

The Times' Daily Short Story.

WANNY

(Original.)

The Indian heroines of fiction are invariably beautiful, though how a girl with high cheek bones, straight, coarse hair and Indian features can be beautiful is puzzling. The heroine of this story was not only a full blooded squaw, but her dress was so unbecoming that had she had any beauty it would have been killed by the costume. Her shoes were a man's cast off India rubbers; her skirt was the short flannel undershirt of a white woman; her blouse was a man's skirt.

This costume was appropriate to a miners' camp in which Juanita, or Wanny, as she was familiarly called—a name given her by the miners because they couldn't pronounce her real name—spent most of her time. She took no pride in dress because she had no one to dress for. While miners are proverbially respectful to women of refinement, they treated this aborigine pretty much as they treated each other. Indeed she was made the scapegoat for everything. If anything was lost Wanny had stolen it; if anything went wrong Wanny was to blame. It was "Wanny, get me this," or "Wanny, get away from here." She was the fag of the camp and at the same time was always in the way.

One of the men, and one alone, realized the state of affairs and one day suggested to another who sent Wanny a mile for some tobacco without giving her a cent that she should be paid for her work. Wanny stood by and heard the suggestion, the reply, the hot words that followed, and saw Jim Burns, her defender, punch the head of Tom Archer, his antagonist. The battle may have been drawn. Such battles usually are, though the heroes of stories who defend luckless maidens always come out victorious. There was one result of the fracas, however, which was permanent. It was understood that thereafter when a man ordered Wanny to do anything for him he must pay her for doing it.

Wanny from this time received fees varying from a nickel to a quarter. At her first appearance in the miners' camp after Jim Burns' intervention she wore a real, calico dress and her hair was braided and tied with a yellow ribbon that had held together a bundle of cigars. No one suspected the cause of the tidiness but Jim Burns, and he would not have suspected it had he not noticed a peculiar expression in the girl's eyes the very next time she looked at him. Jim considered it an expression of gratitude. It was more than this. The wild creature's heart had been touched with love.

Jim Burns paid no more attention to Wanny than before. That he had freed her from oppression was no reason why he should be called upon to change his bearing toward her. He had no use for a little squaw whom his associates

treated very much as they would treat their horse or their dog. Wanny made no effort to secure his notice, going about apparently as indifferent to his attentions as before. Jim was rather pleased at this. He took no credit to himself for the girl's defense and was the last man to stand what he called palaver on the part of one for whom he would do a favor. When, therefore, he saw that Wanny refrained from any marked expression of gratitude which would have been likely to draw down upon him the gibes of his associates he gave her credit for a lot of sense.

Then Jim, who was inclined to take it upon himself to regulate any infraction of camp etiquette, discipline, law and the like, thought proper one day to turn out of camp a good for nothing drunken Indian, one of the tribe to which Wanny belonged, who had their tepees a mile down the stream. The man had been hanging about, and sundry articles had been missed. Jim, therefore invited him to leave and enforced his invitation with a kick.

Jim had a claim lying between the miners' and the Indians' camp and was accustomed to ride there nearly every day. One morning Wanny came to him and said:

"No go down river today."
"Why not, Wanny?"
"Git shot."

"Who's going to do the job?"
Wanny gave him the name of the Indian whom Jim had given the "grand bounce." Jim thanked her for the information, but Wanny saw by his manner that he would pay no attention to it. She disappeared and was not seen around the camp again that day.

About sunset Jim, previous to riding to his claim, remembering Wanny's warning, went to the wall where his rifle hung to get it, but it was not there. Thinking some one had borrowed it and not caring to give up his trip because he hadn't it, he mounted and rode down the river. Suddenly in the road before him he heard a shot, followed by another from a thicket. Riding on, he was horror stricken at seeing Wanny lying on her face in the road across a rifle. Dashing to her, he threw himself from his horse and raised her tenderly. Life was fluttering, but her soul looked out through her eyes as clearly as it had ever looked. In Jim's revenge struggled with the gentler feelings, and he hastened to ask before it would be too late who had done the deed. There was no answer. The eye was clear, but the lips had lost the power to move. Then the eye lost its intelligence and became fixed.

It was not a minute from the time Jim saw her till, seizing the rifle (his own), he was dashing into the thicket from which it was evident the shot had come. He heard a crashing in the bushes and saw the Indian who had threatened him running for his life.

Jim caught him, took him to camp, and before the sun had set the Indian was swinging from the limb of a tree.

F. A. MITCHEL.

FLOODS AND IRRIGATION.

Plan to Prevent the Former and Aid the Latter.

The floods that have been devastating large sections of the west and southwest have engaged the attention of government officials at Washington who are in charge of the reclamation policy authorized by the recent irrigation law passed by congress, says the New York Times. It is likely that the scope of the irrigation policy of the government will include the purpose to prevent if possible the recurrence of floods in the Missouri and Mississippi valleys. Storage reservoirs not only at the head waters of the large streams, but lower down, where extensive areas of rain drainage continually swell the flood of water volume in the rivers, have been suggested as a means that would be effective.

"A feature of this flood storage," said Guy Mitchell, secretary of the National Irrigation association, recently, "which would undoubtedly accomplish the desired result may be termed 'secondary storage.' The storage proposition applied to the Missouri and its great tributaries involves the question of the irrigation of the vast arid domain through which these rivers flow. Reservoirs, it is estimated, would reclaim as much as 25,000,000 acres of present desert land. The principal season of growing crops for this area would be April, May, June, July and August, and the reason the lands are not irrigated at present is that, while there is plenty of water in the first three months, during July and August, when water is absolutely necessary to mature the crops, these streams are mere threads. By means of canals and ditches almost incalculable quantities of the flood waters coming down during April, May and June, which cannot be stored in the reservoirs, would be taken out of the rivers and spread on this land, which would take it up like a sponge.

"Under such a system of irrigation the effect would be the same as though it had been possible the other week to spread out the great flood of the Missouri, the Arkansas and the Platte and irrigate millions of acres of farming land in Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas, thus reducing the flow of the lower reaches of the Missouri to below the danger point.

"The combined volume of the water impounded in storage reservoirs at the head waters of these great rivers and their tributaries and that contained in a network of hundreds of miles of irrigation canals and ditches, coupled with that absorbed by millions of acres of arid land, would have gone a long way toward preventing what will be known as the great flood of 1903."

Lady Balcarres' "Flame" Fad. Englishwomen of fashion are apparently devoted to a new shade, says the New York Press. It is an unpromising orange, a most trying tint, and one that women have been using only sparingly in the last fifty years. Two Englishwomen, Lady Balcarres and Mrs. Charles Ewart, have been wearing gowns laden down with this bright hue. Lady Balcarres had a long court train at one of the drawing rooms made of orange velvet flounced with cream colored lace. Mrs. Ewart dutifully followed suit, and her brown chiffon frock was brightened with a full slash of orange crepe. Even this fashionable favor will not avail burnt orange, or "flame," as it is called by the French. The most delicate skin looks yellow beside orange and the most brilliant complexion is pale. Nevertheless fashionable milliners along Piccadilly have taken up the "flame" fad, and one woman has the daring to show a gown of unrelieved orange crepe.

Grant Wants Vice Presidency. San Diego, Cal., June 20.—The Union announces that U. S. Grant is a candidate for the Republican nomination for the vice presidency next year.

"CITIZEN" TRAIN'S BATH

Incidents of His Removal From a Pesthouse.

MUCH EXCITEMENT IN STAMFORD

Connecticut City's Council Met In Extraordinary Session—Police Prepared For Riot—Famous Character, Indignant at His Treatment For Smallpox, Demands \$50,000 From Stamford and Tells His Doctor He Is Doomed to Die.

George Francis Train, about whose name form clung sheets redolent of the things which chemists sell as sovereign remedies for smallpox, left the pesthouse, three miles from Stamford, Conn., recently and returned to his daughter's home in Third street, says the New York Herald. He was clad mostly in hydrophatic force, for he had refused all raiment of the conventional kind, and his feet were innocent of socks and shoes. The return of the philosopher was not accomplished without a cataclysm in officialdom, a special meeting of the council, a hurry call to the police to repel with drawn revolvers the march of contagion, the defiance of the smallpox camp and threats of six lawsuits.

Stamford is \$2,000 poorer for the visit of the "Citizen," and he says he will sue the city for \$50,000 damages for his being detained against his will. His physician and three attendants will present claims for extra services, and then it is likely that Stamford will demand that New York make amends for the trouble which came there with the apostle of psychic force.

It seemed the other day as if all Stamford's citizens were puppets of psychic force, for from morning until night the city was in an uproar. The report that the "Citizen" was about to leave his camp spread through the quiet streets. The common council, scenting danger, assembled at 11 o'clock in the morning in extraordinary session. An expense of \$1,600 had been incurred, and there was no way to pay it except to draw from the funds set aside for the maintenance of the pumping station. Then was asked why the patient was taken from the house where he was being cured for by relatives to be attended at an expense of more than \$50 a day. On the basis of this inquiry there came a demand over the telephone from the physician and the attendants for twelve days' pay after the patient should have shaken the dust of the camp from his feet.

It has been the custom to pay quarantine time to the physician and attendants who serve at the isolation hospital. Although this delightful period of inactivity carries no responsibility and care except to wonder whether they are really going to get the smallpox themselves, the public servants have not always spent the periods in strict seclusion. Coney Island has been regarded as a good place for retrospection and the New York theaters and roof gardens always have been highly regarded as resting places during the time required for cultivation of germs.

Dr. C. H. Borden and his associates in the camp therefore put in their bills for thirty-seven days instead of twenty-five. The council consented to limit the usefulness of the pumping station twenty-five days and no more, and then the insurrection broke forth in the district camp. Alarming bulletins came every few minutes from Dr. Borden. The council informed him that no pay for quarantine time would be given unless he and the attendants actually remained in the pesthouse or in some quarantine station. The doctor said he would not stay another day himself and that he had ordered the employees to remain and that they had refused to do so. He reported a few minutes later that all had decided to omit the process of final disinfection and to invade the council chamber to demand their quarantine pay.

"Tell the police!" cried the councilmen.

Chief Bowman was notified to send policemen with drawn revolvers to prevent the incursion.

"If they come into this council chamber," exclaimed an excited official, taking an empty revolver from a desk and snapping it ominously into the mouth-piece of the telephone, "I'll blow out the brains [elck] of every last [elck] one of them. Do you hear that, Dr. Borden?"

"Give me the telephone," said Mayor Leeds. "I wish to say to you, Dr. Borden, that if you permit such a thing you will take upon yourself a large measure of responsibility."

The mayor handed the instrument to Graham Holly, the city clerk.

"Oh, say, now, doctor, that is pretty strong language for a Christian," said the clerk. "No, I won't give the mayor any such message. I'm no telephone. You've got to say that to his face."

Again the instrument slid across the desk.

"He says that they will disinfect

themselves if they leave," said the mayor.

The council breathed more freely. Such were the mighty affairs of state which involved Stamford with "Citizen" Train gave reluctant consent to take a hydrophatic bath in the open air.

His determination had been reached on account of the diplomacy of Miss Margaret B. Elston, a nurse, for he and Dr. Borden had not been friendly.

"When I first met you," said the "Citizen" to the physician, "I thought you were a man who appreciated the possibilities of science. I do not dislike you, Borden, but I wish to inform you that when I fold my hands across my breast psychic force is exerted in such a manner that even I cannot restrain it. The person against whom it is exerted has not long to live. I am looking at you, and you will also observe the position of my hands. Henceforth I shall not speak to you, and I shall not eat. I shall also refrain from wearing clothes."

"Citizen" Train disapproved of the medical man, principally because Dr. Borden had ordered certain papers and correspondence to be burned, including an account of the distinguished patient's impressions of life in a pesthouse, which he planned to publish. Considerably mollified, however, by the news that he might soon leave the camp, Mr. Train permitted himself to be conducted into the open at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Around the old farmhouse called an isolation hospital the wind blew in chilly gusts. Foremost of all in the procession was "Citizen" Train. He was escorted by George Morrell, and near by was Mamie Giffin, the cook. The trio comprised the alumni association of the isolation hospital. Dr. Borden conducted the arrangements for the bath. After the ablutions "Citizen" Train resumed the thread of his discourse. Wrapped in blankets and sheets, for he still scorned clothes, he was taken in a cab to the home from which he had been removed.

"As a matter of fact," said the "Citizen" confidentially when I saw him a few minutes later, "I did not have smallpox. I carried with me a small electric battery, by means of which, through a hydrophatic agency with which I am familiar, I gave the physicians the impression that I suffered from the malady. I have been outrageously treated, and I have notified my attorney, Clark Bell, to bring suit against the city of Stamford for \$50,000 for despoiling my daughter's home by taking me away from it without authority. I am also much displeased to learn that my watch has been soaked in an antiseptic solution and thereby ruined, to say nothing of the burning of a five dollar bill and a manuscript work of great value."

PREACHES IN HIS SLEEP.

Pastor Rises From Cot at Church Time and Enters Pulpit Asleep.

Rev. John Cauffman of Brown county, Ind., is preaching every night to hundreds of persons, and his sermons possess the novel feature of being delivered while the minister is sound asleep, says an Indianapolis special dispatch to the Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Cauffman goes to the church each afternoon at 4 o'clock, lies down on a cot and is soon fast asleep. At 7 o'clock, when the church is filled with people, he rises, still asleep, and enters the pulpit, where he delivers a sermon expounding the Scriptures to the edification and wonder of his hearers, often continuing his discourse for two and a half and even three hours.

He uses both English and German in his preaching. Often when delivering his sermon he wishes water to quench his thirst, and by outstretching his arms he makes known his wants.

CURIOUS CASHBOOK.

Comptroller Groul Finds First One Used by New York City.

Comptroller Edward M. Groul of New York has discovered among a pile of debris in the basement of the Stewart building the first cashbook and ledger used by the city of New York, which has just been celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its birth, says the New York World. The system of bookkeeping made one book do for both the ledger and the daybook, and some of the entries are so odd that the comptroller may make a special report to the Historical society on his find. The ledger is marked: "City Ledger No. 1, 1691 to 1700 A. D."

These entries are found among others:

"To cash for re cage and ducking stool, £20 5s. and 6d."

"Aug. 19, to cash paid bellman for whipping negro, 3s."

"Sept. 23, 1699, to cash payed two and a half potts good beer, 10s."

"Oct. 19, cash paid to Dr. Vesey for a sermon, 25 and 10s."

Amazon River Islands.

The Amazon river is navigable for a distance equal to that from Lisbon to Moscow. There are islands in it as big as the German states of Baden and Wurtemberg combined.

SIRENS AND SONS.

Christopher Stinlis, who has just died in Newark, N. J., helped to build the yacht America, the first cup boat. Little Lord Knebworth, born in May in England, is a great-grandson of Bulwer Lytton, who was born in May, 1805, 100 years ago.

W. K. Vanderbilt has definitely decided to take an active part in American racing, and he is planning a stable of splendid proportions for 1904.

At the age of eighty-six and after twenty-seven years of service Robert M. Olyphant has retired from the presidency of the Delaware and Hudson railroad.

General Edward F. Jones, known as "Jones of Binghamton, N. Y.," lieutenant governor of his state under Governor Hill, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on June 3.

John P. Hand, the new chief justice of the supreme court in Illinois, is an Illinois product throughout, having been born and educated in the state. He is fifty-four years old.

Associate Justice Alexander B. Hagner, who has just retired from the supreme court of the District of Columbia after a service of twenty-five years, received on his retirement a tall vase from the members of the bar.

H. P. Patterson of Aurora, Ind., a veteran of the civil war, while on a visit to Gettysburg recently discovered a large bowlder behind which he sought shelter during the battle and purchased it and had it shipped to his western home to mark his grave after his death.

Major Luther B. Hare, Twelfth cavalry, who, with Major Howze, led the troops that chased Aguinaldo into the mountains of northern Luzon and succeeded in rescuing Lieutenant Gillmore and party, has been ordered before a retiring board at San Antonio, Tex., to be examined for retirement.

Friends of Milton J. Flood, the young naturalist, no longer doubt the report

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that he was captured by Papuan cannibals and is dead. He was an enthusiastic scientific investigator and was employed some years ago as an inspector by the gypsy moth commission when efforts were being made to exterminate the pest in Massachusetts.

Snakes in the Philippines.
Above the length of nineteen or twenty feet snakes in the Philippine islands increase greatly in bulk for every foot in length, so that a snake nineteen feet long looks small beside one twenty-two feet long.

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