

Some Women Dread Baking Day-Others Use A



Glenwood

The Range that "Makes Cooking Easy"

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

A Bachelor Quest.

(Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcella.)
Charles Shaw, attorney, was forty and unmarried. He had proposed twice and been rejected both times. After that he refrained and became cynical about marriage.

One night in returning from his club to his bachelor quarters he witnessed a collision between a hack and a street car. The street car couldn't turn out, and the hack wouldn't, and so they came together with a crash.

When the incident had reached its end Mr. Shaw resumed his way, but he hadn't taken twenty steps when he made a find on the sidewalk. It was a white satin slipper, and it belonged to a woman with a dainty foot. The finder admitted it by lamplight and then slipped it into his pocket. His heart gave a sort of thump as he did so. Here was a seed of romance—a lost slipper, a dainty slipper, a slipper belonging to some fair lady who had fled from the collision in wild haste. She must have been without an escort or the slipper would have been searched for and found. What was a handsome woman doing that she was out alone at midnight? Had the question been put to him by a caller at his office the lawyer would have answered that she probably belonged to the Tenderloin and charged \$10 for the information; but, as it was, he made himself believe that it was far otherwise. As he took the slipper out of his pocket and looked at it with the eyes of a man of the world and an old bachelor instinct told him that the loser was a dame, that she was blond, that she had merry blue eyes, that she had an aristocratic foot and belonged to the Four Hundred. Real old world romance was bubbling and seething in his bosom before he went to bed that night. He may have thrust the slipper under his pillow. He may have put it into the pocket of his nightshirt so as to have it next his heart.

If the slipper had looked cute and dainty and aristocratic by gaslight it looked 60 per cent more so in the sunshine of the morning. Instead of dying out, the romance bubbled the harder. Mr. Shaw felt that he had a case where the jury couldn't go back on him. He gazed long at the dainty thing before he went to breakfast. Then he put it in his pocket and carried it to his office and placed it on his desk. His girl typist saw it there and was properly shocked. A man who wanted to see another man because his dog had bitten him saw it there and went away without saying. An old woman who wanted to lend some money on a mortgage saw it there and went right off and consulted a lawyer who had been married for twenty years. None of these things affected Mr. Shaw, however.

Next day the papers contained a carefully worded advertisement to the effect that a gentleman who saw the collision that took place in a certain locality had made a find afterward and was anxious to restore the article to the loser. Some men would have men-

tioned the slipper right out in print. Mr. Shaw didn't do this out of respect to the damsel's feelings. If she had been out slumming alone he wasn't going to give her away to her stern father or horrified mother. It was just mentioned as a "find," and the result was what might have been expected. One man wrote that he had lost a bottle of whisky in the crash and would be much obliged at receiving it back. Another wrote that he had missed a wad of \$14 and was glad to find an honest man. A third had lost his hat and a fourth a cane, and three women wrote about lost bags and back combs. The one who lost the slipper didn't write, however. Mr. Shaw figured it out that she hadn't got up early enough in the morning to see the paper before the cook lugged it downstairs, and he advertised again. No answer from her. The only epistle was from a party who claimed to have lost his wooden leg in the accident, and he dropped a warning that it must be returned within three days or he would limp around to police headquarters and set fifty detectives at work on the case.

For a third and fourth time Mr. Shaw ordered that advertisement inserted. In fact, he made it a "c. r. ad.," which means that it was to run till forbidden. He felt that sooner or later the damsel must see it. She was no doubt wondering what chevalier had picked it up, and she would wonder until she turned to the papers. The ad. was given a place between a bulldog for sale cheap and a second-hand farm wagon for sale at a bargain, but he had faith that her eyes would light on it. And Mr. Shaw was rewarded. The day came when his office boy hunted him up at lunch and told him that there was a lady waiting at the office, and he almost ran the four blocks. There was a lady. She was a young lady. She was a colored young lady. She had taken the slipper out of the desk and was holding it in her hand.

"Much obliged, boss," she said as the lawyer stared at her.
"Then it was you?"
"It was me, sah. It was me and Julius. We had been to do show and was comin' home. Let crash fopped me down on de rock, and it fopped Julius outer de back don, and it was while I was rummin' arter dat pesky nigger dat de slipper come off, and I went home on my uppers. Yes, sah, it's mine—cost me a dollar and a half dat I washed fur and earned—and I had in de paper and help a pore gal find her missin' property. If Julius wasn't still skeered and on de run I'd have him!"

But Mr. Shaw intimated that the interview was at an end and sat down to study the case of Brown versus Jones.
M. QUAD.
Getting On.
Miss A.—And that nephew of yours who—er—ran away, don't you know, and joined the army, how is he getting on?
Miss B. (promptly)—Oh, very well indeed. He's just been made private secretary to the Lance-Corporal of his regiment.—Punch.

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

"Taking Pains" a Substitute for Genius

"Furtia: The End of My Apprenticeship" is the title of the latest instalment of the Terry Memoirs in the November McClure's, but this chapter is, as usual, made up of all sorts of delightful odds and ends. Tricks of her trade, hints, caution, and advice from the two great dramatists, Tom Taylor and Charles Reade, bits of fun told in her own easy manner, tributes to friendships which death has long since dissolved, all add variety and charm to Miss Terry's autobiography. It was only after years of apprenticeship that Ellen Terry made her great success as "Furtia" and experienced "that awe-struck feeling which comes, I suppose, to no actress more than once in a lifetime—the feeling of the conqueror. It was never to be the same again. Elation, triumph, being lifted on high by a single stroke of the mighty wing of glory—call it by any name, think of it as you like. It was as Fortia that I and my first and last love of it." The article closes with a tribute to Tom Taylor, the playwright:
"Nature repairs her ravages," it is said, but not all. New things come into one's life—new loves, new joys, new interests, new friends—but they cannot replace the old. When Tom Taylor died, I lost a friend the like of whom I never had again."

Hatching by Electricity.

After several years of experimental work, electric incubation has been demonstrated to be practicable and economical. For attractive displays, "Electrohen," a unique and artistic oval glass electric incubator, having a metal base, with nickel-plated oxidized copper or run metal finish, forming the cover or brooder for the newly hatched chicks. A drawer is provided, which is partly drawn from the base and the electric chicks run about in the fenced enclosure, about three or four feet square, making a most interesting exhibit or nature study in schools and kindergartens.
This device is easily connected to any electric lighting circuit, either alternating or direct current, of 110 volts, by the usual flexible cord and plug. It is only necessary to turn the button and sufficient heat is provided for hatching and brooding the chicks, while there is nothing in the way of odor or escaping gases to prevent its introduction into the handsomely furnished parlor or library of the electrically equipped home or the office of the most fastidious professional or business man.—Technical World Magazine.

The Balance.

Lose your heart, you lose the maid,
It's the humor of her kind;
Trim the balance to a shade,
Keep your heart and keep the maid!

Keep your heart, you keep the maid,
But yourself you never find—
Find the balance unafraid!
Find your heart and lose the maid!
—Wittier Byrner, in the November Everybody's.

Lincoln's "Lust of Power."

The last of the present series of articles, "Reminiscences of a Long Life," by Carl Schurz, in the November McClure's, gives the history of the close of the war by one of the makers of that history. It is full of interesting first-hand anecdotes of those stirring times, but most interesting of all, perhaps, are General Schurz's personal recollections of that great man who piloted the ship of state through the terrible storm. In 1860 came the demand from every side for Lincoln's withdrawal. The president felt that yielding on his part would give opportunity to opposing factions for a disastrous fight.
"My withdrawal might, and probably would, bring on a confusion worse confounded. God knows I have at least tried very hard to do my duty—to do right to everybody and wrong to nobody. And now to have it said by men who have been my friends, and who ought to know me better, that I have been seduced by what they call the lust of power, and that I have been doing this and that unscrupulous thing hurtful to the common cause, only to keep myself in office! Have they thought of that common cause when trying to break me down? I hope they have."
"So he went on, as if speaking to himself, now pausing for a second, then uttering a sentence or two with vehement emphasis. Meanwhile the dusk of evening had set in, and when the room was lighted I thought I saw his sad eyes moist and his rugged features working strangely, as if under a very strong and painful emotion. At last he stopped, as if waiting for me to say something. Deeply touched as I was, I only expressed as well as I could my candid assurance that the people, undistracted by theickerings of his critics, believed in him and would faithfully stand by him."

AN OLD WILL PUBLISHED

Was Drawn Up Over 150 Years Ago

BY ANCESTOR OF W. C. NYE

Curious Document of Pre-Revolutionary Period Is Here Reproduced Through The Consent of Mr. Nye—Made In Connecticut.

Warren C. Nye of East Barre has the copy of a very old will executed by one of his ancestors, Ebenezer Nye, in Tolland, Conn., in the year 1756. The old document is not quite complete, there being words left out owing to the damaged condition of the volume in the probate records in the Connecticut town. The will is nevertheless very interesting and is herewith presented through the kindness of Mr. Nye:

Will of Ebenezer Nye of Tolland, Conn., 1756.

In fear of God Amen this 19th day of May A. D. 1756 Town of Tolland County of Hartford and Colony of Connecticut Being suitable in body but of sound disposing mind praises to God therefor calling to mind the mortality of my body as it is appointed for men once to die do make and ordain this my last will and testament that is to say principally and first of all I commend my Soul unto God that gave it in hopes of peace and forgiveness of all my sins through ye merits of Jesus Christ and my body I commend to a decent Christian burial in ye earth in hopes to find all ye general reformation through ye mighty process of us toughening such worldly estate as it hath pleased God I bequest and will after my just debts and funeral expenses have been paid out of ye same of what remains my will is to dispose of in the following manner and form. My will is and I do give and bequeath unto Sarah my beloved wife ye one third part of all ye improvements of my land lying in the town of Tolland as long as she remains. (probably widow). And I give to my wife one bed and furniture likewise to remain to use that stuff during her natural life and I give and bequeath to my Said Wife two Cows

With good furniture and ye one third part of my land. My will is and I do give to my oldest Son John Nye. My will is and I do give to my Son Benjamin Nye a lawful money which together with what I have given him makes the whole of his part and portion of my estate. And I do give to my Son Meletia And I do give to my Son Silas Nye a peace of land beginning at a pine tree by the Willimantic River thereby as the river runs to a great rock by the river thence to a Stake and a heap of Stones by ye highway. Item my will is and I do give to my Son Samuel Nye my homestead beginning at Red Rock on the river which is ye North East corner of ye land. I give to my Son Silas Nye northwardly as the river to the bridge then from there northwardly as the river runs to a meer stone by the river North east corner then West to ye highway and likewise to my Son Samuel Nye a piece of land in Willimantic river which six acres lying on Willimantic river and the remaining part of my land.



The hours of digestion are black hours for the dyspeptic.

"Everything I eat hurts me," is a common expression. Stomach trouble throws the whole system into disorder, and nearly every organ of the body is affected.

The tonic treatment is the common sense method of curing stomach trouble

Mr. Albert J. Snell, a farmer on R. F. D. No. 69, Bemus Point, Chautauque Co., N. Y., was cured by this treatment. He says: "My stomach became out of order because of irregular meals and rapid eating. My appetite was poor and there was constantly a gnawing pain in my stomach. I grew so weak and shaky that I could hardly put one foot ahead of the other and my back was weak and sore."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
Send for our free diet book.
Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.



Made in New York

COME in to-day and we will show you this Season's Correct New York Styles in Men's Clothes.



The Fashionable Suits and Overcoats we sell are made by Alfred Benjamin & Co., the leading tailors of New York City. Don't let anyone sell you a substitute. Correct Clothes for Men

Exclusive Agents Here
The Arcade
Barre's Big Department Store.
Barre, Vt.

MURDER MAY BE FOUND

Body of Woman Has Been Identified at Attleboro

HER VALUABLES MISSING

Mrs. Amelia Demeris Left Home Tuesday on a Shopping Trip and Body Was Found Wednesday Under Railroad Bridge in Pawtucket, R. I.

Attleboro, Mass., Oct. 25.—Joseph Demeris of this town yesterday identified the body of the woman found under a railroad bridge at Pawtucket, R. I., Wednesday morning as that of his wife, Mrs. Amelia Demeris, an Attleboro dressmaker. The fact that the woman's watch and purse were missing has caused a suspicion of foul play to be entertained and the officers of the Pawtucket and Attleboro force are at work on the theory.
Mrs. Demeris left Attleboro on Tuesday on a shopping trip to Pawtucket.

When she did not return that night her husband did not worry, believing that she has gone to spend the night at the home of a relative at Central Falls. On Wednesday he began to worry about his wife's absence and that night he read in the newspaper that account of a woman's body being found under a bridge. He went to Pawtucket yesterday and identified the woman as his wife.

BAIL OF \$5,000 IN RADCLIFFE MURDER.

Court Sees No Presumption of Guilt or Even Basis of Strong Suspicion.
South Paris, Me., Oct. 25.—Judge Strout, in the Radcliffe murder case, has decided to approve bail for the defendant, Wallace G. Everett, in the sum of \$5,000, it is said, establishing a precedent in relation to bail in murder cases.
The jury stood eight to four for conviction until almost the last moment when the final vote was seven to five. Justice Strout said: "The constitution provides that where the proof is evident or the presumption great the respondent cannot be given bail; there are instances in this state where bail has been given. In my own opinion the proof is not evident nor the presumption great in this case; the proof, indeed, is strongly the other way. I shall allow the respondent to be admitted to bail and fix the sum at \$5,000.
It is understood that the counsel for the defense will ask for a change of venue, claiming that a fair trial cannot be given the man in this county.

NATURE PROVIDES FOR SICK WOMEN



a more potent remedy in the roots and herbs of the field than was ever produced from drugs.
In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers few drugs were used in medicines and Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., in her study of roots and herbs and their power over disease discovered and gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is an honest, tried and true remedy of unquestionable therapeutic value. During its record of more than thirty years, its long list of actual cures of those serious ills peculiar to women, entitles Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to the respect and confidence of every fair minded person and every thinking woman.
When women are troubled with irregular or painful functions, weakness, displacements, ulceration or inflammation, backache, flatulency, general debility, indigestion or nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
No other remedy in the country has such a record of cures of female ills, and thousands of women residing in every part of the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it has done for them.
Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. For twenty-five years she has been advising sick women free of charge. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and as her assistant for years before her decease she has followed under her immediate direction. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Who Makes XTRAGOOD

WE always like to know all we can about the makers who produce the clothes we offer you; and we'd like you to know about them too.
One of the main reasons we sell XTRAGOOD is the fact that they are made by Ederheimer, Stein & Co., Chicago, in the most modern and remarkable tailor shops ever built; in large, light, airy, clean buildings specially erected and fitted for making clothes better and different than others have done or are doing.



Beside the longer wear your boy will get out of XTRAGOOD, the better appearance and more perfect fit that you'll appreciate, it's an advantage to know they're clean and wholesome, as well as most durable, reliable, honest, economical.

moore & Owens

Prepare for the Winter Weather SO SOON TO COME.

Look over our line of Fall and Winter Goods. We can save you money when you buy. We quote you a few prices:
All 50c values in Underwear, - - - 45c
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fleeced Underwear, - - - - - 23c
A bargain in Men's Wool Underwear - 98c
A complete line of Men's Suits at
1.37, 1.97, 2.75 and 3.50
Ladies' Sweaters at - - - 1.49, 1.89 and 2.25
Children's Sweaters at - - - 50c, 98c and 1.39
Boys' Overcoats, sizes 4 to 8, - - - 1.75
Boys' Heavy Reefers, sizes 9 to 16, - - - 2.75
We sell cheap because we sell strictly for cash. Don't forget our rebate checks that save you five per cent discount.

McAllister Bros., East Barre, Vt