

Advertisement for Sweet Caporal Cigarettes featuring a pack of cigarettes and the brand name.

There is a circle of forts from one to two miles away from the inner wall. Nearly 2,000 cannons are used to fortify these forts.

Queer Telegraphy. Telegraphy by induction between parallel wires about two miles apart was successfully accomplished recently in Scotland.

DRAMATIC COURT SCENE.

Confesses a Crime Through Fear of Ghastly Accusation. Up in New Hampshire the officers of the law have just used with effect that very ancient test by which one accused of murder is suddenly and unexpectedly confronted with some horrible proof of his crime.

The latest example was in the courtroom at Woodsville, N. H., where Milo Gray was on trial for the murder of his wife. This man Gray, a farmer of dissolute life, married a widow, a Mrs. Drew.

October 18 last George Brill, a farmer living on the road between East Haverhill and Bath, found the skeleton of a woman under a heap of rubbish in the cellar of his house.

The record of the first Kentucky brigade in the confederate army, almost continuously in action or on the march for a hundred days in 1864; retreating from their homes, with the hope of success steadily fading away; 1,140 strong at the beginning, suffering 1,860 fatal or hospital wounds, with only 50 left unwounded, yet mustering 240 at the end, with less than ten desertions—such a record has never been surpassed.

Chinese Invitations. The Chinese send three invitations to the guests that they desire to see at their great feasts. The first is dispatched two days before the feast, the second on the day itself, in order to remind those they have invited of their engagement, and the third just before the hour has arrived, so as to show how impatient they are to see their friends arrive.

A grewsome tale is told of two small children drifting around in the open Atlantic in a small boat. Their father had set out with them in the boat from Newfoundland for Lisbon, but he had died eight days after setting sail.

In 1891 this country imported 84,000 gallons of vermouth, and it is estimated this year the amount will be 225,000 gallons. As vermouth is used in the manufacture of a certain kind of cocktail it would seem that the cocktail habit is growing.

Two-thirds of the stray unruzzed dogs impounded in London so far have been fox terriers. "Between 7,000 and 8,000 of these have been removed from our midst," says the Daily Telegraph, "without causing any appreciable diminution."

Quickens The Appetite Makes the Weak Strong.

Advertisement for Ayer's Sarsaparilla with the brand name in large letters.

Welcome Soap.

New England housekeepers are too wide awake to be fooled into buying inferior soap more than once, just because there is a present given with it.



On washing-day they want only the best soap; next day they buy their own present.



The Pathlight. They who ride must see the road. The Pathlight makes bright the way. All dealers sell it.

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.

BRAUNSCHWEIGER MUMME.

A PURE MALT EXTRACT. A SUBSTITUTE FOR SOLID FOOD. Highest percentage Extract. Lowest percentage Alcohol. An effective tonic.

Long Island Bottling Co., 280-284 Bergen St., Brooklyn. FOR SALE BY EDWARD P. WEED.

Reduction in Millinery. Beginning to-day, all my Hats and Bonnets which are made up in the latest styles, will be sold at a great reduction.

MRS. E. DIVEN, 58 Wall Street, Norwalk, Conn.

OVER JACKSON'S JEWELRY STORE.

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.

F. KOCOUR, MERCHANT TAILOR, 17 North Main St., South Norwalk.

Raymond & Son. Successors to George H. Raymond.

Furniture Dealers and General Funeral Directors. 46 and 48 Main Street Norwalk Ct.

Residence, Berkeley Place.

TRIED TO WRECK A TRAIN.

Serious Accident Narrowly Averted on N. Y., N. H. and H. Near Dodgeville.

ATTLEBORO, Mass., June 12.—An attempt was made to wreck the fast freight train on the Providence division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad near Dodgeville today.

A search was at once begun for clues of the would be train wreckers by L. W. Strong, a railroad police officer, and Deputy Sheriff Read. Several tramps were found in the vicinity, and John Arnold of Cincinnati, Alfred Chittuck of St. John, N. B.; John Silney of Halifax, William Parkinson of New Bedford, Mass.; Thomas Dromwell of Fall River, Mass., and Charles Francis McCarthy of New Bedford were all placed under arrest on suspicion of being implicated in the attempt to wreck the train.

There is much excitement here over the affair, as it is the third attempt at train wrecking that has been made in this vicinity within a month.

Postmasters Appointed.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—The fourth class postmasters appointed today were: Virginia—Irwin, G. W. Brown. Maryland—Mountain, J. R. Stephenson; Scarborough, J. J. Healy, and Stevenson, W. T. Sargent.

Uniform Copyright Law. LONDON, June 12.—The third sitting of the third congress of chamber of commerce of the empire was opened in Grocers' hall today. The congress adopted resolutions favoring the formation of a consultative imperial council, a uniform copyright law throughout the empire and the laying of the proposed submarine cable between Australia and Canton at the earliest possible time.

Oarsman Hanlan's Narrow Escape. TORONTO, June 12.—Ned Hanlan, the famous oarsman, had a very narrow escape from drowning today.

Trolley Accident in Boston. BOSTON, June 12.—The passengers on a Lynn and Boston electric car in Chelsea became frightened at the blowing out of a fuse, and several jumped to the ground.

Davis and Bradford Transferred. WASHINGTON, June 12.—Commander C. H. Davis has been detached from the command of the Montgomery and ordered to duty as a member of the board of inspection and survey in place of Commander R. B. Bradford, ordered to command the Montgomery.

Walling's Trial Drags Along. NEWPORT, Ky., June 12.—Colonel Walling was able to appear today in the Walling trial. Much time was devoted to argument on the admissibility of some of the depositions. It now appears that the case may run into next week.

Putting Fighting Ships in Trim. WASHINGTON, June 12.—All of the vessels of the north Atlantic squadron will be docked and cleaned preparatory to the summer drills, and orders have been given to have this done as soon as possible.

Congress Adjourns. WASHINGTON, June 12.—Congress has adjourned, and already most of the senators and representatives have left the city to look after their political fences.

The Weather. Fair; warmer; westerly winds. FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Closing Quotations of the New York Stock Exchange.

Table listing various stock and commodity prices, including New York, Chicago, and other markets.

General Markets. NEW YORK, June 11.—FLOUR—State and western dull and weak; city mills patents, \$4.25@4.50; winter patents, \$3.65@3.80.



The Indian medicine man cures by charms and incantations. He frightens away the "evil spirit" who causes the sickness.

low the little sickness to grow into the big sickness. They allow constipation to grow into indigestion, heartburn, dizziness, headache, insomnia, and a hundred other distressing conditions.



The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in plain English, or Medicine Simplified by K. V. Pierce, M. D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., 1068 pages, illustrated, 65,000 copies sold at \$1.50.

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.

DAVID W. RAYMOND Funeral Director and Embalmer.

89 Washington Street South Norwalk Residence, Mahaackemo 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.

THE SONG OF HURRY.

Oh! it's hurry, hurry, hurry! and it's hurry all you can do...

A HEROINE UNAWARES.

The Story of a Western Emigrant's Plucky Daughter.

The red sun hung above the dim, hazy earth like a glowing ball of fire...

"Well, 'is, where are they?" asked the commander. "Less'n ten mile. Broke a wagon wheel an' went inter camp muddin' airly..."

LUCKY STORM DOOR.

A man who registered as Fred Bulkley of Danbury fell from a third story window at the Tremont Hotel...

A man who registered as Fred Bulkley of Danbury fell from a third story window at the Tremont Hotel, Bridgeport, last night, and escaped death only by having his fall broken by the roof of a storm door...

A PRETTY WEDDING.

The Marriage of Seymour Taft and Miss Gussie Gnsowski Celebrated.

The residence of Mr. Elias Gnsowski on Main street was the scene of a pretty wedding Tuesday afternoon.

A MOSLEM MISSIONARY.

What He Did for an American Boy in Egypt.

The old Egyptian cemetery at Assiout is a desolate, sandy tract of land, with a desert stretching away on either hand.

FISCHER PIANOS.

56 YEARS ESTABLISHED. GRAND AND UPRIGHT. NEARLY 100,000 MANUFACTURED.

The water tank on Main street is being placed in thorough repair.

BUCHANAN & LYALLS TOBACCO.

STANDARD AMONG CONNOISSEURS.

Advertisement for Buchanan & Lyalls Tobacco, featuring the B.L. logo and 'The Great Battle' text.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Is to be Elected, and the THE NEW YORK Weekly Tribune.

will, as always, be found in the thickest of the fight, battling vigorously for sound business principles...

ONE YEAR FOR ONLY \$1.00.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO THE GAZETTE.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2 Tribune Building, New York City...

G. A. FRANKE, THE HAIR CUTTER.

No. 1 Gazette Building, Norwalk. HOT AND COLD BATHS.

Has now completed its 32d successful business year, and has not outstanding a dollar of unpaid losses or claims for losses.

The Norwalk Fire Insurance Co.

Whether from the care of Ibrahim or from his own strong constitution, the young American struggled back to life and to a long, fretful, restless convalescence.

Whether from the care of Ibrahim or from his own strong constitution, the young American struggled back to life and to a long, fretful, restless convalescence.

MELANIE GAVOTTE.

Arranged by PAUL CAMP. Tempo di Gavotte.

Music by W. E. BOGET.

THE COMING OF VAL.

Val's coming! Sing, birds in the maples—sing sweet! Rain, blossoms, in storms at his beautiful feet! O winds! toss the violets over his way. And God guard the night, and give light to the day! The blossoms are blowing—the brown bees are humming, and a voice in my soul echoes still: "He is coming!"

HER DAY OF LIBERTY.

BY LENA S. THOMPSON.

Mrs. Caleb Greene imagined herself a much-abused woman as she bustled about in her tidy kitchen one bright autumn morning. "I'm nothing but a household drudge—a drudge and nothing else! Who ever thinks I need a bit of pleasuring!" and here her thoughts wandered to what her neighbor, Mrs. Mallory, had said, and which was the real cause of her discontent. "You don't never go nowhere, do you, Mrs. Greene? Why, if I couldn't go to the city every week, I should feel way out of the world. You can't keep in with the prevailing style if you don't see nobody but the village folks!"—and then she told of the grand flower show in the great Casino, "where everybody as is anybody" went, and of the new cape and bonnet she had bought in town.

Though Mrs. Greene was as well off as her neighbor, she did her own housework, preferring to save in that way something for a rainy day, while Mrs. Mallory was considered by the village people a very shiftless woman, who delighted in airing her knowledge of city life, which consisted of a year at boarding school in town. Soon after her marriage to "Jim" Mallory she set up housekeeping and kept one servant, which prodigality and elegance caused her to feel quite superior to her neighbors.

Martha Greene was a devoted wife, and usually thought the work she now called "drudgery" the most delightful thing in the world—for she enjoyed making a happy home for Caleb, whom she had married two years previous. Of late a spirit of discontent had gradually crept upon her, and its power was more apparent after each visit from Mrs. Mallory.

Martha was passionately fond of flowers. When the flower show was held the year before in the adjacent city she was too ill to visit it, but now there was no really good reason why she should not go. As the busy season for the farmers had come, when she asked Caleb to drive her to town he did not see how he could leave his work for even a day.

"He might go if he only thought so. I wonder how he would feel to come home some day and not find me here to wait on him. Perhaps he might realize then that I need a little amusement once in awhile, after working from morning till night. I believe I'll try it. I'd like to feel at liberty to do just as I please for one day!"

So, while musing on her troubles, Martha prepared the noonday meal for Caleb and the farm hands; for, however much she thought herself deprived of enjoyment, she was too good a housekeeper and homemaker to leave Caleb to provide his own dinner. She prepared everything with care, ready to be placed upon the table. But it seemed as if fate was to be against her that morning. The stove was hard to manage—her doughnuts too brown and the biscuit were not as light as usual—and just as she was getting ready to dress herself, old Mrs. Porter called, prepared, as usual, to rehearse her "tale of woe" to any sympathizing listener. Hastily giving her a cup of tea and telling her she was very busy, Martha left the poor woman to wonder what had come over Mrs. Greene—"she who was hers so good to a body!"

On her way to the station to catch the noon train for the city she avoided the public highway and took a path less frequented, for even in her reckless, independent mood, she did not wish her neighbors to notice that she was going without her husband.

Since their marriage Caleb had always driven her to town, which was only ten miles distant, and while she did her shopping he would wait at the Travelers' inn talking over farm matters with kindred spirits; then what a cozy drive homeward they had together. In summer through the gathering twilight, or in winter with the full moon shining on the snow—they were full of happiness, and when they reached home, how proud she was to show him her purchases, in which he was always deeply interested.

The steam cars passed through the village to the city only three times each day, and as Martha took her seat in the rear car the bell at the factory was ringing the noon hour.

"What will Caleb do when he finds the little note by his plate?" she murmured to herself. "Gone to the city" and her name was all she had written. "Will he be so vexed that he will not meet me at the station when the evening train arrives?" But she had not told him when she was coming back; yet he must know that she would not stay in the city over night. Somehow, the more she thought about it the less attractive the city, with its flower show, seemed. By the time the train reached the depot she was so heartily sick of having her freedom that had there been an opportunity for her to return home at once she would have done so.

Following the crowd, she entered the large building where the flowers were exhibited. At first the beauty and fragrance of the wonderful plants and blossoms overpowered her. The feathery chrysanthemums, the exquisite orchids, magnificent roses and snowy lilies—how beautiful they all were! How much more she would have enjoyed it if Caleb had been with her! The ladies, so finely dressed, with their gallant attendants, and the little children in their gay attire, seemed even to belong with the flowers.

Tired and weary at last with what was, for her, unusual excitement, Martha was awestruck to hear, as she left the building, the clocks striking the hour of five!

"What shall I do?" thought Martha, "only 15 minutes before the train leaves, and I shall not be able to get to the depot if I walk, and there is no room in the street cars, not even for 'one more'! I will call a cab and perhaps, if the driver hurries, I may be there in time." But in spite of all her efforts, the train was leaving as she came in sight of the depot.

Tears of remorse and vexation filled her eyes, and for a few moments she was so disappointed that everything—even the buildings and the people in the streets—seemed in a whirl; but as her tired nerves recovered from the shock, she began to realize that something must be done, as it was already growing late.

Going to the telegraph office, she sent a message to her husband telling him she had missed the train and intended to walk home. She was very familiar with the way, and it was the time for the full moon; still she was rather timid about going alone, but she preferred that alternative to remaining in the city at a strange hotel. She had gone about a mile on her journey when she was overjoyed to hear a well-known voice say to her: "Mrs. Greene! is it possible that you are walking alone? Where is Caleb? He's not sick, I hope! Jump into my wagon and I will see you safe at your door!"

As Mr. Joseph Bigelow offered his hand to help her, she could have sunk at his feet from fatigue and anxiety; thanking him, she told him she had missed the train and had thought the only way for her to get home was to walk.

"They say the posie show is a great thing," said Farmer Bigelow; "been to see it? I heard Caleb saying at the post office, last night, as to how he was a-hurryin' with his work so as to take you there to-morrow to celebrate something—I didn't catch on just what—but I s'pose he changed his mind and let you go to-day."

"To-morrow, did you say?" asked Martha, very faintly.

"Yes, I'm sure he said it was a Thursday he spoke of, for he told Tom O'Brien he would let him have a day off, as he himself was going to take a holiday."

Every word the farmer spoke seemed like an arrow piercing her heart. What was to-morrow but her birthday! and while she had been thinking of Caleb as being thoughtless of her, he had been planning a surprise for her. As she reviewed her "day of liberty," how she hated herself for the utter foolishness and selfishness that she had shown! How worried and miserable she had made her husband! Would they never reach home that she might tell him she wanted no greater pleasure than to work and care for him?

After vainly trying to interest Martha in conversation, Joseph Bigelow gave up the attempt, thinking she must be asleep. The last two miles seemed endless, and when Martha saw the lights in the village she begged Mr. Bigelow to set her down at the foot of the lane leading to her house, as she was not afraid and it would take longer to go by the road. She thanked him again for his kindness, jumped from the wagon, leaving him to muse on "the peculiarities of most women."

Martha found the entry door open, and her husband's and bringing robes and shawls to put in the buggy, as the night was chilly after the sun had gone down. "Oh, Caleb!" she cried, and, sobbing as though her heart would break, she threw herself into his arms and told him her story.

"How could you be so thoughtless, dear," was what he said. "You made me very anxious, as you must know it was unsafe and venturesome for you to undertake the lonely walk home after nightfall. Thanks to Farmer Bigelow, you have reached home safely. I should have started at once to meet you after the message came, but one of the horses had to be shod and so I must wait."

Martha will not soon forgive herself for causing her good husband so much trouble, but she wisely thinks that only by her deeds can she convince him that she has no more any longing for a "day of liberty."—Good Housekeeping.

A Canine Peculiarity. Everyone has noticed the peculiar habit of all dogs in turning round several times before lying down. This idiosyncrasy is believed to be due to the habits of the wild animal, which found it necessary to turn round in weeds or grass several times in order to break them down for a bed.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Marylanders are "Craw-thumpers," a slang name for the lobster.

A NICE AUDIENCE.

It Was So Because It Was Compelled to Be.

Daniel Frisbee, once a newspaper man, now an actor, tells the San Francisco Call:

At one place called West Union, in Iowa, we had the oddest experience I have yet met with. We played in a hall thirty feet underground that had formerly been two saloons, the stage being composed of dining tables. Though the theater was packed with people, we might have been playing to wax figures for all the interest they exhibited in the play. There was not one laugh or sign of applause from the beginning to the end of the performance. We noticed a man going up and down the aisles, but did not pay much attention to him until he came behind the scenes after the show and was introduced as the proprietor of the theater—the ex-saloonkeeper.

"Pretty nice lot of an audience," he remarked to me with the pride of ownership.

"Yes, quite a lady-like one," I answered; "very gentle and timid."

"They've got to be. I walk up and down the aisles with a club, and if I see anyone making a noise I throw him out."

And that accounted for the silence. The people stood in such awe of the saloonkeeper that they did not dare to smile.

If a luckless wight smiles it never smiles again.

A DOG'S QUEER TRICK.

Evidence of Reasoning Power Shown in His Actions.

A dog and horse owned by Col. W. J. Hulings, of Oil City, Pa., says the Derick of that city, afford the neighbors considerable amusement. The animals are companions and full of intelligence. The horse has learned to pick and untie all sorts of knots, and unless the door is fastened by a padlock it is impossible to keep him in the stable during the present hot weather, with the laws in the neighborhood offering overpowering temptations in the way of juicy, clean grass. This trait gives the dog much trouble, for the horse pays no attention to his barking or sharp nippings, but keeps trespassing on the colonel's lawn or that of neighbors without discrimination. After trying by all manner of stratagems to get the horse back into the stable where he belongs, the dog will give up the job in disgust, rush into the house, and by barking or dragging at the dress of some of the lady members of the family, entice them to the window or yard, and as plainly as if he told in words show that the horse is in mischief. This performance has been repeated a dozen times during the summer and in no case has the dog begged outside assistance until he had tried by every effort of his own to persuade his companion to return to the stable.

CORNS AS WEATHER PROPHETS.

Said to Be Infallible by a Man Who Uses Them.

"Do you know that the best weather predictor in the world," said a well-known physician to a Philadelphia Record reporter, "is a well-developed hard corn on any of the principal toes? I have one on the third toe of my right foot that informs me of a coming change in the weather far more reliably than the signal service man with his wealth of scientific instruments. Of course, I keep the corn well pared, but that doesn't make a particle of difference with the merit of it as a prognosticator. Just about twenty-four hours before a change in the weather the corn begins its predictions by a sharp pain that I can only liken to a red-hot needle being thrust into the joint of the toe. The pain is intermittent, and for this I am thankful, for if it should pain without pause it would drive me daft. I can assign no cause for the phenomenon, nor have I ever been able to get a reason from the hundreds of doctors I know, many of whom are afflicted the same as myself. A great many of my patients are possessed of a similar infallible barometer, and many of them have come to me for relief. But the only relief I can suggest is to remove to a country where the weather never changes."

NOT SAVED BY HIS RANK.

German Emperor Was Hazed by the Students at Bonn.

Dr. W. Clark Robinson, of Edinburg, was a classmate of Emperor William of Germany at Bonn, says the Boston Transcript. Telling of his first meeting with the German emperor he said the other day: "It was in the fall of '75 when I first met the emperor. He was a student at Bonn. I shall never forget the amusing spectacle he presented. You know it is the custom of the students at Bonn to take a daily plunge in the waters of the Rhine. For the new man this is a trying ordeal. When they go down to the Rhine to take their first swim they are repeatedly ducked by the older students until they cry for mercy. Everyone was on the lookout for the prince's initial appearance, and when he ventured into the river he was ducked unmercifully. But William would never give up. Down again and again went the future emperor's head, but he pluckily refused to give up. Finally, when he had reached the verge of total-collapse, he was pulled out of the water looking more like a drowned rat than a live man. It took us nearly twenty minutes to bring around Germany's future ruler."

Artificial Snow.

The Popular Science Monthly tells a curious instance of the formation of artificial snow. It was witnessed in the town of Agen, in France, one night last winter. A fire broke out in a saw-mill when the temperature was ten degrees below the freezing point. The water thrown upon the fire was instantly vaporized, and, rising into the cold, dry air, was immediately condensed and fell as snow. What with bright starlight and a strong north-west wind blowing, the whirling snow above and the raging fire below, a brilliant spectacle was presented.

Musical score for piano, consisting of 18 staves of music with various dynamics and markings like 'pp', 'ff', 'cres', 'ff', 'Fine', 'mf'.

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