

He Got Even.

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Off Rio de Janeiro a dozen or more sailors were looting the forecastle. It was a still, clear night, and the full moon made all nearly as light as day.

"I seen more light one night," said one with rings in his ears.

"Oh, come, Philosopher Jack. Is this a starter for one o' your spooky yarns?"

"There's some as knows so much," the philosopher retorted contemptuously, "as y' can't tell 'em nothin'.

There was a silence, denoting that the question was above the audience. Philosopher Jack continued:

"I'll spin y' a yarn as is a yarn, an' if y' can explain it when I git through I'll turn y' over my crog an' duff for the rest o' the cruise. I don't know what the earth's hangin' on to, an' y' don't know what becomes of us when we go aloft."

"The cap'n o' the Clara Keep was the worst tyrant that ever walked a quarter deck. We was in Bering sea for seals an' not gettin' any. This made the cap'n woe'n ever. He did nothin' but cuss us from sunup till sunset an' durin' the night, too, when he was on deck. There was one o' the men, Tom Blake, the cap'n seemed to hate woe'n's rest o' us, a lean, corpse-like lookin' feller with great big eyes that stared like the blinkers o' a dead man. We couldn't make out whether the cap'n hated Tom woe'n or was afraid o' him woe'n. Leastways, Tom would look at the cap'n out o' them great eyes o' hisn, an' the cap'n would git into a passion with him at once. But I always noticed that he trembled in his rage.

"One day the cap'n ordered Tom to go aloft. The mercury stood 20 degrees below zero, the ship was a-rollin', and the spray was makin' ice high upon the ratlines, even on to the spars.

"I'm so cold," said Tom, "that I couldn't git up there, an' if I did I couldn't hold on."

"You git up there," yelled the cap'n, "seizin' a belayin' pin, or I'll brain y'!"

"Tom went on to the ratlines, an' when he got a little ways up he looked down at the cap'n, an' he said, says he:

"I'm goin' to my doom, but I tell y', Cap'n Tomkins, some day I'll git even with y'!"

"He climbed on up the ratlines an' crawled out on to the yard, where the cap'n had ordered him. A big wave struck us, there was a cloud o' icy spray, an' when it cleared Tom was nowhere.

"I couldn't make out whether the cap'n was satisfied at sittin' rid o'

Tom Blake or whether he felt in the dumps about it. Leastways he didn't cuss us so much after that an' was kind o' cringin' like.

"After spendin' a good while in Bering sea we passed through the straits. One night we was beatin' northward into the Arctic ocean. Our latitude was som'eres about 87 degrees north, longitude 170 west, midway between Point Hope and Cape Serdes. Well, that's the night I was referin' to a spell ago. I never seen such an aurora in my life before. It was a-flashin' an' a-flickerin' an' a-dusterin', sometimes like a million o' little white flags or straight searchlights shootin' up to the sky. The cap'n was on deck, an' it seemed to kind o' terrify him. You see, although it was so light, we couldn't make out nothin'.

"I believe the devil's tryin' to wreck us," he said, an', coming down off the poop deck, he went for'ard an' stood on the bowsprit so's he could see better.

"These seemed to be a white cloud ahead. Leastways it looked like a cloud, but with the Aurora dancin' about it wasn't always there. The cap'n stared at it, tryin' to make it out. I stood down on the fo'castle lookin' too. First thing either of us knowed we heard a grind, the bowsprit snapped, an' a lot o' ice fell on the deck. One chunk that must 'a weighed a ton struck the cap'n an' knocked him overboard.

"We didn't all of us hear it. Bill O'Brien said he did, but Pete Galloway, who was standin' near as any of us, says he didn't."

"What, the ice comin' aboard?"

"The ice, no! Out o' the misty lookin' mass it was an iceberg we struck. I heard as plain as I ever heard anything the voice o' Tom Blake sayin' softlike:

"I'm here, Cap'n Tomkins."

The speaker paused. Not a word was spoken by his listeners for some moments, awed as they were by the story, when Philosopher Jack continued:

"If wouldn't make any difference to me if I was the only one as heard it, but some o' the watch did besides me. I thort o' that poor feller slippin' into the icy sea, an' somehow I knowed he'd got even."

"We expected to find a hole in our bottom, but we didn't. The bowsprit was the only thing damaged. We turned about, passed back through the straits and continued on home. Now, you fellers as knows everything, how y' goin' to explain what I've been tellin' y'? D'ye think there's reward an' punishment in the other world without a poor devil bel'n' able to git a little revenge here? Not much."

Whether or no there was anything of value in this argument, it was spoken in such a tone of authority and the men had such unbounded admiration for their philosopher's wisdom that not one dared to gainsay it or cast a doubt upon his story.

HAROLD OTIS.

PUTS IN DAY OF SPEECHES

Taft Speaks to Students of University

THE POSSUM "LIKES" TAFT

President-Elect's Words of Comfort to Negroes—Discovery of Atlanta Relatives of Taft and of a Family Coat-of-Arms.

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 18.—Having proclaimed Friday night what is to be his policy as to southern appointments which is regarded as constituting the president-elect's important message to the South, Mr. Taft Saturday manifested his great interest in technical education, in the development of the negro race, in the benefits of university life in forming the character of youth, and in the future of women teachers, and then entered with zest upon the most brilliant social function the city of Atlanta has witnessed in years.

Mr. Taft spoke first to the students of the Georgia school of technology and then to a mass-meeting of negroes in Big Bethel church. Saturday afternoon he went to Athens, Ga., where he addressed the students of the state university and those at the normal school, met the people of the city at a reception and reached Atlanta again in time to attend the reception and dinner in his honor given by the Capital City club, where he met the men of prominence and the women of the social circles of the city. At midnight he left for Augusta, where he arrived early this morning.

LABOR MAKES FINAL APPEAL

Determined to Press Injunction Appeals to an Issue.

Washington, Jan. 18.—Determined to press to a final issue the appeals in the pending proceedings against the American Federation of Labor, an appeal was issued Saturday by the executive council of that organization at its final session "to organized labor, its friends and sympathizers" for funds for that purpose.

After declaring that "a most unusual and important epoch has occurred in which extra funds are essential to carry on the fight," the appeal sets forth the recent decision of Judge Wright in the contempt proceedings and says that an appeal has been taken in that case as well as in the original injunction growing out of the boycotting the Bucks Store and Range company.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS FOR A GOOD STOMACH

This Offer Should Be a Warning to Every Man and Woman.

The newspapers and medical journals recently have had much to say relative to a famous millionaire's offer of a million dollars for a new stomach.

This great multi-millionaire was too busy to worry about the condition of his stomach. He allowed his dyspepsia to run from bad to worse until in the end it became incurable.

His misfortune serves as a warning to others. Everyone who suffers with dyspepsia for a few years will give everything he owns for a new stomach.

Dyspepsia is caused by an abnormal state of the gastric juices. There is one element missing. The absence of this destroys the function of the gastric fluids. They lose their power to digest food.

We are now able to supply the missing element—to restore to the gastric juices their digestive power, and to make the stomach strong and well.

We know that Ricall Dyspepsia Tablets will positively and permanently cure disordered stomach, indigestion and dyspepsia.

We want you to try them and will return your money if you are not more than satisfied with the result. Price, 25 cents. Only at our store, or by mail, Rickert & Wells, The Red Cross Pharmacy, Miles Granite Block.

Miss Brown Sings.

"Won't you sing something?" asked the hostess.

"I am afraid I can't," said Miss Brown.

"Oh, Miss Brown," said lady No. 1, "you know you have a perfectly charming voice."

"I'm all out of practice."

"Nonsense!" emphasized lady No. 2. "It's lovely. You must sing."

"Yes, you must," said the hostess.

"Come now," said lady No. 3, "be a dear, do! I'm just dying to hear you. I simply can't wait."

"Some other time."

"If you persist in denying us all this pleasure," broke in lady No. 4, "we shall never forgive you. I've just been longing to hear you. You simply must."

Whereupon Miss Brown, sighing deeply to herself, went to the piano and started her song, while ladies No. 1, 2, 3 and 4 continued their conversation where it had been broken off.—New York Herald.

Cause of His Haunts.

Perambulating Pete—Wot is youse runnin' for, Mike?

Meanderin' Mike—De woman at de house back dere offered me a cake.

Perambulating Pete—Well, wot wus de matter wid it?

Meanderin' Mike—Matter? Why, it was a cake uv soap.—St. Louis Republic.

FIRST STEP IN LIBEL SUIT

Subpoenas Served On Six Washington Newspaper Men

MUST TESTIFY IN SUIT

Ordered to Produce All Books and Records—U. S. Marshals Found Wanted Witnesses in Press Galleries of the Capitol.

Washington, Jan. 18.—United States deputy marshals skulked around the press galleries of the capitol Saturday and served subpoenas on half a dozen correspondents connected with the New York World and Indianapolis News. The men are "commanded by the president of the United States" to appear before the United States grand jury of the District of Columbia on Tuesday.

Great secrecy enshrouds the unexpected step in the controversy between the president and those who criticized his brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson, and Charles P. Taft. It is supposed that the president has directed the grand jury to begin an investigation, probably for the purpose of getting testimony in the suit of the United States against the Press Publishing company (the World), which is scheduled to be tried in New York.

The men summoned before the local grand jury are Otto Carmichael, Charles F. Albert and Jesse Conway of the New York World bureau; James F. Hornaday and A. W. Tracy of the Indianapolis News bureau; Jere Matthews of the New York sun bureau and William Smith, who distributes and sells newspapers. Harris M. Crist, correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle, was summoned to appear before the grand jury for the southern district of New York.

It is supposed that the jury proposes to investigate certain statements published in the Indianapolis News and the World relative to the purchase of the Panama canal property from the owners. Some time ago in a message, the president denounced these charges that cer-

tain men had made millions by the canal purchase, as false; severely arraigned the editors of the World and the News, and said the department of justice would be asked to take cognizance of the case.

Never before in the annals of the government has such action been taken as a suit for criminal libel by the government of the United States. The president in his message was most emphatic in saying that it should not be left to a private citizen to enter the suit, and he was particular to explain that he did not believe "we should concern ourselves with the particular individuals who wrote the lying and libellous editorials, articles from correspondents or articles in the news columns. The real offender is Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, editor and proprietor of the World." It, therefore, is inferred that the correspondents were subpoenaed as witnesses and not with the ultimate idea of making them codefendants.

Additional interest is lent to the case by the presence in this city of William Nelson Cromwell, who represented the canal company in the negotiations with the government. Several attempts were made to reach him at his hotel, but all callers were informed that he was not in. At the White House nothing was gleaned which would throw any light on the matter.

FAKE PICTURES.

There Are, It Is Said, Few Honest Art Dealers in Europe.

I was talking the other evening with M. Henri Rochefort, the most brilliant authority in Paris on art matters.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that the chances today of an American millionaire in the European art market are shockingly bad. The demand for fine pictures is enormous; it has far surpassed the supply and is steadily increasing. Every one who can afford it wants his private gallery; even people of modest fortune have an old masterpiece or so, as they have an automobile. Consequently the prices of pictures have risen, risen, risen, until the temptation to fraud has become irresistible. There is no longer such a thing as an honest art dealer, or if some exceptional dealer happens to be honest he is sure to be incompetent."

"And the art experts?" I asked.

"Worse than the dealers," he declared. "Why should they know anything about art? They are stable boys today, art experts tomorrow. One of the most successful art experts in Paris was a billposter a few years ago. Any one may be an art expert who chooses to put up a sign. There are no qualifications, no diploma. A man simply calls himself an art expert and that settles it. And these are the fellows you rich Americans deal with. Quel malheur!"

"You think our American millionaires buy a good many fake pictures?"

M. Rochefort laughed. "It's pitiful! It's shameful! But what can they expect? It's their own fault for buying pictures as they buy lumber or steel rails—according to specifications. I'll never forget the last pictures I was

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Louisville, Ky.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has certainly done me a world of good and I cannot praise it enough. I suffered from irregularities, dizziness, nervousness, and a severe female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored me to perfect health and kept me from the operating table. I will never be without this medicine in the house."—Mrs. SAM'L LEE, 3523 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.

Another Operation Avoided.

Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from female troubles, and my doctor said an operation was my only chance, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me without an operation."—LENA V. HENRY, R. F. D. 3.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

asked to look at by a Rich American. He was so proud of them; so convinced that they were masterpieces there were forty in all, and they had cost him 800,000 francs. It was a bargain all right if they had been genuine, for there were great names in the lot; several old masters, a Diaz, a Theodore Rousseau, a Daubigny and several Corots—the usual millionaire assortment.

"Well," he said as I studied them. "Some of them are well done, I admitted."

"Ah! he purred.

"But they're not genuine."

"What! You mean you've found a counterfeit?"

"My dear sir, I'm sorry, but—they're all counterfeits."—Cleveland Moffett in Success Magazine.

TWO GREAT BIG LEADERS!

AT MOORE & OWENS'

Quick Money Clothing Sale

Sale Will Positively Close This Week Saturday,

So You'd Better Come Before It's Too Late.

Extra Fine Suits For Less Than the Price of Ordinary Garments!

\$22.00 and \$25.00

SUITS and OVERCOATS

for

\$16.79

Here's the best lot of Suits and Overcoats ever made. Yes, we mean just exactly that. They're the famous Hart, Schaffner & Marx and Morse models and there are no other kind of clothes in the wide world that will compare with them. The fabrics in them are the best, the tailoring just perfect, the styles snappy and right up to date and we can guarantee you a perfect fit. We're proud of these clothes and we like to sell them because we know they will give absolute satisfaction. These Suits and Overcoats never sell for less than \$22.00 to \$25.00 anywhere, but in this Quick Money Sale they're offered at a tremendous discount, way below their real value.

Fur Coats

The opportunity for Fur Coat buying is right here. Rather than carry over these goods we'd much rather sell them for coat or even less. They're Coon Coats, good ones and the prices are marked way down to rock bottom.

You'll need a Fur Coat a lot more this winter—the cold weather has just commenced. Maybe you couldn't afford a Fur Coat at the long price, but now there's no excuse whatever for going cold when we've made such low prices on these goods. Come in and we'll give you the biggest kind of a bargain in a good Fur Coat. Here are some of the prices:

\$45.00 Coon Coats for.....	\$34.75
50.00 Coon Coats for.....	40.50
65.00 Coon Coats for.....	53.25
80.00 Coon Coats for.....	59.75
95.00 Coon Coats for.....	78.25
125.00 Coon Coats for.....	103.50

Ladies' Driving Coats

We have a large showing of Ladies' Driving Coats in plain and trimmed Dog, Russian Lamb, Siberian Buffalo, Astrachan, Opossum, Coon and Wombat. These Coats range in price from \$22.00 to \$55.00. But for this sale we will make them an exceptional bargain and it will pay any lady to make her purchase at this time.

\$18.00 and \$20.00

SUITS and OVERCOATS

for

\$14.79

These are high grade Suits and Overcoats too—worth much more than they cost. They're the Hart, Schaffner & Marx and Morse models which is an extra guarantee of excellence. The reduction from the regular price is large when you consider the reduction is real. Just think, here are extra good Suits and Overcoats, as good as any man could ask for, and at a price for which just ordinary garments are sold for. You don't get an opportunity like this every day, in fact very seldom. We want you to get one of these bargains because we know you'll be perfectly satisfied. Come in and let us show you a perfect fit.

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