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TELLS OF NIGHT RIDER RAID

Col. Taylor Tells of Death of Capt. Rankin

THE STATE'S FIRST WITNESS

In Tennessee Trial Describes Visit of Masked Men and of Escape After Companion Was Killed—Names Garrett Johnson.

Union City, Tenn., Dec. 21.—Col. R. Z. Taylor, who was with Capt. Quentin Rankin when the latter was murdered at Reelfoot Lake by night riders, was the first witness called by the state when court convened Saturday for the trial of the eight men jointly indicted on the charge of having assassinated Capt. Rankin.

Col. Taylor, who is 63 years old and one of the oldest and best known members of the bar in West Tennessee, related at length the story of the Reelfoot Lake tragedy and his own terrible experience on that eventful night in the woods on the bank of the lake. The recital was listened to with greatest interest by the crowd which filled the court room. Col. Taylor said that after Capt. Rankin and himself had retired on the night of October 19 masked men came in their room at Ward's hotel and presenting guns and pistols, ordered both to dress. Other masked men stood guard at the windows. A satchel containing private papers was opened by one of the night riders and the papers were examined. The two men were then taken from the hotel and conducted through fields to the woods on the lake shore. The night riders stopped several times and finally upon reaching the scene of the murder began questioning Col. Taylor and Capt. Rankin regarding the title of the West Tennessee Land company to the lake property. Information was given that the company had purchased the land grants, whereupon some of the night riders became very abusive and one of them struck Col. Taylor twice.

One of the night riders was told to bring a rope, and this was tied around Capt. Rankin's neck. Some one said "Let him pray," and to this Capt. Rankin replied, "I have already attended to this matter." Evidently Col. Taylor heard the rope being adjusted through the fork of the tree, and then he heard Capt. Rankin say, "Gentlemen don't do this, you are choking me." After the victim had been drawn up a second time there was a shot, followed immediately by another, and succeeded by a volley. Realizing that Capt. Rankin was dead and that he himself would meet a similar fate, as he had already been told that he would be killed, Taylor waited until he believed all the weapons had been discharged and then jumped into Bayou Du Chen, just a few steps away, taking a desperate chance and hoping to escape in the darkness from the death which seemingly awaited him.

Col. Taylor in narrating what occurred prior to and immediately after the killing of Capt. Rankin was overcome by emotion, and tears freely flowed down his cheeks as he spoke. Upon recovering himself Col. Taylor proceeded with the story of his remarkable escape. He told how, after plunging into the water he came to the surface just behind a log, where he remained until the departure of the men, who fired many shots into the bayou, but "none of them struck him. He made his way to the shore and striking through muddy swamps, tall grass and briars he reached ground covered with a heavy growth of grass and remained there all day, fearing to let himself be seen by night riders. On the night after the murder of Capt. Rankin Col. Taylor groined by the north star, walked through dense woods, and at daylight, seeing a house and having gone without food and water for more than thirty-six hours, he determined, as he said, to go to the house and "get a drink of water or die." He reached the house and was taken care of and from there proceeded to Tiptonville, where his family and friends were notified of his safety.

The witness, being asked whether he recognized any of the men present on the night of the murder, said that he did not know any one, but that the man who assaulted and threatened him wore whiskers as a mark that looked like whiskers. He was then asked if he had since seen any one whom he thought he recognized as one of the men. He replied that since that time he had since seen any one whom he perceived of the one who assaulted and threatened him. When asked by counsel for the state who the man was Col. Taylor replied: "Garrett Johnson."

The defendants in the case now on trial are Garrett Johnson, Sam Applewhite, Bob Huffman, Arthur Clor, Fred Pinion, Tid Burton, Bud Norris and Roy Ransom. The prisoners under guard of deputy sheriffs entered the court room before court had been called to order and took their seats quietly, but manifesting more interest than they have shown at any time since they were first arraigned to answer to the indictment of murder in the first degree and to which the pleaded not guilty.

What He Wanted.

The waiter expostulates with the guest for summoning him by snapping of the fingers with the remark:

"Are you calling for the dog, sir?"

"Goodness," exclaimed the diner, "are you a thought reader?"

"Why do you ask?" inquired the waiter.

"Why," returned the guest, "I was about to ask for sausage."—Tit-Bits.

Retort Courteous.

I was trying to leave the shot. A trainer happened by. He told me I was doing wrong. And tried to show me why.

"But it is just another way of saying," said I.

—Harvard Lampoon.

MOTHER PITIES HER DAUGHTER'S SLAYER

Mrs. Hartley Has Not the Slightest Ill Feeling for "Poor Jimmy" Harmon.

Boston, Dec. 21.—At every turn reached by the police in their investigation to discover the motive that impelled James B. Harmon, the nineteen-year-old Somerville lad, to kill Maud Hough Hartley, the daughter of Dr. R. Agnes Hartley, in that city Friday, more mystery surrounds the motive for the tragedy. The one person who possibly could clear up the problem, the one person who could tell of the reason for the deed, if it had been wantonly slain, is in his cell at East Cambridge, constantly protesting: "I remember nothing; I remember nothing."

Acute insanity was the theory of Dr. Hartley when she assigned a reason for the killing of her daughter. She told a reporter that under no other reasoning could she explain the action of young Harmon.

"I cannot state too positively," she said, "the feeling of deep sympathy I have for poor Jimmy. If Bow street had not been so far away, this morning I should have gone to the police station and told him that I had nothing but a mother's feeling of sympathy and pity for him."

The poor boy could not have been in his right mind. I knew him well and know that he could not have harmed a hair of anybody's head if he had been right.

"What he did he did when an attack of acute insanity came over him. It is a well known fact that persons who slay while insane never turn on their enemies or upon those whom they fancy may have done them wrong, but they main or kill their dearest friends."

"Jimmy turned on Maud, the girl with whom he had associated as a pal, a comrade; a girl with whom he had been to school. They were both good pals, good comrades, and spent many evenings in each other's company here in my home."

"I never had any quarrel with Maud in all his life. He was always laughing and joking when here, and often walked to school with her. His father did not want him to come to my house, and asked me to discourage him. I declined to do so, and I think now the boy worried because of his father's attitude."

\$250,000,000 MOVED.

National City Bank's Cash and Securities Hauled Across Street.

New York, Dec. 21.—Close to \$250,000,000 in cash and securities were dragged across Wall street in sheet metal boxes Saturday afternoon from the old National bank, at No. 52, to the new banking quarters in the remodelled old custom house. The transfer was effected under a strong guard of policemen and Pinkertons without a mishap of any consequence. It was the biggest movement of money in this town in recent years, probably the largest actual transfer of wealth that ever happened here. In actual cash—gold and gold certificates—there was transferred more than \$100,000,000, which included the reserve of \$89,901,000 and the cash on hand taken in on today's business which closed at noon.

The cash and securities and other documents and papers were transferred across Wall street in specially constructed steel boxes about four feet wide and four feet long and two feet high. These boxes were equipped with rope handles for two porters. Husky porters grabbed the box and left the bank with it followed closely by a Pinkerton man. Each box was safely locked and the clerk carried the key. Some of the boxes were so heavy that the porters dropped them on the smooth asphalt of Wall street and dragged them from curb to curb.

The first documents removed were the customers' securities, amounting to \$150,000,000, which were contained in 10 vaults. Then the cash was shifted, and there was a lot of excitement attending the transaction, too. Finally more than \$175,000,000 of notes and other forms of indebtedness and \$102,000,000 in cash, checks, drafts and other deposits were in the bank before noon were transferred.

GIRL CANNOT KEEP AWAKE.

Case of Ida Desdelaen Puzzles Augusta Officials.

Augusta, Me., Dec. 21.—Miss Ida Desdelaen, 19, of 20 Mill street, this city, has gone into another sleep or trance after being awake for half an hour, and the case is puzzling the local officials, who have called in consultation.

The young woman, who is employed at the Edwards cotton mill, went to work as usual last Monday morning, and was later found asleep in the hallway.

She was taken to her home and was given light amusement by being raised up in bed. All efforts to arouse her were futile until Saturday morning, when she suddenly awoke, opened her eyes with her fingers and remarked that they must be filled with dirt. After being awake for half an hour, she lapsed into unconsciousness and at last accounts was still in that condition.

\$2,000,000 FOR XMAS.

David J. Hanbury of San Francisco Enriches His Wife.

ACTRESS MYSTERIOUSLY SHOT.

Her Stage Name Is Peggy Perry, and She Is Dying in Chicago.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—Two men who were seen with Margaret Weisewell, an actress known on the stage as Peggy Perry, a few hours before she was found shot and fatally wounded in her room at 2812 Indiana avenue early yesterday, are being sought by the police in an effort to clear up the mystery in connection with the case.

Walter A. Eckersall, former star quarterback of the university of Chicago football team, who is said to have been a friend of the girl, is assisting the police. The young woman, who is now dying from her wound in Mercy hospital, is said to have had a quarrel with one of the men shortly before the shooting occurred.

Miss John, also an actress, who was in the room with the Weisewell girl when she was shot, was taken to the Cottage Grove avenue station, but was released when the injured girl insisted that Miss Weisewell had accidentally shot herself.

The detectives at work on the case were not satisfied with the stories told by the two women. They found four cups in the room in which the tragedy occurred, out of which coffee recently had been drunk.

This, the police say, indicates that the girls were not alone in the room. Mabel Laffin, who had been in the same company with the Weisewell girl, said that the girls had been associating with two men lately. The men, she said, had frequently been in Miss Weisewell's company, and one of them had recently quarreled with her. She was unable to give the names of the girls' companions, but gave the police descriptions of them. She added that she would be able to identify them on sight.

The girl insisted that the shooting was accidental. She said the revolver was discharged while Miss Weisewell was lying on a couch playing with it.

KILLED SAVING HIS DOG.

Hartford Lad Struck by Fast Danbury Express.

Hartford, Conn., Dec. 21.—While saving his pet spaniel dog from what he thought would be instant death, 7-year-old Daniel Marshall, son of Robert Marshall of 127 New Park avenue, was instantly killed Saturday by the fast Danbury express.

The train was rushing along at 50 miles an hour, trying to make up four minutes.

The dog jumped nimbly out of harm and was grief-stricken when he could get no response to his efforts to attract attention from his little master, who lay stretched beside the railroad.

When the train was run back the dog snapped viciously at Engineer William Goodspeed, who held him while Conductor Lynch carried the lying lad into the train. He was rushed to St. Francis hospital, but died in an hour.

The train was crowded with passengers, who were greatly affected when they learned how the self-sacrificing victim came to be on the tracks. The dog found its way to the hospital and whined piteously for admittance.

PAYING BOYS TO BE GOOD.

Iowa Millionaire Starts Novel "Trimmer Band."

POLAR BEAR FELL ON DECK FROM ICEBERG

Other Remarkable Incidents Related by Captain of the Karthago.

New York, Dec. 19.—If anyone believes that the age of romance is past and that polar bears are no longer met with except in zoological gardens, then let him seek out Capt. Fritz Franke, of the steel ocean freighter Karthago, which arrived here yesterday carrying a mixed cargo and a live polar bear in a pig pen.

Capt. Franke has sailed the seas, man and boy, for 26 years. He tells this story:

"On the 17th of November, we sailed from Hamburg for the Karthago for New York. On Dec. 6 while we were running before the worst gale I ever encountered in all my life at sea, the first officer called to me, his face white as a ghost."

"The ship is afloat," he cried. "Come and see for yourself."

"I went with him, and, sure enough, some cans of calcium carbide that we were carrying on our after deck had broken loose and were afloat. It was a magnificent sight. The more water that came aboard the higher the carbides burned, it being the nature of the stuff, as you know, to burn fiercely when wetted."

"I smiled, knowing that the carbides would burn themselves out without injuring the vessel, which has steel decks. At that moment the lookout raised a blood curdling cry."

"Icebergs! Icebergs ahead!"

"Before I could give an order the vessel crashed into a berg and at least 20 tons of ice came tumbling down upon our bows. I gave the order to full steam astern; and when we got clear of the berg I ordered all hands forward to shovel away the loose ice that had fallen on us."

"It was then that I got my surprise. Two men who had tackled an especially big block of ice suddenly leaped back yelling. It seems that a polar bear had been on the berg and had fallen on our bows when we struck."

"We tried the bear's head and foot and put it in a pen we have for hogs, but in which at the time there were fortunately no hogs. We have the bear still and will take it back to Hamburg and present it to the animal gardens there."

Capt. Franke further said that while the seas were roughest a porthole was smashed. The sea poured in through the hole for five minutes and then stopped. He found on examination that a conger or seal eel, eight feet long and nine inches thick, had poured into the porthole and struck fast. The sailors cut the inside half of the conger off and ate it.

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Mr. Rockefeller and Organized Philanthropy.

In the December issue of The World's Work, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, in discussing the difficult art of giving, tells how his conversion to a feeling that an organized plan was an absolute necessity came about. As late as 1890, he says, he was still following the haphazard fashion of giving here and there as appeals presented themselves, working himself almost to a nervous breakdown. He then tells, with an apology for speaking of personal matters, how he developed his own ideas of giving.

The Christmas Entertainment Manager

"A particularly successful manager a specialty of arranging Christmas entertainments for children and clears a neat sum every year," writes Anna Steves Richardson in Woman's Home Companion for December. "She insists upon a contract at a certain figure, and then relieves the hostess of every detail. She plans and executes decorations, attends to the refreshments and supplies all favors and entertainment. She has an arrangement with jugglers, magicians and musicians, from whom she receives a commission for all engagements, and she is a splendid hand at decorating the table or arranging games. This year she is filling tarlatan stockings for one huge party tree, using home-made popcorn, candies, nuts and all sorts of small toys and novelties which she has picked up at wholesale."

Nut Chocolate Caramels.

"Nut Chocolate Caramels are a rich delicious confection, immensely popular," says Fannie Merritt Farmer in Woman's Home Companion for December. "Put three and one-half table-spoonsful of butter in a sauce pan, and when melted, add two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, and one-half cupful of milk. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, bring to the boiling point, add four and one-half squares of unsweetened chocolate, and stir constantly until the chocolate is melted. Let boil, until, when tried in cold water, a firm ball may be formed in the fingers. Remove from the range, add one and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and one and one-half pound of almonds, blanched and chopped. Turn into a buttered pan, cool, and cut in small squares."

Perhaps the most comprehensive and enlightening of the articles on the great Russian "Lion" Tolstoy" which have recently appeared in the article by W. D. Howells in the December number of The North American Review. Mr. Howells places the name of Tolstoy among the very greatest of the names of the nineteenth century. "There was," he says, "Napoleon and there was Lincoln, and then there was Tolstoy in an order which time may change, though it appears to me certain that time will not change the number of these supreme names." Mr. Howells continues:

"Since I have set them down here they have suggested to me a sort of representative unity in their relation to one another. If you fancy Napoleon the incarnation of the selfish force which inspired and supported his own triumphant enemies in their reaction against progress; if you suppose Lincoln the type of humanity struggling toward the ideal in the regeneration of the world's policy, you may well conceive of Tolstoy as the soul's criticism of the evil and the good which, however wholly."

Furnishing The Small Room.

The question of how to furnish the house is one which housewives find of perennial interest. Richard Morton, writing in Suburban Life for December says: "The greatest fault in American furnishing is crowding. The small room is obliged to accept large chairs and tables and cabinets, and the large room is packed with a variety of pieces until it seems small. Of course, in the large room the fault is easily corrected by elimination. Throw out half of the stuff, and arrange the rest simply. But the small room demands special attention. It requires furniture adapted to its size,—not furniture copied or reproduced more or less distantly from large room in Europe. And, even in the large room, small pieces are not out of place when used judiciously. For the small room of modern houses and apartments, historic furniture is too heavy. It would almost seem as if in older times, all men were giants, and demanded paraphernalia of corresponding size."

Scared.

"Don't worry about John, mother." "Well, Eph, I don't suppose I should; but when one letter says his condition is so good and the next that he'll have to get rid of his condition before the faculty will let him play foot ball. I'm awful afraid he'll make himself sick and weak."—Puck.

NEW VENEZUELAN PERIL.

Colombia Reported to Be Massing Troops Upon Her Frontier.

Paris, Dec. 21.—Private advices have reached here to the effect that 4,000 Colombian troops have been mobilized on the Venezuelan frontier.