

DAINTY.

She said she wasn't hungry.
When first she took her seat;
She couldn't think of anything
She'd really like to eat.

Her appetite was fitful,
She smilingly averred,
By dainty trifles only
Of late it could be stirred.

I am glad she wasn't hungry,
For when the bill was brou'ht,
The figures writ u' on it
Were 9 and 8 and 0.

—Detroit Evening News.

GRIS LAPIN.

I was wandering, gun in hand, in the forest, when I saw a stone cross. I had been so long away from the country that this cross new to me. The gossip of the little hamlet, on the skirt of the woods, was Taupet, who had once kept the village cafe, and was the barber of the country, but he was too old now to exercise either calling. I knew Taupet could tell me all about that cross. Meeting him next day, he gave me with much detail the story of Gris Lapin:

He was not of this country, this Gris Lapin, but from Brittany, and was once valet de chiens to the Comte de Blenville. The Count had to sell his estate, and he went in hiding, nobody knew where.

Gris-Lapin would often come to my little cafe, and we became great friends. He told me he had a wife in Brittany and a son there named Eustase, and that in the neighborhood lived Mlle. Agnes, the Count de Blenville's daughter, who was being cared for by her aunt. Sometimes Gris Lapin would quit the forest and go to Brittany.

It was Gris Lapin who brought us the news of all this, and soon we heard how the chateau was to be newly furnished and furnished up, and the Count's old debts paid off, and presently we hear of nothing but M. de Blenville and Mme. la Comtesse. And the new housekeeper at the chateau was no other than the wife of Gris Lapin; and their son, the little Eustase, was running about the place, a fine play-fellow for Mlle. Agnes, who had now come back to her father's house. Eustase, that was Gris Lapin's boy, was going to school, and was to be brought up to be a priest.

Now, as ill luck would have it, when Eustase came home for his vacation, Madame had gone to her own estate in Brittany, and the Count had taken the opportunity to bring home his daughter from the convent to give her pleasure, and our young Monsieur must needs become enamored of this Mlle. Agnes; you see, Eustase had taken no vows, and so, when it was found out that the boy and the girl cared for one another, there was a precious row, and Mademoiselle was packed off to a convent, and the lad to the seminary.

Then the war with the Prussians took place, and M. le Comte went into service, and after a while the Germans were here in force, and a Prussian General had his headquarters at the chateau.

What was Gris Lapin doing? Cutting wood for the Prussians and earning a good bit of money. The fact is, my own little place of entertainment was doing a deal of business. Sometimes I said to Gris Lapin: "Take care, the Count may hold you responsible some day for all the wood you are cutting. Watch out, the Count may have somebody looking to his interests."

Well, one day a man came into my place—there were ever so many Prussian soldiers there—and he was dressed like a peasant, with his bill hook hanging at his girdle, an honest woodman, as it would seem. Some of the soldiers laughed and made faces at him and called him Herr Crapaud. But he did not seem to mind. A quiet, middle-aged man, his resemblance to Gris Lapin struck me at once, only he was younger in the face, suddenly he said: "Monsieur Taupet, will you cut my hair?" "Walk into my back room," said I. You see, these Prussians dreaded spies and were very suspicious. No sooner was he seated in my barber's chair than I noticed that his hair was powdered, so as to give him an older look. Says he at once: "I am Eustase. Find me some way of getting into the chateau. I cannot ask my father to help me. He must not know I am here. I saw him as I came here. My father was drunk and was fraternizing with our enemies."

Then I was sure the Germans were watching us. Now, a sudden inspiration seized me, and I said aloud: "Yes, they buy chickens at the chateau, and if you had any pigeons you could sell them. Any kind of poultry is in demand." Then I noticed that Eustase started. "Pere Taupet," said he, in a low voice, "that guess about pigeons was a dangerously good one. Look!" and, opening the bosom of his blouse, he showed me a white carrier pigeon there, one of the true Antwerp breed.

"But tell me about the chateau and Mademoiselle Agnes?" he asked.

I gave him the last news. "They are all well," I said. Then he told me that he was no longer a seminarist, but had taken up arms in defense of France. That he had been promised his epauletts if he would undertake a dangerous service, and it was to find out the exact force of Prussians in this province. That he had three pigeons and that two of them had been loosed, and the third, with the final news, the most important, was to be sent to the French headquarters.

I managed somehow that Eustase had entrance to the chateau, and you may fancy what joy there was when la mere and the pretty Agnes found out who was the elderly pigeon merchant who had brought the birds for the kitchen. Such information as Eustase obtained he wrote and put in a quill and attached it to the pigeon, and I think Mademoiselle herself carried it to the upper window of the chateau

and let it fly; and the bird winged her way right over the forest. And now Eustase said to Agnes: "You have won for me the cross and my epauletts." But just then they heard a shot.

That evening Gris Lapin came to my place, and I told him about his son, and he could hardly believe me. And as we were talking together in a low voice we heard the sound of a military party, tramp, tramp, tramp; and behold, there came along at the double an armed guard of Prussians, with a prisoner in the middle of them, his hands tied behind him, as pale as death, with a strange glazed look in the eyes. "That is a poor fellow whom they have caught sending messages to our army by a carrier pigeon, heaven bless him," somebody said. And at that Gris Lapin staggered forward and threw himself among the soldiers with a loud cry, while the prisoner turned his head. "Mon pere," he cried, springing toward him as well as he could, but the soldiers urged him along with their bayonets, and drove away Gris Lapin with blows, and he fell backward among us more dead than alive.

It was terrible! The young man was to be shot. The Countess and Mlle. Agnes were to be sent out of France. The pigeon, which had been shot, had told the whole story. That evening Gris Lapin came to see me. I tried to comfort him, but he bade me hold my tongue, for that I knew nothing about the matter. "That might be," I said, but I know this much: that if I knew the traitor who had betrayed him I would do my best to strangle him with these two hands of mine." At this Gris Lapin dashed at me, tearing the wrapper from his brawny throat. "Do you say so? Then strangle me, for I am the traitor!"

He had shot the pigeon and had taken it to the Prussians and sold it for 50f., with the little burden it carried. "Yes; I have sold my son's life," he groaned. "Well, I am going away—I am going to take charge of mademoiselle and my wife. They need never know," looking at me fiercely. "No," I said, "they need never know—nor anybody else, for that matter. I should not betray you." "You will not betray me," repeated Gris Lapin; "but you will not touch hands upon that." "No," I said, drawing back, "I will not." At that his mood changed, and he flung himself into the operating chair, and bade me light my lamp and shave his beard. In a new country he would be a new man.

And indeed he looked a new man with his gray beard taken off and his hair shortened. A much younger man, for his hair was still black, or only speckled with gray. When I had finished he muffled up his face, saying with a bitter laugh, that it would not do to take a chill. "And now," he said, "I am promised ten minutes with my son. It will be a pleasant interview, don't you think?" with a hollow laugh that made my blood run cold.

I slept soundly enough that night, for whatever people's troubles may be one must work, and work brings the need of repose; but just before daybreak I was aroused by the soldiers who were billeted upon me turning out. I got up to see what was the matter when a Sergeant, catching sight of me, made signs to me in a rough, authoritative way to take up a spade and follow him.

It was in this little clearing, monsieur, where the firing party was drawn up, with one solitary figure stripped to his shirt standing before them. I flung myself down on the ground and buried my face in the moss, and then the volley rang out loud and clear. And then the firing party marched off, and I was left with the Sergeant who was carelessly pacing up and down, and who motioned to me to dig the grave. But first I went up to the body to close the eyes that were staring wildly, with, I fancy, some little consciousness still left in them. But the face was quite different from what I expected. With the marks of my own razor upon it, and a gash that I made in my agitation the night before! It was the face of Gris Lapin. Ah, how I pressed his hand, and I fancied that the numbed fingers feebly returned the pressure! His crime was expiated, he might rest in peace.

Mind, I do not believe for a moment that the young man thought that he had left his father to die. He could not think it possible that they should shoot one man for another. Nor would they have done so but for the ruse of Gris Lapin in having his well-known beard taken off. But, anyhow, the young man escaped, and the guard did not recognize the change. And perhaps he does not know to this day, for when the war was over none could say what had become of Gris Lapin. And I also held my peace, for I thought that such would be the wish of my old comrade.

But M. Eustase got his epauletts after all, and in the end the Comte gave his permission that he should marry Mlle. Agnes. And madame, who was at first very angry, was afterward reconciled, and when she died—both she and the Comte are now dead—she left the bulk of her fortune to the young couple. And so the little Eustase is now M. de Blenville, and hunts the forest like a grand seigneur, but some of us remember that, after all, he is the son of Gris Lapin.—From All the Year Round.

Where the Thanks Were Due.
"Thank you very much," said the lady in the picture hat as she took the proffered seat in the crowded motor.
"Don't thank me, ma'am," said the man who had just vacated the place, "thank the car stove."
And he crowded his way back to the rear platform and cooled off.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The richest man should work, if he can."—Dinah C. Mulock.

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WASHINGTON NEWS.

Just before the holidays there was a more than usually interesting event in the House. This was the swearing into office of Charles R. Crisp, who was elected to fill the unexpired term of his father, and who has the seat of the ex-Speaker Charles F. Crisp, who died in October last. Mr. Turner of Georgia, asked unanimous consent that Mr. Crisp be sworn in. There was no objection, and, escorted by Messrs. Bartlett and Maddox, of the Georgia delegation, the youthful new member appeared at the bar and took the customary oath. As he turned to take the seat formerly occupied by his father a wave of applause swept over the House, and later Mr. Crisp was warmly congratulated by many of his father's old friends. This filled the House for the first time this Congress, making 357 members on the roll.

Five reporters get \$5,000 a year each for furnishing the copy for the Congressional Record, which enjoys the distinction of being the most expensive daily in the United States. Each man has his own desk, amanuensis, graphophone and typewriter. He must pay the amanuensis out of his salary.



CHARLES R. CRISP.

The greatest activity and alertness are required of these reporters, for while it is comparatively easy to follow a set speech it is quite a different matter when in a lively debate members are speaking from different parts of the Chamber, interrupting each other and talking two or three at once. Now and then there is a regular oratorical scrimmage, so that the effect to an untrained observer is that of a veritable Babel. But in the business, as in anything else, facility is obtained by practice. It is rarely that a word is missed by the reporter, who does not sit at his table at such times, but travels about the floor, placing himself in the very midst of the disputants and often standing at the elbow of a speaker, notebook and fountain pen in hand. Members are always willing to get up and give him a seat if there is none vacant nearby.

Two of the five reporters of debates are always present on the floor when the House is in session. One of them is waiting while the other works. The latter takes 1,000 words of notes and then holds up his thumb as a signal to his colleague. The second man who has been watching for the signal, takes up the thread instantly and proceeds. Meanwhile, the first man goes downstairs to the reporters' rooms, where he dictates his 1,000 words to the graphophone. Afterwards, his amanuensis takes them from the graphophone on the typewriter. A few minutes later down comes the second man, whose place on the floor has been taken by a third reporter, and dictates his 1,000 words to another graphophone, from which his amanuensis copies them in typescript.

Taking turns in this way, the five reporters keep the stenographic report of the debates going continuously, each man's stint fitting on to that which has gone before, so that the whole recital of the sayings and doings of the House is finished and typewritten within half an hour after the close of the session. Each reporter goes over all of his typewritten matter for errors. He frequently improves the grammatical construction of sentences, but otherwise he makes no changes whatever.

Senator Stewart, after investing some \$22,000 in a valiant but hopeless effort to establish a self-supporting free coinage newspaper in Washington, has asked that the enterprise be placed in the hands of a receiver. It is to be inferred that henceforth the Senator will devote himself exclusively to statesmanship and let journalism go.

In the present House of Representatives, according to the classification of the Clerk, there are 12 Populists, 15 Fusionists, and 3 Silverites, a total of 30 representatives of organizations supporting Bryan at the recent election, against 124 straight Democrats, as they are called. The straight Democratic vote, so called, at the recent election was about 6,000,000, and the outside organizations polled collectively about one-twelfth as many, though they have one-fifth of the representation in Congress.

A Washington restaurateur is authority for the statement that Congressmen, as a rule, are exceedingly temperate, and it is the members of the "third House" that give the capital its reputation for inebriety.

Securing a Substitute.

"I want one of those mandolens," said Farmer Cornhill to the dealer in musical instruments. "The kind you play on with a piece of turtleshell."
"Yes, sir; for yourself?" asked the clerk.
"No; for my wife. I want to get her something 'sides me to pick on."—Cincinnati Tribune.

MR. CHUNG'S QUEER BUSINESS.

He Polishes the Bones of Dead Celestials and Sends Them Home to China.

Mr. Chung is a contractor in the employ of the Chinese Six Companies of San Francisco. He entered into a contract eleven years ago to travel all over the United States and exhume the bones of Chinamen. All Chinamen who come to this country have a contract with the Six Companies that, in case of death, their bones shall be returned to the Flowery Kingdom, and Mr. Chung is the man who personally sees that the contract is carried out. He is intrusted with the task of keeping track of the dead Chinamen, taking their bones out of the grave, and shipping them to China—the only place, according to their religion, where they can find absolute rest. As he is under \$30,000 bonds to do the work well, it is needless to say that he is careful. He brings two assailants from San Francisco, who do the rough work. He had with him, when he came here, the names of four Celestials, three of whom died here in 1889 and one in 1892. All of these will be exhumed and shipped, Dr. Gray, the health officer, having supplied a certificate that none died of contagious diseases.

Chung's contract says that he must not get the bones mixed; that each individual set must be cleaned, put in a white muslin bag, and then be boxed securely for shipment across the Pacific. He is not allowed to cut, saw, or break a bone, nor can he boil the bones to get the flesh off, on penalty of forfeiture of his bond. He says that three years serve to do away with the flesh, but they are generally allowed to remain in the grave longer than that, in order to make sure of a clean job when he goes at it. Each set of bones is labelled, and a record is kept of them. All are shipped to San Francisco, and when four tons have been collected they are put on a steamer and shipped. The Six Companies have a special contract with the steamship companies, and the cost of a ride across the great deep in this particular condition is only \$2.50, and the company boasts that there has never been a kick on high rates!

Mr. Chung's assistants aroused the four peaceful sleepers from their long rest, polished them up according to contract, and sent them on their way—if not rejoicing, at least according to contract.—Ellensburg Register.

IT LOOKED WARLIKE.

The Spanish Minister Was Alarmed at a Senate Junket.

Some years ago, when the question of immigration and yellow fever and cholera were being looked into, a subcommittee of the Senate was appointed, consisting of Senators Proctor, Chandler and Call, to visit Havana. It was just before the Christmas holidays, and a visit to the Cuban port in the winter season is not without its attractions. The proposed trip, however, rather disturbed the Spanish Minister. He knew the belligerent propensities of Chandler and Call, and he hastened to the State Department with a despatch from Madrid, anxious to learn whether the investigation was proposed with peaceable intent.

Secretary Foster listened to the excited Minister with great suavity. "There is no occasion for alarm," he said, reassuringly. "You know that the holiday recess is approaching and these Senators are simply arranging for a pleasure trip. I am sure there is nothing else in it."

A great light of intelligence broke over the Spanish Minister's face.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "a peek-neck, a peek-neck!" And he went away much relieved.—Washington Post.

Not Safe to Think Aloud.

Baron Park, one of the most famous among a past generation of judges, was exceedingly deaf, and, like many deaf people, had contracted a habit of thinking aloud. When engaged one day in trying a man charged with stealing some firewood, he took umbrage at the prosecutor's positive identification of the stolen faggots. "How can he know that the faggots are his," soliloquized the learned judge, "when the faggot is as like another faggot as one egg is like another egg?" Counsel for the defence was quick to take advantage of this unintentional hint from the Bench. "How," he asked the prosecutor, "can you know that the faggots are yours when one faggot is as like another faggot as one egg is like another egg?" The question had a success which was probably un hoped for even by the questioner, for it led to the immediate intervention of the judge. Turning to the jury, Baron Park remarked, "Gentlemen, you will acquit the prisoner. That very thought flashed through my mind not a minute before the words were spoken by the learned counsel. It is a direct interposition of Providence."

The Fish Wouldn't Bite.

The following story is told of a celebrated novelist and a well-known critic. The critic had written a bitter attack on the novelist's work; but the latter, being a good-natured man, instead of overwhelming him with vituperation in any periodical he could find sufficiently accommodating to publish it, requested a mutual friend to bring the critic to his house to dinner some evening. When he received the invitation, this was the critic's reply—"I certainly shall not go. He simply wants to heap coals of fire on my head; and do you suppose I am fool enough to hold the scuttle for him?"

Our Beautiful Language.

"This is a great country."
"Yes, with a great language. I heard one man say of another that the only way to make him dry up was to soak him.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1897.

THE WEATHER.—To-day, cloudy and slowly rising temperature with slight fall of snow. On Friday cloudy, preceded by snow and on Saturday fair and colder.

New Jersey Short, Also.

Governor Griggs, of New Jersey, has a new Legislature on his hands and has transmitted his annual message to that body. The message contains a sharp warning to the Legislature that there is no large surplus in the State Treasury, as in our own state, to be frittered away in extravagant appropriations. Their State revenues for the past year are but a trifle above two millions of dollars, and out of this sum the State institutions and the State government must be supported.

New Jersey has been criticised at times for electing bad Legislatures, but the financial showing contained in the Governor's message shows conclusively that the sin of extravagance cannot be laid to the charge of any past Legislature. A State containing the population and varied public interests of New Jersey that keeps its expenditures within easy sight of two millions of dollars annually and is practically out of debt, is on the whole economically governed.

The recommendation of most importance to the people at large in the message of the New Jersey Governor, is that relating to grade crossings. The people of a continent ride through the State of New Jersey at break-neck speed, and it is as important to travelers from everywhere, as to their residents, that grade crossings in that State shall be few and far between.

The Indianapolis Conference.

People are wondering and with reason why there should have been a necessity for calling a monetary convention at Indianapolis or any other place. The convention which met in that city Tuesday has no legislative or other power beyond that of advising Congress to do its duty in placing our financial system on a sound basis, a duty which a long period of financial depression has already admonished it to perform at once. The popular wonder is all the greater because the Indianapolis conference is of Western origin, having been planned and set in motion in the West, the representatives of Eastern commercial bodies having been merely invited to participate.

The explanation of these two imperfectly understood conditions seems to be that Congress has failed and continues to fail to take any wise action upon the matter and that the West has been the greatest sufferer in consequence. The West needs capital for its development, and capital is in hiding until Congress does the one thing necessary to convince its owners that a dollar will consist hereafter of one hundred cents instead of only a fraction of that amount. The business interests of the West, seeing no disposition in Congress to put a stop to the endless chain process by which the gold balance in the Treasury is constantly depleted and having no hope of a permanent revival of business until this is done, have called this conference in the hope that some action may be taken which will induce Congress to act.

The necessity for a conference and the motive of the Western business interests in calling it having been explained, the methods to be adopted by a majority of its members must be the result of a general interchange of opinion. It is probable that few of the members who compose it have any definitely formulated ideas themselves upon the subject. They see what is necessary to restore business confidence and set all the machinery of revived business in motion, but how to make Congress see it, is one of the unsolved problems. Fortunately the conference is non-partisan, and its recommendations will command the confidence of the business world for this reason above all others.

Perhaps the wisest course will be for the conference to appoint a commission of financial experts, to prepare a plan of action and report to a future conference. Whatever is decided on, a permanent organization should be maintained. The business interests of the country should stand together and thus make themselves felt hereafter, as they have never done heretofore. The battle for business restoration was only half won, with the defeat of Bryan and free coinage. To make the victory effective the government must be taken out of the banking business and all government issues of paper money except certificates of coin or bullion on deposit retired, and this cannot be done a day too soon.

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can find as fine an assortment of

Monumental & Cemetery Work

As can be found in any Yard in the State. Look it over and get prices before going elsewhere.

Piano Lessons.

MRS. GEORGE W. BRADLEY, (daughter of the late Wm. R. Nash,) gives efficient and satisfactory instructions on the Piano at her home No. 150 Main street.

Mrs. MEAD'S SCHOOL

WILL REOPEN

SEPTEMBER 29, 1896.

ALL APPLICATIONS

For admission should be made at Hillside at an early day.

\$3,400.00 CASH AND GIVEN FREE PRIZES EACH MONTH FOR Sunlight SOAP WRAPPERS

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM... Rules for Sunlight Soap Wrappers competition.

South Norwalk.

Branch Office of GAZETTE No. 12 North Main Street... Sloop Flash with codfish 60 pound...

AMUSEMENTS.

"My Friend From India." There is a good deal of nonsense original and good...

NEW CANAAN.

Miss Annie Jackson of Brooklyn is the guest of Mrs. Chas. Griebel... Wm. Austin of Glenbrook has opened a barber-shop...

Shakers' Barn Burned.

ENFIELD, Conn., Jan. 14.—A large barn belonging to the Church family of Shakers was destroyed by fire...

Heavy Damage Award.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Jan. 14.—The supreme court has awarded Mrs. Emma Cooper \$15,000 for the loss of her husband in a railroad wreck...

Tennessee Coal and Iron Directors.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—At a special meeting held today the directors of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad company...

Quick Trip of the St. Louis.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—A cablegram from Southampton states that the American line steamer St. Louis has lowered her own eastward record by about 17 minutes...

ARBITRATION TREATY.

Foreign Comment on Great Anglo-American Peace Compact.

With Few Exceptions the Agreement is Commended—An English Comment to Secretary Olney—The Letter's Candid Statement.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—The St. James Gazette this afternoon, referring to the general arbitration treaty between England and the United States...

The St. James Gazette also refers to the reply which the Washington correspondent of The Chronicle says Secretary Olney made to a question of the Russian minister...

Opinion in Paris.

PARIS, Jan. 14.—L'Esclair today says that the United States and Great Britain, by the treaty of arbitration, present a noble example which deserves to be followed by Europe...

Austria Commends It.

VIENNA, Jan. 14.—The Austrian newspapers today pay tribute to the "progress of civilization attested by the arbitration treaty" arranged between the United States and Great Britain...

Germany Dubious.

BERLIN, Jan. 14.—The Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung thinks that the European powers are not likely to follow the example set by Great Britain and the United States in the arbitration treaty...

For Open Sessions.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The senate today in executive session adopted the recommendation of the foreign relations committee for the removal of the injunction of secrecy from the arbitration treaty...

Fight For Durrant's Life.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14.—The final paper in the Durrant case has been filed in the office of the clerk of the supreme court. No further legal proceedings can be taken in this celebrated case until the supreme court renders its opinion on it...

Toronto University Deficit.

MONTREAL, Jan. 14.—The annual financial statement of the University of Toronto, which has just been issued, shows a deficit for the year amounting to \$18,800. The senate has decided to ask the provincial legislature at its approaching session to give the institution aid to the amount of \$20,000 to offset the deficit.

Depredations by Turkish Troops.

ROME, Jan. 14.—News has been received from Macedonia that bands of starving Turkish troops have sacked Greek and Bulgarian villages and killed the villagers. Italy has ordered the squadron which recently returned from Turkish waters to be ready to start again at a moment's notice.

Prince Lobanoff's Successor.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 14.—Count Muraviev, the present envoy of Russia to Denmark, has been appointed minister of foreign affairs to succeed the late Prince Lobanoff-Rostovsky, in accordance with the predictions recently made here.

Prince Albert of Belgium Coming.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—According to the Brussels correspondent of The Chronicle, Prince Albert of Belgium, son of the Count of Flanders and heir to the throne, who is now 21 years old, proposes to make a long visit to America next year.

The Bering Sea Claims.

VICTORIA, B. C., Jan. 14.—Before the Bering sea claims commission the case of the schooner Triumph has been disposed of, and the bulk of the evidence in the matter of the Oscar and Hattie suit has been taken.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

WHAT IS MOST TALKED ABOUT ON THE RIALTO.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Success as Svengali—Mrs. Jack Bloodgood Goes from Society to the Stage—Something New in the Dramatic Line.

The latest society woman to adopt the theatrical profession is Mrs. Jack Bloodgood, whom financial reverses have moved to try her success on the stage. Mrs. Bloodgood is a very pretty woman. Her figure is slight and beautiful. Her hair is blond and her eyes blue...



Mr. Beerbohm Tree

Many stories are told of Richard Mansfield perhaps the brainiest of American actors. The latest is that on a specially cold night recently he summoned an usher and said: "My boy, I want you to go out and order 600 hot Scotchies."

A DEADLY BLOW-GUN.

A Peculiar Weapon Found Among the Hunters of Borneo. A blow gun that is the most remarkable weapon of warfare in the world has been found among the head hunters of Borneo...

TO RENT.

TO RENT—Furnished rooms, heated, with privilege of bath, with or without board. No. 9 Crescent Terrace, South Norwalk. 113-25

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT, the 9 room house now occupied by F. I. Jones. First floor finished in hard wood, mantels and mirrors; house wired for electricity, and all modern improvements; also carriage house. Apply to S. B. Wilson, 92 Wall street. 117-17

GRAY HAIR RESTORED.

TO its natural color by LEE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE. No dye, harmless, pleasant odor. \$1.00 a bottle. LEE'S HAIR TONIC removes dandruff, stops hair from falling out and promotes growth. \$1.00 a bottle. LEE'S MEDICANT OIL for Fungus on the scalp. \$1.00 a bottle. Illustrated Treatise on Hair on application. For sale by E. P. Weed, Druggist.

St. Paul's Parish Mission.

Everybody -- Cordially -- Welcome. Beginning Sat. Night Jan. 16th, at 7.30

All the services will be held in St. Paul's church on the Green except the Service for Men Only.

LIST OF SERVICES.

SENDERS: 6:45 a. m. Holy Communion. 7:30 a. m. Holy Communion. 8:15 a. m. Morning service and sermon. 10:30 a. m. Children's service. 4:15 p. m. At Chapel. An address to men only. 7:30 p. m. Mission service and sermon. 8:00 p. m. Mission service and sermon.

WEEK DAYS.

7:00 a. m. Holy Communion. 9:00 p. m. Holy Communion and instruction on the Blessed Sacrament. Noon—Address to men only at the Athenaeum. 3:00 p. m.—Address for women only. 4:15 p. m.—Children's service. 7:30 p. m.—Instruction. 8:00 p. m.—Mission service and sermon.

Do not fail to come to service for Women only on week days at 8:00 p. m.; for men only on Sundays at Berkeley St. Chapel at 4:15 p. m. and on week days at Athenaeum at noon; and Do Not Miss the great Public Mission Service every night at 8:00, Sundays included.

MISSIONERS:—Fathers Sargent, Hunt and Bassett of the Order of the Holy...

DON'T MISS THEM.

The Latest Ads. Received Before Going to Press. By the People and For the People.

SPECIAL SALE

A regular 5c bottle of SANFORD'S BLACK INK FOR 1 CENT

To customers purchasing other goods, any amount. One bottle to each customer. Only this week.

JONH T. HAYES,

5 Main Street, Norwalk. South Norwalk Savings Bank.

INTEREST NOTICE.

SOUTH NORWALK, Conn., Dec. 28, 1896. At a meeting of the managers of this bank held this date, a dividend to depositors of interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum was declared for the six months ending January 1, 1897, payable on and after January 1, 1897. Interest not drawn will be credited to accounts and draw interest from January 1, 1897.

JOHN H. KNAPP, Treasurer.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK.

26 WALL ST., NORWALK. CORPORATED SEPT. 1, 1876. CAPITAL \$100,000. GEORGE M. HOLMES, President. E. L. BOYER, Vice-President. WILLIAM A. CURTIS, Cashier.

DISCOUNT DAY, Saturday.

Fairfield County National Bank.

41 Wall St., Norwalk, Conn. INCORPORATED 1824. Capital, 200,000. EDWIN O. KEELER, President. DAVID H. MILLER, Vice-President. L. C. GREEN, Cashier.

EDWIN O. KEELER, President.

DAVID H. MILLER, Vice-President. L. C. GREEN, Cashier. THORODRE E. SMITH, CHAS. F. TRISTRAM, IRA COLE.

Accounts of Manufacturers, Merchants and Individuals solicited.

Safe Deposit Boxes free to Depositors.

SCHULTZE'S MARKET.

5 Railroad Place, South Norwalk, Conn. Prime Roast, 12c. Round Steak, 10c. Rib Roast, 8 and 10c. Shoulder Steak, 8c. Pork Roast, 8c. Pot Roast, 8 and 10c. Fresh Ham, 10c. Fresh Shoulders, 8c. Leg Lamb, 12c. Leg Mutton, 10c. Home Made Sausage Meat, 10c. Pure Home Rendered Lard, 10c. Rump Corned Beef, 8 and 10c. All kinds of Fresh Fish, Oysters and Clams. Veal and Native Poultry. These are bona fide prices for first class goods. One visit to this market will convince you that we sell goods as ADVERTISED. Paul Schultze, Jr.

THIS SPACE IS CONTRACTED FOR BY GARDNER.

Now is the time

To Send in Your Advertisements

For Fall Trade.

THE EVENING GAZETTE

IS THE RIGHT MEDIUM THROUGH WHICH TO REACH THE READING PUBLIC.

The Only Eight-Page One-Cent Paper in the Norwalks.

The Value of an Advertisement

DEPENDS ON THE POCKETS OF THE PEOPLE

WHO READ IT. ADVERTISEMENTS IN

THE EVENING GAZETTE ARE

READ BY THOSE WHO

HAVE MONEY TO

SPEND.

ONLY 1 CENT.

SEVEN EVENINGS.

The Policeman Did the Rest.

Two well-known rich men were coming downtown in the elevated the other morning and the following conversation was overheard:

"Do you have a private watchman to look after your town residence?" queried he who will term as Smith.

"Why—yes—certainly—of course," replied the other, whom we will term Brown, in seeming amazement at such a senseless question.

"Well, so did I until the last few months," returned Smith, "but I've found a better scheme than that, and as you live several blocks away from me I don't mind putting you on to it."

"What do you do, tip the regular blue coat on the quiet?" answered Brown.

"Nope."

"Have burglar alarms set for every possible entrance both by day as well as by night?"

"No, not that, either," returned Smith triumphantly. "I just aim to have the prettiest kitchen maid on the block."

A Curious Prayer.

At an Armenian meeting in the East End of London the other night, Mr. Benn relieved its seriousness by the relation of an incident at once grotesque and pathetic, says Tit-Bits. At a Salvation Army meeting recently, he said, a fervent Salvationist prayed, with all the intensity of his faith, that God would "break the Sultan's heart," with a view, of course, to the conversion of the barbarous Abdul. The prayer was interrupted by an additional petition from one of the devout company, and it ran thus: "Oh, God! break his neck."

Expressed in a Few Words.

A lawyer, residing in the North of England and noted for his laconic style of expression, sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client who would not succumb to his reiterated demands for the payment of his bill—"Sir—if you pay the enclosed, you will oblige me. If you do not, I shall oblige you."

Baby's Best Friend—Mother—Next Dr. Hand's Colic Cure.

HARTFORD, CONN., Oct. 26 '95.—The Hand Medicine Co.—"By request of my wife the undersigned writes you 'that baby's best friend is her mother,' and next best is Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. Used same for past months it is impossible to write our appreciation of your preparation and do most cheerfully request all mothers to use same for their little ones. Our baby is now teething. W. Lincoln Barnard." Sold by all druggists, 25c.

The Broad River Social club will give a dance and entertainment next Friday evening.

From Sire to Son.

As a family medicine, Bacon's Celery King for the nerves passes from sire to son as a legacy. If you have kidney, liver or blood disorder get a free sample package of this remedy. If you have indigestion, constipation, headache, rheumatism, this specific will cure you. Edward P. Weed, Norwalk, or George C. Stillson, South Norwalk, the leading druggists, are sole agents, and are distributing samples free. Large packages 50c and 25c.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Baptist church met at the home of Mrs. E. R. Sherwood yesterday afternoon.

Glad Tidings

The grand specific for dyspepsia, liver complaint, Rheumatism, costiveness, general debility, etc., is Bacon's Celery King for the Nerves. This great herbal tonic stimulates the digestive organs, tegulates the liver and restores the system to vigorous health and energies. Samples free. Large packages 50c and 25c. Sold only by Edward P. Weed, Norwalk, and George C. Stillson, South Norwalk.

The National Monetary conference, called to consider the subject of currency reform, met in Indianapolis yesterday.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits.

T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of 'Mystic Cure' for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took." 75 cents. Sold by E. P. Weed, 38 Wall street, and N. C. Baur, 55 Wall street, Druggists, Norwalk.

Building mover Patrick of Cranbury will on Sunday next commence the moving of the Consolidated railroad depot at Groton across the tracks and place it on a new foundation.

SAVE YOUR LIFE

By using "The New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the Kidneys, Bladder and Back in male or female. It relieves retention of water, and pain in passing it almost immediately. Save yourselves by using this marvelous cure. Its use will prevent fatal consequences in almost all cases by its great alterative and healing powers. Sold by E. P. WEED, Druggist, Norwalk, Conn.

There is splenid skating on Kellogg's pond at Broad River and last night the ice was covered with a merry party of skatorial kings and queens, and the scene was a kaleidoscopic pretty one.

Owing to over-crowding and bad ventilation, the air of the schoolroom is often close and impure, and teachers and pupils frequently suffer from lung and throat troubles. To all such we would say, try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For coughs, colds, weak lungs and bronchial troubles, no other remedy can compare with it. Says A. C. Freed, Superintendent of Schools, Prairie Depot, Ohio: "Having some knowledge of the efficacy of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who suffer from coughs, lung troubles, etc." For sale by E. P. Weed, Druggist.

SHE HELD THE TRAIN.

And Defied the Conductor to Make Her Get Out of the Way.

"Before I came to this part of the country I was an engineer on a railroad down South," said a railway man to a Chicago "Times-Herald" reporter. "We used to make a long run and we were pretty slow about it. While on that line I had some very odd experiences. I remember one day when we reached the junction station a woman came up to me and asked me to hold the train for five minutes. She said that her daughter wanted to take the train to the city. I told her that it was impossible for me to hold the train for her."

"I don't see why," she expostulated, "I think you might do a little thing like that."

"I tried to explain to her that trains ran on schedule time, and, like time and tide, wait for no man, or woman, either, for that matter. But she wouldn't have it, and finally just as we were about to start, she shouted, indignantly:

"Well, I'll just see about that."

"I laughed, but soon I ceased to laugh. For what did that old woman do but get right on the track about three feet in front of the engine. She sat herself there, firmly grasping hold of the rails with both hands. The conductor signalled for me to go ahead, as our stop was over. But I couldn't do it as long as she remained on the track, for I would kill her certainly. I called to the conductor, and he, impatient at the delay, came up. I explained the situation to him. He was as mad as I was, and going up to the woman told her to get off the track."

"I just won't," she replied, "until my daughter gets on board your train."

"He pleaded with her some more, and finally declared that he would be compelled to use force."

"Just you dare!" she cried. "I'll sue you for damages if you do!"

"This opened a new complication, and we reasoned with ourselves whether we had better remove her by force. Just as we had determined upon a course of policy, her daughter came up the track, kissed her good-bye and got on the train, while her mother called to her:

"Go ahead, Mary Ann. You have plenty of time, though, for I will sit on the track until you get on board."

"And then, when Mary Ann was safely on board and we were about ready to run over the old woman if necessary, she calmly and slowly got up and waved me a good-bye, calling, as we pulled out of the station: 'I hope I've taught you fellers a grain of peritiveness.'"

BOTH IN THE SAME BOAT.

But Did Not Know They Were in it, and Were, Therefore, Two Scared Men.

In America newspaper men usually travel on the railways free. At a recent gathering of notable men the after-dinner chat turned upon personal experiences, and a distinguished jurist related this. After graduation he migrated to a Western town. Months of idleness, with no prospect of improvement, induced him to seek a new home. Without money to pay his fare, he boarded a train for Nashville, intending to seek employment as reporter on one of the daily newspapers. When the conductor asked for his ticket, he said, "I'm on the staff of the —, of Nashville; I suppose you will pass me?" The conductor looked at him sharply. "The editor of that paper is in the smoker; come with me. If he identifies you, all right." He followed the conductor into the smoker, and the situation was explained. Mr. Editor said, "Oh, yes—I recognize him as one of the staff; it's all right!" Before leaving the train the lawyer again sought the editor. "Why did you say you recognized me? I'm not on your paper." "I'm not the editor either," was the reply. "I'm travelling on his pass, and was scared to death lest you should give me away."

Doctoring a Lioness.

Down in the basement of the Zoo yesterday afternoon the youngest lioness, Juliet, was out of her cage with her teeth bared, and one or two of those present forgot that they had not seen the tiger and started upstairs.

But Juliet was under the influence of ropes, with a strong man at the end of each. There was a rope on every one of her feet and another around her head and shoulders. The more she struggled the worse it turned out for herself.

When she became quiet, a veterinary surgeon clipped some of the fur from her back with a pair of horse clippers, and then made little holes in her hide with a hot instrument. When the business was finished, Juliet looked as though she wore a huge porous plaster on the back. That is the way they performed an operation on the lioness.

Juliet was skylarking with some other lions and fell over on her back in the cage. The result was that she could not stand much on her hind legs, and was unable to jump as a good performing lion should jump.

Hopes were about given up in the case when Dr. W. L. Le Baw, of the Harvard school of veterinary medicine, heard of it and proffered his assistance. It was evident that there was something the matter with Juliet's spinal column. Therefore, this operation of "firing," as they call it, was decided upon, and Dr. Le Baw performed it.—The Boston Herald.

Encouraging a Good Order.

On the occasion of the Lord Mayor's visit to North London recently, a captain was heard to remark to his comrade: "Close up, boys; close up! If the enemy were to fire on you when you are straggling along like that, they wouldn't kill a single man of you. Close up!"—Tit-Bits.

Window Glass.

Odd Sizes Cut to Order. Putty in Bulk, and 1, 3 & 5 Pound Cans.

Prepared Paint,

Oils and Turpentine, Hardware & Housefurnishings.

H. H. WILLIAMS

17 Main St.

The Sun,

First of American Newspapers. CHARLES A. DANA, Editor. The American Constitution, the American Ideas, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever.

DAILY, by mail,.....\$6 a year Daily and Sunday, by mail, ..\$8 a year

THE SUNDAY SUN

is the Greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c a copy. By Mail \$2 a Year Address THE SUN, New York.

TO THE PEOPLE OF NORWALK

The undersigned having purchased the Plumbing and Tinning business formerly conducted by Wm. P. Holmes at No. 7 Water street, and fitted the same as a first-class Plumbing, Steam-fitting, Gas and Tinning Establishment, respectfully solicit a share of public patronage

All work will have our personal supervision and inspection, and be executed with promptness and thoroughness. Any one wanting first-class work done at the lowest prices, will do well to give us a call. We will cheerfully estimate on all Plumbing, Gas-fitting, Steam-fitting, Tin and Sheet Iron work of every descriptions.

All Jobbing will be attended to promptly. Hot air and steam heaters cleaned and put in thorough repair. Call or address,

PHILLIPSON & BROWN,

Practical Plumbers, Steam & Gas Fitters, Tin and Sheet Iron Workers.

7 Water Street, Norwalk.

New York and Norwalk Freight Line DAILY.

PROPELLERS

City of Norwalk, Eagle and Vulcan

Will Leave Pier 23, E. R., N. Y. (Beedman St.), or

NORWALK AND SOUTH NORWALK

AT 5 P. M.

Leave South Norwalk Daily at 6 P. M.

Leave Norwalk Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5 P. M.

YOU read this advertisement. If it had been yours and others had read it, how much good it might have done. Send in your advertisement and we will do the rest. Rates on application.

FIRE INSURANCE

A Wise Man Keeps his Home Insured Against Fire.

THE BEST COMPANIES REPRESENTED.

W. H. BYINGTON,

ROOM 1, GAZETTE BUILDING, NORWALK, CONN.

