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Mr. A. E. S. Bush



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NO. 2.

Grandmother's Elopement.

I am an old man now. Folks used to be more romantic when I was young. They used to fight duels instead of going to law, and they used to elope instead of waiting and watching until they got sick of waiting, or giving up and marrying to suit the old folks.

It wasn't so curious about Miranda Bates eloping, but the things that came of it were funny.

You see, Grandfather Bates wouldn't have anything to say to Jeremiah Jones when he asked him whether or not he could have Miranda, and so she just packed up her bundle, and he was to have the carriage at the gate at twelve o'clock to carry her to the parson.

Well, she was all ready, when she saw somebody in a big cloak and hood who was creeping down before her.

It was Grandmother, old Mrs. Bates, going out to pick herbs.

Some herbs as folks knew in those days, wouldn't do any good as medicine if they weren't picked at midnight.

So that was her idea; but of course Miranda was scared back, and hid behind the door, and old Mrs. Bates went pottering about, looking for her herbs, and up drove the carriage. She didn't hear it; she was as deaf as a post; but it so happened Grandfather Bates did, and up went his window.

Who is there? bellowed he, and Jeremiah Jones, scared to death, and taking Mrs. Bates for Miranda, jumped out, caught her by the waist, cramed her into the carriage, and was driven away like the wind.

Miranda saw it all and so did Bates. Miranda shrieked, old Bates bellowed; down stairs he rushed and met Miranda coming up.

Who was at the gate? he yelled.

Oh grandpa! screamed Miranda Jeremiah Jones has carried off grandpa.

Now Mrs. Bates had been very pretty, and old Mr. Bates had been very jealous, and it all came back. He stormed and swore and got his pistols, and wouldn't listen to a word that Miranda said, and mounted his horse and rode after the carriage.

Inside it was pitch dark, and old Mrs. Bates was as deaf as a post, and thought robbers had carried her off.

Jeremiah kept her wrapt in her cloak, and called her his sweetest, and his duck and dove, and all the while she thought he was threatening to kill her, and didn't dare to speak, but only sobbed and cried; and when they got on the road a piece, clatter came the horse feet behind them.

Stop! yelled old Grandfather Bates. Stop! I demand that lady!

Jeremiah looked out of the window.

Never! said he. We'll see, cried old Bates, and fired at him.

The ball missed him.

Drive faster, said Jeremiah to the coachman.

Then he pressed old Mrs. Bates to his heart.

"Don't weep Miranda," said he. "He sh' I not take you from me. Oh, that it were only daylight, that I might see your face."

"I hain't got any money with me," sobbed the old lady, but he didn't hear her.

On they drove faster, and after them rode the old man, faster and faster too. At last, on the high road, in a lonely place with nobody near, and the parson's house miles away, off came one of the carriage wheels, over went the carriage all on one side, and there was an end to the running away. As soon as he found there was no help for it, Jeremiah jumped out of the carriage, shut the door on poor grandmother Bates, and stood out in the road with a pistol in his hand, ready to meet old Bates. Up came the old gentleman more furious than ever, and jumped from his horse, and stood facing him with his pistol.

"Villain!" cried he, "I demand that lady."

"Sir, replied Jeremiah, "She is mine. I respect you, but I will never yield."

"Wait a moment. Does she go with you of her own free will? Don't dare to lie!"

"Yes sir, of her own free will and choice. Do you think me a highwayman, to carry off a lady against her wishes?"

And now they were yelling so loudly that even deaf old Grandmother Bates, who had managed to let the window down, heard every word.

Out came her head over the door. The hood of the cloak had fallen off, and under it was her cap. I don't know what the moon had been doing before, but now she shone bright and clear, and everything was as plain to be seen as at noonday. Out came the old lady's head in the moonlight.

"That's a dreadful falsehood, said she. I did not come with him of my own will. He picked me up and carried me off while I was picking herbs for the lotion for your rheumatism, squire."

"Lord have mercy on us! said Jeremiah. Is that you madam Bates."

All was explained, and there was a wedding at the Hall before Christmas.

Advertisements.

This space reserved for Advertisements.

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Dealer in

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Provisions Boots Shoes Stationery

Cigars, Tobacco, Notions &

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1 line	.30	.80	1.25	2.00
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4 "	1.00	2.75	4.75	8.00
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WE HAVE NOW,
ONE OF
THE BEST
EQUIPPED
OFFICES
AND WILL
ATTEND TO
ALL ORDERS
HERALD
OFFICE

For the Niantic Herald.
Echos from the Past.

No. 2.

Passing to the southward of the village of Niantic, at the "cliff," is pointed out the spot where fifty years ago, the first ice was stored for use.

In another spot by the side of Dodge Pond, is the second place where many years ago ice was placed for use during the summer months. The business increased, and at length larger houses were needed in which to store a sufficient amount to last through the season.

The Smith Bros.—Avery and Roswell—entered into the work, and for many years were the sole owners.

Many recollect Mr. Avery Smith, especially in connection with the Ice trailer and, although he had many reverses, at the time of his death, had accumulated quite a handsome property.

Thirty years ago, on the corner where now is the fenced lot owned by Mrs. Lee, there stood a store in which Messrs. Smith and Selden Cook carried on the mercantile business.

Mr. Selden Cook was for several years Depot master, and just before the arrival of the morning train from New London, he could be seen with the small tin trunk, (in which were kept the tickets,) going over to the depot.

In those days, the morning train usually consisted of 1 Baggage and Mail car, 3 or 4 Freight cars and 1 Passenger coach, and would at the present day be termed "a mixed train."

Cook's store, (as it was called,) was the evening resort of many of the young men.

It was where the Flail barrel took a sudden start Heavenward, when a lighted match was dropped into the baghole. How it went!

It was where many a ping-bowl left the clay stem in loneliness, in the mouth of the aged smoker, when the boys had placed a half tumbler of powder between two layers of fine cut, and laid it in the box to be used. How it assumed an upward flight to meet the Stars.

Here were connected the schemes whereby wheels received their complement of chains, cattle were taken off from the wagon-cup

and turned head on; Wood left standing by the owner, were unloaded into somebodys yard; jugs were hidden in the trees; and you like ye never heered of but as echoes from ye past.

EVERY VARIETY of JOB PRINTING, at This Office.

Is this weather cold enough for you,
For Printing call at this office. —

Get there Ell.

Turkeys are cheaper.

The two-legged crank is the laziest to turn.

"What are chilled ploughs, papa?" asked the little son of an agriculture professor. "Oh, my son, was the wise reply, they are ploughs which have stood in the furrow all winter."

It may be that the "bums" who woke the stiffness of night, a short time ago, have no respect for us, but we caution against repeating their entertainment, with our name in it. [Ed.]

Talk is cheap.

"Oh, for a thousand tongues!" sighed the tramp, as he finished a cold tongue sandwich.

"Tommy, what do you say to Mr. Jenkins for giving you that nickel?"

Thank you.

Thank you what, Tommy?

Thank you, old man.

Card Advertisements.

50 Gold Fringe Cards, with name and Price List of Rates, for 20 cents.

Send to Niantic Card Co., Niantic, Conn.

Our Card business is very extensive. We number patrons from Maine to California, and but of a thousand orders, we have never been found fault with.

We offer 12 Enameled hidden name cards, this month, for only 20 cents.

Niantic Card Co., Niantic, Conn.

We intend to increase the interest shown in our paper, by publishing only the best matter.

We give you, (all who wish,) two free advertisements, that is, 16 ads. will take this paper, we insert your advertisement 2 times free.

Subscribe now, only 50c. per year.

Susie Graham,

I happened a few years ago to want to obtain board in one of the many delightful villages of Massachusetts, and was directed to the Widow Graham's, as being the best boarding-place in town. I soon found the house, which was situated on the principal street of the village.

It was a pleasant, home-like place; the house, which was two stories in front, with a porch, was painted white and had green blinds; across the ell was a piazza; and in front stood a plant-tank, full of beautiful blooming plants.

I went up the front steps, stopping to admire a climbing rose-bush, full of buds and blossoms, on the trellis at one side. My ring at the door was answered by a nice looking woman, who I at once

to be Mrs. Graham, and upon making my errand known, found I was not mistaken. She invited me in, and the result of our interview was that I engaged board for the summer.

Mrs. Graham was a very pleasant, agreeable woman, but bore upon her still comely face the traces of great sorrow. It was not until I had been an inmate of her home several weeks that I learned how great that trouble had been.

Speaking one day about her hair, which was very abundant, but white as snow, she said: some time I will tell you why I have such white hair; it turned from as dark a brown as yours to white in three months:

The following is what Mrs. Graham told me, as we sat in the twilight one evening, on the little side piazza:

Mr. Graham, at the time our country was electrified by the attack on Fort Sumter, was living comfortably and happily in this house, which he had built himself, with his wife and one child, a girl of twelve years, their only child.

When the call for troops came, to suppress the rebellion, he was among the first to enlist, and alas among the first to be killed.

It was necessary for Mrs. Graham to do something for the support her daughter and herself, as she found herself possessed of very little, save her home.

She decided to open her house for boarders. Like most New England women, she was a thorough housekeeper, and as she did not trust her cooking to servants, but attended to it herself, she made her home and table so attractive, that she seldom had vacant rooms.

She succeeded so well with her business, she was able to keep Susie at school, and give her all the advantages the place afforded.

When Susie was about sixteen, two of her most intimate friends were going to W. College, and she wanted very much to accompany them, but fearing her mother was not able to send her, she did not ask to go, but Mrs. Graham, divining her wishes told her she could go.

At the end of two years Susie returned home to stay, and her mother was happy.

(To be Continued.)

This sheet of news, that comes to you
Has many topics in review.

Explained so fully (read all);
Never err on the part of small,
In gaining conclusions every one
Amongst its readers, there may be some
Not yet inclined to pass their time,
Thus losing copies of "March" time.
It would be well for every one
Copies to try as soon as done.

Fear what your village Paper says;
The courage come enterprise always;
Read well its columns o'er and o'er,
And when you've read you'll wish for more
Leave not your name just off the roll,
Decide "to-day," and fill the scroll.

We intend to increase the interest
shown in our paper, by publishing only
the best matter,

We give you, (all who wish,) two free
advertisements, that is, to all who take
this paper, we insert your advertisement,
2 times free.
Subscribe now, only 50c. per year.

50 Cold Fringe Cards, with Name and
Price-List of Cards, for 20 cents.
Seaside Card Co.,
Mar. 2 mi. Niantic, Conn.

A little girl was sitting at a table op-
posite a gentleman with a waxed mous-
tache. After gazing at him for several
moments she exclaimed, "My Kitty has
got smellers, too."

EVERY VARIETY of JOB
PRINTING, at This Office.

**STATE
AND
TOWN
NEWS
ON NEXT
PAGE.**

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The Herald

Job Printing

ESTABLISHMENT.

Handbills,

Business Cards,

Letter-Heads,

Bill Heads

Statements,

Envelopes

Circulars

Tags

Cheques

Receipts

Bills

Posters

Wedding Invitations

Ball Programmes

And, in fact, everything in the printing
line, executed with Neatness and Dispatch

Give us a call when you want printing
done.

Editorial Department.

Yosemite Valley, California, 57 miles from Coulterville. A valley from 8 to 10 miles long, and about 1 mile wide.

M. S. E.

XX. Your question "What is the largest Park in the world." We think the City Park, Philadelphia, Pa., is the largest.

For 10,000,000 years not a drop of water will remain on the surface of the earth.

World News.

Rome.—The Jesuits have presented to the pope the sum of £40,000 as the Peter's Pence contribution of their order.

London.—A pack of caged wolves escaped from a circus Sunday. The elephants, camels, horses and other animals became mad with fear and were liberated with difficulty. The wolves were trapped in a stable.

New York.—It is said that arrangements are being made for another six days' walking match in Madison Square Garden.

Brattleboro, Vt.—It is evident that half-starved owls frequently fly into the village nights to prey upon the English sparrows.

We intend to increase the interest shown in our paper, by publishing only the best matter.

We give you, (all who wish) two free advertisements, that is, to all who take this paper, we insert your advertisement 2 times free.

Subscribe now, only 50c. per year.

50 Gold Fringe Cards, with Name and Price-List of Cards, for 20 cents.

Seaside Card Co.,

Mar. 2nd.

Niantic, Conn.

The Herald Job Printing ESTABLISHMENT.

Handbills,

Business Cards,

Letter-Heads,

Bill Heads

Statements,

Envelopes

Wedding Invitations

Ball Programmes

And, in fact, everything in the printing line, executed with Neatness and Dispatch

Give us a call when you want printing done.

This Paper

will for the coming month have the following titles, &c

Susie Graham,

The Road the Settlers
trod,

Local Items.

The 10th Anniversary of Niantic Lodge No. 17, I. O. O. F., will be observed at Union Hall, on Wednesday Evening, 20th inst., with appropriate exercises. The Lodge numbers nearly 90 members, and has prospered in the years past.

The touch of Spring weather of Monday and Tuesday, brought out the Blue birds and also furnished a plenty of mud for a change.

The grounds around the depot are well covered with R. R. ties.

C. S. Davis placed the Francis C. Luce monumental design in the family lot, in our village Cemetery last week. It is a fine piece of work.

Get your Printing done at the Herald Office.

Huntley Bros are receiving car loads of coal to supply their customers.

On account of the ice being treacherous Johnie fell into Bolles' Pond on Tuesday.

Mr. C. S. Davis shipped a fine Monumental design to Westbrook last week.

The School in Blackpoint district closes a 5 months Winter term next week.

NOTICE!

To all who subscribe for this Paper on or before March 15th, will receive a pack of 12 beautiful Cards FREE!!

Address, Niantic Herald,
Niantic, Conn.

A man has a bag of corn, a fox and a goose to transfer across a river. His boat is only large enough for himself and one at a time of his possessions. How does he manage so that the goose will not eat the corn, or the fox the goose?

Why doesn't the devil skate? How—in hell—can he.

Is there any person you wish me to marry? said a wily to a dying spouse. marry the devil, if you like was the reply. No, I thank you, my dear. One husband of the same family is enough for me.

If twice eleven are twenty-two, how can twice ten be twenty too.

When was Adam created? Just before Eve.

We hope our readers will look at this paper favorably, as we shall print the next copy with new type, and on heavier paper.

Subscribe Now.
This Paper One Year,
For only Fifty cents.

The Trouble of a Poet

While Colonel Bangs was sitting in his office one day, a man whose brow was clothed with thunder entered. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor and sat down.

Are you the editor? he asked.

Yes.

Can you read writing?

Of course.

Read that then, he said, thrusting at the colonel an envelope with an inscription on it.

B— said the colonel trying to spell it.

That's not a B. It's a B, said the man.

S; O, yes; I see! Well, the word look a little like Salt for dinner, or Souls of Sinners.

No, sir, replied the man, nothing of the kind! That's my name, Sam'l H. Brunner. I knew you

couldn't read. I called to see you about that poem of mine you printed the other day, on the Surcease of Sorrow.

I don't remember it, said the colonel.

Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the infamous title of Smearcase To-Morrow.

A stupid blunder of the compositor, I suppose.

Yes sir; and that's what I want to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. People think I am an ass. Let me show you.

(To be Continued.)

A. T. GREEN.

Dealer in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware.

All goods warranted as represented. Will visit the place monthly, and be pleased to receive your orders.

TENEMENT FOR RENT.

About 1 mile from Station, apply to Mrs. C. E. Pierce, Niantic, Conn.

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