

NORWALK GAZETTE

Absolutely Independent.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1891.

A PUGILISTIC VIEW.

Billy Edwards, the "bouncer" of the Hoffman house bar-room in New York favors Charles A. Dana for United States senator because he is a "hard hitter."

ENGLAND'S HARD WINTER.

England, as well as this country, is just now experiencing very cold weather. The cable states that during the past 74 years the thermometer has never averaged lower than during this week in London, when it registered only ten degrees above zero.

THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

Europe will watch with quite as much interest as this country the action of the International Monetary conference, which is to be held in Washington in the second week in January with a view to agreement on a common Pan-American ratio of silver to gold.

MERIDEN INOCULATED WITH CONSOLIDATION LYMPH.

The consolidation of the town and city governments of New Haven is likely to be effected without opposition of any kind. A movement toward that end right here in Meriden would be a good idea.

WHITTIER'S GALLANTRY.

A cultivated lady, presiding over a pleasant home in one of Boston's suburbs, took her three daughters to call upon Mr. Whittier, at his home in Amesbury. The poet received them cordially, kissing the youngest, a bright little girl of ten.

That Telegraph Pole.

"Struck a queer old fellow up country," said one of the men who planted the poles for a new telegraph company in this state. "He first came across us about two miles from his house as he was driving home from the village."

Anesthetics for the Death Penalty.

It would seem morally to be a debatable question whether it should be considered advisable that the soul of the condemned criminal should receive its impetus into eternity when absolutely stupefied by ether. Those who know death to be approaching prefer, as a rule, to meet it willingly with a clear brain, even though racked by physical pain of an excruciating nature.

There isn't a library, a reading room, a museum, an art gallery or anything of that character open in Washington after dark. Such a dearth of places for improving recreation is not found in any city of 50,000 people as Washington with its 200,000 population presents.

DREAMS AS EVIDENCE.

THRILLING; MURDER TALES RECORDED IN THE OLD LAW BOOKS.

Peculiar Actions of a Disinterred Corpse. One Man Dreams of a Crime Before It Is Committed—A Mother Sees Her Son Killed and Avenges His Death.

Law reports of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries contain numerous references to supernatural occurrences in court and on the scaffold. One of the most remarkable records of this kind is connected with a murder trial which took place in England early in the reign of the first Charles. Sir John Maynard, one of the first lawyers of the century, is the authority for the supernatural events of the trial, and in his quaint preface to his notes he says he "thought good to report the evidence which was given, which many did hear, that the memory thereof might not be lost by miscarriage of papers or otherwise."

One Johan Norkett, a farmer's wife, had died, and at the coroner's inquest evidence was given proving that the woman's throat had been cut from ear to ear. At first the jury favored a verdict of felo de se, and the body was interred; but rumors became general pointing to foul play, and the body was exhumed. Thirty days after the death the jury assembled before the body, and four suspected persons were brought in. The only evidence against the prisoners was that they slept in an adjoining room, and that no one had passed that room; "therefore, if she did not murder herself, they must be the murderers."

QUEER ACTIONS OF A CORPSE.

What took place at the remarkable post mortem inquiry may best be described in the words of a witness at the subsequent trial, who was described as "an ancient and grave person, minister to the parish where this murder was committed." This estimable gentleman said: "They (the prisoners) did touch the dead body, where upon the brow of the dead, which was before a livid and carion color, began to have a dew or gentle sweat arise upon it, which increased by degrees till the sweat ran down in drops upon the face, the brow turned and changed to a lively color, and the dead opened one of her eyes and shut it again, which she did three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood on the floor."

Naturally enough such remarkable evidence as this was received with some suspicion by the court, although the witness, to again quote Sir John Maynard, "was a reverend person about 60 years of age, as could be guessed. His testimony was delivered gravely and temperately, but to the great admiration of the auditory." Ample confirmation of an obviously impartial character was, however, forthcoming, and the "admiration" turned to horror, so much so that the prisoners were convicted, and two of them suffered death at the hand of the common hangman. Neither of the victims, one of whom was an aged woman, could ever be prevailed upon to confess any complicity in the crime.

SAW THE CRIME IN A DREAM.

In 1751 an Irish murderer was convicted largely upon dream evidence. A Waterford publican named Rogers dreamed one night that he saw a man murder another man on a green spot on the summit of an adjoining mountain. He was able next day to describe both men with perfect accuracy, and did so to many of his friends. One of the men was exceptionally strong, the other weak and puny; but it was the latter who, in the vision, committed the murder. Rogers persuaded the parish priest to accompany him to the spot, which he found without difficulty, but where there seemed to be no traces of a murder or a struggle. Hence Rogers got rather laughed at. Next day, however, two men entered the public house, and Mrs. Rogers at once recognized them from her husband's description as the heroes in the vision. Much alarmed she fetched her husband, who was also certain they were the two men.

When they rose to leave Rogers begged the one he expected to be murdered to remain, but without avail. He nearly fainted with fright after the men had left, and finally persuaded a neighbor to accompany him to the green spot on the hill, where, sure enough, the tragedy of the dream had taken place in reality. The murderer was tracked and caught, and Rogers was the principal witness. His recital of his dream was so vivid that the prisoner at once confessed, adding that he killed his companion exactly as foretold in the dream. The weapon used was a knife, and as eight stabs were seen by Rogers in his dream, so the murderer admitted that he drove his knife up to the handle in his companion's body exactly that number of times.

A MOTHER'S VIVID DREAM.

In 1810 a woman named Kraeme appeared before a Frankfurt justice and asked to be sworn, as she had valuable information about a crime committed in a remote village in Russia, many days' journey from her German home. The story she told the justice was this: Ten years before her only son had left home. She heard nothing of him, and had no idea at all where he was living until the night before, when his spirit appeared to her and told her what she now hastened to relate. The revelation was that after leaving home the young man had wandered about Europe till he had finally found permanent work in the village of Kiaf, in Russia. Here he had fallen in love with a serf's daughter who had a Russian beau. On the preceding night this latter had inveigled the young Teuton into the country, where he had stabbed him and then concealed the body in a cave off the highway.

The justice knew that his informant was poor and had never been outside of her native town, and he was so struck with the vividness of her description of victim, assailant and location that he forwarded it to a notary in Kiaf.

Meantime Carl Kraeme had been missed, and on the receipt of the dream story the police hunted for the cave, found it exactly as located, and also found the body, with a wound corresponding with that described in the vision. The murderer was at once arrested, and the Widow Kraeme undertook the long journey to avenge her son's death. Her recital in court was vivid in the extreme, and she screamed with fright when she first saw the prisoner, whom she identified and picked out from among a crowd of men in a dimly lighted cell. She also identified the woman who was at the bottom of the trouble.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Useful Maxims.

Without danger danger cannot be surmounted. With the humble there is perpetual peace. Wit once bought is worth twice taught. Words may pass, but blows fall heavy. Yielding tempers pacify resentments. Youth is the season for improvement. Zeal, of all virtues, made his choice of silence.—New York Ledger.

The Deserter and His Pipe.

A Commonwealth avenue physician had been dining with a few professional cronies, and as the cigars were lighted he talked of the tobacco habit, first, in its effect upon the race at large, and then its peculiar effects upon various individuals. I know a man, said the elder physician—in fact, he is now in my employ—who is a victim of the strangest whims in regard to the use of the weed that ever came under my observation. He is a Scotchman, about 60 years old. Twelve years ago he deserted from the English navy and came to this country, when I gave him a position as coachman. One morning I went into the stable, and noticed that a hole about two feet square had been cut in a partition between two stalls, and a little shelf had been nailed up underneath it. I wondered what on earth it had been done for, but Donald was away at the time and when he came back it had slipped my mind.

It was a week afterward before I had occasion to go into the stable again, and when I did I found Donald standing on a stool, leaning his elbow on the shelf, with a long clay pipe in his mouth, smoking away like a good one and blowing the smoke through the little window he had cut. Upon my questioning him he told me that of the twenty years he had passed in her majesty's service ten of it had been on board a powder-ship where the rules against smoking were very strict. During all this time he had been accustomed four times a day to stand upon a chest and lean out of a port-hole to smoke, so that no one would smell it, and when at last he took French leave he found that he could not get any satisfaction out of a pipe unless indulged in the old posture, and so you can find him after each meal and for half an hour before going to bed, standing on that stool blowing his smoke through the little window.—Boston Herald.

Too Willing to Be Acceptable.

A needy Frenchman once heard that a marriage was on the tapis between the daughter of a certain wealthy merchant and the son of a rich banker. The dowry that was to be given to the bride was 500,000 francs. The merchant was well known to be on the lookout for a good bargain or to save a dollar, so on this the Parisian founded his hopes on a good dinner at least.

He accordingly called at the merchant's residence and asked the privilege of seeing him on very important business. After a while he was admitted to his presence.

"The matter, sir, on which I call," he began, "involves for you the practical saving of 250,000 francs."

"Oh, my dear sir," interrupted the merchant, "this is too serious to be discussed before dinner, and as it is now my hour for dining, pray take dinner with me, and we will afterward consider your proposition at our leisure."

Having partaken of a meal that left a pleasant flavor in the unfortunate's memory the rest of his life they returned to the merchant's study.

"And now I am ready to hear your proposal," he remarked.

The Parisian after a moment's thought began:

"I understand, sir, your daughter is to be shortly married to the son of the banker D'Argent."

"Yes, that is true."

"And that her dowry is half a million?"

This was also assented to.

"Well, then, here is my idea. I am ready to take her for half that sum, and thus you will save or gain exactly 250,000 francs.—Philadelphia Times.

A Newspaper Proprietor's Whims.

"James Gordon Bennett's methods are peculiar," said an old newspaper man in an interview with a reporter. "He once brought up a man from an outside town to work the police courts. After a day or two he just as quickly sent him back to work there on space rates. The boy got rather rattled and declared he would get even with Bennett. He did. There was a bad smash-up on the road, and he sent an exclusive account to The Sun. Bennett of course wanted to know why The Herald was beat, and when he learned it was his whilom police man who had scooped him he sent for him again and made him assistant dramatic editor. He said he should not beat him again."

"Shortly afterward, when in Paris, Bennett cabled this man to come there and act as city editor of the Paris edition. He went, and remained for two weeks, when Bennett, who had gone elsewhere, telegraphed him to go to London and report to Oakley Hall, who then had charge of the London edition. Hall told him he had no work for him, and sent a message to Bennett to that effect. Bennett then at once replied, 'Tell him to go to hades.' Probably he did, for he remained in London."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Test of Quickness in Fencing.

A very interesting method of testing the quickness of a sword thrust consists in photo-chronographic measurement. The movement of the foil point is too quick to be measured by the eye, but by the aid of the photo-chronographic apparatus it can be plainly shown. The fencer is dressed in white, placed in front of a black background, the foil is chalked and a metallic "spangle" is fastened to the tip by wax. The photo-chronographic machine being set in rotation, the trajectory of the tip of the foil during the movement of the fencer is shown by a series of dots.

As two successive images are one-fiftieth of a second apart in time, it follows that by counting these images the entire time occupied from the beginning to the end of the movement can be determined. In a recent test it was found that the stroke occupied a little less than four-tenths of a second. By this means two swordsmen can be compared, and their relative quickness easily and exactly determined.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Over 40,000 Hotels in the Country.

Does any one dispute my assertion that there are 40,000 hotels in this country? I have only to point out to you that there are over 60,000 postoffices enumerated in the official directory by the authority of the government, and as every one knows there is never a postoffice anywhere but a hotel is a nearby and necessary adjunct, and as there are many hotels in great cities where there is but one postoffice it is reasonable to conclude that there are as many hotels as postoffices in the United States. Therefore I maintain that my estimate of 40,000 hotels is considerably below a reasonable estimate.—Hotel Register.

After "Potluck."

She—Wasn't Mrs. Tiptop's supper delightful?

He—It was horrid.

What nonsense! I never in my life saw such a display of silver. And such china! It must have cost a fortune.

She sets a mighty mean table.

Table? It's solid mahogany inlaid with ebony and gold.—Good News.

DAILY AND WEEKLY

NORWALK GAZETTE.

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Weekly, for 1891, \$1.50

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A BIRTHDAY SONG.

When berries redden on the thorn, Oh, that's the time my love was born!

THE CATNIP GARDEN.

Once upon a time there lived in the beautiful city of Denver a certain gentleman of the name of Toll, and he was a judge.

The judge was very proud. "I will rear this little son to be a good and great jurist," said he, "and when I am old and feeble he will be the staff and comfort of my age."

One of the first things Judge Toll did was to hire a nurse to take care of the pretty little boy, for so happened, sadly enough, that the baby's mother was not strong enough to carry the baby and amuse it all the time.

"How handsome the baby is," he would say to himself, "and what a great jurist he will become!"

But one day the old nurse came to the judge and said, "We must do something for the baby."

The judge was vastly astonished. "You surely do not mean to tell me that the baby is sick?" he exclaimed.

"No, not exactly sick," said the old nurse, "but he needs toning up. He is fat and strong and contented, but there is a kind of look in his eyes that tells me he needs a tonic."

"Then we will call the doctor," said the old nurse. "The doctor would laugh at you and say the baby is all right. But I know just as well as I know anything that the child needs toning up!"

DAIRY AND CREAMERY.

WHERE THE PROFITS OF WINTER DAIRYING COME IN.

John Gould Says Winter Dairying Is Practicable to the Progressive Farmer, but It Cannot Be Carried On by Old Time Methods—It Pays Well.

Winter dairying is practicable to those who will put themselves in the line of progressive dairy thought, but it cannot be carried on with old time methods.

There should be an abundant supply of water at command in the barn, so that the cows can be watered there without much labor. This is cheaply provided for with a thirty barrel galvanized iron tank, with close cover, standing in the stable near the cows, supplied from a well or spring.

The question of cheap winter feeding is being rapidly settled with many. Others are now fully of the opinion that the winter milker can be kept as cheaply with shorts and silage as the dry cow can be on hay and the ordinary plan of keep.

Lime and Sulphur Flavors. The small quantity of lime in common barrel salt condemns it for dairy use because of the soapy effect on butter.

If when distilled or rain water is used these sulphurous gases still rise, then it must be generated from the milk and salt. I visited two creameries last season where I could smell the sulphur in the water as it left the pump.

The question is asked: "What causes the greasy, soapy flavor in butter? It was not so in past years." Is it not twice churned cream, fluted butter workers and limey water and limey salt that produce these results?—A. M. Bingham in Creamery Journal.

Floor for Dairy House. I am building a dairy house and should like your advice as to the best floor to put in.—W. B. Answer.—The floor of the dairy should be of such material as will not absorb moisture.

Dairy Products. Dairy products have reached prices that ought to be satisfactory to producers of fancy goods, and it is improbable that prices will go much higher.

Professor Roberts in a late agricultural bulletin says he received no return in milk and butter from feeding grain rations to cows on good pasture.

A MIGHTY MEAN THING.

Making Game of a Chicago Girl Temporarily in Charge of a Book Counter.

Some of the downtown merchants put in a stock of books just before the holiday season, and sell the volumes at waydown prices that would make the authors groan.

"Have you seen the beautiful books which we advertised today?" asked the young lady behind the books.

"Indeed," the young lady replied. "Well, they are here. Have you your beautiful 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

"That is a long speech. The gentleman intended it should be, for during its delivery the young lady peeped into the front of the book, and shutting it quickly, said in a decided way: 'Mr. Shakespeare wrote it. Maybe you have heard of him.'"

"I am sorry to annoy you," said the gentleman, "but can you tell me where I could get 'Shakespeare's Hiawatha' in the same binding as this? The publisher's list must be in your house."

"The young lady bit her underlip until all the blood in her beautiful face—for she is a beautiful girl—rushed to the place of attack. A woman's intuition is quick. She knew this man was intent upon mischief, and yet there was nothing in his speech or manner to which she could take exception.

"Of course it is not your fault. I don't blame you or your house. You could not have known this, of course. You will pardon me, of course."

"The gentleman seeing her position continued: "According to this edition of 'Romeo and Juliet,' Juliet kills herself when the truth is she was smothered to death by Otello with a pillow. The book is a fraud."

"I had not read it," the young lady answered in a subdued manner. "I am here to sell books—not to read them," she concluded.

"Of course not," the gentleman replied, relenting. "Have you Mother Browning's 'Melodies'?" he asked.

"You mean 'Mother Goose'?" "No, I mean Mother Goose. She used to be Mother Goose, but she is married."

THE DEPARTURE.

Off when a train moves by we feel regret To see the faces pass, although unknown;

Each memory in its loneliness must cleave; While the sad soul tries through its requiem a rhyme that gleaming strains of hope to weave.

A Ghost That Robbed.

A ghost robbed a house in Soho square, London, in the year 1704 in a most approved or disapproved fashion, and the case is worth reporting.

The maid rushed upstairs to her master and mistress's room, followed by the ghost, who mounted sentinel at the door, conorted his features and waved his hands.

ACCOUNT BOOKS TO ORDER.

Now that a new year is opened merchants and manufacturers will be opening new sets of books. The GAZETTE office is prepared to furnish all kinds to order.

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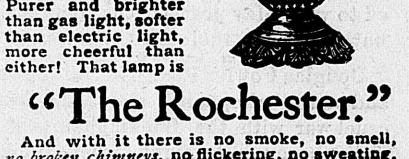
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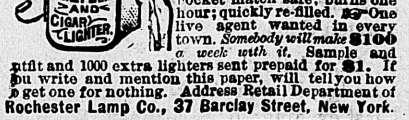
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A calendar for the year 1891, showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

