



MEMORIAL DAY.

Everybody Should Take Part in Its Observance.

Ought Not to be Overlooked or Forgotten.

Hark, how the bells of a nation ring!
Hark, how the tongues of a nation sing!
Songs of no triumph, with joyous tilt,
But saddest and tenderest songs they know
Of brave young heroes, whose blood was spilt
On terrible battle-fields long ago—
Bells, toll ye softly,
Tongues, chant ye low
Of brave, young heroes of long ago!



The shadowy faces of long ago!
Dimly before us
March to and fro
The forms of the heroes of long ago.

Mother and father whose brave son died,
Brother and sister and widowed bride,
Comrade and friend of the blue and gray—
Soldiers who fell as they faced the foe—
Gather together to weep and pray
For heroes they lost in the long ago!

Under the mounds
So green and low!
Lie heroes they lost in the long ago!

Flowers of springtime, so rich and rare,
Showers of blossoms, so bright and fair,
Roses of yellow, and pink, and red,
Lilies as white as the winter's snow
Drift odorous petals above our dead—
Our brave young heroes of long ago!
Brightest and sweetest
Flowers that grow
Cover our heroes of long ago!

After the wearisome toil of life,
After the battle and worldly strife,
Past the dark tide, on whose golden sands
The lights of the heavenly harbor glow,
We'll find them at last, and clasp the hands
Of brave young heroes of long ago!
Transfigured mortals—
But we shall know
Our brave, young heroes of long ago!

By solemn enactment of the National Congress and the votes of men in both Houses who wore the blue and the gray during our four years of fratricidal war, was the morning of the 30th designated as "Memorial Day."

There is much in a name, but there is far more in a reverent patriotic remembrance and observance of this National Memorial Day. The sacred purpose of this yearly observance has been in a measure obscured as the idea and sentiment of a memorial to the soldier dead, has been gradually absorbed in that of a mere, general holiday, for the delight and "decoration" of the lovers of frolic and amusement among the living.

While we would not deny all recreation or reasonable games and decorous social pleasures, to our youth of to-day, we would urge that all the people, young as well as old, should take part in spirit, if not in person, with the tottering remnants of the great army whose valor, secured for us all a reunited country, in doing all possible honor to America's soldier dead.

This great purpose ought not to be overlooked or forgotten, nor is it needful that every one in so doing, should give the day a funeral character.

As we get farther away from the personal memories of war times, and new generations come upon the stage of action, the element of personal lament grows naturally weaker and we come to think more of the cause for which our hero martyrs suffered and in that to find occasion for rejoicing.

VIOLENT STORM.

The Lightning, Wind and Rain Cause Considerable Damage.

Staples Homestead Struck by Lightning.

Early yesterday afternoon the skies became darkened by ominous looking clouds which seemed to be dodging a hurricane of wind of cyclonic proportions.

Places of business were so darkened that they had to be lighted by artificial means. Thoughts of the St. Louis disaster rushed to the minds of the timid and they sought what they considered to be places of safety.

The rain began to fall at a rather lively rate, and ladies and others who were on the street quickly hastened under cover. About half past four the rain fell in torrents and was accompanied by a wind that drove the rain before it like chaff, sending it into every crack and crevice of the buildings that stood in its way.

Limbs of trees were torn off, sewers choked, cellars flooded, streets gullied, and no small amount of damage was done. The storm ceased about 5 o'clock but the skies still remained overcast and portended another downfall of rain. And it came.

Shortly after 11 o'clock the clouds again commenced to leak, and the skies were lighted by vivid flashes of lightning. At 11:30 the rain again descended in torrents and there was a flash of lightning followed instantly by a heavy rattle-bang sound of thunder. This is supposed to have been the bolt that struck the Staples residence of which mention is made below. It was followed by other flashes of equal vividness, but at this writing it is not learned that it struck anywhere in this vicinity. The storm was also quite severe in other sections of the state.

A HARBOR AVENUE HOUSE STRUCK.

The Staples homestead on Harbor avenue, occupied by John Shepard and family and Charles Payne and wife, was struck by lightning between 11 and 12 o'clock last night. The bolt apparently entered at the southwest corner of the house which is a lean-to of brick, covered with siding. It partially ripped off one length of siding and followed along the wall until it came to a drain-pipe which it followed to an iron sink. From thence it sped to a shelf above the sink, hurled two or three lamps and several pieces of tinware onto the floor, ripped off sections of the wall and ceiling, and then apparently jumped back to the water pipe which it followed out to the street, tore it from its connection with the main and then ploughed its way up out of the ground and scooted out of sight.

Mr. and Mrs. Shepard occupy a room where the sink is located, Mrs. Shepard was awake at the time and says that the flash was blinding. The noise made by the entrance of the bolt and the sound of the thunder awakened every person in the house none of whom however felt any sort of a shock, but all plainly distinguished a strong odor of sulphur.

This was to them evidence that the house had been struck and quickly dressing they proceeded to investigate, finding things as above stated.

The only sign of fire to be seen was a small blackened place on a piece of the siding.

There was as usual, a humorous side to the affair. Mr. Shepard had stepped outside of the house to make further investigation as best he could in the darkness, when he saw a man passing with a lantern. He called to him, whereupon the man started up the street at a breakneck pace, evidently very much frightened.

NOTES.

The streets were badly damaged by the heavy downpour of rain.

The Pittsfield express due here at 4:30 stopped just below the tunnel and again near the Norwalk Mills to avoid striking rocks which had washed down on to the tracks from the embankment.

A large section of the embankment on River street near where the turn is made to the Brady or Cross street bridge is gullied out and in its present condition is a menace to life and limb.

A large apple tree south of the Mrs. Nora Mokely place on Harbor avenue was blown down.

The Town House, so called, was deluged with water, and the plaster threatens to fall.

Edward Scofield suffered the loss by drowning of forty young chicks, in the afternoon storm.

Coroner Roach was called out of his bed at 2 o'clock this morning to mend

a breach in the Harbor avenue water main caused by lightning.

Mrs. Nora Mokely who was prostrated by the effects of the lightning which struck the Staples house opposite her own home, is reported as being better this afternoon.

During the storm yesterday afternoon a large limb was blown from a tree on Harbor avenue near the Captain Beers place.

He Sped Away.

Groceryman Bate's delivery horse came in for a share of public attention yesterday afternoon. While standing at the rear of the store it seemingly occurred to him that he could vary the stillness that seemed to have dropped upon business on Main street. And away he went up Clark street to Hoyt street, wrecking two wheels of the wagon to which he was attached. This did not disconcert him.

Regaining his bearings he shot up Hoyt street to Main, down Main to Wall and around the corner towards the "bone of contention" betwixt the Street Railway and City, at the foot of Mill Hill, where he was brought to a standstill by Edward Duffay, in front of Donnelly's grocery.

The horse was led back to its starting point and acted as docile as a man asking a court judge to "forgive me just this once. I didn't mean to do wrong."

Just Like Them.

George Fisherman Finch and Hiram Iknowwheretheyare Davis went up to Lake Waccabuc Wednesday afternoon, and when they returned home yesterday they brought with them over 160 fine white and yellow perch and bass as were ever hooked in any of the lakes of the state. But then, neither one of the two were ever known to go fishing and return without a good catch.

A Brave Man.

Charles Finch has finally consented to umpire the base-ball game between the Hopes and Pioneers at Norwalk Park to-morrow morning, having been assured that the game would not last any more than six hours, and that four accident policies would be issued in favor of his family, at the expense of players.

Her Tenth Anniversary.

Juliette Riesterer celebrated her tenth birthday anniversary at her home on Harbor avenue, yesterday, by happily entertaining a number of her little friends. Games were played, refreshments partaken, and a general good time enjoyed. Juliette proved herself to be a splendid little hostess.

Dr. Kennedy to the Rescue.

Miss Mary Honnecker accidentally thrust her hand through a show-case at the bakery, yesterday afternoon and received a severe cut on one of her fingers. Dr. J. T. Kennedy was summoned and rendered medical assistance.

Collision.

About noon yesterday the oyster schooner Henrietta, of Bridgeport, collided with the Nutmeg State in the East River and sank in a few minutes. The crew was taken off by the Nutmeg State.

Off for Southport.

Young bicyclers Ralph Wade, Harry Pressey, Courtland VanBuren, Elliott Curtis, Fred Scofield and Fred Judd propose pedaling to Southport on Memorial day.

At the Post Office.

The post-office will be closed to-morrow at 11 o'clock for the remainder of the day. The lobby will be open until 6 o'clock. There will be but one collection and delivery.

Misplaced Confidence.

A young lady employed in Wheeler's straw works has confidentially informed a friend that she intends to elope Monday.—Hour.

Pensions.

Original—James N. Coe, Noroton Heights. Original widows, etc.—Louisa Jones, Georgetown.

Nit.

What Captain Ike says goes.—Sentinel.

SOUTH WILTON.

Some miscreants have broken the globes of the street lamps in front of Broker Beatty's residents. It detected it is liable to cost the scamps a term in jail.

This place was visited by three showers yesterday. Two of them arrived in the afternoon, and a third one in the evening. All three were welcome as they were very much needed.

HIT BY HOT GREASE.

Westport Woman Attacked by Brutal Hasband

Sent to Jail for Sixty Days.

Before Justice William Smith, in Westport, yesterday morning, Richard Downs, a human brute, was fined \$7 and costs and sent to jail for 60 days, a totally inadequate penalty for a dastardly offence.

The wretch had dashed a pan of scalding grease at his wife and child, terribly burning the former, and yet he received no more severe a sentence than Justice Smith has often inflicted for simple drunkenness.

Mr. Downs' only offence appears to be that she reproached her husband for his dissolute habits. With an oath, he seized the pan from the stove and hurled its contents at the woman and a small child she carried in her arms. The baby was not injured by the flying grease, but Mrs. Downs was terribly burned.

Complaint was made by a neighbor to Grand Juror Hubbell, and he at once despatched Constable Edward Allen and a physician to the scene. The doctor alleviated as well as he could, the sufferings of the woman, while Constable Allen did his part by putting Downs under arrest.

The latter seems to have brought the study of cruelty to a family to a science. On particularly cold nights, he was accustomed to lock his wife and five children out of doors, and nearly every day has badly beaten her. She has made numerous complaints, but woman-like, always withdrew them before he could be arrested.

—See Hambridge's painting, "The Modern Jury," in Truth to-morrow. All trains and news-stands.

WESTPORT.

B. W. Wheeler's steam launch Gem has been launched.

The Y. M. Noyes family, who occupied the Thomas cottage on Compo street last year, have leased the Hammond cottage near the Beachside Inn for the summer.

The program for Decoration Day is complete and embraces the decorating of the graves of Revolutionary soldiers as well as those of the Union. The former will be visited under the auspices of the D. A. R.

The district schools have received their new 45-star American flags ordered by the selectmen, and they will be displayed to-morrow. There will, of course, be no school session that day, but the teachers will cheerfully carry out the plan to go to their respective houses for flag purposes.

NEW CANAAN.

The family of Raymond Claghorn of Philadelphia are now occupying their summer home on East Avenue.

A freight train will soon be a permanent fixture on the New Canaan branch. Much grumbling has heretofore been indulged in by the passengers on the 9 a. m. train from Stamford and the 4.05 p. m. train from here, by delay, as they have been run as "mixed," carrying both passengers and freight.

Decoration Day will be observed by a closing of all the stores. S. P. Ferris Post, G. A. R., preceded by the Citizens' Brass Band and followed by the pupils of Center School, will march to Lake View Cemetery in the morning. Here the ritual will be recited with singing by the children, accompanied by music from the band.

F. M. Hawley, who lost nearly all his household effects in the fire which entirely consumed his home in North Stamford, was presented with a purse of nearly \$100 by a few of the members of Harmony Lodge, F. A. M., as a helping hand in the hour of their brother's misfortune. Mr. Hawley is a Past Master of the Masonic lodge.

BROAD RIVER.

It is reported that Edward Burger who left his wife penniless last summer has been heard from in Los Angeles, Cal., where it is alleged he again married without the trouble of securing a divorce, and he has deserted this wife too.

The Latter Day Saints will hold services Sunday morning and evening in the school house.

An advertisement in the GAZETTE will pay you.

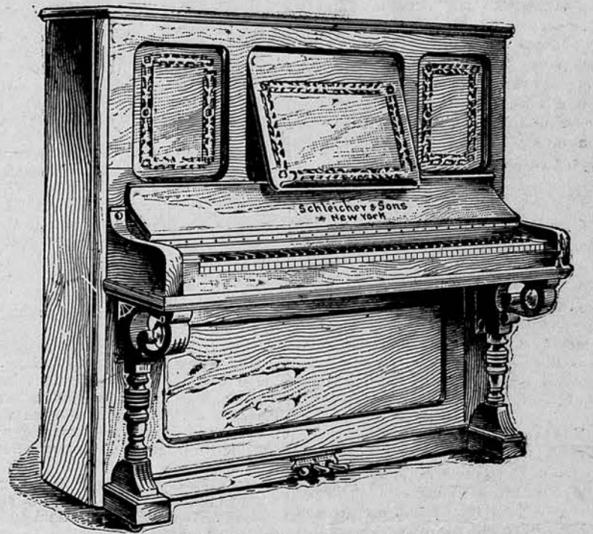
FOUR HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE!

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 offers 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.



HERE IT IS!

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 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 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.

NOT GOOD AFTER JUNE 5

Name, _____

Town, _____

BATTLE OF THE BALLOTS.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| Hope Hose Company | 18239 |
| Norwalk Yacht Club | 13015 |
| St. Mary's School | 7101 |
| Welcome Stranger Lodge | 1576 |
| Center School | 936 |
| Pequonock Pleasure Club | 568 |
| Over River School | 347 |
| Pioneer Castle | 173 |
| T. F. E. Club | 70 |
| Arion Singing Society | 60 |
| T. G. L. C. | 40 |
| Norwalk Liederkrenz | 24 |
| Sword Fish Club | 28 |
| Lincoln Council | 18 |
| N. B. C. | 16 |
| The Central Club | 15 |
| East Norwalk School | 16 |
| Compo Engine Co., Westport | 10 |
| Bishop McMahon Council | 10 |
| Catholic Union Council | 8 |
| Uncas Tribe | 3 |
| Knob Outing Club | 2 |
| Pine Lodge Club | 2 |
| S. S. Club | 2 |
| Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company | 2 |
| Phoenix Engine Company | 2 |
| Fire Police, S. N. | 1 |

ITS 200th ANNIVERSARY.

The First Congregational Church of Danbury Begins Its Celebration.

The First Congregational church of Danbury began the celebration of its 200th anniversary, Wednesday. There were present a large number of ministers from surrounding towns, the former pastors of the church who still survive, and many of the former members who now reside elsewhere.

The exercises began at 10 o'clock, the Rev. Noel J. Hough of Berkshire, N. Y., delivering the opening prayer. The Rev. A. F. Pierce, pastor of the church, gave an historical address and Judge F. D. Brewster an address on the relation of church to town. Mayor G. M. Rundle responded.

At 2:30 in the afternoon addresses were given by the Rev. Thomas K. Noble of Norwalk on "The Mother Church," and by the Rev. H. L. Slaok of Bethel, the Rev. Cyrus W. Francis of Brookfield, the Rev. E. Sanborn of Ridgebury and the Rev. F. A. Hatch of Danbury on "The Daughter Churches." In the evening the Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, D. D., of New Haven, told "What Congregational Churches Stand For."

The celebration will continue to-day and on Sunday.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM CHURCH.

William Church a well-known farmer and capitalist, died at his home on the old Saugatuck road Wednesday night in the 84th year of his age, surviving his wife about three years. He had been sick since last September, at which time he suffered a stroke of apoplexy. Three sons, Charles E., Ebenezer J. and Frank Church, survive him. The funeral will be held Saturday afternoon Rev. Charles M. Selleck officiating.

GEORGE W. WHALEY.

George W. Whaley, a well-known and respected colored citizen, died at his home on Knight street at an early hour Thursday morning aged 70 years. A family of children survive him among the number being C. Bryant Whaley, a practicing physician of Savannah, Ga. The deceased is spoken of as having been a consistent and conscientious christian.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Emma Church was attended this afternoon, Rev. Mr. Hyatt of the Methodist church, and Rev. Mr. Robbins of the Baptist church officiating. The deceased was a daughter-in-law of William Church who died last night.

An advertisement placed in these columns brings satisfactory returns.

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.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.

A fine building lot on Wilton avenue. If you intend to build, look at this before purchasing.

Water, gas and sewer on the avenue.

Will be sold at a Bargain.

W. H. BYINGTON,

Real Estate land Insurance,

Room 1, Gazette B'ld.

IF WE ONLY COULD.

If a man could be born when he's old,
And gradually grow young,
The wisdom he'd gain and the lore he'd attain
Are not easily said or sung.
If I knew as much as my boy,
Who is six times younger than I,
I'd have a sufficiency of general omniscience—
Be finished and ready to die.
So a man might drink deeper, I hold,
Yes, force out truth's obstinate bung,
If he could be born when he's old
And gradually grow young.

For the groping and ignorant man
In his darkness would count it a joy
If he had the light to enlighten his night
Of the wise, luminiferous boy.
If he could grow younger and wise,
And develop from age into youth,
We'd be able to hold when we're thirteen
years old,
The substance and sum of all truth,
And the oceans of wisdom we'd hold
Cannot be imagined or sung,
If a man could be born when he's old
And gradually grow young.
But a man is now born very young,
And he gradually grows very old,
And as his youth finishes, his wisdom diminishes,
And his ignorance grows manifold.
And so every year doth his wisdom decrease
And his right knowledge web is unstrung,
And no man can be sure that he is not immature
Unless he's exceedingly young—
What sages the world might behold,
What giants of brain and of tongue,
If a man could be born when he's old
And gradually grow young.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

BETTY'S VERSE.

BY SARAH B. KENTON.

Mr. Rogers was thinking, His thoughts went back twenty years, and he saw himself a young man doing a prosperous business, and, although not in partnership, still intimately associated with one who had been his playmate, neighbor and close friend for thirty years. And then Mr. Rogers saw the financial trouble that had come upon him, and he thought bitterly that, if the friend had played the part of a friend, it might have been averted.

He saw the twenty years of estrangement; he felt again the bitterness of that hour of failure.

Mr. Rogers rose from his chair, and, going to his safe, drew from it three notes for five thousand dollars each, due on the following Monday.

"Twenty years is a long time to wait for justice," said he to himself; "but now, and without my lifting a finger, these notes have come into my possession, and I know, Robert French, that it will be hard for you to pay them. I knew justice would be done at last." And Mr. Rogers replaced the notes in his safe and closing his office went home to eat. Many a man will cry out for justice when it is revenge he desires.

On Monday morning Mr. Rogers went to the station to take the eight o'clock train for Boston. He had just taken his seat in the car when he heard his name spoken, and saw Mr. Palmer, his neighbor, standing by his seat.

"Are you going to town?" asked Mr. Palmer.

"Yes," was the reply. "Anything I can do for you?"

"I wish you would take charge of my little girl as far as M—. Her grandmother will meet her there. I have promised her this visit for a week, and intended to take her down myself, but just at the last minute I have received a dispatch that I must be here to meet some men who are coming out on the next train."

"Why, of course I will," said Mr. Rogers, heartily. "Where is she?"

At these words a tiny figure clambered on the seat, and a cheerful voice announced: "Here I is!"

"Thank you," said Mr. Palmer. "Good-by, Betty; be a good girl and papa will come for you to-morrow."

"Good-by, papa; give my love to the baa-lammie, and all the west of the family," replied Betty.

People looked around and laughed at Betty's putting the lamb at the head of the family. They saw a very little girl under an immense hat, and with a pair of big blue eyes and rosy cheeks.

Mr. Rogers put her next to the window, and began to talk with her.

"How old are you, Betty?" he asked.

"I'm half-past four; how old are you?" promptly returned Betty.

"Not quite a hundred," laughed Mr. Rogers, "but pretty old, for all that."

"Is that what made the fur all come off the top of your head?" she asked, looking thoughtfully at his bald head, for the heat had caused him to take off his hat.

Mr. Rogers said he guessed so.

Betty pointed out various objects of interest and made original comments upon them, not at all abashed by her companion's age and gravity. Suddenly she looked up and said: "I go to Sunday school!"

"Do you? and what do you do there?"

"Well, I sing and I learn a verse. My teacher gived me a new one 'bout bears, but I don't know it yet; but I know the first one I had; want me to tell it to you?" and the big blue eyes looked confidently up at Mr. Rogers.

"Why, of course I do, Betty," he replied.

Betty folded her hands, and, with her eyes fixed on her listener's face, said: "Love your innymunts."

Mr. Rogers flushed, and involuntarily put his hand to his pocketbook; but Betty, all unconscious of his thought, said: "Do you want me to 'splain it?"

The listener nodded and the child went on: "Do you know what an 'innymunt' is?" but receiving no answer, she said: "When anybody does naughty things and bweaks your playthings, he's a 'innymunt.' Wobbie French was my 'innymunt'; he bweaked my dolly's nose, and he stucked burrs in my baa-lammie's fur, and he said it wasn't a baa-lammie, noffin' but just a lammie;" and the big eyes grew bigger as they recalled this last indignity.

Mr. Rogers looked deeply interested, and, in fact, who could have helped it, looking at the earnest little face? Betty continued to "splain:"

"It doesn't mean," she said, "that you must let him bweak all your dolls'

noses nor call your baa-lammie names, 'cause that's wicked; but last week Wobbie bweaked his 'loicpede, and the next day all the boys were going to have a wace, and when I said my pwayers I told the Lord I was glad Wobbie had bweaked his 'loicpede. I was, but when I wanted to go to sleep I felt bad here," and Betty placed a tiny hand on her chest, and drew a long breath. "But by and by, after much as a hour, I guess, I thought how naughty that was, and then I telled the Lord I was sorry Wobbie had bweaked his 'loicpede and I would lend him mine part of the time; and then I felt good, and I was asleep in a minute."

"And what about Robbie?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"Well," replied the child, "I guess if I keep on loving him, he won't be a 'innymunt' much longer."

"I guess not, either," said Mr. Rogers, giving his hand to help her down from the seat as the cars slackened speed at M—, and stopped at the station. He led the child from the car, and gave her to her grandmother's care.

"I hope she has not troubled you," said the lady, looking fondly at the child.

"On the contrary, madam, she has done me a world of good," said he, sincerely, as he raised his hat and, bidding Betty good-by, stepped back into the car.

Mr. Rogers resumed his seat, and looked out of the window, but he did not see the trees, nor the green fields, nor the peaceful river, with its thousands of white water lilies like stars in the midnight sky.

Had he told the Lord that he was glad his "innymunt" had broken his velocipede, and could not join in the race for wealth and position? When he came to put the question straight to his soul, it certainly did look like it.

It was of no use for him to say that the notes were honestly due. He knew that he could afford to wait for the money, and that if Robert French was forced to pay them at once, he would probably be ruined; and he heard the sweet voice of the child saying: "Love your 'innymunts,'" and he said in his heart using the old familiar name of his boyhood days: "Lord, I'm sorry Rob has broken his velocipede; I'll lend him mine until he gets his mended."

Had the sun suddenly come out from behind a dark cloud? Mr. Rogers thought so; but it had really been shining its brightest all the morning.

A boy came through the train with a great bunch of water lilies, calling: "Liliescentapiéesisforfi."

"Here, boy!" called Mr. Rogers. "Where did those come from?"

"White Bond Lily cove," said the boy, eying Mr. Rogers with some perplexity. He had been train boy for five years, and never had known him to buy anything but the Journal.

"What'll you take for that bunch?"

"Fifty cents," replied the boy, promptly.

Mr. Rogers handed him the half-dollar, and took the fragrant lilies. "How do you get into the cove now?" he asked, as the boy pocketed the money and was moving on.

"Git out'n' shove her over the bar," replied the boy as he went on.

Mr. Rogers looked down at the flowers with streaks of pink on the outer petals, at the smooth, pinkish-brown stems, and thought of the time, forty years before, when he and Rob, two barefooted urchins, had rowed across White pond in a leaky boat, and by great exertion dragged and pushed it over the bar, and been back home at seven o'clock in the morning with such a load of lilies as had never been seen in the village before. Yes, he remembered it; and Rob's mother was frying cornnuts when they got back, and she had given them six apiece. Oh, she knew what boys' appetites were!

She had been dead for thirty years, he thought.

Just then the cars glided into the station. Everybody rushed out of the train, Mr. Rogers following in a kind of dream. He walked along until he came to Sudbury street, and stopped at a place where he read: "Robert French, Manufacturer of Steam and Gas Fittings."

He entered the building and, going up one flight of stairs, opened a door and entered a room fitted up as an office. A man sat at a desk, anxiously examining a pile of papers. He looked up as Mr. Rogers entered, stared at him as if he could not believe his eyes, and, without speaking, rose from his chair and offered a seat to his visitor.

Mr. Rogers broke the silence. "Rob," he said, holding out his hand, "these came from the cove where we used to go, and—ah—I've come around to say that if you want to renew those notes that are due to-day, I am ready to do so, and—ah—"

But Mr. French had sunk into his chair, and, with his head buried in his hands, was sobbing as if his heart would break.

Mr. Rogers awkwardly laid the lilies on the desk and sat down. "Don't, Rob," he said, at length.

"You wouldn't wonder at it, Tom," was the reply, "if you knew what I had endured for the past forty-eight hours. I can pay every penny, if I have time, but to pay them to-day meant absolute ruin."

"Well, I guess we can fix all that," said Mr. Rogers, looking intently into the crown of his hat. "Have you any more papers out?"

"Less than two hundred dollars," was the reply.

The twenty years of estrangement were forgotten, like a troubled dream, as the two men went over business papers together; and when they finally separated, with a clasp of the hand, each felt a dozen years younger.

"Ah!" said Mr. Rogers, as he walked away with a light step, "Betty was right. If you love your innymunt, he won't be an innymunt any longer."—Christian Union.

—Walter Scott's eyes were a grayish blue and very quick and keen. His hair was rather light than dark, and he always walked with a decided limp, from an injury received early in life.



A Cold in the Head

The quickest way to get rid of it—the simplest and surest—no bother, no trouble—is with

Salva-cea

It cures Catarrh. It cures all inflammation. It cures

- Piles, Skin Diseases,
- Sore Throat, Burns,
- Toothache, Wounds,
- Earache, Sore Muscles,
- Neuralgia, Rheumatism.

Two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. At druggists, or by mail. THE BRANDETH CO., 274 CANAL ST., N. Y.

J. D. Jennings.

UNDEKTAKER

4 Knight street, opposite Street Railway Depot. BELL AT OFFICE.

LUCKWOOD'S LIGHT PARCEL and CHEAP RATE PACKAGE DELIVERY service in New York. Goods called for and delivered to all parts of the town. Orders received at E. P. Weed's Drug Store, 1 Wall Street, with telephone connection No. 30. C. E. LOCKWOOD.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK.

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

Having purchased the Market of E. J. WADHAMS, I have restocked the same with Meats, Fish Vegetables and Canned goods, and solicit a share of your patronage

WADHAMS HAS SOLD OUT.

—CHARLES E. SCHEUBER, 21 Wall Street.

WILLIAM S. KEMP,

Carpenter and Builder, 34 West Main St., Norwalk.

Mr. Kemp has been a carpenter and builder in Norwalk for the past 25 years, and refers to owners of buildings erected under his supervision as to workmanship.

Chilton Paint.

Every gallon of paint made by the Chilton Mfg. Company is mixed and ground in pure Linseed Oil. All shades are mixed and ground by machinery seven times, making them uniform and even. Compare the size of cans and weight with the cheaper makes. You get an honest gallon. Give it a trial and you will be convinced.

H. H. WILLIAMS

17 Main St. SPECIAL SALE —OF—

MILLINERY

SATURDAY AND MONDAY, MAY 9-11.

A Reduction of 25 per cent on all Trimmed Hats and Bonnets. Ladies desiring a nice Trimmed Hat for little money, will do well to attend this sale.

FAWCETT'S

3 WATER STREET, NORWALK

STEARN'S BICYCLE AND CO.
The Yellow Fellow
is known throughout cycling as a light, staunch, stylish, speedy mount. There's a best in everything; the '96 Stearns is a veritable edition de luxe among bicycles. Finished in black or orange. Stearns riders are satisfied riders, and always proud as kings of their mounts. Your address will insure receipt of our handsome new catalogue. E. C. STEARN'S & CO., Makers, Syracuse, N. Y. San Francisco, Cal. Buffalo, N. Y. Toronto, Ont. H. R. BULKLEY & CO., Agents, SOUTH NORWALK.

1896 Hartford Bicycles REDUCTION IN PRICE.
Patterns Nos. 1 and 2, from \$80 to \$65
" 3 " 4, " 60 to 50
" 5 " 6, " 50 to 45
This is the best value for the money offered in the medium grade machines.
The F. S. Ambler Cycle Co., 29 Wall Street.

I'm Doing It
If you Don't believe it, Come and See.
\$100 BICYCLES FOR \$65.
PIERCE, AMES, LIGHT, COLUMBUS, HORSMAN, NORMAN, DIANA, Latest '96 Pattern. Built to Sell at Top Price. Full Guarantee. Easy Terms.
WE ARE NOT IN THE COMBINE.

For Terms and Lease of Norwalk Fair Grounds, apply to
LUTHER M. WRIGHT,
Carriage Factory and Repository, Franklin & Madison Sts., So. Norwalk.
Branch Shops at Broad River and Darien.

THE WHITE SHOE STORE
Is still in the lead. We shall sell all of our Ladies' \$2.00 and \$2.50 Tan, Lace and Button Shoes at \$1.75 a pair.
About 300 pairs in this lot. Come early and make your selections and get the greatest bargain in town.

OLSEN BROS.' WHITE SHOE STORE
3 CAZETTE BUILDING, NORWALK.

YOUR FRIENDS ARE USING
PLAISTED'S COUGH REMEDY
AND RECOMMEND ITS USE
Get a Bottle at once, 25 and 50 Cents.
ALL DRUGGISTS.

DO YOU KNOW
That you can save money by buying your Meats and Fish at
F. W. SMITH'S,
55 Main Street.
Everything First Class. OPEN EVENINGS

PRIVATE
Instructions given in
BOXING
at the pupil's home
CLASS
Now forming, and applicants desiring to join should apply at once to
Prof. Geo. Yoerger,
South Norwalk, or at this office.

SWEET CAPORAL
CIGARETTES
THE ONLY GENUINE
Sweet Caporal Cigarettes
Beware of Imitations
Do not be deceived by infringements of name, package or cigarette.
THE ONLY GENUINE
Sweet Caporal Cigarettes
Beware of Imitations
Do not be deceived by infringements of name, package or cigarette.
THE ONLY GENUINE
Sweet Caporal Cigarettes
Beware of Imitations
Do not be deceived by infringements of name, package or cigarette.

ABOUT CLAY EATERS.

The Disgusting Habit Is Common in All Countries.

Tribes of Indians Who Mix Mud with Their Bread—Some Singular Reasons for the Abominable Practice.

Among the extraordinary passions for eating uncommon things must be reckoned that which some people exhibit for eating earth or clay. Of this practice, which would appear to have once prevailed all over the world, says the Philadelphia Times, numerous examples were cited by Capt. J. G. Bourke, United States army, in the ninth annual report of the bureau of ethnology. In some places the custom has degenerated into a ceremonial, while in others the eating of this strange food still prevails as a kind of necessity to the lives of those who are addicted to it. The Mexican devotees picked up a piece of clay in the temple of Tezcatlipoca and ate it with the greatest reverence, and also ate a piece of earth in swearing by the sun and earth. But the use of clay by the Mexicans was not merely a matter of ceremony, for the substance seems to have been an esculent in common use. Edible earth was sold openly in the markets of Mexico and appears in the list of foods given by Gomara.

Cabeza de Vaca says that the Indians of Florida ate clay, and that the natives offered him many mesquite beans, which they ate mixed with earth. Venegas asserted that the Indians of California ate earth. The traditions of the Indians of San Juan Capistrano and vicinity show that they had fed upon a kind of clay which they often used upon their heads by way of ornament. The Tatu Indians of California, according to Powers, mix red earth into their acorn bread to make the latter sweet and cause it to go further. Sir John Franklin writes that the banks of the Mackenzie river contain layers of a kind of unctuous mud which the Tineh Indians used as food during the seasons of famine, and even at other times chew as an amusement. It has a milky taste and the flavor is not disagreeable. The Apache and Navajo branches of the Athabaskan family of North American Indians are not unacquainted with the use of clay as a comestible, although among the former it is now rarely used, and among the latter is employed only as a condiment to relieve the bitterness of the taste of the wild potato. In the same manner it is known to both the Zuni and the Tusayan.

In South America, likewise, the eating of clay prevails among the Indians on the banks of the Orinoco, throughout Brazil and on the mountains of Bolivia and Peru. In western Africa the negroes of Guinea have long been known to eat a yellowish earth called by them "caouac," and the flavor and taste of which is very agreeable to them and said to cause them no inconvenience. Some add themselves so excessively to the use of it that it becomes to them a real necessity, and no punishment is sufficient to restrain them from the practice of consuming it. When the Guinea negroes were in former times carried as slaves to the West India islands they were observed to continue the custom of eating clay. But the "caouac" of the American islands, or the substance which the poor negroes attempted to substitute in their new homes for the African earth, was found to injure the health of the slaves who ate it, and so the practice was long ago forbidden and has possibly now died out in the West India colonies. In Martinique, a species of red earth or yellowish tufa was formerly secretly sold in the markets, but the use of it has probably ceased in the French colonies also.

In eastern Asia a similar practice prevails in various places. In the island of Java, between Sourabaya and Samarang, Labillardiere saw small square reddish cakes of earth sold in the villages for the purpose of being eaten. These were found by Ehrenberg to consist for the most part of the remains of microscopic animals and plants which had lived and been deposited in fresh water. Some of the Japanese, too, are addicted to the practice of eating earth. Dr. Love, some time ago, published an analysis of a clay which is eaten to a considerable extent by the Ainos; it occurs in a bed several feet thick in the valley of Tsie-tonal (eat-earth valley) on the north coast of Yesso. It is light gray in color and of fine structure. The people mix with the clay fragments of the leaf of some plant for the aromatic principle it contains. They eat the earth because they think it contains some beneficial substance, not because it is a necessity with them. They have meat and abundance of vegetable food. The clay is eaten in

the form of a soup. Several pounds are boiled with lily roots in a small quantity of water, and afterward strained. The Ainos pronounce the soup very palatable. In Runjut valley, in the Sikim Himalaas, a red clay occurs which the natives chew, especially as a cure for the goitre. In Smith's "Aborigines of Victoria," it is stated that a kind of earth, pounded and mixed with the root of the "mene" (a species of Haemadourum), is eaten by natives of west Australia.

Painted on a Grain of Corn. It is said that the smallest piece of painting in the world has recently been executed by a Flemish artist. It is painted on the smooth side of a grain of common white corn, and pictures a mill and a miller mounting a stairs with a sack of grain on his back. The mill is represented as standing on a terrace, and near it is a horse and cart, while a group of several peasants are shown in the road near by. The picture is beautifully distinct, every object being finished with microscopic fidelity, yet by careful measurement it is shown that the whole painting does not cover a surface of half an inch square.

GUN AND SABER.

GRAY horses are considered stronger than brown ones, and hereafter only gray ones are to be used for artillery purposes in the Russian army.

LIEUT. BERSIER, of the French navy, has invented a compass which does away with a steersman, as the compass steers the vessel itself.

BRIG. GEN. THOMAS L. CASEY, just retired from the regular army at the age of sixty-four, has for the last seven years had supervision of all the river and harbor improvements in the United States.

The sultan of Morocco likes to look on the faces of his foes—when they are dead. He lately received, at Fez, two cart loads of salted human heads, the remains of Rahauma rebels. They are to adorn the city walls.

COMMODORE POTTER, the ranking officer of his grade in the navy, has just been placed on the retired list of the navy upon reaching the age limit of sixty-two years. He has been in the navy since February, 1850, having been appointed from Illinois, though a native of New York.

GEN. JOHN B. GORDON, who has been delivering his famous lecture in Arkansas and Texas, has had to content himself with four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, owing to the inroads made upon his time by old comrades, who insisted on keeping him up half the night to talk over the war.

MAJ. JED HOTCHKISS, of Virginia, in a talk about the battle of Fredericksburg before the National Geographical society the other evening, expressed the opinion that the famous stone wall where the southern riflemen checked the advance of the Irish brigade was probably the scene of the greatest slaughter during the civil war.

FOR WOMEN'S WEAR.

COLLARS of ribbon and lace are in general use. The one object in making up these collars is to evolve some original idea either in shape, trimming or combination.

GAUZE ribbon ruchings are very much liked for trimmings, especially in black or dark materials. There is nothing softer and prettier than a gauze ruching of black for the collar of a cape or a wrap.

RIBBON ruchings are made by plaiting two or two-and-a-half-inch ribbon in box plaits at one edge. This is set upon wide turned-over collars of velvet. Some of these collars have revers extending to the waist line, and the ribbon plaiting is graduated to about half its width as it extends down the front.

THE use of ribbons is universal, and the variety to choose from is endless. Striped or brocaded gauze edged velvet ribbons, velvet-edged gauze ribbons, brocaded in velvet, and taffeta with brocaded stripes are among the novelties. The Dresden ribbons are growing more popular, and summer dresses of silk and wool will be profusely trimmed with them.

WORKS OF NATURE.

SPECIES of snakes that are enemies of one another in captivity will coil up into their winter sleep in the same bundle.

Dew is not attracted by some colors. Place a yellow board beside a red one and a black one; while the yellow one will be covered with dew, the other two will be perfectly dry.

THE Arctic fox changes the hue of his coat to note the change of season. In summer his fur is dark blue; as the cold weather approaches, the shade changes until in winter it is snow-white.

PROF. C. V. RILEY thinks he has discovered satisfactory evidence of telepathy among insects—that is to say, a sixth sense, by which they are able to communicate ideas from one to another at great distances.

THE snipe has a nerve reaching down to the tip of his bill. It is the only bird thus provided, and this contrivance illustrates the beneficence of nature in enabling the snipe to detect the presence of its food in mud and water, where the creature's eye is of no use.

Purify And Enrich Your Blood By Taking
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
It was the Only Sarsaparilla admitted At World's Fair.
AYER'S PILLS for the Liver.

By True Merit Only

can any article attain such a high standard of favor among the people as that enjoyed by



For years no other soap in New England has ever approached it either in sales or quality. It has proved its value over all substitutes. It is soap, all soap, and nothing but soap.

a speedy cure for the most obstinate cough. It cannot fail
HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR
Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar acts like magic for a cough or any throat or bronchial trouble. Ask your druggist.
Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

'96
Buns Kerosene Oil
Nickel Plated. Weight 12 oz.
Jolt and Cyclone Proof.
The Pathlight
They who ride must see the road. The Pathlight makes bright the way. All dealers sell it. The Place & Terry Mfg. Co., 247 Centre St., N.Y.

BRAUNSCHWEIGER MUMME
A PURE MALT EXTRACT. A SUBSTITUTE FOR SOLID FOOD.
Highest percentage Extract. Lowest percentage Alcohol. An effective Tonic. An agreeable Beverage. A mild Stimulant. Just what physicians will prescribe for Nursing Mothers. Convalescents and victims of Insomnia or Nervous Disorders resulting from Impaired Digestion and Overwork.

For Sale and Delivered Anywhere
Long Island Bottling Co.,
280-284 Bergen St., Brooklyn.
FOR SALE BY
EDWARD P. WEED.

Reduction Beginning to-day, all my Hats and Bonnets which are made up in the latest styles, will be sold at a great reduction. Come early and obtain your pick of the most fashionable Millinery Goods in town.
MRS. E. DIVEN,
58 Wall Street, Norwalk, Conn.

HAVE ARRIVED.
My new line of **Spring and Summer Suitings**, which will be made up in the latest styles and at the lowest possible price consistent with good work. Call in and inspect them.
F. KOCOUR,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
17 North Main St., South Norwalk.

Raymond & Son.
Successors to George H. Raymond.
Furniture Dealers and General Funeral Directors.
16 and 48 Main Street Norwalk Ct.
Residence, Berkeley Place.
Telephone No. 17-4

MRS. FLEMING'S TRIAL

The Defense Anticipates Trouble With Witness Ferdinand Wilkes.

HIS QUICK CHANGE OF FRONT

Willing to Testify Against Mrs. Fleming Before She Secured Her Mother's Fortune—Threats of Indictment For Contumacious Conduct.

NEW YORK, May 29.—The trial of Mary Alice Almont Livingston Fleming for the alleged murdering of her mother, Evelina M. Bliss, was resumed before Recorder Goff. Dr. Philip F. O'Hanlon, coroner's physician, was summoned to the witness chair and was cross examined by Charles W. Brooke, leading counsel of the defense. He said that after the autopsy all the organs of the body were restored except the stomach. This was reserved for analysis. He placed the stomach and its contents in a decanter and a cologne bottle. He could not remember whether he put cork or glass stoppers in the vessels. He tied with a string around the neck of the bottle and decanter pieces of paper, upon which he had written a description. His opinion that the inflammation of the stomach was due to an irritant poison rested solely upon the information he subsequently received concerning the result of the chemical analysis.

Women to Be Excluded. Testimony of such a revolting character will soon be introduced into the Fleming trial that all women spectators will be excluded from the courtroom while it is being submitted to the jury. The district attorney takes this step in the interests of decency and morality. His duty compels him, he says, to present certain facts, disagreeable and distasteful though that duty may be, but the presentation is essential and cannot be avoided.

The prosecution anticipates trouble with one of its important witnesses when he is placed on the stand. His name is Ferdinand Wilkes, and he was expected to testify to certain facts which would be strong links in the chain of incriminating evidence against the prisoner. Wilkes has become recalcitrant. He was to have met Assistant District Attorney McIntyre last Tuesday for the purpose of giving certain information he possessed in the form of an affidavit. He did not meet him as promised, but was accompanied by counsel and declined to make a sworn statement, although he had promised to do so and had had ten previous interviews with the district attorney.

They Suspect Wilkes. Mr. McIntyre considered this refusal so serious that he informed Recorder Goff what had happened, and later intimated that he would seek to have Wilkes indicted for contumacious conduct. "He gave no intimation of recanting," said Mr. McIntyre in describing Wilkes' conduct, "until after he shared of his father's estate was awarded to Mrs. Fleming and part of the proceeds were drawn from the city chamberlain, who was the trustee. If this sort of behavior is tolerated, we might as well close the courts and give up attempting to convict criminals."

Attorney Brooke Talks. Charles W. Brooke, senior counsel for the defense, treated the district attorney's statement with scorn. "If they indict this man Wilkes and his counsel," said he, "they will have to indict me also. Wilkes is subpoenaed as one of our witnesses. I have not seen or talked with him, but I know that in his absence from his office his desk was broken open by agents of the district attorney's office and his private papers were taken. Then he was arrested and put under \$2,500 bail to appear as a witness for the people."

It is the testimony of Wilkes that the sensation lovers are most anxious to hear. His life, it is said, has been intimately connected with the lives of all the persons interested in the present case, and the revelations that the prosecution confidently expected up to this time that he would make promised to be of an extraordinary and unusual character.

Fire in the Kremlin. Moscow, May 29.—Fire broke out in the tower of the Kremlin, but the flames were speedily subdued.

The Weather.

Rain, followed by fair; cooler.

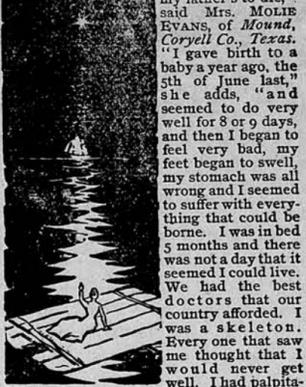
FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Closing Quotations of the New York Stock Exchange.
New York, May 28.—Money on call nominally at 1 1/2 @ 2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 4 1/2 @ 5 per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at \$4.85 @ \$4.88 1/2 for demand and \$4.87 1/2 @ \$4.87 3/4 for 60 days. Posted rates, \$4.88 @ \$4.89 and \$4.88 1/2 @ \$4.90. Commercial bills, \$4.87. Silver certificates, 83 1/2 @ 83 3/4; no sales. Bar silver, 83 1/2. Mexican dollars, 53 1/2. Government bonds steady. State bonds dull. Railroad bonds steady.
Closing prices:
Atchison..... 14 1/2 New England..... 43
Bur. & Quincy... 77 N. J. Central..... 105 1/2
C., C. & St. L. 34 1/2 North American... 84
Chesapeake & O. 16 1/2 Northern Pacific... 5 1/2
Chicago Gas..... 67 Do. pref..... 15 1/2
Cordage..... 54 N. Y. Central..... 89 1/2
Cotton Oil..... 12 1/2 Canada..... 42 1/2
Del. & Hudson... 125 1/2 Ontario & West... 14 1/2
Distillers' Trust.. 17 1/2 Pacific Mail..... 2 1/2
Erie..... 14 Reading..... 7 1/2
General Electric.. 89 1/2 Rock Island..... 8 1/2
Hocking Valley... 16 Silver Bullion..... 87 1/2
Lackawanna..... 10 1/2 St. Paul..... 89 1/2
Lake Shore..... 150 Sugar Refining... 12 1/2
Lack. & Hudson... 24 1/2 Texas Pacific..... 8
Louisville & Nash 49 1/2 Union Pacific..... 7 1/2
Missouri Pacific.. 24 1/2 Wabash pref..... 17 1/2
Northwestern..... 105 1/2 Western Union... 84 1/2

General Markets.

New York, May 28.—FLOUR—State and western weak and lower to sell; city mills patents \$4.25 @ \$4.45; winter patents, \$3.70 @ \$3.75; city millie clear, \$4.05 @ \$4.15; winter straight, \$3.35 @ \$3.45.
WHEAT—No. 2 red steader on good foreign buying, sold off under liquidation, but rallied on large receipts; May, 65 @ 66 1/4; June, 65 1/2 @ 65 3/4.
CORN—No. 2 has been steady, but very quiet; May, 34 1/4; July, 34 1/4.
OATS—No. 2 dull; July, 23 1/4; track, white, state, 24 @ 25.
PORK—Dull; old to new mess, \$3.85 @ \$3.95; family, \$10 @ \$10.25.
LARD—Steady; prime western steam, \$4.50 asked.
BUTTER—Steady; state dairy, 102 1/2; state creamery, 11 @ 11 1/4.
CHEESE—Quiet; state, large, new cheese, 6 1/2 @ 7; small, 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4.
EGGS—Steady; state and Pennsylvania, 12 @ 12 1/4; western, 11 1/2.
SUGAR—Raw weak; fair refining, 9 1/2; centrifugal, 96 test, 4c; refined quiet; crushed 5 1/4; powdered, 5 1/2-15c.
MOLASSES—Quiet; New Orleans, 20 @ 21c.
RICE—Dull; domestic, 3 1/4 @ 3 1/2; Japan, 4 @ 4 1/4.
TALLOW—Steady; city, 3 @ 3 1/4; country, 3 1/2 @ 3 3/4.
HAY—Quiet; shipping, 70 1/2 @ 75; good to choice, 60 @ 65c.
—Advertise in the GAZETTE.

THE STAR OF HOPE.



"I had lost all hope and gone to my father's to die," said Mrs. MOLIE EVANS, of Mound, Coryell Co., Texas. "I gave birth to a baby a year ago, the 5th of June last," she adds, "and seemed to do very well for 8 or 9 days, and then I began to feel very bad, my feet began to swell, my stomach was all wrong and I seemed to suffer with everything that could be borne. I was in bed 5 months and there was not a day that I would never get well. I had palpitation and pain in the heart, terrible pain in my right side just under the ribs, terrible headaches all the time; a bearing down sensation; a distressed feeling in my stomach all the time; could hardly eat anything and it looked as if I would starve. All the time I would take such weak trembling spells, and it seemed as if I could not stand it. There were six doctors treating me when I commenced taking your medicine. I had lost all hope and gone to my father's to die. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his 'Favorite Prescription' together, and I took them regularly until I felt as if life was worth living again."

"I weigh more than I have weighed for ten years. My friends say that I look better than they ever saw me. The first two bottles did me more good than all the medicine I had taken. My stomach has never hurt me since. I can eat anything I want and as much as I want. If you want to use this in favor of your medicine, I am a living witness to testify to it, and will, to anybody who wants to know further of my case."

Molie Evans.

TURKISH BATHS

FOR Malaria, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, AT

Dr. Shepard's Sanitarium.

A skilled Masseuse and Electrician in attendance in the Ladies' Department.
Chas. H. Shepard, M. D.,
81 and 83 COLUMBIA HEIGHTS,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A short walk from the Brooklyn end of the Bridge and Fulton Ferry.

DAVID W. RAYMOND

Funeral Director and Embalmer.
89 Washington Street, South Norwalk
Residence, Mahackemo Hotel.

The GAZETTE JOB PRINTING

Department.

A WORD TO THE WISE

Merchants, Manufacturers, Lodges and Societies will consult their own interests by giving us a call. REMEMBER—If you have work to do, write to us.

Can raise a fearful racket and make the neighbors feel they wish the whole outfit was where such noises are forever hushed.

A GOOD PIANO.

Skillfully Manipulated, calls forth our music-loving spirits and bids them worship the man who first invented the wonderful instrument.

Schleicher Pianos

Are Known THE WORLD OVER.

Have you ever tried one? Come and see our works.

125-127 PACIFIC STREET, Stamford, Conn. U. S. A

Memorial Day having been set apart throughout this country, as an occasion when a cessation from business is legally enacted, there will be no paper issued from this office to-morrow, unless news of exceptional interest should demand it.

Spirit Versus Letter—A Lay Sermon.

In too many cases it is the same today as it was in the time of Christ—the chief priests and elders of the people are content with creeds and forms and theological dry husks; but the people themselves are not, and that is the reason there are so many half-empty churches on a Sunday. The people wish to be fed, not to be mocked with food; they wish to hear of the God of love, not of a majestic tyrant who is eager to grind them to death in the wine-press of His unceasing wrath; they wish to hear of a Christ who loved them so that He died for them; of a Christ who was once one of them, felt like them and suffered like them; not of a mere word to fill out an orthodox sentence.

The people crave love and sympathy because life is very hard to many of them, and they want to have God Himself, and Jesus Christ Himself, speak to them through His priests here on earth, to comfort them and give them hope and happiness as only can thus be had.

If God's priests are true soldiers of the cross, and have given themselves entirely to God; if their souls are all aflame with His goodness; if they have felt in their own souls the all-pervading power of His infinite love, then and then alone will He speak through them to His people, because then, and only then, are they fitting messengers of the love that is absolute and divine. Only those who themselves are clinging to the Rock of Ages can tell unto others the splendid help and shelter it affords.

The letter kills, but down beneath it is the spirit that gives eternal life. The letter kills; there is nothing of food or drink about it; it is simply a mirage quacking those who stagger over the burning sands of life. The letter kills! Grasp it in the hour of trial and sorrow and it turns to ashes in your hands. It is a mere shadow cast by the fires of hell upon the scenes of life; it is doubly damned by Him who gives and Him who receives. It is a cold and lifeless image before which the human heart bows in vain.

Creeds and forms have desolated more homes than pestilence. It is only the spirit that gives light and beauty and glory that never fades away.

It is the spirit that leads men and women to acts of charity and love. It is the letter that makes them say, "Stand back; I am holier than thou." It is the spirit that guides the feet of mercy to the households of the sick and sorrowful. It is the letter that doles out tracts to the starving and the shivering in the winter's blast. It is the spirit that forgives seventy times seven. It is the letter that demands an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. It is the spirit that would like the whole world made better and happier. It is the letter that would close the gates of Heaven to a vast majority of mankind. It is the spirit that kneels by the dying bed of sin and points to a Christ who died for all. It is the letter that wraps the garments of self-righteousness about it and repeats in solemn and lugubrious tones, "The soul that sinneth shall surely die."

True Christianity consists, in a very great measure, of the sinking of self and the living for others; of the doing of good, and the honest and unceasing effort to increase the happiness of the world. If this be so, and it certainly was the method adopted by Christ when, for the sake of the world, He became a material man, then it is equally true that the world is full of Christians who are not recognized as such by the chief priests and elders of the people. Christ was well aware of the zeal with which many people follow the letter and ignore the spirit. Hence His rebuke and the language in which He clothed it, "The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."

The spirit of true Christianity is not content with a cushioned pew in some fashionable church, and a place on the

church roll of membership, but looks beyond all this, and desires a place also in the love and approval of Almighty God.

It is extremely natural to work for one's self in all material and spiritual things, and it is only when we overcome this natural selfishness that we become, in some degree, worthy children of the eternal God.

A Grand Army Colony.

The newspaper press of the country is very widely calling attention to the interesting and patriotic circumstance and fact that on the very ground in Georgia on which on May 10, 1865, Jefferson Davis was captured by Wilson's cavalry there now flourishes a colony of Union veterans. The south received them with open arms, and Governor Northen of Georgia offered them good agricultural lands for \$3.50 an acre. The region belongs to the pine land country. The soil will produce all the grains and vegetables of a temperate climate and delicious fruits, such as grapes, peaches, figs, apples and apricots. Perhaps the most eloquent persuader that led to the warm welcome given to the colony of veterans by southerners was the fact that their presence would bring into the state of Georgia \$50,000 a month of pension money.

Before the magic spell of the mighty dollar the bitterest animosities melt away like April snow wreaths. And it is a good thing. In this pleasant spot in Georgia, in Wilcox and Irwin counties, where the thermometer averages 20 degrees in winter and where it is not hotter in summer than in the north, these old boys will spend the rest of their day. They are Grand Army men, mostly farmers and a majority of them pensioners. Their town, which is already blossoming into a city, is called Fitzgerald, for the founder of the colony, Captain P. H. Fitzgerald, of Indianapolis. "In spite of being a pension attorney before founding the colony, Captain Fitzgerald is universally trusted by his old comrades.

By the end of this year the Fitzgerald colony will contain 10,000 inhabitants. It has already 6,000. Like magic the settlement is growing. With the newest and best ideas in architecture, in sanitation and in agriculture to aid them, with a sure if moderate amount of money flowing to them constantly from the government, these intelligent and experienced men ought to make the Fitzgerald colony the nucleus of one of the world's model settlements. No doubt they will do so.

The tract of land on which the colony settled comprises 118,000 acres. It is 117 miles south of Macon. In the laying out of their town the old vets distributed the names of streets equally between Union and Confederate heroes. On one side of the main thoroughfare the streets are named for Union generals, on the other side for Confederate. This colony is one more link, and one of the most golden, in the chain which now binds together the gray and the blue.

SUBJECTS OF QUEEN VIC.

MR. W. T. STEAD, it is reported in London newspaper circles, has acquired a proprietary interest in the Echo, and will become its editor.

GLADSTONE'S trip to the Riviera appears to have restored him to vigorous health. Some of his friends say that he has not looked better in several years.

LORD ROSEBURY and Mr. Balfour, Lord Elgin and Mr. Rhodes—the four men who between them guide and govern the British empire—are all under fifty years of age.

It is said that the duke and duchess of Fife still present in their daily life the interesting spectacle of a married couple who have not yet left their courtship days behind them.

VISCOUNT VALENTIA, who has just been elected to parliament from Oxford City in place of the late Gen. Sir George Chesney, makes the eighteenth titled member of the house of commons. One of them is a liberal.

FROM OVER THE OCEAN.

THE sale of alcoholic beverages is controlled by the Swiss government. Last year it made over \$1,000,000 by this monopoly.

THE Russian crown was made by an old-time Genoese court jeweler named Pausie. It was first worn by Catherine the Great. It is worth \$6,000,000.

IRELAND sent out 35,959 emigrants in 1894, 12,287 less than the year before. It is the smallest number recorded since 1851, when the statistics of emigration were first collected.

WHEN a person is suffering from a contagious disease in Holland it is usual to announce the fact to intending visitors by tying a piece of white muslin or ribbon on the bell handle.

THOUSANDS of people left Odessa at Easter time on account of a prophecy that the city would be swallowed up by an earthquake, falsely attributed to Father Ivan Sergieff, of Cronstadt.

HERE AND THERE.

An Epitome of Happenings of Interest to the Public.

Garnered with Scissors and Pencil.

The several banks will be closed to-morrow.

An important city meeting is being held this afternoon.

—Bates' grocery, on Main street, open all day to-morrow.

The Moody block on Main street is to be connected with the sewer.

The Daughters of Erin held a regular meeting last night, despite the storm.

Word has been received of the safe arrival in Denver, of John Malone and son.

The Alpha Wheel Club's tournament is included in the Connecticut Racing Board circuit.

The one session plan for the high school class at the Center school went into effect to-day.

A song recital will be held at the home of Mrs. Lillian Newkirk on Morgan avenue, Monday evening.

—Picture frames made to order less than one-half regular prices at Newman & Pinney's, 12 North Main street, South Norwalk.

The third degree was conferred on Marshall Andrews by Kabaosa encampment, I. O. O. F. last night.

A regular, quarterly meeting of the Central Club will be held at the club house, on Monday at 3 o'clock.

The Friday Afternoon Whist club will meet at the home of Mrs. Samuel L. Weed on Wall street, this evening.

—Great rush for that Waverley at the Boston Store, Norwalk. To-night will decide the contest.

The Railroad Commissioners were in town to-day in a car that was the envy of the few who saw it as it passed by.

—The New York Grocery Co. will keep their new store open all day to-morrow.

—Great cut in prices of wall paper at Newman & Pinney's, 12 North Main street, South Norwalk.

Captain Rose says that he has not as yet been officially notified that any of the members of Co. F. shot a cow at the recent target practice of the company.

—Now is the time; Newman & Pinney's is the place to get your paper hanging done. 12 North Main street, South Norwalk.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Treadwell and children have gone to New York to remain over until Monday at the Park Avenue Hotel. They took their wheels "as baggage," to do Central Park with.

In the scores published yesterday of Co. F's shoot that of "expert shot" Guarnerri should read 21 instead of 23. Mr. Guarnerri can afford to lose one as he is still on the front of the company's shooting wagon.

S. J. Metzger the "pipe king" was in town this morning, and reports business in his line as "smoky" and yet not dull, and the idea that he can't sell pipes a "mere-sham," and he is willing to "bowl" for the "amber" with any doubter.

—Youths' and boys' patent leather dress shoes, youths \$2.00 boys \$2.50, nice. One of the best Russia calf shoes, mens, for \$2.00; rich color. Compare them with \$3.00 shoes. 300 pairs ladies kid ties at 50 cents. 100 pairs russet ties at 65 cents. These are extra value. A. H. HOYT & SON, 37 Wall street. m-26-4t

J. A. Patriek who suffered a dislocation of his right shoulder the other day was around this morning, and reports the shoulder is very troublesome to him when asked to split up some kindling-wood, in fact that it is getting along too slowly to suit him.

The stopping of the 6 o'clock up train for Danbury, last evening, on the Mechanic street bridge, led to a report that an accident had occurred. The train was stopped to make slight repairs to a threatened breakage on the rear car.

Gregory's Point is sure to have a large crowd tomorrow. One can go there with the full assurance of having an enjoyable time at a small expenditure of money. As for the air, which is free, there is nothing finer on the entire shores of Long Island sound.

A crab luncheon was enjoyed at the Hotel Phoenix last night. Captain Chinery acted as chef and the four dozen "soft shells" were cooked to a perfection that caused their disappearance with a celerity that was startling.

Harry Hall some years since at the head of the dress goods counter in Van Hooser & Ambler's dry goods store in the GAZETTE building, and who went west eight or ten years ago, was in town this morning shaking hands with old friends. It is understood that he has come east to stay.

Women and Snakes.
"Where are the snakes?" asked a plump little blonde beauty of eighteen summers. "We want to see the snakes."
"We ain't got no snakes," bluntly replied the showman.
"What? N-n-no—why, Sally, he says they haven't any snakes! I thought they had everything."
"That's the way," muttered the swarthy man, giving the hyena a rap on the nose that made him wince.
"Girls is always after snakes. Show me a purty girl with blue eyes as big as saucers and golden hair down her back, and she never seen nothin' bad in the living world, and the first thing she'll ask for when she comes here is 'where's the snakes?' Fact! And show me an old maid what's afraid of a mouse and locks her door four times afore she looks under the bed, who always brings a whole raft of somebody's else's children to the show and fills 'em up to bust on peanuts and pink lemonade, and the thing she wants is snakes. And so the children want what she wants and cry for snakes. Snakes! What's a woman got to do a-wantin' snakes? That's what I want to know. You never hear of a man askin' for snakes—not much!"
"Keep a lettle further away from the cages, ma'am, or you'll need a new bonnet, and mebbe a head of hair to go wid it."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Hereditary Needles.
Needles have never been supposed to be hereditary, but a recent case reported by a physician of eminence offers undoubted evidence to the contrary. A lady accidentally ran a needle into her foot thirty years ago and it lay apparently dormant in her system for so many years that its existence was almost forgotten. In 1878 she was married, and a year after the birth of her infant daughter the needle made its appearance in the infant's shoulder. There could be no doubt that it was the original needle by which the mother had been attacked in 1860, for it was of a peculiar and now obsolete pattern, and the mother distinctly remembered that needles of that pattern were in use at the time of her attack. There could be no doubt that the infant inherited the needle from her mother and that henceforth physicians will expect to find a natural tendency to needles in the tissues. As it is asserted that people have died from needles, although there are very few such cases on record, the insurance companies will doubtless add to the questions which they put to candidates for insurance: "Did your father or mother ever swallow needles and, if so, how many, and of what kind—sewing, darning or carpet?"—Spare Moments.

The Trees in London.
Within the memory of many persons London was once like many American cities, absolutely treeless—nothing but brick, stone and mortar being seen anywhere. Of late years intelligent horticulture has been drawn into service, and trees and shrubs are being planted everywhere.

NOTICE
Special City Meeting.

The legal voters of the City of Norwalk are hereby notified and warned that a Special Meeting of the City of Norwalk will be held in the Town House in said City, May 29th, 1896, at 3 o'clock afternoon, for the following purposes, to wit:
1. If deemed proper, to approve, ratify and adopt the written agreement made by and between The Norwalk Street Railway Company and The Mayor and Council of The City of Norwalk, relative to the grading and widening of East Wall Street, from the west end of the Quintard Building easterly to a point opposite the Bissell Homestead,—which agreement has been entered into subject to approval at said City Meeting.
2. To appropriate from the city treasury such money as may be necessary to grade and widen said East Wall street between the points named, according to the terms and conditions of said agreement.
Dated at said City of Norwalk, May 22nd, 1896.
By virtue of the power vested in me by the charter and ordinances of said city, and believing it to be for the best interests of said city to call such City Meeting. ARTHUR C. WHEELER, Mayor.

NOTICE.
ANNUAL MEETING.

The inhabitants and legal voters of the Over River School District of the Town of Norwalk are hereby notified and warned that the annual meeting for the election of officers of the District, required by law to be elected annually, will be held in the school house, in said District, on Thursday evening, June 4th, at 8 o'clock; also to lay a tax upon the polls and property of said District, if it shall be deemed advisable; to hear reports of all committees and to pass any and all votes necessary to carry into effect any act or resolution of said District, which it is proper to pass at the annual meeting, or under this call.
Dated at Norwalk, this 28th day of May, A. D., 1896.
FREDERICK MEAD, } District
JAMES W. STOREY, } Committee
CHAS. F. TRISTRAM }

TO RENT.
TO RENT—Cottage of six rooms, adjoining residence of W. J. Fitch, Westport avenue. Apply on premises.
FOR SALE.
FOR SALE—First-class Boarding House. Popular and always full. 18 rooms newly furnished. All improvements. Bath room on each floor. A splendid investment. Inquire 21 Union street, South Norwalk. m30t
WANTED.
WANTED—Situation by a woman as cook in a private family. The best of references can be given. Call at this office or at the branch office, South Norwalk.
LOST.
LOST—A steel ring holding one iron key, one brass key and a button hook. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving same at this office.

CATHOLIC RELIGIOUS ARTICLES.
Prayer Books and other Religious Reading Books, Rosaries, Scapulars, Crucifixes. Altar Wax Candles. Pearl Rosaries from 45c to \$3.00 per pair.
NEWS, STATIONERY, NOVELTIES, &c.
JOHN T. HAYES,
5 Main Street, Norwalk.

To the Naval Parade OF United States War Vessels, Steamer J. S. Warden, Decoration Day, May 30
70c-Excursion Tickets-70c
Leave South Norwalk, 9:15 A. M. Returning leave Beekman Street, 6:30 P. M., East Thirty-first Street, 6:45 P. M.
SEVEN HOURS IN NEW YORK CITY.

MADAM ROSS the Well Known CLAIRVOYANT
Throughout the States. Consultation on Past, Present and Future in regard to any matter, business or otherwise that may be desired. Consultation for Ladies and Gentlemen, \$1. Short session for Ladies, 50c. Office at No. 11 Hanford Place, up one flight. Need not ring. Can be seen at any hour.
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Weak ROTON POINT

Worn out, nervous women, receive criticism where they should have sympathy. They cannot help being nervous, if their blood is impure. When the blood fails, to feed the nerves upon proper nourishment what can you expect but nervous prostration, debility and nervous headaches? If the cause is found in impure blood, the cure must be in making the blood pure. This is just what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, and it has proved the true nerve tonic because it is the true blood purifier, and the solace, comfort and defender of thousands of housewives.
A Popular Summer Resort. Greatly improved and more attractive than ever before.
Opening, Memorial Day, May 30.
Music, Bicycles Checked, Dancing Pavilion.
Shore Dinners, 50 Cents.

Nervous HERE THEY ARE!

teachers, clerks and other sufferers of both sexes. Just read this letter:
"I think it is my duty to tell what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me and my family. Two years ago I was in a weak, nervous condition and had dreadful palpitations or jumping of my heart, followed by sinking spells, which would last for several minutes. Sometimes it would seem as though I would never come out of them. I was treated by the best physicians, but only for a little time did they help me. I seemed to be growing worse instead of better. I would often seem hungry, but when I ate, no matter how little, it would cause me such misery that I was often wicked enough to wish myself dead. I had that
Eddy's Refrigerators
Strongly Built, Handsomely Finished and the Most Economical Users of Ice.

Tired THINK OF THIS.

languid, all-gone feeling and suffered awful distress in my stomach. I had given up all hopes of ever being well, when my mother wished me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I consented, to please her, and before I had taken the whole of one bottle I could see I was improving, and soon was indeed very much better. Its effects have been truly wonderful and I hope this letter may be the means of helping other suffering men and
Perfect Non-Conductor Packing. Cold Dry Air Circulation. Wrought-Iron Ice Racks. Absolute Dryness. Slate Stone Shelves. Unexposed Wood Zinc Linings. Inside Joints. Double Cases.
EVERY ONE WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED

Women
to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and be benefited by it. We have used Hood's Pills in our family and find them very excellent, especially for constipation. We give Hood's medicine great praise, and if anyone complains of feeling badly, I say 'You should take Hood's and only Hood's.' Mrs. KIRBY SMITH, 326 Dane Street, Waterloo, Iowa. Remember that
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.
South Norwalk Hardware Co.,
42 SOUTH MAIN STREET, SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SOUTH NORWALK.

The South Norwalk Office of the Gazette is at the store of Newman & Pinney, No. 12 North Main Street, where Advertisements and orders for Job Printing, as well as Items of News, can be left with Homer M. Blyington, Manager.

On Rodemeyer.

Not long ago a man of fame
From Danbury to South Norwalk came.
He made his boast that he could ride
A bicycle, if he only tried.

The bike was brought, a cycle real,
Composed of rubber, wood and steel.
John mounted it with careless air
When the best began to plunge and rear,
And its coasting circle round and round,
Soon sent John sprawling on the ground.

By pets and threats at later date
He got the pesky critter straight
The pedals move, the coupler springs
Like lightning speed the rolling rings
And gathering crowds, with eager eyes
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

"Clear the track," they hear him cry
As he swung his arms and seemed to fly,
The trembling hills confessed their fright,
The wood nymphs started at the sight,
The tramps, now filled with fright and ire,
For safety to the woods retire.

To guide the thing John vainly tries
While thus he does soliloquize,
"You need not squirm and wiggle so,
I will ride you, you have got to go
Or your homely carcass I will wreck;
I will conquer you or break my neck."

But the pesky thing, for lack of sense,
Skipped the gutter and jumped the fence.
Of coasting "Roddy" has his fill,
And is now content to drive the quill.

ANON.

Eureka Lodge, Daughters of Rebekah, will hold their regular meeting this evening.

Ray Comstock had a party out on his sail boat yesterday. They were not dry on their return.

A gang of men commenced work today laying track on the Tramway extension from Darien to Stamford.

Another thunder shower broke over the city just before midnight last evening and there was quite a heavy fall of rain.

Mrs. Reed Flynn, of Mill Plains, arrived to-day to visit with Mr. and Mrs. C. Swartz at their home on Haviland street.

The Board of Directors of the Public Library will hold their regular monthly meeting in the Library this evening at 8 o'clock.

The fire department will practice tomorrow morning at 8.30 o'clock. At box 4 they will practice with their tackle.

The annual meeting of the Union school district will be held in the Franklin street school hall next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

A Washington street young lady who is learning to ride a bicycle took a fall the other day and skinned her arm quite badly.

Germania Singing society will hold their regular monthly meeting Monday evening in their hall on the Washington street bridge.

Mr. C. Swartz and family, of Haviland street, intend to go to their Ridgefield cottage for their summer visit about the 19th of June.

Miss Gussie Hall has purchased a new maroon Crawford bicycle of H. R. Buckley & Co. and is now taking short runs with our local lady riders.

A number of local members of the Epworth League attended the League convention in Bridgeport yesterday. They report an enjoyable time.

Mrs. A. Solmans started to-day to drive her ponies to Derby, the home of her mother. She will remain there for some time as the guest of her mother.

The post office will close to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock for the rest of the day. There will be one general delivery and one general collection in the morning. Sunday the office will be open as usual between nine and ten o'clock in the morning.

The bicycle road record between the East Haven green and Branford center over the East Haven course has been lowered by Lawrence Sullivan, of New Haven, who covered the distance in 23:10. The record was previously held by J. B. Perry, formerly of this city, whose time was 31 minutes.

The canoes, St. Lawrence skiffs and cat boats at the Yacht club house have all been placed in readiness for the races to-morrow. New sails have been made, boats painted and varnished and every artifice known to the sailor to get more speed has been taken advantage of. The race between the canoes and those between the skiffs are expected to be very exciting provided there is sufficient wind.

During the thunderstorm yesterday afternoon lightning struck the house of Manuel T. Hatch on Fairfield avenue. Two large holes were torn in the roof and shingles were scattered about promiscuously. The first indication the family had that anything out of the ordinary had happened was when the rain began to pour through the ceiling below the roof. An investigation revealed the situation.

The Young Woman's club will hold their regular monthly business meeting Monday evening in G. S. North's photograph gallery on Washington street. A large attendance is expected.

The "Twin City Wheelmen" will take a run to Tarrytown to-morrow. They purpose to start at 9 o'clock. As a large number of members have already signified their intention of going the club will no doubt be well represented. Sunday afternoon at two o'clock they take a run to Bridgeport and return. As last night was set for the lantern parade the wheelmen say that was what caused the rain.

Sherman Council, Royal Arcanum; met last night and had a glorious good time in spite of the weather. There was to have been a debate but on account of the storm and other causes some of the debaters were absent and therefore it was not held. After the business meeting refreshments were served. Among those who made remarks, were the Messrs. Charles Hallmark, Charles Seymour, William Randall, M. A. Giffin, Henry Giffin, and Sherwood Cummings, of Ponnassus Council, Norwalk.

List of Patents.

The following were issued May 26, 1896. List furnished from offices of Earl & Seymour, Solicitors of Patents, 868 Chapel street, New Haven, Conn.

G. E. Adams, assignor to Traut & Hine Mfg. Co., New Britain, clasp.

W. A. Bein, assignor to B. Shouinger Co. New Haven, piano.

G. E. Brush, Danbury, machine for pouncing brims of hats.

A. F. Champlin, Waterbury, connecting rod.

G. B. Lamb, assignor to Waterbury Farrall Foundry & Machine Co., Waterbury, nut blank machine.

J. P. Lavigne, New Haven, assignor to W. M. Tower, Brooklyn, hair clipper.

L. H. Nash, South Norwalk, assignor to National Meter Co., water meter.

J. H. Pilkington, Waterbury, garment supporter.

F. H. Richards, Hartford, bicycle. Same, spring wheel for vehicles.

G. B. Woodruff & T. W. B. McCabe, Winsted, assignor to Hartford Machine Screw Co., Hartford, speed changing mechanism.

DESIGNS.

W. E. Herbst, Hartford, sled.

FROM OTHER SHORES.

MAL. VON WISSMANN goes back to German East Africa as governor in place of Baron von Schele.

FROZEN milk is now imported into England from Holland and Sweden in rapidly increasing quantities.

LAKE TANGANYIKA's latest mail weighed 400 pounds. It had to be carried from the coast over 1,000 miles on the heads of carriers.

A DRIVE of 240 yards was made by a Cambridge golfer lately. The carry was 210 yards, and the ball ran thirty yards further.

TURNER's painting of "The Trosachs" was sold in London recently for \$3,000, and Landseer's original study of "Low Life" for \$575.

F. C. BURNAND's "Happy Thoughts" has been translated into French. The best translator could do with the title was "Ingenuites Pensees."

M. ZULTAN DOME, a Hungarian, has just been engaged as a leading tenor at the Paris Grand Opera. Like Jean de Reszke, he began by singing baritone.

CHINA's emperor gets up at four o'clock to study English and Manchu before breakfast, which is at five. He makes up for it by going to bed at sundown.

A WOOLWICH cadet was recently killed by a racket ball. He missed the ball on its rebound from the wall, when it struck him in the left temple, producing compression of the brain.

INTERESTING BITS.

PARIS has a warehouse the floors of which are of thick glass.

In a pack of cards there are 635,013,559,000 different whist hands.

The wearing of corsets by men is not uncommon in the British metropolis.

The best brier wood for pipes comes from the borders of Italy and France.

The tallest people in the world are the Patagonians; the shortest are the Laplanders.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW LAND.

Some That Has Been Gained in an Extraordinary Manner.

An Earthquake Develops a New Island in the Santa Barbara Group—Particulars of Its Recent Discovery.

Uncle Sam acquired some new territory in the Pacific a few weeks ago in a novel manner. It was not acquired by conquest, annexation or purchase, but was a gift from nature herself, who pushed it up from the depths of the Pacific ocean and gave it unasked.

New Jersey is gradually losing territory along the coast, while in other regions new land is being added to the area of the United States. But the usual process is slow.

Once in a while a new island is lifted suddenly out of the sea by volcanic action, and this, practically, is what occurred off the coast of California, when about thirty-five thousand square yards of rock was added to one of the Santa Barbara islands with a suddenness that surprised the people living on the island.

The Santa Barbara group of islands lies about sixty miles off the coast of California, in about the latitude of Los Angeles. The island of San Miguel, to which the new island has been added, is one of the smaller islands, and is owned by Capt. W. G. Waters, who has a big sheep ranch on it. The only people living on the island are Capt. Waters and his sheep herders and laborers.

Capt. Waters was on the island when the earthquake, eruption, or whatever it was, occurred. He took the information to the mainland, and the San Francisco Examiner sent a correspondent to San Miguel to get all the facts and some pictures of the new territory of the United States.

On the night when the disturbance occurred he was sitting in his house reading. He felt the earth shiver, but, as earthquakes are not uncommon thereabouts, he took little notice of the occurrence.

The next morning he started out around the beach toward his boat-house to look for his sloop, which was due from the mainland. When he neared the harbor and the place where his boat-house should have been he had to stop and rub his eyes because of the remarkable appearance of the surroundings.

The beach had disappeared, and where a bay of placid water had been, rose a huge mass of broken cliffs. He climbed up on the high ground overlooking the bay, and there, on the plateau, forty feet or more above the waterline and three hundred feet inland, were the boat-house and sheep corral which the previous evening had been right on the water's edge.

On reaching the boat-house he found another surprise. The building stood as firm as ever, but whereas it had originally faced seaward it was now turned almost completely around and faced almost directly away from the bay.

He walked out on the top of the newly formed cliffs toward the water, and found the great mass of rock still trembling and swaying. There was a sound of grinding and churning and every now and then a chunk of rock would settle a little. The mass was evidently still adjusting itself in its new position.

The buoy to which his sloop was moored when in harbor was formerly four hundred feet from the sandy beach. Now it was about one hundred feet from the abrupt face of the new cliffs.

The new land thrust up from the sea is a mass of rock one thousand feet long by three hundred feet wide. Its appearance and the deductions drawn from soundings and other observations seem to show that the mass was wrenched from the basis of the island and pushed upward and shoreward.

While the land has been elevated the sea bottom has been greatly depressed, and in some places where formerly there was only six fathoms of water no bottom could be found with the lines available on the exploring boat.

The new land presents a singular appearance. Long streamers of seaweed hang from the face of the cliffs, and shellfish of all kinds are clustered about it. The surface of the rocks is covered with marine growths, including lobsters, mussels, crabs, large and small fish of various species, weeds and flowers, and all the odd things usually hidden from the sight of man on the sea bottom, or seen only in an aquarium.

While Capt. Waters had gained a considerable slice of real estate without cost, there is a feeling on the island that the curious caper of nature is more comfortably interesting in scientific folk living at a distance than to residents on San Miguel.

An Interesting Bandit.

"Mannel Garcia was a curious character," said a Cuban gentleman in speaking of the reported death of that revolutionist. "He was more like a character in a novel than a man living in the nineteenth century. His home was the mountains and he led a regular bandit's life, every now and then holding up Spaniards on the road or carrying off one of them and holding him for ransom. He would write to a Spanish planter, 'send me five thousand dollars or I shall burn your house,' and if the money was not forthcoming he would carry his threat into execution. He would even write to governmental officials, signing himself: 'King of the Mountains,' and demanding tribute. He never preyed on the native Cubans, only on the Spaniards, and gave most of his money to the revolutionary party to purchase arms."

Of Value in Murder Cases.

A spectroscope detector by which one part of blood in a solution of 850,000 parts can be discovered has been invented by M. de Thierry. It will be of value in murder cases where the stains are very minute.

HELP FROM CONGRESS.

Both Houses Take Action on the St. Louis Cyclone.

TENTS FOR THE SUFFERING.

Senator Vest, However, Dissents to the Resolution and Says the People of Missouri Can Care For Their Friends—The Alcohol Bill.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—Almost the sole topic of conversation among the members of the house was the St. Louis tornado. The St. Louis members—Messrs. Cobb, Bartholdt and Joy—and Mr. Murphy of Illinois, who lives in East St. Louis, were almost frantic with anxiety. They had no news of their families and friends except such as came to them through the press dispatches. In the death lists they recognized many whom they knew.

Mr. Bartholdt, whose family resides within a block of Concordia hall in South St. Louis, which was razed to the ground, was especially solicitous for news from his family. Chaplain Couden in his invocation referred feelingly to the sorrow and suffering in the grief stricken district.

Tents For St. Louis. As soon as the journal had been read Mr. Bartholdt (Rep., Mo.) asked unanimous consent for the consideration of a resolution directing the secretary of war to place at the disposal of the mayors of St. Louis and East St. Louis a sufficient number of tents to afford temporary relief to the homeless in those cities and to give such other relief as might be proper, etc. The resolution was passed.

The house agreed to the senate amendment to the St. Louis tornado resolution, which makes the resolution joint instead of concurrent. It now goes to the president.

In the Senate. The St. Louis horror was the theme of a touching and eloquent prayer by Rev. Dr. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the senate, at the opening of the session.

"O God," he prayed, "we stand aghast at the awful tokens of thy power and majesty. The earth is shaken and trembles, and the foundations of the hills are shaken."

Divine mercy was invoked for the stricken city of St. Louis, succor for the maimed and afflicted, strength and aid to those ministering relief, and protection from another visitation of divine wrath.

When the bill relating to alcohol used in the arts, etc., was received from the house, Mr. Harris (Dem., Tenn.) announced that the finance committee had anticipated its reception and had acted favorably on it, and that later he would ask for consideration for the measure.

The resolution passed by the house, looking to the relief of sufferers at St. Louis, reached the senate, and unanimous consent was given to consider it. Senator Vest expressed his dissent to the resolution, saying the people of Missouri and St. Louis were able to take care of the people, and that later reports had shown that the first accounts of the terrible calamity had been exaggerated. He said it would do no harm to pass the resolution, however.

Senator Cullom expressed the opinion that the state could take care of the people. The resolution was changed from concurrent to joint and passed.

Senator Harris was authorized by the senate committee on finance to report the alcohol bill as it passed the house without amendment. The committee also decided to get the bill up for consideration at the earliest practicable time.

Fourth Class Postmasters. WASHINGTON, May 29.—The following fourth class postmasters were appointed: New Jersey—Risley, Dever Bennett.

Pennsylvania—Horatia, Benoni B. Williams; McConnell's Mill, George H. Chaloner; Broughton, George P. F. Wilhelm; Trestle, Mrs. Lovine J. Geisler; Leona, Guy S. Ballard; Berkeley, Charles F. Critchfield; Doff, George M. Brusau.

Judge Wheeler Says the Interstate Act Has Not Been Violated. NEW YORK, May 29.—Judge Hoyt H. Wheeler in the United States circuit court handed down a decision dismissing the bill of complaint brought by the United States government in the suit in equity against the Joint Traffic association. He held that under the sections of the interstate commerce law upon which the case was brought action would not lie against the association.

Judge Wheeler quotes section 5 of the interstate law, which provides "that it shall be unlawful for any common carrier subject to the provisions of this act to enter into any contract, agreement or combination with any other common carrier or carriers or the pooling of freights of different and competing railroads, or to divide between them the aggregate or net proceeds of the earnings of such railroads, or any portion thereof, and in any case of an agreement for the pooling of freights as aforesaid, each day of its continuance shall be deemed a separate offense."

He also quotes section 1 of the act of 1890 against unlawful restraints and monopolies, which provides: "Every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states, or with foreign nations, is hereby declared illegal."

The decision then continues: "The 32 railroad companies defendants immensely engaged in competitive interstate commerce have made an arrangement forming this Joint Traffic association, with a board of nine managers, consisting of one each from the Baltimore and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio, Erie, Grand Trunk, Lackawanna, Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania, Vanderbilt and Wabash systems, and with jurisdiction over competitive traffic which passes to, from or through the western termini of the trunk lines."

Signed by Governor Morton. ALBANY, May 29.—Governor Morton has signed the general appropriation bill, the supply bill, the supplementary supply bill, the tax rate bill, which fixes the annual tax rate at 2.99 mills, and the insane tax rate bill. The governor has vetoed several items in the supply bills, which will be announced later.

The Ozar to President Faure. MOSCOW, May 29.—The czar has sent a cordial telegram to President Faure in reply to the latter's congratulations upon the occasion of the czar's coronation. He says: "You may be sure that the lively sympathies of France are especially agreeable to me. I feel she is one with us in these solemn moments."

—Advertise in the GAZETTE.

WHAT IT MEANS.

Norwalk is Learning It—Learning it Fast—Proof Not Lacking.

Everybody has it.
That Tired Feeling.
Don't know what it means.
Keeps you awake at night.
Destroys daily comfort.
Wearies the body. Worries the mind.
You would shake it off.
You would be healthful and strong.
So you can.
If you go at it right.
First learn what it means.
Some say it's bad blood.
Others say it's a lazy liver.
They're all wrong.
Tired feeling means tired Kidneys.
Just as lame back means lame Kidneys.

And backache means kidney ache.
How do we know it?
Because Doan's Kidney Pills cure it.
And they are for kidneys only.
How can we prove it?
Because Norwalk people say so.
Here is a case in point.

Mrs. White wife of A. C. White the hatter, address No. 47 River street.
Mr. White says, "My wife took Doan's Kidney Pills."

"Took them for backache."
"Found them just as represented."
"Is much improved."

"Doan's Kidney Pills did the work."
"Got them at Hale's drug store."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers; price 50 cents, or mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.
For Itching Piles, irritation of the genitals, or itching in any part of the body, Doan's Ointment is worth its weight in gold. No matter how long-standing the trouble, Doan's Ointment will not fail to give instant relief.

AMERICAN FLAGS FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

Made in the very best possible manner, felled seams, stars sewed on both sides (correct number of stars) and of the best indigo and scarlet bunting. Sizes 2 x 4, 3 x 5, 4 x 6, 5 x 8, 6 x 9, 6 x 10, 8 x 12, 8 x 15, and 10 x 15. All wool bunting flags, 2 x 4, hand sewed, for 98 cents each; larger sizes in proportionate prices. Cotton bunting flags, 4 x 6, warranted fast colors, for \$1.25 each.

It seems proper just at this time that you should have the opportunity of buying a good flag at a low cost in order that the day may be more fittingly observed by a proper display of the National colors. Wash Goods department.

DORLON HOUSE

GREGORY'S POINT.

NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON OF 1896.

Shore Dinners, Rhode Island Clam Bake.

Bathing, Boating, Fishing.

Electric cars to Hotel, every twenty minutes.

JOHN E. OSULLIVAN, Manager.

YOUR VACATION

Decided upon out of town, how about a trunk then? The strong and durable kind—J. Truesdale & Son's patent—the best on the market. Trunk can be placed against the wall and cover opened without moving it out. Cheaper than the old style. Come and see.

All kinds of summer Horse Goods—Sweaters, Coolers, Sheets and Lap Robes on hand, and prices away down.

Several sets of Fancy Harnesses—double and single—double, all complete, \$25. Single, collar and harness, \$15.

Surrey Harness, full plated French draft Eye Hames, patent Leather Collar, mounted with Bar Buckles all through, black or russett reins, \$22.50.

Buggy Harness from \$9.50 to \$15.00.

P. H. DWYER, Cor. Knight and Wall St

BRIDGEPORT. The... D. M. Read Company.

AMERICAN FLAGS FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

Made in the very best possible manner, felled seams, stars sewed on both sides (correct number of stars) and of the best indigo and scarlet bunting. Sizes 2 x 4, 3 x 5, 4 x 6, 5 x 8, 6 x 9, 6 x 10, 8 x 12, 8 x 15, and 10 x 15. All wool bunting flags, 2 x 4, hand sewed, for 98 cents each; larger sizes in proportionate prices. Cotton bunting flags, 4 x 6, warranted fast colors, for \$1.25 each.

It seems proper just at this time that you should have the opportunity of buying a good flag at a low cost in order that the day may be more fittingly observed by a proper display of the National colors. Wash Goods department.

The special sale of Embroideries, for 10, 12½ and 15 cents, made quite a hit. Plenty of good choosing yet, plenty of beautiful designs. All fine goods, choice.

Another great offer in Nottingham Lace Curtains. We have secured an odd lot, some 315 Pairs, at less than half regular prices and will give our customers the benefit of the chance. There's all sorts and kinds, both white and ecru, that have been put in three different lots at 50 cents, \$1 and \$1.50 a Pair. Those who come first will have first choice of course. In connection with this special offer are a few White Irish Point Curtains, worth \$5, that will be sold at \$3.45 a Pair. Somebody is losing money while others will be making it.

Ginghams. We have just made a purchase of 'Shrunk Ginghams' that have been washed since the weaving, which not only insures a 'shrunk gingham' but fast colors as well. Four grades in the lot—all dress styles—light and dark colors, including black and white. In addition to the quality, the moving prices are:

| |
|---------------------------|
| 50 Pieces at 3½c. a yard. |
| 100 " " 5c. " |
| 100 " " 6c. " |
| 100 " " 8c. " |

All kinds of summer Horse Goods—Sweaters, Coolers, Sheets and Lap Robes on hand, and prices away down.

Several sets of Fancy Harnesses—double and single—double, all complete, \$25. Single, collar and harness, \$15.

Surrey Harness, full plated French draft Eye Hames, patent Leather Collar, mounted with Bar Buckles all through, black or russett reins, \$22.50.

Buggy Harness from \$9.50 to \$15.00.

P. H. DWYER, Cor. Knight and Wall St

Lorillard's Rose Leaf Cut Plug is an end-of-the-century Tobacco for end-of-the-century smokers. In it are represented the skill, experience, and knowledge that have come from a hundred years of tobacco making.

A top-notch smoke at the lowest-notch price.

AWAY UP IN

Ask your tobacco dealer for
**Lorillard's
Rose Leaf
Cut Plug**

A 2-oz. package for 5 cents



A combination of leavening agents that are pure, strong and pre-eminently satisfactory in their action, has resulted in

BOSS BAKING POWDER

which is "The kind Boss makes his biscuits with" and has for 32 years. Over 3,000,000 pounds sold in the past year testify to their popularity.
MANUFACTURERS C. D. BOSS & SON, NEW LONDON, CONN.

Wishard Wins in Manchester.

LONDON, May 29.—Wishard, the American turfman, won the Wilton Welter Handicap Plate at the second day's racing of the Manchester Whitsuntide meeting. The Wilton Welter Handicap Plate is valued at 150 sovereigns; the second horse receives 10 sovereigns out of the plate; entrance, 3 sovereigns each; distance, five furlongs.

Another Matabele Defeat.

BULAWAYO, May 29.—A portion of Captain Napier's column in a sharp brush with a force of 1,500 Matabeles in the Inziza district has routed the latter, killing 200 of them and wounding many others. The troopers had two killed and three wounded in the engagement.

Meteor Safe at Cowes.

COWES, Isle of Wight, May 29.—Emperor William's new yacht Meteor, which was abandoned off Start point by the tug having her in town, owing to the high wind prevailing at the time, while on her way from Plymouth to this place, has arrived here in safety.

Gents' Clothes

**CLEANED AND SCOURED
TO LOOK LIKE NEW.**

Send postal card to

TOCQUE'S

**Dyeing and Cleaning Works,
Broad River, Norwalk.**

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
F. ST. JOHN LOCKWOOD, THEODORE E. SMITH
LEA COLE, CHAS. F. TRISTRAM.

Accounts of Manufacturers' Merchants and Individuals solicited.
Safe Deposit Boxes free to Depositors.

MEEKER COAL CO.

COAL, WOOD, BRICK,

LIME, CEMENT, TILE PIPE.

OFFICE WITH G. WARDSELLECK
WALL STREET. NORW. LK.

HAND LAUNDRY.

26 MAIN STREET.

The undersigned will, on SATURDAY NEXT, open a Hand Laundry at the above place. Satisfaction guaranteed; a share of public patronage solicited.

ANNA MOKELY,
MARY CLUNE.

THE PROHIBITION CONVENTION.

A Silver Plank Received With Cheers From the "Broad Gaugers."

ATLANTA, May 29.—At the Prohibition national convention the committee on platform presented two reports to the convention. The majority or "narrow gauge" report declares its agreement with the United States supreme court that statistics of every state show more crime and misery from use of ardent spirits than from any other source; that liquor dealers corrupt legislation and make good government impossible; that the party is unalterably opposed to the drink traffic and declares for its total suppression for beverage purposes, rejecting all compromise measures, whether license, local option, taxation or public control. Wage earners' attention is called to the enormous waste caused by the liquor traffic at the cost of production, and that the success of the prohibition party will remove this great burden from industry; that they stand for good government honestly and economically administered; that there is no greater peril to the nation than the competition of political parties for the liquor vote and calls upon voters to enforce the declaration of the churches against the liquor traffic.

The minority report which was presented by the broad gaugers has the following declaration on the money question: "That all money should be issued by the government only and without the intervention of any banking association. It should be based upon the wealth, stability and integrity of the nation and should be a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, and should be of sufficient volume to meet the demands of the legitimate business interests of the country and for the purpose of honestly liquidating all our outstanding coin obligations. We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold at a ratio of 16 to 1 without consulting any other nation."

Other planks in the platform declare against the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, and favor equal suffrage for both sexes, government control of railroads, and the election of president and vice president by popular suffrage.

Governor St. John presented the minority report, and moved that it be made a part of the majority report, and that the whole should be considered section by section. A motion to lay the minority report on the table was then made, but defeated by a vote of 492 to 310. This was a test vote and was regarded as a signal victory for the "broad gaugers," or silver men, who cheered vigorously.

The first seven planks, including the one favoring woman's suffrage, were then taken up, and as they did not differ materially in either report, were adopted.

M'ENERY FOR SENATOR.

The Great Louisiana Fight Ends in His Favor.

BATON ROUGE, La., May 29.—Ex-Governor S. D. McEnery was elected United States senator, thus ending the great fight.

McEnery was born in Monroe, La., in 1837. He entered the naval school at Annapolis, but failed to graduate. He became prominent in Louisiana politics



S. D. M'ENERY.

In 1876 and was rewarded by a nomination to the second place on the ticket with Wiltz. He was subsequently a candidate on the state ticket and was elected governor in 1887. He was again a gubernatorial candidate in 1892, but was defeated by Foster in a close and exciting contest.

Mr. McEnery will succeed Senator Newton C. Blanchard, whose term expires next March.

Four Boy Burglars.

NEW YORK, May 29.—Four alleged boy burglars were prisoners in the Yorkville police court. Their names are Joseph Byrnes, 10 years old; Kern Burns, 12 years old; James Buckley, 12 years old, and George Blessing, 18 years old. The boys were charged with committing a number of small burglaries. It is alleged they broke down the door of the barber shop kept by Giuseppe Gullotti of 844 Third avenue, Tuesday night, and stole 60 cents, 13 razors and three hair clipping machines. They were captured as they were leaving the place. They were held for examination.

A Trolley Car Wrecked.

BUFFALO, May 29.—A freight train on the Western New York and Pennsylvania railroad crashed into a trolley car containing four passengers on the Gardenville and Ebenezer road. One man, named Dubois, was killed instantly; a woman, Nettie Kluer, sustained the fracture of her skull, probably a fatal injury, and Thomas J. Hart was severely bruised. The conductor and motorman were seriously hurt and are at the hospital.

Body Raised by a Dredger.

TAUNTON, Mass., May 29.—A dredger which is being operated on the river here raised to the surface the body of Leonard Eddy, a resident of this city, who has been missing since last Thanksgiving. The coroner thinks the man committed suicide.

Lightning Strikes a Car.

CARLEISLE, Pa., May 29.—A heavy storm passed over this city today. Lightning struck a Carleisle trolley car while running in the central part of the town. Mrs. Florence Stittler and daughter of Hagers-town, passengers, were badly burned.

Match Factories to Close.

OSWEGO, N. Y., May 29.—The Diamond Match company announce their intention to close immediately the factories at Wilmington, Del., and Westville, Conn., and double the capacity of their big factory here.

Cyclone in Columbia.

LANCASTER, Pa., May 29.—Columbia was struck by a cyclone at noon, and the Columbia Rolling mill was razed to the ground. The ruins were also fired. One man is reported killed.

Teller Murphy Guilty.

SALEM, Mass., May 29.—The jury in the case of Clarence Murphy, teller of the Salem National bank, charged with embezzlement, reported a verdict of guilty on 66 counts, as alleged.

Charged With Embezzlement.

LONDON, May 29.—A man named Cuthbert Cooper, who was arrested at Sheffield, was charged at Bow Street police court with embezzling funds of the Prudential Insurance company of Erie, Pa.

Canal Telephone System.

ALBANY, May 29.—Governor Morton has signed the bill for the establishment of a telephone system along the canal, which appropriates \$50,000.

Governor Lippitt Inaugurated.

NEWPORT, R. I., May 27.—The inauguration of Charles Warren Lippitt as governor of Rhode Island took place here today with the usual exercises.

The Weather.

Fair; warmer; westerly winds.

New York Announcement.

"Our American Homes and How to Furnish Them."

'Horner's Furniture'

Reasons why you should buy it in preference to any other.

(1). Because this firm have long enjoyed the reputation of keeping only the best Furniture that can be produced, both in medium and finest grades; (2). Because their assortments are unequalled; (3). Because their prices are the lowest at which goods of standard quality can be sold.

Latest productions in Dining Room, Bedroom, Parlor, Drawing Room, Library and Hall Furniture—Venetian Carved Furniture—Novelities in Imported Furniture—White and Gold Enameled Furniture—Enameled and Brass Bedsteads—English Brass Bedsteads (75 patterns); Maple and Bamboo Furniture—Restful Easy Chairs and Settees—Smoking and Billiard Room Furniture—Everything for city or country homes—eight spacious floors—All prices in plain figures

R. J. Horner & Co.,

Furniture Makers and Importers,
61-65 West 23d St., N. Y.
(Adjoining Eden Musee).

Horner & Co.'s establishment is one of the sights of New York.—Newspaper Comment.

A Committee of Safety.

It is suggested that a Committee of safety should be raised, to accompany Chief Bradley when he goes up to "Polly's Cedars" to first attempt his wrestle with the City's official bike.

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 nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents and \$1.00 per bottle at E. P. Weed's Drug Store Norwalk and Monroe's New Canaan.

Captain Ruby's catamaran Nonesuch will be launched next Saturday afternoon. The motive power will be two "bicycles." It is also fitted out with a sail. There is nothing like it in this or any other harbor, hence its name Nonesuch.

The Osborne-Acton fishing party are credited with having caught seventy-five pounds of tautogs down the harbor, yesterday. One of them weighing five pounds wrecked Dr. Acton's fishing rod before being landed in the boat.

Moths Find Nothing to Equal Dr. Hand's Colic Cure.

WATERBURY Conn., 4-2-'96—Hand Medicine Co.—Dear Sirs:—"I am using Dr. Hand's Cough and Croup Medicine and Colic Cure for my children and find nothing to equal them. They work like magic. I would not be without them in my house. The little ones love Dr. Hand's Colic Cure and cry for it; it relieves them almost instantly. Mrs. Frank Smith, 22 Wood St. At all druggists, 25.

Edward Kelly the young man arrested for being concerned in a Sunday escapade and a hearing in whose case was adjourned, has settled up by the payment of \$15.

The gang of men who are setting the new line of telephone poles have a horse with them that can walk across the ties on Mechanic street railroad bridge as easily and readily as a man.

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. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Sold by N. C. Bauer and Edward P. Weed, Druggists, Norwalk. jan-4-1y

Willis J. Merritt, who for the past thirteen months has been located in Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Merritt, corner of Chapel and Water streets.

An attachment for \$100 was placed on stock belonging to W. C. Holmes, the plumber, to cover the claim of a New York firm. The papers were served by Constable Hunt.

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, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thomas Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption; tried without result everything else, then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in coughs and colds. Free trial bottles at E. P. Weed's Drug Store, Norwalk and Monroe's New Canaan. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

A new Columbia bicycle has been purchased for the police department. It will be christened by Chief Bradley.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot of Cambridge, Mass., have returned home from a visit with Mrs. Talbot's mother, Mrs. Addie Forbush of Berkeley street.

Becklin's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positive relief in Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale by E. P. Weed, Norwalk and Monroe, New Canaan.

The First Congregational church of Danbury, was 200 years old yesterday. And a lively old one it is too.

Miss Bertha Harrison, of 22 Franklin street, is visiting friends and relatives in Norwalk.—Danbury News.

Snake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful swellings of the joints and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package free. Address, Allen S. Olmstead Le Roy, N. Y.

The Jones Manufacturing Co's building on Hoyt street is being connected with the sewer.

An organization meeting of the newly appointed ushers was held at Grace church rectory last evening.

Housewives say that there is an extraordinary large crop of moth millers this season.

Now is the Time

To Send in Your Advertisement

For Spring Trade.

THE EVENING GAZETTE

IS THE RIGHT MEDIUM THROUGH WHICH

TO REACH THE READING PUBLIC.

The Only Eight-Page One-Cent Paper in the Norwalks.

The Value of an Advertisement

DEPENDS ON THE POCKETS OF THE PEOPLE

WHO READ IT. ADVERTISEMENTS IN

THE EVENING GAZETTE ARE

READ BY THOSE WHO

HAVE MONEY TO

SPEND.

ONLY 1 CENT.

OFFICE OPEN EVENINGS.



SARATOGA!

Genuine Saratoga Water in block-tin lined barrels direct from the celebrated Spring, is for sale on draught at Had-den's, corner Wall and River Street.

THE WATER

Is brought direct from Saratoga, and is dispensed in precisely the same condition in which it flows from the spring at Saratoga, and is sold at 5 Cents per Glass.

House-cleaning.

Lustrine.

10c

Ask your Grocers.

**-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**

**DRINK
HATHORN
SPRING
WATER**

FOR THE
Stomach,
Bowels,
Liver and
Kidneys.

FOR SALE BY
The Holmes, Keeler & Selleck Co

**NEW CAFE
WITH
RESTAURANT**

ATTACHED.
MIKE RATCHFORD,
44 Main Street,
The Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

PLYMOUTH ROCK ICE.

Stores and Families Supplied.
Lowest Rates.

Horace E. Dann,

EXCELSIOR

Livery and Sales Stable.

Opposite Danbury and
Norwalk Railroad depot
Norwalk, Conn. Stylish
Single or Double Team
with or without drivers.
Safe horses for women
and children.

SADDLE HORSES A SPECIALTY

IT IS MEMORIAL DAY.

And the Decorating of Graves is a Part of the Memorial.

Some call it "Decoration" day, others "Memorial" day. The latter are right. At the National encampment of the G. A. R. in Baltimore, in 1882, the following resolution was adopted unanimously:

"That the commander-in-chief be requested to issue a general order calling the attention of the officers and members of the Grand Army of the Republic and the people at large to the fact that the proper designation of May 30 is 'Memorial day,' and to request that it may be always so called."

The decoration of graves is a part of the exercises. There is a wide difference in the meaning of the two words, decoration being that which adorns, enriches or beautifies; something added by way of embellishment, ornament, and memorial that which preserves the memory of a person or event, something which serves to keep something else in remembrance.

G. A. R.

Arrangements for the observance of Memorial day were completed at a regular meeting of Buckingham Post, Thursday evening. A vote of thanks was extended to the Sunday schools and churches for the substantial interest manifested toward the Post.

The Post will assemble at headquarters at 10:30 o'clock on Memorial day and headed by the Merrill drum corps, with the Colonel Roberts cadets as an escort, will march to St. Paul's church yard where the graves of soldiers will be strewn with flowers, from thence the march will be continued to Norwalk cemetery and like services performed. At the same time the graves of soldiers in Riverside and St. Mary's cemeteries will be decorated with flowers by a committee appointed by the Post for that especial purpose.

Returning to Post headquarters a collation will be served by the ladies of Buckingham Relief Corps.

The Post asks those who may have flowers to contribute to take them to the Post headquarters Friday night or early Saturday morning, or leave word at George W. Raymond's grocery store and they will be called for.

Poisoned by Candy.

Little Georgie Weyerhouser, the 5-year old son of Mrs. Mary Weyerhouser, of River street who was poisoned Monday night by eating a box of cheap confectionary, still lies in an unconscious condition. He aroused for a few moments this morning and asked for some water, which he drank and saying "That tastes good" dropped off into unconsciousness again. The case puzzles the attending physicians.

Memorial Day Closing.

The grocery stores in this city will be closed at noon on Saturday, (Memorial Day,) for the rest of the day. This with one or two exceptions, where the stores will be re-opened at 5 o'clock. The markets will be open all day.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting for the election of officers of the Over River School District, will be held at the school house on Thursday evening, June 4th.

HAD TO SEE THE BALL GAME.

Philadelphia Lawyer Who Refused to Break an Engagement.

A lawyer with his client called one day at the office of a gentleman who is considered to be one of the leading men of the Philadelphia bar. The lawyers had an important case and he wanted to take the legal big gun in as adviser, says the Philadelphia Times. He explained his business and said he and his client would be back in the afternoon. "I won't be here then," said the legal giant. "I have an engagement at three o'clock, and I won't be here after that hour." "But there is a five thousand dollar fee in this for you," explained the younger lawyer. "Can't help it; I won't be here. You will have to come to-morrow."

"But my client can't come to-morrow." "Well, I can't break my engagement," said the senior. After some further talk it was agreed that a meeting be held that night. That afternoon, having nothing else to do, the young lawyer and his client went to a ball game. The first man they saw inside the grounds was the great lawyer, who was hurrahing for the "Phillies" with all the vigor of his lungs. That was his important engagement. Needless to say the lawyer's practice nets him enough money each year to make him independent.

In the Niagara rapids the water descends 52 feet in less than a mile; the falls are 164 feet high on the American side and 150 on the Canadian.

The river Jordan makes the greatest descent in the shortest distance of any stream. During its course of 120 miles it has 27 falls and descends 3,000 feet.

One great moral influence not yet credited to the bicycle is indicated in the fact that horses are now so cheap in the west that horse-stealing is no longer worth while, and that species of crime has practically disappeared.

Pingree's potato patch plan is to be tried in Pittsburgh for the relief of the worthy poor, if it is possible to arouse proper public interest.

BANKING IN NORWAY.

It is Conducted in a Safe and Unique Manner.

Depositors Are Charged for Leaving Their Money in the Bank—Some of the Queer Rules of the Institution.

Probably the most independent and aristocratic bank in the world is the Norges, or National bank of Norway. It seems to be wholly indifferent to doing business of any kind, and what it does do it insists upon doing in its deliberate way.

Socially, the bank is of considerable importance. The directors meet twice a week, and these friendly gatherings are said to be most enjoyable affairs. Loans and discounts form the chief subjects of conversation. No loan or discount can be made without the approval of three of the directors. Suppose the directors are to hold a meeting on Wednesday and you want to borrow 100 kroner on Monday. You apply to the Norges bank, and are told that the matter will be taken under consideration at the directors' meeting on Wednesday, and you may look for an answer to your application by Thursday. It does not matter in the least that you want the 100 kroner Monday, and not Thursday; you simply have to wait. After all, there is not so much absurdity or inconvenience to the borrower in this arrangement as seems at first glance. He who may want a loan only anticipates his needs and prepares for it a few days in advance, instead of waiting until the hour before he wants it. And the bank is always able to make sure that its loans are safe ones.

The origin of this institution was as peculiar as its management is unusual. Soon after the nominal union of Norway and Sweden, in 1814, the latter country began to feel the need of greater money facilities to meet the demands of the rapidly-increasing commerce. The situation was not unlike that in the United States at the formation of the first United States bank.

The problem of securing the necessary capital for a great national institution was a very simple one for the Norwegian government. It raised stockholders for the bank just as it raised soldiers for its armies. Every well-to-do citizen was compelled to take so much stock. He was always at liberty to take more if he chose, but always in amounts divisible by five. Bookkeeping was made easy on a new principle, in accordance with which sums ending in other figures than five and zero were to be excluded from the books.

This national bank is also a national pawnshop. It is authorized by law to lend money on any non-perishable goods, provided they can be deposited in the bank and kept under lock and key. For this service it charges rather less than the usual pawnbroker's interest, which may, perhaps, account for the rarity of private pawnshops in Norway. In the regular loan department the curious rule is enforced that loans may not be made for less than one month nor for more than six, and only for sums of at least 400 kroner (\$120).

American bank managers would look askance at the rule which subjects all deposits to a charge of one-tenth per cent. for taking them in. Vengeance is also taken with a liberal hand on the unlucky wight who happens to overdraw his account. He is fined one per cent. of the excess amount, which fine is immediately charged against him, and payment of the draft is totally refused. If by accident or for any reason an official honors such an overdraft, he is personally responsible. The Norges bank unquestionable does a safe business.—Detroit Free Press.

When a Czar Was Near Death.

The late Russian general, Tcherevin, was the founder of the Okhrana, or czar's bodyguard, composed of men of high rank or great wealth, who were sworn to protect the person of Alexander III. It is related of Tcherevin that one night, as he lay extended in the dark in front of the czar's bedroom, a figure approached. Tcherevin, believing the man whom he saw had designs on the life of his sovereign, sprang to his feet and leveled a pistol at the intruder, who simultaneously pointed one at the head of Tcherevin, each demanding to know why the other was there. Their voices revealed them to each other. The man was Alexander III. himself, who, having a haunting dread of assassination, was on a round of personal inspection of the palace.—Chicago Chronicle.

Pocket Electricity.

A number of devices have lately been invented by which an electric lamp can be carried about and used like a candle or lantern. Some of these are complete in themselves, carrying a battery that operates only when the lamp—which may be of almost any desired shape, that of a pocket flask, for instance—is held in a particular position. When thus held the acid in the reservoir reaches the battery poles, and the incandescent light blazes out. On reversing the lamp the light is extinguished. In other cases a stronger light is provided by means of a separate battery, which may, however, be carried in the pocket. It is proposed to substitute this form of portable electric lamp for the ordinary lantern in the ambulance service of the French army.—Youth's Companion.

High Waterworks.

The highest system of waterworks in the world is to be conducted this spring in Altman, Col. The altitude is about 11,000 feet. Work was begun recently. The main pumping station will be located at Grassy, a mile and a half below and 1,000 feet lower than Altman. A second station will be placed 750 feet higher than the first, and will throw the water into tanks above the town. The water is for domestic use and for fire purposes.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY President.

Statement for the Year Ending Dec. 31, 1895.

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------------|
| Assets | \$221,213,721 33 |
| Liabilities | 194,347,157 58 |
| Surplus | \$26,866,563 75 |
| Total Income | \$48,597,430 51 |
| Total Paid Policy-holders in 1895, | \$23,126,728 45 |
| Insurance and Annuities in force, | \$899,074,453 78 |
| Net gain in 1895 | \$61,647,645 36 |

NOTE—Insurance merely written, is discarded from this Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct.

CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor.

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Report of the Examining Committee.

Office of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York,

February 11, 1896.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of this Company, held on the 18th day of December last, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to examine the annual Statement for the year ending December 31st, 1895, and to verify the same by comparison with the assets of the Company.

The Committee have carefully performed the duty assigned to them, and hereby certify that the Statement is in all particulars correct and that the assets specified therein are in possession of the Company.

In making this certificate the Committee bear testimony to the high character of the investments of the Company and express their approval of the system, order and accuracy with which the accounts and vouchers have been kept, and the business in general transacted.

H. C. Von Post, Charles R. Henderson, James C. Holden, Robert Olyphant, Wm. P. Dixon, J. H. Herrick, } Committee

ROBERT A. GRANNIS, Vice-President.

WALTER R. GILLETTE, General Manager.

ISAAC F. LLOYD, Second Vice-President,
WILLIAM J. EASTON, Secretary,

HENRY E. DUNCAN, Jr., Cor. Secy.
ALBERT KLAMROTH, Asst. Secy.

FREDERIC CROMWELL, Treasurer.

JOHN A. FONDA, Assistant Treasurer.
WILLIAM P. SANDS, Cashier

JAMES TIMPSON, 2d Asst. Treas
EDWARD P. HOLDEN, Asst. Cashier

EMORY McCLINTOCK LL.D., F. I. A., Actuary.

JOHN TATLOCK, Jr., Asst. Actuary.
CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor,

WM. W. RICHARDS, Comptroller.
HENRY S. BROWN, Asst. Comp.

JOHN C. ELLIOTT, Superintendent of Domestic Agencies,

EDWARD LYMAN SHORT, Gen. Solicitor.

MEDICAL DIRECTORS

GUSTAVUS S. WINSTON, M. D.

ELIAS, J. MARSH, M. D.

GRANVILLE M. WHITE, M. D.

JOHN W. NICHOLS,

New Haven, General Agt. for State of Connecticut.

A. H. CAMP,

Local Agent.

THE WIND'S WORK

Fully Four Hundred Dead In St. Louis.

WHOLE BLOCKS BLOWN DOWN

Death List In St. Louis and East St. Louis.

Fire Adds to the Horror of the Night. Many Buildings Burned and Firemen Practically Helpless—The Wreck of the Great Eads Bridge Across the Mississippi—Tons of Masonry Tossed About Like Pebbles—The Republican Convention Hall Damaged by the Storm—Remarkable Escape of a Chicago and Alton Train—Two Square Miles of Ruin.

ST. LOUIS, May 29.—A rough estimate, which is all that is yet possible, puts the number of lives lost in the tornado which struck St. Louis and East St. Louis Wednesday evening at about 300 in each place. Hundreds besides received injuries, many fatal. The property loss can only be loosely stated as millions of dollars caused by the wreck of the wind and the fire which sprung up in the path.

In the portions of St. Louis and East St. Louis where the worst effects of the hurricane were felt the wreckage is supposed to hide many victims from sight. The list of identified dead is only a fraction of the whole tale.

More uncertainty perhaps exists as to the loss of life along the river front than anywhere else. Steamers were blown adrift, and the fate of the excursion steamer Republic, said to have had 500 persons on board, has not been settled. It is denied, however, that it has been lost with its passengers.

The report that a Chicago and Alton vestibule train, carrying 300 passengers, had gone into the river through the Eads bridge, a span of which was blown away, appears to have been incorrect. Cars in the path of the wind were overturned, but the loss of life on them is not believed to have been great.

In the city thousands were injured, many of them so badly that they cannot recover. The damage will amount to many millions of dollars, but cannot be estimated now with any degree of accuracy. The number of bodies which may be buried in the ruins of the many collapsed buildings is a matter of conjecture only, and the extent of the disaster is such that it may be many days before the work of recovering the bodies can be accomplished.

The tornado, which struck St. Louis at 5:15 p. m., was the worst storm, from every point of view, in the history of the city. In the northern and business parts little damage was done, but along the river front, in South St. Louis and in East St. Louis, the destruction was terrible.



THE EADS BRIDGE.

The channel this morning was full of wreckage from crabs of every kind which were blown from their moorings when the storm began. Here, again, it is quite impossible to estimate the number of lives which may have been lost.

From the southwestern suburbs, where it first struck the city, to the section in the vicinity of the Eads bridge, where it passed out, the storm left a wide path of ruin behind it. Factory after factory went down, and piles of brick and timbers mark the spots on which they stood. Business houses were flattened. There was no chance for the escape of the occupants. Thousands of families in South St. Louis are practically homeless.

Flames Add to the Terror. After the wind and rain had done their work fire added to the devastation. The destruction of the waterworks early in the storm cut off the water supply, and Chief Purdy and his men fought the fire with a bucket brigade as best they could. The whole central portion of the city was at one time threatened.

While the storm was at its height the passenger train on the Chicago Alton pulled out on the bridge from the Missouri side. The train had only proceeded a short distance when the engineer, Scott, realized the danger. The wind struck the coaches when the train was about half way across. Overhead the poles were snapping and tumbling into the river, while large stones were shifting loose from their foundations and plunging into the water. Realizing that any moment his train might be blown into the water or else the bridge be blown away, Scott, with rare presence of mind, put on a full head of steam in an effort to make the east side shore.

Narrow Escape of a Train. The train had hardly gone 200 feet and was about the same distance from the shore when an upper span of the bridge was blown away. Tons of huge granite blocks tumbled to the track where the train loaded with passengers had been but a moment before. At the same moment the wind struck the train, overturning all the cars. None of the passengers were killed, but several were taken out severely injured. The wrecked part of the bridge is just east of the big tower near the Illinois shore and extends east for about 300 feet. The entire upper portion, used by street cars and other vehicles, was carried away, while the tracks beneath were buried in the debris, in some places eight feet deep.

As the storm was at its highest the gas holder at Eighteenth street collapsed, and the people were terrified by columns of burning gas leaping high in the air. The tank was nearly full at the time, and the force of the wind caught it and turned it over. As the immense column which supported the tank proper fell the gas was ignited and burned for a few minutes at a fearful rate.

Advertisement in the GAZETTE.

roof of the building occupied by females was torn off and flung yards away, large posts being twisted away from the walls. The main damage was done at the larger building, however, and was caused by the destruction of the tower which stood on the top of the central building. The tower was blown down and crashed entirely through the building into the basement. There were eight columns supporting the roof, and the falling of these carried the floors of the building beneath it. Eight inmates of the poorhouse were injured by flying rafters, glass and bricks. There were 1,050 inmates in the institution, and it is almost incredible that no one was killed. In the insane ward the patients gave the attendants a great deal of trouble during the storm. They could not be controlled, and filled the building with their shrieks and cries. After the storm had abated a little they were induced to quiet down. The new building for the most male insane patients, which is the most westerly of all the buildings, was not damaged in the least by the storm. The engine room in the other building was wrecked and suffered the loss of its smokestacks, which were blown away. The damage to the buildings is estimated at \$150,000. The hospital for females escaped with but little damage, the roof of the west wing being torn, with numerous small holes in the building. There was not a single serious accident reported.

The St. Louis Refrigerator and Wooden Cutter company's entire plant at Main street and Park was destroyed. The plant consisted of a four story factory, a four story warehouse, a bicycle factory and several smaller buildings. When the cyclone struck, there were at work between 400 and 500 men and women. The top stories of the warehouse and factory were blown off. Fire broke out in the warehouse just after the top floor was destroyed. The panic stricken employees rushed pell-mell from the building, leaving many disabled behind them. Chief Wingley happened to be crossing the Fourteenth street bridge and saw the blaze. He drove to the nearest engine house and piloted the apparatus to the fire. At 10 o'clock the fire was under control.

The top floor of the four story building at Second and Chestnut streets was blown off. The structure occupied by Daniel Gunn as a notions store at 2102 Clark avenue was demolished. The Central Home of Rest was destroyed and one man killed, name unknown. Two persons were injured. The copper roof of the Shields building on Seventh, Banbiddle and Carr streets was blown off. The front walls of the buildings at 406 and 408 South Twelfth street were blown down. The Pepper Cotton company's building near the foot of Convent street and the St. Louis Cotton company's building, both one story structures, were demolished.

The main office building, freight depot and five warehouses of the Iron Mountain railroad company were completely demolished. Roof of elevator B of the Standard Elevator company was blown away, and the building was otherwise badly damaged. The Southwestern Lead company's building was completely demolished. Plant's milling elevator was wrecked. The property of the Brown Lumber company was blown away, and the roof of the American Refining company's building was destroyed. The Regina flour mill was badly damaged, the roof being uplifted and the smokestacks blown down. The warehouse of Nedderhut Bros. was badly damaged. The Campbell Bros. Paint company was totally destroyed. The building of the St. Louis Ice Manufacturing company was blown down; loss, \$300,000. The St. Louis Cotton Compress company's building was badly damaged. The vacant building formerly occupied by the Brown Oil Mill company was completely wrecked, and six men were buried in the ruins. The wind caught the armory building on Eighteenth and Pine streets, picked it up and scattered it in pieces around the neighborhood for blocks.

The Wreck of the Eads Bridge. Perhaps the most impressive evidence of the stormcloud's force is to be seen in the wreck of the eastern end of the Eads bridge. There the tornado dealt with stone masonry. It tore down tons upon tons of this masonry, beginning with the big eastern pier and extending to the foot of the incline. The storm cut off the upper part of the structure as if it had been a flimsy trestle instead of a structure of worldwide fame for massiveness. This bridge connects the city of St. Louis with East St. Louis and takes its name from its builder, Captain James B. Eads. It is one of the marvels of engineering. The center arch was of 520 feet span and the two side arches of 503 feet span each. These parts formed the main structure. In addition to these there is a 3,000 foot causeway on stone arches which carries the bridge down to the level of the town and railroad yards in East St. Louis from the height of the bluff which the main structure meets on the St. Louis side.

The erection of the bridge was begun in 1857 and completed on July, 1874. The cost was \$6,536,729.

The Havee In East St. Louis. The list of the dead and injured on the east side of the river will not be complete for hours. Enough is known, however, to show that more lives have been lost on the east side than on the west side. The list of killed may exceed 50. The list of injured numbers hundreds. Fire added much to the loss account. Down wires, currents of electricity, crushed buildings, all contributed to the amount of destruction. The alarm system was paralyzed. A \$100,000 conflagration on the St. Louis side was supplemented by a dozen lesser fires. The fires added at least \$500,000 to the loss. Such another sight of horror in St. Louis was never known.

The Course of the Wind. A million dollars will not cover the damage done to property. The damage was done in a few minutes' time, and how any person in the path of the cyclone escaped is a mystery to all who passed over the devastated portion. The wind struck the levee just north of the East St. Louis elevator about 5:30. The west half of the Wiggins ferry was the first to suffer, and it was thrown far up on the levee.

After this partial jump it seems the wind turned, tearing up the Vandalla freight house, killing all inside. Huesche's butcher shop, the Douglas school, Stick's house, Sullivan's and all buildings south of Crooks street as far down as the Kiebler mills and east to the slough were leveled. The four square blocks were absolutely swept away, and many of the inmates are beneath the ruins. Freight cars stand in all shapes and forms about the yards of the dwellings as well as the railway yards, and several were carried beyond the Vandalla embankment and thrown into the slough.

The Lake House, Croes' building, the Tremont hotel, Martel House, Vandalla roundhouse, 20 dwellings around it, the Howe institute, the watch tower, Menges' building, Lynch's and Beard's, all near the dike, were demolished.

Advertisement in the GAZETTE.

None of the railway yards escaped from the Cairo Short Line up to the Washash, and hundreds of cars stand in all shapes far away from their proper places. Two engines in the Vandalla yards were thrown down an embankment and destroyed. Far down along the levee from the bridge wrecks of steamboats are found.

The East St. Louis Dead. Charles Wait, William Surrer, Mrs. Stock, J. A. Porter, a Cincinnati drummer, name unknown; L. Richardson, flagman for Vandalla railroad; Amelia Sulzer, John Reams, Scott Hayward, Peter Wainsley, John Anderson, Mrs. Bruce, Emma Sullivan, Jacob Kintze, P. J. Strickler, unknown woman and two children near Drury Icehouse, messenger boy on bridge, seven unknown dead in Dublin House, Michael Kildea, Thomas Keefe, Bert Farrell, William Farrell, Frank McCormack, Joseph Franks, unknown man about 40 years old, unknown woman about 35 years old, ex-Policeman Thomas Griffin and family of three, Frank Rose, foreman at Elliott's works; Robert Bland, John Valentine, City Collector David S. Sage and wife, Phillip Strickler, Jr., and mother, Judge Faulk of Vandalla, Ills.; Mrs. Martell, all of boarders at Martell's house except Judge Hope of Alton, Ills.; Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes, Will Hayes, 16 boarders at the Tremont House, Myler Mitchell, William Mitchell, six unidentified bodies at the electric railway station, two of whom are supposed to be William Sullivan and wife; Mrs. John Reed, Patrick Dean and family of six; John Buchart, two boarders at Stacey's boarding house, Edward O'Brien, John Breen, Ida Claddue, Mrs. Rooft, Albert Volkman, Joseph Mitchell, John Sullivan, William Rickay, unknown man on Collinsville avenue, son of Mrs. Ira Kent, Henry Winterman, Jacob Koertz and 16 unidentified bodies at Winsley park.

The Convention Hall Damaged. During the cyclone the great auditorium building, in which the national Republican convention is to be held, was so badly damaged that it will take at least ten days to repair it. The convention was scheduled to be held in the building on June 10.

All the workmen that can be employed will be needed to repair the damage to buildings in St. Louis and East St. Louis. This may cause extra delay in the reconstruction of the convention building. It is thought not likely that the city will be in shape to receive the national delegates, even if the building is repaired by the time that the convention is called.

When the auditorium building was constructed, it took two months to complete it. The Convention hall, as it is called here, is the only building in the city that can accommodate 6,000 or 8,000 persons, and unless it is repaired in time some action will have to be taken by Republicans to change the date and possibly the place of holding the convention.

When the windstorm was at its height, a report was received at police headquarters that the auditorium building had been totally destroyed. It was some time before the actual damage to the building could be ascertained. It was then learned that part of the roof of Convention hall on the east end had been carried away and destroyed. The walls in several places were punctured by flying timbers, and much of the interior was more or less damaged.

The hall was in the path of the storm, and that it was not totally destroyed was a surprise to every one. The building is constructed of Georgia pine. Its size was one of the strongest arguments used to induce the Republicans to hold the convention in St. Louis.

The Dead In St. Louis. Watchman on the Dolphin, name unknown, drowned; Benjamin Desliva, unknown man at Lohrum's quarry, Alexander Churlinger, driver for Western Star Dairy company; James Dunn, Francisco Rodriguez, Fred Wells, 3 years old; Theresa Wells, 8 months old; Mrs. Carter and child, unknown man, driver; Peter Deldrich, employed at bagging mill; Max Welas, Malachy McDonald, superintendent Waters Pierce Oil company; — Jones, engineer; Etna Iron works; Frankie Picher, Francis Cheney, Isabelle Horn, Sawyer Manufacturing company; Charles Tandy, Sawyer Manufacturing company; — Zimmerman, killed at Union Depot company's house; Katie Claypool.

Patriotic Daughters' Pilgrimage. NEWBURG, N. Y., May 29.—The members of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, accompanied by the Daughters of the American Revolution, will make a historical pilgrimage to Newburg by steamboat from New York Monday, June 15, the anniversary of the appointment of Washington as commander in chief of the continental army. There will be 1,200 in the party, and at Washington's headquarters, this city, the visitors will be welcomed by Mayor Odell and others.

The Detroit Conference Falls. DETROIT, May 29.—The committee of iron and steel manufacturers was in conference with a committee from the Amalgamated association over the schedule adopted by the association's delegates. The manufacturers declined to agree to the item which asks for an advance of 50 cents per 40n on the 1-1-10 cent selling card. The manufacturers left for their homes, and the conference will probably be continued at Pittsburg next week.

It is estimated that there are 13,000 bicycles in Bridgeport.

Eczema ON BABY

Grew Worse under Treatment of Best Physicians. Tried

CUTICURA REMEDIES

Great Change in Five Days and To-day is Entirely Cured.

My baby had Eczema in its worst form. One of the best physicians in the city attended her, but she continued to get worse all the time. He finally admitted he was at his wits' end. I then got CUTICURA REMEDIES, and in a few days noticed a great change in her condition. She continued to improve and to-day is entirely cured, has nice clear hair, and is lively and hearty. I spent considerable money for drugs and doctor's bills, which was useless. J. B. JACOBS, 2331 Wilkins Ave., Balt., Md. SUREST CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure, and mild doses of CUTICURA Tablets, greatest of humor cures. Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVER, 50c; and 61. FORTNE, DRUG CO. CHAS. COOK, Sole Prop., Boston. "How to Cure Every Skin Humor," mailed free.

Piano Lessons,

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

CLOSED MEMORIAL DAY.

Boston Store, Norwalk.

Honor to the Dead Heroes.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 442 BROADWAY.

HALF-PRICE SALE

FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1896.

"A Day Lost in the Dry Goods Business is Never Made Up."

DECORATION DAY

We shall not open our Store, for we feel that it is our duty to close business in honor of the men who lie in the "Bivouac of the Dead," that their memory, as well as their graves, may be kept green in the minds of the generations that have sprung up since the great conflict. Therefore, that the day may not be lost to us, in a business way, we shall have a HALF PRICE SALE on something in every Department. Commencing FRIDAY MORNING, May 27, and continuing all day until 10 P. M. And to make this sale doubly interesting,

We Shall Give Away a Ladies' Waverly Bicycle, 28-inch, Price \$85.00

Purchased from W. S. Smith, South Main Street, South Norwalk, who guarantees it in every particular. If the winner wishes, they may exchange it for a Gentleman's Wheel. Every purchaser of 25 Cents Worth will receive a Coupon. The lucky number will be drawn 9.30 on Friday Evening.

NOW FOR A SENSATION!

Any of Our immense Variety of Shirt Waists

That we sell at 50c and others sell at 75c, we shall sell at HALF PRICE, 25 Cents Each, Laundered Collars and Cuffs, Large Sleeves. Remember, this is only for Friday's Half Price Sale. Buy four for \$1.00 and get four chances on the Bicycle. You will never get them again at that price.

THE BOSTON STORE, Cor. Main and Wall Sts.

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 of Philadelphia Phenix 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

AMANDA TODD.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Amanda Todd's orbit of existence is restricted, of a necessity, since she was born, brought up and will die in this village, but there is no doubt that it is eccentric. She moves apart on her own little course quite separate from the rest of us.

Had Amanda's lines of life been cast elsewhere, where circumstances had pushed her, instead of hemming her in, she might have become the feminine apostle of a new creed, have founded a sect or instituted a new system of female dress. As it is, she does not go to meeting, she never wears a bonnet and she keeps cats.

Amanda Todd is 60, and she never was married. Had she been, the close friction with another nature might have worn away some of the peculiarities of hers. She might have gone to meeting, she might have worn a bonnet, she might even have eschewed cats, but it is not probable. When peculiarities are in the grain of a person's nature, as they probably are in hers, such friction only brings them out more plainly, and it is the other person who suffers.

The village men are not, as a rule, very subtle, but they have seemed to feel this instinctively. Amanda was, they say, a very pretty girl in her youth, but no young man ever dared make love to her and marry her. She had always the reputation of being "an odd stick," even in the district school. She always kept by herself at recess, she never seemed to have anything in common with the other girls and she always went home alone from singing school. Probably never in her whole life has Amanda Todd known what it is to be protected by some devoted person of the other sex through the mighty perils of our village street.

There is a tradition in the village that once in her life, when she was about 25 years old, Amanda Todd had a beautiful bonnet and went to meeting.

Old Mrs. Nathan Morse vouches for the reliability of it, and, moreover, she hints at a reason. "When Mandy, she was 'bout 25 years old," she says, "George Henry French, he come to town, and taught the district school, and he see Mandy, an' told Almira Benton that he thought she was about the prettiest girl he ever laid eyes on, and Almira, she told Mandy. That was all there ever was to it, he never waited on her, never spoke to her, fur's I know, but right after that, Mandy, she had a bunnit, and she went reg'lar to meetin'." "Fore that her mother could scarcely get her to keep a thing on her head out of doors—allers carried her sunbunit a-danglin' by the strings, wonder she wasn't sunstruck a million times—and as for goin' to meetin', her mother, she talked and talked, but it didn't do a mite of good. Is'pose her father kind of upheld her in it. He was most as odd as Mandy. He wouldn't go to meetin' unless he was driv, and he wa'n't a member. 'Nough sight ruther go out prowlin' round in the woods like a wild animal, Sabbath days, than go to meetin'." Once he ketch'd a wildcat, an' tried to tame it, but he couldn't. It bit and chewed so he had to let it go. I guess Mandy gets her liking for cats from him fast enough. Well, Mandy, she had that handsome bunnit, and she went to meetin' reg'lar 'most a year, and she looked as pretty as a picture sittin' in the pew. The bunnit was trimmed with green gauze ribbon and had a wreath of fine pink flowers inside. Her mother was real tickled, thought Mandy had met with a change. But land, it didn't last no time. George Henry French, he quit town the next year and went to Somerset to teach, and pretty soon we heard he had married a girl over there. Then Mandy, she didn't come to meetin' any more. I dunno what she did with the bunnit—stamped on it, most likely, she always had consider'ble temper—anyway, I never see her wear it arterwards."

Thus old Mrs. Nathan Morse tells the story, and somehow to a reflective mind the picture of Amanda Todd in her youth decked in her pink-wreathed bonnet, selfishly but innocently attending in the sanctuary of divine love in order to lay hands on her own little share of earthly affection, is inseparable from her, as she goes now, old and bare-headed, defiantly past the meeting house, when the Sabbath bells are ringing.

However, if Amanda Todd had elected to go bareheaded through the village street from feminine vanity, rather than eccentricity, it would have been no wonder. Not a young girl in the village has such a head of hair as Amanda. It is of a beautiful chestnut color, and there is not a gray thread in it. It is full of wonderful natural ripples, too—not one of the village girls can equal them with her papers and crimping pins—and Amanda arranges it in two superb braids wound twice around her head. Seen from behind, Amanda's head is that of a young beauty; when it turns a little, and her harsh old profile becomes visible, there is a shock to the stranger.

Amanda's father had a great shock of chestnut hair, which was seldom cut, and she inherits this adornment from him. He lived to be an old man, but that ruddy crown of his never turned gray.

Amanda's mother died long ago; then her father. Ever since she has lived alone in her shingled cottage with her cats. There were not so many cats at first; they say she started with one fine tabby, who became the mother, grandmother and great-grandmother to armies of kittens.

Amanda must destroy some when she can find no homes for them, otherwise she herself would be driven afield, but still the impression is of a legion.

A cat is so covert, it slinks so secretly from one abiding place to another and seems to duplicate itself with its sudden appearances, that it may account in a measure for this impression. Still there are a great many. Nobody knows just the number—the estimate runs

anywhere from 15 to 50. Counting, or trying to count, Amanda Todd's cats is a favorite amusement of the village children. "Here's another," they shout, when a pair of green eyes gleams at them from a post. But is it another, or only the same cat who has moved? Cats sit in Amanda's windows; they stare out wisely at the passers-by, from behind the panes, or they fold their paws on the ledge outside in the sunshine. Cats walk Amanda's ridgepoles and her fence, they perch on her posts and fly to her cherry trees with bristling fur at the sight of a dog. Amanda has as dead a hatred of dogs as have her cats. Everyone which comes within stone throw of her she sends off yelping, for she is a good shot. Kittens tumble about Amanda's yard and crawl out between her fence pickets under people's feet. Amanda will never give away a kitten except to a responsible person, and is as particular as if the kitten were a human orphan, and she the manager of an asylum.

She will never, for any consideration, bestow one of her kittens upon a family that keeps a dog, or where there are many small children. Once she made a condition that the dog should be killed, and she may be at times inwardly disposed to banish the children.

Amanda Todd is extremely persistent when she has selected a home which is perfectly satisfactory to her for a kitten. Once one was found tied into a little basket like a baby on the doorstep of a childless and humane couple who kept no dog, and there is a story that Deacon Nehemiah Stockwell found one in his overcoat pocket and never knew how it came there. It is probable that Amanda resorts to these extreme measures to save herself from either destroying her kittens or being driven out of house and home by them.

However, once, when the case was reversed, Amanda herself was found wanting. When she began to grow old, and the care of her pets told upon her, it occurred to her that she might adopt a little girl. Amanda has a comfortable little income, and would have been able to provide a good living for a child, as far as that goes.

But the managers of the institution to whom Amanda applied made inquiries, and the result did not satisfy them. Amanda stated frankly her reason for wishing to take the child, and her intentions with regard to her. She wished the little girl to tend her cats and assist her in caring for them. She was willing that she should attend school four hours per day, going after the cats had their breakfast, and returning an hour earlier to give them their supper. She was willing that she should go to meeting in the afternoon only, and she could have no other children come to visit her for fear they would maltreat the kittens. She furthermore announced her intention to make her will, giving to the girl, whom she should adopt, her entire property in trust for her cats, to include her own maintenance on condition that she devote her life to them as she had done.

The trustees declared that they could not conscientiously commit a child to her keeping for such purposes, and the poor little girl orphan, who had the chance of devoting her life to the care of pussy cats and kittens, to the exclusion of all childish followers, remained in her asylum.

So Amanda to this day lives alone, and manages as best she can. Nobody in the village can be induced to live with her; one forlorn old soul preferred the almshouse.

"I'd 'nough sight ruther go on the town than live with all them cats," she said.

It is rather unfortunate that Amanda's shingled cottage is next the meeting house, for that, somehow, seems to render her non-church-going more glaringly conspicuous, and then, too, there is a liability of indecorous proceedings on the part of the cats.

They evidently do not share their mistress' dislike of the sanctuary, and find its soft pew cushions very inviting. They watch their chances to slink in when the sexton opens the meeting house; he is an old man and dim-eyed, and they are often successful. It is wise for anybody before taking a seat in a pew to make sure that one of Amanda's cats has not forestalled him; and often a cat flees down one flight of the pulpit stairs as the minister ascends the other.

We all wonder what will become of Amanda's cats when she dies. There is a report that she has made her will and left her property in trust for the cats to somebody, but to whom? Nobody in this village is anxious for such a bequest, and whoever it may be will probably strive to repudiate it. Some day the cats will undoubtedly go by the board; young Henry Wilson, who has a gun, will shoot some, the rest will become aliens and wanderers, but we all hope Amanda Todd will never know it. In the meantime she is undoubtedly carrying on among us an eccentric, but none the less genuine mission. A home missionary is Amanda Todd, and we should recognize her as such in spite of her non-church-going proclivities. Weak in faith though she may be, she is, perchance, as strong in love as the best of us. At least I do not doubt that her poor little four-footed dependents would so give evidence if they could speak.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Florida Indians.
"Our Indians," says Dr. Brecht, Indian commissioner in the state of Florida, "are not multiplying rapidly. This is due to physiological and social reasons. Still, there has been an increase. In 1859 there were but 112. Now there are something over 500. The chief social reason for their slow propagation is the custom of countenancing no marriages of persons who have a drop of the same blood in their veins. This is sometimes hard on the girls. One leader I know has two beautiful daughters, who cannot get married because the eligible young men are almost all akin to them."—Chicago Chronicle.

—The Hindoo-Koosh, 20,600 feet, is reported to be the highest in Afghanistan.

UNION MEETING.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Norwalk Christian Endeavor Union, was held in the Congregational church, Westport, Tuesday.

Several churches were represented and they went in carriages, carriages, wagons and on bicycles.

The different churches sent delegates as follows: South Norwalk Congregational 4; Westport Congregational, 24; South Norwalk Baptist, 28; Georgetown Congregational, 4; Norfield Congregational, 27; Wilton Congregational, 13; Norwalk Congregational, 33; Broad River Chapel, 8; Calvary Baptist, Norwalk, 7. No delegates were present from Ridgefield or Silver Mine although the churches in that city belong to the Union.

The following programme of exercises was attentively listened to and greatly enjoyed:

Praise Service.
Scripture Reading by Rev. R. O. Sherwood.

Prayer by Rev. Jabez Backus.
Secretary's Report, by Miss Daisy Rider.

Treasurer's Report, by George H. Quintard.

Lookout Committee Report by A. B. Heath.

Good Citizenship Report, by Charles L. Helmer.

Junior Endeavor Report, by Mrs. Jabez Backus.

Consecration Service led by Mrs. A. B. Heath.

Fine refreshments in abundance were served by the Westport members.

The only mishap that occurred was while the party was on the way home. A number of those who were in attendance rode home on their bicycles, among the rest being a young man named Lester. As one of the carryalls driven by a man named Wagner was turning the corner of Fitch street and Maple avenue Lester guided his bicycle directly in front of the team, and was struck by the horses and thrown to the ground. Before the driver could rein up his team two of the wheels of the carryall had passed over the bicycle and completely wrecked it. The rider, who had been warned two three times to keep out of the way, luckily escaped injury.

D. A. R. CONFERENCE.

500 Members of the Society Gather in Hartford—The Addresses Made.

The Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution held their third state conference at Hartford Tuesday at the Park church and Foot Guard hall. The morning session opened at the church at 11 a. m., and the exercises comprised an address of welcome by Mrs. John M. Holcombe, and a reply by Mrs. Sara T. Kinney, State regent. A business meeting followed, at the close of which adjournment was had to the arroyo for luncheon and the afternoon session.

The programme for the afternoon included addresses as follows: Mrs. Georgiana Hull Parsons, South Norwalk—"The Women of '76"; Mrs. Mary E. Hill, Norwalk—"The Meaning of Our Society"; Mrs. Kate Fort Coe, Meriden—"Struggles of Women for Political Independence"; Miss Clara Bowman, Bristol—"Objects of Work for the Daughters of the American Revolution"; Mrs. Harriet Beecher Scoville, De Van, Stamford—"The Highest and Best Aims of Our Society."

At least 500 lady visitors were present from all over the state, each wearing the badge of the society. Thirty-two chapters were represented in the gathering. Among prominent visitors from other states were Miss Allen, State regent, of Missouri, and Mrs. Barber, State regent, of Colorado. The affair concluded at 4 o'clock with a reception by the members of Ruth Wyllys chapter, the local organization.

The Trip Postponed.

David C. Sanford, engineer of the Shell Fish commission, has decided to postpone his trip to Germany until December. The German authorities in charge of the Shell Fisheries of the empire, desired Mr. Sanford to come out this spring and deliver some lectures on the oyster industry and make investigations with a view of re-establishing this fishing. Germany at one time raised more oysters than any other country in the world, but at present very little is done. The experiments in oyster culture will be made at the Island of Heligoland.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. E. J. Cheney & Co., Props, Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. W. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wauding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

It is estimated that there are 13,000 bicycles in Bridgeport.

SOME STRANGE SHOWERS

Visible Only to the Alcoholicized Vision of Tipplers.

Tough Yarns Spun by Seasoned Call-foamians About Lizards and Other Small Deer Descending from the Clouds.

Col. Bixby, Judge Dukes and Maj. Finney came over from the Barstow diggings one evening recently with a big story about a storm a few evenings before on the Laramie plains in which it rained lizards. They had been over the divide to the Waterman ranch, and on returning were overtaken by a gale, which presently brought rain. For an hour or so it poured in torrents, and then, just at dusk, they felt something solid striking them occasionally. At length the colonel, who was sitting on the back seat, says a writer in the New York Sun, reached down into the wagon box and pulled out a "water dog" about six inches long. This convinced the tourists that an extraordinary storm was in progress, and to some extent prepared them for what followed.

"Little by little," said the judge, "the bombardment increased, until lizards and toads were thicker'n flies. We turned up our coat collars and pulled down our hats, but it did no good. They'd strike us in the face, in the lap, on the back and all over, and the horses became wild with terror. We lost our way, and the major got out to look at the ground, but jumped back into the wagon again with a yell, saying it was knee deep with lizards. By this time it had stopped raining and we came to the conclusion, after mature reflection, that the area of the storm could not be large, and that if we moved straight ahead in almost any direction we would soon be out of it. Acting on this determination we started up again, and in the course of half an hour we struck hard ground. We camped near there, and when daylight came we went back a ways and examined the lizards. There were millions of them, the great majority of them being dead as the result of their fall; but there were plenty of live ones, and the way they were crawling was a caution."

Some one having asked what theory they had advanced in explanation of this visitation, the major said that there was a lake on the summit of the mountain off toward Banning that was full of lizards, and he had no doubt that the wind, which was very high, had scooped out that body of water with all its contents and dumped them on the Laramie plains. He knew of a similar case in Kansas. A tornado had followed the line of a river and scooped it out so clean for a distance of nineteen miles that farmers living thirty miles from the stream found fish, turtles and frogs in their front dooryards, and believed they had rained down. The colonel said he had brought a few of the lizards in to show the folks, and he would get them, but, after searching the wagon box in vain, he was forced to apologize by saying that they had probably come to life and crawled away.

Capt. Nelson, the saloonkeeper, who had been a patient listener, shook his head and said:

"Old Hank Moore was the only man I ever knew who could get 'em and be kind of pleasant and sociable with 'em. He never made no fuss, never got excited, and never got scared. He'd be walking along on the sidewalk, and all of a sudden he would see a little baby elephant ahead of him, and would run along and try to climb on his back. Then, when he'd fall, he'd swear that somebody tripped him up, and he'd get all over it. An hour later he would get you off in the corner and tell you confidentially that he wanted a drink, but that he couldn't swallow it unless you took that alligator off the bar. I've seen Hank go out in the street lots of times to avoid stepping on a toad that he thought he saw. But he was always happy and good natured about it. He could see more elephants in a minute than any man you ever knew, and sometimes when they were particularly thick he would get up a dance with them. He was a pleasant man to have around. When he got the tremens, he would always get them right, and nobody was the worse for it."

"One day he came in from the Dodge City plains with a long story about seeing a drove of elephants out there. I didn't know him so well then as I did afterward, and he was so quiet about it that I believed him, and just for the fun of the thing I drove out there with him. After we had gone a few miles he made me stop and then start up slow because he didn't want to hurt them."

"Hurt what?" says I.

"The little elephants," said he. "Then I looked at him, and he jumped out of the buggy and began to chase one of them. Pretty soon I got tired, and I began to chase him. He and I had it there for about two hours, but I ran him down and got him into the wagon. Then he wanted me to take one of them home with me, and just to please him I pretended to put one into the wagon. He patted the imaginary elephant, and was very contented with it until we got most to Laramie, and then it vanished."

After all hands had partaken of the landlord's cheer, he added:

"Now, then, judge, major and colonel, I don't mind telling you that Hank Moore's drove of elephants was seen in the same place that the lizards were, but there was something rather entertaining about the way he led 'em. I'm afraid you're mixing a little too much."

Hard to Believe.

The Lewiston Journal prints a story which slanders the gallant sons of Maine. Needless to say, it cannot be true. A Knox county man and his wife were passing a schoolhouse when a snowball struck the lady. Her husband, naturally, was highly indignant, and, turning about, he shook his fist at the school-boys, and cried: "It's lucky for you that you didn't hit me, you young rascals."

VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

Sequel to an Experience of a Struggling Young Author.

"You remember my telling you awhile ago, when we were talking about the vicissitudes of life," said a struggling young author, according to the New York Sun, "about an experience that I had once? I had a number of manuscripts, you remember, which I desired to sell and which I sent out to the publications I thought them best suited for. One after another they came back, until they had all come back but one. That one, in my own judgment, was much the best of the lot, and I had built strong hopes upon it; and when, so to speak, it still didn't come back, I felt sure that it had been accepted. But after waiting awhile longer and not hearing from it, I wrote, asking about it, and the publisher wrote me a polite note saying they had no record of it; it had never been received."

"That was the story as I told it to you, and I supposed that that was the end of it; and it was pretty tough, wasn't it? But now let me tell you the sequel."

"Of course I wrote a polite note in reply to the publisher; and in that note I described the manuscript and said that perhaps it might yet be found; and later it was found, and, by snakes, they returned it!"

"That was solemn; but it was one of those things that are so everlastingly, gosh-blastedly solemn that you have to laugh over 'em; and there can't be anything very terrible in anything that you can laugh over; so you see, come to take it altogether, that experience was not very distressing after all."

MOST PECULIAR ROOSTER.

He Very Much Resembles a Bird of Paradise.

To see a rooster that resembles a bird of paradise is a rare sight, but such a one has recently been a common spectacle in Japan, says the New York World.

This particular fowl was, apart from his gorgeous appendage, of the ordinary type found in Japan, except that he was a little more proud in his bearing than his fellows.

It may have been his manner that first led to his selection as the bearer of a most magnificent tail. The brief history that can be obtained of this freak rooster is silent on that point. It probably was selected because only an arrogant, lordly manner could support such a wonderful and variegated appendage.

Be that as it may, the rooster did certainly have a tail 16 feet long. In it were all the bright colors imaginable. The tail was far more brilliant in its colorings than the shining feather-fan of a peacock.

The neighbors of the Jap displayed no interest in the freak bird, but were amused by those who expressed admiration and wonder, who were invariably foreign travelers.

Then it was discovered that the beautiful long tail was not a freak of nature, but the clever work of the ingenious Jap, who had fashioned and fastened the tail in such a way as to defy detection except after the most minute scrutiny.

A Japanese Lady Politician.

The most remarkable woman in politics in Japan is Mme. Hatoyama. When her husband, a leader of the progressive party, ran for parliament, she took the stump and made speeches in his interest—a very extraordinary thing for a Japanese lady to do. She is now a teacher in the academy of which her husband is principal.

Effect of Tree Destruction.

The influence of forests in protecting the water supply is well illustrated in the case of Greece. In ancient days she possessed 7,500,000 acres of forest. Today she has hardly 2,000,000 acres, and the scarcity of water and other injurious climatic effects are traceable to the destruction of the trees.

The Story of

Puritana.

Prof. Dixi Crosby, M. D., LL. D., who for thirty-two years was at the head of Dartmouth Medical College, belonged to the famous Crosby family of physicians, which for several generations has furnished more distinguished medical men than any other family in America. His father was Dr. Asa Crosby, of Dartmouth, who procured the charter of the State medical society, of which he was for thirty years a conspicuous member; one brother, Dr. Josiah Crosby, invented the invalid bed and the method of making extensions of fractured limbs by adhesive strips; another brother, Dr. Thos. R. Crosby, was chief surgeon in Columbian College Hospital during the war, and later professor of animal and vegetable physiology at Dartmouth College; while Dr. Dixi Crosby himself was the inventor and discoverer of various important improvements in medicine and surgery, including a new and unique mode of reducing metacarpophalangeal dislocation, opening of abscess at hip-joint, etc., etc.

At the early age of twenty-four his extraordinary skill and success in overcoming disease had already attracted the attention of medical men throughout the world, and won for him the highest honors. His greatest achievement was the discovery of an original method for perfecting and compounding in permanent form what has become known as his "prize formula," and which, under the name of Puritana, is legally protected.

The foundation of this remarkable medical discovery consists of simple New England roots and herbs, and the original family recipe for it has descended to the long line of Crosby physicians from their Puritan ancestors. Its peculiar vegetable composition rendered it necessary to brew it whenever needed in the early days of its history, and after the scattering of the Puritan families to remote localities, where the necessary ingredients were not to be found, many attempts were made to put it up in permanent form, all of which failed until Dr. Dixi Crosby discovered means and methods, the result of which is: Nature's Cure compounded in the laboratory of Common Sense.

A TRUE MUSICIAN.

Whitcomb's Genius Turned an Old Fiddle Into a Thing of Beauty.

James Whitcomb was a prominent citizen of Indiana in her early days, and he was not only a politician, but one of the best amateur musicians in the country. He composed several pieces for the violin, which was his chosen instrument, and many are the stories told of him and his fiddle.

At one time, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, he was traveling from Indianapolis to eastern Indiana, and stopped for the night at a house on a lonely road. He entered the cabin with his companion, and there they found a lame young man called Amos, sitting by the fire scraping at an old violin with most disastrous results.

He laid the violin on the bed and started away to the stable with the horses. Mr. Whitcomb at once took up the violin, tuned it, and when Amos returned was playing light and beautiful airs. Amos was entranced. He sat down, and, mouth wide open in wonder, watched the musician. Then Mr. Whitcomb struck up "Hail Columbia," and the youth could bear it no longer. He sprang to his feet.

"If I had \$50," cried he, "I'd give it all for that fiddle! I never heard such music."

Mr. Whitcomb said nothing, but kept on playing. By and by, when he had finished, he laid the violin on the bed. This was the young man's opportunity. He sprang up, seized the instrument, carried it to the fire, where he could see more plainly, and turned it over and over, examining every part.

"Mister," he sang out, in high excitement, "I never in my life see two fiddles so much alike as yours and mine!"

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Nature's Cure

For diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Heart, Blood, Kidneys, and for Weak Lungs, Starved Nerves, Fagged Brain.

It cures after everything else has failed. It cures cases that have been given up as hopeless. It cures pleasantly. It cures permanently.

Puritana is the prize formula of Prof. Dixi Crosby, M. D., LL. D., for over 30 years at the head of Dartmouth Medical College.

Get your druggist this great disease-conquering discovery (the price is \$1 for the complete treatment, consisting of one bottle of Puritana, one bottle of Puritana Elix, and one bottle of Puritana Tablets, all enclosed in one package) or write us, and you will bless the day when you heard of Puritana. The Puritana Compound Co., Concord, N. H.

A LITTLE HEATHEN.

BY MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM.

Jack was a heathen. Oh, the little imp, how tough he was! I was a model boy. I was, for a fact, you may believe it or not; I used to hold down my head when grace was being said; I knew the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer by heart, and I was a child of many virtues.

Jack was as mean as the old scratch. He would cut his eye around at me and try to make me laugh while the blessing was being asked; he would stick pins in the little boys as they knelt at prayers; he would roo birds' nests, and when remonstrated with would say:

"Why, my gracious, let the old fool bird go day some more aiggs, she's got the whole summer and 'tain't much trouble to lay a few little old aiggs like them."

We used to read tales in our reading books about how bad boys came to bad ends, and Jack would laugh at them.

"Shucks!" he would say, "them old book men can't fool me. What makes gran'ma kill chickens on Sunday, if it's a sin to go in washin'? I notice one thing: ol' brother Kicklighter a'us eats mighty hearty, and if it was a sin to kill 'em it'd be a sin to eat 'em. They can't scare nobody."

Ah, the dear little old freckled face! Worlds would I give to have it come between me and the sun again ere I reach the vale of shadows.

He would whip the stuffing out of a boy for my sake. I remember once a fellow called me "wormy." We were coming home from Sunday-school, and I had resolved not to resent any insult—a very convenient way of resolving, by the way—and the big boy would have gone unpunished but for Jack.

What did he do? He lit onto that fellow, and he pelted him in the burr of the ear and got him down and such a thrashing that boy never toted before. That was Jack's style. No foolishness about him. He was of that particular type of ugliness that denotes cussedness and original sin.

I used to pray for Jack when the preacher would tell us to pray for all those whom we thought needed our prayers. Jack was cutting a jagged "J" on the back of the seat while I was praying for his conversion.

Ah, the days, the golden days, when the summers seemed so long. I wonder if the summers of paradise will not possess that same sweet, delicious lingering when the pathos and the passion of mortal life are past?

Sometimes I dream of Jack, now. The other night, I don't know what got into me, but I dreamed that we were rambling along the banks of one of those winding, southern rivers, whose languid waters were murmuring, whispering, hisping among the reeds and rushes.

There was a flash of shining sand around the bend, and we came to a place where there was a thicket of cypress saplings. I saw one that would make the finest sort of a fishing pole, and Jack went to cut it for me. It grew right on the bank of a slough of black water, on whose sheeny bosom the tupelo gum berries were afloat.

I was timid—good boys are not always brave boys—and Jack went to cut the pole for me. I saw him open the little old rusty barlow knife, and he reached far over the treacherous bank.

He had cut it most in two, when there was a crash.

"Splash!" The spray flew upward in a shower and blinded my eyes, and when I opened them—Jack was gone!

I was sitting up in bed gasping, struggling, choking, in my efforts to call help. Such dreams are our lives made up. Sometimes as I sit gazing up at the summer heavens I am startled by the illusion that I see that boy's face through a rift in the clouds.

Jack was a bad boy. Popper Joe used to shake his head and mutter:

"I tell you, dat boy's sho' ter come ter some bad end."

Then he would point to me and remark:

"But dar's a chile w'at'll be somebody. Dat's er good chile, de Lawd knows he is, an' folk'll make much er him w'en he gits ter be a growed up man."

I was so pitifully pious in those days. The fact is, I think I was not well. The chariot wheels of time rolled noiselessly on, and poor old blind Fate sat in the doorway of the future, with her palsied fingers untangling the skein of destiny, her withered lips all the while crooning those weird ditties whose echoes now and then thrill our souls with the warning of prophecy.

Jack was as tough as a lightwood knot, and nobody ever thought about him getting sick. He was too full of devilment to stay in bed, but they were very careful about me.

One winter we had an awful spell of weather and the stock suffered severely, for we had no shelter for them in the country in the days when I was a boy.

Jack had a favorite cow that had a little calf, and one cold drizzly afternoon the cow and calf failed to come home. Jack went in search of them, and it was late when he came back. He had brought the little calf in his arms a good portion of the way, and he drove the cow into the lot and gave her a big basket of shucks and nubbins, and put the little, weakly calf in a warm place.

It was dark when he came in, cold and tired, but he was as joyous and light-hearted as ever. He went over the rigmarole about—

"Amo daree my, romp stomp dominicker, shuck back, penniwinkle, instep nipet, sing song kitty kin you kimee, O," and he cut a shuffle and turned a handsping as he came through the passage.

Before we went to bed we sat down before the fire and took the wet rags off his toes and tied them up with some dry ones, jokingly calling his big toe "big Ike," and the little toe "little Ike" as he fixed them.

During the night he woke me up telling me he was so hot and that he ached all over. I told him to go to sleep and not turn over and kick so much. Next morning he said he felt too bad to get up, and asked me to see about his cow and especially the calf.

I grumbled a good deal, and went and told grandma that Jack was too lazy to get up. She went to see about him and she said he had a fever. I went out and attended to the cow, expecting to find him up when I returned, but he was still tossing about in bed, and he began to talk foolishly.

I scolded him about it and told grandma. She looked very grave when she went in and felt of his face, and she went and told one of the boys to go after the doctor.

Then I began to get uneasy. The place seemed so lonely and I never missed anyone so much in my life.

The cat dozed on the hearth in peace and the house was so quiet and still. The old doctor drove up to the gate in his sulky and took out his little leather saddle-bags and walked into the room where Jack was.

I watched him anxiously and when he took grandma aside and talked low to her I just caught the word "pneumonia." It was unfamiliar to me, and I felt a premonition of coming sorrow.

All day long I hung about the door, and late in the evening they told me that I would have to sleep in another room. I went in to see Jack, and he was tossing about, muttering something about his cow.

"I fed her, Jack, and I threw down some straw for her to sleep on," I said.

He looked at me, but he did not seem to understand. His eyes were so bright and his cheeks were so red that I didn't know what to make of it. That night I could not go to sleep and kept staring at the ceiling, thinking, thinking, thinking.

At last I got up softly and stole into his room. The candle was burning low and grandma and grandpa were sitting by the fire. Jack was lying still, with his eyes half open and he was breathing hard.

"Is he any better?" I asked, with a great lump in my throat.

"No, my son, he is mighty sick. Go back to bed now."

I went back to my room and I got down on my knees. I never will forget that night. I prayed; prayed as I never prayed before, as I have never prayed since. The words were broken with sobs.

Oh, the anguish of those dark hours! I would pray awhile and then I would stop and wonder if the good Lord heard me. Perhaps He was too busy at the time, and I would ask Him again in my childish simplicity, hoping that I might attract His attention.

A way long towards day I fell asleep, and the sun was shining when I awoke, shining in the cloudless heavens, and the day was real mild.

I went into the room where the sick boy lay, and I saw that there was a change. His face was pale and his eyes sunken, and his breath came in gasps. I gulped down a sob as I looked at that shaggy head, and thought how often I had seen it bobbing about the house. Such a day as this we would be out about the lot, and you could hear his whistle as merry as a mocking bird in May.

And now— The candlestick with the half-burned candle, three medicine bottles on the mantel; the cup and the spoon and all the sad reminders of sickness and suffering. Aunt Ailsie walking softly about the room, keeping watch while the old folks got a little sleep.

"Is he any better?" "No chile, he ain't no better, honey. De doctah say ef dey ain' some change po' little Jack won't be heal long."

I couldn't bear it. The good old mammy came and put her withered arms around me and kissed me and told me not to cry. I went out to the lot and Popper Joe was giving the cow some nubbins, and the calf was skipping clumsily around. The sight of them set me to crying again, and I turned away. Ah, the dismal day!

Better the clouds and the dreary rain with Jack well, than floods of sunshine and he so sick. Late in the afternoon grandma called me. "Come in here, son, Jack wants to see you."

I went into the room. The lingering rays of the wintry sun struggled in through the windows and fell on the snowy counterpane.

His face was ashen pale, and his eyes were no longer restless. He looked at me and a faint smile played about the pinched features. It was like the dying light of the wintry day.

He motioned me to come closer, and I found that his voice was so weak that he could but speak in whispers. The old doctor sat with his hand on the little wrist, and the family were gathered around the bed.

Then the fountains of my heart were broken up and I gave way to my grief. "I want you to have all my things. Good-by," he whispered, and then they took me away.

As I lay sobbing and moaning in my room, I heard a cry from Aunt Ailsie: "Oh, God bless my po' chile. Dey's one mo' angel done gone to glory!"

Now, I have told you the story. I cannot, even unto this day, dwell further on the sad theme. But it is a mystery to me why people should keep on harping about good boys and bad boys when I know just as well as I am sitting here that my boy comrade has gone to a better world than this!

And look at me. I was a model boy, and have lived to make more mistakes, suffer for more sins, and weep over more wrecked hopes than I can ever tell.

Dear old playmate, here is a tear o' your memory, to the memory of a bad boy whose wantonness was mistaken for wickedness. Had you lived who knows but that your strength might have wailed in my weakness, and kept these erring feet from straying— Southern Farmer.

FOR A NEW HOSPITAL.

A meeting of the board of directors of the Norwalk Hospital association was held at the Norwalk Clubrooms Monday evening to consider the advisability of selling the lot purchased some time since on the Connecticut turnpike and to purchase the Chichester property, opposite the homestead of William H. Earle, on East avenue, and built some years ago by William Mallory deceased.

The property is perhaps the better known as the Hammersley place.

It was the sense of the meeting that the property be purchased for the price asked, \$8,000, and a committee was appointed to consummate the sale. The agent of the property was visited and he accepted the individual check of Hon John H. Ferris for \$100 to bind the bargain.

The deed of the property will probably be signed and delivered to-day. A committee was appointed to negotiate the sale of the lot owned by the association on the turnpike.

A committee was also appointed to secure estimates of the cost of fitting up the newly purchased property for hospital purposes. Commenting on the then proposed purchase, yesterday's GAZETTE said:

"Senator John H. Ferris is credited with originating this every sensible change of program. The house is large and airy, a well of the purest water is on the place, it is connected with the public water, gas and sewer and has a barn of ample proportions and so well constructed that it can be easily converted into and utilized, if required, for the care of such patients as it might not be desirable to place in the main building. The grounds are also ample for any reasonable enlargement of the main edifice."

FLEW THE COOP.

Low Price's Setting Hen Proves to be a Rooster.

For a week past "Low" Price has had what he believed was a hen, setting on a dozen eggs in a nest at the rear of W. A. Benedict & Co.'s store on Main street (Sub rosa, it was a rooster). Monday the bird "flew the coop" and alighted on the opposite side of the river where from a rear window of the store it was discovered by its owner.

Securing a hat box in which to place the bird, and the services of Fred Betts, Luce started in pursuit. Stealthily he approached the chauticleer and as he was about to put his hand on it away it flew and landed on a rock in the middle of the river.

By the aid of sticks and stones hurled at it from the shore, the bird was dislodged and flew back to the base of the bank wall near where it had been cooped up under the supposition that it was a setting hen.

With the aid of a lad who waded across the river, without even removing his shoes or stockings, the rooster which by this time was pretty well fagged out, was captured and again placed in the coop.

Later in the day he was traded off for a thoroughbred hen which was placed on the nest and tied down, with the expectancy that she will hatch out a brood of chickens or ducklets.

OBITUARY.

MRS. EMMA J. CHURCH.

Mrs. Emma J. Church, widow of the late Geo. T. Church, and daughter of Thomas and Delia Sanford, died Monday afternoon aged about 50 years. Mrs. Church was universally esteemed for her earnest Christian character and her death will be deeply mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends. She was a faithful member for many years of the Methodist church. The funeral will be held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock from her late home.

MRS. HOWARD P. MANSFIELD.

Edith, wife of Dr. Howard P. Mansfield, died at her home in Georgetown Monday. The deceased was a daughter of Judge Benjamin Griffen of Brookfield, and was 23 years of age. A little son, born on Saturday last, survives her.

WILLIE SMITH.

Willie Smith, an old resident of New Haven, died Monday from general debility. He was seventy years old and a business partner of Representative N. D. Sperry.

C. LAWRENCE YERRANCE.

The less than one year old son of Charles D. and Harriet Yerrance died at his home in Broad River, Monday. He was a grandchild of Norman Knapp. The funeral will be held Thursday afternoon.

The funeral of the late Howard de Forest Earle took place Tuesday at San Diego, Cal. His remains will be brought home and interred at the convenience of the family in Woodlawn Ceme.

Base Ball.

There promises to be a large gathering of people at Norwalk Park next Saturday to witness a game of base ball between nines selected from members of Hope Hose and Pioneer Hook and Ladder companies. Both nines are practicing hard and it is thought that the game will be closely contested.

BITTEN BY A CAT.

Tuesday a strange cat wandered into O. K. Scofield's store on Main street, and for a time all efforts to get rid of the animal were unavailing. After a while it was chased out and sought refuge in an outbuilding near the store, Mr. Scofield following in hot pursuit.

Cornering the animal he made a grab at it and caught it by one of its hind legs. But no sooner had he done so than it turned on him and buried its teeth in the fleshy part of his leg and dug its claws into his flesh.

Mr. Scofield then let go his grasp on the cat's leg and howled, and after a time succeeded in breaking its hold on his leg, but not until he had knocked the animal senseless.

The smart and pain from the clawing and biting was exasperating, and the claws had torn quite a rent in Mr. Scofield's trousers.

Mr. Scofield fearing that poisoning might result from the wounds visited Dr. S. H. Huntington who administered the usual restoratives and the victim is about to-day apparently but little the worse off by the encounter.

But the cat will never repeat the performance. It is dead.

D. A. R. Notes.

The Joint committees of the Sons of American Revolution and the daughters of the American Revolution will meet with the Regent at the Congregational Parsonage, to complete final arrangements for decorating the graves of Revolutionary soldiers on Memorial day.

The committee are as follows: East Norwalk cemetery—Capt. Bell and Mrs. James L. Stevens.

St. Paul's church yard—George B. St. John and Miss Sarah F. Adams.

Mill Hill Burying Grounds—Samuel Daskam and Mrs. Frederick Belden.

Union Cemetery—Mrs. Charles A. Qunitard and Mrs. Arthur B. Hill.

Pine Island—Frederick Qunitard and Mrs. Robert Van Buren.

Rowayton—Mrs. Samuel R. Weed. Brookside—Mrs. Milo H. Parsons.

West Norwalk—Mrs. J. Fillow. Westport—Mrs. Lorin F. Day.

Wilton—Miss Katherine Sturges.

The board of management of the Norwalk Chapter will meet on Saturday, June 6th to examine applications and complete arrangements for the "Flag day" reception. Mrs. Sara Thompson Kinney, the State Regent, and Mrs. V. O. Coffin will be the guests of honor on that occasion.

Relay Race Across the Continent.

Arrangements are being made to run a bicycle relay race against time from San Francisco to New York, about the middle of July, under the auspices of the San Francisco Examiner, the New York Journal and the manufacturers of the Stearns bicycle. The relay will carry a message from the Golden Gate to Gen. Miles on Governor's Island. The postal authorities have authorized postmasters on the route to stamp the packet with their dating stamp, to authenticate the trip. The race will be run in relays of fifty miles each, about 500 riders to be ready to carry the message, day and night. It is expected that the journey will be made inside of twenty days. C. Ford Seeley will probably be one of the relays.

Cherries are in market.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Lockwood will sail for Europe June 6th.

VETERANS GREETED.

Sunday was observed as a memorial day, by the members of Grace, the Methodist, the Baptist and the First Congregational Sunday Schools. An inspiring service in which Buckingham Post, No. 12, G. A. R. and the Woman's Relief Corps participated, was held in the afternoon at the Congregational church.

The Sunday Schools met the Grand Army men at the foot of Mill Hill and escorted them to the church. On reaching their destination, the procession of children, which extended half around and through the center of the Green, broke ranks and formed two long lines, between which the veterans marched, greeted by waving of handkerchiefs. Thus they entered the church. This was beautifully decorated. Red, white, and blue flowers were scattered about and "old glory" was in evidence everywhere.

The gathering was so large that seats had to be placed in the aisles to accommodate the people standing. On the platform were Rev. S. H. Watkins, Rev. A. H. Wyatt, Mr. W. N. Simons, Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school, Rev. F. E. Robbins, Mr. D. A. Hull, Superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school, Rev. T. K. Noble and Mr. Charles E. Curtis, Superintendent of the First Congregational Sunday school.

The order of exercises was as follows: Opening hymn—"Great God of Nations," etc.

Invocation—Rev. T. K. Noble. Anthem by the Choir.

Responsive Reading led by W. N. Simons. Hymn—"Oward Christian Soldiers."

Prayer, Rev. S. H. Watkins. Address, Rev. A. H. Wyatt.

Hymn—"The Breaking Waves," etc. Addresses by Rev. F. E. Robbins and Rev. T. K. Noble.

Offertory duet, Mrs. Newkirk and Miss Sherwood.

Hymn, "My Country, 'tis of thee." Benediction, Rev. S. H. Watkins.

The several speakers emphasized different points. Rev. Mr. Wyatt spoke on the bravery of our soldiers and the need of bravery in the battle for Christ.

Rev. Mr. Robbins spoke of the patriotic wives and mothers during the civil war, and Dr. Noble spoke of the sufferings of the soldiers and the gratitude we owe them.

The atmosphere of the entire meeting was that of christian patriotism, and all departed with love of country imbedded more firmly in their hearts.

AT GRACE CHURCH.

In the evening the G. A. R. boys, to the number of nearly fifty, and the members of the Woman's Relief Corps, listened to an earnest sermon by Rev. S. H. Watkins. He urged decision for the right and for the cause of Christ. The music by the surpliced choir was particularly fine, Miss Nash presided at the organ with her usual superiority and a solo rendered by Mr. Harry Pepper, was particularly fine and enjoyable.

The church was packed to its utmost capacity and a collection in aid of the fund for the decoration of soldiers' graves next Saturday, amounting to nearly \$20, was taken up.

Sarah E. Randall of Islip, L. I. has purchased two building lots on West Main street of Mrs. Esther A. Bradley.

—Subscribe for THE GAZETTE.

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—NEW YORK DIVISION May 2, 1895.

Trains leave South Norwalk as follows: For New York—Accommodation trains at 9.35 a. m., 1.11, 2.54, 4.07, 5.30, 6.50, 8.11, 10.30 p. m. Express trains at 4.55, 5.45, 6.15 (local) 6.55, (local) 7.05, (local) 7.55, (local) 8.21, 9.03 (local) 9.58, 10.43, 11.37 (local) a. m. 12.52, 2.25, 4.20, 5.25, 6.20, 7.57 p. m. For Washington via Harlem River 12.53 a. m. (daily) SUNDAYS—Accommodation 9.15 a. m., 6.14 (local), 7.23 (local) 9.28 p. m. Express 4.55 5.45 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'k'n) 4.30, 5.27, 6.27, 7.28 (to B'k'n) 8.41, 9.41 and 11.15 p. m. Express trains at 1.11, 9.0 9.11, 10.05, 11.08 a. m. 12.05, 3.03, 5.07 (Naugatuck Express) 7.10 p. m. SUNDAYS—Accommodation 7.35, 9.12 a. m. and 7.15 p. m. Express 1.11 and 1.30 a. m. C. T. HEMPSTEAD, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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HOSEA LURVEY.

"That man with the walking stick? Why, that's Hosea Lurvey, of Brodick, Esq. Looks like he owned the hull town and part of the next, don't he?"

"Not old Hod Lurvey, of Tick Ridge?"

"The very same." Hiram Tucker smiled at his companion's incredulity. "I don't wonder you're surprised, if you recollect how Mrs. Lurvey used to run things up at the Ridge. Hod had no more to say than that yaller cat down by the wall. But there's many a change in these fifteen years you've been gone."

"I should have thought it would have taken twice fifteen years to make such a piece of pomsposit out of Hod Lurvey. He was the worst heckpeddled man I ever saw," replied Jasper Burroughs, tipping his chair back against the wall, preparatory to a long talk with his old-time friend and neighbor.

"I told you about the saddle they bought, just before I sold out, didn't I? No? Then I must. They come into the store, and Mrs. Lurvey asked to look at saddles. Of course I thought it was for herself, so I brought out a woman's saddle. She shook her head. 'I want a man's saddle. It's for my husband.'"

"So I took them out into the back shop where there was a lot hanging up. She looked them over, asked the price of this, and found fault with that, and, finally, picked out the poorest and cheapest of the lot. It was a shame, too, for the Lurveys were well-to-do folks, and it's cheapest in the long run to buy good luther. 'Mayhap your husband might like to see the saddle, before you pay for it,' I said, pitying the shamed-faced little man.

"Why, don't you know Mr. Lurvey? He always depends on my judgment. This is my husband," drawing him forward, as if he had been a bashful boy. "Make a bow, Mr. Lurvey."

"He didn't come into the shop again while I owned it, he was that ashamed, or else that shrewd of his wouldn't let him come to the village alone. I don't suppose he ever had a cent to call his own. And now you tell me that pompous old gentleman was Hod Lurvey. Why, it would be nothing short of a miracle."

"It's quite a story, Jasper; but if you don't mind listening, I'll tell you how it come about," replied Hiram Tucker, moving his chair so that he could watch the growing interest in his friend's face. "Things got to such a pass betwixt the Lurveys after you went off that I just couldn't stand it, so one day, when Hod was cutting bushes out in the further corner of the pasture, well off of sight of the house. I went over to him, and sez, 'I."

"Hod, why don't you assert your independence, and take your lawful place as head of your family?"

"You orter see him start and turn white. If a cannon ball had taken his head clean off he couldn't have been more surprised."

"I mean it," sez I. "You're a full-grown man, and orter take your place in the world as a man, not a mouse, to be scart by a woman. The Scripser, says a man shall be the head of the household. There's no earthly reason why you shouldn't be of yourn."

"Do you think so?" he asked, turning white as a sheet. The idee had struck him all at once, and had come nigh being too much for him. It showed plainer than words could have done how it galled him to have things go the way they had. 'Mrs. Lurvey says I'm not to be trusted,' he added, hopelessly.

"Well, trust you any time," sez I. "Come out to the village and get what you want at airy one of the stores; they'll trust you till harvesting if you'll come out like a man and do your own business."

"Do you know, you've come jest in the nick of time?" asked Hod, looking me full in the face. 'Mrs. Lurvey has bargained the farm away, this old farm that father cleared, and she says I have got to sign the deed to night. I'd ruther sign away my right hand, and if you'll stand by me I won't do it.'"

"Well, the outcome on't was that the farm warn't sold, but Mrs. Lurvey packed her trunk in a hurry and went down country to her folks, and left Hod with everything to see to, and hayin' jest comin' on. There was ten cows, and seven calves, and five cosset lumps, and hens, and chickens, and ducks, and geese, and turkeys, and the three children. The youngest hadn't been weaned and the oldest warn't more'n ten year old. She thought if Hod was conceited enough to think he could run his own business, he might tend to hern as well. But it was the best thing that ever happened to Hod."

"He come over and wanted my Jane Maria go and keep house for him. Now, Jane was as capable a girl as one often sees at fifteen, and there was Susan to take her place at home, so I sez: 'Go.' Then he told Ben—the boy was growing up as lazy and sassy as a lad need be—that he'd pay him every week if he'd tend to the poultry right up prime. That kept him and the turks both out'n mischief."

"'Twas surprising how self-reliant Hod growed from day to day. He didn't ask advice from nobody, but went right ahead. It seemed as if he grewed taller. He sartinly did hold his head higher. He got a new suit of clothes, his first boughten suit, and a tall hat and a buggy, and sold two old cows that had been more plague than profit to him, and a lot of things that he had been bankering to do."

"The neighbors begun to hope that Mrs. Lurvey had gone off for good, Hod was getting on so much better without her, when the stage stopped at their door one night, and out she got. Jane had just come to the door with the baby in her arms. Hod was bringing in the milk."

"What are you here for?" demanded Mrs. Lurvey, looking cross enough to snap the girl's head off. "Put on your things and go home."

"You won't do any such thing, Jane," commanded Hod, firmly. "I hired you to work here, and here you'll stay till after harvesting," and

he looked his wife full in the face, like one who meant to be master.

"They had it back and forth for a week, Jane told me, before Mrs. Lurvey would give him a mite of peace, but Hod was as firm as a rock. She might go or stay, as she chose, but he was going to be master in his own house. But such a life as she led him!

"We was afraid Hod couldn't stand the pressure, and if he yielded an inch he was lost. If only he could be got out from that everlasting nagging until he got more self-assertion."

"Why not send him to the legislature?" asked my wife.

"Why, he don't know the first thing about politics," sez I. "We want somebody to do credit to the town. Hod hain't been out to town meetin' since he took the freeman's oath, twenty odd year ago."

"But wife said things couldn't go so badly to rack and ruin at the state house as they was going at Tick Ridge, even if he did vote the wrong way, and the only thing that would really help Hod was to show Mrs. Lurvey that some folks respected his opinions, if she didn't."

"It would be more credit to Brodick to save Hod Lurvey than to send the smartest man in town," sez she, and we couldn't disagree with her.

"Well, we talked it up one side and down the other at the caucus. Rafe Willey, who had been representative for five years, and of course expected to be again, said he 'nuff sight ruther Hod should have it, and would work for him. There was no danger but we could carry the town easy enough. There warn't a man, far nor near, but would give all his old hats to get even with Mrs. Lurvey."

"Hod did not know what was up, but I made him promise to go down and vote. He said he would come over, cross lots, and go down with me. When I went out to the barn that morning who should I see but Hod coming up the hill with his old clothes on, and looking as meaching as a whipped dog."

"She suspected I was going to the village to-day and got tearing mad," sez he. "She locked my store clothes up and put the key in her pocket and told me to be lively about the chores, for we was going to pick geese to-day. I fed around, then made tracks for here. I guess I might as well give up fast as last. It will have to come. I don't believe that man lives who could stand up against her when she gets in a rage."

"You're tired and hungry," sez I; 'come in to breakfast, then we'll talk things over.'"

"I don't suppose I was as sympathetic as I might have been, for if there's anything under the sun that riles me it is to have a man under a woman's thumb."

"It took some argufying to screw his courage up to the pint of buying a second suit of clothes, but he done it; and there warn't a sprucer looking man at town meeting that day than Hosea Lurvey. We had agreed to stop calling him Hod and to call him Hosea or Mr. Lurvey, to see if that wouldn't prop up his self-respect a little."

"He voted the straight ticket through till they come to town representative; then his name was proposed and was greeted with such a cheer that the moderator said it was a waste of time to ballot and we'd elect him by acclamation. Then we escorted him home in fine style."

"Mrs. Lurvey come to the door all primed and loaded to give him a Scotch blessing, and was some took back to see so many of us. Col. Hooker stepped forward and sez, sez he: 'Allow me, madam, to introjuce to ye our new representative, Hosea Lurvey, of Brodick, Esq.'"

"You've hit it right for once," she answered. "If there's an E-s-q. anywhere it ain't Hod Lurvey that deserves the title, and I ain't overly sure that Brodick does, either, if it's made such a fool of itself. Waal, Mr. Lurvey, of Brodick, Esq.," making him a mocking bow, 'ye better bid your friends good night and come in. I've got a little account to settle with ye.'"

"Thank ye kindly, but I promised to go down to the colonel's to supper," sez he. "We only come up to tell ye the news." Then how we cheered for our new representative.

"That night the hull town turned out to serenade him, and on one pretext or another he warn't alone much for the next few days."

"He hired Nathan Simpson to run the farm whilst he was gone, and told him what to do and how to do it. Mrs. Lurvey might as well have tried to drive a mule as to make Nate go agin Hosea's orders. There was different works at Tick Ridge from that time."

"You never see how Hosea improved when once he had a chance. He took right holt of politics as though he had been brought up to 'em all his life and it warn't long before he had the reputation of being about 'as shrewd as they make 'em."

"We knowed, when we met him at the post office, on his way home the first time, that our experiment had succeeded, and he was going home to rule the roost. Mrs. Lurvey seed it, too, and give up trying to hold her own agin him. He has been to the legislature every other term since. We send Rafe Willey other times. 'This year he is first selectman and overseer of the poor.'"

"He has got one of the finest stock farms in the state, and has things in a different style from any Brodick has ever had afore. He's makin' money faster'n any other man at Tick Ridge and spends more, too. That is where his independence shows itself most, for Mrs. Lurvey is tighter than the bark to a tree, and keeps saving they will be on the town yet. Well, if they be, we'll help 'em out with a deal better grace than if Hod had never proved himself a man. The boys was grown up fine, steady young men, and the gal is one to be proud of."

"You must go over to Tick Ridge, but I warn you that Mrs. Lurvey will introduce him to ye as the colonel did that night, Hosea Lurvey, of Brodick, Esq."—N. Y. Herald.

AN EXPENSIVE RIDE. SEVERELY SCALDED.

Edward Kelly a delivery clerk at the New York Grocery store and O. Willets a clerk at the Atlantic and Pacific Tea store, were placed under arrest between 12 and 1 o'clock, Monday morning.

The causes leading up to the arrest were as follows: About 8 o'clock Sunday evening, Manager Lyons of the New York store was surprised to find Kelly and another man in possession of one of the company's horses, and both men apparently under the influence of liquor. He ordered the horse taken back to the stable.

This order Willets who had the lines refused to obey and drove off. Mr. Lyons then mounted his wheel and rode to South Norwalk where he advised Manager Beardon of the situation and the two started in pursuit of Kelly and Willets, but were not successful in overhauling them. They then visited the different stables and learned at Gregory's stable that a carriage had been secured there by Kelly.

The police were instructed to watch for the offenders, Mr. Lyons stating that the horse had been taken without his permission.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock the police discovered a turnout on Main street answering the description of the one given and placed the occupants under arrest, and took the team to the stable. One shaft of the carriage was broken and one spring was wrecked.

The horse was much jaded and threatened to fall down. It had been at work on the delivery wagon the day before until nearly 12 o'clock, and as was learned had been kept on the go all day Sunday. Naturally, Mr. Lyons was much incensed at the cruel treatment of the animal and will prosecute the offenders to the extent of the law.

Owing to some misunderstanding the officer who made the arrest did not put in an appearance at the time a hearing was called for in the court Monday morning, and a further hearing was adjourned until afternoon.

In the meantime, Charles Finch became surety in the sum of \$50 for the appearance of Kelly who was released.

O. Willets a young man implicated in the escapade with a horse taken from the New York Grocery store stables, was fined \$15 Monday afternoon by Judge Hubbell.

The continued case of Edward Kelly, who was also a party to the escapade, came up that morning. Kelly pleaded guilty to three counts, intoxication, breach of the peace and using a horse without permission. The case was continued until June 3d at which time sentence will be pronounced.

Alfred, the three year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Hodson of Orchard street was the victim of what might have proven a fatal accident, Monday, and which as it is will keep him confined to his bed and a sufferer for some days.

The child's mother had placed a pail of scalding hot water on the floor to cool. In the room was her little son who last week for the first time had been placed in trousers.

In some manner not yet understood, the little fellow backed up to and by a mistop as is thought, sat squarely down into the hot water. His mother's attention was attracted by a splash and the screams of her child, and she was horrified to see the predicament into which he had fallen.

She hastily grabbed him up scalding her hands in so doing, and as quickly as possible tore the steaming garments from his body and called for help, which call was promptly answered.

Dr. Dexter Hitchcock was summoned, and in the meantime everything possible had been done to relieve the agony which the child was suffering. The doctor after his arrival prescribed cooling lotions and otherwise cared for the burns which were quite severe.

Fortunately the little trousers worn by the child were of thick material which in a great measure prevented the burns from being of a fatal nature.

Much sympathy is expressed for the bright little fellow and his parents. He was this morning reported as getting along as well as could be expected.

They Are Grateful.

The members of Buckingham Post, G. A. R. feel very grateful for the many expressions of interest manifested yesterday in their work of honoring the memory of dead soldiers, the finishing part of which work will be fittingly carried on Memorial day, by strewing the graves of their departed comrades with flowers. The collections at the Memorial church services, yesterday, amounted to about \$40 which sum will be presented to the Post for disbursement.

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The Norwalk Fire Insurance Co

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THE SHIP BUCEPHALUS.

"No snipe shooting to-morrow, sir."

The officer of the life patrol paused with lighted lantern on his arm, his sou'wester buttoned close up to his throat and the peak of his oilskin cap pulled far down over his weatherbeaten face and passed out into the night.

As he opened the door a gust of wind swept the knob from his grasp, dashed the framework against the wall of the chamber and extinguished the flickering oil lamp that made shift to render visible the darkness of the room.

Clarence Baxter hastily fastened the door after the retreating figure, re-lighted the lamp and sat down on the sea chest which served as a chair and a bed. A strange place it was, this beach-comber's cabin. Timbers from every ship that had come ashore on Coffin beach these 50 years were woven into its heterogeneous framework. Here a part of a steamship's deckhouse, there a stanchion from the sturdy hull of some long-forgotten merchantman, yonder the patched wainscoting of a clipper ship's once gorgeous cabin—check-by-jowl these relics of departed pride stood like monuments of the dead past in some strange nautical cemetery.

Outside the gale raged with increasing fury. Low though it sat between the sand dunes, the solid walls of the hovel trembled and rocked under the impact of the blast like a ship in a heavy sea. Such a spring storm had not been seen on the coast for years—not since the night (as a veteran told afterward) when the clipper ship Bucephalus came ashore 'way back in the '50s. In the angle over there the prow of this vessel formed a sort of cornerstone for the strange structure, and the horse in the figurehead stared at Baxter with the sightless eyes of an emblem of death.

He would have been puzzled to explain why he felt so strangely, left alone in this cozy cabin. Baxter was not a superstitious man, nor one given to sentimental vagaries or emotional weaknesses, and yet, as the door swung to after the officer, he felt for a moment a strange and unaccountable thrill—a chilling of the blood—a consciousness of something outside of his sphere of influence, superior to his power of control, that was gradually but surely working its will around and about him, the feeling was not one of fear. What, indeed, was he to be afraid of? Surely not of the storm, for he was cozily housed. Not the thieves or marauders, for he and the coast guardsmen were the only human beings on that strip of beach. Of what, then, was he fearful? It was all nonsense, he said—he was not afraid at all.

Baxter shivered as he threw another piece of driftwood on the fire and drew closer to the green-blue blaze of the copper-stained timber that cast fantastic, many-hued shadows on the rough walls. "No going back to the mainland to-night," he thought, as the picture of the storm-lashed bay rose before his mind, and he silently ob-jurgated the secretary of the treasury who had promulgated the order forbidding the life-saving men to entertain guests in their cozy stations.

The tea chest was filled with old newspapers, the officer had said, with which he might, perhaps, while away an hour. He lifted the lid. Yes—so it was—prints running back for many years, tied up and labeled in a cramped handwriting—that of Calamity Dick's, probably, the fisherman who, until his death last year, had occupied this cabin since no man remembered when. Turning them over, Baxter saw that the packets contained clippings descriptive of the wrecks on this same stretch of sand, called Coffin beach—"Cemetery beach would be better," Baxter thought, as he surveyed the yellow headlines. "Bark Excelsior, June, 1842," read one; "30 drowned, two saved;" "Ship Andromache, January, 1843, 28 drowned, none saved," read another "Ship Harold," 16 drowned, four saved; "Clipper Vanguard, 86 drowned, 15 saved," and so on through a pile of packages that reached knee high as he laid them on the floor. Near the bottom was a larger bundle labeled "Clipper Bucephalus, March, 1856, 122 drowned, four saved." Where had he heard of that ship? "Bucephalus—Bucephalus," he repeated, reflectively, to himself. "Oh, yes, the ship the old figurehead came from," and he began to untie the dusty package.

But slowly it came back to him that he had heard the name before he came to Coffin beach. "Where?" As he asked the question a newspaper, bearing the date 1856, lay spread before him, and his eyes rested on the headlines: "Clipper Ship Bucephalus, Liverpool to New York, Ashore on Coffin Beach, April 26. The ill-fated vessel, which was owned by H. B. Baxton & Co.,—Front street, this city, missed its reckoning and ran ashore on Coffin beach at three o'clock on the morning of Tuesday last and became a total wreck. The life-saving crew at this place, one of the most dangerous points on the coast, is not on duty at this season of the year. At ten o'clock on the following morning, before anything could be done to rescue the crew and passengers, the ship went to pieces in the terrific surf that was running. Of the ship's company, 82 steerage passengers, six cabin passengers and 34 of the crew were drowned. The second mate, Mr. Lalor, and three sailors came ashore alive on pieces of wreckage—the sole survivors of the disaster. The captain, W. B. Wilkins, perished with his ship. Mr. Lalor, who was seen by a correspondent of this paper yesterday, states that the vessel's loss was due to the fact that her owner had neglected to provide a proper chronometer, although repeatedly warned of the peril run by the lack of this essential instrument. Mr. Baxton is noted among metropolitan merchants for his great wealth and extreme parsimony. It is said that the matter will be laid before the authorities, in order that the cause of the wreck may be thoroughly sifted, and the blame for this terrible sacrifice of innocent lives placed where it belongs."

—The Brooklyn bridge is 278 feet above the river.

In pencil across the margin of the clipping was scrawled in Colamity Dick's cramped script: "And 30 of 'em wimin, and Lalor says the captain died a cussin' the owner as the seas swept them pore folks offen the deck into the surf."

Baxton stared at the paper before him. My God! he had heard of the Bucephalus before.

True, he was not born until years after this terrible event, yet the memory of it had poisoned all of his mother's remaining days. "Baxter, the Bucephalus Murderer," he had heard somebody say in his father's lifetime, but until to-night he never knew the meaning of the words. And here, on the very scene of the horror, the son of its author was domiciled under the cabin walls of that long-lost ship. Yonder its figurehead mocked him with staring eyes!

"The hull is breaking up!" It is no longer the fisherman's house, but the cabin of a sinking ship. See how the timbers strain and wrench as the keel pounds on the remorseless sand; hear how the waves thunder on the deck above, as though to crush the trembling fabric; listen to the creaking of the overstrained timbers! The water is slowly rising yonder, where the cabin floor is lowest. Who are these that crowd down the companionway—women scantily clad—terror in their eyes, their hands bleeding, their naked feet raw from contact with the cruel ropes? One is an aged gentleman who leans feebly on the shoulders of a young man—her gray hair streams over her brow, her dim eyes look with a mother's tender love on her son's resolute young face. All these poor creatures are chilled with exposure, weak with suffering. Two of the women lead, another carries a child. "Better to drown here," says one, bitterly, "than to freeze to death on deck." (Baxter does not hear these words, but he sees the lips move and knows what they are saying.) Then the little group huddles close together in the gloom, the mothers gather their children to their breasts, and one, an ancient gentlewoman, prays silently, as she locks hands with the stripling. "I pray Thee, O Father, if it be Thy will, take me and spare him."

* * * Now the pale lips of the woman are still, her head sinks on her breast and the son rises with a terrible cry—(Baxter cannot hear that cry, but he sees the man's awful eyes and knows what he says). "My mother is dead!" Then the waves pound harder on the deck, the timbers shrink and creak and groan, the fabric lifts and falls with dull, terrible thuds—it is high tide—the ship is breaking up. Although it is day, the cabin grows darker and darker. The water rises higher. Baxter must save himself. He staggers across the heaving floor where mother and son lie dead in each other's arms, reaches the companionway, gains the deck—and then, before him, over the shattered bulwarks, to which clings half a hundred miserable, drowning creatures, looms a great towering wall of green water. Lashed to the mizzen shrouds, the captain, trumpet in hand, sees not the coming avalanche—his glance rests only on the face that is emerging from the companionway—Baxter's face. Casting off the rope that holds him to this place of safety, with livid stare and blazing eye, he points straight at Baxter.

"See, see," he cries, "the murderer Baxton! Curses on you—curses on you—curses!" In a second it was over. The monstrous hill of water, the double wave that marks the flood-tide, strikes the shattered ship a full, fair blow, mounts as high as the yardarm, clear over the decks, shatters the weakened hull to fragments and bears down mast and bowsprit in one common ruin, amid an awful grinding and crushing and a splintering of timbers. Then rises a great shriek that pierces to heaven over the tumult of the sea (Baxter cannot hear that shriek, but he feels it), followed by the boiling seethe of waters—and the wave passes on, leaving naught to tell the fate of the Bucephalus save a few scattered spars, a few battered corpses (ghastly playthings of the tide) and—that is all.

The following is from the Daily Record of April 28, 18—:

"A strange accident happened at Coffin Beach on Friday last. Clarence Baxton, a well-known New Yorker, went down on Thursday for a bit of snipe shooting, expecting to return that night. Prevented from doing so by the storm, he sought refuge in a fisherman's cabin on the beach, where the life patrol left him at 10 o'clock in the evening, comfortably housed and provided with light and fuel. The tide rose to an extraordinary height during the night, so much so that the flood wave (as the last wave of the high tide is called) swept clear over the sand dunes that line the beach, overwhelmed the cabin and swept it out to sea, carrying with it the unfortunate gentleman, whose body was cast up on the shore by the returning tide next morning. Not a vestige of the cabin remained, save the figurehead of a ship, which formed part of the structure. It is curious to note that the succeeding ebb tide, which was an extremely low one, exposed upon the beach the hull of a large ship, supposed to be the remains of the clipper Bucephalus, which was wrecked on the sands some forty years ago. The deceased was the son of the late H. B. Baxton, a prominent merchant of this city."—Vanity.

Bigotry has no head and cannot think; no heart, and cannot feel. When she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruin; her prayers are curses—her god is a demon—her communion is death—her vengeance is eternity—her decalogue written in the blood of her victims; and if she stops a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon a kindred rock, to whet her vulture fang for a more sanguinary desolation.—Daniel O'Connell.

