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EDWARD ASKED TO ACT

Official Request on the Aslop Claim

IS SENT TO BRITAIN

By the United States—Zelaya May Relinquish His Power—Would Escape Responsibility for Americans' Death.

London, Nov. 30.—A request that King Edward mediate the Aslop claim dispute between the United States and Chile was made by the United States through the foreign office yesterday. His majesty had been communicated with informally on the subject before, but at that time gave a non-committal reply to the suggestion.

Later in the day a similar request was received from the Chilean government. In forwarding these requests to King Edward, it is understood that the foreign office advised his majesty that in view of the fact that both parties desired him to act as arbitrator, there was no reason why he should not accept the invitation.

CHILE AGREES ON PROTOCOL

The Spanish Version Is Sent to Washington for Confirmation.

Washington, Nov. 30.—The state department has received a cablegram from the Chilean minister for foreign affairs, saying that the Spanish version of the protocol between the United States and Chile, referring the Aslop claim to arbitration, has been sent to Washington for verification. Both governments have agreed to the proposition that King Edward be arbitrator in the dispute.

BRAZIL MUCH INTERESTED

Statement with Regard to Settlement of Aslop Claim.

Rio Janeiro, Nov. 30.—The Journal do Commercio published a four and one-half column statement of the Aslop claim, which was cabled by the state department at Washington to the American ambassador here, and several of the other papers print large excerpts, indicating the interest which the promise of arbitration has aroused. All the papers express satisfaction that an amicable arrangement has been reached by the United States and Chile for a settlement of the question.

ALABAMA DECLINES TO AMEND

Prohibition Amendment to Constitution Defeated by 20,000.

Birmingham, Ala., Nov. 30.—The people of Alabama yesterday declined to amend the constitution so as to include prohibition therein, by about 20,000 majority. The prohibition laws which were enacted by the last legislature and which are very drastic, will remain in force until they are attacked by the courts and otherwise disposed of.

OPEN BIDS IN HOBOKEN

Because of Opposition by Police Commissioner Baker.

New York, Nov. 29.—Because of the opposition by Police Commissioner Baker, the bids for the Jeffries-Johnson fight will be opened Wednesday morning in Hoboken. It is believed that the one offer, meriting serious attention will be from California.

A DANGER TO DEMOCRACY

Morley on British Peers' Attitude

THE BUDGET REJECTION

End of Popular Government—Gives Power of Realm to an Oligarchy—Secretary for India Addresses Lords for the Cabinet.

London, Nov. 30.—Lord Morley of Blackburn, secretary of state for India, whose speeches since his elevation to the upper house have dealt exclusively with questions concerning India, departed from this rule last night when, on behalf of the government, he re-opened the budget debate. Again yesterday there was a large attendance of peers and peeresses and on the part of the general public, though the House was not crowded as was the case last week. The amendment which the House of Lords proposed to pass, said Lord Morley, though it contained but a couple of lines, involved no fewer than five points, each in turn constituting a more radical departure from constitutional usage and practical convenience.

In the first place the amendment allocated to the House of Lords the taxing power. Next, it assumed the power of enforcing dissolution by refusing supplies. Then there must be a new Parliament whenever the sitting Parliament abdicated the misfortune to displease their lordships of the second chamber.

Again, if these propositions are proved they are changing representative supremacy into an oligarchic and non-representative supremacy. Finally, said Lord Morley, they are throwing out of gear the whole financial machinery for the year. Taxes had been collected on the authority of the House of Commons by custom and not by law, and all went on regularly until an appropriation bill was passed, when the resolution became a law. In the words of the late Lord Salisbury, said the speaker, the two chambers could not have voices in the finances of the government because "the Lords belong too much to one class and consequently in respect to a large number of questions the Lords are too much of one mind."

It has been said that the House of Commons might repeal the Septennial act, but the repeal of that act was the very operation that the Lords were about to perform. Appealing to history Lord Morley declared it contained no such provocative of the fiercest conflicts as the provocative of constitutional revision. The note had been sounded, he added, for the angriest and perhaps most pronounced lord in recent times.

Lord Rothschild, Liberal-Unionist, who is a lieutenant of the city of London, and who spoke in the debate on behalf of the Unionists, said that the city was ready to pay a fair share of the nation's expenditures, but that he was opposed to many of the provisions of the budget, as they were likely to impair credit and destroy confidence.

NORTH MONTPELIER

Mr. Webster of Cabot was in town Saturday and Sunday.

Meets. Gates and Emerson of the Standard Oil was in town last week. Aunt "Lib" Hollister is gaining. Miss M. Kane, a nurse from Montpelier is caring for her.

A Woman Who Was Sure

When the artist came upon the procession of snowy geese, waddling along in a green path of their own selection and spluttering and hissing like damp fireworks, she first admired, then followed them to their home with Mary, the best goosewoman on Dartmouth, with a result which the author of "Furze the Cruel" relates and which is best quoted in Mary's own words to a neighbor:

"There was a lady down along a daffy lady what pained, and her come to Peter one day, and her says: "I want they geosies to paint." "Well, us wouldn't have it. Us thought her wanted to paint 'em, one of 'em red, 'nother green, likely, 'nother yellow, maybe, and it might be bad for their stomachs. But us found her wanted to put 'em on a picture. Her had got a mazed notion about the resurrection, 't' angels flapping over, and her wanted my geosies for angels. "Peter says he didn't know geosies were like angels. Knows a lot, Peter do. Us couldn't make she out. The lady said 'twas just the wings she wanted. Her said angels ha' got geosies' wings, and us couldn't say 'em wasn't, 'cause us ain't need any. Her knew all about it.

The Most Ancient Coin

What is regarded as the most ancient coin in the world is one that was discovered a few years ago by a German archeologist during his explorations in north Syria. It is a coin of pure silver, bearing a perfect Aramean inscription of Panammu Bar Remu, king of Schamol, who reigned 800 years B. C. Up to the time this coin was found the Lydians had always been regarded as the inventors of money, but this new find showed that the Semitic Arameans, who lived two centuries before the Lydians, are the oldest known coiners of money.

Magee RANGES

It's a Pleasure To Cook with a Magee

Everything is so simple, results are so certain. There's never any guesswork with Magee Ranges. They're made right and work right—respond quickly, use little fuel and last a lifetime. For economy, durability and all-around satisfaction, Magee Ranges have no equal.

When in Boston, visit the new Magee Exhibition Rooms at 64 Summer Street. Visitors always welcome. Complete lines on exhibition. Competent demonstrators in attendance.

The N. D. Phelps Co., Agents, Barre, Vt.

OBESITY CURED.

A Remedy That is Not Liable to Attain Wide Popularity.

Peter the Great was once traveling incognito in a part of Finland, when he met a very fat man who told him that he was going to St. Petersburg. "What for?" asked the czar. "To consult a doctor about being so fat, which has become very oppressive."

"Do you know any doctor there?"

"No."

"Then I will give you a line to my friend, Prince Menschikoff, and he will introduce you to one of the emperor's physicians."

The traveler went to the prince's house with a note. The answer was not delayed. The next day, tied hands and feet, the poor man was dragged out on a cart to the mines.

Two years after Peter the Great was visiting the mines. He had forgotten the incident of the fat man, when suddenly a miner threw down his pick, rushed up to him and fell at his feet crying:

"Grace, grace, what is it I have done?"

Peter looked at him, astonished, until he remembered the story.

"Oh, so that is you!" he said. "I hope you are pleased with me. Stand up! How thin and slight you have become! Go, and remember that work is the best cure for your complaint!"

Bamboo Shoots as Food.

The bamboo shoots that are eaten are not yet branched, of a conical form and sheathed in an envelope generally covered by small, prickly bristles. These young shoots emerge very vigorously from the soil at the foot of the bamboo tufts. The Chinese and Japanese, it appears, consume large quantities of them. They use them as seasoning with pork and chicken. The first thing in their preparation naturally is to rid the sprouts of their disagreeable acerbity. They are then cut either lengthwise or in slices and are placed in boiling water. The water is renewed once or twice, and after adding salt a vegetable is obtained which reminds one strongly of the root of the artichoke. The Japanese also eat them preserved in brine or vinegar. The gathering of the young bamboo shoots, during which one must be careful of the prickly envelope, takes place in June and November in Tonkin. The November shoots are the better appreciated.—New York Herald's Paris Edition.

The Census in Mexico.

Census taking is a difficult business in Mexico, where the masses are in fear that the enumeration means compulsory military service or more taxes. Consequently the coming census in that country will be taken by high officials, priests and men of the greatest local prominence, in order that it may be more accurate than in the past. In the City of Mexico President Diaz himself as well as his cabinet members and the archbishop will personally assist in the work.

The Latin Quarter.

The famous "Latin quarter" of Paris, in those narrow streets and dingy tenements have thronged generations of penniless students and artists, to be wrecked and rebuilt. Most of the property involved is already owned by the city, and \$160,000,000 is to be spent in tearing down the old houses, laying out broad new streets and putting up fine modern buildings. Ten years will be spent upon the work.

Honored by Women

When a woman speaks of her silent secret suffering she trusts you. Millions have bestowed this mark of confidence on Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. Everywhere there are women who bear witness to the wonderful working, curing-power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—which saves the suffering sex from pain, and successfully grapples with woman's weaknesses and stubborn ills.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG IT MAKES SICK WOMEN WELL.

No woman's appeal was ever misdirected or her confidence misplaced when she wrote for advice, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement once a day.

WHEN DAVID CAME,

Patty Said She Would Take Him Herself, and She Did.

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD.

Elimdale was the scene of joyful preparation, for Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Hammond were soon to celebrate their golden wedding. From far and near their children and grandchildren were coming to the old country home under the great elms.

All of the neighbors were interested in the coming event, and a number of them were pledged "to help out on chairs and china." Patience Saybin, familiarly known as Patty, and her brother lived only a mile from Elimdale, but they had not been asked to contribute, and Patty felt slighted.

"I've offered to lend them everything on the place, even you, John," she said to her brother, "but Mrs. Hammond says they have all the arrangements made. I did want a finger in the pie."

John laughed. "Never mind, little girl," he said consolingly. "Mr. Hammond says they may ask us to 'sleep' one or two if the old house won't hold them all."

The day before the celebration Mrs. Hammond drove over in the morning to see Patty. "I thought we could stow 'em all away," she said, with a smile, "but I was thinking Mary had four children 'stead of five. I don't see how I came to forget little David when I counted noses. I've been wondering, dear, if you'd let him sleep here—either him or one of the others?"

"Oh, yes!" Patty cried delightedly. "I should love to, Mrs. Hammond."

The old lady smiled. "I brought his picture along," she said, "so you could see what a dear little fellow he is."

Patty bent eagerly over the photograph. A pleasant little face smiled at her from the cardboard—the round, dimpled face of a five-year-old. "He's a perfect cherub!" she cried.

"I'm expecting most of my children this evening, and if his folks come I'll send him over before bedtime."

The dear old lady forgot to tell Patty that the picture of David was taken twenty-three years before.

All that day Patty was very busy preparing "little David's room." An old high chair and trundle bed were brought down from the attic and dusted. Lizzie, the good natured girl in the kitchen, made some little round cakes, and Patty frosted them and put a pink "D" on the top of two or three.

When evening came everything was in readiness for the expected guest. The tin waiter and the knife, fork and plate were on the dining room table, and the little rocker held out its welcoming arms in the sitting room. An old rocking horse that had been John's long ago waited patiently for its gallant rider, and a little woolly dog stood on three legs with an air of expectation.

The day had been a long one to Patty. At 7 o'clock she was rearranging the furniture in little David's room when the doorbell rang. She went to the head of the stairs and called to Lizzie.

"Hurry, Lizzie!" she cried. "They've brought little David over. Take him into the sitting room and amuse him. I'll be down in a few minutes." She flitted back to her work and did not hear Lizzie's exclamation of astonishment when she opened the door and saw a big, broad shouldered man standing there. Probably he had overheard Patty's instructions to the girl, for his eyes were full of laughter, though he said soberly enough: "Good evening. I am David Terrell. Miss Saybin was expecting me, I believe?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," Lizzie stammered. "but she wasn't expectin' quite"—She paused in embarrassment.

"Quite as much of me?" he asked laughingly.

Lizzie giggled and led the way to the sitting room. The little chair held out its welcoming arms in vain to this guest. David Terrell's eyes rested at once upon the rocking horse and woolly dog, and his expression momentarily grew more cheerful.

"Were these—them—these preparations made in my honor?" he asked Lizzie. But before the girl could answer a sweet voice came from the upper landing. "Are you amusing him, Lizzie?" Lizzie giggled hysterically.

"Tell her you are," the young man whispered.

"Yes!" she called in muffled tones from behind her apron.

"Show him the picture books," the voice went on, "and if the little fellow is tired take him up in your lap."

Lizzie stepped into the lower hall and turned her laughing face up to her mistress. "Please, ma'am, I can't," she said. "I'd hate to try."

"I'm ashamed of you!" the indignant reply came. "I'll come right down and take him myself!"

Lizzie fled to the kitchen, and there was the quick click of heels on the stairs. Then David Terrell saw a pretty picture framed in the wide doorway. Miss Patty stood there, with surprise and disappointment plainly written on her expressive face.

"Where—where is"—she began in a bewildered way.

David came forward. "I don't know where he is," he said. "If I did I'd get him for you, Miss Saybin."

"Yes?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm little David's successor. Will you forgive me for growing older and larger, Miss Saybin?"

For a moment the sensitive mouth quivered. She had anticipated so much. Then she held out her hand and said, with a smile, "I suppose you can't help it, but you don't look much like your picture."

"Oh, that's it! Grandmother showed you that small boy photo, did she?"

Patty nodded and smiled again. After all, this David had pleasant eyes, quite like the little fellow's. "I am glad that you came," she said hospitably. "My brother and I are often lonely, and John will be delighted to entertain some one of his own age. I hear him coming now." And she rose and went to the door to meet him.

"John," David heard her say, "Mr. Terrell is here."

"Mr. Terrell?" the answer came.

"And who is he, Patty?"

"Hush! He'll hear us. It is little David. Don't laugh so loud, John!" she slipped her hand into his and led him to the sitting room, and in a few

minutes the three young people were on the short road to friendship.

Late in the evening they adjourned to the dining room for a "little lunch. Patty had forgotten the high chair and its accompaniments, and it was with a feeling of dismay that she saw their visitor's eyes traveling in that direction.

"Are these things for my use?" he asked laughingly.

"What things?" Patty said innocently. "This high chair, the tray, and so on."

"Oh," she said, with a guilty glance at John, "those belong to my brother."

John stared at her in amazement. His face grew crimson with suppressed mirth when Mr. Terrell said, "How old is your little brother?"

"Twenty-seven," Patty answered demurely, and John exploded with laughter. "No good pretending, Patty," he cried. "Better show him all of my old possessions, including the trundle bed, but we'll not ask him to occupy it."

The morning of the golden wedding dawned clear and bright. It was a day filled with happiness for all who gathered at the old home. At 10 that night David Terrell gave John and Patty full account of "the gathering of the clans," as he called it. In conclusion he said, "I shall have to ask you to keep me another night, but after that there will be room for me at Elimdale."

"I thought you said you must go tomorrow," John exclaimed.

"Yes; that's so, but since then"—and he glanced quickly at Patty—"I've made other arrangements. My brother and I are partners, and Jim is willing that I should have my summer vacation now."

"Oh," Patty cried, "I'm so glad! Aren't you, John?"

"Yes," he said heartily, but this sudden change of plans made him suspicious.

David made good use of those four weeks. His grandmother laughingly accused him of spending half of his vacation with the Saybins.

The last day came, and David walked over for a farewell visit. He found Patty alone on the vine shaded porch. John was away on business, she explained. "Never mind," David said cheerfully. "It is as you wish to see."

Her clear eyes were raised to his inquiringly.

"Will you keep your word," he said gently, "and take me?"

"My word!" she murmured wonderingly.

"Yes. Before I saw you I heard you tell Lizzie that you were coming downstairs and you would take me yourself. There was a mischievous light in his eyes now."

Patty's face flushed. "You know I didn't mean"—she began.

He interrupted her anxiously. "But you will take me, dear, on trial for the sake of little David?"

She smiled into the honest eyes, so like those of the child in the picture.

"Yes," she said, "for the sake of little David's successor."

The Wealth of Croesus.

Croesus was the king of Lydia, a state in Asia Minor, and succeeded the throne about 562 B. C. His name has ever been a synonym for wealth, as rich as Croesus, having been a proverb from his own time, but the most liberal estimates of his property, so far as descriptions of it have come down to us, make it worth in our money about \$10,000,000. His riches were derived from gold mines near Sardis, the capital of Lydia, and from the plunder of numerous surrounding states. The kingdom of Lydia was overrun by Cyrus, the Persian conqueror, and according to the best authorities, Croesus was taken prisoner and kept in the train of Cyrus. The court of Croesus was considered one of the most refined and elegant of ancient times, and the ruins of the royal palace and the other magnificent buildings are still to be seen on the site of Sardis.

A New Insulator.

A substitute for gutta serena, ebonite, celluloid, amber and other insulators has been invented by Dr. Bakeland, president of the American Electro-chemical society, from whom it takes the name "bakelite." It is produced through the condensation of formaldehyde and phenol. It is said to be an electric insulator of the first rank, insoluble in all ordinary solvents and not melting at high temperatures. In chemical constitution it closely resembles Japanese lacquer, the composition of which has always been more or less of a mystery.

La France SHOE for WOMEN

For every woman everywhere La France is the shoe that never disappoints—the shoe of lasting satisfaction. It is a composite of style, comfort, fit, and durability. It not only wins approval, but retains it.

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