

# BAZAR BUDGET

THE KELLOGG-BULKELLY CO. HARTFORD CONN.

No. 5.

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## Omens.

I.

I knew not she was coming;  
But underneath the ground,  
The violets heard her footsteps,  
And started at the sound.  
So in the lap of autumn  
I found the flowers of spring,  
Yet knew not that October  
May to my heart would bring.

II.

I knew not she was coming:  
But in its sheltered nook  
My rose-tree felt beforehand  
The sunshine of her look.  
I saw a bud unfolding,  
White as her virgin heart,  
Yet knew not it would kiss her hand  
Ere burst its leaves apart.

III.

I knew not she was coming,  
And through the daylight hours  
My spirit wearied for its queen,  
As the bare earth for its flowers.  
But sleep unsealed my vision,  
And brought the sweet form near;  
I dreamed that she was coming—  
I woke, and found her here!

MARIE E. FELLOWES.

## My Miss Mopsie.

At the time when this brief tale begins, my Miss Millie Mopsie was just sweet seven. I, her J. Ruggins Buggins, was—well, something more than somewhat sour forty. Miss Mopsie's family, besides herself—and she was a good deal of it—included her father, Millerton Muggins Mopsie, aged forty; her maiden aunt, Jerusha Jane Mopsie, forty, too, as she put it, and forty-two certainly she was; and her brother, Propertius Mopsie, who of course was always Popsie Mopsie, aged nine. Total years of all of us, one hundred and thirty-eight, or thereabouts.

My familiar footing in the family was based upon a schoolboy friendship and college chumship with Mr. Mopsie, who, with me, was merely "Mop" (without the handle), while I, to him, was always "Rug"—never Bug. No bug in that rug, you may be sure.

The youthful Mopsies had long lost their admirable mother, whose place was fully filled by their adorable aunt. Popsie was a bold and bright, but never a bad boy. Millie was very pretty, somewhat sedate, stunningly sweet, with the manners, as Aunt Jerusha Jane declared, of "a perfect little lady."

My immediate proprietary interest in my Miss Millie began in an after-dinner suggestion to the paternal Mop, who was descanting upon the daily increasing brilliancy as well as beauty of Miss

Millie, that she was just the one woman (or would be) in all the world whom I wanted for my second wife.

"You old fraud!" said Mop, "You'd better get the first wife first—A 1 before B 2. Why, when Millie is fifteen, you'll be fifty."

But such things travel in such families, and it wasn't long before it was evident that Miss Millie had combined and condensed her oral information and her extensive reading into a domestic story of this sort: Mr. J. Ruggins Buggins was to marry *ad interim*, as it were, a very, very, very rich woman, who was to be drowned by pirates, captured by an Indian chief, captivated by an Italian count, eloped with by a French cook, or otherwise somehow and summarily disposed of. Thereafter—and pretty soon, too—Miss Millie Mopsie, at sweet seventeen, having shed school and several other things, was to succeed as Mrs. J. Ruggins Buggins, No. 2. And, at the head of a triumphal and gorgeously-appeared procession, she was to enter upon immediate possession of the husband, diamonds, dresses, opera-boxes, bandboxes, velvet-bound prayer-books, grand pianos, glove-buttoners, and other easily-inventoried personal properties of the captured, captivated, cooked, or otherwise-disposed of Mrs. J. Ruggins Buggins, No. 1. Then the bells would sound, and the bugles would blow, and so on.

Something like this was dimly manifest one day when Mop and I, on our way from the smoking-room, paused to listen at the just ajar door of the schoolroom, late nursery—the perfidious old Mop holding up a warning hand and softly "shooing" silence. The little folks were discussing a coming children's fancy ball at Mrs. Popkins's, at which Millie, who always had her say and way in such matters, already had arranged that Popsie should appear as Cardinal Wolsey, while she would take the character and costume, whatever there might be of both, of Minerva.

Popsie.—"Oh! *won't* we cut a swell! And that Pink Popkins, who's got a false hump an' a real sword, an' who's goin' to be Richard Third, he's just wild to be your beau, *he is!*"

Millie.—"I do not know what you mean by cutting a swell, unless it is cutting Pinkerton Popkins. *He*, indeed! He may be Richard Third, or Richard Thirtieth, but he won't be *my* beau. I want no boys about *me*. When *I* have a beau, he will be a man, like—like—Mr. J. Ruggins Buggins, that is, for instance. Boys, indeed!"

Popsie.—"Boys! *Bo-oy's!* Oh, you be blowed!"

Millie.—"Well, you might at least be grammatical, even when you are aggravating. *I* should say 'be blown.' But I refuse to be blown—for you, or Pinkerton Popkins, or any other boy.

I—I—" and here her countenance clouded and a shower of tears threatened.

"You precious little bud," exclaimed Popsie, taking her in his arms and kissing her. "You little rosebud, that's what *you* are: and you *must* be blown, you know, before you can bloom out for a real beau. And you can have J. Ruggins Buggins, if you want him—I don't. He's as good as Pink Popkins, any day, and five times as old. And he's goin' to give me a base ball, an' a bat, an' a miniature yacht, an' a patent corkscrew, an' a stuffed condor, an' a—oh, I can get lots o' things out o' him; an' he's awful rich, *he is.*" Here Mop and I beat a quiet retreat.

Awhile after dinner, when Mop had gone to the library "to examine a case" (his cigar-case, I suppose), and Aunt Jerusha Jane had been dragged out by Popsie to see the rabbits, little Millie mounted my lap, as usual, and brilliantly opened the ball of conversation with the following conundrum:

"Do you like Herbert Spencer?"

"Do I like Her—oh, yes; I like Herbert Spencer—like him very much."

Oh, I am *so* glad to hear you say so. Do you know I am reading his 'Principles of Biology.'"

"*You!*—Biology!—Well, that *is* good!"

"So papa says," continued Miss Mopsie—not catching my countenance, which was turned toward the window and screwed up very tight to prevent a boisterous opening (the countenance, not the window)—"Papa says *all* of Herbert Spencer's books are good; and Aunt Jerusha Jane says I ought to read good books. So I got this out of papa's library, and I am reading it on the—on the—what Popsie calls 'on the sly'; that is, all by myself; for I fear Aunt Jerusha Jane would say it is too deep for me; and I don't think I *quite* understand all that Herbert Spencer says. Do you think *he* does? And I ought to do just as Aunt Jerusha Jane wishes, for she's a dear old aunty, isn't she?"

"She is, indeed." (She might have been Mrs. J. Ruggins Buggins, No. 1, twenty years before, if she'd only said so, but she wouldn't.) "But where's your Dollie?"

"Well, I fear I do not think so much of Dollie as I did. You see, it is months, and months, and months since Christmas, and—but I'll go and get her."

Now that Dollie was a particular pet of my own bringing-up. That is, I brought her up from a down-town store on Christmas Eve, and stuffed her, feet first, into a stocking—not Millie's own, but a much longer and much, oh, *much* larger stocking, borrowed for the occasion and belonging to another member of the family (whom my



never-dying regard and respect prevent my mentioning more particularly in this connection). It was a glorious Dollie—the most gorgeous combination of wax, flax, color, kid, satin, and saw-dust ever offered for the unmentionable money.

But now!

Dollie was brought in at last and laid in my lap. The flaxen ringlets were close cut and pasted down; the movable eyelids drawn down so as to give a comically demure expression to the face; and the brilliantly beautiful ball dress had given place to a scant calico, cut without bias, but with evident prejudice, to make it as plain as possible—and plain it was, as the nose on English Beauty Langtry's face.

"Why, you've made quite a Quaker of her."

"Oh, no; not quite *that*. But she goes now to the Kindergärten—the one Popsie and I keep, down at the end of the lawn. And the rabbits belong to it. The squirrel *did*; but he kept up such a revolution in his cage that he quite demoralized the school. So we leave him out, except on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when we have general exercises, and Pinkerton Popkins comes over to assist. Do you like Dollie's dress?"

"Oh, immensely."

"I am glad you do. I made it. You see that satin ball dress, with its tre-men-di-ous train, was quite too altogether awfully absurdly improper for *her*. It would be very wrong to encourage vanity in one so young. Don't you think so?"

"Very. But about my Millie—do you still intend to be my second wife?"

"Most certainly I do. But Popsie makes remarks about it—in fact, makes fun of it. And he says that what with Herbert Spencer, and the Kindergärten, and my being brought up by my maiden aunt, I am *sure* to be an old maid. But then—why, *he* has been brought up by aunty, too! Will Popsie be an—"

"I rather think not," I hastily interpolated. "But, by the by, which would you like best to have me call you—Beauty, or Sweetie?"

"I think I would prefer that you should call me Millie—because—that—is—my—name. And I shall call you J. Ruggins, or Ruggins; that is, till—till" (looking carefully all around, and under the table, lounge, chairs, and other things)—"till—we—are—mar-ri-ed! And then, I shall call you Jonas."

"Oh! for goodness sake, no! Ruggins, if you please—or J. Ruggins, if you will—but not Jon—oh, not, and never, Jon—*That's* a family secret."

Just here, fortuitously intervened Aunt Jerusha Jane, and carried my Miss Mopsie off to bed.

Oh! the days, the days, the days—of which this slight sketch is but the barest sample. And so long ago.

Only last Christmas I was down at old Mop's—he's fifty now—expressly to see my Miss Mopsie (sweet seventeen, at last) married to that preposterous Pinkerton Popkins. Ten years from now she will appear in rather fewer ringlets, and considerably plainer clothes. And she will have a larger and a good deal livelier kind of Kindergärten.

And thus doth almost every charming satin Dollie change in time to common calico. (She doth, she doth.)

J. R. B.

ASYLUM AVENUE, May 31, 1880.

## Our New York Letter.

THE CITY IN SUMMER.

Correspondence of THE BAZAR BUDGET.

NEW YORK, June 4, 1880.

What a lot of sympathy the country wastes upon the city every summer! The city is so horribly hot, you know. And the country is so cool and comfortable, to be sure. Such ideas prevail to some extent even in New York, as well as in New England, and particularly pervade the class of people who leave their roomy premises in the city to crib, cabin, closet, and confine themselves in the seven-by-nine cupboards called by courtesy and by country landlords, "chambers." The same people love to exchange the broad, paved, watered, shaded avenues on this island for the narrow, dry, dusty, sandy roads that run through and skirt Saratoga. The city horses transported thither every year are not so well pleased. Every season more and more it seems to me that there are no spots on this earth where there is so much sun and so little shade as at most of the celebrated seaside and rural resorts. The huge clapboarded caravansaries, sand-surrounded, and generally situated in the centre of treeless plains, are immense crematory furnaces by day, while by night, one would indeed exchange his lodging here for the much-quoted lodge in some vast wilderness, with its "boundless contiguity of shade." In the old *ante bellum* days the "rich southerners" (now almost only known to readers of dime novels), used to come to the north in summer, not to the country, but to the city; and so the rich Cubans do to-day, as they always did. They find here at this season their choice of the best apartments in the otherwise almost deserted hotels, and the pick of the large, lofty, cool rooms in the best private boarding and lodging-houses, or other places vacated by the usual spring, fall, and winter occupants who have hied away to the hot country. This year presents the anomaly of well-filled hotels almost to this date; there has been an unusual influx of "country cousins," and of buyers from abroad; but in ordinary seasons there is room enough for all comers, and that last warm week or so in May thinned out premises, as well as people, wonderfully. Of course, it is sometimes very warm in New York; it is supposed to be so almost everywhere, except, perhaps, in Congress, when the House is in committee of the whole on the state of the country generally, and the coming presidential contest in particular. But those who believe that this city is the hottest, as well as wickedest, place in the whole north, from June till September, know very little of our compensations, our numerous alleviations for the heated term. Except for a half hour at high noon when the sun pours straight down, the tall buildings always give one shady side of the way. Never mind the present high price of ice, it does not increase one farthing the cost to the consumer of soda or other not less common and popular cooling liquids. We get here the first and the freshest of flowers, fruit, fish, and vegetables—the faded and stale go by boat and rail to the fashionable resorts next day, or, more likely, the day after. "Are you going to the country this summer?" "Oh yes," I reply, "I go there early every morning, and back to town again in time for breakfast." There is more real "country" in Central Park than there is in the whole of Delaware, or in all Rhode Island, and nearly as many actual acres as there are in either.

(With no snakes, excepting such as are safely secured behind wires and glass.) However hot the day may be, there is hardly a night when the Bay breeze does not blow up and cool, cleanse, and purify the city. If you want a good breath of salt sea air you can get it in early morning or late evening on the Battery. In various parts of the city, and centrally located "where they will do the most good," are open parks and squares with shade and seats and fountains, which poor and rich alike enjoy, and which all day long are playgrounds for a multitude of children. And actually, in the heart of the city, we have gardens. To be sure, the general German idea of a "garden" in the metropolis is a green-painted tub or two with a withered pine shrub therein, a lager beer counter, a shooting gallery, and a very brassy band. But to these Germans we owe at least three very large and fine, and almost *real* gardens (the newest, biggest, and best of all, was opened last week), where admirable orchestras discourse excellent music, where there are flowers and palms, and even considerable-sized native trees,—the air is cool, the creams choice, and the company select. But the close-by seaside resorts, so easily and cheaply reached, are our crowning compensations for the summer. Long Branch is not far away. Far Rockaway is a misnomer, for it is very near—and very dear to those who have once enjoyed the splendid surf that breaks on that sea-girt shore. But beyond all, and above all, is redeemed Coney Island,—redeemed from the rowdism of years ago, and made one of the most fashionable as well as best of all the seaside resorts on the Atlantic coast. There seems to be no end to the ways of getting there—new and better routes are devised every season, and newer and bigger hotels are opened. The great charm of Coney Island is that one can spend the day there, with the best part of the night, and yet get back to the city to sleep. The bathing there is safe and beautiful, and the surf is splendid. The elevated railroads which are such as a nuisance, yet such a convenience, in the city, have developed new and heretofore unheard-of, unimagined resorts in Westchester county, and one may now be "borne like Loretto's chapel through the air," and deposited in the heart of the country, a few miles from City Hall, in a very few minutes. And then, the numberless short excursions up the Sound, and the long and short ones up the glorious Hudson. There is, within two hours' reach, such scenery as the tourist fails to find on the much-vaunted Rhine. All Long Island, to the jumping-off place Montauk Point, is charming summer-ground. With all these things at hand, we, or those of us who can afford it, are crowding the now almost daily out-going European steamers, or are rushing by boat and car to Canada, or are penetrating the interior of New England, when the finest of all resorts are at our very doors:

A man's best things are nearest him,  
Lie close about his feet.

We are so long learning some things. Why, a man can go through the Sound and up the Connecticut river without leaving the "State of New York," and, what is quite as queer, can come back again by boat, without leaving the "City of Hartford."

ROLFE.

THERE are only two creatures who can surmount the Pyramids. The eagle and the snail. [A poetic way of saying that perseverance can equal genius in its results.]



### The Old Well.

Under the shady apple-trees,  
Looking up to the sun and the breeze,  
Walled about with its mossy bands,  
The ancient well of the homestead stands.

Its time-worn curb in the grass sunk deep—  
High in the air its tall well-sweep,  
Where the sailing swallows come and go,  
Or sun themselves, in a slanting row.

Feathery fans wave over its edges—  
Lichens cling to the stony ledges—  
And all the stars of the evening sky  
In its silent darkness seen to lie.

Wayfaring men with weary feet,  
Stop to drink of its waters sweet,  
To watch the bucket with crystal drip,  
Bring up its comfort for eye and lip.

And the laborers come, when the sun is high,  
With their dinner-pails, from the fields near by,  
And resting there, will sometimes tell  
Of Michael Griswold, who dug the well.

Oh! Grand sire mine, you did not know  
When you dug the well, so long ago,  
When you gathered the stones, and piled in a heap,  
And laid the foundations strong and deep—

When you yoked your oxen at break of day,  
And into the forest plodded away,  
Where you wakened the young birds out of their  
sleep,

As you felled a tree for the long well-sweep—  
Little you knew when you reared it high,  
With its chain and buckle to swing thereby,  
And the post in the ground did firmly fit,  
What an excellent job you made of it.

You did not know that the well's smooth face  
Would bear the pictures of all your race;  
That long after you had passed away  
Your children's children would round it play.

When I was a child I used to see,  
Pleasant faces looking at me,  
Father and mother, kith and kin,  
Shadowed its quiet depths within.

Now when I lean and look, Ah me!  
What is the picture that I see?  
A weary face—some tresses gray—  
And the tranquil heavens—far away.

MARIA H. BURDITT.

### Cheney Brothers' Silk Mills.

CAPITAL vs. LABOR.

This vexed question, that has involved so much thought, and been the fruitful source of so much political pretence as well as honest effort, has been solved at last by the above firm, of South Manchester, Conn.

In these times of strikes and contention among the manufacturing classes it is desirable that any information tending to a better understanding between employers and employees should be given wide circulation. It is not a question in which all the duties are on one side, and all the profits and benefits on the other, but one where a mutual interest demands a plain understanding of the facts. When employers act on the fact that their workmen are human beings, and not mere machines to be driven to their utmost capacity, and when worn out to be thrown aside, and fresh ones supplied, then will be accomplished a much-needed alleviation of the sufferings and an altogether practicable and desirable elevation of our crowded factory villages. Then intelligent, cheerful communities of faithful workers will take the place of the present neglected and oppressed company of discontented creatures who now throng our factories, floating from place to place, weary and complaining, yielding a reluctant labor, wrung from them by the

demands necessity imposes, having nothing to look forward to but a dull round of the same life, simply existing, while the capitalists who have their money invested in the large manufacturing interests apparently care little how their money is made; certainly, at least, they exhibit an unpardonable indifference to the welfare of the operatives in their manufactories; their interest is solely in their dividends, and as long as they are secured they are too content. The above picture, though harsh, is a reality in most of our manufacturing villages.

A very different village may be seen at South Manchester. That is no longer an experiment. Crowded boarding-houses, filled with dirt and squalor, are here replaced by convenient cottages, filled with sunshine and fresh air, and where self-respect is nurtured and family ties are strengthened; where the father owns or rents his house, and the wife and daughters make a cheerful, happy home, with a grateful sense of a kindly interest felt in them as human beings by their employers, who look after them in health and in sickness, become their confidants and counselors in trouble, and give practical help at all times. The place where this picture can be seen, South Manchester, Conn., lies about eight miles from Hartford, on a branch of the New York & New England Railroad, and for beauty, health, convenience, and the happiness of its operatives, which number 1,500, cannot be surpassed in this or any other country. On arrival at the station one seems to have landed at the entrance of a magnificent park. The visitor naturally exclaims, "How beautiful; what a grand place for a home!" About the pretty station there are none of the usual unsightly objects one is accustomed to see. No fences are to be seen in any direction; closely-shaven lawns and fine walks are prominent. Terraces covered with shrubs and plants of every description, long vistas through the trees giving glimpses of wooded nooks, a tumbling stream, residences of the proprietors, cottages of the employees, a hall for entertainments, picturesque churches and schoolhouses, and, last but not least, the imposing Cheney Mills, shrouded by trees. The disorder so common in the immediate vicinity of large factories is not here. Everything is in its place; nicely-sloping lawns recede from the factory buildings, together with well-kept walks, giving these immense buildings the appearance of some public institution. On entering either of the large mills one is impressed with the cleanliness and order that prevails. The happy faces of the hundreds of operatives, bending over the looms, which are numbered by hundreds and measured by the acre, each weaving beautiful patterns in silk, satisfy the visitor that no ordinary influences tend to these results, but that a mutual interest of proprietors and operatives is the occasion of so much happiness and comfort.

The Cheney Bros. require of their employees a strict attention to business, and those that show themselves skilled in their work are always in demand, and gladly retained; while such as are careless and indifferent to their own and employers' interests find their services dispensed with. The inducements are great to those that become skilled operatives.

Excellent schools have been provided in the village, at a considerable expense to the firm. The schools are well attended, there being a rule that all operatives having children of a suitable

age must send them there. These schools are in charge of teachers of marked abilities, great care being exercised in their selection. The result of this is that a number of the young men receiving their education at South Manchester have been called to fill important positions.

Cheney Hall, a large building built of brick and brown stone, two stories in height, with a large, light basement, is an imposing structure. This was built by the Cheney Bros. for the use of themselves and operatives, and is divided into a main hall, library, reading-room, armory, etc.

The main hall is large, beautifully finished and furnished, and has a seating capacity of about one thousand, and is supplied with a commodious stage and scenery, and all the necessary appurtenances for dramatic performances. Frequently amateur entertainments are given that are commendable.

The library contains about 1,600 volumes, treating on all subjects, which are sought after by members of the Library Association.

The reading-room is supplied with newspapers, magazines, and periodicals from all parts of the country, and are well patronized by the operatives of both sexes.

Services are held each Sunday in the Hall by prominent clergymen of the different denominations. The second story is used as an armory and drill-room of G Co., 1st Regt. C. N. G. A large room in the basement is used for the meetings of different societies, and for the rehearsals of Cheney's Band, which consists of twenty-six pieces, and is composed entirely of employees of the mill. This band is also connected with the 1st Regt. C. N. G. During the summer the band gives evening concerts on the picnic grounds. As far as possible the nationalities are kept separate in the different parts of the town, each family having its own house and garden, and are not similar to any other manufacturing village. Each cottage is separate from the others. The more refined and respectable of the employees have handsome cottages in the center of the town, many of whom own their own houses, which have been sold to them on easy terms by the firm. The cottages and out-buildings are all painted in a subdued drab color, which blends well with the trees and shrubbery. Gas and water and sewerage are laid in all the streets, and to most of the houses. Ashes and garbage are removed each day, and cattle are not allowed on the premises. The streets are laid out as wide avenues, with abundance of shade, and are lined on either side with picturesque cottages in all styles of architecture, making the town look like a handsome summer resort, rather than a thriving manufacturing town.

The Cheney farm, consisting of 700 acres of land, is one of the finest in the State, both in its stock and produce. It is under the management of Mr. Ralph Cheney, a thorough, practical agriculturist. He devotes his whole time to the improvement of the property. About a mile from the village, in a natural forest, are picnic grounds. A more beautiful location could not be desired. On a slope of a hill is a platform, with tables and benches for the use of the merry-makers.

The above are some of the many reasons why South Manchester has become so well known to the people of the country. In this place Capital and Labor walk hand in hand, the one trying to elevate and benefit the other. But I fancy I hear stock-holders say, "All these things cost money. We want dividends, and cannot afford to build cottages and spend money for luxuries." They have not learned that by improving the condition of their operatives they are benefiting themselves; that there will be more and better work done by a man or woman who is cheerful and self-respecting, with a home to return to after the day's work is done, a school provided for the education of his children, a church at hand for himself and family, a reading-room and library for his evenings, than by a dispirited, dyspeptic workman, weary of the past and indifferent to the future, who is merely hoping "to wring an uncertain living from a reluctant world." WM. E. ALLEN.

HARTFORD, May 28, 1880.



**Guido's Aurora.**

A sense of power this picture brings,  
Of exultation free, that springs  
On the pinions of mighty wings.

I feel the air upon my cheek,  
As the horses rush on the wind to meet  
The clouds they toss beneath their feet.

They bring the dawn of a happier day,  
Whose rosy fingers point the way  
Where inspiring airs of freedom play.

The lights of heaven are shining through  
The clouds we see of stranger hue,  
That sail far o'er the endless blue.

Swift tokens come from a land of peace;  
Their fleeting shapes I try to seize,  
But they float away like a summer breeze.

A baffling hand holds down the bars;  
This earthly sense my memory mars;  
Yet I know we have been beyond the stars.

ELLA BURR McMANUS.

*From the German of Heinrich Heine.*

**Ghost of the Past.**

How canst thou calmly slumber,  
And know I live and wake!  
The bitter mood is on me,  
And every band I break.

Know'st thou the olden story:  
How once a ghostly knave  
At midnight dragged his loved one  
Down with him to his grave!

Thou fair and lovely maiden,  
O listen well to me!  
I live, and am still stronger  
Than all the dead could be.

Trans. by FRANCIS LOUISE BUSHNELL.

**Pomp—His Morals.**

Pompey was large, and black, and shiny, and twelve years old in the year 1868. He lived anywhere in Florida that he could find a place. When I first saw him he was on the steamboat dock at Jacksonville; but he was going off it as fast as he could. A waiter from one of the steamboats was chasing him and kicking him whenever he got near enough. The course of this kicking race led waiter and black boy very near me, and I called out to stop it. The waiter stopped with the obsequiousness of his profession; Pomp ran behind a pile of boards, and I asked what was the matter.

"He's done stole his trip down," said the waiter, "'n I was takin' it out of him."

"Golly, massa, he's more'n took it," cried Pompey from behind the boards.

"His plaguey little alligator done nip me in the finger," said the waiter.

"An' he slung the 'gater overboard," strophed Pompey.

The crowd laughed at this, and Pompey, feeling a little encouraged, peered out from behind the boards. The face which made the front of his head was a shining black moon, lighted up with great, mischievous eyes, and a flash of ivory teeth in a grinning mouth. A little money to the waiter quieted him, and as he went back I called to Pomp, "Come out here—you are all right now." He advanced toward me without hesitation and said with a twinkle, "It orter 'a been the capen kicked me, not the waiter—I aint cheated him.

I, being a moral person, was glad to see this little sense of right and wrong, and at once pounced upon it—"Perhaps the captain sent the

waiter to do it; at any rate you had no business to steal the passage."

This struck him as another view of the case, and he hesitated a moment, during which I said, "We are going to take a little journey in Florida, camping out some of the time, and we want a likely boy to go with us to get wood and wash dishes. But we do not want one that will steal boat rides, or anything else."

Pomp looked meeker than I supposed he possibly could, and said, "I'se got morals; I'se been to the Sunday School of the First Baptist Church in dis city."

"Oh!" said I, "you have morals, but you don't use them."

His face flashed up again with the mischievous look I had first seen on it—"I kin use 'em when dey's wanted; but I hadn't any money, and I'd got to get some'ers. If you'll take me, I'll use my morals most agreeable all the time."

I asked two or three more questions: had he a father living? Yes, and a mother; she was chambermaid on one of the river boats, and his father "did not do much for his family." The boy had gone up the river with his mother, and managed to get himself left there with the carelessness of his kind, and had made the trip down, snugly stowed away behind a water cask, until the waiter saw him, a few minutes before they reached the dock, and marked him out as one to be made an example of.

The three gentlemen who made the rest of my party, and who had been looking on with great interest and amusement, strolled up.

"Can he carry a gun without pointing the muzzle at each of us in turn?" said Carrington, the hunter.

"Do you think the Baptist elders would give a recommendation to a youth with intermittent morals?" said Fraley, the wit of the party.

Pomp suddenly began to tug at a bloated looking pocket in the side of his ragged jacket. "I kin carry a gun," said he, eagerly; "I'se got a pistol, and I knows what a gun wants;" here he gave a mighty wrench and violently extricated a corpulent old horse pistol from the rent pocket, which might have belonged to one of De Soto's cavaliers, it was so old looking. "I kin fire this, with a match, 'cause I haint got no primin', and I hit a water-turkey the other day so's he could not fly for a long time." We were laughing at this when a very respectable-looking black man came down the wharf.

"Good mornin' gentlemen; some o' them gentlemen up there," and he pointed to a group of colored porters and stevedores, "said you had rescued this boy from great danger, and that you was inquirin' about his family with a view to makin' an engagement with him."

The man was decently dressed, and had that lofty, airy way which the blacks like to wear; his fine language amused me, and it was evidently no joke with him, but an habitual way of talking.

I answered, "He was in some danger of being kicked into the river, and we were questioning him to know whether we could venture to hire him as errand-boy for our trip up the river. Do you know anything about him?"

"I do," said the man, with the same smooth loftiness of manner; "he is my nephew, on his mother's side. We—me and she—both come of a good family. The Vanehams was born near

Enterprise, and has mostly lived there until the wa-ah. This Pompey's mother didn't marry a likely man, but her boy aint like him. He's like his mother's folks, and I reckon you'll find him reliable."

I felt quite degraded at being obliged to say we wanted him to cut wood and wash the dishes; but the lofty uncle heard me with serenity, and embellished the occasion with some more fine language.

"You wants him for general duties,—I see—he's handy like, and if you agree to take him, I'll be responsible for him and any of his misdemeanors."

One would have supposed to hear the man talk that he was worth millions, and anything the boy could steal would be a mere trifle to his uncle's deep purse. We agreed to take the boy, and started up the St. Johns that night on a grunting little river steamer indigenous to the country, fed with pine knots, instead of coal. The artist of the party made Rembrandt sketches of the negroes, when the furnace door was open, piling in wood, the deep, yellow light of the fire flaring out upon their dark, barbarous faces.

We camped and fished and hunted wherever the fit took us. We were a party of dandy fishers and hunters, and full of the inconsistencies that such a mixture would make. Carrington had three silver-mounted guns, wore a diamond stud in his blue flannel shirt and carried an elegant dressing-case in his luggage, and slept on a single blanket with a cypress knee for a pillow without a sigh. Fraley would have his heavy silver fork and spoon, although he had nothing but pork and hominy to eat with them whenever our guns or rods failed to provide us a supper. I dragged a flute through all the rough and tumble of our life, and luxuriated in a pair of slippers whenever I could get the chance; while the fourth member of the party, a devoted naturalist, always had dainty handkerchiefs with perfume on them; and we were all good-natured and ready to make fun alike of haps and mishaps, and to be content with a rainy night, with a little hominy for supper, wet blankets and not much fire, if they came as part of the regular and unavoidable contingencies. Pomp, of course, had endless chances to steal, if he wished. But we never missed one of our properties, and, so far as we could see, he did not help himself even to the food, which he could easily have done; for although Carrington was cook, the boy always helped get a meal and cleared it away afterwards. He was bright, funny, a little saucy sometimes, full of pluck, and nothing ever bowed his head or dimmed his lustre. In short, we found his morals always, and his manners generally, unimpeachable.

We left camp one afternoon in our little white sail-boat, clinker-built and cat-rigged, and went up the river to a peninsula, which ran into the water like a tongue, and which had all over it a swamp very attractive to the naturalist. We seemed to have hit upon a festa among the saurians which had called them all out. Thirteen of their scaly backs were around the boat at once, their slimy monotony varied occasionally by a vista of ivory fangs as one threw open his rosebud mouth to swallow a fish, or perchance to yawn, as if he found things rather slow. We did our best to make it lively for them with our rifles, and shot three, one an enormous fellow, and left Pomp to lasso them, while we landed and struck



into the swamp. Each of us carried a hatchet and had to use it constantly to make a path. The large cypress and swamp-oaks stood merely as frames upon which twined a snarled and inextricable undergrowth of vines, bushes, and branches. The footing was nothing to speak of, being slippery bogs, more or less firm, between which lay black pools of strong-smelling stagnant water. Visions of yellow fever, cholera, rattlesnakes, adders and shapeless things that bite or sting rose before us as we cut and lunged and staggered along. Carrington fired his pistol into a moccasin snake lying upon the opposite side of the bog upon which he himself had jumped, and happening to look back at the tussock he just left, saw the form of another, a saucy young one, just wriggling up from the depths into which his unconscious foot had trodden it.

"Stepping from one moccasin to another," said he, laughing, "like the awkward man at a party who gets off from one lady's train only to get on to another's."

I had been about to land on that same tussock, but paused thoughtfully. As the snake raised its head into sight, Carrington took it off neatly with another bullet from his pistol, and then I felt free to occupy it.

The naturalist had been puffing, cutting, and jumping with the rest of us, but stopping frequently to exclaim over the spiders. Ecstasies of either horror or delight were certainly justifiable. I never saw such hairy, long-legged, hideous monsters; their bright colors and the long feelers about their eyes which they waved at us, gave one a very likely idea of the evil one. I saw the naturalist exchanging compliments with a yellow and black fiend sitting on an eight-sided web three yards wide; its body and legs could not have been put under a full-sized coffee-saucer. The naturalist made wild gestures of delight at the acquaintance, and the spider beckoned with his hairy antennæ and looked at him wickedly, as if it would like to get him into its parlor and make a night of it over his bones. The crafty man, while keeping up a sort of conversation with the gestures of one hand, with the other deftly uncorked a bottle of chloroform and poured the contents over its fiendship's head. Promptly it yielded to the force of anaesthetics and modern civilization and fell into a tin box carefully held underneath the web.

As we neared the other bank we came upon an alligator nursery. Luckily most of the old ladies were off at the festa on the other side, or they might have resented the intrusion. The swamp was less overgrown and we could move up quietly to the great nest of bulrushes.

"About thirty little Moses-es," said Fraley in a whisper; "all sizes and ages; how beautiful in their innocence!"

Some movement or noise betrayed us just then, and the scaly innocents made a simultaneous rush for the water, and all escaped except one that the naturalist intercepted and captured. It squirmed and fought until he bound it with an embroidered and perfumed handkerchief and drew a leather eye-glass case over its nose.

We blew shrilly in chorus upon our boat-swain's whistles, a preconcerted signal always for Pomp, and half an hour later he came rowing round the point in the boat, the three dead alligators coupled and towing astern. He was singing, and Fraley caught the words with joy.

"I knew there must be an alligator literature on the banks of this river," said he; "listen—"

In time with the thump of the oars in the row-lock, Pompey sang:—

De black boy on de bank,  
De 'gator in de stream;  
De black boy know de 'gator  
An' guess his pleasant dream.

Said de 'gator to de boy,  
"A lovely chile you seem;  
Oh settle gently on my back  
An' float adown de stream."

Said de laffin' little boy,  
I'se heard such words as dose,  
"I knows your ways beguillin',  
You'd eat me to my toes."

An' de 'gator sail away,  
His eyes chock full ob tears,  
At de language of de black boy  
So unpleasant to his ears.

"There," said Fraley, "that is a versified allusion to the legend which prevails among the negroes that the alligator is particularly fond of black children and tries to lure them into its grasp." We swept campward in our boat, with Pomp as troubadour singing in the bow.

It was ten years before I heard Pomp sing again, and then, alas! it was not under such innocent and joyous circumstances. I was in Atlanta, Ga., on some law business connected with my profession, and in going through one of the streets I passed a chain-gang of negroes at work upon the road. As I walked by, suddenly I heard a voice, fresh and bright, begin to sing:—

"Oh, de black boy on de bank—"

I turned, memories of Florida fun springing up in my mind; but the overseer cried out with an oath to stop that singing, and it was only as my eyes ran down the line of stooping figures and I caught sight of one great, round, black face, with the bright, mischievous gleam on it, as of yore, that I recognized Pomp. That evening I managed to see him in his cell, fettered, and obliged to lift his ball and carry it in his hand if he crossed the floor. He looked at me shamefacedly, and yet with the old sparkle of fun in his eyes.

"Ye see, massa, I couldn't keep my morals workin' steady, n' so I got in here."

"Pomp," said I, "It's too bad; you never took a thing while you were with us all those weeks; why could'nt you keep straight and make a decent man, as you might."

"I d'no; seems as if 'twas mighty poor economy to have morals an' not use 'em."

"That is tremendously true," said I; "and I'll be on hand when you've served out your sentence. You will have a pretty good stock of morals laid by for use then, and I shall help you about them."

His face beamed as never before at this idea, and I left him meditating upon the thought that there was yet a chance in life and a friend waiting to help him.

KATE FOOTE.

PUBLIC charities and benevolent associations for the gratuitous relief of every species of distress, are peculiar to Christianity; no other system of civil or religious policy has originated them; they form its highest praise and characteristic feature.—*Cotton.*

## Miss Podgekings' Offer of Marriage.

STUDIES FROM REAL LIFE.

Miss Podgekings had had several offers, but never time to consider any of them. She went to a female college and studied Greek, and calculated an eclipse of the moon which she lived to see. Then she learned Grecian painting and decalcomania, and ornamented a ginger jar. But her aspirations were not satisfied, so she joined the Decorative Art Society, and was soon deep in the mysteries of water colors and Kensington stitch.

About this time came this offer of marriage, a very advantageous one, at least so said all her friends, for Mr. B— was a very respectable man, and owned a house and numerous government bonds and valuable stock. On the other hand, Miss Podgekings lived in a very fine house and had all the money she wished at her disposal.

She was not the least in love with Mr. B—, the very idea was preposterous. She would as soon have fallen in love with the Center Church steeple. Mr. B— was influential, but quiet, unresponsive, and never upon any occasion enthusiastic. Miss Podgekings was afraid she didn't like him, but her aunt reminded her that people learned to like tobacco, olives, and many other things at first disagreeable.

Then Miss Podgekings consulted the poets, but here found great diversity of opinion concerning marriage, such as the following:

"But marriage is an awfu' thing,  
It's nae fun that!"—*Robert Nicoll.*

"I need not describe to you the paradise, dear madam, for you are already a year married."—*H. Heine.*

This was quite contradictory and perplexing. Miss Podgekings did not make any advance until some of her friends suggested that, like John Stuart Mill, her head had been cultivated at the expense of her heart. Accordingly she joined the Union for Home Work, and commenced a series of visitations under the direction of Mrs. Sluyter, hoping thus to develop the human side of her nature.

She had numerous experiences, but, with the one perplexing subject on her mind, she was particularly open to impressions calculated to enlarge her views in that direction. In one of her visits she found Mrs. — surrounded by numerous cats and a sick hen.

"You seem very fond of pets," said Miss Podgekings.

"Yes, very," replied Mrs. —. "I always set a sight by them. When we lived in the country we had ducks, chickens, and a pig. I always liked to keep a pig, it was so much company for me when my husband was away. I used to take my sewing out by the pen, and stay and talk to it, and it would grunt and act exactly as if it understood it all."

Miss Podgekings delicately hinted that Mrs. — probably found less sympathy in its society than in that of her husband.

Mrs. — shook her head. "You see the pig was always cheerful and contented, and my husband is a poet. Poets are always unhappy and miserable, though they don't mean nothing by it. My husband's always wishing himself dead and under the sod; but he's the scarest man if he's a little ailing, for fear he will die.

"He won't work, because he says he was not born for toil; and it puts him out to see me doing



anything. He thinks I ought to sit in a silk gown all day with a parrot on my hand. But that's only poetical, because he expects me to support him, and he is very cross if I don't always have a good dinner for him. He says I don't understand a poet's feelings, and I don't believe I do; but I must recite some of his poetry, it will most make you cry. This is some:

An aged cat was doomed to die,  
Some cruel boys—

"Now if 't isn't all gone from me, and it was so touching. But don't you never marry a poet, you never can suit them."

Miss Podgekings made a note of it.

Not long after she called on Miss Miller, a faded-out, ghastly little woman, with a white face, eyes and hair the same color. She was short, solemn, and perpendicular; looked exactly as if she had swallowed a yardstick.

"Are you living quite alone?" asked Miss Podgekings.

"Yes, and every year it grows lonesomer and lonesomer. I don't know what will become of me when I get old and infirm. I'm nigh seventy now. There's no place in Hartford for poor single women but the town-house. They can't go to the Widders' Home nor the Orphan Asylum, and I suppose at seventy they wouldn't exactly think I was a Christian young woman. They say there's going to be a place for them at the Church Home, so I think I'll jine the 'Piscopals.

"Folks always think old maids is fussy and notional, but there's something so pathological about a widder, they get a great deal more help. I just wish I was one. I suppose I feel wus about it because I came so very near getting married—had my wedding-dress all made."

"Did he die?" asked Miss Podgekings.

"No, he went off—they all went off. The first one kept company with me for a long time, but when he got as fur as to talk about our keeping hens some day, I thought it was serious; so I bought a light green alapaca and had it made. When I tried it on and told him what it was for, he cried out, 'Good heavens, Maria, the idea of my marrying a mermaid!' I thought he was passing me a compliment, but he went off, and I never saw him again.

"Then there was blind Simon, who went about with a string tied to a small dog. I told him I could lead him round a great deal better, and he asked me how old I was. I didn't think there was any harm in telling him a few years younger than the truth; but he found it out, and said I had deceived him, and he went and married some one else.

"Next was one who kept a-coming and coming, but he never said anything particular, though I kinder hinted round that way myself. I thought and thought how I could bring matters to a focus. And at last when we were out walking by moonlight, I told him there was one thing I wanted him to promise to give me when we got married, and that was a tin bake-oven. He said he would, but that night he packed up all his traps and went off, and nobody has ever heard of him since.

"Well, it's very hard to be a lone woman. If I was only a widder."

Miss Podgekings made another note.

Her next visit was in search of a washerwoman. "She ain't here," said the old woman of whom she inquired; "she's got dreadful poor, and moved

down by the bridge. She always was a likely, forehanded, well-to-do woman, with money in the bank. What did she do but go and marry a miserable, shiftless, lazy, good-for-nothing husband, and this is what's come of it. Some folks don't know enough when they are well off to keep so! Be you married?"

"No."

"Well, you've a great deal to be thankful for. Live with your pa?"

"Yes."

"Got a good home?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't you never get married on no account. Just you remember that."

Miss Podgekings bade good afternoon, and walked away reflectively.

"Look-a-here," called the old woman after her, "I mean—that is—unless—leastwise—well, some husbands is just beautiful! there's my man, he gave me some coal and a rocking-chair. If you could get one of them kind."

Miss Podgekings is still undecided.

A. N. GOODWIN.

#### Decapitated Rhymes.

It was a fearsome—  
With daggers armed and—  
Who said "this maid at any—  
Ill kill!"—he killed, and— *Pirate.*  
O dreadful was the—  
With which he murdered—  
Far worse than Egypt's plague of—  
Or Dante's hell of!— *Malice.*

"How do you like me now?" asked a belle of her spouse, as she sailed into the room with her long train sweeping behind her. "Well," said he, "to tell the truth it is impossible for me to like you any longer."


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Special and Exclusive Designs if Desired.

836 AND 838 BROADWAY. NEW YORK.

### Answers to Correspondents.

**SWEET SINGER.**—Respectfully declined. If you are not trying to "ring" in an advertisement you certainly are straining the "lines" in attempting to rhyme "Michigan's Sweet Singer" with "Patent clothes-wringer."

**ROBERT.**—To whom is attributed the line, "To be, or not to be, that's the question?"—Shakespeare puts it into the mouth of Hamlet; but it is one of Shakespeare's numerous plagiarisms from more modern authors. The confusing conundrum, "To be, or not to be, that's the question," really first occurred to Sterne's Widow Wadman when she hesitated over Uncle Toby as a husband.

**DEACON GILES.**—The author of the line you referred to is George Canning. He makes the Friend of Humanity say to the needy Knife-grinder:

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d--d first."

It is very much quoted. Almost every tramp in the country has heard it quite frequently, or even oftener.

**MERIDEN.**—"What is the meaning of 'the Western Reserve?'"—It is a name formerly and popularly given to an extensive region in the west (part of which is now included in Ohio) which was reserved to Connecticut at the time of the cession of the northwest territory to the United States. The subsequent sale of this land was the foundation of our school-fund. But before its direct application to educational purposes, the annual effect of the reservation is believed to have appeared in our old-time "general training," and since then, every year, it is known to have exerted a direct and powerful influence in reducing the size, while increasing the price, of East Hartford watermelons. This is all we can readily recall this afternoon about the Western reserve. But, Dr. Mary Walker, who met several Cincinnati belles in Washington society, last winter, says there's no such thing as Western reserve.

**ST. PETERSBURG.**—"What is a Nihilist?"—Any feller who has been up the Nile. General McClellan is one of 'em, Charles Dudley Warner is another of 'em. And there are several more of 'em.

**GEORGE.**—Your "Offer of Marriage" is respectfully declined.

**YOUNG NAVIGATOR.**—"What is the exact breadth of Behring's Straits?"—There is no such locality on the chart as Behring's Straits. There is but one strait, and it does not

## WATCHES.

**TIFFANY & CO.'S** standard watches are constructed upon the latest scientific principles, and combine all the improvements attained by the use of **American Machinery,** together with the unequalled advantages of the highly skilled labor of the watch manufacturing district of **Switzerland,** of which Geneva, where they are made, is the centre. They are simple, strong and durable and fully guaranteed for time keeping qualities.

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SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY,  
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belong to Behring—it is only named for him. It is simply Behring Strait. The exact breadth is 19,729 yards, taking the Hartford ordinary back yard as a standard.

**MARY JANE.**—"How are Indian moccasins made?"—Most of them are not more than half made. They are slovenly sewn together by the squaws, who sometimes adorn them with the quills of the fretful porcupine. It is a mistake to suppose that, like other shoes (snow shoes, for instance), they are made on lasts, though Cooper claimed to have a pair made on "The Last of the Mohicans."

**GEOGRAPHY.**—"Where is the Kingdom of Entéléchie?"—In the northeast corner of Equatorial Euphrasia. It was fully explored by Professor François Rabelais, who was accompanied by his pupil, Prince Pantagruel, heir-apparent to the Grand Duchy of Oatmealgruel. The government of Entéléchie is an arbitrary antagonism of abnormal absenteeism, most of the people preferring anarchy abstracted to potential possibilities. A very profitable trade in peripatetic probabilities is carried on with China. (Next.)

**YOUNG ART-STUDENT.**—"Where shall I find an exact definition of Preraphaelism?"—Fairholt's comes nearest. In brief, it is the theory which gives preference in painting to the style prevailing before the days of Raphael, when the leading characteristic was a rigid adherence to natural forms and effects—in fact, close copying. It is the realism which presents the actual as opposed to the ideal. One of the best instances of realism in recent art may be seen in the very first picture in *Scribner's Magazine* for June. The title is "Spring Lamb." The spring lamb displays on his four legs two pairs of spring pantaloons, while, to enhance the realism, the spring lamb's spring pantaloons have spring bottoms. This is the extreme of Preraphaelism.

**JOHN.**—Audrey is one of Shakespeare's most comic creations. Mary Cowden Clarke describes her as "the most perfect specimen of a wondering she-gawkey." As Audrey thanks the gods she is not poetical, she has sometimes been confounded with Mrs. Hemans. The name Audrey is pronounced O-dry, and, as she was very talkative, Mr. Touchstone, her teacher, frequently added the monosyllable Up.

"WHAT is meant by the 'poms and vanities of this world?'" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "Them flowers on your hat, mum," promptly replied the quick-witted scholar.



# 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.

## Good-by.

To-day we present the fifth and final number of the BAZAR BUDGET. We need not say that we regret, perhaps more than our readers, the sudden cessation of our daily journal, after less than one week's life. To how many will instantly and irresistibly occur the very old epitaph of the very young child:

"Since I was so soon done for,  
I wonder what I was begun for."

But beyond the assumed facetiousness it does not apply to the BUDGET, which was begun with a purpose that is completely fulfilled. Our liberal advertisers gave us the means to publish the paper, and the profit is a very handsome addition to the Union funds. The liberal contribution of our publishers, THE CASE, LOCKWOOD & BRAINARD COMPANY, who print the paper for us at bare cost, is gratefully acknowledged; and thanks are also due to the firm of Kellogg & Bulkeley, who took such interest in giving us our handsome heading. Our noble array of contributors have spoken and written for themselves. No other paper in the country has ever presented within a week such contributors as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Chas. Dudley Warner, Mark Twain, Bishop Clark, Edward Everett Hale, and many more names equally well known to fame.

This is enough for ourselves and our success. Our paper has pleased our patrons beyond our or even their expectation. Of this we have full assurance on all sides.

The Bazar itself has been an unbounded success. Fortune, including fine weather, has favored it, and every one knows how many beautiful objects of art and use have been offered, and we should need pages in our paper to express the acknowledgments due to the managers and assistants—to all, indeed, who have not only had a hand but a heart in the Bazar. To Mrs. S. J. Cowen especially, the President of the Union for Home Work, is justly due the greatest gratitude for her untiring energy and for her effective work in promoting the aims and interests of the society. Her fellow-workers can best appreciate and fully feel the inestimable services she has so constantly and cheerfully rendered, in her responsible position.

Well, to all our friends, and we feel they are many, the BAZAR BUDGET says, good-by, good-by. Probably there will be more Bazar Budgets. If there are there may be more Bazar Budgets. Good-by.

## GEO. P. BISSELL & CO., \* BANKERS \* AND DEALERS IN INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

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### 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', PHOENIX 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** —  
OUT 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.



NO PAPER to-morrow.

### Thanks.

We depute to the BUDGET the sad yet pleasing office of uttering farewell to the many friends, old and new, who have surrounded us during the week, and helped to achieve the great success of our second Bazar. Sad, because farewell is of itself a dreary word. Pleasing, because of the new and strong alliances of friendship and mutual aid which have been formed during the bright and happy week which is now closing. To all our friends, and their name is legion, we desire to express our heartfelt thanks. To our kind and efficient co-workers in the good cause; to the officers and members of the regiment to whom we owe the hospitality of their fine armory; to those who with hearts and purses open to the cry of the poor, have so liberally responded to our call for aid to carry out the charitable designs of the Union; to all, who with warm hearts and helping hands, have labored with us and for us, we offer our warmest thanks, and bid them most reluctantly a grateful adieu in behalf of the Union for Home Work.

SARAH J. COWEN, *President.*

We select the following from a large number of congratulatory letters sent to the BAZAR BUDGET:

To the Editor of the BAZAR BUDGET:

The undersigned citizens desire to volunteer the opinion that the BUDGET is a happy success, and a worthy representative of a Bazar which will be long remembered in Hartford as conspicuous for excellence in all its departments. We could easily add to these commendations, Madame, but the proverb says that compliments to be strong must be brief.

Respectfully,

J. HAMMOND TRUMBULL,  
S. L. CLEMENS,  
C. NICHOLS BEACH.

Miss Ashton wishes to thank all who have in any way contributed to the interest of the Post-office, and especially her assistants, Miss Mary Perkins, Miss Minnie Morgan, Miss Carrie Fellows.

FARE well to the faithful Rebeccas. Well done!

MISS JULIA SMITH of Glastonbury visited the Bazar yesterday.

EVERYBODY marched out of the Armory yesterday with a knapsack.

FINE fresh confectionery every day during the Bazar, from Schroeder's.

CORRESPONDENTS will apply for Answers "in the future" to the Wobbly-Gobbly.

VISITORS to the Fair yesterday numbered 600 during the day, and 1,200 in the evening.

THE Bazar will long be remembered for assembling so many fine things, and so many fine people.

SOME of the less expensive articles which may remain unsold will be disposed of at auction in the Bazar this evening.

THE BUDGET news girls in fancy costumes, and caps bearing the legend BAZAR BUDGET, have attracted much attention, and more customers.

THE very valuable collection of autographs, or such of them as remain from private sales, will be offered at auction in Booth A this evening.

DON'T be alarmed. Our sixteen pages don't make the BUDGET a magazine. It's the BUDGET readers who are expected to explode over the contents.

COLT's band has given varied programmes and delightful music all the week. The waltzes have been especially appreciated and "practically" enjoyed.

WHITING sent to the BUDGET Booth, yesterday, a huge horseshoe of carnations, heliotropes, roses, and smilax. Booth A managers presented it to Mrs. Cowen, as a testimony of appreciation of many kind favors.

It is not for us to say that we have issued one of the best papers ever printed, but our publishers have made it easy to say, and to say truthfully, that we have daily issued one of the best-printed papers ever published. We *do* say that, and with *Bob Acres*, "we say it boldly."

THE managers of the Bazar return their thanks to the TIMES, the COURANT, and the EVENING POST for their many favors. Their daily notices have been invaluable in calling attention to the attractions at the Armory, and thus advancing the patronage of the Fair. All these journals, too, have been kindly complimentary to the BAZAR BUDGET. Thanks, thanks.

WE ought, perhaps, to thank Old Probabilities, or Professor Vennor, for the fine weather which generally has favored the Fair, (and the fair) during the week. At this writing we cannot predict what may be probable, or possible this evening, and things overhead look a little mixed. But if we have a shower, it comes too late to dampen the enthusiasm which has so largely assisted to make the Bazar a success.

THE *Courant* this morning appreciatively calls attention to some of the causes which have made the Fair an assured success from the very start, such as the moderate prices, considering the articles; the good location and construction of the building; the good music; the courteous behaviour of the ladies managing the booths, with none of the too common undue solicitation to purchase, keeping change, and other annoyances which used to be considered legitimate at charity fairs; the ability and spirit with which the newspaper, post-office, and other departments have been managed. Well, the managers of the Fair resolved at the outset that all these things should be done, as they have been done, becomingly and well.

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.



### The Two Journeys.

We went from a quiet home together,  
In the gray and misty autumn weather;  
None but our two selves could know  
How bright those sombre skies did glow—  
Youth, Hope, and Love,—the radiant band  
Made all the way enchanted land.

Wearied with partings many and sore—  
Thankful that partings at last were o'er—  
Looking with eager, confident eyes,  
Into the future's shadowy skies:  
Brave, together, the world to try—  
So we went forth—my love and I.

We came to a quiet home together,  
In the golden glow of the autumn weather,  
Between the hills where the forests spread  
Wide their banners of burning red,  
Unheeding the beauty of earth and sky,  
We came back together, my love and I.

A mourning train whose footsteps slow  
Towards the churchyard steadily go—  
Folded hands for ever at rest—  
Roses white on a silent breast,  
Under the grasses left to lie—  
So we came back, my love and I.

MARIA H. BURDITT.

### The Progress of Forty-five Years.

In taking up a copy of your beautifully-printed and well-conducted "Bazar Budget" this evening, I was for the moment impressed with the fact that the art of printing had made vast advances since I first embarked in the business. Then every newspaper in Connecticut was printed on a hand press. There was not a daily paper in the State. There were probably not five printing machines in the Union. The *London Times* about that time had introduced a slow and coarsely-made machine; James Gordon Bennett, in the year 1835, started the *New York Herald*, printed it on a hand press, and sold the papers on the street from his own hand. The circulation at first did not exceed 600 copies. When he died he was worth \$5,000,000, and his journal had a circulation of 100,000. James Watson Webb conducted the leading *New York Journal*, the *Courier and Enquirer*, and Theodore Dwight edited the *New York Daily Advertiser*; but the entire force of each of these establishments could not then produce 5,000 copies in a morning. Now each of the leading *New York journals* has from four to eight lightning presses, each capable of printing from 10,000 to 30,000 impressions an hour; and by the aid of the remarkable invention of stereotyping upon paper pulp, they can in a few minutes make as many stereotype plate copies of their entire pages as they please; and they can produce 500,000 copies of a morning should the demand be so great. Some of their regular editions—those of the *Herald* and *Sun*, for instance—amount to over 120,000 copies each day.

It is a remarkable fact that the great and rapid improvements in printing have kept regular pace with other world-renowned improvements—such as steam navigation, first upon the rivers, then upon the oceans; then the electric telegraph, followed by ocean cables, through which the news of the world is flashed hourly along the silent beds of the seas, and distributed, morning and evening, to all civilized peoples. Forty years ago, our news from Liverpool was from thirty to forty days old; and from St. Petersburg and China, from four to six months in its transportation by sails and stages. Now we have it every hour from all the capitals of Europe, and not far behind comes the news of the Celestial Empire.

These wonderful advances have been made within the present generation. What effect must they have upon the civilization of the world—upon the welfare of mankind? The thought and active doings of the world are brought to your tables, and to the tables of all reading people, every morning and evening, for with the facilities of bringing the news, the machinery for printing and distributing it has also advanced in equal proportions. Nations become more intimate with each other's progress and policies. Comparisons are of advantage. Interests are assimilated, and asperities softened. Intelligence is more broadly diffused. The enginery of war is more formidable; but disputes are more readily settled, wars are speedily ended; and soon, we may hope, there will be no human conflicts with sword and bayonet, to settle national issues. The inventions of Fulton and Morse, of the railways, and the telephone which sends human voices miles along a fine wire to converse with friends, each syllable and sound preserved upon the thread, and in the phonograph, another remarkable invention, even boxed up and saved for future use—these results are pushing along their progressive work. The human mind has mastered the seas and the currents of electricity to that extent which enables peoples of dissimilar language and removed thousands of miles away from each other, to converse almost as if they were of one family, and these advances have raised the aspirations of men, enlarged their views—broadened their judgments—made them nobler and better. And when I look back upon these grand results of the past forty-five years, and glance at the pages of history which tell of Gutenberg, 440 years ago, with his wooden "movable letters," and wooden press with a screw turned with a lever a few inches at a time, by which he could print possibly ten impressions an hour upon his Latin Bible, the contrast appears wider. He first attempted to print a chapter of the New Testament from letters engraved upon wooden blocks. One of his blocks was accidentally broken, and in attempting to mend it the idea struck him that it would be better to break up the block, separate the letters, and use them repeatedly in other chapters. At once the work of engraving letters upon the ends of bits of wood was begun, and after much toil and patience, letters enough were produced for a beginning. They were tied together with a string, and impressions were taken. From this rude contrivance sprang the idea of printers' types, which are now made of metal, of all sizes, in all languages, and in such numbers that a "Lightning Calculator" could not readily record the total.

But the improvements in printing that followed in the 400 ensuing years, were not so great as those of the past half century. And now comes your "Daily Budget," sparkling all over with brightness and beauty—a daily journal of twelve pages, to record the doings and mark the benevolent work of a ladies' fair. It is a leaf from the great tree of progress that has spread its branches over the world. No wonder that it is beautiful, for it comes from the house of The Case, Lockwood & Brainard Co., who have forty steam presses, a bindery, and machinery for printing daily and weekly newspapers, dictionaries, and law-books by millions—and all grown from the hand presses of Case, Tiffany & Burnham, a firm some of whose partners yet survive. One of the gentlemen of the present firm, printed on a

hand press in 1835 the first daily paper ever published in Connecticut. It was the *Daily Review*, which survived only a year or two. It was published and edited by Wm. G. Comstock. Let me predict that the child is now living who will witness still greater improvements, and that the social and material welfare of the world will be advanced to a greater degree in the next fifty years than it was in the 400 years following the time when Gutenberg astonished the world by his wooden types. A. E. BURR.

### A Hartford Collector.

"No ma'am, I ain't got any old chiny or crock'y to dispose of. Sorry to disappoint you. Come in, won't you, an' rest a spell. There, take that chair by the winder, 'pa's chair' we always call it, though poor old pa's been where they don't use chairs mor'n twenty year.

"Now I want to know if you're one of them folks I've heerd of, they call 'em c'lectors; folks that go snoopsin' around after outlandish old things, huntin' up spinnin' wheels that won't spin, an' clocks that won't run, an' teapots an' pitchers that won't hold anything.

"Well, I've heerd a lot about c'lectors, an' read about 'em in the papers, but I d'no as I ever see one afore; not to know 'em, that is. An' you be one! Well, I never did. They say they're mor'n half crazy, but you don't look that way. Got a c'lection, have you? Well, as far's that goes I've got one too. Didn't expect that, did you? This old house don't look much like a museum, does it now? But if I know what a c'lection is, I've got one right under this roof. 'Tennirate there's some old things all set up on a shelf by their-selves, an' papers writ on, an' pasted to 'em, tellin' all about 'em. Why, I've saved 'em up, an' money wouldn't buy them things; I take 'em down 'an look at 'em an' dust 'em; sometimes I cry all over 'em, then agin I laugh right out at 'em, but more times I jest don't do anything but kind o' think. Is that havin' a c'lection d'ye spouse?

"Yes, I'll show 'em to you. No, don't stir, I'll bring 'em here an' set 'em on the table. Here's the fust, this pink teapot. There you go, turnin' it upside down, an' lookin' on the bottom, jest as the papers says c'lectors do. Well, what do you think o' that mark?

"'J. Hawes, 1840.'

"I'll tell you about that. You see I hadn't been married long then. We was livin, pa and me, in this very house, way out here most to Windsor. One Sunday we drove into Har'ford to meetin. We went to the old Center Church then; that is, when we went anywhere; but we was young and giddy an' not serious-minded, ary one of us, and we wasn't none too fond of preachin' an' such.

"Well, Dr. Hawes, that blessed man, was settled there then, an' he preached that day. His text was 'As a tree falls so shall it lie,' an' it was a most solemn, searchin' discourse. Seems as if I could see him now standin' up there so tall an' big, an' tellin' about that tree. He'd hold up his arm straight an' stiff, an' look at it an' say 'There it stands in all its pride an'—somethin or other, and he'd kind o' wiggle his fingers and say 'See its boughs a movin'—an' somethin'—in the breeze' says he, and sure as I live, you'd most think you did see the branches an' the leaves an' things. But when it fell! Goodness me! how it chunked down, an' how I jumped.



"An' then the pers'nal application. Why, I was goose-flesh all over, an' cold shivers went through me. That was the kind o' preachin we had those times; you don't get much of it now-a-days. He was a 'son o' thunder,' a Bonyurges, to use a Scriptur' term. Well, the very next day—it was washin' day o' course, bein Monday—the new tea set come home, an' that's the teapot belongin' to it. Now look there; you see the picter on it, that house an' the woods; an' there in the corner is a tree layin' on the ground. When I first see that, as we was unpackin' the crock'ry I says to pa, 'There's the doctor's tree, says I; 'sure nuff' says he; an' from that day it always went by the name o' 'Tree chiny,' and I writ the dear old doctor's name on the teapot (it's most the only hull piece left now), an' I keep it, an' think worlds of it. Dr. Hawes is gone; pa's gone; the yaller hair I had curlin' on my head, an' the pink cheeks an' the light heart, they're all gone. But the teapot stays on, an' I keep it jest for the sake o' the dear old times.

"Now look at this cup with the green spriggles. See what's on the bottom. 'L. H. S.'

"There ma'am, out o' that tea cup once dranked Lyddy Huntley Sigourney! You know who she was, the verse-writer; used to live on Lord's Hill. Well, pa he thought there never was anybody writ so pretty as her. We used to cut out her pieces an' read 'em over 'n over, and when we had a little gal come, there was nothin' for't but she must be named Lyddy Sigourney Clark. So we named her that, but Mother Clark didn't like the name o' Lyddy; she said t'was too Bible-y—for she wa'n't a perffessor you see. So we called her Syggy. One day she was a stan'in out to the gate, a mite of a tow-headed young one, when a lady come a' ridin' by with some folks. They stopped the wagon to ask somethin' about the road, and the lady, a smilin' so sweet and mild, she asked the little gal her name. 'Lyddy Sig'ny Clark,' says she. Then out o' the wagon got the lady an' come right in, an'—well, to make a long story short, I found out she was the verse-writer herself! I called pa, an' he most stood on his head he was that pleased. I made her a cup o' tea, and she dranked it. Next day she sent a little book—'Olive Buds,' I b'leve 'twas—to Sigggy, an' pa says, 'ma, you jest put up that green-spriggle teacup that Mis' Sigourney took her tea out of, and never let another soul put it to their mouths,' says he. An' I never have.

"Here's a plate—flowrin' blue you see—that says, "Uncle 'Paphras,' 'cause he took his last airthly victuals off o' that dish. Polytics killed him. 'Twas votin' day, an' he would go into Har'ford to vote for Guv'ner Bissell. He come back late, all tuckered out—for he was eighty-nine years old. I give him a good nourishin' supper o' pork and beans an' mince-pie, an' put him right to bed, but he died afore mornin.' Polytics is awful wearin'.

"This little shiny, copp'ry-lookin' pitcher says, 'Jotham's missionary-box.' Jotham's our oldest boy. He was great on heathen. When he was a mite of a boy, he'd go to monthly concerts, an' he'd spell out the Missionary Her'ld, and he was always a singin' 'An only man is vile' an' so on.

He'd give away his clothes soon's they was a bit shabby—send 'em down to Aunt Nancy an' Aunt Charlotte for their missionary-boxes. An' he'd say so sweet 'I'd jest's live have new ones' he

says. He saved up his cents an' kep' 'um in this pitcher, an' the way that little feller labored to git money to put in there! Why, I've known him tackle a boy twice as big as hisself and take his cent away from him to drop into that blessed treas'ry, and when I'd say anythin' about it, he'd look up so cute and say, 'Shall we to man b'nighted, ma, the lamp o' life deny,' he'd say. 'Twould fetch the water to my eyes an' pa's you better bl'eve. We made up our minds we'd got to give him up as a Christian her'ld, and we thought a lot about the savages an' cannybuls an' juggernauts; but we was spared all that. For he went one night to hear Dr. Scudder and somebody else down to South Church, and he come home jest cured. He took his money an' bought a knife an' some marbles, an' alleys, an' he give away his Missionary Her'lds, an' he never could bear to hear anythin' about goin' to heathen lands agin. Oh, those missionaries, their words do seem blessed to the young sometimes!

"An' here's—but there your horse's a startin', kind o' restless, and he's—no, don't run, John'll catch him. There—if she ain't gone flyin' up the street. 'Fraid her crock'ry 'll spill an' git smashed, I 'spose.

"So that's a clect'or! I want to know!"

ANNIE T. SLOSSON.

THE offer of the position of Postmistress-General of the Bazar postmistress need cause no Ashton-ishment.

MRS. JOHN C. DAY originated the most tasteful idea of covering small wooden plates with crimson and yellow rosebuds, forming four panels suspended by ribbons.

DURING the day is the best time for ladies who visit the Bazar with a view of purchasing any of the attractive articles, which are then seen to the best advantage. The crowd is less, and the booths are more accessible.

SPEAR and WHITING generously send to the BUDGET Booth, every day, emblem fans made of natural flowers, beautiful baskets, and splendid bouquets. They have also kindly given quantities of cut flowers to the Floral Booth.

AND now a captious critic is "down upon" the compositor who insisted that General Jacqueminot was only "Captain" Jacqueminot. We wish it to be understood that ours was a particular Jacqueminot, not general Jacqueminot.

AMONG compliments to the BAZAR BUDGET booth are the following: Willimantic Linen Company, 2,000 little knapsacks containing the company's superior thread; Plimpton Manufacturing Company, papeteries; Brown & Gross, "Canoe and Camera," and many other handsome books; Rogers Brothers, silver-plated ware; Bee Hive, paper dusters; A. D. Vorce, fine engravings and an elegant mirror; Ludlow Barker, music-books; Ernst Schall, a variety of bronze and silver-gilt ornaments; Blodgett & Clapp, paper-weights; J. B. Stone, satchels for the BAZAR BUDGET news girls; Seidler & May, easy chairs for the use of the booths; and Whiting and Spear, a profusion of superb flowers every day. Thanks, thanks.

THE drill, and the very fact that this is the last night, will draw an immense crowd to the Armory this evening. The admission is 25 cents, and the "show" alone is well worth one dollar. Every-body will be there.

S. W. BARROWS & Co. can now furnish full sets of the BAZAR BUDGET, the five numbers for fifty cents, and will send them postpaid to any address, as long as the stock lasts. These papers will be preserved as souvenirs of the best fair ever yet held in Hartford. They will be sought for next week, and their scarcity may considerably raise the price. By and by, we shall not be surprised to hear of people offering anywhere from one dollar to five dollars for a set of this journal. The paper is not stereotyped. A comparatively limited edition was printed, and very soon it will be difficult to supply or procure back numbers.

It must be very gratifying to the managers of the Fair that their efforts have been so cordially appreciated by the patrons and by the public generally. The purchases have been liberal and the additions to the Union funds will be considerable. Apart from this practical view (which, of course, was the primary object of the Bazar,) those who have visited the Rink seem to have thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Every evening especially has been a sort of grand reception where friends have met friends, and where the music, flowers, and general gaiety have combined to make a festive scene. During the day the children have had a good time. It is to be hoped that the success of the Bazar itself, and the general gratification the Fair has afforded to the public, will make it an annual institution in this city.

### Fragments from Heine.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,  
I loved each once as my darling one,—  
I love them no more. I love alone  
The dearest, the purest, the peerless, God's own.  
You, yourself, little one, the darling I love  
Are rose, and lily, and sun, and dove.

The moon rests o'er the waves,  
A red pomegranate ripe,  
And o'er the gray old sea,  
Streams many a golden stripe.

Once I wandered on the strand  
Where I saw the white waves break,  
And I heard such wondrous words,  
That the dashing waters spake.

A. H. GOODWIN.

A LECTURER on optics, in explaining the mechanism of the organ of vision, remarks: "Let any man gaze closely into his wife's eye and he will see himself looking so exceedingly small that"—Here the lecturer's voice was drowned by the shouts of laughter and applause which greeted his scientific remark.

A HUSBAND takes his wife to a gallery to be photographed. As the sacramental formula against laughing is about to be pronounced, the husband comes to his aid. "Now, Mary," he says, "be grave; don't laugh, or else you'll spoil the picture. Think of something serious. Think of how you was sent to the penitentiary for hog-larceny—think of what would have become of you if I hadn't taken pity on you and married you! Now then!"



**JAMES G. 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.

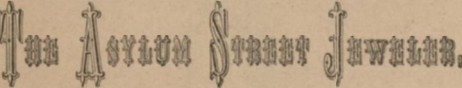
WHAT YOU DO NOT FIND AT THE BAZAR IN THE WAY OF  
**LADIES' AND GENTS' FINE**  
**Boots, Shoes, and Slippers,**  
 WILL BE FOUND AT  
**JOHN D. FISK & CO'S,**  
 Will be happy to show you around. **375 Main St.**

**S. T. BISSELL,**  
 AGENT FOR  
**DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS,**  
 Wilcox & White Organs,  
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 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,**  
  
**No. 18.**

**In Memoriam.**

LOUISE MARSTON GODDARD.  
 Died, April 24, 1880.

Chant a requiem—soft and low, they said,  
 For the fair young wife, white-robed and dead.  
 She hath fallen asleep in the King's domain,  
 Whence the sleepers return, O never again!

Go, gather the spring's sweet budding flowers,  
 And cover her o'er—this darling of ours!

Blessed, thrice blessed her waking will be,  
 In the land where they bloom eternally.

'Twas but yesterday's morn her glad heart rang  
 Its chime of merry bells—she smiled and sang.

Could love embalm her, and prayers and tears,  
 Then might we hold her enshrined for years!

Look in her beautiful, glorified face,  
 Hush'd o'er in its pure, mysterious grace.

Over her brow, with a tender caress,  
 The soft hair clings in its loveliness.

While the dear eyes hide, 'neath their lids of snow,  
 The glory that blossom'd her sweet face so!

And the matchless smile of her loving lips  
 Is banish'd forever by Death's eclipse!

O white-clasped hands, o'er the silent heart prest,—  
 When erst were they folded together—at rest?

Had they grown weary with sowing their seed—  
 Sowing and reaping—and we took not heed?

Burdens of sorrow and burdens of pain  
 Hath she uplifted again and again.

As hideth the lilies' pale stars 'neath their leaves,  
 So her gracious spirit unbound its sheaves.

Showering and blessing with bounteous grace,  
 The wealth of her heart and light of her face.

Only translated! Her earthly work done:—  
 God's angel and ours. Rest, sainted one!

HARTFORD, May 29, 1880.

L. J. R. C.

E. C. KELLOGG, of this city, made North Con-  
 way sketches on some copies of "June Days,"  
 which sold for four dollars each.

A FEW friends, who had themselves to "cook  
 it up," discover that it was Isaac, not Jacob, who  
 patronized Rebecca's well. We propose to put  
 whom we please at that well. Why, we've seen  
 Alex. Harbison there.

THE London *Athenæum* says that Mrs. Harriet  
 Beecher Stowe's flattering preface to Mrs. Sten-  
 house's book on Utah is well merited. The same  
 critical journal calls Mark Twain "The most  
 successful and original wag of his day," and  
 thinks that his new book, "The Tramps Abroad,"  
 contains some of his happiest work.

THE charming little lady who personates "The  
 Old Woman who lived in a shoe," of course per-  
 forms the feat of making her stock-in' trade foot  
 up something handsome for the Union. But  
 nobody believes that she has "so many children  
 that she don't know what to do" with them, for  
 she disposes of her dolls with ease and rapidity.

THE other day when a wagon-load of choice  
 exotics was waiting in front of the Armory, an  
 old horse attached to another wagon quietly drew  
 up in the rear and incontinently clipped off a  
 stomachful of the precious leaves. He was  
 bound to get some good out of the fair, anyhow.  
 But what he "got" besides, when his verdure  
 vandalism was discovered, he was not so much  
 pleased with.

**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, Selden C. Preston, James Campbell.	Leverett Brainard, Charles J. Cole, Wm. H. Bulkeley, Robt. E. Day,
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S. C. PRESTON, Pres.      NEWTON CASE, Vice-Pres.  
 GEORGE W. LESTER, Secretary.

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

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 Confectionery, Ice Cream, and Coffee Saloon,  
 AT  
 372 Asylum Street, - BATTERSON BLOCK.

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HARNESSES, 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 CROCKERY 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, Buntings, Grenadines, Momic Cloth,  
 Ladies Cloth, Flannel, India Silks, Summer Silks, White  
 Suits, variety of material, Gingham, 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.

## Do Likewise.

The sun looks with a gladsome ray  
 So kindly in the world all day,  
 Carry glad cheer  
 To far and near.

The tree lifts its green branches high  
 The sun in storm points to the sky.  
 Be brave and strong  
 All thy life long.

The fountains spring and ripples light  
 Swift flow the bubbling waters bright.  
 Spring light and gay  
 To larks each day.

The wild birds sing right merrily;  
 Rejoice in sunshine, fountain, tree,  
 To fill thy days  
 With songs of praise.  
 (German Translation.)  
 A. H. GOODWIN.

## Common Sense and Art.

It is the misfortune of Art that so many who write about it write with vague notions. From these the general reader gets an idea that Art is a sort of goddess, an invisible, intangible something, a power in history and civilization, working out her own designs, influencing men, nations, and civilizations by some secret process. Hence, too, arises the notion, which many honest people cherish, that the study of art is a mere pastime, and a very useless waste of time at that.

A few common-sense statements about art cannot but be useful once in a while, and just now they may do good, because just now many persons are thinking and reading about art history, and a few years have made a decided change in this country in the artistic tastes of the people.

The distinction between the useful arts and the fine arts has long ceased to be practical. Nor have writers ever been fully agreed as to what are the fine arts. The simplest distinction is this: that when the object of the art is the product of delight to the senses, beauty for the eye, pleasure for the ear, it becomes a fine art. But in all ages the highest triumphs of art have been in the union of beauty with utility; and the highest periods of art product have been those in which useful things were made beautiful.

Art is trade. It may as well be stated in plain words, however it shocks the sentimental art lover. Art flourishes when people buy its products. The prevalence of a style of art in a country or an age always means that the people liked and bought and paid for that style of art. Patronage of art means paying money for the work of artists and artisans. This is a far higher view of art than the vague notion that the artist gives his work to the world, and the world gives him bread and butter that he may continue his productions. This plain fact is what makes art history important. It connects the people with art. It is of very small account in history that Phidias and Raphael were artists who carved stone or painted panels. But it is of great account that an age or a race supported such artists by paying for their work. This is what we mean when we say the Art of Greece. We mean the art which the people of Greece liked, bought for their home use, dedicated in temples to their gods. Every work of art implies two minds: that which produces, and that for which it is produced. The study of art is wasted when directed to the producer, but it is a grand study of humanity when directed to those who purchased, and by their purchases established and perpetuated beautiful art products.

The commercial value of beauty is seldom discussed by writers on art, and therefore people fail to appreciate the actual and practical effect of art studies, art museums, art decorations in houses, on the material prosperity of a country. Beauty is not only a salable commodity, but it is among the largest items in the commerce of the world. Men who ridicule the idea of giving money to support art museums and art schools have made their fortunes in selling beautiful art products. Eliminate beauty from the trade of America to-day, and universal ruin would be instant. If dry goods were made solely for utility and without regard to variety and beauty, thousands of factories would shut down, and one tradesman in Hartford would not find trade where twenty now supply the varied and varying tastes of customers. Even gold itself would lose a large proportion of its value now given by the demand for it as a delight of the eyes.

The past ten years have witnessed a change in this country which should arrest the attention of the political economist; and every man ought to be one. The importation and sale of beautiful objects in every department of trade has increased enormously under the direct influence of art exhibitions. This has been followed by the introduction of art manufacture here. Employment has been given to men, women, and children, and hereafter thousands of families will be sustained by the production of beauty for American use. This is the practical result of what some people think a mere waste of time—the study of art, and the collection of art objects for the public to see.

There are some people left in the world who think that the love of beauty is a vanity. It is hardly worth while to argue with them. You cannot convince them that beautiful decorations, beautiful dress, are proper objects of human enjoyment. But in spite of them we can thank God that He has given us the senses to be our delight as well as to be our guides and useful helpers. And the love of the beautiful brings us nearer to Him than perhaps any other human emotion. Nor has He left us without distinct approval of love and admiration for the beautiful in art as well as in nature. The highest type of beauty, on sacred authority, is a well-dressed woman. For when the Seer of Patmos sought to convey to human intellects some faint idea of the glory of the celestial city, he found no higher earthly comparison to make than in likening it to a bride adorned for her husband.

W. C. PRIME.



FINIS.



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,  
Manufacturers and Dealers in  
HATS, CAPS, and FURS,  
Of the latest styles.

Hats and Caps to match Suits, Made to Order,  
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HARTFORD STEAM BOILER



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

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OF HARTFORD,  
COVERS THE WHOLE FIELD  
OF  
PERSONAL INSURANCE.

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

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

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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 1/4 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, . . . . .	935,399.18

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

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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.	

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