

# NORWALK GAZETTE.

ESTABLISHED 1800  
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An Enterprising Republican Journal, especially devoted to Local News and Interests.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

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## Norwalk Gazette.

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### LOCAL ITEMS.

Mayor Patrick Gleason, of Long Island City was in town Monday.

That acoustic of Brother Golden's was a first-class advertisement.

Bethel and Danbury are turning out large numbers of napped hats.

The new proprietors of the Danbury Register are making it very good.

Miss Esther L. Smith is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank H. Hoyt, at Stamford.

F. C. Smalley, late editor of the Danbury Register, is to open a grocery store in that town.

Michael Becker, of South Norwalk, died yesterday afternoon, after a long and painful illness.

Col. C. A. Converse, of Norwich, was in town last week visiting his daughter Mrs. A. E. Austin.

Canaan Mountain and other elevations in Litchfield county were covered with snow last week.

Hon. A. H. Byington was called by an important engagement to Washington on Saturday last.

The incandescent lights are a great success. A certain Norwalker calls them "incandescent lights."

Charles Adams did duty for Chief of Police Lockwood, while the latter was away on the trip to Gettysburg.

Treasurer George E. Miller is having the Carter homestead on Belden avenue embellished by a fresh coat of paint.

Editor Bailey accompanied the Danbury delegation of veterans to Gettysburg last week, and his published report is characteristic.

The State agricultural fair this year had a deficiency of \$3,000 and the directors have voted to borrow the money to make it good.

Senator Hawley has gone to his winter home, in Washington, to reside. Senator Platt has engaged winter quarters at the Shoreham.

O. L. Bassett, the Castlecote milkman, is making it uncomfortable for the game in Milton and other wild places in Litchfield county.

The Greenwich Graphic people sued the town last week to recover pay for printing the town reports. The case was compromised, however.

David B. Tinkler, a native and life long resident of Norwalk, has removed to Westport, greatly to the regret of many of his neighbors and business acquaintances.

The Pansy for October is fully equal to any of its predecessors. A look at the illustrations is a pleasure, and the reading is charming. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

Mr. J. M. Kilboy has resigned his position in the GAZETTE job department, and has accepted a situation as general manager of a large printing house in New Haven.

The story extensively circulated by the press that a Danbury woman narrowly escaped being buried alive while in a trance last week, is pronounced a falsehood by the News.

The superbly gorgeous sunset Wednesday evening last, started the query whether it was all on account of Hon. Asa Smith's birthday or George B. St. John's wedding.

The court of burgesses met in special session Monday evening and unanimously elected William E. Montgomery clerk of the board to succeed Wintrop H. Perry, Esq., resigned.

Rev. A. P. Marvin, of Lancaster, Mass., died of heart failure, Saturday. He was a native of Lyme, in this state, and a man of high literary attainments. His ministry was able, faithful and fruitful.

The county commissioners in Litchfield county have fully decided to place the license fees for liquor sellers in those towns where license prevails up to the highest point allowed by law, \$500.

A dog fight occurred in a barn in Westport, on Monday night, between dogs belonging to Ed. Lynch and John Madden, of Norwalk. The tussle was described as an elegant one, and as Lynch's dog ate the most ears he was declared the winner. Considerable cash was dog-gone after the hewing was over.

Charles Lees, a Bridgeport negro, got into a fight with a couple of negro women in that pious city a few weeks ago and cut them with a razor, one across the forehead and the other deeply in the side.

For grates, covers, centers bricks, or anything in the stove repair line, go to Austin's Foundry and save jobbers' profits. Brook street, rear Gregory's stable. No stove or range that we cannot repair.

Hon. Isaac C. Lewis, the well-known Universalist philanthropist of Meriden, has decided his new block in that city, just completed at an expense of \$75,000, to the City Mission, a charitable organization.

Senator Sherman, in an address at Orrville, Ohio, last week, said: "I would rather be ruled by the meanest tyrant that ever cursed mankind than be habitually cheated by the classes out of my right to vote."

Mrs. E. Parmlly gave a bus ride to Norwalk Saturday afternoon, in honor of Mr. Clapp Parmlly. The young people, on returning from the ride, enjoyed a social evening at the Parmlly residence—*Bridgeport Standard*.

The muskrat, the goose bone, and the corn husk have held their annual caucus, and the face of the returns points to a mild winter. Such unanimity on this point cannot help but be assuring to the coal dealers.

Miss Mattie Parsells, for some time a popular saleslady at Street's dry goods store, is now in the cloak department of the D. M. Read Co., Bridgeport, where she will be happy to meet any of her Norwalk friends.

Charles T. Sniffen will relinquish the cafe in the Norwalk Hotel on the first of next month, and expects to take charge of a place in Danbury. Landlord McPherson has made application for a license for the bar in the hotel.

The oyster steamers "Albert J. Hoyt" and "J. H. Lowndes," of South Norwalk, had a race on Monday for \$500 a side, the "Hoyt" winning. The course was from Cautken's Island buoy to Point-no-Point, off Stratford, 23 miles.

Thomas Drury was awarded a prize \$15 gold-headed cane for winning a recent penoche tournament in Bridgeport. Rufus Lyon, of the Farmer should have tried for it. He's the champion newspaper penocheist of the state.

Wedding cards received in Norwalk announce the marriage, on the 29th inst., in St. Joseph, Missouri, of Morris J. Bissell to Selia L. Lormor, both of St. Joseph. They are expected at the old home here about the close of this week.

The Governor has issued an elaborate proclamation giving the result of the late vote on the Prohibition Amendment, from which it appears that 73,353 votes were cast in all, of which 22,379 were in its favor, and 49,974 against it.

The engineer and a deck hand on an oyster steamer in the harbor got into a knock down argument a few days ago, and after complaint to the South Norwalk authorities the matter was settled by the combatants kissing and making up.

The New Milford Gazette advertises for a boy to learn the printing business, and adds, "Only a boy who means business need apply." Brother Bolles will find that they all "mean business" at the start and run the whole business shortly after.

We have received a package of documents, maps, etc. demonstrating St. Louis' superior claim to the world's fair of 1892, and an urgent request to advocate those claims editorially. Can't do it. St. Louis may have the next Columbus fair—not this fair, some other fair.

The Congregational church society held a meeting, on Friday evening, at which Colonel F. St. John Lockwood presided. It was voted to extend a call to the Rev. Dr. Noble, of Washington, to become pastor of the church at a salary of \$2,000 with the parsonage and a conditional allowance, in addition, of \$1,000.

The fire department fair to be held in Music Hall by the South Norwalk department during the week beginning Nov. 11th, promises to be a most successful affair. On the opening night there will be a grand concert under the auspices of Old Well hook and Lander company.

Thomas O'Halloran, who lives on Spring Hill, was arrested Wednesday morning by Deputy Sheriff Toner, on complaint of his wife, for drunkenness and breach of the peace. He was taken before Justice Austin, found guilty, and fined \$7 and thirty days' imprisonment, from which he took an appeal. Michael Nolan went O'Halloran's bonds in the sum of \$75.

A coaching party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bronson, Mrs. Burke-Roche and F. K. Sturges passed through this village, Monday, having left Lenox in the morning en route for Greenfield Hills, Conn. At Sheffield a relay of four horses were in waiting and they proceeded on their journey. At Conway's the party was regaled with an elegant dinner beginning with soup, taking in fish, roasts, game, entrees, a dainty desert, etc. This is their third visit at the Miller House.—*Berkshire News*.

Bridgeport scores another point in her murder record. Last Saturday night Frederick Merrill went home beasted drunk and clubbed and choked his wife into unconsciousness, in which condition she remained until Monday morning when she died in the hospital. Merrill was arrested. When he got sober and realized his awful crime he became frantic with grief and wept like a baby.

The incandescent lights and the store circuit of arc lights were not working on Monday evening, owing to a break down in some of the machinery at the engine and dynamo house. When subscribers were given notice early in the evening, some busybody attempted to create a mischievous prejudice by insinuating that there was some "funny business" for which the management was responsible.

Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller has the correct idea. The only way to bring about dress reform is to devise garments that are more graceful and more beautiful than those now in vogue. The average woman considers it her first duty to look handsome, and anything that assists or detracts from that end gets treated accordingly. No sensible woman is going to make herself look like a frump simply for hygienic purposes.

Wonders will never cease, and the M. Read Co., of Bridgeport, are now offering first-class Tapestry Brussels Carpets of choice patterns, and their own manufacture, at the unprecedented price of 50 cents a yard, and Body Brussels at 75 cents, retail. Their salesrooms are crowded with customers rushing for these never before heard of bargains, and thousands upon thousands of yards have already been sold.

S. P. Thrasher, of New Haven, was all last week at Washington trying to bring to the attention of the maritime congress, in session there, his unique, ingenious and completely effective compass and fog signal chart. It would seem that Mr. Thrasher's device would reduce the dangers of collisions of vessels at night and in fogs to the lowest possible minimum, and this is the opinion of all the nautical experts who have seen it.

Wm. E. Garrison, of Danbury, went out coon hunting Tuesday last on Bear mountain. His dog finally found a coon, but for a time Garrison was unable to locate him. Finally he discovered the creature in a hollow place in the trunk of the tree near the ground. His tail was the only visible part, and this he seized hold of and pulled him out. Garrison would have been glad to have dropped him on the spot were it possible. He tried hard to shake the acquaintance, but it seemed impossible. He was badly bitten on the index finger of his right hand at the second joint; this was so completely laid open that the joint was nearly severed.—*Danbury News*.

Stamford, Conn., says the Critic, is the Mecca of the theatrical profession. Lester Wallace lived and died there. A. M. Palmer lives there; so does Daniel Frohman and the brothers Mallory. Now, Charles Bernard, the author of the popular play, "The County Fair," has built a wonderful little house there, a sort of saints' rest for playwrights. The theatrical colony are about to build a lyceum of their own, where they can rehearse plays in summer that are to be produced in fall and winter.

This is a shocking story that comes from Danbury, and should receive Rosie Rowe's vehement condemnation: A cruel trick was played on a Danbury girl the other day. The damsel in question is very fat and very sensitive regarding her avoirdupois, but a couple of young men determined to find out her weight, and they succeeded. One managed to stop the rotund damsel upon the town hay scales, where he engaged her in conversation, and while they talked the other wretch weighed the pair. When the young man's weight was subtracted from the whole, 801 pounds was left to the credit of the girl.

The recent marriage of a young lady of 50, near Norwalk, to an elderly gentleman of 21 summers—and winters—is criticized unfavorably by some thoughtless persons who forget that love is blind, and therefore is not supposed to see just where to place his dart most appropriately in all cases. However, a correspondent of the GAZETTE makes it all right. He deprecates criticism and claims it was a really sensible occurrence. "The bride," he says, "was sensible in taking to husband a boy young and fresh and tender, and the boy showed excellent judgment in placing himself under the protection of a woman qualified by age and experience with the world, to bring him up to be a good man." This ought to settle it.—*Stamford Advocate*.

Says the Stamford Record: The Greenwich News is enjoying a season of unalloyed prosperity, and, through the secretary of state, who started the paper, the News printed four hundred thousand prohibition tickets. We have no knowledge of what the News received for the work, but at 50 cents a thousand, (a low price), \$2,000 was turned into the coffers of that paper. We rejoice with the News in its good luck in having got the four hundred thousand tickets out on time, and without mistake, but we regret that the secretary of state could not have had more "plums" of this kind to dispense, and perhaps other offices might have been favored with some profitable contracts.

Rev. Dr. Newman Smythe, of the Center church, in speaking to Yale theological students at the recent New York meeting of the American board of commissioners of foreign missions, said: "I devoutly trust the time will soon come when no man in the Congregational churches will desire, and no man in the name of the Congregational church will avail to put fetters on the feet of any man who may wish to run in any way of missionary service."

Editor Dana of the Sun is happy over the prospect of a new postage stamp to supersede the "sickly green" one that he has fought against so steadily and so ferociously. He says: "The death warrant of the sickly green two-cent postage stamp was signed yesterday. Have patience for a few weeks while Brother John is working off his stock on hand of sickly greens, and with the Happy New Year the bargain counters of his department will begin to glow like a healthy girl's cheek after exercise in the open air."

The New York, Bridgeport and Eastern railway corporation which has recently been formed out of the remains of the old Olmstead parallel, is at great pains to inform the public, through the columns of the Bridgeport papers that it is not going to be a party to a big fight in the next legislature of Connecticut. However, it would not be safe to predict that the next session of the legislature will not hear from the new corporation in some manner.—*Hartford Post*.

Well, why should not the Connecticut legislature treat this interest as fairly and justly as that of the great "Consolidated," when it calls for legislative assistance?

The grand division of the Sons of Temperance met at New Haven Thursday at the Athenaeum. Charles A. Baldwin presided. It was shown that there were 3,398 members of the order, that it was in a flourishing condition, and that \$2,568 had been paid out for charity during the year. These officers were chosen: G. W. P., George R. Bill of New Haven; G. W. A., Samuel E. Frisbie of Milford; scribe, W. F. Mar of West Haven; treasurer, Charles E. Hart of New Haven; chaplain, Rev. M. S. Phillips; conductor, Mary Soper of Hartford; sentinel, Frank T. Sanford of New Canaan.

Mr. Henry Tristram, says a Darien correspondent, has been the subject of a good deal of comment, owing to a mistake of his which caused him much inconvenience. He went to Norwalk last Tuesday evening intending to return on the 8:18 train. The express train happened to be late that evening, and mistaking the train Mr. Tristram embarked upon it, but was much surprised and chagrined to see the train dash past the Darien station. The gentleman was compelled to go to New York, and returned on the theatre train to Norwalk. From there he walked home, arriving at 2 o'clock a. m.

The Ansonia Sentinel observes that "the Naugatuck division of the Consolidated railroad is celebrated for its exemption from accidents. There is good reason for this. Twice each year the energetic superintendent of the division, George W. Beach, tramps the whole length of the line, examining every bridge and culvert, looking at the switches, the rails, the roadbed and every detail of the road by which accidents are liable to be caused. In this Mr. Beach sets an example of diligence and devotion to other superintendents which might be followed with benefit to the traveling public. We doubt if there is another man in the country in his position who does this."

Prof. A. G. Newell, of Bridgeport, was in town on Friday, with a view to making arrangements for the formation of a class in dancing in Music Hall during the coming season. Prof. Newell has an extensive and most enviable reputation as an efficient and thorough instructor in the "poetry of motion" and is a member of the American Society of the Professors of Dancing, an organization to which none but the most proficient instructors of widely recognized ability are eligible. He is desirous of enlisting the interest of our local select schools in his project, in which he is eminently successful in other places, and it is safe to predict that he will secure a large class and turn out many accomplished dancers at the close of the term.

The news about Stanley's return is getting to be as dubious and perplexing as a Signal Office weather bulletin. He has been lost and found so often, and has consumed so much time in ineffectual efforts to emerge from his African hiding place, that all Zanzibar dispatches about the movements of the explorer have acquired a semi-mythical character. The latest intelligence is indeed more reassuring inasmuch as it reports him as being at only a month's distance from Mpwapwa, but we have previously known of his being near Njiji, Masani, and other unpronounceable places, and yet getting lost again almost beyond hope of recovery. Captain Wissman's presence with him this time inspires some confidence, for Wissman shows a prowess in slaughtering Africans equal to that of Rider Haggard's heroes, and the chances are that he will come through all right.

Portchester Enterprise.—"The Schubert quartet will give its first concert in the Congregational church at Norwalk. The date is not yet known, but it will be announced as soon as the new organ is in readiness. The Schuberts will appear with an excellent company in this place on November 21st. The company has two dates in Brooklyn in January."

The fall elections come next week Tuesday, when Massachusetts, Ohio, Iowa, New Jersey, Mississippi and Virginia will choose governors and other officers, and New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Nebraska minor officials. To some extent the results may reflect the temper of the people toward the administration, and again the popular drift on the main issue that divides the parties in the nation. But as a rule, and especially in the states where the contest has become most exciting, local questions will prove a determining feature of the canvass.

Mrs. George W. Selleck, in accordance with her usual custom, gave her annual reception and dinner to a number of her aged lady friends at her home on Merwin street on Wednesday evening. The occasion was, as it invariably is, a successful social affair, and highly enjoyed. The following were present: Mrs. Sarah Canfield, aged 90 years; Mrs. Catherine McDonald, 88; Mrs. Betsy Hubbell, 88; Mrs. Lucy Selleck, 84; Mrs. Laura Morehouse, 81; Mrs. Amy Dana, 74; Mrs. Elizabeth Lounsbury, 73; Mrs. Margaret Bunting, 72; Mrs. Sarah Weber, 71; Mrs. Sarah Rockwell, 67. Besides these, Mrs. Dr. Van Alstyne and other invited guests, without regard to age, were present.

Secretary Noble is sharply censured by the Brooklyn Times for "projecting his side of the Tanner controversy into public notice," and declared "sadly lacking in the discretion which is essential to a successful politician." The Times regards the appointment of Noble to the cabinet a greater mistake than that of Tanner to the Pension Commission, and adds:

"We are not prepared to say that the acts of Commissioner Tanner were always judicious, but the difficulties of his position, with a bitter enemy poisoning the ear of his chief can be readily appreciated, and it must be said that since his retirement he has shown an unexpected degree of self-restraint in the discussion of the reasons that compelled his resignation. It is 'Noble's mouth' and not 'Tanner's mouth' that has precipitated this controversy."

The veterans of the 17th C. V. arrived home last evening and all report an enjoyable trip. But perhaps the most pleased man of the lot was Sargeant P. Wade who was presented with a \$250 hunting case gold watch for his services on behalf of the association. The presentation was a complete surprise to the general sergeant but nevertheless he is worthy of it and no one who knows him will envy him his good fortune. The inside of the watch case is suitably inscribed and on the outside the monogram "P. W." is engraved. The chain is a drum, the center of which is made from a piece of an oak tree on Barlow's Knoll. The presentation was made Tuesday evening, the speech being by Col. Henry Huss. While the veterans were at Gettysburg they presented Mr. D. Blocker with a set of engrossed resolutions. Mr. Blocker is the man who has for years taken care of the association's flag at Gettysburg. At the last reunion it was voted to present him with a suitable token of recognition in appreciation of his services.—*Bpt. Post*.

W. R. Atkinson, who has charge of making the topographical survey of the state, is now at work on a section of 225 square miles, which includes Cheshire, Meriden, Southington, and Bristol. A signal for the purpose of triangulation has been placed on the top of Meriden peak, something under 35 feet high, and the accurate measurement to the top of the signal is 1,035 feet, making the peak something over 1,000 feet high. The old coast survey made it 992 feet. The measurement to the top of Wolcott church spire is 858 feet. In Prospect and Wolcott are good farms at an elevation of 800 feet, says the Hartford Times, while at the east is a rocky ledge with no farming land over 400 feet high. The height of Mount Sanford, between Prospect and Mount Carmel, is some 900 feet, while Mount Carmel reaches only about 790 feet.

The Abe Patterson Post, G. A. R. of Pittsburg, Pa. has made an innovation in the way of a sentimental resolution, which will at least produce for it a certain stamp of notoriety, and sets a pattern not likely to be universally followed, by adopting the following:

WHEREAS, The survivors of the 2d Maryland (rebel) Regiment have erected on the battlefield of Gettysburg, within four feet of the monument erected by a loyal Maryland regiment, a monument commemorating the disloyal deeds of said rebel regiment; and there is every indication that other rebel organizations and regiments will, if permitted, follow the example, and thus undertake to make treason honorable; therefore be it Resolved, That the Abe Patterson Post, composed of men who gave their best services in defense of the flag and many of whom shed their blood on the battlefield of Gettysburg, desire to enter their solemn protest against this sacrilege and most emphatically denounce any such intrusion by traitors upon sacred soil and ask that the Gettysburg Battlefield Association, the chairman of which is our worthy Governor and comrade, Hon. James A. Beaver, cause said rebel monument to be removed and express orders given that no more of that nature be erected.

A. Giddings, a well to do farmer living in New Milford, died suddenly Monday while carting a load of coal near Brookfield station. He was seen to topple over and fall from the wagon and when picked up he lived but a few minutes. Heart disease was the cause. He was 55 years of age.

The attorney general of the United States has announced in reference to a case brought to test the regulation that inmates of the Soldiers' Home at Noroton must surrender their pensions to the authorities of the home. "The pension laws of the United States guard with great care the soldier's property in and his rights of possession of his pension certificate, and if at any time the pensioner Thomas Rabbeth may desire to do so, he may demand of the superintendent of Fitch's Home his pension certificate and any further retention of it would be a violation of section 4745 R. S., as amended by section 2 of an act approved February 28th, 1888, and punishable by the pains and penalties therein described."

The Port Chester Journal thus gives some local scandal mongers to understand that it "is onto them," and it is now likely private character will be safe from their poisoned tongues:

"Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill? He that backbiteth not with his tongue nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor."—Psalm xv, 1st and 8th verses. If there are any persons in this community who are in the habit of backbiting, and yet who profess to be followers of the Lowly One, it will be well for them to read the above and similar passages. If they do not and are not guided by them it may be all the worse for them. We understand that one of the "weaker vessels" has been notified to retract her "babblings" or suffer the consequences.

"Grandma" Mary Brown, the oldest resident of Winsted, reached her 100th birthday Saturday. On the previous evening friends and neighbors called upon her and made her a present of \$100 in gold—a dollar for every year of her life. She was born the year when George Washington began his first term as President of the United States, and was a young woman of 23 when the war of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain broke out. For years her bright mental condition and physical activity have attracted attention to her, and she has been regarded as among the most wonderful of Connecticut's centenarians. On the Monday following her 100th birthday she died from the effects of a severe fall a week or so previous. It was, however, considered providential that she was permitted to see the completion of a hundred years of existence.

The Silver Mine correspondent of the New Canaan Messenger is indignant at certain reports of a certain wedding that recently appeared in a certain local paper. He says: "Some of the statements are true, but the larger part of them are new, and as is quite common with gossipy papers the new is not true and the true is not new. Do respectable people like their family affairs brought out after the manner of a caricature? Or, let us ask, is it the right thing for any editor who regards the golden rule to do such things for a few cents? The minister and the family concerned are not pleased with such trifling, and pronounce it wicked lying. There are several different ways of dealing with such abuses. One is a reasonable exposure of such trash, and another is proceedings in the law courts, but the shortest and most expeditious is what some editors are familiar with—a cowardling. We only mention this latter one and do not recommend it."

When tax assessor Harvey Fitch occupied the same office during a former term, some grumbler who had brought his tax list to the assessors' room, revenged himself for his oppressive taxation, on Mr. Fitch by stealing his hat. Mr. Fitch was obliged to buy or borrow a hat or go home bareheaded. He never forgot the theft nor forgave the thief. This circumstance was recalled one day last week by seeing Mr. Fitch rush frantically down the stairs of the bank building from his office, bare-headed and with a look of desperate resolve on his erstwhile calm and benevolent face. At the outer door he paused and darted quick, anxious glances up the street and down the street and across the street. Judge Selleck came along and observing the assessor's agitation, said, "Harvey, you'd better go back and put your hat on, or you'll catch cold."

"That's just what I'm looking for," replied the assessor, as he shot a glance around the corner. "Some unscrupulous scoundrel has stolen my hat again, and taken my overcoat with it. This assessor business is played out with me; there isn't enough in it to keep me in hats." Silently and in sadness he retraced his steps up stairs to nurse his grief, and a few minutes later a man slyly clambered up to the clothes press, quietly took off an overcoat, hung it on a hook, hung his hat on another and took down a different coat and hat, putting them on as he stole quietly down stairs. He had swapped with the assessor by mistake and came back to rectify the error.

AN ECHO SONG.

Echo, tell me while I wander O'er this fairy plain to prove him, If my shepherd still grows fonder, Ought I, in return, to love him? Echo—Love him, love him.

If he loves, as is the fashion, Should I churlishly forsake him? Or, in pity to his passion, Fondly to my bosom take him? Echo—Take him, take him.

Thy advice, then, I'll adhere to, Since in Cupid's chains I've led him, And with Henry shall not fear to marry, if you answer, "Wed him." Echo—Wed him, wed him.

MYSTERY OF THE PLAINS.

The perils, sufferings, adventures and escapes of the pioneers of the great west can scarcely be numbered. No pen will ever write of the half of them. Some of these adventures appeal to our admiration and elicit words of praise for the pluck and bravery displayed, while others touch the heart of the roughest man and bring a mist to his eyes as he hears the particulars related around the evening camp fire.

During the first rush to the Black Hills section the government posted a small force of cavalry on the Loup Fork of the Platte river, a stream having its rise in western Nebraska. Gold hunters and immigrants heading for the Black Hills from eastern Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri and eastern Kansas all followed the Loup Fork as far as they could go. The cavalry numbered only about seventy men, while the number of hostile Indians up in arms to drive back the tide was fully 3,000.

The command was a menace to the Indians, however, and our camp was a half way rallying point at which the immigrants could halt and refresh themselves and repair damages. I was the only government scout attached to this command, and I had to carry a report to either Fort Laramie or Fort Kearney once a fortnight. One afternoon seven or eight horsemen and four wagons came into our camp from the west and told an exciting story. Two weeks previous a train of fifteen wagons and forty men had left Sioux City and struck across to the Elkhorn river. Following that up for three days, they had been attacked by a large force of hostiles while strung out on the march. They lost ten men and had five of their wagons cut off and captured. They went into camp, threw up breastworks, and finally beat the Indians off. Next day over twenty of the men, disheartened and afraid to continue further, took six of the wagons and started on their return to the east. There were five wagons and eight men left. One of the wagons belonged to an immigrant named John Hosmer, who had his family and all his belongings in the vehicle. He was one of the ten men killed. His family consisted of his wife, who was described as a little woman weighing less than 100 pounds, a boy of 10 and a girl of 6.

Mrs. Hosmer was advised to return with that section of the party which had decided to retrace its steps, but she refused to do so. She had traveled with the smaller party for five days, driving her own team and bearing up in a courageous way. Then, when within thirty miles of our camp, a reaction came, and she suddenly determined to return to Iowa. It was an embarrassing situation for the others. They did not wish to return, and of course they could not think of seeing her go back alone. They argued, coaxed and pleaded with her, but she was obdurate. When, in her own interest, they decided to take possession of the team, she seized her dead husband's Winchester rifle and threatened to kill the first man who approached. No one has ever blamed the men for allowing her to separate from them and head back over the trail. They believed she was driving to her death, but she would not listen to them. She had come to the resolution that she would return, and nothing could be said to change it. They were rough fellows, and she was the only woman and here were the only children in the party, but she could not have been afraid of them. There wasn't a man among them who would not have laid down his life for her. When they knew that she had determined to separate, they conspired to disable her wagon, but she was on the watch to prevent, and had any man attempted to detain her by force he would have perished his life. After breakfast on the morning of the day before the party reached our camp Mrs. Hosmer left them, with a curt good-bye, and headed back over the trail.

This was the story as told us, and no one had reason to doubt that it was the true one. The first thing the immigrants did was to appeal to our major to send out a force to overtake the woman and bring her in. The idea could not be entertained. It was thirty miles to the point where she had separated, and if she had not been disturbed in her journey, she had made thirty more by that hour. To expect a squadron to overtake her, even with the country full of hostiles, was almost absurd. Our great wonder was that the party had come in without being attacked, and it must have so happened that they slipped between hostile bands. It was quickly decided that we could do nothing as a command. Not a soldier could be spared from the office, which might be invested any hour. I offered, in case the major would consent, to take five of the best mounted immigrants and make the attempt, but he would not consent, and none of the men cared to encounter the peril. Fate, however, had a hand in the matter. Within two hours from the arrival of the party a courier came in to us from Fort Laramie, bearing orders which I must attempt to transmit to Fort Randall. My ride would take me over a portion of the trail, and it was probable that I would make some discoveries.

"I can't ask you to deviate from your direct course or to incur any additional peril," said the major, as I was making ready to go. "Indeed, if you get through alive, with all your skill and cunning, it will lift a great load from my mind. I have no doubt there are a thousand hostiles between this and Fort Randall. The woman and children were no doubt attacked within two hours after leaving the party. It's a sad case, but I don't see how we can help them." "Are the dispatches very important?" I asked. "Yes, but they will keep. You need not kill your horse to deliver them." "Then before I return I shall learn the fate of the woman."

He extended his hand and turned his face away. It was what he wanted, but he would not command it. He had a wife and two children of his own back in the States, and I knew how his sympathies went out for this poor, obstinate mother, whom grief had probably worked to such an extent that her mind was not quite right. Soon after dark that night I rode away to the northeast, only half an hour before a scouting party came in with the news that a large band of hostiles were approaching from the north. Had I been delayed a few minutes I could not have got out for a week. It was a July night, cloudy and threatening rain, and I took my chances and pushed ahead at a gallop, hour after hour, having a pretty level country, knowing I could not go wrong. I did not intend to look for the trail of the wagon until daylight, and when dawn came I found it with very little trouble. I hit it at least ten

miles beyond the point where Mrs. Hosmer had separated from the band. In other words, I had gained ten miles on her back trail. I had been told of a peculiarity about her wagon which enabled me to pick out its trail at once. On the tire of one of the hind wheels the blacksmith had stamped a hand thus: [Handprint]. This pointed in the direction the vehicle was going, and I found its imprint in a dozen places headed back for the Elkhorn.

As soon as the sun was fairly up I took a careful survey of the country and found nothing to alarm me. The great body of the hostiles had gathered lower down on the various forks of the Platte, and the small bands roaming over the section could not thoroughly cover it. I unseated, got a bite to eat, let the horse rest and graze for a couple of hours, and had the luck to find water, such as it was, in a sink hole. About 9 o'clock, having an almost level country ahead of me, I picked up the trail and rode on. After an hour's gallop I came to the spot where Mrs. Hosmer had made her first camp. She had made a distance of about twenty-two miles the first day, and had gone into camp in a dry ravine, deep enough to hide the wagon from sight of any one riding over the plains. She had found water, though little better than a mud hole, and had built a small fire and cooked supper. So far as I had followed the trail the horses had kept a regular gait, proving that the woman was not unnerved by her lonely and dangerous situation. Her making camp where she did encouraged me a bit to hope that she might pull through. I rode on for ten miles beyond this camp, and then finding good water and grass and a capital place to hide myself, I halted and unsaddled again and slept until 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

When I pushed ahead again I made twelve miles without a halt. Then I reached her second camp. She had been obliged to encamp on the level ground, and without water. I saw that her horses had grazed during the night, but she had built no fire. There was a great blood stain on the grass near the wagon, and a few feet away lay the skeleton of a wolf which the buzzards had picked clean. The animal had probably made an attack on the wagon or the horses during the night, and the woman had killed him. I hunted about to find the empty shell which she would have thrown out of her rifle after firing, but as I could not find it, I had to conclude that she had struck the beast with an ax or other weapon. I had gone five miles further on her back track, when I made a discovery that filled me with alarm. Either because she had sighted something to alarm her, or because her nerve had given away, she had left the trail, which ran straight to the northeast, and had turned square to the east. More than that, she had put the horses to a gallop, and I knew that it was the beginning of the end. They had gone at a reckless pace for about five miles, and had then been pulled down, and as I could not find a single sign to show that Indians were in pursuit, I knew what had overtaken her. She had been seized with that species of insanity that often comes to strong men when finding themselves alone on the plains. There was a terror in the situation that unnerved her.

God pity the human being left helpless on the lonely plains or the wide spreading prairies. If there was no peril, the loneliness of the situation would drive one mad. One is out of the world—almost cut off from God's own protection. There is a monotony such as no other situation knows. There is a menace in the loneliness that chills the blood.

By and by I found where she had halted to give the horses water. This was a better sign, but as she drove on, her course was erratic, bending from due south to due east. This troubled me again. She had also made frequent halts, and just before dark I found a lot of the household goods which had been thrown out of the wagon. She had lost so much ground by her erratic course that I counted on coming up with her before midnight. The night came down starlight, and I had difficulty in following the trail at alope. I rode cautiously, however, knowing that I was approaching the Elkhorn, and realizing that I might run upon hostiles any moment.

At about 9 o'clock I came upon the wagon and horses on the level ground. The tired and exhausted beasts were nibbling at the short grass as they walked along, and as they became aware of my presence they uttered shrill neighs of rejoicing and held their heads high in air. I expected to find mother and children in the wagon, but was bitterly disappointed. At the risk of making my presence known and bringing the Indians down upon me, I shouted a score of times, and also discharged my rifle several times. I got no answer, and after waiting by the wagon for a full hour I felt that the case was hopeless. In her terror the woman had abandoned the wagon and continued her flight on foot. The horses were suffering for water, and as I could not be encumbered with them I cast them loose and let them gallop away. In the wagon were rifle, revolver and knife, so that the woman was defenseless. Taking the wagon as a fixed center, I made circles after circle around it, but I neither found nor heard of the poor wretches.

At midnight, feeling that I could do no more, and yet determined not to leave them to their fate, I went into camp near the wagon and slept until daylight. When the morning broke I took a long look around, but saw neither signs of Indians nor traces of the immigrants. I rode back over the trail for seven or eight miles, and finally found the place where the horses had been abandoned to their own guidance. I could detect it because the eccentric trail from thence on proved that they had been guided by their own will. Then I made new circles from this spot, spending the whole day in the saddle, but it was in vain. Their light feet had left no trace on the sterile plains, and after the day's search I gave up and pushed for Fort Randall.

Was the sad mystery ever solved? Never. I can today guide you to the spot where the Indians found the wagon and robbed and burned it, and one of the horses was found on the Elkhorn. As to the poor mother and children, only God knows where and how they perished.—New York Sun.

An Ingenious Trick. One of the puzzling tricks performed by so called public mind readers, or clairvoyants, is an extremely simple deception. The performer standing on the stage asks several persons in the audience to write each a sentence on a slip of paper and seal it in an envelope. Of course the stationery is furnished and afterward collected. One of the audience is a confederate and writes a sentence agreed upon beforehand. When the assistant goes through the house gathering up the envelopes the confederate's contribution is carefully put where it will be the last one of the lot to be taken up.

The performer picks up an envelope, and, after feeling of it, with much ceremony pronounces the sentence agreed upon, and the confederates in the audience acknowledges that he wrote it. To confirm this the performer tears open the envelope and repeats the sentence as though he found it on the inclosed paper, which he reads, and then, picking up another envelope and fumbling it over, he calls out the sentence he has just read. The one who wrote it says it is right, the performer tears open the envelope, reads what is in it, and proceeds in that way through the lot.—New York Star.

AFTER BLACK TAIL DEER.

EXHILARATING SPORT IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WYOMING.

Beautiful Creatures Brought to Earth by Lendian Messengers—Tenderfoot from the East Meet with Remarkable Success in the Hunt.

On our arrival at the Crystal Spring ranch my friend P., of New York, and myself, learned that deer were plentiful in the mountains to the east of the ranch, consequently we determined to try our luck on the following day, the Messrs. T., the proprietors of the ranch, agreeing to accompany us.

"The searching eye of heaven" was just firing "the proud tops of the eastern pines" as we set out, each mounted on a stout little broncho and armed with a good rifle and a large hunting knife. We were also provided with lunches, in order to enable us to be absent the whole day if necessary.

After fording the river several times, which runs through the ranch in a winding course, we crossed a comparatively level expanse of grassy land well irrigated by a system of ditches, and before long commenced to ascend the foothills of the mountains. The keen, bracing mountain air, so different from that of the "effete" east, seemed to inspire us with fresh energy and spirits, as in single file we trotted briskly along the trail.

THE BEAUTIFUL ANTELOPE.

On reaching the summit of a rather steep hill we saw a group of antelope quietly grazing in the bottom of a broad valley about a quarter of a mile from us. F. and myself dismounted and attempted to get nearer to them, but they soon spied us and made off with such speed that "they seemed in running to devour the way." We sent a couple of flying shots after them, but to no effect. These animals are very shy, and as they are usually found in the open country, it is very difficult to get within range of them. Their curiosity, however, is easily excited, as they are as inquisitive as Mother Eve, and this fact is often taken advantage of by hunters, who, by lying flat on the ground and gently waving a handkerchief or some other conspicuous object, can often entice them within shooting range. They are beautifully formed creatures, about the size of a sucking calf, their coats being of a fawn color and their tails white and bushy. Their heads are shapely, and in the case of the bucks are surmounted by a pair of slender pointed horns, hence their name of the prong horned antelope. Their eyes are of exquisite beauty, being large, dark and languid looking, and hence have again served as images to poets.

We again mounted and rode on for several miles, when the nature of the country altered as we approached the highest part of the range, being composed of high hills covered with precipitous banks. In some places they looked almost perpendicular, and it seemed almost an impossibility to descend them, but the sure footed little bronchos, now cautiously picking out the spots affording the best footing, again putting their feet together and allowing themselves to slide, would carry us safely to the bottom. Occasionally, on reaching a particularly bad place, we would dismount and lead our animals, and on one occasion, we were surprised to see one of our companions give his horse a shove and allow him to partly roll and partly slide down the bank, while he himself followed leisurely on foot, the broncho recovering his feet and patiently waiting for his rider at the foot of the hill.

We now determined to divide our party, having first agreed upon a place of meeting, R. and myself taking one "draw" and our companions riding some distance further "to work" another.

SPOILING A PRETTY PICTURE.

After drawing lots for first shot, the choice falling to R., we rode slowly along the sides of the draw, keeping our eyes wide open for deer. We rode on for several miles, when, to our delight, a band of seven bucks appeared on the divide opposite to us, who, on catching sight of us, suddenly stopped, threw up their antlers heads and sniffed the air, forming a picture that would cause any huntsman's heart to beat more rapidly. We hastily dismounted and opened fire upon them, but seemingly to no effect, as they disappeared into the next draw. The failure of my shot was probably due to "luck fever," but this could not have been the case with R., who had killed numbers of them before.

Leaving our horses, we followed them on foot as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, and on reaching the top of the divide we noticed that the next draw was walled in on the opposite side by a steep bluff, rendering escape in this direction impossible, and the deer had halted in the bottom, uncertain which way to run. We again fired and evidently had both aimed at the same animal, as the largest one of the group fell to the ground. The echo of our shots from the opposite bluff seemed still further to confuse the rest, and they hesitated long enough to enable us to get several more shots at them, and three more bowed their proud, antlered heads and bit the dust. The other three then started up the draw with lightning speed and were soon beyond range. We were highly elated, however, at killing four out of the seven; the thrill of satisfaction and delight which passes through a man's breast as he sees one of these noble creatures fall beneath his well directed shot needs to be felt to be fully appreciated.

We had each killed two, although we could not determine with certainty who had shot the large buck, as there were three shots in him, any of which would have proved fatal. He was indeed a beauty, as large as a yearling steer, sleek and fat, with a magnificent head, fine spreading antlers which were very careful to preserve with a view to having it mounted on our return to civilization, and hung at the head of the ancestral hall amid other trophies of the chase. We now whipped out our knives and proceeded to relieve him of his hide and to cut off the most edible portions, viz: the hams, which we tied behind our saddles. The rest we were obliged to leave upon the ground as we were a long distance from the ranch and could not carry a very large load.—W. Lynn Wilson in Detroit Free Press.

A Johnstown Dog.

A gang of men were at work near Johnstown removing debris. Soon they came upon a pile of logs in the shape of a cone at least a dozen feet high. The logs were in such a symmetrical shape that it looked as though they were put together by human hands. The cone was hollow, and as the men proceeded with their work they detected a small which suggested that there was a dead animal close at hand. Log after log was removed, when, to their amazement, they beheld a mastiff dog. The animal wagged his tail and whined when he saw the men, and seemed gladdened at the prospect of being liberated from his prison. In another portion of the cone shaped cell was the carcass of a cow. By some freak of the rushing waters the dog and cow were caught in this pen, the cow being crushed in the jam. The canine was sleek and fat when liberated, and looked none the worse for his two months' imprisonment.—Exchange.

Diamonds in Walking Sticks.

Among the novel patterns in walking sticks brought over from Paris there are some, and by no means the most bulky ones, which have proved very profitable to their owners. Several of them are to be seen at the present time in the limbo where smugglers' tools find government safe keeping. "As a matter of fact," said a customs detective, "I don't believe one-half the diamonds brought to this country pay any duty to the government. Look at this case—a plain, straightforward piece of native bamboo it appears to be, doesn't it? It doesn't weigh over eight ounces, and the knotty head, where the bamboo roots grew, with its little silver plate for the owner's name, looks the very pink of respectable property. That came over the ship's side a day or two ago carelessly held in the owner's hand. A cablegram had been sent from Berlin to the secretary of the treasury giving his name and address and the kind of article he was likely to smuggle. That description was sent to the collector here from Washington, and was given to me.

I met the steamer, and the first thing my eye rested on was that cane. I went through my man's baggage; it was diamonds I had been told to look for, and found, as I expected, nothing suspicious. He smiled when I asked him to go into the search room, explaining that I regretted to have to obey such disagreeable orders, but that duty was duty, etc. He took it in good part, and I stripped him of the cane and between his toes, and in his ears and between his toes, and in every conceivable cache, but I found no diamonds. He smiled all the time. I thought perhaps he had swallowed the gems, and thought seriously of asking him to "take an emetic with me." But I couldn't go quite that far legitimately. He kept on smiling. At last an inspiration seized me. I picked up the cane, pressed that little silver name plate, found it yielded and opened inward, discovered that the whole of the naturally hollow bamboo was loaded, and bagged my game. By this time the smuggler had ceased smiling.—New York World.

Whims of the Society Actress.

"A young woman of wealth and social position was about to make her debut under my management," said a well known theatrical manager. "The play was bought and the company engaged. One day she ran into my office in a great state of agitation. 'Oh, Mr. Blank,' she cried, tugging at her little valise, from which she drew out a tiny ribbon, 'here's the color of the dress I am to wear.' 'It was dumfounded for a moment. 'Well, Miss H.—' I said, 'I don't quite understand.' 'Oh, yes,' she ran on, 'I shall have a dress made of that material and cut decollete.' 'But to you know what the other ladies are going to wear?' I asked her. 'No, I don't.' 'Do you know what the colors of the scenery are, and that it is customary to obtain information about these matters before deciding on a dress? Now, I think a plush gown would be just!'

"She roused in an instant. 'I shan't wear plush! No, I'll never put a bit of it on my body. There, now! I'll agree to nothing but silk, sir, and this color, too.' 'I told her the color would never do (it was a bright yellow), but she insisted that she would wear it. 'Look here, miss,' said I, for I was annoyed beyond measure, 'do you imagine that I am going to build a whole scene, with costumes and all the rest of it, around that bit of ribbon?'

"It was enough. She left. By-and-by she became a little more docile, and she wore the right dress after all. I only mention this to illustrate that there is something else in stage dressing than the mere selection of showy and expensive drygoods."—Philadelphia Times.

Dogs for Outpost Duty.

Shakespearean commentators used at one time to dispute as to whether, when Shakespeare spoke of "letting slip the dogs of war," he was using the words in a literal or in a metaphorical sense. It is certain, however, that in Shakespeare's time, as also at a much earlier period, dogs were sometimes used for war purposes; and it is now said that in the Austrian army a regular service of dogs is being organized for outpost duty, the carrying of dispatches, and other military services. Outpost duty would, of course, involve the watching and catching of spies, and it may well be that dogs will be found useful for reconnoitering and (as one would say in connection with the game) beating any portion of the country where it might be supposed that hostile parties were lying hid. With the employment of dogs, there will be an end to the urbanity which used at one time to mark the relations between the outposts of contending armies at times when hostilities were not actually in progress. The English and French used in Spain, according to Napier, to exchange little gifts of brandy and tobacco when they were not actually engaged in trying to blow one another's brains out.—London Life.

Farming in China.

A farmer in China may be hired by the year for from \$5 to \$14, with food, clothing, head shaving and tobacco. Those who work by the day receive from 3 to 10 cents, with a noonday meal. At the planting and harvesting of rice wages are from 10 to 20 cents a day, with five meals, or 30 cents a day without food. Few land owners hire hands, except a few days during the planting and harvesting of rice. Those who have more land than they and their sons can till lease it to their neighbors. Much land is held on leases given by ancient proprietors to clansmen whose descendants now till it, paying from \$7 to \$14 of rice annually for its use. Food averages little more than \$1 a month for each member of a farmer's family. One who buys, cooks and eats his meals alone spends from \$1.50 to \$3 a month upon the raw material and fuel. Two pounds of rice, costing 3 1/2 cents, with relishes of salt fish, pickled cabbage, cheap vegetables and relishes, costing 1 1/2 cents, is the ordinary allowance to each laborer for each day. Abernethy's advice to a luxurious patient, "Live on sixpence a day and earn it," is followed by nearly every Chinaman. One or two dependent relatives frequently share with him the sixpence.—San Francisco Letter.

Cat and Dog.

Some authors write with correctness, but lack the art of making their work readable, while others, like the writer of the following composition, violate the rules of grammar, but manage never to be dull.

"If there's no trees just around the dog gets the cat in the corner of a door or two brick walls. Then the cat makes her body twice as big as what is flesh and bone by standing her hairs up strate, and she spits and sneezes all over the dog, so he can't see what he's doing of. Then while he's clearing his eyes a bit she sorter him in the nose, which you know, of all parts of the dog's flesh, its nose has got the littlest skin over it. You might say there is no skin, only a bit of meat. The dog feels just as if he was caught with a fishing hook, and he runs right away a-thinking to himself as he thought the cat was a little case, when he sees it in the yard.—Youths' Companion.

A HOUSE FOR \$985.45.

Plans and Estimates for the Building of a Seven Room Dwelling.

The following design and plans were furnished to Carpentry and Building by John M. Sherwood, a Syracuse, N. Y., architect. He calls attention to the following points: A glance at floor plans will show that a room or two can be easily added without any change of present house; there is a large cellar under the whole house, with stairs

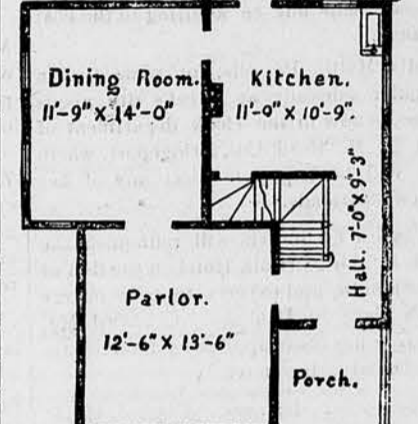


leading to the kitchen; on the first floor is a hall, with neat whitewood stained cherry staircase and doors leading into parlor and kitchen; the parlor, dining room and kitchen are good sized rooms; on the second floor are three chambers with closets off each, fitted up with wardrobe hooks, etc., and a spare closet for linens; there is a large closet over all.

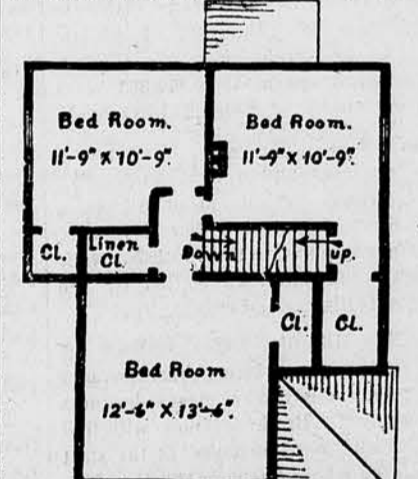
ESTIMATE—MASON WORK. 10 cords of stone laid at \$13.50..... \$135 00 8 brick piers at \$2.50 each..... 20 00 Chimney built for \$18..... 18 00 83 yards of plastering at 20 cents per yard..... 16 60 84 yards of excavating at 20 cents per cubic yard..... 16 80 Cellar, built at \$31.20..... 21 20 Total mason work..... \$313 00

CARPENTER WORK.

8,000 feet hemlock at \$11..... \$88 00 Carpenter work at \$1..... 84 00—\$122 00 Shingles, 13,500 at \$3.50..... 47 75



FIRST FLOOR. Laid for..... 23 25 67 00 Coved siding..... 30 00 Laid for..... 10 00 40 00 Flooring, 1,600 at \$20..... 32 00 Laid for..... 6 00 38 00 Cornice, corner boards, left course..... 22 13 and water table, 535 feet at \$25..... 55 38 Carpenter work..... 12 87 35 00 Base board, 325 feet at \$25..... 8 12 Laid for..... 5 88 14 00 10 windows, blinds, trimming, frames, casing and labor, at \$6 per window..... 60 00 8 cellar windows, at \$2.50..... 20 00 2 attic windows, at \$5..... 10 00 Circular window in hall, including leaded glass (stained glass)..... 5 00 Front door, trimming, glass and labor..... 15 00 14 inside doors, trimming, frames, casing and labor, at \$3.75 each..... 60 00 Wainscoting kitchen, 220 feet, at \$35..... 5 75 Front stairs, complete, \$25; attic stairs, \$6, and cellar stairs, \$6..... 37 00 Pantry, finished for..... 15 00



SECOND FLOOR. Porches, complete..... 38 00 Conductors and tinning..... 11 50 Nails..... 5 00 Building paper..... 55 00 Painting..... 55 00 Total..... \$985 45 Wardrobe hooks, 4 doz., put up at 30c..... 1 20 Total..... \$985 45 Brick can be substituted in place of stone for the foundation if necessary.

An Artistic Group.



The small pointed wall bracket in this sketch, from The London Cabinet Maker, is intended to hold a staircase lamp, and could be produced in any of the popular art colorings. Below this is shown a simple form of stool; this, it will be seen, is designed upon the form of the old Pompeian seats, and hence it would not be inappropriate if produced in a metallic finish, such as bronze, or even old gold. The mode of bracing the back and front legs together by means of the curved stretcher is elegant and strong. A wassail table, such as is shown at the side of this, would be a novelty just now, and, treated in the manner indicated, with two small shelves below, would be a useful as well as an attractive little old-time of drawing room furniture.



CUPID'S HARNESS. Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life, but they should constantly bear in mind that a fair, rosy face, bright eyes, and a healthy, well-developed form, are the best passports to a happy marriage. All those wasting disorders, weaknesses, and functional irregularities peculiar to their sex, destroy beauty and attractiveness and make life miserable. An unfailing specific for these maladies is to be found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years. \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00. Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS

Purely Vegetable! Perfectly Harmless! UNEQUALED AS A LIVER PILL. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Stomach and Bowels. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



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For Sale at a Sacrifice. Will be sold if applied for soon, TEN ROOM COTTAGE, within five minutes walk of the bridge, with never failing well of excellent water, and a cistern holding three hundred hogs-heads, for laundry purposes all modern improvements conveniences, etc. Cost owner \$8,000, and will be sold for \$5,000 with only \$1,500 down, to satisfactory party.

Im38 Enquire at GAZETTE OFFICE.

PORTRAITS

OIL, PASTEL OR CRAYON. Elegant work, at lowest prices, by E. T. WHITNEY, Formerly of Norwalk. Leave orders at Art Department of BOSTON STORE, 2d Floor, Norwalk, Conn.

Large Office Room to Rent. IN GAZETTE Building, second floor front formerly editorial rooms of the GAZETTE. Enquire of CHAS. OLMSTEAD, Norwalk.

A BUDDHIST LEGEND.

Gautama Buddha sat beneath the tree of Life and death, whose fruit is mystery. Thinking how close together, even as one, Are Death and life—a shadow in the sun. Lo, as the shadows hasten to and fro, O'er endless Life Death's shadows come and go. To him there came a man; "Dear Lord," he said, "Dhara, my mother, in the house lies dead; A tomb of moony marble let me raise, To stand forever to my mother's praise." Lord Buddha mused, then on his features broke The light transfiguring, the while he spoke: "The dead shall live, the living shall be dead; The dead want but a pillow for the head. The dead rest, soon to rise, of life possess; Who help the living, they alone are blest." The weary traveler, touting o'er the plain, Stops by a shaded fountain, where, like rain, The quickening water, dripping from the brink, Reminds the thirsty wayfarer to drink. He reads these words upon the marble head: "In honor of Dhara, my mother dead."—Archibald Livingstone Hodges in Boston Transcript.

The Minuet and Cotillon.

This is certainly a century of revivals. The minuet and cotillon are being danced, we drink our tea out of old china and are prouder of old silver plate than the most beautiful of modern designs; we go back to Queen Anne's time for our houses, and to Sheraton and Chippendale for the designs of our furniture. As to our pastimes, the origin of tennis is antique enough for anything, and now we are reviving croquet, the graceful pastime which has been hibernating, so to speak, for fourteen or fifteen years. I am glad that this is so. I think that tennis, like other sports, is rapidly acquiring a taint of professionalism. Besides this, it is a selfish game, so far as concerns the inability of people no longer very young to stand the violent exercise it involves; and now, with the rules and regulations, and text books, and champions, and columns all to itself in the papers, it is becoming quite as "public" a game as cricket or football. Indeed, when I have seen some of my friends charging across a lawn as hard as they could go, with face like the August sun at noonday ought to be, perspiration running down their cheeks, hair disheveled and a generally breathless look about them, I think, as the snail does about dancing, that "it is folly for people to take such violent exercise, when they can pay others to do it for them." Croquet requires just as careful and scientific playing as tennis, and if it is not as athletic a game, it is certainly more graceful and quite as interesting, and I wish all success to its rival.—Kathleen in Leeds Mercury.

He Loved His Dog.

I see, said a well known actor last night in the Girard house cafe, that the Chinese theatre was closed last week because the leading actor had lost his cat and couldn't stop his search for it long enough to appear upon the boards. That reminds me of the early days in San Francisco, when Walt Gossnell, a local favorite in heroic roles, lost his magnificent water spaniel. The animal was his only companion, and he lavished his affection upon it. One day the dog disappeared, and no one could find a trace of it. Gossnell was then in high favor, and he drew crowded houses, although he never had any reputation outside of that city. He started out in the afternoon to find the animal, and, finding a clown, followed it up, and by 8 o'clock, when he should have been ready to go on the stage, he was nine miles from the theatre, and the manager was tearing his hair in desperation at his non-appearance. A substitute was put on, but he was hissed off the stage, and the theatre was closed at the end of the second act. Meanwhile Walt had found his dog dead at a cabin outside the city limits, where it had been taken by its captor and killed because it showed a vicious disposition. Walt never appeared on the stage again.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Remembered the Date.

In the summer of 1873, on the 24th of July, while sojourning in our little home in New Jersey, I was awakened by the tramp of a horse coming up the road, stopping at the gate, driving through and up to the front porch. I heard my little nephew's merry laugh at thought of our surprise, and the distinct voice of my brother trying to suppress the child: "Hush! Do not let them hear us." They drove down to the barn. I jumped from my bed (our room was on the parlor floor). My husband was sleeping soundly. I did not disturb him, hoping to give him such a pleasant surprise. I passed through the dining room into the kitchen out on the porch. I could see readily everywhere. The night was the brightest I ever remember. The awful stillness I shall never forget. Bewildered, almost frightened, disappointed, yet feeling sure of my brother's near presence, I called his name with no response, and returned to my husband, telling to him my strange experience. We made a note of the date. My brother died that very day at sea, the 24th of July, 1873.—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Chance or Providence?

The word "chance" is often used in lieu of that Providence which "shapes our end," a fact illustrated by the story of the first meeting of Jenny Lind with Otto Goldschmidt, who subsequently became her husband. Jenny Lind had been invited to sing in aid of the Consumptive Hospital, Brumpton. A hall, seating 900 persons had been secured, and the price of reserved seats was fixed at two guineas, and the unreserved at one guinea. When Jenny Lind learned this she was angry, and protested that the manager of the concert had doomed her to sing to empty benches. But the result proved the groundlessness of her fears—for the concert netted nearly \$5,000. A number of musical artists applied for permission to play for the charity. Their letters were submitted to Jenny Lind, and she selected the one written by a young German composer, to be answered in the affirmative. She had never heard of him before, and apparently the selection was a mere chance. The accepted applicant was Otto Goldschmidt, who then and there found his "luckey."—Youths' Companion.

The Oldest Bank Notes.

The oldest bank notes are the "flying money," or "convenient money," first issued in China 2937 B. C. Originally these notes were issued by the treasury, but experience dictated a change to the banks under government inspection and control. The early Chinese "greenbacks" were in all essentials similar to the modern bank notes, bearing the name of the bank, date of issue, the number of the note, the signature of the official issuing it, indications of its value in figures, in words, and in the pictorial representation in coins or heaps of coins equal in amount to its face value, and a notice of the pains and penalties following counterfeiting. Over and above all was a laconic exhortation to industry and thrift: "Produce all you can; spend with economy." The notes were printed in blue ink, on paper made from the fiber of the mulberry tree. One issue, in 1590 B. C., is all carefully preserved in the Asiatic Museum at St. Petersburg.—London Globe.

WONDERS OF THE EYE.

CURIOUS THINGS ABOUT NATURE'S PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA.

A Little Mirror Disk That Has Made Ophthalmic Science What It Is—It Is Quite a New Invention—Near Sightedness Common Among the Ancients.

"I would like to examine the interior of the eye," said the oculist. But, when he perceived a slight shrinking on the part of the reporter, who assumed for the time the role of patient, he smilingly added: "You need not be alarmed; it will not hurt you a particle." Then picking up a little disk shaped mirror with a hole through the center he led the patient into a dark closet, and after lighting a bright gas jet told him to sit down on the chair immediately beneath it. Next, he himself sat down opposite, so that the knees of the two touched, and held the small round looking glass in front of his own eye, like an eyeglass, with the mirror side outward, in such a manner that it reflected a ray from the gas jet straight into the patient's eye through the pupil. He could direct the ray easily enough, inasmuch as he was looking along it through the small hole that pierced the center of the disk. If you will hold a big, flat button mold up to your eye and look through it at the eye of a person seated in front of you you will get a notion of the way in which the oculist operated. Suppose the button mold has quicksilver glass on the surface turned toward the object, and you will perceive how easy it would be to throw a ray reflected from a light above the other person's head directly into that other person's eye, and to watch, through the hole in the button mold.

WHATEVER THAT RAY REVEALED.

This was what the oculist was doing with the mirror disk. The ray it reflected entered the patient's eye, through the pupil, and lighted up the interior very much as a dark room is lighted up by a bull's-eye lantern shining through a doorway from outside. Just as the lantern might be turned about this way and that, to illuminate various parts of the darkened chamber beyond the doorway, so the little looking glass was manipulated between the forefinger and thumb of the physician, as he held it before his own eye, in such a manner as to reveal to his view every portion of the inside of the ocular camera obscura—for such the eye is; very much like the camera of the photographer, in its construction and mode of working; and by gravity it has been found out quite recently that the so-called "ocular purple" in the eye actually produces the pictures of objects seen on the nerve screen that lines the organ, by a chemical process very much like that employed by the photographer to bring out the lines of his negatives. Possibly, some day, by studying nature's method, the sun print artist may learn how to photograph colors as the eye does. Who knows?

The patient was very much relieved at length to hear the oculist say that there was nothing serious the matter. "I observe a slight inflammation of the inner coat of the left eye," remarked the physician, "as well as a mildly hyperemic condition of the lids, both of which little troubles have undoubtedly been occasioned by your glasses you wear."

"What is the little round mirror called with which you examined my eyes inside?" asked the patient while the oculist was engaged in fitting glasses of various strengths into a huge nose frame for trial. "To that little instrument," responded the surgeon, "is due nearly all of the progress made in ophthalmic science since the days of the ancient Egyptians, 3,000 years ago. And yet, as you see, it is nothing but a small, round mirror with a hole through it. It is called the ophthalmoscope, and was invented by Helmholtz in 1852. So few years ago as that very little was known about the eye beyond what the old Egyptian physicians were acquainted with. However, as to the ophthalmoscope, I was going to say that it afforded the first means ever discovered for studying the interior of the living eye. From that point modern ophthalmic science really took its rise, and there is not much about the eye today that is not understood."

NEAR SIGHTEDNESS AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

"Were people afflicted with near sightedness in ancient times?" "Oh, yes; though probably not to the same extent. We read, rite and study more than the ancients did and for this reason near sight is more common with us, for it is the excessive use of the eyes at the near point that propagates the trouble. In our times troubles with eyes were regarded as afflictions sent by heaven, for which there was no cure. Nero, who died while Rome was burning, was a near sighted man, although he had the very best seat in the amphitheatre at the gladiator shows, he could not see what was going on. One day he discovered that a certain concave mirror in his collection of jewels aided his vision materially, and from that time he always carried the emerald pout with him, and when he wanted to be anything at a distance, looked through it. He regarded the stone as a talisman, and supposed that its properties were magical."

"Is it true that ever person needs spectacles at some period of life?"

"Decidedly, if the person lives to be forty-five years of age. Athlete, or at any rate before fifty is reached, the crystalline lens, which is of the consistency of jelly in childhood, has gradually hardened to the consistency of wax, so that the muscles which change the focus of the eye for various distances, by altering its shape of the lens, find it difficult to do this work. You will perceive that after looking at an object across the street, to examn your finger attentively requires a distinct effort of the eye. You have to exert the muscles that control the shape of the lens in order to make the focus right for the near point. If the lens has got hard, through advancing age, a continuous effort of this sort, in reading, becomes tiresome, and thus it is that the middle aged man or woman finds thirist indication of what is ignorantly termed 'falling sight' in the blurring of the letters the book or newspaper. Now, the fact is, of course, that the ocular organ is just as good as ever, save for the fact that it needs little help in the way of a glass lens to make its focus right for reading, and thus save the toilsome work."—Washington Star.

The Origin of "Bluebeard."

The story of how told is mainly fictitious, but it has a foundation in fact. Gilles de Laval, Lord of Metz and other baronies and lordships in Hainy, lived in the time of Charles VII. He was known as the richest and the wickedest man of his day. On Dec. 23, 1440, he was warned alive for having murdered several wives and not less than one hundred children. Fore he was taken to the stake he boasted of his horrible crimes and ended by saying that he had committed enough of them to damn to death 10,000 men.—Washington Star.

Feed the Hungry.

Small Insect—In a hungry. Mother insect—My rent, dear; the house-keeper will be along pretty soon with your more of that nice insect powder.—New York Weekly.

POSTOFFICE CURIOSITIES.

Some Queer Packages Carried by the Mails of Great Britain.

As usual, articles of great variety have been discovered in the undelivered correspondence and parcels. One parcel contained a human skull, the crown of which had been sawn off; another, thirty green tree frogs, all alive. In a tin mold was discovered, still in good condition, a plum pudding which had been sent to Australia three years previously, and had found its way back owing to the impossibility of tracing the lady to whom it was addressed. Specimens of the ladies' dress improver and packets of made up hair for ladies' head gear may be seen in the museum in which these various articles find a temporary resting place. The composition of some parcels at Christmas time was peculiar. In one were two petticoats, a pair of stays, a leg of mutton and a packet of tobacco. In another, a rabbit, stuffed with two tobacco pipes, tobacco, a doll and a piece of bacon, the whole being wrapped up in a lady's jacket. In the parcels stopped in transit as contrary to regulation were found a cat, a squirrel, pigeons, lizards, dormice, snakes, a cuckoo, muskrats and moles, all alive, not to mention one or two other parcels containing dead dogs and cats.

During the repair of a postoffice van in use on a Cornish railway, a 45 note in a dilapidated condition was found behind one of the panels, and with the assistance of the authorities of the Bank of England was returned to its grateful owner after a lapse of twelve years from the date when it was committed to the post. In July, 1888, complaint was made that a registered letter containing a 450 note had not been received at a country village, and after careful inquiry no trace could be found of the missing letter or of its contents.

Nearly seven months afterward a lady residing in the same village happened to open one of a large number of newspapers which had been delivered at her house during a prolonged absence from home, and which were about to be destroyed unopened, and the letter dropped from between the folds of the newspapers, into which it had slipped while in the post. She at once returned it to the postoffice, and it was then duly delivered to the addressee.

A very objectionable practice, and one likely to occasion risk and disappointment to the sender, is the growing habit of transmitting money in various articles sent by parcel post. Four sovereigns were found in a mass of crushed grapes, six in a packet of tobacco, and ten shillings mixed up with smashed eggs and butter.

A native of India, residing in London, expressed a wish in September, 1888, to send by parcel post the ashes of his cremated brother, to be dropped into the sacred Ganges, but was informed that, unless he could limit the weight of the parcel to eleven pounds, the postoffice could offer him no facilities. No further application was received on the subject.

In a private letter box, near the front entrance of the farm of Whitepark, Castle Douglas, a tomtit has for three years built her nest. In the years 1887 and 1888 she persistently pushed out the letters which were placed in the box, and rebuilt her nest when it was removed. This year, however, she permitted the letters to remain, and successfully hatched five young ones.

The following curious letter, lately received from Indiana, shows on the part of the writer great confidence in the department: "Dear Sir—I want to know if you know anything of G—D— I wanted to know and his son Henry and if you know anything of him let me know for he went in the war of 1812 under packingham they man that fished him from that country 1822 they landed in Illinois but the last account we had from him he was still living in 1870 Mr. B— said there was money for h—D— at the old mans death and I wanted now if there was and if not let me know and if not let me for I need the money and oblige Mr. H—D—"

A letter was received from Naples bearing for address a rough sketch of two pairs with the word "London" underneath, and was promptly delivered to the eminent soap makers in New Oxford street, who readily acknowledged the accuracy with which the department had interpreted the intent of the writer.—Liverpool Courier.

The Good and the Bad.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in a little social sermon, takes occasion to say: But, whether in town or country place, he who seeks shall find that which he seeks. The man or woman who sets forth on a quest of evil is sure to find it. Early in life I realized that there was more of pleasure to be derived from observing good than evil, and, consequently, sought and found it existing in abundance about me.

It is the crude idea of the youthful mind that the world is divided into two armies—the good and the bad—one clothed in darkness upon the left, one in garments of light upon the right, and in deadly opposition to each other. As we mix with the world this illusion vanishes, for we find the two armies clothed in the same habiliments, mixing together amicably, and the deadly battles are fought, silently and out of sight in each human heart, between right and wrong.

A great native virtue, planted too generously in a human heart and deprived of careful cultivation, often degenerates into a rank vice, and the world not infrequently mistakes a sterile and inactive nature for one of great chastity and self denial. The summer sunlight is beautiful and beneficent, but it is not as prone to produce bugs as butterflies, weeds as ferns, while the winter sun produces neither. Yet the summer sunlight is of more use to us than winter's chill rays, despite the bugs and weeds. A wise gardener uproots the one and kills the mischievous insects.

Poor Little Zulu Baby.

When a Zulu child is first born it is of a light hue, and does not get the darker tint of the parents for some years. As soon as it enters the world the "medicine man" is sought for. Contrary to the custom of the civilized "medicine man," he takes no notice whatever of the mother, but devoting himself entirely to the child, makes a number of small gashes in various parts of the poor infant's body, into which he rubs medicine and goes on his way rejoicing, returning the next day to make the incisions deeper and rub more medicine into them. This second operation being performed the child is washed and dried by being moved around in the smoke of a wood fire, eventually being daubed all over with a red paint, which is renewed as fast as it wears off for a period of several months. The child is not allowed any natural food until the visits of the "medicine man" are ended (this formality often causing serious consequences to the offspring), and a few days afterward the mother will be seen about her work as usual with the little one strapped to her back.—Drake's Magazine.

Dear and Dear.

"Tell me, George, darling," said she, shortly after their marriage, "do you love me as much as ever?" "Yes, indeed." "And do you find anything in the world dearer than your wife?" "Nothing," said George, "unless it is the house rent."—Merchant Traveler.

"Grasshopper Tom's" Antics.

The clerks at the district buildings get a good deal of fun out of the antics of a large black and white cat in an adjoining stone yard. From morning until night he may be seen cautiously picking his way among the large granite slabs in search of grasshoppers. Now and then he flushes one, and then the fun begins. Tom watches where the grasshopper lights, and makes a flank movement behind the resting place of the unsuspecting insect, and before the latter has time to stretch his wings tabby is upon him. The mode of catching him is the interesting part of the proceeding. Tom springs upon what he evidently considers the correct locality and plants his two paws close together on the spot, and looks around to see if the game is escaping. If the retreating grasshopper is not in sight he carefully lifts one paw and cautiously peers under.

Failing to see his game there, the other paw is lifted. When at last the captured game is discovered Tom is all excitement. He a tail suddenly develops new life and moves from side to side with great rapidity. Folding his hind legs, he tucks for a spring in case he misses fire, he tucks his head in the direction of the game, and rarely fails in his first attempt. Catching the grasshopper in his mouth he gulps him down and, smacking his chops, moves on for more game. There are two varieties of grasshoppers in this locality, and Tom is fastidious, preferring the small variety with scant wings, although he eats apparently with much relish the larger ones after detaching the wings. The boys have dubbed the cat "Grasshopper Tom," and when one cries out, "Tom's on the trail," it is the signal for a general stampede toward the windows; but Tom doesn't mind having an audience, and continues his hunt unconscious of their admiring gaze.—Washington Star.

All broken down.—Is it not sad to see so many young men every day of whom this can be said? Young man, take my advice. Stop all indiscretions which you have practiced, keep good hours, retire early, and build up your shattered system by using Sulphur Bitters, which will cure you.—DR. PHYSICIAN.

"What are you doing now, Gus?" said one young man about town to another. "Oh, write for a living." "For he press, eh?" "No; I write to father about twice a month for a remittance." [Merchant Traveler]

Didn't Know the Word.

At the recent laying of a corner stone for a new Episcopal church in this diocese, the sensibilities of the white robed clergy were somewhat shocked by the well intended but decidedly unchurchly remark of a newspaper reporter who had been sent out to make a report of the ceremony. The reporter arrived of the scene a little bit late, as reporters sometimes do, and applied to the first minister he came across for an account of the proceedings. The minister kindly told him about it, and in the course of his narrative used the somewhat unfamiliar and possibly unauthorized expression: "The bishop then followed the stone." "Wait a moment, please," said the newspaper man, who had run behind in taking his notes. "You say the bishop followed the stone; why, it's some kind of telephone stone, ain't it? Yes, I see; it's the way you call up central. Go on with the story." But the accommodating minister did not do so. He looked bewildered for a moment and then turned away, more in sadness than in wrath. He was around at the newspaper office a couple of hours later, however, to see that they had that word spelled correctly.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

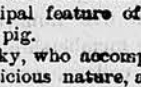
To Prevent Sticel Implements Rusting.

The following is said to be a good application to prevent metals rusting. Make one ounce of rosin in a gill of linseed oil, and which hot mix with it two quarts of kerosene. This can be kept ready to apply at any time with a brush or rag to any tools or implements required to lay by for a time, preventing any rust, and saving much vexation when the tool is to be used again.—Exchange.

"And I want to say, 'To my husband,' in an appropriate place," said the widow in conclusion, to Slab, the gravestone man. "Yesum," said Slab, and the inscription went on:— TO MY HUSBAND. In an appropriate place. —[Chicago Liar.

A Peculiar Pig.

In the year 1821, Czar Alexander visited the fortifications in the Crimea. He went personally to the quarters of each company at dinner time to see how they fared. Wherever he went he found an excellent dinner on the table, the principal feature of the meal being a small roast pig. Prince Wolchonsky, who accompanied the czar, was of a suspicious nature, and it occurred to him that it was rather peculiar that each mess should have a roast pig, so he slyly cut off the pig's tail and put it in his pocket. In the next quarters they visited there was a roast pig on the table, but lo and behold! it didn't have any tail. Prince Wolchonsky remarked to the czar that he thought the pig was an old acquaintance, and when the czar asked him what he meant, he produced the missing tail and fitted it to the amputated stump of the porker. As soon as the roast pig had been inspected in one house, before the czar could reach the next it was whisked out the back door and made to figure on the next table that was inspected. Prince Wolchonsky had good cause to repent of his curiosity, as he acquired the eternal enmity of the general in command of the Crimea, and even the czar himself treated him with coldness and neglect ever afterward.—Texas Sittings.

Two kinds of lamp-chimneys: one breaks; the other does not. Which do you think your grocer or glassman would rather sell? If you buy the breaker, you're buying all the time. If you buy the not-breaker, he may not live to sell you another. You know him—which do you think he'd rather you'd buy? The one that doesn't break is called the "pearl-top" and looks like this  the top of it; made by Macbeth & Co., Pittsburgh.

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis and consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle free of cost. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The large bottles are 50c. and \$1.

An Awful Scheme.

I have heard lately of a country library which is run on so ingenious a principle that I feel bound to state it for the benefit of my readers as many be concerned with similar institutions. Though in some sense a public library, the books are not given out free, a small sum being charged, so much per day for the use of them, and the library is open but two days in the week, and then only for a couple of hours. The consequence is obvious—a man takes out a book and finishes it perhaps on one of the off days. Then the work is laid aside, and he never thinks of it except on a day or at an hour when books are not received, and the result is that books are kept out for a week or two, at least, and a corresponding revenue accrues to the library. The advantage of this plan is twofold. Few books are read (always a great point gained in a public library), and for those that are read a large fee is extorted from the reader. It is superfluous to add that the books in this library are carefully wrapped up in brown paper, and that the person who presides over it is eminently well suited for the post.—Boston Post.

The engineer of the Wakefield, Mass., Rattan Works, C. N. Young, says: In all cases of biliousness accompanied with those terrible sick headaches, which have found no other medicine that seems to take hold and do the good that your Sulphur Bitters does. It is the best family medicine made.

"And did you hear the sermon, Mose, at meeting here, to-day?" "Yes, sah, I hear the sermint, sah." "What did the preacher say?" "He ses, ses he, his tex was dis: 'A k'lection 'll be tuk up; So 'youngity I retch my hat An' out de do 'I scup.'"

For a man who isn't running for Congress, John L. Sullivan buys the drinks pretty often.

The best medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will reach all the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past obliges us to admit that only one remedy has met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. The more distressing symptoms yield to it.

"The bridesmaids wore handsome breeches, the gift of the bridegroom. Do not be shocked; the printer could hardly have recovered from the annual picnic when he made this sad blunder about the bridal brooches.

Yes, dear, we believe they will call the photograph a she. It always has the last word, you know.

Relief from sick headache, drowsiness, nausea, dizziness, pain in the side, &c., guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. These complaints are nearly always caused by torpid liver and constipated bowels. Restore these organs to their proper functions and the trouble ceases. Carter's Little Liver Pills will do this every time. One pill is a dose. Forty in a vial. Price 25 cents.

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA

These twin diseases cause untold suffering. Doctors admit that they are difficult to cure—so do their patients. Paine's Celery Compound has permanently cured the worst cases of rheumatism and neuralgia—so say those who have used it. "Having been troubled with rheumatism at the knee and foot for five years, I was almost unable to get around, and was very often confined to my bed for weeks at a time. I used only one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and was perfectly cured. I can now jump around, and feel as lively as a boy." FRANK CAROL, Eureka, Nevada. \$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists. Mammoth testimonial paper free. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Props., Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES Give Faster and Brighter Colors than any other Dyes.

"Paine's Celery Compound has been a God-send to me. For the past two years I have suffered with neuralgia of the heart, doctor after doctor failing to cure me. I have now taken nearly four bottles of the Compound, and am free from the complaint. I feel very grateful to you." CHAS. H. LEWIS, Central Village, Ct.

Paine's Celery Compound

"I have been greatly afflicted with acute rheumatism, and could find no relief until I used Paine's Celery Compound. After using six bottles of this medicine I am now cured of rheumatic troubles." SAMUEL HUTCHINSON, So. Cornish, N. H. Effects Lasting Cures. Paine's Celery Compound has performed many other cures as marvelous as these—copies of letters sent to any address. Pleasant to take, does not disturb, but aids digestion, and entitles vegetable, a child can take it. What's the use of suffering longer with rheumatism or neuralgia? Paine's Living upon Lactated Food are Healthy, Babies Happy, Healthy. It is Unequaled.

BRIGGS' HEADACHE TROCHES

FOR SICK HEADACHE, IN ITS Nervous, Billious or Congestive Forms.

This Remedy is the Prescription of one of the leading Physicians of Paris France, and was used by him with unparalleled success for over thirty years, and was first given to the Public as a Proprietary Medicine in 1878, and since that time it has found its way into almost every country on the face of the Globe, and become a favorite remedy with thousands of the leading physicians. Medical societies have discussed its marvelous success at their annual conventions, and after their official chemist have analyzed it and found that it contained no opiates, bromides, or other harmful ingredients quietly placed it among their standard remedies.

TESTIMONIAL.

L. R. BROWN, M. D., 23 West Jersey St., ELIZABETH, N. J., June 28th, 1889.

This is to certify that I have used for some months with much satisfaction, the combination of remedies, for Headache, known as Briggs' Headache Troches. The remedy cures more headaches, especially such as effect Nervous Women than anything I am acquainted with, and if this certificate will be the means of bringing it to the favorable attention of sufferers from that trouble, I shall feel that I have done a service.

L. R. BROWN, M. D.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

SOLD BY H. R. HALE, NORWALK, CONN. BRIGGS' MEDICINE COMPANY, ELIZABETH, N. J.



For Complexion, Shaving, Shampooing, Chapped Hands, Rough Skin. Physicians recommend it. For sale by Druggists or sent on receipt of price. 1-4 doz. in Handmade Toilet Box by mail, 60 cts. F. F. P. has grown Hair on heads bald for 30 years. Send for history and Genuine Testimonials.

Have tried your Faricon Tar Soap and without hesitation can say I like it. I have a ready ordered its use in three cases of psoriasis of the skin, where it has served a most excellent purpose. Shall try in eczema at my first opportunity. L. M. GREENBERG, M. D. POST OFFICE D. R. F. BOX 111 WASHINGTON, D. C. Gentlemen:—I think your Faricon Tar Soap the finest I ever came across. GEO. F. WILF. For Sale at H. R. HALE'S DRUG STORE.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE. It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by Impure Blood, and can be removed in a short time, if you are afflicted with Sulphur Bitters. It repairs the damaged system, and restores the blood. It is the best and cheapest medicine. Try it, and you will be satisfied. Get it of your Druggist. Don't wait. Get it at once. If you are suffering from Kidney Disease, and wish to live to see your children, use Sulphur Bitters. They never fail to cure.

Send 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published. BUXTON BRUNDAGE, EXPRESSMEN. Prompt attention given to orders for LIGHT TRUCKING. To any part of the Town. Orders left at S. K. Stanley's or Post Office.

Norwalk Gazette

ESTABLISHED, 1800

A. H. BYINGTON, Editor. J. RODEMEYER, Jr., Associate

Wait for a Better Plan.

It should be borne in mind by the voters of the borough that a special borough meeting will be held in the Town House this (Wednesday) afternoon at 3 o'clock, "to take into consideration the macadamizing of West avenue, and if thought best, to make an appropriation for the same."

At the special meeting of the court of burgesses at which this call was formulated there was an equal division of sentiment regarding the advisability of issuing such a call for such a purpose. The grounds of the opposition were pretty thoroughly covered by the Clerk, who manifested his sincerity in the matter by resigning his office rather than be placed in the position of even seeming to favor the scheme or to share in the responsibility of forcing it at this time upon the attention of a heavily burdened and tax-ridden community.

There are points in his argument that are deserving of profound consideration. That our roads are in need of attention, prompt and effective, no one will question; but that the appropriations for the same are sufficient to keep them in a much better condition than they are kept in, is also beyond question—it is notoriously obvious. The estimate of the cost of macadamizing West avenue, as submitted by the Highway committee, is \$10,000, and this simply for a "thin shell" road, or a top dressing of crushed stone four inches thick. This process of road making is still new, and has not yet been tested in any place long enough to be denominated as anything more than an experiment. Its practicability for long and heavy wear has not been demonstrated to the satisfaction of those experienced in roads and road making and who have no special interest in its adoption. Ten thousand dollars would not be a high price for a road bed on West avenue that could be guaranteed to endure permanently or for a reasonable number of years. But the borough is in no mood nor circumstances at present to add to its enormous debt the sum of \$10,000 for an experiment which has no guarantee excepting the personal opinion of those who have ridden on a jangling trip over similar roads from one to three or four years old, and recommendations from contractors financially interested in seeing it introduced.

It is to be hoped the good sense of the borough will be represented and manifested at the borough meeting and the matter of appropriating money deferred until there is shown to the satisfaction of our taxpayers a plan for the improvement of the roads that is known to be practical and advantageous.

A Case of Moral Suicide. Three years ago, Robert Ray Hamilton was an envied and enviable man. The son of General Schuyler Hamilton, great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, a graduate of Columbia College and Columbia Law School, a member of the Union League and University Clubs, with health, ambition, brains, and hosts of friends and \$35,000 to \$40,000 a year in his own right, he had the ball at his feet. His inherited taste for politics had been gratified by an election and reelection to the Assembly from the Murray Hill district of New York city, and he had already distinguished himself on more than one occasion in that body. The respectable newspapers of his city thought well of him and spoke well of him. He had crossed the threshold of an honorable career, and all the omens were propitious.

Three years ago, however this well-born, well-bred, clever, ambitious gentleman, no longer in his first youth, knowing good and evil, made a fool, of himself and a wreck of his life for the pretty face of a woman as depraved as she was pretty, addicted to whiskey and morphine, who scarcely took the trouble of pretending to return his affection, and passed along a share of the money he lavished on her to her "lover". Hamilton let this woman come between him and his family, his friends, his career. For he virtually exiled himself from the city and the society in which he was born, and made her his legal wife. She is now locked up in a New Jersey prison and Robert Ray Hamilton, the great-grandson of Washington's secretary of the treasury, the husband of "Eva May" is trying to obtain a divorce. He claims that he married her under a deception, but since he admits that he placed himself in a position which made deception practicable, he is a party to it. Hamilton's case is pitiable, but who is to blame? He threw himself away, just as fast men are doing all the time. When the consequences appear these men always want to shirk them, and this is just what Ray Hamilton is now trying to do.

"Can a man take fire in his bosom, and not be burned?" The old Hebrew author who put that question knew a thing or two about life.

A New Business Venture. Mr. Charles E. Miller, our popular borough horse shoer, has purchased the Rockwell blacksmithing and wood-working establishment and will continue the same line of business hitherto carried on there. Mr. Rockwell sells his long established business in consequence of falling health, and Mr. Miller will add fresh energy and enterprise to his new purchase, and he does not relinquish horse shoeing we are glad to state.

Our local politicians are making active arrangements for the next campaign. They ordered a box of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and feel confident and happy.

RANDOM RAMBLINGS.

BY ROSIE ROWE, OUR RANDOM RAMBLER.

I see by an editorial paragraph in the Record that Sister Parsons "takes exceptions to what the Dutch Contributor said concerning her position on the constitutional amendment." The D. C. seems to run against more exceptions than endorsements. I hope the lady gives him a caustic lecturing.

My sister's husband says he inadvertently omitted in his contribution last week to remark that among the aspirants for police chief under the new board is Maurice Buttery, who for several months patrolled the streets as regular and made an excellent officer.

The meetings of the court of burgesses of late must be very interesting, and perhaps the borough meeting in the Town House, on Wednesday of this week, will furnish amusement and amazement for all who attend. Sister's husband says they're liable to macadam sight of fuss about the roads.

It can't result in harm, no matter how they agitate the new roads question. Possibly the only result will be to have our old ones kept in better repair—but that will be a blessing.

The incandescent light will be a most welcome innovation. We have it in our house, and it is difficult to realize that we ever got along and were happy without it.

That Sentinel acrostic wasn't much of an acrostic after all. It was neither ingenious, witty nor grammatical, and the person who would perpetrate such a thing on a newspaper is what Artemus Ward used to call "a low cuss."

By the way, what has become of the Record's "Sunday Stroller"? He used to be quite silly.

There are loads and loads of empty cider barrels going past our house every day, in one direction, and loads and loads of full ones going in the other direction. Cider, they say, is high this year, but even though it were higher than the eye could penetrate, we must have it.

I don't think much of the fall styles in anything. There's no happy medium, no good average. Either it's overdone, or else it's underdone. This is for general application.

Several "recheiche" weddings are on the tapis. Society begins to give evidence of asserting itself for the season.

I have no sympathy with the sentiment that decrees "that the bustle must go." I was not in favor of the bustle when it came into vogue, and it took me a long time to recone to myself to the "Grecian bend" I argued that it was "agin' nature," that as long as woman was not "built that way" it was little better than sacrifice for her to assume to build herself an artificial shape, and I persisted in desisting from adopting the abomination as long as my moral courage held out—which was not long after the thing became universal. Now I am loth to give it up. It makes a person look so flat and collapsed, and I trust there will be enough ladies with courage to protest, to prevent its total extinction.

The original Venus de Medici stands serene and lovely in the Tribune of the Uffizi gallery at Florence. She wears no petticoats. Centuries have tinged her marble white with a softer hue, but else she is clad, like the Lady Godiva, "in her own loveliness." Poets have sat at her feet and sung her praises; scholars, priests, critics have admired her divine proportions and seen no suggestion of evil in her lovely form. It remained for the aesthetic town of Norwalk, Conn., to suggest the petticoat. —Chicago Herald.

The above sardonically sarcastic complimentary scorches, does it not? But it needn't. It is inspired by the false and unjust conclusion that the recent petticoating of Judge Selleck's statue was prompted by a super-sensitive puritanical public sentiment, instead of being, as it was, the mischievous work of some practical jokers who thought it cunning.

The New Parallel's Stockholders. The papers of incorporation for the New York, Bridgeport & Eastern Railroad Company, filed in the office of the Secretary of State in Hartford this week give the subscribers to the stock as follows:

Henry R. Parrott, Bridgeport, 100 shares; L. Wilton, Bridgeport, 10; F. W. Parrott, 2d, Bridgeport, 10; E. K. Lockwood, Norwalk, 20; C. B. Coolidge, Norwalk, 20; George B. Cowles, Norwalk, 5; W. C. Street, Norwalk, 5; Thomas N. Brown, New York, 80; Charles D. Ingersoll, New York 50; E. D. Hewins, Boston, 250; D. A. Brooks, Braintree, Mass., 250; Franklin Mead, Littleton, Mass., 100; Frank W. Mead, Somerville, Mass., 150; W. M. Roach, Boston, 500; Joseph Stone, Boston, 100; H. E. Morgan, Milford, Mass., 50; W. M. Thayer, Boston, 250; George C. Hill, Boston, 100; W. W. Douglass, Providence, 100; James D. Mowry, Norwalk, 50; George E. Sprae, New Haven, 50; C. B. Adams, New Haven, 50; M. J. Adams, New Haven, 10; T. W. Downes, Bridgeport, 5; G. E. Forbush, Brooklyn, Mass., 90. Total 2,415, or \$241,600, of which 10 per cent. paid in, is \$24,150.

The length of road (New Haven to State line) is put at 45.14 miles.

Says the Hartford Courant:—It is just as well to go and add that New Haven isn't the only city with typhoid fever. At this season it can be found in all places, and Hartford is no exception. The advice to boil the water applies everywhere at this season of the year, whether it be well water, spring water, rain water, or the flow of pure streams. It is a precautionary measure, advisable always and necessary whenever trouble threatens.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Yala!

The fall meeting of the Fairfield County Yale Alumni Association was a great success. It was held last Wednesday at the residence of Landon Ketchum at the shore in Saugatuck, where the three gentlemen constituting the Yale colony over there, Mr. Ketchum, Dr. Eno and William P. Eno, Esq., united in the entertainment.

The business in hand that day was the acceptance of the charter granted by the Legislature last winter, and the adoption of a constitution and by-laws. For a year back there has been some criticism of the management on the ground that the association had little voice in it, and that the officers came to be elected either by themselves or by the few. Now Yale College is the most democratic place in the world, and no man can spend four years there without having his spirit saturated with the idea that the many are more numerous than the few, and that they are the people. In derogation of this principle, the proposed constitution had it that the president was to name a committee on nominations, and this committee was to nominate a board of trustees, which, when elected by the association, was to elect the officers. This was pleasing to Rav. G. S. Plumley, president; Rev. A. N. Lewis, secretary; and to Dr. Effingham H. Nichols and the less numerous few. The younger element wrenched by Howard H. Knapp, General Skiddy and Mr. Shelley, with Judge Woodward and Senator Hill in favor of a modified plan of their own. Dr. R. C. S. McNelle, of Bridgeport, was in favor of the plan, but thought the pill should be mercifully sugared before the boys were compelled to absorb it. He successfully evicted every counter proposition that was offered. The president argued every notion before he put it, as he put it, and as he declared the result of the vote on it. This brought Judge Woodward and Mr. Hill into the opposition in the interest of fair play. The party of the larger parvew contending for an election of all officers annually by ballot, and after three hours of wordy war they got it.

It must not be thought that there was ever any opposition to the officers as such. Nobody wanted those honors, nobody cared who were the officers, but they wanted them to receive their distinction from the hand of the majority, and not by the self-made process.

The constitution adopting then went on section by section, until the question of dues came up, when more discussion and difference arose, which were interrupted by the repast and the sociability of what the programme called a good time generally. This was delightful, here the sun had numbered the hours again. The President of the College held an informal reception in the drawing room, the elder Mrs. Ketchum, now over eighty years old, unable to participate generally in the grudgeamus, received a few of the favored guests at her room. The ladies were gracious, and talk of an annex at Yale was whispered.

A song, written to the tune of "Wake, Freshmen, Wake," written for the occasion by W. Barlow Hill, and entitled "Fair Yale," was a good hit, particularly in the second stanza:

From old Maine to Texas  
The girls cry "Anax us!  
And welcome all the ladies in the land."  
Oh! that would be jolly  
With Susan and Polly,  
And hosts of other maidens in demand.

CHORUS.  
Come, come, ladies come,  
Come where the good times prevail;  
The world's heart is aching,  
Our own hearts are breaking,  
A waiting for the girls to come to Yale.

The group was amateurly photographed on the piazzas. On all these occasions the most sensible and yet the wittiest speech is expected from the president of the college, and it is not too much to say that it was so here. Under him the college has added to her members about five hundred, or more than the entire membership of any other New England college, except Harvard, and has now on her rolls nearly fifteen hundred students. Professor Johnson T. Platt also represented the college.

Dr. Lambert and Dr. Parker, of New York winters, and New Canaan and Tavern Island summers, were there.

From Norwalk there came Judge Woodward and Mrs. Woodward, Dr. Gregory, ex-Senator and Mrs. E. J. Hill, Dr. and Mrs. Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Austin, Herbert Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Seymour, Mr. Nelson Taylor, Rev. Mr. Richardson and Mr. Butterworth were among those proposed for honorary membership.

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life. It was just an ordinary scrap of writing paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For further particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this wonderful discovery free at H. R. Hale's drug store.

A specially interesting paper is the current number of Good Housekeeping, Oct. 26, describes "A New Hampshire Governor's Dinner" in the old colonial days, from an old letter written by one of the guests. It makes one hungry to read it—but perhaps we should refresh a modern Governor's dinner quite as well after all. How many of us, though, would spend two hours eating it?

The St. John-Lockwood Wedding.

Wednesday was a bright and beautiful day, and its warm sunshine made it in perfect harmony with the brilliant social event that was about to take place. In the afternoon of that day the ceremony that made Mr. George B. St. John, our popular tax collector, and Miss Hannah S. Lockwood husband and wife was performed, and active preparations for the occasion were being made. Florist Hanford was busy decorating the Lockwood home, at the corner of North avenue and Knight street, with ferns and flowers, and his exquisite taste almost transformed the old-fashioned residence into an enchanted palace, the splendor of which was in nature's most beautiful gifts. The drawing room, where the ceremony was to take place, was decorated with chrysanthemums tastily set in green foliage. An arch of laurel was stretched across the hall, at the foot of the stairs, and in its centre hung a beautiful floral horse-shoe made of carnations. Every nook and corner was also filled with flowers arranged in various ways, and nothing was left undone that could add to the beauty of the occasion.

The wedding was a very exclusive one, the guests, with a very few exceptions, being composed of relatives of the contracting parties. Mrs. David Eggleston, of New York, acted as hostess and received the guests, and she was assisted by Dr. C. E. Lockwood, also of New York. At about 1:30 o'clock the bride and groom entered the drawing room arm in arm, and stood in front of the fire-place and mantel, which had been handsomely banked up with choice flowers, and the wedding service was performed by the Rev. Charles H. Everett. The bride was attired in a dress of white Faïde Française, trimmed with point lace, and wore diamond ornaments. By her side stood her maid of honor, Miss Minnie Lockwood, her niece, who wore a beautiful dress of mousseline de soie over a surah of light blue. There were no bridesmaids. After the ceremony the happy couple were showered with congratulations. The entire party then partook of a sumptuous wedding banquet, which had been provided by Mr. Maresi, the celebrated New York caterer. At 4 o'clock Mr. St. John and his bride were driven to South Norwalk, where they boarded a train for New York on a short wedding tour. The display of presents was large, and comprised articles both rare and costly.—Record.

The Housatonic Road.

The fall inspection of the different divisions of the Housatonic road was made September 24th and 25th. The roadbed, track and bridges of the main line from Bridgeport to Canaan are in their usually good condition, and give evidence of the superior skill and good judgment exercised in the management of the track and bridge departments. New masonry and an iron girder bridge have been erected the past season at the "cove" just above Falls Village, and the character of the work is deserving of commendation. The bridge at West Cornwall, and the one just above Cornwall Bridge station, both need to be renewed, and we are officially informed that both structures are to be replaced with iron. The west end of the arch under the embankment south of Newtown station should be repaired, as it has been weakened by the displacement of some of the ring stones, and if the upper end of the bridge should collapse, or be closed, serious consequences might follow. New steel rails have been laid from Bridgeport five miles north, and in the vicinity of the tunnel above Newtown. All the overhead bridges on the line are being guarded with bell signals for the protection of brakemen.

The track on the Danbury and Norwalk division has been well maintained and is in good line and surface. We are obliged to repeat that portion of our last report referring to two bridges over highways on the Bethel branch in Bethel, and the first bridge over a highway east of Bethel. The condition of those bridges does not compare favorably with that of the other bridges on the line, and they should be renewed. Guard timbers have not yet been put on the Still River bridge on the Brookfield branch. Their importance is apt to be overlooked except in cases of derailment upon a bridge when it becomes very apparent. Instances where they have prevented serious accidents upon bridges are brought to attention every time the commissioners pass over the roads of the state. The short Howe truss span just below Redding station is light, and the timber is getting unsound, and we think it should be soon renewed. The bridges at Winnipauk and Norwalk are not equal in strength to those now being built, and they should be closely watched in order to observe the effect upon them of the heavy engines and train loads which pass over them. The commissioners are glad to observe the restoration of the dock at Wilson's Point, which was destroyed by fire last spring, and that the freight business from that point is again resumed, with an equipment and facilities superior to those formerly employed.

REDDING.

Sunday was stormy and church attendance was small.

Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Jennings returned from their visit to the eastern part of the state, on Friday.

Last week occurred the first hard and destructive frosts of the season. Garden vegetables were blighted.

The very sad and afflictive event of last week was the death on Tuesday of Samuel H., son of Jesse L. Sanford, aged nineteen years. He was a very promising young man, and had a good situation in Adams' express office in Bridgeport. He came home sick about two weeks before his death, and no means were able to retard the progress of the disease, which was typhoid-malarial fever. He suffered fearfully. His funeral was attended last Thursday. Rev. D. Taylor officiated. The burial was in the Ridge cemetery. His parents and friends are comforted in their bereavement by the grateful fact that when he was at school at Fort Edward, a year ago last winter, he gave his heart to Jesus, and afterwards became a member of the Methodist church in this place.

TYPE-WRITING.

Copying done with Type-Writer. Good work guaranteed and all orders executed promptly. Apply at office of the NORWALK GAZETTE.

Trustee's Sale.

THE stock in trade of J. B. Ellis, late Furniture dealer, together with the fixtures, at the old stand of E. Quintard & Sons, is offered for sale. If a purchaser for the entire stock is not secured on or before the 15th day of November next, then the same will be disposed of in lots to suit purchasers. This is a rare opportunity to secure a good business at low figures. Address, CHARLES OLMSTEAD, Trustee, Lock Box, 35, Norwalk, Conn.

Danbury & Norwalk R. R. Co.

THE Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Company, will be held at the Passenger Station, of said Company in Norwalk, Conn., Thursday, October 31st, 1889, at 2:15 o'clock, p. m., for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting. The transfer books will be closed from this date and re-opened November 1st, 1889. Polls will close at 4 o'clock, p. m. F. ST. JOHN LOCKWOOD, President. C. E. ROBINSON, Secretary. Norwalk, Oct 21st, 1889.

School of Languages.

REV. F. B. GUNZ, formerly Professor of German in the Johnstown High School will give thorough instruction in the German, French and Latin Languages. Those wishing to form classes given special terms. 50 cents a lesson, at pupil's residence. Please address Box 41, East Norwalk, Conn., or call from 6 to 8 p. m. at room over Hanford's Grocery Store, East Avenue, East Norwalk, Conn. 413

EQUITABLE MORTGAGE COMPANY.

Capital Subscribed.....\$2,000,000 00  
Paid In (Cash).....1,009,000 00  
Surplus, undivided profits and  
insurance fund.....264,817 65  
Assets.....7,802,722 62

6 Per Cent. Debentures.

The Company has deposited with the American Loan & Trust Company, its trustee for the Debenture holders of this country, 3,225 first mortgage loans upon improved farms aggregating \$5,515,124 87, covering 655,229 65-100 acres of land, with an appraised value of \$12,426,826 20. From these statistics it is apparent that the average amount loaned on each farm is \$1,057 81, that the average appraised value is but \$18 75 per acre, and that the Company has advanced but \$5 19 per acre, or 28 per cent of the appraisal. What can be said?

R. B. CRAFTURD, Agt.,  
Room No. 2, Masonic Building,  
414 1/2

MIDDLESEX BANKING CO., OF MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

Chartered in 1872, under the Banking laws of Connecticut.

CASH CAPITAL, \$600,000. SURPLUS, \$25,000.

6 per cent. Investment bonds at par and accrued interest. At the last election of the Legislature these Bonds were made legal investment for funds held by Executors, administrators and Trustees.

R. B. CRAFTURD, Agt.,  
ROOM 2, MASONIC BUILDING, NORWALK.

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING, Carriage and Wagon Building and Repairing, Painting, Trimming, &c., &c., &c.

THE subscriber having purchased the entire establishment known as Hixwell's Shop, in the rear of George S. Gregory's Livery Stable, will continue the business thereof.

HORSE SHOEING

business at the old stand.

GOOD WORK, FAIR PRICES, PROMPTNESS AND FAIR DEALING GUARANTEED, and a share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 3m44. CHARLES ELLIOT.

LUCY VAN WINKLE,  
OF,  
WILLIAM BOUTON, EBENEZER H. BOUTON, SYLVESTER S. BOUTON, HOWARD H. SMITH, ELIA H. SMITH and SEBASTIAN BOUTON.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, ss. FAIRFIELD County, ss. BRIDGEPORT, Oct 26th 1889.

UPON the complaint of the said Lucy Van Winkle, claiming for reasons there set forth for a sale of certain premises and a vision of the proceeds of said sale returnable to the Court of Common Pleas, in and for Fairfield County, on the 1st Monday of November, 1889 it appearing to and being found by the undersubscribed authority, that said Lucy Van Winkle, is a resident and absent from the State, and whose whereabouts are unknown. THEREFORE ORDERED, that give the pendancy of said complaint be given by publishing in the Norwalk Gazette, a newspaper printed in Norwalk, Connecticut, two weeks successively, commencing on or before the 23d day of October, A. D. 1889.

WILLIAM R. SHEPHERD,  
Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for Fairfield County.

DISTRICT OF NORWALK, Probate Court  
October 30th, A. D. 1889.  
Estate of SUSAN B. COMSTOCK of Wilton, in said District, deceased.  
The Court of Probate for the district of Norwalk, hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof for the creditors of said estate to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time, will be deferred a recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

ANNIE I. BENSON, Administratrix,  
Brighton, New York.

READ THE BEST

Weekly Newspaper and Family Journal in the Country.

The Weekly Edition of the Springfield, (Mass.) Republican, which was established in 1824, by Samuel Bowles, has recently been enlarged to 12 pages or 84 columns. The price remains at \$1 per year, or 10 cents a month for shorter periods.

This generous enlargement, adding 28 columns to the capacity of the paper, allows the introduction of many new and attractive features.

The news of Western Massachusetts and New England in particular, and of the World in general, is now presented in a more thorough manner than ever before. The news matter is not thrown together in promiscuous fashion, but is carefully edited and intelligently arranged.

The valuable literary department, for which the paper has always been famous, is made richer and more comprehensive.

A serial or other serious paper is printed every week, selections being made from the leading preachers of the various religious bodies, and often from the local pulpits of Western Massachusetts. The religious news and discussion of the day is also carefully reviewed.

A bright, entertaining and wholesome original story, and also an attractive department for young people, are regular features.

Each number contains a good variety of original or selected poetry. The special interests of Women in the way of education, work, household affairs, dress, etc., receive liberal attention every week.

Interesting letters from regular and occasional correspondents are more fully given than has heretofore been possible. The news of the theatres and of outdoor sports is presented when interest and importance justify.

Agricultural news and hints for the farmers are carefully gathered and occupy more space than formerly.

The people's interests in all political, social and industrial affairs are steadily studied and advocated from the stand point of independence and a patriotism that is higher and broader than partisanship.

In a word, the publishers seek to make The Weekly Republican more than ever the best weekly newspaper and family journal combined in the country.

To all residents of New England who do not take a daily paper, or who desire to supplement their daily reading by another presentation of the world's current history, accompanied by a choice class of general reading, the paper now confidentially commends itself anew.

Former dwellers in New England and others everywhere who wish to keep informed of the life and thought of this region will also find the enlarged paper invaluable.

Send for a free sample copy.  
All subscriptions payable in advance.  
New subscribers for a year now will receive the paper until Jan 1, 1891.

Address, THE REPUBLICAN,  
414 1/2 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an assessment of the real estate lying in the Over River School District in the Town of Norwalk, upon which the town assessors placed no distinct or separate value has been made. Also a list of real estate lying in said school district which has changed ownership between Oct. 1st 1888, and June 15th 1889, true of paying a tax by said school district, and a list of real estate in said district and polls liable to taxation thereon, which were left out of the town list of 1888; said list, together with a complete list of the real estate of the Over River School District, have been returned to A. J. B. BROWN, Esq., a clerk of said district, and may be seen at his office in the Masonic building, and the board of relief, by law provided, will meet at the Selectmen's office in the Bank building on the 25th day of October, 1889, at one o'clock afternoon, to hear and determine all appeals to them made from said assessment list.

PRINCIPAL HEAD,  
JOHN H. LEE, District  
ARTHUR C. WHEELER, Committee.  
Dated at Norwalk, the 15th day of October, 1889

Probate of Real Estate.

PURSUANT to an order of the Court of Probate for the District of Westport, in and for the County of Westport, in the State of New York, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Wm. R. NASH, late of Norwalk, in said District, deceased, offers for sale the interest which said deceased had in the following real estate, to-wit:

The homestead situated at the head of Main street, consisting of dwelling house and out buildings in good repair, with about two acres of land attached, also the premises adjoining the same, situate on the town of Norwalk, in said County, and containing a good dwelling house, a well arranged for two families. Both of these places contain borough water and are located on line of the railroad. Also about ten acres of desirable land situate in the town of Ridgefield, a short distance from the railroad depot, suitable for farm or building purposes.

For further particulars apply to  
CHAS. OLMSTEAD, Administrator.  
Norwalk, Conn., July 23d, 1889.

Assessors' Notice.

WE, the undersigned, hereby give notice to all persons and corporations liable by law to pay taxes in the District of Westport, in the County of Westport, in the State of New York, that they are required by law to deliver to the Assessors or either of them, on or before the 1st day of November, 1889, a written or printed list, dated signed and sworn to, of all the property owned by them, on the 1st day of October 1889, liable to taxation, otherwise it will be the duty of the Assessors to make out such list according to their best judgment and knowledge, and the adding ten per cent. thereto, which they by law are compelled to do, and from which lists so made there is no appeal.

Blanks may be obtained on application to either of the Assessors or to the Clerk of the District, to-wit:  
SAMUEL W. RUSCOE,  
BENJAMIN F. BROWN,  
JOSEPH S. GODFREY, Assessors.

DISTRICT OF WESTPORT, ss. Probate Court  
October 30th, A. D. 1889.  
Estate of SARAH HERRS, late of Weston, in said District, deceased.  
The Court of Probate for the district of Westport hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof for the creditors of said estate to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time, will be deferred a recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

JONATHAN BETTS, Executor.

TO THE COMMISSIONERS OF FAIRFIELD County. The undersigned hereby applies for a license to sell Spirituous and Intoxicating Liquors, pursuant to the laws of this state now in force relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors, at the building known as the Norwalk Hotel, and used as a hotel by him, corner Wall and River streets, in the town of Norwalk, in said County.

Signed, MURDOCK MCPHERSON.  
Dated at Norwalk, the 27th day of October, 1889.  
Endorsed by the following five electors and taxpayers of said town, none of whom are licensed dealers in intoxicating liquors, and are not endorsers in any other application: J. Beiden Huntington, Wallace Dancy, An H. Hyington, James H. Betts, Thomas Farrington.  
County of Fairfield, Town of Norwalk, this 27th day of October, 1889.

To-wit: Two of said town, hereby certify, pursuant to the law in such case provided, that this application endorsed as aforesaid, has been submitted to me, and I further certify that each of said endorsers is an elector and taxpayer in said town, and that a copy of the foregoing application including the above written endorsement, has been filed with me.  
Attest, HENRY K. SHELLECK, Clerk of said Town.

A CARD.

MRS. GEORGE W. BRADLEY, (daughter of the late Wm. R. Nash) desires  
—PUPILS—  
In Instrumental Music.  
For terms apply to or address, 193 MAIN ST. 3m26



This Powder never varies. A marvel of pure strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in Cans.  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 105 Wall St., N. Y.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.

ACHE. As the name of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



TRADE MARK O. & O. TEA. The Choicest Tea Ever Offered.

PERFECTLY PURE. A MOST DELICIOUS BEVERAGE. TRY IT. You will never use any other. Quality never varies.

It is the HIGHEST GRADE LEAF, picked from the best plantations and guaranteed absolutely pure and free from all adulterations or coloring matter.

Oriental & Occidental Tea Co., Ltd., 25 West 42nd Street, New York.

For sale by H. Glover & Son, Norwalk, Finnegan & O'Reilly, Norwalk, C. H. Valden, Norwalk, F. B. Gregory, Norwalk, E. N. Sippely, Westport, W. E. Osborn, Westport, Lees & Co., Westport.

Colds coughs rough. are surely cured by Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

read the directions carefully. MILLINERY OPENING! THE MISSES ST. JOHN, FALL OPENING MILLINERY-GOODS.

will be exhibited a rich and elegant line of Millinery, in Trimmed and untrimmed Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Feathers, Laces, Ornaments, Etc.,

fact everything pertaining to the Millinery. We have no time nor space to enumerate prices. Since it is to say we have a varied assortment of all goods in this prices as low as the lowest. Don't fail to Grand Opening.

MISSES ST. JOHN, Main Street, Norwalk, Conn

WESTPORT.

The funeral of Gertrude, daughter of Rev. H. S. Still who died Friday evening at the Methodist parsonage, aged 15 years, took place from the Methodist church Sunday afternoon. The burial was in Willow Brook cemetery.

The fourth annual meeting of the Fairfield County Yale Alumni association at the mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Landon Ketchum was one of those pleasant affairs which, could it occur more frequently, would make social life more of a reality than it sometimes seems to be.

The funeral of Elijah S. Downes, whose death in Litchfield occurred on Monday, 21st, took place Thursday from Trinity church, Rev. A. N. Lewis officiating.

The funeral of Mrs. Richard Boynton who died Wednesday, aged 51, was held Saturday.

Adams Express Co., announce that they will open a free delivery here November 1st.

Mr. Robert Wheeler, of Saugatuck, returned Saturday from South Britain with a goodly supply of quail and partridge shot there by him.

It transpires that three men are making all the rumpus in opposition to the towns paying for the lighting of street lamps.

The annual meeting of the board of school visitors will be held to-day.

The enumeration of school children, between the ages of 4 and 16 years, under the new law requiring the work to be done in October instead of January as heretofore, as reported, Monday, 28th inst., is as follows: East Saugatuck district, 117; West Saugatuck, 109; South Saugatuck, 99; Compo, 108; Greens Farms, 94; Cross Highway, 93; East Long Lots, 46; West Long Lots, 48; North district, 21; Poplar Plains, 49; total, 775.

It is said there are some twenty or more bosses over the work of improving Main street now in progress, and, as each wants his own way the result will be at variance with the town resolution ordering the work done.

A WORLD'S FAIR.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF A GREAT BRIDGEPORT INSTITUTION WHICH CAN BE SEEN EVERY DAY FREE OF EXPENSE.

While there is so much talk about a world's fair and a strife between a number of cities for the honor of having it to add to their advertised attractions for 1892, the fact seems to be lost sight of that we have now a world's fair right here in Bridgeport.

Like all other good shows it can only be fully appreciated by seeing it. On entering the main store from Main street, a bewildering sight at once is opened to view.

SOUTH-NORWALK.

It has been remarked that the Third political party of this town seems uncomfortably small, and yet "not small enough for a base ball nine."

Much pleasure is anticipated by the ladies who assisted at the military fair, and others who have received an invite to the sociable to be given by Co. D, on Wednesday evening, at the Armory.

New and fascinating articles are appearing in the local daily under the caption of "Hurrygraphs and Multitudinous Cares" from Chicago, which however do not contain acrobatics.

Repairs to the horse railroad track on Main street will prove beneficial to all travelers, though for a few days it was a detriment.

The storm on Sunday prevented many from attending services at the churches or afternoon meetings in the Chapel (German service) or U. G. T. R. association.

NEW-CANAAN.

Mr. L. P. Wildman picked up in the highway, on Sunday, the 29th inst.—the warm Sunday—a young racer snake, not over four inches long and but little larger than a large knitting-needle.

A selectman remarked, "Why don't Norwalk pay New Canaan what she owes her?"

Hay scales are being erected in front of the Town house. As a Granger's monument, I suppose.

"Bill" Wood sells Boston baked beans, —army flavor—at his store on East ave.

Charles Scott has opened an "English Inn" at the intersection of Millsport avenue and Main street.

Owen shed his usual genial Light about town, Saturday evening. New Canaan is glad to have Owen come home.

The salon of Madame K. C. R., to those within the charmed circle, is etc., etc.

The light of the borough lights is increasing. And may it continue. May the walk of the sidewalks improve also.

Then light on and walk off some of the loafers around the post office, and give us a borough tax—and we may be happy.

The 400 of N. C. have out a private circular for a 24 session class, dancing and deportment. Opera House.

Remarked a person as he laid down the Messenger in a store where he reads it regularly, "I wish the GAZETTE would publish Mr. Hopkins' letters. They are so good. My wife borrows the GAZETTE of our neighbor, and I would like to read them again."

[The exquisite sarcasm of our esteemed correspondent is refreshing and palpable. We would especially rejoice to publish the letters, or any other matter that would please the borrowing reader referred to.—Ed.]

L. M. Monroe, Jr., and Miss Edith Raymond attended a tea given by Mrs. L. C. Green, in honor of Miss Corson, of New York, last Friday evening.

The same date was also the second anniversary of H. Mortimer Green.

Seven puddles, equal to duck ponds, within 200 feet, on Main street. Not as an item of news. We spent \$5,000 on highways last year.

Dealers from Norwalk, Darien and Stamford are hunting ice-ponds here.

CALL AT F. J. CURTS & CO.'S STOVES.

The "Loyal American." A powerful Heater with complete Nickel and Tile decorations.

The "True American." with a double Heating or air circulating attachment, both plain and nickel with tile decoration.

The "Young American." A medium priced stove, beautifully ornamented.

Astral and New American. Stoves and Parlor Heaters.

CYLINDER & GLOBE STOVES. A Few Good Second-Hand Stoves RANGES.

Duchess, Our Own, Uncle Nick, all with Duplex Grates. Westshore, with Simplex Grate.

All kinds House Furnishing Goods. Plain and Decorated China.

Chandeliers, Hall, Library and Stand Lamps.

F. J. CURTIS & CO., 23 MAIN ST.

"Purity—Strength—Perfection." CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR Baking Powder.

Made of Pure Cream of Tartar. DOES NOT CONTAIN Ammonia, Alum, Lime or other Injurious Substance.

ALWAYS MAKES Wholesome Bread, Light, Flaky Biscuit, Delicious Pastry.

INGREDIENTS ARE Chemically Pure, Perfectly Combined, Made Public.

REFER TO GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS, State Chemists, Boards of Health, Eminent Scientists.

Manufactured by C. N. HOAGLAND, ALBANY, N. Y.

FISCHER ESTABLISHED 1840. PIANOS. RENOWNED FOR TONE & DURABILITY. MODERATE PRICES. EASY TERMS, EXCHANGED.

DELIVERED FREE WITHIN 20 MILES OF NEW YORK CITY. Catalogue Mailed on Application.

110 Fifth Ave., cor. 16th Street, NEW YORK CITY.

Family Horse For Sale. AN EXTRA Large and Fine Family Horse for sale. Suitable for Ladies, Children or an invalid to handle. Apply at GAZETTE OFFICE.

BRIDGEPORT DRY GOODS HOUSE.

5,000 Feet New Room added. New Passenger Elevator.

New Departments Opened. Large Mail Order Department.

Large Cloak and Fur Department. Seal-skin Cloaks Made and Repaired.

One Price, and that the Lowest. All Goods marked in Plain Figures.

Polite and Attentive Treatment.

W. B. HALL & CO. NEW DRESS GOODS ROOM.

Our Fall Importation of Colored Dress Goods now open. Every new shade in all popular fabrics. 200 new combinations.

46 inch all wool Henriettas at 75c. per yard. 46 inch all wool Henriettas at \$1 per yard.

SIX LINES FRENCH SERGES. FIVE QUALITIES FRENCH CASHMERE; FIVE QUALITIES HENRIETTAS.

This is a regular \$1.50 grade, with a beautiful broadcloth finish, which is not produced by artificial treatment, but by the fineness of material used in its manufacture.

W. B. HALL & CO. CLOAKS.

The Markets of Europe RANSACKED.

On Monday, we shall display our entire fall importation of Ladies, Misses and Childrens Garments, comprising all the latest novelties of the European and American markets.

We have never before offered such a choice and elegant selection of Garments as we shall display this season: as we shall be unable to duplicate most of the garments, we suggest that the ladies make an early choice. We offer an endless variety of

WRAPS, NEWMARKETS, RAGLANS, CONNEMARAS, JACKETS, ETC.

RIBBONS AND GLOVES—Larger assortment than ever. Just received, our new importation of Dress Trimmings, including all the novelties and widths in

Vandyke Points, Insertion Galoons, Silk Pendant Fringes, Girdle Sashes,

and the most superb designs in Silk Applique Embroideries and Colored Passementeries ever shown in this city. Also the new Spangled Tulle Trimmings for evening wear, in all the new colorings.

W. B. HALL & CO.

Drunkennes—Liquor Habit. In all the world there is but one cure, Dr. Haine's Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck.

Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration.

Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address, in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race street, Cincinnati, O.

# MAKE HENS LAY

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER.

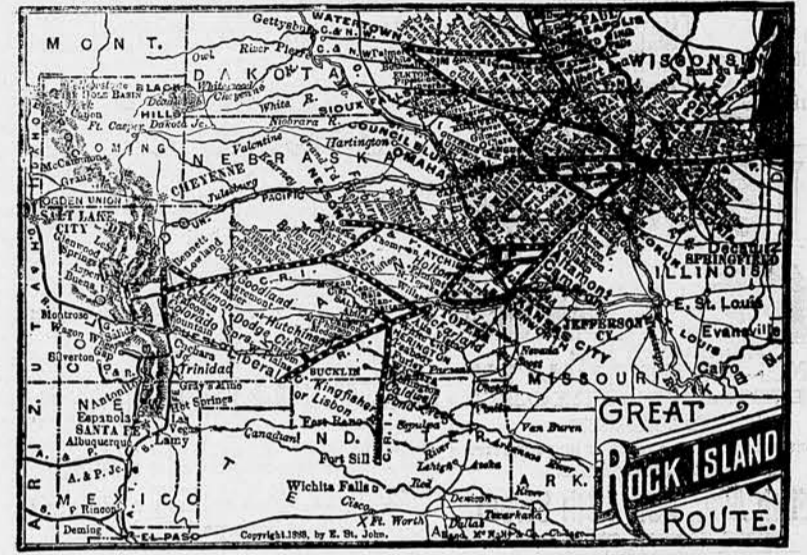
WE SEND BY MAIL TWO SMALL PACKS 50 CENTS POST PAID.

**Sheridan's Condition Powder**

is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. Strictly a medicine, to be given in the food, once daily, in small doses. Prevents and cures all diseases of hens. Worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent free by mail. Ask your druggist, grocer, general store, or feed dealer for it. We will send it postpaid by mail as follows:—A new, enlarged, elegantly illustrated copy of the "FARMER'S POULTRY RAISING GUIDE" (price 25 cents) tells how to make money with a few hens, and two small packages of powder for 50 cents; or one large 2 1/2 pound can and Guide, \$1.50. Sample package of powder, 25 cents, five for \$1.00. Six large cans, express prepaid, for \$5.00. Send stamps or cash. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom-House Street, Boston, Mass.

## THE MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



**THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,**

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Daytonport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Horlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Fort Creek, Kingman, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, an Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, an Hutchinson. Travellers may and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

**MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,**

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Day and Night between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb. and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels (furnishing meals at reasonable hours) east of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE TRIP to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. THE DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeur of Colorado.

**VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,**

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Piosport, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENeca and KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

**E. ST. JOHN, General Manager, CHICAGO, ILL.** **JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.**

**IF YOU WANT A HEATER THAT WILL Heat Your House**

—GET—

**The Richmond**

**AT E. K. LOCKWOOD & CO.'S.**

**The "Record."** **SOLDIERS, ATTENTION**

**WM. H. HAYWARD, Pension Attorney,**

708 East Capitol Street, WASHINGTON D. C.,

Located at the National Capital, adjacent to all the Executive Departments, gives me superior advantage in the prosecution of claims against the United States.

**INCREASE YOUR PENSION.**

Many pensioners borne on the rolls are entitled to a much higher rate of pension than they now receive. In a great majority of cases in which pension was granted for disease, the pensioner is entitled to an increase of rate, and in most cases where it was granted for wounds or injuries the disability increases each year. As time passes the disability of all classes naturally increases. Many were at first rated too low, and it often occurs that pensioners are unjustly or erroneously reduced by examining surgeons. A pensioner is entitled to increase on a disability not set forth in his original declaration. The pension laws are more liberal than formerly, and better rating can be had for many disabilities. I make a specialty of *Neglected and Rejected Claims*, and if you will present me with a brief statement of your case, stating by whom it was presented, I will obtain a re-hearing of your case, and, if it has merit, will procure a favorable settlement. Many claims stand rejected before the department, when it only requires a competent attorney to make them good cases. *Soldiers suffering with disabilities contracted in service, who have not applied for a pension, should do so as it is their right.*

**SOLDIERS OF THE MEXICAN WAR,**

Who were in that service sixty days, (or their widows if not re-married) are entitled to \$8.00 per month from January 29th, 1857.

**For Sale Cheap.**

A SECOND-HAND Cast Iron Fence, with gate, bars and sheds, eighteen acres of land, abundance of fruit. Will be sold at a bargain. Enquire of O. E. WILSON, 3 GAZETTE BUILDING, NORWALK, or to J. JULIA GREGORY, Winthrop, Conn. 1714

**For Sale or Exchange.**

THE Homestead of the late Abijah Betts, situated at South Wilton, one mile from depot. Dwelling has eleven rooms, good well of water, barn and sheds, eighteen acres of land, abundance of fruit. Will be sold at a bargain. Enquire of O. E. WILSON, 3 GAZETTE BUILDING, NORWALK, or to J. JULIA GREGORY, Winthrop, Conn. 1714

# PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE

Beautifies the Complexion; Purifies, Whitens and Softens the Skin, eradicating all imperfections such as Freckles, Moth Patches, Blackheads, Pimples, etc., without injury. Cures Sunburn, Chapped and Chafed Skin, instantly.

**SOLD AT DRUGGISTS' PRICE, 50 CENTS.**

# FIT FOR A KING!

## KNAPP'S ROOT BEER EXTRACT

IS ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR HOME USE.

There is no inconvenience attending it, and the expense is a mere trifle compared with the luxury of having a cool, delicious

**SUMMER BEVERAGE** always in the house. 50 Cent bottles make 10 gallons. Price, 25c, 50c, and \$1.25. DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

# CATARRH ELY'S

**ELLY'S CREAM BALM**

Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Alleviates Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE.

A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

# LADIES' PEERLESS DYES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home.

They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c, a package. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount, in Packages, or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crack or smut; 40 colors. For sale by J. G. Gregory & Co.; J. A. Riggs, No. 11 Main Street, Geo. J. Plaiside, Druggists. 1737

# W. BAKER & CO'S Breakfast Cocoa

Is absolutely pure and No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

**W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.**

# Choice BUILDING LOTS

(ON INSTALLMENT PLAN.)

**FOR SALE**

On Wilton Avenue

—AND—

**San Souci Plot.**

APPLY TO

**A. H. BYINGTON, GAZETTE OFFICE.**

# PETER L. QUIGUE, FLORIST & NURSERYMAN,

UNION AVENUE, North of Norwalk Cemetery,

**NORWALK, - - CONN.**

Dealer in Green House and Hot House and Bedding and Vegetable Plants, Fruit and Ornamental Trees Shrubbery, Vines. Cut Flowers always on hand and all sorts of designs in Flowers arranged to order. 4173

Grading and Re-filling Cemetery Plots promptly attended to.

### JUGGLERY IN INDIA.

A CHICAGO MISSIONARY TELLS OF A WONDERFUL FEAT.

Writers on the Subject, He Says, Do Not Give the Mysterious Heathen Half His Dues—Live Animals Produced in Space from Nothing and Lowered to the Earth.

For the last twenty-seven years Bishop York has been a missionary among the Hindus, during which time he has not set foot on other than Indian soil. He has penetrated the depths of the jungles, distributing tracts and spreading the light among the wildest and most heathenish tribes in all India. To a reporter the bishop said: During my stay in India I was frequently in receipt of books, papers and magazines from home, many of which contained what purported to be stories of life in India.

To say that I was amazed at the lack of truth and meagerness of detail in those articles would but feebly express my opinion on the subject. In all the articles there was something lacking, but the most glaring omissions were made in stories of native Hindu jugglery. By comparing my personal experience with the published accounts I can truthfully say that the Hindu juggler is the most grossly misrepresented human being on the face of the earth. The writer was either sadly lacking in descriptive power or he failed to give the poor Hindoo the benefit of the truth. The conjuring feats described would do very well for a bungling apprentice juggler, but they don't do justice to the journeyman juggler of India.

**THE TRAVELING JUGGLERS.**

"It was my good fortune to witness one performance in this line which will give you a faint idea of what the Hindoo can do. Along about the 1st of April two other missionaries and myself stopped at the home of a friend on the outskirts of Delhi. After a bounteous dinner of fried chicken we repaired with our host to the veranda of the bungalow to enjoy an after dinner cigar. While in the midst of an animated religious discussion a native sikh or leader appeared, followed by two attendants. The sikh was the scariest, most consumptive looking specimen I ever saw. He was hollow eyed and sallow, and wore no clothes except a turban and a scanty waist cloth. The attendants seemed to be enjoying better health, and each carried a large bundle of bamboo poles tied around the middle with a bit of rope.

"That fellow," said our host, "is a sleight of hand man or juggler, and if you wish to witness some feats that will astonish you."

We signified our desire to be astonished, whereupon the host signaled the juggler to go ahead with his show. And I must say it was the most marvelous affair of the kind I ever saw.

Favoring us with a profound salaam the sikh gave some directions in his native tongue to the attendants, who carried their bundles of poles to an open space in front of the veranda. As far as we could see the entire outfit consisted of those bamboo poles. They had absolutely no stage mechanism or paraphernalia employed by the civilized conjurer.

The sikh stood mutely by with folded arms while his helpers went to work with the poles, and in a remarkably short space of time produced a light jointed ladder at least eighty feet long with rungs one foot apart. When the ladder was finished it was laid flat on the ground, the two helpers taking their place at one end and the sikh at the other. Removing his turban the juggler, who was at the bottom of the ladder, stood with his heels on the ground and with the balls of his feet resting on the extreme ends of the ladder. Then the helpers raised the other end of the ladder and moved rapidly toward their chief, raising the ladder up with their hands as they came. In this manner the ladder was placed in a perpendicular position at the sikh's feet.

**THE BISHOP'S STORY.**

Then the attendants withdrew a short distance and sat upon the ground, humming a low, monotonous chant, to the music of which the juggler slowly mounted the ladder, balancing it as he went. Keeping his eyes fixed on the top he mounted step by step, removing each rung with his toes as he climbed and tucking them under his arms. Slowly and steadily he mounted higher and higher on his frail support, while we scarcely dared breathe for fear he would lose his balance. The removal of the rungs caused the side of the ladder to sway and bend in a frightful manner, but the marvelous dexterity of the juggler prevented them from falling.

On reaching the top the juggler pulled out the ladder and then stood on the extreme summit of the two naked, 80-foot poles. The oscillations at first were terrible, but the sikh had wonderful control of his legs, and gradually decreasing the swaying motion, he finally stood motionless as a statue at that dizzy height. Then, at a given signal, which we didn't see, the attendants jumped up and removed the two poles, laying them carefully on the ground.

I turned to our host, speechless with amazement, but he only smiled and cautioned me to be silent, pointing at the same time to the juggler, still standing motionless eighty feet in the air. I had seen some juggling myself, but never anything like that.

While we were gazing spellbound at this uncanny phenomenon a dense blue mist enveloped the juggler. Immediately after a low, hollowing sound was heard and in a moment later a half grown live giraffe at the end of about rope was lowered rapidly to the ground. Before we could recover from our astonishment the rope was hauled up and the next instant the mate of the first giraffe slid out of a cloudless sky. I was never a believer in the supernatural, but at that moment I felt the presence of an unseen power. While I was wondering what would come next the juggler slid down, and while he tied the giraffes' necks together in a bow knot the helpers hauled the rope down and made a neat coil of it.

Then the sikh informed us that he was much fatigued and wished to rest himself before proceeding with the next trick. Permission being given by our host, the juggler at once fell into a dose standing erect on his feet. While the helpers were digging a hole to be used in the next trick a heavy rain storm came up, which indefinitely postponed the remainder of the performance.—Chicago Times.

**Jason Was All Right.**

The citizens of Taylorsville, Neb., recently tarred and feathered old Jason Mitchell, and then rode him on a rail. Instead of resenting this treatment, Jason seemed to enjoy it. This puzzled the boys very much until the old man sent twenty-five of them for \$100 damages each, and got it. Then they began to say that Jason really had the most fun.—New York Tribune.

**An Aggravated Case.**

"I wouldn't borrow trouble," said a lady whose husband had met with financial difficulties. "You wouldn't?" "No." "Well, I doubt if I could find a man who would be my creditor even to that extent."—Merchant Traveler.

### OLD HOPE LODGE FARM.

AN OLD HISTORIC PROPERTY IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PA.

A Quaint Mansion Containing Rare Old Furniture and Many Relics—Closets Enough to Satisfy Any Housekeeper. Dispute as to Original Owner.

In Whitemarsh, Montgomery county, a short distance from Fort Washington, and only a stone's throw or two from the famous old fort in which the American soldiery entrenched themselves after their defeat at the battle of Germantown, stands a substantial mansion, which is notable for its age, the associations connected with it and the elegant simplicity of its architecture. It stands back from the Bethlehem pike several hundred yards, and is shaded by venerable white pines, horse chestnuts and other trees, some of which are more than a century old. It is an unusually large house, with a brick front and an abundance of large windows, over the caps of which are pressed brick ornaments.

**OLD TIME ARCHITECTURE.**

The entrance is through a door of more than ordinarily large size, and by means of soapstone steps, in which are graven the initials of the children of the residents for more than a hundred years back, and underneath a portico supported by large columns, quaintly carved. The doorway enters upon a hall forty by twenty feet, which divides the house into two equal parts, and leading therefrom are many doors, with arched and keystoned tops and columned sides. All the ceilings are thirteen feet high. The rooms are large, but an otherwise barnlike appearance is broken by the numerous doors throughout the house. It seems as though the owners had set them wherever there was an available wall space. The greater part of these doors open into closets, so large and so roomy as to be ample to hold a bedroom suite and still leave space enough to turn around. Every chamber has at least two or three of these wonderful closets.

Every room from floor to garret is furnished with large old fashioned fireplaces, the mantels and fronts of which on the first floor are of black marble, and the fronts of those on the second floor of light blue tiles, on which are enameled curious figures. The main staircase leading from the hall to the garret is wide enough for a public hall, and rises by easy flights of broad, low steps from story to story, and is inclosed, except on the landings, where there are richly carved balustrades. Besides this staircase there are two others, one at each end of the house—semi-concealed, dark, unceasing, winding affairs, set in the partition walls, and leading from the cellar to the garrets, and communicating with all the rooms in the house. One of the garrets is nearly 100 feet long and 20 feet wide, and was fitted up in 1854 as a lodge room for the Free Masons, who in that year split from the Germantown lodge, but was never occupied by them, on account of the death of the owner of the house, who was one of the seceders.

Instead of rafters, the roof is supported by heavy oak beams, on which are laid three-inch planks. Hidden away in the garrets are relics collected from time to time by the owners. A bundle of war arrows, the flint heads of which are said to be poisoned, taken from an Indian warrior supposed to have been one of a band attached to the British army; two bows that belonged also to an Indian brave of the past; a ghastly collection of human bones in a box—bones that once formed the skeleton of a half grown boy; also an immense palm leaf fan, used by servants more than 125 years ago to keep the flies from the dining table of Samuel Morris, one of the owners of the place.

There are conflicting stories as to who erected the mansion. As a result, its exact age is unknown, but it is agreed that it was built not later than 1735. It is stated on the one hand that the house was erected about 1721 by Henry Hope, the first owner of the property, after whom the place was named "Hope Lodge Farm" three-quarters of a century later, and who received a grant of 500 acres of land from William Penn.

On the other hand, it is claimed by the descendants of Samuel Morris, the second owner, and who was also the possessor of a large mill on the Wissahickon, near by, that he was the builder, and this claim seems to be the better founded one. Those who claim Hope as the builder say that he was a bachelor, and that the bricks with which the front of the house was built came from England, being brought over as ballast of a ship. The wood work of the interior is also said by competent carpenters to have been imported. It is also related that when the house was finished he gave a grand house warming and a reception to meet his intended bride and her mother, invitations having been issued to all the leading families for miles around. During the reception, however, it is said he drank too much wine and made use of an offensive remark to his betrothed, which so angered her that she canceled the engagement. This, it is related, so preyed on Hope's mind that shortly after he sold the property to Samuel Morris.

Samuel Morris was the eldest son of Susanna Morris, the eldest daughter of Robert and Susanna Heath, who came to Philadelphia with William Penn in 1701. Susanna Morris was a noted minister of the Society of Friends, who made three journeys to England to preach, during one of which, in 1731, she was shipwrecked, notwithstanding that she was warned beforehand, it is related, by three successive dreams of the coming catastrophe. Samuel Morris, like most of the Friends of that time, in that section, was a strong Royalist, even going so far, it is said, as to drive his cattle to Philadelphia for the use of the British soldiery after the battle of Germantown, rather than let the Americans have them. With him on the farm resided a niece, Annie Evans, who fell in love with and married Col. Alexander Anderson, a young American soldier of the revolution, in spite of the violent opposition of her uncle.

On the death of Samuel Morris the property came into the possession of Joshua Morris, a brother of Samuel Morris, and by him it was sold to William West. He died in 1782. April 17, 1784, the executors granted the premises to John Wilcox and Joshua Emlen, to the use of James Horatio Watnough for life. He was a general in the revolutionary army, and was a grandfather of the wife of Gen. Russell B. Thayer. After residing on the property for some years he rented it to the well known Steel family, of Germantown, who lived there nine years, and he took up his residence on Price street, Germantown, where he died, Jan. 20, 1812.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Electricity in the Heart's Beats.**

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**Trick of a Franking Jeweler.**

"It's scandalous the way folks are robbed in some branches of business," said a young man who knows a good deal about things in general. "There's diamonds, for instance. There ain't one person in a hundred knows anything about diamonds. I once had a friend in the business, who used to tell me all about the tricks of the trade. Once, I remember, a man came to him to buy a diamond ring. My friend showed him a ring the stone of which was worth about \$175, and offered it to him for \$250. The man said he didn't like it, and after looking at some others, went away, saying he would look in again. My friend took the stone, had it reset in a manner to show up prominently, whereas it had previously been set deep, and kept it to spring on the man when he came in. He happened along in a day or two, and my friend dragged forth the ring.

"You didn't like that other stone," he said, "but here's one that will catch you. Just got it in and had it set. It's a beauty. Of course, it's worth a good deal more money than the other, but it's worth the difference."

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**A Knowing Squirrel.**

A gray headed, homely old man sat on a bench in a sequestered part of Central park the other day and fed the squirrels with peanuts. One plump fellow cocked his tail in the air, and actually took the kernels from the old man's hand. "If Jock was here," said the old fellow, "you'd see him on my shoulder. He often jumps from a tree right on top of my hat. It took me a year to tame him. I call 'em all Jock. I tamed the first one five years ago. He got so that he understood all that I said to him. One day I gave him a cream nut, and said: 'I don't know what you will do with that, Jock; snow's too deep for you to bury it.'

"Well, he just ran up a tree till he came to two forked limbs, thrust his nut between them and pushed it down hard with his paws. Then he started down the tree, but I said: 'Why, Jock, the wind'll blow that out.' Then what did he do but go back, take hold of that nut, shake it with his paws, and look at me as much as to say, 'Mister, I guess that's all right.'

"They shot Jock three years ago, when they said the squirrels were getting too thick in the park and destroying the buds. I don't think the squirrels can be too thick; them trees looks as if their buds had been injured, now, don't they?"—New York Sun.

**Chinamen Are Stolid.**

An English physician residing in China points out that the most characteristic difference between the Chinaman and the Caucasian in Europe lies in the former's lack of nervousness. We in America, who have seen the Chinaman working incessantly in his little laundry, shall find no difficulty in believing the statements of the English physician when he says: "The Chinaman can write all day, he can work all day, he can stand for a whole day in one position, weaving, hammering gold or cutting ivory, without once being attacked by nervousness. This peculiarity makes itself apparent in early youth. The Chinaman can bear any kind of bodily exercise. Sport and play to him are unnecessary labor. He can sleep anywhere and in many positions—amid thundering machines, deafening noises, the cry of children or the wrangle of grown people, or on the ground, in bed or on a chair." In his own innocent way the Chinaman is almost a Sybarite.—Exchange.

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When you happen to read in a Pennsylvania paper the notice of the marriage of Louis Auberger-then-mutterhauser and Heinrich Ekwonkschewer, by the Rev. Klaus Holzhansen, don't be too fresh and think you are reading an account of a German wedding. The chances are that the contracting parties and witnesses speak better English than they do in Boston, and that there wasn't a soul at the wedding who could speak or understand a word of German. These names are heir-loom in some parts of Pennsylvania, and the old families cling to them fondly long after speech and accent have departed. They're mighty good things for the babies to cut their teeth on.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

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From an experimental investigation carried out by the Dresden municipal authorities it would appear that pathogenic micro-organisms do not thrive on books. The dust from a number of unused volumes was found to be only matter of a harmless character. The tubercle bacillus was especially sought and most conspicuously not found. The conclusion arrived at was that the danger of circulating libraries spreading infection was very slight, but a recommendation is given to dust books well before reading them, and never to wet the fingers in the mouth for the purpose of turning over the leaves.—Exchange.

**A Substitute for Oars.**

An ingenious contrivance is about to be brought out by Capt. Woolward, of the royal mail steamer Don, by which it is proposed to do away with oars as a means of propelling ships' lifeboats. It consists of a hand power screw propeller, which enables the boat to be driven by any one in it, though unacquainted with rowing. This, Capt. Woolward points out, will obviate the chance of passengers who may get away from a stranded ship finding themselves in a boat without oars or having them without any skill in their use. The machinery takes up little room, and seems to be both efficient and simple.—Exchange.

### SAN JOSE DE COSTA RICA.

White heart of a land of honor.  
And joy of a people free  
From the sunshine that fell upon her.  
Ere soft rains ceased to be,  
God gathered the diamond splendor  
Of a world from sea to sea,  
And poured the effulgence tender  
In the valley of Aserre.

Then he took of the skies above it  
The delicate tints they wore,  
To clothe the hills that should love it  
And guard it for evermore.  
The rarest of sapphires sparkle  
And azure a wondrous store,  
And amethyst that should darkle  
Like depths that are far from shore.

And out of the soil as he willed it,  
He took of each flower that grows  
The seed of the fairest, and spilled it  
In the valley's fertile close.  
And he sent the sun and the showers,  
And many a stream that flows,  
To fashion a thousand bowers  
Of jasmine and rose of rose.

Till never a spot was fairer  
Than that where the city should be,  
And never a sturrier  
For human eyes to see.  
White heart of a land of honor,  
And joy of a people free,  
With the sunshine of God upon her  
And the blessing of liberty!  
—C. L. Charles in Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

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THE FISHER'S WIDOW.

The boats go out and the boats come in, Under the wintry sky; And the rain and foam are white in the wind, And the white gulls cry.

THE VEIL OF DEATH.

Count Jeppi had a habit of promenading by the sea shore for an hour or two every day after dinner, while smoking his cigar.

One suffocating evening toward the last of July, the count, according to his custom, shortly after dinner kissed his wife and went out. It was about 8 o'clock.

This charming spectacle, always the same, yet always new, never wearied the count. He reached the foot of the hill and passed rapidly out on to the quay.

Suddenly, in a second, in less time than it takes the lightning to flash, the earth trembled as if shaken by the march of invisible armies—armies of giants.

He started on the run in the direction of his villa. Was she dead—dying—or living still? She was crushed, perhaps, her lovely body a shapeless mass, caught between two walls.

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After retracing his steps more than twenty times, after wandering about for over an hour, he arrived at last before what had been his dwelling.

At the sight of these great stones piled above the child, the count felt himself weak as a child. She was there, underneath this mass, his adored wife. Where, in which direction? Even if she were dead, he would find her at any cost.

infinite precautions, with steps of velvet, clinging to the projections, he ventured among the ruins of his house.

Brusing his knees, lacerating his hands, the nails torn away, sweating tears, weeping blood, for over an hour the count toiled at the mass of stones with frenzy.

Then despair helped him to accomplish prodigies. He lifted blocks of stone, which he threw far from him; he wrested away beams bristling with nails.

Caressing, in the darkness, the locks he had so often fondled, he murmured, softly: "My love—if you are not dead—speak to me."

But he had scarcely cast his eyes on it when he uttered a piercing cry—a cry of rage and horror, his hands raised.

The body, slender and elegant, appeared to be that of a young man. It was an impenetrable corpse, resolved to guard its secret.

Then, after passing his hand across his brow, the count, moving mechanically, stooped down and placed one knee on his wife's breast, and holding her thus, endeavored to separate her from this man's body.

He believed, he said, that he had found the body of a dear friend, but he was not absolutely sure, and he offered 20,000 scudi to the person who could tell him with certainty the name of the dead man.

It was a wise and humane dog that saved two men's lives in Illinois. He aroused his master, and after persistent efforts got him to follow to the railroad track, where he found two men lying across the main track.

J. N. English exhibited at Americus, Ga., the other day, a tusk that was taken from the mouth of a wild hog that was killed in his cornfield, on Camp creek, five miles from Andersonville.

NEGRO SUPERSTITION.

SPIRIT LORE OF THE SOUTHERN PLANTATION HANDS.

The Ghosts That Stalk on Moonlight Nights—Spooks as Tall as Pine Trees. How Old Uncle Joe's Spirit Was Speeded on Its Way.

Down south it is interesting to hear the darkeys talk about the "spirits" as they sit around the log wood fires, in their old, tumble down cabins in the woods.

An old darky, Aunt Peggy by name, was an enthusiast on the subject. How she enjoyed telling us about one eventful evening, when she was nearly "skereed to death."

ONLY STALK BY MOONLIGHT. She told us that the "spirits" were only to be seen on moonlight nights, and that sometimes they looked like long, thin shadows, dressed in gray.

Another old darkey, by the name of Aunt Sallie, once lived in a log cabin in the woods. She was a queer little old woman and delighted in telling us about the "spirits" and how she could "smell them when the moon shone, though, the Lawd be blessed, she'd never seen 'em."

Uncle Joe, another of our darkey friends, dwelt in a log cabin on our estate, within a short distance of the house, and we had an excellent opportunity for observing the ways and customs of the "darkeys" in that part of the country.

In a short while the cabin was full of darkeys singing and praying—waiting for Uncle Joe's soul to take its flight.

As the shades of evening fell fires were lit all around the cabin to keep the "spirits" away, whilst the darkeys sang hymns to cheer Uncle Joe on his way.

At noon they all assembled again at the cabin to follow the coffin containing the remains of Uncle Joe, as he was carried to his last resting place.

After Uncle Joe's death the log cabin was deserted, and is now slowly falling to decay. His "spirit" is supposed to haunt the old home, and at night nothing could persuade a darkey to go near the place.

Family Physician—My dear Mr. Shearman, you are in a low state of health. Your circulation is not what it should be. Invalid Editor (absent)—I'll get out a fresh affidavit to-morrow—and (recovering)—beg pardon, doctor, what did you say?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

HUNT'S REMEDY.

WILL CURE the Kidneys, REGULATE the Heart, and MAKE LIFE worth living "You can't afford to be without it."

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PLYMOUTH ROCK ICE. I HAVE a large quantity of Ice on hand. It is frozen on pure water. It is clear, clean and solid ice.

Norwalk Fire Insurance Co. Has now completed its 18th SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS YEAR. And has not outstanding a dollar of unpaid losses.

Express. Patrons the old reliable ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY. LOW RATES AND PROMPT DELIVERY.

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Sanitary Plumbing, and Ventilation, and Low Pressure Steam Heating, a Specialty. PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES. Pipe and Fitting for Steam and Gas.

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FURNISHING UNDERTAKER. I am prepared to take charge day or night and furnish everything necessary for the interment of the dead.

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Also agent for the Economy STEAM & WARM AIR COMBINATION HEATER. All kinds of Ornamental and Plain Slatings, Tin and Shingle Roofing.

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To Inventors.

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HENRY D. CORNELL, House, Sign, Outside and Inside Painter and Decorator.

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F. W. JAQUI, JR., Dealer in Stoves, Portable & Brick-Set Ranges Furnaces and Steam Heaters,

Refrigerators and House Furnishing Goods. Generally. A Full line of CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES.

Plumbing, Gas and Steam Fitting, and Hot Air Engineering. Agent for the Richardson & Boynton Co's. Furnaces and Ranges,

Also agent for the Economy STEAM & WARM AIR COMBINATION HEATER. All kinds of Ornamental and Plain Slatings, Tin and Shingle Roofing.

Repairing Done by Experienced Workmen at Short Notice. 53 WALL STREET, NORWALK, CONN.

Beef, Fish, Fruit and Vegetables. You can get any and all of the above mentioned articles at

F. W. SMITH'S MARKET, 55 MAIN STREET. EVERYTHING NEW, FRESH, CLEAN. Try us, we can please you.

J. C. NEWKIRK, DENTIST. Dentistry performed in all branches. Gold and Porcelain Crowns inserted. Gas administered for the painless extracting of teeth.

Do Not Neglect a Bad Cold. Use Hartley's Catarrh Remedy for its Immediate Cure.

HENRY D. CORNELL, House, Sign, Outside and Inside Painter and Decorator.

Painting, Papering or Glazing, in the best style of the art, and at the shortest notice. As he works with his men himself and thus personally oversees all the details of their labor,

Geo. S. Gregory. Livery, Boarding, Sale, Feed and Exchange Stables.

In Reply.

Eds. GAZETTE:—Been looking for your man Jim, who put what I said in your paper, ever since the paper came to town. Not 'cause he told the truth about me and the borough and the town book, but 'cause I wanted him to print more facts. Why every GAZETTE in town has been turned and read 'till there ain't much of one left: The town book is written and printed and bound, and anybody who wants one can have it for nothing by simply going for it. There has been a great deal said about that book, for and against it; though every body agrees that Kirk has done a good job considering he had such trouble in getting it written right, and that the selected men were so long about it. Why! it's one of the mysteries of this mysterious place. I thing it plain enough. You can't make a selected man write when he don't want to, no matter what his salary is. There was lots of talk about what was in the book before it was writ and si ce. Jones and Smyth met on Smithie's—that is, on Smithie's corner Sunday when they orter been to church, and after they had taken Weedie's snipe by the bill and eight other sovereigns had put the same bill to their lips, (the snipe was caught the same Sunday morning at Darien) they proceeded to discuss the new book of revelations as revealed by the selectedmen's pen and Kirk's book binding establishment. Jones read from the book: Income from meal 20c and for cutting bushes \$2.38; that Leroy Monroe got a salary of \$1.00 a year while Ike Lee got \$2.00 and Charley Hall had 70c. worth of eggs, and the price of board at the farm was \$3.00 a week, and school books and stationery cost \$1.77. Smythe breaks in with: "Who in thunder cares all about that. Tell us what was the bill of Bill Windover for working on the roads? How many days? How much a day? How many days did Capt. Purdy bridge over? How much did John Bliss pay to have the mud carried away from the top of his hill? What did Pat Walsh get for supervising the roads?" etc. Jones reads on: Tramps \$3.00; Sheep killed—"Never mind sheep" several break in. Jones read on Jacob Scheele \$7.50. "Scheele \$7.50!" all in chorus, "He won't cost the town anything next year, but what in thunder did he want \$7.50 from the town for? Give us Windover and Purdy, and about the cost of roads." Jones reads—Paid bank \$6.50 T. M. Fairly \$1,500, interest Fairly \$135.90, bank again, \$6,300, S. C. Silliman's not—"town paying Silliman's note?" It's so here.—Reads on: Error \$7.55. "Error! what's that?" It puts Carl in mind of a fact that occurred to a farmer and his wife who live not a hundred miles from the borough, who received through the mail a bill rendered by one of our merchants, itemized, which John read as follows: 1lb coffee, 1lb raisins, 7lb sugar, 3lb ditto, 3lb ditto. Nancy breaks in; "John read that again. 7lb sugar, that's right. 3lb ditto, ditto, John, what's that, put on her specs, and spells "D-I-T-T-O, ditto, John we never had a drop of ditto in the house. That belongs to some of them temperance fellows that don't dare to have it charged in its right name. We never did have a drop did we John?" "No, Nancy, not a drop, though I did suspect Grimes was selling a little on the sly. I'll go right over to town and have the bill made right." John hitched up Dobbin and while jogging to town kept saying to himself, "Did I have one or two half pints and have it charged so Nancy would not know it?" But try as hard as he could, he was sure he did not have any charged. Hitching his horse at the post he walks in and was met by merchant Grimes. "Nancy and I have been looking over the bill you sent us and we found the butter and sugar all right but you have got us charged with something we never had. Nancy is sure we never did and I'll be hanged if I can. I swan, Mr. Grimes, if I can remember it." Mr. Grimes takes the bill and reads down to the item of 7lb sugar 3lb ditto. When John broke in: "That's it; I can't remember and Nancy says she is sartin we never had a drop of ditto in the house." "Ha! ha! ha!" laughs Grimes. "You had it, that's plain." "But Nancy says she never did." "Let me explain. You see you had 7lb sugar for 50c. and 3lb ditto 30c. That's 3 lb better sugar at a higher price, so of the tea." John's jaw dropped. He unhitched the horse and drove home chuckling how he had paid for everything he did not want Nancy to know of and how glad he was that Nancy did not know any more than he did. Nancy met him at the gate and said: "How did you make out? I knew we never had any ditto." "Ditto, ditto," says John. "Grimes made out that I was a darn fool and that you're ditto" And, Carl continued, "I think you are a ditto trying to find out by that book how much Bill Windover got a day or how many days Purdy bridged over and charged to bridges. JACK.

The next (November) number of the Century begins the twentieth year of the magazine with a notable number in which Jefferson's autobiography will begin; also novels by Frank Stockton and Amelia E. Barr. Among the contributors to this number will be Mark Twain, George Kennan, Walt Whitman, Col. Higginson, Aubrey de Vere, Brander Matthews, Judge Ernest Crosby, Margaret Deland, Dr. Huntington (of Grace church, New York), W. J. Stillman, Nicolay and Hay, and Charles Henry Webb.

Eucpepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions, and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon dyspepsia and install instead eucpepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases of liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50c. and \$1 per bottle by H. H. Hale, druggist.

List of Patents. List of Patents issued in the United States Patent Office, for the week ending Oct. 22d, '89, for the State of Connecticut furnished us from the office of EVELL & SEXTON, Solicitor of Patents, New Haven, Conn.

C. Arnold, Bridgeport, treating pyrites cinders for manufacture of paint. E. B. Baker, New Haven, cable terminal head protector. G. Conover, Southington, brooch-loading ordnance. A. H. Eddy, Hartford, cross head. W. A. Kelsey and R. A. Switzer, assignors to Kelsey Press Co., Meriden machine for cutting and mitering printers' rules. L. Kraus, Birmingham, corset. C. F. Littlejohn, Bridgeport, presser-foot and over-lay guide for sewing machines. B. Loomis, Hartford, process of an apparatus for manufacture of gas. (In issue). J. M. Marlin New Haven, magazine fire-arm. Same, revolving fire-arm. J. M. Morrow, Meriden, over-seaming fabric. G. D. Mosher, assignor to Birmingham Plane Co., Birmingham, plane. W. F. Osborne, Ansonia, suspender end. S. R. Rust, assignor to Birmingham Plane Co., plane. F. W. Smith, Jr., and S. S. Williamson, Bridgeport, check punch. S. Whittick, assignor to Whittick Machine Co., Birmingham, printing machine.

THE SHAKERS

OF MOUNT LEBANON, N. Y., Have Learned the Secrets

OF THE Mountain Herbs and Made a New Medical Discovery. Neighbor tells Neighbor and the News Flies from House to House.

But this Remedy Cures only One Disease. INDIGESTION

Yet what more could we hope for? Do we not know that nine-tenths of our pain and suffering arises from this one prevailing complaint? Rheumatism, liver complaint and urinary troubles are nothing more nor less than symptoms of chronic indigestion and dyspepsia. Remove the cause and the effect disappears. Clear out the bowels and the fire burns bright. Undigested food fills the blood with poison and impurity, so that we feel tired, languid, weak and feeble.

Shaker Extract of Roots, or Seigel's Syrup dissipates the headache, restores the lost appetite, builds up broken constitutions, and removes that base of our lives—constipation. Sold by all druggists, and by A. J. WHITE, 165 Duane St., New York

KASKINE (THE NEW QUININE.) Brain Workers Dyspeptics, Chronic Invalid All Praise it. No Narcotic. A POWERFUL TONIC. A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PURIFIER. Superior to quinine. Mrs. J. C. Scarborough, of Selma, N. C., wife of the ex-Superintendent of Public Schools of that State, suffered from excessive nervous depression, exhaustion and neuritis, from malaria. She was rapidly cured by Kaskine. She says: "I can now go to sleep in my chair."

CHAS. H. VALDEN —DEALER IN—

GROCERIES,

FRESH AND NEW. I shall keep constantly on hand a FULL LINE OF ALL GOODS usually found in a First-Class Grocery Store

which I will sell at prices DEFEATING HONEST COMPETITION

to beat. A share of the public patronage is solicited and every effort will be made to faithfully serve our customers. Give us a call and let us assure you of our ability to give satisfaction. CHAS. H. VALDEN, 5 Wall St., Norwalk, Ct.



IVNOKOF

A Cough Remedy, not a Cure-All. Sure to relieve

CONSUMPTION

In every stage, and will certainly cure Inipient Consumption. Excellent for Pneumonia, Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, Blood Spitting, Bronchitis, Influenza, Pleurisy, and all diseases of the Pulmonary Organs. Probably a large number of those who read this advertisement will say "another humbug, we will have nothing to do with it." But before you utterly

CONDEMN

Let us appeal to your REASON

Let us give you the history of this medicine. It was originally a prescription of a country physician with a large practice, across the water. One of those men who get to know certain things well, and he evidently knew

COUGHS

from their A B C. A patient of his coming to this country brought the prescription for family use, and it came to our attention. We found it good but knowing how much money could be thrown away, unless it proved to be more than

GOOD

we experimented with and tested it for over a year. We

GAVE

it away to everybody who would take it. We were more than convinced. Requests came to us from all sides to put it on the market, and we have started it on a

SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

We have only begun to advertise it, and it is already placed in towns all over the Eastern and Middle States, and in some localities in the West.

Some people think that because a medicine is what they call

PATENT

it cannot be good. But is this not prejudice? Undoubtedly there are poor remedies cheaply advertised, but in most cases do not Proprietary Articles, spring from prescriptions which have been found

EFFICIENT

in private practice, and are they not compounded by bright men whose constant aim is to improve them?

If our remedy was not what we claim, who would be the greater loser?

YOU

who only spend 25 cents, 50 cents or 75 cents for a bottle, and then throw it away or

WE

who pay ADVERTISING BILLS that cost more than hundreds of bottles. No, the

SECRET

is, we know we have a good thing, come to stay, and that if you try it, it will become a

STANDARD REMEDY

in your home, and be recommended by you to your neighbors. Our

SUCCESS

will be in a firmly established business, built up and founded on

MERIT.

We ask you then to lay aside all

PREJUDICE

for your own good, and try it. Our remedy is compounded from eight distinct specifics and herbs, is pleasant to the taste, quick in its action and is absolutely

HARMLESS.

It does not check a cough merely for the time, but heals the lungs. Follow the directions closely, using in moderate doses, as long as there is irritation and always keep it well corked when not in use.

We wish to say one word more about

CONSUMPTION

We cannot cure it in its last stages, but we can Relieve it, and we can cure

INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION.

It is prepared in three sizes, price 25c., 50c. and 75c. per bottle. If the cold is slight, in most cases the 25c. size will effect a cure. But in more obstinate cases you will need the larger sizes. The 75c. size is the most economical as it contains twice the quantity of the 50c. bottle. We have placed the remedy on sale at F. H. Baxter's, South Norwalk. I. M. Hoyt's, South Norwalk. C. C. Stillson's, South Norwalk. J. C. Gregory's, Norwalk. H. R. Hale's, Norwalk. J. A. Riggs', Norwalk. William A. Vogel, Norwalk.

PREPARED ONLY BY IVNOKOF MFG. CO., Limited., No. 1 East 89th St., N. Y.

HILLSIDE, NORWALK, CT.

MRS. MEAD'S HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG LADIES RE-OPENS OCT. 3, 1889.

Applications for admission to the School may be made at once. For Circulars Address, MRS. M. E. MEAD, Norwalk, Conn.

THE D. M. READ CO., BRIDGEPORT.

The Leading and Seasonable Styles of Outside Garments for the coming trade are now open.

NEWMARKETS, JACKETS, COATS, ULSTERS.

Novelties in Matelasse Garments plain and trimmed with fur and Applique.

Tailor Made Newmarkets, Double Breasted Newmarkets, Fancy Cloth, Empire Sleeve, English Storm Coats, Tailor Bound Beaver Jackets.

We are showing a few exclusive styles in Shoulder Capes in Plush, Cloth, Astarchan and Seal Skin.

SEAL PLUSH SACQUES,

Forty to forty-four inches long, elegantly made and lined, from \$16.00 to \$60.00.

SEAL PLUSH JACKETS,

Plain and quilted linings, from \$16 up.

CHILDREN'S GARMENTS,

Four to twelve years, Gretchen, Directoire and English styles in fine wool, beaver, fancy plaids and stripes.

SEAL SKIN SACQUES, SEAL SKIN JACKETS.

SEAL SKIN WRAPS, SEAL SKIN CAPES.

THE D. M. READ CO. have decided to replenish the Bargain Room in the

CARPET DEPARTMENT

with a fresh assortment of Moquettes and Velvets, Body and Tapestry Brussels, Extra Super (all wool) Ingrain Carpets. These carpets are mostly last season's patterns, and average a reduction of 25 per cent. in price. If you are to be in need of a Carpet, come now, select your pattern while the stock is full, and we will store the Carpet till wanted.

THE D. M. READ COMPANY,

Main St., Fairfield Ave. & Cannon St., ONE BLOCK FROM R. R. STATION,

BRIDGEPORT.

F. W. JAQUI, JR.,

—AGENT FOR THE—

Celebrated Perfect Ranges



The accompanying cut represents the NEW PATENT BROILING ARRANGEMENT on all the Double Oven Richardson & Boynton Co.'s Ranges. It is economical and quick operating and has the perfect revolving grates, over four thousand in daily use in New York City and vicinity. Taste-fully nickled. It has more good points than all the Ranges on the market combined, we guarantee every Range to be PERFECT in every way, and to furnish any piece of repairs that may be required at any time. Can furnish repairs to any Range or Furnace ever made by this company since 1849. Call and see it before purchasing any other, and see the many good points it contains.

53 WALL STREET NORWALK, CONN. F. W. JAQUI, JR.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE

DAILY FREIGHT LINE. Norwalk & New York.

On and after Monday, Sept. 3rd, (until further notice) THE PROPELLER.



City of Norwalk and Eagle

Will make daily trips, Sundays excepted, for freight between New York, Norwalk and South Norwalk. Will leave Pier 23, foot of Beekman St. New York, every evening, except Saturdays, at 8 o'clock, and on Saturdays at 2 p. m. Returning boat leaves Norwalk at 5 p. m., and So. Norwalk at 6:30 p. m. Freight received from 7 a. m. to 5 p. m. Freight taken from and received for all points on the Danbury and Norwalk and Shepaug Railroads at Greatly Reduced Rates. Upon application to Agents the City of Norwalk and Eagle will be sent for special lots of freight anywhere in New York or its vicinity. All persons are forbid trusting any of the employees of the boats of this line on account of the owners thereof.

HOUSATONIC RAILROAD. Danbury and Norwalk Division.

PASSENGER TRAINS SOUTH.

Table with columns: Lv. Norwalk, Lv. So. Norwalk, Ar. Wilson Poin. Rows include times for 7:30 a.m., 8:17 a.m., 10:02 a.m., 12:50 p.m., 4:24 a.m., 6:18 a.m., 8:02 a.m., 9:47 a.m.

NORTH.

Table with columns: Lv. Wilson Poin, Lv. So. Norwalk, Ar. Norwalk. Rows include times for 6:55 a.m., 8:45 a.m., 12:01 p.m., 2:50 p.m., 4:45 a.m., 7:15 a.m., 8:50 a.m., 10:10 a.m.

Limited Express, New York and Pittsfield, via D & N. Division, going South leave South Norwalk at 7:44 p. m. Going North leave South Norwalk at 4:15 p. m. Sleeping Car train, New York and Pittsfield, via Bridgeport at 1:45 p. m., every Saturday night. W. H. STEVENSON, Vice-Pres. and Gen'l Manager F. C. PAYNE, Superintendent. A. W. PERRIN, General Passenger Agent.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

OCTOBER 6th, 1889. NEW YORK DIVISION.

Trains leave South Norwalk as follows:—

For New York.—Accommodation trains at 6:45, 8:30, 9:35, 11:30, 1:20, 2:45, 5:05, 6:35 to Stamford only 8:15, 10:15, p. m. Express trains at 5:16 (except Mondays), 5:46, 6:15 (except), 7:23 (local), 7:56 (local), 8:26 (local), 9:02 (Springfield local), 10:11, 11:37 a. m.; 12:59 (Springfield local), 4:46, 5:20, 6:48, 7:51, (daily except Sunday) p. m. For New Haven and the East.—Accommodation trains at 6:31, 7:38, 8:50, 10:40 a. m., 1:42, 4:22, 5:13, 6:23 and 7:33 to Bridgeport, 8:41, 9:41, 11:01 p. m. Express trains at 9:16, 12:12, 1:07 (local), 3:05, 4:11 (Housatonic Express), 5:09 (Naugatuck Express), 7:15, (Springfield local), 12:43 a. m. (Boston express). Sundays.—Accommodation 7:38, 9:12 a. m., and 6:47 p. m. O. M. SHEPARD, Gen. Supt. C. T. BEMPELSTADT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

JOHN & JAMES DOBSON, MANUFACTURERS.

INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR NEW CHOICE STYLES OF CARPETS.

Novel Designs and Colorings just received from their Factories, also to their Special Sale of the following Attractive Bargains: Imperial Velvet, \$100 per yard Reduced from \$1.25. Tapestry Brussels, 55c. per yard Reduced from 75c. Choice Axminster, \$1.25 per yard Reduced from \$1.75. All-Wool Ingrain, 55c. per yard Reduced from 75c. Best Body Brussels, \$1.00 yard Reduced from \$1.25.

The Largest Assortment of Superior Patterns we have ever shown.

Fancy China Mattings in Great Variety at Very Low Prices.

Linoletums and Oil Cloth in all Widths. Rugs, Mats, Etc.

40 & 42 W. 14TH ST. NEW YORK.

Jump-Seat Carriage

For Sale at a Bargain.

A Jump-Seat Carriage, one of Stivers' best city-made, made to order. Strong enough for four and light enough for two. A neat and very handy vehicle. COST \$500

WILL BE SOLD FOR \$150

if applied for soon, as owner has no use for it. Apply at GAZETTE OFFICE.