

The Thompsonville Press.

VOL. I.

THOMPSONVILLE, CONN., FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1880.

No. 13.

Business Directory.

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

J. HOMER DARLING, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Pleasant St., Thompsonville, Conn. 1y8

E. O. WILBUR,
DENTIST. Office on Pleasant Street, second house north of Hotel, Thompsonville, Conn. 1y1

F. A. KING,
SELLS the Celebrated White Sewing Machines and warrants them for five years. Sewing Machines for sale and to rent. Pearl St., Thompsonville. 1f

DAVID BRAINAED,
INSURANCE AGENT. Insures all classes of Buildings and contents against fire. Special attention given to insuring Houses and Barns with their contents against loss or damage by lightning whether fire causes or not. Policies written on the most liberal terms, in sound companies. Losses paid promptly and honorably. Thompsonville, Conn. 1y1

THE T. PEASE & SONS CO.,
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Lumber and Building Materials. Yards at Thompsonville and Windsor Locks, Conn. Steam Planing Mill at Thompsonville. 1f

JOHN HAMLIN,
ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor of Patents. Collections promptly attended to. Thompsonville, Conn. 1y1

JOHN C. WIESING,
MANUFACTURER of, and Dealer in, Foreign and Domestic Cigars, Plug and Fine Cut, Cheering and Smoking Tobacco, Pipes, &c. Thompsonville, Ct. 1y1

HAIR DRESSING SALOON,
FREDERICK SMITH, Proprietor. A choice supply of Shaving Soaps, Hair Oil, Colognes, Cosmetics, &c., constantly on hand. Shaving, Shampooing, Hair Cutting, Razor Honing, &c. Under Lord's Hotel, Thompsonville, Conn. 1y1

H. H. ELLIS,
DEALER in all kinds of one, two and four foot Wood. Orders left at A. T. Lord's, will receive prompt attention. Thompsonville, Conn. 1y12

Windsor Locks and Vicinity.

JOHN B. DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Notary Public. Practices in all the State and United States Courts of Connecticut. Patents and pensions promptly obtained. Collections made anywhere in the United States. Office opposite the Ferry, Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y12

H. B. S. HUDSON,
HAIR DRESSER, and Dealer in Cigars, Tobacco, &c. Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals of the various kinds for sale. Subscriptions received at the lowest rates. Agent for the Thompsonville Press. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

MORAN BROTHERS,
BEEF, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Poultry, Tripe, Ham, Lard, &c. All kinds of Meats and Vegetables in their season, at lowest cash prices. Main St., Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

J. H. ADAMS,
DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Notions, Fruits, &c. Main St., Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

PEASE BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS of, and dealers in, Furniture, Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Wares, Crockery, Glass Ware, Lead and Cement Pipe, and House Furnishing, &c. generally. Slate and Tin Roofing Good. General Jobbing. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

C. W. WATROUS,
FURNITURE and Undertaking. Undertaking in all his branches. Carriages and Teams to let. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

GEORGE P. CLARK,
MANUFACTURER of Patent Rubber Casters. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

JOHN COTTER,
CARPENTER and HOUSE BUILDER. East Windsor Hill, Conn. 1y1

A. W. CONVERSE & CO.,
IRON FOUNDRY. Manufacture all kinds of IRON CASTINGS. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

GEORGE GLOVER, JR.,
MACHINE and General Repairer. All kinds of Moving Machines Repaired. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

S. MEAULEY & CO.,
BEEF, Pork, Lard, Hams, Fish and Oysters. Poultry, Game, &c. in their season. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

J. J. NOLAN,
CARPENTER and BUILDER. Jobbing promptly attended to. Warehouse Point, Conn. 1m1

W. FRANK FULNER,
COAL, LIME, CEMENT, and FERTILIZERS. Suffield, Conn. 1y1

A. B. STOCKWELL,
WOOD, COAL, BALED HAY, &c. Livery and Feed Stable. All kinds of Jobbing and Teaming promptly attended to. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y3

F. W. BROWN,
ARCHITECT and BUILDER. Building raised and moved. All work done in a satisfactory manner. Boston Neck, Suffield, Conn. 1m3

The Story.

Cinderella.

"Just look how it has shrunk and faded!" cried Miss Minnie Jasper, in dismay, as she tugged and pulled at a pretty, pale blue and white lawn dress, that had just come home from the wash, in a vain effort to force it to meet around her decidedly substantial form. "I don't care about the color, I think it is even prettier for having gone so pale, but I can't get it on; it's of no use to me! Why, the thing has shrunk until it's hardly big enough for Cinderella there!"

Cinderella was busily engaged in making the bed. She was an extremely pretty, slight, petite creature, of seventeen years, but looking younger. Her hair was jet black and her eyes were blue and brightened at her cousin Minnie's words, she ventured to make no reply to them.

Mrs. Jasper, a sickly, selfish, worldly woman, whose sole thought and ambition was for her girls, looked up discontentedly.

"It's not 'suitable for Ella," said she peevishly. "A mere girl—a child scarcely out of her pinafores yet! That was quite an expensive dress, Minnie. The finest of goods, and made so prettily, and with yards of lace about it, too! Perhaps it would fit Flora."

"Indeed, then, it wouldn't do anything of the kind," answered the last-named young lady, indignantly. "What do you take me for? Proposing that I should wear Minnie's cast-offs? I'm younger than she is, and prettier, too, and for all she sets her cap at Fred Walling so industriously she won't catch him, and what's more, I'm quite sure she likes me the best; I should look well wearing my sister's old clothes, shouldn't I?"

"No, you wouldn't!" retorted Minnie. "You never look well in anything, with your hideous, sickly skin like mine; you couldn't wear pale blue, it takes a blonde, like myself or Cinderella for that! All I'll trouble you not to dictate who shall wear my dresses, ma; for I just mean to do as I please with them. I'd wear my white organdie trimmed with Valenciennes to-night if it was nicely ironed out for me, and new, fresh blue bows to wear with it. Come, Cinderella, no one can do it so nicely as you; say you'll fix it for me in good time, and this pretty blue lawn is yours."

"She can't! She can't!" came like a chorus from Flora and her mother at once. "There's my lace shawl to be mended, and nearly all the lace torn off my bonnet, and must be sewed on again; and it would take her three hours to do your dress, and it's noon already. She can't possibly do it!"

Cinderella came forward timidly, with her blue eyes full of eager light. "I think I can do it all," she said. "I shall have to work very hard of course, but I should like to have the blue dress; and Aunt Jasper, indeed I need it."

Aunt Jasper turned away without a word; but if the young girl's simple, pleading words had been a blow, she couldn't have shrunk from them more consciously nor turned a guiltier crimson. So Minnie went out and bought the ribbon for the bows, and Cinderella turned to work with such good will that by five o'clock all her tasks were accomplished and her housework finished in the bargain. The mother and two daughters were going to a summer evening garden party; the carriage was to come for them at six o'clock and Cinderella promised herself a long pleasant evening all alone.

"I'll put on the blue lawn dress," she thought, with a thrill of natural girlish pleasure, "and go down into the parlor and practice my dear old music and songs, and feel once more as I used to feel when darling papa was alive; when I was a young lady in my own home, instead of Aunt Jasper's poor drudge and servant."

The blue dress fitted to a charm. Cinderella took some violets from a bouquet in her cousin's room, and fastened them at her pretty, white throat, and in her yellow hair.

"Just for memory's sake!" she told herself. "To remind me of the dear old days, gone forever! when I liked to look pretty for papa."

She had a lovely face, girlish and sweet, especially charming when lighted up, as it was now by a warm blush of innocent pleasure, a dear little lovable lady she looked as she tripped down stairs, quite light-hearted for once, and went into the parlor, where she seated herself at the piano, and presently began to play.

Bridget, the maid-of-all-work, who performed all the labor of the household that was out of poor Cinderella's province or beyond her strength—Bridget saw her as she came down stairs.

The Irish girl had only been in the house a short time, and had never seen "Miss Ella" except in her shabby clothes—she recognized the blue dress as Miss Minnie's—and for the cousins had hair of the same color she supposed immediately that it was her young mistress herself whom she saw; a notion which was confirmed when Ella went into the parlor and began to sing and play.

"Shure then, I thought the poor little thing of a piece wouldn't get the white dress done in time," muttered she. "It's a slave they do be making of her entirely. And miss had to stay at home, after all; and I s'pose the poor child has been scolded tojonly, and is up-stairs, cryin' her purty eyes out."

A ring at the door-bell disturbed Bridget's meditations. Mr. Fred Walling had called to offer his escort to the young ladies, on the bare chance of their not having started yet.

"Miss Jasper is out, I presume," he said to the maid. "I thought I might possibly—"

"Deed an' she is not out," said Bridget, positively. "Ye may hear her for yerself, this minute, in the parlor, a-singin' an' playin' beautiful," and mentally, honest Bridget added: "O! never knew she could sing so sweetly before."

Ella was singing sweetly indeed. The visitor, entering unobserved by her, stood like one entranced, until the song died away in a wailing sob, and the singer's golden head was bowed upon her hands as memory and grief overcame her. Then Fred Walling came forward impulsively, his whole generous heart stirred at the sight of her trouble.

"My dear Miss Minnie—" he began, but stopped short in dire confusion, as the weeping girl turned suddenly and showed him his mistake.

"It is not Miss Minnie!" he cried; "I beg a thousand pardons for my intrusion. The girl said that Miss Jasper—" his eyes had searched her sweet, pathetic face with eager interest while he was speaking; and now he paused, then broke out suddenly:

"I know you now! Yes, I am sure I know you. You are Ella Somers—Doctor Somers' daughter! Your father and mine were close friends—I saw you years ago when you were quite a little girl at Greendale. Don't you remember Fred—and the old swing in the lane?"

She sprang to him in glad surprise. "Are you Fred?" she cried. "Oh, I remember you! Papa liked you so much. But he is dead!" A sudden pang of sorrow pierced her heart. "Papa is dead," she cried, weeping.

What could Fred do but console her? Somehow he quite forgot Minnie Jasper and the garden party; hours passed away as he talked with the lovely, friendless girl, and learned the story of her bereavement, her dependence on cold relatives, the grinding, narrow misery of her life.

"There's something unaccountable in it," he mused. "Doctor Somers was not rich, indeed, but he left sufficient property, I know, to secure you a modest independence. My father will see to it. He is a lawyer, you know. Dear little play-fellow, promise me not to say one word of our meeting to your aunt or cousins, until I give you leave."

Ella promised readily; and Bridget, highly astonished and pleased when she discovered the mistake she had made, promised also.

"Sure," said she to Ella afterward; "sure, they do be calling you Cinderella, my dear, and it's meself that knows the purty story about the little girl worked and cried with the others was to the ball. And after all she got the fine prince for a sweetheart! Maybe this nice young gentleman may be the prince for you, darlint; and Bridget is the old fairy mother that brought him in to see you!"

Bridget brought many a message and note to her after that. Minnie Jasper wondered angrily "why that stupid, rich Fred Walling had so suddenly fallen off;" and Flora laughed spitefully over her sister's disappointment; but Cinderella said not a word to either, only, when her many labors were done, she would put on that pretty, blessed blue dress, and steal out to meet her lover.

Her acknowledged lover now, and the champion of her cause. "You have rights," he told her. "Your aunt has wronged you; my father holds the profits. Your fortune was but a little one, Ella, so small that, if you will do as I wish, you will never have cause to need it; but only consent to my wishes dear, and we will claim the hard-won income your own poor father left." It did not need much persuasion to make her yield. So one day Cinderella was suddenly missing from the Jasper family, and confusion reigned in its councils in consequence.

In the midst of the talk, wonder and anger at Cinderella's presuming to "go out without leave, a carriage drove up to the door; and Bridget presently announced:

"Mr. Walling to see Mrs. Jasper."

That lady went down in considerable surprise, expecting to see Fred; and bidding Minnie "hurry down, as that stupid Irish girl had made a mistake, of course, and it's you he wishes to see." But her surprise and trepidation increased perceptibly, when she found that her visitor was Mr. Walling, senior, the lawyer—and that he had come to call her to an account as to the manner in which she had fulfilled the conditions of her brother-in-law, Doctor Somers' will.

"By what right and in whose interests do you question me?" she was asking laughingly, just as Minnie entered the room.

"I ask in the interest of my son's wife," answered the lawyer, dryly, "to whom he was married this morning. We are rich, as you know, but young Mrs. Walling has a fancy to use as pin money the income her poor father designed for her, and of which she has been deprived of too long. She will tell you so herself," he added, as he tapped at the window, and Fred Walling handed from the carriage his bride, and ushered her into the room. "Here she is madam, your niece Ella, and my daughter."

But Ella did not take the money away. "Let aunt still use it while she lives," she pleaded, and Fred would not refuse her. "The only thing I wish to take from you, aunt," she added, smilingly, "is my dear fairy godmother!"

So Bridget went with her "little dar-her purty eyes out."

August in the Woods.

Our boys, we suspect, get quite enough of us in the summer time. Still, we find them always ready for a jaunt in the woods. It is the inherited instinct, perhaps of the old savage life, when their ancestors roamed in primeval forests. At any rate, the desire to fish or to hunt, no matter what, is in every boy.

As we take our way over the meadows, threaded by a silver stream which almost slumbers in the heat, we first see the meadow beauty (*Theridion*) a modest little flower, but representative of the immense tropical family of the *Melastomaceae*. Notice the ribbed veining of the leaf, appearing at first as if parallel; the long, funny anthers, and the urn-shaped seed-vessel. Along the banks of the brook the cardinal-flowers are arranged in columns of red-coats to repel invaders, and near them we will find the charming monkey-flower, and the white turtle-head. With a shout of triumph Dick brings us a queer bronzy-blue cluster of flowers, in which the blossoms appear not to open. This is a mistake, however. The so-called box or closed gentian opens slightly, and we have often seen bees go in and out. Certain burglarious fellows save time by cutting a hole in the corolla and stealing the honey. We tell the boys why this would be a disadvantage to the plant by preventing cross-fertilization, and illustrate from various plants the wondrous contrivances for securing a cross. And, in this connection, we speak of the meaning of hairs on pedicels and calyces; of the purpose of sticky bands, of connate leaves containing water, etc. The boys are delighted to discover that these provisions are not blind accidents, but serve a wise purpose in the economy of the plant; viz., to exclude small thieving insects, who could steal the honey but not affect cross-fertilization. Kerner tells us that in one *Cactylis* (*Lophos viscaria*) the sticky secretion, disposed at every node, is to keep off ants. But why would not one ring of blue suffice? Simply because blades of grass may bend over against the plant above the ring, and serve as ladders. St. Nature provides another and still another.

It is beginning to be the season of the golden-rod. We see a lot of them already. But so are the few pale or blue asters that we meet. The superb Lily, or Turk's cap is still in its beauty. We think it much finer in color and more graceful than the familiar tiger-lily of the gardens. Here are a lot of plants of one family, the thorough-worts and the iron-weeds. We tell our little audience something of this vast order, its wide distribution, its very few economic uses, and show them that the apparently single flower is really a cluster of very many. Under a hand-lens, too, they are shown the different forms of stigmas,—useful marks for the identification of tribes. This is a family in which all, even minute peculiarities, have to be studied in order to characterize or identify species. Hawk-weeds, thistles, dandelions, chickory, asters, sunflowers, etc., are examples of the family.

Look at the clematis twining over yonder bushes! We gather long garlands of it, as Robert Dick says of the sea-shells, "simply because it is bonnie." By-and-by it will feather out into the plumose fruit we all know in autumn. But what is this little purple bell? It is the geranium, one of several species we have, all of which are very pretty.

There is no end to the flowers that we find, for August is a prolific month. The summer seems to make one supreme effort, and to bring up all her reserves for the final review. A mere catalogue of these flower-troops would be as tedious as Homer's list of ships. But as we pause for our nooning, or on the quiet homeward way, we tell the party about some of them, show them points of structure, encourage them to observe for themselves, and so, with a kind purpose surely, however we may fail in the end, endeavor to help them in the study of Nature.—W. W. Bailey in N. E. Journal of Education.

The Puzzled Census-taker.
"Got any boys?" the marshal said to the lady from over the Rhine; and the lady shook her flaxen head, and civilly answered "Nein!"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said to the lady from over the Rhine; and again the lady shook her head, and civilly answered "Nein!"

"But some are dead?" the marshal said to the lady from over the Rhine; and again the lady shook her head, and civilly answered "Nein!"

"Husband, of course?" the marshal said to the lady from over the Rhine; and again she shook her flaxen head, and civilly answered "Nein!"

"The dickens you have!" the marshal said to the lady from over the Rhine; and again she shook her flaxen head, and civilly answered "Nein!"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head?" the lady answered "Nein!"

"Ich kann kein Englisch!" civilly said the lady from over the Rhine.

An old colored preacher in Atlanta, Ga., was lecturing a youth of his fond for the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said, "There's a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine; "and it's when a boy gets a whippin' for givin' to a ball."

Uncle Kiah's Recollections.

It's a good while since Uncle Kiah was a boy, but he remembers all about it. Indeed there isn't much that ever happened that Uncle K. don't remember; most of the remarkable things that ever happened have come within his experience. Ever since he came to the village to live with his son John, John has been trying to astonish the old man, but he hasn't succeeded yet.

The other day John took him in to see the new looms for weaving moquet carpets. "Isn't that a wonderful machine?" said John. "Wall, it'll do," said Kiah, but I've seen a wonderfuller." John knew he needn't ask about it—the old man don't need urging to narrate his experiences. "One day when I lived up'n V'mont I was ridin' along a road dug out er the side o' the mountain an' I seen a little mill—looked like a saw-mill—the lower side o' the road. There was a brook jumped along down the mountain an' turned the wheel. Jest afore I got ter the mill I heard a crashing and lookin' up saw a tremenous great hemlock log come a rollin' a tumblin' down the mountain, right towards the mill. I jumped off'n my hoss and run down a little path that went below the mill to see it smash through, but afore I got there that log come out, all made inter white ash rakes; all tied up, a dozen in a bunch. The old man that tended the machine in the mill, explained it all to me. "Did you understand it?" "Wall yes, all but the tyn' up; that ruzzled me." And Uncle Kiah turned his quid over and stared solemnly at the girl who was running the loom a moment, and then passed on to the next loom.

"Cain slew his brother Abel," said the old man in the black duster, "because the martyr was so much the better man of the two, and ever since then people who love their neighbors better than themselves have been called Cane-ables." "Nay, not so," replied the young man in the lean trousers, "there are people who taste each other to see if they will not do to put up; that is, if they are Cane-ible, hence cannibal—" "But they don't put them up," interrupted the commercial traveler; "they put them down." "The shin bone," said the returned missionary, "is considered the great luxury among those people; hence he is the happiest man at the feast who can nibble—" "I thought," broke in the man with the zebra aster, "that it was because they always put up the eyes for the western trade, like oysters, and so, in the busy season, the dealers advertised for men to eat eye balls; hence the name cannibal—" "It is not an historical fact," said the Brown University man, looking timidly at the missionary, "that one of the earliest missionaries broke one of the islanders' legs with a club, excusing the cruel deed by writing to the American Board of Foreign Missions that he wanted to make a noble aim in life?" "Make—" said the missionary, appealingly. "Cannibal lane in—" began the Brown man, but just then the brakeman opened the forward door and shouted, "Mansfield! Twenty minutes for dinner!" And it was so awfully suggestive that none of the passengers could eat a bit of meat.—*Baltimore Herald.*

A German clergyman, who was traveling, stopped at an inn much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to having a clergyman at his table, looked at him with surprise. The guests used all their artifice of wit upon him without eliciting a remark. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors. One of them, at last, in despair of his forbearance, said to him: "Well, I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said to you?" "Oh, yes; but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?" "No, sir." "Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum. Such remarks have no effect upon me."

O, small beginnings, ye are great and strong, Based on a faithful heart and wearless brain; Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong, Ye earn the crown and wear it not in vain! —James Russell Lowell.

The Montreal Witness says that Col. Farjana, of the public works department at Ottawa, has patented a new light for marine purposes, which, on the score of economy, throws Edison's electric light into the shade. Through some chemical process he produces an "everlasting light," which shines as many hours at night as it is exposed to the light in daytime. Once charged with the chemicals, a glass bowl can be placed on a buoy or a ship's mast, and will furnish a light. He claims that it will last for all ages, provided it is properly sealed, without recharging.

Sixty-four years ago occurred the year without a summer. May 17, 1816, the snow fell eight inches deep on a level in Hartford. July 5, that year, Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was cut down and dried for fodder in Connecticut. There was frost every month in the year in the Northern States.

Katie is a red headed, black eyed baby just too cute for any use. The other night she closed her little prayer as follows: "Dod please mate me a dood little dip!"—and then forgetting for whose sake she added "for pity's sake, amen."

The Jewel Case.

BOOKS.
Dreams, books, are each a world; and books a substantial world, both pure and good; Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood, Our pastime and our happiness will grow.—*Wordsworth.*
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory. That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.—*Shakespeare.*
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print; A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.—*Byron.*

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself.

A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Milton.*

Books cannot always please, however good; Minds are not ever craving for their food.—*Crabbe.*

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.—*Eccles. xii: 12.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Francis Bacon.*

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.—*Thomas Fuller.*

Smiles.

Camilla Urso has a violin more than two hundred years old, valued at \$2900. There was a young man in Burlington only last April, and yet before he had finished playing the first tune on it ("Sweet Home") the neighbors called on him, took him out in the back yard and jammed the violin into the kitchen stove. We don't suppose Camilla Urso would dare come into this country at all.—*Boston Herald.*

A person is expected to be thankful for small joys and enjoy good health. Only a small boy can enjoy bad health, and then it must be bad enough to keep him out of school.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Down by the river side they met, Sweet Romeo and Juliet. Her hand in his he placed and said, Sweet Juliet, I would thee wed. "Indeed?" she queried. "All I let's get in this boat." "Oh! How me, oh!" —*Wm. Swallow.*

A cow with seven arrows sticking in various parts of her body was seen running at large near West Chester the other day. It is supposed that the West Chester Archery Club was practicing at a target in the neighborhood.—*Norristown Herald.*

No cows in the lot where the Assassinate's meet—but they do occasionally get an arrow in a bull's eye.

Mosquitoes lead a humdrum life.—[FREE PRESS. If this is so they do not follow a proper calling. They should lead a sing-sing life.—*Isipensing (Mich.) Agitator.*

He was from the mountain side, and was buying his first glass of soda. "I wish you'd skin off that skunk, boss; I ain't paying for no froth, you bet."

At a ball—Match making mamma to her marriageable daughter: "Virginia, dear, don't lose sight of that gentleman in mourning. He may be a widower."

"It's a weigh we have," said the grocer, pointing to his counter-scales. "I'll not weigh it here the balance; I might beam mystified," retorted the customer.

There was a sea lion at Coney Who thought the show business not "toney"

So he set himself free, Slipped into the sea And they don't bathe so much now at Coney.

"If you make it hopital with me," says the Englishman, "I'll take beer."—*Courier-Journal.*

Men who live in glass houses should be conservatory in their opinions.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

One hair in the hash will cause more hard feeling than seven mottoes on the wall can overcome.

The crab is a very sociable fish. If one shakes hands with the toe of a bather it always wants to come out of the water with him and have a good time.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A young artist who lives in a boarding house wants to know how he can learn to play the violin without disturbing the other boarders. "Soap your bow, young man, and bathe the strings twice a day in sweet oil. Then you can sit up all night and play overtures, and nobody will mind it."

A Paris Bohemian is telling his mode of life to a friend from the provincial districts. "In the morning I awake," says he, "and ring for my valet de chambre." "How! you keep a valet de chambre?" "Well, no; but I keep a bell."

The truth must be told. Raddinoze is fond of the cup. Hearing the reading of the story of Dives and Lazarus, the other day, he remarked, "Well, it's worth knowing that there are situations where a man craves water."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Circus Time."—"The circus is coming," remarked Mrs. Goodington, laying down her paper, "with no end of trained horses and caranels, hypotheuses and other bedizens of the forest, and how well I remember the first time Daniel took me to the circus." As we entered the tainted inclosure I said to him: "How terribly the wild animals grow, don't they?" I was earnestly frightened to death till Daniel told me it was only the vendoes of peanuts and prize packages playing their rogarion.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Western journal heads an article: "A lunatic escapes and marries a widow." he said. We should say he got caught.—*Blanchton Republican.*

Business Directory.

THOMPSONVILLE HOTEL,
B. F. LOID, Proprietor, also Proprietor of Franklin Hall.—Good Livery and Feed Stable connected with Hotel, Main Street, Thompsonville, Conn. 1y2

JOHN H. HALLIDAY,
ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law. A Special attention given to the settlement of Estates. Collections promptly attended to. Maunsey's Block, Main St., Thompsonville, Conn. 1y2

BENJAMIN BRIGHT,
BEEF, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Poultry, Tripe, Ham, Lard, &c. All kinds of Meats in their season, at lowest cash prices. Main St., Thompsonville. 1y3

GEORGE MEACHAM,
CARPENTER and BUILDER. Contracts for buildings of every description, and furnishes materials if desired. All work executed in a thorough, workmanlike manner and on reasonable terms. Also Job Work done at short notice. Estimates on large jobs promptly furnished. Residence and shop corner of Pearl and King Streets, Thompsonville, Conn. 1y1

A. T. LORD,
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in all kinds of Harnesses, Horse Collars, Blankets, Trunks, Hammocks, Traveling Bags, Halters, Whips, Robes, Neats foot Sperm, and Mowing Machine Oil. A full line of Hardware, Farm and Garden Tools. Prices as low as such goods can be afforded. A. T. Lord, Main Street, Thompsonville, Conn. 1y1

GEO. L. KINGSBURY,
MANUFACTURER of all kinds and kinds of Drain Tile, of the very best quality. P. O. Box 121, Thompsonville, Conn. 1m5

JAMES WATSON,
GRAIN, MEAL and FEED for sale at reasonable prices. Custom grinding done at the usual rates. Corn shelled, or ground on the ear, at Watson's North Mill, on the Springfield road. A full supply always on hand at Thompsonville mills. 1y1

CHAS. J. SHORT,
MARBLE and GRANITE WORKS. Monuments, Tablets and Grave Stones. Also dealer in Marble and Slate Mantels, Grates and Summer Fronts. No. 177 1/2 Main St., Entrance North side of First Baptist church, Springfield, Mass. 1y1

BEEF, IRON and WIND.
This preparation combines in these three the Extract of Beef, Chateau of Iron, and pure sherry wine. Immediate results follow its use

The Thompsonville Press.

Vol. I.

THOMPSONVILLE, CONN., FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1880.

No. 13.

Business Directory.

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

J. HOMER DARLING, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Pleasant St., Thompsonville, Conn. 1y8

E. O. WILBUR,
DENTIST. Office on Pleasant Street, second house north of Hotel, Thompsonville, Conn. 1y1

F. A. KING,
SELLS the Celebrated White Sewing Machines and warrants them for five years. Sewing Machines for sale and to rent. Pearl St., Thompsonville. 1y

DAVID BRAINARD,
INSURANCE AGENT. Insures all classes of Buildings and contents against fire. Special attention given to insuring Houses and Barns with their contents against loss or damage by lightning, theft or fire. Policies written on the most liberal terms, in sound companies. Losses paid promptly and honorably. Thompsonville, Conn. 1y1

THE T. PEASE & SONS CO.,
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Lumber and Building Materials. Yards at Thompsonville and Windsor Locks, Conn. Steam Planing Mill at Thompsonville. 1y

JOHN HAMILIN,
ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor of Patents. Collections promptly attended to. Thompsonville, Conn. 1y1

JOHN C. WIESING,
MANUFACTURER of, and Dealer in, Foreign and Domestic Cigars, Plug and Fine Cut, Cheating and Smoking Tobacco, Pipes, &c. Thompsonville, Ct. 1y1

HAIR DRESSING SALOON,
FREDERICK SMITH, Proprietor. A choice supply of Shaving Soaps, Hair Oil, Colognes, &c., constantly on hand. Shaving, Shampooing, Hair Cutting, Razor Honing, &c. Under Lord's Hotel, Thompsonville, Conn. 1y1

H. H. ELLIS,
DEALER in all kinds of one, two and four foot Wood. Orders left at A. T. Lord's, will receive prompt attention. Thompsonville, Conn. 1y12

Windsor Locks and Vicinity.

JOHN B. DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW in all the State and United States Courts of Connecticut. Patents and pensions promptly obtained. Collections made anywhere in the United States. Office opposite the Ferry, Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y12

H. B. S. HUDSON,
HAIR DRESSER, and Dealer in Cigars, Tobacco, &c. Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals of the various kinds for sale. Subscriptions received at the lowest rates. Agent for the Thompsonville Press. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

MORAN BROTHERS,
BEEF, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Poultry, Tripe, Ham, Lard, &c. All kinds of Meats and Vegetables in their season, at lowest cash prices. Main St., Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

J. H. ADAMS,
DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Notions, Fruits, &c. Main St., Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

PEASE BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS of, and dealers in, Furniture, Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Wares, Crockery, Glass Ware, Lead and Cement Pipe, and House Furnishing Goods generally. Slate and Tin Roofing Goods, and general jobbing. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

C. W. WATROUS,
FURNITURE and Carriages and Teams to let. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

GEORGE P. CLARK,
MANUFACTURER of Patent Rubber Casters. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

JOHN COTTER,
CARPENTER and HOUSE BUILDER. East Windsor Hill, Conn. 1y1

A. W. CONVERSE & CO.,
IRON FOUNDRY. Manufacture all kinds of IRON CASTINGS. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

GEORGE GLOVER, JR.,
MACHINIST and General Repairer. All kinds of Moving Machines Repaired. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

S. McALEY & CO.,
BEEF, Pork, Lard, Hams, Fish and Oysters. Poultry, Game, &c. in their season. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

J. J. NOLAN,
CARPENTER and BUILDER. Jobbing promptly attended to. Waterhouse Point, Conn. 1y1

W. FRANK FULMER,
COAL LIME, CEMENT, and FERTILIZERS. Suffield, Conn. 1y1

A. B. STOCKWELL,
WOOD, COAL, BALED HAY, &c. Livery and Feed Stable. All kinds of Jobbing and Teaming promptly attended to. Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y3

F. W. BROWN,
ARCHITECT and BUILDER. Buildings raised and moved. All work done in a satisfactory manner. Boston Neck, Suffield, Conn. 1y3

The Story.

Cinderella.

"Just look how it has shrunk and faded!" cried Miss Minnie Jasper, in dismay, as she tugged and pulled at a pretty, pale blue and white lawn dress, that had just come home from the wash, in a vain effort to force it to meet around her decidedly substantial form. "I don't care about the color, I think it is even prettier for having gone so pale, but I can't get it on; it's of no use to me! Why, the thing has shrunk until it's hardly big enough for Cinderella there!"

Cinderella was busily engaged in making the bed. She was an extremely pretty, slight, petite creature, of seventeen years, but looking younger. Her hair was jet black and she had a pair of blue eyes brightened at her cousin Minnie's words, she ventured to make no reply to them.

Mrs. Jasper, a sickly, selfish, worldly woman, whose sole thought and ambition was for her girls, looked up disconcertedly.

"It's not 'sailable for Ella," said she peevishly. "A mere girl—a child scarcely out of her pinafores yet! That was quite an expensive dress, Minnie. The finest of goods, and made so prettily, and with yards of lace about it, too! Perhaps it would fit Flora."

"Indeed, then, it wouldn't do anything of the kind," answered the last-named young lady, indignantly. "What do you take me for? Proposing that I should wear Minnie's cast-offs? I'm younger than she is, and prettier, too, and for all she's setting her cap at Fred Walling so industriously, she won't catch him, and what's more, I'm quite sure he likes me the best; I should look well wearing my sister's old clothes, shouldn't I?"

"No, you wouldn't!" retorted Minnie. "You never look well in anything, with your hideous, sickly skin like mine; you couldn't wear pale blue, it takes a blonde, like myself or Cinderella for that! And I'll trouble you not to dictate who shall have my dresses, ma; for I just mean to do as I please with them. I'll wear my white organdie trimmed with Valenciennes to-night if it was nicely fringed out for me, and new, fresh blue bows to wear with it. Come, Cinderella, no one can do it so nicely as you; say you'll fix it for me in good time, and this pretty blue lawn is yours."

"She can't! She can't!" came like a chorus from Flora and her mother at once. "There's ma's lace shawl to be mended, and nearly all the lace torn off my bonnet, and must be sewed on again; and it would take her three hours to do your dress, and it's noon already. She can't possibly do it."

Cinderella came forward timidly, with her blue eyes full of eager light.

"I think I can do it all," she said. "I shall have to work very hard, of course, but I should like to have the blue dress; and Aunt Jasper, indeed I need it."

Aunt Jasper turned away without a word; but if the young girl's simple, pleading words had been a blow, she couldn't have shrunk from them more consciously nor turned a guiltier crimson.

So Minnie went out and bought the ribbon for the bows, and Cinderella turned to work with such good will that by five o'clock all her tasks were accomplished and her housework finished into the bargain. The mother and two daughters were going to a summer evening garden party; the carriage was to come for them at six o'clock and Cinderella promised herself a long pleasant evening all alone.

"I'll put on the blue lawn dress," she thought, with a thrill of natural girlish pleasure, "and go down into the parlor and practice my dear old music and songs, and feel once more as I used to feel when darling papa was alive; when I was a young lady in my own home, instead of Aunt Jasper's poor drudge and servant."

The blue dress fitted to a charm. Cinderella took some violets from a bouquet in her cousin's room, and fastened them at her pretty, white throat, and in her yellow hair.

"Just for memory's sake!" she told herself. "To remind me of the dear old days, gone forever! when I liked to look pretty for papa."

She had a lovely face, girlish and sweet, especially charming when lighted up, as it was now by a warm blush of innocent pleasure, a dear little lovable lady she looked as she tripped down-stairs, quite light-hearted for once, and went into the parlor, where she seated herself at the piano, and presently began to play.

Bridget, the maid-of-all-work, who performed all the labor of the household that was out of poor Cinderella's province or beyond her strength—Bridget saw her as she came down-stairs.

The Irish girl had only been in the house a short time, and had never seen "Miss Ella" except in her shabby clothes—she recognized the blue dress as Miss Minnie's—and for the cousins had hair of the same color supposed immediately that it was her young mistress herself whom she saw; a notion which was confirmed when Ella went into the parlor and began to sing and play.

"Shure thin, I thought the poor little thing of a piece wouldn't get the white dress done in time," muttered she. "It's a slave they do to be making of her entirely. And miss had to stay at home, aft'er all; and I s'pose the poor child has been scolded fo'ly, and is up-stairs, cryin' her purty eyes out."

So Bridget went with her "little dar-

ling," and lived happily as housekeeper to the end of her days with the loved and wealthy wife of Fred Walling, who had once been poor "Cinderella."

August in the Woods.

Our boys, we suspect, get quite enough of us in the woods. Still, we find them always going for a jaunt in the woods. It is the inherited instinct, perhaps of the old savage life, when their ancestors roamed in primeval forests. At any rate, the desire to fish or to hunt, no matter what, is in every boy.

As we take our way over the meadows, threaded by a silver stream which almost slumbers in the heat, we first see the meadow beauty (*Rhexia*) a modest little flower, but representative of the immense tropical family of the *Melastomaceae*. Notice the ribbed veining of the leaf, appearing at first as if parallel; the long, funny anthers, and the urn-shaped seed-vessel. Along the banks of the brook the cardinal-flowers are arranged in columns of red-coats to repel invaders, and near them we will find the charming monkey-flower, and the white turtletail. With a shout of triumph Dick brings us a queer bronzy-blue cluster of flowers, in which the blossoms appear not to open. This is a mistake, however. The so-called box or closed garden opens slightly, and we have often seen bees go in and out. Certain burglarious fellows save time by cutting a hole in the corolla and stealing the honey. We tell the boys why this would be a disadvantage to the plant by preventing cross-fertilization, and illustrate from various plants the wondrous contrivances for securing a cross. And, in this connection, we speak of the meaning of hairs on pedicels and calyces; of the purpose of sticky bands, of connate leaves containing water, etc. The boys are delighted to discover that these provisions are not blind accidents, but serve a wise purpose in the economy of the plant; viz., to exclude small thieving insects, who could steal the honey but not affect cross-fertilization. Kerner tells us that in one "catch-fly" (*Zygonia viscario*) the sticky secretion, disposed at every node, is to keep off ants. But why would not one ring of glue suffice? Simply because blades of grass may bend over against the plant above the ring, and serve as ladders. So Nature provides another and still another.

It is beginning to be the season of the golden-rods. We see a lot of them already. And so are the few pale or blue asters that we meet. The superb lily, or Turk's cap is still in its beauty. We think it much finer in color and more graceful than the familiar tiger-lily of the gardens. Here are a lot of plants of one family, the thorough-worts and the iron-weeds. We tell our little audience something of this vast order, its wide distribution, its very few economic uses, and show them that the apparently single flower is really a cluster of very many. Under a hand-lens, too, they are shown the different forms of stigmas—useful marks for the identification of tribes. This is a family in which all, even minute peculiarities, have to be studied in order to characterize or identify species. Hawk-weeds, thistles, dandelions, chickory, asters, sunflowers, etc., are examples of the family.

Look at the clematis twining over your garden bushes! We gather long garlands of it, as Robert Dick says of the sea-shells, "simply because it is bonnie." By-and-by it will feather out into the plumose fruit we all know in autumn. But what is this little purple bell? It is the gerardia, one of several species we have, all of which are pretty.

There is no end to the flowers that we find, for August is a prolific month. The summer seems to make one supreme effort, and to bring up all her reserves for the final review. A mere catalogue of these flower-troops would be as tedious as Homer's list of ships. But as we pause for our nooning, or on the quiet homeward way, we tell the party about some of them, show them points of structure, encourage them to observe for themselves, and so, with a kind purpose surely, however we may fail in the end, endeavor to help them in the study of Nature.—W. W. Bailey in N. E. Journal of Education.

The Fuzzled Census-taker.

"Got any boys?" the marshal said "To the lady from over the Rhine; And the lady shook her flaxen head, And civilly answered 'Nein!'"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said "To the lady from over the Rhine; And again the lady shook her head, And civilly answered 'Nein!'"

"But some are dead?" the marshal said "To the lady from over the Rhine; And again the lady shook her head, And civilly answered 'Nein!'"

"By what right and in whose interests do you question me?" she was asking haughtily, just as Minnie entered the room.

"I ask in the interest of my son's wife," answered the lawyer, dryly, "who whom he was married this morning. You are rich, as you know, but young Mrs. Walling has a fancy to use as pin money the income her poor father designed for her, and of which she has been deprived of too long. She will tell you so herself," he added, as he tapped at the window, and Fred Walling handed from the carriage his bride, and ushered her into the room. "Here she is, madam, your niece Ella, and my daughter."

But Ella did not take the money away. "Let aunt still use it while she lives," she pleaded, and Fred would not refuse her. "The only thing I wish to take from you, aunt," she added, smilingly, "is my dear fairy godmother!"

So Bridget went with her "little dar-

Uncle Kiah's Recollections.

It's a good while since Uncle Kiah was a boy, but he remembers all about it. Indeed there isn't much that ever happened that Uncle K. don't remember; most of the remarkable things that ever happened have come within his experience. Ever since he came to the village to live with his son John, John has been trying to astonish the old man, but he hasn't succeeded yet.

The other day John took him in to see the new looms for weaving moquet carpets. "Isn't that a wonderful machine?" said John. "Wall, it'll do," said Kiah, but I've seen a wonderfuller." John knew he needn't ask about it—the old man don't need urging to narrate his experiences. "One day when I lived up'n V'mont I was ridin' along a road dug out or the side of the mountain an I seen a little mill—looked like a saw-mill—the lower side of the road. There was a brook jumped along down the mountain an turned the wheel. Jest afore I got ter the mill I heard a crashing and lookin' up saw a tremendous great hemlock log come a rollin' an tumbled down the mountain, right towards the mill. I jumped off'n my hoss and run down a little path that went below the mill to see it smash through, but afore I got there that log come out, all made inter white ash rakes; all tied up, a dozen in a bunch. The old man that tended the machine in the mill, explained it all to me. "Did you understand it?" "Wall yes, all but the tyn' up; that ruther puzzled me." And Uncle Kiah turned his quid over and stared solemnly at the girl who was running the loom a moment, and then passed on to the next loom.

"Cain slew his brother Abel," said the old man in the black duster, "because the martyr was so much the better man of the two, and ever since then people who love their neighbors better than themselves have been called Cane-ables." "Nay, not so," replied the young man in the lean trousers, "there are people who taste each other to see if they will not do to put up; that is, if they are Cane-ible, hence cannin'—'If they don't put them up,' interrupted the commercial traveler. "they put them down." "The shin bone," said the returned missionary, is considered the great luxury among those people; hence he is the happiest man at the last who can nibble—'I thought,' broke in the man with the zebra duster, "that it was because they always put up the eyes for the western trade, like oysters, and so, in the busy season, the dealers advertised for men to can eye-balls; hence the name cannin'—'It is not an historical fact," said the Brown University man, looking timidly at the missionary, "that one of the earliest missionaries broke one of the islanders' legs with a club, excusing the deed by writing to the American Board of Foreign Missions that he wanted to make a noble aim in life?" "Make—?" said the missionary, appealingly. "Cane-able lame in—" began the Brown man, but just then the brakeman opened the forward door and shouted, "Manfield! Twenty minutes for dinner!" And it was so awfully suggestive that none of the passengers could get a bit of meat.—*Burlington Hawklooper.*

A German clergyman, who was traveling, stopped at an inn much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to having a clergyman at his table, looked at him with surprise. The guests used all their artillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors. One of them, at last, in despair of his forbearance, said to him: "Well, I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said to you?" "Oh, yes; but I am used to it. Do you know I am?" "No, sir." "Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum. Such remarks have no effect upon me."

O, small beginnings, ye are great and strong. Based on a faithful heart and wearless brain. Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong. Ye earn the crown and wear it not in vain! —James Russell Lovell.

The Montreal *Witness* says that Col. Farjanna, of the public works department at Ottawa, has patented a new light for marine purposes, which, on the score of economy, throws Edison's electric light into the shade. Through some chemical process he produces an "everlasting light," which shines as many hours at night as it is exposed to the light in daytime. Once charged with the chemicals, a glass bowl can be placed on a bony or ship's mast, and will furnish a light. He claims that it will last for all ages, provided it is properly sealed, without recharging.

Sixty-four years ago occurred the year without a summer. May 17, 1816, the snow fell eight inches deep on a level in Hartford. July 5, that year, Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was cut down and dried for fodder in Connecticut. There was frost every month in the year in the Northern States.

Katie is a red headed, black eyed baby just too cute for any use. The other night she closed her little prayer as follows: "Dod please mate me a dood 'tittle dirl'—and then forgetting for whose sake, she added 'for pity's sake, amen.'"

The Jewel Case.

BOOKS.

Dreams, books, are each a world: and books we know, Are a substantial world, both pure and good; Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood, Our pastime and our happiness will grow.—*Wordsworth.*

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory. That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.—*Shakespeare.*

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print; A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.—*Byron.*

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself.

A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on paper to a life beyond life.—*Milton.*

Books cannot always please, however good; Minds are not ever craving for their food.—*Crabbe.*

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.—*Eccles. xii: 12.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Francis Bacon.*

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.—*Thomas Fuller.*

Smiles.

Camilla Urso has a violin more than two hundred years old, valued at \$2800. There was a young man in Burlington bought a violin for \$1.50 that was made only last April, and yet before he had finished playing the first tune on it ("Sweet Home") the neighbors called on him, took him out in the back yard and hanged him, and jammed the violin into the kitchen stove. We don't suppose Camilla Urso would dare come into this country at all.—*Burlington Hawklooper.*

A person is expected to be thankful because he enjoys good health. Only a small boy can enjoy bad health, and then it should be bad enough to keep him out of school.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Down by the river side they met, Sweet Romance and Love. Her hand in his he placed and said, Sweet Juliet, I would thee wed. "Indeed?" she queried. "Ah! let's go. Get in this boat. Oh! Row me, oh! Row me!" —*Rome Statuist.*

A cow with seven arrows sticking in various parts of her body was seen running at large near West Chester the other day. It is supposed that the West Chester Archery Club was practicing at a target in the neighborhood.—*Norristown Herald.*

No cows in the lot where the Assassinatees meet—but they do occasionally get an arrow in a bull's eye.

Mosquitoes lead a humdrum life.—[FREE PRESS. If this is so they do not follow a proper calling. They should lead a singing life.—*Isipewing (Mich.) Agitator.*

He was from the mountain side, and was buying his first glass of soda. "I wish you'd skim off that skum, boss; I ain't paying for no froth, you bet."

At a ball—Match making mamma to her marriageable daughter: "Virginia, dear, don't lose sight of that gentleman in mourning. He may be a widower."

"It's a weigh we have," said the grocer, pointing to his counter-scales. "I'll not weight to hear the balance; I might beam mystified," retorted the customer.

There was a sea lion at Coney Who thought the show business not "toney"— So he set himself free, Shipped into the sea, And they don't bathe so much now at Coney.

"If you make it hoptional with me," says the Englishman, "I'll take beer." —*Courier-Journal.*

Men who live in glass houses should be conservative in their opinions.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

One hair in the hash will cause more hard feeling than seven mottoes on the wall can overcome.

The crab is a very sociable fish. If one shakes hands with the toe of a bather it always wants to come out of the water with him and have a good time.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A young artist who lives in a boarding house wants to know how he can learn to play the violin without disturbing the other boarders. "Sloop your bow, young man, and bathe the strings twice a day in sweet oil. Then you can sit up all night and play overtures, and nobody will mind it."

A Paris Bohemian is telling his mode of life to a friend from the provincial districts. "In the morning I awake," says he, "and ring for my valet de chambre." "How! you keep a valet de chambre?" "Well, no, but I keep a bell."

The truly must be told. Rudinocchio, the story of Dives and Lazarus, the other day, he remarked, "Well, it's worth knowing that there are situations where a man craves water." —*Boston Transcript.*

CIRCUS TIME.—"The circus is coming," remarked Mrs. Goodington, laying down her paper, "with no end of trained horses and carmelis, hypochondriacs, and young bedazzles and the forest and jungle. How well I remember the first time Daniel took me to the circus! As we entered the tainted inclosure I said to him: 'How terribly the wild animals growl, don't they?' I was earnestly frightened to death till Daniel told me it was only the vendees of peanuts and prize packages plying their rogation." —*Boston Transcript.*

A Western journal heads an article: "A lunatic escapes and marries a widow." Escaped, eh? We should say he got caught.—*Birmingham Republican.*

Business Directory.

THOMPSONVILLE HOTEL,
B. F. LORD, Proprietor, also Proprietor of the building of every description, and Feed Stable connected with it, Main Street, Thompsonville, Conn. 1y2

JOHN H. HALLIDAY,
ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law. Special attention given to the settlement of Estates. Collections promptly attended to. Mausey's Block, Main St., Thompsonville, Conn. 1y2

BENJAMIN BRIGHT,
BEEF, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Poultry, Tripe, Ham, Lard, &c. All kinds of Meats in their season, at lowest cash prices. Main St., Thompsonville. 1y3

GEORGE MEACHAM,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER. Constructs for buildings of every description, and furnishes materials if desired. All work executed in a thorough, workmanlike manner and on reasonable terms. Also Job Work done at short notice. Estimates on large jobs promptly furnished. Residence and shop corner of Pearl and King Streets, Thompsonville, Conn. 1y1

A. T. LORD,
MANUFACTURER and dealer in all kinds of Harnesses, Horse Collars, Blankets, Trunks, Hammocks, Traveling Bags, Halters, Whips, Robes, Neats Foot, Sperm, and Mowing Machine Oil. A full line of Hardware, Farm and Garden Tools. Prices as low as such goods can be afforded. A. T. Lord, Main Street, Thompsonville, Conn. 1y1

GEO. L. KINGSBURY,
MANUFACTURER of all kinds and sizes of Drain Tile, of the very best quality. P. O. Box 121, Thompsonville, Conn. 6m5

JAMES WATSON,
GRAIN, MEAL AND FEED for sale at reasonable prices. Custom grinding done at the usual rates. Corn, shelled, or ground on the ear, at Watson's North Mill, on the Springfield road. A full supply always on hand at Thompsonville mills. 1y1

CHAS. J. SHORT,
MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS. Monuments, Tablets and Grave Stones. Also dealer in Marble and Slate Mantels, Grates and Summer Fronts. No. 47-1-2 Main St., Entrance North side of First Baptist church, Springfield, Mass. 1y12

IRON AND WIND.
The best preparation of iron and wind. It is made from the Extract of Beef, Extract of Iron, and pure Sherry wine. Immediate results follow its use, in cases of exhaustion, and for loss of appetite, general prostration, or to convalescents, this nutritious tonic combination will prove a prompt restorative.

PREPARED BY
NOEL M. PEASE,
APOTHECARY,
THOMPSONVILLE, CONN.

Special attention paid to Physician's Prescriptions. 1y1

JAMES & F. E. ELY,
AGENTS FOR—
Aetna, Hartford, and Phoenix Insurance Companies, of Hartford.

PEOPLES' OF MIDDLETOWN.
CONTINENTAL OF NEW YORK.
North British and Mercantile Insurance Companies of London.

Fire Association, of Philadelphia.

All risks written in these Companies at the lowest rates.

Tickets for the Cunard Line of Steamers, to and from Europe, sold at lowest rates.

MAIN STREET,
Thompsonville, Conn.

Ice Cream!

Notwithstanding the high price of ice, I will sell my
Philadelphia Ice Cream
for 10c a plate.

Soda. All Syrups.

The only place in town to get an honest glass of soda.

Ginger Ale, Imported.

Reported as best, and warranted not to transport even the most temperate.

FRUITS of all kind, in their season. BERBIES, fresh every day at the lowest prices. Confectionery, Nuts, Cigars and Tobacco. All the best brands. Newspapers and Periodicals. Violin Fixings.

JOHN HUNTER.

Fire Insurance!

Phoenix Ins. Co.,
Assets, \$2,733,341.27.

INSURANCE CO.
OF
North America.
Assets, \$6,591,740.10.

Policies written at the lowest rates.

BY
J. H. Hayden & Son,
Windsor Locks, Conn. 1y1

WANTED.

A GOOD, energetic, reliable man in every town in this vicinity, to canvass for The Thompsonville Press.

THE Thompsonville Press.

Published Every Friday, —BY— THE PARSONS PRINTING COMPANY, MAIN STREET, THOMPSONVILLE, CONN.

Terms—\$1.50 per Year, in advance. Five Cents a Copy.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1880.

Entered at the post-office in Thompsonville, Conn., as second class matter.

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 ESTFIELD, the Press will be for sale by F. J. Sheldon, and at the Post office, at BROAD BROOK, at the Post office. At WINDSOR LOCKS, at Hudson's news room, and by news boys.

At SUFFIELD, by Frank H. Reid.

Both conventions have met and here we have the tickets. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

Republican State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR, HOBART B. BIGELOW of New Haven, FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, WILLIAM H. BULKELEY of Hartford.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE, CHARLES E. SEARLES of Thompson. FOR TREASURER, DAVID P. NICHOLS of Danbury.

FOR CONTROLLER, WHEELOCK T. BATCHELLER of Winchester.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS. At Large—Henry B. Norton of Norwich. At Large—Abijah Catlin of Harwinton.

First District—Amos Pease of Somers. Second District—Erastus Brainard of Portland.

Third District—Eugene S. Boss of Windham. Fourth District—Phineas C. Lounsbury of Ridgefield.

Democratic Ticket.

Governor, James E. English of New Haven. Lieut. Gov., Chas. M. Pond of Hartford. Sec. of State, Stephen S. Blake of Bridgeport. Treasurer, Merrick A. Marcy of Union. Controller, Chas. R. Fagan of Middletown.

Presidential Electors. At Large, Chas. R. Ingersoll of New Haven, Loren P. Waldo of Hartford; 1st district, Richard W. H. Jarvis of Hartford; 2nd, Henry G. Hubbard of Middletown; 3rd, Chauncey F. Cleveland of Hampton; 4th, Darius N. Couch of Norwich.

Some of our business men are advocating closing the village stores as early as 8 o'clock p. m. except Saturday evenings.

It's a good move we think, and is made the rule generally in business communities. The way to go to work is for some one who is desirous of this result, to start a paper and get as many signatures as possible among the dealers.

This will be a test of the sentiment. Go ahead and try it.

We have been requested several times to make, through our columns, public complaint of the open sewer, alias Fresh-water (?) which flows (?) through our village. Well, everybody who is at all, regrets its necessity; but what to do about it is a conundrum. Of course it is competent for any man to make complaint to the Board of Health, and abutters can be, through this means, obliged at any time the officials judge it necessary, to have it cleaned out, or the Board can get it done and assess the abutters. This is open at any time to complainers. But this is only a temporary relief and the sewer is a permanent evil. It has been suggested that it might be arched for its entire length. If this should be done in a substantial manner, additional room for business purposes might be made, but it would be a very expensive job and even then if used as a sewer the greatest care must be taken to provide sewer traps for all entrances, or the confined noxious gases would surely by their escape poison the air worse than at present. Until some one suggests a permanent remedy we must "grin (and hold our noses) and bear it."

Editor L. H. Porter of the Waterbury Monitor, finding his paper becoming so popular in Bristol under the local direction of O. F. Hotchkiss as to require more space for that town, has started the Bristol Monitor, whose inside columns are devoted to the local interests of Bristol. Success to the two Monitors.

We have been obliged to omit for some weeks the continuation of the record of "Enfield's Boys in Blue," but shall complete again next week and complete the list.

Our Subscription list has grown as fast as we could reasonably hope, and our local sales of papers beyond our expectation notwithstanding the hot weather.

Miss Lilla Ely has returned from the Conservatory of Music, and intends to make teaching her profession. With Miss Ely's talents and opportunities, and wide circle of friends, we think she will find it easy to form as large a class as she can wish.

By the death of Dr. James Holland, Westfield loses a man who can ill be spared. As a physician and surgeon, perhaps none in western Mass. was as well known or as much sought. With the skill of his profession he combined an enthusiastic, whole souled manliness, which made him extremely popular among all classes, especially among the poor, who found in "Doctor Jim" a ready counselor and kind friend.

The Home.

BRENTFORD ROLLS—2 pounds of flour, 4 ounces of butter, 2 eggs well beaten, 2 spoonfuls of yeast, about a pint of milk. Make a soft dough and set it to rise. When light make it into small rolls, and bake about 20 minutes.

Ants may be driven away by putting Scotch snuff wherever they are in the habit of going for food.

RULE FOR CANNING FRUITS.—Apples, sour, quartered.—Boil 10 minutes; 6 oz. sugar per lb. Peas, small and sour.—Boil 30 minutes; 8 oz. sugar per lb. Peas, Bartlett, Boil 20 minutes; 6 oz. sugar per lb. Cherries.—Boil 5 minutes; 6 oz. sugar per lb. Raspberries.—Boil 6 minutes; 4 oz. sugar per lb. Blackberries.—Boil 6 minutes; 6 oz. sugar per lb. Plums.—Boil 10 minutes; 6 oz. sugar per lb. Strawberries.—Boil 8 minutes; 8 oz. sugar per lb. Whortleberries.—Boil 5 minutes; 4 oz. sugar per lb. Pie Plant, sliced.—Boil 10 minutes; 10 oz. sugar per lb. Peaches, whole.—Boil 15 minutes; 4 oz. sugar per lb. Peaches, halves, Boil 8 minutes; 4 oz. sugar per lb. Crab Apple, whole.—Boil 25 minutes; 8 oz. sugar per lb. Currants, ripe.—Boil 6 minutes; 8 oz. sugar per lb. Grapes.—Boil 10 minutes; 8 oz. sugar per lb. Tomatoes.—Boil 20 minutes. Pine Apple, sliced 1/2 in. thick.—Boil 15 minutes; 6 oz. sugar per lb. In all cases fruit should be boiled moderately, to prevent breaking.—Woronoce Women's Wisdom.

SWEET PICKLE. FOR PEACHES, SWEET APPLES, PEARS, OR ANY FRUIT.—Seven lbs. fruit, 3 sugar, 1 pt. vinegar, spices to the taste. Will keep for years. For common use, take 7 lbs. fruit, 4 lbs. sugar, 1 qt. vinegar.—Woronoce Women's Wisdom.

SPICED GREEN TOMATOES.—One-half pk. green tomatoes; slice thin, lay in jar, sprinkle salt between layers. In four days turn off brine, add one qt. vinegar, 3 table-spoons cloves, 2 mustard seed, 1 pepper, 1 turnip, 1/2 mace, or nutmeg, 1 lb. brown sugar. Cook slowly, not allowing to boil but a few moments.—Woronoce Women's Wisdom.

STRING BEAN SUCCOTASH.—Take two quarts of beans, string, cut fine; boil two hours with water enough to cover without boiling dry; cut the corn from six ears and boil with beans twenty minutes; season with butter, pepper and salt; just before dish up add a tablespoonful of flour, moistened, also half a cup of sweet milk, and let it boil ten minutes. Those who have cream can use it instead of milk.

A USER FOR POTATO BEETLES.—A Maryland farmer is making money out of an enormous crop of potato beetle. Being opposed to the use of Paris green, he rigged up a large washbottle in his field, and hiring six men, collected the bugs, and soured them in the boiling water. About two gallons were collected, and by accident a piece of old sheep-skin leather, used for lining the washbottle, was used. After the cooking had been going on for half an hour he was astonished to find that the leather had changed its color to the richest dark crimson. This arousing his curiosity, he inserted other materials, and ascertained another peculiarity of the insect. The material which he changed first to a dark brown, then a greenish hue, then pure yellow, then light blue, changing to dark blue; then light red, terminating in the brilliant scarlet, which was the permanent color. Consequence: formation of stock company to make dyeing mixtures from potato bugs.

VALUE OF SWAMP MUCK.—Some time ago we remarked that an acre of swamp muck of forty pounds of nitrogen was worth \$25,000. No doubt such a statement is surprising. So was the statement of Dr. Laves, of England, that a ton of bran fed to cows returned more than its cost in manure. Swamp muck, free from sand, contains two per cent. of forty pounds of nitrogen per cent. Nitrogen is worth in the market twenty-five cents per pound, so that a ton of swamp muck is actually worth \$10 for the nitrogen in it. All that is needed is to work up the muck, so as to make the nitrogen available. An acre of swamp muck, three feet deep, contains 200 tons, and would require eight months to draw out, at ten loads a day. Few persons realize the value of the fertilizing elements of common waste matters which lie under their feet, and the innumerable tons of matter that may be available for fertilizing crops, and that much of the idle and neglected materials represent a vast amount of wealth.—American Agriculturist.

Potato flour, or the dried pulp of the potato, is attaining great importance in the arts. It is stated that in Lancashire, England, 20,000 tons of it are sold annually, and it brings the price of 200 tons.

When doubled as much in the market as wheat flour, it is used for sizing and other manufacturing purposes, and when precipitated with acid is turned into starch. When calcined it is employed as a dressing for silk.

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. 1.42 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, 8.23 P. M.

Warehouses, 5.57, 7.24, 9.54, A. M. 12.14, 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.

Warehouses, 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., 3.42 P. M.

East Windsor Hill, 8.56 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, 10.10 A. M., 6.32 P. M.

Broad Brook, 10.50 A. M., 6.50 P. M.

Melrose, 10.57 A. M., 6.55 P. M.

Hazardville, 11.03 A. M., 7.03 P. M.

Shaker Station, 11.08 A. M., 7.08 P. M.

The Farm.

Now that the hurry of "Haying time" is over, farmers have an opportunity to make war on the weeds. The fear of the seven dollar fine is putting the scythe among the carrots and thistles to some extent, and every live farmer should feel it his duty and privilege, not only to see to it that his own fields are cleared of these pests, but also to make proper complaint if his more shiftless neighbors do not come up to their opportunities. How would it do to have a day, or couple of days appointed for a general war of extermination—by the Governor say—and after that time let public opinion, that mighty power for good or ill, hold up to disgrace, any man on whose fields or by whose roadside a thistle top or carrot top is seen. But the gardens and fields also should be cleaned of other weeds which seedling will be prolific of hard work for next year.

The scales which fly from iron when it is worked at forges, from trimmings, filings or other ferruginous material, if worked into the soil about fruit trees, or the more minute particles spread thinly on the lawn, mixed with the earth or flower beds or in pots, are most valuable. They are especially so in the case of peaches, and in fact supply necessary ingredients to the soil. For colored dyes they heighten the bloom, and increase the brilliancy of white or nearly white flowers of the rose family.

An old dairyman recommends having a faucet in the bottom of the cream jar, so as to draw off the watery portion of the cream without disturbing the rest, as it thickens by the removal of the watery portion and imparts a bitter taste to the butter.

The sales of Connecticut tobacco in the New York market last week were 80 cases '78 wrappers, at 35 cents, and 100 cases '79 Housatonic, on private terms. Pennsylvania fillers, crop of '78, brought 12 cents, sales 300 cases, and wrappers 35 to 45 cents. Nearly 1,500 cases of Connecticut tobacco are now in the hands of New York dealers, and nearly '78 crop; some firms, however, are carrying small lots of '77, and one firm 150 cases of '73 and '75.

Fowls need charcoal when in close quarters; but that from wood is not palatable to them. The best way to furnish it is by charring an ear of corn. The fowls will devour it greedily, and the improved color of their combs will soon show its wholesome effect.

A USER FOR POTATO BEETLES.—A Maryland farmer is making money out of an enormous crop of potato beetle. Being opposed to the use of Paris green, he rigged up a large washbottle in his field, and hiring six men, collected the bugs, and soured them in the boiling water. About two gallons were collected, and by accident a piece of old sheep-skin leather, used for lining the washbottle, was used. After the cooking had been going on for half an hour he was astonished to find that the leather had changed its color to the richest dark crimson. This arousing his curiosity, he inserted other materials, and ascertained another peculiarity of the insect. The material which he changed first to a dark brown, then a greenish hue, then pure yellow, then light blue, changing to dark blue; then light red, terminating in the brilliant scarlet, which was the permanent color. Consequence: formation of stock company to make dyeing mixtures from potato bugs.

VALUE OF SWAMP MUCK.—Some time ago we remarked that an acre of swamp muck of forty pounds of nitrogen was worth \$25,000. No doubt such a statement is surprising. So was the statement of Dr. Laves, of England, that a ton of bran fed to cows returned more than its cost in manure. Swamp muck, free from sand, contains two per cent. of forty pounds of nitrogen per cent. Nitrogen is worth in the market twenty-five cents per pound, so that a ton of swamp muck is actually worth \$10 for the nitrogen in it. All that is needed is to work up the muck, so as to make the nitrogen available. An acre of swamp muck, three feet deep, contains 200 tons, and would require eight months to draw out, at ten loads a day. Few persons realize the value of the fertilizing elements of common waste matters which lie under their feet, and the innumerable tons of matter that may be available for fertilizing crops, and that much of the idle and neglected materials represent a vast amount of wealth.—American Agriculturist.

Potato flour, or the dried pulp of the potato, is attaining great importance in the arts. It is stated that in Lancashire, England, 20,000 tons of it are sold annually, and it brings the price of 200 tons.

When doubled as much in the market as wheat flour, it is used for sizing and other manufacturing purposes, and when precipitated with acid is turned into starch. When calcined it is employed as a dressing for silk.

You must try Davis' Baking Powder.

Local.

VILLAGE NOTICES.

Davis' Baking Powder is cheapest and best.

Miss Lilla Ely has lately returned from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston and is now desirous of forming a class in Piano and Organ instruction.

VILLAGE ITEMS.

The M. E. Church are to picnic &c. at Gallup's Grove, Aug. 24th. The River Belle making two trips. A general invitation is extended to all friends. Who ever went to a picnic of the Methodists that didn't have a good time?

Last Saturday evening, a Hancock and English flag was raised and now floats gracefully over Main st. Quite a large audience assembled and were addressed by E. S. Cleveland of Hartford, from Dr. Pease's steps. Mr. Cleveland was very cordial and his two sermons on the winning side, to which we have only one word of comment—*tinerrillit*. The Thompsonville Brass band enlivened the occasion with some good music.

Garfield and Arthur meeting at Engine hall last Tuesday evening.

If the water gets much lower, picnic parties will have to hire teams and go up to Gallup's on a stone boat.

Niles Pease has purchased all the furniture, pictures, organ etc., of Liberty Division S. of T., lately disbanded.

Miss Angle Severance is taking her summer rest at Rockaway Beach.

That new show-case at Hunter's gives a chance to show up his stock of fine stationery &c.

Dr. Chester Johnson and family are getting rest and renewed health, up among the hills of Mass.

On Monday evening as Selectman J. P. Davis was driving on the road to Shaker station, with his wife and Mrs. McCaw, a tire broke letting one side of the buggy down and throwing Mr. and Mrs. Davis to the ground. Mr. D. received a severe cut on the forehead and Mrs. Davis a severe nervous shock and possibly internal injuries. Mrs. McCaw held to the buggy and was not hurt.

Last Sunday, Dr. Childs of Hartford occupied the pulpit of the 1st Pres. Church and gave two sermons which were greatly enjoyed by the audience. The Church and Sunday-school will be closed next Sunday, Aug. 22nd.

The upper bridge is receiving planking under the direction of Jas. Steele 2nd. We should like to make a mild suggestion concerning some sort of a cross walk from the bridge to the opposite walk, before the fall mud season.

H. L. Smith has just completed the stone work for his eighth cellar wall this spring for the H. Carpet Co., requiring some 500 perch of stone.

Another good thing Mr. Smith has done, is to leave a basket of delicious fruit and two quarts of beautiful balsams at our office. Reader, "Go (come) thou and do likewise."

P. D. Willis and lady are recreating for a few weeks at Sylvan Cottage, Lake Pleasant, Mass. While Henry is on hand to draw life and weigh sugar, as aforetime.

F. H. Bissell has been building a tobacco shed.

Sunshine for Little Hearts.

We hope Fanny and Willie have not become discouraged because no other little folks responded to their invitation to write for the Sunshine column. Please write again little friends. We know a great many who read your letters with interest, and would like more. It is thus about the good times you have spent on your vacation, and perhaps other little folks and Fannies, will be induced to write about their good times.

It was our good fortune to see a couple of little boys six and seven years old, spend a fortnight—their first visit—at the seashore, and it was worth the going, just to see those boys enjoy it. What a good time they had, to be sure. I tell you there is no happiness that comes to folks in after life, equal to that of catching the first fish. And all day long on the beach and the rocks, every minute finding new treasures and wonders. Why it would take a whole convention of Professors of natural science, to answer their questions. We oldsters enjoyed ourselves, but not one of us but envied little Harry and Hollie, and would have given our best hat to be in their shoes—no, they didn't wear any shoes—but to have felt the full measure of happiness without the alloy of care and anxiety, which they felt. We shall hope next week for a half dozen letters telling us about the fishing and the berrying and the—well you tell.

The Pleasant Light.

How delightful 'tis to see, Little children who agree, Who from every thing abstain, That will give each other pain; O, how lovely 'tis to see, Little children who agree.

Angry words they never speak, Promises they never break, Little children who agree, Love sits smiling on each brow. O, how lovely 'tis to see, Little children who agree.

They are one in heart and mind, Courteous, pitiful and kind; Willing others to forgive, And make happy all who live. O, how lovely 'tis to see, Little children who agree.

When at home, at school, and play, They are cheerful, blithe and gay; Always trying to increase, Human pleasure, never cease. O, how lovely 'tis to see, Little children who agree.

If we for each other care, All each other's burdens bear, Soon the human race will be, Like one happy family. O, how lovely 'tis to see, Little children who agree.

Somebody's Mother.

The woman was old, and ragged, and bent with the chill of the winter's day; The street was wet with a recent snow, And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long, Alone, uncared for, amid the throng Of human beings who passed her by, Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout, Glad in the freedom of school let out, Came the boys like a flock of sheep, Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and grey, Hastened the children on their way, Nor offered a helping hand to her, So meek, so timid, afraid to stir, Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet

Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—The gayest lad in all the group; He paused beside her and whispered low, "I'll help you cross, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his young arm She placed, and so, without hurt or harm, He guided the trembling feet along, Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went, His young heart happy and well content, "She's somebody's mother, boys, you know."

For all she's old, and poor, and slow; And I hope some fellow will lend a hand To help my mother, you understand, If ever she's poor, and old, and grey, When her own dear boy is far away.

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head

In her home that night, and the prayer she said: "God be kind to the noble boy, Who is somebody's son, and pride and joy!"

Little Nellie, a Westfield girl, tipped over a jug of vinegar her mamma had set in the sun to "make," or grow stronger. When reminded, she said, "Why mamma I left the father and mother in the jug, and they will make more vinegar wont they?"

Little Trot-Foot.

I once heard some little girls talking under a pear tree, and one was telling the others, "I help mother, I run up stairs for her, and do errands. I do everything she asks me, and more too, because I do what I think she will ask me; and I fetch 'n' pa's boots, and get his slippers, and place his arm-chair for him. I find his handkerchief and his hat, for my pa don't always remember where he puts things; and he calls me such a funny name," said the little girl, with a cheery laugh.

"What?" asked the little girls, listening.

"Trot-foot—little trot-foot," said she. How useful these sweet, obliging little trot-foots are!

A gilded frame makes a good picture in the eyes of nearly all the world.

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credibility.

Advice is like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Show and Study.

TRIAL OF THE STEAM CATALAMAN.—The trial trip of the steam catalaman, Henry W. Longfellow, built at Nyack on the Hudson, took place July 28th. The vessel behaved well, but the experimental propeller proved a failure. The partially submerged screw did not take hold sufficiently, and merely churned the surface of the water into foam without giving much headway to the boat. By substituting a broader blade, the builder is confident of attaining a speed exceeding twenty-five miles an hour.

How to keep pencil drawing from rubbing out. Use 95 per cent alcohol and the best shellac to make emacrate 24 to 36 hours, and strain. Apply with a fat camel's hair brush. Pencil drawings made on manila paper will shrink badly after varnishing, but good drawing paper will come out all right, and if properly varnished may be washed with soap and water without the least injury to the lines. Some drawing paper, of an open texture, requires to be sized with a warm aqueous solution of isinglass before varnishing.

EXPANSION OF GLASS.—The expansion of glass by heat may be demonstrated as follows: A glass tube of narrow bore and about eighteen inches long is bent round in the shape of a horseshoe, so that the free ends are within a millimeter of one another. Between these ends a coin may be held, being nipped between the ends of the rod and held there by the grip due to the elasticity of the glass. If now the outer portion of the curved rod is heated, the ends will open slightly and the coin drops out. This experiment is due to the inequality of its dilatation.

WATCHMAKERS' OIL.—The best oil for diminishing friction in delicate machinery is that which is totally deprived of mucilage and acid, and is capable of enduring great cold without congealing. To procure take good olive oil and agitate it with three times its weight of strong warm alcohol, and then allow to rest. The stearic acid will then separate in a curd when the clear *elaine* will remain by itself and from the lubricating material for watches. Those who lubricate mantle-piece clocks, should never employ common olive oil, but refined glycerine.

WATERPROOF GREASE FOR BOOTS.—In order to prevent snow and rain-water from passing through boots during cold weather, they should be treated as follows:—Take a pound of the best fresh tallow or hard mutton suet and melt it in an earthenware dish with half a pound of bees-wax and about half an ounce of rosin, and apply the compound to the leather (while warm, but not too hot). The soles as well as the uppers should be well soaked with this preparation. The wax tends to render the leather more durable and pliable, because it is an excellent antiseptic. There is no better leather unguent than this.

THE BEST WAY TO PAINT TIN ROOFS.—After the roof has been newly tinted, scrape off the rosin as clean as possible; then sweep off the whole in a thorough manner. Next dissolve about one ounce of sal-soda in every two gallons of water and with this wash the roof so as to remove all the surface rosin and grease. Let the roof now remain until a heavy shower of rain has fallen upon it, and afterwards become dry. Now is the time to put on the paint. This should consist of pure Venetian red, mixed with one-third of boiled linseed oil, and two-thirds of the raw oil. After this is dry, a second coat must be put on, but it may be of any color desirable, when the primary coat is of Venetian red, as it is one of the most durable paints that can be put upon metal.—Household Journal.

At the democratic caucus, held last Friday evening the following were chosen: town committee, Chester Johnson, chairman, Asa L. Lewis, Henry Woodcock; delegates to state convention, Luke Watson, H. B. Morrison, Asa Lewis, Henry Woodcock; congressional convention, James B. Benson, Geo. H. Booth, S. Charter, Chas. M. Abbe; senatorial, Sam'l H. Booth, Simon Hussian, Hiram H. Terry, Michael Barber; sheriffalty, B. W. Bright, S. H. Holcomb, A. F. Allen, John Smyth.

Bond of Friendship Club report "good time" last night at Gallup's. N. N. King, the milk and vegetable dealer, comes out with a brand new hardware. Mr. K. thinks he can beat the heater on garden vegetables, and would like to have folks take a look at his tomatoes if they want to see the biggest and best.

Dr. E. F. Parsons is taking his vacation of a few days, riding over the Mass hills. Mrs. James Sloane has been, for some time, at Westbrook, on the Sound, where her husband joins her for a few days this week.

F. D. Sloane and wife are at Waltham, Mass., for a little rest and recreation. S. Vanhorn and wife are at Block Island recreating.

October 13th and 14th the Agricultural society will hold their annual fair. Quite a large amount has been guaranteed—some \$400, for premiums and a good time is certain. For information apply to W. F. Fuller, secretary.

Center district had their school meeting last Monday evening, and a proposal to build a new school-house drew out a full meeting. It was not considered best by the majority to build, and a motion to do so was lost. The schools have been very much crowded and it was voted to procure another room and engage a third teacher. Albert Austin and Geo. S. Crane were elected as committee. R. H. Loomis, secretary and treasurer.

Fredalie Frey, a German, aged 52, took a teaspoonful of arsenic, Thursday, supposing it to be a saltz pill powder, and died Friday afternoon.

The carriage of George Gillet was smashed Friday, and Mr. Gillet, two ladies and a little girl spilled out and more or less bruised, and all because of a bicycle.

Jack Frost made an early call the 16th but did not remain long as his welcome twin brother, fog, removed his icy clutches from the crops.

Mr. Edward Austin is allowed \$475, insurance, on a total of \$7000, on tobacco damaged by hail; and Mr. H. J. Wright, \$150, on a total of \$450, likewise damaged. A portion of Mr. Wright's was not much injured by hail.

The Otis party report a fine pleasurable time while at the lake, though the thermometer was on the decrease towards fall weather.

The acreage of tobacco is increased above that of last year, and to safely house the crop, many new sheds are building, or just completed, while numerous additions are made to the existing barns. On one street there are eight new buildings, all with one exception erected for tobacco. The town has not witnessed, for many years past so much activity in building.

The Hancock and English and the Garfield and Arthur clubs, play a match game of ball Saturday, the 27th.

SPRINGFIELD RACES!

Our special reporter for sporting matters has had the influenza in his left ear and a sort of anti-billions complaint in his pocketbook so he couldn't hang around Springfield and give us a detailed account of the races there. No pool selling this year, oh no, but they sold pictures, and it was wonderful what a taste for fine art was suddenly developed among sporting men. The week has been a very fine one, and there has been some magnificent trotting. Crowds have gathered both during the day and to witness Pimfroe, sufficiently large to satisfy even Springfield, and on the whole it has been by far the best meeting ever held in the Valley.

Yesterday's race between St. Julien, driven by Hickok, Darby by J. A. Dustin and Hopeful by Dan Mace, was the most exciting feature, won by St. Julien in 2:19 1/4, first money paid \$1500. The second heat of the 2:30 race was won by Parana in 2:25 1/4. To-day it is promised that the "Queen" Maud S. shall trot, and the races will be first class. The free-for-all pacers, a 2:23 and 2:25 race are in the programme.

Deaths.

KING—In this village, August 17th, Jabez King, Jr., aged 77 years.

THOMPSON—In Warehouse Point, Aug. 13th, Lillian C. Thompson, aged 18.

TRACY—In Warehouse Point, Aug. 17th, Mrs. Julia R. Tracy, aged 56.

LAWTON—In Warehouse Point, Aug. 17th, Maggie Lawton, aged 27.

KEENEY—In this village, Aug. 12th, Flora E., oldest child of Alonzo G. and Mary J. Keenev.

OKEEFE—In this village, Aug. 13th, infant child of Michael O'Keefe.

ALDEN—In this village, August 19th, Mrs. Mary Ann Alden, widow of the late Seth Alden, aged 73 years. Funeral, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the house of her son-in-law, Edward Killam.

Obituary.

Capt. Jabez King, Jr., who was buried to-day, Rev. Mr. Winch coming from Northfield, Vt., to attend the funeral, was one of the last of a band of strongly marked characters, widely known in this valley. He was the oldest of the large family of children of the late Col. Jabez King. For many years he kept the River House afterwards the Globe, near the ferry, in the palmy days of hotel keeping, before railroads had rendered such establishments less necessary. It was a great resort for the old "River Kings," boatmen and raftsmen, and no landlord along the stream was more popular than Capt. King. He held the Captaincy of a company in the old state infantry and his company was one selected to escort the Marquis LaFayette, at Hartford, on his visit to this country, and attracted much attention by his soldierly bearing and fine drill, as it marched to the drum and life of Jerry and Harry Allen. Though for many years an invalid, Mr. King retained his genial nature and love of a jest to the very last.

The death of Mrs. Alden at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Edward Killam, on Thursday, was very sudden, as though she had been suffering from heart disease for some time, lately she had seemed much better. She was a rare woman, always cheerful, always helpful, the silver lining to the cloud seemed ever apparent to her, and she had a faculty of making any who came into her presence feel better and more hopeful. She will be sorely missed by her children and many friends. Her funeral will be at 3 o'clock on Sunday.

Decrease in the Public Debt.

From a statement prepared at the United States treasury department, it appears that the public debt, less cash in the treasury, on the 31st of August, 1865, was \$2,796,431,571.43. Since that time the decrease has been as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Date and Amount. Rows include: For the ten months ending June 30, 1866; For the year ending June 30, 1867; For the year ending June 30, 1868; For the year ending June 30, 1869; For the year ending June 30, 1870; For the year ending June 30, 1871; For the year ending June 30, 1872; For the year ending June 30, 1873; For the year ending June 30, 1874; For the year ending June 30, 1875; For the year ending June 30, 1876.

Total decrease from Aug. 31, 1865 to July 1, 1876. \$695,506,230.98

From June 30, 1868, to March 1, 1869, there was an increase of \$10,546,491.15, and from March 1, 1869, to July 1, 1869, there was a decrease of \$58,628,031.29, making the actual decrease for the year \$48,081,540.14.

The decrease from July 1, 1876, to January 1, 1878, was \$52,400,182.94; from January 1, 1878, to January 1, 1879, \$14,718,839.48; from January 1, 1879, to January 1, 1880, \$6,899,767.01; from January 1, 1880, to July 1, 1880, \$67,779,802.37; making the total reduction of the debt from August 31, 1865, to July 1, 1880, \$837,104,823.68.

The true way to "take it easy" in summer is the true way to "take it easy" at all times. It is not to fret, not to worry, not to dwell on the uncomfortable. Talk of something besides the heat; think of something besides the heat. Go on with your usual avocation, at your usual hour, in your usual way. There is nothing in the heat to harm you if your habits are ordinarily prudent and regular. If you can get a vacation, and can afford to take one, take it. It probably won't do you any good, but it may not do you any harm. It will, to be sure, force you to travel, which is the most uncomfortable thing you can do at this season, but if you are strong and healthy you will probably get through it. The change of water and of food and air at the place where you go to spend your vacation, will probably make you sick, but such sicknesses are seldom fatal. You can cure yourself almost any time by coming home, and when you get home your increased contentment will well repay you for the trouble and suffering of your vacation trip. If you can't have a vacation, you will, probably, be all the better for not having it. Either way, the chances are that, with a little of the right kind of philosophy, you can make summer seem to be the blessing that it really is, instead of the curse that you try to suppose it.

A Connecticut lawyer at Bridgeport, the other day, took exception to a judge's ruling that some evidence was inadmissible. He said, "I know that it is proper evidence. Here I have practiced at the bar forty years, and now I want to know if I am a fool." The change of water and of food and air at the place where you go to spend your vacation, will probably make you sick, but such sicknesses are seldom fatal. You can cure yourself almost any time by coming home, and when you get home your increased contentment will well repay you for the trouble and suffering of your vacation trip. If you can't have a vacation, you will, probably, be all the better for not having it. Either way, the chances are that, with a little of the right kind of philosophy, you can make summer seem to be the blessing that it really is, instead of the curse that you try to suppose it.

ELGIN WATCHES! Parties carrying them recommend them. CALL AND SEE THEM. R. F. King, Jeweler, Thompsonville, Conn. Waltham and Hampden Watches.

Special Notice. We call attention this week to our LARGE stock of Ribbons, Laces AND Hamburg Edgings. They include a large variety of STYLES and PRICES. Also just in, the NEW and POPULAR style of Hamburg—Turkey Red, Embroidered with white.

We also offer a TIP-TOP bargain in Summer Dress Goods at about one-half cost price to close them out. We have just received A LARGE ADDITION to our stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

Including the BEST Paper Collar in Thompsonville, Cloth both sides and reversible, and an Unlaundered Shirt that CAN'T be beaten either in Style, Quality or Price.

We also have Linen Collars IN Boys' Sizes. Call and see our goods and get prices. At Mrs. Simpson's Old Stand Main Street. Chas. G. Harrison. G. LANHARDT'S Refreshment Rooms, Windsor Locks, Conn. In the building formerly occupied by T. T. MILLER nearly opposite R. R. Depot.

REFRESHMENTS of all kinds, including Bologna Sausage, Ales, Wines, Lager Beers, Liqueurs, Cigars, &c., always on hand and served in first-class style. Smos.

BRIDGE THE STORE.

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 HAN KERCHEFS, 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.

THE 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.

GO, ME AND SEE U.S. A. SLOANE & SONS.

New England.

SAD ACCIDENT. John C. Taylor, the well known secretary of the Mutual Relief Association of Western Mass., and his wife were drowned together in the Connecticut river, midway between Gallup's grove and the South end bridge, on Monday afternoon. They, with Mrs. H. W. Southworth and Mrs. Bartow, were returning from the German festival at Gallup's in a row-boat. Mr. Taylor and Mrs. Southworth were rowing, when suddenly, Mrs. Taylor, laying her parasol down in Mrs. Bartow's lap, jumped into the river, here some 10 or 12 feet deep. As soon as she was in the water she began to scream for help, and Mr. T. exclaiming, "How can you do this! Spring to save her. Before the two women could get the boat to them, both sank. As they rose Mr. Taylor cried "Come quick, my clothes are dragging me down," but they could not reach him and both sank and were drowned. The bodies were recovered about 10 o'clock. The explanation which can be given for the act was that Mrs. Taylor was seized with one of those irresistible morbid impulses which at times so inexplicably attack people, and jumped into the water under its influence, without any premeditated intentions of suicide. Both were widely known and loved. Mr. Taylor, through his connection with the Association, had a very extended acquaintance, and no one could meet him and not feel that they had met a man.

J. Nelson Phelps, who fatally shot his mistress Sarah Ada Grover, in Shutesbury, Mass., and fired seven shots into his own carcass, is recovering in Greenfield jail. The gallows is waiting for him.

A sad accident occurred at Hampton ponds, Westfield, last Friday, resulting in the drowning of Chas. Emery of Dorchester, Mass. In company with his friend Rev. Mr. Sheridan, rector of the Episcopal church, he had established a camp on an island. Taking a boat, young Emery rowed out for a bath. Mr. Sheridan saw from the shore that he acted strangely and swam out, but too late to rescue him and was himself nearly drowned in the effort.

The population of Maine is 646,000 against 626,915 in 1870. Vermont has 334,453, a gain of 3,904.

The Mass. & Conn. Grangers had a big picnic at Southwick Ponds on Tuesday, 2,000 strong. The chief address was by J. J. Woodman of Michigan, Master of the National Grange, Sherman Kinberly of Gosport, Conn., Grand Master of the state grange, Thaddeus Graves of Hatfield, Rev. A. A. Loveland of Granby, Samuel Flower of Agawam and others also spoke. It was a fine day and they had a grand time.

About 6,500 barrels of Irish moss was exported from Scituate, Mass. last year, worth \$20,000.

St. Peter's Catholic parish at Monroe, Conn. has a legacy from the widow of Ambrose Shelton which will swell its permanent fund to \$10,000.

Father Scully of Cambridge forbids any young woman wearing "hanged" hair to enter his church.

Willie Robertson, 10 years old, is under arrest at Haverhill for robbing a store of \$40, which he had bought a boat, rowed to Newburyport, and paid for a week's board.

John Patterson of East Hartford, under \$1200 bonds for trying to kill his wife, failed to kill himself with laudanum Thursday.

The 1st company of the governor's foot-guard go to Troy, Poughkeepsie, Tarrytown and New York, leaving Hartford September 21st and returning the 25th.

The perpetrators of the recent burglaries in Norwich were arrested in New Haven Friday, and a large amount of stolen property was recovered. They are Charles A. Yerrington aged 21, son of a wealthy merchant, and Hattie Gabel, aged 19, a girl of dubious virtue. The parent of Yerrington had refused his son money, because of his bad habits, and he and the girl resorted to burglary, breaking into the houses of families away for the summer. In one house they remained several days, and the girl left a box of pills with the label of the druggist thereon. This caused their detection.

About \$1000 worth of goods stolen by Charles A. Yerrington and Hattie Gabel at Norwich are recovered. Yerrington is under \$4000 bonds.

SAD ACCIDENT AT RUTLAND, VT. James H. Dyer, one of the prominent young men of Rutland, Vt., chief muster officer of the Vermont department of the Grand Army of the Republic, and well known in the state, was killed Wednesday by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting for squirrels. His body was found yesterday morning on John Doty's farm, with a gaping wound in his groin. By his side was a slip of paper directing the disposal of his property, appointing his wife administratrix and asking a well-known citizen to settle his affairs. Dyer leaves four young daughters, the oldest about 12.

The much advertised state temperance picnic at Saybrook yesterday, Rev. Otis J. Range of Essex presiding, heard the usual talk about voting "as you pray," Candidate Neal Dow of Maine and Rev. Dr. Miner of Boston being among the speakers.

Gen. Hawley of Hartford, is home from Newport. New Haven people have spent \$200,000 in 10 years for land and summer houses at West Haven, East Haven and Short beach.

The 26th regiment of the state volunteers holds its reunion at Thames grove the 17th; the 17th at Newtown the 28th; Co. K. of the 25th at Unionville the 28th; the 10th at Stony Creek September 2.

Gov. Cornell of New York formally notified the Legislature of the ratification by his Legislature of the boundary line agreed upon by the Connecticut Legislature last winter.

The Methodist camp-meeting at Pine grove near Canaan is held from the 23rd to the 30th. A mob armed with pistols surrounded the house of N. P. Rines at Hampton, Wednesday night, beating him the in-corporator who led to several recent successful liquor raids, and after much stone throwing gutted the house and barn, smashing the windows and throwing the furniture into the road. Rines barely escaped with his life to another house. A reward will probably be offered for the detection of the brawlers.

The Great World.

There were coined at the various U. S. mints last month, 135,000 gold pieces worth \$1,980,000; 2,280,000 silver dollars and 1,650,000 one-cent pieces.

A bill was passed by the last Congress giving to the niece and granddaughter of President Zachary Taylor, the balance of \$25,000 due as salary at the time of his death.

Gold and silver mines have been discovered in Hamilton and Saratoga counties, N. Y.

The Michigan Democrats have nominated F. N. Holloway for Gov., E. H. Thompson for Sec. of State, and the Michigan Greenbackers have put Woodman and Armstrong in nomination.

THE GREAT WHEAT HARVEST. A gentleman just returned from an extended trip in Minnesota and the Red river country, reports that the yield of wheat in that section will far exceed in volume and quality any previous crop. Oliver Dalrymple, the great wheat grower near Fargo, who will cut 25,000 acres of grain this year, states that the yield will be two and a half bushels more to the acre than ever before. Harvesting has begun and will be at its height next week. The weather is fine.

A CELESTIAL DISCOVERY. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Professor Lewis Swift has just discovered another comet, making the fourth he has found in the past four years. It was in Ursa Major, right ascension, about 11 hours and 25 minutes, declination, 68 degrees north.

A body has been found near Fisher's island, and it proves to be that of Clarence S. Remington, a passenger on the ill-fated steamer Narraganset.

"Bobby" Burns' statue will be unveiled in New York's Central park next month. NEW YORK DEMOCRATS. The New York democratic state convention for the nomination of state officers will be held at Albany, September 8.

LARGE SHIPMENTS OF CIGARS. Large shipments of cigars, manufactured by Chinese in San Francisco, have recently been made to New York. Within the past 30 days over 1,000,000 have been sent East. The leaf tobacco of which they are made comes from Connecticut and Pennsylvania.

Stephen Dudley Field, a nephew of Cyrus W. has invented an electric motor. The National Sunday-school assembly is in session at Chataqua, N. Y.

Three harks, a barge and a scow, loaded with oil were burned at Hunter's Point last week. Loss \$100,000.

There are twelve men in the Tombs, N. Y. awaiting trial for murder. The state election in Alabama, resulted in a Democratic majority of 50,000.

The supposed Benders, arrested in Nebraska, were not genuine. A little choking would do them good and maybe cure them of lying.

Andrew Carnegie of New York recently gave \$25,000 to his native town of Dunfermline, Scotland, to establish a free library and has now increased his gift to \$40,000. The building is expected to cost \$20,000, and will contain a library and a set of reading and recreation rooms.

There are about 5,500,000 acres of government land in Mississippi, most of which lies in the southern part of the state. The state also owns 350,000 acres, which can be had at 25 cents per acre, and 50,000 acres of internal improvement lands at 50 cents per acre.

The census gives Utah 144,000, all but 32,000 being Mormons. AFGHANISTAN. A letter from Gen. Primrose at Candahar of the 11th says the enemy had opened fire with Armstrong guns at a distance of 2500 yards from the city. The damage then was slight. A heavy musketry fire was opened at the walls from villages situated on the three sides of the town, but few of the troops were wounded. There was water for the garrison for 45 days. The exact strength of the garrison is 1243 effective Europeans, 3386 natives and 382 sick. Gen. Primrose estimates Ayoub Khan's force at 10,000.

ADELAIDE NELSON DEAD. Adelaide Neilson, the actress, well known in this country for her beauty and the brilliancy of her presentation of Shakespeare and other parts, died suddenly yesterday at the Continental hotel in Paris.

ANOTHER OCEAN STEAMER LOST. The iron steamship Flavian, bound from Liverpool to Baltimore, ran ashore during a fog on the night of the 12th, at Great Island, 20 miles southwest of St. Johns, V. I., and will probably be a total wreck. She was launched at Newcastle-on-Tyne one month ago, and was on her first voyage and barely eight days out. She had 3000 tons of a general cargo for Baltimore. No lives were lost. Two steamers have been dispatched from St. Johns to the wreck.

Japan has 20,000 Roman Catholics. There are thirty-three missionary societies at work in Africa, Seventy-five thousand converts belonging to Protestant churches and a population of two hundred and fifty thousand under Christian influence.

The Knight Templars at Chicago.

Chicago has seen more good looking men this week than any city ever saw before, 20,000 Knight Templars in line, representing 350 commanderies. The music was furnished by 62 bands. Miles of decorations and acres of gorgeous tents adorned the lake shore and all parts of the city. 300,000 strangers were in the city and its capacity was taxed to the utmost; indeed many suffered for food. The Grand Master of the grand encampment was escorted by the Oriental Commandery of Cleveland, in his carriage drawn by 13 horses, 7 white and 6 black. All night the theaters gave free entertainments to Knights and their friends and the display of pyrotechnics was far more magnificent than anything ever held in the city.

Davis' Baking Powder is most reliable.



GARFIELD & ARTHUR CLUB MEETING Every Tuesday Evening.

J. R. WRISLEY, (Successor to C. P. Wolcott.) DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF AMERICAN WATCHES: Hampden, Elgin, Waltham, Etc.

A fine assortment of Clocks and Jewelry of all kinds. Spectacles from 60 cts. up. We keep a full assortment of watch material for the repairing of all kinds of Swiss and English watches. Work done in the most skillful manner and at short notice.

Particular attention paid to the repairing of Spectacles and Jewelry of all kinds. Springfield watch for \$12.00, cheaper than ever before. Mansley's Block, Main Street, Thompsonville, Conn.

PEACHES! Peaches received daily and sold by the quart or basket, as low as the lowest for the same quality.

Nuts and Confectionery. All the best brands of Chewing and Smoking Tobacco. Tidal Wave, Blue Ribbon and Excellencia Cigars, the 3 leading 5c. brands.

John Hunter. FOUND! A Fortune can be saved by visiting Franklin Hall Market,

where can be found the choicest stock of Fish, Salt and Smoked, and Meats, to be found in any Market. Also at the same place, the best selection of Fresh Fruits and Early Vegetables of all kinds, in their season. We keep the largest stock of Canned Fruits, Vegetables, and Bottled Goods.

To be found, such as Pickles, Catsups, Mustards, Sauces, Jellies, Pepper Relish, &c., &c. German Mustard and Pickles in bulk, Soaps, Salt, Extracts, &c. Choice Butter & Fresh Eggs a specialty.

We have the largest, neatest, and best arranged Market for the business to be found. So be convinced and give us a call. You will find us located under Franklin Hall.

Your fortune is sure, so come while you can. And buy your Meats, Vegetables, &c., from Creehan. BROTHERS, FRANKLIN HALL MARKET, Pleasant St. 1y13

EXCURSIONS! H. H. ELLIS will run a bus for pleasure parties and picnics, to Southwick and other places, on reasonable terms. Orders may be left at A. T. Lord's Harness Store, Thompsonville. 5112

T. W. PEASE, CARPENTER AND BUILDER. Repairing in all its branches done promptly and on reasonable terms. The Trimming of Hedges and Trees A SPECIALTY.

All persons desiring anything in my line will do well to call on me before applying elsewhere. P. O. Box 19, Hazardville, Conn. 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.

THE ONLY PLACE TO BUY

Florida Water in bulk, Pure Drugs & Medicines, Fine Toilet Articles, Perfumeries

of all kinds, including Lundborg's Extracts, the finest in the world, is at Lindsey's Drug Store, Harrison's Block, Main Street.

Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours of the day or night. 1y12

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. FOR SALE.

A FINE HOUSE IN THOMPSONVILLE. THE House is situated on Pleasant street, is two stories high, size 32x21, with 17x21, well finished, contains 10 rooms, good cemented cellar. Lot 105x115, well stocked with shade and fruit-trees, the latter in bearing condition. Also a fine well of water. Price \$3000; only \$650 required down. D. BURNS, 409 Main St., Springfield, or Thompsonville, Conn.

Trunks, Trunks, Bags, Bags. We have on hand a large stock of the best make, bought direct from the Manufacturers, which we are selling At Low Prices.

Trunk and shawl straps on hand and made to order. Buggy, Farm and Team HARNESSSES made of the best Oak Tanned Leather.

Also a full stock of Halters, Collars, Whips, &c. Give us a call and we will try to please you. Respectfully Yours, A. T. LORD, Main Street, Thompsonville.

Miscellaneous.

Historical Sketches of Suffield.

Upon the next ridge east, "High Street" was laid. High Street extended only from the "Horse way," now the "old Factory Road," on the south, to the "Springfield Road," now "Crooked Lane," on the north.

Upon the ridge nearest the river, was the third place with a single tier of lots. This was called "Fether Street" (now Feather St.) tradition says it derived its name from the number of feather peddlers who lived there.

Stony River, deriving its name from its rocky bed, now Stony brook, has its rise within the town. Fed by the innumerable springs and streams that issue from the mountain on the west, Agawam plains on the north, and the Windsor mills on the south, it furnished many plain sites.

The "Great Swamp" lay at the eastern base of the mountain, a half mile or more in width, extending from Springfield to Simsbury lines.

The mountain was densely wooded, and then, as now, a prominent and attractive feature in the landscape of the town. It was supposed to contain valuable mines of copper and iron.

West of the mountain lay an unexplored wilderness. Seventeen years later (1687) the town appointed a committee to make explorations west of it.

Many of the towns in the valley have recorded deeds from Indian chiefs, of lands embraced within them, procured by purchase either before or after settlement, but no deed of Suffield as a township, from any Indian chief, has been found.

Its lands were included as a part of Woronoco, (Westfield) in 1647, when the General court ordered "that Woronoco, upon the Connecticut river, (west side) should be part of Springfield."

The Pynchon deed informs us that the Indian title to our lands was obtained in separate parts, and from different chiefs. The northerly part was purchased from Pumpankash, and was included in his deed of "Waronoco" to John Pynchon.

The southerly part was bought by Major Pynchon, of Misnoasques alias "Margery." This purchase included the land about the Falls, called "Lacows" or "Lacowsick," also "along the Great river, a great way below Stony brook, toward Windsor," the land being called "Squonuck," "Mayawag," "Wecups," etc.

The sum paid for the whole by the proprietors, to Major Pynchon was forty pounds. He purchased the whole from the Indians for the sum of thirty pounds.

Jerrold's Wit

Douglas Jerrold was not only witty, but exceedingly impertinent. He hated that overwhelming conceit which prompts a man to walk the street with the air of one who has just foreclosed a heavy mortgage on the universe and bought the property in at auction.

Free High Schools.

At the last meeting of the National Association, in Philadelphia, some highly-colored statements were made by gentlemen of that city, to the effect that a large number of the inmates of the Philadelphia Penitentiary are graduates of the free high schools.

ersham, has examined the Penitentiary. He reports that it cannot be shown that there is now, or has been, any high-school graduate among its inmates; that there are now two men who were once students in college,—whether expelled or graduated, dependent sayeth not.

Robert Burns.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I see amid the fields of Ayr A ploughman who, in foul or fair, Sings at his task. So clear we know not if it is The laverock's song we hear or his, Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields A more ethereal harvest yields More than sheaves of grain: Songs flush with purple bloom the rye; The plowman's call, the curlew's cry, Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed Beside the stream Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass, And heather, where his footsteps pass, The brightest seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines The darkness of lone cottage rooms; He feels the force, The treacherous undertow and stress Of wayward passions, and no less The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate, His voice is harsh, but not with hate; The brush-wood hung Above the tavern door lets fall Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall, Upon his tongue.

But still the burden of his song Is love of right, disdain of wrong; Its master-chorus Are manhood, freedom, brotherhood; Its discords but an interlude Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave unfinished what he might achieve! Yet better sure Is this than wandering up and down, An old man in a country town, Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land As an immortal youth; his hand Guides every plow; He sits beside each ingle-nook; His voice is in each rushing brook, Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night, A form of mingled mist and might From that far coast. Welcome beneath this roof of mine! Welcome! This vacant chair is thine, Dear guest and ghost.

—Harper for August.

First Letter Foundry in New England. COMMENCED IN 1817.

Book, Job and Newspaper Faces, BEST STYLES, BEST METAL, BEST TERMS.

The Boston Type Foundry, JOHN K. ROGERS, Agent, NO. 104 MILK ST., BOSTON, MASS., WELL KNOWN FOR ITS DURABLE, HARD AND TOUGH METAL.

PRINTING INKS of every manufacture—Wade, Johnson, Mather's, Morrill, etc.; Agency for all kinds of PRINTING PRESSES—Hoe & Co., Gordon, Globe, Universal, etc.; FANCY TYPES from all Foundries—Johnson's, Bruce's, Farmer Little & Co.'s, Comers, &c. Our New Specimen Book contains nearly one thousand styles of Type, Rules, Combinations, Flourishes, Borders, Cuts, &c., and is supplied to all customers.

The type from which this paper is printed was cast at this foundry.

HANDSOMEST COLORS I ever saw, where DO you have your Dyeing done? AT HARMON & CO.'S Springfield Dye House, 361 Main St., Famous Staten Island Dyeing, Best in New England.



Tailor Shop Connected, Gents' Garments Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired.

Harmon & Co.'s FAMOUS DYE HOUSE. Best in New England.

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.

Subscribe for The Press

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.

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.

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.

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

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,

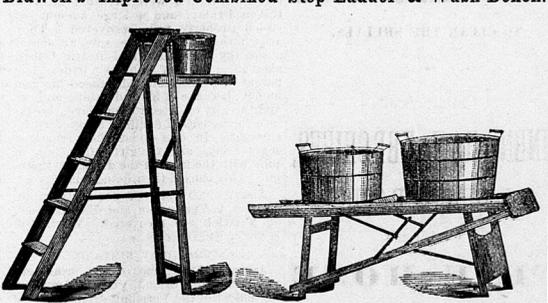
Ornamental Wood Work, BRACKETS,

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.

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!

How pleasant is a house without flies or bugs. Who likes to sit down to eat with ten thousand thousand flies covering the good things spread before you, tumbling into the tea, getting into the butter, &c.?

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! Furniture!

TWO Top Carriages, 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, 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. 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, Searf 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

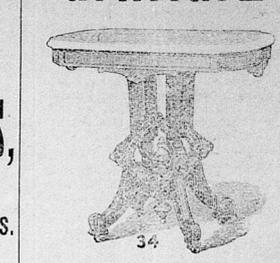
SMITHS' AMERICAN ORGAN. A beautiful Organ with eleven stops, perfect in tone and workmanship. Warranted five years, for the low price of \$115.00 in installments, or \$100.00 cash. It is the best organ in the market for the money.

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, 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.



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 Timmer'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 5,000 gallons.

WALL PAPER.

A full stock of Gold, Bronze, Satin, Mats or Grounds, common Papers, and orders to match. We took up this branch of business one year ago and our sales have far exceeded our anticipations. 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,