ESTABLISHED 1800

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

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## Norwalk Gazette.

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The Gazette Lor Printing Department is

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LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss Inez Keeler is visiting friends in Hartford.

Mrs Fannie L. Beers is visiting friends in Jersey City.

The Electric Light company proposes extending its service to Westport.

Joseph Linxweiler of South Norwalk, died Wednesday evening, aged 38.

Mrs. Wm. Olmstead and babe are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John S. Seymour.

Reporter Tolles, of the Sentinel, is experiencing the horrors of the grippe.

Mr. George Joyce died yesterday of pneumonia, leaving a wife and several

Mason Smith, formerly of Troy, N-Y., now of Bridgeport, Conn. spent Sunday in town.

In the past century there have been ten Decembers which were warmer than was the last month.

The chief medical inspector of the Washington, (D. C ) fire department, was in town yesterday.

The Fatherhood of the House descends rom Judge Kelley to Samuel J. Randall. Protection is still there.

Mrs. Charles Smith, relict of the late ex-selectman Smith, died at her home on East avenue vesterday.

Supt. F. C. Payne, of the Danbury & Norwalk division, is sick with the grippe at his home in Danbury.

The safe in the post office at Manchester was blown open Friday night, and about \$20. worth of stamps stolen.

Dame Rumor is ruming that a recherche wedding on Union Park is one of the coming events of the near future.

The funeral of Mrs. Fannie McKenzie was attended from the A. M. E, church Sunday afternoon, at half past two o'clock.

Grand Division, Sons of Temperance will meet in Collinsville, on Thursday, the 23d. A number from Norwalk will at-

tend. The many friends of Charles J. Hill will regret to learn that he has been taken to a private institution in Hartford for treat-

ment. P. J. Caffery, formerly the GAZETTE's "English compositor," now setting type on the New York Weekly, was in town on Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. George Baxter have left Norwalk. Mrs. B. remains in New York for the present, while the doctor sails for Europe.

The Norwalk Amusement Co. orchestra gave a most enjoyable and successful concert and ball in Germania Hall, Monday evening.

Mr. W. G. Lineburgh has been appointed receiver of the estate of Garret & Chapman, to close up the unsettled business of the dissolved co-partnership.

Miss Fannie Belle Curtis was obliged to return home from het school at Willimanic last week, on account of illness, which

we are happy to say did not prove serious, The fifth annual masquerade ball of the Arion Singing society will be held in Music Hall on Monday evening next. It

will undoubtedly attract a large attend-The man drowned in the harbor on Wednesday morning, was not a veteran from Danbury, as was at first supposed.

He is thought to have been a professional Fred Pratt of Norwalk was in Fairfield

woods Sunday.

Joshua Hoyt's daughter from Norwalk spent the 15th with him at Wolfpits. It was his 89th birthday .- Bee cor.

The sermon which Dr. Noble "repeated by request" at the Congregational church Sunday morning, was listened to by a large and attentive audience. It was a sermon well worth hearing.

Pilgrim Congregational church, in Can. an, was damaged to the amount of \$1,000 by fire last week Sunday night, caused by the falling of the chandelier immediately after the close of the services.

Messrs. C. B. Coolidge and George C. Lockwood sailed on the steamer. Santiago for Nassau, Thursday afternoon Mr. Lockwood has hopes that he will regain health and strength by the voyage.

John W. Taylor has been brought from the insane retreat at Middletown, to the almshouse, and Thomas Rambo takes his place in the asylum to fill Norwalk's quota of thirteen.

"For the American who is looking for bewitching beauties there is no place like up town in this metropolis just at this time," says the New York Sun. The man who wrote that evidently was never in Norwalk.

The Armours, in Chicago, did a business of \$60,000,000 last year, \$5,000,000 in excess of 1888. Six thousand men were employed, and paid \$3,000.000. The firm killed 1,200,000 hogs, 600,000 cattle and 250,000 sheep.

John Dougherty, recently baggage-master on the Pittsfield and South Norwak express train, has been transferred to his former position on Conductor Pulling's train, while Frank Dacey goes back to his old job at the brake.

Assistant District Deputy James Toner, accompanied by several members of Catholic Council, K. of C., visited Stamford Tuesday night, and conferred the third degree upon a number of candidates of St. Augustine Council.

The annual report of the Fairfield County Historical Society is received and shows an encouraging sentiment of interest in the existence and welfare of this excellent organization on the part of its members and others.

Mr. O. E. Wilson has left on our desk a generous supply of almanacs, blotters, pen wipers, calendars, pocket slates, memorandum books and other indisputable proofs that there's millions of money in the insurance business.

The next reunion of the Army of the Potomac will be held in Portland, Me., on the 3d and 4th of July, 1890. The orator will be Gen. Francis Walker, of Boston, and the poet ex-Postmaster General Horatio King, of Washington.

"The Phœnix," to be presented in the Opera House on Friday evening, 31st inst. under the auspices of the Phœnix Engine company, is said to be one of the most entertaining dramas now on the road. It will draw a large house here.

Herr Fritz Beyer, a veteran musician, of Bridgeport, is likely to succeed George Streit as leader of the Wheeler & Wilson band. He was formerly leader of the old Howe band, and is now conductor of the Philharmonic band and orchestra.

Wednesday's Tribune contained a notice of the death of Mrs. Charlotte Blake, a former resident of Norwalk and a daughter of the late Munson Lockwood, which took place in Poughkeepsie on Sunday. ne interment was made in Union Ceme tery, Norwalk, on Wednesday afternoon.

The able telegraph operator has "seen" the intelligent compositor and "gone him one better." In a press dispatch from Ohio's capital, a few nights ago, he, said : 'All the monkeys have gone home." It should have been "members." But, perhaps the able operator knew what he was talking about.

Of all the prescribed rules, recipes, formulas and precautions for the prevention of the grippe epidemic, Editor Bross' scheme ought to prove most efficacious in keeping it out of Ridgefield. He has written and published two verses of poetry on the grippe. If that doesn't dissuade the epidemic from settling in the town-what will?

The Stamford Record says that Chairman Swartwout of the Democratic State Committee, has established his headquarters at New Haven. The Chairman thinks that the internal dissensions of the party must be smoothed over before the leaders can look for much success, and he has taken upon himself the difficult task of accomplishing this,

Connecticut Pensions .- Original, Gilbert Palmer, Leesville; Albert W. Overton, Bridgeport; Mary, widow of Robert Diedrick, Thompsonville; Phebe, widow of David O. Sweet, Montville; John H. Wilcox, Soldiers' Home, Noroton; Thomas Dorsey, South Norwalk; James Haugh, Bridgeport; Julius C. Hall, Wallingford; Hiram Bostford, Yalesville.

One of our regular exchange borrowers came in the other day, glanced at a heading in the Hartford Courant, which read, "The Hen Convention," and remarked something about the idiocy of these strong minded females forever holding their woman's rights meetings. On reading the article, however, he found it related to the poultry show in Manchester.

At the adjourned meeting of the court of burgesses Monday evening, not much business of importance was transacted. Harvey Fitch. Burr Smith and Gen. Charles Olmstead were chosen assessors, at \$100 each. Platt Price, Edward Merrill and B. W. Maples were chosen members of the board of relief at \$20 each. The salary of the clerk, Hon. Levi Warner, was fixed at \$500, and Herbert W. Kemp was elected assistant clerk, at \$100. Charles N. Wood was reappointed borough engineer.

Isaac Pressy, roadmaster of the New York Division of the Consolidated railroad, has resigned, and Assistant Roadmaster George E. Daggett, of Bridgeport, has been promoted to fill the vacancy. Roadmaster Daggett's office will be at Stamford. Superintendent Turner has also appointed Frederick Holbrook to fill the position of assistant roadmaster.

The Norwalk Club is arranging to hold another billiard tournament, which is to be a handicap similar to the one recently held by the club. The prize is a splendid cue, emblematical of the championship of the club, and the holder of the cue is subject to challenge and must win it three times successively before it becomes his personal property. The entries closed last

Senator Hawley telegraphs to Waterbury people that the Senate committee has approved his bill asking for a \$100,000 public building in that city. Norwalkers who are anxiously awaiting news of a similar response to their petition for a public building here, should keep their ear to the ticker, for if Gen. Hawley gets into the habit of telegraphing that kind of messages, there is no telling when he'll stop.

The case of Joseph Gray vs. Joseph Coar, has been on trial. Gray is a Norwalk lawyer, and Coar belongs in New York. Mr. Coar testified that Lawyer Gray would make \$60 out of two suits which he (Coar) had on hand, and agreed if Coar would not settle them to conduct them with no loss to him. One suit was decided in favor of Coar, and one against him, and the settlement of Mr. Gray's recompense caused the present suit. The case is exciting considerable interest among the legal fraternity.—Bridgeport

Miss Bertha G. Webb, solo violiniste, has begun her course of instruction on the violin at Mrs. Mead's school, Hillside, Norwalk. Miss Webb was at one time the pupil of Prof. Eichberg and Sisterman of Boston. She was under the special instruction of the late Dr. Damrosch, and for the past two years has studied with Gustav Damreuther. She has made a very pleasing impression by her public performances. She is an artist of rare merit, and the opportunity for students of the violin afforded by her advertisement, is one of unusual value.

It appears by the records of the town of Canaan that Ethan Allen, of Revolutionary fame, was at one time a resident of the town and that his eldest daughter, Loraine, who was the maternal ancestor of the Chapmans, one of the prominent old Salisbury families, was born in Canaan. It is said that Allen opened the first ore bed in Salisbury and was interested in the first furnace crected for smelting the ore. While the Revolutionary war was in progress an order came from Boston for a cannon to be cast and sent forward forth-with from the Salisbury furnace. The caunon was accordingly cast, and six yoke of oxen were chartered to haul it on a sled to Boston, it being winter and deep snow. sters and said they were six weeks on the trip.- News.

A truly rural hoodoo, staggering under a tooral-looral jag, went into Gus Franke's barber shop Saturday and seated himself in one of the luxurious operating chairs. After the knight of the razor had him thoroughly lathered it suddenly dawned upon his befuddled intellect that he "didn't want no shave 'cause he allus shaved his own self; he didn't want nothin' only jest his bair cut." The artist wiped the lather off with a towel, picked up his shears and politely asked:

"How would you like your hair cut,

"Off, by gosh! how d'ye s'pose?"

A rare musical treat is in store for our townspeople. Mr. Edward B. Perry, Boston's eminent blind pianist, is engaged to give an evening of music at Hillside, (Mrs. Mead's school) on Friday, 31st inst. Mr. Perry has played before Europe's crowned heads, and has received the most flattering encomiums from the press in various parts of the old world and Amer-

ica. The Leavenworth Sun says :-Mr. Perry's numbers were rendered admirably to the sincere delight of all. In their execution his genius was most prominent, and he was applauded to the echo. His phrasing is brilliant and artistic, and his loss of sight serves possibly to augment his perceptive powers of ear

Rev. Mr. Cunz, the German teacher returned on Tuesday last from Johnstown, Pa., where he had been attending the unpleasant work of transferring the bodies of his dead, from their temporary resting place, to his newly purchased plot in the cemetery. Mr. Cunz's wife and four children were lost in the great flood, one child, a son, 14 years old, being saved, The bodies of three of the drowned children were recovered, but the wife and one child were never found. Mr. Cunz reports that even now they are finding bodies and fragments of bodies, mostly beyond all possibility of identification, and it is thought that there are scores of bodies yet to be extricated from the immense deposits of debris along the river bank that have not been removed. He reports the town rapidly rebuilding, with inadequate hotel accommodations.

John Deunly, a Bridgeport moulder, has been fined and punished for indecent exposure of his person. Several ladies who had been insulted by him had bravery enough to appear against him in court. Judge Kelsey had the good sense to have the hearing a private one, the only persons allowed in the court room being the witnesses, the court officers, the prisoner and his counsel and the reporters, the latter agreeing to keep the names of the wife nesses and their testimony out of print.

Among the many congratulatory epistles sent the old GAZETTE on its passing the Rubicon of its ninetieth birthday was one from an old subscriber, a shrewd and level-headed banker in an adjoining town. We think we may without impropriety, in the absence of our chief, quote the concluding paragraph of the letter, although it is made personal to him. After writing of other matters he concludes as follows :-

I pray you may continue to a good old age and be able to continue to write from Washington, at any rate as long as I live, for I read nothing from there from anybody so satisfactory as your observations of men and things. God bless the old GAZETTE and you and yours.

Says the Norwalk Record: "Only thirty cents for a ticket brings Bridgeport dangerously near for the maintenance of Norwalk's old-time reputation as a moral, religious and law abiding community." That's about the richest thing out. "A moral, religious and law abiding community." Thirty cents brings Norwalk near enough, which is proven by the fact that few nights in the week pass without the police having to quiet some of the "moral, religious and law abiding" people of Norwalk who visit here.—Bridgeport Post.

That is spiteful, and doesn't in the slightest degree compare with the feeling that was manifested by a Bridgeport audience once addressed by South Norwalk's most noted prohibition orator, who opened his discourse by remarking: "We are here, my friends, to deal with the subject of whiskey, and I trust that in the short time allotted to me I shall be able to give you something more than a mere taste of the subject." The demonstration of cordial approval that greeted this introduction, would have impressed the observer with the conviction that the Norwalker held a place in the affections of the Bridgeporter, that neither time nor the tongue of slander could usurp.

Our local readers will readily recall to mind Jerome Hopkins, a loquacious and eccentric old crank, who, in the fall of 1886, came to Norwalk, from nobody knows where, and solicited the services of a large number of children in producing a peurile and nonsensical "oratorio" entitled "Taffy and Old Munch," written by himself, which was produced in the Opera House two evenings. This same Jerome Hopkins is now in London with the gloomy prospect of three months at hard labor in prison staring him in the face, for persistent and malicious libel of a prominent London physician named Dr. Thomas Boor Crosby. Since he has been in London, it seems, according to the New York Sun's account, he has been making things quite lively for Dr. Thomas Boor Crosby. He claimed Crosby owed him for some tickets to one of his concerts. A suit was instituted and the Doctor won. Since that time Hopkins has been carrying on a one sided correspondence with Dr. Crosby. He invariably used postal cards. On them at times would appear poetry from the pen of Hopkins, which was not at all complimentary to the Doctor. In reply to a letter from Crosby he replied by postal, "Well, pay what you owe me, you lying thief." A warrant was issued for the arrest of Hopkins. The plaintiff says he will drop the case if the American musician will apologize, but this Hopkins

A Bridgeport correspondent of the Palladium has written up Bridgeport's democratic candidates for Congress, and given a readable diagnosis of their respective claims and chances. He dwells upon the "immense financial pull" of Hon. D. N. Morgan, which makes him "a strong candidate among the boys." Major D. M. Read is also slated by the correspondent, and is credited with having already made arrangements to "spend half his time in Washington," where he "knows every corner where a political pull can be made." Henry A. Bishop, purchasing agent for the Consolidated road is also on the list, and it is charged that he "has lately bought an Edison phonograph and invited all the democratic leaders and workers to his house to talk into it, telling what they think of his chances for nomination. When the proper time comes he will spring the machine at them and ask them how they can go back on their utterances." Mayor R. E. DeForest is the last of the quartette. Of him the writer savs :- "He looked for the nomination at the convention which put in Judge Granger and he now considers that he has a stronger pull than ever." The article concludes with this expression of opinion :- "Major Read now stands the best chance, but whether he can pull against Morgan's boodle is the question. By 'influencing' some of the delegates the second time he may possibly abundance of work for all who apply, but | be able to obtain a majority in the con-

"What a lot of hypocrites we are," said Representative Belden the other day as he wheeled around in his chair after the House had adjourned. "I really believe that nine-tenths of the Congressmen want to vote for the repeal of the civil service reform act, and are afraid to do it."

It is probable that James B. Wood, formerly of the GAZETTE, who was recently reported killed in an explosion in Butler, Pennsylvania, is still alive. His brother, Caleb Wood, of East Norwalk, has received a letter in reply to an inquiry of the postmaster at Butler, stating that the man who was killed was named James O. Wood, and that he left a wife and family. As James B. Wood had no wife and family it is tolerably certain that he was not the victim of the mill explosion. However, his whereabouts are unknown to his ffiends or relatives in this region, who lost track of him several months ago.

The annual election of officers of the Grand Lodge, F. and A. M., held in Hartford, Wednesday evening, resulted as follows :- Grand Master, Clark Buckingham, of New Haven; Deputy Grand Master, Hugh Stirling, of Bridgeport; Grand Senior Warden, William W. Price, of New Haven; Grand Junior Warden, W. E. Hyde, of Danielsonville; Grand Treasurer, John G. Foote, of Hartford : Grand Secretary, Joseph K. Wheeler, of Hartford; Grand Senior Deacon, James E. Coer, of Waterbury : Grand Junior Deacon, Samuel Bassett, of New Britian, Trustees, Nelson C. Hinckley, of Hartford, Edmund Tweedy, of Danbury, William R Higby, of Bridgeport : Committee on Correspondence, Joseph K. Wheeler, of Hartford. The annual report of the grand secretary, J. K. Wheeler, shows a total membership of 15,211, being a net gain of 411 for the year. The whole number of those initiated during the twelve menths was 613, and the number of deaths in the order was 219. The balance in the hands of the grand treasurer, Mayor John G. Root, of Hartford, is \$1,304.37. The Masonic Charity Foundation fund amoun's to\$10,518.71.

The ladies of the First Congregational church tendered a public reception to their new pastor, Rev. Thomas K. Noble, D. D., and his estimable wife, last Tuesday evening, in the chapel of the church. The day had been a "red letter" day with them as the good doctor expressed it, for in the early morning they were the recipients of a beautiful box of flowers, sent them from a life long friend in Boston, and as the day began, so it ended with flowers. About the speaker's desk and platform masses of palms and ferns were tastefully arranged, while from the ladies parlor above a band of stringed instruments discoursed sweet music most of the evening. Dr. and Mrs. Noble received their many friends and parishioners in the center of the room. The tables looked very inviting, gleaming as it did with silver and crystal and lighted by wax tapers under colored shades. Mrs Belden and Mrs. White presided at the table. After all had greeted the genial Dr. and his wife Rev. S. B. S. Bissell in a few well chosen and touching remarks assured them of the love and co-operation of the entire people, and welcomed them in behalf of the church and congregation to their christian fellowship. A handsome basket of flowers was then presented on behalf of the reception committee, by John A. Osborne, after which Dr. Noble in his happy way responded, thanking them for the assurance of their love and predicting a future full of happiness and profit, both to pastor and people

The committee appointed by Buckingham Post, G. A. R., to prepare suitable resolutions of thanks to the gentlemen who presented the handsome memorial record book, submitted the following report to the Post at its regular meeting on Wednesday evening, and it was unanimously adopted:

TO THE COMMANDER AND MEMBERS OF BUCKING HAM POST, No. 12, G. A. R.:

Your committee appointed to prepare suitable resolutions to the donors of the memorial record book, presented to the Post at its last meeting, have had the matter under consideration, and are of the opinion that a simple vote of thanks is all that is necessary. Yet in view of the fact that so many of our fellow citizens, who in the dark days of the war would gladly have given one-half or more of all they possessed, could they have been assured of victory for the Union cause, but who now speak only in contempt or slightingly of the old soldier and the G. A. R., we are glad to know that these gentlemen whose names are stamped on the cover of this book are willing to let future generations know that they were friends of those who offered their lives that their country might

We offer the following:

RESOLVED, That the thanks of this Post are hereby tendered to the Hon. James W. Hyatt, Geo. M. Holmes, E. O. Keeler, Geo. E. Miller, Wm. A. Curtis, James G. Gregory, M. D., Dexter Hitchcock, M. D., Ira Cole, E. K. Lockwood and C. B. Coolidge, citizens of Norwalk, for their very beautiful and appropriate gift of the memorial record book for the members of this Post.

RESOLVED, That a Post historian be at once ppointed to carry into effect the objects of

Respectfully submitted,
B. S. KETH,
A. A. HAUSCHILDT,
WM. A. KELLOGG,
Committee.

Fred. Horsley, better known as "Freddie Gebhard." formerly of Norwalk and more recently of Bridgeport, is now officiating as clerk at the Dudley House, at Falls Village, Conn. He is so well pleased with the location and the people there that he says he shall live there till he dies, and possibly longer.

The entertainment committee of the Y. M. C. A. have arranged for the following series of entertainments :- February 5th. at the Opera House, a grand concert by the celebrated New York Stars. April 9th, Opera House, second visit of "Ye Olde Folkes" to Norwalk. For the third entertainment the gymnasium class will give their annual gymnasium exhibition in Y. M. C. A. Hall. No effort will be spared on the part of the committee to make each one of these entertainments a grand success, and it is hoped that they will receive a hearty support from the people. - The class in German held their first lesson Monday evening and 14mom bers were present. Everyone who intends to join the class and was not present Monday evening should bear in mind that no new members will be received after next Monday .-- The reception committee will hold a meeting this evening at the residence of General S cretary Simons, No. 30 Franklin avenue.

On Monday afternoon an old gray horse belonging to Steve O'Brien was hitched to a post in front of Gregory's drug store. The animal attracted considerable attention by reason of his numerous good points which stuck out prominently all over him. He was so thin that if his tail were . nly stout enough for a handle he could be used as a rip-saw. You could look right through him and see the wheels of his internal machinery go 'round. Dr. Bridges, local agent of the state humane society, happened along while a crowd of sympathetic spectators were utilizing the horse as a sort of smoked glass to observe the spots on the sun, and immediately hunted up Officer Morehouse, whom he ordered to notify the driver of the horse that he must be immediately taken off the streets and never appear again with a barness on under penalty of awful consequences.

One of the directors of the Fairfield County bank had occasion to go to that banking house one day last week at a few minutes past eleven, and was astonished to find the doors locked, the curtains drawn and an atmosphere of quiet about the place that suggested a general suspersion of business. Utterly amazed, the gentleman rattled and pounded the door vigorously, and after a brief period the door was leisurely opened by one of the clerks inside, just wine enough to play peek-a-hoo with the visitor and see who was there. "What does this mean, sirne bank locked up and the curtains drawn?" asked the director, sternly. "Why, we always lock the bank at noon," replied the clerk, meekly. "But here it's only eleven by your own clock," continued the director, pointing to the big time piece on the wall. The clerk looked at the cashier and then at the clock, the cashier looked at the clock and then at the clerk, the director looked at all three and the clock cashiered the director and clerked the lookers. Finally the cashier regained his presence of mind sufficiently to remark that he'd be jim-fizzled if he didn't mistake the eleven for the twelve and order the institution closed for dinner under .that misapprehension. They close the bank by the fire alarm now.

Not long since the Monumental Bronze

Company of Bridgeport, erected in Fair-

mount Cemetery, Newark, N. J., a large and costly monument, in honor of the first settlers of that town, who landed there in 1666. The remains of the settlers were taken from the old burying ground in the center of the city, and placed in Fairmount cemetery. The monument is 9 feet square at the base and stands 23 feet high, and was designed by the company's well known artist, Mr. Archibald McKellar. The monumental Bronze Co. should feel justly proud of this artistic . and skillful piece of workmanship. The monument is valued at \$6,000. The pedestal is covered with many historical pictures and curious inscriptions. On the side of the die appear the resolution as passed by the common council, the names of the original settlers and where from. the old colonial seal and seal of present date, also the names of the mayors and members of the committee, and the layout of the lands purchased from the Indians, with their signatures, On one side of the column appears in bold relief the landing of Elizabeth Swaine, of Milford, Conn., the first white woman to land in Newark. One of the inscriptions, and most prominent among them, is the following: "50 double hands of powder, 100 bars of lead, 20 axes, 20 coates, 10 guns, 20 pistols, 10 kettles, 10 swords, 4 barrels of beer, 10 pair of breeches, 50 knives, 20 howes; 850 fathoms of wampum, 2 ankors of liequers, or something equivalent, 3 troopers coats; and to the top of the mountain, for 2 guns, 3 coats and 13 horns of rum." The crowning figure of this monument is a Puritan, clothed in the traditional garb of the 17th century, and very life like.

ANGEL LIGHTS.

For wee Estelle, sweet faced and shy, Beside my knee at close of day, I traced the Dipper in the sky And pointed out the Milky Way.

Her upturned eyes themselves were stars, A gleam with softly lambent light, And not from Jupiter to Mars Was there a more bewitching sight

"And now what of the starry height Can you recall?" said I to her; And thus explained sweet merry mite, My infantile philosopher:

"My, when the stars an' planets play," Dod takes the dipper den, I fink, To dip in the milky way

An' dive the thirsty lights a dwink."

#### INDIAN REVENGE.

"Oh, I do dote so on Indians!" So said a musical little voice, as Miss Margery Tracy looked over a book of beautiful

engravings. "So what?" exclaimed a silvery headed old man who sat in an easy chair by the winter's

"Dote on Indians, dear grandpa: they look so noble in their richly colored robes, their furs and their feathers.

'Noble! the blood thirsty rebels!" said the old man, holding out one arm as he spoke and striking it with the other, "that and this and every part of my body, in fact, is scared by those infernal dogs. Why, look here, child," and he drew his white locks from his ample forehead, "see the marks of their scalping knives; they left me for dead once, and came near having these hairs hanging to their

"Why, grandpa!" exclaimed Margery, drawing up to the old man, "is it possible that great white mark was made by an Indian brave?"

"An Indian coward?" cried the vetern contemptuously. "Talk about their bravery, the stubborn, inborn devils, they don't know what it means. The courage of a beast is all they have. My patience, girl, if you had seen as much of the Indians as I have, you'd never take these creature's of a painter's imagination to be the simon pure savage. No, no, there's a difference. My child, I'll tell you a story that will cure you of doting on Indians. When I was a young man I had many a bout with the 'children of the forest,' as your poets call them. Now there was never any poetry in your old grandfather, Maggie, little onc. I never could see any-thing beautiful in their hideous painted faces, and to tell the truth, they killed my only brother, and I hate the whole race.

We had a long spell of peace, and had become tired of our cabins upon Boone's station. It was too easy a life for young fellows, simply gunning, fishing, sleeping and eating. We weren't like the moustachioed gentry of the present day-even like the one who came to see you last night, little child, though he is a better specimen than some We couldn't dress up in those days and take little bits of paper in our hands and go call upon the pretty ladies and show off our teeth and our broadcloth the best part of the day. We were rough men in our hunting frecks, who thought a goodsized deer none to heavy to throw over our shoulders after we had run him down, and to whom other dears were as fabulous as myths.

Due, as I tell you, we-there were four of us-had become tired of idleness, and wanted another bout with the Indians. So, knowing that a party had stolen some horses, and that they had taken their way to Chillicothe, we set out after them to try and regain the booty they had taken. We reached Chillicothe a few days afterward, and fell in with a drove of horses feeding in the rich prairie. Of these we secured six and started on our return. Before we reached the Ohio a storm came up. The beavens grew black with clouds and the wind blew a perfect hurri-What to do with the horses we could hardly tell. They had become unmanageable and were difficult to control. The river was so swollen-its waves lashed into furythat we dared not venture to cross, and we were fearful of being pursued. It was nearing evening, and we could just find our way back to the hills, where, after hobbling our animals, we remained during the night. It was an awful night. The rain poured in torrents, the lightning blazed from point to point, and the thunder seemed to crash and break against the sides of the hills. We were all exposed to the fury of the tempest. In the morning our clothes were wet and we had only saved our powder by sleeping on it. The wind, however, had subsided, and we tried again to get our horses over to the other side-the creatures resisted every attempt. and we were driven to the alternative of losing the horses. Of course we chose the latter, and selecting each of us one of the best, we made for the falls.

"There was a handsome young fellow with us, a Kentuckian by birth, who thought we had scarcely had adventure enough, so he proposed to me to let the rest go on. while he and I captured two splendid bays. We turned back accordingly, and came the first thing on a trail of revengeful Indians, who had undoubtedly been seeking us from the first. My dear child, if you had seen them as they really were, their faces streaked with black and yellow, their untanned blankets, rough leggins and demoniac faces, you never would have doted upon them. Willis, the Kentuckian, was some ways ahead of me, and by some unsuccessful maneuver fell immediately into their hands. It was a dreadful sight to see them each drive with his heavy club at the head of the poor fellow. He fell instantly, and they scalped him, throwing the fresh, bleeding skin over their weapons and waving it in my sight.

"I was on a splendid horse. They, too were mounted and had fleet animals, so they pursued me at the top of their speed. For a time I escaped, only to fall into their barbar ous hands, however. Deceived by a voice I thought familiar, and the pronunciation of a word in English, I followed a trail, and lured on by the supposition that I was on the track of friends from whom we had been separated and who might have come back to the rescue, I went cautiously forward, but suddenly found myself among a party of Indians, who were so engaged that, I suppose, if I had had presence of mind, I might have escaped, for I think they did not see me.

However, thinking the boldest course the best, I immediately fired at the foremost, and in another moment they were after me like a pack of hounds. I took advantage of some fallen timber, I tried to dodge them and to hide among the underbrush, but their cuming defeated my purposes. They di-vided into two parties, and rode along on either side of the timber, beating it up, driving me out at the opposite end, where stood an enormous savage with a lifted tomahawk. Just as he was about to strike me to the earth, however, another Indian equally powerful lifted me as if I had been a feather out of the way of the descending tomahawk. I was a prisoner, and obliged to make the best of it. You may imagine what that

best was." "Oh, grandfather!" cried Margery, "how

did you feel?" How did I feel? Fush, how could you feel with ten jabbering savages about you, each one looking as if he could eat you with out pepper or salt?"

"It must have been a trying moment,"

said Margery.
"Not half as trying as what followed," said

the old man, shaking his white locks. "They muttered their outlandish gibberish in my face, making up hideous mouths, expressive of their intense disgust of me and my race. They shook the scalp of poor Willis before my very eyes, and I don't doubt wanted to serve mine in the same way. Then leaving me helplessly tied, they went out to catch the horses. The difficulty with which this feat was accomplished made them wilder than ever, in their rage against me. I saw them deliberate, and knew by their gestures they were reserving me for some fearful doom. At last a tall Indian went without the circle and succeeded in leading in one of the horses, a flery, vicious animal that had given me great trouble, and who, in his looks and movements seemed almost demoniac. Close to me they led him. I felt his hot breath against my face, and more than once his hoof seemed about to crush my foot to atoms. I thought that in some way they intended my death by that monstrous gray horse, and so they did, but I had not calculated for the exreme cruelty of which they are capable. What was my horror when I found that they were going to bind me to the animal, torture him and set him free." "Oh, grandfather! you are a second Mazep-

pa," cried Margery, listening meanwhile with intense interest. "A distinction for which I paid cruelly,"

said the old man, folding his arms and gazing into the fire.

"They lifted me upon the horse, he all the while rearing, backing, snorting, and scating me with my face toward the tail, they tied my feet under him. This made them great trouble, for the horse was almost unmanageable, but for every annovance he gave them they paid me in blows, or slight wounds with their knives. They then drew a rope about my arms, drawing and lashing me back on animal, another round my neck, tying that to the neck of the horse, from whence it was carried to his tail, making it use the purpose of a crupper. In this way they secured me to the frantic beast, and all the while the demons incarnate danced yelling and screaming about me, testifying their infernal delight in the anticipated sufferings that were to overtake me, and, with shouts that sounded like thunder, turned him loose. The poor animal and the poor wretch upon him were dashed into the thickest of the woods. The horse, feeling his unusual burden, and frantic to get rid of it, took his way among the tangled undergrowth, bruising me at every step, throwing me against projecting branches, rearing, plunging, uttering the wildest cries of terror. I longed and prayed for death, I raved and sent up cries of anguish with his. Sometimes I laid insensible, and then a dreadful blow would bring me to agonizing consciousness. I knew that death would comeat last, but oh, the awful uncertainty, the suffering that permeated every bone, nerve, sinew, I can describe nothing like it. It is too dreadful to recall, too frightful to portray."

The old man shuddered as he held his hand

before his eyes as if to shut out a fearful spectacle. The young girl shuddered, too, and tenderly took his free hand in her own. "Well, the horse became at last exhausted What prevented him from rolling over and crushing me, heaven only knows. One morning, the next but one after my capture, the animal emerged into a broad prairie. I was dying with hunger, sore in every inch of my body, longing only that death might put an end to my sufferings. I was only partly conscious—just alive, and that was all. I seemed to know that my breath was almost gone, and wished to make no effort to retain it. Then there came a long silenceblank-and how many hours after I do not know, but I found myself lying on a made bed in a log hut and an angel faced girl

bending over me. "'He has opened his eyes, mother,' were the first words I heard, and then all was blank again. It seems the sagacity of the horse had led him to the first house after he had become thoroughly subdued. It proved to be the habitation of an American family. They treated me with the greatest care, the tenderest consideration It was months before I was well and completely cured of a longing to encounter the Indians. I preafter that a home of my own the blooming Margaret for my wife, who had taken such care of me." "So dearest grandmother was that Mar-

garet?" said Margery. "No, darling," and the voice took a tenderer tone, "my first Margaret sleeps in the grave

made out in the wild prairies. She only lived a year."—Mary A. Dennison in Chicago

#### Nearly Killed by a Savage Boar.

Mr. Sanford Furbish, of Webster, is the owner of a 2-year-old boar which has grown to enormous size and has always been noted for his savago propensities. His tushes are said to be two and one-half inches in length

Last Thursday Mr. Furbish attempted to drive him home from one of his neighbor's. But the boar declined to be driven, and showed fight. Pitchforks were brought into requisition to overcome his obstinacy, and he was got nearly to his quarters under the barn before he did any damage.

In crossing a miry place in the road he made an attack on his owner, and threw him four or five feet into the air and against a

This so disabled Mr. Furbish that he fell on the ground, and the enraged animal had it all his own way until help came and got Mr Furbish out of his way and into an ox cart near by.

The boar then mounted the cart and was determined to make an end of his work in mutilating the poor man, and it was with difficulty that he could be kept out of the cart. A brother of Mr. Furbish then got a basket of apples and succeeded in tolling him away and into his pen, where he was se-

Dr. Sleeper was summoned to attend the injured man, and found one rib broken and a wound large enough to admit a finger be tween two ribs, extending clear into the

This made it impossible for him to breathe through one lung on account of air entering through the wound. His condition is considered critical.—Lewiston Journal.

#### Expensive Cast Iron Bricks.

Hollow cast iron bricks, if we may so term them, says The Engineering and Building Record, form the subject of a recent German patent granted to August Bockel, of Erfurt As the name implies, they are made of regular form and size, the walls being 0.12 inche thick. No mortar or other binding material is to enter into their use, the fastening being effected as follows: The upper and lower sides of the bricks are provided with grooves and projecting ribs, which fit into one an other. There are, further, two large circular openings in the upper side of each brick arranged to receive properly formed pro jections on the lower side of the brick above. One of these projections is hooked shaped, so as to give a more secure hold. A fluid is apthe surfaces of the bricks with a brush, to make the joints air and water tight The non-conducting air spaces in the bricks. and the ease with which they may be put together and taken apart without injuring them, are cited as special advantages. The question of cost is not considered.

#### ON THE BRIDGE CABLE.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY MADE BY A NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

A Foggy Night Selected for the Trip-He Walks from the New York Anchorage to the Center of the Big Structure on a 16-Inch Cable—Above the River 278 Feet.

Hundreds of people while crossing the Brooklyn bridge have looked at the riggers and painters who, in the performance of duty, climb up into the network of wires or walk along the big cables from which the great structure is suspended, and they wonder how these men hold on, or why they do not get dizzy and fall.

Desiring to know something of these men who spend their time away up among those slender wires, a Star reporter endeavored to get some of them to tell their experience, but it was found that they had become so accustomed to whatever sensations they might experience that they had grown unconscious of anything remarkable in the fact that they walked on a slender thread between the river and the sky, except that they earned good livings for their families, and were very well pleased with their vocations. Still determined to learn how it feels to walk in midair on so nder a footpath as a 16-inch cylinder, the reporter concluded to walk on one of the cables from the New York anchorage to the top of the tower, and on down the aerial pathway to the center of the bridge. It was useless to seek permission to make the trip, so it was decided that it should be made under cover of the darkness of night.
CLIMBING UP.

But an opportunity came eventually, and the trip was made and experiences noted. On the night of Friday a heavy fog hung over the river, and the bridge was lost in the thickness of the atmosphere. Even the powerful glow of the electric lights could not penetrate the mist for any considerable distance. The four big cables of the bridge rising from the anchorage and ascending above the promenade were lost in the fog a few feet beyond, and it was only necessary to avoid being seen at the start to escape detection. It was decided to make the trip on

And so, dressed in ordinary clothes and street shoes, with an overcoat buttoned tightly about his throat, the reporter walked out from Park row along the promenade to the anchorage. A policeman loomed up in the fog just where the cable rises, passed along, and in a minute was lost sight of. Now was the chance, and tossing his umbrella to a companion, the searcher after new experiences vaulted the railing and stood erect on the 16-inch cable. On either side was a halfinch guy rope for a handrail. Grasping each rope, he began to walk onward and upward into the darkness and mist. A few steps forward, and he was apparently out of the world and alone, his whereabouts known only to one human being. For a time the lights below were visible, but soon these disappeared from view, and the illumination from them, although it penetrated the fog, looked like the dim light of daybreak.

The top of the tower was reached, and as the cable passes under the coping stone anxiety as to getting across the tower and to the other side to complete the journey occupied the attention of the adventurer. He found space enough between the top of the cable and the roof of the opening through which the cable passed for him to crawl along. But the space lessened, and he could go no further. He had not thought of turning back, and by feeling about in the inky darkness it was found that if there was no space above the cable there was plenty below. But to leave the straight and narmow path was a matter of some moment. The darkness was so intense that nothing could be seen, and it was known that somewhere in that tower a well hole descended through the masonry to the bottom of the foundation, 356 feet below, and the necessity for caution asserted itself in a most pronounced manner.

After feeling about gingerly with hands

and feet it was found that there was a solid something a few feet below, and the reporter dropped off the cable to find that he was on a flooring of smaller wire cables, formed of the numerous guys which steady the bridge, and which help to make the network of wire ropes under the four big cables. These guys through the opening at the top of the tower, and when he had dropped to them the reporter found through the medium of the enses of smelling and feeling that these cables were laid in a bed of fresh paint. There was nothing to do but push on toward the river side of the tower. This was done with great care and disregard of the paint. Having passed through the tunnel and arrived safely at the river front of the tower t was found that the cable was several feet above.

A SAFE DESCENT. At a height of 278 feet above the surface

of the river one would want a sure footing and a firm grip for the hand to climb up a stone wall. But these were not to be had, so raising himself on tiptoes and embracing the big cable above, the reporter mounted it much as a small boy would mount a horse, and with as much chance of getting on its back as the boy would have of getting on the back of a horse. But the cable was mounted successfully, and the greatest danger was passed.

The reporter then noticed for the first time that he was above the fog and as absolutely alone as he could be anywhere in the universe. The bridge tower rearing up out of the mist below, the four big cables hanging down and disappearing in the fog and the cold, black darkness of the clear atmosphere above were all there were to behold save one bright light on the flag pole on top of a hotel

on the Brooklyn heights. The light was above the fog also, and it shone brightly and cheerfully. Not a sound could be heard, although vain attempts were made to catch the echo of a steamboat whistle or the rumble of a passing bridge train. The air was quiet, and there was nothing to make the slightest effect on the drum of the ear. There was a magnificent charm about this perfect solitude, which was not even broken by the sighing of the wind, the murmur of

the waters, or even the buzzing of an insect. The descent seemed a little more perilous than the ascent, as it required more care to place the foot solidly on the cable when the oot in advance had to be placed lower than the other foot. Caution had been aroused, and fear suggested the thought: "What would people think to see a man fall through the fog and be crushed to death on the bridge?" Then came a little feeling of timidity, but as each step was decreasing the danger and shortening the distance to the promenade there was no chance for real fright. Soon the electric lights were seen again, and then the outline

of the roadbed of the bridge. The reporter's companion was at the center of the bridge, wondering what had happened to the man he saw disappear up in the fog at the New York end of the cable, and he was overjoyed when he saw him descend through the fog at the middle of the bridge. He had begun to fear that something wrong might have kappened when his friend jumped off the cable to the promenade, having completed one of the most novel and interesting walks of a quarter of a mile that man has ever exced.-New York Star.

THE MAGIC RING.

Its Influence Upon the Life of a Famou

When the German kaiser, Karl, lived at Zurich, according to the old legend, he dwelt in a house called "The Hole," in front of which he caused a pillar to be erected with a bell on the top of it, to the end that whoever demanded justice should have the means of announcing himself. One day as he sat at dinner in his house he heard the bell ring, and sent out his servants to bring the claimant before him. But they could find no one A second and a third time the bell rang, but still no human being was to be seen. At length the kaiser himself went forth and he found a large serpent, which had twined it-self round the shaft of the pillar and was

then in the very act of pulling the bell rope.
"This is God's will," said the monarch. "Let the brute be brought before me. I may deny justice to none of God's creatures, man or b

The serpent was accordingly ushered into the imperial presence, and the kaiser spoke to it as he would to one of his own kind, gravely asking what it required. The serpent made a most courteous reverence and signaled in its own dumb way for him to follow. He did so, accompanied by his court, and the creature led them to the shores of the lake where it had its nest. Arrived there, the kaiser soon saw the cause of the serpent's seeking him, for its nest, which was full of eggs, was occupied by a hideous toad of monstrous pro-

"Let the toad be flung into the fire," said the monarch, "and let the serpent have the possession of the nest restored to it."

Three days after, as the kaiser again sat at dinner, he was surprised at the appearance of the serpent, which this time glided into the hall unannounced.

"What does this mean?" thought the kaiser.

The reptile approached the table, and, raising itself on its tail, dropped from its mouth into an empty plate which stood beside the monarch a precious diamond. then silently disappeared. This diamond the kaiser caused to be set in a costly ring, which he presented to his wife, the much beloved Fastrada.

Now, this stone had the virtue of attraction. and whose received it from another, so long as he or she wore it, received also the intens love of that individual. It was thus with Fastrada. For no sooner did she place the ring on her finger than the attachment of the kaiser, great before, no longer knew any bounds. In fact, his love was more like madness than any sane passion. But though the talisman had full power over love, it had no power over death, and the mighty monarch was sent into despair over the sudden demise of his wife. He was inconsolable. He would not listen to the voice of friendship, but sorrowed in silence over the dead body of his once beautiful bride. He would not allow her to be buried. At length Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, being made aware of the cause of the kaiser's inconsolable grief, contrived to engage his attention while he removed the magic ring.
Immediately that the talisman was re-

moved the spell was broken. The esteem, however, that he had held for Fastrada was now transferred to the possessor of the ring, Archbishop Turpin, the pious ecclesiastic was so persecuted by the emperor's affection that he finally cast the talisman into a dis tant lake which surrounded one of the mon-

An immediate transference of the royal liking took place, and the monarch thenceforth and forever after during his lifetime loved this castle and lake as a man might love his wife. So much did he become at tached to it that he directed that he should be buried there, and there, accordingly, his remains rest until this day. - Exchange.

#### What Dreams Mean. Science, no doubt, may have dispelled such

old wives' fables as that to dream of a marrlage signified death, or to dream of a cat meant to meet a foe, but it has also added mysteries and terrors of its own to the subject. One learned man has actually tried to systematize the subtle premonitions of dreams, with the view of making them more for use and guida simply adds to the maze of mystification which seems destined to forever surround them. However, here are some of his oracular explanations, which may be taken for what they are worth, which may be much or little, according to individual estimate. They appear to be quite sensible, however, in some respects.
"Lively dreams are in general a sign of the

excitement of nervous action. "Soft dreams are a sign of slight irritation of the head, often in nervous fevers announce

ing the approach of a favorable crisis.

"Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head.

"Dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions.

"Dreams of disordered forms are frequently a sign of obstructions and disease of the liver "Dreams in which the patient imagines torture or injury of any limb indicates disease of that limb.

"Dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the head."—Boston Herald.

#### The Power of a Prescription.

The manager of one of the theatrical companies playing here this week tells a story of his first Sunday in Pittsburg. He and a few other members of the company left the hotel last Sabbath afternoon on a quest for cigarettes. They visited one cigar store after the other and giared savagely at the drawn blinds. Weary with searching, they chanced to fall in with a young doctor, whom the manager knew. "I'll fix you," the medic said, and he led them to a well known drug store. There all begging by the theatrical gentlemen was vain, but the doctor drew out his prescription book. He wrote upon it a lot of Latin, which, being translated by the drug clerk, thus resulted: "320 grains of leaf tobacco, in one ounce packages. Take three times daily, as directed," The cigarettes were handed out amid mutual smiles.-Pittsburg Dispatch.

Shoes in Walking. It is indisputable that the prehensive power

of the foot is impaired by the use of shoes. We lose much of our hold upon the ground. For perfect and rapid progression a close union of the toes and earth are as essential as the grip of the car upon the cable. But as foot races and the climbing of trees are the exception we shall get on well enough in good fitting shoes. The fore part of even a flexible soled shoe can never grasp, hold fast, and propel as the pliant separate toes can; meled and effective coadjutors. The Gar-mans call the toes of the feet "fingers," and it is said that in a memorable battle the sol-diers took off their shoes and braced themselves with their bare feet in order to success fully withstand the shock of an assault -Shoe and Leather Reporter.

His Style of Art.

"What style of art do you admire most," asked one young aspirant to glory of another. "Well, I haven't any definite preferences. But I am a good deal devoted to the attic style."--Merchant Traveler.

#### THE BLUE VALLEY QUEEN.

ANCIENT INDIAN LEGEND CONCERN-ING THE MILFORD SPRINGS.

Love, Jealousy and Revenge the Import ant Ingredients - The Chief's Lovely Daughter Chooses Between Two Bucks. Assassination and Vengeance.

While wandering about the Lithium springs, just at the edge of the little village of Milford, one day, the writer remarked the large number of Indians in the vicinity. An inquiry developed the fact that the regenerated savages of the Omaha, Otoe and Pawne tribes pay frequent visits to that locality and always carry off with them jugs and bottles of the water. The sight of a half dollar and a little persistent questioning induced an ugly warrior, with a six word name, to tell why they came so far from their reservations to partake of the water. His story is one of the legends of the tribe, and was as follows, minus the broken language used:

Many years ago the Otoes and Pawnees were united under one tribal organization, and were presided over by a wise chieftain named Quenchaqua. Under his leadership happiness and prosperity reigned. Their vilwere surrounded by fields of corn and their huts filled with the skins of the buffalo and antelope.

Quenchaqua had a daughter, who was called Shogo, the fairest and sweetest of the prairie flowers. The trophies of the chase adorned her wigwam, and she was known and honored for her beauty far and wide. Among the young chieftains of the allied tribes, none were more assiduous in their attentions to the fair young princess than Kalhama, of the Pawnees, and Popotne, of the Otoes. Both of these youthful warriors were brave and noble, as warriors go, and for a long time Shogo was unable to make any distinction in her affections between them. At last, how ever, she decided in her inmost heart that while she was very fond of Popotne, she liked Kalhama better. In this comparative judgment the aged chieftain, Quenchaqua, coin-As is ever the case, the course of true love did not run smooth, and trouble ensued between the hitherto friendly tribes very soon after the espousal of Kalhama and

A division of territory became necessary and the Otoes were given the land east of the Big Blue river, and the Pawnees a broad expanse of territory west of the river. The prairie on each side of the river for quite a width remained neutral. Experience prompt-ly proved the folly of separation, and, while maintaining individual organizations, the two tribes again came to an amicable understanding, whereby, in case of an invasion, union of forces was assured. This treaty continued in effect until the death of Quenchequa, which, according to the most authentic accounts, must have occurred some time prior to the time when the Spanish general, Coronado, entered the territory now known as Nebraska in quest of the seven cities of Cibolo and the magnificent capital of the far famed King Tartarnax.

The death of the great chieftain was followed by several years of estrangement. Finally Popotne sent a swift messenger to the camp of Kalhama and requested him to meet the Otoes in council assembled at the Salt Licks for the purpose of an amicable adjustment of the difficulty. The Pawnee chieftain ever ready to form a union with his powerful brother, obeyed the request, and taking with him a few of his wise counselors wended his way toward the rising sun to the appointed place of meeting, buoyed on by the litesome Shogo, whose queenly bravery, as she rode her spotted pony toward the scene of her early childhood, dispelled any dark forebodings that might have lurked in the breast of Kalhama as he thought of meeting his old rival. Arriving at the designated spot, the weary travelers quenched their thirst at the bubbling springs and exchanged greetings with their brother braves.

The presence of their beauteous Shogo aroused a dormant feeling of jealousy in the Otoe chieftain, and despite his good intentions the preponderance of native treachery inspired him to deal a stealthy blow at Kalattack. The deed was done; but the avenging spirit of the aged Quenchaqua arose from the spring and slew Popotne and put to flight his warriors, who were about to follow the example of their leader in waging a war of annihilation on their defenseless guests. The spirit of Quenchaqua, seizing the tomahawk of the dead slayer, washed the blood stains away in the waters which were immediately turned to bitterness. It was decreed by the outraged spirit that the water should be unfit for man or beast until many summers and winters had passed away.

Then, turning with the weeping Shogo and her followers, the party sorrowfully departed in the direction of the setting sun. One-half day's travel brought them to a rapidly flowing stream, where waters sparkled over rocky beds, shadowed by gigantic trees and winding vines. Proceeding to the western bank of the river the spirit of Quenchaqua smote the rock under a huge elm tree and out sprang a crystal fountain of pure water, over which the sad hearted Shogo presided, healing the wounded and curing the sick of the nation until the Big Medicine Water came to be regarded by the savages as a panacea for all ills. Shogo was now the acknowledged owner of the Blue valley. Her good deeds and self sacrificing devotion to her people resounded throughout the nation, and she was the recipient of many honors and worshipped as one who had direct communication with the

A high promontory, situated a few hundred yards south of the Big Medicine Water, adorned by stately oaks and overlooking Kego rapids, where the waters of the river wash the sepulchered banks, was the quiet retreat of Shogo as she watched the rising sun and appeared to hold secret communion with the departed Prince Kalhama. This habit gave prominence to her supposed supernatural powers, and this picturesque elevation was held sacred by her dusky followers. Years passed away, and a strange people, clad in helmets and armor of brass, came from the south (a portion of Gen. Coronado's army), and, hearing the sad story of the Indian queen, persuaded her that the one she mourned now inhabited the happy hunting grounds many hundred miles to the south west, beyond mountains and streams.

She was willing to undergo the hardships of a dreary march for the sake of joining the companion of her youth and husband. Thus allured she was persuaded to accompany the cavaliers with a few trusted follow ers, and after the sacrifice of a few spotted fawn on the promontory and the dedication of the springs to the afflicted of her nation she bade them farewell forever, nevermor to be seen, but ever worshiped as the guardian pirit. Thus ends the legend.

The Big Medicine Water is the Lithium

springs at Milford, and the place where the rudely awakened spirit of Quenchaqua turned the waters into bitterness was the site upon which Lincoln now stands. Even to this day the Indians make frequent visits to Queen Shogo's realm at Milford, but not one of them can be persuaded to taste of the water from the sulphur well in Government square in this city.—Lincoln (Neb.) Special in New York Tribune.

Componition Engue The question of compounding engines-that

is, making a specified amount of steam do its work twice, three, four or more times, and again, by condensing this same steam and by producing a vacuum, making the atmos-phere add its force to that of steam, is one that has for a long time received attention from mechanical engineers, especially in the navy and merchant marine. The ordinary high pressure engine as we use them in this city gives for every thirty pounds of water evaporated into steam one indicated horse power per hour. In other words, we use under the most favorable conditions and the most perfect management of furnaces three pounds of coal to produce this result. Now, by compounding engines, or by even going to the point of using triple expanding machines, we can get one indicated horse power per hour from twelve pounds of steam, or with one and two-tenths pounds of coal. This method of using steam is not economical except when you can get plenty of free water for condensation purposes, as it re-quires one and a half gallons of water per indicated horse power per minute.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### Petrole Wat Preditor

The product of petroleum in the United States in 1888 was 27,346,018 barrels (of 42 gallons each), valued at about \$24,598,559.
Of this amount Pennsylvania produced 16,491,083 barrels: Ohio, 10,010,868 barrels; West Virginia, 119,448 barrels: California, 704,619 barrels, and other states 20,000 barrels.



If a woman is pretty, To me 'tis no matter, Be she blonde or brunette, So she lets me look at her."

So she lets me look at her."

An unhealthy woman is rarely, if ever, beautiful. The peculiar diseases to which so many of the sex are subject, are prolific causes of pale sallow faces, blotched with unsightly pimples, dull, lustreless eyes and emaciated forms. Women so afflicted, can be permanently cured by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; and with the restoration of health comes that beauty which, combined with good qualities of head and heart, makes women angels of loveliness.

"Favorite Prescription" 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. It is a positive guarantee filt here founded.

manufacturers, that it will give satisfac-tion in every case, or money will be re-funded. It is a positive specific for all those painful disorders, irregularities and weak-nesses with which so many women are afflicted.

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MFG. CO., Limited

No. 1 East 89th St., N. Y.

THE CAMEL BELLS.

Tinkling, tinkling over the sands Of the desert at night, says the legend old, Came the kings on the camels, with belle-of gold, From the dusks and spices of odorous lands-The jeweled king from the Persian sea, The puissant monarch of Araby, And Tarshish's prince, still young and fair-

And the Golden Star, in the gold dust air, And the Golden Star, in the gold dust air, Swung its censer across the mystic sands. So first the bells of Epiphany Were rung in the night by the camels three, Tinkling, tinkling over the sands.

I hope it be true, but it matters not; The world rings sweet, like the camel bells That fancy hears by the palm cooled grot Outside the inn by the cattle wells. They were worshipful hearts and generous hands. Whoever the Magi may be, I know,

And happy the feet that after them go In search of the truth from Laby, From the air hung dome or the humblest spot, And follow the path of the camels three, Of the shadowy kings and the desert sea, And the night bells tinkling over the sands. -II. Butterworth in Harper's Weekly.

#### BY PHONOGRAPII.

Tom Douglas was young, good looking and would some day be well to do; but above all things he was scientific. His passion for science first becan a noticeable when he began to learn chemistry in the fourth form at Halstone school. Tom and all his class fellows were deeply taken by the weird and unearthly odors, the terrifying explosions and the miraculous bursts of subaqueous fire which appeared at the will of Mr. Stubbs, the science master. Indeed they endeavored persistently to emulate their tutor's exploits; but even the tutor's performances were presently eclipsed by those of his promising pupil Tem. The boy had a perfect genius for explosions, so that it soon became customary among the others, during the two or three hours which they spent each week in the laboratory, to give up any little enterprises of their own, and simply keep an eye on Tom's movements. It was usually worth their while, for he rarely failed to do some thing marvelous.

When the end of the term came, and the youth arrived at his home in Dulberry, he set off at once on a tour of inspection round the home premises. A small building, which belonged to the gardener, and was used by him as a storehouse for seed, flower pots and other things appertaining to his craft, struck his fancy. He found no difficulty in persuading his too complaisant parents to make this room over to him; and notwithstanding the murmurs of Sandy, the gardener, it was emptied of its horticultural contents, fitted with beaches, shelves and a fireplace and generally rendered habitable.

Chemicals also, and all kinds of apparatus were ordered from London. Had his friends not been altogether ignorant of chemicals, they would have noticed that the chemicals which Tom ordered, and for which they blindly paid, were chiefly of the kind which go to make up explosions. Almost as soon as the laboratory kad been fitted up the goods arrived from London. On the first day nothing of note was seen or heard, Tom being too busily engaged in arranging and admiring his treasures to begin experimenting with them. Soon, however, the household began to listen in mild toleration to the loud explosions which, at intervals of about an hour, were constantly heard from the direction of Tom's laboratory. They were not quite so tractable, however, when the embryo chem ist grew tired for the moment of noises, and turned his attention to the production of unpleasant odors. But even then the boy was quite safe from interruption. They were not likely to attempt to approach the source of odors by which they were already almost stifled; whereas Tom reveled in the malodorous products of his experiments, and behaved, in an atmosphere reeking with the most abominable gases, as if he more breathing his native air after a long and painful period of exile.

His love of science grew stronger, if a good deal more rational, as years passed by. At last, when he went up to Oxford, another nished after the manner of the average undergraduate's zooms, and here he kept-his personal property and did most of his read-ing. Like most science men, he was fond of novels, and of these this room soon contained an extensive and catholic collection. But the course of trustove never did run smooth, and at last Tom Douglas discovered that there was one thing which, struggle as he might to ignore it, was beginning to interest him far more than any of the sciences to which he had hitherto devoted himself. His father's brother had many years ago emigrated to California. Almost immediately he had married, but after a few years of hard struggle against poverty, this wife had died, leaving to him a little daughter, Dora. Tom Douglas was in his fourth year when he heard from home that his unknown uncle was dead. His father had received a letter some months before, saying that Dora would soon be alone

in the world She would be quite rich-for success had come to her father when it was too late to save his wife—and now the dying man begged his brother to become her guardian, and offer her a home. Mr. Douglas had at once consented, and Dora arrived in England shortly before the commencement of Tom's last long vacation; so that when he arrived in Dulberry she had already been there for a week or two. The cousins became very good friends, and it was the image of a sweet girlish face, blue eyed and a little sad, which oc cupied Tom's mind, and caused him to neg-lect his science work almost entirely.

At the end of the "long" he went up to Oxford once more, in order to take leave of his friends and formally to take his degree, for at the end of the previous term he had gained a "first" in honors chemistry. This brief absence from Doza was so utterly painful to him that be became aware of the fact that he really was very much in love with Of course he ought to have known it before; perhaps he had done so, but at least he had never acknowledged it to himself. At any rate, he made haste to get back to his

When he returned to Dulberry he carried with anxious solicitude a box, which ap peared to contain something at once very fragile and inestimably valuable. Dora had taken a great interest in his acientific studies or rather he had revived for her benefit his boyish interest in explosions. After lunch, therefore, he told her that during his absence he had spent a few days in town, and there had secured a scientific wonder which she

must examine. He took the box under his arm, and they went together to his sanctum in the garden. Arrived there, he opened the box and took out a piece of mechanism which, he said, was a phonograph. He showed Dora how a thin plate of mica, moving with the air vibrations caused by the voice, set in motion a small stylus of steel, and how this stylus marked out its vibrations on a thin cylinder of smooth wax, which by a screw arrangement was caused to move at once in the direction of its length and around its axis. Then he shifted back the cylinder into its original position, so that the point of the stylus rested at the beginning of the little channel which it had al-

ready marked out on the wax.
Finally, turning the screw again, he set the cylinder in motion, and the stylus, trav-

eling along the line it had traced thereon, vibrated as it had done in the first instance. By this means the mica was once more set in vibration, and, as it had communicated its vibrations to the air, the original sounds were once more reproduced.

Tom tried to persuade Dora to sing a song, but the presence of that silent recorder made her nervous, and she was content with listening to the repetition of some trite and rather disconnected sounds of his own.

The next few days passed not quite happily for Tom Douglas. He was in love, deeply in love with Dora, but he did not dare to tell her as yet the secret which was, nevertheless, betraved to her keen sight by his every word and action. He spent a good deal of time alone in his study, and amused himself after a rather silly fashion with the phono-

One day he had gone off on a visit to some friends, and Dora was feeling lonely and a trifle weary. Her cousin had begged her to borrow any of his books if at any time she wanted something to read, and she went down to his study to get one. As she went, she was thinking of him, and wondering why he still hesitated to ask her the simple question, which she would so gladly answer-the question which he was constantly asking himself, and to which his love and humility both gave different answers. She had chosen a book, when her eye fell on the phonograph lying ready for use on the table. Now that she was alone, she thought it would be rather

pleasant to try how her own voice sounded. She had read lately in one of the newspapers that people had no idea of what their sounded like; and she rather wondered whether her singing, of which she was inclined to think highly, was really so good as she imagined. Filled with dread lest the unflattering phonograph should prove to her that her voice was harsh and unpleasant, and not quite decided as to what song she should try, she began to move the treadle which set the cylinder in motion. What sound was that which fell upon her ears! Her cousin's voice was speaking to her; and after a moment of blank astonishment, she listened with a quiet smile, as though Tom were standing before her in the flesh and say-

ing what the phonograph now said for him. This is what she heard: "Dora, darling, I have loved you since the day when I first saw you. I have longed to tell you every day since then, but have always been afraid. Will you try to love me just a little?" The voice lapsed into silence.

With a sudden gladness Dora saw what had happened. Her cousin had also wondered voice sounded to others—to her—and especially how the question would sound which he so longed to ask. Well, the voice struck her as awkward, constrained, and quite unlike the cheerful tones to which she and become accustomed; but the words-

At that moment she heard her cousin's voice at the other end of the garden. He had returned home unexpectedly, and was chatting with the gardener. He would be here presently, no doubt.

In a moment she had once more set in motion the cylinder of the phonograph, and bending over it spoke a few words in a low, clear voice. Then she lifted the cylinder back into its original position, and stepped quickly into the next room—the laboratory.

In a few minutes she heard the conversation between Tom and the gardener cease. The young man came quickly down the garden and entered his sanctum. He flung his hat and walking stick upon a chair, and then the phonograph struck his attention. He moved toward it, and stood looking down on it, with his back toward the door of the room whence Dora was eagerly watching him. Then he began absent mindedly to put the treadle in motion. Once more the phonograph spoke, and as he did so Dora moved silently forward and stood in the open door of the laboratory. "Dora, darling, loved you ever since the day when I first saw you. I have longed to tell you every day since then, but have always been afraid. Will you try to love me just a little.

Tom heard these words, and then, before he had moved his foot from the treadle, the phonograph spoke in another voice: "Why should you be afraid to come and ask me

It was Dora's voice, and even while he wondered at this marvel he heard the same voice speaking again. "Tom!" said the voice, and turning he saw his cousin standing with half parted lips and laughing rosy face only a yard or two away from him.
"Dora," he cried, you have learned my se-

Dora moved toward him and hid her face in his shoulder. Then, as he raised and kissed it, she whispered, "Yes, Tom, long ago."-Boston True Flag.

#### Rigid Economy.

There is a good story told of the economical qualities of two well known and wealthy gentlemen living in the east part of town, says the St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald, that is a good lesson for those recklessiy extravagant persons who are not possessed of the true spirit of economy. On a certain night one of these gentlemen called on the other to transact a little business at the former's residence. The host lighted a candle that they might examine some papers, but immediately blew it out again when they were through, leaving both sitting in the dark. 'Why did you blow out the candle?" asked

"Oh we can talk in the dark as well as in

the light, and it saves the candle," was the

They continued their conversation for a short time, when the host heard some mys terious sounds coming from the direction of the caller's chair, and inquired what his

riend was doing.
"Why," said the friend, "it's dark in here, and no one can see me, so I thought I would take off my trousers to save the wear on

Slightly Absent Minded. The funniest things in life arise from accident-in fact, it doubles the humor of an occurrence to know that it is unintentional. Of such are the comical freaks of absent minded people—comical, that is, to every one but themselves. There is a man in Massachusetts (no matter where) who is frightfully absent minded. One day he was going to town with a load of hay. He led the horses out of the stable, with harness on their backs, and with a pitchfork in his other hand, calmly walked to town. There he hitched his arses and spoke to a man about storing his "Where is the hav?" was the natural question. "My goodness!" exclaimed the ab nt minded man, "have I left that wagon at home?" He had, and there was nothing to do but go back after it. He trudged ho about two miles, and then discovered that he had left his horses hitched in town. It is presumed that he then gave it up as a bad job.—Exchange.

Pigmy Camels. The western part of Persia is inhabited by a species of camel which is the pigmy of its species. They are snow waite, that account almost worshiped by the people. cies. They are snow white, and are on the shah while in Berlin he has presented the municipality with two of these little wonders. The largest is 27 inches high and weighs 61 pounds. The other is 4 inches less, but the weight is not given.—Once a Week.

A PIECE OF TOBACCO.

Strange Story That Was Told by an Old Georgia Detective. piece of plug tobacco.

A life sentence in the penitentiary. Not a very striking analogy, surely, but

thereby hangs a tale.
"I followed the business of a detective for a long time," said an old hand at the business as he puffed his cigar in a snug corner of the station house, "but one of the most peculiar cases I ever struck was in a Georgia town not more than a hundred miles from

"One day I received a telegram from a prominent young man of the place, notify-ing me that his father had been murdered and robbed in the streets, and asking me to come and work up the case. The next train bore me to the town, and as I stepped off the cars I met the town marshal. He had a badge and a sort of club stick, and I asked him if he was the marshal.

"'Yes, and I am looking for an Atlanta detective.

" 'I guess I'm your man.' "'All right. Let's get into the 'bus and

'No. I'd rather walk up and talk about

"'Well, I'm in a hurry. The coroner's inquest is going on, and I am the first witness.' "That remark struck me at once, and put me on my guard.

" 'Who do you think did it? "Well. I have no idea. I have not heard any guesses made yet, but I think you had just as well turn your attention to the ne-groes. No white man did that deed.'

"'Why do you think sof "Because no white man would have taken everything from a man's pockets, as the mur

derers did from his.' 'What did they take?' "Everything. They even took a little piece of tobacco, about that long-measuring

on his finger-and you know no white man would have cleaned him out like that.' "'Did you search the body?"
"'No; his son told me about it, is how

came to know.' "By this time we had reached the place where they were holding the inquest, cautioning him not to reveal my identity, I

"On the next day I met the murdered man's son. Hedid not know that I was a detective, and I began to ask about the murder, and among other things casually asked what the robbers had taken.

left him.

"'Why, they took his watch, his knife, the buttons out of his shirt and his pocketbook. Just cleaned out his pockets.' " 'That all?

"'So far as I know. They just took every thing they could find, it seems.

" 'Did he have much money?' "'He must have had a considerable sum,

as it was Saturday night.' "'What did you say just now about that piece of tobacco?

" 'I didn't say anything about it, but since you have mentioned it I remember, now, that he must have carried a small piece of plug tobacco. He was a very economical man, and he always kept the crumbs cleared out of his boxes in the store during the week, but on Saturday night he would cut off a little piece and put it in his pocket to chew on Sundays That was his practice, invariably, and he must have had a piece with him, but none was found when we searched his pockets.'
"That is a little strange, and maybe the

murderer or murderers took that also. "They must have done so, for it was such a rule with him that I know he did not leave the store without his Sunday piece of plug

tobacco. "I left the young man and set to work in good earnest then. The marshal came to my assistance, and was very solicitous about catching the criminals. We scoured the town and community for some clew, but the more we sought the more the mystery deepened.

"For two days we worked like beavers, and at the end of the second day I became fully satisfied in my mind that I had the thing dead. Going down town I found the marshal and placed him under arrest. Then I arrests his ac spread like wildfire, and the citizens were almost ready to mob me, but I had the two men committed to jail.

"When the trial came on the twelve jurors were not out twenty minutes before they brought in a verdict of guilty of murder with a recommendation for mercy. The recommendation was urged and carried by the twelfth man, who would not agree to render a verdict of murder pure and simple on circumstantial evidence.

"In delivering sentence the judge told the marshal that were it not for the recommendation, which left him no discretion, he would put the extreme penalty of the law upon him, so well satisfied was he of the guilt

of the prisoner at the bar." "And he went up for life!" "Yes, and spent six years in the penitentiary. But Governor Stephens pardoned him out as soon as he was elected. You see he believed in the innocence of his client, so he used the pardoning power to set him at

"And the piece of tobacco was the first clew?"

"Yes, as soon as the marshal mentioned it, the idea occurred to me that he must have known a great deal about it to have been able to describe even the size of it, although he did not search the pocket, and had no reason for knowing that the murdered man carried such a piece unless be took it from his pocket after the murder."-Atlanta Constitut

Onite a Large Dinner.

The Paris correspondent of The Inquirer, in describing a dinner that recently took place in Paris, presents these interesting fig-ures: The kitchens were installed in the cellar, near Cours la-Reine. Nothing can be more astonishing than the size of the kettles for the vegetables. For soup there were four kettles, two containing 250 quarts each, one 300 quarts and the fourth 330 quarts. Each kettle for vegetables would hold 125 quarts and the three coffee pots were capable of furnishing 800 quarts of coffee. There were served 2,800 quarts of soup, 6,000 pounds of fish, 5,000 pounds of tenderloin, 1,200 turkeys, 800 ducks, 27,000 bottles of wine, 4,000 bottles of mineral water and 3,000 pitchers of ice water. There were employed 109,000 plates, 20,000 forks, 20,000 knives, 16,000 tablespoons, 15,000 coffee spoons, and 52,000 glasses. The service required 1,000 butlers, 100 chiefs to command this battalion, 75 cooks, 90 scullery boys, 50 men to superintend the wines and 150 assistants.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Swearing in a Hurry.

"Say, here's a bill to be sworn to," said a young man, rushing into a busy merchant's office in the wholesale district yesterday. The merchant began to fume about loss of time, but the young man cut him short with, "That's all right; there's Mr. —, he's a notary, at that window across the street, and he says all you'll have to do will be to shake the paper and hold up your hand, and he'll know what you mean and put on his seal." The merchant went to the window and held up his hand according to orders, a young man across the street nodded and smiled, and the oath was recorded here below, whether the recording angel got track of it or not.—New

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c. and \$1. at all druggists, Sample bottle free.

What One Woman Is Tired Of. I am tired of a woman who cultivates her brain at the expense of her heart.

Tired of men who don't take care of women. Of clothes made by a machine that rip

when you pull the string. Of men who climb over you between the acts, tear your gown, make you cross, and knock over the bonnet of the woman in front

of you.

Of children who are dressed in silk and lace rather than in flannel, and who wear more jewelry than they do good manners.

Of mothers who think children a nuisance.

Of hearing Providence blamed for one's wn mistake. Of sewing on shoe buttons and sharpening lead pencils.—Memphis Times.

It is foolish to send for the doctor every time you don't feel just right. My doc-tor's bill for years was over a hundred dollars a year, which made a pretty big hole in my wages. For the past two years, I only spent ten dollars, with which I bought a dozen bottles of Sulphur Bitters, and health has been in my family since using them .- ROBERT JOHNSON, Ma-

A New Idea for Shoe Shies.

A Nuremberg firm is bringing out a new kind of sole for boots and shoes, for which it claims great solidity and convenience. The sole consists of a sort of trellis work of spiral metal wire, the interstices being filled with gutta percha and ammoniac rosin, which give them both strength and suppleness. They are fitted with special nails on to ordinary soles, and can be produced 50 per cent. below the ordinary price of leather ones. They have already been used in the army, and it is stated that the results of the test are very satisfactory. The soles were found in good condition after long and severe usage. -Pall

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 consti-pated 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.

The new national park that is to take in the battle field of Chicamauga is something like. Success to all parks. The people need them.

A century of progress has not produced a remedy equal to Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh, cold in the head or hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is perfectly safe and easily applied into the nostrils. It gives immediate relief and cures the wosst cases.

ice ponds. There is no dearth of ice ponds hereabouts, but there is an amazing dearth of ice.

Boston ice dealers are hunting for good

Winter should be given credit for a very fair try at it.

"Time is money." If you have a bad cold, don't mope around and half do your work. Get a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published? Syrup; take a dose at night and get up the next morning-cured.

## **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 in-jury, Cures Sunburn, Chapped and Chafed Skin, instantly,

BOLD AT DRUGGISTS' PRICE, 50 CENTS.



ELY's Cream Balm Cleanses the

Allays Pain and Inflamation.

Hea's the Sores Restores the Semes of Taste and Smell.

HAY-FEVERTRY TH WRE A particle is applied into each nostri; and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren

The Greatest Blood Purifier

This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 deges of SUL-PHUR BITTERS for \$1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and Your deep seated diseases. Do neys are not ever take four Kid order. Use BLUE PILLS Sulphur Bitters !

Isyour Tongue Coated Don't wait until you re unable to walk, or e flat en your back, t get some at once, it cure you. Sulphur with a yellow sticky

The Invalid's Friend. The young, the aged and tot-ering are soon made well by read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrew, Try a Bottle To-day!

Are you low-spirited and weak, suffering from the excesses of the it is a suffering from the excesses of the interest of the suffering from the su

## It Makes You Hungry



feel Mke a new the appetite and facilitates diges-LAND, Primus, S. C.

Paine's Celery Compound

is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that rugged health which makes everything taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it. \$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

used Paine's Celery Compound and it | Spring medicine means more now-a-days than it has had a salutary did ten years ago. The winter of 1888-89 has left effect. It invigorat the nerves all fagged out. The nerves must be ed the system and I strengthened, the blood purified, liver and bowels regulated. Paine's Celery Compoundman. It improves the Spring medicine of to-day-does all this. as nothing else can. Prescribed by Physicians, Recommended by Irruggists, Endorsed by Ministers. Guaranteed by the Manufacturers to be

#### The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down." I would get up in the in ruing with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week! Felt very much better. I can cheefully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. B. A. Dow, Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES Color anything any color. LACTATED FOOD The Physician's avortie.

## BRIGGS' HEADACHE -:- TROCHES

#### SICK HEADACHE,

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 menths with much satisfaction, the combination of remedies, for Headache, known as Briggs' Headache Troches. The remedy cure more headaches, especially such as effect Nervons Women than anything I am acquainte with, and if this certificate will be the means of bringing it to the favorable attention sufferers from that trouble, I shall feel that I have done them a service. L. R. BROWN, M.D.

PRICE, 25 CHNTS.

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

BLIZABETH, N. J.

#### Norwalk • Gazette | the House of Reger on Monday.

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

#### EDITORIAL LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 20, '90. DEAR GAZETTE :- The dark clouds of funeral woe have settled down upon the nation's capital with denser gloom than when last we wrote.

"The air is full of farewells to the dying,

And mournings for the dead ; The heart of Rachael, for her children crying

Will not be comforted ? Suddenly and unexpectedly as the lightning's crash from out a cloudless sky, on Wednesday evening last, WALKER BLAINE, the brilliant and talented son of America's great minister of state, passed through earth's sunset gate to the life immortal. He had been ill with the prevailing influenza, but was up and about his room until a few brief hours before his departure. Suddenly symptoms of pneumonia set in, yet his physicians nor family had thought his end pear, and so suddenly and peacefully his young life went out that his sisters at his bedside were not aware of the fatal result until after his bright and ever cordial and genial spirit had flown. It would be difficult to name any other

person in official, civil or social life here. whose death would come home to so many hearts and homes as a painful personal bereavement. He graduated at Yale in the class of '76 with creditable honors, subsequently studied law and was admitted to the bar, but when his distinguished father was called to the same high office he now fills, in the cabinet of President Garfield, he came to the prcmier's assistance in the department of state. Almost the last act of the martyred Garfield was to commission young Blaine an assistant secretary of state, so high was his regard for les abilities and so warm his affection for his charming personal qualities. He had inherited in a conspicuous degree the warm-hearted and great natured qualities, which have made his father the one pre-eminently revered and worshiped idol of millions of his fellow countrymen, and the recipient of a devotion unparalleled among living statesmen and of an affluence ot love more priceless than Presidencies or all other honors a loyal people could confer upon its favorite leader. Of all his children this son was the fond father's most relied upon, most helping and helpful aid. He was the "strong staff" and sure support of the parents' declining years. His sudden and untimely death falls upon all the stricken family, but especially, upon the heartbroken father with a crushing weight of woe. The President, his cabinet ministers, the supreme court, members of the Senate and House of Representatives,

Church of the Covenant, says :-Secretary Blaine was very much affected. Almost throughout the entire service his silvery crowned head was bowed. Once or twice he looked up at Dr. Hamlin, who, from behind a screen of palms, plants and flowers, was reading scriptural consc-lation, and the haggard face would be calm. Then his eyes would lower until they saw the black casket beneath the festooned roses and heaped up, lilies and violets, and he would sob as though his heart was broken. Many wept out of sympathy for the great man's grief. The spirit of mourning pervaded the sweetscented atmosphere, and even the bright flowers and fresh green of the smilax and palm were indicative of the end to which all mortality must sooner or later come. Most of the floral offerings were wreaths. Roses, white and red and of the rare varieties, lilies of the valley and the callas and violets were most prominent. those who contributed were the President and Mrs. Harrison, Vice-President and Mrs Morton, the Venezuelan claims commission, the employes of the state department, Mrs. R. R. Hitt, Mrs. Senator Hale, Mrs. Zach Chandler, and Senator and Mrs. Stanford. The latter couple sent lilics of the valley and orchids tied with broad white ribbon, on which in gilt letters was the inscription: "He giveth His Beloved

foreign ministers, and the renowned and

distinguished of all nations, with hosts of

loving friends from the private walks of

life, crowded about his flower-laden bier

at the funeral rites on Saturday eager to

pay their last tribute of respect to him

whom in life they so revered. The Star.

in its report of the funeral service at the

He was buried at Oak Hill Cemetery, that "beautiful garden of the dead." Dr. Hamlin stood at the head of the grave and beside him stood Secretary Blaine, who, although himself deeply prostrated, was able to support the almost fainting form of Mrs. Blaine. It was evidently with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Blaine was able to control his emotion, while all his children who stood close around showed signs of deepest grief.

A most pathetic incident of the Blaine obsequies is the following dispatch, which Secretary Blaine, while sitting in the shadow of his own unutterable sorrow, penned and sent to his old friend, Lewis Barker, of Bangor, who has several times spoken in Norwalk. Mr. Barker's son died in Poston Friday morning, a few hours after the death of Walker Blaine. The secretary's touching expression of sympathy was as follows :-

"Out of the depth of my own grief I sympathize tenderly with you."

JAMES G. BLAINE."

Both of the deceased young men were warm boyhood friends and of the same age.

SECRETARY WINDOM'S SILVER BILL. The cabinet meeting Friday was attended by all the members except Secretary Blaine. Secretary Windom submitted a draft of the bill prepared by himself in regard to the coinage of silver, and it received the approval of the President and most of the members of the cabinet. The bill will probably be introduced in the strengthened and adorned it.

the House of Representatives by Mr. Con-THE TARIFF.

The ways and means committee are working away vigorously upon the new tariff bill. The Senate bill of the last Congress is taken as the foundation upon which to work. Congressman Simons presented the claims of one of his constituents, who is a tinsel thread maker, and William F. Rockwell, of Meriden, was here Friday looking after his interests in the steel pen and cutlery schedule in the new bill.

Senator Platt has been authorized by the committee on patents to report to the Senate the same bill that was reported to the fiftieth congress, but which failed of DUMB ANINALS.

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Washington has one of the most efficient societies for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals in the country. It has just held it annual meeting and reports that during the year there were 1,591 cases of cruelty to animals. Of these 1,371 were remedied without prosecution, and 215 were prosecutions resulting in 198 convictions. The report states that it is worthy of note that agong the laboring class better horses are used and less cruelty is practiced toward them than

ANOTHER STAR FOR OUR FLAG. The Senate committee on territories has authorized a favorable report for the admission of the state of Wyoming.

PERSONALS.

Senator Hawley returned from attendance upon the funeral of his old business partner at Hartford in time to be present at Walker Blaine's funeral on Saturday. Senator Platt was also in attendance.

The startling statement comes from Ohio that the third democratic member of the Scnate of that state has just died leaving that body a tie It would seem that Mr. Brice was elected a U. S. senator

Information, from reliable sources, received here from Iowa is to the effect that Senator Allison will surely be re-elected.

Ex-Gov. Foraker, of Ohio, is here on the ballot box forgery investigation. His rooms are nightly crowded by enthusiastic and ardent admirers. The governor is a man with red blood in his veins, and to meet him is to be won over to him, so engaging and winning are his ways.

Recorder Trotter, the colored democrat President Cleveland imported from Boston, has been forced by Senator Ingalls to admit that the net income of his office for the two years and ten months he has held it exceeds forty thousand dollars. This statement of facts induced Senator Dawes to introduce his bill making it a salaried office at three thousand dollars per year.

Commissioner of Patents Mitchell and Congressman Simons are afflicted with the grippe.

S. W. Kellogg and son, of Waterbury, and W. O. Crittenden, of New Haven, were here last week.

"SWIVEL" SERVICE.

Anent the confirmation of Commissioner Roosevelt the Post thus refers to its hostility to to the law :-

by manipulation has degraded the public service; a law that was conceived in hypocrisy and brought forth in cowardice : a law that was intended as a cheat. No more fit man could be found to manipulate such a law than Roosevelt.

KILPATRICK'S SWORD. Senator McPherson and Representative Beckwith, of New Jersey, accompanied Mrs. Gen. Kilpatrick to the office of the secretary of war this morning and took part with her in an interesting scene. Secretary Proctor and General Schofield were present. Senator McPherson, in behalf of Mrs. Kilpatrick, presented to the war department the sword worn by Gen. Kilpatrick to be kept among other memorials of the war in the department. The secretary received it for the department. WORLD'S FAIR.

To-day the speaker appointed the world's fair committee as follows:

Messrs. Candler, of Massachusetts ; Hitt, of Illinois; Bowden, of Virginia; Belden, of New York; Frank, of Missouri; Spring-er, of Illinois; Hatch, of Missouri; Wilson, West Virginia, and Flower, of New

Miss Mary B. Ferry, of Norwalk, has been re-elected secretary of the Newsboys' Aid Society here.

A Post reporter "caught ou" to Mr. D. P. Osborn, of East Norwalk, who arrived

here last week, and got the following:-Mr. Osborn has been traveling through the states of New Jersey and Delaware, and states that the peach trees in some localities are in full bloom and the vegetation as far along as is usual for the months of May and June. The fruit growers are fearful that a cold snap will destroy all chances for a peach crop this year. This feeling, Mr. Osbern says, is not confined to the chronic grumblers but

Mrs. Milo Parsons, of Norwalk, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William A. Croffut at their elegant residence on Capitol Hill for the past fortnight, She returned home Friday, and now Mr. Wm. Logan and his brlde, of Danbury, are expected to arrive here Thursday and be their guests for a season. Mr. Croffut will be remembered as formerly connected with the Jeffersonian of Danbury.

Senator and Mrs. Hawley attended the Assembly ball in Philadelphia Friday night.

Senator Ingalls is to deliver a speech in

the Senate Thursday, and will at least be henored by crowded galleries. The death of Solicitor-General Chapman from pneumonia, Saturday night, puts into deeper mourning the official circles

J. H. Grubb and M. E. Pinney and wife, of Hartford; J. H. Cranston and J. F. Foote, of Norwich; J. S. Douglass and wife, of New Britain, and C. Jones, of Stamford, were here last week.

What For A New Park.

That romantically beautiful plot of land known as the "Amphitheatre," having now become the property of the Norwalk Savings Society, at a valuation far less than half at which it can be retailed out at, for villa sites and business and building lots, makes the present a most excellent time for our borough to secure it for a public park, worthy the name and of Norwalk. The plot comprises anywhere from a dozen to fifteen acres of perfectly level land, right in the centre of our borough and easy of access from all sections, by our people. It has for years been a noted and popular picnic ground, and for several years, was used as the show grounds of the Fairfield County Agricultural Society. It would have been purchased by this society for its permanent grounds had not its value been too great for the resources of its treasury. The opportunity offered now is a very rare one and one that caunot be equalled for this purpose, anywhere in any part of our beautiful town. It is bounded on the north by Catharine street, on the east by Wilton avenue, on the south by the Union Manufacturing Company's mill pond and lands of Mrs. Samuel Lynes, and on the west by the pond and Norwalk River. At its southwestern end is a beautiful grove of primeval forest trees, bordered by the mill pond and its cascade of waters over the dam. On its western line of vision, rise the wooded and rocky hillsides abovo and bounding Riverside avenue, and giving to the whole property a rare and phenomenal beauty for the purposes of a park. The late Dr. Asa Hill was for a long time enthusiastically earnest in his efforts to have these grounds utilized for and converted into a village cemetery. But many others, as fully aware of its picturesque and charming layout and surroundings, were equally positive that the plot would and should prove more valuable and serviceable to the needs of the living than it possibly could to the dead. Such an opportunity cannot occur again, for no land of equal beauty and desirableness of location, for the public use and comfort as a park, does not exist. Park bonds at 4 per cent. interest would readily float, and future generations would not only joyfully pay them but rise up tions held separate meetings Saturday and call all blessed who were instrumental in conferring so great and desirable a public benefaction. Not over a hundred dollars need be expended to make this property immediately available for the

The Leading People.

purposes of a park.

One of our exchanges in the western part of Fairfield county urges merchants to advertise in it because the "leading people" of the place are its subscribers. Now who are the "leading people" anyway? Probably the paper refers to those ity to to the law:—

What the Post has opposed, and what it will continue to oppose, is a law that is a sham from beginning to ead; a law that in every line is un-American; a law that rely upon the trade of the "common law in the common law in th herd" for support -Bridgeport Post.

Our esteemed contemporary falls into a very common error-an error which is embraced by some through ignorance, and by others through low, sordid motives of demagogy. It is characteristic of these latter to meet every allusion to the "leading people" with the frantic accusation that he who makes such allusion is a panderer to wealth, aristocracy and social station, and arrayed against the masses, or the "common people," Such specious philosophy emanates from the most contemptible stripe of demagogues and syco phants. The GAZETTE has repeatedly expressed pride in its commercial relations with the "leading people" of this town and vicinity. The character and standing of the Gazette's constituency has always been its pride through all the years of its long and honorable career. The Post says: "Now who are the 'leading people', anyway? Probably the paper refers to those who are rich." The "leading people" may be rich, or they may be poor, or they may be neither. They are generally rich enough to pay for what they get, and poor enough to insist upon getting what they pay for. They may ornament high society; they may shine in the professions; they may excel at the work-bench, and they may move without a distinctive individuality in what the Post flippantly terms the "common herd." They are the people of intelligence, of uprightness, of the qualities that make a man a man. Above all, they are the people who are able to discern between honesty and hypocrisy, between candor and bluster, between argument and bulldozing, between the reliable and the sensational, between the oak and the mushroom, between conviction and poems. It will take. demagogism. The leading people, be they rich or poor, are not such as cringe at the threat of blackguard, nor are they coaxed by the flattery of the fawning sycophant. They are independent; they are self reliant; they are—the "leading

The second annual meeting of the Conn. Weekly Press Association was held in Hartford Monday. The retiring president read an interesting paper reviewing the work of the year. T. S. Pratt, of the Rockville Journal, was elected president; ville, seeretary; S. T. Addis, Windsor Locks, auditor; B. W. Maples, executive committee national association, which the committee national association, which the meeting voted to join.

people."

The proposition of Warden Lee for the appointment of a superintendent of public consideration. Such an officer, if the proper man were selected, could not only save the taxpayers of this borough a large sum of money each and every year, but greatly promote the safety, healthfulness and comfort of living here. He should be empowered to act as health, fire, building, street, sidewalk and sewer inspector. His duties should cover a close inspection, if not control, of the expenditure of every dollar of the people's money for any and all these and any other matters coming under borough authority, and to be sub ject of course to the close supervision of the warden and board of burgesses. A man with the sound judgment, clear head and first-class business qualities of General Charles Olmstead, for instance, in such a position, we candidly believe, would save thousands of dollars to our borough, even though he were paid \$2,000 a year for his services. This is a subject that will bear a deal of thinking.

A Strike in Danbury. Danbury is again enjoying the luxury of another hatters' turn-out, such as she has not experienced in a number of years, and one which is apparently precipitated and complicated by the very provisions designed and accepted to obviate such occurrences and simplify the work of their adjustment. A prominent Danbury gentleman gives the Gazerre the story of the difficulty, substantially as follows: It having been brought to the attention of the local finishers' association that three uuregistered boys were employed in the finishing room of C. H. Merritt's factory, a special meeting of the association was called on Thursday evening, at which it was voted that unless Merritt discharged the boys the next day, the men in the shop should leave off work. The boss refused to discharge the boys, and on Saturday the men went on a turn-out, the trade arguing that Mr. Merritt had broken that provision of the accepted articles of agreement stipulating that no boys who were not registered on the books of the association should be employed by any manufacturer as apprentices. The manufacturers of the town immediately called a meeting of their association and voted to stand by Mr. Merritt, charging the finishers' association with a breach of the agreement that all difficulties of this nature should be submitted to arbitration and that pending such arbitration the men MRS. MEAD'S SCHOOL, Hillside, should continue at work. Both associanight, when it was hoped compromise measures would be adopted. The manufacturers waited at their place of meeting until after midnight, for a message from the finishers' meeting, but at the latter no decision could be arrived at, and both meetings adjourned. By this time the people were awake to the apprehension that the affair was assuming a serious phase, and there was a general sentiment in the community hoping that the scenes and business depression that attended the Danbury strike of nine or ten years ago, and the great Norwalk strike of 1884, might not be repeated, and that the parties in interest might effect a compromise At a meeting of the manufacturers' association held on Monday evening it was decided that the association should strictly observe the letter of the understanding previously agreed upon, and close up all their factories until the Merritt shop difficulty should be settled. Accordingly yes-terday morning sixteen shops in the city shut down, throwing several hundred hands out of employment. It is sincerely hoped that the difficulty will be speedily

idleness will be brief. Our Contemporaries,

The Meriden Daily Journal, one of the liveliest and cheeriest papers that comes to our exchange table, is enlarged to eight pages and has wore meat in it than some publishers would get into eighty-eight

The Derby Transcript's evening edition has started on its second volume, full of pluck and cheerful spirits.

C. Collard Adams, of the Waterbury Democrat, formerly of the Naugatuck Review, is seriously ill with pneumonia.

The church Record and the Southport Advertiser have been moved from Southport to New York.

The Greenwich Opinion was not printed last week. The editor had the grippe.

The St. Paul, (Minn.) Saturday evening News, is on our table, with the name of Fred B. Young as local editor. Fred is a Connecticut boy and was until recently a compositor in the Danbury News office.

The Hartford Times last week published an excellent portrait of Major J. C. Kinney, recently appointed postmaster of the capital city. The Major is as handsome as he is deserving.

F. H. Curtiss, the poetic, æsthetic and peripatetic saunterer, of the Berkshire News, is soon to publish a volume of his

A Large Cloak Sale.

The D. M. Read Co., during the warm and rainy days were busily engaged marking down their entire cloak stock, not expecting that the cold weather would come so soon. Their advertisements of the reduction appeared and they must now hold to the reduced prices which are in our advertising columns. This cloak sale is the largest they have held for seasons, and coming as it does while cold weather is here, makes it doubly advantageous to the purchaser. This sale in addition to the regular January clearance sale which The D. M. Read Co. always hold, makes it of double importance for buyers. Quite a saving in the purchase of a carpet for eight vice-presidents were elected, one from each county; W. H. Taylor, of Rock-

John Splan, the former driver of Ragus, is holding forth in Ergland this winter. works is worthy of more than passing He says 2.40 horses bring good prices over there We have plenty on this side that can beat that record, and this is not a free trade country, either.

Senator Stanford thinks Sunol will trot mile the coming season in 2.40. The Senator does not expect to see two minutes reached by any trotter.

Tom Ward has purchased a new trotter

to replace the one he sold Dr. Tracy. Asa Foote has brought in a nice one from the Canada line.

Klinefelter's old trotter fell dead on the street Saturday.

DIED.

Wood.—At Wilton, on Suaday, Jan. 19th, Maria, relict of the late Burr Wood, in her sith year, Funeral from her late residence, at 1 o'clock. To Let.

RIRST STORY OF HOUSE fronting on North East corner of Union Park. Inquire of C. P. TURNEY.

Miss Bertha G. Webb WILL take one or two pupils on the VIOLIN.
Apply to Miss Webb, or to Mrs. M. E.
Mead, Hillside, Norwalk.

A CARD. RS. GEORGE W. BRADLEY, (daughter of the late Wm. R. Nash) desires PUPILS IN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Mr. EDWARD BAXTER PERRY

For terms apply to or address, 193 MAIN ST. 3m36

Of Boston, will give a

RECITAL

Friday Ev'ng, Jan. 31,

Norwalk, at 8 o'clock.

THE GREAT SALE OF

# CLOTHING,

41 Main Street. Norwalk.

Is now going on. Some of the

Greatest Bargains remedied and that the period of enforced

Coat and Vest, \$1.50.

Ever Offered.

All Wool Suit, \$4; worth \$10. All Linen, 4-ply, Collars, 7c. All Linen, 4-ply, Cuffs, 15c.

41 MAIN STREET.

Puff Ties, worth 50c., at 19c.

THE NORWALK SAVINGS SOCIETY, vs. Vs. Vs. Order of Notice.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, | 88.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT.? Se.

BRIDGEPORT, January 20th, A. D., 1890.

UPON THE COMPLAINT of the said Norwalk
Savings Society, praying for reasons therein set
forth for a foreclosure of a mortgage returnable
to the Superier Court in and for Fairfield County,
on the 1st Tuesday of February, 1890. It appearing
to and being found by the subscribing authority,
that William C. Coley one of the said respondents, is absent from the State, residing in Portchester, State of New York.

THEREFORE ORDERED, That notice of the pendency of said complaint be given by publishing
this order in the Norwalk, Gazette, a newspaper prined in Norwalk, two weeks successively,
commencing on or before the 23d day of January, A. D., 1890, and by depositing a copy of said
complaint, citation and order of notice on or before the 23d day of January, A. D., 1890, in the
post office, postage paid, directed to said respondent, William C. Coley, at No. 565 State Street,
Rochester, New York.

Milliam R. SHELTON,
Assistant Clerk of the Superior Court for Fairfield
County.

DISTRICT OF NORWALK, ss. Probate Court,
January 21, A. D. 1890.
WHEREAS, application has been made to this,
Court for administration of the Estate of WILLIAM H. BROWN, late of Norwalk, in said District,
deceased: therefore,
ORDERED, That said application be heard and
determined at the Probate Office in Norwalk, on
the 27th day of January, 1890, at 10 o'clock forenoon; and that public notice thereof be given to all
persons interested therein by publishing this
order in a newspaper having a circulation in said
District, at least five days before said day of hearing.

ASA B. WOODWARD, Judge.

To Executors, Administrators and Trustees. THE MIDDLESEX BANKING COMPANY, MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

Offers Debenture Bonds 6 per cent. semi-annua interest.

1. Trustees are permitted by law to buy these Bonds.
2. The issue of these Bonds limited by law.
6m1 R. B. CRAUFURD, Agent.

#### THE FAIRFIELD COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.

WINFIELD S. MOODY, President. MARTIN S. CRAW, Vice-Prest. JAMES H. BAILEY, Sec'y & Treas.

DIRECTORS:
W. S. MOODY, JOSEPH C. RANDLE,
M. S. CRAW, ALFRED H. CAMP,
ASA B. WOODWARD, HENRY F. GUTHRIE
J. THORNTON PROWITT, ELBERT CURTIS,
EDWARD MERRILL.

Having taken possession of our new Banking Rooms, adjoining the National Bank of Norwalk, we desire to announce to the public that this Bank will hereafter be open for business. From 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 1 P. M. to 3

P. M., Daily.

And from 6 to 8 P. M Saturday Evenings. We respectfully solicit the patronage of the public of Norwals and adjoining towns, and shall endeavor by promptness in transaction of business and attention to the wants of costumers, to deserve it.

Interest will be allowed from the first of each month on all deposits made on or before the fifth of same month. of same month.

We invite an inspection of our new Banking

JAMES H. BAILEY, Treasurer,

## EQUITABLE MORTGAGE CO.

22DIVIDEND. ASSETS, \$7,803,722 02 Capital Subscribed ......2,000,000 00

Undivided Profits,......37,945.85 Guarantee Fund. 26,871.80

YOUCan certainly sleep soundly on securities
Surplus, Undivided Profits and Guarantee Fund
of this institution.

6 PER CENT. is a good rate of interest and is as high as is consistent with absolute safety in this class of investment. DON'T ask for a rate that implies a risk and venture on your part, but remember that safety of your principal is the all important

CAREFULLY INVESTIGATE these ing your January dividends or Savings Bank account permanently, by calling upon or addressing,

R. B. CRAUFURD, Agent, Room No. 2 Masonic Building, NORWALK, CONN.

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New and Second-Hand, at

Reduced Prices,

For the rest of the Season.

ROCHESTER

Hanging Lamps.

HANGING and HAND LAMPS,

with Single and Duplex Burners in great variety,

LOW PRICES.

All kinds House Furnishing Goods. F.J. CURTIS & CO.,

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THE NEW YORK Saturday Review.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR AMERI-CAN HOMES. DEVOTED TO-

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#### E. GUSOWSKI, MERCHANT TAILOR,

Is ready to show the Finest Stock of CLOTHS.CASSIMERES AND OVERCOATINGS And a great variety of Fancy Pants Patterns. E. GUSOWSKI, CORNER WALL AND WATER STREETS.

#### A PLEASANT HOME

IN a convenient locality is offered to person who would like to visit Washington, D. C-some time during the winter or spring. Room and board, \$2.00 per day. MRS. J. E. BARBOUR, 1008 I Street, N. W.

WANTED SALESMEN to sell Nursery stock. All Goeds warranted first-class. Permanent, Pleasant, profitable positions for the right men. Good salaries and expenses paid weekly. Liberal inducements to beginners. No previous experience necessary. Outlits free. Write for terms, giving age. CHAS. H. CHASE, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y. 6ml. Mention this paper.

#### 100 AGENTS WANTED.

NEW subscription books. Big pay and exclusive territory. Bancroft's Utah, the most authentic account of the Mormons, by the History Co., of SanFrancisco. Also the Child's Life of Christ, and Happy Thoughts on Home Topics, by Cassel & Co., of New York. Address, A. M. Drummond, General Agent for Connecticut, Box 252, PortChester, New York.





## SICK

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Cartor's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York,

Small Pill. Small Dose, Small Price. E CHOICEST

OST ECONOMICAL H. GLOVER & SON, Norwalk. FINNEGAN & O'REILLY,

C. H. VALDEN, F. B. GREGORY. E. N. SIPPERLY.

W. E. OSBORN. LEES & CO.,

You can certainly

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With 10 harts molasses or honey to one part of

PERRY DAVIS'

Take + teaspoonful often.

TRY IT
PAINKILLER also Gres

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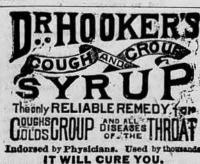
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(Pink Wrapper.)
FOR EATING AND DRINKING.

For Purity of Material and Deliciousnes of Flavor UNEXCELLED.

Sold by all Grocers.



Indorsed by Physicians. Used by thousands
IT WILL CURE YOU.
NO OPIUM IN IT. Mothers, you can conquest that dreadful foe, CROUP, with it. Have it on hand and Save the Child. Sold by Druggists. TRY



FOR RENT.

A CONVENIENT LITTLE COTTAGE of Seven Rooms, one oath Union Avenue.

Apply to CHARLES OLMSTEAD.

#### The Omnibus.

The editor acknowledges, with pleasure. the receipt of a fine bouquet of flowers picked in a garden the first of the week by a subscriber in Gilead .- Portland Record.

That's no great shakes. Ex-Selectman James always has within easy reach an eight-ounce vial of the celebrated balm produced at the same place.

"Is it sinful to bet?" asks the New Haven Courier. On the losing horse, yes.

Wind your watch in the morning, avoid damp beds and keep out of guest chambers.—Joe Howard.

What is this, a lesson in social etiquette? or a cure for the "grippe?"

It is astonishing how such a levelheaded man as Amos J. Cummings, congressman from New York city, could get so far "off his base" as he did when he proposed in sober earnest a monument in the rotunds of the National Capitol to the late Mr. Tilden, with an inscription thereon, setting forth that he was the nineteenth President of the United States .-

The "sober earnestness" of Amos's jokes is one of their most exquisite charms. He must have his little fun, you know, and is never at a loss for something rich and catchy with which to enliven the House when the proceedings get dry and mealy.

Bridgeport offers not only a democratic candidate for governor, but four candidates for the democratic nomination for congressman to represent the Fourth district. Surely true love of country hath an abiding place even in a wicked city, and Bridgeport will never be found lacking in patriots ready to come forward when the country has an aching void in congress that wants filling-even if the sacrifice creates another aching void at home.

Bridgeport's "Suicide Club," originally composed of men, each of whom was solemnly pledged to commit suicide when he got ready to lay down the burden of life, has dwindled down to two members the president and secretary. And they can't hold a meeting for the transaction of business because they can no longer raise a quorum. For this same reason they can neither resign their offices, get themselves dismissed from the organization, nor disband the club. They continue, however, to demonstrate their fidelity to their suicidal obligation, for the last time they were seen together they were in a bar-room drinking rum punch.

If the live newspaper man published all he knew, there would be more skeletons unearthed in the closets of some people we wot of than the average innocent dreams of.—Portchester Journal.

No doubt. But if some of them were to publish all they don't know, such a rattling of dry bones and shricking of ghosts and goblins as would result, no wotter ever wotted of, nor ever could wot of.

The meanness of the man who uses a wart on the back of his neck for a collarbutton is equalled by a Bridgeport man just discovered by the News. "He saves all the partly burned ends of matches, and says he intends to have them re-sulpflured so they can be used over again."

Our contemporaries are lamenting the fact that though there were lots of rhymes for eighty-nine, there are none for ninety. An exchange says, speaking of the fact. "The English language, we admit, is tolerably near the verge of pauperism in the respect referred to, but is not wholly des-titute. What is the matter, for instance,

his?
Right royally and gladly, too,
We welcome eighteen ninety,
Although bad weather and the rheuMatiz have made us 'jinty.'''
—Piussield Sun;

That's very good, but even that doesn't exhaust the resources of the vocabulary of rhyme. Now here's this, for instance, which demonstrates the fact that, paradoxical as it may appear, the very difficulty under discussion expedites the work of overcoming it, and at the same time produces a harmonious jingle, states a solemn but self evident truth, and shows the all 'round utility of the newest acquisition to current literature :

Hearty welcome and good cheer to the present glad New Year-

To the annus mirabilis, eighteen ninety!

We may not all see it die, for next New Year we In "the bottom of the hole," like poor McGine-ty

. . .

Col. W. H. Stevenson will have none but the most intelligent domestic animals about him. The public was long since made familiar with the fact that he has a dog who converses fluently in the telephone, and a horse who carries a railroad time table in his head. Now the accomplishments of a pet cat are being made known. During the Colonel's recent illness with the grippe his pet cat, "Tiger," officiated as assistant nurse. He was kept in the sick room and his business was to call up an attendant from the kitchen when anything was wanted. The modus operandi was simple and effective. Whenever the Colonel desired the services of his attendant, he would simply knock the cat over with a boot-jack, or a water pitcher, or an ax, or a volume of the railroad commissioners' report, or any other weapon of aggressive warfare that was handy; Tiger would spring up onto a stand near the speaking tube that com-

is \$500. Wells' Hair Balsam. will carry on the grocery business at the old stand. Wells' Hair Balsam. tonic dressing. 50c., \$1.00, Druggists, or \$1.00 size prepaid by Express for \$1.00. E.S. Wells,

municated with the kitchen, and give

vent to a yell in bold-face italics-and up

comes the attendant. Tiger's selling price

Jersey City.

Rev. Mr. Ferguson, of Chicago, preached in Memorial church last Sunday. The pulpit will be filled next Sunday by Rev. Mr. Richardson, late of St. Paul's church, Norwalk.

Centenarian Mrs. Huldah Rockwell has so far recovered from her late illness as to be pronounced by her physician out of danger. Many kind people will be glad to hear of this, as they can call on the aged lady again as they have been doing since her 100th birthday, just to see, and hear her talk.

The undersigned has in his possession a relic of the steamer Lexington, which was burned in the Sound and sunk off Old Field light just 50 years ago January 14th last. It is a portion of a hawser box thrown from the steamer by a frantic passenger, and found floating next day. Captain Wakeman Meeker, of Southport, whose father found the hawser box kindly supplied the relic.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trade was held last Thursday evening and elected these officers :- President, O. I Jones; vice presidents, J. D. Wood, T. E. King, D. A. Salmon; secretary, F. M. Raymond; treasurer, W. E. Nash; directors, T. E. King, J. S. Jones, W. J. Finch, L. T. Day, W. G. Staples, J. M. Sniffen, W. H. Thomas, C. Harris, W. L. Coley, T. C. Stearns. The report of the treasurer showed that the receipts for the vear had been \$603.40, and the expenditures \$601.00. The money had been obtained by dues, voluntary contributions, and public entertainments. The work accomplished by the board has been the establishment and maintenance of over 100 street lamps, sidewalks improved in many localities, an additional U. S. mail, and a Western Union Telegraph office and operator. A fair under the auspices of the board to raise more money for more improvements will open February 11th, and not February 4th, as before reported, in the Land and Improvement company's

building. Mr. Horace Staples was reelected president of the First National Bank last week Tuesday for the 37th time. Messrs. John H. Jennings and Daniel B. Bradley jr., were chosen directors to fill vacancies caused by the death of E. S. Downes and E. W. Taylor. Mr. B. L. Woodworth was chosen cashier for the 35th time and H. E. Sherwood teller. The usual dinner was served in the directors' room.

John H. Jennings has been chosen president of the Greens Farms club. The club has decided to hold their annual convention in the Farms school house as usual on Washington's birthday. On this occasion the ladies will provide one of their magnificent dinners.

Since the fire at Saugatuck the question "Will the burned buildings be rebuilt?" has been repeatedly asked. No definite answer as yet, but the fact that one of the owners, Miss Ann Wheeler, is very anxious to buy Raymond Bros.' property adjoining, and that firm is hoping to purchase what belongs to Miss Wheeler, is evidence that something good will be done very soon.

Before Mr. Frederick Kemper bought it, the lot upon which that gentleman is about to move the Abram Sherwood house was a wet, miry repulsive one. By the piping and draining it has become one of the dryest. The house is now en route from the old to its new site, and upon the old one will rise one of the most elegant dwellings in town.

During the week there has been mildness unprecedented and a river clear of ice. The result of it has been fishermen have drawn seines and caught many smelts, and clammers have done well on the marsh. Caukeen's Island, Cedar Point and Sherwood's mill pond catching their favorite bivalves.

Mr. John Q. Adams, who has been ill at his home in Brooklyn since before Thanksgiving, was in town Tuesday of last week. He expects to reside here with his family next summer.

Ice prospects continue dark, but experienced dealers say "That's nothing," and convey the idea that time and again their houses have not been filled till February. They also say that there's not much dependence to be placed on January as an ice month, anyway.

The wife of William Rosenthal, and Messrs. Wesley Wolfe and Henry Burr are seriously ill.

Founder's Day at the Staples High School will be celebrated on the 31st inst. Exercises to commence in Assembly Hall at 2 p. m. All interested in improving the rising generation are cordially invited

All grippe patients are recovering. "PAUL."

SOUTH-NOR WALK.

A most fitting finale to the week of religious services in the new Congregational church, was the sacrament of baptism administered to eight infants, on Sunday, by the Rev. Mr. Biddle.

Mr. Thomas Wood, of the Bridgeport Post, spent the Sabbath in the city and suburbs, and attended the meeting of the Union Gospel Temperance Reform Association in the afternoon.

#### REDDING.

La Grippe has had a large number of victims in this town. In two or three cases it has issued in pneumonia. Mr. J. B. Sanford has fitted up a gro-

cery store in one part of his creamery. Last week he stocked it with groceries and opened it to the public.

Mr. Joseph Squire, either with or with-out Mr. Gregory, the present merchant,

Mr. E. P. Shaw preached last Sunday at the Congregational church, on account of the disability of the pastor.

Our Bridgeport Letter.

In the list of honorary appointments of the junior class of Yale University were the following young men, graduates of the Bridgeport high school, of which J. D Bartley is the principal: Wm. T. Bartley, philosophical orator; Harvard L. Field, second disputes; Edward F. Horr, second colloquies. These young men received their education, fitting them for college, at the high school in this city.

This shows the advantage of the public

school system.

Mr. Barnum writes to the directors of the Pequonnock national bank, acknowledging the receipt of their New Year's greetings. He says his health is robust, also that his wife's health is much improved, and that the greatest show on earth is doing a tremendous business. They will return to this country about March 1st. A public reception will be tendered him on his return.

The death of Mr. W. L. Bancroft of his city, who died in Washington, D. C., has brought sadness to his young bride, and his many friends. Mr. Bancroft was married New Year's day, to Miss Virginia S. Migeon, of Torrington, Conn., and the and eminent scientists. same day they started on their wedding tour to Washington. He was taken sick with pneumonia shortly after his arrival there, and died on the 9th.

A beautiful home wedding took place ast week on West avenue, at the residence of the bride. Mr. David H. Roberts of New York, and Mrs. Annie A. Pease, were married by the Rev. Beverly E. Warner, Rector of Christ Church.

Rev. Col. Anderson, formerly pastor of the Congregational church of Norwalk, preached two practical and excellent sermons Sunday, in the South Congregational church in this city. In the evening the church was crowded to excess, to listen to the eloquent preacher.

Judge E. S. Seymour, who was taken sick at Hartford, is convalescing, and will be able to return to his home in Bridge port in a few days.

Miss Grace Dodge, the daughter of the Hon. W. E. Dodge, of New York, delivered a lecture for the working girls of Bridgeport, at the Seaside Institute last Monday evening.

Mr. C. R. Brothwell and Mr. H. E. Bowser, have been in the employ of the Hon, P. T. Barnum for the past 25 or 30 years. They transact all of Mr. Barnum's business. Mr. Brothwell has charge of all the real estate, buying and selling the same, and making contracts for new buildings. Mr. Brothwell being a carpenter, and a practical man, planned and built the Barnum Building, Proctor's Grand Opera House, and the new Barnum Gymnasium, also the new winter quarters for the greatest show on earth, besides a large number of private dwellings for Mr. Barnum. He is an efficient member of the Board of Public Works of this city, a member of the Board of Trade, and a vestryman of Christ church. He also took an active part in the building of the new lower bridge. Mr. Bowser, his associate, is Mr. Barnum's secretary, collecting rents, drawing checks in Mr. Barnum's num's financial matters. Mr. Barnum being absent from Bridgeport so many months each year, has arranged that they can make all transfers of property the same as though he were here, consequently his real estate business is not embarrassed by his absence. One thing should be mentioned to the credit of Mr. Barnum in connection with this matter; although he pays a large salary, he has always been willing that Mr. Brothwell should devote a portion of his time to the interest of the city. Mr. Bowser is considered a firstclass accountant, being a shrewd business man, and a great systematizer, in all his business transactions. Both of these men have the full confidence of Mr. Barnum, and the public generally. It is a very rare thing to find men with such unlimited power as these men have, but they have been tried and found not wanting. Mr. Barnum's estate is among the millions Mr. Barnum might well say, as is said in holy writ, "well done thou good and fait h-ful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." w. G. L.

. W. G. L. Bridgeport Jan. 20th.

Look Young!

Prevent tendency to wrinkles or ageing of the skin by using Leaurelle Oil. Preserves a youthful, plump, fresh condition of the features. Prevents withering of the skin, drving up of the flesh, develops the bust. Prevents chapping, cracking, keeps skin soft. smooth. \$1.00. Druggists, or prepaid by Express.

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Food raised with this powder does not dry up, as when made with baking powder containing ammonia, but keeps moist and sweet, and is palatable and wholesome. Hot biscuit and griddlecakes made with it can be eaten by dyspeptics with impunity.

with impunity.

It does not contain ammonia, alum, lime or other adulterant. These are facts vouched for by Government and State Chemists, Boards of Health

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# 110 Fifth Ave., cor. 16th Street.

BRIDGEPORT,

W.B.HALL&CO.

## RED TICKET SALES.

#### NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS:

WE HAVE RESOLVED:

FIRST. To put forth our best efforts during the coming year toward giving our patrons the greatest amount of satisfaction, and providing them, name, and has full charge of all Mr. Bar- as in the past, with the largest stock, the latest styles and the lowest prices procurable.

SECOND. To make our store the model criterion and the first resort for those in search of Dry Goods, Cloaks and Upholstery, and to secure patrons in their purchases by guaranteeing our Leal Cloaks, Black Silks and in fact almost every article that we sell, and being always ready to exchange any article not proving as represented.

THIRD. To maintain the high standard which has characterized our business in treating all classes with equal liberality, and to enhance the good opinion of the public by living up to our past spotless record and making such innovations from time to time as will be beneficial to our cus-

For years we have in January instituted what is known throughout Southern Connecticut as

#### OUR RED TICKET

Giving to the people first-class merchandise at merely nominal prices. During these sales not only is the importer's and manufacturer's profit taken off, but our force of buyers are constantly visiting the various markets, and in many instances goods are purchased at a terrible sacrifice to owners for cash down. We now present to our patrons a list of Bargains

#### Overshadowing all Previous Sales.

One case neat all-wool Suiting, 40 inches wide, best 50c goods, only 17c. Fine all-wool Suitings, at 25c. One case Tricot Cloths, at only 39c. Drap D'Almas at 75c.; worth \$1.

Best \$1.25 Imperial Serge, red ticket. 90c. Best 42-inch Dollar Serge, red ticket, 70c. Dollar Sebastopol Cloths, red ticket, 58c. 46 inch \$1.25 Henrietta, red tieket, \$1.10. 50c. Tricots, red ticket, 39c.

SILKS.

Genuine Guinet Black Silks, 89c. and 93c. Genuine Edgeless Raven Black Sacarappa, High Grades Black Silks, all

#### BLACK SATIN RHADAMES.

Real Good Rhadames at 62 1-2 cents. Dollar Grades will go at 75 cents. Extra Grades at 93c. and \$1.00.

#### COLORED SILKS.

Wide and best shades \$1.25 Colored Silks, 75c. Rich Faille Francaise, 93c. Good Gros Grain Silks, 50c. Good Trimming Satins, 25 cents. 50 pieces \$1 Satin D'Leon, 65c.

#### CLOAKS.

All Seal Cloaks reduced by red tickets. All Furs reduced by red tickets. Shoppers will find Hosiery, Laces, Cotton and Merino Underwear, Flannels, Blankets, Curtains, Books, Engravings, all marked

At the Lowest Prices Ever Known.

1,000 20c. Novels, 3c.; 1,200 Engravings, 5c.; 1,000 12 mos., were 25c., now 15c; 35c. Books, now 25c.; Albums, were \$1.25 and \$1.50, now 75c.

It will Pay to Visit Our Red Ticket Sale. W. B. HALL & CO.

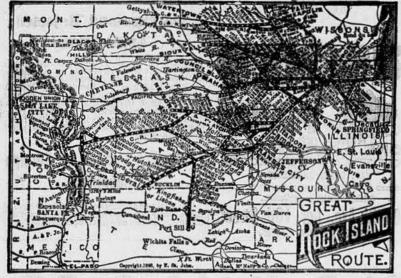
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INCREASE YOUR PENSION.

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 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 rehearing of your case, and, if it has nerit, 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.

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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 20th, 1887.

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A SECOND-HAND Cast Iron Fence, with gate all in perfect order and as good as new, about 750 feet in length. Will be sold at a sacrifice if applied for soon. Enquire at sort, GAZETTE OFFICE

Thirty years ago there was one riding school in the city and not more than 200 reg-ular riders, of which the large majority were men. Now there are six public and one private school with 2,000 or more trained saddle horses and between 4,000 and 5,000 riders, with a large average of ladies among the pupils, and a galaxy of counts and barons and gracious, courteous gentlemen from Europe as riding masters -New York

Why will you allow your health to gradually fail? If you are closely con-fined indoors with little or no exercise, and desire good health, you must take care of yourself Use Sulphur Bitters, and you will have a sound mind and a strong body.

The Cardiff Giann

The Cardiff giant was a noted piece of trickery in the shape of a colossal statue of gypsum, disinterred at a little place called Cardiff, near Lafayette, N. Y., in October, 1869, and successfully palmed off upon some of the most distinguished antiquaries and palæontologists of America as being either a work of ancient sculpture or, more probably a fossilized man. It was carried about the country, and publicly exhibited to great crowds in all the principal cities. At last the fact came out that it had been cut from a quarry in Iowa not long before, wrought into shape in Chicago and buried in Cardiff, where it was soon after alleged to have been accidentally discovered.

Don't say there is no help for catarrh, hay fever, and cold in head, since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It supersedes the dangerous use of liquids and snuffs. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents.

The New York World continues to go on the high road to prosperity. It has been boycotted by the labor unions.

The royal infant king of Spain continues to improve. He plays with the royal rattle box and is quite comfortable.

Horses are beginning to have la grippe. Indeed, the disease very closely resembles the epizootic of some dozen years ago.

You hardly realize that it is medicine. when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by

St. Louis has had a big cyclone. Another argument for the world's fairsomewhere else.

England is trying to bully little Pertugal and all the powers stand by and allow her to do it.

A Guarantee.-There is no case of rheumatism or neuralgia, which will not be relieved by the use of Salvation Oil. Price

Little foxes of expenselamp chimneys-they cost a trifle apiece; but they break so!

That is a needless extravagance. There are chimneys that do not break; they cost no more at your dealer's than brittle ones, if he has them; and he will get them if you insist.

Brittle chimneys make double appeal to a dealer's cupidi-Cost is almost nothing and sales are constant.

Tough chimneys cost more more to compel a higher price. The dealer loses the difference. Then they last indefinitely. It takes a bright man to see his advantage in selling them. "Pearl-top" chimneys,. made by Mac beth & Co., Pittsburgh, are tough.

## LADIES PEERLESS

They will dre 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 crock or smut; 40 colors. For sale by J. G. Gregory & Co.; J. A. Riggs, No. 11 Main Street, Geo. S. Plaisted, Druggists. 1927



No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocon mixed with Starch, Amowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more commical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EA-SILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.

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CHAS. H. VALDEN

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I shall keep constantly on hand a FULL LINE OF ALL GOODS

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THE OLD FRENCH STAGE.

ANECDOTES OF ACTORS OF TWENTY ODD YEARS AGO.

They Were All Put "En Vedette"-Trying to Be Accurate in the Matter of Costuming-Brunet Behind the Wall-Some of the Curious Blunders of Theatre Goers.

M. Frederic Febvre, societaire of the Comedie Francaise, has just published a volume to which, with questionable taste, he has given the punning title "On the Borders of the Scene" (Seine), the French word "scene" being pronounced exactly like the name of the river. Like most of the works written by famous actors, it is rather disappointing. Yet it contains some curious anecdotes. He tells, for instance, how the manager of the Theatre de la Gaite, when "Henry III and His Court" was to be revived at that house in 1856, remarked proudly, "I have just ruined myself for the costumes and furniture and accessories; they will cost me at least \$1,200." "That sum," continued Febvre, represents about what was paid for my costumes, armor and arms in the role of Duc de Guise when that piece was mounted at the Comedie Française in 1889." ALL WERE "EN VEDETTE."

He also cites a superb remark made by Frederic Lemaitre when "Henry III" was given at the Gaite. All the leading performers demanded the privilege of having their names "en vedette," that is to say, at the head of the programme, and in letters larger than the type allotted to the rest. In his embarassment Hostein consulted Lemnitre as to what he should do. "Put everybody 'en vedette," responded Lemaitre, "and stick me in with the rest. The public will find me out at the performance." So the entire cast was published with the names arranged in the form of a horseshoe.

M. Febvre quotes the following remark of Talma, which was told bim by one of the sons of the tragedian. One evening, in his dressing room, Talma had just put on the costume of Manlius. After having cast a long glance on the draperies of his toga, he said to his son, "There! half of my part is played." Which proves the extreme importance attached by the celebrated tragedian to the details of his dress. Melingue, who was widely famed as a melodramatic actor, and who created several of the leading roles in the principal pieces of the elder Dumas, was also noted for the carefully studied details of his costume. The artistic draping of his classic robes rather worried the tragedians of the Rue Richelieu.

"I remember one day," says Febvre, "we were playing two Circassian chiefs in the 'Schamyl' of Paul Meurice at the Porte St. Melingue was accustomed to come to the theatre at 4 o'clock, though the performance did not begin till half past 7. passing before his dressing room I noticed that he was very busy. I entered, and was struck dumb with amazement. He was shaving his legs from the knee to the ankle, as a man shaves his chin. Then, this operation finished, he painted his legs as he had painted his face, and put on his babouches. As may be imagined no tights, however fine, could have given a result similar to that obtained by this novel process.

'Yet, in trying to be too accurate, the ac tor may more easily attain the comic side of the well known phrase, 'A picture stepped from its frame.' Of this I will give two examples. In the drama of 'Oliver Basselin' at the Theatre de la Renaissance, Adolphe Ber-ton was to play 'King Charles VII.' In his love of accuracy the actor had borrowed from the Museum of Artillery a real hemlet of the period. Had it become rusty during its long sojourn in the midst of all that historical ironware, or did it possess a hidden spring of which the actor knew nothing? At allevents, in the midst of the most thrilling scene of the drama, the vizor suddenly fell, and Berton. in spite of all his efforts, could not raise it again. So he was forced to finish the piece

at wholesale, but not enough in that unpleasant predicament, and Charles WII anticipated the legend of the Iron Mask." Febvre gives an amusing instance of conness in costume on the part of an actor called Brunet. In a comedy called "A House as a Lottery Prize," he played the role of a landlord, who spoke on the other side of the wall, and in consequence was unseen by the audience. Nevertheless every evening Brunet dressed himself carefully, even to the wig and spectacles. The manager remarked to him one evening that he took a great deal of useless trouble, since none of the spectators could judge of the correctness of his costume. "No, no! it is not useless," answered Brunet. "With the dress of the landlord I assume his bearing, and with his bearing his voice. Besides,

suppose the wall were to fall!"

Febvre also notes the fact that certain styles of dress are only suitable for certain kinds of plays. He remarks, for instance, that the Louis XIV costume is seldom employed for tragic dramas, but is perfectly suited for comedy, as are also those of the Regency and of Louis XV. The Middle Ages and the reign of Louis XIII are the most appropri-ate for the "cloak and sword dramas." The Louis XVI costume is reserved for calm and discreet plays, which cause more drawing forth of handkerchiefs on the part of the spectators than of swords among the actors. A costume often employed in dramas of a demi-tone and always with success is that of the First Empire. The hardest of all costumes for the actor to wear is, without contradiction, that of the reign of Louis XV. The embroidered coat, satin breeches and high heeled shoes demand in the wearing a peculiar ease of manner and bearing. COMMENTS OF SPECTATORS.

Febvre gives some amusing instances of the lack of comprehension manifested by spectators, certainly of average intelligence, concerning the plots and incidents of plays that they have witnessed. He once gave a young servant of his own tickets of admission to go see "The Courier of Lyons." He asked him the next day if he thought that Lesurques was guilty or innocent. "Of course he was guilty, monsieur," was the answer, "as the two men were only the same one disguised." Then in "The Children's Doctor," by Dennery, when it was represented at the Gaite theatre, Febvre played the part of the lover of the piece, a young officer who only appears in the second and fifth acts. There was also the role of a young mother whose death took place early in the action. In the last act the heroine was supposed to be dying, and her lover, forcing his way into her room, cried vehemently, "Let me pass—let me pass! Alive or dead, I must see her!" The girl revives, and the curtain fell on the happiest kind of denouement, namely, the approaching mar-riage of a youthful pair. One evening after the play, Febvre and several of his companions went to the cafe of the theatre to take some refreshments. Near the table at which they had placed themselves sat a party of old clothes dealers from the Temple, who had been present at the performance, and who were discussing the piece and the actors. One of them, a stout old woman, whose

One of them, a stout old woman, whose reddened eyes showed how much she had enjoyed the play, remarked: "There was one scene that I liked immensely; it was that at the end, where the mother disguises herself as an officer to get to see her dying daughter." It was in that way she had comprehended the sudden entrance of the soldier lover.—Letter in Philadelphia Telegraph.

OLD STEB'S FORTY-THIRD.

He Wouldn't Be Bluffed, but Was Deter-

mined to Stand by His Record. My father was sheriff of a certain county in Kansas about twenty years ago, and during a certain summer we received on a sentence for six months a very tough fellow named Joe Williams. He had been sentenced for attempted horse stealing, and my father knew that a sharp watch must be kept over him or he would take French leave.

Joe had put in about two weeks on his term when my mother started off on a visit, was hurt en route, and father had to go to her. His first deputy and assistant jailer was a man of 50, named Stebbins, who was his "Steb" was a peppery old chap and a great bray and liar. According to his state-ments he had licked more men, killed more Indians, run down more horse thieves and helped lynch more desperadoes than any other man living. Father cautioned him over and over about watching Williams, who was the only prisoner we had, and "Steb" sturdily

replied:
"You go right along and rest easy, Henry.
If I was fool 'nuff to let him git away I'd expect to be shot and throwed to the gophers."
Father had scarcely gone when Williams began calling, and I went into the corridor with the old man to see what was wanted. I was only 10 years old, but I can vividly recall everything. The jail was made of rough stone and one-half of it was the sheriff's residence. The jail part was only one big room. with a plain but stout iron grated door leading into the corridor. As the weather was warm, both corridor doors were open. When we looked in on Joe he said:

"See here, Steb, I hear you are bragging a good deal about how many men you have put on their backs "

"There's no brag about it," replied the old man. "I never found a human I couldn't lay down in five minutes."

"That's all wind, and you know it," retorted Joe. "You ought to be ashamed of your jaw."

'Who you talking to?" "To you, you old wind bag! You talk of wrestling! Why, I kin grease the floor with "Don't git my dander up!" warned Steb in

a tremulous voice, "or I'll trounce you!" "Trounce me! Say, old blowhard, I kin lather you with one hand tied behind me! If I could only git at you I'd make you holler in one round! "Shet up!"

"I won't, and you ain't big 'nuff to make

"Yes, I am!"

"You're a liar!"
"Take that back!"

"Take that back or I'll come in and make

pulp of you!" "You dasn't! I'll dare ye to come in and

pint a finger at me!" Some more of the sort followed, and Steb got the idea that he must enforce his authority or suffer a loss of prestige. He was the older but also the bigger man, and he kept getting mad until he finally peeled off his coat, unlocked the door, and dodged in. He made for Williams, but the latter ducked under his arm, upset me at the door, and was off like a shot, and before pursuit could be organized he was beyond reach. Old Steb stood in the back door and watched him for fully five minutes before saying a word.

Then I heard him growl:
"Consarn him for skipping out, but I've got the consolation of knowing that he's the forty-third man I've licked outer his boots in the last five years!"-New York Sun.

She Forgot Something.

"Now, you're sure you have everything in the trunk, my dear?" asked Mr. Younglove, before beginning the back breaking process of roping his wife's trunk when they were about to start for a little trip west.

"Yes, dear," she said, "I've every single "Well, be sure, now; I wouldn't unrope and rerope this thing again for a fifty dollar bill." And, half an hour later, when he was

lying on the floor panting and gasping from his efforts, Mrs. Younglove said sweetly: "There, dear, I have forgotten som after all How careless of me! Would you mind opening the trunk, dear, and putting in my dressing sacque? I entirely forgot it, and I really can't get along without it. And here's my box of handkerchiefs; and my slippers are in the closet—and oh, here are my cuffs and collars and my little shoulder shawl. I believe I left my box of ribbons in the drawer—yes, here it is, and my common fan, too, and one of your shirts. Here's my rubbers and waterproof and my little black turban and the basque to my blue suit, and my watered silk sash, and my little workbox that I'll be sure to need before we get home. How careless I am, anyhow! Hurry and open the trunk, dear; it's most train time!" Exchange.

Hereditary Transmission It is certainly very odd (says The Nation) that the popular faith in "blood" should, for political and social purposes, be as strong as it is, in view of the extreme rarity with which parents transmit either great mental or moral qualities to their offspring. Able sons of able fathers are by no means unknown phenomena, but they are too scarce to warrant the respect with which all children of remarkable parents are still treated. The explanation of the anomaly probably is that the popular mind is still so much affected by the transmission of physical qualities that it infers from it the transmission of the nobler ones also. The hereditary transmission of physical qualities is as common among men as among the animals. The large men and the strong men are apt to have large and strong sons, and may have sons with as much brains, or tenacity, or industry, or integrity; but the popular preon is apt to convert the "may" into

Seeking Diamonds Near Home.

Most people have an idea that the diamonds come almost exclusively nowadays from the South African fields. Yet the fact is that our great New York jewelry houses are continually on the lookout for new stones and new places to find them.

It is not so long ago that Tiffany & Co. had their expert, George Kunz, hurry away to an interior Kentucky town, where it had been reported that some precious stones had been found along the hill sides that bordered the

little municipality.

He came back after a journey and search ing investigation that must have cost the firm a few thousand dollars, but I have not heard of his finding any Kentucky Kohi-noors. Still, the fact stands that Tiffany & Co. and the other great diamond firms watch daily and carefully every chance that may occur to find the precious stones nearer home than in the South African fields. And very often they succeed.-Exporter and Finan-

Love's Madness.

Madeline (fondly)—George, dearest, I could not make out your last love letter at all. It

was full of the queerest marks. George (a very young M.D.) - Good heavens! I have sent you a prescription, and have given your letter to the prescription clerk! And

the patient died (Falls in convelsions.) -Pittsburg Bulletin HOW TO JUDGE.

"Judge the people by their action"—'tis a rule you often get—
'Judge the actions by their people" is a wise

Have I known you, brother, sister? Have I looked into your heart?

Mingled with your thoughts my feelings, taken of your life my part? Through the warp of your convictions sent the

shuttle of my thought,
Till the web became a Crecio, for us both, of
should and ought? Seen, in thousand ways, your nature, in all act and look and speech? By that large induction only I your law of being

Now I hear of this wrong action-what is that to

you and me?
Sin within you may have done it—fruit, not ma-

Sin within you may have done to ture, to the tree.

Foreign graft has come to bearing—mistletoe grows on your bough—

If I ever really knew you, then, my friend, I know you now. So I say, "He never did it," or "He did not so in-

Or "Some foreign power o'ercame him"—so I judge the action, friend!

Let the mere outside observer note appearance as he can

We, more righteous judgment passing, test each action by its man. -James Freeman Clarke.

Jimmie's Opinions.

Interested fathers and mothers are often anxious to see their children's school reports. but possibly they might gain a deeper knowledge of the childish mind if they also perused Tommy's or Dicky's examination papers. One child brought two of his papers home

clared, he "saw the teacher laugh when she was correcting 'em." "I knew they were mine," he protested. "because both times she looked at me and said: 'O Jimmie, Jimmie, what shall we do with you?' Now, you look at 'em, ma, and

for inspection, because, as he indignantly de-

tell me what's the matter?" "Ma" looked and made two choice extracts. over which she herself could not forbear

smiling. "Mountains have a great effect on the rainfall. They are very useful at such times, be cause when it rains people can take to the

mountains for shelter.

"The reason you can't boil eggs at a high altitude is because there is not enough pressure of the atmosphere to harden the yolk." "Did you understand exactly what you meant by these answers?" asked his mother, mildly.

"Praps not," said Jimmie, with an air of indifference, "but that's what the book said, anyway!"—Youth's Companion.

A Drama on George Washington.

The late Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper once aspired to distinction as a dramatist Washington, a Drama in Five Acts," of which a privately printed copy is now before us, was written in 1875, as a note by the author records, "for the centenary of American independence," and was "intended for representation in the United States." Mr. Tupper was bitterly disappointed at his failure to induce any manager of a leading theatre in America to produce his piece. It is in blank verse, and introduces Washington and his wife, Benedict Arnold and his sister Mary, Patrick Henry, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, the Marquis de Lafayette and

Major Andre. The general is rather more addicted in the play to long rhetorical speeches than history would warrant us in expecting, and the drama suffers from a general excess of dialogue over action. Stirring business, however, is provided in the fourth act. Mr. Tupper, who quietly drops poor Honora Sneyd, sup-poses Andre and Mary Arnold to be betrothed; and he represents his heroine as stealing upon the privacy of Washington when the latter is lying sick in the camp at Valley Forge, and making a desperate attempt to stab him after the later fashion of Charlotte Corday. This is in revenge for his obdurate determination that Andre shall be executed

as a spy. The general, however, having been saved ton, who appears to be campaigning with her husband, the latter generously condones the treacherous act; for the author, who like Mr. Puff had a fancy for complexity in the sentimental relations of his personages, has imagined Mary to be no other than the "unknown lowland beauty," the "earliest love" of Washington, who, recognizing her, addresses her gallantly as "My unknown passion flower of hot sixteen!" On the whole, it seems a pity that American playgoers were balked of the entertainment which they undoubtedly might have derived from Mr. Tup-

per's bold metbod of handling his historical materials.-London Daily News.

so Flannel Shirt for Him. A Lewiston little boy declared a philosophic independence and accepted the consequences in so matter of fact a way last eek that it may make a story, even if it is not so very funny. His mother dressed him up in a new flannel shirt and sent him to school. The shirt irritated his cuticle, or, in other words, he itched. When he came home that night he was cross-and very cross for so small a boy-and he declared he and the shirt had parted company forever. The next morning, as his mother prepared to dress him for school, the boy drew the line at the shirt. "No," said he, "I don't wanter wear that shirt." A brief debate ensued, in which the boy appeared to have formed his opinion and to have decided to stick to it. The question when put to the house was carried by the boy, who would not don the

"If you will not wear it," said his mother,

I shall send you back to bed." Back to bed he went. He got no dinner. Afternoon came. A neighbor went in to see him-his mother telling her that she had a bad boy upstairs. The boy lay there in bed wide awake, his little cheeks flushed with the situation, but showing no signs of change of

"Don't you want to go to school?" asked the neighbor.
"School?" was the reply; "I shall never go

to school again." "Don't you want to?"
"Yes; but I can't. I've got to stay here." "All your life?"

"Yes'm," was the reply; "all my life. I shan't ever get up again, prob'ly."
What could a mother's heart do against so philosophic an acceptance of the termination of a life career as this? What but kiss him at tea time and go and buy the little bunch of pluck some downy little undershirts that

should never tickle him.—Lewiston Journal. Senator Jefferson Davis in

Though, on his first long speech in the Though, on his first long speech in the house of representatives, so good a judge as John Quincy Adams had pronounced him a man of infinite promise, his term in the house had been too brief to justify the prediction; it was left for the senator to fulfill the hope of the representative. He was chosen chairman of the committee on military affairs, in compliment to his military fame; but his most consulcuous function was fame; but his most conspicuous function was the defense of the doctrine of states' rights and southern institutions. Those who re-member the stormy sessions of 1849-750 and 1850-751 can not have forgotten the force and the heat with which Senator Davis defended the doctrines peculiar to his section of the country. -Harper's Weekly.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Take a pair of sparkling eyes, Hidden, ever and anon
In a merciful eclipse—
Do not heed their mild surprise Having passed the Rubicon. Take a pair of rosy lips; Take a figure trimly planned— Such as admiration whets (Be particular in this); Take a tender little hand, Fringed with dainty fingerettes, Press it—in parentheses; Take all these, you lucky man— Take and keep them if you can:

Take a pretty little cot-Quite a miniature affair-Hung about with trellised vine, Furnish it upon the spot
With the treasures rich and rare I've endeavored to define Live to love and love to live-You will ripen at your ease. Growing on the sunny side-Fate has nothing more to give. You're a dainty man to please If you are not satisfied.

Take my counsel, happy man;
Act upon it, if you can!

—W. S. Gilbert in "The Gondoliers."

#### STORY OF THE MUTINY.

I was at Sultanpoor, in the presidency of Bengal, when the terrible Indian mutiny delivered its first blow. There were uprisings and mutinies at various other places before any one at Sultanpoor became seriously alarmed. The faith which the British had in the native soldiery would have been sublime had it not been blind. The English were in India as invaders and despots. They had given the people cause to hate them and hunger for their lives. The natives were a hundred to one. Princes had been dethroned, religion burlesqued, social customs overturned and every Englishman was regarded as standing between the natives and their heaven. English knew all this, and yet they had that blind faith which entails destruction. Because fo rebellions had taken place, because the natives were servile and cringing, all argued that the outbreaks were caused by a few malcontents and would amount to naught.

There are three Americans of us at Sultanpore. We had been hunting in the Oude territory, and had been in Sultanpore for about three weeks to rest and plan another trip. We occupied a bungalow together and had several native servants. Some of these were related to some of the native police and to members of the Thirteenth Bengal cavalry, who garrisoned the place. There were not over fifty white persons altogether at the station, and three-fourths of these were women and children. On Sunday, the 7th of June of that memorable year, I was lying in my hammock in the shade of the bungalow. My head was toward and within two feet of a thick hedge running along the west side of the house. I had been resting for an hour when three or four natives crept up on the other side of the hedge and entered into a conversation, every word of which I caught. It was announced that the rank and file were to mutiny within a day or two, and the programme so carefully laid that certain men had been detailed to shoot certain officers, and certain plunder was to go to certain individnals.

The talk continued for a full hour, and when the conspirators withdrew no sane man could doubt what was to follow. The tax collector of the district was a civil officer named Strogan, and he occupied a bungalow not over twenty yards away. After waiting for a couple of hours I strolled over there and when opportunity presented itself I told him what I had heard. He had a wife and two children, and he was as pale as death when I had finished my story. He went at once to see Col. Fisher, who was in command of the post, but that individual not only the communication with contempt but sent an insulting message to me. It was in military affairs by any Yankees. He intimated to Strogan that I was probably half drunk, and declared he was ready to stake his life on the loyalty of his men. This did not quiet the collector, however. When he returned he began packing up his valuables, and that night he made an excuse to get his family nearer the barracks.

On Sunday evening our native servants were as servile as dogs. On Monday morning their bearing was full of impudence. All no ticed it, and all were satisfied that the mutiny was close at hand. We had canvassed the matter over to see what we should do. If the garrison rebelled the odds were fifty to one in their favor. If they elected to slaughter every white person nothing could prevent them. While they knew us to be Americans, we were "ferringhees," and that was enough They would kill us even for the sake of plun-We decided that we stood no show at the station, and that we must take care of ourselves. Had we started on the highway for Avoda or Bela we should have been am oushed or followed. It was finally decided hat we should retreat to an old ruin about five miles away—a spot we had visited the week before—and there wait for the cloud to surst or the worst to come. Early Monday orning, on pretense that we were going to ake surveys and excavations for the benefit of history, we secured a cart, loaded it with rovisions, arms and ammunition, and startl off, each of us mounted on horseback. We losed up the bungalow and took our servants with us. They seemed very willing to go. ut we soon discovered the cause. On Monay night all deserted, taking cur three horses ong. They wanted us out of the way when he mutiny opened, that the garrison might be weakened just so much. When through rith those at the station, they would come nd finish us. We had not unpacked the cart efore they left, and they were, therefor, in morance of its contents.

Our first move on Tuesday morning was to elect a place for defense. The ruins were se of a large temple and outbuilding, coving about four acres of ground. About the nter of this space was a thicket, with a fine oring of water. From this thicket was open ound in every direction for half musket ot. Most of the blocks of stone were of unirm size, and the three of us could handle m. By noon we had inclosed a circular ace thirty feet across and five high, and d placed all our stuff within it. The afteron we spent in filling the interstices in the all to make it bullet proof, and in covering portion of it. Before night we had a fort nich we believed we could defend against a ndred natives. There was no doorway to and we should only have the top of the

Once or twice during the afternoon we ard the reports of carbines on the high-iy, half a mile to our left, and had no doubt the mutiny had occurred as planned did not, however, deem it prudent to re our work to investigate, and it was we did not. The outbreak occurred ly in the forenoon, just as planned, and colonel was the first victim. He was shot wn by some of the native officers of the valry, and he had no sooner fallen than by turned upon their English captain. ogan was the third man killed. He was in front of his own bungalow as was another civil officer who was with him. e anxiety of the mutineers to secure plun-permitted the women and children to find ace of safety, and all eventually escaped

to Bela, and from thence to Cawnpoor. It was toward evening of Tuesday before a squad set out in search of us. Our servants were anxious to see us murdered for the sake of the "loot" to be divided. About dark, while we were wondering if one of us had not better go out after information, we heard a voice calling us, and recognized it as my syce or groom. We climbed out of our fort and went to the edge of the thicket and answered him and he soon appeared. Matters had changed. The slave had exchanged places with the master. The fellow was cool and impudent as you please. When we asked what had become of the horses he promptly acknowledged to have stolen mine, and further informed me that I ought to be very thankful that he had not taken my life as well. He informed us of all that had occurred at the barracks, and stated that a party had come out to make terms with us. Being that we were Americans, and had had nothing to do with their oppressions, they did not thirst for our blood. If we would surrender every thing we had we could go where we pleased. If not they would kill us and take what they

We very soon sent the fellow away with an answer. If we escaped from this gang it would be to fall into the hands of another. We should be defenseless and penniless and what could we do? We told him we had decided to fight it out, and as soon as he disappeared we returned to the fort. The two other members of the party were Henry Wilds, a Massachusetts man, and George Fisher of Ohio. We had been in Indiana together for a year, and had stood back to back in many tight places. Wilds was a typical Yankee, good natured but courageous, and his long arms had the strength of a horse's The thicket was so dense that our fort could not be seen unless one penetrated it a few yards. The natives simply supposed that we were lying in the center of the jungle, and half an hour after the groom left us thirty muskets began blazing away your po-sition. Some of the balls whistled over us, others entered the earth, and now and then one struck the heavy blocks of stone with a dull ring. We took turns as sentinels, while the other two slept, and soon after midnight all was quiet.

It was 10 o'clock next morning before we were troubled again. Then the members of the old gang seemed to have been added to, and fifty more muskets kept up a pretty steady fire until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. By this time we ought to have been all shot to pieces, as the bullets had cut through every foot of the jungle. The natives believed it was time to advance and see. We could lo cate them by their loud talk and constant dissensions, and when we found that all had gathered on the eastern edge of the thicket and were about to advance, we climbed out. crept forward, and lay down behind a big block of rock to receive them. They entered the thicket as a mob would have done, and the first three men sighted were dropped in their tracks. This caused a panic, and they withdrew, and aside from a few stray shots fired to let us know that we were still besieged, we were not annoyed until next morning. Then we heard a great hurrah, and after a little were given the information that they had brought down two pieces of artillery from the station to shell us out. They were very slow in getting to work, and when they

began firing it was very plain that they knew nothing about artillery.

Of the first four shells fired, all went too high and burst far beyond us. The fifth one burst short and threw the dirt over our walls. Then we decided to cool their ardor a bit. We climbed over the walls, got out of the line of fire and crept to the edge of the thicket. There we saw a mob of over a hundred natives with the two guns planted within pistol shot. One of them had become disabled by ramming the ball down before the cartridge, and the other was about to be fired. We selected three of the gunners, fired together, and they fell dead on the grass. Before the gang could get out of range we killed two more and wounded a third. Then Wilds ran forward under cover of our rifles and spiked both pieces by driving some nails, which he happened to have in his pocket, into the vents. Seeing a move to flank us we returned to our shelter, and all the rest of that day and all night we were left in peace. On the third day there were but twenty natives in the besieging force, and they fired into the thicket only at long intervals. On the fourth day this force was reduced so ten. At noon Wilds made a scout and found them eating dinner, and we crept up and killed one and wounded two, and completely raised the siege. We could have gone away now had we any place to go, but we had decided

On the fifth day, about 9 o'clock in the morning, a rabble of about 600 natives, most of them soldiers, who were on their way to Cawnpoor, were turned aside to attack us. Each one had a gun and planty of ammunition, and for three hours they kept up a creditable fire. They could see nothing to to shoot at, but fired into the thicket, and at least 500 bullets hit the walls of our fortress. We did not fire in reply, as it would only have betrayed our position. At noon, when the fire began to slacken, we made ready for a charge. There were two spare guns, and all were loaded. Then, while waiting, Wilds piled up a couple of hundred stones about the size of his fist from the plentiful supply once used in the rubble work of the buildings. The thicket was surrounded two lines deep, and at a signal a general advance was made. Had we been without cover we should have been killed or captured. When they saw our fort the order was to storm it. The walls were so low that one could "boost" another up, and before we opened fire there was a living fringe all around us. In one minute only the dead were in sight. Wilds fired once, and then resorted to the rocks, and I honestly believe he disabled a dozen men. Four of the killed fell into the inclosure, and the bodies

of two more were pushed outside.

This ended the fighting. The rabble went off, and for the next ten days not a native came near us. At the end of that time we got word that the British had the upper hand again at Sultanpoor, and we left our fort and returned there. Not one of us was the worse off, and yet we had done considerable toward reducing the number of mutineers. One of the natives wounded in the last fight told me that the "general" who ordered the charge against the fort told his men that it was no use to longer bother us, as all Americans were in league with Satan, and that his majesty would prevent their bullets or swords from harming us .- New York Sun.

An Odious Smell.

The smell of burning paper inseparable from a cigarette is so odious to many people, that I have deemed it necessary to hang up signs in the cabin and the dining hall upstairs, requesting gentlemen not to smoke cigarettes. There is no objection to the fumes of a good cigar in any dining hall. Very few people would object to it, while very few can colerate the odor of a cigarette. I have noticed in quite a number of offices and business houses about the city a printed prohibition of cigarette smoking hanging on the wall.—Restaurant Keeper in St. Louis Globe-

The government of Chili had a committee of engineers examining the water works of the principal European cities, with a view to establishing similar works, on a large scale, in some of the Chilian cities.

A condition of anæmia, or lack of blood,

occurs in the course of many acute and chronic diseases, and, under such circumstances, is of importance only in connection with the special disorder which it accompanies. But what of the many persons who are evidently "poor blooded," and yet have no other known physical infirmity? This condition is seen in all degrees of severity, from the simple anæmia resulting from a slight failure in the assimilation of food up to the well nigh incurable disease called pernicious

A form of the disease called chlorosis, or green sickness, which gets its name from the sickly greenish hue of the skin, is not unfrequently seen; it occurs especially in young women who have too much indoor life and

too little exercise.
Several theories have been brought forward by eminent medical gentlemen to explain the affection One authority ascribes it to the imperfect development of the heart and blood making organs; another thinks it is due to the inability of the formative tissues to meet the demands of the growing organism; still a third believes it to result from a lack of iron in a form suitable for assimilation.

Sir Andrew Clark, the eminent London physician, believes that in the majority of cases the whole trouble results from the absorption into the system of poisonous alkaloids, which are formed during the decomposition of the contents of the digestive tract. It has been calculated that sufficient poison is formed in the process of decomposition in the intestines of a healthy man during twentyfour hours to cause death if retained and ab

If such alkaloids are mixed with the blood, there is every opportunity for them to exert their baleful influence upon the tissues into which they are carried. A lack of attention to the regular and complete evacuation of the bowels is quite sufficient to account not only for this special series of maladies, but for many slighter ailments, and it has been found that the surest method of treatment in these cases is such a course of diet and laxatives as shall correct this irregular habit.-Youth's Companion.

Her Wish Gratified.

"You'd better not wish for the impossible," said an Irish-tongued gentleman to a friend who, in a fit of depression, had wished she had died in her cradle. "You may get it!" One might apply the same stricture to wishing for the possible when its attainment would not be altogether pleasant.

Last summer, says The London Graphic, two ladies staying in India drove in a bullock tonga to see the view from a neighboring bill. The prospect of the thick jungle, stretching away for hundreds of miles, naturally suggested the idea of game, and one of them

"How I should like to see a real, live tiger

just once in his native glen." The sun was beginning to sink as they started to drive homeward by an unfre quented track cleared through the jungle. Soon they came to an open space, and there, 'All at once," writes one of them, "on looking up, I saw what I at first thought to be the stump of a felled tree about thirty yards off the roadway. As we drew a little nearer I saw it was moving.

"'Look!' I said to my friend. 'It's a pan

"Fortunately, the bullocks did not scent him, or they would have bolted and probably upset the tonga, leaving us at the tender mercy of the beast. As we were passing him he left the tree under which he had been standing, and came toward us in a crouching manner, as if making ready for a spring. We

then saw it was a tiger, and a very fine one.
"To say we were frightened would not be the mark, especially as he moved parallel with us for about twenty yards, keeping his eye upon us the whole time, and looking as if determined to have at least one of us for a meal. The driver whipped up his bullocks, we shouted, and one of us opened and shut a white umbrella. This apparently frightened the tiger, who disappeared into

Nervousness in Horses.

There is one respect in which all the most distinguished trotters have resembled each other, and that is in their nervous energy, in high spirit and courage. That flame which the Washington Hollow horseman detected in the eye of Flora Temple came out afterward in the resolute burst of speed with which she finished her fast miles. Dexter was represented as being "chock full of fire and devil-try," and capable of jumping like a cat. Hiram Woodruff spoke of his "wicked head." Goldsmith Maid had a strong will of her own, and the excitement she betrayed on the eve of a race showed how fine was her organization. "She would stand quietly enough, says her driver, "while being hitched to the sulky, although she had been previously kicking and plunging in her stall, but she would shake and tremble until I have heard her feet make the same noise against the hard ground that a person's teeth will when the body is suddenly chilled; that is, her feet actually chattered on the ground.
"The instant I would get into the sulky all

this would pass away, and she would start in a walk for the track as sober as any old horse you ever saw." Rarus was so nervous that he never could have been driven with safety on the road, and his courage was of the finest temper. St. Julian was exceedingly high strung, and in hands less patient and discreet than those of his trainer might never have been subdued to the purpose of racing. Jay Eye-See, though I know less of his personal history, is notorious for the pluck he showed on the last quarters of his hard miles, and Maud S. is the most spirited, the most determined and at the same time the gentlest of animals.-H. C. Mer win in Atlantic Monthly.

Popular Libraries.

There is nothing that so arouses an interest in an institution of this kind as a spirited contest over the election of officers. Take the Merchants' Exchange, for instance, or the Commercial Travelers' association: both are stronger and better in every way after the exciting elections they always hold for officers. In Cincinnatione of the institutions of which they are the proudest is the Mer cantile library, and the honor of being its president for one year is so highly prized that contests of such friendly flerceness rage that the papers are full of news of the campaign for weeks. Eminent citizens are placed on the rival tickets, and their friends rally to their support. I am told of one case where so ambitious was a wealthy safemaker to secure the coveted honor that on the day before the election he purchased yearly membership for his 1,200 employes, and they marched to his aid in a solid body the next day. Similar instances, but not quite so extensive, have been frequent, and the result of the agitation is to keep the library constantly before the people, with a result that its membership is constantly swelling, and it is, by reason of its wealth, one of the finest libraries in the country.-Librarian in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Vie et Armia.

Miss Biceps-Dearest, one embrace ere we Scrybbler (gasping for breath one minute later)—Sweet one, let me propose you as an aonorary member of the Press club!—Pittsburg Bulletiu.

A HOUSE IN STERLING, ILLS. It Was Designed by Palliser & Palliser,

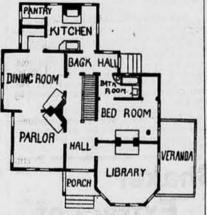
and Cost \$2,500. The rear extension of this house was the previous residence of its owner, containing

but two rooms, and was put in the present position to answer the purpose of kitchen and pantries—the roof, etc., being entirely new to correspond with the new house.

The rooms on the first floor have all oper fireplaces, each being provided with a nea ash mantel. The library is an excellent room, with good front and side views, and the ver anda is reached in an easy manner by win dows from this room, making it a pleasant retreat in hot weather.

There is a variety of outline in the exterior of this house which cannot fail to give a pic turesque and pleasing appearance to whole. The chamber above library projects slightly beyond the face of the octagon bay, and the peculiar manner in which the side are supported is odd, but gives the appearance of stability and firmness, the construc tion being perfectly sound.

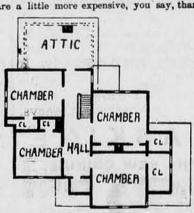
The upper sashes are filled with stained glass, all round the sash being very small lights of different colored glass, and the center light has the figure of a flower in white on blue ground. This manner of treating windows must be seen to be appreciated, and no blinds are used except on the lower sash, and when the blinds are closed it gives a mellow tone to the light of the interior.



GROUND FLOOR.

The back hall is reached by side porch, and the bathroom is placed so that any one coming into the house can step into bathroom, and prepare the toilet before entering the main house; the second story rooms are full height, and there is a well lighted attic A laundry is provided in the cellar; also provision is made for the storage of fuel, Cost, \$2,500.

There are no blinds on this house, and some hold that outside blinds are neither useful nor ornamental. They are forever rattling on the outside and always in the way of curtains on the inside, and where we have mullion windows, they must be kept closed or they are in the way; and if we use outside blinds, they are forever in the way of adding a bit of detail here and a bood or a balcony there, which would add greatly to the effect of the whole. Rolling Venetian blinds should be used; they slide up and down and are out of the way, and will cover the whole or a part of the window, as required; but these are a little more expensive, you say, than



SECOND STORY.

ordinary inside blinds, but we can find a substitute which is equally as good-we can make a shade of heavy cloth, to roll up by pulling a cord, or, better still, slide it with rings on a bar.

The shades should fit the window, and hang flat and straight, or nearly so. The material may be cheap and coarse, and offers an excellent opportunity for embroidery, where it would show to good advantage. Rich browns are the most available colors, which might be either coarse jute cloth or burlaps. Then there is an endless variety of materials which may be used, according to taste and depth of pocket.—Palliser's American Archi-

Notes on House Building.

A reception room may be the one room in the house which is always in order for receiving calls. The parlor has its outgrowth from the social life of the time, and its use in the larger entertainments which go therewith. A reception room may be small; a parlor is essentially a large room. A dining room should be a long room, sa

not less than 17 feet, and from 12 to 13% feet

in width in moderate cost houses. Such shape conforms to that of the table. A grate fire is out of place in a dining room. It is always too warm on some one

back. If a grate be placed in the middle of the wall space, it limits the availability of the room to the extent of its projection from Ceilings are lower than in times past be

cause of the rational spirit in modern building which has such high regard for utility. A high story is expensive to build, furnish and decorate, to say nothing of the warming of the house in winter. Stories from nine to ten feet in height are as common as those of eleven and twelve of a few years ago. There is no reason why the second story

should be lower than the first story. If any difference it should be higher. The bedroom are occupied constantly for a longer period than the other rooms of the house, and usually are not provided with the means of natural ventilation which belong to the rooms of the lower floor.

The kitchen pantry is the proper place in which to place the refrigerator. It should have a zinc drain to carry the drip water to the eutside of the building, not to the sewer or drain, as is sometimes done. Such a connection may contaminate the contents of the LOUIS H. GIBSON.

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n addition to his established

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Burning Driftwood. [From the Independent.] Before my driftwood fire I sit, And see with every waif I burn, Old dreams and fancies coloring it, And folly's unlaid ghosts return.

O ships of mine, whose swift keels cleft The enchanted sea on which they sailed, Are those poor fragments only left Of vain desires and hopes that failed?

Did I not watch from them the light Of sunset on my towers in Spain, And see, far off, uploom in sight, The Happy Isles I might not gain?

Did sudden lift of fog reveal . Arcadia s vales of song and spring, And did I pass with grazing keel The rocks whereon the sirens sing?

Have I not drifted hard upon The unmapped regions lost to man, The cloud-pitched tents of Prester John, The palace domes of Kubla Khan?

Did land winds blow from jasmine flowers. Where Youth the ageless Fountain fills? Did Love make sign from rose-blown bowers. And Gold from Eldorado's hills?

Alas! the gallant skips that sailed On blind Adventure's errand sent. Howe'er they kaid their courses, failed To reach the haven of Content.

And of my ventures those alone Which Love had freighted safely sped, Seeking a good beyond my own, By clear-eyed Duty piloted. O mariners hoping still to meet

And find in Bagdad's moonlit street Haroun al Raschid walking yet! Take with you, on your Sea of Dreams, The fair, fond fancies dear to youth; I turn from all that only seems,

The luck Arabian voyagers met,

And seek the sober grounds of truth. What matter that it is not May, That birds have flown and trees are bare, That darker grows the shortening day, And colder blows the wintry air!

The wrecks of passion and desire. The castles I no more rebuild. May fitly feed my driftwood fire, And warm the hands that age has chilled.

Whatever perished with my ships, I only know the best remains: A song of praise is on my lips For losses which are now my gains.

Heap high my hearth! No worth is lost; No wisdom with the folly dies. Burn on, poor shreds, your holocaust Shall be my evening sacrifice!

Far more than all I dared to dream, Unsought before my door I see; On wings of fire and steeds of steam The world's great wonders come to me.

And holier signs, unmarked before, Of Love to seek and Power to save-The righting of the wronged and poor, The man evolving from the slave.

And life, no longer chance or fate, Safe in the gracious Fatherhood, I fold o'er-wearied hands and wait, In calm assurance of the good.

And well the waiting time must be,

Tho' brief or long its granted days, If Faith and Hope and Charity Sit by my evening hearth fire's blaze.

And with them friends whom Heaven has spared.

Whose love my heart has comforted, And, sharing all my joys, has shared My tender memories of the dead.

Dear souls who left us lonely here. Bound on their last, long vovage, to whom We, day by day, are drawing near, Where every barque has sailing room

I know the solemn monotone Of waters calling unto me; • I know from whence the airs have blown That whisper of the eternal sea.

As low my fires of driftwood burn, I hear that sea's deep sounds increase And, fair in sunset light, discern Its mirage-litted Isles of Peace.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

DANVERS. Mass.

he Putnam Park.

The New York Sun recently published the following interesting description of the Putnam camp ground at Redding, where the state has just erected a handsome monument, built by Mr. P. W. Bates, of Norwalk. As our readers are all more or less interested in the preservation of the old landmarks of that historic spot we reproduce the article for their perusal:-

It is but a little distance from the Westchester county border of New York state to that landmark of the revolution in Fairfield county, the winter encampment of General Israel Putnam's division of the Continental army, at Redding, 1778-9. This place has been restored by the state of Connecticut until it is now one of the most valued treasures of the state. Putnam had three camps, but the vestiges of only one remained, and when it was resolved to restore this, two men, Aaron Treadwell, of Redding, and O. B. Jennings of Fairfield, gave the land, about forty acres, which has been converted into a park, for which purpose the legislature appropriated \$22,100. The work of creating the Putnam Memorial Park has been in the Putnam Memorial Park has been in the Putnam of a commission of seven been in charge of a commission of seven, appointed by Governor Bulkeley, of which Major O. H. Blanchard, of Hartford, was

chairman. The work has been completed. The entrance is through a cleft in a hedge-like thicket between two frowning ledges. Directly ahead stands the Putnan monument, an oblisk ten feet square at the ment, an oblisk ten feet square at the base and forty-two feet high, built of rough ashlar, except the pedestal, which is of polished granite. On the west side an inscription tells what the monument commemorates On the east side is this:

The men of '76 who suffered here
To preserve forever their memory, the State of Connecticut has erected this monument,

A. D. 1888.

The north side hears these words:

They are of logs, notched at the ends, about eight feet high, and pierced with loopholes for muskets. They project over the stone piers on which they stand two floors so that defenders may fire down upon an enemy lurking underneath There are but two of these block houses now in existence that were used in Indiau warefare, one near Detroit, on Sugar Island, and the other on Mackinaw Island. The Redding block houses were copied

From the entrance to the park to the monument is a steep up grade between walls of cut granite and over an arched stone bridge parapeted in true colonial style. It was from the stream that this bridge spans that the soldiers got their At the base of the monument begins the line of the ruins of the old barracks, running northward in a straight line over a quarter of a mile. They are in parallel rows about twenty-five feet apart each way—nothing but heaps of mossy stones that once formed the fire places of the log houses. These will be preserved. Willows and elms will be set out to throw arches above them. Superintendent Bartram has lately purchased twenty acres of land on the north end of the camp, where are a few more fire places, and also the

famous Philip Rock and cave.

Altogether there will be one and onehalf miles of beautiful drives in the park and seven springs of water. Many of the trees in the old apple orchard, which were set out in the camp the year after Putnam left it, are still drawing su tenance from the ashes of the camp fires of the Revolu-tion. Not a day passes but some relic is dug up, such as bullets, pewter spoons, and mess kettles. A brass button was dug up bearing the raised letters, "U.S. A." All the curiosities found hereafter will be added to the stock already on hand, which comprise sheath knives, wrought nails, and quaint irons hammered out in camp and presented by Putnam to Col. Barlow of Redding, letters from Putnam and others written at the camp, and the bones of two men executed on Gallows Hill. The collection will be placed in a cottage of colonist style, which will be used as a museum. This will stand in the grove of maples. This grove comprises about ten acres, is owned by the state, and is being fitted with tables and accommodations for visitors, as no picnic parties will be allowed within the Back of the camp is a monstrous cliff

covered with enormous boulders dotted with trees, and seamed with caves. In this wild spot it is said one of the veterans lived after the war, having found a life of peace too ir some. His pillaging expeditions finally led the farmers to shoot him. His ghost still haunts the caves, it is said. Another story is of the terrible example Putnam made of a spy and a descriter, in order to subdue a discontent in the army. He ordered them shot to death before his soldiers, and formed his army in a hollow square around the scene of the execution, on top of the high hill, which towers over the camp, After they were shot the whole army was marched by and every soldier made to view the bodies of the two men where they had

Putnam spent a most gloomy winter in Redding camp. His soldiers suffered terribly. The Connecticut brigade han an especial grievance in that, while their pay was long in arrears and they were nearly naked and starving in camp, their wives and children were in equally as desperate straits at home. The troops were sent to Redding from the highlands of the Hudson to protect the Sound shore and to support the New York city garrison. There was much snow that winter and the cold was intense. The poor soldiers in their rude huts cowered in bundles of straw. For weeks at a time they were on half allowance. In January the legislature sat at Hartford, but did little to relieve the sufferers, and at last the troops formed the design of marching to Hartford and secur-ing justice at the point of the bayonet. when Putnam heard of it. He was speedily in front of them, and after an impas-

ily in front of them, and after an impassioned appeal concluded with:
Whose cause have you been fightin;? Is it not your own? Have you no property, wives, nor children? You have behaved like men so far. All the world is full of your praises, and posterity will stand astonished at your deeds. Your officers have not been any better paid than yourselves. But we all expect better times; think what a shame it would be for Connecticut men to run away from their officers.

Then he quickly ordered the men on

Then he quickly ordered the men on regimental parade, which was gone through with good humoredly, and the arms were stacked. The ringleader was confined in the guard house for trial and shot during the night by a sentry while escaping. The

mutny thus ended.

The New Haven Colony Historical society, the Fairfield County Historical society, and many others are to petition congress, setting forth the talents and public services of the soldier poet, Joel Barlow, who was Putnam's friend, and asking for the removal of his remains to his native country. They have asked the Putnam Camp commissioners for consent to lay his remains beside those of his comrades in arms in Putnam Memorial Park. Their request has been granted.

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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 di-rections, and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon dyspepsia, and install instead eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases or liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50c. and \$1, per bottle by H. R. Hale, druggist.

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A. D. 1888.

The north side bears these words:

The world is full of their praises.

Posterity stands astonished at their deeds.
The south side bears the names of the division commanders. The monument stands on a crag twelve feet above the plateau on which the line of barracks stood. Near at hand is a beautiful lake, made by damming one of the two streams in the park. The dam is built of cut granite, laid in cement, and has a fancy gate house. Almost the first thing after the main entrance are two block houses on either hand, standing on granite bases eight feet high. They are like those in storming or defending which Putnam and his followers distinguished themselves.

box. For sale by H. R. Hale.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken o your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and ger a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is calculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It curres dysenters was mid colic, softens the gums request in and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of Some of the oldest and best female nurses and physicans in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

List of Patents issued from the United States Patent Office, for the week ending Jan. 14th. '90, for the State of Connecticut, furnished us feet all around, and have loopholes in the from the office of EARLE & SEYMOUR, Solicitors of Patents, New Haven, Conn.

of Patents, New Haven, Conn.

H. D. Allen, Bristol, curtain rod fixture.

S. W. Babbitt, assignor to Wilcox Silver Plate

Co, Meriden, brush.

J. Badger, Waterbury, button hole cutter.

E. A. Burgess, New Haven, assignor to C. S.

Drake, railway swith.

W. B, Coulter, Bristol, valve switch for encines

R. C. Ellrich, Plantsville, rotary meat cutter. M. W. Henius, Bridgeport, corset steel clasp.
b. C. Hiller, assignor to Meriden Silver Plate
Co., Meriden, combined back fastener and

support for mirrors and picture frames.
W. L. Horne, Meriden, assignor to Horne
Vacum Co., Hartford, alcoholic distillation.
J. B. Howe, Danbury, mechanism for ironing

hat brims.

M. C. Johnson, assignor to W. H. Woodruff,
Hartford, milling machine.

F. Kelley, Birmingham, assignor to Osborn
& Cheeseman Co., of Connecticut, cast off for
suspender buckles.

A. J. Miller, Meriden, stove polish.

F. W. Otrom, Bridgeport, gaging attachment
for button-hole stitching machines.

J. M. Smith, Greenwich, coupling for carriage poles.

riage poles.

O. O. Sullivan, Stonington, machine for twisting or spinning silk or other fibre.

E. Talbot, Windsor Locks, clamp.

H. R. Towne, assignor to Yale & Towne Mfg.

Co., Stamford, lock.

DESIGNS.
F. J. Herrick, New Britain, belt clasp; three

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life. It was just an ordinary scrap of wrap-ping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live but 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; grew better fast, continued in its use and

it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more, bought another and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this wonderful discovery free at H. R. Hale's This will drug store.

Drunkenness.-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 mod-erate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thous-ands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee with-out 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.

## Shaker **Extract of** Roots, (Seigel's Syrup) CURES Dyspepsia.

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

Mr. W. H. Hall, Foreman of the Delivery Department of the above company, says: "Shaker Extract of Roots (\*eigel's Syrup) is the gentlest, pleasantest, safest and surest remedy in this world for constipation, indigestion and dyspepsia. The most delicate women and children may take it, whom any other medicine would half kill. It cured me of dyspepsia and its resulting complications after the disease had been growing upon me for years and obtained so firm a hold that the best physicians of Jersey City, (N. J.) where I live, were at the end of their resources. I personally know the Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup is prepared bythe Shakers, as I have visited their Community at Mt. Lebanon, ". Y., where the good work i-done. If any one of the countless thousands who suffer from dyspepsia, as I did, will use this preparation wisely and as directed, I will pledge my reputation for his cure.

Sold by all druggists.

Send for our illustrated pamphlet, "How We Shall Look When We Grow Old." New and Startling. Mailed free. ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

ling. Mailed free. Address,

A, J. WHITE, 168 Duane Street, New York City.

## KASKINE

(THE NEW QUININE.)

#### BrainWorkers. Dyspeptics, Chronic Invalids All Praise It.

No Narcotic. POWERFUL TONIC.

A POWERFUL TONIC.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM,
NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL
BLOOD PURIFIER. Superior to quinine
Mrs. J. C. Scarboro, of Selma, N. C., wife of
the ex-Superintendent of Public Schools of that
State, suffered from excessive nervous depression, exhaustion and neuragia, from malaria.
She was lapidly cured by Kaskine, She says:—
"I can now sleep in my chair."
"I was all run down with nervous depression,
for which I had, by the advice of physicians,
taken a great deal of quinine and iton, without
benefit. After I had used three bottles of Kaskine people expressed their surprise at seeing me
looking so well."—Isaac Knox, Newark, N. J.
Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. \$1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5.
Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of
price.

1y40

KASKINE CO., 168 Duane St., New York. 1y40 KASKINE CO., 168 Duane St., New York

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

DECEMBER 22d, 1889.

NEW YORK DIVISION.

Trains leave South Norwalk as follows:-

Trains leave South Norwalk as follows:—

For New York.—Accommodation trains at 6.55, S.30, 9.36, a. m., 1.20 (2.54, 5.08, to Stanford only) 6.46, 8.11, 10.23, p. m. Express trains at 5.16 (except Mondays), 5.46, 6.12, (io-all), 7.23 (local), 7.56 (local), 8.26 (local) 9.03 (Springfield local), 10.11, 11.37 a. m.; 12.59 (Springfield local), 4.20, 5.20, 6.20, 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 7.23, to Bridgeport, 8.41, 9.41, 11.07 p. m. Express trains at 9.16, a. m.; 12.09, 1.07 (local), 3.08, 4.11 (Housatonic Express) 5.09 (Naugatuck Express) 7.15, (Springfield local), 1.13 a. m. (Boston express).

Sundays.—Accommodation 7.38, 9.12 a. m., and 6.48 p. m. Express, 1.13 a. m.

O. M. SHEPARD, Gen. Supt.

C. T. HEMPSTEAD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

TYPE-WRITING. OPYING done with Type-writer. Good work guaranteed and all orders-executed prompt-y. Apply at office of the Norwalk Gazette.

On and after January 1st the rates for gas will be as follows: List price, two dollars and fifty

cents per one thousand feet. On all bills a discount of twenty per cent., or fifty cents per thousand feet, will be made for cash within ten days from receipt of bill.

To all consumers in excess of fifty thousand and under one hundred thousand feet per annum, an extra discount of five per cent. will be

To all consumers in excess of one hundred thousand feet per annum. an extra discount of ten per cent. will be made.

#### CHEAP FUEL

Coke, at six cents per bushel, is cheaper than coal or wood. We are now making it in large quantities, Try it and you will like it.

The NORWALK GAS LIGHT CO.

#### F. KOCOUR, Merchant TAILOR.

Is ready to show the Finest and Largest Stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS

which he will make up in the

BEST OF STYLE LOWEST PRICES.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. 13 and 15 Main Street.

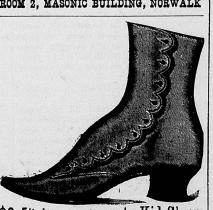
#### MIDDLESEX BANKING CO.,

OF MIDDLETOWN, CONN. Chartered in 1872. Under the Banking I aws of

Connecticut. CASH CAPITAL, \$600,000. SURPLUS, \$25,000. 6 per cent. Investment Bonds at par and accrued interest. At the last Session of the Legislature these Bonds were made a legal investment for funds held by Executors, administrators and

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

worth \$1.50.



#### \$2.50 French Dongola Kid Shoes.

Opera Toes, Opera Toes and Common Sense Heels. Also, the Common Sense Style. Made of very nice French Dongola, and one of the Finest Fitting Shoes we ever handled at any price. From over 20.000 pair sold by the manufacturer, only one pair has been re-turned from any cause. LOOK AT THEM.

A. H. HOYT & SON.

HOUSATONIC RAILROAD. Danbury and Norwalk Division. CORRECTED TO JAN. 12TH, 1890.

PASSENGER TRAINS

SOUTH. Lv. Norwalk. Lv.So. Norwalk, Ar. V.So. Norwalk, Ar. Wissorroin
6 09 a. m. 6 10 a. m. 756 "8 03 "
8 27 "\$ 35 "
10 13 "10 20 "
1 00 p. m. 1 07 p. m. 4 12 "4 0 "
6 20 "Mxd. 6 3) "Mixed
7 59 "\$ \$ 10 40 " 12 50 p. m. 4 02 " Mixed 7 54 " 9 47 "

NORTH. Lv. Wi.son Point Lv. So. Norwalk, Ar. Norwalk a. m. 6 35 ... 9 18 ... 12 13 ... a. m. 6 41 " 9 23 " 12 18 " 3 10 p. m. 5 12 " 6 55 " 6 26 " 10 25 " 3 16 p. m. 5 17 " 6 33 " W. H. STEVENSON, Vice-Pres. and Gen'l Manag F. C. PAYNE, Superintendent. A. W. PERRIN, General Passenger Agent.

## FURS.

BUY OF THE MANUFACTURER

Sealskin Garments, Capes, Muffs, Scarfs and Boas, Gent's Furs.

Largest Assortment. Lowest Prices. IN ALL THE NEWEST STYLES.

HENRY SIEDE, Furrier, 14 West 14th St., 5th Ave. and 45th Street. NEW YORK.

ESTABLISHED 40 YEARS. Send for Catalogue.

MERRILL BUSINESS COLLEGE STAMFORD, CONN.

An enterprising, practical TRAINING SCHOOL.
It prepares both sexes for business life in the shortest time consistent with thorough education. Terms reasonable. Location central and healthful. For catalogue and desired information, address, Principal, Merrill Business College, 3m2
STAMFORD, CONN.

Probate Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT to an order of the Court of Probate for the District of Norwalk, the subscriber, administrator of the estate of WM. R. NASH, late of Norwalk, in said District, deceased offers for sale all the interest which said deceased had in the following real estate, viz:

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, on the Wilton road, with good dwelling house nicely arranged for two families. Both of these places, contain borough water and are located on line of horse railway. Also about ten acres of desirable land situate in the town of Klügefield, a short distance from the railroad depot, suitable for farm or building pur loses.

For further particulars apply to

CHAS, OLMSTRAD, Administrator.

Norwalk, Conn., July 23d, 1889.

THE

# ). M. READ CO

#### BRIDGEPORT.

We are selling more goods during this January Clearance sale than we have ever done, and we attribute it to low prices, for we are offering winter goods at ruinous

## JANUARY PRICE LIST. DRESS COODS.

BLACK GOODS.

5 pieces 46 in. Armure, 50c.

75c quality.

20 pieces Heavy Cords, 50c.

85c quality.

20 pieces 46 in. Serge, all wool, 50c.

85c quality.

52 in. all Wool Mixtures, 25c per yard

53 in. all Wool Sutting, 50c

56 in. Habit Cloth, 75c, worth \$1.

French Broadcloths, \$1, worth \$1.50

Dress Trimmings in Black and Colors, reduced fully one-half—Fringes, Passementeries, Braids and Fronts.

For this sale only we will sell

MOW TO BE MARP

#### SILKS.

5 pieces Faille Francaise, 69c. 10 pieces 24 in. Faille Francaise. 98c. 10 pieces 24 in. Faille Francaise, \$1.09. In our Silk sale just closed we sold piece after piece of these goods, but we secured these especially for this sale.

#### GREAT ANNUAL LINEN SALE.

This great sale of Linen is looked for by every purchaser of Housekeeping Goods at this season of the year, knowing that our prices are just as we advertise, and the goods can be found as represented. The following list of prices will be found much lower than

we quoted at any of our previous Linen Sales.

CREAM TABLE DAMASK.—One lot wide width Table Damask, all linen, 20c., cheap at 25c per yard. One lot do. 38c., cheap at 50c. One lot do. 48c., cheap at 60c. One lot do. 60c, cheap at 75c.

BLEACHED TABLE DAMASK.—One case extra heavy Table Damask, 39c, worth 50c per yard. One lot do. 50c, worth 63c. One lot do. 75c, worth 95c. One lot do. 89c,

NAPKINS.—50 dozen 5-8 Napkins, blue and red borders, 75c a doz. 50 dozen 5-8 Bleached Napkins, \$1.19, our usual price, \$1.40. 50 dozen 5-8 Bleached Napkins, \$1.39 our usual price, \$1.65. 50 dozen 5-8 Bleached Napkins, \$1.75, our usual price, \$2.25. 50 dozen 8-4 Bleached Napkins, \$2, our usual price, \$2.50. 50 dozen Bleached Napkins, \$2.50. \$2.50, our usual price, \$3. TOWELS.—Large size Damask Towels, with fancy borders, 10c. The best and largest Huckertuck Towels ever offered in the city, 12½c. Compare our Towels at 20 cents with anything in the city for 25 cents. Compare our Towels at 25 cents with anything in the

city at 30 cents. PILLOW LINEN AND LINEN SHEETING .- 5 pieces 45 inch Pillow Linen, 65c. well worth 80c per yard. 5 pieces 45 inch Pillow Linen, 85c, well worth, \$1. 5 pieces 10-4 Linen Sheeting, 88c, well worth \$1.15. 5 pieces 10-4 Linen Sheeting, \$1.25, well

#### White Goods Department.

In addition to our great Linen Sale, we have a manufacturer's stock of Check and Stripe White Goods, at prices that we know are 25 per cent. less than they can be bought for to-day. Three cases of Stripes and Checks, in new patterns, 10 cents per yard. Three cases of Stripes and Checks, in new patterns, 12½ cents per yard. Three cases of Stripes and Checks, in new patterns, 15 cents per yard.

#### CLOAKS.

Misses' Newmarkets, \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12; Former price, \$9, \$12, \$18. Ladies' Newmarkets, \$6.50, \$9, \$10, \$12. Former price, \$9, \$13, \$15.\$18 Ladies' Newmarkets, \$15, \$18, \$20, \$25. Former price, \$22, \$27, \$30,\$35 Alaska Seal Sacques, London Style, \$110 to \$250.

All Furs and Trimmings greatly reduced.
Plush Sacques, \$15, \$16, \$18, \$20, \$25. Former price, \$20, \$22, \$27, \$30 and \$35. Plush Jackets, \$12, \$15, \$18,\$22. Former price, \$18, \$22, \$25, \$30. Plush Wraps so low we will not quote, but ask you to look at them. Cloth Jackets and Modjeskas at Cost.

#### CARPETS.

For rooms that require thirty yards or less we can give a selection of desirable patterns in Best all wool Ingrains for 50 cts. Best Tapestry for 50 cents. Best Body Brussels, for 75 cents. Best Moquettes, for \$1. Best Velvets for \$1.

# THE D.M. READ COMPANY.

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

THE OLD AND RELIABLE

DAILY FREIGHT LINE.

On and after Monday, Sept. 23d, (until furthe notice) THE PROPELLERS



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 5 o'clock, and on Saturdays at 2 p. m. Returning boat leaves Norwalk at 65 p. m., and So. Norwalk at 630 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. ET All persons are forbid trusting any of the employees of the boats of this line on account of the owners thereof.

Jump-Seat Carriage For Sale at a Bargain.

A Jump-Seat Carriage, one of Stivers' best city-make, 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 f applied for soon, as owner has no use for it. Apply at

GREGOKY'S STABLE Family Horse For Sale. N Extra Large and Fine Family Horse fo sale. Suitable for Ladies, Children or an valid to handle. Apply at GAZETTE OFFICE.

WANTED. 100

Tons of Hay and Straw. Highest Cash Price Paid.

FOR SALE!

Grain, Flour,

Feed. Small Stove Coal. Peat Moss Stable Bedding.

Drain Pipe,

Fire Brick. &c., &c.

South Norwalk.