dick was one of the regular buglers. It took him away from us much of his time, but when he had half an hour to spare he was back "home" with us. It was in the early summer when we headed out on the plains. For months we fought the red man whenever and wherever we could bring him to bay. As autumn came we pressed him farther and farther toward his winter retreat, and one blustering day the command was divided to deal him a staggering blow. The chiefs staked all on a big fight and lost. We routed and pursued them, and it was after the pursuit ended that Bugler Dick was found to be among the missing. His bugle calls had been heard all through the fight, and men had seen him smiling and laughing under hot fire, but as we went into camp and the roll was called there was no one to answer to the name.

Many good men had fallen that day. Comrade had lost comrade, and in at least three cases brother had lost brother, but as the night came down it seemed that in losing little Dick we had lost the one most beloved in the whole command. In the bright moonlight half a hundred of us forgot our weariness and hunger and hunted for him. We searched the open plain, the dark ravines, the thickets and the willow fringed streams. We found our dead and wounded, and we found the stark forms of a hundred savages, but we did not find the one we sought. By the time the sun rose it became plain that Bugler Dick had somehow been taken prisoner and spirited away. There were those who told such tales of cruelties toward the whites that one felt his hair crawling, but when these had set our teeth on edge and brought curses to our lips some one would remember that the prisoner was only a lad and that the Indians often adopted boys of his age and treated them kindly.

One of the sorrowful things about it was that the expedition was ordered in for the winter. It was making ready for its return when such a strong appeal was made to the commander that he sent out 400 men of the Sixth to see if any trace of the boy could be found. He would have done no more had our colonel been missing. We followed the trail of the beaten warriors for fifty miles. It was only when they discovered what a small command we were that they rallied and laid in ambush for us in a great ravine. We believed them still flying and were riding into the jaws of death, out of which no man would have emerged alive, when we heard bugle calls. There was an instant halt while every ear was strained to catch the sound again. Then 400 men seemed to call out in chorus:

"That's Bugler Dick—that's our boy!"

He was half a mile away, on the side of the mountain and hidden from sight, but the notes came down as clear as a bell. "Retreat! Retreat! Retreat!" was the call over and over again, and then we listened in vain. He had warned us. We drew back and found another way, but what of the boy? We afterward found Indians who said there were a thousand red men waiting for us in that ambush and that they knew the bugle calls saved the command, but we found none to tell us of the fate of little Dick.

M. QUAD.

Doctors In Germany.

In Germany if a doctor is wanted suddenly in the night, instead of flying round in a cab or rushing wildly from house to house, one goes to the nearest emergency station and fetches one of several doctors who are always on night duty in their turn.

Floral Scandal.

"You can't paint the lily," declared the rose.

"Maybe not," responded the aster. "But have you noticed?"

"Noticed what?"

"The lily pads!"—Washington Herald.

FRIEBLES OF FASHION.

Features of the New Tailor Made Suits. Piping For Trimming.

Walking suits are plain. Even the folds around the bottom are gradually disappearing. The new circular skirt seems to be adaptable to very little variety in trotting costumes. The most exclusive of the French modistes are widening the skirts around the feet, but are making them cling more closely about the figure just below the hips. The change is being made almost imperceptibly, but by winter these clinging effects will be in full vogue.

The increasing demand for piping has made the progressive dressmaker seek for some more perfect and easy method of making her dress trimmings. The shops are now showing bias seamed tapes, made of good quality and in every shade.

The new coats are very long, sweeping nearly to the knees. The majority of them are well sloped or rounded in front and are fastened with tiny waistcoats. They are unbecoming to many figures, and for this reason they may not reach any great popularity.

GOWN OF GRAY VOILE—5672, 5749.

Darned net for yokes, cuffs and collars and panels on the skirts of gowns is one of the smart new trimmings. Small flowers and geometrical figures are not in favor as much as heavy masses of silk floss that seem to follow no definite outline.

Many of the latest sleeves show bewitching puffs above the elbows, with a cuff binding it just below. This in turn is supplemented by odd little lace cuffs, which reach quite halfway down the forearm.

The early fall frock illustrated is of gray voile made over a checked black and white silk foundation. The trimming about the neck and sleeves of the bodice is of mingled black and pale blue.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

The Cost at Newport.

The meat bill of a wealthy Newport summer colonist averages nearly $1,000 a month, and has been known to exceed $2,000. The expenses of entertainment may reach $50,000 a season. The caterer's bill always runs into the thousands.—Broadway Magazine.

COMING NEXT WEEK

FREE EXHIBITION

Products and Premiums of

Larkin Co. Buffalo, N. Y.

IN

MILES HALL—124 N. MAIN ST.

Sept. 23 to 28, inclusive

This handsome display will interest all our many customers and friends in this vicinity. A practical demonstration of how Factory-to-Family dealing saves money and furnishes homes without cost. Come and see all the Larkin Products and 1000 Premiums. Everybody welcome. Open daily 9 a. m. to 6 p. m., also Monday and Saturday evenings.

SOUVENIR SAMPLES TO LADIES

WOMAN MAY DIE

Sandbagged by a Robber in New York

SKULL OF VICTIM BROKEN

Police Hold Lodged in House in the Hope That He May Be Able to Help in Identifying Man Now Sought.

New York, Sept. 20.—After an all night search for the assailant of Mrs. Joseph Hughes of 499 East One Hundred and Sixty-seventh street sandbagged and gagged last evening in her bedroom, detectives today detained Harry Thorn, a lodger in the Hughes house, who they expect may help to identify the sandbagger.

The victim of the outrage is in a precarious condition with an even chance of recovery. Her skull is badly cut.

Her assailant tied her to a chair after pounding her to insensibility and left the house with $400 worth of loot. Her husband found her.

ELEVEN DEAD IN EXPLOSION.

Disaster Caused By Neglect of Employe.

San Antonio, Tex., Sept. 20.—A special to the Express from Tolnca, Mexico, says: Neglect of duty on the part of an employe resulted in the death of eleven persons and injury to twelve more Tuesday, through the explosion of a boiler in the Ferrier factory at Asorrader, in the Anguangueo district of the state of Michoacan. The explosion occurred just before the noon hour, and the two proprietors and a number of workmen were clustered together in the vicinity of the boiler doing repairs to some machinery. Of the twelve injured, three are probably mortally hurt. An investigation was made soon after the explosion by the authorities and it was decided that it was due to neglect of an employe in allowing surplus steam to escape. The explosion was one of terrific force, and wrecked a part of the building and a quantity of machinery.

McKINLEYS REST IN NEW MAUSOLEUM.

Bodies Transferred from the Cemetery to the Gift of the Nation.

Canton, O., Sept. 20.—The bodies of President and Mrs. William McKinley now rest in the new mausoleum, which is the nation's gift. They were taken from the vault in Westlawn cemetery. Within a few days the bodies of their children will be exhumed and laid beside them.

Mrs. McKinley's body was removed on Wednesday. President McKinley's was transferred yesterday. The transfer was made in the presence of Justice Day, Judge Henry W. Harter, Architect Magonigle and Contractor Malthy. Soldiers carried the casket to a funeral car, which was escorted up the hill to the tomb.

WRECK ON NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Fast Mail From New York to Buffalo Runs Into Freight Cars.

Utica, N. Y., Sept. 20.—Train 43, the fast mail west on the New York Central railroad, was wrecked about 8:30 o'clock yesterday morning. The only injury besides severe shock to passengers and mail clerks is the loss of four fingers by Engineer Eberle of the mail train. The wreck was caused by the mail train running into a derailed freight car. The engine and four of the mail cars were thrown from the track, and fifteen coal cars on the freight were piled up in all directions.

RUSSIA BEGINS GREAT WORKS IN FAR EAST.

Preparing for $19,000,000 Defense of Vladivostok and Vicinity.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 20.—A despatch from Vladivostok states that defense works costing $19,000,000 are to be undertaken in that vicinity.

The sum covers further fortification of Vladivostok, improvements to the naval port at Nikolayevsk on the Amur, near its mouth, and the construction of immense barracks at Kharbarovsk, at the junction of the Amur and Ussuri rivers.

Uses For Soda.

Dampen soda and apply when bitten by any poisonous insect.

A weak solution of soda will revive the color in a dusty carpet.

Keep flowers fresh by putting a pinch of soda in the water.

One large teaspoonful of salsoda will bleach a kettleful of clothes.

Add a teaspoonful of soda to the water in which you wash silver.

Add a little soda to the water when boiling out enamel saucepans and it will help to cleanse them.

A spoonful of soda added to the water in which dishcloths are washed will keep them a good color and sweeten them.

Cocoa.

Happily there is one beverage, says Table Talk, that children love dearly that may be given them without question—cocoa. It is so rich in nourishment if made as it should be, with milk, that it ranks as a food rather than a drink and is particularly useful in nourishing a child who dislikes milk by itself.

Absinth.

The secret of making absinth, the subtle but harmful stimulant so popular in France, was sold by its inventor to a distiller for $125. The distiller sold it for $50,000.

MAGAZINE NOTES.

Hysteria a Strangulated Emotion—The Nerves Cured by Psychology.

In an interesting article in the October McClure's, advocating the use of experimental psychology to take the place of the horrors of the third degree in criminal cases, Prof. Munsterberg closes with a statement of the value of this new "science" to physicians. Hysteria, which is one form or another is nowadays common among men as well as women, he declares to be "the result of strangulated emotion." The worm that gnaws is frequently buried deep in the sub-conscious mind, but if it can be brought into the clear daylight of the conscious mind the exposure is likely to wither and destroy it. A number of cases are given of physical disabilities originating from purely mental states, for instance that of a woman who always lost her voice at night. Investigation revealed the fact that years before at sunset the patient had watched beside a sick father, in an agony of intensity, which many people have experienced, lest a sound should disturb him. When she was taken mentally over that old scene and the grasp of her subconscious mind loosened from it, she had no further difficulty with her voice. Prof. Munsterberg concludes: "The psychologist who seeks to discover the secret connection of ideas may, by his association method, not only protect the innocent and unmask the guilty, but bring health and strength to the nervous wreck."

RICH FATHER CAME TO RESCUE OF SON

Boy Left Home, Was Arrested in New York for Begging—Happy Reconciliation.

New York, Sept. 20.—Father and son, the former a wealthy physician, the latter a prisoner on a charge of begging, have been reconciled as the result of the young man's examination by Magistrate Breen.

The father is Dr. Charles A. Whitney, a member of the Sons of the Revolution, the St. Nicholas society, and other organizations. The son, who has lost a leg, and has been away from home for a year, owing to differences with his parent, is Lloyd Whitney, 22.

Magistrate Breen, who obtained the young man's story, remanded him to the prison connected with the court, and there the father drove yesterday to obtain the son's release.

When Dr. Whitney informed the magistrate he was willing to take his son home, Magistrate Breen signed the discharge papers. Then father and son met. They were closeted for nearly an hour, and when they opened the door they were arm in arm. Father and son left the court room, got into a cab and went home together.

SAXON TROOPS SEE KING THROWN FROM HIS HORSE

Despite Injuries, He Remounts His Charger and Resumes Command.

Dresden, Sept. 20.—King Frederick August of Saxony was thrown from his charger in the course of the manoeuvres near here yesterday. He sustained a number of slight injuries, but was able, however, to remount and resume command of the troops.

It Pays to Buy Ederheimer-Stein Young Men's Clothes

GET a thoroughly good suit, pay $18, $20 or $25 for it, and you'll be a better dressed, more contented young man all season than if you had two suits of the ordinary kind.

You'll find the tailoring, quality and style in these suits; the lasting good shape and wear that pays you in the price you can have them for and the satisfaction they give.

If you've an earnest desire to dress right, get Ederheimer-Stein clothes. Let the other fellow do as he likes.

Moore & Owens

122 No. Main St.,

BARRE, - VERMONT

MISS ADELAIDE NICHOLS

PERIODS OF PAIN

While no woman is entirely free from periodic suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. Irregularities and pain are positive evidence that something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to serious derangement of the feminine organism.

Thousands of women, have found relief from all periodic suffering by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from native roots and herbs, as it is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science.

It cures the condition which causes so much discomfort and robs that period of its terrors. Women who are troubled with painful or irregular functions should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health and strength by taking

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Miss Adelaide Nichols of 324 West 22nd Street, New York City, writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:-"If women who suffer would only rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound their troubles would be quickly alleviated. I feel greatly indebted for the relief and health which has been brought to me by your inestimable remedy."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures Female Complaints such as Falling and Displacements, and Organic Diseases, Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, and invigorates the whole feminine system. For the derangements of the Kidneys of either sex *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* is excellent.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised.

THE SCRAP BOOK

Engaged.

A well known evangelist at the close of one of his most stirring addresses approached a big, stolid looking German in the congregation who had paid the closest attention to the discourse.

"Are you a Christian?" asked the evangelist.

"Nein—Sherman."

"Oh, German? Well, would you not like to become a Christian and work for the Master?"

"Nein. I have youst got a shob to drive an ice wagon."

ASPIRATION.

I am the blush of the summer rose,
The flush of the morn,
The smile on the face of the dead,
The song newly born
From heart of the poet, from shell of the sea,
From rush of the river that oceanward flows.

I am immortal. Who knows me is glad.
Men give me the name
Of passions that kindle the soul—
Love, faith, beauty, fame—
I dwell with all these, yet am higher than all.
Without me the angels of heaven were sad.

—Edith Willis Linn.

Sim Peck's Deer Hunt.

A self conscious young clergyman was "supplying" the pulpit of a country church. After the service he asked a deacon what he thought of "this morning's effort."

"Waal," answered the old man slowly, "it reminded me of Sim Peck's first deer hunt when he was green. He followed the deer's tracks all right, but he followed 'em all day in the wrong direction."

A Militant Republican.

Congressman John Sharp Williams tells of the militant republicanism of a man he met in Rome several years ago. The man was a merchant in a small town in New York.

One morning they went out for a ride in a victoria and passed King Humbert. The people lifted their hats to the king, and he bowed in return. As his carriage passed the one in which Williams and his friend were riding Mr. Williams lifted his hat, and the king bowed and smiled. The merchant sat bolt upright, looking straight ahead, and did not raise his hat.

"Don't you know who that is?" asked Williams.

"Yes. It's King Humbert. I recognized him the minute I saw him."

"Then why didn't you bow to him as I did?"

The merchant stiffened in his seat and squared his shoulders.

"I don't bow to no kings," he said.

The Real Thing In Ancesters.

"Have ye anny ancisters, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien.

"An' phwat's ancisters?"

"Why, people you shprung from."

"Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly impressively, "I come from the rale shtock av Donahues thot sphring from nobody. They shpring at thim!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Both Should Be Thankful.

Mgr. Farley was crossing one day from New Haven to Dieppe when a young Frenchman attempted to take him in hand. This young man scoffed at religion and at clergymen, but he was unable to draw the monsignore's fire.

Finally the foolish youth resorted to sheer impudence.

"Gentlemen," he said in a loud voice, winking in the clergyman's direction, "gentlemen, I am informed that in the strange land of Madagascar whenever they hang a priest they hang a donkey along with him."

The young man laughed, and Mgr. Farley, looking at him mildly, said:

"Well, let us both be thankful, my young friend, that we are not in Madagascar."

Chickens of Leisure.

Mrs. Goldvein of Cripple Creek, having come into a fortune through a lucky strike, set up a country home near Denver, where she lived in style. One day while she was showing some of her old time friends about the place they came to the poultry yard.

"What beautiful chickens!" the visitors exclaimed.

"All prize fowl," haughtily explained the hostess.

"Do they lay every day?" was the next question.

"Oh, they could, of course, but in our position it is not necessary for them to do so."—Lippincott's.

MRS. LONGWORTH AIDS SEARCHERS.

President's Daughter Looks All Night for Friend Lost in Canyon.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 20.—Telegraphic information from Flagstaff, Ariz., yesterday was to the effect that Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, daughter of President Roosevelt, is taking an active part in the search for her hostess, a prominent St. Louis society woman and wife of a former member of Congress, who has been lost in the Grand Canyon since Wednesday.

A dinner party had been arranged for that evening in honor of Mrs. Longworth, but as soon as it became known certain that her hostess had been lost, the former announced that she could not think of any social affairs until her friend had been found, and she at once joined the searching party, which was made up of the husband of the missing woman, patrons of the hotel, Indians, scouts and others.

All that night the party searched the recesses of the ravine, burning torches and shouting, and Mrs. Longworth undauntedly kept up with the party until dawn, when she returned to her hotel to get some rest. She said that as soon as she had become rested, she would resume the search.

Not a trace was found of the missing woman, and grave fears are entertained.

The unfortunate woman was out with a party of friends on a jaunt, and became separated from them. They looked for her some time, and being unable to find her, returned to the hotel and gave the alarm.

The spot where she disappeared is a very dangerous one, and several persons have been lost there. Two months ago a Harvard professor was lost there, and found only after a vigorous search of three days. When discovered by the searchers he was raving mad.

GERMANY TO USE WIRELESS.

The Army Establishing a great System in Prussia.

Berlin, Sept. 20.—The army authorities have decided to erect forty-eight test stations for wireless telegraphy in Prussia, with the intention of eventually utilizing the system solely for military purposes.

A CONDITION THAT CALLS FOR A TONIC

When Run Down and Debilitated Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a Tonic That Is Also a Specific for Many Disorders of the Blood and Nerves.

When the health is run down from overwork, overstudy, or from whatever cause, a good tonic is needed.

But sometimes what is mistaken for simple debility is a symptom of a more serious disorder, anæmia perhaps, or a breaking down of the nervous system. By taking a tonic that is also a specific for many disorders of the blood and nerves the threatening disease may be prevented. That is what was done in the case of Mrs. Ora Ford of 1008 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., who was undoubtedly in the early stages of anæmia before Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her. She says:

"I was completely run down in health for about a year. My blood was thin and poor and I had a great deal of trouble with my stomach and kidneys. My appetite was poor and I had no desire for food. What I ate distressed me. I had always been troubled with sick headaches which came on as often as three or four times a week. I also had dizzy spells, my breath was short and I frequently had pains in my side. I had no ambition or desire to do anything. I became so pale and thin that I looked terrible. My friends thought I was going into consumption.

"After I had tried several kinds of medicine that did me no good whatever I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a newspaper and decided to give them a trial. I began picking up a little after taking about two boxes of the pills and noticed that I was getting an appetite. I gradually got stronger, the dizzy spells left and my color came back. The headaches ceased to be so frequent or so severe. I can recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for troubles due to poor and impure blood."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; six boxes for $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.