

NORWALK



GAZETTE.

ESTABLISHED 1800

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

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LOCAL ITEMS.

Congress meets Monday, December 1st.
 Ex-U. S. Treasurer James W. Hyatt has the "grippe."
 Mrs. D. N. Couch is visiting her son in Taunton, Mass.
 Bishop Williams and Rev. Mr. Everest were in town Monday.
 Ground was broken for the new county children's home Friday.
 The O'Shea case is not an illustration of the virtues of home rule.
 Shoe dealer Frank Smith is visiting at his old home in Boston.
 Mrs. Oliver W. Weed, of East Norwalk, died yesterday, aged 66.
 George Rockwell, Esq., of Meriden, was in town on Monday.
 So we are to hear no more of the much talked of Wall street widening?
 Mr. John Treadwell has returned from his southern hunting excursion.
 Dr. Bridges, our worthy veterinary surgeon, is contemplating a visit south.
 The Methodist choir concert will be given on Tuesday evening, Dec. 2d.
 The old Henry Belden mansion now rests squarely on its new foundations.
 Have you ordered that turkey yet, that you are going to give to the poor family?
 Two barges of coal ran aground at Rings End last week and one of them sank.
 Readman photographed the floral tributes of the William D. Walsh funeral, on Thursday.
 A lot of cranks out in Pittsburg are going to try and stop the sale of Sunday newspapers.
 August Belmont, the great financier, banker and politician, died Monday of pneumonia.
 The suicide club is being revived in Bridgeport. This fact has no political significance.
 George R. Nash, the athlete and lecturer on athletics, came home from Scranton, Pa., last week.
 The Pittsfield Sunday Call has just celebrated its second anniversary. It's a Hercules for its age.
 Rising Star Division, S. of T. of Rowayton, celebrated their fifth anniversary, Tuesday evening.
 A Thanksgiving reception is to be held at Colonel Roberts' military institute this (Tuesday) evening.
 Attorney F. W. Perry has gone to Massachusetts to eat Thanksgiving turkey with relatives there.
 Bishop Williams administered the rite of confirmation at Trinity church, South Norwalk, on Sunday.
 Cram & Whittlesey, the Main street furniture dealers, are soon to remove their business to Bridgeport.
 Sewer Inspector D. S. Curtis, after a thorough examination, reports the trunk sewers in perfect order.
 James J. Sheehan, of this town, and Miss Maggie Carroll, of Bridgeport, were married on Wednesday last.
 Miss Annie Apeltqvist, of East Norwalk, will be married to-day to Mr. John S. Andersen, of the same district.
 Frederick W. Trippe, grandson of the Chas. B. White, is to eat his Thanksgiving dinner at F. St. John Lockwood's.
 Burgess-elect James H. O'Reilly and Miss Maggie Sheehan were married at St. Mary's parsonage, Sunday evening.
 William R. Lockwood, Esq., is in Washington looking after his rapidly appreciating real estate investments there.
 Fifty shares N. Y. and N. H. R. R. stock sold for \$250 per share in Wall street Saturday despite the monetary stringency.
 The organ for Grace church has been ordered made, for the reason that it has to be specially constructed for the building.
 The good ladies of the new church are getting ready for a supper and festival at the Athenaeum, Tuesday evening, Dec. 9.
 Thanksgiving day in Portland Ct., will be made memorable by the raising of the stars and stripes over the parochial school.

On Wednesday evening Miss Mary E. Buckley of Cranberry Plains became Mrs. Charles A. Rubey.
 Ex-Postmaster Golding has very properly sold his old Marvin safe to Marvin's coat yard at East Norwalk.
 Danbury, in spite of her big girls' strike, devotes the usual amount of time and attention to the runaway business.
 Bridgeport is to have a wrestling match between Greek George and George Graham, at the Star Theatre on Friday evening.
 There is something refreshingly egotistical in the efforts of the Hon. Grover Cleveland to keep himself before the public.
 On Saturday evening of next week Edison's phonograph will be exhibited in Music Hall by Prof. McDonald of Bridgeport.
 H. S. Davis, the well known artistic and Chesterfieldian caterer to the public taste, is visiting his sister in Burlington, Vermont.
 Colonel F. St. John Lockwood is the fortunate recipient of a dozen barrels of superb Michigan apples from his father-in-law.
 Republicans throughout New Hampshire support Governor Goodell's action in regard to a special session of the legislature.
 A Hartford grocer takes a whole column of solid type in the Post to tell of the many good things he has in stock for Thanksgiving.
 George Low is able, (with the help of a couple of black walnut crutches), to get out again, after his siege of unromantic rheumatisms.
 John K. Hyatt is home from the south, and, we regret to learn, ill with the chills. But "Johnny" is a lad who will soon shake 'em off.
 Superintendent Bonnell, of the electric light station, after a slight tussle with incipient pneumonia, is attending to his duties again.
 The census shows the total debt of South Norwalk in 1890 to be \$171,796. Total available resources in 1890, \$2,333; in 1890, \$4,394.
 The borough authorities have authorized the steam roller man to roll the old chariot along over Maple and Arch streets and Franklin avenue.
 Mrs. F. G. Northrop of Danbury, nee Miss Mattie Godfrey, of Norwalk, is spending a few days with Miss Minnie Austin, on North avenue.
 The fair given by Douglass Fowler Post, G. A. R. in South Norwalk, seems to have proven a flattering success, both financially and otherwise.
 Baggage Master John Dougherty, of Conductor Dyas' Danbury & Norwalk train, has been promoted to conductor of the New Haven & Derby freight.
 The contracts for the new electric light building are as follows: Stone work to C. C. Stevens; brick work to W. H. Smith, and carpenter work to S. B. Wilson.
 Birmingham is agitated again over the confusion caused by the vibrations of her big dam. It isn't the first case of confusion or agitation caused by that word.
 Builder S. B. Wilson has appealed from Justice Morrell's decision in the Rivitz vs. Wilson case. The appeal will be heard at the next term of the superior court.
 The first grand ball, to be given in Music Hall on Thanksgiving night by Comstock Lodge of the Order of Railroad Trainmen, promises to be a grand success.
 "Steeple Charlie" still continues to monopolize a good share of the public attention, as he pursues his perilous calling at the top of the spire on St. Mary's church.
 Ex-Governor Beers of Georgetown has purchased the old Cannons Station wire factory, and will convert it into a manufactory of curled hair for mattresses, cushions, etc.
 A meeting of citizens of Mamaroneck and Rye Neck was held on Saturday night for the purpose of considering the expediency of consolidating the two hamlets as an incorporated village.
 The new bell, so munificently given by Miss Julia Lockwood to the First Congregational church, continues to improve on acquaintance. Its tones grow richer and mellower the longer it is rung.
 There were 994 deaths reported in this state last month, of which number 17 are credited to Norwalk. Dr. Gregory reported 12 cases of typhoid fever originating from drinking of polluted water.
 On Thanksgiving day no freight will be received at the freight houses of the Consolidated road. All freight trains will be taken off and only perishable goods will be forwarded to their destination.
 Johnnie Judge, the good looking young hustler of the Bridgeport Sunday Herald, a special edition of the Waterbury Herald, is in town surveying the ground for a Norwalk edition of the same Swift journal.

The strike of the hat trimmers in Danbury continues and is unchanged in any of its phases. The merchants of the town are blue in view of the depressing effects the situation will have upon the holiday trade.
 Danbury is enjoying a fire department scandal, and Chief Engineer Meyers is being "investigated" for dereliction of duty at the late fire which destroyed Foster Brothers' big carpenter and wood working shops.
 The Bridgeport police raided another batch of wicked houses in that city on Saturday night, capturing a very sorry lot of sorry victims. There were no Norwalkers in the coach.
 The christening of the brand new son of landlord J. E. Power, of the Dorlon House, which took place on Friday evening, was witnessed by quite a coterie of distinguished New Yorkers, friends and intimates of the genial landlady.
 Hon. E. J. Hill represented the GAZETTE at the great Yale and Harvard game on Saturday, but neither his wild enthusiasm or forty-horse lung power was able to save the blue from defeat.
 A large delegation of Masons from St. John's Lodge, of Bridgeport, visited Old Well Lodge, South Norwalk, on Tuesday evening, on which occasion the officers of the visiting lodge conferred the third degree in a very artistic manner.
 The butchering period is upon us, and brings with it the seasonal fish story about the weight of the hog that fell short of the expectations of the fellow who knew it wouldn't weigh as much as he thought it would.
 Advertisements inserted in the GAZETTE go to the homes of the people and are read by the families. This cannot be said of those papers sold only by bootblacks and other children on the streets, and having no list of regular subscribers.
 Mr. James Inness, one of the Merrill College students, sailed last week for Atlanta, Ga., where he has been accepted to fill a fine position in the office of a large corporation. Mr. Inness has the best wishes of his college and other friends.
 The Wilton boarding school, under the management of Mr. Charles W. Whitlock, enjoys a prosperity and popularity no less marked than that which attended the institution when the well remembered and highly respected father of the present principal was at the helm.
 Chester F. Tolles, Jr., for many years salesman at Comstock Brothers' South Norwalk store, has embarked in business for himself, having purchased the Globe Clothing House in Ansonia. "Chet" will surely win many friends in his new field and will succeed, as he deserves to do.
 At a recent meeting of the Fairfield County Historical Society, the curator acknowledged the receipt from Theodore B. Nash, South Norwalk, of a cannon ball fired by the British when they landed at Norwalk during the Revolutionary war, dug up on his father's place 30 years ago.
 Thomas Farrington died at his home on Mott avenue, Thursday morning, aged 63 years. He was engaged in the grocery business on Wall street with his son-in-law, James Betts, under the firm name of Betts & Farrington. The funeral was attended from his late home, Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.
 The fair of St. Mary's church, now in session in the Opera House, promises to be a most glorious success, both socially and financially. Large numbers of patrons are in attendance on each evening, and the management make it pleasant for all who come in. We will have more to say about his fair later.
 The Waterbury American recently said the family of Johnson, the convicted rapist, did not bear a good reputation. The parties referred to sued the paper for \$10,000 for libel and compelled it to prove its assertions. The paper went into court—and did it. Some people don't know enough to let bad enough alone.
 The Methodist, Baptist and Congregational churches will unite in a Thanksgiving service in the First Congregational church at 11 a. m. on Thursday. Thanksgiving music by the choir, introductory services by Dr. Van Alstyne, and sermon by Dr. Noble. The public cordially invited.
 A prominent Norwalk lawyer undertook to astonish himself and friends by going to church Sunday. On his way thither he had two bleedings from the nose and was then honored with a snow squall. He said he thought the incident of his going to church, unusual as it was, received a good deal more attention than necessary.
 The Housatonic railroad company have issued a new time table for the winter. The pocket schedule comes in a radically changed form, double its former size, with all the connections, branches, etc., comprehensively given, and accompanied with two large maps of the road and its various divisions.

Dr. Noble very gently told his hearers Sunday for not turning out more generously to church service on Thanksgiving day. The good parson possibly overlooked the fact that it is the busiest day in the whole year to wives and mothers in cooking good things enough to make the lords of creation thankful for anything.
 By an oversight at the borough election in Wallingford recently none of the tickets printed had any candidate on for auditor. Some thoughtful voter wrote on his ticket the name of H. L. Hall for auditor, and as there was no one else voted for, Mr. Hall was elected by a unanimous vote and will continue in the office for another year.
 O. E. Wilson, our indefatigable real estate dealer, says it requires a deal of grace in the heart to sit through a church service with a pair of tight new boots on, as he did last Sunday. It does, and with the added misery of having voted the democratic ticket at the late election, we don't wonder his eyes grow weak and he gets bald-headed.
 We are indebted to Hon. C. B. Lapham for a neatly prepared "In Memoriam" of his illustrious father, who died Jan. 8th, 1890, soon after the completion of his term as U. S. Senator from the state of New York. Senator Lapham was a big hearted and great natured man, and the honors conferred upon him in life and in death, were worthily bestowed.
 The GAZETTE's presentation of the name of General Olmsted for Speaker has been received with unexpected favor, up to date, but two possible objections have been suggested—one that our county had the speakership last session and the other that the General might not be the favorite of the Consolidated railroad, which is accused of owning and running our legislature.
 David Spicer has resigned his government office as carrier of the mails between the borough and South Norwalk. That settles it. The price for the work must be raised or else the office must be abolished, for if Spicer couldn't make both ends meet on the salary, it is certain that nobody can. The government is now seeking for bids for Spicer's successor.
 Our citizens, and especially our business men, who find it necessary to remain in New York over night and want to be "down town," will find a very desirable place to stop for either a "square meal" or lodgings at the United States Hotel, corner of Fulton and Water streets. You can live there sumptuously and reasonably, either on the American or European plan. See adv. in another column.
 At about 12 o'clock Saturday night the night watchman discovered an incipient fire in a shed adjoining the Arnold foundry. The alarm was sounded, but as it was somewhat out of kilter it was not heard by the firemen generally. However, some of the Phoenix boys, who happened to be close at hand, repaired to the spot and quickly extinguished the flames before any material damage was done.
 We are in receipt of a copy of the Norwalk Directory for 1891. It was compiled by H. O. Bowers, and is published by Wilbur F. Hanks, of Meriden. Mr. Hanks was the publisher of the most complete and correct directory that Norwalk ever had, and the present volume will in no wise injure his reputation as a first class, reliable directory publisher. It is handsomely printed and a handy book to have about.
 Two big oil tanks located near the works of the Danbury lime kiln, two miles from the city exploded at midnight Friday, making a terrific noise, shaking the buildings and awakening half the inhabitants of the city. James Cunningham, aged 21, night watchman, was killed. The tanks were used to feed the fires under the kilns, and the explosion was caused by gas catching fire from a lantern, which Cunningham carried.
 Says the South Norwalk reporter of the Sunday World: Mrs. Lester Cole, of Brooklyn, spent several days among her Norwalk friends the past week. Among other guests in town are Miss Amy Seymour, of New York; Miss Lulu Benedict, of West Haven; Mr. James Alexander, of Newark, N. J.; Mr. Remson Schenck, of Carnarie, L. I.; Miss Luella Darius, of Boston; Mr. George N. Ellis, of Waterbury; Mr. Clarence Wilson, of Pittsfield; Mr. Eugene L. Taylor, of Jersey City; Mrs. Lettie Holmes, of Brooklyn; Mrs. M. Sturtevant and Miss Faith Sturtevant, of San Francisco.
 The Thanksgiving number of Good Housekeeping comes to hand with the usual rich table of contents. All of the poetry has reference to the National Day, and so has much of the other matter, including an admirable Thanksgiving story. There is an interesting paper on "The Color of a Leaf," which gives an insight to the rich hues of our autumnal forests, with timely articles on "Amateur Entertainments," the preparation of pork as an article of food, and Christmas gifts. Good Housekeeping, by the way, would itself, make a useful and acceptable gift for any housewife, as the twelve numbers of a yearly subscription would be so many reminders of the giver and the gift. Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

The Derby Transcript says that the Consolidated road has purchased considerable land near the station in Seymour, contemplating cutting down the bank in order to make room for several sidings, and intends to erect a new passenger depot on a recently acquired piece of land. The present passenger depot will be converted into a freight depot. The proposed improvements will cost about \$100,000.
 James M. Creagh enjoys the distinction of having introduced the first perfected photograph ever brought into Norwalk, and many are the people who go into his place to see and hear it. It reproduces with the utmost distinctness, songs, recitations, band selections, every variety of instrumental solos, lectures, auction sales, etc., and it proves a most drawing card for Mr. Creagh.
 Another installment of the "first snow of the season" came down upon us with unmistakable density on Sunday morning. And with it came a chilly wave that imparted to the thermometer a sinking sensation that sent its spirits down to twenty degrees below zero, and established a seasonable era of good feeling between the iceman and the plumber, who have been, ever since congratulating each other that last season and this are two entirely different seasons.
 Deputy Sheriff Leonard was on a lively chase in Stratford, yesterday, for Judge Andrew Selleck, formerly of Norwalk, a delinquent witness who had been summoned to appear before the court in the case of Tax Collector B. J. Sturges vs. the Town of Norwalk. After considerable difficulty the deputy succeeded in finding Selleck, but that individual at first refused to accompany him to this city. When Sheriff Leonard, however, threatened to make him come, he yielded.—Bridgeport Farmer.
 For better enlightenment on this topic read our Bridgeport correspondence.
 The Palladium says that the Yale football eleven found at Springfield a much stronger team to oppose them than was expected. Harvard won by virtue of a superior rush line, and a truer handling of the ball in beginning play; yet so closely and honorably was the game fought that the little defeat for Yale brought no depression. Not for fifteen years has Harvard beaten Yale on the football field and the new supremacy for the red will act as a stimulus on the great American game. Certainly interest in the Thanksgiving game will be heightened by the success of Harvard Saturday.
 Georgetown-Norwalk personals via Danbury News: Arthur Beers, of Norwalk, was in town on Sunday and was entertained in the family of George Mills.—Mrs. John Demarest, of Norwalk, was in town and entertained by Mrs. C. F. Thomas, last Saturday and Sunday.—Miss Bessie Bates returned to Norwalk on Monday after a very pleasant stay in town with her sister, Miss Louis Miller.—Mrs. Gould, who has sojourned in this place for the past fortnight, was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Marsh, returns this week to Norwalk.—The Misses Dora Lee and Ella Mills took a trip to Norwalk last Saturday.
 Donald G. Mitchell, the well known writer under the name of "Ik Marvel," was seriously injured last week by being thrown from his carriage while driving. His daughter had just stepped from the carriage and the horse started with Mr. Mitchell within and he was unable to hold him. He was thrown on his head and side and was picked up unconscious. Aid was summoned and an ugly gash was discovered in the back of the neck. Mr. Mitchell had not fully recovered from the accident of a few months ago. He is 68 years old but will probably soon regain his health, the doctors say.
 Clarence Selleck, son of Mr. George W. Selleck, and who has been making a pedestrian tour of Europe, writes from Rome under date of Nov. 3d that he expected to leave for Naples the next day, that he has visited St. Peter's, the Coliseum, Seven Hills, etc.; seen the Pope and so many other, crocodile hatted prelates that he is glad to gaze at the Neapolitan beauties who throng there with their grotesque and brilliant head gear. Clarence is an artist as well as traveler and gives pen pictures and sketches of all the strange and unique things he sees, and one of his letters beats an illustrated newspaper. He expects to reach home by Christmas.
 La grippe, with all its attendant disagreeable uncomfatableness, is again with us. And according to the evidence of those who are now in its clutches, and the testimony and opinions of physicians and other medical authority, the pesky plague is to be more intensely unpleasant this season than last. This office has its full share of the pestilential pestilence, which has succeeded in getting some of us laid up, while others of us continue to drag around in a "half dead and alive" sort of way. However, the old GAZETTE has never yet been prevented from making its regular weekly appearance, by any pestilence that wasteth at noonday nor any famine that promenadeth by moonshine—for all of which it joins its thousands of readers, on this eve of another glad Thanksgiving, in being truly grateful.

Mr. Willis Burr, brother of ex-Selectman Charles A. Burr, of Norwalk, died at his residence in Bethel, on Thursday afternoon of last week, after a long and painful illness. His funeral occurred on Monday afternoon in Bethel, and was largely attended, the Masons and hat finishers' association turning out in a large body to do honor to one, who had for many years been an honored member of both organizations. Deceased leaves three daughters and one son.
 In less than a year twelve of the lady employees at the Wheeler straw factory on Butler street have taken unto themselves husbands. And, strangely enough, in nearly every instance they have returned to their work after a brief honeymoon. One of the young ladies is credited with having presented as an excuse for returning that it was "too lonesome staying at home with nothing to do." As a general thing household cares increase with time, and her excuse will not be a lasting one.
 The movement which originated in Waterbury to put a restrainer upon the itinerant vendor for the protection of the local merchant, by an act of the legislature is spreading, and the several boards of trade in the state have been asked to take hold of the matter. Hartford has responded favorably and it is probable that other cities having these boards of trade will do likewise. The idea is a good one and it will do away with those "fly-by-night" concerns who go about the country swindling the people and taking trade from honest merchants. Let the bill pass.—Ansonia Sentinel.
 The Consolidated railroad has made one concession to the convenience of Norwalk commuters and business men, that should be gratefully remembered as "greatly to its credit." They have changed the early Norwalk special to 6.20, so that the many workmen who go down to the Yale and other Stamford factories can leave here after a comfortable breakfast and arrive there in good time to go at once to their work at 7 o'clock without having to linger about as formerly nearly an hour before they could get into their shops. A horse car now leaves up town at six, and many commuters who require to be in the city at an early hour, now take the 6.20 special to New York. Now if the management would arrange to give Norwalk a 5 o'clock express out of New York, it would make a large number of its patrons especially happy. We have such an express at 4.02,—but that accommodates but a few of our business men, compared to what one would an hour later.
 The visit to St. Paul's church on Sunday night last of Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York, will long be remembered by that evening's fortunate congregation. The presence of the distinguished prelate in the old historic chancel was an event, and his masterly words upon the gospel for the day, with his beautiful and pathetic application of its record of the lad with the barley loaves and fishes, were an inspiration. The Bishop had, in the early morning, been driven from the residence of his daughter at Mount Kisco to the ancient Judge John Jay church, in Bedford, where he officiated. After the morning service he rode across the Westchester Hills to St. Paul's chapel, in Lewisboro, where he was greeted by a large congregation from two New York and Connecticut counties. Here he administered the apostolic rite of confirmation. This service just at the shut of day was an impressive one, and the Bishop's allusion, in his address to the candidates, to the closing hours of the liturgical year was very solemn and appropriate. At the conclusion of this service, and escorted by the rector of St. Paul's, he proceeded to Norwalk, where he was most cordially welcomed, the only regret, which was on all sides expressed, being that notice of the eminent ecclesiastic's visit could not have been more extensively circulated.
 About two weeks ago Will Brainard brought here a museum company of freaks and actors and located them in the Wood block, 37 Main street. All went well until last Saturday night when the actors and actresses came forth and complained that Manager Brainard had failed in his agreement to do so and so. Brainard came forth and challenged a denial from his company, and while the dispute which ensued, was still going on, Mr. Brainard jumped out of a back window and left the wrangling horde behind. He afterward said that he left them only as a matter of expediency and to get rid of them, but that he expected to settle all bills he had incurred, which might possibly amount, as far as salaries were concerned to eight dollars. It was established, later, that Manager Brainard's indebtedness was ten times what he said it was. There seems to be a discrepancy between Brainard's story and the story of his actors and we may yet hear more about it. The company are left here penniless and are giving an entertainment all the week, to raise money enough to get out of town honorably. They offer an attractive list of features, and will undoubtedly secure the amount and quality of patronage they deserve.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For bud and for bloom and for balm laden trees,
For the singing of birds from the hills to the seas,
For the beauty of dawn and the brightness of noon,
For the light in the night of the stars and the moon.

We praise thee, gracious God.

For the sun ripened fruit and the bellowing grain,
For the orange and apple, the corn and the cane,
For the bountiful harvests now gathered and stored,
That by thee in the lap of the nations were poured.

We praise thee, gracious God.

For the blessings of friends, for the old and the new,
For the hearts that are trusted and trusting and true,
For the tones that we love, for the light of the eyes,
That warm with a welcome and gleams with good-byes.

We praise thee, gracious God.

That the desolate poor may find shelter and bread,
That the sick may be comforted, nourished and fed,
That the sorrow may cease of the sighing and glad,
That the spirit bowed down may be lifted and glad.

We pray thee, pitying Lord.

That brother the hand of his brother may clasp
From ocean to ocean in friendliest grasp,
That for north and for south and for east and for west
The horror of war be forever at rest.

We pray thee, pitying Lord.

For the blessing of earth and of air and of sky
That fall on us all from the Father on high,
For the crown of all blessings since blessing begun,
For the gift, "the unspeakable gift," of thy Son.

We praise thee, gracious God.

—S. E. Adams.

HOW SHE FOUND JACK.

A THANKSGIVING STORY OF THE EAST AND THE WEST.

"Yes, I be goin' west ter Jack," she repeated softly to herself, as if she feared being overheard.

Her resolve sent a glow to the faded cheeks of the aged woman, and her hands trembled so much that she found difficulty in completing the household tasks, which the family had left for her to do.

"If Peter s'pects of a suddint as I be aimin' ter run away from him an' go out west ter Jack he'd come postin' right home from them doins' at Ligonier an' stop me. Then I reckon I'd be shut up in the insane house, like his wife once threatened so fierce like. Well, I be goin' ter try mighty strong ter git away," and with sprightly movements that seemed to belie her years the woman began to dress as if for a long journey.

Satisfying herself that she had everything ready which she wished to take with her, she dropped on her aged knees by her bedside, and sent up her last prayer in the home that had been hers for so many, many years, and asked God to be with her on her journey, and forgive them who had so cruelly treated her.

Strengthened by prayer, and taking up an ancient looking carpet bag, she left the comfortable house on the mountain side, and walked rapidly away through the trees.

Reaching a little hillock the aged woman stopped and looked behind her. She suddenly realized how hard it is for one of her years to break away forever from scenes and associations that had become a part of her life.

Her eyes grew moist as she gazed at the meadows and woods tinted with gold and brown in the late autumn. Her gaze dwelt, too, on the pretty, plump cows, which many a time her hands had fed and milked.

Then her eyes wandered back to the comfortable Pennsylvania farm house, with its fruitful orchards and well filled barns, and over the fields stretching away far down in the lovely valley, and on to the picturesque mountains with their evergreen vegetation.

"Good-by, ole home!" she said, with a touching quaver in the voice which all her loveless years had not robbed of its motherly sweetness; "I be runnin' away from ye. 'Pears like ther Lord has gin me ter see clear as it be ther only way I'm ter snatch a bit o' rail happiness in this life. Oh, fields an' home an' mountains! I be lookin' my last on yer. I'm off ter find Jack."

Across the fields the little old woman, sad faced and heart hungry, trudged on carefully through the wild blackberry vines, then into a narrow path and out at a small gap in the fence to the broad, beaten path that wound in and out among the beautiful wild laurel at the foot of the mountains. Then picking her way across a limpid trout stream she reached a crossing where the train often stopped to pick up country passengers.

"I reckon Peter an' his wife'd sure swear as I be crazy if they'd kitch me," she said, glancing apprehensively about her, as if she expected to see a pursuer. But not a person was in sight. Everybody except perhaps the indifferent mountaineers had doubtless followed the example of Peter Tompkins and his family, and gone to Ligonier to the "doings."

She had not waited more than a half hour when a heavy, rumbling sound fell on her ears. The train was coming! How her poor old heart leaped as the shrill whistle resounded among those laurel enameled hills!

Her steps did not falter, however, as she approached the track, waving her shawl as a signal for them to stop. The conductor saw her, stopped the train and helped her aboard. He could not avoid noticing how neat she was, and though she must have been over 70 years old how sprightly she was.

"Where to?" he asked kindly, having seated her comfortably in the train.

"Ter Pittsburg," she replied, taking out an old fashioned reticule. Opening it she disclosed her knitting and a clean, yellow cotton handkerchief, in the folds of which she kept her money, the little sums which Jack had sent her from time to time from the far west, and others which were the fruits of her own industry.

At Pittsburg she bought a through ticket to Denver, Colo.

"It's a long, tiresome trip for one of your years," remarked the conductor, who had assisted her.

"Yes, I reckon it be," she returned, "but ther be worse things ter endure in this life than long trips on kyars—then

I be mighty sprylike fur a tol'ble ole woman."

"You have friends out there?"

"Yes, I be goin' ter Jack."

"And you're going all alone?" he asked sympathizingly.

"Ther Lord, he be with me," she replied with one of her dear, old motherly smiles.

He did not leave her until he had seen her seated on the right train; then he went home to his young wife and baby, and, with tears in his manly eyes, told of the old lady who was traveling all the long distance from the Pennsylvania mountains to some wild place in the far away west.

At Chicago a roughly clad, but kindly natured, elderly westerner, Silas Carrick by name, boarded the train for Denver. He became interested at once in the little old fashioned woman, who reminded him in so many ways of his own mother, long since laid to rest in a hillside burying ground of New England.

After traveling a short time Silas Carrick, seeing her look sad, said to her:

"I guess, mother, ye be fur from yer ole home, and ther change makes yer feel sorter lonesome like."

"Well, ther change has kinder upst me," she admitted. "So diffrent from ther mountings whar I was raised in Pennsylvania. I never reckoned on Jack's bein' so fur off."

"Jack?" Silas Carrick asked.

"Yes, Jack—Jack Tompkins—he's my youngest, an' I be goin' out ter him," she answered.

"What does he foller fur a livin' in Colorado?" Silas questioned.

"He use ter herd sheep fur a man erbout ther gulches and sich places, an' done tol'ble well like out thar," she said.

"But it's been two years since I heard from Jack myself, though Peter got a letter from him long this summer. So I be sure as Jack's well; but Peter never showed me ther letter, an' I don't know 'zactly whar ter find my boy."

"An' who's Peter?" asked the good hearted, if inquisitive, Silas.

"Peter? Wy, he's my oldest boy. Peter an' Jack be all ther children I have livin'. Peter lives in Pennsylvania, an' he's married an' got a big fam'y. It don't seem as I orto tell yer my fam'y troubles, but I reckon travelin' so fur tergether makes us not strangers to each other; then talkin' over a body's worries kinder gins relief."

"Yer kin trust me, mother," said the big westerner.

"Peter was ther oldest o' ther boys I raised, an' allus a mite bossy like ter pore Jack. Jack was all of a dozen years younger'n Peter, an' he was allus full o' life an' go, an' jest a wee bit wild, with nothing yer bad erbout him. His heart's a big one an' in ther right place, an' I believe ther Lord o' all will rescue my Jack yit. I hain't lost my faith none."

"Well, when Peter got married an' come ter live with Jack an' me he went ter bossin' Jack more'n he, so high strung like, would ber. So he ups an' runs away out west, an' ther furst thing I knowed he wrote as he was tendin' critters on a ranch in Colorado."

"Then I gin in ter Peter's persuadin', an' made my property over ter him, with ther understandin' as he was ter keep me an' keef fur me durin' my natural life. But he growed greedy an' graspin', an' I reckon tired o' me, though ther good Lord knows as I was spry in doin' enough ter 'arn my eatin' an' clo'se. An' Peter's wife was a dreadful, scoldin' woman, an' was overbearin' toward me."

"Then ther children went ter school, which I was mighty proud of. But they'd come home an' make speeches on my quare talk thet hurt me sore."

"So it wore on till ther worry got erway with me, an' I threatened right out ter Peter's wife as I would run off an' work somewhars by ther day's work. But she snapped out as I'd better try runnin' erway if I wanted ter git myself shut up in ther insane house fur addled old women. Then Peter an' her talked so much erbout doin' me thet way of I complained any more that I jest held my peace. I was jest waitin' my time, an' when they was all gone from ther farm ter a doin's I run off with a few traps an' started fur ther west an' Jack," and as she closed her simple recital she leaned back and wept softly.

Silas Carrick frowned nervously in his pocket for his big, blue cotton handkerchief, which he vigorously used. When Mrs. Tompkins had ceased her crying Silas asked:

"An' yer don't know 'zactly whar yer boy is?"

"No, but I reckon I'll find him," she answered hopefully. "The same Father above that set a bright, shinin' star ter guide them three men 'cross the desert in the fur east still watches over this strayin' sheep, an' will sure lead me ter my Jack."

"Well, mother, if yer'll let me I be goin' ter help yer find Jack," said Silas. She carried his big, toil worn hand to her face and pressed her lips to it. And so the promise was accepted and sealed.

Silas Carrick was like a son to the lone old woman. When they arrived at Denver he placed her under the care of a good woman, who had been a neighbor of his in Illinois.

Silas had been in Colorado before and knew some stock dealers in Denver. To these he went, making diligent inquiries about Jack Tompkins. But they could give him no information. So the days lengthened into weeks, and nothing had been learned of the whereabouts of Jack. However, faithful Silas did not relinquish the search.

It wanted two days to Thanksgiving, and the snow was falling softly over the beautiful city of the plains. An aged woman, with hair like the snowflakes, stood at a window, looking with longing eyes down the busy street at the crowds passing ceaselessly. "Ther powerful kind ter me here," she said to herself. "But it's diffrent from bein' with a body's own. Them folks out in town seems mighty happy an' gay, an' thar's a sight o' 'em passin' erbout, but, my Lord, then knowest ther loneliness o' my ole heart. Help me ter find my Jack."

As if in immediate answer to her prayer the door opened, and Silas Carrick

stood, flushed and excited, before her.

"Yer kin rejoice, mother! I've jest heard from a cowboy whar yer Jack is," he said.

"Ther Lord, he be good! His mercy endures allus," she cried. "Tell me erbout my Jack."

"Ther cowboy said as Jack has a farm or ranch o' his own over in Cedar Gulch, an' he's doin' fust rate. But, mother," and he took her hand kindly, "don't be skeered when I tell yer. Jack be laid up in his cabin in the gulch. His pony throwed him, but he's gittin' better now."

"My pore boy! Take me ter him, Silas," she implored.

It was Thanksgiving day, and the sun beamed down upon Cedar Gulch pleasantly, its light striking a little cabin that nestled on the bank of a clear mountain stream.

Jack Tompkins was able to hobble to the little fireplace for the first time since he had been laid up by what had been almost a fatal accident for him.

"An' this be Thanksgiving' day among civilized folks," he said to his hired man. "Well, Ben, I be spendin' it fur diffrent from whar I aimed. I lowed ter go back ter Pennsylvania an' take Thanksgiving' an' Christmas with my ole mother. I hain't seen her fur goin' on sixteen year, I reckon. An' pore mother! Pete writes as she be helpless with ther rheumatism. Ben, I hate myself fur gittin' on thet drunk an' ridin' my pony like mad, an' gittin' throwed over ther rocks. I'm too mean ter live, an' I don't feel a mite thankful fur nuthin' fur sparin' my ornerly life. If I'd behaved myself an' staid sober I could a gin mother such a surprise, an' though I hain't much force I know it'd be a plum' Thanksgiving' ter mother to see her Jack ag'in."

"Yes, an' I low, Jack, you'd gin right smart o' thanks ter be tucked up an' sot right down by yer mammy this minute," remarked Ben.

"Thet I would," and Jack bowed his head thoughtfully.

Ben went out of the cabin for more wood to pile on the fireplace; but before he had gathered up a stick some one called out:

"Hello!"

Ben turned and saw a span of mules hitched to a light wagon, in which sat a big, robust man and a little old woman. With a veil tied over her face.

"Is this hyer ther cabin o' Jack Tompkins?" the man asked.

"It is, stranger," returned Ben.

"Be yer Jack?"

"No; Jack's in ther cabin by ther fire. He's been sorter used up fur a spell."

Ben approached the wagon, and Silas Carrick sprang out to whisper in his ear:

"Say, pardner, thet little ole woman I have brung, an' a weepin' soft tears o' joy back o' her veil, be Jack's mother, come all the way from Pennsylvania ter hold Thanksgiving' with her boy."

"Jack was jest talkin' erbout ther ter me," replied Ben in a husky voice. "He's read down hearted."

"Wall, he'll have cause for thanks-givin' now," answered Silas. "Here, mother, let me help yer out," and he took her in his strong arms and lifted her carefully to the ground. Then supporting the trembling form to the door he said, "Jack's in thar, mother; yer go right on in."

He opened the door of the cabin for her, kindly helped her in, then closed it behind her. "Yo'n me be goin' ter stay out hyer, pardner," he said to Ben, "till that meetin' over between 'em."

At that moment there were two simultaneous cries of joy, and the men outside knew that the aged runaway was clasped to Jack's breast. They walked quickly away and began to unhitch the team.

About an hour later Ben and Silas entered the cabin, where they found Jack and his mother sitting side by side near the fireplace, he holding her dear old hands in his big ones, while her motherly face beamed with perfect happiness.

"This is my Jack," she said proudly, by way of introduction, to Silas.

"Yer my own brother, Silas Carrick," he cried, grasping Silas' hand; "after all yer've done fur my mother I couldn't never call yer anyt'ing else. Besides, I'm in need of an own brother. I hain't got none," he said, with a supreme contempt that utterly ignored the relationship of Peter Tompkins.

As Silas Carrick returned the pressure of Jack's hand and looked into the clear blue eyes, that revealed a kindly nature, he felt satisfied that the mother would never lack for love and truest attention from her Jack.

"A feller never gits too old ter need mother," he said; "an' I kaint begin ter speak my obligations ter Providence fur bein' so good in bringin' mother safe ter me. I want ter jest git Peter Tompkins out o' my head, an' think only o' good things an' good folks, an' I'll help me ter be the better man I'm aimin' ter make o' myself. I was awful down spirited like, but now my Thanksgiving's runnin' over!"

"An' so be mine!" cried Jack's mother. "Ther Lord has restored me ter complete happiness, after all my trouble, with my Jack on this blessed Thanksgiving'."—A. H. Gibson, in New York Observer.

A Thanksgiving Invitation.

MY DEAR MR. TURKEY—May we count on your presence at dinner on Thursday, the 29th? No great preparation is needed, as we feel sure you will be well dressed. You will be the cynosure of all eyes and the object of open mouthed admiration.

You will meet with a hearty reception from some men, who will come to dinner after the exercises of the morning, which may be violent, and you need not fear that that several pretty girls, who are to be present, will like you very much. Your old friend, Cranberry Sauce, will be placed near you—and you two always got along beautifully together, you know. The paternal families will pay you marked attention and see that you are not monopolized by any one person. Poor old grandma, whose teeth are not what they used to be, is especially counting on your tenderness. It may amuse you, but nevertheless it is a fact that even the cook anticipates your coming, and is making great preparations in consequence.

You will be surrounded by pretty girls, and be in the midst of those who will be sure to appreciate you. We look to you to appeal to the latent consciousness of our guests. Until Thursday, then, yours,

P. S.—It may fall to your lot to touch the lips of some of the girls. Take warning—you won't be permitted to finger long in that enviable proximity. Yours truly, Adapted from Life.

IN THE NEW YORK MARKETS.

Turkey, the Sovereign Bird, Receives the Homage of the Metropolis.

The few days that immediately precede Thanksgiving are great days in the New York markets, and the day before Thanksgiving is something enormous. If living turkeys could only foresee the homage that would be paid them on this day they would no doubt run to the headman's block without urging, and stretch their necks for the ax.

For in truth the honors paid to this kindly bird at this season are amazing. All day a great crowd throngs Washington and Fulton markets, the principal mausoleums of the honored fowl. At nightfall Vesey street is almost impassable, and the neighborhood of West and Washington streets is packed with people carrying baskets, bags and even portmanteaus.

Around on all sides, glorified by the golden gaslight, hang the shapely turkeys, with crimson rosettes, like stars of the Legion of Honor, pinned on their exuberant breasts. Sacredly guarding the dead stand the undertakers, commonly known as poultry dealers; stout, rubicund, argumentative, loud voiced, and, strange to say, jolly. Why strange? of course they are jolly, and so would the turkeys be if they were alive! For all the men, women and children in the crowd are intensely jolly, and rightly consider that they have not come to witness a burial, but an apotheosis of turkeys.

A sad eyed little widow, leading a school girl by the hand, is struck with the delicate beauty of a long necked bird, and offers to see that it is buried with the proper ceremonies, but the undertaker says such a luxury will cost her at the rate of, say, eighteen cents a pound. With a sigh she drops the beautiful fowl and takes another less stately and satisfactory, for which she pays sixteen cents a pound. The eighteen cents a pound bird is snapped up by a plethoric, red faced old gentleman, who wears false teeth and a single eyeglass. After him comes a newly married couple, linked arm in arm and carrying two huge baskets. The husband is tall, angular and ugly; the bride small, sweet and seductive. She yearns for a five dollar bird, whereas he thinks \$3.50 will be enough, and that the rest of the money can be spent on groceries. But she makes the turkey's merits so evident to her spouse that he finally hands over a crisp, new five dollar bill, tucks the bird under his arm and strides off to a vegetable stall, where he pays out \$1.25 for celery, sage, cranberries and cauliflower.

Two young girls who keep house for themselves debate for a quarter of an hour as to whether they shall buy a lean turkey or a fat chicken, and finally buy the chicken. A fractious old gentleman who hears this conversation eschews turkey also, and satisfies himself with a fine looking duck. His wife, a handsome woman, with a red rose in her bonnet, spends nearly half an hour searching for green peas.

A handsome woman, wearing a long seal skin and a queer arrangement of black velvet and crimson ribbon on her head, pays little attention to the turkeys and very much to the crowd. As she stands beside a vegetable stall, under the flaring gaslight, her gorgeous head-dress and pale, statuesque face form a striking contrast to the forest of green behind her, and a painter who could utilize the scene ought to make a small fortune out of it.

Busy as the markets are during the day, they are ten times more busy during the evening. Along the gaslit aisles of Washington market passes a great throng of men and women, their eyes fixed on the long lines of decorated turkeys, chickens, ducks and geese, and their ears apparently deaf to the honeyed invitations of the blue shirted plethoric dealers, who are never tired of expatiating on the succulence, freshness and general beauty of their goods. Now and then a woman will stop, lay down her basket, feel the breast of a turkey with the thumb and forefinger of her right hand, inquire its price, expostulate at the dearth, hesitate a moment or two and then draw out her purse and march homeward with the coveted fowl in her possession. Men buy too, and so do not a few young girls and boys.

All seem to get just what they want, and not many discontented or dissatisfied faces are to be seen at any time at any of the markets.

What right has any one who is discontented or who hasn't the wherewithal to buy a turkey in the big markets on Thanksgiving eve? They are not wanted here, and the plenty that is so free to the more fortunate would simply make them more discontented.

It is late, very late, when the crowd of buyers begins to grow less, and it is much later when the last cash transaction has been made. How many of the buyers have thought as they provided for their own Thanksgiving cheer of the thousands who will eat no turkey on the morrow?

No one can answer this question, but we know that some have; we know that many baskets have been carried away from the great markets laden with good things for others than the purchasers; we know that while the ostensible spirit of thankfulness has been quite smothered in many a breast by the spirit of selfish anticipation of good things to eat on the morrow, many a table scantily spread on most days will then groan under good things thoughtfully and unobtrusively provided by generous hands and hearts and purses.

And there is no better time, well fed reader, whether you live in town or country, fit you to mingle generosity to your less fortunate friends with thankfulness for your own material prosperity than this Thanksgiving season.

Thanksgiving is really the highest devotion, the truest mark of the true Christian. It consists, moreover, not of speech only, but of action, of thank offering as well as thanksgiving. So this present great annual national day of thanksgiving ought to bring forth abundant treasure from those on whom God has bestowed his blessing.

Catarh, Catarrhal Deafness, Hay Fever & A New Home Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of three cents in stamps to pay postage by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King street, Toronto, Canada.—*Christian Advocate*.

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

Don't give up, there is a cure for catarrh and cold in the head. Thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It is a safe and pleasant remedy. It is applied into the nostrils. It is not a liquid or snuff. It cures by cleansing and healing. Price 50 cents.

EVERY MOTHER

Should Have It in The House.

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love to take Johnson's Anodyne Laxative for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Cramps and Pains. Relieves Summer Complaints, Cuts, Bruises like magic.

THINK OF IT.

In use over 40 YEARS in one family.

Dr. J. B. Johnson & Co.—It is sixty years since I first learned of your Johnson's Anodyne Laxative; for more than forty years I have used it in my family. I regard it as one of the best and safest family remedies that can be found, used internal or external, in all cases. O. H. TRIGLIA, Deacon and Baptist Church, Bangor, Me.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Headache, Diptheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Stiffness, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure. Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 50 cents. By mail a bottle, Express paid, \$1. J. B. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE

DAILY FREIGHT LINE.

Norwalk & New York.

On and after Monday, Sept. 15th, (until further notice) THE PROPELLERS

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Norwalk Gazette

ESTABLISHED, 1800

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

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 21, 1890.

ED. GAZETTE:—The national capital is now, and will be for a long time to come, the centre of political activity, and Washington news promises to be more important and interesting this winter than at any time since the war. In a little more than a week the second and final session of the Fifty-first Congress will convene, and already a majority of its members are busily engaged in conferring and determining what is best to be done with the various important questions, which are to come before them, and also in making political plans for the future.

Every republican is deeply interested in what will be done at this session of Congress, for its action or non-action will, to a great extent, determine which of the great political parties of the country will enter the national contest two years hence with the greatest prospect of success. It will have to decide whether the federal election bill is to become a law or not; it will be called upon to say whether the currency of the country shall be largely increased through the free coinage of silver, as the silver men have fully determined to bring that subject up again; it will have to make the congressional apportionment, made necessary by the increase in population shown by the eleventh census; it will have to decide whether any modifications are necessary in the new tariff law; it will, in all probability, be called upon for some additional reciprocity legislation in order to give the country the greatest possible benefit therefrom; and these are only a few of the interesting questions that will be brought before the republican majority in the present Congress for adjustment, and what is left unsettled at the expiration of the Fifty-first Congress is certain to remain in that condition until the next President, and the members of the House of Representatives of the Fifty-third Congress are elected.

Another thing, which will add much interest to the Washington political news of this winter, is the cat and dog scramble that has begun among the democrats over the Speakership and the other officers of the next House of Representatives. This fight will be a long and bitter one, and it will bring out in a strong light all of the numerous factions, which compose the nondescript body commonly known as the democratic party, and it will make wounds that the most skillful surgery cannot heal before 1892. There are already about 20 candidates in the field, and about one-third of them are claiming that they will be actively supported by that great democratic mogul, ex-President Cleveland. He cannot support them all, and when it is known, as it is certain to be, whether formally announced or not, which of them he really favors, look out for a free fight of the most bitter kind, and when the fighting begins keep your eye on the Hill or anti-Cleveland democrats, for every one of them is provided with a weapon that is as dangerous politically as the daggers wielded by the members of the infamous Mafia are physically, and they will use them for all they are worth. This Speakership contest will also practically decide the head of the next national democratic ticket, and the moves and counter-moves that will be made cannot fail to be intensely interesting.

Still another source of interest will be the visits of the prominent republicans of the country, who will come here to confer with members of Congress and the administration for the purpose of clearly mapping out the next Presidential campaign and reaching a conclusion as to who will be the best man to lead the republican party to victory. The fact is now generally recognized by all shrewd republicans that it is not to be a question of personal preferences, but of who will receive the votes of the entire republican party. Only such a man can win, and when the best informed men of the party have decided upon the man it is expected that he will be nominated by acclamation.

Secretary Windom says that he cannot understand how intelligent people can make such wild statements about the condition of the national treasury as have been recently appearing in papers of democratic proclivities. "I have," said the secretary, "paid out more than \$100,000,000 for bonds during the past year, and there is cash on hand now to meet any contingency that may arise, more than \$32,000,000, and the receipts of the government will constantly add to this surplus." The annual report of the Treasurer of the United States, just made public, bears out the statement of Secretary Windom that our finances are in a healthy condition.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

Everyone who expects to attend the Yale College Glee club concert in the Opera House next week should bear in mind that the reserved seats go on sale Saturday morning of this week at 9 o'clock, and tickets can be had at either Pinneo's book store, Norwalk, or Plaisted's drug store, South Norwalk. This concert will without doubt be one of the best in the association's course, and no lover of fine music should fail to attend it. Tickets for this concert alone are fifty cents, which includes a reserved seat, but if any wish them for the remainder of the course they can be had for \$1.20.

The Ladies Auxiliary held their regular monthly meeting Tuesday afternoon at which arrangements were made for the holding of the annual New Year's reception on New Years day.

The Secret Ballot Law.

Mr. Editor:—Some two months after the secret ballot law was enacted, I stated through the columns of the GAZETTE it was the most disgraceful law that was ever enacted, and gave many reasons in full. Also, that if Gov. Bulkeley wanted to immortalize himself he would convene the legislature and recommend its repeal. It has been tried and my predictions are more than verified. As the case now stands we do not know whether there is an officer in Connecticut legally elected, who was voted for at the late election. The democratic State officers are elected according to the returns, but the republicans claim that they threw out legal votes to attain the result. What the end will be, time will tell. I warned the politicians then that they were treading on dangerous grounds when they enacted the law to abridge the rights of suffrage. The law they had repealed had stood the test of near a half century and gave universal satisfaction excepting to a few politicians, who thought the poor and illiterate should not be their equal. They said that the voters of the State could be bought and sold like any other merchandise. That was the pretext for the repeal of the old law. There is not a town in this State and very few of the cities, if any, where the leaders of each party do not know every legal voter and generally how they vote, therefore there is little possibility for illegal votes being cast. I want the politicians to understand that the voters of Connecticut read the papers and are generally well posted. A few may be like young robbers, with their mouths open ready to swallow any new thing the politicians give them. I believe if either the democrats or republicans should show up its iniquity and advocate its repeal they would sweep the state. I would like to give my views in full, but that would take too much of your space.

TROWBRIDGE.

New Canaan, Nov. 24.

ED. GAZETTE:—I see our borough authorities have "dropped" the widening of Wall street and are going ahead with the iniquitous East avenue scheme. I venture the assertion that not one in ten of either the residents on East avenue or the taxpayers of this borough approves of the disgraceful waste of the public money in the so-called improvement of East avenue. The cutting away of the ancient trees and grades there was so unnecessary as to seem brutal if not criminal, while the proposed widening of Wall street would have benefited and pleased about every resident and property holder in the borough. When, oh, when will we poor, robbed and outraged borough taxpayers see an end of such outrages? VINDEK.

Prof. D. M. Bristol's Wonderful Equines.

Prof. D. M. Bristol will exhibit his school of thirty educated horses, mules and ponies in Music Hall next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and at a matinee to be given on Wednesday afternoon. Since the Professor's last visit to this section many new features have been added to his then almost perfect programme, and he now claims to give the best entertainment of the kind ever presented to the public. As he was never yet known to break faith with the public, his word should be taken in this instance. His agent informs us that all the old favorites have been retained and desires us to contradict the report that the exceedingly funny mule, Denver, is dead. He is still alive—very much so—and appears at every performance. He certainly is a wonderful animal, and if a brute can think and reason Denver can. We cannot too highly recommend this entertainment to our amusement goers and feel sure that all who go will be more than pleased. We bespeak for Prof. Bristol crowded houses during his stay in So. Norwalk.

The fact that mayor Hugh Grant and autocrat Ward McAllister have gone hunting and fishing together is causing some comment because the latter is in the "society swim" while the former is not. But there is a bond of sympathy between them, nevertheless. Neither one can write decent English.—Ansonia Sentinel.

John Russell Young, Mr. Bennett's right hand man on the New York Herald, was married to Mrs. Mary D. Davis, Tuesday. This is Mr. Young's third marriage, his second wife being a niece of Marshall Jewell, and her death occurred in Paris some years ago.

List of Patents.

List of Patents issued from the U. S. Patent Office, Tuesday, Nov. 18th, 1890, for the State of Connecticut, furnished us from the office of Earle & Seymour, Solicitors of Patents, 868 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn.

W. Adams, Ansonia, mold for casting.
J. T. Case, Bristol, balanced cut-off valve.
J. H. Case, Bristol, steam engine indicator.
A. B. Clark, Meriden, castor.
C. H. Coley & F. M. Richards, assignors to Pratt & Whitney Co., Hartford, scale beam for grain weighers.
H. H. Craigie, Stamford, water closet.
F. Crane, Moosup, yarn separator for spinning or twisting machine.
H. N. Gage, Bristol, valve for steam engines.
C. M. Griswold, New Haven, assignor to American Button Fastener Co., New Britain button stitching machine.
J. G. Hallas, Waterbury, hose connection.
C. T. Higginbotham, assignor to S. Thomas Clock Co., Thomaston hair spring stud for watches.
Same, stem winding and setting watch.
S. C. Hurlbutt, West Hartford, assignor by mesne assignment to Type Writing Machine Co., Hartford, type writing machine.
W. Lamb and M. D. Crowell, Hartford, lock valve.
H. Lemp, Hartford, assignor to Schuyler Electric Co., of Connecticut, apparatus for fishing filaments.
S. E. Mower, assignor to H. C. Thompson & Sons, New Haven, electric motor mechanism, 2 patents.
G. B. Painter, Middletown, assignor to E. I. Bell, Portland, car lamp.
P. Rhind, assignor to E. Miller & Co., Meriden, lamp extinguisher.
J. Swan, Seymour, tool handle.
A. P. Toms, Stamford, valve gear.
W. E. Woodruff, Essex, device for sharpening shears.

The Meriden Journal said on Saturday, the day the Harvard-Yale football game was to be quarreled: "What a great day for the big foot ball game! My, my, if Yale should win, what a racket there'll be in New Haven, to-night." It was a great day for the game. And if Yale had won, there would have been "what a racket" in New Haven that night. But there was no "what a racket" in New Haven that night for obvious and dubious reasons.

DIED.

PLATT—Sunday morning, Nov. 23d, Caroline Dwight, widow of Rev. Dennis Platt, in the 92d year of her age. The funeral was held on Tuesday from her late residence in South Norwalk.

LOCKWOOD—In South Norwalk, Nov. 23d, Phoebe, wife of George Lockwood, aged 57 years.

FOR SALE.

A BREECH Loading Shot Gun. For particulars apply at this office.

NOTICE.

Norwalk, Conn., Nov. 24th, 1890.
THE Annual Meeting of the Norwalk Cemetery Association for the election of officers and for any other business proper to come before said meeting will be held at the office of Coolidge & Lockwood, Tuesday afternoon, December 2d, 1890, at 4 o'clock.
GEO. B. ST. JOHN, Secretary.

United States Hotel.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLAN.

FULTON, WATER AND PEARL STS., NEW YORK.

GEO. P. HEIBLING, Prop.

Refurnished, new elevator and all modern improvements.
American plan \$2 per day and upwards, according to location of rooms.
European plan, single rooms, 75c and \$1.50. Double rooms, \$1.50 to \$3 per day.
Special terms for families.
New York elevated railroad depot in hotel.
Five minutes walk to New Haven, Hartford & Bridgeport, Clyde & Mallory Steamship lines 1345

BABYLAND.

"The delight of the Nursery, the Mother's resource."

1891

All the nursery children (and the mothers too) who have delighted in Miss Poulsson's charming "Finger Plays" and "Baby Book" stories will rejoice to know that she is writing a series of TALES FROM A TOY CLOSET. The first two will be "The Paris Pig" and "The Egg that Hatched Brownies." Mr. Bridgman who so gracefully and ingeniously illustrated the "Finger Plays" will make the pictures. In place of Tiddiekins and her Polly, the Babyland children will have two new playfellows through the year, "Dot" and "Ditto"—Ditto is a little boy and Dot is little girl, and there will be a dozen stories of their doings. "AT DOT'S HOUSE." The author, Miss Edith F. Foster, will also make the pictures. There will be great many other stories about other little children, and about dogs and kites, and a great many nursery rhymes and large beautiful pictures, and funny ones too. January begins the new volume. Fifty cents a year, postpaid.
D. LOTHROP CO., Boston.

New York,

November 24, 1890.

We do not make the shoes we sell, but we pick out the best makers in the trade and require them to use brands of calfskin and of sole leather that we know to be the best. Excellence and uniformity are thus secured, and the important point is gained of being able to give customers the same sort of shoes every time. Whether it be our best hand-sewed French calf shoe at \$6.50 or our domestic calfskin Goodyear machine sewed shoes at \$3, the same rule applies.

Free deliveries to all points within one hundred miles of New York city.

ROGERS, PEET & CO

THREE (Price, BROADWAY, Warren, STORES, 132d St.

DISTRICT OF NORWALK, ss. Probate Court November 24th, A. D. 1890.
Estate of AARON BENNETT, late of Wilton, in said District, deceased.
The Court of Probate for the District of Norwalk, here limited and allowed six months from the date hereof for the creditors of said Estate to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time, will be deemed to have waived the same, and the creditors thereof be given to the persons indebted to said Estate as requested to make immediate payment to
JANETTE BENNETT, Executrix.

DISTRICT OF NORWALK, ss. Probate Court, November 24d, A. D. 1890.
WHEREAS, application has been made to this Court for the admission to probate of a certain written instrument as and for the last will of Julia M. Hatch, late of Norwalk in said District, deceased, therefor;
ORDERED, That said application be heard and determined at the Probate Office in Norwalk, on the 1st day of December, 1890, at 2 o'clock, afternoon, 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, once a week before said time of hearing.
SILAS B. SHERWOOD, Judge.

DISTRICT OF WESTPORT, ss. PROBATE COURT, November 23d, 1890.
Estate of Laura Hubbell, late of Westport, in said District, deceased.
Whereas, an instrument in writing purporting to be the last will of said deceased has been presented to this Court for probate.
ORDERED, That said matter be heard and determined at the Probate Office in Westport, on the 30th day of December, 1890, at 10 o'clock, forenoon, and that notice thereof be given by publishing this order once in the Norwalk Gazette, a newspaper having a circulation in said District, once a week before said time of hearing.
SILAS B. SHERWOOD, Judge.

To the Commissioners of Fairfield County: The undersigned hereby applies for a license to sell spirituous and intoxicating liquors pursuant to the laws of this state now in force relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors, at the building No. 14 Water Street, in the town of Norwalk, in said County, Conn. Signed, CHARLES FINCH.
Dated at Norwalk, the 24th day of Nov. 1890. Endorsed by the following five electors and taxpayers of said town, none of whom are licensed dealers in intoxicating liquors, and are not endorsers on any other application: Gustavus A. Franks, Dana C. Bissell, Patrick Fagan, Thomas Fitzgerald, Thomas Farrell.
County of Fairfield, Town of Norwalk, this 24th day of November, 1890.
I, Town Clerk of said Town, hereby certify pursuant to the statute in such case provided, that this application endorsed as aforesaid, has been submitted to me, and I further certify that each of said endorsers is an elector or taxpayer in said town, and that a copy of the foregoing application including the above written endorsement has been filed with me.
Attest, HERBERT R. SMITH, Clerk of said Town.

1891. Harper's Bazar. ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Bazar is a leading journal for the home giving the latest information with regard to the fashions, its numerous illustrations, fashion plate and pattern sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dressmaker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared in making its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its clever short stories, parlor plays and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. During 1891 Agnes B. Ornabee will write a series of articles on "The House Comfortable," Juliet Corson will treat of "Society Living," and an interesting succession of papers on "Woman in Art and History" superbly illustrated, will be furnished by Theodore Child. The serial stories will be furnished by Walter Besant and Thomas Hardy.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR.
HARPER'S WEEKLY.....\$1 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR.....4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.....2 00

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

The Volumes of the Weekly begin with the first Numbers for January of each year. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the number current at the time of receipt of order.

Bound volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR for three years back, in neat cloth binding will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of \$1 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of \$1 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER BROTHERS.

Address: HARPER & BROTHER, NEW YORK.

MERRILLS BUSINESS COLLEGE!

STAMFORD, CONN.
RE-OPENS SEPT. 2D.

A Business Training School for both sexes

Book-keeping, Banking, Penmanship, Telegraphy, Lorthand, Typewriting, etc., thoroughly taught.

President may be interviewed at the College after August 27th. Catalogues sent on application.

2m32

ALBANY BOATS. PEOPLE'S LINE.

Steamers DREW and DEAN RICHMOND leave (old per 4) North River, foot of Canal street, at 6 p. m., Monday, Nov. 25th, for Albany, via Hudson River, next Pier above Desbrosses Street Ferry, Daily, (Sunday excepted) at 6:30 p. m.

Tickets and State Rooms Secured at principal ticket offices in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, Pier 40 and on Steamers. Special Excursions up Saturdays and down Sundays. New York to New London and return, \$2. Norwich and return, \$2.25. Sunday steamer leaves Norwich 7 p. m., New London, 9 p. m.

G. W. BRADY, Agent.

T. G. SELLEW, ROLL TOP DESKS

CHAIRS, COUCHES, LOUNGE, TABLES.

Office Furniture of Every Description.

DESKS FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

111 Fulton St., New York.

2m43

PETER L. GUIGUE, FLORIST & NURSERYMAN,

UNION AVENUE,

North of Norwalk Cemetery,

NORWALK, - - CONN.

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

Grading and Re-filling Cemetery Plots promptly attended to.

4173

AT CAN BE FOUND

F. J. CURTIS & CO.,

23 MAIN ST.

HEATING STOVES

Also a good assortment of

SECOND HAND STOVES.

THE STAMFORD FOUNDRY

RANGES, with Duplex grates.

NEW STYLE OF DECORATED

TABLE LAMPS.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

For the coming year will be noted worthy for a number of special features which the publisher's believe are of very unusual interest, and among them the following may be mentioned:

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

Contributes to the December number the first of a series of four articles upon Japan, its people, its ways, and its thoughts. Mr. Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for Scribner's Magazine, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent Japanese Festival will follow, illustrated by Mr. Blum.

HENRY M. STANLEY

Has prepared for the January number an important article upon "The Pigmies of the Great African Forest." Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keltie's account of the recent African Exhibition held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

THE WRECKER.

A Serial Novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Holc. A two part story by Frank R. Stockton will also appear.

PROF. JAMES BRYCE, M. P.

Author of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of four Articles upon India, embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never ending interest.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS

Will be the subject of an important series somewhat upon the lines of the successful Railroad Articles. "Passenger Travel," "The Life of Officers and Men," "Speed and Safety Devices," and "Management," are some of the subjects touched upon and illustrated.

GREAT STREETS OF THE WORLD

Is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first on "Broadway," will be written by Richard Harding Davis and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on Piccadilly, London; Boulevard, Paris; The Corso, Rome.

The price of Scribner's Magazine admits of adding a subscription to one's other reading at a very small cost.

Orders should be sent at once.

\$3.00 A YEAR. 25c. A NUMBER.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, PUBLISHERS,

743-745 Broadway, New York.

Children's Literature.

WHAT "ST. NICHOLAS" HAS DONE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Victor Hugo calls this "the woman's century," and he might have added that it is the children's century as well, for never before in the world's history has so much thought been put into children's schools, their books, their pictures, and their toys. Childhood, as we understand it, is a recent discovery.

Up to the time of the issue of the St. Nicholas Magazine seventeen years ago literature and children's magazines were almost contradictory terms, but the new periodical started out with the idea that nothing was too good for children; the result has been a juvenile magazine genuine with conscientious purpose—the greatest writers contributing to it with the best artists and engravers helping to beautify it—and everything tuned to the key-note of youth.

It has been the special aim of St. Nicholas to supplant unhealthy literature with stories of a living and healthful interest. It will not do to fascinate lad literature out of boys' hands, and give them in its place Mrs. Barbauld and Peter Parley, or the work of writers who think any "good" talk will do for children, but they must have strong, interesting reading, with the blood and sinew of real life in it—reading that will take them to a closer observation of the best thing about them.

In the seventeen years of its life St. Nicholas has not only elevated the children, but it has also elevated the tone of contemporary children's literature as well. Many of its stories, like Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" have become classic. It is not too much to say that almost every notable young people's story now produced in America first seeks the light in the pages of that magazine.

The year 1891 will prove one more that "no household where there are children is complete without St. Nicholas." J. T. Trowbridge, Noah Brooks, Charles Dudley Warner, and many well known writers are to contribute during the coming year. One cannot put the spirit of St. Nicholas into a prospectus, but the publishers are glad to send a full announcement of the features of 1891 and a sample copy to the address of any person mentioning this notice. The magazine costs \$3 a year. Address, The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York.

To the Commissioners of Fairfield County: The undersigned hereby applies for a license to sell spirituous and intoxicating liquors pursuant to the laws of this state now in force relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors, at the building, Depot Restaurant, in the Town of South Norwalk, in said County, Conn. Signed, FRED A. LANE.
Dated at South Norwalk, the 24th day of October, 1890.
Endorsed by the following five electors and taxpayers of said town, none of whom are licensed dealers in intoxicating liquors, and are not endorsers on any other application: Benjamin F. Stevens, E. M. Folles, Amos Gates, David B. Decker, Edward W. Kelley.
County of Fairfield, Town of Norwalk, this 24th day of November, 1890.
I, Town Clerk of said Town, hereby certify, pursuant to the statute in such case provided, that this application endorsed as aforesaid, has been submitted to me, and I further certify that each of said endorsers is an elector or taxpayer in said town, and that a copy of the foregoing application, including the above written endorsement has been filed with me.
Attest, HERBERT R. SMITH, Clerk of said Town.

BUILDING MATERIALS, ETC.

BUILDING STONE, all qualities of Sand.

Ceilers dug, Gardens and Grounds Renovated.

Horses and Carts for hire. I have some thoroughly rotted and very fine mature for flower beds.

No. 6 South Union Avenue, P. O. Box 654, Norwalk

Tar and Concrete Walks

Laid new in the best possible manner, and of ones newly and substandard repaired and at very reasonable rates. All orders promptly executed

8. GUSOWSKI,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Is ready to show the Finest Stock of

CLOTHES, CASSIMERES AND OVERCOATINGS

And a great variety of Fancy Pants Patterns.

E. GUSOWSKI,

CORNER WALL AND WATER STREET

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

1891.

The Tariff and the Farmer.

The Tribune will devote much space during 1891 to the Tariff as it affects the Farmer and the Mechanic. Hon. Roswell G. Horr, of Michigan, has been added to the Tribune's staff of tariff writers for this purpose. He will, through the columns of The Tribune, devote himself to this topic, and will invite and answer questions upon points which perplex the American Farmer and Mechanic. He will also, as far as other duties will allow, attend Farmers' Institutes and agricultural gatherings the coming winter and spring, and expound the principles of the Tariff.

Those who desire the presence of Mr. Horr at Farmers' Institutes, etc., are invited to communicate promptly with The Tribune.

Young Men who wish to Succeed.

Many a man feels the lack of early direction of his energies and early inculcation of the maxims which promote the formation of character and success in after life. Every such man would gladly see the young men of to-day better guided in youth than he was. The Tribune has planned the following series of valuable articles, which will appear in this paper only: What shall I Do? By S. S. Packard, President of Packard's Business College.

Suggestive Essays on the Farm who are ambitious. By the Hon. J. H. Brigham, of Delta, Ohio, Master of the National Grange. Education with the Help of a College. By President C. Adams of Cornell University.

A Continuation of "How to Win Fortune." By Andrew Carnegie, whose remarkable article of last Spring was so full of encouragement to poor men. Multiplicity of Paying Occupations in the United States. By the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of the Department of Labor.

A Talk with American Boys. By P. T. Barnum, of Bridgeport, Conn., the great American showman, temperance champion, and able writer. Examples in the History of our own Country. By Gen. A. S. Webb, the gallant soldier of Gettysburg and Spotsylvania and College president. Importance of Good Manners. The views of Ward McAllister.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Bloating, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

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

HEAD

As they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter'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 of 25 cents, five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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

DRINK TEA
O & O TEA
THE CHOICEST
MOST ECONOMICAL

DR. HOOKER'S
COUGH AND CROUP
SYRUP

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for COUGHS, CROUP, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT. INDORSED by Physicians. USED by thousands. IT WILL CURE YOU. NO OPIUM IN IT. Mothers, you can CONQUER that dreadful foe, CROUP, with it. Have it on hand and SAVE the CHILD. Sold by druggists. TRY IT. C. B. KINGSLEY, Prop., Northampton, Mass. Sent by mail on receipt of 35 cents in stamps.

Dr. O. P. SWEET & CO.
Analytical Chemists, manufacturers and dealers in Rare and Reliable Foreign and Domestic Medicines, 250 N. B. St., Boston, Mass. An old and reliable firm. Dr. Sweet's

GREAT HERBAL SPECIFICS.
For the cure of Chronic Diseases Only. No. 16. Dr. Sweet's Family Medicine Cabinet, 35 useful "home remedies" worth \$25.00 at retail, only \$15.00. Indispensable to the ranchman or lumberman remote from physicians and drug stores. Mindful of the ignorance and deception to which a certain class of unfortunates are exposed, we have secured the American rights of manufacture of the new French Aphrodisiac, endorsed by the highest medical authority of Europe—No. 15, styled,

LeVIN d'AMOUR (Wine of Love).

"As a powerful sexual tonic it is highly extolled." In barrenness and impotency it is a specific. Also in the waning powers wrought by age, over-indulgence or youthful indiscretion. It is regarded as an unfailing cure. As an invigorant to follow the bath of salt, it is highly recommended. The sprightly that too frequently attends ungenial married life is effectively removed. Indispensable to the votary of fashionable and sporting life, it stands without doubt among the greatest discoveries of the 19th century. \$5.00. Entrust your case to those whose reputation is safeguarded against failure and deception. Send for particulars with funds as above. Sent discreetly. "The Sweet System" of Cure for Lameness, invented by the world-celebrated natural bone-setter and physician, Dr. Sweet. Full supplies and directions only \$5. Sent Free on receipt of funds.

SAVENA



THE BEST WASHING POWDER ON EARTH.

Each Package SAVENA contains a

DIFFERENT PRESENT

AND A

USEFUL PRESENT.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

AN EARLY FALL

—When the baby fell down stairs; but the sales of

Sleeper's Eye

CIGARS.

are rising all the time. They suit the people.

10c. All dealers

Trade-Mark.

S. S. SLEEPER & CO., Factory, Boston

TYPE-WRITING.

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

ADDITIONAL LOCAL ITEMS.

The lucky person who gets that life-size crayon portrait of the Rev. Father Slocum at the St. Mary's fair, will secure a magnificent picture of a magnificent man.

Robert Howard has resigned his situation at the Oleander Garden and returned to his former duties as clerk at the Carpenter House in White Plains, N. Y.

Charles Finch has applied for a license to sell liquor in the store, 14 Water street, just vacated by Anton Stommel, which was, of old, occupied as a saloon, restaurant, etc.

Hubert E. Bishop has erected a neat little photographer's "pagoda" for a dark room, in which to develop his amateur photos, in the rear of his uncle's residence on Belden avenue. Young Bishop is quite a photographic enthusiast and expert.

A special executive session of the Connecticut weekly press association will be held in Meriden on Monday, Dec. 8th, to hear the final report of the committee on "revision of laws relating to state and legal advertising." Also to eat a banquet.

As the time for the organization of the new court of burgesses draws nigh, this question finds more and more disputants. What changes are likely to be made in our constabulary? and who will succeed Buttery as chief of police, if not himself?

The figures that record the progress of the games in the Old Well billiard and pool tournament are much more exciting than the post mortem election returns that continue to fill a good share of the space in some of our highly esteemed contemporaries.

The venerable Mr. Jonathan Camp and Mrs. William K. James rode up to Vista in a hack on Sunday to witness the confirmation exercises by Bishop Potter at the little Lewisboro church. They were accompanied by Mrs. J. Spencer and Mrs. J. C. Newkirk.

The concert given by the Acme quartette in the Opera House on Wednesday evening last, was an excellent entertainment, and was attended by a considerable audience. The net proceeds will keep the members of the quartette in pocket money for some time.

Petitions are being zealously circulated in Wilton for signatures praying Gov. Bulkeley to call a special election to elect a successor to "Representative-elect" Merwin, who declined to accept his recent election on account of technical illegalities that favored him.

The funeral of William D. Walsh was largely attended on Wednesday forenoon. Hope Hose company, of which deceased was a member, turned out in a uniformed body, and other members of the fire department joined them in escorting the remains to St. Mary's cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Henry Smith have gone to New York where they will spend the winter. Mr. Smith was extremely reticent, if not undecided, in regard to where he would spend the season, until after the returns showed that Tammany had safely carried the election in New York.

The ladies of the Grace church parish will give a fair and supper in the Athenaeum, on Tuesday evening, December 9th. They have been occupied for some time past in perfecting arrangements for the entertainment, preparing articles for sale and exhibition, etc., and everything points to a most successful affair.

Bishop Potter, of New York, visited St. Paul's church, on Sunday last, and preached a most eloquent and powerful sermon to a large and delighted congregation. The coming of the renowned Bishop was a surprise to most of the congregation, and the enjoyment of the feast was all the more intense on that account.

Is our neighbor of the Sentinel conscious that he rendered his enormous mail circulation liable to expulsion Monday night by reason of his having violated Uncle Johnny Wannamaker's anti-lottery law? He certainly did in publishing that a certain lady made a guess on beans and won a prize at the Douglas Fowler Post fair. And what on earth was Postmaster Doty about? and where were his Argus eyes? Stamford's postmaster was more vigilant.

Our benevolent old friend, Walter Fitch, residing on the Westport road, whose involuntary contributions to the Thanksgiving feast of somebody whom he knows not, we have annually recorded with the regularity of clock work, comes up again this year to report that instead of having a turkey stolen, as was customary with him, he lost a hog weighing 400 pounds which eloped from its pen with some unprincipled son of a gun who likes pork.

On Tuesday evening a banquet was given in honor of Hon. Luzon B. Morris, by the Democratic Reform Club in New Haven. A number of distinguished Connecticut statesmen and politicians were present from all parts of the state. Norwalk was represented by J. S. Seymour, Esq., the democratic senator-elect from the Thirteenth district, and James H. Bailey. Brother Seymour was called upon to make a speech at the banquet table, and he responded by saying he thought it would be a good thing to have a law enacted requiring all ballots to be printed by the state. This would seem rather ungrateful to the printers of Brother Seymour's district, who have dealt kindly with the Senator-elect, never dreaming that he would advocate the idea of taking business away from them and putting it into the hands of the state. The state will have enough to do when it goes into the railroad business.

Eleven girls in one South Norwalk shoe factory are to be married before Christmas. They ought to know how to wield the slipper properly. —Ansonia Sentinel.

Mr. James Letergo Gallagher, of South Norwalk, on Monday morning, paid Judge Knapp \$3.00 and costs for being drunk. That is to say, Judge Knapp didn't exactly get the \$3.00 for being drunk; he got it because Gallagher was drunk.

The plans for the new Astor Hotel on the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street were filed yesterday. The building is to be 100 by 125 feet on the ground and 200 feet in height, having seventeen stories, and is to cost \$600,000.

The Ansonia Sentinel says the English plush manufacturers who were recently looking for a factory site in that town, thought the recent democratic victories meant condemnation of the McKinley tariff and so decided not to come to America.

Once there was a paper published in Bethel, Conn., known as the *Yellow Spam*. Just now the humor that brightened the *Spam* illuminates the pages of the Norwalk GAZETTE, an ideal country weekly, full of news, funny paragraphs, dabs at the fraternity in general and thoroughly abreast of the times. —Berkshire News.

A petition is being circulated all about East Norwalk with forty-horse-power vigor for the abolishment of the East Norwalk post office, and the astonishing thing about it is that several women and children have been thoughtless enough to sign it. The South Norwalk friends at the bottom of this little scheme must be in an uncomfortable condition of mind and body.

"Tom" Cooney has settled it. He says: "No wonder the McKinley bill has cooked the republican goose, for ever since that bill passed all the hens have been on a strike and now eggs have gone up to forty cents a dozen, and besides the best fisherman in our harbor hasn't caught but one little, measly, squirming ell, since its passage, whereas up to that date he kept our local market supplied with pan fish. A bill that does all that would kill any party."

Mrs. Caroline Platt, widow of the late Rev. Dennis Platt, died at her home on West avenue, early Sunday morning. She had been suffering from pneumonia for about one week. Deceased was in the 92d year of her age, and was one of the oldest members of the Congregational church in this city. The funeral of A. Dickerman was held at his late residence, on High street, Saturday afternoon. Rev. J. A. Biddle and Rev. Homer Dunning officiated. Several selections were sung by a quartette. The remains were interred in Five Mile River cemetery. —Sentinel.

On the Consolidated road on Monday night there were two smashups, which inconvenienced passengers for several hours. The first was the derailment of the early evening freight train going west, at Cos Cob, where a broken brake beam threw almost the whole train from the track. The other was a collision between two freight trains, both due east, which collided at Greenwich, the later train running into the one ahead which had stopped near the station. Much damage was done to cars, but no lives were lost and no bones broken.

The official crop report just filed at Washington gives the following concerning Connecticut: The growth of corn was very good, and it ripened well, but excessive rain in October has somewhat reduced the quality. Potatoes grew well, and the quality is superior, but the rot has seriously diminished the crop. Tobacco made the finest growth for years and was harvested in good condition. The only danger (now diminishing) is from possible pole sweat. The substitution of Havana for Connecticut seed reduces the yield per acre, while much improving the quality. The hay crop, which was very large was secured in excellent condition. Buckwheat sprouted some in the field, otherwise a good crop, mostly Japan, was harvested. Owing to the large size of the kernel, there is difficulty in cleaning it in common fanning mills.

Dr. A. M. Phelps, professor of surgery in the University of New York, performed a remarkable experiment at the charity hospital on Blackwell's Island Sunday afternoon. The bone was lacking in the leg of a boy just above the ankle, due to congenital malformation. He took a spaniel dog, etherized as was the boy, and grafted a portion of the animal's foreleg into the crippled limb. This bone was not separated wholly from the dog's body, but was so prepared that it continued to derive nourishment from the brute through the veins and nerves. The boy and dog just now are growing together, and if their respective bones make a good connection, the dog will be cut loose. The spaniel is held tight in plaster of Paris, and is kept under the influence of morphine to a certain extent. The issue of the experiment will be known in a few days.

Says the Bridgeport News of Monday morning:—John L. Sullivan passed through this city last night at 5:40 o'clock en route for New York. According to the passengers he had on one of his usual extensive jags and was on a sobering up trip. A Taunton, Mass., dispatch in yesterday's newspapers tells one of his recent escapades as follows: "John L. Sullivan and Duncan B. Harrison, with other members of their company struck the city yesterday. Sullivan celebrated in his usual manner after having been treated like a nabob by the sports of the city, and nearly broke his neck by falling through a window at the City Hotel. In the afternoon he varied the monotony by kicking Harrison in the back, injuring him so that he could not appear at the evening performance. Harrison was attended by three doctors. He went to Boston to-day, and it is feared his spine is injured."

A Madison man was, a few days ago severely wounded by a boar that had become rabid. His clothes were torn and his arm and leg was ripped open by the tusches of the infuriated beast. The man is still alive, but the hog is dead and salted down.

The Bethel correspondent of the Danbury News says the town of Bethel is sadly in need of both a clothing store and a bank. From which we are left to infer that the citizens of that "banner town" are both ragged and rich.

The Fisk Jubilee singers netted nearly eighty dollars at the First Congregational church. It is thought this sum will be increased to \$100 and thus a dormitory in the proposed new theological school be secured to this venerable church.

Buffalo Bill arrived from Paris last week and hurried west to help put down the threatened Indian uprising. One crack from his rifle and shout of his clarion voice "were worth a thousand men" in subduing the blood-thirsty redskins.

The national salute fired at Fort Hamilton in honor of evacuation day, yesterday, was plainly heard here in Norwalk. The friends of Captain Rose thought it was all in honor of the arrival of his commission, after having twice been elected captain of Company F.

The editor of the Norwalk GAZETTE failed to get his *Berkshire News* for two weeks. The gentleman shall have one this week if we have to drive to Norwalk in a four-in-hand coach to deliver it. —Berkshire News.

Two freight trains on the New York and New England road came together, head on, on a curve near Hopewell Junction at 3 o'clock Saturday morning. The engineers and trainmen saved their lives by jumping. Both locomotives and a dozen cars were smashed, and traffic was blocked all day.

The great New York flower show is running this week at the Madison Square Garden. Orchids, chrysanthemums, palms, all rare foliage and flowering plants are on exhibition, and thousands of Gotham's best citizens are crowding there to see the rich and rare floral beauties.

SOUTH-NORWALK.
Mr. Robert McDonald and family are removing to their new residence on Cottage Row, Columbian Heights.

Mr. Jacob Grant has removed his restaurant to the house next to Tilly's carriage shop.

Minnehaha Division, Sons of Temperance, are by an inscrutable Providence, to lose one of their members, Miss Nellie Remson and Mr. Richard Holt, both active and efficient members of the division who are to be united by the bands of matrimony on Thanksgiving day, thus making the two one.

There is no lagging in the endeavor to do permanent good on the part of the members of the gospel temperance association. At their meeting in Grand Army Hall on Sunday last Brother Grant conducted the exercises, and was nobly aided by Brothers Lee, Samuel Jones, T. Wood and Master Brown, whose short and pungent talk thrilled the audience who cheered him at its close. Beside these interesting talks, the singing by the choir added much to the pleasure and profit of the gathering. Mr. Grant's address at the close was an earnest appeal to the brothers and sisters to remain firm in their principles of gospel temperance, and earnest in their efforts to reclaim the inebriate, knowing no party or sect, as all religious denominations and all political opinions could here work together for reclaiming the drunkard and elevating the standard of morality, for God and home and native land. One name was added to the pledge, and as Horace Greely often said "if one man is saved, it more than pays for all the trouble and expense."

The 3d party "Prohibits" profess to put a great deal of faith in Senator Blair, and often quote his utterances on the temperance question. How they will like his late review of all political questions as published in the New York Mail and Express remain to be seen, but it is quite certain that Peter Frank of the New York Voice will declare that the Senator has fallen from grace. He says "one of the two great political parties will rule this nation for all years to come, and that all great reforms, especially temperance reform must come through the republican party, that being the only party which can and will accomplish it." Such language, from such a source is not very consoling to the 3d party, surely.

In every town where Savena is introduced the sale is larger than all other washing compounds



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leaving strength.—U. S. Government Report. Aug. 17 1889.

R. B. CRAFTURD,
Investments, Real Estate and Insurance,
ROOM 2, MASONIC BUILDING.



Absolutely the Best.

A pure cream of tartar powder. All the ingredients used are pure and wholesome, and are published on every label. One Trial proves its Superiority. CLEVELAND BAKING POWDER CO., 81 and 83 Fulton St., N. Y.

S. B. WILSON,
Carpenter and Builder.

SAWING, Window Frames, &c. Moldings made to order. Jobbing promptly attended to. Shop—Cross St. Residence, 92 Wall St. First floor at Belden avenue to let at \$2 per month. Houses add lots for sale on easy terms.

A CARD.
MRS. GEORGE W. BRADLEY (daughter of the late Wm. H. Nash) desires PUPILS IN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. 30c terms apply to or address, 193 MAIN ST. 3m



Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight, generally slip off the feet.

THE "COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.
make all their shoes with inside of heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the rubber from slipping off.

Call for the "Colchester"

"ADHESIVE COUNTERS."
SAGE & CO., Boston, Exclusive Wholesale Agents.

AT RETAIL BY

GLOVER & OLSEN,

OYT & SON,

SMITH BROS.,

TULLY & SHEEHAN.

TO LET.

HOUSE having seven rooms. Borough water on both floors, Closets, &c. Apply to HENRY I. HOYT.

For Sale Cheap.

A SECOND-HAND Cast Iron Fence, with gate all in perfect order and as good as new about 120 feet in length. Will be sold at a sacrifice if applied for soon. Enquire at GAZETTE OFFICE.

W. B. HALL & CO.

BRIDGEPORT. - AUTUMN - Now Ready for Business.

Entrance by the new doorway—New Dress Goods Room—New Blanket Department—Small Wares, double former space—20,000 feet of Show Rooms—Best Lighted Store in New England—Large Read-made Cloak Department—Cloaks and Dresses made to order—Mail Order Dep't. enlarged.

The Whole World Wants to Buy the Best. The Best is Our Bid for Your Business.

Our Fall and Winter buying has been done with a view of offering you the best qualities at the best figures.

Superior Goods. Prices that Surprise, will be found in each Department and Grade of our Immense New Line of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c.

Never before have we been able to offer as large and varied an assortment of Fresh and Pleasing Styles.

Cloak Room on Second Floor.

(Take Elevator.)

Large Assortment of Seal Cloaks.

Fine Seal and Mink Capes.

Astrakan and Wool Seal Capes.

Custom Cloak Department, Dress Making

and Fur Rooms, on third floor.

(Take Elevator.)

Ladies' Cotton Underwear, Corsets and

Infants' Cloaks, in the Old House.

(Take Center Stairway.)

Curtains, Rugs, Art Goods and Uphol-

stery, in Basement.

W. B. HALL & CO.

Cor. Main and Cannon Sts., Bridgeport.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

LADIES' and GENTS' PEARLESS DYES
Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home.
They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. They do not fade. They are the best for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Faintness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crack or peel off. **Not sold by J. G. Gregory & Co.; J. A. Higgs, no. 11 Main street; George B. Plamsted, Druggists.**

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book.

TWILIGHT.

Through the black arch of interlacing trees
Burns the red sunset, and a blue mist lies
Cold on the dripping meadows whence arise
Faint drowsy odors as the evening breeze
Sweeps o'er the summer grasses of the loam,
And in the gloom of leafy branches dies:
Walking to being as the daylight flies
An adumbration of dim memories.

Ah! the enchanted realms that used to be
In the real reaches of our childhood's sky,
Vague, lonely, far, immeasurably high!
In the mysterious dell of infancy
Beyond whose ultimate verge we could descry
The brooding shadow of Infinity!

—Mary Geoghegan in Woman's World.

A DETERMINED WOMAN.

In one of the back settlements of South Carolina, in the days which rendered the names of Marion and other heroes forever glorious in the annals of their country, dwelt a brave and devoted family of patriots named Hart.

Abijah and Abigail Hart were scarcely past the prime of life, although they had been blessed with a large family of children, only three of whom, however—two boys and a girl—had survived the common ills incident to childhood.

The elder son would have been two and twenty had his life been spared, but eight months before he had fallen an innocent victim to the rage and malice of the Tories, who swarmed in predatory bands throughout this section.

Upon these murderous wretches, who had thus wantonly deprived them of their eldest born at a time when he might have been of inestimable service to them, the father and mother and only remaining son, Silas, now in his nineteenth year—afterward the celebrated Indian fighter of Hardin county, Kentucky—swore to be revenged whenever and wherever an opportunity offered to wreak their vengeance.

Leah, their second remaining offspring, was a beautiful and warmhearted maiden of 17, and the affianced bride of Randolph Darell, a brave young officer, at one time upon the staff of Gen. Marion.

Young Darell was in the habit now and then, whenever he could make an excuse to obtain a furlough, of paying a visit to Gum Tree farm, the humble though comfortable home of the Harts.

On one of these occasions a party of seven mounted Tories pursued him nearly the entire distance from the American camp to the residence of the Harts, he, however, contriving to elude them in a piece of woods just before reaching the farm.

An abrupt bend in the road had favored him, and the Tories, not dreaming of this adroit move on the part of the flying fugitive, dashed furiously on till they came to the farm house, where they tumultuously demanded of Mrs. Hart, who was standing in the doorway, if she had seen a horseman pass by who wore the uniform of an American officer.

The woman shrewdly surmised who the officer might be who would be coming alone in that direction, and promptly inquired if the horse he rode was a sorrel one. To her seemingly careless question the Tories promptly gave an affirmative reply.

"Then he has rid into the swamp yonder by a cart path that leads on to the Beech-knoll road," answered the quick-witted woman with an admirable presence of mind and an apparently cool indifference to the subject which carried instant conviction to the minds of the Tories, who again spurred on in supposed pursuit of the fugitive; but to their great disappointment the cart road presently terminated in a bog, and on careful examination they discovered that no other horse tracks had been left there but those of their own animals.

"He must have taken to the thicket," said the leader after fully satisfying his mind on the subject. "There is no use at all in beating the ground further, for he has had ample time to escape. We may as well make a virtue of necessity and go back and see what is to be got of the squint-eyed old woman at the farm house in the way of estates. But isn't she a big one in size, though?"

"And uglier looking than sin, a thunderer's sight," added one of the men.

The Tory horsemen now wheeled about and retraced their way to the farm house, which was only a short distance, just as Randolph Darell was on the point of emerging from the wood; but luckily he discovered them in season to escape their notice by abruptly retreating back again under cover.

Alighting once more at the door of the farm house, the Tory leader ordered Mrs. Hart to prepare dinner for the party, and bestir herself.

"How can I give you dinner when I've nothing to cook?" retorted the resolute looking woman, angrily. "I should need a full ladder to satisfy a half dozen such dirty rascals as you are."

"Silence, woman!" thundered the Tory in a commanding voice, "and do our bidding. I'll soon give you something to cook," he added, leveling his carbine as he spoke and bringing down a plump turkey gobbler that was strutting along under cover of the garden wall. "Then now, go and pluck that fine fellow, my beauty, and don't be long, about it or we might be tempted to serve you in the same way."

Leah, who had shrunk timidly into a corner, started up in alarm when she heard this threat and made her way out to the spot where the bird had fallen.

Randolph Darell, alarmed at the shot, was just on the point of dashing out of his cover to go to the rescue of the females when he saw his affianced rush out and bear the turkey hastily to the house.

In a moment he divined the cause of the firing, and not apprehending any immediate danger to his sweetheart, so long as the Tories were only anxious to appease their appetites, he went back to his cover.

The quick eye of the Tory leader took in the graceful outlines of the fair girl's figure as she rushed from the house, and on her hasty return his brutal passions were instantly fired by a single glance at her lovely, anxious face.

"By the beard of King George!" he exclaimed admiringly, "who 'ould 'ave expected to see such a hangel in petticoats 'ere. Come, my lass, and give us one kiss from that rosebud of a mouth."

"You dare to lay your cowardly hand on my Leah?" cried the enraged mother, doubling up her great, bony fist, "and I'll strangle you like a cur!"

"Why, you squint-eyed old beauty," retorted the Tory mockingly, "I took you for a hangel, but I find you are wickeder than a she-wolf with whelps!"

The rest of the gang laughed boisterously at this weak attempt at wit. Then turning to Leah with a gallant smile, the Tory inquired how long it would take to pluck and cook the fowl.

Leah answered in a modest tone of womanly anxiety that it would require at least an hour to serve it to their liking.

"Well," she added, in a tone of conciliation, "we have a piece of meat pork and a couple of chickens, and can make in the meantime a good dinner."

The Tory leader, who had been anxious to see the woman's face, looked at her with a

named were good enough, and that they would forego turkey on this occasion for her sake.

With great alacrity, but with an anxiously beating heart, Leah spread the homely board and brought forth the promised viands, which she laid out temptingly before them. She then placed what chairs and stools the house afforded around the table, and politely invited her unwelcome visitors to be seated.

Complying with her invitation the Tories carelessly stacked their carbines near an open window, and seating themselves at the table fell to, greedily devouring the repast.

Mrs. Hart in the meantime, with a heroic superiority to her sex, had watched her hungry guests till she saw she was not observed by them, when she slipped out slyly from behind the door, and noiselessly approaching the open window she succeeded in drawing out three of the carbines before her little game was discovered.

The moment the Tories perceived the deadly purpose of the giants the three nearest the window sprang to their feet in terrified astonishment.

"Stand back!" she cried in a threatening tone, presenting one of the loaded carbines with an air of resolute determination. "The first villain of you that stirs a step I'll shoot, and the first one that touches another mote of that pork I'll blow his brains out!"

Without heeding her blazing eye or her stern verbal warning the Tory leaders sprang fearlessly toward the stack of arms, but before he could reach them there was a report of a carbine and the advancing ruffian fell to the floor, while the slug, which had passed entirely through his body, struck another in the temple who was seated at the table, killing him instantly.

A third, rendered desperate by the trying situation, made a reckless attempt to get possession of one of the carbines, and instantly paid the penalty with his life.

Throwing the second empty carbine aside Mrs. Hart caught up the third one, with which she now covered what remained of the terrified party.

There were but four left, and not one of the four dared to move a finger. "Leah, blow the dinner horn!" cried the mother in a tone of resolute triumph. "It is safe now to call in Silas and your father."

The young girl, half terrified out of her wits, promptly obeyed the maternal command, and a long, winding blast echoed and re-echoed through the intervening woods.

She had left the house and joined her mother on the outside before she essayed to blow it, and as she lowered the horn from her lips, now rendered colorless from her recent fright, her anxious eyes were bent in the direction of the distant cornfield, where her father and brother and a faithful negro servant were at work, although a narrow belt of timber stretched between them.

She uttered a quick exclamation of joyous pleasure, for at that moment she saw all three strike out of the wood and start on a rapid run toward the house.

Hearing the first shot that had been fired, and then alarmed by the other two which had followed in such rapid succession, they caught up their loaded carbines and started on a run from the field where they were then at work.

The moment they had quitted the timber they saw at a glance by the several horses hitched to the fence and the belligerent attitude of the heroic giants at the window pretty nearly how matters stood at the house, and they all three sent up an encouraging shout to the women.

Just at this point they heard the ringing sound of a horse's hoofs in an opposite direction, and turning suddenly Leah beheld her lover dashing furiously toward the house. This additional reinforcement, coming so opportunely, yet so unexpectedly, filled the heart of the timid maiden with increased confidence.

"Oh, mother!" she burst out, excitedly, "Randolph is coming—see! He is just leaving the wood. Isn't it lucky for him to come just at this time, when we had no reason to expect him?"

"I expected him," said Mrs. Hart, with quiet assurance. "I knew it was he the Tories were in pursuit of, and I was determined to outwit them if it lay in the power of woman to do it. Everything has turned out for the best, for had Lieut. Darell ridden straight here instead of lingering in the woods as he did he would doubtless have been captured and perhaps murdered before our eyes. So you see, my girl, the ways of Providence are better than our ways, for they always turn out for the best in the end."

In another moment Randolph Darell had alighted at their side, and in the next the blushing and happy Leah was enfolded in his manly embrace.

While the lovers were thus preoccupied Abijah, Silas and the negro arrived, fearfully excited and wholly out of breath.

Silas recovered first, and was about to shoot down one of the Tories when his mother resolutely interfered.

"Don't shoot them! Leave them to me, Silas. I will mete out their punishment to them. We haven't forgotten Eben's murder yet, and shooting is too good for 'em. We will just hang them like a pack of dogs, the whole cowardly kit of them. Get the clothes line, Leah; we can afford to cut it on such a righteous and heaven sent occasion."

Randolph shuddered, for he understood the determined character of the woman, and knew that she would not be long in putting her terrible threat into execution. Nor, indeed, was she, for within the ensuing hour, in spite of their prayers and protestations, the bodies of the four Tories went dangle from the nearest tree. And thus at the hand of a resolute and heroic mother was the death of a beloved son simply and satisfactorily avenged.

After the Tories had hung a sufficient time they were cut down and tumbled indiscriminately with the other three into one common grave.

Shortly after this event Leah and Randolph Darell were happily united in wedlock and soon after the close of our glorious revolution the whole family emigrated to Hardin county, Ky., where they could have, as Mrs. Hart expressed it, more "elbow room," if less civilization.—Maurice Silingsby in New York Weekly.

For External Use Only.

Mrs. O'Rourke—I wish yez wud give me an order for some medicine, your reverence, for little Jimmy here. He's been ailing for two weeks.

Father Reilly—I think a little soap and water would do him as much good as anything.

Mrs. O'Rourke—Would yez give it to him before or after his meals, your reverence?—Puck.

The total railroad capital of the world is estimated at 121,440,000,000 marks (about \$300,000,000,000); \$15,000,000,000 of this is in Europe, where railways are capitalized at \$15,000,000,000; \$15,000,000,000 in the other parts of the world, where the average capitalization is somewhat over \$50,000,000 per mile.

DAIRY AND CREAMERY.

HOW CHOICE CREAMERY BUTTER IS MADE IN KENTUCKY.

A Splendidly Plain and Simple Statement from Beginning to End—A Novice Can Understand and Act on the Advice Here Given—The Thermometer.

For making really good butter, the excellence of which can be depended upon week after week, through the ever changing temperature of successive seasons, we must learn to be guided not by our own feelings but by the right use of the dairy thermometer. That never varies, while personal contact is always a mere matter of comparison and guesswork.

We keep two "creamers," into one of which the morning's milk is strained, and into the other that brought in the evening, fresh well water at a temperature of 50 degs. being pumped into the tank of each creamer twice daily during the warm weather. To accelerate the separation of the cream from the milk, cold water is put into the fresh milk, usually in the proportion of one pint to a gallon. After standing twenty-four hours the cream is removed and put into tin stands placed in ice water, the cream for one day's milk being sufficient for a churning. The temperature of the cream during the ripening period is not so arbitrary as during the process of churning; about 70 degs. or a little below that will answer, always remembering that the warmer the cream is kept the sooner will it be ready for the churn. When kept near 70 degs., when properly ripened, it will be slightly acid, but not very sour, and will possess the consistency of buttermilk. If allowed to stand after it has ripened until it becomes a sour, solid mass the yield of butter will be smaller and its flavor inferior. When put in the churn its temperature in summer should be about 62 degs. and in winter 64 degs.; this will allow for the changes naturally occasioned by the motion of the churn and the surrounding atmosphere and will permit the butter to register about 64 degs.

For a number of years we have used a Davis swing churn, and still like it too well to change it for any other. It does not get the butter as quickly as some others are said to do, but it is easily managed, easy to clean, and has no intricate machinery to get out of order. When the butter granules assume the size of small shot the rapid motion is stopped, and the churn is swung slowly back and forth for five or ten minutes, in order to allow all the butter to rise to the top of the milk, after which the milk is drawn off from below, and cold water is poured in and drawn off until it comes off clear. The butter is then lifted out with a cedar paddle in a wooden bowl, weighed and salted in the proportion of three-fourths of an ounce of salt to the pound; the salt being lightly worked in, as it is best at first not to attempt to get out all the water. A small quantity of fine white sugar, about one teaspoonful to the pound of butter, is worked in with the salt. This, without imparting to the butter any sweetish taste, gives it a rich, delicious flavor which many persons think very desirable. The fresh butter is then placed on ice, in a well glazed earthenware crock covered with Eliott's parchment paper, where it is allowed to stand until next morning, when it is carefully worked over and packed in tin buckets ready for shipping.

We find that the largest yield of butter is obtained when the milk is cooled quickly after being brought to the dairy, and when it is kept at an even temperature, cold enough to prevent its becoming sour, until after the cream has risen and been removed. Either extreme heat or extreme cold seems to cause some chemical change in the character of the milk that interferes with the right management of it afterward. Neither is it a good plan to mix very sour cream with that which is sweet, for although the mass may taste sufficiently acid and appear of the right consistency, yet the last cream added will not be of the requisite ripeness, while the first has begun to spoil; so that neither will yield as much or as fine a quality of butter as it otherwise would. Unless both cream and milk are kept on ice no cream in summer should be kept longer than thirty-six hours after the milk has been brought to the dairy, which would allow twenty-four hours for the cream to rise and twelve for it to ripen; but as this would necessitate churning the cream from each milking separately we may, by putting that first gathered on ice, keep it sweet for twelve hours before mixing it with the next, after which both may be allowed to ripen together. It is scarcely necessary to add that no butter should ever be allowed to become warm enough to be soft and oily; if once the little walls surrounding the butter granules are melted down they can never be built up again. To be in perfection, butter should be kept so cold that some effort will be required to slice it with a knife, or if it be broken it should present an appearance as though it were composed of irregular crystals.

If it could be so arranged, all butter should be shipped the next day after it has been churned, but as our customers want it either the first or the latter part of the week, we usually make two weekly shipments, and manage to keep it in excellent order between times by excluding the air with the parchment butter paper both while it is on the ice and while it is being shipped. Perfect cleanliness in every particular should be enforced in and around the dairy, all wash water should be emptied at some distance from the house and the skimmed milk and buttermilk carried off every morning and evening, for butter as well as sweet milk and cream is a ready absorbent of all noxious gases. All vessels immediately after being used should be washed in tepid water, then scalded and put out of doors for the sunshine and fresh air to purify them. The churn should be treated in the same manner, and if any sour smell be detected it may at once be removed by washing it in strong soda water.—Hortense Dudley in Rural New Yorker.

A STORE AND DWELLING.

It Is Planned for the Best Display of Groceries of All Kinds.

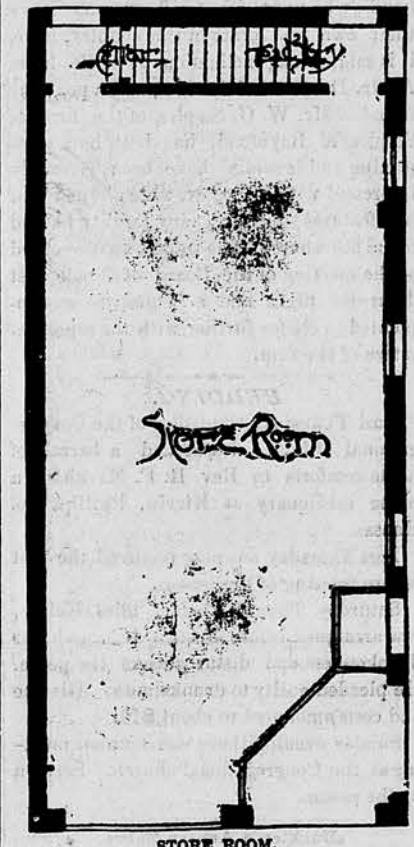
[Copyright by American Press Association.] Store keeping habits and the character of the stock have much to do with the arrangement of a store building and all that goes with it. Here we have a store, and the rooms above it are arranged so that they may serve as a home for the store



ELEVATION.

keeper. The store is arranged particularly to be used as a grocery—one that contains green groceries as well as general household supplies. The building is located on a corner. The principal entrance is at the corner. Around the corner column may be displayed vegetables according to their season.

As one goes into the store he may see prominently displayed what the market affords in the way of green groceries. There may be drawers or baskets of berries, cauliflower, or a few choice heads of cabbage on the floor under the other trays, a few melons and such other articles as will give the buyer an idea of what he may have from the market. This outside corner place should be floored with tile, stone or cement. On each side of this entrance there is a show window. In these windows,

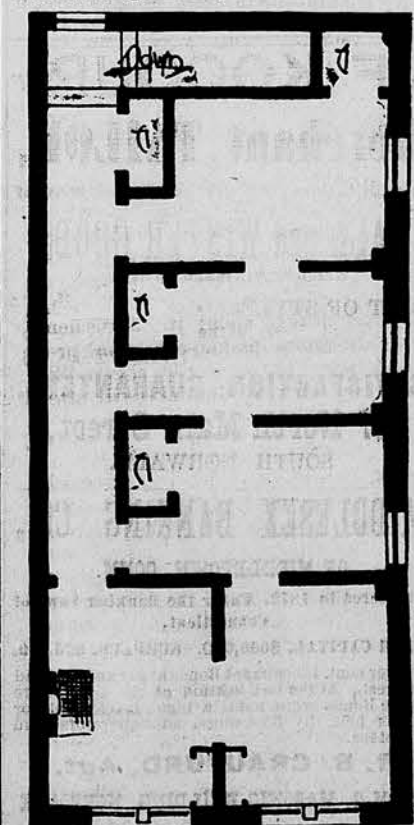


STORE ROOM.

which are inclosed so as to keep them in good order, should be displayed the staple groceries, canned goods and proprietary and package goods of various kinds.

In this particular instance the store-keeper lives over the first floor, and has it arranged so that he may go upstairs from the store room or from the sidewalk at the rear end of the building; or he can go out into the back yard from the little vestibule. On the other side of the end of the store room is the passageway to the cellar. The stair hall and distributing hall is lighted at one end by a window. The other rooms are arranged with reference to their size, as kitchen, dining room, sitting room and bedrooms.

As planned this structure is in brick. The windows shown at the side are above the proper line for show cases. There is a door at the rear end of the store building from which goods may be delivered. In ar-



LIVING APARTMENT.

rearing a store of this kind there could be a counter on each side and at the end; in the rear a desk and the ice box.

The cost of this building in brick would be about \$3,000. Of course it would cost more by the addition of more ornamental and elaborate material, but on general principles it does not pay to have anything more than a pleasant and agreeable appearing building for a business of this kind. The size and character of the business does not justify the large expenditure. This building could be built in wood for less money.

LOUIS H. GIBSON.

Express.

Patronize the old reliable

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

LOW RATES AND PROMPT DELIVERY.

Branch Office, Norwalk, at S. K. Stanley's Main Office at Depot, South Norwalk. L. HUNT, Agent.

G. A. FRANK,

THE HAIR CUTTER,

No. 1 Gazette Building.

HOT AND COLD BATHS.

DENTISTRY.

DR. W. H. BALDWIN is now permanently located in the Bishop Building, No. 64 Wall street, where all in need of Dentistry in any form will find valuable assistance. His references are your friends and neighbors, and he invites inquiry as to his ability and past record. Consultation free. Office Hours: 8 a. m. till 6 p. m.

HENRY HUSS,

Restaurant, Cafe and Smoking Room,

Grand Central Station,

42d STREET AND 4TH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Entrance 110m waiting room, New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad.

PILES.

Instant relief. Final cure in 10 days and never returns. No surgery, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free by addressing

WILLIAMS & CO., 70 Nassau street, New York City. ALL DRUGGISTS. 1744

FURNITURE!

Geo. H. Raymond,

FURNITURE DEALER,

Has removed to the new and commodious store four doors above his old stand and stocked it with NEW GOODS, LATEST STYLE AND FINEST FINISH.

GEO. H. RAYMOND, Agent.

Furnishing Undertaker and Embalmer.

I give my personal attention to laying out and furnishing everything necessary for the interment of the dead.

Residence—No 3 Berkeley Place, Norwalk.

Telephone Communication with Residence!

WAY'S OLD FASHIONED

STOMACH BITTERS

Are the Best Spring Tonic. Large Bottles, \$1. Sample bottles free, at

AT HALE'S CORNER DRUG STORE

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DR. HOOKER'S

COUGH AND CROUP SYRUP

The only RELIABLE REMEDY FOR COUGHS, CROUP AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT

Indorsed by Physicians. Used by thousands

IT WILL CURE YOU.

NO OPIUM IN IT. Mothers, you can console that dreadful foe, CROUP, with it. Have it on hand and Save the Child. Sold by Druggists. TRADE MARK.

LEARN

THE SECRET OF THIS SIGN

Learn how to feel young again. How to live the happy life that Nature intended all her healthy children to live. One is never older than one feels. With good pure blood one may feel 60 at 80, but with impure blood one may feel 20 at 30. Keep your blood pure.

Now learn the secret of the sign above. "Improved M.D."

is a preparation known as Fishers' Improved Medical

Discovery, which gives year after year, to thousands, pure

blood and good health.

If you have the dull, stupid sensation, the drag, drag, drag of impure blood, the gentle harmless action of this medicine, mild for youth or old age, may surprise you, but it will surely please you, cleanse your blood at once from all impurities, and make you feel healthy, young and happy.

It will surely rid you of all RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, JAUNDICE, RICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, LOSS OF APPETITE, INDIGESTION, GENERAL DEBILITY AND ALL OTHER IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.

Although improved in manufacture as well as quality, this medicine FISHERS' IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY, now sells for only \$1.00 per bottle.

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Building Materials, &c.

BUILDING STONE, all qualities of sand, cel

lars dug, gardens and grounds renovated

horses and carts for hire. I have some thoroughly

rotted and very fine manure for power beans.

J. W. EDMUNDS, No. 6 South Union Avenue, P. O. Box 664, Norwalk

NEW-CANAAN.

Engineer Rider of South Norwalk was in town last week looking over the ground for a reservoir for New Canaan. About two miles from the village he located a watershed having sufficient area to supply a city of twenty thousand inhabitants with a hundred gallons of water per capita a day, and this ought to be enough. He thinks the expense of the plant at present necessary would be about fifty thousand dollars. On Friday afternoon, Mr. L. M. Monroe, John Bliss, F. E. Weed, George Lockwood and Senator Mead went out and looked over the ground proposed as the site, and returned seemingly well satisfied that if sufficient public interest can be aroused, the borough of New Canaan can be well supplied with water at not a large expense.

The Messenger copies from a neighboring contemporary a flattering scheme—in print—to connect New Canaan with Norwalk, South Norwalk, Dorton Point and Bell Island by a tramway operated by overhead electric wires. The only oversight we notice is that the managers of the enterprise while coupling the activities of New Canaan with such bustling and hustling life as Dorton Point and Bell Island, have evidently neglected the claims of Huckleberry Hills, Georgetown and Winnipauk on the East, and Five Mile River, Noroton and Wilson's Point on the West. It is very fascinating this idea of going from the post office here to Dorton Point or Bell Island, whenever the tide is right, and having no extra charge for clam rakes, baskets or fishing rods. You could take a swim and hang your bathing suit out of the car window, it would be dry before you got home. Fare five cents.

Brother Scofield of the Methodist church has been studying in a new light the book of Job, assisted by a fine lively red oil on the back of his neck. It is some ten days since our genial friend began holding forward his head in silent and contemplative patience. His manner is a trifle more stiff than usual.

The Rev. Dr. Thomson of Brooklyn, last Monday evening delivered the first of a series of lectures to be given this winter under the auspices of the Epworth league of the M. E. church. Dr. Thomson's subject was "Seven weeks on Sea and Ashore." Unfortunately the evening was very stormy and many failed on that account to enjoy an entertaining and instructive description of cities and cathedral towns in England and Scotland the speaker has personally visited. Prof. Ferris rendered some choice selections on the organ before and after the lecture.

An effort is being made to resuscitate the Lyceum and Fortnightly clubs, and to unite them and thus afford all who wish an opportunity to debate upon current topics, and listen to the reading of choice bits from the latest books and reviews. It is hoped those having the matter in charge will succeed.

Mr. Peter W. Mead is the champion turnip raiser of this town. Last week he dug one which weighed 6½ pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Benedict entertained a party of friends at their hospital residence on Cherry street, last Friday evening.

Rev. Henry S. Kidd will preach the sermon in the Baptist church to-morrow at the union Thanksgiving day services.

The Sunday school of the Congregational church have begun making preparations for their Christmas service.

The American flag now floats every day over the center school house.

The front of the Opera House has been painted, bill boards are being erected around town, a bill poster stands ready with a pot of paste in one hand and a whitewash brush in the other, saying: "Bring on your chromos." But the walls of the building are not on, the chairs are not in and the scenery is not up nor the front door hung. But this is one way of doing what you can while you are doing the rest.

There is a rumor to the effect that Rev. Dr. Noble of Norwalk, Rev. Mr. Biddle of South Norwalk and Rev. F. E. Hopkins of New Canaan are to form a triumvirate, and capture Dr. Hall's church in New York, Lyman Abbott's in Brooklyn and Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle, and preach for each alternately. But the rumor is not well founded.

Oltman's lodge, F. and A. M., of Brooklyn visited Harmony lodge 40 strong, on Wednesday evening, and exemplified work in the third degree. After the lodge session the entire company repaired to the Birdall House where a splendid collation was served, and a feast of reason and flow of soul concluded the festivities.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Happy Hoosiers. Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and old ckmn, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Ordner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease of life. Only 50c a bottle, at Hale's drug store."

Our Bridgeport Letter.

Hon. P. T. Barnum is still confined to the house but is convalescing, and will be about in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Sailer arrived home from an extended European trip this afternoon. Mr. Sailer's health is very much improved.

The Board of Trade held a meeting in their rooms last evening and voted to present to Congress at its next session, a petition praying for the immediate passage of a bill establishing the ocean postal steamship service with foreign countries, which would prove of great benefit to commerce between this and distant ports.

Judge Andrew Selleck, formerly of your town, but now a resident of Stratford, was summoned to appear as a witness in the case of B. J. Sturges against the town of Norwalk, one day last week, and because he was not on hand at the opening of court, Sheriff Leonard went to Stratford and Mr. Selleck returned with him, not under arrest by any means, but it seems that there was a mistake made as to the time Judge Selleck was to appear before the court to testify.

The Methodists held a very interesting series of meetings during the past week in the Washington Park M. E. church. Dr. J. W. Mendenhall, D. D. L. D., editor of the *Methodist Review*; Prof. James Strong, of Drew Theological Seminary, of Madison N. J.; Dr. J. Pullman, of New Britain; Revs. J. H. Lightbourne, F. H. North and others were present and took part in the discussions.

Cards are out announcing the marriage at St. John's church, Dec. 3d of Miss Janet Eleanor Sterling, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Sterling, to Mr. George Gordon Prentice.

Rev. S. T. Graham, rector of St. Ambrose church, New York city preached in St. John's church yesterday. It will be remembered that Dr. Graham has recently received a call to Trinity church, Southport.

Rev. W. V. Garner, pastor of the First Baptist church has returned from his southern trip and occupied his pulpit yesterday.

Miss Adele Stickles and Mr. George Priest, both of this city were married on Wednesday afternoon last, at the residence of the brides sister, Mrs. George Dutton. Mr. Priest is a member of the firm of Smith & Priest.

Hon. P. T. Barnum is having a medallion of heroic size modeled by Archibald McKelmer, the special artist of the Monumental Bronze Co. to be cast in white bronze. When it is completed it is to be placed on the stern of the new schooner, "P. T. Barnum."

The Monumental Bronze Co. are in receipt of an order from the city of LaVega, Dominican Republic, West Indies, for a life size statue of Geogorio Riva, a public benefactor.

The engagement is announced of Mr. A. J. Porter, private secretary to General Manager W. H. Stevenson, of this city, to Miss Annie L. Bryant of Mongaup Valley, N. Y. The wedding will occur early in December.

Rev. Henry Sherman the newly appointed rector of St. Paul's church, this city, is slowly recovering from his serious illness, of intermittent fever.

On last Friday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Miss Louisa A. Dix, of Brooklyn, was married to Mr. Edward Prindle, son of Mr. I. B. Prindle, cashier of the Pequonnock National bank of this city.

The railroad commissioners met in this city on Friday, and decided that gates must be erected at the North avenue crossing. Col. Stevenson has promised to have the gates erected immediately.

Mr. Chas. H. Cole, proprietor and manager of the Parlor Opera House, died of consumption at his residence on State street, last week, aged 51 years. He leaves a wife and one son to mourn his loss.

The North church, the South church, the Methodist church and the Baptist church people will unite with the First Presbyterian church for religious services on Thanksgiving day.

The reception at Dr. I. DeVer Warner's residence on Friday evening, to Major General O. O. Howard, Hon. A. B. Chamberlain and Col. Thomas Cochrane, was a very interesting occasion, and was largely attended. Among those present were Mayor De Forest, Hon. D. F. Hollister, Deacon E. W. Marsh, Deacon Edward Sterling, Rev. H. A. Davenport, Frank W. Marsh, Ex-Mayor Morgan and a large number of our prominent citizens who are interested in the Y. M. C. A. and its work. W. G. L. Bridgeport, Nov. 24th 1890.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles the Great Discovery at Hale's Drug Store, large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, 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 physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. 1y52

WESTPORT.

Bishop Williams was at Memorial church of the Holy Trinity, Sunday morning, and preached and confirmed fifteen persons. So large a confirmation class formed during a comparatively short period in charge of the parish, is creditable to the rector, Rev. Mr. Ferguson, as a worker. For the occasion the ladies had brought chrysanthemums and other flowers to the front lectern and pulpit and they were refreshing to the eye in view of a snow storm of short duration prevailing just before the service began. In his sermon the venerable bishop made the point that the Holy Spirit is always with us, that it is not controlled and brought to the sensibilities of man as some seem to think, by the manipulation of any machinery or power of man's devising. There was a large congregation and the music was appropriate and acceptably rendered.

There is a chance for Westport to secure water works and constant supply of water for a mere song. A Boston firm proposes to assume the whole business provided the towns people come forward and patronize the plant to the extent of raising an annual income to the firm of \$1,500. Water will be brought from a point five miles north of the village in pipes by gravity. The cost is estimated at \$80,000. A meeting of citizens was held one evening last week at the store of O. I. Jones, in the bank building, when the agent of the firm stated what he could do and how he would do it. In response to the request of a committee appointed at the meeting the selectmen will lay out a fire district within the bounds of which it is proposed to lay pipes, and when that is done the citizens within the limits will meet to accept or reject the proposition. The sentiment of the meeting was strongly in favor of acceptance.

A Scotch gingham manufacturing firm with \$1,000,000 capital and employing 600 hands, who must for tariff reasons leave their own and locate in this country, have, it is said, strong inclinations to settle here.

A. Mr. Danforth of the firm, and a personal friend of Mr. W. G. Staples, of the firm of Staples & Raymond, has been here prospecting and is said to have been favorably impressed with Westport, which he declared had features superior to any locality he had found elsewhere. The subject was presented at the meeting of the Board of Trade last Thursday night and a committee was appointed to confer further with the representative of the firm.

REDDING.

Last Thursday, the ladies of the Congregational church despatched a barrel of home comforts to Rev. R. F. Markham, a home missionary at Kirvin, Phillips Co. Kansas.

Last Thursday morning occurred the first severe freezing of the season.

Saturday, Thomas Conner, alias Kelley, was arraigned before Justice Duncomb for drunkenness and disturbance of the peace. He pleaded guilty to drunkenness. His fine and costs amounted to about \$12.

Sunday evening there was a union meeting at the Congregational church. Sermon by the pastor.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. R. Hale.

Drunkenness—Liquor Habit.

In all the world there is but one cure, Dr. Hain's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address, in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race street, Cincinnati, O.

A Useful Present in every package Savens; the best Washing Powder. Sold by grocers.

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

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OF MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

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EASY TERMS, EXCHANGE.

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NEW YORK CITY.

A LITTLE BABY'S SKIN

AND SCALP COVERED WITH SORES. A WONDERFULLY RAPID CURE BY THE CUTICURA REMEDIES.

I have used your Cuticura Remedies in two cases where it proved to be successful. The first was in the case of a boy a year and a half old. His face and body were in a terrible condition, the former being completely covered with sores. I took him to the Massena Sulphur Springs, but he did not improve any. I was then advised to try the Cuticura Remedies, which I did. He took one and a half bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, when his skin was as smooth as could be, and is to-day. I used the Cuticura on his sores and the Cuticura Soap in washing him. He is now five years of age, and all right. The other case was a disease of the scalp which was cured by washing with the Cuticura Soap and rubbing in the Cuticura, one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent being used. It is surprising how rapidly a child will improve under this treatment. JOHN R. BERO, Hogsburgh, N. Y.

ITCHING AND BURNING SKIN.

I have been afflicted since last March with a skin disease the doctors called eczema. My face was covered with scabs and sores, and the itching was almost unbearable. Seeing your Cuticura Remedies so highly recommended, concluded to give them a trial, using the Cuticura and Cuticura soap externally and Resolvent internally for four months. I call myself cured, in gratitude for which I make this public statement. MRS. C. A. FREDERICK, Broad Brook, Conn.

WHY SUFFER ONE MOMENT

From torturing and disfiguring skin diseases, when a single application of the Cuticura Remedies will, in the great majority of cases, afford instant relief in the most agonizing of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, and blotchy skin, scalp and blood diseases with loss of hair, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere: Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by Cuticura Soap. Absolute purity.

FREE from RHEUMATISM. In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses.

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Look at them and you will buy.

If you try them you will be more than satisfied.

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To Inventors.

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The NEW YORK Sun.

FOR 1891.

Some people agree with the Sun's opinions about men and things, and some people don't but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years The Sun has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not The Sun's fault if it has been further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read THE SUN.

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We shall sell this week the following items in the several departments of our store, at the below quoted prices:

20 pieces Flannel Plaids, 28-in. 25c.

20 pieces 56-in. Tricot, all colors, 22c.

15 pieces 38-in. Stripe. (wool) 29c.

10 Serge Robes, embroidered and Astrakan trimming, at \$3.

COTTON DRESS GOODS.

50 pieces American Serge, plaids and stripes, full 36-in. wide, 12 1-2c.

50 pieces Twilled Ottomans, 10c.

Fine Figured French Challie, for comfortables, yard wide, 12 1-2c.

SKIRTS.

Skirt Patterns, 30c.

Skirt Patterns, all wool, seamless, 40-in. long, 85 in. wide, \$1.25.

Satin Skirts, \$4.

Fine Surah Silk Skirts, (black,) \$5 75.

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FUR CAPES.

Astrakan, Wool Seal, Krimmer, French Beaver, Seal Skins.

FUR TRIMMINGS.

Fur Trimmed Jackets, \$25. Vest Front Jackets, \$5.

Reefer Jackets, \$5, \$6, \$7, to \$25.

MISSSES AND CHILDREN.

Jackets, Gretchens, and Newmarkets.

Some good things can also be found in our CARPET and UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.

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Higgins' German Laundry Soap

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Danbury and Norwalk Division.

CORRECTED TO JUNE 11TH, 1890.

PASSENGER TRAINS

SOUTH.

Lv. Norwalk Lv. So. Norwalk, Ar. Wilson Point

6:03 a. m. 6:10 a. m.

7:32 a. m. 7:35 a. m.

8:17 a. m. 8:27 a. m.

10:03 a. m. 10:13 a. m.

1:01 p. m. 1:10 p. m.

4:09 p. m. 4:20 p. m.

6:14 p. m. 6:29 p. m.

8:00 p. m. 8:15 p. m.

9:47 p. m. 10:40 p. m.

NORTH.

Lv. Wilson Point Lv. So. Norwalk, Ar. Norwalk

6:25 a. m. 6:35 a. m.

8:45 a. m. 9:15 a. m.

10:01 p. m. 10:15 p. m.

4:00 p. m. 4:17 p. m.

6:45 p. m. 6:55 p. m.