

The Thompsonville Press.

VOL. I.

THOMPSONVILLE, CONN., FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1880.

No. 11.

Business Directory.

E. F. PARSONS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Resi-
dence and office cor. Pleasant and
School streets, Thompsonville, Conn. 1y1

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HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Pleas-
ant St., Thompsonville, Conn. 1y8

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ARCHITECT and BUILDER. Build-
ings raised and moved. All work
done in a satisfactory manner. Boston
Neck, Suffield, Conn. 1m8

The Story.

Led by Jealousy.

It was grand and gorgeous on the first
morning of spring. It is not the tapping
of woodpeckers in the hollow beech, nor
yet the nutshell humming at his break-
fast, that soft rap-a-tap-tap one hears.
It is only Mr. Ernest Black knocking out
his pipe against the garden seat.

Happy man! to have such a charming
nook wherein to smoke the early pipe.
His comfortable mansion of Shrublands,
a cosy modern building, warm and roomy,
with glass houses clustered about it, lies
on the slope above. In front of him
stretches a pleasant lawn, and looks over
the sweet river valley, bounded by
purple hills, reaches of water showing in
silver streaks here and there. Ernest
thought it was very good to be here, as
he smoked his pipe on his garden seat.
But everything comes to an end, and by
the time he had finished his pipe and
knocked out the ashes a cloud had come
over the sun, the air was chilled, and the
beauty of the morn'g tarnished. It was
time, he found, to start for his train. He
went into the house to say "good-by" to
his wife, for he heard the carriage
wheels grinding on the gravel as it came
round from the stables to the door.

He seemed to be a happy fellow, too,
in his wife, who was a fair, pleasant
faced woman of charming figure and full
of spirit.

"I did not know you were going away,"
a slight shade of vexation coming over
her face.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Ernest, "I
intended to. I shall be at home to din-
ner. I'm only going to town to see the
old masters. They close this week."

"Ah! if you had told me in time I
would have gone with you."

"To say the truth, Ernest did not much
care for company when he was going to
look at pictures."

"Pity, eh?" he said, carelessly, putting
his hand under her chin and giving her a
kiss.

"Well, another day, perhaps, Tottie"
—her name was Theresa, but her pet name
was Tottie—"and then, perhaps, I can go
shopping with you."

But I particularly wanted to see those
pictures."

"Why didn't you think of it before?"

"You should have told me that you
were going."

"Yes, it was stupid of me; however,
there's no help for it; I have only just
time to catch the train. Good-by."

And away he went.
Theresa sat down once more to her
book of household expenses, but the same
row of figures wouldn't come to the same
amount twice running. It wasn't like
Ernest, she thought, not to ask her to go
with him. He had never gone off any-
where before without asking her to ac-
company him if it were practicable. His
manner, too, was so cold. What could
be the reason of it?

She took up the newspaper to distract
her mind. She rarely looked at the daily
papers, but this morning she felt uneasy,
and could not settle to anything. Sudden-
ly she sprang to her feet with a cry of
distress.

She had taken up the paper, and therein
she had read an advertisement.

"Constance to Ernest. To-day at Victo-
ria, 12 noon."

That was the reason, then that Ernest
had gone off to town so suddenly. Yes,
she knew it; she had been wronged and
deceived; could it be possible that such
treachery, such betrayal of all the ties of
friendship and affection could be permit-
ted to exist?

Theresa, was, perhaps, of a somewhat
jealous disposition. Certainly Ernest
had given her no cause for jealousy hith-
erto, as far as she knew, but she had al-
ways imagined it possible that at some
time or other he would; and now it
seemed to her as though her forebodings
had been justified.

Constance Brown had been her earnest
friend, her schoolfellow, her one dear
companion, for whom her affection could
never be dimmed. And this friendship
had continued unabated for a whole two
years after marriage to Ernest, during
which it had been her chief delight to
entertain Constance at her home. Now
Ernest wasn't at the beginning, at any
rate, at all fond of Constance, and any-
thing to think her visits rather a bore. Us-
ing to be better, however, than having
his wife in the dolefuls, and on such oc-
casions he would suggest:

"Ask Constance to come and spend a
few days."

As time went on, however, little dis-
agreements interposed between the two
friends. Constance was of an adaptive
nature, and fonder of masculine than of
feminine society. She possessed great
interest in Ernest's pursuits, which were
rather of a miscellaneous character. Al-
though she grew in grace and favor
with her husband, and declined in equal
measure in the wife's esteem. She was
too keen-witted herself not to perceive this,
but the ineradicable love of coquetry and
mischief that lurks in every female bosom
forbade her to change her tactics. The
end of it was a desperate quarrel between
Constance and Theresa, and Constance's
hasty departure from Shrublands in a
rage. On her part, Theresa vowed that
she would never have that deceitful girl
in her house again.

"All right," Ernest had said; "if you
don't care about it, I don't."

But Theresa's jealousy once aroused,
was not to be quieted by any such pre-

tenences as these. It was all very well for
Ernest to say so, but his saying so did
not deceive her.

Having once thrown her influences
over Ernest, Constance, she knew, would
not be satisfied to resign her power so
easily. She didn't doubt but that Con-
stance would in some way or other con-
ceive some way to see him, and this
morning's paper had given her a clew to
the means she had adopted.

Very well, Theresa, too, would be at
Victoria at 12 noon.

The carriage had returned from taking
Ernest to the station; it should also con-
vey her to the next train for London.
She would have sufficient time to reach
the trysting place by noon.

Victoria Station, however, is rather a
wide open place, not adapted for conceal-
ment. How should she so disguise her-
self that she might witness the meeting
unobserved? Then she remembered that
her Aunt Blake, who had been a widow
for a couple of years, had left behind her
a widow's cap, bonnet and veil, having
the opportunity of a visit to her niece to
resume the ordinary costume of woman-
kind.

Bonnets are not formidable things now-
adays, and Theresa put her aunt's weeds,
with a black crape shawl, into a traveling
bag. She put on a black dress with a
white shawl over it, and her usual travel-
ing bonnet, that she might not give rise
to surmises at her sudden assumption of
mourning, and then started off.

The clock showed five minutes to
twelve, when she arrived at Victoria.
She hurried off to the ladies' waiting
room, donned her bonnet, cap and veil,
and came out upon the platform a demure
widow.

Sure enough, Ernest was there, walk-
ing up and down. She gave a kind of
guilty start as he passed her, and he
looked rather hard at the young widow
with the nice trim figure.

"So," she thought, "that is the way
you look at young women when I am
not by?"

The next turn that she took she started
as she saw approaching her from the op-
posite side of the platform the very double
of herself. Black crape shawl, widow's
cap, bonnet and everything! She
thought at the first moment that there
was a mirror opposite her, and that she
saw her own reflected image. But that
was not so. The lady threw up her veil
and revealed the features of Constance Brown.

It was only for a moment, and then she
drew her veil closely over her face, and
making a slight gesture, as it seemed of
caution, she made her way to the book-
ing office, went up to a porter, and asked
in a clear, loud voice when the train
started for Brighton.

Theresa glided into the office by the
opposite door. The pretended widow
was waiting her turn at the ticket-hatch.
With the quickness of thought Theresa
ran up to the barrier. A genial-looking
old man was taking his ticket.

"Might I ask you, sir, to get me a
ticket for Brighton?"

"Most certainly, madam," said the old
gentleman.

She grasped the ticket and hurried on
to the departure platform, giving as she
went the same signal with her hand that
she had seen her double make just before.

Yes, he had recognized the signal and
followed her.

The train was just due to start, and
she hastily jumped into a first-class car-
riage. A gentleman jumped in after her.

"Faithless fellow!" she thought.

"Constance," said a treasured voice at
her side, "dearest Constance."

"You wretch!" cried Theresa, sudden-
ly unweaving.

But the effect was not what she antici-
pated. It was not her husband at all; it
was Capt. Potter, late of the Plungers.

It is now necessary to revert to the
proceedings of Mr. Black to account for
his presence on the scene.

Ernest had intended to take the news-
paper up town with him, having been
interested in an article he had not time
to finish. But having, with his custom-
ary carelessness, left it behind him, he
bought another at the station, and then
the advertisement caught his eye—"Con-
stance to Ernest." Yes, he knew what
it meant.

Ernest Black and Ernest Potter had
been school-fellows, and cronies in early
days; but their friendship had long since
decayed. Potter was a reckless spend-
thrift, who had been obliged to leave the
Plungers and sell his commission, swamp-
ing with innumerable debts. He had been
an old friend of the Browns, too, and
Constance had formerly been infatuated
with him; but her father, who was a
very violent, self-willed old fellow, swore
that she should never marry such a scamp.

Constance had a nice little fortune of
her own and she had just come of age, so
that if she persisted in throwing herself
and her fortune away, there was no help
for it. Still Ernest thought it was his
duty to stop it if he could. He flattered
himself that he had some influence over
Constance; and if he couldn't put an end
to the affair altogether, he might yet prevail
upon her to have all her money carefully
tied up.

The advertisement meant an elopement
Ernest thought—a clandestine marriage,
and the sacrifice of a girl's future to a
worthless scamp. He would be there,
too, and save her if he could.

At all events he found himself on the
platform of the Victoria station at noon.
Ah! there was Captain Potter, as he ex-
pected, stalking up and down, evidently
expecting somebody. Ernest didn't take
any note of him; and Potter seemed an-
xious on his part to avoid any recognition.

But there was no Constance. He kept
however, a sharp lookout on the captain,
and, all of a sudden, he noticed that his
eyes lit up, and turning quickly round,
Ernest saw a lady in deep mourning pass
into the booking office.

Potter now took up a position close by
the ticket that opened to the departure
platform where the man stood who punch-
ed holes in the tickets. Presently a lady
in black brushed rapidly past. Ernest
followed her a few paces to assure him-
self it was not Constance Brown. No;
the lady was of quite different carriage
and figure from Constance—more like his
own wife, he said, with a jealous pang
that he laughed at himself the next mo-
ment for feeling. Whoever it was, she
jumped into the carriage, and the captain
after her. The guard whistled off the
train, and Ernest turned away, thinking
that he had been rather a fool for his
pains.

Then he saw another young widow gaz-
ing eagerly about her and running here
and there, evidently looking for some one
she could not find. At last, apparently
overcome with emotion or fatigue, she
flung herself upon a bench and hastily
threw up her veil, revealing the pretty
agitated face of Constance Brown.

Ernest sprang towards her.

"Constance," he whispered, "you here,
and in this disguise! what does it mean!
what does it mean?"

Constance burst into tears and sobbed
out that she didn't know.

"I know," he said, severely; "you
have an agreement with that infamous
Potter."

"Infamous, indeed," said Constance;
"and he has gone off with somebody
else."

At this moment a man in a livery ap-
proached and touched his hat to Ernest.

It was his own coachman, an old and
faithful servant who had been coachman
to Ernest's father.

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Ernest, for
coming up here without leave, but have
you seen the mistress, sir?"

"No. What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, she drove to the station af-
ter you left, sir, and she seemed so wild
like and unaccountable that I made bold
to follow her, for fear she might come to
harm; and I followed her home, sir, where
she changed dress for widow's weeds and
got into the Brighton train, sir, with Cap-
tain Potter."

Ernest turned pale and fast.

He recovered himself with great effort.

"I know," he cried, "that her
Brighton, and have just seen her off.
How dare you follow your mistress, sir?"

The man turned away in blank dismay.

"Ernest," said Constance, "we have
both been deceived."

"Stuff!" said Ernest, "it was a trick
we played you, that's all; we found out
the plot, and counter-plotted to save
you."

"Come into the waiting room, Con-
stance," he cried, "and let us talk. Oh!
what misery!" he muttered to himself.

They turned into a waiting room, and
Ernest threw himself upon a seat, leaned
his arm upon the table and groaned.

"What do you intend to do, Ernest?"
said Constance, clutching him by the
arm. "It is all very well to tell your ser-
vant such stories. I admire you for it,
Ernest; but I know better. It is delib-
erately planned. We are both deceived."

"It is impossible," said Ernest.

"How blind you are," said Constance,
"I always mistrusted Theresa; she was
my early friend, you remember, and I be-
lieve that Potter used to come to our
house on purpose to see her, using me as
a blind. Oh, Ernest, what shall we do?"

"I shall call a special train and follow
them," said Ernest.

"Then I will go with you," cried Con-
stance.

Ernest rose and staggered to the plat-
form once more.

"Ernest!" said a decisive feminine voice
at his elbow.

"Hallo!" cried Potter. "Ernest, my
boy, how are you? Gad I've got into a
pretty mess with all this amuse-
ment party after all, jolly row, pull the
string, stop the train—Clapham Junction,
going in an awful rage. Give us into
custody, eh? Ha, ha! Here we are
again, back first train. I say, old fellow,
I'll just change widows with you."

"Come into the waiting room," cried
Black, "and tell me what it all means—
Potter, I consider you an unprincipled
fellow to inveigle this young lady into
such a trap. You know you only want
to waste her fortune as you wasted your
own."

"Gently old fellow," said Potter, "all a
mistake. My uncle died last week and
left me three thousand a year."

"Then why do you make off in this
clandestine way?"

"It's all right, Black, I assure you.
I've got a special license in my pocket,
person waiting at Brighton. We're both
of age, you know."

"Then why is all this disguise?"

"Oh, that was all my doing," sobbed
Constance. "I was so dreadfully afraid
of papa."

not in the widow's weeds, but in full
bridal costume, with several bridesmaids.

"Ernest," said Theresa, affectionately,
when it was all over, "I'll never be jeal-
ous again, but for all that, I'm glad that
artful mix is safely disposed of. She
shall never enter my house again, never."

Potter always speaks of his friend with
affectionate commiseration, and says that
the worst five minutes he ever spent in
his life were passed in the Brighton ex-
press in company with Mme. Theresa—
Cheshire Republican.

A Story of Charles Lamb.

Lamb received an invitation on a cer-
tain evening to be present at a breakfast
at Roger's the following morning, to meet
a young author, whose first volume of
poetry led the press that day. He went
a trifle early, and reached the waiting
room while it was vacant, Rogers not
having come down and none of the other
guests having arrived. On a table lay a
copy of the young poet's new book.

Lamb picked it up, ran through it, saw
that it contained nothing of any special
mark, and then in the few minutes yet re-
maining amused himself by committing
to memory three or four of the short
poems it contained. The guests arrived
—among them the young aspirant for
honors. Some of the leading men of the
London world of letters were among the
number. Rogers descended, the young
man was introduced, and the breakfast
was served. Some literary matters came
under discussion, pending the after in-
troduction of the young poet's book.

With the gravest of faces, after a few
moments, Lamb said: "I don't think, g-
gentlemen, that I have ever r-
peated to you one of my best p-
oems. What s-say: Will you h-have it?"

Nobody quite understood what was coming, but
all could read the mischievous flash in the
eye that was usually so kindly, and the
demand for the poem was general. Lamb
quietly repeated, word for word, one of
the poems in the young man's book. The
key was furnished to the rest when they
saw the young poet pale, then redden.

And then fall back in his chair, as asto-
nished as if thunderstruck, and as help-
less as if paralyzed. Loud cheers, clapping
of hands and demands for more. Lamb
bowed his thanks, pretended not to re-
member anything else that he had lately
written, and then, under urging, repeated
another and yet another of the poems
from the young man's book, the budding
poet manifesting symptoms of doubt
whether he was himself, whether anything
on earth was real, whether he had really
written the poems up to that time he had
believed that he had—until he heard a
man declaiming them, and claiming them
for his own; a man who could not even
have seen his unpublished book. Londer
cheers, and a still louder demand for yet
another. The fun, with all the "old un-
s" now thoroughly instructed, began to
grow "fast and furious." Lamb, who
had previously retained his sitting posi-
tion, now rose and said:

"G-gentlemen, I have only been g-giv-
ing you s-some little bits of m-my po-
etry. But I h-have one p-poem that I am
a little p-proud of. I w-wrote it a g-good
m-many years ago. This is h-how it be-
gins:

"Of m-man's first disobedience and the
fruit
Of that forbidden t-tree, whose mortal
i-taste
Brought d-death into the world, with all
our woe—"

The recitation was doomed to go no
further. For the previous few minutes
the young poet, crazed with wonder, and
yet aware that in some unaccountable
manner he was being robbed, had simply
been tearing his hair. But at this juncture
he could restrain himself no longer.
He sprang to his feet, his face ablaze, and
burst out:

"Gentlemen, this is too much! I have
sat here, gentlemen, and heard that man
repeat poem after poem of mine, claiming
them for his own, and I have born it.
But when I hear him attempt to claim
the opening lines of Milton's 'Paradise
Lost'—"

"That address too, was doomed to be
cut short like the recitation. Rogers
averted that never, beneath his roof, with
all the merry madness that that breakfast
table knew, had such a storm of laughter
and applause gone over it as finished that
speech and sent the young man to his
chair for the time little less than an ab-
solute maniac, under the pressure of Lamb's
crowning atrocity.

The New Boy.

He was a brand new office-boy, young,
pretty-faced, with golden ringlets and
blue eyes. Just such a boy as one would
imagine would be taken out of his little
rugged bed in the middle of the night and
transported beyond the stars. The first
day he glanced over the library in the
editorial room, became acquainted with
everybody, knew all the printers and
went home in the evening as happy and
as cheery as a sunbeam. The next day
he appeared, leaned out of the back win-
dow, tied the cat up by the tail in the
hallway, had four fights with another boy,
borrowed two dollars from an occupant
of the building, saying his mother was
dead, collected his two days' pay from
the cashier, hit the janitor with a broom-
stick, pawned a coat belonging to a mem-
ber of the editorial staff, wrenched the
knobs of the doors, upset the ice-cooler,
pied three galleys of type, mashed his
finger in a small press. On the third day
a note was received saying, "Mi Mother
do not want I to work in such a dull
place. She says I would make a Good
preacher, so do I. my finger is Better;
gone ashin'. Yours."

The Jewel Case.

THE WOODS.

Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.
One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

—Wordsworth.

The groves were God's first temples.

—Byron.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

—Byron.

Those green robed senators of mighty
woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest
stars.

—Keats.

Fresh gales and gentle airs
Whispered it to the woods, and from their
wings
Flung rose, flung odours, from the spicy
shrub.

—Milton.

The tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then
to me
An appetite.

—Wordsworth.

I am as free as nature first made man
Ere the base laws of servitude began
When wild in woods

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THE PRESS. THE THOMPSONVILLE Press will be for sale at John Hunter's, and by news boys, every Friday evening. Copies folded ready for mailing can also be had at Hunter's or at this office.

AT ENFIELD ST., The Press will be for sale by F. J. Sheldon, and at the Post office. AT WINDSOR LOCKS, at Hudson's news room, and by news boys. AT SUFFIELD, by Frank H. Reid.

The summer resorts increase so fast it would puzzle a reporter to keep track of them. From Coney Island, Rockaway, Long Branch, Cape May and Nantasket with their miles of palace hotel down to the old farm house by the sea, where they "never had any mosquitoes afore and don't see why they should come now" and from the mammoth hotels among the White mountains, to the hamlets among the Berkshire hills. But numerous as they are, all are filled. Loaded trains carry crowds of weary ones from the cities, daily, for a breath of purer and cooler air, or a dip in the briny wave.

Besides the hotels and boarding houses, camps are greatly on the increase, and many a mountain side and sloping beach is whitened by the tents of campers.

"Old folks" there is a little too much of a good thing about it, but young people enjoy the entire novelty of a few days' life in a tent. To their young bones the absence of a spring bed for their wearied limbs at night, is not minded and there is just enough of the nomad in almost every one, to give a charm to the thing. The camp cots now sold, which are unfolded as easily as an umbrella, and occupy but little more space, make the absence of home sleeping comforts but little regretted, and they are so easily folded and packed for the day, or with a couple of boards laid across, make a convenient table, that camping parties ought to bless the inventor. There are so many nice arrangements too, in the way of folding apparatus, folding chairs, folding stoves, etc., that at a small expense we think one can be more comfortable than ever Abraham was with all his wealth of camels and other "critters."

Where all the money comes from is a mystery, but come it does from somewhere. Broad and steamboats seldom trust and many can chowder can get on his good looks.

Best of all connected with the excursion business is the increasing free excursion for poor children of the large cities. Who can look at a grove full, or a boat full of these neglected ones, and see their happiness and, remembering that somebody's heart and somebody's purse provided this treat for them out of love for their species, and say with ominous shake of the head and drawing down of the corners of the mouth that the world is getting bad—awful bad, so much worse than it used to be when they wouldn't allow a Baptist or a Quaker to live. In the smaller places where it is rare to find a boy who does not belong to some Sunday-school, and attend at least twice a year—just before Christmas and very regularly for one or two Sundays about excursion time, all get their outing in this way and they don't get any too much of it. For our part we are glad to have them happen in even on excursion day if they don't come on any other day in the year. All we can do to do away with the notion in young people's minds that religion makes people gloomy and "of a sad countenance" is so much toward convincing them that the real genuine religion makes the face to shine with peace and joy and brings the greatest happiness the human heart can know.

Let's go to all the excursions we can find time and money for and mingle with the children; laugh and play with them and keep our hearts as young as we can.

Births. HARGEY—In this village, July 31st, a daughter to Willie Hargey.

O'KEEFE—In this village Aug. 1st, a daughter to Michael O'Keefe.

MORIARTY—In this village, Aug. 2nd, a son to Owen Moriarty.

MITCHELL—In this village, Aug. 3rd, a son to Thomas Mitchell.

CROWNSHIELD—In Suffield, Aug. 2nd, a son to Thomas Crownsfield.

LYONS—In Suffield, July 30th, a daughter to Jeremiah Lyons.

Deaths. CARROLL—In Enfield, July 30th, John Carroll, aged 45 years.

MITCHELL—In this village, Aug. 3rd, infant son of Thomas Mitchell.

GOREY—In Windsor Locks, Aug. 1st, Austin Gorey, aged 44 years.

O'BRIEN—In Windsor Locks, Aug. 2nd, James O'Brien, aged 3 years and 10 months.

LAWLER—In Windsor Locks, Aug. 6th, Catherine, aged 52 years, wife of Timothy Lawler.

HYDE—In Brookfield, Aug. 4th, Dwight Hyde, aged 61 years.

The Home. TO PREVENT GLASS JARS FROM BREAKING.—As the canning season is approaching, I wish to tell you of my simple way of preventing glass jars and jelly glasses from breaking. You can pour your fruit and jelly in boiling hot. Place a tablespoon in jars, and a teaspoon in jelly glasses, put in boiling fruit, then remove the spoon.—Household.

PUDDINGS AND POETRY.—Nelly Eysten, of Harrisburg, Pa., gives to the world the following poetical receipts for compounding puddings:—

COMMON PUDDING. Compounded of eggs, beaten up in a splutter; A quart of new milk and a wee bit of butter; Baked brown in an oven, and eaten while hot. Is a pudding, than which, nothing's better. I wot.

CONTENTMENT PUDDING. Pare dozens of apples, or less, as you need them; All the meat that breaking, to both core and seed them. Fill each excavation with sugar and spice. (Ether nutmeg or cinnamon taste very nice.) Place the apples in rows in a well-battered platter; Pour over them lightly a delicate batter.

COGNIBREAD. Two cups of Indian, one cup wheat, one cup sour milk, one cup sweat; One good egg that well you beat, Half a cup molasses too, Half a cup sugar add thereto; With one spoon of butter new, Salt and soda each a spoon; Mix up quickly and bake it soon; Then you'll have cornbread complete, Best of all cornbread you meet. It will make your boy's eyes shine In the like that boy of mine; If you have a dozen boys, To increase your household joys, Double then this rule I should, And you have two corncakes good, When you've nothing nice for tea, This is the very thing to be: All the meat that I have seen, Say it is of all cakes queen; Good enough for any king That a husband home can bring, Warming up the human stove; Cheering up the hearts you love; And only thing that can explain The link between cornbread and brain. Get a hundred what he likes, And save a hundred household strikes.

CHURCH NOTICES. First Presbyterian Church. Rev. F. S. Barham, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10.30 a. m. and 6 p. m. Sabbath-school at 12 m. Teacher's meeting at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting in Session Hall, Wednesday, at 7.45 p. m.

United Presbyterian Church. Rev. C. L. McCracken, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10.30 a. m. 6 p. m. Sabbath-school at 11.50 a. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, at 7.45 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. W. H. Starr, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath-school at 12 m. Lecture every Wednesday evening in Lecture Room, at 7.45. Communion, 1st Sunday of each month.

Universalist Church. Rev. M. W. Taber. Sabbath services at 7.30 p. m. Sabbath-school at 10.30 a. m.

St. Patrick's (Roman Catholic) Church. Rev. J. A. McLeahy, Pastor. Sabbath services, First Mass at 8.30 a. m. Second Mass at 10.30 a. m. Vespers at 3.30 p. m. Sabbath-school at 9 a. m. and 2 p. m. Mass, every morning at 7.

First Congregational Church, Enfield St. Rev. G. W. Winch, Pastor. Sabbath services at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sabbath-school at 12.30 p. m. Prayer meeting, in the Chapel, Wednesday, at 7.30 p. m.

Catholic Apostolic Church, Enfield St. Elder in charge, Rev. S. J. Andrews, D. D. Ministers, Rev. J. D. Sawyer, Horace King. Eucharistic service at 10.30 a. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. Evening prayer and teaching at 5 p. m. Evening prayer and teaching, Wednesday, at 5 p. m.

Baptist Church. Rev. J. R. Stubbert, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, at 7.30 p. m.

First Congregational Church. Rev. Charles Symington, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. Young peoples' Prayer meeting, Tuesday, at 7.30 p. m. Regular Weekly Prayer meeting, Thursday, at 7.30 p. m.

WINDSOR LOCKS. Methodist Church. Rev. I. Vinton, Pastor. Sunday services at 10.30 a. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. Prayer meeting at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting, Tuesday, at 7.45 p. m. Class meeting, Thursday, at 7.45 p. m.

Congregational Church. Rev. J. H. Goodell, Pastor. Sunday services at 10.30 a. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. Young peoples' prayer meeting at 6.30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, at 7.30 p. m.

Episcopal Church. Rev. G. W. Lincoln, Pastor. Sunday services at 10.30 a. m. p. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. Lecture, Friday, at 7.30 p. m.

St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church. Rev. M. F. Kelly, Pastor. First Mass at 8 a. m. Second Mass at 10.30 a. m. Sunday-school following first Mass. Vespers at 3 p. m.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY. Doric Lodge, No. 94, F. & A. M. E. H. Payne, W. M. Masonic Hall. Regular meetings, 2nd and 4th Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p. m.

Knights of Honor—Washington Lodge No. 1526. Masonic Hall. Regular meetings, 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, at 8 o'clock p. m.

Christian Temperance Union. Meetings discontinued until the first Monday in September.

Good Templars—Progressive Lodge No. 116. Mechanics' Hall. Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

Sons of Temperance—Liberty Division No. 6. Sons of Temperance Hall. Tuesday evening, at 7.45 o'clock.

Temple of Honor—Damless Temple No. 20. Mechanics' Hall. Saturday evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

Father Matthew Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society. Barber's Building. First Sunday of the month, at 2 o'clock p. m., and 17th of the month, at 7.30 p. m.

St. Patrick's Temperance and Benevolent Society. Basement of St. Patrick's Church. Regular meetings, 17th of the month, at 7.80 o'clock p. m.

Band of Hope. Mechanics' Hall. Fortnightly, on Saturday, at 6 o'clock.

The Farm. Cut out all raspberry or blackberry plants that show rust, and burn them. Scatter salt under the currant bushes. It keeps the surface moist and keeps off slugs and worms.

THE GRAPE-VINE LUXURIATES in a loose, warm soil, naturally or artificially well drained. Limestone, sand, clay and iron are desirable elements. The production of grapes for the table and for wine are separate and distinct objects, requiring different kinds of soils. Rich, fat lands give a generous growth of wood and good-sized bunches of large watery fruit, while thin, gravelly or rocky soil yield light crops of rich highly flavored grapes. Before planting a vineyard, the wine-grower should make up his mind as to the kind and quality of wine he desires to make, and then select his site and choose his vines accordingly. He can produce either large quantities of medium wines, or small quantities of choice wines but large yields and fine qualities do not go together and are essentially incompatible. "Poor soil, rich product, great wine in little quantity" is the rule all over Europe. The vines that flourish among stones and rocks. Hermitage, for example, was first grown among granite rocks, broken smaller by art, with little or no dressing of earth; and flint stones are sometimes carted into vineyards in the Medoc districts, although nature has provided them with a very liberal supply.—American Grape Grower.

PLANTING PEACH TREES.—The fall is the best season to plant peach trees, even in the coldest climate, when the root is covered 15 or even 10 or 12 inches, no amount of frost that will not destroy the branches will injure the tree. Set in the fall, the tree is ready to start on the first indications of spring. It loses no time. The dirt becomes settled around the roots, and the tree under similar culture will make twice the growth of spring-planted trees. But if your ground is ready to do by any means defer till autumn, but get your trees planted as early as possible when the ground is in order.

Plant 20 feet each way: by no means less. In ordinary ground the branches will nearly, if not quite, meet by the time the trees are eight years planted. This distance enables you to crop longer and with greater profit, and cultivate more satisfactorily. The fruit will be larger and better colored. Unless the ground is quite good put a shovel full of manure, muck, or chip dirt, or leather clippings in the hole and cover with dirt, before the tree is put in. Cut off the top root with a clean, smooth cut, and also the long branching roots to within 12 inches or less. The tree will grow the fastest for it, as little rootlets that feed the tree will start out all around the sapwood near the bark. Trim off all the branches and cut off the top to three feet. Mark out the ground both ways with a medium sized two horse plow; let a boy hold the tree upright, and shake a little, as surface dirt only is thrown upon the roots; tramp lightly around the loose dirt and pass on. When the trees are all set, turn a furrow with a small plow, each side of the tree, and let the ground lie a distance as simply to meet without making a pointed ridge. Do this each way and a dish is formed that holds the dew and rain that falls. Frequent harrowing, as when planted to corn, is as good as mulching. Never sow a peach orchard to wheat, or barley, or any other crop, unless it is to plow them under. Plant with corn, potatoes, mangolds, carrots or turnips.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

BLEACHING DRIED FRUIT.—Those who see the dried apples at the stores that have a tempting whiteness, being about as light colored as the fresh fruit, no doubt wonder how they can be dried so nicely. The fact is, unless the fruit are not only dried, but bleached. They are subjected to the same agent that is used to give hops a bright color, and to impart to straw hats their whiteness—viz., sulphur. It will be recollected that we long ago last year an account of the Zimmerman fruit dryer, and its workings; and now I have the inventor wrote us that he had been experimenting in bleaching fruit, and sent us a sample of apples, quite the whitest we ever saw bleached in his dryer. Hereafter the dryers will be sent out with the necessary things in the furnace to treat it for bleaching, and directions for the operation will be given. Of course bleaching is only practicable with fruit in this or other closed dryer, and could not be done with fruit in the open air. As the question is sure to be asked if the fruit is rendered any less wholesome, we will appreciate it and say—not in the least.—American Agriculturist.

Forty million barrels are required every year to hold the wine of France. You must try Davis' Baking Powder.

Travel. N. Y., N. H., & H. R. R. Hartford & Springfield Division. TRAINS LEAVE—SOUTHWARD. Springfield, 5.30, 6.55, 9.25, 11.45 A. M., 2.45, 5.00, and 8.00 P. M. Exp. 1.15, and 11.35. A. M. and 6.35 P. M.

Thompsonville, 5.47, 7.13, 9.43 A. M.—12.03, 3.03, 5.20, 8.18 P. M. Enfield Bridge, 5.51, 7.18, 9.48 A. M.—12.08, 3.08, 5.25 P. M.

Warehousespoint, 5.57, 7.24, 9.54, A. M. 2.34, 3.14, 5.31, 8.28 P. M.

Windsor Locks, 6.02, 7.29, 10.00, A. M. 12.19, 3.19, 5.37, 8.33 P. M.

Windsor, 6.14, 7.42, 10.13, A. M. 12.33, 3.32, 5.51, 8.46 P. M.

NORTHWARD. Hartford, 5.55, 9.44, A. M. 1.45, 4.45, 6.10, 9.35 P. M. Exp. 1.27, 3.35, 6.40, 11.50 A. M. 2.24, 7.08 P. M.

Windsor, 6.10, 9.57 A. M. 2.00, 4.58, 6.26, 9.49 P. M.

Windsor Locks, 6.23, 10.09 A. M. 2.13, 5.11, 6.41, 10.02 P. M.

Warehousespoint, 6.29, 10.14 A. M. 2.19, 5.16, 6.46, 10.08 P. M.

Enfield Bridge, 6.35, 10.19 A. M. 2.24, 5.21, 6.51 P. M.

Thompsonville, 6.41, 10.24, A. M. 2.29, 5.26, 6.56, 10.18 P. M.

SUFFIELD BRANCH. Leave Suffield for Windsor Locks at 7.05 and 9.30 A. M., 1.50 and 4.40 P. M.

Leave Windsor Locks for Suffield at 7.32, and 10.10 A. M., 2.14 and 5.38 P. M.

N. Y., & N. E. R. R. LEAVE—SOUTHWARD. Springfield, 8.00 A. M., 3.00, 5.30 P. M.

Shaker Station, 8.22 A. M., 3.24, 6.12 P. M.

Hazardville, 8.29 A. M., 3.29, 6.22 P. M.

Melrose, 8.36 A. M., 3.36, 6.34 P. M.

Broad Brook, 8.41 A. M., 3.41, 6.39 P. M.

East Windsor Hill, 8.46 A. M., 3.56 P. M.

South Windsor, 9.02 A. M., 4.02 P. M.

NORTHWARD. Hartford, 10.00 A. M., 6.05 P. M.

East Windsor Hill, 10.34 A. M., 6.32 P. M.

Broad Brook, 10.40 A. M., 6.40 P. M.

Melrose, 10.67 A. M., 6.55 P. M.

Hazardville, 11.08 A. M., 7.03 P. M.

Shaker Station, 11.08 A. M., 7.09 P. M.

Sunshine for Little Hearts. We once knew about a society of little girls called "The Little Helpers" and it has often suggested the great difference in children. We may divide them into two classes which we will call "Little Helps" and "Little Hindrances." There are a thousand little things no one can do as well as the little ones.

Though there are a house full of servants, paid to take the steps, how different the feeling for instance, in the heart of the sick mother, if it is the loving hand of the little Bessie or Robbie that bathes the aching head, or trots down stairs for the needed medicine, or to the bureau or closet for some article, to return with glad looks in the loving eyes, and when papa returns from office or store, from mill or farm, how it adds to his rest and his pleasure to have the chair placed for him with the comfortable slippers by its side by the thoughtful care of the dear little children. Or if mamma is not sick but has the work to do; how many weary steps the little cheerless trotting feet may save her, and how happy her heart will be, as she thinks how her little helper is perhaps denying herself the pleasure of some play hour, to save the tired mother some part of the weary day's labor.

As to the little hindrances—well we hope there are none of this class among the readers of the Sunshine column, we will not try to describe them, for we wish to put none but nice pictures here. If by chance one should read this, who is conscious of being liable to be put in this rank, we hope he will say to himself, "It's always well to make changes for the better—I'll look myself and my actions over carefully, and see what I can do to get myself enrolled among the 'Little Helps.'"

Little Sunshine. Jennie was just like a great many little girls that I know. Sometimes she was very good indeed, then her mother called her "Mamma's little Sunshine;" at other times she would be pleased with nothing she had or nothing her mother could do for her, then her mother called her "Little Cloudy Day."

Her sister, a little larger than she was, went to school every day, and her little baby brother was too small for her to play with, so she had to play by herself a great deal. Her mother had given the children a nice pleasant room for their play room.

She had taken a big box and papered it on the outside, had shelves put in it, and a window cut in the top, which made a nice cupboard for the children to keep their playthings, books and pictures in. They had some chairs, a table, dolly's bedstead, dishes, and lots of nice things to play with.

Don't you think she ought to have been a good girl, and content herself with such a play room?

One day she had been fretful and naughty for a long time, and had made her mother lots of trouble, but after a while she said to dolly: "Come dolly, let's go in the play room and keep house; I'll be mother, and you be my good little girl, and I'll give you a party." So off they marched into the play room.

She brought out some of her dishes and put them on the table, and then went to Annie in the kitchen for "something for the party."

Annie gave her a roll and some milk and sugar, and away she went as happy as she could be, and then she was her "Mamma's little Sunshine."

"Mamma do you want to be, your 'Mamma's little Sunshine,' or her 'Cloudy Day?'"

Dropping Corn. Little Katie went with the gray oldquire "Who was he?" Child, he was your granddaddy.

To the crowded field, in the dewy morn; "Now sing," said he, "as you drop the corn."

"One for the black-bird, one for the crow, One for the cut-worm, and two to grow."

Crow and black-bird came fluttering 'round, The cut-worm wriggled beneath the ground, As five smooth kernels, every time, Little Katie dropped with the sing-song rhyme.

"One for the black-bird, one for the crow, One for the cut-worm, and two to grow."

The old 'squire covered the grain with soil; "Now see," he said, "they will have their spoil,— That's sure; but still we shall get our share."

If you always count,—as you drop with care,— "One for the black-bird, one for the crow, One for the cut-worm, and two to grow."

When kernels sprout and the green blades grow, The crow and black-bird and cut-worm And woe for the corn-field in harvest days, Unless little Katie in planting says,— "One for the black-bird, one for the crow, One for the cut-worm, and two to grow."

Thus do we plant with our older hands, In wider fields and o'er broader lands,— Since for good seed sown by the land or sea,

In the air or earth a foe may be,— "One for the black-bird, one for the crow, One for the cut-worm, and two to grow."

The "two to grow?" That is all I ask As the seed-time bring me my planting task, I know who leads to his furrowed field; As he will plant, as his will shall yield, "One for the black-bird, one for the crow, One for the cut-worm, and two to grow."—Wide awake.

Shop and Study. AMERICAN GLASS.—The trade in glass in the United States within the last few years has reached enormous proportions. Pittsburgh, Pa., is the great glass center of the country. More than half of all the glass produced is made there. The production is aggregated over 7,000,000 dollars annually, employing a capital, which includes buildings, machinery and ground, of nearly, if not quite, 3,500,000 dollars. There are 78 factories, containing in all 690 pots. Each year 3,000,000 dollars is paid in wages to the hands employed, who number some 5,218. One can form some little idea of the magnitude of the business by ascertaining the amount of material consumed annually. Last year there were consumed 2,925 tons of German glass, 270 tons of lead, 250 tons of potash ash, 200 barrels of salt, 6,055 tons of straw, 4,023 cords of wood, 4,237,760 bushels of coal, 703,500 bushels of coke, 1,218 tons of nitrate of soda, 48,340 tons of sand and 150,000 fire bricks. The glass trade since the panic has been in a very unsatisfactory condition. Many small factories have been compelled to discontinue operations, as prices were so reduced that they could not manufacture except at a loss. The present state of trade is more promising, and it now looks as though the glass makers were to recover their former advantages of the general revival of industries. There can be no material rise in the price of glass that will not be of incalculable benefit to Pittsburgh. Its vast factories, that cover over 208 acres of ground, with its colonies of workmen, will be large sharers in any increased values in this staple commodity. As this industry is one of the most prominent among our rapidly growing manufacturing interests, we hope that brighter days are at hand for it, and that there may be a fair enhancement of prices, sufficient to allow a reasonable margin of profit, as this is due to every industry, especially to one at once so beneficial and important as that of the manufacture of glass.—Chicago Com. Adc.

VARNISH FOR IRON-WORK.—Take 8 pounds of asphaltum, and fuse it in an iron kettle; then add 2 gallons of boiled linseed oil, 1 pound of litharge, and 1/2 pound of sulphate of zinc. Boil all slowly for three hours, taking care to vigorously stir the substance throughout the whole time. After this, add 1 1/2 pounds of dark gum-amber, and boil two hours longer, or until the mass becomes thick and "ropy." When cool, it is to be thinned with turpentine to the proper consistency.

CHEAP ROOFING FOR HOUSES.—Take coal tar, 500 pounds; hydraulic lime, 150 pounds; ocher, 75 pounds; and whiting, 40 pounds. Mix these substances together thoroughly, and they will make a sufficient quantity of cement to cover 1000 square feet of roofing. It should be laid down upon strong cotton sheeting nailed to the roofboards, and on the top of all a coat of dry sand or gravel is to be laid and pressed firmly down. The cost of such roofing is about \$2.30 for ten square feet. It answers very well for sheds and other out-houses.

TO MAKE TRANSPARENT PAPER AND CLOTH.—Take a sheet of tissue paper, dip it into a solution of silicate of soda or potash (soluble glass), press it gently, and the white of it is covered, and another method is to dip the paper in a thin varnish of pure Canadian balsam, and allow it to dry thoroughly, when it is ready for use. This latter method also renders fine linen cloth transparent, and capable of being used for fine drawings. Paper can also be rendered transparent by dipping it in limpid oil, then drying it in a warm situation, but it is not good for tracing paper when made in this manner.

Locals. The First Presbyterian church and Sunday-school are pic-nicking at Gallup's grove to-day, the steamer "River Belle" will start at 9 o'clock, and will arrive at 2.20 p. m., each time well loaded with passengers.

The store lately occupied by Mrs. Simpson, and which has been closed during this week for inventory, etc., is to be re-opened to-morrow (Saturday) by Chas. G. Harrison, with a full stock of new goods.

The annual school meeting of district No. 13 will be held in the High school room on Monday evening, Aug. 9th, at 7 1/2 o'clock, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, and to attend to other important business.

W. Bacon, examining surgeon, was in town yesterday, examining the employes of the R. R. at this place on color blindness. All hands passed muster and were granted certificates.

A night blooming cereus attracted great attention at the residence of A. W. Allen, Esq., last Wednesday evening. The opening of the buds, seven in all, was witnessed by many admirers of the plant, who were loud in their praises of the nature and perfume of this curious flower.

Ferrier & Mitchell are pushing the work on Calderwood's store and hope to have the counters and shelving about all up by to-morrow night.

Rev. W. H. Starr, of the M. E. church, started for Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, last Wednesday, where he is to spend part of his vacation.

William Calderwood has secured the services of Mr. H. H. Miller, for the past four years with the firm of Lord & Tourtelotte, of Poquonock; he has also his old clerk, Howard Pease, back again.

A boat containing three young men from our village became gashed at about midway of the river last Monday, and one of them by the name of Joseph Smart would have been drowned only for the persistent efforts of one of his companions, Michael Mack, who dove down and brought Smart from under the boat and kept him above water until another boat could be rowed out to them, in which he was taken to the shore. Dr. Parsons was summoned at once and it was a full half hour before Smart could be brought sufficiently to be able to walk home. Smart lost his clothing, which contained a watch and some twenty-five dollars in cash.

H. L. Smith claims that he can raise the best fruit and the most of it, for the same amount of space any one in this section. His grape vines are just loaded, and he had the pleasure of tasting some of the ripe fruit on Tuesday of this week.

John McCormack had his arm broke, besides receiving other serious injuries, and Frank Bresset was badly hurt by a pile of wood in bales, weighing some 500lbs each, falling upon them, last Wednesday, while they were at work in the H. C. Co's new store house.

W. S. Francis has taken the palm on early cucumbers, cabbage and squash, all of which were large in size and fine in quality, and now he comes in ahead of older business, having put a lot of apples in press to day.

The annual clam bake of steam fire engine company No. 1 is to be held in Douglas's grove, Suffield, on Friday, Aug. 13th.

The First Universalist church and Sunday-school held its third annual picnic, yesterday, at Gallup's grove. About two hundred enjoyed the excursion. Nothing served to mar the happiness of anyone except some bad boys devoured Mrs. Bent's cake and pie. About six o'clock p. m. the steamer started up the river and went as far as the South end bridge when it turned and reached Thompsonville at 7.20. On the return trip a choir, consisting of boys and young men, almost upset the nerves of all on the upper deck.

Mrs. H. S. Pease's wrist was badly scalded while canning berries last Friday, a jar containing the hot liquid bursting in her hand.

Miss Lizzie Benton is spending a few days in town, visiting her friends.

Pool and billiards seem to be the leading games of the day at this place. A short time since, Charles Jones placed in his cigar store a pool table, and now Jas. D. Fowler follows not only with a pool but also with a billiard table.

Mrs. William Steele and William Orr and wife are spending a few weeks in North New York.

Orra Simmons, for several years night watchman at the depot, has made a shift to get at work for the B. & R. R. Co. at Springfield. William Chilton takes his place as watchman at the depot.

On Monday of this week two cases were brought before Judge R. D. Parsons. The first was that of Margaret Haley charged with drunkenness, which resulted in conviction and a fine of three dollars and cost, in default of which she was taken to Hartford. The second case was that of two boys named Michael Connors and Robert Crummie, both of this village, charged with stealing lead pipe and valves from Robert McCrone's green-house last Friday. The property stolen was valued at about

Mrs. Griffin, whose husband was formerly treasurer of the Medico Co., is now visiting with some of her many friends in this place.

The R. R. Co. commenced the stone work of the culvert to take the place of the trestle work north of the depot, early Sunday morning. Square blocks of Portland brown stone came on eight cars. The work was under the direct supervision of Supt. Davison and Fred Hine the master stone mason of the road. They had good help, good machinery and tools, and as a natural consequence the work progressed without the many hindrances most always noticeable in the building operations of our manufacturers who only build once or twice in a life time and naturally do not have on hand just the tools required for their work and many times are too much afraid of the present cost to get the best, and in the end the cheapest material for their work. The culvert is some 96 ft. long and the eight car loads of stone formed the bottom tier which was completed on Sunday. On Sunday morning will put on the second tier of stone which will put the work a little above the high water line of the canal, from which point the work can be carried forward with the water in the canal.

An archery club has been formed on Clay Hill, under the name of "Slam-bang" and are now in practice. They will probably challenge the Assnatic club of Thompsonville soon.

Miss Gillilan, daughter of the Hon. James Gillilan, treasurer of the United States, is visiting with Chas. E. Chaffee, Esq.

L. B. Phelon's four horse 'bus will take a party, with some friends from Boston to Southwick ponds, August 14th.

The M. E. Sunday-school, are talking of having a steamboat excursion soon.

One step in the way of reform. T. F. Mcarty has been appointed as a special police with a salary. He is to patrol the streets every night, and will arrest all who are found disturbing the peace in any way. Mr. Mcarty is having a full outfit, badge, etc., made expressly for him.

Willis H. Birge has one of the best lot of onions in this section. He will begin grinding apples soon.

Mr. Barnard Parsons expects to get the beaming mill under headway to-day.

Mr. John Eagon took a prize of \$6.00 on the shooting match of the Franklin Rifle club, at Hartford last week.

PORTONOCK.

Miss Kate B. Pease of Norwalk, Ohio, is visiting with her schoolmate and friend Miss Mary Hathaway of this place.

C. Ryan and family, of New York, have come to occupy their summer residence.

The remains of C. W. Reed, formerly a merchant in this place, was brought here for burial to-day.

"Clam" family, who have recently visited the principal watering places on the sound, have returned to their native haunts.

SUFFIELD.

The republicans of Suffield send the following delegates to the state convention: Dr. M. T. Newton, Lewis C. Sheldon, Edmund Halliday, John Wilson.

The Garfield and Arthur club is thriving and headquarters will soon be opened.

H. M. Bement's black horse that has served him faithfully these many years is no more.

G. A. Austin is to canvass Suffield, Enfield and Windsor Locks with the "Life of J. A. Garfield."

C. H. Fuller is one of our best tobacco growers. It is worth a visit to see his crop.

Topping tobacco is now in order.

Mr. A. Woodward of Thompsonville has the contract for building Charles F. Tilden's new house which is to occupy the site of the one recently destroyed by fire. H. Smith completed the cellar walls last Monday.

Rev. J. R. Stubbert spends his vacation at Nova Scotia. The church will not be closed during his absence.

E. X. Phelps, of Windsor, addressed the farmers of North East St., Monday evening on the subject of tobacco insurance. A good audience was present.

J. F. Sikes is making preparations to build a tobacco shed 80 x 32 ft.

A livery team from Thompsonville, containing a young man and two ladies, was driven about town in a reckless manner one day this week and finally brought up with a broken wheel near the depot.

Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Lipps have just returned from a carriage drive of about two hundred and fifty miles. They have been taking a trip into York state.

"CAMP COMFORT," Aug. 3, 1880.

Dear Press.

I promised you a letter from camp, and intended to have written before, but every day has been so full of activity and enjoyment, that it has been next to an impossibility to sit down and write. Let me tell you a little about where we are.

A point of land, covered with fields of waving corn and green turf, runs into the sound, terminating in a long sharp ledge that rises from the waves like the back of a huge whale. On the left comes inward a little bay whose smooth beach gives us a splendid place for bathing and drawing up our two boats, the "Sharpie" and the "Punt." Farther on eastward, a reef extends some half mile or so southward, covered at full tide, but at low water affording one of the best "clam grounds" on the shore. Beyond this seaward—a group of isolated boulders, called "The Pumpkins" rise the heads and here at incoming tide are our best fishing grounds. Still on to the east, Cornfield Point, now whitened with tents of camping parties, stretches still further out, ending in a reef which sailors give a "wide berth." At our right a smooth line of beach, broken occasionally by a rocky point, stretches a mile or more, to Westbrook pier. On the point, some fifteen feet above high water, stands a neat building, originally erected by Mr. Elihu Chapman (who owns the point, and by whose kindness we are located here, and to whom we owe many a kindness, which we hope may be repaid to him sometime and somewhere,) to serve as a boat-house, but making a very comfortable house for us these few weeks. Surrounding it are our cook tent, dining tent, and sleeping tent, and from its top waves the stars and stripes. Before us is the broad sound, with the hills of Greenport—12 miles away, but seeming not more than two, in full view. It is a lovely place, and every hour has been full of enjoyment. What do we do? Well, in the morning we eat. Oh what appetites all our party have developed. You should see the "deacon" pile away those black-fish and eels, not to speak of the various accompaniments of hard-lack, &c. We all try to keep up with him in the race, and some of the ladies, even in the close, but still he keeps a length (eels) ahead.

Then we fish; and we catch fish too. Little Hollie caught the first fish. Says he, "Oh mamma! I only meant to catch a little one, but that great big flounder got hold of my hook. All have had good luck, and count up the black fish in roving numbers, but Allie is the banner fisher-

man of the party. Black fish, flounders, tom-cod and eels, not to speak of the ever present eunners; you should see the big pan full we have ready for to-morrow's breakfast.

Apropos of eels—we were all in bathing to-day, and having a jolly shouting time, when George—well you know him—one of the "light weights," only 225 lbs. or so, set up a tremendous clamor. At first we thought it one of the jokes he is so full of, but when we discovered the true state of the case—a good sized squirming eel inside his bathing dress, and witnessed his evolutions, we could not help him for laughter, and his cries of "A fish! A fish! Kill him! Kill him!" and his lively motions and unsuccessful grabs, first at one part of his person and then the other, were fully equal to a mouse at a sewing society. For some time it was a question whether George had caught the eel, or the eel had caught George, but, brains and energy will all ways tell, and victory sat at length on the Teutonic banner. His eelship was safely grasped and landed via the trouser's leg route on the sands, and helped out Allie's mess of blackfish for dinner.

We boat, we bathe, we go berrying, for in a pasture near are no end of berries,—we gather shells and mosses and pretty pebbles, and when we are tired we sit in the shade and watch the gambols of porpoises in the bay, or the vessels that sail dreamily past, and as night steals on and the lights gleam out from the light-house on either hand, we go to our beds to sleep soundly.

More I should like to tell you, of our rides and our walks, of all the good things the worthy Deacon gets off, of the untiring devotion of Mrs. S. to the culinary department, of the health that has come to the sick ones, but fear my letter is already too long. Suffice it that we have had a grand time, and shall leave "Camp Comfort" and its joys with regret. I wish I might tell you of the kindness of the people here. A slight previous acquaintance accidentally made among these good folks by the writer, gave us a warm welcome, and we have experienced all the kindness we could have hoped for had we been near relatives or old-time friends, and we shall remember the name of CHAPMAN with heartfelt gratitude.

L. O'Neil.

A Soft Answer Turns Away Wrath.

Mr. William Wilgus, of this city, while walking in the mountains near Coalsburg, W. Va., last Monday, was accosted by two men, who presented a pistol at his head and demanded his money or his life. "Well," responded Mr. Wilgus, "a man without money in this country might as well be shot, so blaze away!" The highwaymen, thinking that their game had no money, let him go on his way without further molestation. He had at the time \$60 and a valuable gold watch in his pocket. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

James A. Garfield was, at fourteen, a carpenter's apprentice, at sixteen a boatman, at eighteen a student, at twenty-one a teacher of a common school, at twenty-three in college, at twenty-seven a teacher in the college, at twenty-nine a member of the Ohio Senate, at thirty colonel of a regiment, at thirty-one commander of a brigade, at thirty-three in Congress as successor of Joshua R. Giddings, at forty-eight he was elected to the National Senate, at forty-nine he was elected to the Presidency, and at fifty—?

No man can be free unless he governs himself.

Remember

We open to-morrow with a

FULL

Complete

and

Complete

and

Complete

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Complete

and

Complete

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Complete

and

Complete

and

Complete

and

BRIDGE THE STORE.

A. Sloane & Sons.

A complete assortment of

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Crockery,

(CARPETS, &C.)

As we are constantly adding to our stock in all our various departments, we can give our patrons

Fresh Goods

at all times.

For the remainder of the season we shall sell our remaining

Stock of

Dry Goods

at reduced prices, to make room for a fresh

Fall Stock.

THE BALANCE OF OUR

SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

WILL BE SOLD

LESS THAN COST

TO CLEAR THE SHELVES.

Children's all

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS,

5 CENTS EACH.

Children's

FINE HOSE

AT LESS THAN COST.

IN

BOOTS

AND

SHOES

we are giving good bargains and full value for your money.

We shall make special prices on

SUMMER WEAR

for the balance of the season.

what THE BUS TOO

GROCERY STOCK

will always be found full of all seasonable and staple goods and sold at popular prices

A full and fair trial will convince you that the

BRIDGE STORE

holds its own in quality of goods and for fair, honorable dealing and low prices.

COME AND SEE US.

A. SLOANE & SONS.

Thompsonville, August 6, 1880.

Miscellaneous.

Those Little Darlings.

Bless their hearts, how dirty they get their faces.

A child with a clean face hasn't been absent from her mother's wash-rag five minutes.

How pretty the hair of a child looks just after it has been pasted down where it belongs by a couple quarts of the best soap-suds.

The little aprons of childhood, ain't they sweet with their cheeks of blue and big spots of gawm?

The children's shoes, how cunning with holes in their toes, run over at the heel, and every button gone off on the fly.

But their stockings, wedged in a little wrinkled bunch between plump ankles and grimy knees, with this little pig went to market, wiggling through the raveled tip; ain't they sweet?

Their little pudgy fists, half the time grinding grit from their eyes and the rest—well, who doesn't like to be pounded by a child's weak fist?

What royal cooks little children are! Mud pies take on more favor from the loving pats of childhood than any veteran can produce with the spices of Indies.

What questions a child can hurl at the head of wisdom! It can upset the world at one effort.

How sweet the rosy lips of children! Girl children sometimes retain this sweetness.

What an indescribable conglomeration of sounds a child's voice can produce, playing the most heart-rending havoc with the nerve cords of grown-up humanity.

The glorious of children's laughter! It's infectious as the measles, breaking out in spots all through the neighborhood.

The wonderland, children all dwell in; wouldn't you like to live it all over again, and have perennial freshness constantly with you? Perhaps it is.

Those childhood dreams, rooted in over playing and overeating, but blossom under the guardianship of angels. These celestial beings must have curious fun crowding comical fancies into little brains.

How wopsical a child can get the bed-clothes! Alexander himself never could have cut the Gordian knot, if it had been twisted around a sleeping child's curled up form.

No diamond ever dug from the deepest mine can show the luster in a child's eyes that round, wondering opal brightness. Perhaps children's eyes are peeping through the cracks of the "pearly gates."

How lovingly the little arms of childhood twine about your neck and leave a nice bit of bread and butter on your coat collar.

How tenderly children nestle into your lap and swing their feet and nap your yours with their little boot-heels!

How pleasant children are at the table. How deliciously wrong side up do they go through the bill of fare! Pudding first, and grand finale of bread and butter—with sugar on it.

How remarkably quick children learn—what you don't want them to. The most secrets of the household, they retail from the woodshed roof. Then you feel round the sensitive part of their system and blister the flat of your hand.

The man or woman who has never hugged, hugged, kissed, played with, listened to, told stories to, or thoroughly spanked a child has missed the cardinal joys of life.

Among the passengers who boarded the east-bound train at Holly the other day were a bride and groom of the regular holly-hock order. Although the car was full of passengers the pair began to squeeze hands and hug as soon as they were seated. This of course attracted attention, and pretty soon everybody was nodding and winking, and several persons so far forgot themselves as to laugh outright. By and by the broad-shouldered and red-handed groom became aware of the fact that he was being ridiculed, and he unlinked himself to the height of six feet, looked up and down the aisle and said:

"There seems to be considerable nodding and winking around here because I'm hugging the girl who was married to me at 7 o'clock this morning. If the rules of this railroad forbid a man from hugging his wife after he's paid full fare then I'm going to quit, but if the rules don't and this winking and blinking isn't bitten short of when we pass the next mile-post, I'm going to begin on the front seats and create a rising market for false teeth and crutches!"

If there were any more winks and blinks in that car the groom didn't catch 'em at it. —Detroit Free Press.

Davis' Baking Powder is most reliable.

\$1,000 REWARD!

THE NEW

DAVIS DOUBLE THREAD,

LOCK STITCH,

Light Running, Vertical Feed

Sewing Machine.

One Thousand Dollars Reward offered to any person that will do a great amount of work, and do it as well on any other Machine as can be done on the

'Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine'

Arrangements for the contest will be made with any one desiring to compete for the above named reward, within a reasonable time after written application is received.

Davis Sewing Machine Co.

E. C. ALLEN, Agt, Scitico, Ct.

To those wishing to buy this Machine, I will place them on trial beside any Machine in the market. Address

E. C. ALLEN, Scitico, Conn.

The Great World.

DR. TANNER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—The most noticeable feature in Dr. Tanner's condition today is his extreme irritability. All conversation with visitors is prohibited, and the latter are requested to make as little noise as possible. He complains of weakness at intervals, but it is buoyed up by the reflection that his task is nearly ended. During the early morning he suffered frequently from nausea, and was very restless. He slept from midnight until 2 a. m., when he had a fit of severe retching, followed by the ejection of a small quantity of mucus. He dozed off again, but was awakened shortly after by the odor of a cigarette which caused nausea, his stomach requiring a vigorous rubbing by Dr. Gunn to ease it. He rested quietly until 5.50, when he awoke feeling much better.

After sleeping two hours quietly, he drank three ounces of spring water, but immediately vomited a portion of it tinged with mucus. A vigorous rubbing by a physician brightened him up and accelerated the action of the heart. At 10 o'clock he was given a mustard foot bath and his body sponged with mustard water, rubbed in until thoroughly dry. At a few minutes later he had another fit of nausea and vomiting. In the morning mail he received a marriage proposal from a young widow of Hamilton, Missouri, who signed herself "Mrs. Carrie E. Huntington," and enclosed her picture.

A FEMALE FASTER WHO BEATS TANNER.

NEW YORK, July 23.—Miss Elizabeth Belville, fifty-six, who resides in Delaware city, conceived an aversion to solid food on January 23, and would eat nothing but a few oysters daily. This continued till June 5th, when she refused to take even these. From that time till June 19 she was sustained by drinking currant water, but in very small quantities. Beef tea was frozen into water-cases, but she was unable to retain it on her stomach. Since June 19 she had tasted absolutely no food and taken no nourishment of any kind. This state of affairs continued till last Sunday, when she died peacefully. She weighed 160 pounds, and lost only ten pounds of weight in thirty-six days.

BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE.

DENVER, COLO., July 28.—Great excitement has been created by the report that Cicero Simms (colored), who was hanged Friday at Fair Play, has been resuscitated. He had hung for sixteen minutes, when he was pronounced dead, and his body was taken down and given over for burial.

The frigate L'Original sank in ninety feet of water before Quebec 124 years ago. Lately she was broken up with dynamite, other means of moving her having failed. Her only was as sound as ever, but the iron was rusted completely away.

A BOY BURNED TO DEATH.

PROVIDENCE R. I., Tuesday, Aug 3rd, John Broderick, aged 2½ years, died this morning of burns received on Monday while playing with matches in the tenement house of a woman who was too drunk to help him when his clothes caught fire.

An ice machine at work in New York produces ten tons of ice in thirty-six hours. It consists of a large tank in which galvanized sheet-iron boxes full of water are placed, each box being forty-two inches long, twelve inches wide and six inches deep. A reservoir containing water charged with chloride of magnesium and chilled by means of coils through which a gas composed of ether and sulphurous acid is forced, communicates with the tank, and the magnesium water circulates around the sheet-iron boxes in a continuous current, freezing the water as it goes.

Santley the singer is said to have become devout and joined the Roman Catholic church.

Sylvia Borket, a girl 14 years of age, daughter of a farmer living in Shanksville, Somerset county, Pa., has been kidnapped by showmen. The father followed the abductors and had four of them lodged in jail, but has not yet recovered his child.

FOR SALE.

A FINE HOUSE IN THOMPSONVILLE.

THE House is situated on Pleasant street, is two stories high, size 32x21, with L 17x21; well finished, contains 10 rooms; good cemented cellar. Lot 106x115, well stocked with shade and fruit-trees, the latter in bearing condition. Also a fine well of water. Price \$5000; only \$650 required down. D. BURNS, 409 Main st., Springfield, or Thompsonville, Conn.

PROBATE COURT, DISTRICT OF ENFIELD, ss.—Estate of LOREN B. GOWDY, of said Enfield, an insolvent debtor.

NOTICE is hereby given to the creditors of said insolvent debtor that he has made application to the Court to be allowed the benefits and privileges given to insolvent debtors in certain cases, by Section 32, Chapter 11, Title 13, of the General Statutes, and that said application will be heard at the Probate Office in Enfield, on the 16th day of August, A. D., 1880, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Any creditor may be present and examine said debtor, if he see fit.

Dated Enfield, July 22nd, A. D., 1880. FREDERICK E. ELY, Judge of Probate.

PROBATE COURT, DISTRICT OF ENFIELD, ss.—Estate of HILL I. GOWDY, of said Enfield, an insolvent debtor.

NOTICE is hereby given to the creditors of said insolvent debtor that he has made application to this Court to be allowed the benefits and privileges given to insolvent debtors in certain cases, by Section 32, Chapter 11, Title 13, of the General Statutes, and that said application will be heard at the Probate Office in Enfield, on the 16th day of August, A. D., 1880, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Any creditor may be present and examine said debtor if he see fit.

Dated Enfield, July 22nd, A. D., 1880. FREDERICK E. ELY, Judge of Probate.

GO TO

Grand Central Depot,

Enfield Street

—FOR—

Coal and Wood,

—FOR—

Meal, Corn, Oats and Brans, Farming Tools and Grass Seed.

For New Process and St. Louis Flour. For Teas, Sugars, and Molasses, Fruits and Confectionery, Salt Fish, Tripe, Lard, Kerosene Oil, &c. &c. For Cigars, Snuff, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco.

For first-class goods, every time, or money refunded. With thanks for past patronage, I am as ever, at your service, F. J. Sheldon.

Closing Out Sale

AT

The

North Store

of this season's

SUMMER GOODS!

Dusters,

Alpaca Coats,

Underwear,

Suits,

Pants,

White Vests,

Straw Hats,

and Ladies'

Shetland Shawls,

&c.

Must go to make room for

Fall Goods.

NORTH STORE.

Cor. of Pleasant and Whitworth St.

THE Estey Organ

Leads the World!

For quality of tone the ESTEY ORGAN stands unrivaled

To those contemplating buying organs, I would say I can sell you a very handsome

New Style Estey Organ,

Illuminated Case, Tremolo and Grand Organ Attachment, Nine Stops, Stool, and Instruction Book

FOR \$75.00.

Organs always on hand and sold on instalments if desired, I buy for cash and will simply say, considering the quality of organ,

I Defy Competition!

A five year guarantee with every instrument. Circulars mailed free. Instruments cheerfully shown.

E. G. ALLEN,

Scitico, Conn.

G. LANHARDT'S

Miscellaneous.

Enfield.—Some First Things.

NUMBER SEVEN.

SCHOOLS:

In 1703, the town voted to pay John Richards fourteen pounds a year for keeping school, and if he continued to teach for five years, they voted to give him twenty acres of land as convenient to the school as might be; and Nov. 15th, same year, voted to build a school house, to be eighteen feet long, sixteen feet broad and six feet studs, in the most convenient place in the middle of the town.

That place was found to be on the east side of the Street, at the entrance of the Ellington road, from that time called School-house Lane, and a piece of land on the north side of the Lane was set apart for the use of schools. (As it does not appear from the records that this land was used for school purposes it may be presumed Mr. John Richards took his twenty acres there.)

Previous to the building of this school house, schools had been kept in private dwellings in different parts of the town, usually by females, the same teacher going from place to place once a month, and in addition to reading and spelling, gave instruction in needle and knitting-work to the girls, thereby relieving the mothers and giving them opportunity to assist their husbands in raising their crops and also to card, spin and weave the flax and wool raised on the farm, the cloth of which was made into the clothing and bedding of the family.

Since those primitive days, the people of Enfield have from time to time enlarged and multiplied their facilities for obtaining education till they are fully equal to the most advanced towns in the state and are now furnishing instruction in the higher branches of literature and science till it may be a question whether the rights of those who merely seek to be instructed in the elementary branches are not impaired; that is, whether the many are not neglected for the benefit of the few.

Our school rooms are now numbered by the score; our houses have the appearance of palaces, inviting to all to enter and receive good, and thus aiding to carry out the well known fundamental truth that no government by the people can long be maintained unless the masses are intelligent and educated.

"A. J." is pleased to find that he has been the means of stirring up "STUFF," and provoking him to good works, and hopes we shall hear more from him. But it is not easy to discover wherein it is "poor tradition and worse history," so long as the facts are not disputed. Without doubt, Major Pynchon being "the chief trader and speculator," was partial to Suffolk, and therefore sent men like unto himself there to settle, and well have they sustained that reputation. Possibly it was a Suffolk man, who as a Connecticut pedler was jockeying the manufacturing den nutmegs, horns, flints and hemlock cucumber seed replied, "Yes, we not only make them but know how to sell them, too." I presume Major Pynchon settled his son there, but I believe he did not stay a great while. Perhaps the Suffolk traders were too much for him.

A Gigantic Pull-Back.

A REMARKABLE RAILROAD INVENTION FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE WHO MISS A TRAIN.—HOW IT WORKS.

The Oshkosh Advocate says that an interesting experiment was tried in that place last Monday, which created intense excitement among the inhabitants of that quiet town. A modest mechanic of that place, who has felt the aggravation of "just in time to be too late," obtained permission of the railroad company to test what he calls his gigantic pull-back. The female portion of the community were disappointed when they found it in no way related to the modiste's art. The inventor had the end of the pull-back sunk in the ground several feet between the rails at the station, and securely anchored by bolts and screws. The pull-back consists of an immense elastic cable, (made at the rubber works here,) which was run along the ties under cover of iron tubing, to a distance of 1,200 feet at which point the cable ended in a huge iron hook. This hook was poised above a wire spring sunk into the ground, which connected with the telegraph battery at the station by wire. The purpose of the pull-back is, as the reader has by this time surmised, to catch and draw back to the station any train that happens to forget anything, or for some late person that stands "cursing the fate that made him late," etc. The initial test was made, as stated, on Monday, in the presence of a large gathering of the curious townsfolk. The whole scheme was intended to be kept secret, but of course the planting of the cable aroused rumors that spread until the public mind was at a high pitch of curiosity. When it was finally divulged what was the intent and purpose of the scheme, people laughed, shrugged their shoulders and said: "The man is crazy." Others said: "Perhaps he is, but give him a show." The inventor volunteered to take the part of the belated passenger "for this occasion only," and just as the 11.30 express pulled out of the next station and was gaining headway at every "chew" of the engine, the excited mechanic came tearing down the street with his coat tails flying and face flushed. The crowd cheered and laughed. It was nevertheless an exciting moment. He shouted to the telegraph operator to make the connection. The current flashed over the wire and set loose the spring which threw up the iron hook. The crowd heard the clump of the iron, and watched with bated breath the result. The hook had caught the last car, sure enough, and the big black cable was seen to stretch out of the iron tubing like a serpent out of its hole. The train soon came to the end of the rope, and then came the remarkable result of the whole scheme. The speed of the train gradually

slackened, then finally stopped, and then the cable with prodigious power began to redeem its tension, and draw back with increasing speed the captured train. The astonishment of the crowd was unbounded, and as the train rattled back to the station like a truant child brought home, the cheers and yells were deafening. The engineer smiled grimly, and said: "I guess we've forgot something." The inventor chuckled and looked happy, stepped on board, and the train sped away again to make up the lost thirty seconds occasioned by the gigantic pull-back. There are a thousand and one reasons why such an invention would be of incalculable service to railway companies. Collisions can be avoided, mistakes corrected, tardy conductors restored to their charge and "wild" locomotives prevented from galloping over the rails and scaring whole counties into fits by their Comanche yells.

Quit Borrowing.

There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire, and the wheel-wright for the wheel, and the trimmer for the curtain, and the harness maker for the bridle, and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the camel's hair shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle, everything is paid for by notes that have been three times renewed. I tell you, sirs, that in this country we will never get things right until we stop borrowing and pay as we go.—Talmage.

He Leadeth Thee.

In affliction thou art chosen, In the heavy furnace fires, When thy heart lies crushed and bleeding, And the light of hope expires;

But in darkness, His own presence thee inspires. Though thy heart-strings shrink and tremble, And the light is quenched for aye; Though Death's midnight angel cometh To thy lattice-window night;

He will comfort, Even though He pass not by. Over thee He always watcheth, Slumbereth not, and never sleeps; When thy earthly stores are taken, Still a guard o'er thee He keeps;

To the pastures of his sheep. And if on thy couch of suffering, Thou dost long in patience wait; He will grant his benediction Through affliction's heavy weight;

For the pathway Leads to Canaan's golden gate. Then, though heat from furnace scorch thee, And its breath on thee doth blow; Thou shalt see the form of Jesus, Who will safely lead thee through;

Till Heaven's glory Bursts upon thy ravished view. Hunt.

The Common Discontent.

It is both the curse and blessing of our American life that we are never quite content. We all expect to go somewhere before we die, and have a better time when we get there than we can have at home. The bane of our life is discontent. We say we will work so long, and then we will enjoy ourselves. But we find it just as Thackeray has expressed it. "When I was a boy," he said, "I wanted some taffy—it was a shilling—I hadn't one. When I was a man, I had a shilling, but I didn't want any taffy."

A young man from the country was in town yesterday, and entered a photograph gallery to have his picture taken. After seating himself, the operator told him to assume a pleasant expression. "Think of something cheerful," he said, "think of your girl." A terrible scowl took possession of the young man's face, and jumping up he exclaimed, "Think of the deuce!" She went home with another feller last night, and she can go to thunder for all me!" He evidently thought of her, but the pleased expression was not forthcoming.

A child being asked what were the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly and not unannaturally replied: "Breakfast, dinner and supper."

Schoolboy with a big apple. Another boy without any: "O, Bill! give us a bite, won't yer?" "No, I won't." "Well, then, give me the core." "H'm! h'm! I tell yer there ain't going to be any core."

Davis' Baking Powder is cheapest and best.

FOR SALE! A Farm of Thirty-Six Acres On Enfield Street. Inquire of S. C. REYNOLDS, Enfield, Conn. 3110

S. Parsons' is the place to buy anything you want in the way of Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty Varnishes, &c. Complete stock of Painters' Brushes of all kinds. Paper Hangings, Borders, Window Curtains, Fixtures, &c., at bottom prices. Hardware, Nails, Pocket and Table Cutlery, &c., as low as the lowest. House and Sign Painting, Graining, Paper Hanging, &c., done at short notice and satisfaction guaranteed. Hoping to receive a share of your patronage, I remain Yours Respectfully, S. Parsons, Main St., Thompsonville, Ct.

PEACHES!

REMEMBER

Blaisdell & Co's is the place to buy them.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits always on hand, at

BLAISDELL & CO'S.

MELONS, GREEN CORN and Vegetables of all kinds in their season, at

BLAISDELL & CO'S.

FRESH FISH of all kinds.

CLAMS, both opened and in shell.

Fresh Boiled Lobsters, Oysters, and all kinds of fresh SEA FOOD in their seasons, at

BLAISDELL & CO'S, Main St., Thompsonville, Conn.

Wadsworth, Martinez & Longman PURE PAINTS, Prepared for Immediate Use.

Every gallon guaranteed to afford perfect satisfaction; and any building warranted to cost less when painted with our paints, than if painted with any pure White Lead and Oil, or any other paint. See guarantee letter.

FOR SALE BY Niles Pease, Thompsonville, Conn. The T. Pease & Sons Co., Windsor Locks, Conn. C. G. TIFFANY, Hazardville, Conn.

WM. MULLIGAN'S Is the place to buy STOVES and RANGES.

The "Standard," "Graphic," "Fairview," and "Commet" Ranges are all warranted to give satisfaction in every respect. Call and see them before purchasing elsewhere. We also keep a line of

Wooden Ware, such as Tubs, Pails, Washboards, Clothes Pins, Baskets, Brooms, Chopping Trays, Bowls, Sieves, &c.

Lamps, Burners and Chimneys, Goblets, Tumblers, Lanterns, Glass Sets, Shades, Syrup Cups, &c., &c.

Iron, Tin and Copper Ware of every description, on hand or made to order. Stove Pipe, Zinc, Pumps, Lead Pipe, Drain Tile, and a good assortment of everything usually kept in a first-class Tin Shop.

Undertaking!

Coffins, Caskets, Funeral Supplies, Robes and Shrouds, constantly on hand. Ice Box furnished when necessary. I attend personally to everything in this branch. Terms always reasonable. We shall endeavor to meet all honorable competition, and sell our goods as low as possible, always warranting them to prove as represented. Give us a call.

WM. MULLIGAN, North Main Street, Thompsonville. 3m1

A. W. CONVERSE, FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.

RISKS procured at the Lowest Rates on the following Companies: NATIONAL of Hartford, ORIENT " " CONTINENTAL " NORTH BRITISH and MERCANTILE of London and Liverpool. CONTINENTAL of New York. FIRE ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia. Drafts and Passage Tickets sold at satisfactory rates. AT THE POST OFFICE, WINDSOR LOCKS, CONN. 1y1

EDWIN KING, UNDERTAKER, Will furnish

COFFINS and CASKETS of all kinds, at short notice. Stine's Patent Caskets with sliding glass, always on hand. Funeral Supplies, Burial Clothing, &c., kept on hand and made to order. Ice Box furnished when necessary. Terms always reasonable. Pease's Block, Main Street, Thompsonville, Conn. 1y1

Subscribe for The Press

The T. Pease & Sons Co., Lumber and Building Materials!

NAILS, SHEATHING PAPERS, DOOR & WINDOW GLASS,

WINDOW PULLEYS AND WEIGHTS, SASH CORDS, &c., &c.

We Manufacture DOORS, SASH,

BLINDS, WINDOW FRAMES,

MOULDINGS,

Ornamental Wood Work,

BRACKETS,

TURNED WORK,

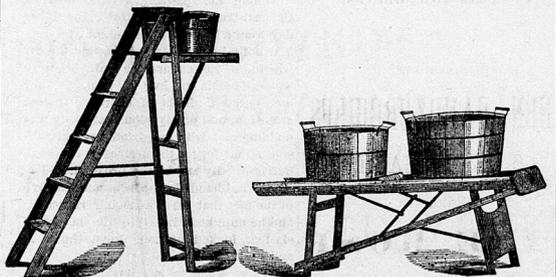
MANTELS,

BREAD-BOARDS,

IRONING-BOARDS,

COAL SIFTERS, &c.

Bidwell's Improved Combined Step Ladder & Wash Bench.



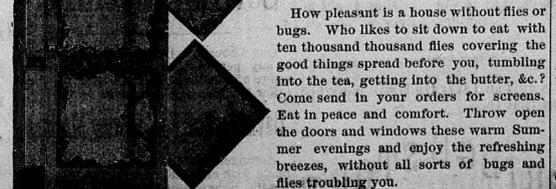
As a Step Ladder it is the best offered to the public. It possesses many advantages over others, both in use and construction. The shelf is acknowledged by all to be a very important feature. It is indispensable to the housekeeper in cleaning house, to the farmer in picking fruit, to the painter and mason while working on walls and ceilings. It is easily converted into a strong Wash Bench, holding two large tubs, or three small ones. It is not a complicated article, but so simple that any one can operate it with perfect ease.

TEAL WATER DRAWER.

No water is sweeter or purer than that drawn by "The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket, The moss covered bucket, that hung in the well."

There have been numerous attempts during the last few years to imitate or substitute something in place of this well known WATER DRAWER, but it is confidently believed none has yet been found, which for simplicity of construction, cheapness in price, and durability, compares with this in general favor and convenience. It would seem that its long use and approval would be sufficient guarantee of its superiority.

Door and Window Screens!



We guarantee to sell at the lowest market prices, and give satisfaction in all our dealings.

Main Yard and Planing Mill at Thompsonville.

Branch Yard at Windsor Locks.

JUST FINISHED!

TWO Top Carriages,

ON THE CELEBRATED ECLIPSE SPRINGS.

Come quick and see them.

We claim that The "Eclipse"

EITHER AS A Pleasure Vehicle or as a Business Wagon, has never been approached in the art of Carriage building. It is superior to all other Wagons for its

Simplicity, Fewer Parts and Pieces, Lightness, Strength and Durability. Ease of Motion, Elegance of Appearance and Style of Finish.

The Springs of the "Eclipse," are of the BEST ENGLISH CAST STEEL. Its Iron forgings are from the best brands of Norway Iron, and every piece and part is warranted to give satisfaction.

We also have one Windsor Buggy, which we are ready to sell.

Repairing in all its branches.

We take pleasure in stating that we have secured the services of a competent Horse Shoer.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

Yours Respectfully, JOSEPH BENT,

1y2 Thompsonville, Conn.

CASH WILL WORK WONDERS!

GO TO Robert J. Steele's MARKET

For your choice Cuts, where you will always find on hand first-class

Beef, Veal, Lamb, Mutton, Pork, Lard, Ham, Sausages,

Poultry and Vegetables in their season.

Canned Goods

of all kinds sold CHEAP for CASH. Don't forget the place,

HILDITCH'S BLOCK, Opposite the Depot. 1y9 Thompsonville, Conn.

BROWNING'S IS THE PLACE FOR JEWELRY

COME and see what a bargain we can give you in a

Watch or Clock. Chains, Rings, Studs, Buttons, Ear Rings, Bar Pins, Scarf Pins, &c. SILVER WARE, Newest and finest styles.

ENGRAVING, Done with dispatch and neatness. All goods bought of us engraved free.

Spectacles and Eye-Glasses Lemare's and others.

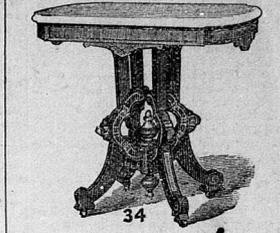
Everything in the line of Drugs and Chemicals. Coogan's Block, Main St., WINDSOR LOCKS, CONN. 1y1

JOHN LORING, UNDERTAKER, CABINET MAKER

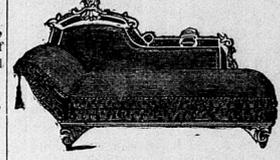
UPHOLSTERER.

Furniture Repaired, JOB WORK in this line, neatly and promptly executed. THOMPSONVILLE, CONN. 1y1

Furniture!



PARLOR SUITS in raw silk and hard-wood. Black Walnut and Ash, marble top, Chamber Suits, Painted Chamber Suits, Center Tables, Extension Tables, Lounges, Easy Chairs, Looking Glasses, Bedsteads, Cane Seat and Wood Chairs, Curtains and Fixtures. Steam dressed, Live Geese Feathers, and a



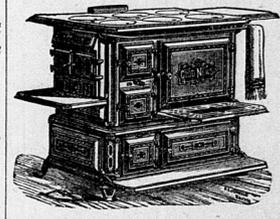
Complete stock of all kinds of FURNITURE,

at prices guaranteed to be as low as in the cities. Goods delivered and satisfaction guaranteed.

If you want business to be good here, and feel any interest in the place you reside in, pay out your money here when you can do so well, and that will go far towards building up our own village.

STOVES

House-Furnishing Goods!



We have a good stock of Cooking Ranges and House-Furnishing Goods. We do

TIN ROOFING,

and eave troughs, and all kinds of Tinner's Work, Copper, Iron, Wood and Rubber Bucket Pumps, Lead Pipe, and a large variety of Household Goods, used in every family.

Crockery, China & Glass Ware.

We carry the largest stock in town.—We buy no second quality goods, but always buy the best. Every piece of our White Granite and Porcelain Crockery that crazes, we replace with perfect goods free of charge.

Kerosene Oil Stoves.

The best the market affords, from \$4.00 upwards.

Paints, Oil, VARNISHES.

Our trade in this line is constantly increasing. We have added to our stock from time to time, until now we have a full line of these goods. Jewett's Lead, raw and boiled Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Japan, Colors in Oil, Masury's Colors in Japan, and Parrot's celebrated Varnishes for carriage work. Johnston's Kalsomine, Domestic Paints in small cans for family use, in all colors. French Zinc, Lime for Whitewashing. Gold Leaf and all other articles in this line. Also a complete line of Paint, Varnish and Whitewash brushes.

Wadsworth, Martinez & Longman's Prepared Paint.

We have sold an immense quantity of this Paint, not far from 8,000 gallons.

WALL PAPER.

A full stock of Gold Bronze, Satin, Flats or Grounds, common Papers, and Borders to match. We took up this branch of business one year ago and our sales have far exceeded our anticipation. You don't need to go to the city. We have good patterns, good quality, and prices on an average lower than in the city. Any patterns that may be wanted that can be got, we will get, and try to please all.

SMITHS' AMERICAN ORGAN.

A beautiful Organ with eleven stops, perfect in tone and workmanship. Warranted five years, for the low price of \$115.00 in installments, or \$100.00 cash. It is the best organ in the market for the money.

Baby Carriages.

A full assortment of these necessary articles in all the different styles. Also Boys' Wagons and Carts.

Carpet Sweepers.

The LADIES' FRIEND Carpet Sweeper is just splendid. It makes no dust, sweeps clean and is actually cheaper to buy than brooms. Price \$2.50. Any one can take one and try it and return it if not satisfactory.

NILES PEASE.