

BAZAR BUDGET

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PRICE TEN CENTS.

Without a Word.

In the light keeping of the air,
Trembles a secret all things tell;
The very wind that lifts your hair
In lands of heat hath learned it well,
Whispers it soft against your cheek,
Breathes it in passion-laden sigh,
So warm, so nigh,
It has no need a word to speak.

With fluttering hearts the birds outpour
The open secret all day long;
Now they confess and now implore,
In the strange mystery of song,
Which seems to utter everything,
Yet leaves the sweetest things inferred,
Without a word.

O birds! no wonder that you sing!

And even the silence of earth's breast
Tells it in language still and fine;
And grown too full to be suppress'd,
Reaches these flowers up for a sign.
O for some perfect sign to tell
What words too rudely might declare!
Some voice of air,
Soft as the whisper of the shell!

Yet the dumb heart can tell thee more:
It speaks to thee with every beat;
And what it urges o'er and o'er,
Words were less daring to entreat.
Yes, when that speaks, is all avowed;
All that I bade my lips conceal,
That will reveal

Without a word, and speak it loud!

FRANCES LOUISE BUSHNELL.

A Boy's Adventure.

[As I haven't a miscellaneous article at hand, nor a subject to make one of, nor time to write the article if I had a subject, I beg to offer the following as a substitute. I take it from the twenty-second chapter of a tale for boys which I have been engaged upon, at intervals during the past three years, and which I hope to finish, yet, before all the boys grow up. I will explain, for the reader's benefit, as follows: The lad who is talking is a slim, gentle, smileless creature, void of all sense of humor, and given over to melancholy from his birth. He is speaking to little Edward VI., King of England, in a room in the palace; the two are by themselves; the speaker was "whipping-boy" to the king when the latter was Prince of Wales. James I. and Charles II. had whipping-boys when they were little fellows, to take their punishment for them when they fell short in their lessons, so I have ventured to furnish my small prince with one, for my own purposes. The time of this scene is early in the year 1548, consequently Edward VI. is about ten years of age; the other lad is fourteen or fifteen.]

I will tell it, my liege, seeing thou hast so commanded (said the whipping-boy, with a sigh which was manifestly well freighted with painful recollections), though it will open the sore afresh, and I shall suffer again the miseries of that misbegotten day.

It was last midsummer—Sunday, in the afternoon—and drowsy, hot and breathless; all the green country-side gasped and panted with the

heat. I was at home, alone; alone, and burdened with the solitude. But first it is best that I say somewhat of the old knight my father—Sir Humphrey. He was just turned of forty, in the time of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and was a brave and gallant subject. He was rich, too, albeit he grew poor enough before he died. At the Field he was in the great cardinal's suite, and shone with the best. In a famous Masque, there, he clothed himself in a marvelous dress of most outlandish sort, imaginary raiment of some fabled prince of goblins, or spirits, or I know not what; but this I know, that it was a nine-days' wonder, even there, where the art of the broad world had been taxed in the invention of things gorgeous, strange and memorable. Even the king thy father said it was a triumph, and swore it with his great oath, "By the Splendor of God!" What a king hath praised is precious, though it were dirt before; so my father brought home this dress to England, and kept it always laid up in herbs to guard it from injurious insects and decay. When his wealth vanished, he clung to it still.

Age crept upon him, trouble wrought strangeness in him, delusions ate into his mind. He was of so uncomfortable a piety, and so hot-spirited withal, that when he prayed, one wished he might give over, he so filled the heart with glooms of hell and the nose with the stink of brimstone; yet when he was done, his weather straightway changed, and he so raged and swore and laid about him, right and left, that one's thought was, "Would God he would pray again."

In time was he affected with a fancy that he could cast out devils—wo worth the day! This very Sunday, whereof I have spoken to your grace, he was gone, with the household, on this sort of godly mission, to Hengist's Wood, a mile and more away, where all the gaping fools in Bilton parish were gathered to hear him pray a most notorious and pestilent devil out of the carcase of Gammer Hooker, an evil-minded beldame that had been long and grievously oppressed with that devil's presence, and in truth a legion more, God pardon me if I wrong the poor old ash-cat in so charging her.

As I did advertise your grace in the beginning, the afternoon was come, and I was sore wearied with the loneliness. Being scarce out of my thirteenth year, I was ill stocked with love for solitude, or patience to endure it. I cast about me for a pastime, and in an evil hour my thought fell upon that old gala-suit my father had brought from the Field of the Cloth of Gold near thirty years bygone. It was sacred; one might not touch it and live, and my father found him in the

act. But I said within myself, 'tis a stubborn devil that bides in Gammer Hooker, my father cannot harry him forth with one prayer, nor yet a hundred—there is time enow—I will have a look, though I perish for the trespass.

I dragged the marvel out from its hiding, and fed my soul with the sight. O, thou shouldst have seen it flame and flash in the sun, my liege! It had all colors, and none were dull. The hose of shining green,—lovely, silken things; the high buskins, red-heeled, and great golden spurs, jeweled, and armed with rowels a whole span long, and the strangest trunks, the strangest odd-fashioned doublet man ever saw, and so many-colored, so rich of fabric and so bespangled; and then the robe! it was crimson satin, banded and barred from top to hem with a webbed glory of precious gems, if haply they were not false—and mark ye, my lord, this robe was all of a piece, and covered the head, with holes to breath and spy through; and it had long, wide sleeves, of a most curious pattern; then there was a belt and a great sword, and a shining golden helmet, full three spans high, out of whose top sprung a mighty spray of plumes, dyed red as fire. A most gallant and barbaric dress—evil befell the day I saw it!

When I was sated with gazing at it, and would have hid it in its place again, the devil of misfortune prompted me to put it on. It was there that my sorrow and my shame began. I clothed myself in it, and girt on the sword, and fixed on the great spurs. Naught fitted—all was a world too large—yet was I content, and filled with windy vanity. The helmet sunk down and promised to smother me, like to a cat with its head fast in a flagon, but I stuffed it out with rags, and so mended the defect. The robe dragged the ground, wherefore was I forced to hold it up when I desired to walk with freedom. Marching hither and yonder before the mirror, the grand plumes gladdened my heart and the crimson splendors of the robe made my foolish soul to sing for joy, albeit, to speak plain truth, my first glimpse of mine array did well nigh fright the breath out of my lank body, so like a moving conflagration did I seem.

Now, forsooth, could I not be content with private and secluded happiness, but must go forth from the house, and see the full sun flash upon my majesty. I looked warily abroad on every side; no human creature was in sight; I passed down the stairs and stepped upon the greensward.

I beheld a something, then, that in one little fleeting instant whisked all thought of the finery out of my head, and brimmed it with a hot new interest. It was our bull,—a brisk young creature

that I had tried to mount a hundred times, and failed; now was he grazing, all peacefully and quiet, with his back to me. I crept toward him, stealthily and slow, and O, so eager and so anxiously, scarce breathing lest I should betray myself—then with one master bound I lit astride his back! Ah, dear my liege, it was but a woful triumph. He ran, he bellowed, he plunged here and there and yonder, and flung his heels aloft in so mad a fashion that I was sore put to it to stick where I was, and fain to forget it was a jaunt of pleasure, and busy my mind with expedients to the saving of my neck. Wherefore, to this end, I did take a so deadly grip upon his sides with those galling spurs that the pain of it banished the slim remnant of his reason that was left, and so forsook he all semblance of reserve, and set himself the task of tearing the general world to rags, if so be, in the good providence of God, his heels might last out the evil purpose of his heart. Being thus resolved, he fell to raging in wide circles round and round the place, bowing his head and tossing it, with bellowings that froze my blood, lashing the air with his tail, and plunging and prancing, and launching his accursed heels, full freighted with destruction, at each perishable thing his fortune gave him for a prey, till in the end he erred, to his own hurt no less than mine, delivering a random kick that did stave a beehive to shreds and tatters, and empty its embittered host upon us.

In good sooth, my liege, all that went before was but holiday pastime to that that followed after. In briefer time than a burdened man might take to breath a sigh, the fierce insects did clothe us like a garment, whilst their mates, a singing swarm, encompassed us as with a cloud, and waited for any vacancy that might appear upon our bodies. An I had been cast naked into a hedge of nettles, it had been a blessed compromise, forasmuch as nettle-stings grow not so near together as did these bee-stings compact themselves. Now, being moved by the anguish of this new impulse, the bull did surpass himself. He raged thrice around the circuit in the time he had consumed to do it once, before, and wrought final wreck and desolation upon such scattering matters as he had aforesaid overlooked and spared; then, perceiving that the swarm still clouded the air about us, he was minded to fly the place, and leave the creatures behind—wherefore, uplifting his tail, and bowing his head, he went storming down the road, praising God with a loud voice, and in a shorter space than a wholesome pulse might take to beat a hundred was a mile upon his way—but alack, so also were the bees. I noted not whither he tended, I was dead to all things but the bees and the miserable torment; the first admonishment I had that my true trouble was but now at hand, was a wild, affrighted murmur that broke upon my ear, then through those satin eye-holes I shot a glance, and beheld my father's devout multitude of fools scrambling and skurrying to right and left with the terrors of perdition in their souls; and one little instant after, I, helmeted, sworded, plumed, and blazing in that strange unearthly panoply of red-hot satin, tore into the midst, on my roaring bull,—and my father and his ancient witch being in the way, we struck them, full and fair, and all the four went down together, Sir Humphrey crying out, in the joy of his heart, "See, 'tis the master devil himself, and 'twas I that haled him forth!"

I marvel your majesty should laugh; I see naught in it of a merry sort, but only bitterness. Lord, it was pitiful to see how the wrathful bees did assault the holy congregation and harry them, turning their meek and godly prayers into profane cursings and blasphemous execrations, whilst the whole multitude, even down to the aged mothers in Israel and frosty-headed patriarchs did wildly skip and prance in the buzzing air, and thrash their arms about, and tumble and sprawl over one another in mad endeavor to flee the horrid place. And there, in the grass, my good father rolled and tossed, hither and thither, and everywhere,—being sore beset with the bees—delivering a howl of rage with every prod he got,—ah, good my liege, thou shouldst have heard him curse and pray!—and yet, amidst all his woes, still found his immortal vanity room and opportunity to vent itself; and so, from time to time shouted he with a glad voice, saying, "I wrought to bring forth one devil, and lo, have I emptied the courts of hell!"

I was found out, my prince—ah, prithee spare me the telling what happened to me then; I smart with the bare hint of it. My tale is done, my lord. When thou didst ask me yesterday, what I could mean by the strange reply I made to the lady Elizabeth, I humbly begged thee to await another time, and privacy. The thing I said to her grace was this—a maxim which I did build out of mine own head: "All superfluity is not wealth; if bee-stings were farthings, there was a day when Bilton parish had been rich."

HARTFORD, June, 1880.

MARK TWAIN.

Our New York Letter.

BRIC-À-BRAC AND ART STORES.

Correspondence of THE BAZAR BUDGET.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1880.

All recent history is easily remembered, and some of it has the merit of being true. It is a historical fact that only within the past ten years has grown up in this city the great art and bric-à-brac business which now occupies so many stores and so many people, with receipts already aggregating many hundreds of thousands of dollars, which, by and by, will swell to millions. To be sure, long, long ago, we had down Broadway the famous Marley. But Marley is as dead as Dickens's Old Marley, who was as dead as a door nail "to begin with"; or, at any rate, it is years since our Marley sold out to Sypher. That was an "Old Curiosity Shop," indeed! You could get anything there—from Elder Brewster's arm-chair which came over in the Mayflower (and has since "come over" so many different buyers) to the Louis Quatorze clock that ticked Napoleon's last hours at St. Helena. One day, at Tiffany's down-town store, just across the way, two of us were looking at the bronzes. An attentive clerk was waiting on a willing customer—a blooming, big, almost beefy beauty, who had just come into her possessions as Princess of Petrolia. Some of her comments were a little curious. "These," said the clerk, exhibiting an equine group in bronze, "these are the celebrated Marley horses." "Ah yes," said the Princess (to show that she wasn't so very recently from the Moon as folks might think), "I've seen them over at Marley's, often." She had been around already, and into Marley's. Who had n't? And yet that apostle of æsthetics had then done but little

to reform even the rich homes of the city. It is not so very long ago when the Oriental Kurz Pacha, after going through pretty much all the mansions in Fifth avenue, exclaimed to Mr. Potiphar, "Why, bless my soul, your house is just like your neighbor's!" It was so then. Every house showed the same sort of furniture, set in the same places, the same hangings and decorations, in short, the same sameness. Now-a-days it is different, and this reformation has been brought about within a decade. Our Metropolitan Museum of Art, which began its mission ten years ago, claims, and I think justly, to have created the now almost universal taste for home decoration and adornment. And where there is a demand there must be a supply. Hence, for our one old-time Marley, we have a hundred splendid shops and stores exclusively devoted to the sale of bric-à-brac, antiques, artistic furniture, old furniture, bronzes, brasses, drapery, faience, porcelain, pottery, 'and-irons, and fans. What else? Simply everything that is old, odd, useful, ugly, beautiful, and above all costly. And yet some of the most desirable objects are comparatively cheap. I won't give you the figures of a certain bamboo arm-chair which is not only an easy one, but Japanesque. One of my friends got at a very low price some of the richest hangings I have lately seen. They were sent through the custom house as "samples," and, of course, were cut here and there as samples are, but were soon mended, and now they enrich what she calls her "sample room." One of my old bachelor acquaintances picked up at an auction two candlesticks which are known to have been pets of Frederick the Great in the smoking-room at *Sans Souci*—the "pedigree," from hand to hand, through all the successive owners, is perfect. They are bronze figures, more pretty, perhaps, than proper, but quite properly considered treasures. "Art stores" we used to call places where they sold artists' materials and pictures,—now lots of shops, even those which sell only furniture or crockery, are in every sense art stores. It is difficult now to pick up old furniture at any price. All the old farm-houses and homesteads (that is, those accessible to plundering and paying pilgrims) in Westchester county, all along the Hudson, out on Long Island, over in Jersey, and up in Connecticut, have long ago been cleaned out. But new-old furniture of quaint patterns is in constant manufacture and is reasonably cheap. So, too, is old-new brass work in the way of fenders, pokers, tongs and shovels. There are places in the city where you can purchase positive antiquities, antique glass, ancient bronzes, and even prehistoric implements in stone, bone, and bronze. But you must pay for them. And who wants 'em? Almost everybody would like undoubtedly old china, and there is no difficulty in getting it—the difficulty is to get the money (enough of it) to buy it. There is one thing about the best of all these attractive places—they are open to visitors, who are never pestered, nor even asked, to buy. And the most of them are museums of art, where one may loaf and look as long as he likes. An immense deal in the way of truly tasteful household decoration may be done with a very little money. The first-class Japanese stores, of which there are several, well away up-town, offer a thousand things in wall-paper, screens, umbrellas, fans, transparencies, and scenes of all sorts, which, deftly disposed on doors,

and walls, and windows, brighten and beautify a room wonderfully. A cruelly-worked "God Bless our Happy Home" is well enough in its way, but we can do considerable ourselves to make home more attractive, more lovable, more cultivated, and so more truly Christian. The art stores are doing wonders in this work and way. It is like "The House that Jack Built"—the Metropolitan Art Museum began it; that started the shops and stores; these brought out the customers; they carried away the choice and pretty things, from furniture to fans. Taste stepped in and told the girls how to put these things up and just where to place them around; and lo! a remodelled, rebeautified home, and the assembled household resolves in the midst of these fine things to be just as good, and polite, and pretty, and well-behaved as all hands know how. It is easy to fancy that all these things have had their effect, too, out o'doors. Of course, as cultivation extends, manners improve, and next to manners come morals—if, indeed, they are not as Herbert Spencer insists, one and the same thing. Undoubtedly the love of the beautiful extends from costume to character. But this is not a homily. The New York bric-à-brac and art stores are giving good lessons; and the tuition is not necessarily high, if you buy a bit here and there with good judgment, good taste, and good common sense. All roads lead to Rome, and all buyers of bric-à-brac come to New York. The trade in these articles and objects of taste and art and luxury is daily extending, and the gratifying reason is, that the class of cultivated people is constantly enlarging. But there is plenty of room for more pupils.

ROLFE.

A Jewel of Inconsistency.

The Seventy-first Regiment of New York State Volunteers, of Sickles' Excelsior Brigade, and Hooker's old division, was mostly enlisted in New York city, and not from its highest circles.

Whatever might have been said of its religion,—and the less the better perhaps—there was no doubt at all about its politics. It went into the war bent solely on saving the union, and without the slightest reference to the matter of slavery. While in civil life, neither the fugitive slave law nor the Dred Scott decision had seemed to it other than the most simple and obvious decree of righteousness under the constitution. One of the humors of the regiment, often indulged, was to goad a poor witless fellow in Company "H" named Hine, into transports of rage by charging him with having voted for Lincoln.

It was the writer's knowledge of the principles of the gallant Seventy-first, as thus indicated, that gave what happened under his eye on the lower Potomac, in Maryland, in the spring of 1862, its peculiar interest.

The eternal months of our first winter under canvas had at last worn away, and we were in the midst of preparations to join the movement to the Peninsula. Just at this time there appeared in the camp of the division numbers of black men, some of them from fifty and sixty miles away, they said, asking for employment, they were willing to do any kind of work, and to do it for nothing,—the same being the wages they had been accustomed to receive,—if only they might go along with the troops when they left Maryland.

The offer of service on such liberal terms found acceptance in so many instances that not less than two hundred of the applicants obtained situations in the division, of whom about twenty-five fell to the share of the Seventy-first.

To say nothing of the officers who were thus enabled to replace the grooms, valets, etc., borrowed of the United States, but now conscientiously remanded to duty in the ranks, the non-commissioned staff furnished themselves with attendants suitable to their state; and even the company cooks, finding that at the moderate expense of a daily ration or two economized from the company allowance, they could acquire more leisure for thought upon the mysteries of their delicate art, became in not a few cases, patrons of the new labor.

All this, however, was naturally very far from pleasing to the citizens of Maryland living in that region, and very hard for them as loyal Unionists, to bear.

But, as by general orders, all officers and soldiers of the United States were forbidden not only to cooperate in the escape of fugitive slaves, but also to cooperate in their recovery, the bereaved owners of these stray human cattle were dependent on their own exertions to get them back again.

Accordingly a company of them, provided with General Hooker's written permit to pass freely through the camp of his command, set out in personal quest of their missing property.

One day in the latter end of March, when the Seventy-first was comfortably smoking, in a prevailing calm, its after-dinner pipe, it was brought to its feet by the sudden explosion of pistol shots accompanied by loud voices some distance in the rear of the camp, followed in a minute by the arrival in their midst, at a prodigious rate of speed, breathless and hatless, of three or four of the black men before spoken of, who reported, with extreme agitation, that while collecting fuel in the regimental wood-lot hard by, a mounted party had suddenly come upon them and attempted their capture. Instantly the whole regiment was at the sentry line. A dozen or so horsemen were in sight not far away, slowly making the circuit of the camp.

It took the Seventy-first, though unprepared for such an emergency, but a single moment to find its tongue. Such a storm of winged uncelestial speech—of epithets hot from Tartarus mixed with long volleys of execration and derision,—as then burst forth from it as from one man, was wonderful to hear.

Ten recording angels writing short-hand could not have set down the half of it. Our visitors, however, were not to be deterred from their lawful pursuit by such means. They not only stood the fire manfully, but presently, after a brief halt for consultation, advanced in the face of it boldly towards the camp. As they approached, curiosity overcame every other passion in the crowd of spectators, and they halted just outside the sentry line amid a general silence; there they exhibited General Hooker's permit to the officer of the guard, who sent for the officer of the day, and showed it to him, and he carried it to the Colonel, who gave orders to let the bearers in. In, therefore, they came. They were splendidly mounted; they held their heads high; and altogether were as brave a group of gentlemen in appearance as one could wish to see.

They first proceeded to the Colonel's quarters, whither the regiment in a body followed them.

The Colonel came out to them and said, "Gentlemen, the camp is before you; go where you please."

But by this time the game was all out of reach. *Abiit; evasit; erupit.* Except two who had been hustled into the ammunition tent and laid in musket boxes, with a chip under one edge of the cover to keep them from smothering, the colored men had vamped the ranch. They went out at one side as their old friends entered at the other; and how they did run,—dodging through the company streets, leaping like chased deer over the stumps and brush piles of the adjacent clearing till they were hid in the woods beyond. Meanwhile the situation of the Marylanders was becoming decidedly embarrassing. They had the freedom of the premises, but in presence of so numerous and, though deeply interested, unsympathetic an assemblage of witnesses, they seemed in doubt how to use it; moreover, mutterings, and a murmur of uncomplimentary observations began to rise from the throng now gathered closely around them. As they sat there on their horses, undecided and talking in low tones among themselves, it chanced that General Sickles, attended by his staff, rode into camp. Seeing the course, he demanded what it meant. Upon being told, without a moment's hesitation, he shouted, "Order those men out of this camp immediately! I'll have nothing of that kind permitted in my brigade!"

The Seventy-first heard it, and the chronicler despairs to describe the scene that ensued. A fresh volcanic eruption of opprobrious language, fiercer than the first, filled the air at once. There were many skilled artists of malediction in the regiment, whose vocabularies were rich in the choicest coinage of the New York dialect of abuse, and on this occasion they made an unreserved display of their powers. There was perfect babel. Soon some one threw a lump of dirt. It was the signal for a general discharge of such light missiles as came to hand. One company had just drawn its ration of daily bread baked in the regimental oven.

Plump went one of the big loaves, taking a horse fairly in the shoulder. Twenty more followed. The horses began to rear and wheel, and the gentlemen on them to cast their eyes about for a place of exit. The play did not last long. The cavalcade put itself in motion, pressed through the crowd of its tormentors, struck into a gallop, and, pursued by jeers and laughter, sped away over a neighboring hill, and was seen no more.

An ill-mannered regiment was that Seventy-first, and no mistake. But when the black men returned to camp, as after an hour or two they began to do, they welcomed them in a ceremony of cheers and hand-shaking, in which they appeared to a much better advantage than they had done in their late ungentle conduct toward their injured proprietors.

How General Sickles settled his part in the affair with General Hooker never transpired; but he explained to the writer, upon the spot, that though when previously acting in his capacity of national legislator in Congress, he had been obliged to consider slaves as chattels, he now, in the altered condition of affairs, had leave to consult his feelings with reference to them,—anyhow, he had done it in the present case.

That evening, while a universal discussion of the day's events was going on in the regiment, a corporal was heard making a constitutional argument to prove the right of the gentlemen who had been so un courteously treated, to be repossessed of their niggers. But he labored to little purpose. Before he could fairly state his premises, his eloquence was drowned in a chorus of irrational dissent and Hibernian witticism.

JOSEPH H. TWICHELL.

The Dreamer.

Beneath the white-orbed moon the lake
In silent, slumbering beauty lieth—
Lieth in light, and love, while break
Upon her bosom quivering beams,
And silvery arms enclasp her dreams!
Deep unto deep replieth.

Outflowing from that tranquil deep,
A Lethæan peace my soul doth steep,
The low mist creepeth from the East
Afar, a veiled and mystic priest;
It listeneth, while with step of stealth
It bendeth o'er the sleeper's breath.

LAKE MICHIGAN.

R. A. J., HARTFORD.

Answers to Correspondents.

HIGH SCHOOL.—"Was, or was not, Hume, the historian, an infidel?"—It is hard to say, and we do like to be hard on Hume. Probably, in religious matters he believed too little, while it is evident that in historical matters he believed too much.

STUDENT.—"In 'Paradise Lost,' Book I, line 679, what does Milton mean by 'Mammon, the least erected spirit?'"—That is plain enough. In styling Mammon the "least erected" spirit, he simply means that money is the hardest sort of thing to raise.

ROYALTY.—The full title of the Queen is "Her Majesty Victoria, By the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India (in India, Kaiser-i-Hind)," but the address "for short" is "Her Majesty." The title in English history has several times been changed. Thus, it has been with some kings "His Sacred Majesty" and "His Most Excellent Majesty." Henry IV. was "His Grace"; Henry VI., "His Most Excellent Grace." Henry VIII. was the first to adopt "His Majesty," and to drop "His Grace," probably because that much-married monarch was utterly graceless.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER asks—but as it is "Yankee" to answer one question by asking another—How old is our subscriber?

PHILHELLENE.—The lately-exhumed statue of Venus, about which you inquire, and which foreign journals declare to be equal in beauty to the far-famed Venus of Milo, is, unfortunately, *not* perfect. It lacks a nose. But it is understood that the celebrated English beauty, Mrs. Langtry, has kindly consented to supply her new-found rival with a part of her own nose, and if her photographs do her full justice, she has quite enough nose for both.

GORILLA.—"Does not Darwin assert that man is descended from the monkey?"—No. Darwin makes no positive assertions whatever. He very guardedly presents premises from which certain conclusions may be "probable." In all his arguments and statements he continually uses the word "probably," or "probable." What he says of the Descent of Man is put as cautiously as the Washington weather reports are in respect of the descent of rain—only these last are "Old Probabilities," while Darwin's are decidedly new "probabilities."

We have received the following, which tells its own and the writer's story:

MISS EDITOR. I am very much in luv with a yung lady who is learnin the milinary Trade, and she respocats mi affexn. But her mother who washis for sum famlys on aslum Avvenew and is very Hitoned ses ime not good enuff fer her dorter and hes furbid all kommunikashn between us, the ojus old ijet. Now ime as good as she is or enny of her family. After a good commn school edicashn I applide for admishn to the hi School, and tho mi riteing was readibl and mi readin was all rite, they sed i was defishnt in gramar and couldnt parse an examinashn. So falcin to prepar for colledge i hav turned mi attentshun to the aqurment of Property, and am now learnin to be a plummer wich you may hav herd is a munny makin business. Now I wanter rite a letter to the ole lady, farely settin forth my prospecs and mi wishis. I hav the compleat letter Riter, but cant find nothin in it that exactli covers the kase. Can you rite me somethin for the ole lady that is perswasiv and at the same time sorter soothin.

respectfully yures,
John Gorkins, plummer (in prospec).
number 768 Commers streat.

We have no doubt that if you will neatly and correctly copy the following and send it to the "old lady," it will produce a powerful impression upon her mind:

RESPECTED MADAME: Impelled by an almost insatiable regard for your adorable daughter, and equally inspired by her ardent affection for me, I am moved to implore you no longer to interpose apparently insuperable obstacles to what seems our inevitable destiny, and to give your cordial consent to our irrevocable union which the intertwisting threads of our mutual mundane existence irresistibly inter-

weave. I am, as you are already aware (at all events, your daughter is), a young man of most prepossessing personal appearance, with a good education, and the fairest possible prospects for the future—prospects which, as Tennyson says, are beyond—

Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands:

in short, I am at present perfecting myself in the art of plumbing, which presents to the person who faithfully pursues this supremely prospering profession what Dr. Johnson in his graphic but simple style calls "the potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." But these are worldly and almost sordid considerations. At present I mainly urge your cooperation in the conjunction of two completely congenial souls—so congenial, indeed, that Darwin would unhesitatingly declare it to be clearly a case of "natural selection." If you will call to mind what Herbert Spencer, in his Principles of Sociology, warningly says of the differentiation, disintegration, or violent disruption of affiliatory fibres, I feel assured that you will no longer interpose superficial sophistries to prevent the desiderated union. I am, Madame, with great respect,

JOHN GORKINS, Professional Plumber (in prospect),
No. 768 Commerce street.

P. S. Inclosed is a two-cent postage-stamp for your reply.
J. G. P. P. (in prospect).

If that does not bring the old lady to terms, let us know, and we will give you another.

MARK TWAIN answers "Answers to Correspondents": "Julia's conundrum—You have got it nearly right, but not quite. The correct answer is: Conventional people are those delegations that are accepted; unconventional people are those delegations that are shut out." (J. K. thought so at Syracuse.)

ONE instance of misapplied charity was when the Union lately gave a bottle of New England rum to be used as a lotion for a little girl who had sustained some bruises by a fall. Her family concluded to put the rum where they thought it would do the most good, and they drank it up, or drank it down. Of course, there is a "moral" to this short story, which obviously is that the Union furnishes no more rum for bruises, unless the Union sees the "direct application." (That's the "pint.")

ÆTNA LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1880,
\$25,636,195.41

MORGAN G. BULKELEY, PRESIDENT.
J. C. WEBSTER, VICE-PRESIDENT.
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H. W. ST. JOHN, ACTUARY.
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Oil Paintings and Engravings Cleaned and Restored,
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PROTECTION FOR THE FAMILY.
REDUCED RATES.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK,

F. S. WINSTON, President,

Office, No. 146 Broadway,
Offers Life Insurance upon
all safe plans at
LOWER PREMIUM RATES
than any other company.

Being Purely Mutual, the entire
divisible surplus of each year
in cash, is equitably appor-
tioned among its members.
*No Tontine "Estimates," but
actual Cash Dividends
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THE BEST QUALITIES OF

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AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

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205 Main Street,
Cor. Mulberry Street, HARTFORD, CONN.

J. H. & W. E. CONE,
Importers and Dealers in
Wooden Ware, Seeds, Hardware,
And Agricultural Implements,
87 & 89 ASYLUM ST., HARTFORD, CONN.
Agents for Wood's New Model Mowing Machines.

"Pillsbury's Best" Flour.

Ask your Grocer for this brand and you will be sure of having THE VERY BEST in market every time.

SMITH, NORTHAM & ROBINSON,
Wholesale Agents.

AMOS LARNED & CO.,
FASHIONABLE BOOTS & SHOES,
Superior Quality,
No. 347 MAIN ST., HARTFORD, CONN.

GAS FIXTURES,
CLOCKS AND BRONZES.

Mitchell, Vance & Co.

Invite attention to their NEW STYLES, which for variety, excellence of design, materials, and workmanship are not excelled.

Special and Exclusive Designs if Desired.

836 AND 838 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

PATRONS of the Bazar get good things, and do good things.

It is quite appropriate at the Armory. The Rebeccas show they have a right to bare arms.

MR. GEORGE E. SILL has plenty of customers at his scales. Young ladies will have their weigh, you know.

THE BAZAR BUDGET booth exhibits the anomaly of a newspaper office with printer's angels, instead of—the other fellows.

We presume that all the puns possible have been made on the name, Mark Twain—he's made a few himself—but if we called (as they do in England) a big wagon a wain, and it had a sign on the side of it, it would be a Mark'd Wain. (This is a little elaborate, and it's pretty near the close of the Fair, but we suppose it would.)

IN the recent great French Fair in Albert Hall, London, all the "stalls," as the booths are called in England, were draped alike. There were square, tent-like canopies of alternate breadths of pale pink, blue, and white muslin over each stall, and short draperies around them, like draped toilet-tables, to match. When the booths are thus uniform, the managers and their assistants generally adopt a similar costume; but as this is not becoming to all alike, and it is no longer popular. A little, or better yet, a good deal of variety in costume, as in our own Bazar, is more acceptable and attractive.

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.**

TIFFANY & CO.,
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

CHENEY BROTHERS, SILK MANUFACTURERS,

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AND

SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.

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

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— WHOLESALE ONLY. —

Brocade Dress Silks,

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Venetians,

Plain and Printed Satins,

Imperial Satins,

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Millinery Silks,

Gros-Grain and Satin Ribbons.

R. P. KENYON & CO. HATTERS,

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CONNECTICUT TRUST

—AND—

SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY,
Capital \$300,000,

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

Depositors supplied with check-books free of charge.

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

SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT.

Safes and Lock-Boxes rented in their Safe Deposit Vault.

Bonds and Securities guaranteed.

Silver Plate and Valuables stored.

Corner of Main and Pearl Streets,
Connecticut Mutual Building.

E. B. WATKINSON, President.

M. H. WHAPLES, Treasurer.

Established 18 6.

FURNITURE AND DECORATIONS. ROBBINS BROTHERS,

Successors to

Robbins, Winship & Co.,
209 MAIN STREET.

THERE are a few of the hand-painted bread-and-milk bowls, and two more flannel bath-gowns in Mrs. Post's booth.

JUNE days change the humble grub to the beautiful butterfly. At the Bazar beautiful butterflies of charity are changing "June Days" into grub for the poor.

THE crowd around Mr. Sill at the south end of the armory is supposed to be the index of the much-talked of social "scale."

THE sensational feature of the Bazar to-morrow night will be the Company F drill, different squads appearing in competitive drill. The musical programme is promising and pleasing.

A YOUNG German friend, six years old, and just graduated from a New York Kindergärten, has kindly translated for us Booth F's motto *Sic Vos, etc.*—"Vy, ven you vos sic, ve dakes gare of you."

IT doesn't take a fortune to tell a fortune. The Gipsies in the tent will do it for a small sum of money. The man who there submits the lines in his hand to the genial Gipsies will find that his lines fall in pleasant places.

THE beverage served by the charming Rebeccas at the well differs slightly from the conventional Church-fair lemonade—it has lemons it, and also sugar. Truth, in the shape of real sugar and real lemons, lies at the bottom of this well.

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 4, 1880.

ANOTHER "perfect" June day. Old Probabilities, and even Professor Vennor, favors the Fair.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, with two of her daughters, visited the Bazar yesterday morning.

THE attractive costumes of many of the managers and assistants at the Rink elicit genuine compliments.

NEXT to Mark Twain, Mark Down is now one of the features of the Fair. On many of the booths several of the most desirable articles have been considerably reduced in price.

"How blessings brighten as they take their flight." To think that there is but one day more of the beautiful Bazar! But the success of this fair is an encouragement for another and annual repetition.

THE fine large hall, the convenient dressing rooms, the well-located restaurant, and the general comfort and convenience of the premises, all show that the Armory is the very best place in Hartford for holding fairs, or for "big" receptions or entertainments of any kind.

THOSE who neglect to secure full sets of the BAZAR BUDGET will be sorry, by and by. We use the smallest of the compliments showered down upon us from all sides when we modestly say that it is a bright paper. It is worth preserving as a souvenir of the Fair. It is a good thing to have around the house for future reference. Even the advertisements are attractive, while the "Answers to Correspondents" may solve domestic difficulties in years to come.

OUR own Bazar is an excellent illustration that the character of charity fairs has wonderfully changed within a few years. A popular journal well says: "The old-fashioned idea that anything is good enough to sell at a fair is exploded; it is well understood by experienced stall-holders that only the newest and prettiest articles find a ready sale. People will freely give money and receive no equivalent, but they are loath to buy ugly or useless things." That this is well understood by the managers of the different booths in our Bazar is manifest in the new, beautiful, useful, tasteful, and really valuable articles displayed for sale. No expenditure has been, or will be made at the fair which does not receive in return a full equivalent.

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

AND DEALERS IN INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

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

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

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

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

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

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

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

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

[ESTABLISHED 1853.]

C. S. WEATHERBY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS,

Have constantly on hand a First-Class stock of

Silks, Dress Goods, Linens, Cottons,

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

At the Lowest Popular Prices.

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

CARD PRINTING.

VISITING CARDS, NOTES, AND CRESTS
WEDDING AND SOCIAL PARTIES

furnished at SHORT NOTICE.

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

POND & CHILDS', 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 CATERERS FOR

WEDDING AND RECEPTION PARTIES,

FURNISHING THEM IN ELEGANT STYLE,
USING ONLY

BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED CHINA.

— ALSO —

LADIES' and GENTS' FASHIONABLE CAFE.

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

"THE BEE HIVE,"

MAIN AND TEMPLE STREETS, HARTFORD,

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

METROPOLITAN STORE.

ITS VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS are at all times fully stocked with the

Latest, Finest, and Most Costly Goods,

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

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

Embroideries, Satins, Silks,

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

BEE HIVE, MAIN AND TEMPLE STREETS,
HARTFORD.

HAYNES & SIMMONS,

No. 364 MAIN STREET,

KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Boots & Shoes,

TO BE FOUND IN THE CITY.

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

Shoes Made to Measure.

Just Received a Large Stock of

Ladies' Fancy Slippers.

All Goods warranted as represented.

PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST.

A SEA SIDE TRIP

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

BARKER & CO'S

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

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

TALCOTT & POST,

Specialties and Novelties,

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

CARPETS, CURTAINS, and WALL HANGINGS.

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

WALL PAPERS and NOVELTIES.

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

TALCOTT & POST'S.

RATHBUN'S

SODA MINT will cure SICK HEADACHE.

SODA MINT will cure INDIGESTION.

SODA MINT will cure ACID STOMACH.

SODA MINT will cure SEA SICKNESS.

Small Bottles 25 cents. Large Size 75 cents.

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

SEASONABLE GOODS AT
BROWN, THOMSON & Co.

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

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

at very low prices.

The following goods we have in great variety:

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

Brown, Thomson & Co.

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

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

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

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

P. JEWELL & SONS,
Leather Belting,
—AND—
LACE LEATHER,
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THE PHOENIX INS. CO.

OF
HARTFORD,
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ASSETS,
\$2,733,341.27



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

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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,
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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.

June Days.

The year's perfect days are with us now. In June, the month of roses, earth, air, and sky are in tune. "Then, if ever," says Mr. Lowell, "come perfect days." And the true June days are perfect. There is no other word to describe this delicious, this almost intoxicating beauty and delight of the great green earth, the perfected glory of the trees, the elixir-like air, so far finer in its pervading and lifting influence than any draught of wine, the rolling river, and the all-glorious sky. Go where you will, in green country lane or shadowy, silent woods, the spell of the season asserts itself. Even in the darkest, stillest recesses of the woods—amidst the damp mosses and ferny smells, where sunlight cannot reach—you hear aloft in the recesses of the great birches, that almost make a night of noon around the trickling spring, the liquid, wild, peculiar, and most melodious note of the shy hermit thrush. You cannot misinterpret that most woods-like note any more than you can reproduce it on a sheet of music or in any possible combination of written or spoken words. And the shy fellow sings of June! That is the burden of his song, and the song itself fits no other month so well. It is like the night song of the whippoorwill, a part of June itself. The tinkling bell-like tones of far-dropping water, in some rocky woodland pool, are not so wild and sweet.

And June is the month of sunsets and of rainbows—and of roses. The rainbows and the sunsets we may not command; they appear at their own sweet will, beautiful beyond all other objects permitted to be seen of mortal eyes, and more suggestive, perhaps, than any other sights, of the beneficent Law of Life which gives all of us the blessed assurance of a brighter Hereafter. But the roses we can, in some sense, command. We can say where they shall show their perfected beauty, and to some extent *how* they shall show it. They are in their glory now. How lovely and how perfect are the fragrant tea-roses—the perfection of earthly sweetness and beauty, scarcely excepting even the beautiful girls one sees all about him here in the Rink. And what can equal that magnificent rose, the deep-red, fragrant, and superb "Captain Jacqueminot"! Gazing upon a laden bush, filled with these peerless blossoms, one almost feels like becoming one with them, and

"Dying, like a rose, of aromatic pain."

The following ornithologic observations, orchestrally-called bird-notes, have been taken with the greatest care, and at considerable expense expressly for the BAZAR BUDGET. Dr. S. G. Moses, who is a very accomplished taxidermist, has a very large and choice collection of birds of his own setting up, ranging from the Cayambean Condor down to the Least Bittern, which is no larger than the humming bird. This beautiful little bird is so named because when mosquitoes are around, owing to his small size, he is the Least Bittern.—Miss Yip, of Tokio, now visiting friends in this city, and probably intending to remain over Sunday, brought with her an exquisite specimen of the Japanese Robin, which is exceedingly musical, and equally amusing. He is the gymnast of the period, passing his whole time in jumping with lightning-like rapidity from perch to perch. The grain in his crop represents the grist, while he himself is the perpetual

hopper. This incessant and violent exercise induces occasional alarming fits, but the bird still lives, in spite of the fits—a striking illustration of Darwin's "survival of the fittest."—Mrs. M. C. D. has one of the most remarkable and extensive aviaries in this country, though at present several of the larger specimens, including the white turkeys from Equatorial Euphrasia, have been loaned to the Smithsonian Institute to be "drawn" for diplomatic dinners. At home, however, is the remarkable four-ounce rooster, Romeo, and his three-ounce consort, Juliet, with younger and less ounce members of the family. And the Owls are there, three of 'em, little Mother Owl and twin Owlets—there were five in the family, but two of the little ones fled before they fledged. The rest remain, and are good feeders. When they are gorged they are just gorgeous.

MORE than 2,300 admission tickets were sold yesterday.

FIVE dollars have been taken off from the original price of each one of those elegant silk bed-quilts.

THOSE handsome Cheney silk neckties at the Rink have been reduced from one dollar to 25 cents.

THE transparent screen painted by Mrs. J. R. Buck is one of the most beautiful objects in the Bazar.

CLOCK lambrequins and a superb panel with "Bo Peep" embroidered on it are features in Booth B.

LT.-COMMANDER George Calhoun, U. S. N., ex-Gov. Holley, Lt. Gov. Hyde, and the Chinese officials were among the distinguished visitors last evening.

THE autographs of Julia Smith of Glastonbury, with pictures of "those cows," sold at high prices, and were much sought after.

HABENSTEIN serves very nice lunches at the Bazar, and he is largely patronized by ladies during the day as well as in the evening.

THE Flower pavilion makes a specialty of fans with flower decorations, which are sold at very reasonable prices and are very popular.

THERE is a collection of very rare books in the Bazar. Buyers can find them in different booths. These books were expressly gotten up for the Fair.

ABOUT fifty copies only of "June Days" are left. The undecorated copies are sold for one dollar, and the buyers can be, or can employ, their own artists.

TO MORROW is the last day of the Bazar, and there will be a rush of visitors and purchasers. Already the patronage has been profuse. All the booths have done a lively business. The funds of the Union have been swelled. But some of the most beautiful and most desirable articles are still unsold, and the opportunity yet remains to secure something handsome for one's own use, and to add something handsome to the Union's means.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JAMES C. WELLES & CO.,
 Importers,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
 Fine French and English Porcelains, and Foreign and
 Domestic Cut and Engraved Glass Ware.
CHINA HALL, 27 ASYLUM ST.

THE WM. ROGERS MFG. CO.
 Factory cor. Front & Grove Sts., Hartford, Conn.
 Manufacturers of the
Best Electro Silver Plate,
 KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS,
 Casters, Butter Dishes, Cake Baskets, &c.

SISSON, BUTLER & CO'S
SECURITY KEROSENE OIL,
 The BEST for use in Monitor Oil Stoves and
 for Illuminating purposes.

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

S. T. BISSELL,
 AGENT FOR
DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS,
 Wilcox & White Organs,
 AND DEALER IN
 ALL KINDS OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
73 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.
 Tuning and Repairing Done with Neatness and Dispatch.

J. H. ECKHARDT & CO.,
 DEALERS IN
Paintings, Engravings,
 And WORKS OF ART.
 MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF
PICTURE FRAMES.
 Fine GOLD GILT WORK a specialty.
 A FULL LINE OF ARTISTS' MATERIALS constantly on hand.
 All goods sold at New York prices.
 CALL AND EXAMINE.

CLIMAX REFRIGERATOR
 And Water Cooler Combined.
 (No Drip Pan Required.)
ICE CREAM FREEZERS, WATER COOLERS,
 And the best variety of FANCY CHINA and GLASSWARE
 to be found in the State.
CHAS. F. HURD & Co., 231 and 233 Main St.

"HAWLEY"
THE SEEDSMAN.
 Everything for the Garden and Farm.
492 and 498 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.

C. H. CASE,
The Action Saver Jawline.
 No. 18.

Booth G exhibits beautiful screen-decorations,
 ready for making up.

Miss FLORENCE ROBERTS has contributed many
 beautiful decorations—her own deft handiwork.

WHITING sent half-a-dozen lovely hanging-
 baskets of choice flowers to the BUDGET Booth.

Miss CARRIE STRONG paints pictures as well
 as she writes poems, judging from her panel of
 wild roses.

The Candy Booth has an annex—a peanut-
 stand, covered with a green umbrella, over a
 hundred years old. Of course it makes consider-
 able of a spread.

BLANKET-wrappers for men, women, and
 children, are good things to have around the
 house, and at times around the person. Booth
 I supplies them.

OMISSIONS in Directory: Amateur Opera Booth,
 Misses Nellie and Grace Willard. Booth F,
 Misses Lizzie and Mary Robinson, and Miss Bis-
 sell. Booth B, Miss Carrie Weatherby and Miss
 Anne Knous.

The Rink crowd is made up of ladies and well-
 behaved gentlemen; yet some of the latter, in the
 grand promenade, let them order their steps never
 so properly, find it almost impossible not to go,
 now and then, on a train.

In Booth E there is a very rare and very old
 Pilgrim-shape vase, imperial blue and yellow,
 which is offered to any ceramic collector for
 \$300. It is claimed that the only duplicate of
 this choice art object is in the South Kensington
 Museum.

"BUDGET News-girls," with fancy dress and
 caps, Gipsies, Rebeccas, Peasant Girls in "Chimes
 of Normandy" costumes, Miss Edie Brewer and
 Miss Lulu Knous as "Old Women in the Shoe,"
 add very much to the brilliancy of the scene at
 the Bazar.

AMONG fine art contributions to the Bazar,
 Charles Porter sends an oil painting and several
 decorations; Mr. Stancliff, a marine; Prof. Gil-
 bert and wife, handsome water-colors, John L.
 Fitch, a marine; and Mrs. J. Aspinwall Hodge, a
 River View in Florida.

The ladies in charge of Booth G announce that
 they have procured a fine clock and mantel-orna-
 ments, which they propose to give to the company
 in our city battalion of the First Regiment,
 C. N. G., receiving the highest number of votes.
 The price of each vote is fifty cents.

WEED SEWING MACHINE COMPANY gave one
 of their fine sewing machines to the Bazar last
 evening. Price, thirty dollars. Seen at Mrs.
 Sluyter's booth, where a large number of useful
 garments are for sale. Until they are sold, no
 more clothing can be given out to poor women to
 make.

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 & Trumbull Sts.

DIRECTORS:

David Gallup,	Daniel Phillips,	Leverett Brainard,
Newton Case,	Fred. R. Foster,	Charles J. Cole,
Geo. M. Bartholomew,	Geo. S. Lincoln,	Wm. H. Bulkeley,
Wm. Boardman,	Selden C. Preston,	Robt. E. Day,
	James Campbell,	

S. O. PRESTON, Pres. NEWTON CASE, Vice-Pres.
 GEORGE W. LESTER, Secretary.

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

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

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

HARNES, 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 extremely low prices.

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

Hartford, Old and New.

If the men who founded this city some two hundred and fifty years ago could look in now on this whole bazar business, and on the general state of things which it implies, I fancy they would be stirred up in a most miscellaneous and even anxious manner. In the first place there were only a hundred of them all told, men, women, and children, and our present swarm of Hartford folks (so numerous that I dare not give the multitude of them in exact figures lest envious New Haven, seeing the same, should be deterred from our bazar—for with all their faults we love them still, and like their money) would, I am sure, seem a human surplussage and glut to them. Why! more people will visit our bazar than there were in all New England when they came here. And the scene in that bazar would strike them like an original dream. The innumerable articles of beauty and use, the aesthetic cultivation displayed, the profusion and splendors of dress drawn from all the looms of the world, the music, and the multitudes moving to its time-beat, the ladies holding forth the fascinations of their several booths, with fascinations of their own inadvertently added, while countless gentlemen worship around and joyfully squander their substance, the great buildings, the most shining illumination, to say nothing of dozens more of bewitchments and amusements,—what would those grave and strenuous and rather strict fathers manage to say to all this? Also, what would they say to our steam contrivances, and our postal and telegraph arrangements, and our public amusements, high and low, and our elegant private and public carriages, and our newspapers, and our retreats for the unfortunate, and our water-works and our water out of the same, and our sumptuous capitol with its far shining dome, and our churches, truncated and untruncated, all the spires pointing to heaven as far as they go, and our lack of red Indians, and forests, and wild beasts roaming free and easy yet, right where thousands of us now live and never saw a wild beast since we were born? Those first settlers had not a carriage, or a printing-press, or a grist-mill, or a theater, or a water-works, or a booth manned by hours, for a long, long time after 1636—and some of these things they never had. An uncle of mine whom I used to see (a great uncle) carried the mail, in the old time, by contract with the government, between New York and Boston, on the back of his horse, taking some weeks to make the round trip. Now, it would kill his horse to carry one Hartford mail from the Post-office to the Depot. Those original settlers came on foot from Cambridge, Mass., to this place, with their women and children, threading the untracked wilderness, wading streams, looking out for Indians, and consuming two or three weary weeks in the passage. That was the best they could do, and they did it.

But what would these same godly men say of our churches, and their belongings, and goings-on? Probably the first church which they built would stand inside of one of our smaller chapels, and rattle around at that. Their two ministers were high and mighty men, and immensely looked up to. None such are born now. Their magistrates sat in special pews, lifted a little above the rest of the congregation, where their majesty could be contemplated—to-day a governor takes just the seat he can pay for, and no other. The

hymns they sung were the inconceivable outpourings of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the music flowed on with a beautiful freedom, each man praising God according to his own breath, considerably, I judge, being held to tune and time by no organ, or choir, or any such thing. Possibly at first they kept step decently well, and made real music, because their old-world training was still in them, but in the course of years they fell away, as was natural, into a backwoods performance of their own, and at last even conceived a prejudice in favor of their poor way as more sacred than anything more artistic. And it was important they should be pleased in this way, for if they were not, how could they make one psalm last from a quarter to half an hour, as they frequently did? And, speaking of length, their sermons also, and their prayers, took ample time to express themselves, and did not stop till they got ready, as was the more reasonable, since frequent week-day services had not yet been heard of, and Sunday was the one and only day of religion for the week. And the ministers had the congregations at their mercy for whatever length of time, for church-going was enforced by law, and the clergy were supported by enforced taxation. And there were no Baptists, and Episcopalians, and Methodists, and other like sons and daughters of delusion, to hang about and make remarks, and stir up discontent, but all was peace and joy and love and real unity. And in this beatific state of things the ministers held on forever in their first parish, and there died and were buried. In the Center Church here from 1636 to about 1870, not a minister was dismissed, except as death dismissed him.

These were some of the ways of the fathers, and while these ways were still in vogue they died. The bell that called people to their burial was a drum, or some similar noisy contrivance; the singing over them was a highly literal and unpoetic version of some psalm; the funeral procession was guarded by armed men, very likely lest some Indian onset might break in upon its solemnity—and now to have those same people suddenly open their eyes upon our Hartford churches, bazars, Bushnell park, one-horse rail-cars, picturesque hackmen, gas everywhere, United States flag, presidential convention, and only three hours from here to Boston—the mind cannot grasp it.

P. S. If any tone of disrespect towards the ancients seems to any one to have crept into the above, let me distinctly say that no time or land ever produced men superior to them in most of the great substantial of character and force.

REV. N. J. BURTON.



"THOU ART SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR!"

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.
O. D. WOODRUFF. J. E. WOODRUFF.

HARTFORD STEAM BOILER



INSPECTION & INSURANCE CO.

Full information concerning the plan of the Company's operations can be obtained at the
COMPANY'S OFFICE, HARTFORD, CONN.
J. M. ALLEN, Pres. W. B. FRANKLIN, Vice-Pres.
J. B. PIERCE, Secretary.

CANDIES

For fresh, pure, home made CONFECTIONERY of every description and of an endless variety, at very reasonable prices, there is no better place in the city than at
F. SCHROEDER'S, 373 MAIN ST.

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

F. Schroeder, THE Confectioner

CHARLES T. STUART,
Art Photographer,
275 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.

SPECIALTY:
Photographic Portraits.
SUCCESSOR TO S. H. WAITE.
Gallery Established Twenty Years.

CARPETS,

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

DRY GOODS,

Fancy Goods, Black and Fancy Silks, Black Cashmeres, Plain and Lace Buntings, Ladies' Linen Ulsters and Suits, at
THEODORE CLARK'S, Cheney Build'g, 390 Main St.,
In better assortment and at Lower Prices than any other House in the State.

ÆTNA
Insurance Company,

HARTFORD, CONN.

The Leading Fire Insurance Company
OF AMERICA.

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

L. J. HENDEE, President.
J. GOODNOW, Sec'y. WM. B. CLARK, Asst. Sec'y.
L. A. DICKINSON, Local Agent.

W. F. WHITTELEY & CO.,
Make a Specialty of BOYS' and CHILDREN'S
FINE CLOTHING,
NEW YORK STYLES.
A large assortment of Kilt Suits and "Star Shirt Waists" always in stock.
34 TO 38 ASYLUM STREET.

RARE CHEMICALS. NEW REMEDIES.

WILLIAMS and HUNGERFORD,
— APOTHECARIES —
423 Main, cor. Church St.

QUALITY AND ACCURACY. TOILET REQUISITES.

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

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

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

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

Life and Endowment Policies,
General Accident Policies,
Registered Accident Tickets,
Life and Accident Combined.
LOW RATES AND UNQUESTIONED SECURITY.
Liberal Dealing and Definite Contracts.

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

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

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

THE CONNECTICUT GENERAL
Life Insurance Co.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS, January 1, 1880, \$1,391,642.38
LIABILITIES, 1,108,766.80
SURPLUS to Policy-holders by New York Standard, 342,556.68
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.,
328 Asylum Street.

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co.,

OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

— Organized 1846. —

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

BUSINESS DONE IN 33 YEARS.

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

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

THE
HARTFORD
Fire Insurance Co.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

SEVENTIETH ANNUAL STATEMENT.
— January 1, 1880. —

ASSETS, \$3,456,020.90

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

PHENIX SHIRTS

TO ORDER, AND

Guarantees a Perfect Fit.

CONKLIN'S BAZAAR,
264 MAIN STREET.

CONNECTICUT
FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD.

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

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

DIRECTORS:

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

M. BENNETT, Jr., President.

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

☞ Money to loan on First Mortgage and Collateral Security.

GEO. SAUNDERS & CO.,

☞ DRUGGISTS AND CHEMISTS ☞ ☞ PARK DRUG STORE ☞
Batterson's Block, cor. of Asylum and High Streets,

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

WANTED!

FURNITURE.

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

SEIDLER & MAY,

Nos. 14 and 16 Ford St.



DEPARTMENT OF STATIONERY.

T. STEELE & SON,
HARTFORD, CONN.,

Have just received the latest novelties in FRENCH and ENGLISH

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

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

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

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

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

ALLYN HOUSE DRUG STORE.
NOS SPECIALITES SONT!

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

LEATHER WASHERS.

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

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

LEATHER WASHERS.

FOR SALE BY

The Blodgett & Clapp Co.,
MARKET STREET.

ALLYN & BLANCHARD,
COFFEE AND SPICE GRINDERS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Teas, Coffees, Spices, Tobacco, Cigars, and Grocers' Sundries.
OFFICE, MILLS, AND WAREHOUSE:
Nos. 34, 36, and 38 Market St., HARTFORD, CONN.

FOR CHOICE GOODS AT REASONABLE PRICES
CALL ON

WHITTEMORE THE GROCER

436 Asylum St., near Union Depot.

KELSEY & HITCHCOCK,
MERCHANT TAILORS,

AND DEALERS IN

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