

CONNECTICUT EASTERN NEWS.

CHAS. A. KIRTLAND, Proprietor.

AN ENTERPRISING PAPER FOR ENTERPRISING PEOPLE.

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NO. 52.

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The Boston Globe wants a great songstress of the English-speaking Nations to reform the spelling book.

In urging the need for a better system of crop reports the Philadelphia Press says: "For five years past crop statistics have grown less and less accurate. Exact or even approximate knowledge as to future crops or as to yield after harvest seems as far off as ever."

The belief that the shallower parts of the bottom of the Eastern Atlantic are part of a submerged continent once joined to the American mainland seems to be growing. A writer in the Westminster Review says that the scientific evidence in support of Plato's story of a lost Atlantis has recently multiplied a hundredfold.

A new word is submitted by a reader of Harper's Weekly to the approval of the editor. It is the substantive "yell-down," and is defined to mean "an American form of conversation, in which no one cares for any one's opinion, and in which every one talks accordingly." The thing exists, and the word offered seems to express it adequately.

A new process for the preservation of green fruit during railway transit has been invented by a Californian. It consists in sterilizing the air in the car containing the fruit, and is said to be more economical than the present refrigerating system, and much more successful. Ordinary cars can be fitted with the apparatus for the process at small expense, while the expense of the process itself is said to be comparatively nothing compared with the refrigerating process.

Holland disfranchises a citizen if he is absent from the country for ten years and during that time does not formally notify the proper authority that he wishes to continue to be regarded as a citizen. Great Britain does not so easily give up her claim to the loyalty of her subjects. A man may count upon her protection on the ground that his grandfather was by birth and allegiance an Englishman, even though he and his father were both born and have always lived on foreign soil, but without being naturalized.

John H. Parnell, brother of the famous Home Rule leader, recently elected to Parliament from South Meath, was formerly a resident of the South. After the death of Charles Stewart Parnell moved from Georgia and took possession of the family estate at Avondale, whereon is located "the meeting of the waters," celebrated by Moore. With his American experience as a guide, the new owner has built up a novel and profitable industry, in which he has little or no competition. The estate now supplies a large number of the umbrella handles used in the United States, the furze bushes which abound in that district being utilized for that purpose.

Attention is attracted to the large number of women who are earning their living in the South nowadays by entering the professions, especially that of journalism. For several years, relates the New York Post, a young woman has filled with success the position of city editor of the Daily Observer of Charlotte, N. C. The Salisbury Herald and the Hickory Press and Carolinian, both dailies, have female reporters, and it is announced that two women have bought the Lincoln Courier, one of the oldest weekly papers of North Carolina, and will edit it in person. The Durham Recorder and other North Carolina weekly papers are now edited by women. Only a few years ago this was considered "disgraceful" in the South for a woman to earn her own living. Now it seems to be considered very proper for her to do so. Even the mercantile houses are filled with female clerks.

The New York Sun remarks: "The appointment of Lord Wolsley as head of the British army will be the most striking victory of democratic public opinion gained in many years. It was a well-known fact that Queen Victoria, acting on the advice of the great Duke of Wellington, and her late husband, the Prince Consort, had made up her mind that the office should never be held by any other than a royal Duke. When the Duke of Cambridge retired the organs of both parties came out with a firm demand that a practical soldier should get the place. It was pointed out that if there were an uprising against the monarchy, a royal Commander-in-Chief would be more likely to turn the army against the reigning house, than hold it firm in its allegiance. If Parliament took the side of the revolutionists a royal Commander-in-Chief could do nothing. The General Mutiny act would lapse, and the standing army would go to pieces, as the officers would have no authority to give commands to their men. The discussion brought out the fact that all sections of the English people hold firmly by the fact that Queen Victoria sits on the throne by virtue of an act of Parliament that can be revoked."

There are believed to be over 40,000,000 watches in use among our people.

WHEN THE CHICKENS CROW.

It's well enough of winter nights to snuggle down in bed
An' draw the homespun kiverlid around your face an' head,
An' lay an' snooze till daylight comes a-sneakin' in your room
An' takes the age-off o' the cold an' drives away the gloom;
But when it comes to summertime you'll find 'twill allus pay
To git up bright an' airy, when the chickens crows fur day!
It looks so on an' peaceful like, it makes you want to shout;
An' in the sky a single star that hasn't been put out
Keeps winkin' and a-blinkin', like it tried to flirt with you;
An' then the sun comes perk' in up, an' sparkles on the dew;
An' if you want a tonic to drive the blues away,
You git up bright an' airy, when the chickens crows fur day!
You hear the jay-birds callin' in the oak an' elum trees,
An' through the open window comes the cool refreshin' breeze,
A-waftin' sp'icy odors from the tresses on the corn,
An' the smilin' face of nature makes you thankful you are born.
Oh, it's better than a circus, an' makes you peart an' gay,
To git up bright an' airy, when the chickens crows fur day!
You hear the cows a-moo'n in the barn lot, one by one,
A-askin' plain as may be when the milkin' will be done;
An' you hustle out to milk 'em, a-whistlin' as you pass,
An' turn 'em in the pasture, while the dew is on the grass;
An' if you want to prosper, you'll find 'twill allus pay
To git up bright an' airy, when the chickens crows fur day!
Helen Whitney Clark.

AUDREY'S LOVE STORY.

"GOOD-BYE, Audrey,"
Audrey gave her hand to Ned Norraway.
"Good-bye," she said. "And you came the whole way across to see me again!"
Thank you."

And then she looked at him, so tall and straight and handsome, realizing for the first time just how she felt to Ned Norraway.
"I couldn't have gone without good-bye," said Ned. "Yesterday and last night, with all the strangers about at the picnic, gave me no chance. Will you think of me now and then?"
"We shall all think and talk about you a good deal."

They sat down under the grapevine.
"I have great hopes of this journey," said Ned. "Uncle Edward promises by and by to take me into partnership. He's very wealthy and a bachelor; a nice old fellow, Audrey. You'd like him."

"Should I?" asked Audrey, thinking only that she should like no one overmuch who had tempted Ned away from Bloomland's slopes.
"And I'm to board with him," said Ned, "and we shall get on splendidly, I've no doubt; and when I'm junior partner—"

Just then a whistle sounded. "I shall have to run for it," said Ned, catching up his portmanteau. "Well, good-bye again, Audrey."

A vague disappointment thrilled Audrey; she had thought so much; and he had said so little. Just then he leant toward her. "One kiss at parting," he said.
Audrey drew back. She was no prude; she would have given her lips to any friend leaving her, without a thought of wrong; but she could not even let the man she loved kiss her; it might be a betraying ordeal, who knew? Everything or nothing for Ned Norraway, and he had never uttered one word of love to her.

"Good-bye," she said, and gave him her hand. And he took it and went a little dashed, and just a little wounded.
When Mrs. Dew came home she wondered what made Audrey's eyes so red.

Oh, women's lives! how they glide on, for the most part tangled in the mesh of little things! There was the parlor to dust, ruffles to fute and the cake to bake; a blue bow to be made to wear with the white dress; handkerchiefs to hem; afternoon to be spent at friends' houses; friends to entertain at home; a book mark to be made for the Bible; very important things to be done from dawn until dusk; but through it all one thought ran—a thought born of maidenhood's first love, as bright and pure and tender as any ever sung by poet, though she was but a plainly reared country girl and he a nobody with a hopeful heart gone out to seek his fortune.

The time of roses passed away, and grape time came.
Somebody—it was Tom Pepper—had had a letter from Ned, who was very well pleased with New York.
"He's been to see everything," said Tom. "Wait; it's quite what I call a historical kind of a letter, dreadful interesting; want to read it?"
"I wouldn't mind," said Audrey.
So Tom gave her the letter. It was a sewing circle at Mrs. Dew's, and in a minute more Audrey slipped up into Mrs. Dew's bedroom, and there read the letter. Just such a bright account of himself and what he saw as

any intelligent man could have written; but to Audrey it was a miracle of genius, and above all, he wrote it. It brought to her a soupçon of his person and of his soul. Under the shade of Mrs. Dove's chintz window curtains, Audrey kissed that letter as mother's kiss their babies. Then she came back to the parlor.
"Smart, ain't it?" asked Tom.
"What?" asked Audrey. "Oh! yes—the letter; very nice." And as she spoke, she would have given twenty dollars, or fifty, all she had in the savings bank—money she had earned by making pot cheeses for market—all this little hoard would Audrey Dew have given just to have that letter for her very own.

A week afterward she went to see Sally Slocum, and Sally exhibited her photograph album. Here was Uncle Silas and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, all in a row, with their five children, and Aunt Tabitha, and—
"Oh," cried Audrey, "I didn't know he had had any taken."
"Went down to the store one day," said Sally, "and there he was 'burnin' a dozen. Didn't reckon how't they favored him, he said. This here was just scooped; I pounced down on it. 'I'll hev that, anyway,' says I."
"Lor! says he, 'what d'ye want of that?' but I kep it. Think it like him?"
"When he's serious," said Audrey.
"I said, 'That's your identical image when you're in church.' And what d'ye think he said? 'Reckon I'll stay him, then.' Lor! it is the best-est how people want their cards to look."

She had viewed without envy Sally's new bonnet; she had never coveted her link bracelets, but she broke the eighth commandment when she looked at Ned Norraway's photograph. I am sorry to say that she did not stop there.

Next day Sally went out to see her Cousin Pringle, and about two in the afternoon Audrey Dew stepped softly upon the Slocums' front piazza, slipped into the parlor window, and had the photograph album in her pocket in a minute. She dared not take Ned's picture out by itself, her guilty conscience would have filled her with fears of instant detection; but the theft of the whole album would never be laid at her door.

"Most singular thing I ever knew," said Mrs. Slocum, relating her experience to friends afterward. "Some tramp or somebody slipped in and looked Sally's album. Sarched high and low, and couldn't hear nothin' on't; offered a reward and all, and giv' it up; but about two weeks arter, here comes a bundle for Sally, and into it a album, bigger and better by two than her other was, and on the first page the picture of her Uncle Silas—he's dead, you know. All the rest she ha'n't never heard nothin' on. And who took it, and who sent it, I dunno, nor nobody."

Nobody knew indeed, save one—Cousin Ellen and Aunt Tabitha, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and their offsprings, had smoldered into ashes between the covers of the book, and only Ned Norraway's face existed, out round and pendant in a tiny frame and glass over Audrey Dew's foolish little heart.

"What's that you're wearin' on a chain?" asked Mrs. Dew of Audrey.
"Grandpa Brown's hair, ma," said Audrey.
Watching and waiting wears one thin. Audrey was not quite as pretty as she had been, if bloom and brightness make all beauty, as most folk think they do, and she was conscious of this, and aware also that her new best dress was of an unbecoming color, when, at Christmastide it was known through the village that Ned had come down to spend the holidays.

They met at church, and the rest of Christmas Day Ned spent with his old employer's family; while Audrey lost her appetite for dinner, and wished that she had never been born. There was Nathan Prior, to be sure, doing his best to please her, and her cousin Jack, from Hampton, trying to cut him out; but her heart was just as heavy as lead, and every smile was forced, and every word wrung from her lips.

The next day Ned called. At the announcement her heart fluttered; then she ran to the glass. How ugly she looked! She went down to greet him, full of this thought, and gave him a frigid and impassive hand, and sat bolt upright on the remotest chair.
"You're not well, I'm afraid, Audrey," said Ned injudiciously.
"Thank you, Mr. Norraway; I feel perfectly well," replied Audrey.
Ned bit his lip.
"Pleasant weather for the season," he said.

"Yes," said Audrey, "and such a pleasant Christmas Day! Nathan Prior spent it with us, and Cousin Jack. They are so full of fun, both of them! I never enjoyed myself so much."
"I'm glad to hear it," said Ned, and then in came Mrs. Dew, and Audrey lapsed into silence.
Ned took his departure. Next evening they met at a little party, and Audrey, longing for Ned's presence as a beggar never longed for bread, turned her back on him and coquetted with Nathan Prior. Ned waited on Ruth Hallow home, and Nathan gave his

escort to wretched little Audrey! And then Ned was gone. The city swallowed him again. Folks heard that he was "getting on." In August came his friend, old General Spradell, to enliven the village with his company.

General Spradell called one evening on the Dews, and in ten minutes dropped his bomb-shell at Audrey's feet.
"Wall, there's Ned Norraway gone and got married. Went to his wedding a week ago. That's the paper, Miss Audrey—gals likes to read about wedding's; makes them think of their own—he! he! he!"
"Du tell!" cried Mrs. Dew. "Ned married!"
"I don't see why any one should be surprised," said Audrey. "It's the natural fate of young men."

"So it is," said the General. "I mean to try it some of these days myself."
Audrey took the paper to her room and read the notice of the wedding: "On the 1st of August, Mr. Edward Norraway to Helen, youngest daughter of Howard Hotspur, Esq."
Therein, so she believed, lay her world's end.
"Mother," said Audrey Dew, a week after this, "you know Miss Rose all ways has wanted me to come to her and learn millinery. I'd like to go."
"There ain't any need of your pa's daughter learning a trade," said Mrs. Dew.
"But I could make our bonnets, and save a good deal," said Audrey; and finally she had her way.

She only wanted to let her heart break away from tender, watchful eyes. The force of cheerfulness could be played no longer.
In a fortnight Audrey went to New York to learn to make bonnets. She wrote letters home to the effect that she was very happy, and stitched indefatigably, and thought, and wept by stealth, and grew thinner and paler, and had a little cough. In fact, nonsense as you may think it, Audrey was dying of a broken heart.

It was October, and the evenings were warm and golden at home, and the foliage gorgeous in its bright decay. In the city the few trees were sere and somber, and all the gorgeousness was in the shop windows. About five o'clock one day, when Audrey, who had been to Brooklyn, came down towards the ferryboat, thinking hard upon a subject which had tormented her for a long time—Ned Norraway's photograph. She had it still, and he was another woman's property. She was doing wrong; she must destroy it.
Why not toss it into the river? Her hand was on the chain, she took a step forward. Just then, "Let me take your shopping bag," said a voice she knew. She turned her eyes that way. There stood three persons—Ned Norraway, a young lady to whom he had spoken, and an elderly gentleman. Audrey dared not meet them. She turned toward the boat, not heeding her steps as she should have done—not noticing that the boat had left its moorings.
"Stop!" cried half a dozen voices; but Audrey had gone too far to stop. In a second more the waters had engulfed her.

"Don't go, Ned," cried a young, sweet voice, and two hands clutched Ned's arm.
"Let me alone," cried Ned fiercely, shaking the fingers away with a jerk. And there were two figures in the dark water instead of one, and Ned's voice cried in Audrey's ear, "Be calm. Don't cling to me, and I will save you."

She was quite insensible, and Ned, dripping himself, carried her into a house hard by, and gave her over to the good-natured Irish landlady, who soon had her warm and conscious of this world again.
"She's quite herself, sir," said the woman, coming out to Ned, "and will see you in a minute. I've just brought her jewelry and things to you. I can't watch every vinn in an' out."

Ned took the glittering handful; a pin, a little silver portmanteau, and a chain with a framed picture attached. In a moment more he gave a cry. How she came by it he could not guess, but the face that looked at him through the blurred wet glass was his own.
Half an hour afterward he was kneeling beside Audrey, who reclined in a great arm-chair in the landlady's best room.
"Thank God I saved you, Audrey," he said. "Life would have been worthless without you, my little darling."
At these words, weak as she was, Audrey started to her feet.

"How dare you," she said. "You have risked your life for me, I know, but that does not warrant you in speaking so. What have I done to lead you to insult me?"
"To insult you, Audrey? God forbid!"
"Words that a single man may speak without making a girl angry, sir, are insults from a married man," said Audrey. "Your wife—"
"My wife?"
"Your wife would not—"
"Stop, Audrey. Listen to me. What do you mean by 'my wife'? I am not married."
"Not married!" said Audrey. "We saw it in the papers—Edwin Norraway to Helen Hotspur. I read it myself, and I saw her with you on the dock."

"Edward Norraway is married to Miss Hotspur," said Ned, "and you saw her on the dock; but it is my uncle who possesses a wife, and the lady you noticed is, in consequence, my aunt by marriage. She never would have given her hand to so poor a person as the Ned Norraway now in your presence."
"Oh, Ned!" cried Audrey.
"So I meant no insult by calling you my darling, and you don't feel angry with me?"
"No," said Audrey.
"And I may call you so again?"
She said nothing. He kissed her, this time without asking for it.
"Yes," said Mrs. Dew, a week after, to some gossip who wanted "to know all about it," "Ned and Audrey are engaged."

However, Mrs. Dew kept her girl's secret in true motherly fashion, and never told how, bursting into the farm house all aglow with roses and dimples, Audrey had begun her confession by saying:
"Mother, it wasn't our Ned who was married, after all, but his uncle."
"Why, who ever thought it was? I knew who the General meant," said Mrs. Dew.
"Did you?" cried Audrey, all amazed. "I didn't until a week ago. Oh, mother, I've been so wretched! and I am so happy now!"
And in these words she told the other woman all her story.—New York News.

Gold Lining in Rats.
T. B. Lake, a representative of the Waltham Watch Company in this city, says it is a common practice for the boys in watch and jewelry factories to kill rats and burn their bodies to get the gold from them, and that the amount thus obtained in the course of a year is considerable. In every large plant like that of the Waltham Watch Company many old rats are used in burnishing watch cases, and in time become strongly impregnated with gold. The boys about the factories are supposed to keep these rats out of reach of the rats, but they don't do so. On the contrary, knowing the keen appetite of the rodents for everything greasy, the boys carelessly leave these rubbing rags lying about where the rats can get at them and eat them. Six months of this kind of diet fills the interior mechanism of the rat with a gold plating he cannot get rid of. It sticks in him closely, and so long as the supply of oily rags holds out the rat sticks to the factory. In order to make sure the voracious rodents will have an inducement to gorge themselves with gold, sharp boys drop butter and fatty meats from their luncheons on the floors and rub them well into the wood by shuffling their feet on it. At night the rats come out and nibble the flooring. They don't care for the gold in it, but the grease attracts them, and in getting at the grease they take a dressing of gold with it.

Twice a year the boys have a grand round up. Rats are caught by the hundreds, and after being killed are put into a crucible and burned. The intense heat drives off all animal substances, leaving the gold in the shape of a button. The amount collected in this way depends upon the number of rats the boys can catch. It is hardly large enough to attract an investment of capital, but it gives the ingenious youngsters considerable pocket money and encourages business tactics.—Chicago Tribune.

Determining Sounds.
Hiram S. Maxim, in London Engineering, suggests the adoption of a standard of sound, claiming that it might be a ready means of deciding some complicated questions which are brought before the courts. By this means it might be distinctly decided, for instance, whether noise in houses caused by vibrations of machinery in neighboring central stations is or is not greater than the ordinary noise of street traffic. He believes that the noise produced by a passing cab is much less than that produced by a central station. He suggests as a starter that a kind of phonograph be employed in making a record on smoked glass, which could be enlarged in a lantern, and by this means a noise made by a factory, for instance, might be compared with that produced by a Salvation Army band or other disagreeable sounds which are tolerated by law. As a standard of noise he suggests a shot of a certain size dropped from a certain height on to a standardized diaphragm, the waves being recorded at, say five metres' distance.

A Lucky Bad Coin.
"Sometimes," says a Philadelphia man, "a bad coin is a good thing to have. We had a brass ten-cent piece here for two years that was worth \$1 a week to the house. I knew the man from whom it was taken, and of course, gave it back in change. He was a good customer before, but much better afterwards. Ten times a week he would come in and either give me that brass coin or get it given to him. One day the proprietor looked through the drawer, and, finding the bogus piece, threw it away. When I told him it was worth \$50 a year to the house he kicked himself. We not only lost the coin, but the customer as well. He felt hurt because I couldn't give him our pet piece."

IN THE ORCHARD.
When Peggy gathered apples
The trees above her head
Like stately gothic chapels
Their slender arches spread
And oh! the azure tender
Of Peggy's winking eyes
Was clear as is the splendor
Of blue September skies.
When Peggy gathered apples
Her cheeks were like their own;
The flush their sides that dapples
Athwart her throat was thrown.
Of dearest dimpled whiteness
Was Peggy's dainty arm;
Her heart all laughing lightness
Unknowing love's alarm.
And yet I never told her
The love that strove to start,
Or how I longed to hold her
Consenting to my heart.
For oh, she seemed so slender
And shy as any bird
That I might offer her—
I never said a word.
—Guy Wetmore Carryl.

FUN OF THE DAY.
No man is a hero to his lawyer.—Puck.
There is a good deal of laziness that goes by the name of sickness.—Ram's Horn.
When the weather is good for corn it is not good for much else.—Acheson Globe.
A dream discussion generally tests the veracity of a high grade liar.—Adams Freeman.
We wish we understood the money question well enough to save up a little.—Acheson Globe.
Is it because there were so many knights then that they were called the Dark Ages?—Puck.
In hot days, about the only place where comfort can be found is in the dictionary.—Puck's Sun.
A blackly-inked blotting paper is as much the sign of industry as patched knees or horny hands.—Puck.
If a man knew how much other people knew about him, he would probably faint.—Acheson Globe.
Landlady—"How do you like the coffee this morning?" Boarder—"I'm sure it could prove an alibi."—Puck's Sun.
Let a girl keep her ideals. They don't cost her father anything so long as she doesn't marry one of them.—Acheson Globe.
Somebody says that one must not cut pie with a knife, and the cowardly millions of the earth are afraid to do it.—Galveston News.
Cuzmo—Are you going to the picnic? Cawker—"No." Cuzmo—"Why not?" Cawker—"I went to a picnic once."—Judge.
About the highest sensation that can come to us after an eloquent piece of word-painting is the cool conviction that the thing couldn't have happened.—Puck.
Conductor—"Lucky thing for him the fender was there." Motorman—"Not at all! That's just the reason I ran into him. I wanted to see how the thing would work."—Puck.
"Liz," said Miss Kiljordan's youngest brother, "do you say 'woods' or 'woods are'?" "Woods are, of course," she answered. "Why?" "Cause Mr. Woods are down in the parlor waitin' to see you."

An Unfortunate Question.
An ex-Governor of Massachusetts tells the following, illustrative of a calling for business: Two brothers had for many years done an undertaking business in a suburban town. The elder had a son, Thomas, and desiring to establish him in life, obtained from his younger brother a promise that Thomas should be taken into the business.
Tom made good progress and was soon sent to arrange for the funeral of a wealthy man who left as his chief mourner a widow who had already buried two husbands. The young man returned, having made satisfactory arrangements as to carriages, music, flowers, etc., much to his uncle's joy. On the following day the uncle himself went to see that all was going smoothly and found Mrs. X. in high dudgeon. Expressing his regret and surprise he told Mrs. X. that Tom had returned on the preceding day with everything arranged apparently satisfactorily, and asked her what was the matter.
"Well," she replied, "Tom did very well until we discussed the time at which the services should be held. I had not quite made up my mind, when Tom, meaning to help me out, said: 'At what time have you been accustomed to bury your husbands, madame?'"—Boston Budget.

The Cheyenne Thunder Myth.
The Cheyennes and other Indians of the plains believe that thunder is caused by the flapping of an immense bird which flies across the sky, bringing the storm. All the ideas of savage tribes are based on such simple conceptions of nature. The ideas of young children are often identical with savage myths, as a result of minds on the same plane of development attempting to explain the same thing.—New York World.

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BICYCLES!

High Grade! 1895 Pattern!

KEATING—The best high grade, 19 lbs. REAY—With patent cones. Ahead of anything going. ELMORE—Handsome and durable. None equal. CRAWFORD—A Standard wheel. Has given universal satisfaction. IXION—Something new for ladies. Other make of Wheels for sale, also second-hand Wheels for \$10 and upwards. Wheels to Rent. Dealer in Bicycle Sundries. Repairing of Wheels.

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Deaths.

HILL—In Clinton, Aug. 29th, Captain Fred Hill, aged about 65 years.

STEVENS—In Clinton, Aug. 29th, an infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Stevens, aged about 1 year.

ROBINSON—In Clinton, Sept. 2d, David Robinson, aged 77 years.

CRAMPTON—In Madison, Aug. 24th, William Bradley Crampton, aged 74 years.

TYLER—In Essex, Sept. 6th, Mrs. Mehitabel Tyler, formerly of Deep River, aged 81 years.

BUSHNELL—In Chester, Aug. 31st, Mrs. Abram Bushnell, aged 88 years.

HARRINGTON—In Essex, Aug. 31st, Harriet A. widow of the late George Harrington, aged 74 years.

FOR SALE!

Row Boats

Two handsome Cedar Boats, 15 feet long, brass screw fastened, 20 ribs. Just out of the shop. Will be sold at bargain.

PEABODY BROS., Niantic, Conn.

GEO. H. ROGERS, DENTIST, Main St., Niantic, Conn.

In Bacon Cottage

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12; 1 to 4.

Conn. Eastern News!

FOR \$2.50.

In the Sundry Department

NICHOLS & HARRIS, YOU WILL FIND—

A Good Hair Brush,

A Tooth and Nail Brush, which will not shed its bristles,

A Cake of Soap, which will not chap the hands.

A Shaving Soap, which leaves the face soft and smooth,

A Fragrant Cologne, Violette de Parme,

A genuine distilled Bay Rum,

A harmless Dentifrice, in liquid, "Dentifrice" which will clean the teeth, harden the gums and purify the breath.

Violet Powders for the nursery and for general use, which will remove tan, absorb perspiration, prevent and relieve chafing from any cause.

Everything for the Toilet at Popular Prices.

These goods should be purchased from the old and reliable firm of

NICHOLS & HARRIS, Wholesale and Retail Druggists, 119 State St., New London, Conn.

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TARRED ROOFING.

LYON & EWALD, 84 STATE STREET, New London, Conn.

MONEY AT INTEREST

Is what you want in these times. Buy your TEA, COFFEE, SPICES AND BAKING POWDER

of STACY, the TEA MAN. The checks given with same will secure you many useful articles.

STACY'S TEA STORE, - New London, Conn.

Try our Clover Chop Tea and Cream Java Coffee.

Fox, the Hatter,

Has now on sale at the lowest prices, all the leading Fall Styles in HATS AND CAPS, including the Celebrated Youmans Hat

The best hat in the market, for which he has the sole agency for New London and vicinity. His specialty is one of THE BEST DOLLAR STIFF HAT MADE. In his Furnishing Department a well selected line is always in stock of Shirts, Underwear, Gloves, Umbrellas, Overalls, etc. Strictly first-class goods at prices you pay for inferior articles. An examination of the stock will talk louder than a quotation of prices.

W. D. FOX, Hatter and Men's Furnisher, 4 Main Street, New London, Conn.

Largest Stock of New Spring Wall Paper

IN EASTERN CONNECTICUT, ALSO CURTAINS, ROOM MOULDINGS.

Painters Supplies.

Largest and best supply of Paints, Leads, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, Kalsomine and other Painters Supplies at Lowest Cost.

HOUSE PAINTING, GRAINING, LETTERING.

By First-Class Workmen.

New London Decorating Co., 12 Bank St.

THE OLD STAND OF FORTY-FOUR YEARS.

JOHN GOOS,

Family Wine and Liquor Store.

The very best goods for Family and Medicinal use.

JOHN GOOS, Bank Street, - - New London.

Nothing to Drink BUT SODA WATER.

Nothing to Quench BUT THIRST.

Nothing Better THAN THE BEST.

Nothing Poor IN THE FOUNTAIN.

One glass of our Orange Phosphate tastes like another and another tastes like more.

"How refreshing."

"How deliciously cool and sparkling."

"Why this is really made out of orange, isn't it?"

These are some of the remarks you hear daily in serving soda.

STEPHEN - J. - DOWNEY, 134 STATE STREET, (Shole's Old Stand), New London, Conn.

SPRING IS HERE!

We have the largest, best selected and most complete assortment of House Furnishings ever offered in New London. We bought more goods this year in January than ever before, because they were 20 per cent less than at present. If you buy from us you own your goods at prices which our competitors have paid for theirs. This is why we UNDESELL THEM ALL.

Chamber and Parlor Suits, Dining Tables and Chairs, Lounges, Couches. Carpets, best made, at 50c. per yd.

In fact everything you need in your house we carry. Be Sure and look over our New Goods before purchasing. Remember we are the Agents for

ACORN RANGE? The King of Them All.

This Range will last as long as any two made. We guarantee them to be PERFECT every time. Over sixty sold the past two years and not one of them came back. If this Range or anything we sell let us represent you, you can have your money back.

Largest Stock. BIG BLUE STORE. Lowest Prices.

POTNAM FURNITURE MFG. CO. 308-316 Bank St., New London, Ct.

AT

THE BEE HIVE.

Night Gowns, finest Lonsdale Cambric, fine cluster tucks, several rows of embroidery, were \$1.19; to close at 83c.

Broken lots of Muslin Gowns, extra quality, cluster tucks, four rows inserting, fine edging, household sewing, were sold at \$1.50; this week at \$1.19.

Another quality fine Embroidery, 24 tucks, 4 insertions, fine edge, were \$1.25; this week at 93c.

Our best \$1 Gowns, always our popular leaders, round yokes, elegantly constructed, with tucks, embroidery and feather stitching, this week at 77c.

Our best Muslin Gowns, quality of muslin as in our dollar gown, completely tucked yoke with ruffle and edge, this week 49c.

Drawers, with variegated tucks, reverse stitch, wide ruffle. Our 42c quality this week for 29c.

Drawers, 7 tucks, wide embroidery edge, the 50c kind, this week 39c.

Drawers, finest 75c goods, nine tucks and fine edging, never sold less than 75c this week for 59c.

25 dozen English real Lisle Hose, sold at 38c; for a special drive 24c.

Our regular 25c Richelieu open work Hose, in tan, cadet blue and gray special at 17c.

Our 25c Chemisettes, white, striped, pink, blue and red, standing and turn down collars, for a special at 12c.

Those 60c Tray Covers for 25c delight every household. We had 1,000; all gone now except a few dozen.

AT

THE BEE HIVE, New London, Conn.

GRAND COMBINATION OFFER

Unprecedented in the History of Journalism.

The publisher of THE CONNECTICUT EASTERN NEWS has made a special arrangement with the publisher of the

NEW YORK Morning Advertiser

AND Sunday Advertiser

whereby they can furnish the CONNECTICUT EASTERN NEWS and both of the above papers to a limited number of subscribers for one year for

\$2.50.

A first-class Metropolitan newspaper by mail every day for one year, and the

Conn. Eastern News!

FOR \$2.50.

The most liberal offer of the century.

THE MORNING ADVERTISER

Eight pages, 56 columns, 45 columns of which will be reserved for the news, illustrations, special articles and literary matter. A model, high class Metropolitan Sunday paper, equal in every respect to the high priced Sunday papers. It is the largest consideration ever offered for one cent.

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Men's Suits and Pants

A knockout blow, silencing all competitors; 225 Men's Suits of Fancy Cheviots and all-wool Casimires, \$

Tuesday, September 10th, 1895.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Trains leave Niantic Station, going East, at 8:30 a. m., 12:25, 4:41, 6:46, 6:54 and 8:13 p. m.

NIANTIC POST OFFICE.

Mails close, going East, at 9:15 a. m., 12:35, 6:30 p. m. Going West, at 7:34 a. m., 1:00, 5:49 p. m.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. William P. Squires, pastor. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

THE FRATERNITIES.

Niantic Lodge, No. 11, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening in Union Hall.

TALK OF THE TOWN.

Said in #1 for a year's subscription to the News.

Stabbed a Companion.

Isaac A. Matson, a Millstone quarryman, was in the New London police court Tuesday morning last, charged with a murderous assault on a Waterford quarryman named Larkag.

Business Notices.

One of the best places in New London to trade is at the store of W. E. F. Landers & Co., corner of Main and Bank streets.

NEW TWIN-SCREW STEAMER.

Transportation Company Will Build Another Boat Like the Hartford.

CLINTON.

Miss Hannah Kelsey is visiting friends at Saugatuck.

INTERNATIONAL RACES.

Great Interest Centered in These Events

INFLUENCE WIDESPREAD.

Places from Which Students Come to Enter the Business College.

REGIMENTAL SHOOT.

Thirds Rifle Teams at the State Range, Thursday.

IVORYTON.

Schools commence here Monday, Sept. 10th.

AT THE RACKET!

Special Sale of CARPET SWEEPERS.

FOR \$1.25.

Woisard Bros.,

24 BANK STREET. New London, Conn.

STATE RIFLE RANGE.

Changes Made Preparatory to Another Shoot.

The rifle range at the state camp at Niantic is being put in readiness for the annual rifle practice Sept. 25th.

Claude Russell and Julius Beckwith, who have been clerking for Gates Bros. this summer, finished their labors last week to enter their respective schools.

J. M. Raymond recently made a haul with a fine mesh seine and caught about a half bushel of mullet. They are a rare fish in northern waters, being taken mostly on the southern coast in bays and inlets.

S. O. Harrington has been circulating a subscription paper of late asking for contributions for helping defray the expense of the new road to the Spiritualist camp ground.

At the criminal term of the superior court of this county held Tuesday, Wm. J. McDougal for obtaining money under false pretences was sentenced to three months in jail.

Charlie Leonard will give up his position as station agent at Crescent Beach in about two weeks and will enter Yale college.

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Wm. Coyle, the fashionable New London tailor, corner Green and Golden streets, is turning out some of the finest custom work in the city.

McMahon & Sexton, corner of Bank and State streets, carry a very large stock of ready-made clothing at low prices.

For tarred roofing go to Lyon & Ewald New London. If you want anything in the hardware line call at the same place.

It is about time to think of buying a kitchen range. You can get an "Acorn," one of the best in the market, of the Putnam Furniture Co., Bank street, New London.

All the latest styles in gentlemen's headgear can be found at the store of W. D. Fox, 4 Main street, New London.

Smith & Witt, the well-known and popular New London milliners, will soon put in their stock of autumn styles.

W. E. Ohaver is prepared at all times to give estimates on monumental work of every description. His place of business is at 204 Bank street, New London.

Have you seen those excellent bargains in clothing which J. Fisher of New London, is offering? If not just call at his store.

The New London Business College opens its fall term this year with a larger attendance than usual.

A line lace handkerchief was lost in the Congregational church at the Waldorf-Bailey wedding last Wednesday evening.

Train 57, known here as the 1:15 a. m. express, was very heavy Thursday and Friday, thirteen cars being run each of those two days.

W. D. Fox, the hatter and men's furnisher, 4 Main street, New London, announces that he has now on sale all the latest styles in fall hats and caps.

Several carloads of brownstone are being brought here every day and dumped off the railroad embankment.

Last Tuesday the 6:04 p. m. train was delayed here for some time owing to the breaking of a coupler on the baggage car.

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ESSEX.

G. I. Stevens' family is at Fenwick.

Business is brisk at the Essex Paint works.

Blue fish continue to be quite plenty in the river.

Mrs. M. C. Stevens has returned from Boston, Mass.

Relatives from the west are visiting at Dr. Russell's.

Public school will open for the fall term next Monday.

Mrs. Waltham Brown is ill at her home on West avenue.

Mrs. E. T. Pratt and niece have been to Clinton this week.

Bunker boats have been in the river this week after building fish.

The schooner Game Cock is discharging coal for Pratt Bros.

The Methodist Sunday school picniced at Westbrook last Thursday.

Capt. Noah Mack has been off on a bluefishing cruise this week.

The yacht, Golden Rod, has taken a party on a bluefishing cruise.

A. A. Pratt's family are at Grapevine cottage, Westbrook, this week.

The cider mills are making preparations for a big business this fall.

Mrs. N. G. Post has been spending a few days of this week at Westbrook.

Some few in this place claim to have felt the earthquake shocks last Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Nugent, of Meriden, has been visiting with friends here this week.

E. T. Pratt of the Hill street, and some friends, have gone on a trip down east.

Mrs. Jerome Pratt and son are enjoying the sea breeze this week at Westbrook.

W. J. Simonson and family, of Torrington, spent last Sunday at J. Fred Medical's.

The Deacon Conklin place on Main street, has been sold to Powers, the truckman.

Albert Gladwin, Jr., of Boston, has been calling on friend and acquaintances here this week.

The removal of the telephone exchange from this place will take quite a business out of Essex.

The Campbell family have returned to Brooklyn. Their place is now occupied by the McCurt family.

Mr. Lancaster, of New Jersey, has been visiting with his daughter, Mrs. Northam Wright, Centerbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayden Starkey of Brooklyn, N. Y., have been spending a few days with Mrs. James Scholes.

The schooner yacht Priscilla, from New York, is laying in the stream here with a party of gunners after falls.

George Rose and family, who have summering here have returned to their home in Washington, D. C.

Miss Hannah Hull in company with friends from Middletown are enjoying the salt sea breezes at Westbrook this week.

The two families that have been living in the Deborah Starkey place on Sabybrook street, have moved to the Point district.

It is reported that a man falling from Bridgeport, was shot in the face while hunting rail birds in the upper cove last Monday.

Frank Noonan and his sister, Miss Sarah, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are spending this week with Essex friends at Westbrook.

Miss Hannah Kelsey is visiting friends at Saugatuck.

Miss Lizzie Willard visited her aunt in New Haven last week.

H. C. Hull received a carload of Michigan shingles last week.

Miss Emma Dee has been visiting friends in Middle Haddam.

Richard Buell of Guilford, was in town Tuesday calling on friends.

Mrs. Susan Stannard of Guilford, was the guest of town friends last week.

Charles Stevens of New Haven, was at his old home in town over Sunday.

Miss Adelaide Snow gave a straw ride to a party of her friends on Friday evening.

Miss Mayme Ketchum of Brooklyn, is being entertained by Mr. and L. H. Hurt.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR a limited number of weeks advertisements will be inserted in this column at the rate of ten cents for three lines, one time. Try it.

LOST.

IRISH SETTER DOG, Strayed from Crescent Beach Aug. 16, 1895. Supposed to have gone away on steamer Block Island. Suitable reward will be paid for his return to Silas Chapman, Jr., Crescent Beach, Niantic, Conn.

FOR SALE.

A SMALL CYLINDER STOVE in good condition. Inquire at this office.

Musical Instruments.

OF all kinds on small monthly payments or for cash. Violins, Kettles, Banjos, Accordions, Mandolins, and all Fixings, Strings, etc.

ERNEST CHADWICK,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Ice Cream!

I have now on hand for the season and will furnish in any quantity and of the best quality.

Confectionery

Always of the very best. A complete stock and ever fresh.

Soda in bottles or direct from the Fountain. Best brands of cigars.

RESTAURANT—Meals at all hours.

John Coroley,

Main Street, Niantic, Conn. PALMER'S PATENT HAMMOCK.

NEW LONDON BUSINESS COLLEGE.

FOR SALE BY THE TRADE GENERALLY. Beware of imitations or infringements.

I. E. PALMER, Manufacturer.

Middletown, Conn.

PIANOS!

Look before you leap. Examine and buy the best medium grade of pianos at No. 2 Washington street and learn terms and prices. All instruments guaranteed as represented.

T. M. ALLYN,

2 Washington Street, New London, Ct

FISHING TACKLE

(TWENTY YEARS AT THE SAME STORE.) I have a fine line of

Rods, Reels, Lines, Etc.,

At very low prices, and will be pleased to show them and compare with other dealers. Also

Garden Tools, Cutlery

And General Hardware. Agent for J. H. GREGORY'S SEEDS. Call or send for his 75 page Catalogue, FREE.

J. L. RAUB,

8 BANK STREET, NEW LONDON.

W. E. OHAYER,

MONUMENTS!

Groton, Westerly, Millstone, Barre, Quincy, Swede and Scotch Granites.

304 Bank St, New London

AT THE RACKET!

24 Bank St.

Special Sale of

CARPET SWEEPERS.

To introduce our own Carpet Sweepers in this city, we will sell you one "Racket" Carpet sweeper and guarantee it to give you full satisfaction or we will refund the money after a trial of four weeks for the small amount of \$1.25.

Just Think, a \$2.50 Carpet Sweeper

FOR \$1.25.

You run no risk whatever as you get your money back after four weeks trial if you want it.

Remember, all goods in stock at Racket Prices, if you are a customer, you know what this means, if not yet call at the store will teach you all about it.

We save you 20 to 50 per cent on every dollar you buy of us.

We deal in Good Goods and warrant everything as represented.

Woisard Bros.,

24 BANK STREET. New London, Conn.

It's a good thing

Push it Along.

THE NEW IDEA PATTERN.

At 10 Cents.

It's a Fact. You can buy here for 10 cents just as good a pattern in every particular as you have been paying 30 cents for. A dressmaker who has used 25 different designs say they are perfect fitting and very easy to cut by. This recommendation ought to count for something. If you have a family it means \$3 buy and see.

The New Idea Pattern AT 10 CENTS.

They are for sale by

W. E. F. LANDERS & CO.

Cor. Main and State Sts., New London, Ct.

P. S. When ordering patterns be sure to mention size and number of pattern. Patterns sent to any address on receipt of 10c. and 2c. extra postage. Prompt attention given all orders.

Too Hot to Sleep!

Try one of our cool Iron Bedsteads, and see if you don't sleep.

Ralph S. Smith & Son

73 State St., NEW LONDON.

F. A. BECKWITH,

LIVERY, FEED AND BOARDING STABLES.

Special Attention to Traveling Men! Teaming of all kinds, and Hacks and Single Teams at a Moments Notice.

NIANTIC, CONN.

YOU LIKE FINE CANDY!

It Doesn't Cost Much if You Buy it at the Right Place. WHEN YOU ARE IN TOWN COME AND SEE THE DISPLAY AT THE RIGHT PLACE, THE CANDY KITCHEN.

AK Willard

127 STATE ST. New London, Ct.

Are the Best!

HARTFORDS NEXT.

B. D. LUCE, Agent.

Niantic, Conn.

OPENING.

I shall place on exhibition

Saturday, March 30th,

BLACK AND COLORED DRESS GOODS

In all the latest novelties of weaves and shades.

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS, SATEENS, CHEVIOTS, CREPONS, SERGES, HENRIETTAS, SURAH AND INDIAN SILKS,

And a large variety of

WASH DRESS FABRICS, TABLE LINENS, BLANKETS, COUNTERPANES, SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES, TOWELS, BLEACHED AND BROWN MUSLINS, ETC., ETC.

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