



## NATIONAL CAPITAL.

### S. B. Wheeler Confirmed as Postmaster at Westport.

The President Gives His Last Public Leave.

GAZETTE'S BUREAU. 709 EAST CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, FEB. 13.

The President gives the last of his series of public Levees this evening and though the weather is exceedingly disagreeable the usual mob will press itself into the White House.

The silver men in the Senate seem to have side tracked the tariff bill. The Urgent Deficiency bill was passed.

The Senate Committee on Commerce this morning instructed Mr. Frye to report favorably his bill, which repeals many of the laws now on the statute books relative to navigation that, by reason of the march of progress and the change in existing conditions, have become no longer suitable for the protection of commerce on the seas. The bill is comprehensive and contemplates a thorough revision of the laws.

The bill of Mr. Squire, requiring that all officers of the American line steamships shall be American citizens, was amended so as to include all watch officers, thus making its provisions more stringent, and in this shape it was ordered to be favorably reported.

Bills were favorably reported by the Committee on Invalid Pensions to-day, granting the widow of Gen. Doubleday a pension of \$100 per month; the widow of Gen. Kernan, \$50 per month; the widow of Gen. Van Dorem, \$75 per month; the widow of Gen. Carroll, \$75 per month and the widow of Admiral Fairfax, \$40 per month.

Delegate Castron of New Mexico made an argument before the Senate Committee on Territories this morning favoring the admission of New Mexico as a State.

The Senate in executive session to-day confirmed J. H. Brooklesby as Collector of Customs at Hartford and S. B. Wheeler as Postmaster at Westport.

In the House the Committee of the Whole, by a vote of 190 to 80, refused to concur in the Senate free-silver substitute for the Bond bill.

#### Funeral Briefs.

The funeral of Jasper P. Nickerson was attended from his late home on West Main street, this afternoon, Rev. A. H. Wyatt of the Methodist church officiating. At the request of the family the Odd Fellows did not attend in a body and the funeral was conducted in as quiet a manner as possible.

The remains of Mary Rigney who died in Jamesburg, N. Y. reached her late home on Orchard street last night. The funeral will be held to-morrow morning from St. Mary's church.

The funeral of Daniel Deering who died yesterday at his home on Main street, aged 68 years, will be attended from St. Mary's church to-morrow.

The funeral of William A. Noonan the 14-year old son of Michael Noonan who died yesterday at his home on Stevens street, will be held at 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

#### Probate Judges Meet.

At the annual meeting of the Connecticut probate assembly held in the superior court room at the capitol in Hartford on Wednesday, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Silas B. Sherwood, Westport; first vice-president, Jason C. Fenn, Terryville; second vice-president, William D. Holman, Tolland; secretary and treasurer, Joseph B. Bunning, Deep River; committee on business, John Q. Thayer of Meriden, H. Stanley Finch of Stamford, William D. Holman of West Willington.

It was voted to ask Judge Tallmadge to prepare a testimonial and eulogy on the late Judge Glover of Fairfield, to be delivered before the next meeting of the assembly.

#### To Dine on Roast Pig.

The pig presented to Charles J. Betts by Manager Ellinwood at the Opera House, one night this week, is to be roasted to-morrow and in the evening will be the center of attraction at a feast to be held in the Pioneer Hook and Ladder rooms. There will also be a medium of salads, etc. and the spread a fine one. The Ellinwood Players have been invited and expect to be present.

Three pounds prunes for 25 cents at Betts & Farringtons. J 22-1f

## MR. SELLECK'S ADDRESS.

Brief and Appropriate Words Concluding the D. A. R. Banquet.

In closing the exceedingly interesting ceremonies at the leap-year banquet given by the D. A. R. to the S. A. R., on the anniversary evening of the day which gave to the world the greatest and grandest character of our late terrible civil war, the Rev. C. M. Selleck spoke the following brief and appropriate words:

The speaker is sure that he voices the one sentiment of the here present non-members of the two organizations that have on this occasion assembled in the relations of host and guest when he says that we deem it an honor, as certainly it has been a unique stranger-favor, to have been privileged thus to meet the Daughters of the American Revolution and their companions in noble aim-association, the Sons of the American Revolution.

Our grand old native town, one of the first constituencies in the American Colonies to catch the spirit of 1776: Our old town, the soil of which was distinguished and for ever dignified by his last foot-prints in his birth-state, the martyr Nathan Hale: Our old town in which dwell the descendants of Thomas Dawes, grandfather of the brave William Dawes, born in 1745, who, expressly selected for the purpose by Warren, of Bunker Hill, was Paul Revere's mate on his immortal Lexington ride of April, 1775: Our old town that can boast of a lad who, only fifteen years old, vowed when his father died on the prison ship in New York bay, to take that soldier-parent's place in the ranks, and accordingly flung himself into the fray at Ridgefield and fell by one of the enemy's bullets, the Ridgefield beholders being so moved by the Norwalk boy's valor that they cut the buttons off the departed hero's coat and sent them to his mother: Our old town rich in patriotic incidents and replete with pattern-promptings to patriotic ardor: Such a rare field and full, as has this evening been so eloquently predicted, of future promise, we, its fortunate children, may well be proud of; and proud let us here remark not alone of its annals—lore and store, but of its twin societies that have, for one of their objects, the perpetuation and preservation of our magnificent story and our multiplied storied sites.

May then, and we hope the wish is not inopportune at this notable banquet close, may this laudable performance already inaugurated by the Chapter for the night's hospitality on the part of the members of which we beg at parting to again return thanks, be carried forward until our entire Ludlow and Partrick purchased domain shall be ennobled and adorned by memorials worthy of this ancient plantation's history and destiny.

#### Whist Party.

It was an unusually happy party that assembled at the residence of Mrs. Julia B. Van Hoosear on West avenue last evening. The occasion was a whist party given Miss Martha D. Treadwell. Despite the battle raging outside between Jupiter Pluvius and Old Boreas, there were nine tables occupied by lovers of whist. Six prizes were contested for and resulted in the following awards: First ladies' prize, Mrs. Fred H. Quintard; 2d, Mrs. John A. Riggs; consolation, Miss Gertrude L. Camp, Gentlemen's prizes, 1st, Manuel T. Hatch; 2d, Clarence Osborn; consolation, James Humphrey. Light refreshments were served.

#### An Expensive Brush.

Five men formed themselves into a Fox club, last fall, and went to Litchfield county to hunt Reynard in his own haunts. For sixteen weeks, three days a week, they hunted, and on Wednesday last succeeded in killing one fox at a total cost, for board, ammunition, care of hounds, consolation oil, etc., of \$666. We have this on the authority of a member of the club who is too foxy to tell a lie to a newspaper reporter.

#### The Boston Store.

Those enterprising proprietors of the Boston Store to-day announce a continuation of their great price-breaking sale. In addition to this important announcement the information is imparted that their annual opening of imported Dimities and Lawns will occur to-morrow. Don't miss it.

#### "Nixy Go-by."

Norwalk's chief of police believes in giving shelter to the weary tramp whenever he applies for lodging. First Selectman Selleck believes in giving the "go-by," and while the controversy rages, "Weary Wraggles" gives Norwalk the "go-by." Danbury Dispatch.

## CAPTAIN IKE'S YARN.

### Selectman Selleck in a Reminiscent Mood.

He Outwits Commodore White and Gets Him to Buy the Selleck Line.

Selectman Isaac Selleck was in a reminiscent mood yesterday when a GAZETTE reporter called at his office to get an item or so of news.

"No news," said the Selectman, "but did I ever tell you how I came to purchase a propeller?"

On being informed that such had not been the reporter's pleasure, Captain Ike, began. "You are too young to remember anything about it" (a mistake on Isaac's part) "but over thirty years ago myself and brothers were engaged in the packet business, that is we ran a sloop between Norwalk and New York for the transportation, exchange and sale of farmers' produce—anything from a dozen eggs to a bale of hay.—One evening one of our sloops, the "Baxter," Captain Henry Jones, was coming up the harbor and when near the cross channel ran aground. The tide was coming in. The Baxter had been on the mud but a few moments when the steambot Nellie White came along, and the wash from her big paddle wheels floated our craft.

"The steambot proceeded to her dock, but against her usual custom failed to immediately wind around, but with hawser fast to a spile swung out into the channel. In the meantime the Baxter's sails had caught the wind and she was speeding along, when suddenly there was a crash and her bowsprit shoved nearly its entire length through the saloon of the Nellie White. "People on the pier, old sailors among them, said that the steambot was clearly at fault for the accident.

"Commodore White of the steambot line presented a bill of \$1,000 for damages. Rather than have any litigation, we offered \$300 which was refused. On the return of the "Baxter" to New York, with its perishable load of produce, Commodore White tied the boat up at the wharf with a suit for damages for \$1,000.

"We had as many friends in New York city as he did, and were not long in getting the boat repaired for and released.

"We then hired the propeller P. F. Brady for one month and placed her on our packet line. Before the month had expired we found that White had purchased her hoping thereby to cripple us.

"Hearing that a new propeller was being built on the ways at Philadelphia but that she was not completed, no time was lost in purchasing the craft which we christened "The City of Norwalk," and when Commodore White came to take the "Brady" we had the "City" which we put on the route and had scored another one on the Commodore.

"White ran the Brady in opposition to our boat, but evidently without success, as later on he approached us and wanted to buy our line out. He was given the figures at which we would sell, but thought it too high. He then sent his agent, Captain Perkins, to try his methods of persuasion at getting us to lower our figure, but he too was given to understand that they could not purchase the route one dollar cheaper than it had been offered.

"Finally Commodore White paid the price asked and the belongings of our company were turned over to him.

"He asked if I would consent to act as captain of the City of Norwalk under his ownership and I accepted. One morning an agent of White's came aboard of the boat and commenced giving me orders, and was followed a short time after by Captain Perkins who also commenced dictating to me. I refused to obey either of them. This brought Commodore White aboard of the boat, as I had previously informed Perkins that I would act no longer as captain, which he repeated to the Commodore. White asked as to what the trouble was and I told him that I would not take orders from three or four different persons.

"Then you will not consent to act as captain?" asked White. "No sir! I answered, and I guess he understood it. That ended the matter and I quit. That is how I came to buy a propeller. It is the same "City of Norwalk" that is now run on the line between Norwalk and New York.

"The sloop litigation was settled out of the courts and to our entire satisfaction."

—Don't fail to see the presents in Colby's window, that are to be given to the children Saturday afternoon at Norwalk Opera House.

## TWO SUDDEN DEATHS.

Henry Jones and John Gorham Fatally Stricken With Paralysis and Apoplexy.

Mr. Henry Jones of Saugatuck was stricken with apoplexy last evening when in front of his residence falling in the street. His brother-in-law, who chanced to be near and another neighbor seeing him fall hastened to his assistance and lifting him up attempted to carry him into his house. On reaching the porch, however, it was found that he was dead. He was in his usual health when he left his house a short time previously. Mr. Jones is a brother of Editor Jones of the Westporter and O. I. Jones of Norwalk. For several years he was a book keeper in the N. Y. art store of Sypher & Co., of which Mr. H. M. Treadwell was a partner. He leaves a widow but no children. His wife was a daughter of the late Josiah Raymond, and has been an invalid for several years.

John Gorham, of Westport, who was stricken with paralysis some days since, died last night.

## THAT SEWER CASE.

The Case of Charles T. Leonard vs. the Borough of Norwalk.

In the Superior Court yesterday, before Judge George W. Wheeler, the suit for damages brought by Charles T. Leonard against the "borough" of Norwalk was on trial. The case has been in the courts for a long time.

The circumstances which led up to the suit occurred nine years ago. In 1887 the borough sent notice to Mr. Leonard that a sewer was to be constructed and that its line to reach the river would run through his property. Shortly after the notice was sent the contractor brought his men around and set them to work. Owing to the nature of the excavation Mr. Leonard was unable to use the yard in which he stored his coal, cement, and other material which he had to dispose of while the work was going on. The sewer was a sixty inch brick one and laid at the depth of ten feet.

Mr. Leonard would have made no complaint but for the interminable time, so he alleges, that the contractor took to do the work, causing him serious loss of business. The workmen, he claims, would be there for a few days and then they would go away and leave the place all torn up for several days. The sewer was not completed until January of the following year. Mr. Leonard claims that he notified the authorities of the borough of the delay in constructing the sewer and told them he should ask for damages for all the loss it caused him. Despite these notices the authorities took no steps to hasten the work.

The case will probably take some time to dispose of as there are a dozen or more witnesses summoned, including B. D. Pierce and C. E. Williams the well known sewer contractors of Bridgeport. The plaintiff was the first witness called. He testified to the facts as related above and added that the sewer ought to have been constructed in three or four weeks at the most. The borough had paid Mr. Leonard for the right of way over his property, but he claims that this was not subject to the delay and trouble that was caused him.

Hurlbutt & Gregory conduct the case for the plaintiff and Levi Warner and Attorney E. M. Lockwood for the borough.

#### Short Calendar Cases.

Among the cases assigned for hearing in the Superior court short calendar to-day, are the following from Norwalk: City of Norwalk vs. George C. Lockwood and Norwalk & South Norwalk Electric Light company vs. City of South Norwalk.

Divorce cases: John N. Tuttle vs. Nellie Tuttle and Charles S. Barraclough vs. Louisa Barraclough.

#### Well Provided For.

Every available closed car, including No. 3, of the Street Railway line was used last evening in providing accommodation for those who wished to ride from South Norwalk after finishing their day's work and who did not care to walk home through the slush and pelting rain.

#### Funeral of William M. Dean.

The funeral of William Matthew Dean, eldest son of Eliza and the late Charles G. Dean of Norwalk, will be held from his late residence, No. 214 E 31st street, to-morrow afternoon. The deceased who was well known in this city died on Wednesday last.

# FOUR HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE!

## A Magnificent Piano for the Most Popular School, Lodge, Society, Club or Fire Company in Fairfield County.

Which is our most popular school, lodge, society, club or fire company?

Which one has the most admirers and friends? Doubtless these questions are beyond the power of any absolute answer, but THE EVENING GAZETTE to-day opens an exceptional opportunity to make the test. THE GAZETTE proposes to poll the votes of the people. And the voting is to have zest in it. It is made worth while to vote. There is a magnificent prize at stake.

THE GAZETTE will give A \$400 UPRIGHT PIANO to the school, lodge, society, club or fire company which gets the most votes.

It is an instrument of the very finest character. It is beautiful in its workmanship, an ornament worthy of any home, and in all its musical qualities it is unsurpassed. In every sense it is a perfect and beautiful instrument—equal to the best that can be anywhere bought for \$400 IN GOLD.

The contest begins to-day. The following are the rules which govern the voting:

- 1—THE GAZETTE will print each day a blank coupon, each coupon being good for one vote for the school, lodge, society, club or fire company the owner of the coupon may select—the blank lines in the coupon to be filled out with the name and address. The coupon to-day is at the end of this article.
- 2—The contest will close on July 2, and the winner announced on July 3.
- 3—Any school, lodge, society, club or fire company in Fairfield County is eligible.
- 4—A full record of the voting will be published up to date every evening in THE GAZETTE, but votes received after 10 A. M. will not be recorded until a day later.
- 5—Coupons must be filled out in a plain handwriting, for otherwise blunders can not be avoided and votes will be lost. Blank coupons, of course, can not be counted.

THE GAZETTE expects a big vote. Fairfield County is full of popular schools, lodges, societies, clubs and fire companies. The contest is bound to be of wide and live interest, and every preparation is made at this office to see that the voting proceeds without a drawback of any sort.

## THE PIANO OFFERED IS THE SCHLEICHER & SONS.

It is a piano made upon honor and sold upon merit. A party buying one does not get merely a handsome case. He gets a thorough musical instrument. The tone of the instrument is full, rich, resonant and well sustained, the scale is magnificent.

Following is the voting coupon, a copy of which will appear in THE GAZETTE daily.

### GAZETTE PIANO CONTEST.

Name, \_\_\_\_\_

Town, \_\_\_\_\_

## BATTLE OF THE BALLOTS.

St. Mary's School.....	359
Hope Hose Company.....	322
Norwalk Yacht Club.....	304
Welcome Stranger Lodge.....	185
Pequonock Pleasure Club.....	62
Center School.....	46
Over River School.....	17
Pioneer Castle.....	10
Compo Engine Co., Westport.....	4
Arion Singing Society.....	3
Catholic Union Council.....	3
Uncas Tribe.....	3
Norwalk Liederkreis.....	2
Knob Outing Club.....	2
Pine Lodge Club.....	2
S. S. Club.....	2
T. G. L. C.....	2

**Tired, Weak, Nervous**

**Sarsaparilla Restores Strength and Bodily Vigor.**

The cause of that tired, weak, nervous condition in which so many people find themselves, is the failure of the blood to properly nourish the nerves and tissues. Feed the nerves upon pure blood, and they will be steady and strong. Read this: "It is with pleasure that I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent nerve tonic and blood purifier."

Mrs. C. H. Venable I have taken it more than once and am taking it now. I was tired, my body ached, and I felt very badly all over. I was afraid I would be sick. I thought I would take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and

It Has Cured Me, and I find that it is cheaper than the doctor's bills. Hood's Pills are the best I have ever taken and I use no other. I am glad to have an opportunity to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. C. H. VENABLE, Keithsburg, Ill.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Be sure to get **Cures**  
Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, 25c.

**ARE YOU GOING SOUTH?**

If so, for health, pleasure and comfort go to Piney Woods Inn, Southern Pines, N. C.

Those desiring to escape the rigors of the climate North will find a mild, dry climate at Southern Pines, N. C., in the heart of the long leafed pine section of America.

The elevation is 600 feet above sea level, the highest point in the turpentine belt, delightful climate, with all the advantages of resorts farther south and free from many disadvantages; it is the place the tourist and health seeker will appreciate.

It has the most perfect drainage, being a huge sand bank, and is situated in the heart of the long leaf pine. It is within the influence of the gulf stream, to which it owes much of the mildness of the climate.

Piney Woods Inn, an elegant new hotel, is now open. The house accommodates 200 guests, has all modern conveniences, sanitary plumbing, electric lights, call bells, wide verandas, sun parlors, steam heat, etc. In fact Piney Woods Inn has been fitted up that guests may enjoy the comforts of every day life at home at moderate rates.

Piney Woods Inn is reached by the Seaboard Air Line. For terms, etc. address,

**CHARLES ST. JOHN,**  
(MANAGER),  
Southern Pines, N. C.

**DAILY FREIGHT LINE**

BETWEEN  
**NORWALK,**  
**SO. NORWALK**  
AND  
**NEW YORK.**

Propellers  
**City of Norwalk,**  
**Vulcan and Eagle.**

Leave Norwalk at 5 p. m.  
Leave So. Norwalk at 6 p. m.  
Leave New York, Pier 23,  
E. R., Beekman St., 5 p. m.

**CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK**

26 WALL ST., NORWALK.  
INCORPORATED SEPT. 1, 1876.  
CAPITAL, \$100,000.  
JOS. M. HOLMES, President.  
L. BOYER, Vice-President.  
WILLIAM A. CURTIS, Cashier.  
DIRECTORS:  
JOS. M. HOLMES, H. E. DANN,  
L. CUNNINGHAM, J. T. FROWITT,  
E. L. BOYER, S. H. HOLMES,  
J. COUSINS, JR.

Discount Day, Saturday.

**Fairfield County National Bank**

44 Wall Street, Norwalk, Conn.  
INCORPORATED, 1824. Capital, \$200,000.  
EDWIN O. KEELER, President.  
DAVID H. MILLER, Vice-President.  
L. C. GREEN, Cashier.  
DIRECTORS:  
EDWIN O. KEELER, MOSES H. GLOVER,  
DAVID H. MILLER, A. J. MEEKER,  
W. S. JOHN LOCKWOOD, THEODORE E. SMITH,  
IRA COLE, CHAS. F. TRISTRAM.  
Accounts of Manufacturers, Merchants and Individuals solicited.  
Safe Deposit Boxes free to Depositors.

**LOCKWOOD'S LIGHT PARCEL AND PACKAGE DELIVERY**

Cheap rates. Will also take orders for messenger service in New York. Goods called for and delivered to all parts of the town. Orders received at E. P. Weed's Drug Store, 24 S. Street, with telephone connection until 11 p. m.  
**C. E. LOCKWOOD.**

**MAYHEW GUILTY.**

The case of Theodore Mayhew, charged with indecent exposure, which has been going on before Judge Hubbell in the town court since Saturday morning, was concluded yesterday and Judge Hubbell found Mayhew guilty and imposed a fine of \$35 and costs, from which decision an appeal was taken and the prisoner released on \$200 bonds furnished by Carl Schaub of South Norwalk.

Nearly the entire day, yesterday, was taken up by the examination of Mayhew who was placed upon the stand to clear himself.

When the first witness for the state testified she stated that after Mayhew had insulted her he passed her house and she later saw him stop and talk with a Mr. Knorr. When that gentleman was placed on the stand by the defense he admitted that he had talked with the prisoner on East avenue but could not tell whether it was on Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday. Under cross examination, however, he stated that he left the shop every afternoon at 4:30 o'clock for his home.

When Mayhew was placed on the stand, he stated that on Monday, the day of the alleged exposure, he had been at Linxweiler's saloon and Pitzers barber shop on Railroad Place during the whole afternoon and had not been near Norwalk or East avenue. This statement was in corroboration of his numerous witnesses who had previously testified to the same effect. On Tuesday he said that he had not left his home having been engaged the entire day in nursing a sick daughter. On Wednesday he had come to this city, walking up West avenue. After arriving on the bridge he had watched the water in the harbor for a short time and then started down East avenue to walk home and was on that avenue when arrested. He could not tell the exact time that he had been placed in the lockup but thought it was before dark. He also admitted talking with Mr. Knorr but said it was on Wednesday.

Mayhew was followed by Officer R. N. Morehouse, who told of meeting the prisoner on East avenue near the residence of George W. Cram on Wednesday afternoon. He passed him and after walking a short distance turned around to watch Mayhew and found the latter had stopped and was standing in the center of the walk watching him. The officer turned and started towards this city and when Daskam's lane was reached he turned again and found the prisoner had disappeared into the vacant lot next to the Cram residence. Officer Morehouse got behind a tree and soon saw Mayhew emerge from his hiding place and look up and down the street as though trying to discover where he, the officer, was.

The officer then related the arrest and emphatically said that Mr. Knorr had not come along, nor did Mayhew speak to anyone. He fixed the time of arrest at 4 o'clock.

This closed the testimony and Attorney H. W. Gregory, for the State, offered to submit the case without argument, but to this Attorney John J. Walsh, for the defense, would not agree. Attorney Gregory then opened for the State and was followed by Attorney Walsh in a most stirring address for the acquittal of his client. He went over the ground thoroughly and his words were attentively listened to by the crowd in the court room. At times he became eloquent and pleaded passionately for the release of the prisoner and the restoration of his good name, as far as the court was able to remove the stain that had already been put upon it by his arrest on such a heinous charge.

Attorney Gregory in a few words closed for the state and fastened the crime on Mayhew beyond a question of a doubt. He took up the prisoner's testimony and called the attention of the court to the fact that on Tuesday Mayhew could not have talked with Knorr on East avenue as he was at home on that day nursing a sick child; that he could not have talked with him on Wednesday because he was locked up before Mr. Knorr left his work. This being the case, it could have been on no other day than Monday that he talked with Knorr as testified to by the chief witness for the State.

Attorney Gregory's argument was convincing and Judge Hubbell found the prisoner guilty and fined him \$25 and costs as related above.

To Attorney Gregory belongs the credit of Mayhew's conviction. Seldom, if ever, has a criminal case in Norwalk been more ably handled than was this one by the Prosecuting Attorney. His adroit leading of nearly every witness for the defense's alibi to Pitzers' barber shop, would have done credit to the ablest criminal lawyer. In fact Attorney Gregory's entire conduct of the case showed unusual ability and tact.

**Emory Stockwell Dead.**

Emory Stockwell, superintendent of the lock department of the Yale & Towne manufacturing Company of Stamford and the inventor of many locks, including the safe time lock, died Saturday of heart disease. He was 55 year old.

Soda crackers 5 cents per pound, 6 pounds for 25 cents at Betts & Farrington's. J 22-14

**WANTED CORSETS.**

New York thieves, on Sunday night last made a raid on the propeller City of Norwalk and stole a case containing sixty pairs of corsets and a tub of first-class country butter shipped by expressman Ferris, to a friend in New York.

They gained access to the boat by prying open a shutter at the gangway of the boat as she lay at the foot of Beekman street. The captain and crew were sleeping soundly in their bunks all unconscious that they had visitors. Fortunate for the visitors it was, too, that neither the Captain or deck hands awoke else the number of visitors would have been decimated as all of the crew shoot with the exactness of a Bogardus, and to kill.

Not until 7 o'clock the next morning did Captain Bouton find that the boat had been visited by thieves, they having politely closed the shutter on their departure.

As the freight was being removed from the boat, and checked off from the manifest it was found that there was a tub of butter missing and all efforts to find it were without avail. It was known that it was put aboard of the boat before the propeller left Norwalk, and its disappearance was a problem that the captain decided to solve later in the day, and the unloading of the freight was continued.

About this time a member of the police force came aboard of the boat with some empty corset boxes and inquired if anything of the kind was missing. The freight list was looked over and an inspection made of the freight when it was found that the contents of a case which had contained sixty pairs of R. & G. corsets were missing.

The officer explained that he had detected four men acting in a suspicious manner near the market, about 100 feet from the boat, and had placed two of the number under arrest and found something like twenty pairs of corsets in their possession. He had secured further evidence that they had offered them for sale.

The goods were identified by Captain Bouton as those stolen from the boat.

An alarm was sent out and the police were immediately on the track of the other thieves and expect to recover the balance of the corsets as well as the tub of butter.

It was a bold robbery, nicely planned, but thanks to the police the robbers were detected before they could make way with their spoils.

The parties arrested are liable to do time in the penitentiary, a fate they richly deserve.

**Obituary.**

**JASPER P. NICKERSON.**

In the sudden and untimely death of the above young and enterprising Norwalk business man, our city has sustained a most serious loss, while his family and friends are called upon to bear an unutterable bereavement.

The deceased was a son of the venerable Alonzo Nickerson long an active resident and builder here in Norwalk. His son Jasper on leaving school entered the employ of Bennett, Nash & Streets a dry goods clerk. In 1879 he entered into co-partnership with G. W. Raymond, in the grocery business. In 1888, he withdrew from this firm and continued the business in the James block by himself. Two years subsequently he formed a co-partnership with William M. Betts and conducted the business at their present stand on Main street. He leaves a widow and three young children, the eldest, Mabel being a student at Hillside Seminary. He was taken ill one week ago to-day, with as he supposed, an attack of the grip. Fatal pneumonia soon developed and yesterday afternoon he peacefully breathed his last, in the forty-ninth year of his age. In all the relations of life he was upright, winning in his ways, respected, honored and beloved by all who knew him. He was one of those industrious, provident and honorable young business men, who serve as a model in any community where their lines are cast.

**Death of Norman A. Wilson.**

Norman A. Wilson, father of Oliver E. Wilson of this city, died at his home in Harwinton, Sunday afternoon, aged 76 years. He had been in poor health for the past few months. The deceased was a member of the General Assembly in 1869.

Mr. O. E. Wilson was summoned to his father's bedside on Saturday, but Sunday afternoon as he appeared to be better he at 3 o'clock left for his home in this city, and shortly after arriving received the sad intelligence that his father had died in less than one hour after his departure.

The deceased was an occasional visitor at Norwalk where he made many friends. "Those who knew him best loved him best" was never more applicable than of the deceased.

**Sudden Death.**

Mrs. Martha France died suddenly at the home of her daughter Mrs. Henry J. Grumman, on Camp street, about 6 o'clock, last evening. She was sitting in a chair when her head was seen to drop forward, and before medical assistance arrived she was dead. The deceased was a native of England, had

been twice married and was a widow at the time of her death. She suffered a paralytic stroke some months since. Two children Mrs. H. J. Grumman and Harry Townes survive her. The funeral will be attended Wednesday afternoon, Rev. F. E. Robbins of the Baptist church officiating.

**Recent Deaths.**

Mrs. Amos Schoonmaker, Jr., died suddenly in E. Bethel, on Tuesday, aged 71 years.

Comfort M. Patch died at her home in Danbury, Tuesday, in the 83d year of her age.

Thomas Lynch died at the home of his daughter Mrs. Charles Wuesterman, at Hayesville, Tuesday, aged 71 years. The funeral was attended from St. Mary's church this morning.

**PERSONAL GOSSIP.**

Yvette Guilbert, the French celebrity, is responsible for the latest fashion of wearing long black gloves with evening dress. It is all the go in New York.

Mrs. Reed, wife of the speaker of the house, does not go out in society this winter because of the death of her mother, which occurred last summer. Mr. Reed's daughter, who is a sweet-looking blonde, was "out" last winter and is among the gay set this year.

Prince Henry of Battenberg, who goes with the Ashantee expedition, has taken the precaution to insure his life for \$500,000, so that if he is struck down by an African assegai, meeting the same fate which befell the prince imperial of France, his family will not be left in destitution.

Lord Salisbury is a vastly rich man. He received \$1,000,000 for his property in the Strand, he derives an immense income in the shape of untaxed ground rents in London and in the country, and while in office as prime minister he receives the pay attached to the office, and while out of office the pension of an ex-cabinet minister.

P. T. Barnum, the late showman, owned some property in Venezuela, which during one of the revolutions there several years ago was confiscated and destroyed. Through the United States government Mr. Barnum made a claim for compensation and was awarded \$1,400. The Venezuelan government was not able to pay a lump sum, but agreed to pay it in ten annual installments, with interest added. So the executors of the Barnum estate receive from the republic of Venezuela now each year a check for something like \$150.

**An Apology.**

"What do you think, Ethel, Maude has accepted that horrid Mr. Biggs-leigh?"  
"You don't say so! Why, he's only an apology for a man."  
"Yes, that's it. Maude says no one should ever refuse to accept an apology."—Philadelphia Call.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

**TROPHIES OF THE HUNT.**

A single firm of taxidermists at Bangor, Me., has received 41 caribou heads this season.

A California lion, measuring six feet nine inches from nose to tail-tip, was shot near Pescadero, Cal.

The fox-hunting championship of Vermont is claimed by John Davis, of Bennington. He is 40 years old and has killed 251 foxes.

A bald eagle, measuring seven feet four inches from tip to tip of its wings, and having claws more than two inches long, was killed near Esculapia, Ky., a few days ago.

Hunters returning from the Okefenokee swamp in Georgia, where comparatively few hunters go, say it abounds with game of all sorts—deer, bears, alligators, turkeys, wild fowl and fish.

Two fine buffalo heads and two musk ox heads were received in Whatcom, Wash., from the Canadian northwest recently. It was understood that the buffaloes as well as the musk oxen were killed recently in the northwest territory.

Six deer wandered into the village of Central Lake, Mich., early on a recent Sunday morning, trotted through the streets for awhile, and took to the woods again before any of the startled inhabitants could quiet their nerves sufficiently to get a gun.

Elk are numerous in Chehalis county, Ore., this winter, and the settlers thereabouts are having great sport and profit out of the fine animals. A band of 12 elk was seen within three-quarters of a mile of a settlement one day last week. They average in weight about 500 pounds each.

**PEBBLES.**

Lawyer—"Sir, I propose to see that justice is done." Magistrate—"None of your tricks here."—Detroit Tribune.

Wonder if Tennyson ever thought that the time would come when he must answer for every Idyll word!—Boston Transcript.

"Do you pay for poetry?" asked the pretty girl. "Y-yes," replied the editor, with some hesitation. "What do you pay?" "Compliments."—Pearson's.

"Susan, just look here! I can write my name in the dust on the top of this table!" "Lor, mum, so you can! Now I never had no edgercation myself!"—Punch.

Caller—"And this is the new baby!" Fond Mother—"Isn't he splendid?" Caller—"Yes, indeed." Fond Mother

"And so bright! See how intelligently he breathes!"—Tit-Bits.

A barefooted tramp passed through Fulton, Kan., one day recently. Assistance was offered him, but he refused it, saying that he could steal what he wanted.—Exchange.

Uncle Harry—"Well, Johnny, and how did you like the ride on Uncle Harry's knee?" Johnny—"Oh, it was very nice; but I had a ride on a real donkey yesterday."—Evangelist.

Don't try to hatch chicken with hens in midwinter unless you are willing to devote time in caring for the broods. Hens cannot raise chicks in winter unless kept in a warm place.

When sulphur is given to animals in winter it is liable to cause them to take cold, as it opens the pores of the skin. It is said to also cause rheumatism if given during damp weather.

One reason why cattle will go out in the barnyard during inclement weather and endure cold and dampness in preference to remaining inside is that the stalls are too dark and cheerless.

**FOREIGN NOTES.**

Mascagni has taken up the duties of director of the Liceo musicale, founded by Rossini in his birthplace, Pesaro, and will give up co-partnership for a time.

Mme. Jeanne Hugo, the granddaughter of Victor Hugo, who was recently divorced from her husband, Alphonse Daudet's son, is about to marry a young doctor of Paris.

Stanley and Mounteney Jephson, the only white survivors of the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, have just erected a brass tablet in Kilmore church to the memory of their comrade, Surgeon Park.

French football is improving. The Racing club of Paris recently beat a 15 of Oxford men at the Rugby game at Levallois-Perret by one try to nothing, while the Olympique club beat the same 15 in the Bois de Boulogne by a goal to a try.

Three hundred and eighty-six distinct libel suits have been begun by as many priests against the Paris Journal on account of an article reflecting on the clergy of the Hautes Pyrenees. Each priest asks for \$20 damages, and if they win, the result of each lawsuit will be printed in five newspapers of Toulouse, as many of Bordeaux and in 12 newspapers in the department.

—Advertise in the "Gazette."

**A POINTER**

Is your plate glass or safe insured? If not, call on me and I will write you a policy in the Mutual Plate Glass and Safe Insurance Company. Glass will break and burglars use dynamite.

**In Case of Fire**

You should be insured. A policy in the Reliance or Philadelphia; Phoenix of Hartford; Scotland Union of Scotland; New Hampshire of Manchester; Rochester German of Rochester; United States and Pacific of New York; Security of New Hampshire or Granite State of Portsmouth will protect you against the fire fiend.

**W. H. BYINGTON,**

Real Estate and General Insurance,

ROOM 1, GAZETTE BUILDING

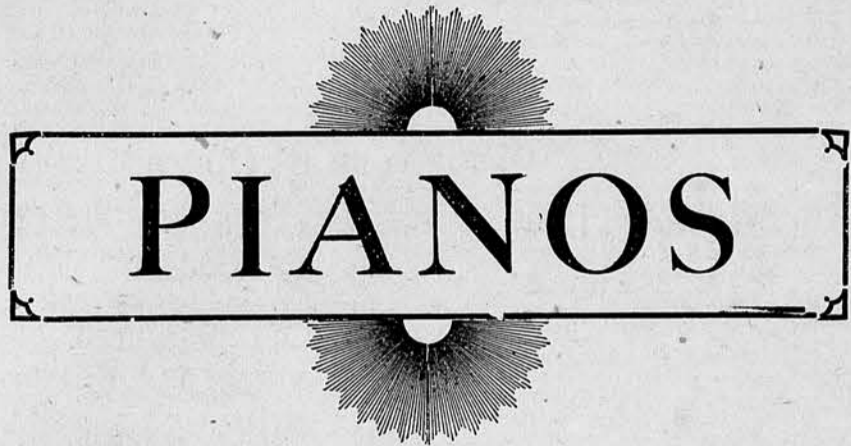
LOANS NEGOTIATED AND INVESTMENTS MADE.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED!

# SCHLEICHER & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH-GRADE



OVER FORTY YEARS PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE

THE FINEST TONE AND MOST DURABLE PIANO

AT

The Lowest Possible Price.

Sold on Easy Terms and Rented.

Old Pianos Taken in Exchange.

THEY ARE THE BEST

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO WAREHOUSES:

NEW YORK CITY,

9 WEST FOURTEENTH STREET.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.,

52 WEST FIRST STREET.

FACTORY,

STAMFORD, CONN.

BRIDGEPORT,  
THE  
**D. M. Read**  
COMPANY.

BRILLIANCY  
HAS QUICKENED  
DEMAND.

The restrictions of 'not knowing what the new goods were to be' are now removed. They are here. And the more one sees them the more determined she is to buy right away before the quietness of Lent shall change the course of thought to another channel.

The various lines of Silks which we have thrown open for inspection have thus far more than met our expectations of approval. They have quickened the demands, not only in proportion to the duties of those who require an immediate change, but from those who are so far-sighted as to prepare for fashion's Summer prospective.

Carpets, easy to buy because of our easy terms. If you are a judge of qualities you'll need no explanation of their good points; if not, we'll be only too happy to show you wherein you'll be doing well to buy them here.

Anderson's celebrated Scotch Gingham, the Daniel & John brand—colors fast—plain, stripes, checks and plaids. 35c. quality for 25c.

Another lot of fashionable Jackets direct from the manufacturer. We sold all of ours long ago, and now we are selling his garments at his prices. Every one new. Every one at a low price.

How the Crib Blankets did go! At 25 cents a pair. We have reinforced the reduced lot with another stock of them—just to help along those who were unable to buy at the first sale.

That Housefurnishing and Crockery department in our basement is one of the greatest saving institutions of its sort anywhere.

Everything for the kitchen, everything for the dining-room that you can possibly think of, and at the littlest of all prices.

### NEW WOMAN IN LITERATURE.

Jeannette Gilder Gives Her Ideas Concerning the Talked of Creature.

The new woman of the novelist is merely one of Dr. Max Nordau's degenerates. She is the creation of a writer who is hysterical and degenerate, and the world takes her as something that really exists. To be sure, there are plenty of women with "pasts," and with "yearnings," and there always have been and probably always will be, but I doubt if any woman outside of an insane asylum talks the rubbish about spiritual impacts, tells that "we are tones of one chord," and about the "vile slavery" of marriage, as do the women of Miss Pendered and Mr. Grant Allen. Writers of this sort do not represent the women of the day any more than the painted women of the streets represent the women of good society.

The jaundiced writers of "The Yellow Book" cannot be expected to give us pictures of healthy lives. Their tastes run to worm eaten fruit. They have no liking for that which is red with the hue of health. They prefer the yellow hue of decay. Dr. Nordau is quite right when he calls it disease. The heroines of "The Yellow Book," of "Discords" and of "Wreckage" might have been taken from Lombroso's study of the female offender. If they exist outside of their creator's brains, their cases will be found recorded in scientific studies of criminology or in the ordinary police reports.

The new woman as I find her outside of the pages of fiction is an industrious, healthy minded, healthy bodied young person, with a certain amount of independence, who cares more for out of door sports than for indoor follies, and who if she has work to do does it and does not waste her time in telling about it. Her spirits run high over the adventures of "A Gentleman of France," she laughs and cries by turns over "Trilby" and thinks "The Dolly Dialogues" great fun, but for "Yellow Discords" and the like she has no use.

I am happy to say that little of the hysterical literature of the day originates in this country. It is almost entirely of English origin. Some of our younger writers have tried their hands at it, but they do not take to it naturally, and it is fast going out of fashion.

There always will be a handful of people who like erotica, but I think there has been a turn in the tide which even at its highest never swamped the writers of purer fiction. Rudyard Kipling and Mrs. Humphry Ward have many more readers than Grant Allen and Mary L. Pendered, and in this country our writers of clean fiction are the most popular.—Jeannette Gilder.

### THE JESUIT FATHER IN CHINA.

A Fearfully Narrow, Barren Life and Its Mental Effects.

Up summer and winter before sunrise, he reads the matins and his day's work is often done, says Blackwood's Magazine. Sometimes he reads the angelus and vespers; usually they are undertaken by the native catechist. Perhaps in the course of the long morning Ah San or Ah Si will present himself and pour forth complaint about a buffalo and a trampled padi field; or he may be called to adjudicate in what should be an action for a divorce. Sometimes of a morning he sallies forth, his yellow pigtail coiled around his head and an enormous satchel slung across his back, with a store of iron shot and wadding for his rickety muzzle loader, and if he is lucky will bring back a pigeon or two, or even a pheasant, to supplement the inevitable pork or fowl and rice.

The mail comes in once a fortnight and a day slips by unnoticed, thanks to home letters and a dozen numbers of La Croix, where, squeezed between the latest miracle and the life of some worthy saint, the doings of the outer world may be found recorded in a ten line notice on "a l' Etranger."

Sometimes an afternoon is whiled away in curing the rank tobacco of the place or in brewing rice wine or malt beer—because ten years of solitude have taught him to do things for himself—and when he has no such pastime on hand, he gets through the day absorbed as one hopes in his little medieval library of religious books—lives of the saints and sermons and essays.

Then is it wonderful that even a mind as broad and gentle as his should in constant journeyings on the one road have worn a rut for itself, deep sunk and gloomy as the traffic channeled paths of the loess land in the north, till, when a rare glimpse of the outside world does break upon his view, his dazzled eyes can see nothing but trees walking, schismatics and Freemasons, Jews and atheists, spiritualism and table turning, with the fiend himself in a fiery cloud over all?

### Evarts' Paradox.

An amusing instance of an orator unable to resist a neat paradox was presented in a speech made at a banquet given when President Hayes and his cabinet were in Omaha. Evarts was delivering a most eloquent eulogy of the west and concluded one of his famous interminable sentences in these words: "I like the west. I like her self made men, and the more I travel west, the more I am satisfied of the truthfulness of the Bible statement that the wise-men-came-from-the-east!"—Exchange.

### The Other Side.

First Vestryman—It must make a clergyman feel very unhappy to discover that he has outlived his usefulness in a parish.

Second Vestryman—Not so unhappy as it makes the people when he doesn't discover it.—New York Tribune.

### Catch Your Hare.

The well known saying, "First catch your hare," is generally credited to "Mrs. Glass' Cook Book," written by Dr. John Hill in the eighteenth century. But in an early edition of the book the reading of the sentence is, "First catch (that is, skin) your hare."

Advertise in the GAZETTE.

### A DROWNING MAN

Will Catch at a Straw. A Boston Man Grasps Something More Staple.

(From the Boston Globe.)

In 1823 was established the Hubbard Choir Co., and to day, at 885 Washington st., it remains, one of the prominent institutions of Boston's manufactures. Connected with it is an old and trusted employe, Mr. James Conner, who resides at 196 Broadway, East Somerville. Do you know him? Any one who does will tell you his word "goes without saying." We will let him lead you to us by what he says. When our representative called on him he became enthusiastic at once, saying, "I can speak very glowingly of your medicine." He said his kidney trouble dated back eight years—he was unable to assign a cause—it came just of its own accord. The pains across the small of his back were at times terrible—so much as to literally "double him up," and he says he often felt it would be impossible to get home from his work. Another bad feature was the constant desire to urinate, often 8 and 10 times in a half day. In the Boston Post he happened to see a report of a similar case, cured by Doan's Kidney Pills. Like a drowning man, he grasped it, and instead of its proving a straw it actually saved him. He tells in a few words how he went to Geo. Burwell's Pharmacy, Boylston st., and Park sq., and bought and began taking the pills at once. The day he got them, he says his pains were terrible, "and my very breathing intensified my distress. All pain was immediately eradicated, urine restored to its normal frequency, and I cannot realize that I had ever suffered so. I shall always be ready to speak a good word for the Greatest Kidney Remedy in existence—Doan's Kidney Pills."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents, mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

J. D. Jennings.

UNDERTAKER

4 Knight street, opposite Street Railway Depot

NIGHT BELL AT OFFICE.

Piano Lessons.

MRS. GEORGE W. BRADLEY, (daughter of the late Wm. R. Nash,) gives efficient and satisfactory instructions on the Piano at her home No. 193 Main street.

DAVID W. RAYMOND

Funeral Director and Embalmer.

39 Washington Street South Norwalk

Residence, Mahackemo Hotel.

## Brisk Business in February.

is only possible by selling at prices below competition. We intend to keep busy, and this is how we'll accomplish it—by continuing our great sale of shoes during the month.

We have purchased of Lounsbury, Mathewson & Co., all their Ladies Fine Shoes, made for the insolvent firm of Harding & Co., of Brooklyn, and will close them out at about 1/2 their Actual Value.

- 120 pair Ladies' 20th Century Enamel Shoes, worth \$6.00, at - \$3 79
- 150 pair Ladies' Razor Toe Kid Shoes, worth \$5.00, at - 2 98
- 150 pair Ladies' Razor Toe Cloth Top Shoes, worth \$5.00, at - 2 98
- 90 pair Ladies' Calf Opera and Razor Toe Shoes, worth \$5.00, at - 2 98
- 60 pair Ladies' 20th Century Russia, Lace, worth \$5.00, at - 2 98
- All of Harding & Co's \$4.00 Shoes, at - 2 50
- All of Harding & Co's \$3.00 Shoes, at - 1 98
- All of Harding & Co's \$2.50 Shoes, at - 1 74
- 200 pair Ladies' Opera Toe, Pat. Tip, Shoes, worth \$1.50, at 89c all sizes
- 150 pair Ladies' fine C. S. Shoes, worth \$1.50, at - 89c all sizes

## Men's First Quality Hip Rubber Boots,

AT \$2.75 A PAIR.

- 90 pair Men's \$3.00 Patent Lace Shoes, at \$1 95 a pair
- 120 pair Men's \$2.00 Invisible Cork Sole Bal. and Congress, 1 48 "
- 140 pair Men's Lace and Congress Shoes at 98c, worth \$1.25
- 120 pair Men's Invisible Cork Sole Shoes, worth \$3.50 at \$2 29 a pair
- 5 Cases of Men's Tap Sole Split Boots, worth \$2.00, at 1 45 a pair
- Boys Shoes, 88c, 98c, and \$1 23 a pair

This is positively the best chance ever offered to buy HIGH-CLASS SHOE at less than the cost of manufacture.

We want you to come and see this lot of goods. They are worthy your inspection. These shoes can only be found at

**OLSEN BROS.' WHITE SHOE STORE**

3 GAZETTE BUILDING, NORWALK.

STORE OPENED EVENINGS

YOUR SHOES SHINED FREE

## THIS IS WORTH READING.

- Hood's Sarsaparilla, . . . . . 65 Cents
- Greene's Nervura, . . . . . 75 "
- William's Pink Pills, . . . . . 40 "
- Castoria, . . . . . 25 "
- Allcock's Plasters, . . . . . 10 "
- Pears' Unscented Soap, . . . . . 10 "
- 100 two-grain Quinine Pills, . . . . . 25 "

R. H. Plaisted, 43 Washington Street, So. Norwalk.

"Truth above all things."

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1896

Entered in the Post Office as a Newspaper.

**Piano Contest.**

In the contest for the EVENING GAZETTE'S \$400 piano, all of the contestants are in the same position as yesterday.

**Promote from the Ranks.**

It is to be hoped that Robert Roosevelt Pearson when he offers his resignation at the next council meeting, "to proceed to the election of a captain of the South Norwalk police force," will suggest to his colleagues that the coming appointment be made from the ranks and in the line of succession. While Fire Chief Baker, who is said to be a candidate, would make a most excellent officer, it would hardly be fair to the present members of the force to go outside and bring in a man to place over their heads.

This would be particularly true in the case of Detective G. Washington Gladstone who in length of service stands at the head of the entire force. The detective during his term of service has served the city faithfully, and it would be unjust to place an "outsider" over him however good an officer the new man might make.

Whatever action may be taken by the council, we believe that Robert Roosevelt Pearson is not the man to overlook the faithful services of anyone, and that when he projects his pruning knife under the scalp of Captain Joseph Lane Colegrove he will temper the stroke with the recommendation that the line of deserved promotion be observed.

**"Bright Men Sat On."**

That is the way the phenomenally bright Washington correspondent of the C. A. P. puts it. He refers of course to the old time practice and unwritten law of Congress which relegates new members to the rear, and closes their mouths in event of temptation to orate, while in their adolescent stages.

This is much like the usual college plan of juniors and seniors forcing fresh men from the campus fence.

The present Congress, however, is so unwontedly stocked with new and "bright men," that the old time rule imposing silence upon them, has been reut in twain, and smashed to smithereens, as it were, for the good reason that many of these "bright men" came to Congress, fairly staggering under the weight of empire and big to bursting with suppressed speeches.

Both in Senate and House, sad havoc has been made in the ancient repressive custom as to new members, by the repeated oratorical "breaks" of this new contingent of "bright men," despite the efforts of old members.

This is the way the Connecticut Associated Press correspondent states his case:

"There is a disposition on the part of the older members to 'sit on' every new member that tries to become too prominent, and from that time on, the man is forever doomed in the House."

The only member of the Connecticut Congressional delegation who has broken over this old and astringent rule and delivered his speech, is our own honored and cherished Congressman Hill, and the GAZETTE is prepared to wager a bushel of Norwalk clams that Mr. Hill is not going to get "sit," or "sot" or "sat" on, or "doomed,"—not by a large majority. Hill is not that kind of a man and Congressman. He spoke his piece on the floor of the House and it was eloquent, earnest and strong, and won the plaudits of his fellow members. When next he speaks, as surely he will, his remarks will win the same homage and tumultuous applause, for the reason that Hill is an intensely earnest man in all he says.

**Plenty of Time.**

Our own Congressman Hill has not succumbed to this Republican epidemic of volunteering for the Presidential nomination.—News.

All very true John, but it is to be remembered that there is considerable time yet to elapse ere the meeting of the St. Louis convention, also that our Congressman is that kind of a hustler who is pretty sure to bring down the game he goes for.

—Advertisement in the "Gazette."

**STILL IN POSSESSION.**

No Change in the Situation at Wadhams' Wall Street Market.

Constable Samuel Ireland is still in possession of Wadhams Wall street market. As exclusively published in these columns yesterday, he took possession at noon by virtue of a warrant of attachment in favor of a New York creditor of Mr. Wadhams'.

Sheriff Lyon had previously taken possession of the market on a similar writ in favor of a creditor from Groton, and placed the same in charge of Henry C. Smith, as keeper. During the temporary absence of Smith, Ireland arrived on the scene and as above stated took possession and was busily engaged in taking an inventory of the stock when Keeper Smith returned.

The latter, naturally, was much chagrined, but of course could not help himself, as Ireland was lawfully in possession.

The doors of the market were open for a short time this morning, and a report was current that Wadhams had quit claimed the same to his New York creditors who had placed the attachment. The doors remained open but a short time before they were again closed and locked.

It is understood that Attorney Honnecker who issued the first warrant of attachment, said this morning, that he would force Mr. Wadhams into insolvency.

It is reported that an attempt was made to put an attachment on Mr. Wadhams' horse, but when the officer went after the animal he found the stable empty. The horse had been sold to J. E. Woodhull before the officer's visit.

Apparently the war has but commenced and will be continued until the bitter end.

Mr. Wadhams says that the market will be re-opened this afternoon under the management of Cunningham Bros.

**Muggs' Landing.**

The Ellinwood Players had a stormy night to contend with last night but were greeted with a fair audience. "Muggs' Landing" was presented in a pleasing manner and the specialties were received with favor. It was the fourth night of the company's appearance here, and it has been greeted by good houses every night. A bed-room suit was given away last night, which went to Richard Hendricks who held the lucky number of 2485. The "Two Orphans" will be presented to-night. Matinee to-morrow afternoon, at which every child will be given a prize.

—Fine butter 25 cents per pound at Betts & Farrington's J 22-1f

**List of Patents.**

List of Patents issued from the U. S. Patent Office, Tuesday, Feb. 11th, 1896, for the State of Connecticut, furnished us from the office of Earle & Seymour, Solicitors of Patents, 868 Chapel street, New Haven.

Jas. Dempsey, assignor to Berlin Iron Bridge Co., means for supporting and moving electric lamps.  
W. O. Gottwals, Ottawa, Canada, and F. L. Ellis, Milidale, Conn., said Ellis assignor to said Gottwals. Letter or bill file.

G. E. Hart, assignor to Waterbury Watch Co. Waterbury, watch dial fastening device.

G. M. Hubbard, assignor to W. & E. T. Fiton Co. New Haven, snap hook.

Jos. Jauch, assignor to Bradley Hubbard Mfg. Co. Meriden, lamp burner.

H. P. Morgan, assignor to Norwalk Iron Works Co. Norwalk, fluid compressor.

J. M. Murph, assignor one half to A. P. Pierce, Danbury, reflector plate for gas stoves. Three patents.

E. D. Rockwell, Bristol, electric lamp holder for bicycles.

J. R. Topping and W. H. Honis, Hartford, said Honis assignor, to said Toppu, recessing tool.

J. A. Waters, Stamford, apparatus for manufacturing gas.

L. Hornberger, Bridgeport, assignor to E. Miller & Co. Meriden, base for lamps. Five patents.

E. R. Ives, Bridgeport, toy cap exploder. Two patents.

H. R. Towne assignor to Yale & Towne Mfg. Co. Stamford, lock or latch case. Three patents.

—Flour 50 cents a bag at Betts & Farrington's. J 22-1f

**Hoyt's Theatre.**

Charlie Drew, the unctuous comedian with the Standard Opera Bouffe company, which opens a two nights' engagement and Saturday matinee at Hoyt's Theatre to night, has a great part, it is said, in "The Little Duke." His original manner and quick wit keep the house in continual laughter. He never resort to horse play, but has that rare ability to amuse by legitimate resources.

—Every child receives a doll or an air gun at Norwalk Opera House, Saturday afternoon.

**NOROTON HEIGHTS.**

The GAZETTE can be found on sale at William Dugdale's.

After many anxious weeks of waiting LeGrand Comstock has received his pension.

The old veterans at the Soldiers' Home are high in their praise of the present management of that institution.

—"Two Orphans" to-night at the Norwalk Opera House.

**What it Means**



**Backache and Kidney Trouble**

While Backache in itself is not a disease, it indicates a derangement of the vital organs—it's a symptom of disease. Kidney trouble, at any stage, is serious and neglect of the symptom means neglecting the disease. Curing a Backache means curing diseased Kidneys and relieving them of congestion. This can be done in the early stages. Buker's Kidney Pills are specific for the cure of Backache and Kidney trouble, if taken in time. It's a vegetable remedy. Druggists sell them for 50 cents. Book about Backache for the asking.

Buker Pill Co., Bangor, Me.

**NOTICE**

NOTICE is hereby given that at an adjourned regular meeting of the Council of the City of Norwalk, to be held in the Council Room, in said City, February 17th, 1896, at 8 o'clock p. m., a resolution will be offered to appropriate from the city treasury the further sum of \$100.00, to be used in defraying the necessary expenses of the Police Department of said City.

Dated at the City of Norwalk, Feb. 11th 1896. By order of the Council of said City. E. M. LOCKWOOD, City Clerk.

**HOYT'S THEATRE THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20.**

RETURN ENGAGEMENT, The greatest of all Melo-Dramatic Successes.

**THE Cotton King.**

BY SUTTON VANE. PRESENTED WITH A Perfect Cast

Magnificent Scenery and Original Mechanical Effects. MANAGEMENT WM. A. BRADY.

Prices, - 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c Seats now on sale at Plaisted's and Weed's Drug Stores.

**PERSONAL.**

PERSONAL—We have a large line of Oil Suits, both black and yellow, from \$2.50 up. South Norwalk Hardware Co.

**FOR SALE.** FOR SALE—Check the slamming of that door; keep out the cold air and avoid the breaking of glass. The Eclipse Check and Spring will do it; easy to put on and keep in order. We have it, South Norwalk Hardware Co., 42 South Main Street.

**WANTED.** WANTED—Purchasers for our floor paints; 20 different shades, dry hard in 12 hours. South Norwalk Hardware Co.

**WANTED.** WANTED—Bright Salesmen to introduce DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE'S "THE EARTH GIRDLED." Every Country and all their Wonders. Thrilling experiences among Savages, Cannibals and wild and curious races. Amazing heathen superstitions, startling revelations. Most remarkable and astounding book of the century. 400 original illustrations, \$8 to \$12 daily assured energetic salesmen. No experience required. Exclusive territory. Extraordinary inducements and illustrated circulars free. BE QUICK Address: W. A. BRUCE & CO., 228 Broadway, N. Y.

**TO RENT.** TO RENT—The Colonial Residence No. 128 East avenue. All modern improvements and partly furnished. JAMES L. STEVENS, 124 East Avenue. J 13-1f

**Norwalk Opera House ONE WEEK COMMENCING FEB. 10**

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Mr. Dave Seymour, Late Principal Comedian Power's Ivy Leaf Co.

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**STANDARD OPERA BOUFFE CO**

Producing the Charming Success of the Season. THE LITTLE DUKE!

The performance will be absolutely first class. The best artists and grand chorus; fine costumes and entrancing music. We guarantee a delightful evening's entertainment.

PRICES, - 25c, 35c and 50c Secure your seats early at Plaisted's and Weed's Drug Stores.

ESTABLISHED 1868

**GREAT SKIRT SALE!**

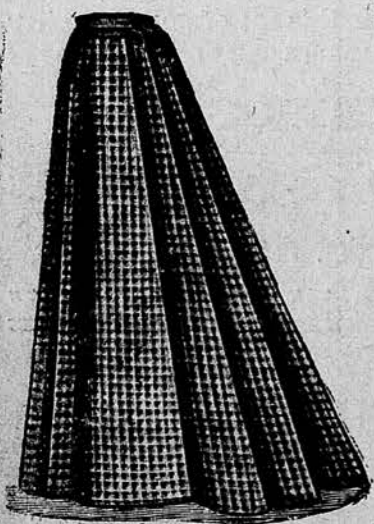
AT H. KRIEGER'S,

MAHACKEMO HOTEL BUILDING, SOUTH NORWALK.

SALE COMMENCES FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, FOR TWO DAYS ONLY.

We have purchased the entire stock of Ladies' and Misses' Skirts from the large manufacturing skirt house of S. Holtz & Co., 328 West Broadway, New York, at 50 Cents on the Dollar. These goods comprise all the advanced styles for Spring as well as for present wear.

**CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!**



- Fine Black Diagonal Skirts, \$1.19.
- Black Cloth Skirts, lined throughout, piped with velvet, special for this sale, \$1.49.
- Black Figured Brilliantine Skirts, 4 1/2 wide, lined throughout, piped with velvet around bottom, special for this sale, \$1.75.
- Storm Cheviot Skirts, 5 1/2 yards wide, blue and black tailor made, with box plait in front, handsomely finished for this sale, \$5.50, worth \$8.00.
- About 100 Silk Skirts, a large assortment of designs made in the most advanced style, special for two days only, \$7.98 and \$9.98.

**WAISTS.**

Special for Friday and Saturday, one to each customer, 300 extra fine quality Black Sateen Waists, trimmed with braid around collar and cuff, extra large sleeves, worth \$1.00, special for this sale, 49c.

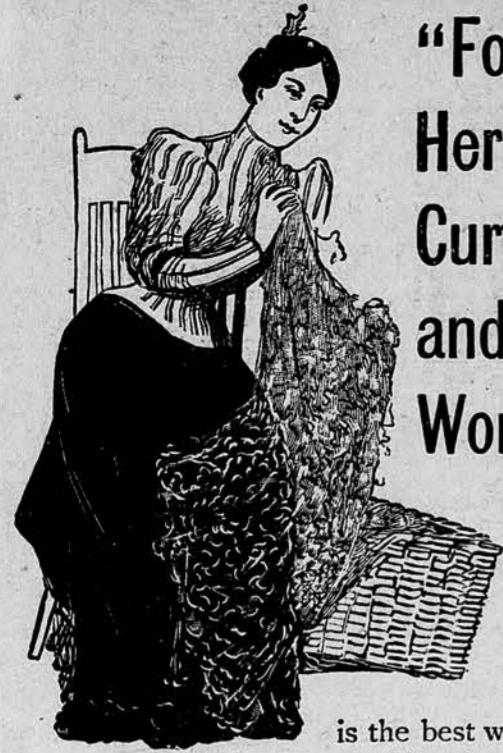
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Extra fine quality, made of the best Taffeta silk, in all the new designs, handsomely made and finished, worth \$7.00 to \$9.00, special for this sale, \$3.75.

All of our Trimmed Hats will go for 98c, regardless of quality. Our Velvet Hats, Our best French Felt Hats, Our Children's Hats, all handsomely trimmed, worth all the way from \$2.50 to \$5.00, 98c will buy any of them. You can't miss this greatest of all sales. Come early and get the cream of that lot.

**Hundreds of other Articles suitable for Ladies' Wear will be sold at Ridiculously Low Prices.**





"For Her Lace Curtains and Fine Work."

"Your Ivoryine Washing Powder which I use altogether is the best washing powder I have ever tried. For washing lace curtains and fine work"

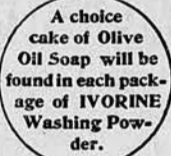
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Makers of Williams' Famous Shaving Soaps.



List of Choice Premiums sent free upon Request.

WOMAN.

Oh, woman with the bonny eyes That shine like stars in midnight skies Before the break of morn...

IN THE AMPHITHEATER.

A Contest Before King Herod and Pontius Pilatus in Jerusalem.

On one of those days he went to the amphitheater, the circus which Herod the Great had built, at some distance from the city...

There were chariot races, and Cyril could not help being intensely excited by the mad rush of the contending teams...

Long before the stream of Norman minstrel art sacred music was exercising a beneficial influence. The early British church possessed sacred music...

Old English Music.

The free and uncontrolled secular music was the first to reflect itself in permanent manuscript form. Church music per se was not progressive...

Dinner Wines.

In serving wines with a course dinner sherry should be served with soup. With the fish chablis or sauterne is nearly always served...

Women Overseers of the Poor.

Why it is desirable that women be elected on the board of overseers of the poor in the towns of Massachusetts needs no argument...

What might be done if men were wise! What glorious deeds, my suffering brother, would they unite in love and right...

Dakota has 426 persons engaged in manufacturing, the annual output of the factories being \$10,710,855.

In the patent office reports of this country 665 different styles and varieties of pens are described.

Advertise in the 'Gazette.'

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

William Mitchell is on the sick list.

The new Stamford paper will be called the Tribune.

Groceryman Donnelly has put electric lights in his store.

An infant child of Samuel Braudage is sick at its home on Main street.

A Baby's Life Saved.

Addison, N. Y., April 8, 1894.—Hands Medicine Co.—"I feel it my duty to write to you in regard to my little daughter's sickness from teething and indigestion."

A light snow followed by sleet and rain has made walking very disagreeable.

The Step Rock road damaged by the recent storm has been placed in repair by Street Commissioner Kellogg.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill. was told by her doctors she had Consumption, and that there was no hope for her...

The dolls that are to be given away to children at the Ellinwood matinee Saturday afternoon, are on exhibition at Colby's.

An attractive article in the Boston Store show window is a sofa pillow bearing an Oriental scene truthfully painted by Miss A. F. Clark.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey...

Left in Stamford.

A turnout stolen from M. F. Ingraham, of Wallingford, was recovered in Stamford yesterday. It was left at a stable by James Powers, who immediately went to New York.

Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children. New Haven, Conn., 71 William St.—"I first knew of Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children five years ago, and I am continually recommending other mothers to use them...

The barrel of money which is to be given away at the presentation of "Jack Sheppard" in the Opera House Saturday night by the Ellinwood Players, is on exhibition at the store of George Allen on Main street.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears.

Mrs. J. I. Dunning of School street, will render several selections at the Opera House Saturday evening during the production of Jack Sheppard by the Ellinwood company of "Merry Players."

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Outc Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no Pay required.

Advertise in the GAZETTE.

MODERN CANDLES.

THEY ARE GREAT IMPROVEMENTS OVER THOSE OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

The Unit of Light Has Been of Inestimable Service to Mankind—It is a Mistake to Think That Gas and Electricity Have Entirely Supplanted the Candle.

Now that candles have again come into use as a means for lighting reception rooms where gas is considered too hot and electric lights too glaring, comparisons are being made with the candles of today and those of the long ago.

It is but a few years since candle molds were a very important and necessary part of every household, and yet so completely are they now banished to the limbo of forgotten and useless things that there must be thousands of young people to whom a pair of snuffers and a candle mold would prove undoubted curiosities.

Yet the world stumbled along with no better light than that for 18 centuries and accomplished considerable things on the way. Great scholars were made by saved up candle ends, great volumes written and the world enlightened, even if the writers and teachers groped a great deal.

The great performances of Garrick and Siddons were given behind footlights of tallow candles, and the candle snuffer was one of the most important of snuff in the theater of the old time.

In those days "early to bed and early to rise" was a maxim that had much more significance, for it was necessary to get more out of daylight than in this era of gas and electricity. Candles have always occupied an important place in public worship.

But if people think that candles are not much used nowadays they are mistaken. There are still several candle manufactories in New York. A very large export business is done here, chiefly to the West Indies and Central America.

Candles are also used for church purposes, at country hotels, and to some extent in families. Many of the people of the east side, newly come to the country, use candles in preference to oil, being accustomed to candles and afraid of the oil.

No branch of industry has undergone the change that candle making has in the last 30 years. Formerly it was merely a mechanical operation. Anybody could make candles and almost everybody did.

Now it is a scientific industry, bringing to its aid the resources of chemistry. Formerly a candle was a greasy, noisome thing that one usually handled with disgust; now it is artistic and refined and can be handled without the least offense.

The modern candle maker by chemical process removes impurities, which leaves him nothing but the hard and white fat for his candles. Fat changed by this process is called stearine, and from this material are made the star and stearic wax candles.

The candle has ever remained the unit of light. Sometimes you hear of a light, say gas, being of 25 candle power. The standard is a spermaceti candle burning at the rate of 120 grains of sperm per hour.

The great improvement in the manufacture of candles dates from the investigations of the French chemist, M. Chevreul. He discovered that the fat of tallow was separable from the oil, and the result of the process was two valuable products—stearine and glycerin.

Candles, however, are not a cheap light. A box of them will cost as much as a barrel of oil, and yet the barrel of oil contains nearly 30 times the illuminating power of the box of candles.

Advertise in the GAZETTE.

It's Soap, All Soap.

Welcome Soap is absolutely free from excess of alkali, corrosive, and other adulterations: that is why it is superior to any other soap.



If by special inducements they are led to try some other kind, they always return to Welcome.

It's a death tap at your life door. If you knew it you wouldn't neglect such a cough. HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar is a simple remedy but it acts like magic in all cases of throat or bronchial trouble. Sold by druggists.

-BIG CUT IN PRICE- OF MEAT.

Round, Sirloin and Porterhouse Steaks, Sausage, Pot and Rib Roasts Reduced 2c. a Pound. All First Quality Meat.

J. W. BOGARDUS, 6 WATER ST., NORWALK

USE BRUMMELL'S

Celebrated COUGH DROPS. Best known remedy for Coughs, Colds and all throat troubles.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

P.P.P. CURES ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.

Physicians endorse P.P.P. as a splendid combination, and prescribe it with great satisfaction for the cures of all forms and stages of Primary, Secondary and Tertiary

P.P.P. CURES RHEUMATISM.

P.P.P. CURES BLOOD POISON.

P.P.P. CURES SCROFULA.

P.P.P. CURES MALARIA.

P.P.P. CURES DYSPESIA.

LIPPMAN BROS., Proprietors, 247 Broadway, N.Y.

Advertise in the GAZETTE.

FALL AND WINTER SUITINGS.

Having procured a large line of handsome Fall and Winter suitings, I am ready to make them up in the latest styles.

F. KOCOUR,

17 North Main St., North Norwalk.

OVERCOATS!

NEW LOT IN BLUE AND BLACK.

\$6 to \$10. Tailor-made, latest style, satin waists and sleeve linings.

DIAGONAL WORSTED SUITS. IN BLUE AND BLACK.

\$8.50 a Suit. Fine Custom Work. All great bargains.

Call and examine.

H. GOODWIN,

170 WASHINGTON STREET BRIDGE

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DANN, H. E., 3 River St., Livery Stables. UNDERTAKER.

RAYMOND, G. H., 46-48 Main St., Telephone 46-48. LIVERY STABLE. BATES, P. W., Water St., Steam Stone Work Monumental and Builders.

H. H. WILLIAMS

17 Main St.

GREAT SALE OF

MILLINERY

AT FAWCETT'S

Headquarters for Millinery.

Commencing Saturday the 16th, and continuing Monday and Tuesday, when we shall sell fine French Felt Hats, all styles and colors, including a full line of Black, bought specially for this sale.

We shall also make a reduction in all our Trimmed Hats, and will offer one hundred Hats and Bonnets from \$1.50 up. The Season has been backward, but this is the reason for the extraordinary bargains we shall offer the coming week.

FAWCETT'S

3 WATER STREET NORWALK



# THE SIGN OF THE FOUR.

BY CONAN DOYLE.

## CHAPTER III.

### IN QUEST OF A SOLUTION.

It was half-past five before Holmes returned. He was bright, eager and in excellent spirits—a mood which in his case alternated with fits of the blackest depression.

"There is no great mystery in this matter," he said, taking the cup of tea which I had poured out for him. "The facts appear to admit of only one explanation."

"What! you have solved it already?"

"Well, that will be too much to say. I have discovered a suggestive fact, that is all. It is, however, very suggestive. The details are still to be added. I have just found, on consulting the back files of the Times, that Maj. Sholto, of Upper Norwood, late of the Thirty-fourth Bombay infantry, died upon the 28th of April, 1882."

"I may be very obtuse, Holmes, but I fail to see what this suggests."

"No? You surprise me. Look at it in this way, then. Capt. Morstan disappears. The only person in London whom he could have visited is Maj. Sholto. Maj. Sholto denies having heard that he was in London. Four years later Sholto dies. Within a week of his death Capt. Morstan's daughter receives a valuable present, which is repeated from year to year, and now culminates in a letter which describes her as a wronged woman. What wrong can it refer to except this deprivation of her father? And why should the presents begin immediately after Sholto's death, unless it is that Sholto's heir knows something of the mystery, and desires to make compensation? Have you any alternative theory which will meet the facts?"

"But what a strange compensation! And how strangely made! Why, too, should he write a letter now, rather than six years ago? Again, the letter speaks of giving her justice. What justice can she have? It is too much to suppose that her father is still alive. There is no other injustice in her case that you know of."

"There are difficulties; there are certainly difficulties," said Sherlock Holmes, pensively. "But our expedition of to-night will solve them all. Ah, here is a four-wheeler, and Miss Morstan is inside. Are you all ready? Then we had better go down, for it is a little past the hour."

I picked up my hat and my heaviest stick, but I observed that Holmes took his revolver from his drawer and slipped it into his pocket. It was clear that he thought that our night's work might be a serious one.

Miss Morstan was muffled in a dark cloak, and her sensitive face was composed, but pale. She must have been more than woman if she did not feel some uneasiness at the strange enterprise upon which we were embarking, yet her self-control was perfect, and she readily answered the few additional questions which Sherlock Holmes put to her.

"Maj. Sholto was a very particular friend of papa's," she said. "His letters were full of allusions to the major. He and papa were in command of the troops at the Andaman islands, so they were thrown a great deal together. By the way, a curious paper was found in papa's desk which no one could understand. I don't suppose that it is of the slightest importance, but I thought you might care to see it, so I brought it with me. It is here."

Holmes unfolded the paper carefully and smoothed it out upon his knee. He then very methodically examined it all over with his double lens.

"It is paper of native Indian manufacture," he remarked. "It has at some time been pinned to a board. The diagram upon it appears to be a plan of part of a large building with numerous halls, corridors, and passages. At one point is a small cross done in red ink, and above it is '3.37 from left,' in faded pencil-writing. In the left-hand corner is a curious hieroglyphic like four crosses in a line with their arms touching. Beside it is written, in very rough and coarse characters, 'The sign of the four.—Jonathan Small, Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan, Dost Akbar.' No, I confess that I do not see how this bears upon the matter. Yet it is evidently a document of importance. It has been kept carefully in a pocket-book; for the one side is as clean as the other."

"It was in his pocketbook that we found it."

"Preserve it carefully, then, Miss Morstan, for it may prove to be of use to us. I begin to suspect that this matter may turn out to be much deeper and more subtle than I at first supposed. I must reconsider my ideas." He leaned back in the cab, and I could see by his drawn brow and his vacant eye that he was thinking intently. Miss Morstan and I chatted in an undertone about our present expedition and its possible outcome, but our companion maintained his impenetrable reserve until the end of our journey.

It was a September evening, and not yet seven o'clock, but the day had been a dreary one, and a dense drizzling fog lay low upon the great city. Mud-colored clouds drooped sadly over the muddy streets. Down the Strand the lamps were but misty splotches of diffused light which threw a feeble circular glimmer upon the slimy pavement. The yellow glare from the shop-windows streamed out into the steamy, vaporous air, and threw a murky, shifting radiance across the crowded thoroughfare. There was to my mind

something eerie and ghost-like in the endless procession of faces which flitted across these narrow bars of light—sad faces and glad, haggard and merry. Like all human kind, they flitted from the gloom into the light, and so back into the gloom once more. I am not subject to impressions, but the dull, heavy evening, with the strange business upon which we were engaged, combined to make me nervous and depressed. I could see from Miss Morstan's manner that she was suffering from the same feeling. Holmes alone could rise superior to petty influences. He held his open notebook upon his knee, and from time to time he jotted down figures and memoranda in the light of his pocket lantern.

At the Lyceum theater the crowds were already thick at the side entrances. In front a continuous stream of hansoms and four-wheelers were rattling up, discharging their cargoes of shirt-fronted men and beehawed, oediamonded women. We had hardly reached the third pillar, which was our rendezvous, before a small, dark, brisk man in the dress of a coachman accosted us.

"Are you the parties who come with Miss Morstan?" he asked.

"I am Miss Morstan, and these two gentlemen are my friends," said she.

He bent a pair of wonderfully penetrating and questioning eyes upon us. "You will excuse me, miss," he said, with a certain dogged manner, "but I was to ask you to give me your word that neither of your companions is a police officer."

"I give you my word on that," she answered.

He gave a shrill whistle, on which a street Arab led across a four-wheeler and opened the door. The man who had addressed us mounted to the box, while we took our places inside. We had hardly done so before the driver whipped up his horse, and we plunged away at a furious pace through the foggy streets.

The situation was a curious one. We were driving to an unknown place, on an unknown errand. Yet our invitation was either a complete hoax—which was an inconceivable hypothesis—or else we had good reason to think that important issues might hang upon our journey. Miss Morstan's demeanor was as resolute and collected as ever. I endeavored to cheer and amuse her by reminiscences of my adventures in Afghanistan; but, to tell the truth, I was myself so excited at our situation and so curious as to our destination that my stories were slightly involved.

To this day she declares that I told her one moving anecdote as to how a musket looked into my tent at the dead of night, and how I fired a double-barrelled tiger cub at it. At first I had some idea as to the direction in which we were driving; but soon, what with our pace, the fog, and my own limited knowledge of London, I lost my bearings, and knew nothing, save that we seemed to be going a very long way. Sherlock Holmes was never at fault, however, and he muttered the names as the cab rattled through squares and in and out by tortuous by-streets.

"Rochester row," said he. "Now Vincent square. Now we come out on the Vauxhall Bridge road. We are making for the Surrey side apparently. Yes, I thought so. Now we are on the bridge. You can catch glimpses of the river."

We did indeed get a fleeting view of a stretch of the Thames with the lamps shining upon the broad, silent water; but our cab dashed on, and was soon involved in a labyrinth of streets upon the other side.

"Wordsworth road," said my companion. "Priory road. Lark Hall lane. Stockwell place. Robert street. Cold Harbor lane. Our quest does not appear to take us to very fashionable regions."

We had, indeed, reached a questionable and forbidding neighborhood. Long lines of dull brick houses were only relieved by the coarse glare and tawdry brilliancy of public houses at the corner. Then came two rows of two-storied villas, each with a fronting of miniature garden, and then again interminable lines of new staring brick buildings—the monster tentacles which the giant city was throwing out into the country. At last the cab drew up at the third house in a new terrace. None of the other houses were inhabited, and that at which we stopped was as dark as its neighbors, save for a single glimmer in the kitchen window.

"When I first determined to make this communication to you," said he, "I might have given you my address, but I feared that you might disregard my request and bring unpleasant people with you. I took the liberty, therefore, of making an appointment in such a way that my man Williams might be able to see you first. I have complete confidence in his discretion, and he had orders, if he were dissatisfied, to proceed no further in the matter. You will excuse these precautions, but I am a man of somewhat retiring, and I might even say refined, tastes, and there is nothing more unesthetic than a policeman. I have a natural shrinking from all forms of rough materialism. I seldom come in contact with the rough crowd. I live, as you see, with some little atmosphere of elegance around me. I may call myself a patron of the arts. It is my weakness. The landscape is a genuine Carot, and

servant clad in a yellow turban, white, loose-fitting clothes, and a yellow sash. There was something strangely incongruous in this oriental figure framed in the commonplace doorway of a third-rate suburban dwelling house.

"The sahib awaits you," said he, and even as he spoke there came a high piping voice from some inner room. "Show them in to me, khitmutgar," it cried. "Show them straight in to me."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE STORY OF THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

We followed the Indian down the sordid and common passage, ill lit and worse furnished, until he came to a door upon the right, which he threw open. A blaze of yellow light streamed out upon us, and in the center of the glare there stood a small man with a very high head, a bristle of red hair all round the fringe of it, and a bald shining scalp, which shot out from among it like a mountain peak from fir trees. He writhed his hands together as he stood, and his features were in a perpetual jerk, now smiling, now scowling, but never for an instant in repose. Nature had given him a pendulous lip, and a too visible line of yellow and irregular teeth, which he strove feebly to conceal by constantly passing his hand over the lower part of his face. In spite of his obtrusive baldness, he gave the impression of youth. In point of fact he had just turned his thirtieth year.

"Your servant, Miss Morstan," he kept repeating in a thin, high voice. "Your servant, gentlemen. Pray step into my little sanctum. A small place, miss, but furnished to my own liking. An oasis of art in the howling desert of South London."

We were all astonished by the appearance of the apartment into which he invited us. In that sorry house it looked as out of place as a diamond of the first water in a setting of brass. The richest and glossiest of curtains and tapestries draped the walls, looped back here and there to expose some richly mounted painting or Oriental vase. The carpet was of amber and black, so soft and so thick that the foot sank pleasantly into it, as into a bed of moss. Two great tiger-skins thrown athwart it increased the suggestion of eastern luxury, as did a huge hookah which stood upon a mat in the corner. A lamp in the fashion of a silver dove was hung from an almost invisible golden wire in the center of the room. As it burned it filled the air with a subtle and aromatic odor.

"Mr. Thaddeus Sholto," said the little man, still jerking and smiling. "That is my name. You are Miss Morstan, of course. And these gentlemen—"

"This is Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and this Dr. Watson."

"A doctor, eh?" cried he, much excited. "Have you your stethoscope? Might I ask you—would you have the kindness? I have grave doubts as to my mitral valve, if you would be so very good. The aortic I may rely upon, but I should value your opinion upon the mitral."

I listened to his heart as requested, but was unable to find anything amiss, save indeed that he was in an ecstasy of fear, for he shivered from head to foot. "It appears to be normal," I said. "You have no cause for uneasiness."

"You will excuse my anxiety, Miss Morstan," he remarked, airily. "I am a great sufferer, and I have long had suspicions as to that valve. I am delighted to hear that they are unwarranted. Had your father, Miss Morstan, refrained from throwing a strain upon his heart he might have been alive now."

I could have struck the man across the face, so hot was I at this callous and off-hand reference to so delicate a matter. Miss Morstan sat down and her face grew white to the lips. "I knew in my heart that he was dead," said she.

"I can give you every information," said he, "and, what is more, I can do you justice; and I will, too, whatever Brother Bartholomew may say. I am so glad to have your friends here, not only as an escort to you, but also as witnesses to what I am about to do and say. The three of us can show a bold front to Brother Bartholomew. But let us have no outsiders—no police or officials. We can settle everything satisfactorily among ourselves, without any interference. Nothing would annoy Brother Bartholomew more than any publicity." He sat down upon a low settee and blinked at us inquiringly with his weak, watery blue eyes.

"For my part," said Holmes, "whatever you may choose to say will go no further."

I nodded to show my agreement.

"That is well! That is well!" said he. "May I offer you a glass of Chianti, Miss Morstan? Or of Tokay? I keep no other wines. Shall I open a flask? No? Well, then, I trust that you have no objection to tobacco smoke, to the mild balsamic odor of the eastern tobacco. I am a little nervous, and I find my hookah an invaluable sedative." He applied a taper to the great bowl, and the smoke bubbled merrily through the rose water. We sat all three in a semicircle, with our heads advanced, and our chins upon our hands, while the strange, jerky little fellow, with his high, shining head, puffed uneasily in the center.

"When I first determined to make this communication to you," said he, "I might have given you my address, but I feared that you might disregard my request and bring unpleasant people with you. I took the liberty, therefore, of making an appointment in such a way that my man Williams might be able to see you first. I have complete confidence in his discretion, and he had orders, if he were dissatisfied, to proceed no further in the matter. You will excuse these precautions, but I am a man of somewhat retiring, and I might even say refined, tastes, and there is nothing more unesthetic than a policeman. I have a natural shrinking from all forms of rough materialism. I seldom come in contact with the rough crowd. I live, as you see, with some little atmosphere of elegance around me. I may call myself a patron of the arts. It is my weakness. The landscape is a genuine Carot, and

though a connoisseur might perhaps throw a doubt upon that Salvator Rosa, there cannot be the least question about the Bouguereau. I am partial to the modern French school."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Sholto," said Miss Morstan, "but I am here at your request to learn something which you desire to tell me. It is very late, and I should desire the interview to be as short as possible."

"At the best it must take some time," he answered; "for we shall certainly have to go to Norwood and see Brother Bartholomew. We shall all go and try if we can get the better of Brother Bartholomew. He is very angry with me for taking the course which has seemed right to me. I had quite high words with him last night. You cannot imagine what a terrible fellow he is when he is angry."

"If we are to go to Norwood it would perhaps be as well to start at once," I ventured to remark.

He laughed until his ears were quite red.

"That would hardly do," he cried. "I don't know what he would say if I



"THAT WOULD HARDLY DO," HE CRIED.

brought you in that sudden way. No, I must prepare you by showing you how we all stand to each other. In the first place, I must tell you that there are several points in the story of which I am myself ignorant. I can only lay the facts before you as far as I know them myself.

"My father was, as you may have guessed, Maj. John Sholto, once of the Indian army. He retired some eleven years ago, and came to live at Pondicherry lodge in Upper Norwood. He had prospered in India, and brought back with him a considerable sum of money, a large collection of valuable curiosities and a staff of native servants. With these advantages he bought himself a house and lived in great luxury. My twin brother Bartholomew and I were the only children."

"I very well remember the sensation which was caused by the disappearance of Capt. Morstan. We read the details in the papers, and, knowing that he had been a friend of our father's, we discussed the case freely in his presence. He used to join in our speculations as to what could have happened. Never for an instant did we suspect that he had the whole secret hidden in his own breast—that of all men he alone knew the fate of Arthur Morstan."

"We did know, however, that some mystery—some positive danger—overhung our father. He was very fearful of going out alone, and he always employed two prize fighters to act as porters at Pondicherry lodge. Williams, who drove you to-night, was one of them. He was once light-weight champion of England. Our father would never tell us what it was that he feared, but he had a most marked aversion to men with wooden legs. On one occasion he actually fired his revolver at a wooden-legged man, who proved to be a harmless tradesman canvassing for orders. We had to pay a large sum to hush the matter up. My brother and I used to think this a mere whim of my father's, but events have since led us to change our opinion."

"Early in 1882 my father received a letter from India which was a great shock to him. He nearly fainted at the breakfast table when he opened it, and from that day he sickened to his death. What was in the letter we could never discover, but I could see as he held it that it was short and written in a scrawling hand. He had suffered for years from an enlarged spleen, but he now became rapidly worse, and towards the end of April we were informed that he was beyond all hope, and that he wished to make a last communication to us."

"When we entered his room he was propped up with pillows and breathing heavily. He besought us to lock the door and to come upon either side of the bed. Then, grasping our hands, he made a remarkable statement to us, in a voice which was broken as much by emotion as by pain. I shall try and give it to you in his own very words."

"I have only one thing," he said, "which weighs upon my mind at this supreme moment. It is my treatment of poor Morstan's orphan. The cursed greed which has been my besetting sin through life has withheld from her the treasure, half at least of which should have been hers. And yet I have made no use of it myself—so blind and foolish a thing is avarice. The mere feeling of possession has been so dear to me that I could not bear to share it with another. See that chaplet tipped with pearls beside the quinine bottle? Even that I could not bear to part with, although I had got it out with the design of sending it to her. You, my sons, will give her a fair share of the Agra treasure. But send her nothing—not even the chaplet—until I am gone. After all, men have been as bad as this and have recovered."

(To be continued.)

## Six Divorce Cases.

There are 17 cases on the short calendar of the Superior court for Friday. Of the number six are divorce cases, of which three are new. The other three have been partly heard and now come up again on motions for allowances, etc.



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# NANSEN AT THE POLE?

His Dog Furnisher Declares the Norwegian Has Succeeded.

## LAND FOUND IN THE NORTH.

The Doctor Is Said to Be Now on His Way Back to Civilization—His Theories, the Expedition's Start and the News From It Since.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 14.—A telegraph to dispatch received here today from Irkutsk, Siberia, says that a Siberian trader named Kouchnereff, who is the agent of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian explorer who sailed in the Fram June 24 1893, for the arctic regions, has received information to the effect that Dr. Nansen has reached the north pole, has found land there and is now returning toward civilization.

In April last The Figaro of Paris circulated a rumor that Dr. Nansen had found the north pole, and that it is situated on a chain of mountains. It was then added that he had planted the Norwegian flag there. The story was generally regarded as being without foundation.

On Sept. 17 of last year advices were received in London from the Danish trading station of Angmagssalik, on the east coast



DR. NANSEN.

of Greenland, that a ship supposed to be Dr. Nansen's Fram had been sighted at the end of July stuck fast in an ice drift.

Finally, on Dec. 6, a dispatch from Christiania, Norway, stated that Dr. Nansen's wife had received a letter by carrier pigeon reporting that the expedition was doing well.

As no carrier pigeons were taken north by the Nansen party this report was evidently inaccurate, but it was published for what it was worth.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen is a distinguished scientist of Norway and an enthusiastic believer in the possibility of finding the north pole. He is about 35 years of age. He entered the University of Christiania in 1880 and two years later went on a sealing trip to Denmark straits, on the east coast of Greenland, in the Viking.

Later, in 1882, Nansen was appointed curator of the museum at Bergen, which position he retained until 1888, when he led a small expedition of six men to Greenland, crossing the southern part of that portion of the globe.

It was probably during this trip that Nansen conceived the plan of making an attempt to reach the north pole in a vessel constructed especially for such an undertaking. In any case, after his return to Norway Nansen took the preliminary steps toward fitting out his expedition, and the Fram was planned and constructed.

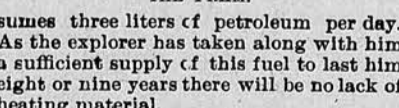
The Queer Fram. She is generally classed as a three masted sailing schooner, but she had a 160 horsepower steam engine in addition to her sails. Her displacement was 800 tons and her sides were so constructed as to force all ice meeting the vessel to pinch underneath her, thus preventing "pinching" and "screwing."

The Norwegian parliament allowed Nansen about \$52,000 to fit out his craft, and in addition he was assisted in his work by many private subscriptions, including one of \$5,000 from King Oscar. The Fram was launched Oct. 26, 1893, at Laurvik, near Christiania.

A Norwegian paper, describing the fitting out of the Fram, said: "Bread is the principal nourishment of Nansen and his people. The bread is a kind of biscuit, large and round, white and very compact. The ration of each man is to consist of four biscuits a day. This at least was given out when the expedition left Norway."

"Silk is used as the most suitable material for tents, as it shuts out the cold better than anything else."

"The cabin of Nansen's ship, the Fram (meaning 'forward'), is heated by means of an English petroleum stove, which con-



THE FRAM.

sumes three liters of petroleum per day. As the explorer has taken along with him a sufficient supply of this fuel to last him eight or nine years there will be no lack of heating material.

"The library of the expedition consists of 1,000 books, half of which are scientific works and the other half novels, poetry, etc."

"The crew numbers 12 men, and all occupy the cabin, which measures only 13 feet square. There they dwell, eat and work. The suits they wear cannot be penetrated by water."

The expedition sailed from Christiania June 24, 1893, the plan being to make for the New Siberian islands and thence head north until the Fram, by being imbedded in the ice, would be compelled to drift along the west coast of any land which might be found.

On Aug. 23, 1895, Dr. Nansen sent a dispatch from Vardo, reporting that on the second of that month he was about to sail into the Kara sea, and that the Fram had behaved splendidly up to that stage of the journey, especially in forcing her way through the ice.

tains between Lebesey and Langford had seen a balloon moving in a southerly direction and believed that it was possibly carrying dispatches from Dr. Nansen, but no further news of the balloon or Dr. Nansen has apparently been received, and by many people competent to discuss the subject he and his expedition have been given up as lost.

Dr. Nansen's companions were Captain Otto Sverdrup, ship's master; Sigurd Scott Hansen, lieutenant in the Norwegian navy and director of the astronomical, meteorological and magnetic observations; Hendrik Blessing, surgeon and botanist; Theodore C. Jacobsen, mate; Peder Hendriksen, harpooner; Anton Amudsen, chief engineer; Lars Petersen, second engineer; H. Jalmer Johannessen, officer in the Norwegian navy, fireman; Bernard Nordahl, electrician; Ivan Mogstad, carpenter, and Adolf Juell, steward.

In September, 1889, Dr. Nansen married Miss Eva Sars, youngest daughter of the late Professor Sars, who held the chair of zoology in the Christiania university. Mrs. Nansen was a professional singer in her maiden days and is described as having a powerful musical voice. Dr. and Mrs. Nansen have one child, a daughter.

Dr. Nansen, according to Lieutenant David L. Brainard, U. S. A., who accompanied the Greely expedition, bases his theory of the current which he relied on to carry him through the arctic regions on the fact that the trend of the Jeannette was generally in the direction of the pole, and that pieces of driftwood, etc., have been found on the east and west coast of Greenland and along the east coast of Ellesmere and Grinnell Land, which, from their appearance and character, seem to indicate that they had drifted from the Siberian coasts.

Nansen's Theories. Other articles, such as a large stopper or plug for a powder horn, a coasting stick, a cane, etc., evidently the work of Alaskan Indians, have also been found in the same places. Therefore the supposition was advanced that they drifted across the pole down the east coast of Greenland, around Cape Farewell and up into Baffin's bay and Smith's sound.

It was also recalled by Lieutenant Brainard that the relics of the Jeannette left on the ice at the time she was crushed were eventually found on the west coast of Greenland, near Julianashaab, and to have reached there it was estimated the relics must have drifted the rate of about three miles a day.

But the lieutenant added: "Dr. Nansen seems to have disregarded, or, at all events, taken his chances on one important factor, the baffling and uncertain nature of the current flow, about which nothing is definitely known."

"I believe that not only will the Nansen expedition prove a failure, but that it will end in disaster. I think it doubtful whether Dr. Nansen will ever be heard from. I think that he has had too little experience to cope with the difficulties he will inevitably encounter, and especially with the ice."

The following are among the most notable voyages toward the north pole: 1827—Captain Perry reached latitude 82.45.

1827—Captain Ross, with the Victory, lost in ice, reached latitude 81.27.

1845—Sir John Franklin, with the Erebus and Terror, lost in ice.

1853—Dr. Kane, Advance, reached latitude 80.85.

1871—Captain Peterman, Hansa, 81.05.

1871—Captain Hall, Polaris, 82.16.

1876—Captain Nares, Alert and Discovery, 83.10.

1879—Lieutenant De Long, Jeannette, lost; 72.15.

1881—Lieutenant Greely, Proteus, 83.20.

1891—Lieutenant Peary, Kite, 83.24.

1892—Bjorling and Kalsbmins, Ripple, lost in 78.49.

1893—Lieutenant Peary, Falcon, 82.34.

1894—July—Jackson-Harmsworth, not yet heard from, although their ship, the Windward, returned to London last year, after leaving the explorers on Franz Josef Land. The Windward will return for them this year.

1894—Lieutenant Peary, Pike.

Was This the Fram? The following letter was received last year by Mr. A. Bain of Sheffield, England, an arctic lecturer:

CHRISTIANIA, Sept. 16. The steamship Hertha, freighted by the Danish government to bring victuals and furniture to the Danish trade colony (Angmagssalik) which was established last year on the east coast of Greenland, arrived there on Aug. 25.

Peterson, the manager of the colony, then reported that different Eskimos twice saw, at the end of July, a three masted vessel stuck fast in the ice. The ship had a short foremast. It was first seen in the Berrillegge fiord (65 degrees 20 minutes north latitude, 89 minutes longitude).

They had seen no smoke from the ship. The report is quite trustworthy. We can get no more until next year.

**BAREFOOT BABIES.**  
I know a spot, a sunny nook,  
Where barefoot babies come to play,  
Where nature's best unfolded book  
Reveals its teachings all the day.  
There where the tiger lily lifts  
Its haughty face to greet the smile  
Of sky blue heaven's snowy drifts  
Come naught of worldly care nor guile.  
There, close beside a rippling stream  
The barefoot babies laugh and prance  
And toss their yellow locks that gleam  
Like tasseled corn in breeze's dance.  
Dear barefoot babies, reap the sweet  
Of youth and life and dance your best,  
'Twill come dreamlike from years' retreat  
In after time to lull you rest.  
—H. S. Keller in Detroit Free Press.

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### THE GREAT SALE WILL CONTINUE NEXT WEEK.

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We take pleasure in announcing our Annual Opening of IMPORTED DIMITIES and LAWNS, Saturday, February 15. The line specially imported, in exclusive styles and cloths, is controlled by us—an endless variety of patterns and colorings, the equal of which has never before been displayed outside of New York city.

500 pieces fine printed French Lawns, full 40 inches wide, imported to sell at 25c; we start them 15 cents

## DRESS GOODS

We have been fortunate in securing 10 more pieces 50-inch fine India Twills, all colors and black regular value is 75c; for this week, per yard, 50 cents.

15 pieces Black Figured Mohairs, 50c quality; for this week 35 cents.

24-inch Fancy Persian Silks, regular \$1 00 quality; per yard, 75 cents.

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In 1887 the first shipments of gold, amounting to less than \$600,000, were made from South Africa. In 1894 the production was nearly \$40,000,000. It is estimated that works under way and contemplated will produce \$100,000,000 per year.

Less than five years ago Cripple Creek was unknown as a mining camp. In 1892 it produced \$200,000. It is now producing \$1,000,000 per month.

Two old men, tired out and almost hopeless, not many years since clung desperately to a small hole in the ground which showed some traces of gold. That hole has since yielded over \$2,000,000.

The Idaho Mine has paid nearly \$6,000,000 in dividends, the Crown Point nearly \$12,000,000, the Belcher over \$15,000,000.

We know of no other prominent industry paying such large dividends on capital invested as fully developed producing gold mines. The rate of 25 per cent. per annum is quite common, while phenomenal returns are made in many instances.

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SUNDAYS.—Accommodation 9:15 a. m., 6:14 (local), 7:23, (local) 9:28 p. m. Express 5:30, 8:30 a. m.  
For NEW HAVEN AND THE EAST.—Accommodation trains at 6:32, 7:38, 8:46 and 11:44 a. m., 1:37, 2:42, (to B' p'), 4:39, 5:27, 6:27, 7:28 (to B' p'), 8:41, 9:41 and 11:15 p. m. Express trains at 1:03, 1:20, 9:11, 10:05, 11:06 a. m., 12:05, 3:03, 5:07 (Naugatuck Express) 7:10 p. m.  
SUNDAYS.—Accommodation 7:38, 9:12 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Express 1:03 and 1:20 p. m.  
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**WHY I AM HAPPY.**

'Dear Tom is dead, please come to-night!' She telegraphed. With keen delight I read the message.  
Roses, for consolation meant, I sent, but Oh! with what content, I paid expressage.  
Don't think me heartless, till you know Death has relieved me of a foe.  
Tom was my rival.  
When he began to pine away I scarcely was the one to pray For his survival.  
He's hated me since first we met, He was a most pronounced brunette, While I am fair.  
He was more favored of the two; Of soft caresses very few, Fell to my share.  
But now he's dead, I feel no spite, I hope his harp is tuned all right, His robe a fit, his halo bright With gems of glory.  
And just this once do I confess The reason of my happiness— Because on earth there's one cat less, In Heaven one more.  
—M. T. Hart, in Life.

**CHOLLY'S STORY.**

It was too warm an evening, even for a smoking concert, Cholly said, as he came out of his room attired all in white, looking a perfect picture of manly beauty. Cholly was a blonde specimen of the male sex, blue-eyed, golden-haired; a stalwart representative of the Saxon type. He was 27, well placed as regards this world's wealth and position. Life to him—thanks to old Egerton Bailey, his late father—was a pleasant pastime, the world a charmed play place, where girls worshipped him and men voted him a trump. So much for Cholly, debonair, kind-hearted and handsome, who had traveled the world over making friends wherever he went.  
Cholly's prediction that it was too warm even for a smoking concert on this particular evening was verified by the slim attendance there on his arrival. Only eight men out of 30 expected found their way to the usual rendezvous. By general agreement the music was banished, coats discarded, negligence attitudes assumed and the eight men amused themselves by relating anecdotes and personal experiences.  
"By the way, Cholly," at last a friend said to the blonde Adonis, who, sprawled on a sofa, was listening quietly to the conversation, "you're very silent tonight, you've just arrived from the west, too. Come, haven't you some blood-curdling tale to tell us of western atrocities, cowboys' 'breaks' or outrages? These fellows' stories are stale. We require something spicy to stir us up a night like this."  
"Well, I did have an adventure, but its recital won't be spicy, Tracy; I don't think it will be the style you care for."  
"Out with it! Out with it!" seven voices simultaneously exclaimed. "Is it a Christian Endeavor story, Cholly?" asked Tracy. "You do look awful solemn."  
"No, it's a Sunday-school tale," said Andy Vicars, a very young man with a new mustache and a drawl.  
"All right," said Cholly, quietly. "If you fellows don't be quiet, I won't tell it."  
"Go on, Cholly, don't mind the calves," grunted old Maj. Poole. "Tell us your story, man."  
"It will interest you, major; doubtless you remember the Donovans, of Limerick—pretty Kate, they called one of them. I met them in Dublin."  
"Do I remember her? May me eyes fall out of me head if I ever see her likes again—eyes like violets, hair like ink and a skin like peaches and cream. And a figger! God bless you, boys, she had a figger like a goddess. She could ride cross country like a bird. Never saw such a rider before nor since. But, Cholly, me boy, I thought you were 'gone' in that direction. Oh, the pair you'd have made."  
Cholly blushed scarlet, the company exchanged glances. "Seems to me," said Andy Vicars, "that the major's telling this story. Go on, Cholly, hold the platform." So Cholly cleared his throat (as Andy said afterward he seemed mightily upset by the major's remarks), wiped the perspiration from his flushed face, and began:  
"You see, fellows, my story will have to consist of two parts, the introduction and the sequel. It begins in Ireland four years ago and ends in Canada four days ago. It was in Dublin that I first met Miss Kate Donovan, of Limerick. She was a stunner, as the major says, the best cross-country rider I ever saw. She was as poor as a church mouse and as proud as Lucifer. She was an orphan, had been brought up by her uncle, old Peter Donovan; he had three daughters of his own, but none of them could hold a candle to Miss Kate herself. From what I saw during the time I was in Dublin, I don't think the trio cared much for pretty Kate; they were jealous of her, and took pains to show it in many petty ways, particularly when Capt. Gordon, who was considered a matrimonial catch, appeared on the scene and devoted himself to Kate."  
"Capt. Rupert Gordon, of the 47th?" queried Maj. Poole.  
"The very same, a dark beggar, with a bad mouth and lots of money."  
"Well, he was the man that set all the Dublin girls wild. They literally lionized him. He was dounce enough there. He was asked everywhere, and old Peter Donovan was mad enough when he asked him for his niece, and not for one of his daughters. They said the three girls never spoke to Kate for weeks."  
"Poor Kate, she hardly knew what to do; she was very unhappy—she told me all about it one evening at a dance. She had a devil of a life in her uncle's house, and Gordon seemed very fond of her. She didn't know what he really was; neither did I, or I could have warned her. They were married in September; in November Gordon took her to the Riviera after the honeymoon was over; a fellow who met them there told me that Kate—that is, Mrs. Gordon—looked miserably unhappy, and people said Gordon ill-treated her. However that may be, she did not stay with

him very long. One day a woman appeared at the hotel where they were staying; she was a gaudily-attired specimen, not overcultured. She registered as Mrs. Capt. Gordon, and forced herself into the Gordon private rooms. Gordon hadn't a word to say; he owned up that he had married her five years before somewhere, where his regiment was stationed; I forget where. There was a terrible scene, which ended by Kate leaving the hotel. No one knew where she went. My friend, an Englishman, who told me just what I have told you, tried to follow her and offered to do what he could for her in a monetary way. He was a gentleman, and meant well by her. She refused all offers of assistance, and disappeared as if the Mediterranean had swallowed her up. He heard of her again at Marseilles; she had been singing in a cafe there; she always had a passable voice, and played the banjo well. Poor Kate, her pride was dragged in the dust, her heart was broken."  
Cholly paused to wipe the perspiration from his face and take a few sips from a tumbler beside him. The old major, for a wonder, kept silence, from time to time shaking his head sorrowfully.  
"I suppose that is the first part of the story," broke in Andy Vicars. "It is deuced sad; hope the little girl got back to her uncle."  
"Uncle!" growled Maj. Poole. "Poor child, he didn't want her. He was a cruel-hearted, mean old scoundrel, was Peter Donovan; he never treated the girl right when he had her."  
Cholly nodded his head affirmatively to Maj. Poole's assertion, and continued his story:  
"This all happened four years ago; no one heard anything during that time of pretty Kate Donovan, for you see she wasn't Mrs. Gordon, after all. An aunt of hers did have the grace to write to me making inquiries; she had heard that Kate was in the United States, in a place called Pennsylvania, and would I make inquiries, as I lived, no doubt, near there? You know, these old country people, as they call themselves, think that the United States are about as large as an English colony."  
"Do I know it?" interrupted the major. "Why, a lady in London once asked me to personally deliver a small parcel of china to her daughter, because I lived in New York, near where her daughter was settled. I took the parcel, thinking to see the address of some street here. Where do you think the fair creature lived?"  
"New Jersey?" hazarded Vicars.  
"Maine?" queried another.  
"No!" roared the major; "Idaho!"  
"Guess you didn't accept the commission, major," said Cholly.  
"Well, no. I relieved my mind by reciting sundry words not in Webster's dictionary. Go on, my boy. Tell us all you know of pretty Kate Donovan."  
"I came through Canada on my way from the west, a few days ago," continued Cholly. "We changed cars at a place not far from Toronto, and had some hours to wait for connection. Strolling around, I came to a place where a circus was in full swing. Double tent, side shows, all complete. Consulting my watch, I found I had time to see the performance. An English steeplechase was advertised as the chief attraction. It had just commenced when I took my seat in the first row close to the ring. I can hardly tell you my feelings when I recognized the first lady rider who entered—it was Kate Donovan."  
"Good heavens!" ejaculated the major. "Come to that?"  
"Yes, it was Kate. Graceful, lithe, nervy as ever, looking like a queen among those painted judys and rough men."  
"How could you sit there and see it?" groaned Maj. Poole.  
"I hadn't a sit long. I recognized her instantly—and, poor girl, she saw me."  
"Knew you?" gasped the major.  
"Yes, she turned pale under the horrible paint and rouge she was daubed with; somehow she seemed to lose her nerve all of a sudden. The horse, a vicious black beast, swerved to one side suddenly—major—fellows, I cannot tell it. It was too horrible."  
"Kate Donovan to lose her nerve on horseback? I cannot credit it," said the major, in an awed tone.  
"I was in the ring and by her side in a moment," Cholly continued, not noticing the major's interruption. "She knew me, poor girl, when her eyes opened for the first time. She died with her hands tightly clasped in mine."  
"Did she say anything?" asked Andy Vicars; "did she tell you anything?"  
"If she did, you're not the one I'd repeat it to," said Cholly, fiercely. "The last words of a poor dying girl are hardly club talk, not if I know it."  
So saying, Cholly seized his coat and strode angrily from the room.  
The other men looked at each other significantly.  
"He's hit hard," said the major; "poor fellow. If you had seen Kate you'd not blame him. I always thought he liked her."  
And Cholly, as he strode along the street homeward, cursed his own folly in telling the story of pretty Kate to such an audience. "As if they cared," he muttered. They were a set of hard-hearted, cold, cynical men, and he, Cholly, was a fool for telling the story. Somehow, he had never realized before that he had cherished an ideal for the past four years, and that ideal was the woman who but a few days before had died in his arms. Tell that idiot Vicars what she said? Cholly smiled grimly as the thought struck him, for only he knew what those last words had been. They echoed in his ears even now in the din and noise of the New York evening.  
"Cholly—dear—dear—Cholly."  
If she had only said them four years ago, he thought miserably, as he shoved the key into the latch of his home door.—Vanity.