

Welcome Every Way

At this season of the year coughs and colds are very prevalent, and a sure preventative is what everybody wants.

Dr. J. Hamilton Gale's Welcome Cough and Lung Balsam

Is the medicine you want. It purifies the blood.

Only 25 Cents a Bottle.

J. H. DAY, JR.,

Feed, Grain, Hay, Flour, Etc., at Wholesale.

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND BUILDERS HARDWARE AND MATERIALS.

SAYBROOK JUNCTION, - Conn.

WM. A. HOLT,

—DEALER IN—

Fine Groceries.

I also make a specialty of the finest WINES AND LIQUORS For Medical Purposes. Orders from out of town solicited.

WILLIAM A. HOLT,
50 Main Street, New London.

Niantic House

NIANTIC, CONN.

Open all the year. Commercial travelers receive special attention. The Niantic House is convenient to station, postoffice and express office and has an unobstructed view of Long Island Sound.

First-Class Livery

Attached to house and teams furnished to commercial men at a moment's notice.

D. B. READ, Prop.

Style, Fit, Finish and Durability.

Combined with moderation in price, are the chief features of the Custom Made Clothing supplied by

WM. COYLE, CUSTOM TAILOR,
Cor. Green and Golden Sts., New London, Ct.
CLOTHING REPAIRED.

AXEL F. ANDERSON,

DEALER IN
Fine Watches and Clocks, Jewelry, Diamonds and Precious Stones, Chains, Compasses, Tide Tables, No. 21 Bank Street, New London, Conn. Chromometers, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired by Experienced Workmen.

DENTISTRY.

R. W. Cantwell, L. D. S.
DENTAL ROOMS 126 (No. 70) STATE STREET, NEW LONDON, CONN.
Formerly occupied by Dr. F. C. Hotchkiss. Dr. Cantwell attends to each case personally. Office hours 7 a. m. to 12 p. m., 1 to 5 p. m.

Center Market

Choice cuts of Beef, Veal and Mutton.

VEGETABLES IN THEIR SEASON.

All orders will receive prompt and careful attention.

PEABODY BROS.,
Main St. NIANTIC, CONN.
ESTABLISHED 1878.

NIANTIC

MONUMENTAL WORKS

NIANTIC, CONN.

Estimates given and designs furnished for all kinds of

GRANITE AND MARBLE WORK

PRICES THE LOWEST.

Millstone Point, Quincy and the Davis Silver Grey Granite, Specialists.

Orders for lettering and cleaning monuments in cemeteries promptly attended to.

I employ no traveling agents. Send me card for designs and estimates.

C. S. DAVIS.

A. R. DeWOLF,

—DEALER IN—

Lumber and

Building Material.

Builders' Hardware, Paints, White Lead and Oil, Windows, Doors, etc.

NIANTIC, CONN.

In no State in the Union do the naturalized males of voting age outnumber the native voters.

The New York Post asserts that "there is only too much reason for believing that Jameson's attempt was secretly instigated by Rhodes."

It is figured that New York City drinks 170,531,000 gallons of liquor, and nearly as much beer, Italacons, if massed together, would occupy the space bounded by Franklin and Twenty-eighth streets and First and Seventh avenues. Set side by side they would reach from Brooklyn bridge to Stamford, Conn., thirty-five miles.

The Rev. John Watson ("Tan Mac-laren") expressed in a recent lecture the fear that Scott was being raised to the elevation of a classic. That, he said, was the same thing as taking a man out of the House of Commons, where he was an active figure, and placing him in the stately seclusion of the House of Lords.

Gold mining in the South is having quite a boom just now, according to reports in the newspapers. The gold mines in North Georgia are said to be doing a profitable business; a company with \$2,500,000 capital is about to develop gold mines in West Virginia, and finds of considerable value and importance are reported in North Carolina. It is said that hundreds of miners have recently arrived in the gold fields in Montgomery and Stanley Counties, North Carolina.

The Chicago Tribune, a specialist in criminal matters of all sorts, gives the following comparative statement for six years past:

1887—Murders, 10,500; suicides, 5759; lynchings, 171.
1894—Murders, 3900; suicides, 4912; lynchings, 190.
1893—Murders, 6615; suicides, 4436; lynchings, 200.
1892—Murders, 6794; suicides, 3900; lynchings, 235.
1891—Murders, 5906; suicides, 3331; lynchings, 192.
1890—Murders, 4290; suicides, 2040; lynchings, 127.

The bicycle policemen of the Boulevard, New York City, continue to demonstrate facts worth knowing. On a recent afternoon one of them pursued in rapid succession two reckless drivers who refused to halt, overhauled them and landed them quickly behind the bars, whence the influence of \$10 in fines in each case was necessary to rescue them. The New York Mail and Express predicts that the mounted policeman will soon be a relic of barbarism and a standing picture of humiliation and despair.

Women may now take a flyer in wheat or get squeezed on corn, just as easily as their male relatives, announces the New Orleans Picayune. The Appellate Court reversed the order entered by Judge Gibbons restraining the Open Board of Trade from permitting women to come upon the floor of the board or entering the galleries. The injunction was issued upon the application of Marson French, a broker of the open board, who showed in his bill that his business was suffering because most of his clients were women, and owing to the restrictions of the board they could not advise him in regard to their tradings.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says: "The traditions of the United States Senate are rapidly weakening. Mr. Hill's bill repealing the law forbidding the United States of any person who, having held a commission therein, afterward entered the Confederate service, passed the Senate without being referred to a committee, though reference was suggested by Mr. Sherman. Time was when such a suggestion from such a Senator would have been at once adopted, but Mr. Sherman saw that the drift was against him, and withdrew the request. Mr. Sherman was probably friendly to Mr. Hill's measure, but he is accustomed to old-time methods. There is a tendency now to drop formalities and get at plain propositions by the most direct route."

The continent of Africa has been carved out by Great Britain, France, Portugal, Spain, Germany and Italy. The area claimed by each of these is as follows:

	Square Miles.	Population.
Great Britain	2,570,926	40,764,000
France	2,909,624	39,788,000
Portugal	641,025	5,416,000
Spain	503,767	437,000
Germany	392,000	5,950,000
Italy	622,000	6,800,000

Besides these appointments, Belgium owns the Congo State with a population of 15,000,000 and an area of 865,400 square miles. Turkey claims, but England practically owns, everything in Egypt and Tripoli—population 7,980,000 and area 836,000. Liberia is a black republic, with an area of 37,000 square miles and a population of 1,000,000. Swaziland, under the protection of the Boers, includes an area of 6370 square miles and 60,000 people under a tribal monarchy. The Boer State, the South African Republic, has a population bordering on a million and an area of 162,640 miles, within which lie some of the richest mines on the continent. There remains unappropriated a total estimated at 22,000,000 square miles,

THE SNOWDROP.

Sacred to the month of snow,
When the storms of January blow,
Chilling, in their frigid blast,
Memories of glories past,
Blossoms of the winter mild,
Nature's fair and gentle child,
Born of summer's recollection,
Blossom of the days of snow—
When the rivers ice-bound flow—
Messengers of faith and hope
To the weary hearts that grope,
Casting on their darkened way
Consolation's peaceful ray,
With its mellowing reflection.

Emblem of the love that lies
Hidden 'neath the wintry skies;
Gentle prophet of the night,
Token of the coming light—
Of the soul that springs from death,
Heralding with quivering breath
Life's eternal resurrection.
—Ottiford Howard, in Munsey's Magazine.

A SHARP DODGE.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

OOO and clear the morning was, the birds sang and twittered in the branches of the elm trees; a gentle breeze wafted the scent of the June roses in at the open windows, and Lydia Grey, feeling singularly happy and content with life, went singing down stairs and into the kitchen, where her mother sat by the table, peeling potatoes to fry for breakfast.

Mrs. Grey did not speak as her daughter entered, and Lydia, made wise by experience, saw by the expression of her face that a storm was coming. The girl continued to sing, however, feeling prepared to meet the blast, no matter how severe it might be.

Mrs. Grey waited until the breakfast was on the table before she uttered a word. Then, as she took her seat behind the coffee-pot, she asked, sharply:

"Lydia, did I see you hanging over the front gate at eleven o'clock last night with John Forsythe?"

"I don't know, mother," answered Lydia, calmly. "You might have seen me, though, if you had looked. I was there."

"And not ashamed to confess it, I suppose?"

"Not at all ashamed to confess it," said Lydia.

"If you suppose that I'll ever give my consent to your marrying John Forsythe, you're mistaken," said Mrs. Grey, "and the sooner you send him packing, the better I'll be pleased. The man who marries you must be able to give you as good a home as this. You shan't throw yourself away on a poverty-stricken district school-teacher, if I can help it. I'll allow her's good-looking, but good looks won't make the pot boil."

Lydia's face flushed.

"John is an orphan," she said, "and has had his own way to make. I honor him for his struggles to get an education. He may not have any money, but he's worth more in my eyes than any other man I've ever seen," and she buttered a hot roll with considerable energy.

"Seems to me you stand up for him pretty earnest," said the widow, with a grim smile. "But I don't calculate you're quite so foolish as to throw Seth Naylor over just yet."

"Seth Naylor!" ejaculated Lydia, in a tone of contempt. "I let him know my mind long ago!"

"But you could get him back easy 'nough," said Mrs. Grey. "He'd need only a word to make him come flyin' over here. He's sensible an' shrewd, an' you might go further an' fare worse."

"Perhaps," said Lydia.

"An' it do strike me," said the widow, "that a man who goes about filling his pockets with stones an' dirt, an' lies for hours on a rock, starin' at it, must have a soft spot in his head somewhere."

"John is intensely interested in ores and minerals," said Lydia, "and, if he finds pleasure in examining rocks and picking up stones, why should we object? It is a harmless amusement."

"An imbecile amusement," said Mrs. Grey. "I wonder at a girl of your sense upholdin' such folly. But it's plain to be seen that he's turned your head with that big yellow moustache of his. You ought to be thankful that you've got a mother to look out for you. You'll never marry John Forsythe with my consent."

"Perhaps not," said Lydia, rising from the table, "and I'll never marry Seth Naylor with my own."

"We'll see about that," said the widow, as she took the skimmer and a big pail and started for the dairy. "I expect to see you the mistress of Clovertop Farm yet."

Lydia smiled to herself, thinking how unlikely it was that such a thing would ever come to pass. She loved John Forsythe too well to give a single thought to marrying any other man.

And Seth Naylor, a rough, uneducated fellow who was thoroughly ungenial to her—what a contrast he was to John!

The hanging over the front gate continued to be of nightly occurrence, in spite of the wrath and chagrin of Mrs. Grey, who appealed in vain to Lydia's sense of decorum.

"The whole neighborhood will be talking about you next," the mother said.

"I've grown callous to what the peo-

ple of this neighborhood say, mother," answered Lydia. "They can talk as they choose. It is too warm to sit in doors these June evenings, even if you would let me entertain John in the parlor, which you won't. And that gate was made to hang on."

"Hang away, then," said Mrs. Grey. "But you shan't marry John Forsythe if I can help it. Why, he wasted the bull o' last Saturday, pokin' round my three-acre meadow-lot with a spade. I guess he got half a bushel o' stuna. He'd oughter hire out to clear land."

Lydia said nothing in reply to this, but a peculiar smile, which her mother could not understand, stole over her face.

Early on Saturday morning, a few days later, John Forsythe walked into the dairy, where Mrs. Grey was skimming milk, preparatory to churning.

"Do you want to sell this place, Mrs. Grey?" he asked, abruptly.

"Don't no as I do," said the widow. "It's the only home I've had for twenty-five years. An' I couldn't get nothin' for it. The land's 'bout worth out. Still, if I had an offer of fifteen hundred dollars for it, I'd snap at it."

"I know somebody who'll give you that," said John. "Five hundred cash down and a mortgage on the place for the rest, due in two years, with interest, at six per cent."

"It's a bargain," said the widow. "Where's the man?"

"Here!" said John. "You!" exclaimed the widow. "I didn't know you had five hundred cents."

"I've got the cash ready for you," said John; "and if you'll let me drive into Sedgewick this afternoon, we'll have Lawyer Saunders make out the deeds."

"I suppose I'll have to hold by my word," said Mrs. Grey. "But you'll never be able to pay me the thousand within two years. How can you save anything on forty dollars a month?"

"That's my lookout," said John. "You needn't worry about the amount of my salary. You have the farm as security, and you can live on it till all is paid. I've no use for the house, you know, unless I get a wife to put in it."

"Folks can't say he ain't clever," said Mrs. Grey, in telling her daughter, a little later, of this offer. "I'd have hated to leave the house right off. But what puzzles me is his having that five hundred dollars put by. He must have been awful savin'."

Lydia smiled, but said nothing. She might have enlightened her mother on the subject had she so chosen; but she preferred to keep her counsel.

A week later, John paid a second visit to the dairy.

"You said I couldn't marry Lydia until I had a home to offer her as good as the one she's had with you," he said. "Now you can't say I'm not able to do so. She needn't make any change at all, you see."

"I see," said the widow, tersely. "So you'll consent to our engagement?"

"I suppose so, since you're both so set on it," said Mrs. Grey, on whom John's five hundred dollars had produced a marked impression. "Liddy's so stubborn-headed she wouldn't think of changin' her mind if I preached and argued all night, and I don't want her talked about."

"Neither do I," said John; "and I'm glad to have the matter settled. I'll go up and tell Lydia about it now, if you have no objection."

"Go if you want to," said the widow. "Like as not she's looking for you—hangin' over the gate, perhaps, while the bread's burnin' in the oven and the cat's on the breakfast-table."

The wedding was set for the middle of October; but, to her mother's surprise, Lydia began no preparations for it.

"Why don't you begin your shoppin'?" asked the widow, who had a natural longing for a cruise among the drygoods stores of Sedgewick. "There's no time to be lost. You'll have to be pretty smart if you expect to get sewed up by the middle of October."

"There's no hurry," said Lydia quietly.

"That money you've got in bank will come in useful 'nough now," said her mother. "Three hundred dollars will buy you a good set-out."

"Better than I need," said Lydia. "It would be sheer extravagance for me to spend that much."

"But you've got to have some finery," said her mother. "I shan't want much. I'm pretty well supplied now with clothes."

"There's no call for you to be stingy. Your Uncle Mose left you the money for this very purpose. Don't you remember the will said so? And I want to see you well set-out. Girls don't get married morn'n onet, as a rule, and you'd best make the most of the chance."

as she met her future son-in-law, one evening in August, coming up the garden path with Lydia, whose face looked unusually bright.

"They were gentlemen from the city," answered John. "I sent for them to decide as to the quality of the coal on this land."

"Coal on my farm!" exclaimed Mrs. Grey. "I never suspected it."

"My farm, you mean!" said John. "I know long ago that there was coal on it."

"Then you've played me a very dishonest trick!" said the widow, angrily, while her gray eyes flashed. "You got from me, for fifteen hundred dollars, a bed of coal that you're likely to make yield as many thousands—perhaps more."

"All's fair in love and war, you know," said John. "I had to get Lydia by fair means or foul."

"And she upholds you in this swindle, I dare say," said the widow, glaring at her daughter.

"Yes, she upholds me," said John, with a peculiar laugh and a queer look at Lydia, who was laughing, too. "But I'm not all bad, my dear to-be-mother-in-law. I'll deed the farm back to you as soon as the wedding is over, and we'll share the profits. You can make me superintendent of the mine, at a handsome salary. I believe the coal is the best quality, and there'll be plenty of work to do."

Mrs. Grey's face cleared at once. "That's square enough," she said. "To be perfectly candid with you," said John, "I haven't any money to begin the work. Lydia tells me you have eight thousand dollars in Government bonds. Now, there wouldn't be any risk in using that in this venture. You're sure to double your money in two months."

"I'll sell the bonds at once," said the widow, eagerly. "And you shall have that five hundred dollars back to-morrow, John?"

"Oh, as to that," said John, "it can give Lydia three hundred of 'em. I had only two hundred laid up, so she helped me out with the money her uncle left her."

Mrs. Grey looked from one face to the other; her lips curled in a peculiarly sarcastic smile. She thought she saw very clearly now why Lydia had put off getting wedding finery and had "needed so little."

"Well, that was a sharp dodge!" she said, at last. "It takes a district school teacher to think up such things. I believe, after all, you're smarter'n Seth Naylor, John."

"Of course I am," said John, complacently, as he put his arm about Lydia's waist. "But you give me too much credit, for here is the prime mover in the whole wicked plot."

And he kissed the demure little face of the widow's pretty daughter.

Turning the Tables.

A professor, who once took with him to an appointment a favorite student, thought to test the young man. He was to take the morning service, and the young man that of the evening. Accordingly, while on the road to the appointment the professor "pumped" the youngster. Witness his surprise when, on giving out his text, he found that the professor had stolen a march upon him. His surprise was turned to dismay when he found that not only text, but also "heads" and all had been appropriated. Now it happened that the pulpit was an old-fashioned one, and the professor was very stout. To get in a ladder had to be procured to enable him to climb over the top. After service he chuckled over his triumph. His triumph was, however, turned to disaster at night, when the young man announced his text: "He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up by some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle.

How Fast the Earth Moves.

Everybody knows that the earth makes one complete revolution on its axis once in each twenty-four hours. But few, however, have any idea of the high rate of speed at which such an immense ball must turn in order to accomplish the feat of making one revolution in a day and a night. A graphic idea of the terrific pace which the old earth keeps up year after year may be had by comparing its speed to that of a cannon ball fired from a modern high-pressure gun. The highest velocity ever attained by such a missile has been estimated at 1626 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in three and two-tenths (3 2-10) seconds. The earth, in making one complete revolution in the short space of twenty-four hours, must turn with a velocity almost exactly equal to that of the cannon ball. In short, the rate of speed at the equator is exactly 1507 feet per second. This is equal to a mile every three and six-tenths seconds, seven-tenths a minute.

English as She Is Written.

I have before me a letter from a Parisian friend, a gentleman of some literary note in his own country, who informs me that he is learning English by the aid of a small textbook and a dictionary, without any other instructor; and he adds: "In a small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come to the America and go on the scaffold to lecture."—Methodist Herald.

One of the Vagaries of Memory.

A child of American parents was born in Spain, and, although the language of the family was English, she learned to speak Spanish fluently. She then returned to America and went into a boarding school where French was the only language spoken.

Of course, hearing no Spanish, the child gradually seemed to forget it. Her knowledge of French was perfect, and that she used as well as English.

When she became an elderly lady her health failed her, and she sank into a condition of physical and mental weakness. After a time her attendants observed that she seemed not to understand anything that was spoken in English, but conversed in French with ease, and comprehended whatever was said to her in that tongue.

At last she lapsed into a long interval of semi-consciousness, during which she understood nothing. During the last days of her life she suddenly rallied, and her command of Spanish came back to her, so that she talked fluently in it and thoroughly understood it.

As a case of mental lapse and peculiarity of memory, this is considered quite worthy of note.—New York Ledger.

Vegetarian Restaurants.

Vegetarian restaurants are by degrees giving up the use of such titles for their dishes as convey the idea of a meat diet, but they still find the word "steak" indispensable. Otherwise their bill of fare is much improved, and of a more inviting character than it used to be.

"Indian broth" reads well on a cold day, and "braised onion with tomatoes" appeals to many. But what is "vegetable turkey"? It seems to be rather a confession of weakness to be dependent on the animal world for names wherewith to invest the various preparations of vegetables, cereals, and fruits. To America they owe many forms of succulent and tempting food, such as fried corn, maize with plums, and pineapple pudding made from the tinned fruit. The use of cheese, forbidden by some of the strictest followers of vegetarianism, enables the caterers to offer such savory dishes as Welsh rabbit, cheese fritters, and omelets, and the odors that are emitted are of the most savory and appetizing description.—London News.

Met at 1:30; Wed at 1:45.

A marriage, romantic in the extreme, was solemnized recently in the office of the county clerk, Glasgow, Ky. The groom and bride never so much as heard of the other's existence until the other day, and met for the first time when they were brought face to face in the county clerk's office and introduced by a mutual friend preparatory to the application for license.

The groom is John Underwood, a prosperous farmer near Temple Hill, and sixty-five years old. The bride was Mrs. Martha J. Turner, a widow, twenty-four years old, who came from South Carolina two months ago. The mutual friend pictured to the groom the virtues and excellencies of the young widow, and to her he recited the sterling worth and good qualities of the farmer. Commissioned by the letter with a proposition of marriage, he returned with an acceptance from the widow. They set eyes upon each other at 1:30 o'clock, and at 1:45 o'clock a local minister had pronounced them husband and wife.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Troublesome Plant.

A few years ago, while on a visit to Colombia, a New Orleans man saw and admired a water hyacinth. He brought some bulbs home, and grew them in tubs in his front yard. In about two years patches of the flower appeared in the Bayou St. John, which connects New Orleans with Lake Pontchartrain.

In another year the bayou was full of it, so that navigation was impeded. Now all the canals near New Orleans are overrun and covered up with the invading flower. Great masses of it are floating in the lake, rivers running into the lake are choked with it, and it has traveled a hundred miles to the westward of New Orleans. It grows enormously, spreads like rabbits in Australia, chokes all the bayous and streams it gets into, and is a tremendous nuisance, the limitations of which are not in sight. In Colombia it is a harmless flowering plant that grows in tubs; but in Louisiana the conditions suit it, and have developed it into the most flourishing and obstinate pest.—Popular Science News.

Squaring the Circle.

One of the problems that is as old as the science of mathematics is that of "squaring the circle." By squaring the circle is meant the problem of finding the sides of a square exactly equal in area to a circle of given diameter. To do this, either by elementary geometry or by expressing it arithmetically in commensurable numbers, has been found to be an impossibility. In other words, the ratio between the diameter and the circumference of a circle cannot be exactly found, even though in the division the decimal may be carried out to 10,000 figures. The above being the exact facts in the case, we will say that the problem of "squaring the circle" is one that has long been given up by the mathematicians as insoluble.

Cutting Without a Pattern.

The tailor was, when needing piece of leaf to line its nest, always cuts its pattern in an exact circle. These wasps have often been watched, but have never been known to miss the size, to cut the pattern over again or to spoil a leaf.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

READING HELEN'S FACE

Helen's face is like a book—Charming in all its pages, Helen's face is like a book; What's the story I forsook, When on Helen's face I look, When her smile engages?

There I read an old romance; Here I see one living; There I read an old romance; Here in Helen's slightest glance Far a livelier tale enchants, Wild excitement giving.

What is printer's ink to me? Comas, dots and dashes! What is printer's ink to me? With Helen I may be, Ecstasy points to see, Underneath her lashes!

—The Lark.

FUN OF THE DAY.

Mrs. Watts—"I am afraid you don't love work." Dismal Dawson—"Deed I do, mum, but I am so bashful."—Indianapolis Journal.

If every woman dressed to please the average man she wouldn't spend half so much for clothes as she does now.—Boston Courier.

The difference between obstinacy and firmness is in the difference of viewing it from the outside or the inside.—Somerville Journal.

"I hired a bicycle yesterday and took a spin." "What did

TRAVELERS' GUIDE. Trains leave Niantic Station, going East, at 9:30 a. m., 12:35, 4:31 and 6:34 p. m.

NIANTIC POST OFFICE. Mails close, going East, at 9:15 a. m., 12:35, 6:36 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. 17, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening in Union Hall.

TALK OF THE TOWN. Gates Bros received a carload of grain Friday. J. L. Wheeler was in Lyme on business Friday.

Henry Crittenden of Norwich, was in town Saturday. A. R. DeWolf received a carload of timber last Friday.

Chas. Sturtevant, of Norwich, was in town Thursday. Mrs. Carter and grandson, are visiting in New Haven.

Mrs. Josiah Manwarring is visiting relatives in New Haven. A. P. Carroll, of Norwich, was in town on business, Thursday.

Mrs. James Davis, of Waterford, is the guest of Miss Annie Davis. Prof. Stevens, of Clinton, made his weekly call of his pupils Saturday.

Henry Ames, of Jewett City, was in town last week, the guest of friends. Edgar Manwarring and Orrin Howard were in Hartford a few days last week.

A. R. DeWolf is preparing to make several improvements on his residence. Items of interest to the town people will thankfully received at the News Office.

Three inches of snow fell in Flanders Saturday morning, while not a particle fell here. Mr. and Miss Jesse Meaden of New London, were in town last Monday, the guests of friends.

Mr. Gilmore, traveling salesman for Smith & Northam, of Hartford, was in town last Thursday. James Raymond and wife entertained several of their friends with a whist party Tuesday evening.

Mrs. George Post, of Essex, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Huntly, on Pennsylvania avenue. Niantic was well represented Saturday at the Matinee at the Lyceum Theatre, New London.

A big blond mast was erected at Booth's Bros. quarry Thursday. It is 72 feet in height and two feet square. Mr. Edward Rowley and wife of Hartford, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Arnold for the past week.

Walter Waldorf and wife will soon occupy the lower tenement of Mrs. Jessie Meaden's house on Lake avenue. For the best in furniture at the lowest prices go to Fordham's New York Furniture company, 145-151 Bank street.

Putnam's Big Blue Store, New London, are offering their patron great opportunities in the furniture line. See advt. Look over the new advt. of the Racket Store in another column and see how very cheap you can buy lots of useful articles.

The skating of Dodge pond still continues to be "immense." The pond was crowded with skaters last week, day and night. The Bee Hive at New London is having a big rush these days on ribbons. They give a list of prices in this issue which the ladies should look at.

F. R. Crosby, of Hartford, was in town a few hours calling on his many friends and acquaintances which he has made here, while in the employ of J. C. Peabody. The Niantic people who witnessed the production of Humanity at the Lyceum Theatre, New London, Tuesday evening, saw one of the finest plays ever presented on the stage of the Lyceum.

The following officers were elected at the last business meeting of the Young People's Union: President, Mrs. H. E. Havens; vice-president, Miss Media Beebe; secretary, Miss Winnie Brooks; treasurer, Miss Grace Beckwith. Saturday night the streets were in a deplorable condition, mud everywhere. Many complaints were made by people who ran into trees and posts which were invisible to them. It is time that some measures were taken to light the streets.

There has been some talk lately of organizing a dramatic club and presenting several plays before the public. Why not do so? There is plenty of talent in town. There are not many towns of the size of Niantic which have as many fine singers as there are in this town. The Rev. Wm. A. Smith (Baptist) of Groton, died Wednesday, aged 86. He was a native of East Lyme and has held pastorates at Hadlyme, Chesterfield, Lyme, Noank, and at Westfield and Agawan, Mass. He leaves a widow, one daughter, Mrs. E. P. Miner, of Hartford, and a brother Charles, also of Hartford.

Lou's Florence, an old Frenchman, who has been prominently identified with the wood and timber interests in this section for a few years past, died in the west part of Haddam, Monday.

Capt George Howard went clamming on the bar Thursday afternoon and obtained some of the largest clams that have ever been dug in the vicinity of Niantic. There were 32 and they more than filled a peck measure, some of them measuring six inches in length and nine inches in circumference.

The has been no need of street lights for the past two weeks, as we have had fine moonlight evenings, but they will be needed soon and when the citizens wake up to the fact it will be better for all concerned. No one likes to wade in mud over their shoes on a dark night but it is a case of "have to" in this town.

The annual meeting of the Southern New England Telephone company was held in New Haven, Tuesday, and the old officers were re-elected. The reports show that the net earnings last year \$155,645 78, and that \$231,000 was spent in constructing a new plant and that there was an increase in number of subscribers of 1,296 with five new exchanges.

Bristol, Greenwich, Rockville, Torrington, and Wallingford, all thriving manufacturing places, and Moodus, which has a heavy mail business for other reasons, are all entitled to a free-carrier delivery of letters, their revenue having exceeded \$10,000 per annum during the last fiscal year. A post-office inspector has visited several of the places to investigate the free-delivery matter, but no action has been taken by the department at Washington.

While Richard Wales of Centerbrook, the veteran printer, was engaged at work near his house on the Saybrook road, Monday, he noticed a hen hawk suddenly swoop down among his flock of poultry which was only a short distance from him. The hawk failed to secure its intended prey, however, and flew into a nearby tree, awaiting another opportunity. Mr. Wales repaired to his house, loaded up his trusty shot gun, and returned discharging his gun at the hawk, ruffling its feathers, and wounding it slightly. Mr. Wales, was loading up his gun again, and found that he had exhausted his entire stock of shot with the exception of four. He put these in his gun and ramming them down with a large amount of faith, renewed his attack. He found the hawk sitting on a fence a short distance away, and getting as near to it as he dared, took careful aim and fired. This time the small charge proved effective, and the hawk fell over dead. It was a large one of the kind, the wings measuring over five feet from tip to tip.

The New Steamer. The new twin screw steamer, which is being built for the Hartford and New York Transportation Co. at the yard of Neale & Levy, in Philadelphia, is to be launched at 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon. The hull is complete and most of the upper work, and it is stated that the new boat will take her place on the line early in the spring.

Oyster Industry. The shell fish commissioners have just issued their annual report. It shows total receipts of the year to have been \$6 822 75 and disbursements \$5,842.93. The commissioners estimate that the value of the oyster catch on private beds will be \$1,500,000 this year. The total amount of private oyster beds in the state is 69,620 75 acres. The total bushels of shells planted on this property during the past year amounted to 1,711,069 bushels. The number of bushels of crushed stone planted was 50,906. Number of bushels of Long Island gravel and sand dredged, 1,077, 50. Total number of bushels of all kinds of material planted for the purpose of silting in the oyster culture, 93,071,465.

Diphtheria in Town. Two cases of diphtheria have appeared in the family of William Falkner on Pickers street. Mrs. Falkner and son are ill with the disease and anti toxin is being used, as a remedy. The house has been quarantined and with extra precaution it is hoped that a stay in the spread of the disease will result. The disease was brought here from Middletown by a relative two weeks ago, who it was supposed had entirely recovered from his sickness. It was reported Saturday night that several new cases had broken out, but the doctors denied that statement, saying that there were several cases of tonsillitis in town, but nothing more. A microscopic examination will be made on several patients Sunday.

ENOYABLE CONCERT. Given at the Methodist Church Last Thursday Evening. A concert was given at the Methodist church Thursday evening, by local talent assisted by Seyfried's orchestra of New London.

The church was filled to the doors by an attentive and well pleased audience who showed their appreciation of the finely rendered solos and choruses by a prolonged applause. The solos of Messrs J. C. Peabody, Earl Darrow, Rev. H. E. Martin and Angus Park deserve special mention. Seyfried's orchestra rendered several excellent selections.

On the whole the concert was a great success and far exceeded any ever given in town. The following programme was fully carried out: 1. Orchestra 2. Praise ye the Father..... Orchestra accompaniment. 3. Duet.....Mossy Banks 4. Solo.....Mr. Peabody 5. Orchestra.....Mr. Peabody 6. Trio.....Little Farm 7. Chorus 8. Mixed Quartette 9. Orchestra 10. Solo.....Mr. Darrow 11. Male Quartette 12. Piano solo.....Sleighride Galop (Party getting into the sleigh, then the galop with whip snaps and sleigh bells. A few are thrown out and some what bruised, but managed to get into the sleigh again and then they're off for home.) 13. Laughing Trio 14. Orche'tra 15. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem... Orchestra accompaniment. 16. National Anthem

FUNERAL OF GEORGE H. HILL.

The funeral of George H. Hill who died at East Lyme, Tuesday, was held at 11 o'clock from his late residence, Rev. H. E. Martin, pastor of the East Lyme Baptist church, officiating. The deceased was 72 years old and was born in Westbrook. He was a wood turner by trade and had a large number of friends who are deeply grieved by his death. He had a shock about a year and a half ago and since then he had gradually failing till death came. He leaves two daughters and two sons to mourn his loss.

Board of Trade Meeting. The Board of Trade met at Union hall Thursday evening, but was adjourned until tonight, (Tuesday), as a large number of members wished to attend the concert at the Methodist church. It was announced in several papers that the meeting had been postponed until Tuesday night, but it was done without the authority of the chairman so the meeting was held Thursday evening, the time appointed in the meeting held three weeks ago.

TWO WEALTHY HERMITS. Live in Whitsettown in Town of East Lyme. In the town of East Lyme there is a rugged school district known as "Whitsettown." In a dilapidated old house near the fork of the road resides Frank and Marvin Rogers, bachelor brothers. They are as eccentric, all things considered, as any two men in New England.

Their surroundings indicate the most subject poverty, yet it would not be safe to estimate any one man in the town as a larger real estate owner than the Rogers brothers. They possess a large tract of land as the homestead, while their farm mortgages extend far and wide.

Frank, the more eccentric of the two, never goes away from home and is thought at times to be mentally unbalanced. But when interest becomes due on an insurance policy expires, he is never known to err.

Their chief occupation is sheep raising and they always have fine looking stock. They raised a promising colt a few years since and Frank remarked that there should be one horse that should never be harnessed, and it was kept in fine condition for years and never was harnessed as far as known. Marvin transacts all the business necessary to be done away from home. They live a most secluded life and never care for callers unless on business. Where the bank ledgers of New London county and the land records of several towns to be opened, many would be surprised at wealth of these hermit brothers.—The Day.

ZULEIKA IS "WILLIN'." F. C. Fowler of Moodus Wants a Race. The Hartford Courant of Thursday contained the following which will doubtless prove of such interest to people in this section that it is reproduced entire: To the Editor of The Courant:—Seeing by this morning's "Courant" that Mr. George Sweet of Middletown wishes to match his launch, the Minnie May, against the Nellie and Zuleika for a race from Saybrook to Hartford for \$500 a corner I hereby enclose a certified check payable to your order on account of the Zuleika, race to take place before July 5, 1896, play or pay, boats to have same motive equipment as last season. If above money is covered there will be a race.

F. C. Fowler. P. S.—If Nellie does not wish to enter Zuleika will start against Minnie May alone. Moodus, Conn., Jan. 28, 1896. "The Courant" has received Mr. Fowler's certified check for \$500 on the National Bank of New England of East Haddam with a note saying "if the enclosed check is covered, all right. If not, hold for two weeks, then return." This paper doesn't advertise to officiate as stakeholder on ordinary occasions, but whatever tends to develop navigation on the Connecticut river has in it so much of the public welfare that all ought to take hold and help, and if hanging on to Mr. Fowler's \$500 check will hold the cause we're ready to hold on to it.—The Courant.

A MAGNIFICENT CRAFT. The Schooner Yacht Grampus, Recently Purchased by Thomas H. Pratt. Thomas H. Pratt of Clinton, a member of the New Haven, Lake Champlain and other yacht clubs, has purchased of Boston parties the elegant schooner yacht Grampus.

The Grampus is 86 feet over all, 19 feet beam, with draft of 10 feet 4 inches, and is 80 tons displacement. She is a flush deck craft with 9 inch bulwarks. She has a high freeboard, abundant head room, and is perfectly ventilated throughout.

She carries a crew of nine men and has just been entered by her owner at the port of New York. She is at present lying at Gloucester, Mass. She is at present lying in commission early in the spring, when her owner will cruise to Halifax, N. S., and on his return will make a southern trip to St. Augustine, Florida, probably visiting the West Indies.

The forecastle of the Grampus has accommodations for ten men. Aft of the forecastle is the galley, which is fitted with steel range, ice chest of 3 tons capacity, hot and cold water, zinc and crockery for the accommodation of thirty or more. Aft of the galley is the crew's pantry. Aft of the crew's pantry is the butler's pantry.

On the starboard side forward, is the owner's stateroom. This is trimmed in mahogany and silk tapestry, and is furnished with set bowls, mirrors, dressing cases and bat rooms and toilet connected. Aft of the owner's room is the main saloon, which is exceedingly commodious and has three transoms extending along either side. It is finished in white and gold, with silk tapestry furnishings and Axminster carpets. Aft of the main saloon are two ladies state rooms which are separated by the companion way and connected with toilet and baths, ladies clothes lock ers, etc. Aft of these state rooms is the ladies saloon to which are connected bath rooms supplied with hot and cold salt or fresh water. The ladies saloon also contains two double beds.

KILLINGWORTH.

Mr. Layton Kelsey was visiting friends in Bristol last week. Mr. Holmes and wife of Hadlyme, also Prof. Ayers, of Norwich, were the guests of Deacon Julius Buell last week.

There was a meeting of the agricultural society last Monday evening. It was voted to paint the Agricultural hall. The meeting adjourned for four weeks.

Last Thursday evening the officers of Killingworth Grange were installed by Brother Horace Burr, of Winchester Grange, No. 74, assisted by S. S. Carter of Clinton Grange. After the installation exercises were concluded a fine collation was served which was followed by a literary programme that was enjoyed by all present.

OLD SAYBROOK. The Clio club met last evening at Miss Belle Booth's. Miss Rebecca Berger is at Mrs. McCall's for a few days.

The dancing class have a sociable in the Town hall this evening. Miss Emily K. Ingham has been spending a few days in Guilford.

Grace O'Brien was given a surprise party by her young friends Wednesday evening. An oyster supper and fair will be given at the Methodist church at the Ferry at an early date.

A special programme has been prepared for the meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. next Tuesday evening. Rev. Mr. Bailey of Westbrook gave an interesting sermon at the Congregational church Sunday morning.

Frederick Pietro of Brooklyn, and Miss Lizzie Wren have been recent guests at Mr. Frank Moynihan's. ESSEX. The A. O. U. W. meet next Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Cheney are in Boston, Mass. The yacht, Ouida, has been sold to New Haven parties.

Will Wallace tells the New York Evening Sun, first edition. A valuable cow belonging to H. C. Wooster, died last Monday.

Will Mather is running a delivery wagon for the Essex market. Saybrook parties are shipping ice from the Tiley & Pratt pond.

Mrs. Richard Trip is quite feeble at her home in the South district. Mrs. Wm. Banning is quite feeble at her home on North Main street.

The Fire company will hold their monthly meeting next Monday night. There will be a special service this Friday evening in the Baptist church.

S. A. Comstock has filled his new ice house on Notts Island with ten inch ice. Some Essex parties were implicated in a recent hen roost raid at Westbrook.

Some from this place attended the funeral of Judge Hart at Saybrook last Monday. Rev. W. P. Chipman conducted the service last night in the Meadow Wood school house.

Eckford Gladwin and his son, Harry, of Centerbrook have gone to Florida. A boy named Hillsinger, fell on the ice, on the cove last Wednesday and broke his arm.

Cutler's oyster wagon from Clinton, had a bad smash up last Saturday on Railroad avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Denison Parker, of Chester, were visiting relatives here last Wednesday.

Miss Emma Tucker has been visiting her friend, Miss Susan Johnson, in Winsted, this week. L. E. Behrens has a fine collection of wild fowl mounted, consisting of both wood and water fowl.

E. S. Hunt has been in New York this week attending the annual furniture exhibition in that city. Hooper Gladding and Frank LaPlace, carpenters, have been shingling Chas. Manger's residence this week.

Miss Estelle Nettleton of Killingworth, has been a guest of her sister, Mrs. N. A. Dickinson, this week. Rev. P. Skelly will conduct Catholic service in the Riverview school house next Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

Miss Emma Gilbert of Chester, has been spending a few days this week with her cousin, Miss Emily Hayden. Mrs. O. S. Comstock is confined to her bed from injuries received from the spilling of a pot of hot tea on her shoulder.

The Young Peoples society of the Congregational church met last evening with Miss Abbie Pratt at her home on West avenue. There are two applications for the post office here, E. A. Goddard, the present incumbent and Chas. Harrington, secretary of the Essex Wood Turning company. Mr. Harrington held the office under Cleveland's first administration.

Miss Nash, teacher in the intermediate department of the academy, was given a surprise party last Monday night at the residence of Mrs. Morgan on West avenue, where she boards. Many of her pupils and other young people of the village were present and a very pleasant evening was spent.

FIX YOUR WATCH! CLEAN THEM FOR \$1.00. Repair or supply any injured or missing parts as good as any watch factory, and have them ready on time. JOHN H. STARBUCK, 145 State Street, New London, Conn.



I've Got it Down to a Science. The art of Watch and Jewelry Repairing. Been gaining the knowledge for over twenty years. JOHN H. STARBUCK, The Man Who Makes Watches. 145 STATE ST., NEW LONDON, CONN.

Bargains! Come and See Us. HATS! Both Trimmed and Untrimmed at Reduced Rates. OR BARGAINS, VISIT Smith & Witt, FLEUR DE LIS 7 MAIN ST., NEW LONDON, CONN. HIGH GRADE LAUNDRY WORK. TRY US. JOHN LEE & SONS, Proprietors, 58 Main St., New London, Conn.

Shoes for the Boys. You are buying Shoes for yourself and the boys this week. E. V. Daboll's, 5 Main St., New London. Clearing Sale. To move all our HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS, we have marked everything down to Cost.

DANIEL LATHAM, 141 and 143 State St., New London, Ct. MONEY AT INTEREST. TEA, COFFEE, SPICES AND BAKING POWDER. STACY'S TEA STORE, New London, Conn.

Are you Interested in Saving Money? W. D. FOX, Hatter and Men's Furnisher, 4 Main Street, New London, Conn. Remember, 4 Main Street.

BICYCLES! BICYCLES! High Grade! 1895 Pattern! KEATING—The best high grade, 19 lbs. RELAY—With patent cones. ELMORE—Handsomely and durable. CRAYFORD—A Standard wheel.

THE BEE HIVE. Ribbons, all silk, WILL BE SOLD FOR ONE WEEK. At the following low prices: 1,000 yards No. 4.....at 5c a yard. 1,000 yards No. 7.....at 6c a yard. 1,000 yards No. 9.....at 6c a yard. 1,000 yards No. 12.....at 10c a yard. 500 yards No. 16.....at 12 1/2 a yard. 500 yards No. 22.....at 14c a yard. 500 yards No. 40.....at 17c a yard. THE BEE HIVE, State street, New London, Conn.

B. H. HILLIAR & CO., 49 Bank Street, New London, Conn. SOLE AGENT Richmond Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces. Plumbing, Tinning, Jobbing.

One Week Before Inventory. During this week we intend that the people shall have a chance to buy fine FURNITURE for less money than they ever did before. THE BIG BLUE STORE, Putnam Furniture Mfg. Co., 308-316 BANK STREET, NEW LONDON, CONN.

First-Class and Prompt Work. That is what we give in Painting, Paper Hanging, Kalsomining and Graining. WALL PAPER IN THE CITY. HORSE - GOODS - OF - VARIOUS - KINDS WINDOW GLASS. THE BROWN PAINT CO., Cor. State and Bradley Street, NEW LONDON, CONN.

Fine Photographs! OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. E. A. SCOFIELD, 125 State St., New London, Conn.

Removal! Before removing to the Store No. 64 State Street, formerly occupied by C. C. Lippitt, the druggist, we offer the balance of our stock of FINE CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS! At Cost. McMAHON & SEXTON, Cor. State and Bank Sts., New London

New Cash Market. I have just opened a well-stocked market in connection with my store on Pennsylvania avenue, and the public will always find themselves courteously treated and well served on each call. Of Groceries, Provisions and Bakery Goods.

J. A. COLLINS, GROCER, Pennsylvania Avenue, NIANTIC, CONN. The Best In Furniture! Lowest in Price. FORDHAM'S New York Furniture Store, 145-151 Bank St., Schwaner Block, New London, Ct.

