

# BAZAR BUDGET

THE KELLOGG-BULKELLY CO. HARTFORD CONN.

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## The Flower Mission.

When the needy ask for bread, shall we give them instead  
The things that charm only the eye?  
The sweet that exhales—but never avails  
The fountain of life to supply?  
Yes! send the bright flowers, when hunger pale cowers,  
There's a promise in every stem—  
That He who bestows His lily and rose  
Has bread in His storehouse for them.

And if there be one whose life-work is done,  
And who lingers, with laboring breath,  
Oh! send some to him—though his vision be dim,  
They are emblems of life after death.  
By Flora's behest, cull the brightest and best  
For the felon alone in his cell!  
For in vain does the spring its opening bring  
To one who in "durance" must dwell.

Christ preach'd—'twas His mission—to spirits in prison,  
And oh! might the blessing be ours  
To receive, while we offer to many who suffer  
The Gospel of Hope with the flowers.  
MRS. D. F. ROBINSON.

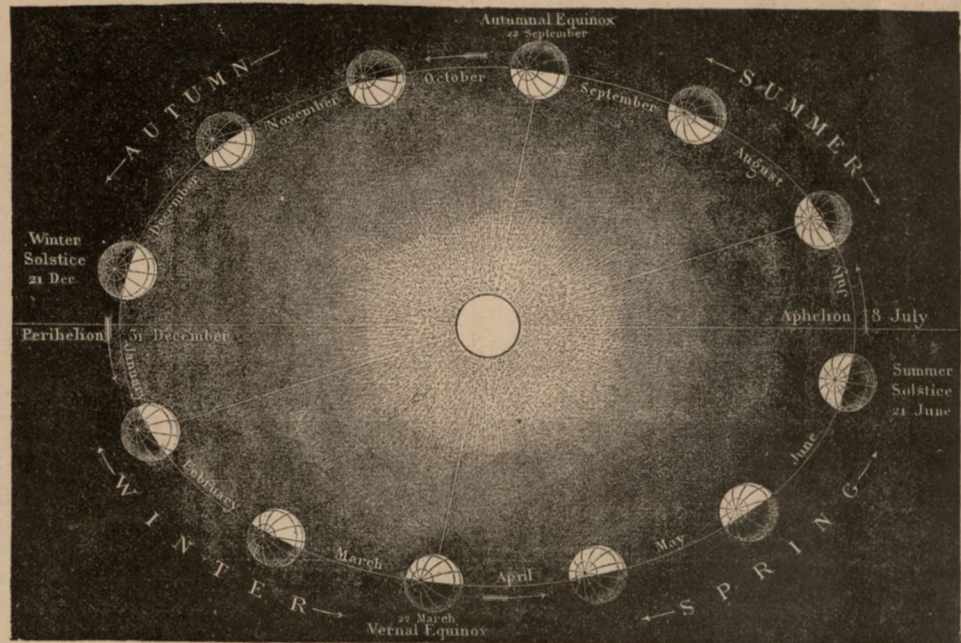
## Story of the Years.

Guided by the hand of Him who guideth Arc-turus and his sons, we ride upon the circle of the earth, swiftly borne through depths of space amid the shining hosts of Heaven, until, at the rate of nineteen miles in a second of time, we make the circuit of the sun.

The time occupied by the earth in making this wonderful journey is the measure of a year,—consisting of 365 days, 5 hours, and 49.62 seconds,—and represents a distance traveled of 600,000,000 miles.

The difficulties experienced by the ancients in subdividing the year into aliquot parts, and at the same time synchronizing the luni-solar periods with the diurnal revolutions of the earth upon its own axis, are exceedingly interesting and instructive. It was essential that there should be twelve grand divisions of the year, corresponding as nearly as possible with the revolutions of the moon in her orbit around the earth. It was also essential that the year should commence at a fixed period, and that the twelve divisions should embrace all the days of the year. The full period of twelve lunations has but 354 days, 8 hours, 48 minutes, and 34 seconds. The lunar year, therefore, does not include all the days of the solar year. To reconcile this variation, and at the same time record with accuracy the solar and lunar periods, measuring both by the number of revolutions made by the earth on its axis, a single revolution being taken as the unit of time, was not an easy problem to solve.

The ancient Egyptians made every month arbitrarily to consist of thirty days, and at the end of the year they added five days with distinguishing



titles. Once in four years, however, they were compelled to go back one day, so that the civil and solar years might commence at the same time.

The ancient Greeks also had twelve months of thirty days each, but the months were divided into three decades of ten days each; there was no reckoning by weeks.

The Romans divided the months into calends, ides, and nones, under a complicated and imperfect system. The ides sometimes fell on the 15th and sometimes on the 13th day of the month.

Romulus decreed that there should be but ten months in the year. March was the first, taking its name from *Mars*, the god of war, and the legendary father of Romulus. *Decem* was the tenth and last. In the reign of Numa two months were added: January, from *Janus*, the god of the sun, and February, from *februare*, to purify; and these became respectively the first and last. The Decemvirs, however, 452 years B. C., changed this order and placed February next after January, thus making December a complete misnomer for the twelfth month. The year then consisted of 355 days, to correspond as nearly as possible with the days of the lunar year; but this variation of ten and one-quarter days between the solar and the civil year had in the reign of Julius Caesar so changed the nominal time of the seasons that the equinoxes were at variance with true solar time by more than three months. The winter months

of the civil year, therefore, came in the autumn months of the solar year, and the summer months in the spring. As a remedy for this singular disagreement between the calendar and the seasons, Julius Caesar abandoned the use of the lunar year, and made the solar and the civil years to coincide by fixing the length of the civil year at 365½ days. He issued a decree that every fourth year should have 366 days, the other three having but 365. He restored the vernal equinox to the 25th day of March by adding two months of 33 and 34 days each. There was also an intercalary month in this year, which had been introduced every second year from the time of Numa, so that to force Roman time into a reasonable correspondence with the Celestial Clock, this remarkable year consisted of 445 days. The new year commenced with March until the 46th year B. C., when it was changed to January. *Quintilis*, the name of the fifth month, was changed to July, being named after Julius Caesar, and *Sextilis* was afterwards changed to August in honor of Caesar Augustus. This is known as the Julian year; but like all others it was inaccurate, and did not synchronize with the movements of the heavenly bodies, which were "appointed for signs and for seasons, for days and for years."

The Chaldean shepherds were close observers of the movements made by the heavenly bodies, but their knowledge of astronomy was exceedingly limited, and it is not supposed that they

had any more accurate method of computing or keeping time.

When Constantine convoked the great Council of Nice, in the year 325 of the Christian era, the vernal equinox, which by the Julian calendar should have fallen on the 25th day of March, had retrograded four days. At the time of the Reformation, 1,257 years later, it had retrograded to the 11th of March, when Pope Gregory XIII undertook the readjustment of the civil year to solar time, and the calendar to seed-time and harvest. He dropped ten days from the calendar, and thus restored the vernal equinox to the 21st day of March; he then ordered the intercalation of an extra day in every succeeding year the number of which, dating from the first of the Christian era, could be divided by four without a remainder. Hence our leap year, and the Gregorian calendar, adopted by all Christian countries with the exception of Russia, which still adheres to the Julian year (old style).

All this is but a fragment from the story of the years,—and who shall write that strange and marvelous history which only the years themselves can tell? The great cycles of time which have witnessed the creative hand, the mysterious work of the earth, air, and seas during the geologic ages, the rise and fall of nations, and the missing pages in the wondrous story of man.

We wait the advent of that inspired historian who will interpret correctly as he reads to us that sublime story which the finger of God has traced upon all the works of His hand. We wait the complete revelation of those fixed and harmonious laws which link together all the systems of the universe. We wait—

"And the years glide by,"

remorseless in their flight, unnumbered and numberless, never waiting, never changing, never ceasing,—no matter how inaccurately we measure them, or how improvidently we use them,—no matter whether they measure the stream of time or the tiny thread of a human life, it is all the same,—

"And the years glide by,"

as they have ever done since the morning stars sang together, and will never cease, until the mighty angel stands on sea and land to swear by Him who created the heavens and the earth, that time shall be no longer. J. G. BATTERSON.

FOR my own part I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions when we think ourselves most alone; but, instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same consort of praise and adoration.—*Addison*.

THERE is no such thing as real happiness in life. The justest definition that was ever given of it is, "A tranquil acquiescence under an agreeable delusion."—*Sterne*.

I WILL not loath sects, persuasions, systems, though I cannot abide them one moment, for I see that by most men they are still needed.—*Margaret Fuller*.

### Spring Flowers.

Why are all the flowrets gone  
In their little beds in the earth so long?  
Covered by many a white snow flake,  
Sleeping so still that they none awake.  
When springtime comes, with its sunshine warm,  
The dear God walks the garden along,  
Turns the coverlid soft away,  
Calls, "Come, children, awake to-day,"  
Then the little heads peep quickly out,  
And the waking eyes look glad about.

(German Translation.)

ALICE H. GOODWIN.

### Our New York Letter.

ABOUT THE STUDIOS.

Correspondence of THE BAZAR BUDGET.

NEW YORK, June 2, 1880.

Till within comparatively a recent period, it has commonly been believed, even by comparatively intelligent people, that almost all artists, the younger artists especially, dwelt in Bohemia. That is, that they lived almost anywhere, and almost anyhow. For several years even the National Academy of Design was located in rooms, away up stairs over what is now a big bake-shop; and in the same building were several studios, as, indeed, there are now. Close by, in Dodworth's building, were more studios; other artists were not far away in Astor Place (and these are still favorite locations); and a few more artists inhabited the University, as they, or their successors, do to-day. It was considered an immense advance when, a long time ago, a special building for artists was erected in West 10th street, and was dignified with the name of "The Studio Building," because it was not only the biggest and best, but was the one solitary building in the whole city devoted to this particular purpose. A huge brick barn, with no great architectural pretensions, it gave good, well-arranged, well-lighted rooms, which also were adapted for lodging purposes. And it is still a cherished haunt and home of many artists. J. L. Fitch, the venerable Page, Homer Martin, Winslow Homer, De Haas, Beard, Brown, McEntee, Nicoll, La Farge, and others whose names are familiar, now have studios there. When the Young Men's Christian Association put up their fine building on Fourth avenue opposite the Academy, they devoted the top floor to studios, and there may be found Bricher, Story, Gifford, and many more. Another advance was made in a special "Studio Building," on Fourth avenue and 25th street, where are J. W. Champney, Coleman, Bellows, the two Smillies, and others. Several artists are quite isolated. When Eastman Johnson is not at Nantucket—where he is a good part (that is the best part) of the year, and where he has a delightful old home, with another ancient house annexed for painting purposes—he has his studio here in 55th street. Quartley is over Duncan's store on Union Square. A few more artists have studios in their own houses in various quarters of the city. But American art has advanced so far that the actual wants of artists are at last adequately provided for, and men of wealth are putting up palatial premises for the painters. One of the latest of these, finished and opened within a year, is "The Benedick," just south of the University, and overlooking Washington Square. It is a beautiful building, and throughout interiorly it is elegantly, almost sumptuously, fitted up. In this

fine "hotel," as it would be called in Paris, W. Gedney Bunce has his studio—there he lives, and there he makes permanent on canvas his delightful dreams of Venice. I think this is the most popular of all the studio buildings designed expressly for bachelors (young or old), as the name Benedick indicates. It is said that the owner intends to build one, and perhaps two, more of the same sort, and for the same kind of tenants. One would hardly believe that the beautiful Benedick could be "beaten"; but it has been done, in the not yet fairly finished, though already opened and occupied, Sherwood building, on West 57th street, within two blocks of, and overlooking, Central Park—the upper-story front studios commanding an extensive view of that great ground, and on beyond toward Albany. I hardly know whether to grade this fine establishment as a family hotel, or a first-class French flat. It has no less than forty-five distinct sets of apartments in suites giving a studio, parlor, and bedrooms admirably arranged for artists and their families, while each suite is so isolated as to give all the advantages of a private residence. The rooms and halls throughout are finished in oak and redwood left in their natural color; electric bells, speaking-tubes, and even telephones, afford communication; and there is an excellent restaurant. Not less than thirty of our prominent painters, many of them with families, are already tenants. Among these are Cropsey, Shurtleff, Wyant, Ward, and Beckwith. After the owner has done all in his power to beautify the interior of his building, you may trust these artists to do their own additional and individual decorating. Take Shurtleff's set of rooms as a fair sample of the finest suites. To begin with—the windows command a view of everything in the heavens above and on the earth beneath, the latter (with intermediate water) limited only by Sandy Hook, Long Island, up toward Connecticut, and well into the interior of New Jersey. The studio of this artist is literally a "study" for the visitor. Japanese leather paper on the walls; various Oriental patterns in the way of hangings; hides and horns; stuffed birds; palms, grasses, and feathers; paintings in plenty, of course; ditto, statuary; choice ceramics; the smoking-tobacco jar, inevitable in every studio; water-colors; not very new and some very old furniture; on the floor, Turkish rugs, and Adirondack trophies of bear and deer skins; an enormous stuffed bat suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, between the heaven and earth; carvings; Japanese fans and umbrellas; a blooming flower garden in every window; Indian moccasins; easels and palettes; the Wobbly-Gobbly; paint-brushes and color-tubes—the whole at once a curiosity-shop and a workshop, yet the delightful ante-room to a most charming home. And so through the whole big building, each artist displays his own decorations according to his own taste, though here and there the refining touch of gentler hands is manifest. I fancy that these better-than-ever homes and studios for our best artists will result inevitably, if not immediately, in superior work. The only drawback is that such studios, with all the adjunct attractions, are too inviting to the too friendly idlers who may intrude upon the artist in his best moods of inspiration. But the best rooms are farthest up. The best artists live high. And there are bolts to every door.

ROLFE.

## What the old Bull-frog said.



Over in the pasture, down in the pool,  
Sitting in the soft mud, quietly and cool;  
First it is our duty to greet the coming spring,  
Now then, all together, Sing, frogs, sing.

The long, cool winter 's past, we slept through it.  
The snow blew, the winds roared, but we never knew it.  
All the winter's rages couldn't break our sleep,  
Now, then, all together, Peep, frogs, peep.

Buried in the frozen mud 't wasn't very gay,  
We didn't hear a lecture, we didn't see a play,  
These farmers had their fires and lights and sleighs to go  
about,

Now who's got the best of it? Shout, frogs, shout.

They're ploughing on the hill side, they're digging by the  
track,

They're setting garlic out in rows, with many an aching  
back,

We laugh within our tight green sleeves, to see them toil  
all day,

Who spends the spring the pleasantest? Say, frogs, say.

We hear the south wind blowing, a soft and steady breeze,  
Blowing open all the buds upon the walnut trees.

The blackbird whistling o'er us, shows the scarlet on his  
wing,

We can make some music too, Sing, frogs, sing.

Pond-lily leaves above our heads, spread out like green  
umbrellas,

No daintier ones are carried by the fairest of earth's  
dwellers,

The brakes and rushes round the bank make shadows  
deep and still,

Inviting meditation, Trill, frogs, trill.

The sun is getting hotter, and the reeds bend o'er the  
brink,

And here a roasting farmer is coming down to drink—  
But give one well-considered hop, and in the mud you're  
sunk,

Now, then, all together, Ker-chunk, frogs, 'chunk.

CORNELIA HURLBURT.

For the Bazar Budget.

Why not one charity article in your journal, with the brilliancies of your humorous, sentimental, and poetical contributions! It's so easy, too, to give away other folks' money, as the cynics say, it is easy to bear our neighbors' afflictions, and to bring up their children as they should be brought up. As the BAZAR is the legendary good angel who stirs up the pool to healing power, let me put in some subjects for blessing.

They are three in number. Two of them are local, and one is broader than a single city. It may seem strange to the ladies of the Union who find so many places for benevolence, and so may call in excess of their treasury supply, that there are persons who are searching for fields of charity, and who do not see their way in wisdom to just such an opportunity as fills their desires. The ministrations of benevolence is never absolutely perfect. Nor should we wait for such conditions. But capital is cautious, and a true man, who has caught this infection from his

capital, is occasionally so skeptical of organized charities as almost to avoid them.

So we find persons of pure motive who are too careful to marry, or to come to the communion of a religious body, or to be a member of a political association. It is with a faint hope that some person who is anxious to confer a favor upon humanity, and who doesn't just see the way to do it, may stumble upon this article, that I submit it.

First, we need a chapel at Cedar Hill. Sufficient time has now passed to establish that beautiful burial place as a fixed fact. It is to be Hartford's cemetery. It is not likely that the association will be justified in using its limited revenues in erecting a chapel for a quarter of a century. There are many sons and daughters of Hartford who have gone out into other circles of activity and business, and who still look back to that hill which bends down to the Connecticut, as a resting place by the ashes of their dear ones. For their funerals more than for others, but not infrequently for others too, is a chapel needed.

Again, we need a hall in our city for subjects of instruction and curiosity. This should be free. There are now waiting for deposit in Hartford two valuable collections of stuffed birds and other items of interest in natural history and mineralogy, whose owners only require a chamber for their reception where permanence is certain, and where proper care can be assured, for their immediate donation to our people. Such a building could be erected in the rear of the Watkinson library, and I have reason to believe that the managers of that property would do all in their power to promote the enterprise. It could be made to contain rooms for curiosities and specimens of all kinds of scientific interest, a hall for special lectures and chamber concerts, and, without great expense, a tower for astronomical observations and the calculation of true time. The location suggested is central, and could hardly have a better use. Such a building, closely connected with our admirable library of reference, with a free circulating library, the historical society, and the gallery of paintings, would be a good thing for our city.

A broader and perhaps more important, and certainly more expensive, charity remains to be considered.

We need go back but a little to find that nearly all educated young men were thought to be, while in their collegiate studies, already mortgaged to one of three learned professions. Within forty years a new and immeasurably wide field for educated men has been developed, and with wonderful rapidity,—the field of journalism. It is within bounds of safety to say that the press is to-day the paramount educating influence upon the adult mind of our country.

It would be very easy to demonstrate that the exclusive power of the old professions is greatly weakened by this new giant force. The art of printing wounded all the fine arts. It pushed them all out of high places as educators. They still have, and will always have, a sphere in life, so long as the love of beautiful lasts, which will be while the sky is blue and the mountain-brook is musical. But oratory at the bar, in the senate chamber, and in the pulpit, are relatively at a discount. The journal and the review reach the universal mind. Even eloquence is putting on such style as best reaches the soul through the

reading eye rather than the hearing ear. Of course we state general principles to which there are many exceptions. Mr. Gladstone, who has made even finance a fine art, has just moved a whole nation to righteousness and honesty by the magic of his eloquence, the majestic earnestness of his humanity, and the sincere devotion of his whole great nature to English freedom and truth; and his oratory is neither aimed at the newspaper columns, nor especially fitted for them. It is not to be forgotten, however, that the vast power of his argument has reached millions of readers, who heard no echo of his voice and felt no magnetism of his personal presence. But your readers need no essay to inform them of the immense power of journalism. The very existence of this newspaper as a natural, and even necessary, incident of a five-day's fair is a type of the universal empire of the press.

Given now this educating power, so vast as to find no suitable comparison excepting in the great forces, almost omnipotent, of nature; as the tides filling all ocean depths, and the harbors, and countless bay-shores; or as the light itself, filling all breadths and corners of the world,—moulding the thought and sentiment of community by type and engraving; and how vital is the necessity of its own education and discipline.

If the leaves, which fall from the press as rapidly and as many as the leaves in autumn forests, are making public opinion, and public manners, and public feeling, it is evident that journalism itself should be toned to the key of absolute truth, and its managers educated by all conceivable good agencies for their duties. To this end there should be established in all our leading universities a department of journalism, in which the whole subject should be treated scientifically and practically.

The legitimate methods of editing in all departments, the business laws of publication, the mechanics of type, and press, and ink, and paper, the proper sphere of illustration and its decent use, the importance of independence and the importance of partizanship, and the sovereignty of truth and courtesy, should be taught and impressed upon the minds and habits and character of students in this specialty by lecture and practice. Suppose such a department suitably endowed and established at Yale. It would almost at once be the most popular technical department of the university.

What an opportunity for a couple of hundred young men each year to furnish themselves for usefulness and power!

Within a short time such a department ought to publish a newspaper as often as three times a week, and perhaps every day, which should be of the very highest class,—with its departments of politics, religion, literature, science, finance, local items, and illustration,—all prepared, printed, and published by the students, with the aid of the professors. The whole enterprise of the publication should be mastered, and every item of expense and friction thoroughly and practically learned. Such a school would be invaluable. Our best patriotism and highest civilization call for it and at once. Probably it would require about \$200,000 to properly start such a department at Yale. It should, of course, be open to post graduates, and would be partly self-supporting. When established, with proper lectures, instructions and publishers, it would take position at once as one of the most useful agencies in the education of our republic.

HENRY C. ROBINSON.

## Answers to Correspondents.

**HORTICULTURIST.**—"When is really the proper time to set out strawberries?"—About two minutes after we get round to your house. We suggest, too, a top dressing of pistache cream.

**FACTOLUS.**—"Is there a richer woman in England than the Baroness Burdett-Coutts?"—The Queen is thought to be richer, by this time—she has been very saving; and there are several women in the United States who are said to be quite as rich as the Baroness, if not richer. Among these are Mrs. E. H. Green of Louisville, Ky., who was formerly Miss Sally Robinson of New Bedford, Mass.; and Mrs. A. T. Stewart, and Mrs. Paran Stevens (both widows), Miss C. Wolfe, and the Misses Garner, daughters of the late Commodore Garner (all single), of New York.

**JAY BRD.**—"Do parrots reason?"—Yes; when they have reason for doing so.

**QUERIST.**—"It was Parton who asked the question, 'Will the Coming Man smoke?' Probably. But he will be more polite if he lights his cigar just as he is going.

**HISTORY.**—"What is the reason for giving the title *Uncle Sam* to the United States?"—Simply so as not to confound Samuel, the uncle, with George, the father of the country.

**PURIST.**—"Is it quite correct to say or write 'yesterday-evening'?"—Not quite, since it cannot well be day and evening both. The compounded word is "yesterevening." You need look for no purer "purist" than Tennyson, who in his "Ode to Memory" writes:

Flinging the gloom of *yesternight*  
On the white day.

## Two Editions of Spring.

The visitor in Florida generally comes only in winter, and leaves as soon as the temperature is tolerable in the North. Consequently he never sees Florida at its best. The spring in the South is as much beyond the spring of northern regions as its winter.

In the North the spring is a struggle, a doubt, a promise. In Florida it is a glory and a triumph—it bursts upon you suddenly with waving banners of leaves, vines, and flowers, and the full orchestra of birds.

In February the procession begins. The scarlet maple hangs out her fringes—then the yellow jessamine wakes up and drops her festoons of gold from tree top and bush, and even runs along the ground in little lines of light. The perfume is like the breath of violets. Then come the pink and white azaleas, along the margin of the brooks, the white dog-wood, the sparkle-berry with its innumerable silver bells. Everything is in blossom at once. On the ground the partridge-berry, the blueberry, the vine-blackberry, and above, the various high-bush-huckleberries and blackberries whiten the hedges. Then the live oaks push off their old leaves and put on new ones, and the water-oaks glisten with new foliage of vivid metallic green, and the black-jack oaks hang out broad, sharp-cut, new leaves, that seem to have been created in a night, so suddenly and perfectly do they put in an appearance.

And oh, the birds! The red birds, like flames darting hither and thither, and shouting to each other from the dusk of the orange trees, "What cheer! what cheer!—cheer! cheer! cheer!" Then the mocking-birds wild, crazy, tipsy with delight and merriment, echo back every song of every bird, and pick up every stray sound that ever came into a bird's head, and pour them forth in a continued ripple of melody. On moonlight nights they keep up the concert all night, and you may wake to hear them at it at two or three o'clock in the morning.

This mocking-bird is a perfect polyglot of birds,—he takes the whole field of possible song, and sings so that you seem to be in an aviary.

And now the orange trees begin to show at the axle of each dark green leaf a little white pearl,—the trees seem bedropped with pearls—bye and bye you begin to scent orange-blossoms, and here and there find one, ere long the trees are white, and the air laden with sweetness, and all the ground silvered with the falling petals. Then the trees begin to be alive with bees and butterflies, you can hear the hum through the drowsy warm air between all the pauses of bird song, and the great yellow and black butterflies float about like living flowers.

This is the supreme, the crowning moment of the Floridian spring. Besides the orange trees are the blossoms of the limes, of the lemons, the shad-docks, and the citrons, all very similar in form, and with the same fragrance. There is something stimulating, exhilarating to the nervous system in this delicate yet powerful perfume of the great citron family. It is sweet without being sickening, and inclines one to a sort of dreamy rapture.

We have passed through such a spring in Florida this year, and then come to New England just in time to watch the slow, cold, delaying, hesitating northern spring—dear to every northern heart from a thousand childish remembrances.

After all the beauties of the South, what can compare with the green grass and the cheery golden eyes of dandelions. The merry bronze brooks go racing down their courses, and a thousand shy flowers are waking to welcome them—violets, blue and white—trilliums with their three-fold leaves, arbutus, snowy-white or rosy-pink, among their crinkled, rough leaves. The shadow whitens in the woods, the swelling buds show a misty greenness, the pussy-willows delight the children, and the blue eye-brights star the meadow grass. Then the apple trees begin to bud, and blush, and bloom, and peach, pear, and cherry blush or whiten in the gardens. The robin comes back from his southern tour, the bobolink in the meadow, the vireo in the tall tree, all tell us spring has come back—in never-ceasing bursts of melody.



In view of both springs, we can truly say we love best that of our own cold, clear, true New England—the spring of our childhood, of the land that will ever seem the dearest, bravest, best on earth.

It is reticent, it is cold, it is hesitating and reluctant, but it is healthy and bracing, its airs are strong, clear, and pure, and every one of its flowers has a history and a memory, and its few perfect days are altogether lovely.

On the whole, if we could choose but one, we declare for the spring of New England.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

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All night, in dreams I see thee near,  
And feel thy kindest greeting;  
Then fall at thy feet with many a tear,  
Thy fleeting grace entreating.

Thou gazest sorrowfully at me,  
Thy golden ringlets shaking,  
And from thy lovely eyes I see  
The pearly tear-drops breaking.

Thou whisp'rest a word for me alone,  
With a cypress wreath for a token,  
I wake, and alas! the gift is flown,  
And the word that thou hast spoken.

LOUISE BUSHNELL.

From the German of Heinrich Heine.

THE very best time to visit the Bazar, between  
the hours of 10 A.M. and 10 P.M., is when you  
feel most like it.

It begins to look as if a great many political  
people wanted the presidency. Nobody stops to  
inquire if the presidency wants them.

NOT long ago the Union furnished a one-legged  
man with a substantial wooden substitute, so that  
he had something to stand upon to begin with.  
This foundation established, a superstructure was  
supplied in the way of funds to open a peanut-  
stand, which, supplementing the wooden leg, was  
stand No. 2. Trade proved dull. The man was  
indisposed to active labor. His family was in  
want of food and fuel. So the man split up his  
wooden leg, made a fire to roast his peanuts, he  
and his family devoured the same, and soon both  
"stands" were gone. And, of course, the idle,  
reckless man has lost standing with the Union.

WATCHES.

TIFFANY & CO.'S stan-  
dard watches are con-  
structed upon the latest  
scientific principles, and  
combine all the improve-  
ments attained by the use  
of American Machinery,  
together with the unequal-  
ed advantages of the high-  
ly skilled labor of the watch  
manufacturing district of  
Switzerland, of which Gen-  
eva, where they are made,  
is the centre. They are  
simple, strong and durable  
and fully guaranteed for  
time keeping qualities.

TIFFANY & CO.,  
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

CHENEY BROTHERS,  
SILK MANUFACTURERS,

HARTFORD

AND

SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.

Salesrooms, 477, 479, and 481 Broome St.,

NEW YORK.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

Brocade Dress Silks,

Black and Colored Gros-Grains,

All Silk Momie Cloth,

Venetians,

Plain and Printed Satins,

Imperial Satins,

Plain and Printed Foulards,

Plain and Printed Pocket Handkerchiefs,

Marcelines and Florentines,

Millinery Silks,

Gros-Grain and Satin Ribbons.

R. P. KENYON & CO.  
HATTERS,

23 ASYLUM STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.

CONNECTICUT TRUST

—AND—

SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY,  
Capital \$300,000,

Transact a regular Banking business on same terms as  
National Banks.

Depositors supplied with check-books free of charge.

Are authorized by special act of the Legislature to act  
as Receiver of Estates, as Executor of Wills,  
and as Guardians of Minors.

SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT.

Safes and Lock-Boxes rented in their Safe Deposit Vault.  
Bonds and Securities guaranteed.  
Silver Plate and Valuables stored.

Corner of Main and Pearl Streets,  
Connecticut Mutual Building.

E. B. WATKINSON, President.

M. H. WHAPLES, Treasurer.

Established 18 6.

FURNITURE AND DECORATIONS.  
ROBBINS BROTHERS,

Successors to

Robbins, Winship & Co.,  
209 MAIN STREET.

IN visiting the Bazar, the plethoric condition of  
the pocket-book is more to be considered in going  
in than in coming out.

It seems that the Southern mocking-bird is an  
occasional June visitor even in Connecticut, and  
that it has repeatedly built its nest and reared its  
young in the suburbs of Hartford. This, we  
think, will be news to most of the readers of the  
BUDGET. But the mocking-bird would find him-  
self at home if he was to fly into the Rink and  
settle among the branches of the tropical growths  
that ornament the Flower Booth. And he would  
be welcome. The only birds that are excluded  
are gulls and boobies.

A CASUAL question put to a servant-girl who has  
just arrived in Hartford from Ireland, concerning  
her personal knowledge of the distress existing in  
that country from the famine, revealed the fact  
that she had never heard of any such state of  
things in Ireland, and was astonished to learn,  
here, that Ireland had been suffering from a  
famine. On telling this circumstance to a lady  
who has also recently employed a newly-arrived  
kitchen-girl from Ireland, our friend was sur-  
prised to learn that that young rosebud, prior to  
its transplantation from the Ould Sod, had never  
been affected by drouth or flood—in short, had  
never even heard of the famine, till she reached  
Hartford. If she visits the Rink, she will believe  
not only that famines are impossible there, but  
that they are provided against drouths by Jacob's  
Well, and against winter by an unlimited stock of  
June Days.

# The Bazar Budget.

A DAILY JOURNAL

OF THE BAZAR OF THE

"UNION FOR HOME WORK."

ELLA BURR McMANUS, *Editor.*

MRS. D. W. C. SKILTON, *Financial*

MRS. WM. B. McCRAY, *Managers.*

TERMS:—TEN cents per copy, or FIFTY cents for the numbers to be issued during the BAZAR.

HARTFORD, JUNE 3, 1880.

WHAT is so rare as a day in June?

THERE were more than a thousand visitors at the Armory last evening.

KWONG KI CHIN, Shin Poy Chung, Yung Han Sam, Shin Ka Shu, and Hong Kang Ling, of the Chinese Commission, were visitors at the Rink, last evening, and expressed their unbounded delight at everything in the Bazar.

THE BAZAR BUDGET presents the almost astounding anomaly in the history of American journalism of being probably the only known paper which started on a paying basis with the very first number issued. Most papers now-a-days begin with a large capital, a large part of which must be absorbed in actual expenses before a penny of profit begins to come in. Many journals not only thus begin, but, unfortunately, they end there. The capital is eaten up and the paper instead of regularly coming out, incontinently goes up. THE BAZAR BUDGET is the brilliant exception. Thanks to its liberal patronage by the public and by advertisers, the very first number was a profit and the whole series will add a substantial sum to the funds of the Union.

THE Bazar does not claim to compete with such metropolitan fairs as the now historical ones, such as the Sanitary, during the war, the recent Seventh Regiment, the Cathedral, or the unfortunately cut-short Hahnemann fair. But it can justly claim to be the most beautiful and most attractive fair ever held in this city. No more favorable place than the Rink for such a purpose could be selected. It affords the ample room needed for the display to the very best advantage of all the attractions the Bazar offers. The tasteful booths look beautifully, and they are fairly loaded down with articles of use as well as ornament, and no one can spend a dollar at any one of them without getting a full equivalent for the money. The attendants at the booths are as courteous as they are graceful, and they themselves are by no means the least attractions at the Rink. Every thing worth seeing is readily and gladly shown and nobody is pestered to buy. It is more like a grand reception than an ordinary fair, and the visitors, as well as the industrious workers, are interested in forwarding the interests of the Union by enlarging its means of doing good.

## GEO. P. BISSELL & CO., \* BANKERS \*

AND DEALERS IN INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

LOCAL STOCKS bought and sold, also Securities at the New York Brokers' Board.

APPROVED COMMERCIAL PAPER discounted at current rates; and as we have a large capital in the business, we are always ready for offerings of large lines of good notes and acceptances, either with collateral or names.

CHOICE WESTERN LOANS on hand for sale, selected with all the care which an experience of twenty-five years can give.

### INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

We furnish Drexel, Morgan & Co's and Brown Bros. & Co's LETTERS OF CREDIT for persons going abroad.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT AND BOXES of the most approved and expensive construction, guarded by Yale Time Locks.

Our facilities for the transaction of a Discount, Deposit, and General Banking business, upon the safest and most liberal terms.

Geo. P. Bissell & Co.,  
307 MAIN STREET.

[ESTABLISHED 1853.]

## C. S. WEATHERBY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

## DRY GOODS,

Have constantly on hand a First-Class stock of

Silks, Dress Goods, Linens, Cottons,

WOOLENS, HOSIERY, LACES, FANCY GOODS, &c., &c.,

At the Lowest Popular Prices.

C. S. Weatherby & Co., 335 & 337 Main St.

## CARD PRINTING.

VISITING CARDS, NOTES, AND CRESTS.  
WEDDING AND SOCIAL PARTIES

furnished at SHORT NOTICE.

FINE WRITING PAPERS and NOTES. All the NEW BOOKS  
as issued, at

POND & CHILDS', PHENIX BANK BLOCK.

## SILAS CHAPMAN, Jr., Insurance Agent,

No. 118 ASYLUM ST., HARTFORD, CONN.

Business solicited for First-Class American and Foreign Companies.

## HABENSTEIN,

## CATERER TO THE BAZAR.

HEADQUARTERS

At 269 Main St., Hartford,

WHERE HE CATERES FOR

## WEDDING AND RECEPTION PARTIES,

FURNISHING THEM IN ELEGANT STYLE,  
USING ONLY

## BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED CHINA.

—ALSO A—

## LADIES' and GENTS' FASHIONABLE CAFE.

Careful attention given to out-of-town orders.  
Goods delivered to all parts of the city or depot.

## "THE BEE HIVE,"

MAIN AND TEMPLE STREETS, HARTFORD,

Affords to the Ladies of this vicinity all the attractions of a

## METROPOLITAN STORE.

ITS VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS are at all times fully stocked with the

Latest, Finest, and Most Costly Goods,

which taste and fashion demand, and which the DRESS GOODS Markets of the World afford.

We are constantly selecting from advance samples of Parisian Goods, Novelties in Laces,

Embroideries, Satins, Silks,

and rich goods of every kind, and solicit with confidence the inspection of our store and goods, fully believing that we successfully compete with any store in the States.

BEE HIVE, MAIN AND TEMPLE STREETS,  
HARTFORD.

## HAYNES & SIMMONS,

No. 364 MAIN STREET,

KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF

## Boots & Shoes,

TO BE FOUND IN THE CITY.

SOLE AGENTS FOR E. C. BURT'S FINE SHOES.

Shoes Made to Measure.

Just Received a Large Stock of

## Ladies' Fancy Slippers.

All Goods warranted as represented.

PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST.

## A SEA SIDE TRIP

Will often cost more than a GOOD PIANO, more than a GOOD ORGAN, that will give you MORE COMFORT and DELIGHT, and no Mosquito bites; and we promise you'll not get BITTEN AT ALL if you go to

BARKER & CO'S

For your MUSIC and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, no matter what "Mark Twain" says.

WAREROOMS, 153 and 155 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.

## TALCOTT & POST,

## Specialties and Novelties,

Silks, Crapes, Satin, De Lyons and Brocades, Mourning Dress Fabrics, Lupins Dress Goods, French and German Hosiery, Gauze Underwear, Satin Gros Grains, Sashes, Laces, Scarfs, &c.

## CARPETS, CURTAINS, AND WALL HANGINGS.

ROYAL VELVETS, AXMINSTERS, MOQUETS, all of the latest American and Paris designs. Special novelties in SILK CURTAINS, FRENCH LACES, &c., &c.

## WALL PAPERS AND NOVELTIES.

The exclusive sale of the New Imported French Decorations exceed all former attempts in artistic designs, at

TALCOTT & POST'S.

## RATHBUN'S

SODA MINT will cure SICK HEADACHE.

SODA MINT will cure INDIGESTION.

SODA MINT will cure ACID STOMACH.

SODA MINT will cure SEA SICKNESS.

Small Bottles 25 cents. Large Size 75 cents.

J. G. Rathbun & Co., Apothecaries, cor. Asylum & Ford Sts.

SEASONABLE GOODS AT  
**BROWN, THOMSON & Co.**

We have now in Stock a full Assortment of  
Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's

**SUMMER UNDERWEAR**  
at very low prices.

The following goods we have in great variety:

Parasols, Fans, Shetland Shawls,  
Lawns, Linen Dusters, Laces,  
at our usual popular prices.

**Brown, Thomson & Co.**

**B. ROWLAND ALLEN;**  
General Insurance Agent and Stock Broker,  
OFFICE, HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO'S BUILDING,  
55 TRUMBULL STREET.

THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF FINE  
Diamonds, Rich Jewelry,  
SILVER WARE,  
USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES FOR  
**BRIDAL PRESENTS,**  
CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND AT MY STORE.  
ALSO AGENT FOR THE  
CELEBRATED WALTHAM WATCHES.  
All goods of the best quality. Prices guaranteed.  
**D. H. BUELL,** - - 323 Main Street.

**FRUIT** Oranges, Lemons,  
Bananas, Pineapples,  
and Strawberries.  
RECEIVED DAILY. TRADE SUPPLIED  
375 ASYLUM ST. A. M. HURLBUT.

— **FLORIST** —  
CUT FLOWERS and FLORAL DESIGNS a specialty, with all  
the novelties of the season.  
Personal attention given to all orders.  
**D. A. SPEAR,** 242 ASYLUM ST.,  
HARTFORD, CONN.

**P. JEWELL & SONS,**  
**Leather Belting,**  
—AND—  
**LACE LEATHER,**  
**HARTFORD, CONN.**

**THE PHOENIX INS. CO.**

OF  
**HARTFORD,**  
CONN.

ASSETS,  
\$2,733,341.27



CAPITAL,  
\$1,000,000.00  
SURPLUS,  
\$874,504.63

Agencies in nearly every State and Territory, and on the Island of Cuba.

H. KELLOGG, Pres't. A. W. JILLSON, Vice-Pres't. D. W. C. SKILTON, Sec'y. GEO. H. BURDICK, Asst. Sec'y.

**HART, MERRIAM & Co.**  
Will offer during the coming month one of the largest lines of  
**CARPETINGS**  
(filling three large carpet halls,) to be found in the State.  
We have all the New Designs and novel colorings suited to the  
New Wall Decorations just being brought out.  
We are the only members of the **AMERICAN WALL PAPER**  
**MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION** in the State, and  
can offer inducements in **WALL PAPER**  
advantageous to purchasers. Our stock comprises  
the richest goods made.  
In our **CURTAIN DEPARTMENT** we exhibit a  
beautiful stock of Laces, Shades, Cornices, Lam-  
brequins, Raw Silks, Fringes, &c. &c.  
We offer a fine line of **FANCY CHINA MATTINGS** CHEAP.  
**Hart, Merriam & Co.**

An Elegant Assortment  
OF  
**FANCY BOX PAPERS,**

FURNISHED BY THE

**PLIMPTON MFG. Co.,**

366 ASYLUM STREET,

MANUFACTURERS OF

*Envelopes,*  
*Writing Papers,*  
*Papeteries, AND*  
*Blank Books,*  
WILL BE

FOR SALE AT THE BAZAR.

1851 TWENTY-NINE YEARS OF 1880  
SUCCESSFUL EXPERIENCE.

**PHOENIX MUTUAL**  
Life Insurance Co.,  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Assets, over \$10,500,000.00  
Total Payments  
to Policy Holders, over \$19,000,000.00

A. C. GOODMAN, Pres't.  
J. B. BUNCE, Vice Pres't.  
J. M. HOLCOMBE, Sec'y.

**D. R. V. G.**  
A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY FOR  
**DYSPEPSIA.**  
McNARY & CO., Agents,  
305 MAIN ST., HARTFORD.

**NATIONAL**  
Fire Insurance Company  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

STATEMENT, JANUARY 1, 1880.  
CAPITAL STOCK, all Cash, \$600,000.00  
FUNDS RESERVED TO MEET ALL LIABILITIES:  
Unpaid Fire Losses, . . . \$19,076.82  
Re-Insurance Fund, legal standard, 156,676.47 } 175,753.29  
NET SURPLUS { over Capital and } 364,304.35  
all Liabilities,  
TOTAL ASSETS of the Co, \$1,140,057.64

JAMES NICHOLS, Sec'y. MARK HOWARD, Pres't.  
Office, 118 Asylum Street.

### Country and Seashore.

Men are migratory, and so are most women. Especially at this season of the year, there is a general desire to "go somewhere"—almost anywhere away from home. It begins in spring, as soon as the snow is off the ground, and the grass begins to grow. At first it is a little longing, which increases from day to day, till in full summer it becomes an absorbing passion—an intense craving for the country or the seaside, and there are places which combine the charms of both. No matter how small is the city, town, or even village in which one lives, there is always some smaller place where a few days' residence seems desirable in summer, and some resorts present attractions which make weeks, or months, or the whole season through to those who temporarily dwell there seem all too short.

The whole rural resort business, including the seaside watering-places, has been wonderfully systematized within a few years. Of course, competition has had much to do with it. So soon as one place becomes popular, a new one near by offers the same or superior inducements, and in all the old favorite places new hotels seem to spring up every season. Old resorters note new comforts and conveniences every year. There are better ways of getting to these places, and, what is more important, better inducements for staying when one gets there. The competition of many places, with the local competition in each place, results also in reducing charges, and certainly it has notably done away with much of the downright extortion so prevalent at some of these resorts, not many years ago.

And every year there are more patrons of these places. Particularly just now, when the worst of hard times known for years are over, people feel that they have money to spend for a few days' or weeks' enjoyment away from home. We need not enumerate the many interior or shore resorts of New England, or, to come closer home, of our own Connecticut, many of which, happily, are not yet widely known to fame, which are not very expensive, yet very delightful retreats for longer or shorter periods during the heated term. Some of the best of these places are really familiar to the few only, who frequent them. In the favorite phrase of these patrons the places are not yet "spoiled" by becoming common in becoming popular. Many families and their immediate friends know precisely such places, and they flatter themselves that they guard the secret as fishermen do the precise locality of the few remaining trout brooks.

We need only allude to the great resorts which seem especially intended for those who have a deal of time and even more money to spend in pleasure. Everybody knows these places, and it is not at all singular that everybody is eager to go to them, if only once. It is something to say that one has been there. A season at Saratoga, or at Newport, or better, at both, is an experience in one's lifetime, and we advise everybody who can afford it to go, not once, but as often as possible. There is a great deal to see as well as enjoy.

But people of moderate means, who are given to what is called calculation, may do well to consider that what it costs to spend an entire season in one of these great resorts will take a small family through a three-month summer tour in Europe, and that is an experience worth having. It will do even more in the way of permanent pleasure—

it will buy or build a cozy cottage by the sea or Sound shore, or anywhere in the (supposed-to-be) cool country, or up in the mountains, where the family can go every summer and be literally "at home." All the usual summer enjoyments for sojourners of moderate means, including the now conventional "camping out," have been reduced to a system—magazine articles and even books give special directions and instructions, and those best of all teachers, experience and common sense, have taught many people how to thoroughly enjoy a few days or weeks away from home cheaply, wisely, and well. This really valuable information and instruction is extending every summer, and it is fortunate that it is so. Everybody needs rest and recreation at this season. The children want it. The elders not only rest, but recuperate for the return to home duties in the autumn. Let every one who possibly can, get away from home for a few days or weeks in summer. Those who are tied down by business can at least make numerous short excursions to near-by resorts, and they will be all the better for it. A bit of the country or the seaside in summer is essential to health, and it adds much to the year's happiness.

THE screen in Mrs. Colt's Booth sold at one hundred and fifty dollars.

NOTHING in the whole Fair pleases the children more than "The House that Jack Built."

MRS. S. C. PORTER's magnificent screen was sold, last night, for seventy-five dollars, to David Clark.

MISS JULIA SMITH will take orders for Four-o'clock tea-table covers, which are worked in appropriate designs.

DAVID A. SPEAR sent to the BUDGET yesterday a splendid harp of carnations, pansies, and roses. It attracted much attention.

PLATES decorated by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and autograph albums for Christmas, and Easter cards, are attractive features of Booth F.

BABY-BOOTH B exhibits all the latest patterns in baby clothing. As most babies have so little judgment, their mothers will do well to select for them.

ISAAC WHITE has made some fine photographs of the Bazar for the Budget Booth. Four general views, and each separate booth. For sale at Newspaper Booth.

MAYOR BULKELEY generously bought at a high price the privilege of personating Jacob at the Rebeccas' well. He adds a handsome sum to the Union funds, and renders good service to the Fair.

OUR Bazar is not only the biggest, brightest, and best fair ever held in this city, but we believe that it surpasses any held in any New England city, outside of Boston, and we cannot recall the precise time when Boston has beaten it.

S. W. BARROWS & Co., Post-office building, will mail to any address, postage prepaid, each number of THE BAZAR BUDGET from day to day, or will send the whole five numbers on and after next Saturday, for 50 cents. Back numbers from the beginning will be supplied by them for ten cents each.

ERNST SCHALL,  
313 Main Street, cor. Asylum, Hartford.  
FINE GOODS A SPECIALTY.  
The Largest and Finest Stock to select from in the City.

DIAMONDS,  
FINE WATCHES AND CHAINS,  
ROMAN GOLD BRACELETS.  
Elegant Designs in Rich Gold Jewelry,  
BLACK ONYX GOODS,  
Sterling Silver and Rogers' Plated Ware,  
French Clocks and Bronzes,  
PARIS AND VIENNA GOODS,  
Field and Opera Glasses.  
SOLE AGENCY FOR THE  
AUGUSTE SALTZMAN WATCHES,  
Acknowledged as the best and most accurate  
performing watch existing.  
ERNST SCHALL, 313 MAIN STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.

THE GENUINE NEW HAVEN  
PATENT  
ROLL-UP SPRING BED.  
THE MOST PERFECTLY ELASTIC, NOISELESS,  
PORTABLE MATTRESS IN USE.  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
Office, 84 Trumbull Street, cor. Pratt, Hartford, Conn.

CHARLES A. GRISWOLD,  
DEALER IN  
Choice Foreign and American Sheet Music.  
A SPECIALTY MADE OF EDITED AND FINGERED  
EDITIONS OF THE BEST COMPOSERS.  
Steinway Piano Warerooms, No. 241 Asylum Street.

THE POPULAR  
MARKET } KINGSLEY'S  
—OF HARTFORD—  
173 and 175 Asylum Street.

DON'T TRAVEL WITHOUT A  
GOSSAMER WATER-PROOF CLOAK.  
Water-Proofs from \$2.00 to \$7.00,  
Wholesale and Retail.  
JOHN W. GRAY & CO.,  
RUBBER GOODS,  
No. 147 and 149 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

GEORGE B. FISHER,  
Fire Insurance Agent,  
No. 64 PEARL STREET,  
Hartford, - - Conn.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS!  
IF YOU WISH A  
SPLENDID BARREL OF FLOUR,  
THE BEST CUP OF  
TEA OR COFFEE,  
THE FINEST CANNED GOODS, THE BEST HAM,  
LARD, AND SALT PORK, THE BEST  
PURE SPICES EVER GROUND,  
—AT THE—  
VERY LOWEST PRICE,  
AND EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED JUST AS REPRESENTED,  
BE SURE AND GO TO THE  
BOSTON BRANCH  
TEA AND GROCERY HOUSE,  
No. 273 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.  
J. P. HAYNES & CO.



**JAMES C. WELLES & CO.,**  
Importers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
Fine French and English Porcelains, and Foreign and  
Domestic Cut and Engraved Glass Ware.  
CHINA HALL, 27 ASYLUM ST.

**THE WM. ROGERS MFG. CO.**

Factory cor. Front & Grove Sts., Hartford, Conn.

Manufacturers of the

**Best Electro Silver Plate,**

KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS,  
Casters, Butter Dishes, Cake Baskets, &c.

**SISSON, BUTLER & CO'S**

**SECURITY KEROSENE OIL,**

The BEST for use in Monitor Oil Stoves and  
for Illuminating purposes.

WHAT YOU DO NOT FIND AT THE BAZAR IN THE WAY OF  
LADIES' AND GENTS' FINE  
Boots, Shoes, and Slippers,  
WILL BE FOUND AT

**JOHN D. FISK & CO'S,**

Will be happy to show you around. 375 Main St.

**S. T. BISSELL,**

AGENT FOR

**DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS,**  
Wilcox & White Organs,

AND DEALER IN

ALL KINDS OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,  
73 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.

Tuning and Repairing Done with Neatness and Dispatch.

**J. H. ECKHARDT & CO.,**

DEALERS IN

**Paintings, Engravings,**

And WORKS OF ART.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

**PICTURE FRAMES.**

Fine GOLD GILT WORK a specialty.

A FULL LINE OF ARTISTS' MATERIALS constantly on hand.

All goods sold at New York prices.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

**CLIMAX REFRIGERATOR**

And Water Cooler Combined.

(No Drip Pan Required.)

**ICE CREAM FREEZERS, WATER COOLERS,**

And the best variety of FANCY CHINA and GLASSWARE  
to be found in the State.

CHAS. F. HURD & Co., 231 and 233 Main St.

**"HAWLEY"**

**THE SEEDSMAN.**

Everything for the Garden and Farm.

492 and 498 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.

**C. H. CASE,**

*The Asylum Street Jeweler.*

No. 18.

**Fear Not.**

In those ages, which were even darker than what we called the Dark Ages, there lived in the corner of England called Kent a poor woman, who must have had her hands full indeed with the charge of eleven children, clothing them and feeding them as she could, and providing, in summers which were only too short, for winters which seemed all too long. There is not much to be said as to the comfort of the Kentish man's cabin of that day. It seems not to have had even the rude solidity of our own log cabins, but to have been made of some frailer material; with its walls filled in for the most part with well-kneaded clay. Windows such as we speak of it had none,—the door of entrance for the family was the entrance as well for air and light. Indeed, it was when such a door was used only for ventilation that it took the specific name of the "wind-door." In such a home as this, good mother Elvira brought up her eleven children as best she might. Her husband had disappeared in fight or in flood,—who should say?—while the youngest was a baby in her arms, and she had her periods of worry and anxiety, long days of dumb brooding by the unlighted fire, and long nights of tears. These boys were to use, as they could, her husband's heavy mattock and spade,—they were to see if they could bend his stiff bow far enough, and could aim his long arrow true enough, to bring down the wild boar when he came ravaging in their cornfields. They were, if they could, to set the weirs close enough, and carry them out far enough into the stream, to catch a few stragglers when the shoal of fish came pouring up from the estuary; and, she, meanwhile, if she could, was to make the boys and girls understand that for them this cabin was the best cabin in the world; and for them this dull routine was the noblest life; to see that they should not be lured away from her by the lies of any wandering harper, who told them what light and gay life it was at the court of King Ethelred, or how easily the damsels passed away their days as they met together and danced together in the merry meetings of the market town.

And yet, of a sudden, the children saw, and the neighbors saw, the wandering chapman saw, and even the beggars who came in for a meal, that the spirit of that place changed, that the children were more fond of home, and that their mother's face took again the cheerful aspect of old time—if there were not a something of Heaven in it that even the old time did not know.

And at last, one of the com-meres of the cheerful mother, as they called her, sitting one night by the fireside, asked her to tell the secret of this happy home: and she said, "I learned my secret in one day. I was at the holy house of Our Lady with the wool that I had carded for their spinning, and the hour of prayertime came on, and the sunset had not come, and I waited. And, as I waited, the train of sisters came in, and they sang songs of Latin, of which I knew nothing. But then they sang a hymn in my own tongue, and as they sang, this was the Master's word, 'Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Fear not! Fear not!' and then the ladies left the chapel, and I was left alone. But as I walked, the setting sun behind me lighted up my way across the bridge and along the meadow, and in the bright light I walked on, 'and I could hear the angels singing 'Fear not, fear not,' and I followed into the Earl's forest, and I could hear, 'Fear not, fear not,' and so I came into the cabin, when I saw my good man's boar-spear. I saw that one day my Edgar would be glad to handle it. When I saw my garden of herbs, I knew my boy Oswald was big enough to water it, and as I saw them all coming in together from the wood, where they had been gathering a fagot for the baking, this one running, that one laughing, and the girls crowned with oak leaves, it seemed as if I could still hear the sisters singing. I heard the Master's word, 'Fear not, fear not, little flock, fear not.'

So it is that I looked forward to what shall be when Our Father gives me the kingdom. If the cabin is lighter it is because we have hopeful hearts who are in it. If the garden is the more green, it is because we work with more hope for the morrow."  
EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

**R. BALLERSTEIN & CO.,**

Wholesale and Retail

**MILLINERY.**

Special attention paid to Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.  
Goods sold at Manufacturers' and Importers' prices.  
Novelties in the Millinery line received daily.

**ONE PRICE and SQUARE DEALING**

—AT THE—

**New England Boot and Shoe House,**

354 Main St., cor. of Kingsley.

**FLUTING MACHINES,**

Novelty Baby Carriage,

**PHILADELPHIA LAWN MOWER,**

Sole Agency,

**GEO. M. WAY & CO.,**

344 Main Street, Hartford.

THE

**CONTINENTAL**



**LIFE INS. CO.**

Have disbursed on account of Policy-holders

\$5,215,621.83,

and now have a surplus of

\$421,465.28.

**MARKET,**

239 MARKET STREET.

Owing to the demands of a first-class trade, this Market is enabled to supply fine specialties in

**Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Game,**

PHILADELPHIA POULTRY,

CANNED FRUITS, and all the delicacies of the season. Goods received daily from Washington Market at 7 A. M.

ORDERS SOLICITED FOR THE

**STRAWBERRY and PEACH SEASONS.**

S. G. SLUYTER.

C. W. PRESTON.

WM. R. CRANE.

CHARLES W. PRESTON & CO.,

**INSURANCE,**

No. 279 Main Street,

HARTFORD, CONN.

**SEYMS & CO.,**

Importers of and Dealers in

**Fancy Groceries & Foreign Luxuries,**

217 MAIN ST., HARTFORD, CONN.

## ORIENT INSURANCE COMPANY,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Capital Stock, paid up in cash, . . . \$500,000.00  
 Reserve for Re-insurance, . . . 141,133.74  
 Outstanding Losses and all other Liabilities, . . . 21,587.57  
 Net Surplus, . . . 146,298.90  
 Total Cash Assets, Jan. 1, 1880, \$809,020.21

## OFFICE:

Hartford Fire Ins. Building, cor. Pearl &amp; Trumbull Sts.

## DIRECTORS:

David Gallup, Newton Case, Geo. M. Bartholomew, Wm. Boardman,	Daniel Phillips, Fred. R. Foster, Geo. S. Lincoln, Seiden C. Preston, James Campbell.	Leverett Brainard, Charles J. Cole, Wm. H. Bulkeley, Robt. E. Day,
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S. O. PRESTON, Pres.      NEWTON CASE, Vice-Pres.  
 GEORGE W. LESTER, Secretary.

CHARLES W. PRESTON & CO., Local Agents,  
 No. 279 Main Street.

PHILIP CONRAD'S  
*First-Class Vienna Bakery.*  
 Confectionery, Ice Cream, and Coffee Saloon,  
 AT  
 372 Asylum Street, - BATTERSON BLOCK.

## HEADQUARTERS

FOR

HARNESS, RIDING SADDLES, SUMMER BLANKETS,  
 AND LAP ROBES, AT

SMITH, BOURN & CO'S,  
 384 ASYLUM STREET.

DEMING & GUNDLACH,  
 Have the largest stock of  
 SPECS & EYE GLASSES,  
 In the City.  
 20 STATE STREET.

L. H. GOODWIN,  
 Druggist and Apothecary,  
 336 Main St., Exchange Corner.  
 CHOICE FAMILY MEDICINES.  
 Prescriptions Prepared Day or Night.

EDDY'S REFRIGERATORS,  
 ICE CREAM FREEZERS,  
 Water Coolers, New French Coffee Pots.  
 S. B.  
 At the CROOKERY STORE, opp. Cheney's Block.  
 CHAS. J. FULLER, 389 Main St., Hartford.

SUIT DEPARTMENT  
 -AT-  
 MILLER'S, 403 Main Street,  
 IS CONSTANTLY RECEIVING ADDITIONS  
*Black and Colored Silks, Bunting, Grenadines, Momie Cloth,  
 Ladies Cloth, Flannel, India Silks, Summer Silks, White  
 Silks, variety of material, Ginghams, Cambrics, &c.*  
 We have ten Satin de Lyon Mantles which we offer at extreme-  
 ly low prices.

COVEY & SMITH  
 OF  
 65 and 67 Asylum Street.  
 MEN'S OUTFITTERS.  
 MANUFACTURERS OF  
 THE C. & S. SHIRT.

## Et Cetera.

To contribute in a field of writers numerically and intellectually so strong as to make it almost certain that available topics will be exhausted, forces me in the midst of many cares, et cetera, to question whether, in attempting to elbow through the crowd, I may not tread where deeper impressions have already been made, and thus become a sort of destructive go-as-you-please pedestrian in forbidden paths. If, in the economy of Bazar work, the ladies had systematically assigned the pages of their journal to particular classifications, and furnished the chapter and verse of every allotted subject, just as they have presumably done otherwise with booths, et cetera, in the detailed order of their scheme as a whole, then the contributor would not be put to his wit's end as an inventor.

In order to dodge the embarrassments and escape the responsibilities which present themselves, I have prudently chosen a theme so broad in its outreachings that no one can fairly accuse me either of trespass, piracy, or burglary, et cetera.

The plain English of the text is so well measured by the common utility which makes it of frequent service in all mental, if not oral, effort, that it would be a waste of words to elaborate upon it; and indeed if any attempt were made to confine remarks to it a suspicion of idiocy would be justified. And so the range of this article will depend more upon extraneous topics than upon anything which the title itself, were it more arbitrary or less understood, would suggest.

Possessing a slight familiarity with things and scenes, et cetera, in Hartford, the suggestion comes to me that perhaps in no better way can I group a few impressions so as to have them reach the reflecting mind of readers than in connection with an enterprise eleemosynary in its character; but this compliment to the Bazar is not intended as a reflection upon the West Hartford gravitation scheme, or fish in the pipes, et cetera.

The most prodigious work in Hartford at the present time outside the sewers, which have never been completed and probably never will be, is the new Post-Office. Old citizens will remember when the foundations were laid, and some persons who have moved here within the last decade will not forget the boom-derricks, et cetera, which were employed to deceive countrymen as to our marine importance at the head of very poor navigation. Estimates relating to the cost of the building ceased to have any interest long ago, and the man who started to fix the date of its completion died in Washington after he had devoted himself to columns of figures, et cetera, and his mind was mistaken in the department of internal revenue, presided over by General Baum, for an executive order on civil service reform. The force of styling it a prodigious work will no doubt be seen; it might even be called astounding, unless it should interfere with some important arrangement already made to put a suitable inscription, et cetera, on the tombstone of the unfortunate mathematician referred to.

The law of libel has been enforced in Hartford to a limited extent, and would have been more so were it not necessary to prove malice, et cetera; but no justice of the peace has yet in behalf of any of the places of religious worship, et cetera, drawn papers ultimately designed to punish the man who said we had stub-tail churches here. The man

who said it must have been malicious, so that an action against him would lie, if he didn't, and the omission to enforce a wholesome law shows a criminal negligence almost to make the statutes available. This is a matter outside of all sectarian prejudice, and several denominations, representing a variety of creeds, might unite in a prosecution, if the libeller has not left the city or State to escape the malaria and doctors, et cetera, and the expense, provided not more than one Hartford lawyer should be employed, would be light, divided among six or eight congregations.

Our public improvements, and the swift activities which we force into them, make Hartford abroad a recognized center of enterprise, and of fire and life insurance, et cetera; and nothing that we have done has so given magnificent proportions to our name and fame as the costly structure which is suspended over Asylum street at the railroad crossing, as seen by our fellow-citizen Hamlet from his back yard on the hill where it comes up to the line of his neighbor Laertes' fence.

The tranquility of our public life is exceptional in all history, and makes official care easy to those who are burdened with authority. To be mayor or first selectman, or president of the water board, et cetera, is to occupy a station where everything is as plain as writ—a quo warranto, or mandamus, et cetera, for example.

Ambition in Hartford's public servants rarely overleaps itself. There is no selfish desire uppermost in the Common Council to speak of, and will be none whatever when the present plan to increase the number of free bathing-houses is carried out, so that each member may have a chairmanship of his own. Occasionally now some alderman or councilman feels disappointed when there are distributions on the committee on claims, or fire department, et cetera, and for this reason more bathing-houses should be encouraged, that we may be perfect in our self-contentment.

Time in Hartford is a thing to brag of, owing to the uniformity and large supply which prevails in the public time-pieces on the City Hall, Center Church, et cetera; and in this is the source of great wealth, if we figure by adages and not by subtractions.

There are other matters in which Hartford is progressive and great if we look only upon the extravagant side of our daily growth and life; but perhaps they had better be left to the et ceteras than to crowd them into a front place to-day—for there is another side which we more enjoy, in the permanent stability of our homes and institutions; in our broad and generous culture; in the steady and helpful growth of all our charities; in the nobility and christian service of many of our generous men and women, in all walks that lead to higher planes, even "above the defilements of earth;" and, moreover, in scores of unknown and unwritten deeds and personal histories, wherein are the blossoms of unfolding years, which are yet to make Hartford more lovely in all that makes living in it delightful. So as we dwell on some shortcomings, and go aside in pure fun over our follies, let us not forget that few cities are more deserving of honor than ours; few that can claim attachments more binding; and none that can appeal with so much emphasis to the pride that all people feel in their own. Were it not for this serious aspect of my subject, I might continue touching upon this and that etc., etc., etc.

A. S. HOTCHKISS.

**CHARTER OAK  
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

Assets Dec. 31, 1879,	\$8,243,732.42
Liabilities,	8,116,647.63
Surplus by Conn. Standard,	\$127,084.79
Surplus by N. Y. Standard,	689,286.79

GEORGE M. BARTHOLOMEW, President.  
CHARLES E. WILLARD, Secretary.

**O. D. WOODRUFF & CO.,  
355 MAIN STREET,  
HATS, CAPS, and FURS,**  
Manufacturers and Dealers in  
Of the latest styles.

Hats and Caps to match Suits, Made to Order,  
O. D. WOODRUFF. J. E. WOODRUFF.

**HARTFORD STEAM BOILER**



**INSPECTION & INSURANCE CO.**

Full information concerning the plan of the Company's operations can be obtained at the

COMPANY'S OFFICE, HARTFORD, CONN.

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J. B. PIERCE, Secretary.

**CANDIES.**

For fresh, pure, home made **CONFECTIONERY** of every description and of an endless variety, at very reasonable prices, there is no better place in the city than at

**F. SCHROEDER'S, 373 MAIN ST.**

Also, our **CREAMS** and **ICES** are of the best quality. A splendid assortment of our goods will be on exhibition and for sale during the Bazar at the Rink.

**F. Schroeder, THE Confectioner**

**CHARLES T. STUART,  
Art Photographer,**

275 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.

SPECIALTY :

**Photographic Portraits.**

SUCCESSOR TO S. H. WAITE.

Gallery Established Twenty Years.

**CARPETS,**

Oilcloths, Canton Mattings, Smyrna Rugs, Rugs, Mats, Crumb Cloths, Curtain Goods, Nottingham Laces, Shades and Fixtures.

**DRY GOODS,**

Fancy Goods, Black and Fancy Silks, Black Cashmeres, Plain and Lace Buntings, Ladies' Linen Ulsters and Suits, at

**THEODORE CLARK'S, Cheney Build'g, 390 Main St.,**  
In better assortment and at Lower Prices than any other House in the State.

**ÆTNA  
Insurance Company,**  
HARTFORD, CONN.

**The Leading Fire Insurance Company  
OF AMERICA.**

Losses Paid in 61 Years, \$51,000,000.00

L. J. HENDEE, President.

J. GOODNOW, Sec'y. WM. B. CLARK, Asst. Sec'y.

L. A. DICKINSON, Local Agent.

**W. F. WHITTELEY & CO.,**  
Make a Specialty of **BOYS' and CHILDREN'S**  
**FINE CLOTHING,**  
NEW YORK STYLES.

A large assortment of Kilt Suits and "Star Shirt Waists" always in stock.  
34 TO 38 ASYLUM STREET.

RARE  
CHEMICALS.

NEW  
REMEDIES.

**WILLIAMS and HUNGERFORD,  
— APOTHECARIES —**

423 Main, cor. Church St.

QUALITY  
AND  
ACCURACY.

TOILET  
REQUISITES.

**J. L. HOWARD & CO.,  
RAILWAY SUPPLIES,**  
440 & 448 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

**M. W. PEMBER & CO.,**  
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC  
**WOOLENS,**  
292 Asylum St., - Hartford, Conn.

**FOX & CO.,**  
THE LEADING  
FAMILY AND FANCY **GROCCERS,**  
The Largest and Freshest Stock always on hand.  
The Lowest Possible Prices always given.  
**FOX & CO., 17 CENTRAL ROW.**

THE  
**TRAVELERS**  
OF HARTFORD,  
COVERS THE WHOLE FIELD  
OF  
**PERSONAL INSURANCE.**

Life and Endowment Policies,  
General Accident Policies,  
Registered Accident Tickets,  
Life and Accident Combined.

LOW RATES AND UNQUESTIONED SECURITY.  
Liberal Dealing and Definite Contracts.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, PRES'T.  
RODNEY DENNIS, SEC'Y.  
JOHN E. MORRIS, ASST. SEC'Y.

*Brown & Gross,  
Publishers,  
Booksellers, and Stationers,  
77 and 79 Asylum St.,  
Hartford, Conn.*

**JOHN S. HUSSEY,  
DEALER IN  
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C.,**  
Artists' Colors, Brushes, and Canvas,  
Gold Paint, Bronzes, and Bronze Liquid,  
13 CENTRAL ROW, MARBLE BLOCK.

THE  
**CONNECTICUT GENERAL**

Life Insurance Co.,  
HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS, January 1, 1880,	\$1,391,642.38
LIABILITIES,	1,103,766.80
SURPLUS to Policy-holders by New York Standard,	342,556.58

Over and above Surplus due, by same Standard, to Savings Endowment Policies, of . . . . . 51,496.78

Under the date of April 29, 1880, the Insurance Commissioner of Connecticut certifies to an examination of the Assets of the Company, and says :

"The assets of the Company, as herein stated, will stand any test of soundness that can be applied to the investment of trust funds, and the perfect order and strict regard to economy which govern every department of the business of the Company are worthy of all praise."

T. W. RUSSELL, PRES'T. F. V. HUDSON, SEC'Y.  
MELANCTHON STORRS, MEDICAL ADVISER.

**GEMMILL, BURNHAM & CO.,  
Merchant Tailors,  
DEALERS IN FINE CLOTHING**  
OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE,  
42 and 44 Asylum Street.

**THE MONITOR IS THE ONLY OIL STOVE**  
in the world built on scientific principles that give Absolute Safety with Perfection in work, without a particle of smoke or odor. It will do all the work of the coal stove or range, quicker, easier, better, cheaper.  
**GILMAN & CO.,**  
326 Asylum Street.

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co.,  
OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

— Organized 1846. —

JACOB L. GREENE, PRES'T. JOHN M. TAYLOR, SEC'Y. DANIEL H. WELLS, ASST. SEC'Y.

BUSINESS DONE IN 33 YEARS.

Premiums Received, . . . . .	\$112,717,723.72	Losses and Endowments Paid, . . . . .	\$36,084,055.97
Interest Received, . . . . .	33,148,467.20	Dividends and Surrendered Policies, . . . . .	47,286,909.68
		Expenses and Taxes, . . . . .	15,378,980.90
		Balance, Net Assets, . . . . .	47,116,244.37
	\$145,866,190.92		\$145,866,190.92

GROSS ASSETS, January 1, 1880, . . . . .	\$48,792,344.48
SURPLUS, Connecticut Standard, 4 per cent. Reserve, . . . . .	3,434,451.42
SURPLUS, New York Standard, 4 1/2 per cent. Reserve, . . . . .	6,558,124.42
EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT for 1879, . . . . .	6.54 per cent. of the Receipts.

THE  
**HARTFORD**  
Fire Insurance Co.,  
HARTFORD, CONN.

SEVENTIETH ANNUAL STATEMENT.

— January 1, 1880. —

ASSETS, \$3,456,020.90

CASH CAPITAL, . . . . .	\$1,250,000.00
RESERVE FOR RE-INSURANCE, . . . . .	1,110,629.26
ALL OUTSTANDING CLAIMS, . . . . .	159,992.46
NET SURPLUS OVER ALL, . . . . .	985,399.18

GEO. L. CHASE, Pres't. J. D. BROWNE, Sec'y.

B. R. ALLEN, Agent,  
55 Trumbull Street.

**H. W. CONKLIN,**

OFFERS A CHOICE LINE OF

Gentlemen's  
Furnishings,

OF THE BEST

Foreign and Domestic Manufacture.

MAKES THE

CELEBRATED

PHENIX SHIRTS

TO ORDER, AND

Guarantees a Perfect Fit.

**CONKLIN'S BAZAAR,**

264 MAIN STREET.

**CONNECTICUT**  
FIRE INSURANCE CO.  
OF HARTFORD.

OFFICE—Hartford Fire Insurance Building, corner of  
Pearl and Trumbull Streets.

Cash Capital, . . . . .	\$1,000,000.00
Total Liabilities, including re-insurance reserve, and outstanding losses, . . . . .	\$273,817.68
Net surplus, . . . . .	209,662.34
Total Assets, Jan. 1, 1880, \$1,483,480.02.	

DIRECTORS:

Timothy M. Allyn,	Alfred E. Burr,
Julius Catlin,	John R. Redfield,
John B. Eldredge,	Rodney Dennis,
Henry T. Sperry,	Richard S. Ely, N. Y.,
Martin Bennett, Jr.,	Julius Catlin, Jr., N. Y.,
Henry C. Robinson,	William J. Wood,
	Franklin G. Whitmore.

M. BENNETT, Jr., President.

CHAS. R. BURT, Secretary.  
JAS. H. BREWSTER, Ass't Secretary.  
R. S. BURT, Local Agent.

☞ Money to loan on First Mortgage and Collateral Security.

GEO. SAUNDERS & CO.,

☞ DRUGGISTS AND CHEMISTS ☞ ☞ PARK DRUG STORE ☞

Batterson's Block, cor. of Asylum and High Streets,

Agents for Reynolds's Wax and materials for Wax Flowers.  
Also Agents for Boericke & Tafel's Homoeopathic Medicines.  
Family and Physicians' Supplies.

**WANTED!**

*FURNITURE.*

**B**UYERS to select a nice  
CHAMBER OR PARLOR SUIT  
from our Ware-rooms, or any-  
thing that they may want in  
the Furniture line. You will  
always find a large assortment  
to select from, and at reason-  
able prices. Respectfully,

SEIDLER & MAY,

Nos. 14 and 16 Ford St.



DEPARTMENT OF STATIONERY.

**T. STEELE & SON,**

HARTFORD, CONN.,

Have just received the latest novelties in FRENCH and ENGLISH

STATIONERY.—Wedding Invitations, Visiting Cards, Monograms,  
Coats of Arms, Menus, Orders of Dancing, Pearl  
Card Cases, Paper Cutters, Calendars, &c., &c.

**T. STEELE & SON,** STATIONERS,  
JEWELERS & 407  
MAIN STREET, HARTFORD.

**C. C. KIMBALL & CO.,**  
Fire and Marine Insurance,

No. 5 CHARTER OAK LIFE INS. BUILDING,  
218 Main Street.

C. C. KIMBALL. W. B. McCRAY.

**ALLYN HOUSE DRUG STORE,**  
NOS SPECIALITES SONT!

DES MEDICAMENTS DE PREMIER ORDRE; OR-  
DONNANCES PREPAREES AVEC SOIN; ARTICLES  
DE TOILETTES DE CHOIX; PRIX MODERES.  
**SYKES & NEWTON.**

**LEATHER WASHERS.**

Why will you persist in running your  
carriage when you need some new Wash-  
ers on your axles?

We have a full assortment to fit any  
vehicle, and they are very cheap.

**LEATHER WASHERS.**

FOR SALE BY

**The Blodgett & Clapp Co.,**  
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**ALLYN & BLANCHARD,**  
COFFEE AND SPICE GRINDERS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Teas, Coffees, Spices, Tobacco, Cigars, and Grocers' Sundries.  
OFFICE, MILLS, AND WAREHOUSE:

Nos. 34, 36, and 38 Market St., HARTFORD, CONN.

FOR CHOICE GOODS AT REASONABLE PRICES

CALL ON

**WHITTEMORE THE GROCER**

436 Asylum St., near Union Depot.

**KELSEY & HITCHCOCK,**  
*MERCHANT TAILORS,*

AND DEALERS IN

BOYS' FINE READY-MADE CLOTHING,  
Cor. Main and Pearl Streets.