



TO ROTON POINT.

The Street Railway Company Making Arrangements to Build in the Spring.

Officials Now Going Over the Routes.

Now that the Mill Hill improvement enterprise is settled, the wide awake and enterprising Norwalk Street Railway Company, are seeking for pastures new. Their Cranbury Plain extension, it is expected will be completed this fall and who knows but that another year, this iron artery to bring business life blood to Norwalk, will stretch on to Redding, via Weston, and ultimately form a connecting link with the Danbury Trolley line, at Bethel? But that is of the future.

What immediately concerns Norwalk's interests now is the purpose to extend the southern end of this line from its present terminus at the Consolidated depot to Bell Island, Roton Point and Rowayton. Various lines and routes have been considered, but the one which upon the whole, is deemed the most feasible is said to be in general detail as follows: Starting from the Consolidated depot, and running thence in a nearly air line to the southwest side of Hickory Bluff to Bell Island, thence across the Bell Island sand beach to Pine Lodge at Roton, thence from Roton Point to Rowayton. This line has been gone over and critically examined by the company's engineer during the present week, and our information is to the effect that he considers this route to be preferable to the others which have heretofore been considered. One of these was over Flax Hill to the Ray Selleck corner, thence via the Roton Point Ridge road, crossing the bridge above the Consolidated tracks and striking the former Roton Point road near the old Keeler ice houses, etc. The other line was to follow the old stage road from South Norwalk to the Brookside corner and thence south to Rowayton and to Roton Point.

These lines, we are informed, have been abandoned as altogether too extended to reach the objective points desired, namely, Roton Point and Bell Island, and would accommodate no greater number of people along the route, than the shorter air line now practically settled upon and described above.

It is the present purpose to get everything in readiness to commence work on this last route and enterprise the first thing in the Spring and have cars running in time for next season's summer travel to and from Bell Island and Roton Point. Another thing that will rejoice all Norwalkers is the determination of this company to charge one uniform fare of five cents on this proposed new line, with a better road-bed, better cars and equipment than the present service furnished by the Tramway company. Perhaps the latter company is not to be so greatly blamed, in a business sense, for its Jewish charge of double fare for the short ride from Norwalk to Roton, as it finds it next to impossible to convey the crowds in comfort and safety, now overcrowding its cars, in the height of the summer season, to and from this beautiful shore resort. The Street Railway's new line will put a speedy and effectual end to all this.

John Wade a Sound Sleeper.

Serg-Major Wade of Col. Frost's staff, who does business in Water street under the firm name of Hubbell & Wade, is a sound sleeper. He says it is because of his clear conscience—or his liver—he does not know which. Tuesday night about midnight Jack Frost was hammering at the gates of the camp for entrance. Some of the field and non-commissioned officers of the Fourth got out of bed to look for a blanket. They did not care where it came from so long as they could get it. They passed Major Wade's tent and heard a snore. One of the shivering crew became envious of the supreme happiness that Wade's snoring indicated. The four conspirators entered the tent, and getting at each corner of Wade's bed they carried it out in the open air and to the front of the Adjutant's tent. The major slept on and his snore was as regular as if he was in his mansion in Norwalk. A crowd collected to see the sleeping beauty. A man falling over the cot awoke the sleeping angel, but the only notice Wade took of the change in affairs was to open his eyes, look about him, laugh and go to sleep again. Then the conspirators carried him and his cot to the tent again.—Bridgeport Farmer.

—Advertise in the GAZETTE.

AT INDIAN HARBOR.

E. C. Benedict's Elegant Residence Where Once Stood the Hotel.

Money Has Made a Transformation Scene.

Hon. E. C. Benedict and his family are now occupying their beautiful new summer home, where once stood the old Indian Harbor hotel and the famous American club house, and there Mr. Benedict has built one of the most beautiful residences along the Sound.

Work was begun upon the house by Mr. Benedict in April, 1895, he having purchased the property a short time before. He immediately put a large force of men upon the grounds, and the first thing he did was to level the Indian Harbor hotel. Although the house and grounds and all the improvements have not as yet been fully completed, Mr. Benedict has already spent a million and a half of dollars. Besides having a large force of men, with horses and carts, at work on the property, he also employed a steam dredger to dig out the harbor directly in front of his house so that his steam yacht Oneida could anchor practically at his front door step.

From a distance the house looks as though it were built of white marble, but in reality it is a stucco which covers the exterior, which is really more expensive and superior to marble, the walls being of brick and Portland cement, covered with a coating of stucco composed of marble dust and cement. The port cocher is one of the most striking things of beauty about the house. It is semi-circular, like the porch, and surrounded by an arched front. There are driveways on each side leading to the front doors. To the right of the main entrance is the drawing-room, 40x50 feet, with massive steel-sashed windows opening toward the Sound. It is plainly, yet exquisitely furnished. The windows are of plain plate glass, the object being that a natural view of the green foliage and blue sky is vastly superior to any stained glass that could be placed in the window. The furniture and tapestry are of modest hue. The interstices between the windows are finished with oval painted satin panels. The dining-room, which is at the end of the main hall, fronts the Sound. It is about the same size as the drawing-room and is finished in quartered oak. A border of highly polished oak runs around the ceiling, and beneath it is a deep, dark-green figured frieze. The various bedrooms, reception-rooms, library and study are in keeping with the simplicity of the rest of the house.

Perhaps one of the most notable things about the house is a trellised

lane running along the water front on the west side of the house, connecting Mr. Benedict's house with that of Mr. F. S. Hastings. The lane is built in four sections of white stucco columns, with cross pieces of the same material. It is fashioned after a pergola in Padua, Italy, and as far as known, is the only thing of this particular kind in the country. The four sections are nearly twenty feet long each, and three granite balconies, which overhang the water, jut out at regular intervals. The pergola is beautified with wisteria and creeping flowers.

Mr. Hastings' house is somewhat smaller than Mr. Benedict's, but of the same style of architecture, and fronts about fifty feet on Indian Harbor.

The general white effect of the buildings is relieved in the angle of the south and west wings by brilliant beds of flowers, with walks between. All around the water edge of the grounds the bluff is bordered by a massive wall. The dazzling whiteness of the house by day and its brilliancy by night, when lit by the electric light, make of it a really more conspicuous landmark than was the old Indian Harbor Hotel.

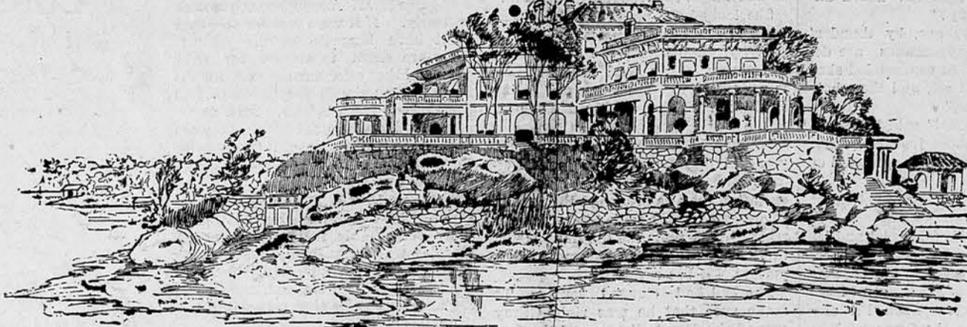
A feature that suggests comfort and is also prettily treated, is the little bathing beach on the southwest side, well remembered by Indian Harbor guests. The bathing house that has been built near it is of stone and stucco, with a semi-circular interior, on which opens the doors of a dozen or more rooms. There is another little temple or pagoda

on the eastern side of the ground. The architecture of the carriage house and stables, opposite the house, harmonizes with the house.

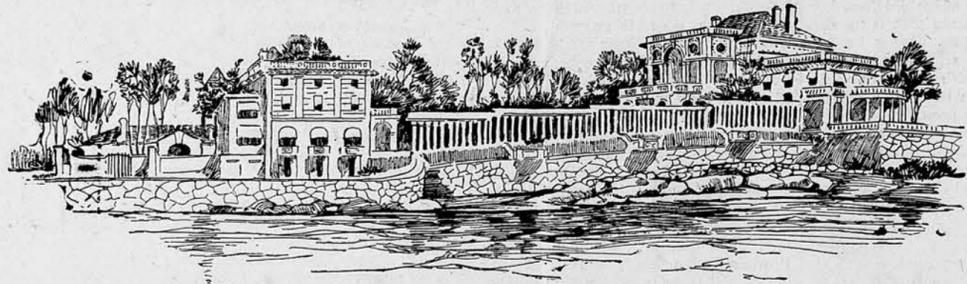
The boat house is a short distance to the eastward of the house and was constructed from the dining-room of the Indian Harbor hotel. The floor of the dining-room was removed and the building was placed on supports over the water. There are an elevator and a railway in the boat house, and the naphtha launches, cutters, sloops and other small boats around the place may be hoisted out of the water and housed for the winter.

The grounds around Mr. Benedict's house extend inland from the water about a half a mile, and cover more than forty acres. At the entrance to the grounds is a lodge of granite, and from this point up to the house there are diverging paths through a fine forest of oak, ash, beech and poplars, with flower beds on every side.

Commodore Benedict recently said to a friend in reply to a question about the property, that he had dangled his feet in the Sound from the rocks which now cover the beach in front of his house, and hunted for rock oysters there when he passed his first summer in Greenwich. Since it has been completed, this palatial residence of Mr. Benedict has been visited by architects and artists in this country and in Europe, and it was their opinion that it is an ideal summer home, and that the building represents the finest style of architecture to be found anywhere.



MR. BENEDICT'S HOUSE, AS VIEWED FROM THE SOUND.



AS SEEN FROM THE WEST SIDE.

"FROST" FOR FREE SILVER

The Connecticut Conference was Conspicuous Only for Absenteesism.

Silver received another blow in Connecticut yesterday in the slim attendance at the New Haven conference called by the four silver members of the Democratic State Central Committee. The meeting was poorly attended, and not a single leader of the Democratic party was present. Former Judge L. N. Blydenburgh, of the New Haven City court, was chairman.

When the business of selecting committeemen from the various counties of the State was begun, it was found that Litchfield was not represented. James L. Cowles, of Farmington, made a bitter attack on the republican party, and introduced resolutions favoring the carrying of bicycle free on all railroads, the establishment of a uniform low rate of fare on railroads, the taking by the State of all street railways, for the quick improvement of highways and for a reduction of telephone and telegraph rates. The conference wound up by adopting resolutions supporting the Chicago platform, and endorsing Bryan & Sewall.

A new Democratic State Central Committee was appointed to conduct the silver campaign in Connecticut, as the silver men claim that the present Democratic State Central Committee has betrayed the party.

J. J. Walsh and Bernard Tully were present from Norwalk and the former was placed on the permanent organization committee.

There was a large attendance at the moonlight dance given in St. John's grove at Broad River, last night. The platform was filled with dancers during the entire evening.

PLEADED GUILTY.

J. Henry Hughes Bound Over to the Superior Court.

Three Milkmen Fined \$15 Each.

Yesterday afternoon, the prisoners who up to that time had been arrested on the charge of theft and of receiving stolen goods were given a hearing in the Town Court.

The first one put to plea was J. Henry Hughes. He was charged with having burglarized the building at the rear of the Meeker residence on North avenue and stolen therefrom a quantity of household goods, consisting of plates, silver ware, etc.

He said that he was eighteen years of age. His grandmother was appointed as his guardian, and after conferring with her a few moments he pleaded guilty to the court on the charges preferred against him. His case was continued until this morning and he was remanded to the station-house.

There junkmen with zigzag names who had been arrested on evidence furnished by young Hughes were then put to plea. They were charged with having purchased stolen goods. All three in turn pleaded not guilty and were placed under \$100 bonds each for appearance for trial this morning. Philip Slomansky and Max Karlow becoming surety in that sum for their appearance.

This morning the prisoners, Jacob Zolenski, David Laundry and Isidor Alexander were found guilty of buying goods from minors and were each fined \$15.

James H. Hughes pleaded guilty to breaking into a house in the day-time and stealing articles of value therefrom. He was bound over for trial before the Superior Court, the bonds being fixed at \$200.

WAS NOT FORGERY.

Captain Day Wrote His Own Name on Regina's Papers.

The Case to be Closed by Monday.

The published report that Capt. Day of the yacht Regina, which was seized at South Norwalk by order of Customs Collector Goddard, Tuesday, had committed forgery in signing the yacht's commission papers, is pronounced untrue by Collector Goddard. Capt. Day merely wrote his own name in the blank in the yacht's old papers, which were not in force at the time of the seizure, as the yacht was sold in June by Dr. Willard Parker to his son. The bill of sale was recorded at the custom house in New York, but the new owner failed to take out papers, for which offense the yacht was seized. Collector Goddard yesterday ordered that the yacht be taken to Bridgeport to-day. He has written to the Treasury Department, recommending that the fine of \$150 be reduced, as he does not believe the owners of the yacht intentionally violated the law. He also has asked for the ruling of the Department on the question as to whether the owner of a yacht may charter it to a private party without a license for carrying passengers. This decision will be of great importance to yacht owners. Mr. Goddard expects to have the Regina case closed by Monday.

Rank Growth of Weeds.

Complaint is made of a rank growth of weeds on School and Chestnut streets. They are a nuisance and ought to be abated.

BLOODSHED IN BEDFORD.

Desperate Fight With Burglars Early Yesterday Morning.

Around the general store of W. B. Adams & Sons, which is also the Bedford Station Post Office in Westchester county, just across the square from the Harlem Railroad station and within a stone's throw of the village's two hotels, a running battle was fought early yesterday morning between burglars on one side and the owners of the store on the other. The defenders were Walker B. Adams, Deputy Postmaster and Town Clerk, armed with a revolver, and his son, Will Adams, armed with a repeating rifle. How many of the burglars there were it is not certain, but they numbered at least three and probably four. They had revolvers.

The fight was sharp and quickly over. At the conclusion the elder Adams lay on the track with a bullet in his brain, one of the robbers was shot through the bowels, another through the lungs, while a third escaped with a wounded arm, and young Adams was only saved by a suspender buckle that flattened out a bullet which would otherwise have gone through his back into his abdomen. Deputy Postmaster Adams died latter. One of the robbers is certain to die, and the other has a very small chance for his life. The third wounded man made his escape after Will Adams has captured him in a hand-to-hand struggle, and turned him over to two neighbors who made their appearance after the firing was all over. His companions are in jail in Mount Kisco.

—See Charles Howard Johnson's "King of Man and Beast," and the back page "Reed Prize," in Truth tomorrow. All trains and news-stands.

DON'T MISS THEM.

The Latest Ads. Received Before Going to Press.

By the People and For the People.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—For sale cheap, if applied for soon, a lot of used brick. Apply at this office.

FOR SALE—Bicycles, guaranteed \$75 1896 models, seamless steel tubing, drop forged steel connections, choice of tires, \$30.00 at SOUTH NORWALK HARDWARE CO. 25 1/2 ft

FOR SALE—Benedict, Norwalk, newdealer, is selling an excellent Fountain Pen and Holder for 25c. Call and see it. 25 1/2 ft

TO RENT.

TO RENT—Cottage, No. 14 Maple street. All the modern improvements. Inquire of O. E. Wilson, No. 3 Gazette Building

TO RENT—The lower floors in two houses on Cross Street. Possession given on August 1st. Apply to F. St. JOHN LOCKWOOD Trustee. 25 1/2 ft

WANTED.

WANTED—Captain Oliver S. Clark, 2 Merwin street, will take out parties for sailing or fishing cruises in his yacht "Three Brothers." Call or drop a postal as above if his services are desired. 25 1/2 ft

WANTED—A small house with some yard about it in one of the towns between Stamford and Bridgeport. Please send description of property and photograph, if possible. Address, JAMES WHITE, P. O. Box No. 225, Wilmington, Del. a 19 1/2 w

WANTED—SOLICITORS FOR LIFE OF MAJOR MCKINLEY, the next president, by Murat Halstead, Chauncey Depew, Foraker, John Sherman and Mark Hanna, with biography of Hobart. Contains speeches and platform. A bonanza for agents, a gold mine for workers. Only \$1.50. The only authorized book. 50 per cent. Credit given. Freight paid. Order free. Begin now with choice of territory. Permanent, profitable work for '96. Address: The National Book Concern, Star Building Chicago. 25 1/2 ft

FOR SALE.

One nearly new ICE BOX or COOLER, 6x6, 9 feet high; also meat and fish tables, with sundry tools consisting of Saws, Knives, etc., used in a meat market, are offered for sale at half their value. Apply to F. St. JOHN LOCKWOOD, Trustee. 25 1/2 ft

HYGENIC WASHING.

The CONNECTICUT LAUNDRY

Is now open for business in its new building on Haviland street, South Norwalk.

NEW APPLIANCES

And machinery of latest approved type.

FILTERED, REGENERATED WATER.

Clear as crystal used.

Everything Thoroughly Modern and Sanitary.

Send address and wagon will call.

CONNECTICUT - LAUNDRY, Haviland Street.

P. A. BETTS

Successor to Betts & Farrington. Dealer in

FINE GROCERIES,

Foreign and

Domestic Fruits,

Corner Wall and Water Sts., Norwalk.

Raymond & Son.

Successors to George H. Raymond. Furniture Dealers and General Funeral Directors.

15 and 48 Main Street Norwalk Ct

Residence, Berkeley Place.

Telephone No. 75-4

Piano Lessons,

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

PLYMOUTH ROCK ICE.

Stores and Families Supplied.

Lowest Rates.

THE THIEF CAUGHT.

"Confound it, Lock! I say, why can't you give us other fellows a chance to plug away, if you can't do yourself? I've got your song and therapeutics so mixed in my brain that they have formed a conglomerate mass of nonsense, and I might as well be reading Hebrew for all the good I am getting."

"Yes," chimed in another and deeper voice, "if you don't shut up or take yourself off some where we'll find means to keep you quiet. Just remember that failure means more to us than it does to you; we haven't a rich dad to back us, as you have."

"Oh, come now, fellows," throw physic to the dogs, and let's do something lively to freshen up our noddles for to-morrow. I shall not leave the room till you do—see?"

Here Lock squared himself for defence against attack, and began howling in a baritone voice extremely off color, "We are the jolly gay students of Salamanca." The next moment he received an onslaught of books and cigar butts, which he returned with interest, and the general melee began.

The examinations for degrees were near at hand, and these three were enduring the usual pangs of anxiety as to their fate, and with the usual discretion shown by disciples of Esculapius, who never practice what they preach where their own physical or mental activity is at stake, were giving little rest to brain or body. Until the present evening Lockwood had been as studious as the others; but he suddenly closed his Anatomy with a bang, kicked his chair over, and began executing a pigeon's wing, as he roared out all manner of rollicking songs; it was this erratic conduct which had brought forth the protest from his comrades.

In the midst of the melee, when it was hard to distinguish between heads and heels, there came a timid knock at the door, repeated before their ears caught it, and then, at their united call, "Come in!" the knob turned, and it opened just far enough for the timid face of the small chambermaid to be seen, as she delivered this message:—"Please, sir, Miss Poole wants to know if you won't keep a little more quiet, as the new lodger is complaining."

"New lodger be hanged! Does she expect us to be as still as mice? Tell Miss Poole we are on a strike; either the new lodger goes or she stands the noise."

His words were lost, for the face had disappeared and the door had closed before they were well commenced; the small maid was afraid of medical students, and always associated them with the dissecting table.

"Humph! The new lodger is beginning to kick early, eh?" said Dincekley, of football fame. "If it wasn't for this confounded Therapeutics, I'd help you to show her that we don't sanction interference by a new woman."

"Hold on, Dinck—there are two of them. You saw the long, gaunt style, but Gil and I saw the other one, and—well, that's what's raised the deuce with my brain. She's the pink of perfection—small, blonde, soft-voiced, and timid as any woman who ever ran from a mouse. No new woman about her! She needs a protector, and by George! I'd like to apply for the position. Go on with your studying—I'm quiet."

"Ha! ha! ha! Gil, what do you think of that? Lockwood, the woman-hater, mashed, crushed, stabbed to the centre of his hard heart by one glance from heavenly blue eyes!"

"Look out, old boy! These timid, clinging creatures, my old bachelor uncle says, are failures as wives, on the theory, I suppose, that the weaker a woman is physically and mentally the more dependent she becomes. Give me a self-reliant, burglar-scare kind of girl, eh, Dinck?"

"Them's my sentiments! Sweet women are apt to turn vinegary with age. Don't be too sure in your calculations, Lock! appearances are deceiving; your amiable looking hours may prove to be a vixen."

There was no reply to this remark, and the two settled themselves to their work again. Lockwood, after thrumming on the window pane for a while, raised the sash and looked down into the yard.

"Hullo! Here's a lark!" he exclaimed. "Come on! The fellow underneath has three bottles of champagne on his window-sill, and we must get it." He rushed to his bed and tore from it the white quilt. "Here—this will hold. You take that end and let me down, and I'll confiscate the whole lot."

This was something too exciting to resist. Gilray and Dincekley grasped the quilt, and Lock carefully swung out, and down to the window below, grasped one bottle, and was drawn up. After sampling the champagne the second trip was made successfully; but the sparkle of the wine had got into his eyes on the third, and miscalculating his distance as he endeavored to get his foot on the sill, it went crashing through the window with a bang, the sash went up to its highest point; a hand grasped his slipper, and a woman's voice exclaimed,—

"Ah, my man, you have reckoned without your host! Just step inside while I send for an officer. I have you covered with my revolver, so don't try to escape."

Here the boys gave a jerk at the quilt, and Lock shot upward; but his shoe remained in the grasp of the owner of the voice, and a shot rang out which he knew by a sharp prick in the upper part of his leg had taken effect.

As he got inside of his own window he said in a faint voice, "I'm shot, boys, and by a new woman," and he fainted.

With dismay they stripped off his clothing, and a small bullet, which had gone through the fleshy part of his left leg, dropped to the floor. Luckily no artery had been cut, and he was himself again before they had finished their examination of the wound, which they assured him was nothing but a scratch.

"That's all right, boys; but she has my slipper, and—"

"Which one was it, Lock?" asked Gilray. "The lank lady?"

"No, the clinging one, by thunder! You were right—appearances are deceiving. She has that confounded shoe in evidence against me, and the whole thing will come out."

"Not by a long shot!" said Dincekley. "I have a pair of shoes just like yours, and I now make you a present of them."

"But how are you going to get rid of this odd one?"

"I'll manage it. You lie quiet and let Gil and me figure. In the first place, we must have some ice to put on that leg, and I'm going to get it out of Miss Poole's refrigerator. Then I'll cremate this slipper in the furnace. You go and ask what the commotion is all about, Gil; it sounds as if a flock of ducks had got into the house."

Gilray stepped into the hall and confronted the landlady, who was about to knock at their door.

"Is that you, Miss Poole?" he said. "Hearing so much loud talk, I was just coming to inquire if anything had happened."

"Oh, Doctor Gilray!" she gasped. "A burglar tried to get into Miss Butler's room, and she is sure she shot him; but he got away, and we are all nearly scared to death—all but Miss Butler herself. She has gone back to bed—says we needn't fear any more molestations to-night."

"Right she is too! Get the women back to their rooms, and tell them I'll patrol the halls every hour."

"Oh, how kind you are, doctor! They will be so grateful to you!"

As Gilray closed the door he cut a pigeon wing which threw Lockwood's previous effort completely into the shade.

"I'll fix things for you, Dinck!" he exclaimed. "You can now patrol the house from attic to cellar without suspicion. Here, put a bottle in each pocket, and leave them somewhere in the lower regions."

Dincekley started on his first round, and after safely depositing the bottles outside of the kitchen window as if they had fallen there, he went into the cellar with the slipper, which he threw into the furnace; then he confiscated a piece of ice and started for his room. All went well until he reached the second landing; but here, miscalculating the number of steps, he lifted his foot to mount one more, and as it found its former level it destroyed his equilibrium; he fell against the new lodger's door, and the piece of ice slid from his grasp; before he could pick it up the door opened, and he, having braced himself against it with one hand as he groped about with the other, went sprawling into the room, and at the very feet of a very pretty young lady.

"Don't shoot!" he said in a stage whisper. "I am one of the boarders, keeping guard."

She was looking at him with a merry twinkle in her eyes, and her lips twitched as if she were trying to suppress a laugh.

"Ah, I see! Ice is a good weapon to hunt burglars with—a sort of freeze out method, so to speak."

Dincekley did not answer. A sudden thought made him exclaim,—

"Why, you are in Butler's room!"

"Yes; didn't you know I was coming? Just like him not to say anything about it! I am his sister, and as his was the only large room we could have, he took one in the upper story until Miss Poole could make better arrangements. My aunt intended to stay all winter, but this first night's experience will, I fear, be too much for her weak nerves. I am sorry the burglar took Jack's champagne; otherwise I would have given you a bottle to drink instead of the ice water."

"Oh, thank you! But—that is I—never drink it—strictly temperate, you know." He made a bow so low that it was almost a salaam, and saying "Good-night," fairly rushed from her presence.

"No such thing! It's all your fault, anyhow," growled Dinck. A deuce of a scrape you've got us into by your confounded prank!"

"Well, I have the worst of it, so don't be too hard on a fellow. I'll make a clean breast of the affair to-morrow, and clear your skirts."

"No, you don't!" exclaimed Gilray. "We'll brazen it out; Dinck will feel better after he has slept. Now shut up and give me a chance at it, too, for I am dead tired."

Ten minutes afterward the three were snoring lustily.

The next morning, after an examination of Lock's wound, which proved so slight as to cause only a slight stiffness in the muscles, it was decided that he should go down to breakfast, and to disarm suspicion more completely, should wear the slippers like his own. The three men were ceremoniously presented to Miss Butler, who looked so pretty in her blue morning gown that they were all charmed by her appearance. She had a great deal to say about the burglar, and seemed much concerned regarding the effect of her shot. Dinck endeavored to reassure her on this point, but Lockwood kept discreetly silent. The less

said the better, he thought. His turn was to come, however. As they rose to leave the room after breakfast, Miss Butler's eyes fell on his slippers.

"Why, how strange!" she cried. "The burglar's slippers is just like yours! As if of no use to me, you can have it to wear in case one of yours gives out—that is, if you don't object to second-hand apparel."

"Ah!—well, I—I think I do. You see I have a very hard corn, and am obliged to wear my slippers for a while before putting on my shoes. I don't think it would fit, anyway—too large."

"Too large! How should you know?" She looked the picture of innocence, but he could see her lips twitch.

"Why, all burglars are supposed to have large feet; a good understanding is necessary to the profession." And Lockwood laughed feebly at his own wit.

"Come, Lock," called Gilray. "If you don't hurry you'll be late for lectures. What a little devil it is!" he went on, when they had reached their room. "You're doomed, Lock! She will never rest until she finds the burglar. Hello! there comes the first instalment of reporters, I'll bet my hat!"

The bell had changed loudly. To make sure that he was right Gilray opened the door to listen, and the first word he heard was "burglar."

"There, you see! Some one has reported the affair at police headquarters, and we're in for it, sure!"

The three looked at each other blankly, then Lockwood cried,—

"Something must be done to stop this, even if I have to confess the whole thing."

A knock at the door caused them to start guiltily; but it was only the maid with a small, round box, and a note which she handed to Lockwood. Opening the note he read,—

"Doctor Lockwood—My aunt begs that you will try this remedy for your corn; she is sure it will help you. We think we are on the trail of the burglar, and shall catch him, if possible."

"Yours sympathetically,
"CATHERINE BUTLER."

A groan from Lockwood, a loud whistle from Gilray, a snap of the fingers and a strong word from Dincekley, told the impression made.

"What's in the box, Lock? Salve, by Jove! She carries out the face very well," said Gilray, at last. "We must head her off before she ruins us completely. What's the matter with going to Butler and telling him all about it. He'll have one on us, but we have several weeks to get even with him."

"Thanks, awfully, but I'm done playing jokes on a fellow with such a sister," growled Dincekley. "I'll go and tell him, though, and put a stop to this investigation. Say, fellows, I take back my opinion of strong-minded women. I'd rather marry an idiot than one of them." And the look of disgust on his face made the others roar with laughter.

He went at once to find Butler, and as he always looked the easiest way out of a difficulty, sought the sister for information as to his whereabouts. She opened the door in answer to his knock, and stood looking at him in the most inquiring way, without saying a word. Dincekley was much disconcerted. How very pretty she was!

"I—I wanted to speak to you—I mean to your brother, Miss Butler—no, no! I mean Miss Butler!" he stammered.

"Oh, is that all?" she exclaimed in a disappointed tone. "I thought you had some information about the robber. I hope my shot did not kill the poor fellow! Do please help me to find him! Brother Jack would have helped me, but he had to go to Boston for a week—oh, dear! and you wanted to see him! How unfortunate! But perhaps I will do as well?"

The blue eyes were fairly dancing with mischief. Dincekley looked squarely into them, and made a sudden resolve.

"Say, Miss Butler, may I step inside the door, so no one can hear what I have to say?"

His tone of desperation could not be resisted, and she motioned him to enter. For a moment he gazed at her helplessly, then blurted out,—

"Miss Butler, your burglar wasn't much hurt, so—"

"Why, how do you know? Have you found him? Oh, I see you have! Aunt Prue, Doctor Dincekley has found my burglar!"

As Dinck saw a lank form step from the alcove, and a pair of spectacled eyes peering at him, he whispered excitedly,—

"I can't tell two of you—that's too rough on a fellow! But, confound it! I don't care, so here goes. The whole thing was a trick we fellows tried to play on your brother, and you shot Lock in the leg."

Miss Butler laughed so heartily at his confession that it evidently occurred to Dincekley she had been working to accomplish just this ending to the affair, and after a moment he laughed with her.

"Did you think," she asked, "that I did not see the burglar disappear inside of your window, and hear him exclaim, 'I'm shot, boys, and by a new woman?' You can imagine our anxiety, and how we listened at the register until we heard one of you say that the wound was only a scratch. Then I resolved to turn the tables on you, which I think you will agree I have done most effectually."

"Yes, you've proved yourself to be a match for any man," said Dincekley. "You know," he added, with a daring look, "your victim really ought to marry you; but he shall not if I can prevent it."

He kept his word, for three months afterward he married her himself.

WONDERFUL POWERS OF VISION.

A Tribe of African Bushmen Whose Eyes Equal Telescopes.

There is a race of men who can see as far with the naked eye as an ordinary man can with a telescope. "Every man his own telescope," might be applied with propriety to these fortunate people. They live in a wild state in the south of Africa, among the tribes or bushmen. The name "Bushmen" is an Anglicism of the Dutch word "Bjoseman," meaning "man of the woods."

These human telescopes have derived their extraordinary power of vision, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer, through necessity. If it were not for this they must have long ago become extinct. They are small in stature for wild men, and they offer an easy prey for the large, fierce animals that infest certain parts of southern Africa. And, on account of their diminutive size, they are not able to fight on equal terms with their warlike and larger proportioned neighbors.

Travelers in the region of the long sighted bushmen have reported some truly remarkable feats with the eyes. One day while a European was walking in company with a friendly bushman the latter suddenly stopped, and, pointing ahead, in some alarm, exclaimed:—"A lion!"

The white man stared until his eyes ached, but he could make out nothing. Thinking that the native must have made a mistake, he insisted on going ahead, though the bushman urged him to retreat. When they had advanced a little further the bushman again came to a halt and absolutely refused to go another step, for, as he explained, he could distinguish not only a lion, but also a number of cubs. It would be dangerous, he said, to tamper with a lioness while nursing her young ones.

The European, however, still unable to see a lion, much less the cubs pushed on boldly. When he had advanced a quarter of a mile he saw an object moving slowly along in the distance at the place to which the bushman had directed his gaze. Still doubting that a human being could possess such marvellous power of sight, he approached nearer, and finally distinguished the form of a lioness making leisurely for a line of forest.

The limit of a man's power of vision is established by necessity. If our existence depended on our ability to see twice as far as we do, this additional power would be acquired by practice. Deerslayer of "Leather Stocking" fame surprised every one by his long sightedness. Probably he could see further than these bushmen, but he was a fiction character. All woodsmen, as a general rule, living an out door life, give their eyes practice at long range, which ultimately make their accuracy of sight seem wonderful to a man who never uses his eyes except to read the paper.

"The kind Boss makes his Biscuits with."

Science Can Tell

in these days of advancement and delicate mathematical instruments to the most infinitesimal particle, the exact composition of any compound. That's why the following report concerning the purity and strength of

BOSS BAKING POWDER

is of value, especially as it bears the endorsement of a chemist, world renowned Dean Smith, of Yale University, who writes:

YALE MEDICAL SCHOOL, New Haven, Conn.
December 20, 1894.
GENTLEMEN:—I have examined the package of Boss Baking Powder which you sent to me for that purpose. I find that it is composed of the ingredients which in my opinion are most suitable for such a preparation. The ingredients are combined in the proper proportion for the best result, and the mixture shows no adulteration or injurious constituents.
Yours truly,
Herbert E. Smith
Connecticut State Chemist.

Experience Will Demonstrate

the truth of scientific reasoning; that's why every housewife who has ever used our baking powder knows its efficacy in producing the most perfect results. Healthful on account of its purity. Economical on account of its strength. Ask your grocer for it now, and you'll wish you had before.

MANUFACTURED BY
C. D. BOSS & SON, - - - New London, Conn.



RIDE STEARNS BICYCLES AND BE CONTENT.

The Yellow Fellow

is known throughout cycling as a light, staunch, stylish, speedy mount. There's a best in everything; the '95 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. STEARNS & CO., Makers, Syracuse, N. Y.
San Francisco, Cal. Buffalo, N. Y. Toronto, Ont.

H. R. BULKLEY & CO., Agents, SOUTH NORWALK.




Merit Talks

"Merit talks" the intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the wholesystem.



Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best, in fact—the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills Do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

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— MANUFACTURERS OF —

IMPROVED SODA AND MINERAL WATERS.

Flavoring Extracts Also the Syrups and Olden Time Fruit Juices, Lemon Soda, Root Beer, Sarsaparilla, Soda Water, Birch Beer, Supplied in Seltzer and Vichy in Siphons.

Address
H. J. & G. S. GRUMMAN,
44 Main Street, - - - Norwalk, Conn.

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 and Insurance,
Room 1, Gazette B'ld.

Towle Vault Light Company,
MANUFACTURERS.

VAULT LIGHTS, SKYLIGHTS
AND PATENT LIGHT DESIGNS.

Factory: **481 DRIGGS AVENUE, BROOKLYN.**
Office: **167 ELM STREET, NEW YORK.**

If you are able to pay \$100 for a bicycle, why be content with any but a

Columbia Bicycle

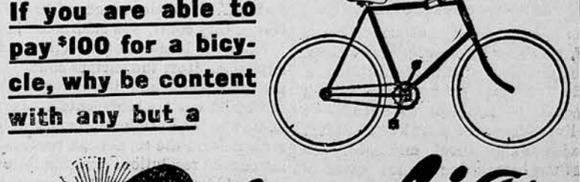
STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

Nineteen years of reputation for building the best bicycle, backed by the certainty of quality assured by our scientific methods, should mean much to any buyer of a bicycle. There is but one Columbia quality—one Columbia price—

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE.

Beautiful Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you call upon any Columbia Agent; by mail from us for two 3-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.
Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.



SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES advertisement with image of cigarette pack and 'BEWARE OF IMITATIONS' text.

LOCKWOOD'S LIGHT PARCEL and PACKAGE DELIVERY advertisement.

P. W. BATES' Monumental & Cemetery Work advertisement.

W. H. HAYWARD & CO. Pension Attorneys and Solicitors advertisement.

Advertisement for legal services: 'All classes of claims prosecuted before the Interior Department.'

BRAUNSCHWEIGER MUMME advertisement, 'A PURE MALT EXTRACT. A SUBSTITUTE FOR SOLID FOOD.'

PRIVATE BOXING CLASS advertisement: 'Instructions given in at the pupil's home.'

DO YOU KNOW? F. W. SMITH'S, 55 Main Street. Everything First Class. OPEN; EVENINGS

A MASTERLY ADDRESS.

The Voice of Lord Chief Justice Russell Raised For Peace. BROAD MINDED STATEMENT

Desirability of International Arbitration and the Difficulties in the Way of Its Successful Accomplishment Set Forth. SARATOGA, Aug. 21.—The annual address before the American Bar association here today was delivered by Lord Chief Justice Russell of England. Its text was, in part, as follows:

Mr. President—My first words must be in acknowledgment of the honor done me by inviting me to address you on this interesting occasion. You are a congress of lawyers of the United States met together to take counsel in no narrow spirit on questions affecting the interests of your profession, to consider necessary amendments in the law which experience and time develop, and to examine the current of judicial decision and of legislation, state and federal, and whether that current tends, in the other hand, come from the judicial bench of a distant land, and yet I do not feel that I am a stranger among you, nor do you, I think, regard me as a stranger.

International Law. This consideration is prominent among those which suggest the theme on which I desire to address you—namely, international law. The English speaking peoples, masters not alone of extended territory, but also of a mighty commerce, the energy and enterprise of whose sons have made them the great travelers and colonizers of the world, have interests to safeguard in every quarter of it, and therefore in an especial manner it is important to them that the rules which govern the relations of states inter se should be well understood and should rest on the solid bases of convenience, of justice and of reason.

Arbitration Advocated. I claim that the aggregate of the rules to which nations have agreed to conform in their conduct towards one another is properly to be designated "international law." The celebrated author of "Ecclesiastical Polity," the "judicious" Hooker, speaking of the Austrians of his time, says, "They who are thus accustomed to speak apply the name of law unto that only rule of working which superior authority imposes, whereas we, who are more enlarged the sense thereof, term every kind of rule or canon whereby actions are framed a law." I think it cannot be doubted that this is nearer to the true and scientific meaning of law.

Hope For the Future. These facts, dull as is the recital of them, are full of interest and hope for the future. But are we thence to conclude that the millennium of peace has arrived, that the dove bearing the olive branch has returned to the ark, sure sign that the waters of international strife have permanently subsided? I am not sanguine enough to lay this flattering unction to my soul. Unbridled ambition, thirst for wide dominion, pride of power still hold sway, although I believe we lessened force, and in some sort under the restraint of the healthier opinion of the world. But, further, friend as I am of peace, I would yet affirm that there may be even greater calamities than war—the dishonor of a nation, the triumph of an unrighteous cause, the perpetration of hopeless and degrading tyranny.

tion. In either case [there is] behind the arbitrator the power of the judge to decree and the power of the executive to compel compliance with the behest of the arbitrator. The existing rules of court and provisions of the legislature governing the practice of arbitration. In fine, such arbitration is a mode of litigation by consent, governed by law, starting from familiar rules and carrying the full sanction of judicial decision.

Tribunal of Nations Hinted At. Again, a nation may agree to arbitrate and then repudiate its agreement. Who is to coerce it? Or, having gone to arbitration and been worsted, it may decline to be bound by the award. Who is to compel it?

By no means. The sanctions which restrain the wrongdoer, the breaker of public faith, the disturber of the peace of the world, are not weak, and year by year they wax stronger. They are the dread of war and the reprobation of mankind. Public opinion is a force which makes itself felt in every corner and cranny of the world and is most powerful in the communities most civilized. In the public press and in the telegraph it possesses agents by which its power is concentrated and speedily brought to bear where there is any public wrong to be exposed and reprobated. It gathers strength as general enlightenment extends its empire and a higher moral altitude is attained by mankind. It has no ships of war upon the seas or armies in the field, and yet great potentates tremble before it and humbly bow to its rule.

A Powder Mill Explodes. HASLETON, Pa., Aug. 21.—A terrific explosion occurred today at the Tomhickon Powder company's mills, Derringer, Pa. One man was instantly killed and three others were terribly injured. The dead man is E. J. Whitebread, and the injured are Peter Sholl, Oliver Ross and John Kissbach. The buildings were completely demolished. The cause of the explosion is not known, but it is believed the powder in the drying house was ignited by coming in contact with some hard substance.

The Circuit Chasers. BUFFALO, Aug. 21.—Eddie Bald left Buffalo for Syracuse today, where he will rest and train until the 24th, when he will race at Binghamton. Louis Callahan, Frank Jenney, Con Baker and F. H. Allen have stopped at Rochester. They will race at Medina tomorrow. Otto Liegler has gone on to Binghamton. F. W. Spooner, the circuit reporter, is at the Falls today.

Shipwrecked Men Landed. HALIFAX, Aug. 21.—Captain Broadstock and crew of the bark William Deeke, wrecked at Byron island Aug. 2 while on a voyage from the Barbados to Montreal with a cargo of molasses, reached here today. The vessel was struck by a gale on July 31 and dismantled. Being helpless she drifted on the breakers next day and soon went to pieces.

Death of Colonel W. L. Hooper. CAPE MAY, Aug. 21.—Colonel William L. Hooper died today, aged 80 years. He was proprietor of the Old Mansion House in 1847 and entertained Henry Clay and other distinguished men of the day. He was sheriff of Cape May county from 1856 to 1859, was tax receiver for four years and was for many years county commissioner.

Explosion of Molten Iron. PITTSBURG, Aug. 21.—By the explosion of molten metal at furnace 1 of the Edgar Thomson Steel works today ten men were burned, three seriously. The names of the latter are Mike Strasko, John Lovrick and John Dusma. The explosion was caused by the molten iron striking a pool of water.

New York Prohibitionists. SYRACUSE, Aug. 21.—The Prohibition state convention unanimously nominated William W. Smith of Poughkeepsie for governor, F. F. Wheeler of Albany and Albert Banks of Kings as electors at large and the Rev. Charles H. Latimer was named for lieutenant governor.

An Ex-Congressman Dead. SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Aug. 21.—Ransom W. Dunham of Chicago, who was visiting friends here, died suddenly of apoplexy, aged 58. Mr. Dunham was an ex-congressman, having served in the national house in 1884-5. He was also ex-president of the Chicago board of trade.

Tramps Hold Up Eighteen Men. MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 21.—A special to The Journal from W. mar, Minn., states that a gang of tramps held up and robbed 18 prominent men there. They also shot a lad, J. Thilgen, so that he may die. A large posse is in pursuit, and some fighting is expected.

Grave Situation in the Congo. BRUSSELS, Aug. 21.—Le Soir says that Baron Dhanis, commanding a strong force, has taken the offensive against the Mahdists in the upper Congo. It is added that the situation causes the gravest anxiety.

Li Hung Chang's Sudden Return to London. NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Aug. 21.—Li Hung Chang has suddenly curtailed the programme of his trip through the provinces and took a special train for London at 1:40 p. m. today.

THE FRAM IS SAFE.

Dr. Nansen's Arctic Expedition Steamer Safe at Skjervo. CHRISTIANIA, Aug. 21.—Dr. Nansen's arctic exploring ship Fram, which he left imbedded in the ice in order to explore the sea north of the route he had proposed to follow, arrived at Skjervo, province of Tromso, Norway, yesterday. Captain Sverdrup, her commander, reported all well on board. The Fram, he said, called at Dane's island on Aug. 14 and saw Professor Andree, who was still waiting for a favorable wind in order to enable him to attempt his balloon trip across the arctic regions. Captain Sverdrup soon after his arrival sent the following telegram to Dr. Nansen:

"Fram arrived safely. All well on board. Leaves at once for Tromso. Welcome home." Dr. Nansen replied to this message as follows: "A thousand times welcome to you and all. Hurrah for the Fram!"

It was on the Fram that Nansen set out on the arctic expedition from which he returned safely the other day. The vessel was especially constructed to resist the pressure of the ice, in order that Nansen might the better be able to carry out his plan of drifting with it to the pole in accordance with his theory. He set out on Aug. 4, 1893, and it was on March 14, 1895, when the expedition had reached latitude 83.59 north and longitude 102.27 east, that Nansen left the Fram with Johansen, his purpose being to explore the sea to the north and to reach the highest possible latitude and then to go to Spitzbergen by way of Franz-Josef Land. It will be remembered how he met Mr. Jack-son in Franz-Josef Land and returned in safety to Vardoe the other day. The Fram in the meantime was left in charge of Captain Sverdrup and nine men. Nansen said on his return that with his trust in the qualifications of the captain as a leader and his ability to overcome difficulties he had no fear but he would bring all the men safely home, even if the worst should happen and the Fram be lost, which he considered very improbable.

Nansen had great faith in the Fram, which was made after his own design. She proved herself quite equal to the best expectations, for when the pressure was highest and the ice was piled high above her bulwarks it produced not the slightest split in any part of her. Nansen's experience of her led him to believe that she could resist almost anything.

On Fire at Sea For Ten Days. LONDON, Aug. 21.—The steamer Fort Salisbury, which left port on July 24 bound for Table Bay, Cape Colony, has returned, landing her passengers safely. The boat has been afloat for the past ten days. The crew by heroic efforts succeeded in keeping the fire under control.

Ex-Empress Eugenie's Will. LONDON, Aug. 21.—A dispatch to The Mail from Paris says that it is stated that the will of ex-Empress Eugenie, drawn recently, favors her namesake, Eugenie, the daughter of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg and Princess Beatrice.

Secretary Herbert In London. LONDON, Aug. 21.—The Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, United States secretary of the navy, who arrived here yesterday, called at the United States embassy today and afterward attended the funeral of Sir John Mills in St. Paul's cathedral.

Milford Burglars Disappointed. MILFORD, Conn., Aug. 21.—Burglars early today blew open the safe in the office of John A. Birge, a coal and wood dealer here, but obtained no booty. The office was badly damaged by the explosion.

Gail Hamilton's Funeral. HAMILTON, Mass., Aug. 21.—The funeral of Miss Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) was held from her late home in this town at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Vagaries of the Mercury. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Aug. 21.—The thermometer showed 85 degrees early today. At the same time last week it was 89.

John Daly Released. LONDON, Aug. 21.—John Daly, the Irish political prisoner, was released from Portland prison this afternoon.

The Weather. Fair; slightly warmer; winds shifting to southerly.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Closing Quotations of the New York Stock Exchange. New York, Aug. 20.—Money on call nominally @ 4 per cent. Prime mercantile paper nominally @ 6 per cent. Sterling exchange strong and higher, with actual business in bankers' bills at \$4.85 @ 4.85 1/2 for demand and \$4.84 @ 4.84 1/2 for 60 days. Posted rates, \$4.85 @ 4.87 and \$4.80 @ 4.88. Commercial bills, \$4.87 1/2. Silver certificates, sales \$15,000 @ 66 1/2 c. Bar silver, 66 1/2 c. Mexican dollars, 51 1/2 c. Government bonds steady. State bonds dull. Railroad bonds easier.

General Markets. New York, Aug. 20.—FLOUR—State and western quiet, but about steady; city mills patents, \$4 @ 4.15; winter patents, \$3.40 @ 3.60; city mills clears, \$3.80; winter straights, \$3.20 @ 3.30. WHEAT—No. 2 red opened stronger on higher cables and foreign buying, but later declined under realizing; September, 63 1/2 @ 63 3/4 c.; October, 64 1/2 @ 64 3/4 c. CORN—No. 2 quiet, but firm at first, later easing off with wheat; September, 28 15 @ 29 15 c.; December, 30 15 @ 31 15 c. OATS—No. 2 ruled quiet, but firm; September, 22 1/2 c.; track, white, state, 18 @ 20 c. PORK—Quiet; old to new mess, \$7.75 @ 8.00, family, \$8 @ 8.10. LARD—Steady; prime western steam, \$3.50. BUTTER—Steady; state dairy, 10 @ 15 c.; state creamery, 11 1/2 @ 16 c. CHEESE—Steady; state, large, @ 24 c.; small, @ 24 c. EGGS—Strong; state and Pennsylvania, 10 @ 15 c.; western, 12 @ 14 c. SUGAR—Raw quiet and steady; fair refining, 3 c.; centrifugal, 98 test, 3 1/2 c.; refined quiet; crushed, 6 1/2 c.; powdered, 5 c.



When a young couple runs away to get married half the world says: "How Romantic!" the other half says: "How silly!" But you can't tell either way until the "honey-moon" is over. When this young couple get settled down to the regular hum-drum of life, they'll manage all right and find solid happiness in any case, if they have good hearts and sound health. All depends on that. It's wonderful how much health has to do with married happiness. Sickness affects the temper. You can't be happy nor make others happy if you're ailing. When you find yourself irritable, easily worried, beginning to "run-down" it's because your blood is getting poor. You need richer blood and more of it. Your blood-making organs need to be vitalized by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It imparts new power to produce an abundance of the healthy, red corpuscles, and gives you a fresh supply of pure, rich blood. It's a blood-creator; it is for everyone whose blood is impure or in a poor, "run-down" condition. It prevents the germs of disease from getting a hold on your system. Even after disease is settled on you, it is driven out by the blood-creating properties of the "Discovery." It is a perfect cure for general and nervous debility, catarrh, malaria, eczema, erysipelas, scrofula and every form of blood-disease. It isn't called a consumption-cure but even consumption, which has its roots in the blood—is driven out by the "Golden Medical Discovery" if taken in time. The "Discovery" is the prescription of one of the most eminent physicians and medical writers in this country.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK, 26 WALL ST., NORWALK. INCORPORATED SEPT. 1, 1876. CAPITAL \$100,000. GEORGE M. HOLMES, President. E. L. BOYER, Vice-President. WILLIAM A. CURTIS, Cashier. DIRECTORS: GEORGE M. HOLMES, H. E. DANN, P. L. CUNNINGHAM, J. T. PROWITT, E. L. BOYER, S. H. HOLMES, J. COUSINS, JR. Discount Day, Saturday. DAVID W. RAYMOND, Funeral Director and Embalmer. 39 Washington Street South Norwalk. Residence, Mahackemo Hotel.

The GAZETTE JOB PRINTING

Department. A WORD TO THE WISE

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.

'Truth above all things.'

Entered in the Post Office as a Newspaper

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1896.

"I Am Not a Democrat."

On March 17, 1896, the Hon. William Jennings Bryan declared at Mount Vernon, Ill.: "I am not a Democrat." What have Democrats to do with a man who has proclaimed that he is not a Democrat; who repeatedly boasted of his intention not to support a gold candidate or a gold platform; and who is now, after two years or more of intriguing with the Populists, the Populist candidate on a Populist platform?

The above are serious questions pertinently asked by the stalwart democratic N. Y. Sun.

Hon. E. C. Benedict's Palace.

By the kindness and courtesy of the New York Sun and Greenwich Graphic we are enabled to-day to give the readers of the GAZETTE two views and a general description of the palatial shore residence of Commodore E. C. Benedict, just completed on the charming site of the old American Club House, later known as the Indian Harbor Hotel.

Our older residents still retain, with tender and reverent interest the memory of Mr. Benedict's sainted father, who for so many years was pastor of Norwalk's First Congregational church.

Many of these citizens, were baptized in their infancy and youth and their parents and friends buried by the faithful pastor; and all of these clerical ministrations, so ancient family legends go, for the munificent salary of six hundred dollars a year. His home, was in the old Merrill house, which stood on the site of the present Congregational church edifice.

From Norwalk, the Rev. Henry Benedict went to the pastorate of the Congregational church in Westport, and it was while a resident of Westport, that the Millionaire, New York Banker, and subject of this sketch, was born.

Improving the Mail Service.

It isn't much of a day for improvement in the postal service when some new plan is not proposed or put in operation for expediting the collection and delivery of the mails. The trolley mail service in the large cities and the transfer of the incoming foreign mails direct from the steamers to the railway stations for speedy delivery are two of the recent improvements which are especially to be commended and which have already proven to be of practical value in the direction of a quicker mail service.

The latest forward step contemplated by the Post Office Department is a system of continuous collection in the business sections of the large cities to be carried on by means of a mail wagon constructed on the plan of the postal railway cars. A sample wagon is being built, which will be large enough to accommodate a carrier, who will assort and pouch the mail, which will be collected from the boxes by the driver.

This wagon is to be put on at an early hour in the morning and kept on its rounds until midnight. The intention is to have the mail in the sections where the most letters are written and deposited in the boxes in constant process of distribution or dispatch by rail.

The initial experiment is to be tried in Washington and if the plan proves satisfactory it will be extended to the business sections of all the important cities. The theory upon which it is based is that the great mass of business letters are written and mailed during the business hours of the day in the business section of our cities and that it is possible to send these letters on the way to local distribution or to transmission by rail to distant points immediately after they are deposited in the boxes. The Washington experiment, for which the first wagon now in process of construction at Hartford is intended, will determine the real merit of the plan, and whether it can be extended to all the principal cities.

The plan appears to be practical and it is certainly worthy of a fair trial. The postal service of the country should certainly be improved to the utmost possible limit in the direction of giving the public a speedy and certain distribution of the letters entrusted to its care. While the postal methods of the day are worthy of all praise they are doubtless capable of improvement.

DR. FRED. GIBBS MISSING.

A Former Norwalk Dentist Elopes with His Friend's Wife.

Dr. Frederick W. Gibbs, of Brooklyn, and Mrs. Maggie Lond of the same place, have eloped. He leaves a wife, and she leaves a husband and two children. Dr. Gibbs was a dentist, and a long time a resident of this city. His father, Augustus Gibbs, was a resident of Norwalk, but removed to Bridgeport some years since. He and the man whom he robbed of his wife, were apparently fast friends. The deserted husband says: "Let me only see him again and he can kiss good-by to his friends, for that will be the end of him. I shall not rest until I trace them down, and then there will be something to talk about. I do not intend to institute any divorce proceedings. I will settle my accounts myself."

Harvest Home Festival.

A harvest home festival service will be held some week day evening in September, to be announced later, in St. Paul's church, the Chapel not being large enough to hold more than one-half the people who desire to attend. These services are held annually in nearly all of the large towns of this country and England and are looked forward to with much pleasure. The surpliced choir under the direction of Dr. Pooley is doing excellent work and Rev. Mr. Pond deserves the thanks of the public for arranging the service.

Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers.

The annual reunion of the 18th regiment, Connecticut volunteers, was held at Willimantic yesterday with an attendance of about 125 members from all parts of Rhode Island and Connecticut. Fourteen deaths during the past year were reported. The following officers were elected: President, Charles W. Grosvenor, Pomfret; secretary-treasurer, Henry M. Dufey, Norwich; vice-presidents, Robert Kerr, Stamford; S. A. Chang, Putnam; Russell Brown, Jewett City; W. C. Harbinson, Willimantic.

Mill Hill.

The work on Mill Hill goes merrily on. Street Commissioner Kellogg has a gang of forty men at work, to-day, and the grading is being rushed right through. The men are now at work on the west end of the hill.

The Tramway company is having its switch in front of the Town House, transferred to a point near Hubbell's lane. This is done in order that the tracks may be in readiness for an early commencement of the work on the south side of the hill.

Another Yacht Seized.

The steam yacht Neckam, of Bath, Me., which had been chartered by John T. Williams of Stamford, was yesterday seized by Deputy Customs Collector E. B. Goddard. The Neckam was without a master in charge, an offence against the navigation laws. The Neckam was the tender of the yacht Defender on the occasion of the international cup races.

Price Will Race on Labor Day.

The suspension imposed upon Walter Price by the L. A. W., which, it was feared, would prevent him from racing Gilbert Finch at the Labor Day picnic of the Knights of Columbus in Stamford, has been removed, and the matches between these riders will come off as announced.

FIRST ROAD RACE

OF THE
Orient Cycle Club, of Fairfield County,
HELD AT
WESTPORT & SAUGATUCK,
SATURDAY, 22,
AUGUST
At 2:30 p. m.

Start and finish will be in front of the Westport Hotel. Race starts promptly at 2:30 o'clock.
1st Race—Boys, five miles, 2:30 p. m.
2nd Race—Colored Boys, two miles, 3:30 p. m.
3rd Race—Mens, ten miles, 3 p. m.
Prizes will be on exhibition at Orient Cycle Rooms, No. 1 State street Friday, August 21.
H. A. SAUNDERS, E. B. WILCOX,
Director of Races. President,
a192t

Opening of the Season!

Norwalk Opera House.

F. W. Mitchell, Manager.

Elaborate Scenic Production of Alexander Dumas' Masterpiece.

The 3 GUARDSMEN,

Introducing the Young Romantic Actor,
PAUL CAZENEUVE,
and supporting company of legitimate players

The performance will display the same evidences, as to a perfect production, as the noted Salvini ones.

PRICES:—75c, 50c and 35c.

Advance sale of seats at Weed's and Tomlinson's Drug Stores.

THE EVENING GAZETTE

CHECKER-BOARD BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

<p>NORWALK Fire Insurance Co. In Successful Operation Since 1860, No Outstanding Claims.</p>	<p>Safes For Rent. VALUABLES STORED IN Safe Deposit Vault OF THE NATIONAL BANK OF NORWALK.</p>	<p>EMBOSSING DONE AT THIS OFFICE.</p>	<p>W. H. BYINGTON INSURANCE Room 8, Gazette Building.</p>	<p>PARLOR BARBER-SHOP, H. S. LEOBOLD, 47 Main Street.</p>
<p>GAZETTE ADS. BRING GOOD RESULTS</p>	<p>G. Ward Selleck, BEST GOODS, TEAS and COFFEES 18 WALL ST.</p>	<p>TREES! TREES! TREES! Call at 58 Belden Avenue, if you are going to set out trees this fall. All stock warranted to live. Edgar Buttery, 58 Belden Ave. 25 years foreman of Hoyt's Nurseries.</p>	<p>TRY WEED'S SODA WATER 38 Wall St.</p>	<p>Job Printing OF EVERY DESCRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE GAZETTE OFFICE</p>
<p>Frank T. Hyatt DENTIST, 8 West Avenue.</p>	<p>ENTERPRISE Bottling Works, 7 Wall Street. FINE ALES AND LAGER EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE. Mail orders receive prompt attention.</p>			

New York and Norwalk Freight Line

COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 22.

PROPELLERS

City of Norwalk, Eagle and Vulcan

Will Leave Pier 23, E. R., N. Y. (Beekman St.),

For South Norwalk

Daily at 10.30 A. M. Extra Boat Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5 P. M.

For Norwalk

Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5 P. M.

For New York

Leave South Norwalk Daily at 6 P. M.

Leave Norwalk Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5 P. M.

Just Received

A Lot of

WOODEN
BICYCLE : HANDLE : BARS,

Which I will sell, for the next week, at

\$2.50 per pair.

Also have a look at my line of

GARRIAGES, WAGONS, BICYCLES, HARNESS AND HORSE GOODS. NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS, EVEN THOUGH YOU DO NOT PURCHASE.

Repairing Done at Short Notice.

LUTHER M. WRIGHT,

Carriage Factory and Repository, Franklin & Madison Sts., So. Norwalk.

GREAT REDUCTION SALE

OF

-SUMMER SHOES-

AT THE

WHITE SHOE STORE,

DURING JULY AND AUGUST.

Our Men's \$5.00 Tan Shoes Reduced to \$3.50 a pair.
Our Men's \$4.00 Tan Shoes Reduced to \$3.00 a pair.
Our Men's \$3.50 Tan Shoes Reduced to \$2.50 a pair.
Our Men's \$2.50 Tan Shoes Reduced to \$1.48 a pair.
Three Hundred pairs Men's Congress and Lace Shoes worth \$1.25 at

89c. A PAIR.

308 Pairs Men's \$2. Lace and Congress Shoes at \$1.48 a pair.
We will sell the balance of our immense stock of Ladies' Tan and Black \$3.00 Oxfords at \$2.00 a pair.
Two hundred Pairs of Ladies' \$1.50 Russett and Black Oxfords at 75c. a pair.
Two Hundred Pairs Ladies Tan Lace Shoes at

\$1.50 A PAIR
WORTH \$3.00.

Three Hundred Pairs Child's Russet Spring Heel, Lace and Button Shoes at 50c a pair.
This is the greatest lot of Shoes in town for the money and we want you to come and examine these goods for yourself.

A Full Line of Trunks, Bags and Ladies' and Gents' Mackintoshes.

OLSEN BROS.

3 GAZETTE BUILDING, NORWALK.

A WINNER

The Reduction in Hartford Bicycles has proved a drawing card. Ladies' Pattern No. 2, is in great demand, and orders are being received right along. Come in and examine it.

Columbia, standard price to all, \$100.

The S. F. Ambler Cycle Co., 29 Wall Street.

HERE AND THERE.

An Epitome of Happenings of Interest to the Public.

Garpered With Scissors and Pencil.

Edward Brady of Grand street is going into the milk business.

The Earle family, of East avenue, left for Maplewood, N. H. to-day.

There is to be a Leap Year dance at the Lawn Tennis Club's Casino this evening.

Mrs. James L. Stevens of East avenue, returned home from Camp Graham, yesterday.

The canoes of the First and Third Yoting districts will be held at the Town House, to-night.

Pioneer Castle, K. of M. C. will hold an important meeting to-night at their hall in the GAZETTE building.

Miss Grace Clark of Westport avenue has returned home after a four week's visit with friends in Newark, N. J.

Some measley mean thief stole a quantity of goods from James Lyon's North avenue hat factory, Sunday night.

Charles Steeb was arrested by Chief Bradley this morning, for being intoxicated and placed him in the station house.

Mr. and Mrs. James Scofield have returned from their week's sojourn at the several seaside resorts adjacent to New York.

Gravel taken from Mill Hill is being carted on to Knight street, by the way, that was not a little in need of something of the kind.

The funeral and burial of the late Mrs. Antoinette Swan took place this afternoon. She was the widow of the late William B. Swan.

Fred Fritz a German in the employ of Milkman Hawhurst has collected quite a sum of money belonging to his employer and skipped out.

A lad fired a stone from Mechanic street through an open window of Denton's news store last evening and smashed one of his oval glass cases.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Howes and son, George, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Wood on East avenue, have returned to their home in Philadelphia.

To-morrow will be a great day with the Latter Day Saints at Broad River. A picnic, convention, supper and entertainment are included in the proposed programme of exercises.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tenney, of Brooklyn, who are taking a two weeks' vacation, and who have been visiting friends in this city, left for a few days' visit in Westport, to-day.

Manager John H. Hoyt, of the Western Union Telegraph company, has all the symptoms of a sick man, but he is unwilling to admit that he has other than a sick headache to which he is subject.

James Barbour, a Chicago lawyer, son of Rev. H. H. Barbour, formerly of Norwalk, is in town. Mr. Barbour says that Illinois is for honest money, and he gave the free silverites sound advice on this important subject. He predicts that the "soab-bubble" campaign will come to an inglorious end, even in the far west.

Selectman Thomas "Coddling."

Selectman Ephraim Thomas who is down east on the steamer Mystery with a fishing party from South Norwalk, under date of August 19th, '97 writes as follows to Selectman Merrill:

FRANK:—We caught to-day in two hours one-half a ton of cod. You ought to be with us.

It will be noticed that Mr. Thomas dates his letter one year ahead. The party is expected home on Saturday next.

Opening Night.

Manager Mitchell inaugurates his winter season at the Norwalk Opera House to-morrow night with Paul Cazeau in the "Three Guardsmen." The elder Dumas never wrote a greater play and the modern stage holds none to-day of greater sustained interest, or more thrilling dramatic force. The company contains nine members of Salvini's company, and the scenery is beautiful and made especially for this production.

The Boston Store.

The Boston store, in a new advertisement to-day, announces that they are cleaning counters of all summer goods. This cleaning process causes an immense decrease in prices, and rare bargains are offered for the coming week in nearly all departments of this mammoth emporium. Purchasers looking for bargains can always find them at the Boston store, Norwalk.

—Advertise in the GAZETTE.

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. Byington, Manager.

Water at the Knob 70°.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Emory Pease are guests at the Malaackemo.

An Orient tandem arrived this morning for H. S. Saunders.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Golden, of West avenue, are at Camp Graham to-day.

There will be a dance at the Norwalk Yacht club's house on Hickory Bluff Monday evening.

The captain and lieutenants of the Twin City Wheelmen look very neat with their new shoulder straps.

"Bertie" Bogart, of Osborne avenue, East Norwalk, returned home yesterday from a visit with relatives in Weston.

Builder Henry Seymour with his wife and daughter are enjoying the bracing frost and icy atmosphere of the White Mountains.

Walter Schadler, of Bridgeport, was in town yesterday calling on his brother George D. Schadler at the latter's home on North Main street.

Liveryman Silas Gregory's carryall has been engaged to take a party out to-night. They will start from the Congregational church.

A large number of young people from this city, expect to attend the leap year dance at the Norwalk Lawn Tennis club's casino, this evening.

Miss A. Scott, the popular librarian, has resumed her duties after a visit with Miss Mary Quigg at the latter's pleasant home in New Canaan.

A dance will be held at the Knob to-morrow night. Weidenhammer will furnish music as usual and the bus will connect with the trolley cars.

The Stamford Ghost club has chartered a car on the Norwalk Tramway road and will enjoy another trolley ride to this city next Wednesday night.

Miss Eva Cape, who has been visiting with Miss Julita Hatch at the latter's home on West avenue, returned to her home in Washington, Conn., yesterday.

A number of the young people, of this city, will meet with Miss Jennie Rood this evening at her home on Fairfield avenue, and form a social club.

Miss Marie Newcomb of New York city, and Mrs. Fred Seymour of New Jersey, are visiting with Patent Commissioner and Mrs. John S. Seymour at the Smith cottage on Smith's Island.

It was rumored this morning that the Consolidated road had purchased the Norwalk Company's line. A GAZETTE reporter called at the Tramway office and was told that there was no truth whatever in the rumor.

Mrs. Lyman Clock and daughter, Miss Grace Belle Clock, of Binghampton, N. Y., who have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Tolles at their home on East avenue, will return to Binghampton to-morrow.

H. A. Saunders, directory of the Westport bicycle races, has called a meeting of the Orient racing team, at the rooms of the Orient Cycle Club, No. 1 State Street, Westport, for to-night at 8 p. m.

First Lieutenant Everitt W. Tolles, of the Twin City Wheelmen, in the absence of Captain Fred Ganung, has called a run for Sunday afternoon. The run will be from the club rooms to Stamford and return. If the weather is fair a large attendance is expected.

L. Bergman of Chicago and George Kirk of Stamford, two commercial drummers, were the guests of Quartermaster Noyes of Stamford, Tuesday night, and shared the extra cot in his tent. At exactly 2 o'clock Wednesday morning, Adjutant Crofut and Lieut. Houlihan of Co. B. entered the tent, Crofut wore his cast-iron face, and ordered the lieutenant to rouse the sleepers. When the commercial men opened their eyes the adjutant demanded their passes. They got up and meekly handed them to him. "These passes are not good after 10 o'clock, and I'll have to take both of you to the guard house. Lieutenant, order a guard," thundered the adjutant. The frightened commercial men made a bluff, and Noyes turned over on his pillow to smother a laugh. Adjutant Crofut said that all explanations could be made at the guard house. Then the men put on their clothes, and begged Crofut not to call a guard squad. When the men had dressed, the adjutant said that he was satisfied that there was no intention on their part to break the rules of the camp, and if they would set them up he would drop the case.

"But we haven't anything to set 'em up with," pleaded one of them.

The adjutant said there was lots of it in Quartermaster Noyes' chest, and they took what they wanted from it. Then Adjutant Crofut charged the men 75 cents for the drinks. Then they smelled a joke.—Bridgeport Farmer.

A few years ago nearly all newspapers published, at this season, recipes for summer complaints. Now such items are seldom met with. Publishers have learned that there is nothing quite as good as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for these diseases and as it is in general use everywhere they have quit publishing these recipes. No one having a bottle of this remedy in the house need fear an attack of bowel complaint. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe. For sale by E. P. Weed, Druggist.

The Governing committee of the Norwalk Yacht club, will hold a meeting this evening with Vice Commodore A. E. Chasmar, at his home on Washington street. A full attendance is expected as important business is to be transacted.

There will be canoe races over the Norwalk Yacht club's course to-morrow afternoon. This is the second race in the series for the set of colors offered by Commodore Sanford. Vice Commodore A. E. Chasmar's canoe Kearsarge has won one race, but he must win another to win the set of colors.

The Orient-Cycle club will hold their road races over the Westport course, to-morrow afternoon. Several of our local racers are entered, and a large delegation from this city will, no doubt, be in attendance. Billy Gunther was to have ridden, but as he has been declared a professional by the L. A. W., he probably will not ride.

The Tramway Company has been compelled to obtain additional power from the Norwalk and South Norwalk Electric Light Company the past two or three weeks in order to move their overloaded and many cars, from this city to and from Roton Point. The extraordinary heat for the first weeks in August taxed this road to the utmost in transporting the greatly increased numbers of people rushing to the sea-shore.

GEORGE HULL ARRESTED.

Wilton People Have an Interest in His Prosecution.

A justice trial of unusual interest to residents of the village of North Wilton will come up before Justice Reuben M. Rose in the town hall, at Wilton on Monday. The George Hull, a groceryman in the village, will be prosecuted for cruelty to a horse under a complaint issued at the request of the Connecticut Humane Society. Edward M. Lockwood of Norwalk, prosecuting agent of the society, will prosecute the case. North Wilton is a small village and its groceryman, although he weighs only 115 pounds, is a conspicuous figure. Importance attaches to the case in that the opinion of the people of the village is divided. Hull has his friends who stand by him, but the sympathy of the majority of the best people of the village is said to be with the society.

The society received complaint last March that Hull had cruelly beaten a horse. An officer of the society investigated the complaint and advised Hull not to repeat the offense. He was defiant, however, and on July 6 the society heard of his beating a horse again. Hull paid no attention to any warning given him by the officers of the society, and on August 10 he was arrested for cruelly beating the horse on July 6. On the day of his arrest an officer of the society found a feeble horse which Hull had driven to Ridgefield. When he was spoken to about the inhumanity of his act he said he drove such a horse as he could afford.

The society's agent ordered Hull not to use the horse until it became fit for use, but it was reported that he disregarded the order of the official of the society and used the horse later in the same day. When Hull was arrested on August 10 he asked that the case be adjourned. An adjournment was granted until Monday under bonds of \$500. Hull's bondsman is Rufus R. Ruscoe. What Hull lacks in avoirdupois is made up by Ruscoe, as he weighs 325 pounds.—Hartford Courant.

Strawberry Hill Racket.

Charles Hoyt, son of the superintendent of the Town Farm came to this city at an early hour this morning after an officer. He said that Owen Rice was threatening the life of his (Rice's) mother with a hatchet, at her home on Strawberry hill, so called.

As the alleged disturbance was out of the jurisdiction of the officer, Mr. Hoyt was sent to the home of Constable Morehouse but did not succeed in enlisting his services.

Chief Bradley was then visited at his home on Franklin avenue and he came as far as the station-house, but decided to return home.

About 7 o'clock Owen Rice and one of his brothers might have been seen standing on Mill Hill seemingly much interested in the work going on there. The brother had a blackened eye and a wounded hand.

As near as can be learned, while Owen may have threatened his mother, he did her no bodily injury. The fight seems to have been between the two brothers and was brought about by Owen's coming home under the influence of liquor.

As no one has seen fit to make a complaint, it is not thought that any arrests will be made.

Died in Danbury.

Joseph Nutt, a former resident of Norwalk, died at his home in Danbury, yesterday.

AN ENTHUSIAST.

Mr. L. Hayden of Wallonia, Ky., is enthusiastic in his praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says he has used it in his family for years and can safely recommend it to the public as the best medicine in the world for bowel troubles. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by E. P. Weed, Druggist.

Is Doing Nicely.

Miss Georgie Taylor who sustained a fracture to her arm by reason of a fall which she suffered at the Congregational picnic at Roton Point a few weeks' since, is reported as getting along nicely at her home on West avenue. It is believed that the plaster cast in which her arm has been set since the accident will be removed within a few days.

Fire in Stamford.

Fire Wednesday night destroyed the building in Canal street, Stamford, owned by G. W. A. Jenkins, and valued at \$1,000. Ungemack & Mansell, wood-workers, lost \$3,000 in stock and Roberts & Scofield, carpenters, \$1,000.

General Couch Still Improving.

General Couch had an unusually restful night last night and is so decidedly better to-day that his physician notified him that it would not be necessary for him to call again for some days.

List of Patents.

List of Patents issued from the U. S. Patent Office, Tuesday, August 18, 1896, for the State of Connecticut, furnished us from the Office of EARLE & SEYMOUR, Solicitors of Patents, 808 Chapel street, New Haven, Conn.

W. R. Abercrombie, assignor to Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co., Bridgeport, button hole sewing machine.

W. E. Austin and N. W. Crow, South Norwalk, game board.

J. H. Barlow, New Haven, paper cartridge crimper.

C. E. Billings, Hartford, oil guard for drop hammers.

W. M. Fowler, Stamford, filter. Two patents.

Same, clarifying liquids.

W. D. Henderson, Waterbury, music holder.

D. Hitchcock, Norwalk, car fender.

C. F. Littlejohn, Bridgeport, blanket fastener.

F. Lombard, Hartford, drop hammer.

W. McIntire, Hartford, door hanger.

J. C. Milles, Waterbury, assignor to Matthews & Willard Mfg. Co., drip trough for central draft lamps. Two patents.

F. G. Neubert, Waterbury, ink receptacle.

E. A. Rusden, Hartford, aging machine.

C. P. Toward, Putnam, insulator support.

L. G. Tuttle, North Haven, poison distributor.

H. K. Wood, Hartford, valve.

DESIGNS.

F. S. Chase, assignor to Waterbury Mfg. Co. Waterbury, oil can.

I. E. Palmer, Middletown, hammock.

F. C. Rockwell, Hartford, handle bar for bicycles.

J. Totham, assignor to Peck Bros. & Co. New Haven, basin cock.

TAX COLLECTOR'S

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons liable to pay taxes to the town of Norwalk, in the County of Fairfield and State of Connecticut, on the Assessment List of 1895, that I will meet them to receive said taxes, at the following times and places, to wit:

At the store of W. S. Hanford, East Norwalk, (Down Town) on Tuesday September 1st, 1896, from 10 o'clock forenoon, until 12:30 afternoon.

At the store of J. C. Randle, at Wimpauk, on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 1st, 1896, from 3 o'clock until 4:30 o'clock.

At the store of Alphonzo Dibble, at South Five Mile River, on the evening of Tuesday, September 1st, 1896, from 7:00 o'clock until 8:30 o'clock.

At the office of the Collector, Room No. 1 Masonic building, in the City of Norwalk, in said town of Norwalk, on Wednesday, September 2d, 1896, from 9 o'clock forenoon, until 3 o'clock afternoon, and from 7 to 8 o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Stephen Comstock, of Comstock Bros., Norwalk, and Mr. J. M. Layton, at his office, Railroad Place, South Norwalk, are authorized to receive taxes for me.

On all taxes which shall remain unpaid after the 1st day of October, 1896, interest at the rate of NINE PER CENT will be charged from the 31st day of August 1896, until the same shall be paid.

GEORGE B. ST. JOHN,

Collector,

In and for said Town of Norwalk, on the List of 1895.

Dated at Norwalk, Ct., July 8, 1896.

BRIDGEPORT.

The
D. M. Read
Company.

BRISK DAYS

FOR

WASH GOODS

Because of the weather, because of the prices, because of the almost limitless quantity and variety. Their very freshness adds to the pleasure which surely comes with present buying—Inviting comfortable thoughts and physical contentment—ease, luxury—a new lease of an agreeable summer existence.

Check Linens, All-Linen, German Linen, for ladies' and misses' summer skirts. The very latest novelty in all the large family concerns—small checks and large checks in either old rose, lavender or pink—a perfect washable. It makes a skirt that is specially adapted for to-day; a properly hanging skirt. And only 25 cents a yard.

Figured Brilliant—white ground brocaded with red and blue stripes. Makes a nice cool serviceable shirt waist or suit; 1 1/2 cents a yard.

Black Swisses, with a woven white

Belts of all sorts, kinds and colors. How cheap Belts are selling.

say the prices are low enough. What we are selling. Any woman will know about them; have them seen. Underwear; let the medium and big Regular sizes and outsizes Muslin

high as \$2.00. Quantities and styles that have sold as—and the prices, 50 cents, 75 cents, wherever they see the waists. No one will question the why and

Waists are selling the way they are. No one needs to wonder why shirt

away down. how handsome they are, the price is very cheap. No matter how good or

Draperies are exceedingly low now. for \$1.89.

A 3-burner Oil Stove and Oven, for 10 cents.

proportion. Laundry Soap, 3 cakes, cents; 3-sewed 10 cents—others in

Brooms at half-price—2-sewed 5 cents; 100 ft. for 21 cents. Floor

75 ft. Cotton Clothes Line, for 17

ing. Worth a close inspection, worth buy-

THE BEST RESULTS

—IN—

Life, Term and Endowment Insurance

ARE GIVEN BY THE

Aetna Life Insurance Company, Of Hartford, Conn.

Examples taken from Company's Records.

No. 69,945. \$5,000 Thirty Year Endowment.

Issued in 1870 (due in 1900). Total premiums to date, \$2,735.63. A paid-up policy due in four years would be issued for \$4,487. Cash dividend in 1896, \$95.53 cash payment required, \$59.12 (only about 40 per cent of the original premium).

No. 70,116. \$5,000 Twenty-Five Year Endowment.

Issued in 1870 (matured in 1895). Total premiums paid, less dividends, \$2,932.56 making a net gain to the insured of \$2,067.44. Had death occurred during the twenty-five years, the full \$5,000 would have been paid.

No. 111,660. \$5,000 Twenty Year Endowment.

Issued in 1875 (matured in 1895). Total premiums paid, less dividends, \$3,534.69. Had the insured died during the term of the policy, the whole \$5,000 would have been paid. Having survived the twenty years, he receives for \$3,534.69 paid out, \$5,000—a gain of \$1,465.31.

No. 128,041. \$10,000 Fifteen Year Endowment.

Issued in 1880 (matured in 1895). Total premiums paid, less dividends, \$7,331.82. The insured was furnished fifteen years' insurance for \$10,000 under this policy without cost and was given a net gain in return of \$2,668.18—or \$186.39 for each \$100 paid out.

No. 147,544. \$5,000 Ten Year Endowment.

Issued in 1885 (matured in 1895). Total premiums paid, less dividends, \$4,175.67. Ten years' insurance, and a gain of \$324.13 on the investment.

No. 54,495. \$5,000 Renewable Term.

Originally issued in 1868. Total premiums paid in twenty-eight years, \$1,675.52. Net value of paid-up policy entitled, to \$1881.90. Deduct this from cash paid, leaves net cost for whole term, \$484.38. Average cost per year, per \$1,000, \$6.02.

Limited Payment and Annual Life Policies

Upon Equally as Favorable Terms.

The Aetna Life

Issues every desirable form of Life, Term, Endowment and Accident Insurance.

MORGAN C. BULKELEY, President.

J. C. WEBSTER, Vice President, H. W. ST. JOHN, Actuary, J. L. ENGLISH, Secretary, C. E. GILBERT, Asst. Secretary, W. C. FAXON, Asst. Secretary, GURDON W. RUSSELL, M. D., Medical Director, JAMES CAMPBELL, M. D., Medical Examiner, E. E. HALLOCK, General Agent, 5 Hubinger Bldg., New Haven, JOHN I. HUTCHINSON, General Accident Agent.

Important Notice!

A Great Sale of

WALL PAPERS.

\$3,000 Worth of Wall Paper will be Sold AT COST During the next Thirty Days.

Newman & Pinney,

12 North Main Street, South Norwalk

A POLICE SCARE.

At 1 a.m. Thursday morning as Officer Pennington was standing in front of the Mahackemo block at South Norwalk, counting the stars and dreaming of his coming bicycle race with Captain Gladstone, his acute ears caught the sound of breaking glass. He listened and another crash of falling glass greeted his ears.

Locating the sound as coming from Railroad Place, the Officer drew his police whistle and blew a blast long and loud. In an instant Officer Ireland was on hand and together the two tip-toed down Railroad Place peering into each store as they passed and hardly breathing else they disturb the suspected burglar.

When the two officers arrived at the "Monte Christo Parlor, Barbor Shop" kept by Joseph Eula at No. 33, they discovered that the glass in the front door had been broken and was scattered about on the sidewalk.

Visions of burglars appeared before them, and while one kept guard the other hastened to Solmans' stable and aroused night watchman Sullivan. Back they went to the scene of the burglary, and when Sullivan opened the stable door and exposed to view the side door of Eula's shop, which opens into the stable entrance, wide open, both officers drew their six-shooters and prepared themselves for an encounter with burglars.

After drawing lots to ascertain who should enter first, Ireland started in, he having drawn the shortest straw, closely followed by Pennington. But no burglars were in sight, and beyond a broken spittoon lying on the floor, a chair containing another spittoon braced against the front door, everything was in order as Eula had left it early in the evening.

Here was a mystery too deep for the Officers to solve, and one of them went after Eula who quickly appeared upon the scene and explained the broken glass and midnight visit to his shop.

It seems that early in the evening his little boy called at the shop and becoming sleepy had crawled under the dresser and gone fast to sleep. Eula looked up without noticing the sleeping lad and going home went to bed. At one o'clock the youngster awoke and finding himself imprisoned placed a chair against the door and climbing up broke the glass in the door in hopes of being able to crawl through. This he was unable to do, however, and getting down from the chair went to the side door which he found locked from the inside and the key in the lock. He lost no time in opening the door and getting to his home on Monroe street, arriving just a few minutes before the police.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury
as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the ole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians as the damage you will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

HAVE ARRIVED.

My new line of **Spring and Summer Suits**, 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.

COLIC,
CRAMPS,
DIARRHOEA,

And all Bowel Troubles Promptly relieved with
HALE'S SAFE CORDIAL.
Large Bottle 25 cents.
At all Druggist

J. D. Jennings.
UNDEKTAKER
4 Knight street, opposite Street Railway Depot
NIGHT BELL AT OFFICE.

PLYMOUTH ROCK ICE.
Stores and Families Supplied.
Lowest Rates.

TESLA'S NEW MARVEL

A MACHINE FOR COMMUNICATING WITH THE STARS.

The Electric Osculator will Telegraph Without Wires to All Parts of the Earth at Once and May Reach the Planets by Electric Wires.

In a recent interview Nikola Tesla, the famous scientist, said:

"My electric oscillator is nearly completed. I have spent years in experiments, and have been alternately encouraged and discouraged by the results. But now there is everything to promise success. It seems to be close ahead."

Mr. Tesla's remarks were occasioned by inquiries concerning the truth of the rumor that he was perfecting an instrument for communicating with the planets by means of electrical waves. The inventor said of this:

"Perhaps in time, but not yet. We have to begin with little things before we can accomplish great ones. I am confident that the principles upon which I have been working are correct. How soon they will be demonstrated of course I cannot say. The perfection may come in ten minutes and perhaps not for years. But that it will be possible to signal to all parts of the earth simultaneously, and that from the logical development of this it will be possible to signal the stars by electrical disturbances here, I have no doubt whatever."

"From my recent experiments I am convinced that within a very short time we shall be independent of the clumsy methods of generating electricity now in vogue. The electrical fluid in the atmosphere will give energy enough. The same electric envelope of the earth will enable us to send messages from one part of the globe to all other parts in an instant of time. The same element, which, I believe, is infinite and is not confined to this atmosphere, may be used to communicate with the other planets."

"Can you give any description of this apparatus?" was asked.

"I regret very much to say that I cannot at present. It is rather a tool than an apparatus. My experiments are made scientifically, on a small scale, for I have neither the money nor the space at my disposal to do more. But it is readily admitted that if I prove my principles in this minor way, and I am able to do what I am sure can be done with electricity in a limited fashion, it will only need an extension of method to accomplish the greater results. Simultaneous announcements may then be made in all parts of the world."

"Will the work accomplished by the oscillator be restricted to the sending of messages of this kind?" was inquired.

"No, not at all," he replied. "It will realize the possibility of generating light so that the means now used will at once appear old fashioned. Electric lights will be exceedingly cheap, and so will electric heat. The principle will be applied to all lines of necessity in which the use of the force is now important."

"In photography I have already achieved results from the experiments with the oscillator in the Roentgen principles at a distance of 40 feet, and have secured photographs that are much more elaborate in detail than any other I have seen or that I have heard described."

SEALED THE BILL WITH A KISS.

A Gay Dentist's Finishing Touches were Pleasant but Costly.

Unless the Geneva Times has been misinformed a certain dentist of that town has paid pretty dear for his whistle. It says that a fair young lady from Waterloo has been having considerable dental work done at Geneva. It is said that when the dentist had completed the job he pronounced the work done in a satisfactory manner and in order to seal the statement in proper form, according to his notion, planted a kiss on the lips of the young lady in question.

The young lady, conscious of his Waterloo, did not scream. She assumed her most dignified air and, looking the dentist squarely in the face, asked him for her bill. The dentist gallantly informed her that it was \$50.

"Very well," she turned to go, "that has been liquidated. I have your receipt in full."

Thereupon she left his parlors. The doctor was dumfounded. He was nonplussed. It took him several days to recover from the shock and to realize that it was a fifty dollar kiss he gave to a Waterloo young lady. It is said that he will not send his bill to her parents but will charge the item to the profit and loss account of his business.

To Be Expected.
The "new woman" orator was becoming eloquent.

"Shall we permit man, our former tyrant," she demanded, "to flaunt in our faces forever that which shall serve to remind us of our days of docile submission and servitude?"

Intense excitement and cries of "Never!" "Never!"

"Let us wipe out all that savors of that past life!" cried the orator. "Let us blot out the memory of it for all time!"

Cries of "Hear! hear!"

"Let us put the Goddess of Liberty in bloomers this very day!" shouted the orator in conclusion, and the shout that went up nearly wrecked the building.—Chicago Post.

A Natural Mistake.

"Well, Uncle Joe," said a Washingtonian to his rural uncle from the West, "how did you enjoy your visit to the House of Representatives?"

"They wasn't in session."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; I waited nearly all day for them to come ter order, but they just kept laughin' an' talkin' an' gittin' up personal arguments over politics till, o'gosh, they had wasted so much time that I reckon they thought it war too late ter hold er session till to-morrow."—Washington Times.

USED HIS STILETTO.

A fight between two Hungarians in John Ungvary's saloon, on Smith street, S. N., Wednesday night, came very near resulting in a murder. As it is, one Hun lies at home with three serious stab wounds made by a stiletto while his assailant has evaded the police and skipped to parts unknown.

About 8 o'clock in the evening Balazs Berti entered Ungvary's saloon and among the crowd assembled he recognized another Hungarian by the name of Andrew Matisz. There has been bad blood between the two for some time owing to both being in love with the same woman.

As soon as Berti saw his rival he made no delay in picking a quarrel. Matisz was willing and in a few minutes both were in deadly combat. In the scuffle that ensued Berti secured a short iron bar, presumably from about his person, and struck Matisz a terrible blow on the head felling him to the floor.

Before his rival could regain his feet Berti drew his stiletto and savagely plunged it into Matisz three times. The first stroke struck Matisz in the upper part of the left arm nearly severing the muscles, the second went over his shoulder and into his back while the third cut a gash in the left forearm. Berti instantly fled after using the knife while the injured man sank to the floor from the loss of blood.

Word was dispatched for Officer Ireland who quickly responded and sent for Dr. Tito who had the wounded man removed to his home where he sewed up the wounds.

As soon as the wounded man was cared for, Officer Ireland made a diligent search for Berti, but was unable to find him, he, in all probability, having taken the first train out of town, and made his escape.

The two wounds in Matisz's arm are not dangerous, but the one in the back is a serious one, and should complications arise, may prove fatal.

Fined \$150.

Dr. Willard Parker whose yacht the Ragina, was seized on Tuesday by Deputy Collector Walter T. Buckingham for the alleged violation of Sections 4214, 4235 and 4336 of the United States Revised Statutes, and for carrying passengers for pay, without a license, as exclusively published in the GAZETTE, was yesterday fined \$150 by Collector Goddard.

Collector Goddard allowed Dr. Parker to make an appeal to the Secretary of the Treasury to determine the question whether the chartering of the yacht to cruising parties comes within the meaning of "carrying passengers for pay."

DEPEW'S UNFORTUNATE GIFT.

People Want Him to Endorse Brands of Champagne.

Chauncey M. Depew is credited with many gifts, but among those of which little is said, though they are none the less pronounced, is that of judging champagne. Any one who drinks this sparkling beverage knows whether he likes it or not, but to be a judge of champagne—well, that is different. If Mr. Depew chose he could make a handsome income through this gift alone.

There is a young woman in New York who is interested in a certain brand of champagne who heard that Dr. Depew possessed the talent mentioned. She went to him and set forth eloquently and at length how she could gain \$1,000 if he would say in writing just half a dozen flattering words about her brand.

Mr. Depew listened with courtesy and patience, and then broke into a hearty laugh.

"Why, my dear young lady," said he, "at least 20 wine firms have offered me from \$10,000 to \$20,000 each to endorse certain brands—offered me in cash, too, not compromising checks. If I went into the testimonial business I could make \$100,000 a year in cool cash. There is nothing, from guns to garters, that I do not have to be chary in giving my opinion of even in private life."

"Some time ago, at a big public dinner, when the waiter started to fill my glass I noticed the champagne was one I especially disliked, so I asked him in a voice that no single guest overheard, if he had a certain wine to which I was partial. Of course he said yes, for no good waiter ever acknowledges a lack, and he straightway notified the head waiter, who sent messengers scurrying broadcast to procure this special brand for me."

"Finally it arrived, but next day I paid the price, for in every hotel and club in town the news had been carried that I drank only that champagne, which, by the way, I have never touched since that night."

"No, no, my dear young lady, I dislike to refuse, but if I endorsed anything on earth to drink there are parents who would not permit their sons and daughters to travel on the New York Central road, nor would I ever again be invited to address the graduates of a female seminary."

Great Britain is Learning.

Great Britain is considering the advisability of adopting our method of naming her ships of war. A proposition is being put forward to name her battleships in future after the various divisions in the Empire, such as Caledonia, Australia, India, etc., and to name the new cruisers after the prominent towns, like London, Bombay, Melbourne, and the like. It is flattering to be imitated by so great a power, even in so small a matter.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract. "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with pneumonia, succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in its results."

Trial bottles free at E. P. Weed's Drug Store, Norwalk, and Monroe's, New Canaan. Regular size 50c and \$1.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Colwell of Wilton avenue are entertaining company from Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed, when the languid exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle at E. P. Weed's Drug Store, Norwalk, and Monroe's, New Canaan.

John S. Kane, one of the best known Irish residents of Danbury, died yesterday, aged 58 years.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by E. P. Weed, Druggist, Norwalk, Conn.

The county convention of the A. O. H. will meet at Danbury on Sunday, August 30.

Mother's Delight With Hand's Colic Cure

HAVERHILL, Mass., 11-30-'95.—Hand Medicine Co.—"I wish to say that I procured a sample bottle of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure and am delighted with it. My baby is now four months old, and has suffered every day of her short life with colic. I have tried almost everything ever heard of, but can truthfully say that anything I have tried cannot compare with Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. Yours respectfully, Mrs. G. G. Miller, 38 Arch St." Sold by all druggists, 25c.

Dr. Dexter Hitchcock, of this city, has been granted a patent for a car fender.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season of the year your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have aching feet, new shoes or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Address, Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

Miss Susie Hozan, of Main street is visiting friends at Stamford and will extend her visit with friends in New Canaan.

Shake 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 Rev. John C. Collins, the well-known city missionary of New Haven, had his pocket picked of \$66 in the New Haven depot yesterday.

Mother's 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, 25c.

The Daughters of the American Revolution and the Children will commemorate the anniversary of the battle of Groton Heights by the erection of tablets on the old Avery and the Bailey houses, September 6.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

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

Fourteen bicyclists who were arrested by Constable Hofmeister in New Haven Sunday for riding on the path will sue for the recovery of \$1.50 which each paid him for a release.

The Best Remedy for Bowel Complaints.

It gives me pleasure to most heartily recommend Chamberlain's Medicines. I had advertised them for a long time before I had occasion to use them in my own family. At the time referred to, the patient was suffering terribly from cramps, vomiting and purging. I was delighted with the prompt relief afforded by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.—A. M. EVERLAND, Editor and Proprietor of the Weekly Globe, Mendon, Mich. For sale by E. P. Weed, Druggist.

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.

Stick to Welcome.

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.

NEW CAFE WITH RESTAURANT ATTACHED.

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

-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

ADAMS' Bazon Soap Powder, For Kitchen Use
Excels all others.
Ask Your Grocer For It.

The following Grocers have it on sale: E. J. Finnegan, Main street; P. J. O'Brien, Chapel street; M. Abraham, Plattville avenue; Mrs. Harriet A. Northrop, Unionville; A. Stull, East Norwalk; D. Rosen, South Norwalk; J. L. June, Winnipauk; N. Driscoll, Westport; Fred Scribner, A. A. Avison, Hugh Donnelly, George Pomaroy, Chapel street; E. H. Morehouse, West avenue; D. Gormley, Spring Hill; E. Schacht, Harbor avenue; D. Schacht, Franklin avenue; F. Ballwitz & Bros., 30 Main street; Battery Bros., Bolden Avenue; Anna Lubrous, 20 Ward street; Anna B. Kurke, East Norwalk; William Flynn, 25 Day street; O. K. Scofield, 170 Main street.

SPECIAL SALE OF Sailor Hats NOW READY.

Untrimmed, 10c and upwards,
Trimmed, 50c and upwards,
AT

FAWCETTS.

3 Water Street, Norwalk

MEEKER COAL CO.

COAL, WOOD, BRICK,

LIME, CEMENT, TILE PIPE.

OFFICE WITH G. WARDSELLECK

WALL STREET, NORWALK.

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.

SADDLERS A SPECIALTY

A FAMOUS LEGEND.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY STORY AS IT IS TOLD IN PERSIA.

Goblins, Witches, Fairies, Princesses, and, of course, the Right Prince With the Beauty. Waiting for the Waking Kiss Which He Gave Her.

A Persian woman of culture thus related the legend of the "Sleeping Beauty," as an old household servant was wont to tell it to the children: Once upon a time there was a King who wished to appoint one of his three sons as his heir. He summoned his Grand Vizier into his presence so as to consult him on this important question. They decided to watch the princes for a year and judge them according to each one's conduct. One day at the beginning of the year the three proposed to go out hunting. After some time the eldest, Prince Abdullah, shot a lion, and, feeling tired, returned home; Prince Housen, the second, shot a bear, and, as he was satisfied with his day's hunting, returned to the palace. The younger, Prince Akbar, spied a gazelle and pursued it; he was soon lost sight of. His followers, who, after waiting a long time for their master and having looked everywhere for him, decided to return and tell his father the sad news.

The Prince, meanwhile, was running as fast as he could after the gazelle, till at last he arrived in front of a palace with an iron gate, over which the gazelle leaped and disappeared. He could not follow it there; so, being hot, tired and thirsty, he threw himself on the grass to rest a little. He noticed three doves perched on the gate. They were really fairies who had assumed that shape.

"Well," said one, "that Prince is doing a very foolish thing, lying down there; perhaps he does not know this is the goblin's residence, and that every Sunday morning the goblin takes a walk round his property and devours anybody he finds on it. He is certain to find that Prince just near the gate."

"Well," said the second dove, "he can save his life very easily; he only has to go down that deep well, and when he gets to the bottom of it he will find himself in a dark room, where he will see an ugly old witch leaning over a kettle and half sitting on a chair. Without waking her he must take the piece of glass which is under her left foot and break it, for it is the goblin's life; as soon as it is in pieces the goblin will expire. He must then throw himself on the witch and kill her with his sword."

The Prince, acting on the advice he had heard, found the well and went down it by a circular path, but the lower he went the hotter it grew, till the poor Prince began to feel giddy, sick, and faint, though he kept on bravely and never thought of turning back. At last he found himself in the room, took the piece of glass without waking the witch, broke it into a hundred pieces, killed the witch and climbed out of the well, and was surprised to find himself in a lovely garden, near another iron gate much bigger than the first, which he tried to open. As he could not do so, he stretched himself under a tree, where he soon fell asleep. He awoke hearing the same doves speaking in the tree, on a branch just over his head. The third one was speaking:

"If he wants to open this iron gate, he must try and do it with the point of his sword, and as soon as its doors fly open put his hand in his pocket and take out three gold coins, which he must throw into the mouth of the black serpent which will come out of the gate with its mouth open, ready to eat the Prince. If he can do this quickly, the serpent will die as soon as the money is in its mouth, and the Prince will set free a lovely Princess, but he will have to look for her."

Rising, the Prince once more did as the doves had said; when his sword touched the gate the doors flew open and the horrible black head of an enormous serpent came out, showing its fangs. The Prince threw the money and the reptile died. The Prince soon found himself in another and much prettier garden, through which he walked up to the beautiful palace he saw in front of him. In the handsomest room of this he found a rarely beautiful young lady asleep on a couch. He hesitatingly approached her to have a better view of her face, and thought her so lovely that he stooped over her and kissed her. She opened her eyes and was surprised to find a young man near her, and told him to go away as fast as he could, for this was the goblin's castle, and that either the goblin, the witch (his mother) or the black serpent would eat him. Then he told her his adventures, and she told him hers.

When she was a child she had been stolen from her father's kingdom, and many princes and young men had lost their lives in trying to save her and take her away from the goblin's castle. She thanked Prince Akbar very courteously for having freed her.

After living a few days with the lovely Princess, the Prince, finding he loved her much indeed, asked her to become his wife. She consented. They then mounted on horseback to go back to the Princess's father's kingdom, but as the Princess was afraid of their not being able to find their way back to the goblin's castle, which was theirs now, she loaded a horse with two bags full of lime, and cut a hole in each bag, so that a trail of lime lay all the way.

They soon arrived at the kingdom of the Prince's father. The King was very happy to see his son again, and also to see what a beautiful bride he had chosen. The Prince told his father about all the adventures he had had. The Prince now inhabits the goblin's castle, where his father occasionally visits him. And if any of you little sahibs and khandums (gentlemen and ladies) wish to go and see him, you only have to find the goblin's castle, for the Prince is very hospitable, and will make you welcome.—Westminster Budget.

IGREAT IS THE BANANA.

All the People of the Earth Could Live on it Alone.

The banana, which alone of fruit possesses all the essentials to the sustenance of human life, is worth more than all the others, and is thus the most valuable fruit in the world. Even with us it fairly holds its own when compared with any other fruit, while in some countries—Africa, for instance—its position is as important as that of wheat in this country or rice in China. Over the larger part of the Dark Continent it is the staple article of native food, and every African village has its banana fields, as we have fields of potatoes or corn.

Although some varieties of the banana attain the size of small trees, it is an herbaceous plant, and the kind most generally cultivated for their fruit are the dwarfs, which grow to a height of but four or five feet. The smallest of these produce the delicate fig bananas, unknown to Northern markets, but almost the only ones eaten as fruit in countries where the banana is grown. While the little fig banana is always classed as a fruit, plantains, which are the largest of the family, are invariably fried or baked and regarded as vegetables.

A number of delicious desserts may be prepared by cutting ripe bananas into thin slices and serving with custard, with lime juice and sugar, with lemon juice and desiccated coconut, or in other ways that will suggest themselves. Bananas can be dried as easily as peaches or apples. In this condition they will keep for a long time, and may be eaten by themselves or used in the making of pies, cakes or puddings.

Bananas require a damp, rich soil; but that being given, they repay the labor of planting and such slight cultivation as is required to keep them free from other growths, with a yield so great as to be out of all proportions to the work expended upon them.

After a while, too, the plants aid in their own cultivation by so covering the ground about them with their own refuse leaves as effectually to prevent any other growth in their immediate vicinity.

So generous is the fruitage of this extraordinary plant that its food product was estimated by Baron Von Humboldt to be one hundred and thirty-three times greater than that of wheat, and forty-four times more than that of potatoes. In other words, if a certain area of ground would produce thirty-three pounds of wheat or ninety-nine of potatoes, an equal area of banana land would yield four thousand pounds of fruit, containing all the life sustaining properties of both wheat and potatoes. Von Humboldt also asserted that the arable lands of Central America alone can produce enough of the fruit to feed the world.

Few bananas are raised within the limits of the United States, only the extreme southern portions of Florida and California being available for their cultivation; but with the ever increasing facilities for their importation they are becoming so plentiful that new and hitherto undreamed of uses are rapidly being found for them.

A banana meal which will keep as long as wheat flour, and make an infinitely more nutritious bread, is promised for the immediate future. Beer and sausages made from the fruit have successfully passed the experimental stages. Banana skins contain a tough fibre from which the finest of cloth can be woven. The juice yielded by these skins during the process of extracting their fibre can be used either as an indelible ink or fermented into good vinegar.

Could anything be more contrary to our preconceived notions than bananas as a food for babes? Yet only last summer I was introduced to a perfectly well, sturdy and rosy cheeked little chap a year old who, so his parents assure me, had never tasted milk, and had, during the first six months of his life, been fed wholly on ripe bananas.—Youth's Companion.

TWO CANADIAN STAMPS FOR \$1,320.
High Prices Paid for Rare Postage Stamps by Collectors.

Two little pieces of paper, which, when originally issued by the Canadian Government, were valued at 12 cents each, were sold at auction in Boston recently for \$1,320.

All Canadian stamps of the issue of 1851 are rare, but these two 12-cent stamps are believed to be the only unused ones of the kind printed on laid paper. The stamps were bought by Mr. Needham, of Hamilton, Ont., who sold these stamps to the company holding the auction and got \$1,500 for them. Mr. Needham bought a number of other Canadian stamps at prices ranging from \$10 to \$185.

A five-cent St. Louis, 1845-6, which was a postmaster's provisional issue, \$251, while a 10-cent specimen of the same date brought \$105. United States Government issues sold from \$90 down. The former price was paid for an 1851-6 30-cent unperforated, unused, which is one of the rarest of United States stamps.

How Turkey and Nevada Differ.

"How customs and practices differ on different sides of the earth," remarked Mayor Sutro, apropos of a discussion in the City Hall Commission of the durability of mosaic.

"One reason that it lasted so long in Venice and other cities was that no shoes with nails in the soles were worn, and in Turkey every man who enters a mosque must first take off his shoes. They were going to send me to jail once because I objected to removing my shoes when I went in the place. Now I remember that once when a drunken miner in Nevada insisted on taking his boots off in church so that he could sleep better one of the deacons shot three of his toes off."—San Francisco Post.

This is the season of the year when your neighbor buys a hoe and rake and a few garden seeds and pretends to be better than you are.—Atchison Globe.

A STORY OF JEWELS

ANTIQUITY OF THE CUSTOM OF WEARING RINGS.

Precious Gems Worn in the Time of Pharaoh. Aaron's Remarkable Ring. Wonderful Gems of the Persians and Other Ancient People.

Many of the habits and customs of today have their roots in remote antiquity. Among these that of personal adornment, such as the wearing of rings and amulets, must have been coeval with the earliest civilization, says the Boston Herald.

The use of rings is very ancient. The Egyptians were the first inventors of them; which seems confirmed by the person of Joseph, who, as we read in Genesis, chapter xii., for having interpreted Pharaoh's dream, received not only his liberty, but was rewarded with the Princes ring, a collar of gold and the superintendency of Egypt.

Aaron, the high priest of the Hebrews had a ring on his finger, whereof the diamond by its virtue, operated prodigious things. For it changed its livid lustre into a dark color when the Hebrews went to be punished by death for their sins; when they were to fall by the sword it appeared of a blood color; if they were innocent it sparkled with usual brilliancy.

It is observable that the Ancient Hebrews used rings in the time even of the war of Troy. Queen Jazebel, to destroy Naboth, as is related in the third Book of Kings, made use of the ring of Ahab, King of the Israelites, her husband to seal the counterfeit letters that ordered the death of that unfortunate man.

Though Homer is silent in regard to rings, both in his Iliad and Odyssey, they were, notwithstanding, used in the time of the Greeks and Trojans, and it was from them several other nations received them.

The rings of the ancients often served for seals. Alexander, the Great, after the defeat and death of Darius used his ring for sealing the letters he sent into Asia, and his own for those he sent into Europe.

It is also remarkable that the greatest personages wore some stones in the collet of their rings, which could not be esteemed as rarities, either that they were natural in regard to the figures they represented, or were engraven. The first who adopted rings in Egypt had in them the figures of their gods, or rather hieroglyphics.

Silenus, as Alexander says, had a fatal ring, with the figure of an anchor in the collet. This mark became natural in his prosperity, for his descendants had it impressed on the thigh at their birth.

Josephus makes mention that Arius, a king of the Lacedemonians, had in his ring the figure of an eagle holding a dragon between his talons, and that this figure was natural.

JUDGE LYNCH'S KINDNESS.

One Half Hour's Grace Given an Offender, to Run Away.

They were holding the west bound express at Reno for the east bound to pass, and after awhile a rough looking character asked of the ticket agent:

"Wall, how long afore this train leaves?"

"Can't tell," was the curt reply. The man went away, but in the course of half an hour he returned to inquire:

"Heard anythin' yit?"

"No."

"Can't you tell when this train will pull out?"

"No, sir. If you are here when the train goes you can go with it. It's no use coming here to bother me."

"I don't want to bother you nor nobody else," slowly replied the questioner, "but maybe you don't understand how I'm fixed. I'm Prairie Sam's partner."

"Well?"

"Sam got into a little shootin' scrap uptown this forenoon."

"Yes?"

"And about an hour ago the boys turned out and pulled Sam up to a limb."

"Did, eh? I hadn't heard of that. Why didn't they pull you up with him?"

"The blamed limb wasn't stout 'nuff to hold the both of us, and they was too tired to hunt for another. They gim me two hours to leave town in. One of the hours has gone, and I'm kinder anxious about the other. I kin buy a hoss and ride out if that train won't be here in time, but I'd a heap rathar take the kyars. I don't want to bother you, but under the circumstances—"

"I see. Well, the train'll be here in half an hour."

"Good. That gives me thirty minits to play on, and I won't look fur a hoss. Nice weather, this."

"Beautiful weather for a lynching bee!"

"Of course. That's what I meant. I'll jest step up and take one long, lingerin' look at Sam, and then ketch the train!"—Detroit Free Press.

Not Likely to be Disappointed.

An inquisitive person passing along a country road stopped to talk with a farmer hoeing corn.

"Your corn is small," said the inquisitive person.

"Yes. I planted that kind," replied the farmer.

"It looks yellow."

"I planted yellow corn."

"I don't think you'll get more than half a crop."

"Don't expect to—I planted it on shares."—Buffalo Courier.

Big Pay for Skill in Cookery.

When ex-Senator Sawyer's daughters were little girls their father promised to make them a handsome present when they were able to cook him a satisfactory dinner. Ten years later they reminded him of the promise and served him with a dinner with which he had not the least fault to find. That same day the Senator gave each one of the young women a check for \$25,000.

DWARFS OF THE ANDAMANS.

They Look Like Darky Babies and Are Genuine Little Savages.

A remarkable ethnological collection from the Andaman Islands has just reached the National Museum. It comprises a large number of objects illustrating the arts and industries of the strange race of dwarfs which inhabit an archipelago in the Bay of Bengal. Sailors have long known them some what disrespectfully as "Little Niggers," because the average height of the men is only about 4 feet 10 inches, while the ordinary stature of the women is 4 feet 7 inches.

Perhaps the oddest thing about them is that they look like babies all their lives, seeming never to grow up. Withal they are probably the most primitive savages known to civilized man.

The dwarfs of the Andamans, until quite recently, have not known how to make fire. On one of the islands of the archipelago is an active volcano, from which they were accustomed formerly to obtain fresh supplies of fire at intervals. Special expeditions for this purpose were not often necessary, inasmuch as they knew how to keep fire burning in decayed wood for an indefinite length of time.

Formerly the dwarfs of the Andamans were accustomed to murder ruthlessly all strangers who approached their shores. Melancholy, indeed, was the fate of shipwrecked sailors who chanced to seek shelter on the islands of the archipelago. They were sure to be shot to death with arrows. Indeed, distressed mariners cast away in that part of the Bay of Bengal would be likely to be massacred even at the present day.

It is believed that the inveterate hostility of the Little Niggers arose originally from the cruel practices of Malays, Burmese, and Chinese, who visited the Andamans to get edible birds' nests and sea cucumbers. They used to kidnap the natives and sell them as slaves in neighboring countries.

When the British established a settlement there the savages frequently attacked them, and took every opportunity of stealing the iron tools and other implements that excited their cupidity. Within recent years they have become comparatively tractable, however.

These dwarfs are almost naked. The women wear small aprons of leaves, but the men wear nothing except bunches of leaves attached to their knees and wrists.

Garters, bracelets, and necklaces of bones, shells, or wood are common ornaments. Tattooing serves to a certain extent as a substitute for raiment. Women do the tattooing. As a protection against the hot tropical sun, the people smear their bodies with a white-wash of clay and water.

Efforts to reclaim the Adamanese from their savage state have not produced results of unmixed good. Homes having been established for their benefit by missionary influence, those accommodated at these institutions are fat and lazy, spending whole days together in singing, dancing, and gormandizing.

It is an old story that wherever civilization goes, with its diseases and whisky, it wipes out the primitive savage races. The Andaman Islands afford no exception to the rule. The original population there is fast disappearing, the death rate far exceeding the birth rate, and before long these interesting little people will be practically extinct. They have delicate constitutions, not being able to withstand sicknesses from which Europeans easily recover. Fifty years is the extreme limit of age among them, and partly owing to the great mortality among infants, the average length of life is only a little over twenty years.

A COMMON ROBBERY.

How Ladies Sell Tickets to Their Gentleman Friends.

"Of all the unkind, insidious and outrageous things that a girl ever does to a fellow," announced a young man the other day, "this ticket-selling business is the worst; the practice, you know, of mailing a man some dozen or twenty tickets for some lecture, musical or charity entertainment, the sender's card enclosed, and the expectation being that the man will send her the money for the lot, which is just what the man generally does. He feels obliged to do so, as otherwise he would appear discourteous and, above all, 'mean!' But it's an unfair advantage, and one that a girl has no right to take. It's clear highway robbery; a regular your-money-or-your-life sort of game. Not once in a hundred times does it happen that a man is able to use the tickets himself and he has too much consideration to give them to any one else as they are nearly always to things that no sane person could be hired to go to. That's why they've been sent to the man. Women well know that they couldn't work off any such stuff upon their own sex. And the man calmly chucks them into his waste paper basket and dashes off a check to the girl—and there's just about as much ceremony and graciousness in the one act as in the other, let me tell you. For my part, however, I'm going to call a halt on the thing. The next girl who sends me any such set of tickets will have them promptly returned to her by the next mail. No, it isn't rudeness or perversity or 'meanness.' It's self-preservation, pure and simple. Why, my Lenten mail has been fairly deluged with tickets. Every day brings in a fresh instalment. But I'm no longer going to put up with such an unwarrantable form of taxation without representation."—N. Y. Evening Sun.

Little Mrs. Justwed—And, do you know, my husband never even thinks of so much as going for a scuttle of coal without first kissing me.

Old Mrs. Hornbeak—In about two years, my dear, you may consider yourself lucky if he gets the coal.—Puck.

A SAILOR'S STORY.

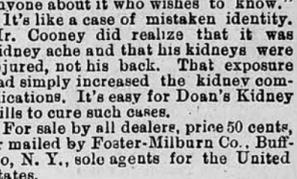
Not the Proverbial Sailor's Yarn An Old Salt Speaks in Norwalk.

The life of a sailor has many ups and downs. The hardships of the man who sails the briny deep are not appreciated by the land lubbers who know not what it is to struggle with the elements to keep above water, it takes brawn and muscle and good constitutions to stand it. While men, even the hardiest, when they return from nautical life find the exposure has left them with a legacy as a constant reminder of the past. And often when a Jolly Jack Tar is relating an experience, the back that has carried him through it all is burdened with a far heavier burden. Our representative had a pleasant chat the other day with just such a man. A sailor for thirty years, Thomas Cooney, by name, a Norwalk citizen, residing at No. 73 Harbor avenue. He has also held the position of dockmaster for ten years, and to add to the difficulties he has had to contend with, he fell from a tree when a boy, striking a fence. This accident left him with back trouble, and the life on the water with its hardships added their share until he found back-ache was more or less a steady thing, coming on from time to time. Like most people he did not understand that it came from the kidneys, but reading that Doan's Kidney Pills cured back-ache he got a box at Hale's drug store and was surprised to find how quickly they acted. "Why," says Mr. Cooney, "they simply cured me, and you may be sure I have a good word for Doan's Kidney Pills, they have done such good work for me. I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who wishes to know."

It's like a case of mistaken identity. Mr. Cooney did realize that it was kidney ache and that his kidneys were injured, not his back. That exposure had simply increased the kidney complications. It's easy for Doan's Kidney Pills to cure such cases.

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents, or mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Itching Piles, night's horrid plague, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by Doan's Ointment. Your dealer ought to keep it.



SARATOGA!
Genuine Saratoga Water in block-tin lined barrels direct from the celebrated Spring, is for sale on draught at Hadden'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.

DRINK HATHORN SPRING WATER

FOR THE Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys.

FOR SALE BY The Holmes, Keeler & Selleck Co

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. O'SULLIVAN, Manager.

POLITICS THE THEME.

News Notes of the Various Candidates and Their Adherents.

BRYAN ITINERARY CHANGED

Democratic Candidate Will Visit Chairman Hinkley—Republicans to Poll Voters—Populists to Have Double Headquarters.

UPPER RED HOOK, N. Y., Aug. 21.—It is pretty apparent here today that Candidate Bryan's plan to spend some time in New York state campaigning is not objectionable to the leaders in Democratic state politics, and that he has their co-operation in the movement. Mr. Bryan today said: "I am not bothering about New York Democrats. Everything will be all right." Among the facts of significance are the visit late last night of Mr. Elliott Danforth of the New York organization, the proposed visit of Mr. Bryan to Albany and the inviting of Mr. Bryan to meet a number of Democrats at Whitesock Lodge, in the Catskills, presided over by Chairman of the Democratic State Committee Hinkley of Poughkeepsie. With these significant facts is coupled the arrangement to-day of a new western itinerary that includes several points in New York state. His speech on the 26th, takes in these points: Buffalo on the evening of the 27th and Medina, N. Y., the afternoon of the 28th, spending the evening at Niagara Falls; to Hornellsville by way of Buffalo on the 29th, Saturday, and speak in Hornellsville in the afternoon; then to Jamestown in the evening and direct to Chautauque, where Sunday will be spent. On Monday, Aug. 31, Mr. Bryan will go direct to Cleveland, where he will speak in the evening. Tuesday he will go to Columbus, O., speaking there the evening of the 1st of September and at Toledo on the 2d. The evening of the 3d he will speak in South Bend, Ind., and Sept. 4.

No Speech in Chicago.
Mr. Bryan does not expect to speak in Chicago. The morning of the 5th Mr. Bryan will leave for Nebraska, not making any stop and going over the Burlington road. He says his speeches in all the places will be very brief.
It was late last night when Elliott Danforth of New York called to see Mr. Bryan, and he waited some two hours for him to return from a day's outing. He said it was a friendly call, and Mr. Bryan reiterated it, but as Upper Red Hook is some eight miles from a small station where there are few trains, and as Mr. Danforth saw Mr. Bryan in New York six days ago, conclusions are rather inevitable that the visit had some political significance. Mr. Danforth, when confronted with the question of state support of Mr. Bryan by the Democratic party, said tersely:
"They will support him. I have no doubt of it. But the active work will not begin until our convention meets at Buffalo."

The second surprise came today when a son of Chairman J. W. Hinkley of the Democratic state committee came here with an urgent personal letter from his father inviting Mr. Bryan to visit the camp in the Catskills where are gathered a number of prominent Democrats. When the messenger had gone, Mr. Bryan said that he had practically decided to accept the invitation and would spend a night there before leaving for the west.

The Populists' Headquarters.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—The executive committee of the Populist party has adjourned, subject to the call of the chairman. It has accomplished all that could be done at the present time in arranging for headquarters here and branch headquarters in Chicago. It was decided that J. R. Sovereign should be assigned to the Chicago headquarters, which will be under the management of Mr. Washburn of Massachusetts. Chairman Butler, of course, will be in charge here, and will give his whole attention to the campaign. Mr. Butler will be assisted by Secretary Edgerton, who will be here during most of the campaign. C. H. Pirie, chief of the senate document room, will be in charge of the sending out of documents. Mr. Butler said today that the class of literature that was to be sent out had not yet been decided upon. As far as possible documents which can be franked will be sent out. These will include speeches by Populists in congress, and some of Tom Watson's will be among the number selected. Some of the literature being sent out by the Democratic committee and also by the silver committee will be distributed. Chairman Butler said today that the committee was, of course, embarrassed for want of funds, and Secretary Edgerton said that the committee must rely upon voluntary subscriptions as much as possible. "We have chipped in," said Chairman Butler, "to pay our expenses thus far. We have no rich men to make large contributions for campaign expenses. I expect we will have to make a campaign like others we have made in the south, where we have managed with very little money."

Chairman Butler will enter into correspondence with Populist leaders and with free silver leaders in various parts of the country at once and endeavor to effect an adjustment of all existing difficulties which will bring the supporters of silver and Bryan into harmonious action.
The Silver party and the Populist party are today moving into headquarters with the Democratic party in the Wornley building. The rooms to be occupied by the silver men and the Populists are being put in order for their occupancy.

J. Sterling Morton's Candidacy.

OMAHA, Aug. 21.—Local Democratic managers say they are not yet decided as to the presentation of Hon. J. Sterling Morton's name as a presidential candidate at the national convention at Indianapolis. A conference of gold standard Democrats will be held here within a few days to consider the advisability of presenting Secretary Morton's name. Nebraska may not send delegates to the Indianapolis convention at all. This will also be decided at the coming conference.

Republicans to Poll Voters.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—The Republican managers will endeavor to find out every Republican who intends to vote for Bryan and every Democrat who intends to vote for McKinley. This immense task will be undertaken by the 20,000 organizations of the National League of Republican Clubs. The actual work will begin next week, although the officials at the national headquarters of the league have been preparing for it for several months.
It is expected that this canvass will cover every county in the country, and

Advertise in the GAZETTE.

that when it is completed the Republican managers will know exactly where they stand on both the money question and presidential candidates. As a starter 10,000 letters of introduction will be mailed tomorrow. The reports are expected to begin arriving in about two weeks. A force of clerks will be put to work on these, and they will be tabulated as soon as they arrive. As the canvass progresses reports will be made to the national executive committee.

Maine Gold Standard Democrats.

PORTLAND, Me., Aug. 21.—The Maine Democrats who favor the gold standard of currency, and who have bolted their party on account of its national platform favoring free silver, are gathering here in goodly numbers to hold a state convention and choose 12 delegates to the coming Indianapolis convention and to name six candidates for presidential electors.

A London Newspaper's Views.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—The Westminster Gazette this afternoon, in its financial article, attributes the fall in silver to the inability of speculators in the United States to carry silver purchased with borrowed money and to the scarcity of buyers. It says: "The quantity of silver lying unused in the banks of China is large, there being much less demand for it owing to the setback to trade in both China and Japan, due to the smallness of the purveyance of silk by America and Europe. What the people are anxious to know is the amount of silver which is still carried by speculators in the United States. But no information is obtainable upon this point, though it must be large. The price is now declining, and the figure may induce more active speculation both in London and India."

SIR JOHN MILLAIS BURIED.

Members of the Royal Academy March to St. Paul's Cathedral.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—The funeral of Sir John Millais, president of the Royal Academy, who died on Aug. 13, took place in St. Paul's cathedral today. The cortege started from the house at 10 o'clock. The coffin, covered with a crimson pall, was placed upon an open car drawn by four horses. The pallbearers were: Lord Rosebery, the Earl of Carlisle, General Lord Wolsley, the Marquis of Granby, Sir Henry Irving, Holman Hunt, R. A., and Philip H. Calderon, R. A.
When the procession reached Burlington House, it was joined by the members of the Royal Academy, who marched to St. Paul's cathedral. Most of the shops along the route were closed, and the streets were lined with people. Hosts of spectators also gathered around the cathedral, and within the edifice there was a vast crowd. Canon Scott-Holland and a number of minor canons met the procession at the grand entrance of the cathedral.
As the procession passed up the central aisle the services began, the choir singing Croft's funeral music. Admiral of the Fleet Sir John E. Commerell was present as the representative of the queen, and the Prince of Wales was represented by Sir Francis Knollys. The wreaths sent to the party by friends were so numerous that two carloads of them were sent to the cathedral in advance of the funeral procession.

COVERED WITH HUMOR

When I was thirteen years old I began to have sore eyes and ears, and from my ears a humor spread. I doctored with five different skillful doctors, but they did me no good. My disease was Eczema. By this time it had gone all over my head, face, and body. Nobody thought I would live, and would not have but for CUTICURA REMEDIES. I used four boxes of CUTICURA, five cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT. My hair all came out at that time, but now it is so thick I can hardly comb it. I am sixteen years old, weigh 130 pounds, and am perfectly well.
MISS IREAN GRANDEL, Clayton, N. Y.
SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humors cures.
Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. and 51. FORTER DRESS AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston.
"How to Cure Every Skin Humor," mailed free.

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

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EDWIN O. KEELER, MOSES H. GLOVER
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F. ST. JOHN LOCKWOOD, THEODORE E. SMITH
IRA COLE, CHAS. F. TRISTRAM.

Accounts of Manufacturers Merchants and Individuals solicited.

Safe Deposit Boxes free to Depositors.

JOHN T. HAYES,

Agent for
**The Celebrated Bazaar
Glove-Fitting Patterns,
All at 15c each!**

These Patterns are the best. The latest and leading fashions of the world are being used by hundreds of thousands of ladies every where, always giving the GREATEST SATISFACTION. Call and examine counter catalogue.

The Daily N. Y. Papers in my Store.

Journal, 1c; Press, 1c; Advertiser, 1c; World, 1c; German Journal, 1c; Sun, 2c; Recorder, 2c; Tribune, 3c; Times, 3c; Herald, 3c.

JOHN T. HAYES

NO. 5 MAIN STREET, NORWALK.

**- TIME -
FOR CRABS.**

We have some nets for them

Price **25 Cents.**

Something new in COVERED BASKETS. Good for picnics, fishing, etc.

**DOOR LOCKS, 15 and 25c
a Pair.**

H. H. WILLIAMS

17 Main St.

Advertise in the GAZETTE.

MURDEROUS BURGLARS

Midnight Marauders Fatally Wound a Merchant of Bedford Station.

TWO OF THE THIEVES TAKEN

The Others, Who Escaped, Are Believed to Be Wounded—A Fight in the Early Morning With Pistols, Winchesters and Shotguns.

BEDFORD STATION, N. Y., Aug. 21.—An attempt was made to rob the general store and postoffice of Walker B. Adams & Son early today.

Mr. Adams, Sr., is at the point of death from a bullet wound, and two of the four burglars, who were seriously shot, were captured, while William Adams, the son, owes his life to a suspender buckle which deflected the bullet which struck him.

The store of Adams & Son has been burglarized several times, and immediately after the last burglary the store was fitted with a complete burglar alarm, connected with Mr. Adams' residence near by.

At a very early hour this morning the alarm sounded, indicating that entrance was being effected. Mr. Adams aroused his son, and after arming themselves they proceeded toward the store, which is alongside the Harlem railroad track and 400 feet north of the Bedford depot.

Mr. Adams, Sr., was armed with a double barreled shotgun and a 38 caliber revolver, while Will Adams carried a Winchester repeating rifle.

As they approached the store they saw a man hiding behind a telegraph pole near the store. Young Adams drew a bead on him and ordered him to surrender.

The elder Adams proceeded to the rear of the store, and what happened there will probably never be known.

Young Adams had given his prisoner to the village blacksmith, Benjamin A. Schenok, and had proceeded to his post again. Hardly had he reached the front of the store when he heard a number of shots fired in the rear, and a man started from the shadow.

"Seeing young Adams, he called out, 'If you are armed, I'll shoot you.'"

Will Adams dropped on his knee, and laying his rifle on the store stoop, took good aim and pulled the trigger. The burglar threw up his hands and cried, "Oh, Charley, I'm shot!" and fell to the ground.

Another Burglar Shot.

As the man fell Adams felt something strike him in the back and turned. Another of the burglars stood before him and cried out, "I'm shot too."

He was made a prisoner and said he had been shot in the hand.

The firing attracted the nearby residents, and they came quickly to the scene. William H. Reynolds, the butcher, was first on the ground and was quickly followed by George B. Slocum, a teamster; G. W. Gardiner, coal dealer, and Charles Jackson, a nurse. The firing had ceased.

Blacksmith Schenok, hearing groans at the rear of the store, made his way in that direction and found Walker B. Adams lying on the tracks. He called for help, and Mr. Adams was picked up.

It was found that a bullet had struck him almost in the center of the forehead and had apparently gone through his head, coming out at the rear.

Dr. Carpenter of Katonah was summoned. He said Mr. Adams could not recover.

While Mr. Adams was being cared for the two prisoners were forgotten and escaped. The burglar shot by Will Adams lay groaning on the track, and he was picked up and cared for.

The Winchester bullet had struck his arm and plowed through his abdomen.

The man is large and portly, was well dressed and had plenty of money in his possession.

A watch was placed on him, and search was begun for the rest of the gang. It was daylight before another of the burglars was found, badly wounded, lying near the fence on the opposite side of the track from the store, where he had crawled after being shot, probably by Will Adams.

He had been shot in the middle of the back. He is a young man, slim, his face colorless and adorned with a light mustache. He was poorly dressed and has an evil appearance.

Both prisoners were taken to the Mount Kisco jail, as the feeling here ran high, and it was feared that they would be lynched.

Burglars' Tools Found.

Of the two burglars who escaped it is believed both are slightly wounded. Word was received here that a man with one hand in his pocket was met on the Ridgefield road and had inquired the way to Stamford.

When told that he had passed the road and must turn back for a mile, he said, "I'm not going back; I'm going ahead," and had gone on toward Ridgefield, Conn.

The Ridgefield authorities were notified. The man was about 5 feet 9 inches tall, well dressed in a brown or blue suit, with light alpaca hat. He had no vest over his outing shirt. The other man was dressed in light clothes.

The men left two satchels behind containing a complete set of safe breakers' tools, dynamite, drills, etc.

The safe in the store contained little money, and had the burglars been successful their haul could not have been more than \$1,000.

Conductor David Hennen remembers that the four men came up on his train last night at 10:40 o'clock and got off at Bedford.

One of the prisoners at Mount Kisco jail attempted to escape this morning. As the doctor entered he jumped and attempted to overpower the physician, who called for help and subdued the man.

Bedford Station is on the Harlem division of the New York Central railroad, 44 miles north of New York city.

Elberon Postoffice Robbed.

LONG BRANCH, Aug. 21.—Burglars entered the postoffice and Postal Telegraph office at Elberon, both of which are in charge of James Fay, and robbed it of all its valuable contents. The door of the safe was blown off its hinges and the safe rifled. They stole a gold fire badge, valuable gold watch and chain, silver spoons and numerous other articles belonging to Mr. Fay; also some cash and a number of postage stamps.

A Lone Highwayman's Rich Haul.

SPOKANE, Wash., Aug. 21.—George McCauley, part owner of the Caribou gold mine at Trall, B. C., was held up by a masked lone highwayman in the mountains, and at the point of a rifle he was compelled to hand over \$1,400 in gold bricks.

Advertise in the GAZETTE.

THE BOSTON STORE.
NORWALK, CONN.
Always IN THE LEAD.
Never Waiting for Others; Always Showing the way.

We are Clearing Our Counters of all
SUMMER GOODS.
IN OUR GREAT CLOAK ROOM.

Separate Skirts.

We have Black Sicilian, figured Mohair, Black Diagonal, Blue Serge at \$2.25, \$3.50, \$4.25, \$5, \$5.50 and \$6. On all these, for the next week, shall take 25 per cent. off.

Shirt Waists.

We have, as we always have, a beautiful line.
\$1.98 ones for 98c. 75c ones for 50c.
\$1.49 ones for 98c. 50c ones for 25c.
\$1.25 ones for 98c. 25c ones for 19c.

Domestic Goods.

15 pieces Apron Gingham, 3c a yard.
25 pieces Scotch Gingham, 25c ones for 12 1/2c a yard.
30 pieces 7c Brown Sheetting for 5 1/2c.
50 pairs Summer Blankets, 49c.

Linens.

58 in. Bleached Table Linen, 23c.
56 in. Half Bleached Linen, 25c.

Crash.

10 pieces Toilet Crash, 4c.
10 pieces All Linen Crash, 8c.
12 pieces Cheek Crash, for fancy work, for 10 and 12 1/2c.

Dress Goods.

All our 30 and 50c Summer Dress Goods, 25c.

Kitchen Department.

Porcelain Lined Preserving Kettles, 8 qt., 35c; 10 qt., 42c; 12 qt., 49c; 14 qt., 54c.
Slop Pails, galvanized iron, 89c.
Heavy Tin Dish Pan, 19c.
Galvanized Water Pails, 19, 25 and 39c.
Veranda Seats, 5 for 25c.
Sticky Ply Paper, 3 double sheets for 5c.
Colored Vat Blue Bowls, 10c.
Jardiniers, 9, 15, 25, 39, 49c, to \$2.98.
Glass Vases, 10c each.

3 Big Bargains at Hosiery Dep't.

60 dozen, another case ladies' Fast Black Seamless Hose, 8c per pair, 6 pairs for 39c.
500 26 in. Gloria Umbrellas, steel rods, all perfect goods, well worth \$1.75; first come, first served, each, 98c.
49 dozen men's Fancy Laundered Percalene Shirts, all new, real value, 89c; special, 50c.

Gloves.

Ladies' 4-button white, black embroidered backs, absolutely the best \$1.50 glove on the market, all clean, fresh stock, per pair, \$1.00.
Get your Preserving Jars before they are all gone; Mason's and Lightning, pints and quarts.
All sizes in Screen Doors and Window Screens.

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

SEASIDE BURGLARS.

Shortly after 2 a. m. Monday morning Patrick Reagan, the watchman at the Beachside Hotel in Greens Farms kept by J. H. Phipps, saw several men sitting on the benches in front of the hotel. The seats were some two or three hundred feet from the house and as Patrick sat on the hotel porch smoking, his attention was attracted to the spot by the continuous lighting of matches.

Thinking perhaps some of the guests were out, Patrick left the hotel porch and walked toward the benches. He had reached a spot within a few feet of a bench where he could see the forms of four persons sitting, when suddenly a man sprang from behind a tree and clutched him by the throat, throwing him to the ground. His assailant wanted to know if he had the keys to the house; also if all the guests were in. Patrick gasped out that he had no keys and that he knew nothing of the guests. A handkerchief saturated with chloroform was then placed over his face and Patrick knew no more until found by the guests an hour later, bound and gagged, and tied to a sofa standing in the hotel hall.

The burglars, as such they proved to be, and five in number, gathered about the watchman and one of them suggested that they shoot him and throw him into the Scund, but to this the man who held his throat objected. They then picked Patrick up and carried him to the hotel and deposited him upon the sofa as described above.

The party had no trouble in getting inside the hotel, but the doors to the office in which stood the safe were locked.

They then went outside to the window leading from the porch to the office and taking a chisel soon pried the window open and entered. The office door behind the desk was locked from the inside and this was opened to allow the hall light to illuminate the room and allow them to command a full view of the main stairway leading to the floor above.

A Herring safe stood against the wall in the office and the burglars soon drilled a half inch hole in the door directly over the knob. A charge of dynamite was inserted and exploded, throwing the door across the room and forcing one corner of it entirely through the opposite wall. The burglars then had access to the interior and thoroughly cleaned it out taking everything in the shape of papers found in the safe.

The loss will amount to over \$3000. Mr. Phipps had nearly \$1000 in checks which he was to have deposited to-day and between \$625 and \$850 in cash. Kirke La Shelle, of New York, of the "Wizard of the Nile" company lost \$401, and J. R. Radley of New York lost \$70. There were also three envelopes containing money belonging to the servants about the hotel, the total amount of which could not be ascertained.

Before proceeding with their work upon the safe, the burglars cut the telephone wires leading to the long distance phone as well as the wires leading to a private telephone that connects the hotel with the stable.

The noise of the explosion was heard by quite a number of guests and Miss Grant, daughter of Frederick Grant of the banking firm of Grant Bros., N. Y., and a maid came out of their rooms above and started to descend the stairs. They were confronted by one of the burglars who with a revolver ordered them back, and they lost no time in obeying. Mrs. H. B. Smith, of New York, also came out to see what was going on.

Mrs. Smith had descended the stairs more than half way when the burglar saw her, and pointing his revolver at her ordered her back. Mrs. Smith was plucky, however, and wanted to know what was the matter. Another order to go back accompanied by a threat to shoot, caused Mrs. Smith to reluctantly retrace her steps upstairs to her room. The hotel was pretty thoroughly aroused by this time and the burglars made their escape, going down the road toward Southport carrying their booty with them.

Mr. Phipps fired his revolver out of the back window and aroused the stable hands and two teams were quickly harnessed. One was sent to Westport, from where telephone messages were sent to this city and other towns down the line, while the other team went to Southport, from where Bridgeport was notified.

A GAZETTE reporter interviewed Mrs. Smith in the morning, and the latter described the burglar she saw as being young, good looking, and exceedingly well dressed. He wore a small moustache and had on a soft felt hat, which he turned down over his face. The description of one of the other men, as given by Patrick, was that of a man about 5 feet 10 inches in height and stout of build. He had a smooth face and also wore a soft felt hat.

A son of Mr. Phipps found the handle of a chisel on the road leading to Southport in the morning and Supt. Birmingham and Captain Arnold of the Bridgeport police found the blade between Southport and the hotel while driving over.

Beyond this slight clue and a crowbar which was found leaning against the back door of the hotel at 8:30 o'clock last night, the burglars left nothing behind them.

It is thought by some of the guests

that the burglars were at the hotel Saturday night during an entertainment for the benefit of the Herald free ice fund, and acquainted themselves with the premises. At this entertainment \$78 was realized which also went along to help the rich haul made by the morning's visitors.

Among the papers taken were the certificate of incorporation and the charter of the Beach Lawn club which had been organized at the hotel.

As far as could be ascertained, it was just 2:40 o'clock when the explosion occurred.

A LARGE REWARD OFFERED.

The reward of \$500 offered by the Fairfield selectmen for the apprehension of the Beachside Inn burglars, was increased yesterday by the offer of an additional \$300 which was subscribed by residents of Greens Farms.

"Kid" Conway, the well known ex-polo player, is under suspicion of having a hand in the burglarizing of the Inn and has been discharged from the employ of Mr. Phipps.

Conway was employed at the house in the capacity of a bartender, and the watchman stated to a GAZETTE reporter that on the night in question he did not retire until within a half an hour of the time when the job was committed. He slept in what is known as the barracks with many of the servants in the place. This is a small building set apart from the main building.

Conway has been employed at the Beachside Inn since it opened. Proprietor J. H. Phipps said that he had discharged Conway for the company that he kept. He said it was true that he is under suspicion of being implicated in the burglary, but that nothing can be proven against him. He was seen talking with a man last Saturday whose appearance was very tough. This fact, coupled with the one that he had stood out with the watchman until close upon the time when the job was committed, has placed him in a bad light.

Conway was questioned by Superintendent Birmingham, of Bridgeport, and became very angry. It is not known just what part he is supposed to have played unless he is suspected of giving information as to the layout of the house.

Watchman Patrick Reagan was also subjected to a searching examination by Captain Arnold but nothing new was brought to light.

Three detectives arrived from New York yesterday morning and are now engaged on the case. Everything is still in a state of excitement at the hotel and the burglary is the chief topic among the guests. Most of them are congratulating themselves on the fact that they had not left their valuables in the hotel safe over night but contrary to the usual custom, had allowed them to remain in their jewelry caskets.

Obituary.

Samuel Beatty, Esq., died Saturday morning at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. T. Stanley Vanderhoef, on East avenue. Mr. Beatty has long been an invalid from what was supposed to be Bright's disease, but his sudden passing away came with all the startling effect of thunder from a cloudless sky. Mr. Beatty came to Norwalk some forty years ago, as a member of the straw hat manufacturing firm of Beatty Brothers. They built not only the large factory, but the three fine West avenue residences lying between Orchard and Butler streets. Their enterprise was conspicuous, their large-hearted generosity to employees and others, proverbial, and the deceased soon became a deservedly popular candidate for many local offices. He served as Selectman of the town and Burgess of our borough, and in all relations of life both public and private, won the esteem and confidence of all, as an honest and noble natured man. He leaves a wife, a son and daughter to mourn, with great numbers of friends, his departure. Honored be his memory.

Bryan's Definition of 16 to 1.

Bryan gives this as his definition of the 16 to 1 scheme, in a speech at Pittsburgh on Monday evening:

"Sixteen to one means this, that if you owe a debt you can go out into the market and buy silver and have it coined, and use that silver to pay your debts."

That is, if a man owes you ten dollars for wages, he "can go out into the market and buy silver" for about \$5.30, have it coined into ten dollars, and force you to take these 53-cent dollars in payment of his debt to you.

Stabbed With a Pickaxe.

Among the most active handlers of a pickaxe on Mill Hill this morning was old reliable Barney McGinnis. He was too anxious to "out-pick the picker" next to him with the result that his pick struck a rock and glancing hit his right foot with such a vengeance that it ploughed its way through his shoe and stocking causing an ugly gash. The wound which required six stitches to close, was cared for by Dr. A. H. Baldwin.

First Road Race.

The first road race of the Orient Cycle club, of Fairfield county, will be held at Westport on Saturday next at 2:30 p. m. The start will be in front of the Westport hotel. The first race will be a boy's five mile; the second, colored by boys two and a half mile and the third, men's ten mile.

LEADER BOUND OVER.

The hearing of the case against Wilbur Gaynor, age 12; Charles Roberts, age 12, and Robert Murray, age 10, a charged with attempting to wreck the New Canaan train, on Tuesday evening, Aug. 11, by placing a branch of a tree upon the track, near Tallmadge Hill, was held before Justice Francis Bliss in New Canaan Tuesday morning.

All having pleaded not guilty, through their counsel, the state opened its case. Dennis Doyle, for the past six years trackwalker on the New Canaan line, was called to the stand. Since the placing of ties on the track, previously, he had been directed to watch particularly for the miscreants who had performed the deed. He said that on Tuesday evening, Aug. 11, he stationed himself in some bushes on an elevation at the curve just above the railroad bridge over the Stamford-New Canaan highway, where he could see in both directions, up the track and down the track to Tallmadge Hill station.

The 6:25 train had just gone up when two boys, Gaynor and another lad (Murray), appeared on the track above the bridge, Gaynor had on shoes and stockings. Murray had not. They walked along the track, Gaynor throwing stones at random as he walked along. They crossed the bridge and came back again. Then Gaynor ran down into the ditch, and picking up a branch of a tree, laid it across the track on both rails, without assistance from Murray.

"Just as they had done this," continued the witness, "I jumped out of the bushes and they began to run down the side hill out of sight. When I came in sight of them again, they were getting into an open milk wagon standing at Cornelius Taylor's and began to drive off. I ran after them, climbing in at the rear of the wagon. Then, taking the reins from Gaynor's hands, I stopped the horse. I asked what he put the limb on the track for, and he said: 'For nothing. I was going to take it off before the train came. I put it on for fun. Let me go and I will never do it again.'

"I did not take Murray, and he drove off with the wagon. The train came along a minute or so after I got to the track and I flagged the train and gave Gaynor into Bossa's charge."

Frank Bossa is baggage master on the New Canaan train.

At this juncture the witness was called upon to identify Gaynor as the boy who placed the limb on the track and produce the obstruction, a limb denuded of all branches about 7 feet long and

2 1/2 inches average diameter. It appeared to be sufficiently large to throw a train off the track on a curve.

Upon cross-examination, Doyle stated that the limb had been placed only five feet from the bridge, and would have been invisible to an engineer, 500 feet away, on a train going south.

It would have been a disastrous affair had the train been derailed, for it would have plunged down a steep declivity into the highway.

Deputy Sheriff Theodore Miller testified that he saw Wilbur Gaynor first at police headquarters in Stamford. He was given information of two boys to be found in Darien that night and inquired of Wilbur about it. Gaynor said he did not do it, and accused Murray of doing it while he remained under the bridge.

The witness then went to Darien and related Murray and Roberts. Murray arrested the story of the affair to him on the way back to Stamford, and he asked Wilbur about it again upon his return, giving him an opportunity to hear Murray's story. Gaynor then said: "We both did it together."

Here the State rested, and claimed conviction of Gaynor and Murray, the latter on the ground of being "an accessory before the fact." Mr. Hurlbutt moved for the discharge of Murray, and Mr. Kenely moved for the discharge of the other two boys. Mr. Kenely claimed that no maliciousness had been proved and that the stick shown was not of sufficient size to indicate that any obstruction had been placed on the track, within the meaning of the statute.

After hearing the arguments, Justice Bliss bound Gaynor over to the Superior Court under a bond of \$500, furnished by the boy's father. Decision was reserved until next Tuesday, at 9 a. m., in the case of Murray, and he was released under \$500 bonds, furnished by his father. Roberts was discharged.

For the offense charged the maximum penalty is 30 years' imprisonment.

Don't Want To Be Governor.

Samuel Fessenden, of Stamford, entertained a party of neighbors and friends at his residence, Monday, in honor of his 80th birthday anniversary of his mother. Mr. Fessenden at the same time announced to his invited friends that the newspaper reports to the effect that he was a dark horse candidate for Governor of Connecticut had no foundation in fact.

Seventh Regiment Reunion.

The Seventh Connecticut Volunteer association will hold their twenty-seventh annual reunion at G. A. R. hall, 382 Main street, Hartford, Wednesday, August 26, at 11 o'clock a. m.

SILVER NOT WANTED.

As surely as the new day comes, just so surely is the fact becoming apparent throughout Canada that Canadian people are afraid to accept American silver coin because they fear they cannot again place it on the market at its face value.

The movement against American silver is about three months old, but during the last two weeks, the banks have decided not to accept even bills, except on a ten per cent. discount. The first to take decisive steps was the Bankers' Association of Montreal, which discussed the question at length and sent a delegation to interview the Minister of Finance, at Ottawa and get his opinion.

Shortly after this the Bank of Montreal refused absolutely to take the American coin. This was about three months ago. A month later the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific railways came out with a similar announcement, and two weeks ago the Montreal Street Railway company, which had daily turned over about \$1,000 in American halves, quarters and dimes, put up a notice in the cars absolutely to accept no United States coin.

All the banks have, since the Bank of Montreal took the initiative, joined what is now evidently a combination, and not a dollar's worth of United States silver could be passed through a Canadian bank to-day were it worth its weight in gold. The action of the banks and large corporations has caused a mild panic among those who have the silver, for since the edict has gone out not a tradesman of any description will look at the coin, and even the saloon keepers, who two weeks ago were glad to get them, now refuse them.

At one or two of the better class hotels where Americans stay, the order is not so binding, but, with this exception, the city has shut out the coin most effectively, even to the extent of refusing it at athletic games, where formerly anything, even leaden quarters, could be passed.

The Board of Trade of almost every little town, has passed resolutions against American silver, these being followed by the words "And it is, therefore, in the interests of the Canadian people that we declare against American silver, and urge upon all, the necessity of absolutely refusing to accept it in payment, in place of sound money."

To sum the matter up, in Montreal, the bankers have as much Canadian silver as they can handle, to say nothing of the American, and it was to their interest to keep the latter from the country. They have succeeded to a degree that was never thought to have been possible.

Veterans of the 25th.

The veterans of the Twenty-fifth Connecticut regiment, 75 strong, held their annual reunion at Rockville, yesterday. These officers were elected: President, Major Thomas McMahon, Hartford; Treasurer, William E. Morgan, New Haven; Secretary, Watson H. Bliss, Hartford; Recording Secretary, H. A. Kippie, Hartford; Chaplain, George R. Warner, Hartford; Adjutant, A. W. Converse, Windsor Locks; Executive Committee, A. W. Converse, L. R. Lord, Addison Lamphier, Windsor Lock.

A Luminous Cat.

Those who now tolerate mice or rats in or about the house certainly must be blind to the fact that a luminous cat, which costs very little to secure and nothing to keep, has been invented, and can be placed in any dark corner or nook, and effectually scares away all such pests. This cat is struck or stamped from sheet metal, or other like material, so as to represent in appearance the exact counterpart of its animated feline sister. It is painted over with a luminous paint, so that it shines in the dark like a cat of flame. After being used for about a week the place is forever free of either mice or rats.

Cliff Dwellers in Alabama.

Recent archaeological discoveries along the valleys of the Tennessee river in Northern Alabama have led to the belief that the region was once inhabited by cliff dwellers, and an expedition from the University of Pennsylvania is soon to explore the caves in this region.

Prof. Mercer will head the expedition and it is believed that valuable discoveries will be made. Many specimens of ancient pottery believed to have belonged to the cliff dwellers have recently been found in the caves along the Tennessee.

The French want a Submarine Ship.

The Marin announces that it has just been decided by M. Bertin, the Director du Materiel at the Ministry of Marine, to attempt the solution of the problem of submarine navigation by means of a public competition.

The idea, says our contemporary, was suggested by the action of the American naval authorities who have awarded a prize to Mr. Holland, the engineer for his invention of a submarine boat.

False ideals of happiness haunt the ways of men and lead them on to danger and destruction through the siren song of fantasy. One makes his wealth. He has enough now for all the purposes of refined living; but he wants that extra, that margin, by which enough may be broadened out into excess and refinement may be made to include frantic luxury and insolent ostentation.

A PICTURE OF DEATH.

NOVELIST HAWTHORNE DESCRIBES THE ATLANTIC CITY HORROR.

The Eminent Author Visited the Scene of Disaster a Few Hours After it Happened and Writes of His Sensations for a New York Newspaper.

The terrible collision of trains at Atlantic City, N. J., July 31, which resulted in the death of fifty excursionists and the maiming of as many more, was one of the worst horrors in years.

Julian Hawthorne thus graphically wrote of the scene for the New York Journal:

Either the signal man blundered, or one or other of the engineers mistook the signal. Both thought they had right of way, and the westbound train dashed into the other, loaded with returning excursionists. In an instant a slaughter had taken place scarcely paralleled in railroad history.

A few stars had begun to appear as the thickening of the crowd showed that we were nearly upon the ground of disaster. Looking forward, a smoke was visible, rising sluggishly from an indistinguishable mass of wreckage, and drifting northward.

The crowd was, in a sense, silent, and yet the air was full of voices and cries. The sounds were detached and incongruous; they did not melt together like the ordinary hum of a mass of people. Each one of us was isolated in the stress and tension of his own emotion. No one was precisely aware of what he spoke or did. Yet a common horror bound us together.

As yet I had seen nothing but an indescribable and violent confusion of things and people; and even that I had scarcely seen; I had confusedly apprehended it. A reddish, flickering flame; a rising smoke; a huddling, shifting, calling, lamenting crowd; a heap of something black and broken, and amorphous arrangements of I knew not what scattered widely round the heaped up centre. I caught the gleam of railroad tracks in the fading twilight, and the sheen of water in the ditches. As yet I had not recognized any actual form of death.

I recognized its presence, first, in the countenances of the living, who had beheld it, and upon whom it had left its stamp in a strange expression of the eyes and a drawing of the face. Yes, death was here, filling the air, as well as covering the ground. I breathed it, I felt it, and at last I saw it.

At such times one sees things with a hideous distinctness and particularity, and yet in a bewilderment, so that the memory of them is disjointed; nothing is grouped; each is apart in its own dreadfulness. I cannot compose a proportioned picture of this spectacle. I cannot repeat the words I heard uttered, or convey the tones in which they struck my ear; such tones as are never heard save in times like this. Anguish, despair, terror, insanity, deadly pain—all these found voice, and in all that was said and done there was a new and appalling sincerity; instinct, passion, nature, in short, usurping the place of all shows and artificialities. Our race does not easily express emotion; but it declares itself, when it does burst forth, with a force and directness all the more harrowing. I think, in looking back, that I was more impressed by the cries and gestures of the living than by the sight of the dead—the awful pile and shreds of butchery that were strewn and mounded there, impaled, gashed, crushed, torn and twisted. These fragments of mortality hardly seemed real; but the cries, the moans, the desperate callings, the wringing hands and stumbling feet and waving arms—they expressed the very marrow of reality.

The most fearful sight of all, perhaps, was a little child, not more than eighteen months or two years old, sitting beside a mass of bloody ruin, wholly unharmed, playing with the fingers of a dead hand protruding from the wreck. It was a woman's hand; was it the mother's? The child seemed to be crooning to itself, and gazed up contentedly in my face as I stared down at it.

There were many men hard at work all this while, sweating and grimy, tugging and hacking at beams and pieces of iron, heaving them up and aside, and revealing at every moment new forms of death. Some cars stood beyond the confusion, resting upright and motionless after that fatal crash. Something that was said to have been an engine, though one could hardly believe it, was the centre of effort of several toilers, and as piece after piece was removed the body of a man came into view, grasping in his right hand a handle of machinery. His face was scorched and blackened, but still it wore a look of frowning sternness. It was the face of a hero, as that hand showed—the engineer who had died at his post.

Man's pity and tenderness to his fellow gave a touch of beauty to the scene. But oh! the fathers, the mothers, the little children!

How Old Are Horseshoes?

The earliest form of the horseshoe was a leather boot, says Dr. J. S. Harger, of the University of Pennsylvania Veterinary School. But this boot was only worn by heavy war horses. The ordinary horses of the Greeks, Romans, Arabians and other natives were unshod, though methods of hardening the hoofs were occasionally used. The earliest written record of metal shoes is found in a book by the Emperor Leo VI, who died 911 A. D., but horseshoes have been found in tombs that date back to the sixth century. The earliest Oriental form of shoes was nearly circular, and was fastened on, not by nails, but by flanges driven into the side of the hoof. The Arabian farmers even to-day shoe their horses cold, and regard the European method as injurious.

Tobacco

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IT SHOOTS A STREAM.

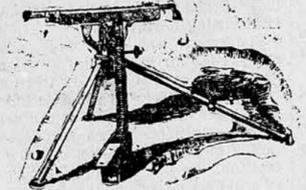
THE NEW NAVY MACHINE GUN A VERITABLE TERROR.

Four Hundred Shots a Minute Will be Fired by a Single Piece, and It Will Go on Firing as Long as Ammunition is Properly Supplied to its Firing Gear.

Within a few months the new navy will be supplied with machine guns, each capable of firing 400 shots per minute, or about seven per second.

The effect of such a fire on a body of troops charging upon a force armed with these weapons would be disastrous in the extreme, as they would be able to rain bullets upon a territory extending at least 2,000 yards from their muzzles.

The gun the navy has adopted is that manufactured by the Colt Patent Firearms Manufacturing Company, of Hartford, Conn., under Browning's patent. The design was decided upon after exhaustive experiments intended to perfect a method whereby the powder gases are utilized to work automatically the firing, ejecting and re-loading mechanism.



THE COLT NAVY GUN.

The gun weighs thirty-two pounds, and with the tripod upon which it is mounted the total weight of the machine is about fifty pounds. The tripod when the weapon is not in use, may be detached and carried by one man, while another takes charge of the gun.

The arm consists of one barrel, attached to a breech casing, in which is contained the mechanism for charging, firing and ejecting. The automatic action of the gun is effected by means of the pressure of the powder gases in the barrel, after the projectile has received its maximum velocity, without decreasing its range or penetration. A small radial vent in the barrel, opening downward from the bore, admits the gas. The vent is closed by a piston, which fits in the gas cylinder, surrounding the outer edge of the vent, and is pivoted to the gas lever, so that it adjusts itself to the gas cylinder, while the lever swings in a vertical plane. The operation of the gun has been thus described:

"The feed belt, containing for the navy 250 cartridges, carried in boxes, is entered, and the lever is thrown down and rearward (once by hand) as far as it will go. This opens the breech and feeds the first cartridge from the belt to the carrier. The lever is then released, and the spring causes it to swing forward, closing the vent and transferring the cartridge from the carrier to the barrel, also cocking the hammer and closing and locking the breech. On pulling the trigger the shot is fired, and after the bullet has passed the vent and before its exit from the muzzle, the powder gases expand through the vent upon the piston and gas lever, which in turn act on the breech mechanism, opening the breech, ejecting the shell and feeding to the carrier another cartridge. The gas lever, returning, forces home the cartridge in the barrel, closing and locking the breech. If instead of releasing the trigger it is held back the same operation will be repeated so long as cartridges are supplied, producing a continuous fire at the rate of 400 shots per minute.

Tests of the Colt weapon have satisfied the authorities of its usefulness for the naval service. The gun fires a cartridge of .36-inch calibre, the same size as that fired by the naval small arm, so that the ammunition is interchangeable.

Blackie, the Enthusiast.

John Stuart Blackie's superabundance of energy is evidenced by the eagerness with which he entered into whatever interested those with whom he came in contact. In his biography we find an extract from a characteristic letter which he wrote while in Rome to a sister who had remonstrated with him for being so much addicted to verse-writing.

"You see I can verse-mad," he wrote. "But you know I am subject to various kinds of madness, and of frequent recurrence. In Aberdeen I got religious-mad; then I got Latin-mad; now I am verse-mad and drawing-mad, and am fast getting antiquity-mad.

"Out of this never-ending fermentation may something good arise, that I may not be eternally driven about by every wind of doctrine. But as it is, I have no more command over my whims and fancies than a henpecked husband has over his wife."

A CAUTIOUS WIFE.



Orriano—Hello, Uncle Rubie, what are you doing with all those locks?
Uncle Rubie—Sal said if any feller takes my valuable, he take me, too.—New York Herald.

NEXT SUMMER'S GARDEN.

Suggestions for Those Who Have Ideas of What They Want.

Eben E. Rexford, in the Ladies' World, says: A modern seed or plant catalogue is a veritable embarrassment of riches. If there was less in it, it would be easier to make a selection. As it is, one wants everything, while she knows that she can only have a limited quantity of the beauty it describes so charmingly. How shall she decide what that little shall be?

Let me help you? Do you want a showy bed for the front yard? One that will require but little care, that will be brilliant with color all the season? Then I would advise you to get one or the other of these two plants—Petunia and Phlox. Or, what would be more satisfactory, some of both. I know of no two plants that will give better satisfaction for an all-summer bed.

Do you want a plant to cover a low fence, or a trellis? Then you should get the Sweet Pea. It will give you hundreds of flowers, and very beautiful and fragrant ones. They will be charming on the vines, and more charming when you cut them for use in the house.

Do you want a low bed for a sunny spot where the ground is so dry that you fear nothing will do well in it? Then the very plant you are looking for is the Portulaca. It is a vegetable salamander. It luxuriates in sunshine that reminds one of the tropics, and doesn't seem to mind in the least whether it rains or doesn't rain. And its flowers are vivid bits of color, of many shades, and all hues, and they will be sure to give you great delight when you see them flourishing in a time of drought that tries the souls of more delicate flowers.

Do you want a hedge? Or something that is strong enough of habit to take the place of a hedge, or a sort of division fence between the flower and the vegetable garden? Then plant the Zinnia. It is a great bloomer, is showy in color, and is as easy to cultivate as a cabbage.

Are you fond of rich shades of yellow and maroon? Then be sure to have a bed of Nasturtiums. We have no other flower that combines these colors in such richness. You will find them excellent for vases. One or two flowers among three or four pale green leaves will make the breakfast table attractive, and throw about it a refining influence that will convince you of the power of flowers in teaching sermons of taste and beauty.

Of course you will want some mignonne. No garden is complete without it. It isn't showy, but it is beautiful, and so sweet.

And of course you will want a pansy-bed. Every garden should have one. You will want it to give beauty to the garden, and to supply you with flowers for the house, for personal use, and for little gifts to your flower-loving friends. Who isn't delighted with a bunch of purple and gold, of blue, of white, or yellow pansies?

If you are fond of yellow—and right here let me say that this is one of the most pleasing colors in the garden, for it seems to heighten and intensify all other colors—you will do well to have a bed of Coreopsis. It will give you a mass of richest color all summer long, and you can cut from it every day during the season without missing a single flower.

For late flowering you will find nothing superior to the Aster. It is the rival, among the annuals, of the Chrysanthemum. It has not yet given us the rich and glowing yellows which characterize that popular flower, but it furnishes us with crimsons and blues, and pale delicate rosy tints that the Chrysanthemum cannot lay claim to.

Another fine, late-flowering plant, is the old Gillyflower of grandmother's garden—the Ten Weeks' Stock of the catalogues. It does not come into bloom much before September, but it continues to the coming of cold weather. It has a wide range of colors, and is delightfully sweet. It is excellent for cutting.

If you care for more plants than I have named above, you will find Whitlavium, Scabiosa, Balsam, Lupines, Larkspurs and Lobelias among the best for the amateur who has but a limited amount of time and labor at her disposal.

You should have a bed of Gladiolus by all means. We have no flower that gives finer results with next to no care. Plant the bulbs in a rich, light soil in May, and that is about all you need to do to them. They will take care of themselves after that, if you will pull the weeds that start about them. Of course they will appreciate it if you give them some sort of support, but this is not absolutely necessary. Last year, I had over six hundred, in one long bed, and such a brilliant display of rich coloring I have never had from any other flower. For two months that bed was a blaze of color, and scores of persons came to see it every day. And the labor expended on it was really less than that given to a small bed of annuals. I would advise the woman who has but a small amount of time to devote to floriculture to concentrate her efforts in this line on a bed of Gladiolus. The cost will be small, but the returns will be great, and in the fall she can take up bulbs enough to fill at least three times as large a bed next season.

For training up about the window, there is nothing better than the dear old Morning Glory.

Marigolds ought to have been mentioned in the list given above, and I hasten to speak of them before I reach the end of my paper, with an apology for the oversight. The African sorts, with their dark, crimson-maroon petals, that seem cut from thick pile velvet, are deserving a place in any garden, and the old double yellow sorts are not to be despised.

MAKE THE BEST OF WHAT YOU'VE GOT.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by H. S. PHILLIPS.

Music by MATT. MILLER.
Author of "IN SILENT REPOSE SHE'S DREAMING."

INTRODUCTION.
Moderato.

With tenderness.

1. It's a gold-en rule to fol-low, make the best of what you've got; Re-mem-ber all that glit-ters is not
2. Then take mat-ters as they come, make the best of what you've got, Each cloud is lined with sil-ver, we are

gold;..... Fin-est lin-ens, silks, and sat-ins may hide an ach-ing heart, Just as
told;..... To be hap-py is a prize which can be neith-er sold nor bought, It's a

oft-en as a coat that's torn and old;..... If the sky a-bove seems glooming, and the
se-cret of the heart and not of gold;..... Have a smile for wife and ba-by when at

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clouds shut out the light, And in luck you seem to fall be-hind the van,..... Don't you
night you reach your home, Hold your head e-rect and do the best you can,..... And you'll

ev-er for one mo-ment think of giv-ing up the fight, It's the heart and not the coat that makes the
find as you grow old-er, lit-tle mat-ter where you roam, It's the heart and not the coat that makes the

Chorus.

man..... To make the best of what you've got, is best that you can do, Nev-er
man.....

wor-ry if you fall be-hind the van,..... Re-mem-ber, life's a strug-gle if you

fight the bat-tle through, There's a turn-ing in the tide for ev-ry man.....

Make the Best of what You've Got.—3.

FASHION'S FANCIFUL SWAY.

Odd Waists Must Now Conform in Tone and Color to Skirts.

(By Special Arrangement with N. Y. Sun.)

The prettiest, most poetic evening gown is made of tulle and crowned with success by the most radiant smile. It is made with three skirts in three different colors, one each of pale green, mauve and pink in the softest, most undecided shades, which make a charming effect. The sleeves of all the



new evening dresses are either very short or just long enough to reach the elbow, and quite close to the arm, finished with a little frill. Other new evening gowns are made of lace trimmed with flounces, a very significant fashion, since it portends the trimming of all skirts and the downfall of the pretty plain ones so much in favor just at present.



Pretty evening dresses, too, are made of white silk muslin, in some simple style, with broad sashes of ribbon for the finish. White glace silk is also a very popular material, trimmed with sequined embroidery or lace. White moire velours is another fashionable fabric for skirts, with chiffon waists and sleeves. Matronly women wear soft brocades, made with a short train, but the skirt which just clears the floor all around is the proper length for young women. A black net evening gown, over white silk and trimmed with white applique lace, is very striking with the bodice well covered with the applique, a band of it around the bottom and belted around the waist with pink ribbon.



Odd waists may be counted by the dozen in the average woman's outfit, and they are made of every grade of material from gingham to brocaded silk, but the latest advices from Paris are decidedly against the waist which is distinctly in contrast to the skirt. To be absolutely correct style it must bear some little relationship to the rest of the gown. For example, a black or white chiffon bodice is the proper thing with a black and white striped silk skirt, and if a white chiffon bodice is worn with a black satin skirt it should have a wide corselet belt of jet, to establish a connecting link between the black skirt and the white waist.

Something in Their Power.

"Wasn't it dreadful to listen to the whistling of the bullets in battle?"

"Oh, not so very. You see the bullets never whistled any of the popular airs of the day."—New York Sun.

The Dog Was Dead.

Magistrate (to complainant)—"Your dog was poisoned on the North side, you say?"

Complainant—"Why, your honor, I think he was poisoned all over."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

His War Record.

Mrs. Farmer—You say you was a soldier in the late war?

Truthful Tompkins—Yes'm; I was killed at Antietam.

Mrs. Farmer—Killed?

Truthful Tompkins—Theoretically killed, ma'am; I wuz never heard uv afterward.

The Season Over.

Chollie (singing)—"How can I leave thee?"

Ethel (coldly)—"The front door is still doing business at the old stand. Try that."—New York Herald.

THE PERFECT WOMAN.

She was a phantom of delight When first she gleamed upon my sight; A lovely apparition, sent To be a moment's ornament. Her eyes as stars of twilight fair; Like twilight's too, her dusky hair; But all things else about her drawn, A dancing shape, an image gay, To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

WAS SHE A FLIRT?

Tall, debonair and smiling, Jack Dalton looked worthy to woo and win even so fair a prize as pretty Norah Carew, the Belle of Hampden town. And as he looked at the bewitching face once more he made up his mind that to night he would put his fate to the touch and win—or lose it all.

"What energetic people you all are, to be sure!" said Mrs. Carew, placidly surveying the two young people. "Tennis all day long, and now a dance. 'Where is Gladys, Norah?'"

"Here, mother," answered a calm, suave voice, and Gladys Hastings, the well-to-do married daughter, surveyed her young sister critically as she spoke. Then, as her eyes fell to the impassioned eyes of Jack Dalton, she turned hastily away.

"Come, Norah," she said, "the carriage has been waiting some time," and in silence the young people followed her. And now at last Jack will put it off no longer. The girl he loves with all the strength of his honest, manly heart, is seated by his side. They are in the conservatory and not a living being is in sight.

"Norah," he says softly, "The girl blushes a bright pink, but does not appear to resent his familiarity." "Norah," he repeats, taking hold of the little hand in his, "you know already what I would say, do you not, my darling? Norah, I love you, love you more, I think, than ever man loved before. Norah, will you be my wife?"

"I do not see why, Gladys," said Norah, but her voice trembled, and her fair face was very white. "Then, allow others to judge of what is right and fitting under the circumstances," said Mrs. Hastings, sharply. "I have made your apologies to Mrs. Pelham; she quite understands the circumstances. Run quickly and get your cloak."

"Pardon me," she said, in a soft voice, in which there is a slight ring of pity, "but I cannot but fear you do not quite know the facts about my little sister. If you have been led to think anything from her manner, I am very sorry, but it happens so often. Naughty child! She is a sad flirt!"

"Nora! By what right have you followed me about, tortured me so the last few months? I never liked you, never said I would marry you. How dare you try to imply that you were ever treated by me with more than ordinary civility."

"Your sister—" he says, but with more uneasiness in his assured tones. "My sister is not me, sir. She apparently thinks she can dispose of me as she pleases. I claim the right to choose for myself in the most important, holiest act of a woman's life. Mr. Pontifex, I have chosen, and may I ask you to be generous enough to in future, when we meet, abstain from remarks such as those of ordinary civility?"

"With a bow a young empress might have given, Nora swept from the room." She felt choked, suffocating with conflicting emotions. "Oh, for some air!" she cried! And, catching up her hat, she ran from the house, down the garden to the downs beyond, where she paused, exhausted, by a large clump of trees.

As she raised her head at a sudden rustling, a man came quickly from within the thicket, and Nora confronted Jack Dalton. Haggard, white, unshaven, he looked aged by many years from the handsome Jack Dalton of the night before. He raised his hat mechanically, and was passing on, but Norah stopped him.

"Mr. Dalton," she said, in a trembling voice, which, low as it was, reached Jack's ears. He raised his eyebrows slightly. "I am at your service, Miss Carew!" he said, icily. Nora looked nervously at him. Would he not help her? No; he was gazing before him with a blank, set expression.

"I—I don't know how to say it," Nora broke out impetuously, "but I heard you were going away to-day, and—oh, Jack, don't look away from me—listen to me first! I was never engaged to him. I never even liked him, but Gladys wanted me to marry him, and I cared for no one else. And one day, before we came here, when he had wearied me out, I said I would give him an answer three months later. The three months aren't yet, Jack, but he came down yesterday, and I—I told him to-day that I could never be his wife. Oh, Jack! if you are going away to-day say good-by to me kindly, for—I love you, Jack!"

There was an instant's pause, and then—ah! then Jack's strong arms were round the little weeping figure, and her wet face was pressed in his.—Forget Me-Not. MAYOR STRONG'S CHOICE. The Lady's Letter to which He Awarded the Prize.

In a recent competition in the New York World for the best answer to the question, "Does Wage Earning Unfit a Woman for Domestic Life?" Mayor Strong awarded the prize to the writer of the following letter: "The best and most contented wife is one who has marched in line with wage earners through every stage of mental and physical tiredness; who, from the severely practical standpoint of experience in earning a dollar has learned the value of it; whose contact with the outside world has broadened her sympathy and general knowledge; who has been denied care and consideration, and who, through earning enough of a salary, perhaps, to partially satisfy her tastes for the beautiful in life, in art or study, is allowed no time for anything but an insatiable longing for the same. To such a woman the care and protection of a husband, the shelter of a home, is a heaven. Any womanly woman from out the ranks of the business world will prove by a lifetime of devotion and helpfulness her appreciation of and her fitness for domestic life if her husband be half worthy."

Both were Indian Captives. In Raccoon Hollow, Hancock county, Tenn., live "Uncle" Billie and "Aunt" Nancy Skiler. Perhaps no couple in the United States has a more romantic history. Uncle Billie is 86 and Aunt Nancy 82 years old. Both are natives of Charles City, Virginia. When the old man was 16 years old his father emigrated to the Northwest, where the entire family except the boy was massacred by the Indians. Billie was made captive and adopted into an Indian family.

STRANGE TRAP FOR A WILD CAT.

The Animal Not Aware of the Attractiveness of Steel Rails on a Frosty Day. What is by long odds the best hunting story of the season comes from St. Regis, says the Anaconda, Mont., Standard, and the section foreman, Nels Thompson, who looks after the snake track at that place, is the hero. To successfully carry out the Thompson method it is necessary to have a cold day, a deep stream and a railroad track running close by it.

Last Thursday morning, as Thompson and his gang of sturdy Scandinavians were pumping their handcar along the track to their work, which that day was along the clay bluffs east of St. Regis, they were somewhat startled by the angry snarling of a wildcat ahead of them. They slowed up the car as they rounded the bluff, and a strange sight greeted their eyes. The morning was bitter cold and a fringe of ice bordered the banks of the track. Broken ice, and a wet trail up the bank showed that the cat had just swum through the icy stream, and explained his present predicament. For he certainly was in the gravest predicament in which ever a wildcat found himself. He was fastened firmly to one of the steel rails by one forefoot.

The supposition is that the cat had come through the river, and leaped up the track embankment. His last jump brought one of his wet forefeet upon the rail, and, according to the familiar principle of physics, it froze to the steel. There he was, held as fast as if in the jaws of a trap. The ground showed that he had struggled to free himself, but his efforts had been in vain.

As the handcar approached the cat swung around to face the intruders, and, in doing so, another foot struck the rail and was held firmly. A few more struggles, a strong brace to free the captive feet, and the two free pedal extremities touched the rail. Snarling and with flashing eyes, the captive creature watched the section men alight from the handcar, but he was incapable of resistance. A blow from a crowbar cracked his skull, and the victim of cold water was dead. It required a strong pull to detach the frozen feet from the rail, and when they did come, patches of skin still adhered to the steel.

A Woman's Rights Bird. One of the most interesting species of birds, says the London "Daily News," is the rednecked phalarope, a beautiful bird, of which we see little in these islands, but which is upon its native heath in the Arctic regions of America. It is especially remarkable because, as rarely happens among birds, the female is larger and more brightly colored than her mate. And it is the hen bird that does all the courting. "The male," says Mr. Elliot, "is as coy and retiring as the most bashful maiden, turning away from the proffered attentions, first to this side, then to that, even flying to the opposite side of the pool, or to another near by; but all in vain, for he is followed by the fair one, who has chosen him from his fellows, and there is no escape. At last, like any other poor bachelor so beset, he yields, and the nest, a slight structure of dry stalks, is placed in the center of a thick tuft of grass. The eggs are four in number. On these the poor male, a victim to woman's rights, is obliged to sit the greater part of the time, the female amusing herself on the pool near by."

A Historic Church. Few houses of worship can boast of as much in the way of history and interest as the old North Church in Boston. The building itself is supposed to have been designed by Sir Christopher Wren, the celebrated architect of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and many other famous edifices. The old North is celebrated for many things. The first peal of eighty-one bells brought to this country hangs in its tower. It was from this same tower that Paul Revere swung his lantern just before he began his midnight ride in "those days that tried men's souls." The clock in the front of the gallery has hung in the same position for 145 years, and still keeps good time. A fact of especial interest is connected with the pulpit Bible. It was presented to the church by king George II, in 1733, and is celebrated as the "Vinegar Bible" on account of a typographical error in St. Luke, the word "vineyard" being printed "vinegar."

An Old Theory Disputed. A physician who draws his conclusions from twenty years of study as a specialist, is responsible for the statement that early rising may be an indirect cause of insanity. He cites the accepted fact in medical statistics that the percentage of brain weaknesses is much greater in the farming and village communities than among the dwellers in cities, and ingeniously reasons out early rising as a chief cause. "A peremptory command to get up," he says, "when one's sleep is as yet unfinished, is a command which grinds the soul, curdles the blood, swells the spleen, destroys all good intentions, and disturbs for the entire day the mental activities of a boy, just as the tornado disturbs and levels with advancing ruin a forest of mighty pines." It seems reasonable that "being mad all day" for many continuous days has an appreciable effect upon the mental equilibrium.

John," said the eminent statesman, "it has been more than a week since I said something bright. Are you aware of that?" "Y-ye-essir," stammered the hireling. "I'll give you three days more, and if I haven't uttered something coruscatingly brilliant by that time I'll have to get another press agent, that's all."—Indianapolis Journal.

A WAGER WON BY CHEEK.

How a Yale Student Won a Pretty Girl. An exceedingly pretty young lady passed three students at Lake Whitney one afternoon last week. On comparing notes the students found that one knew her name, the second had seen her at last year's promotion and the third was a stranger.

The third member of the group was Jones, '96, and the young lady Miss B. Jones made a wager with the other members of the group that he would have a skate with the young lady in question before the afternoon was over. Jones left the group and went in the direction of Miss B. When within a few feet of her he stopped and with a surprised look exclaimed: "I beg your pardon, but is this not Miss B?"

"Why, yes, but I really do not— and before she could finish, he said: "Now, you don't remember me. Why I think I had two dances with you at the prom last year. Don't you remember Mr. Smith, gave me an introduction?" Miss B, in a perplexed state of mind hesitated. He would not have spoken unless they had met before, she thought. Then, as if to make up for her hesitation, she exclaimed: "Why, yes, I suppose he did. You must excuse my forgetting you, there were so many there that night. Pardon me," she continued, "but I do not recall your name?"

"Oh, Jones," was the reply, and according to the story the two spent an enjoyable afternoon. The names used in this story as given in the New Haven Register are fictitious, but the facts are true. The young lady who was imposed upon by Jones is evidently looking over her prom programme to find the name of Jones. One on John Bull. A delightful story from Johannesburg, which is peculiarly timely amid the present worship of Dr. Jameson and his freebooters, has just reached London. It describes a dispute among a group of Boers over the color of the English flag. There was great ignorance and much difference of opinion on the subject until an old patriarch, clad in a blue shirt and soiled yellow moleskin trousers, arose. His rifle was slung over his right arm, his beard was long and white, his face was yellow with seventy years' exposure to the sun, and his eyes, once clear, were dull. He knew nothing about the English, was ignorant of their language, their ways, and their grievances; but he was solid on the color of the flag that the sun always shines on. When he stood up there was a murmur of Oom Peet and a respectful pause.

"The English flag," he said with an air of placid certainty, "is white." And when he explained the various places where he had seen it of that color, his statement was accepted. A Valuable Inheritance. Thomas A. Edison's father, recently died at the age of 93. His father lived to be 103 and his grandfather—the great grandfather of the distinguished inventor and electrician—lived to the age of 102. Such an inheritance of longevity is worth having.

Bystander—Doctor, what do you think of this man's injuries? Doctor—Humph! Two of them are undoubtedly fatal, but, as for the rest of them, time alone can tell.—Media Record. A Clever Hotel Man. Waiter (to the proprietor)—Just see this roast! It's all burnt up. I can't set that before a customer. Proprietor—Serve it to that lady and gentleman there. They are a bridal couple—they'll never know the difference.—Daily National Hotel register.

Like Lamb's Roast Pig Story. The shop of a Dublin tobacconist was destroyed by fire. While the owner was gazing into the ruins he noticed that his neighbors were gathering like snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. He secured another shop, built himself a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a peculiar name, and in a few years became rich through an accident.

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DIVORCED FOR LOVE.

After a Year Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Green Have Been Reunited. The New York papers tell a queer story of Joseph and Esther Green who were married a second time. Their first marriage occurred thirteen years ago.

They lived together happily at 92 Cannon street until 1895, when Green became sick. His ailment was pronounced incurable, and as it rendered him unable to work he told Esther they had better be divorced in order that she might marry a man who would be better able to support her. Esther agreed to this, and they were accordingly divorced by a rabbi on July 1, 1895. Esther had not long to wait for an admirer. She was still very handsome, and within less than a year after her divorce she became Mrs. Raphael Eisenberger.

Green had always loved Esther. He had willingly sacrificed his own feelings in order to make her happy. And as long as she remained single he was contented. But when she became the wife of Eisenberger jealousy began to distract Green and he became a prey to the keenest remorse for having been the cause of his own undoing. He begged Esther to return to him and be his wife once more. But Esther is a pious woman, and although she still loved Joseph, she told him that her duty to her present husband came first and that she could not think of abandoning him.

Green thereupon took legal advice, and was told that Esther had never been legally divorced from him and that she was therefore guilty of bigamy in marrying another. In desperation Green denounced Esther and her new husband, and Esther was arrested for bigamy and locked up in the Tombs. Judge Cowing said he had no doubt that the woman had been an innocent victim of her own convictions, and that he would therefore not impose any penalty upon her. Joseph easily made Esther understand that it had been love for her that had prompted him to become her accuser.

She forgave him, and wept for joy when informed that her Joseph was her own again and that she could go home with him. THE SPIRIT THAT WINS. The Same Characteristic is Possessed by Most Successful Men. Patent industry always wins a measure of success, but nearly always takes the best part of a man's life to reach the goal to which he aspires. Enterprise, ability and a trained judgment of human nature puts a man to the front in rapid strides. These are the qualities that make the wealthy and influential citizen out of the poor boy. The people call it luck.

We see a young man whose qualities and prospects would be called ordinary, just starting in life. He is peculiar in being of a reserved, modest and seemingly diffident character; does not communicate his motives and aspirations to associates; rather inclined to ignore sport and merriment, but withal harmless and unobtrusive. He engages in some line of business that not one person in fifty would think of doing, and presently makes some show of accumulating. It is soon found that he has interests in various investments, notes, stocks, bonds, houses and lands. People open their eyes in amazement, and wonder—and call it luck. They know little of his methods or maneuvers, for they view him superficially as a magician, the touch of whose hand turns everything to money. They see not the channel of deeper thought that courses through his mind. The extent of his knowledge, far-reaching and intuitive, is not even a matter of conjecture. To neighbors and friends he is an enigma, his life comes and goes in epochs. Five years pass and he is unusually prosperous; ten years and he is well-to-do; fifteen years and he is wealthy; twenty years and he is rich, the pride of his birthplace, the joy of his family, and the real but fabled prince of many a fairy story that is told of his life work. The reality is not known, but fabulous tales are on every tongue and he is the hero, who alone can see the secret of his success. He leads a life of ease, comfort and luxury, with earth's best fruits at his command.

Two words express it all—study and reserve. These elements combined with ordinary reasoning faculties, perseverance and zeal, will make the life of any man an eminent success. The Eye as a Test of Strength. It is said that the health of the brunette type of eye is, as a rule, superior to that of a blonde type. Black eyes usually indicate good powers of physical endurance. Dark blue eyes are most common in persons of delicate, refined or effeminate nature, and generally show weak health. Light blue, and, much more, gray eyes, are most common in the hardy and active. With regard to diseases of the eye, brown or dark colored are weaker or more susceptible of injury, from various causes, than gray or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful, and next to those are gray. The lighter the pupil the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain. The majority of first-class shots are men whose eyes are either blue or gray in color.

Galeton has an "Independent Beer Club." The members may be independent now, but if they follow that up faithfully they will all be dependent upon the poormaster.—Danzville Breeze.

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