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An English Judge has decided that throwing rice after a married couple constitutes an assault.

The Massachusetts savings banks hold deposits to the amount of \$440,000,000, an average of \$1000 for each family depositing, and the deposits are rapidly increasing.

North Carolina leased three farms last year, which were worked by convicts from the State prison at so good a profit that the penitentiary cost the State only \$30,000.

President Kruger has revealed to the English mind the fact that a man does not have to wear a monocle in order to be a good diplomat, observes the Washington Star.

The annual consumption of milk and cream in the British Isles is thirteen gallons per head. Including butter and cheese, the total consumption is 1,400,000,000 gallons a year.

Canada is trying to "regulate, and, if possible, stop the circulation of United States money in the Dominion." There is a tremendous lot of it, and they do not know how to deal with it.

Miss Park, the Boston cornetist, who has just been notified that her services are no longer required by a New York church, is another victim of machinery. A cornet attachment has been added to the organ of the church, which does the work so successfully that she is not needed.

One of the public schools of Marmouth, Me., has thirteen pupils, the oldest being thirteen years old, and this is the teachers' thirteenth term in the school. All the pupils of the school are well and doing well, and the school is making a more than usually good record, notwithstanding expensiveness about thirteen.

Harper's Weekly tells an interesting story of two well-known Philadelphians, John Lowber Welsh and his brother, Herbert Welsh. It appears that some eight or ten years ago there arose a difficulty between the proprietors of some large manufacturing establishments and their employes. Arbitration was suggested, to which both sides agreed. The employes, unknown to their men, selected John Lowber Welsh as their representative; and the men, unknown to their employers, selected Herbert Welsh. This little incident illustrates the diversity of gifts and talents that may be found within the narrow compass of a single family.

Men only three score and ten who may sit down and on what themselves have seen and known of inventions and discoveries that were undreamed of by their grandfathers, will astonish their slumbering memories as they contemplate the catalogue. In it conspicuously appear anthracite coal, illuminating gas, the friction match, the telegraph, the steam agricultural machines, the photograph, the sewing and knitting machines, the marine propelling screw, the magnetic cable under seas, the electric light, and the remedies for hydrophobia, consumption, and destruction of bacilli. Recently have been added to the catalogue the cathode photography of aqueously hidden objects. The savant of to-day anticipates the absolute cure of cancer and leprosy in the future; the navigation of the air, and the realization of Jules Verne's romantic voyages under ocean waves as well as the unfolding of every mystery beneath the earth's crust. Past centuries have witnessed successively what historians call the iron and golden ages and grand renaissances; but in all likelihood the coming twentieth century is to be known as the veritable Wonder age.

Professor Roentgen's discovery has been followed by a crop of new words large enough almost, thinks the New York Times, to warrant new editions of all the dictionaries. Already it is necessary to puzzle over the meaning of "skitograph," "cathodography," and a dozen other terms, some of them freshly coined and the rest employed in wholly unfamiliar significations. It is a bit surprising that nobody has yet seen fit to invent a word that would include, and so make immortal, the name of the Vienna scientist whose discovery started the entire learned world on a course of experiments with wires and bulbs and dry plates. "Skitograph" was long ago appropriated by both architects and astronomers, and having two quite different meanings already, is hardly large enough to carry another gracefully. The new pictures are, in a way, "shadow-writings," as this singular combination of letters implies, but they are, too, much more than that. "Cathodography" means, so far as it means anything, "a record of the downward road," and what that has to do with the matter it takes some little ingenuity to see. There is a fine opportunity for somebody with a mind both poetic and accurate to distinguish himself by suggesting a designation so much better than any one of those now offered that it will be instantly and gratefully accepted.

RECOLLECTIONS.

How nice the old days were,
When you and I together
Went nutting in the autumn woods,
And all was golden weather!
The squirrel peeped, the squirrel leaped,
Through leaves just turning yellow;
He seemed to grin like harlequin—
He was a merry fellow.

How nice the old days were,
When Christmas came returning;
The games we played, the forfeits paid,
The snapdragons set burning!
And on the sly, when you and I
Talked what we would do one day;
And what a horrid thing it was
When Christmas fell on Sunday!

How nice the springtimes were,
When days were longer growing!
We knew each nook of sunniest look
Where primroses were blowing;
And happiest hours of all the year,
Spring's fuller bloom installing,
The hour that brought the swallow back,
Or set the cuckoo calling!

And summer, too, with leafy June,
With hay-time in the meadows,
With corn crake jarring to the moon,
And glow worm chasing shadows!
Each butterfly, each song of bird,
We loved them—none was so strange—
And when the snake the tall grass stirred,
We shrank, but loved the danger.

Too good to last! I went to school;
With mutual tears we parted;
You seemed to grieve or make believe;
Neither was broken-hearted.
Time flew apace. I homeward came,
A bird of prouder feather,
We could no longer be the same
As boy and girl together.

There was a bar we could not break;
But still, when eve is falling,
When Spring has brought the swallows back,
And set the cuckoo calling,
I think how nice the old days were
Of childish first affection,
And put to sleep each waking care
With dreaming recollection.

THE STOLEN RING.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.
RACEFULLY bowing, little Rachel said: "I've brought home the young lady's bonnet, miss, please."

"Oh, it's the milliner's apprentice, is it?" said Green, the parlor girl. "Just step in the hall, and wait a minute. Miss Madison's own maid will be down directly. We're having quite a state of things upstairs," Green added, bustling around to fasten up a white poodle which had contrived to snap the links of his gilded chain. "Miss Madison has had a diamond ring stole, and they've sent for a detective gentleman, and Miss Madison's uncle from Wall street. And missus has had hysterics, and the doctor is there giving her drops; and the cook says, up and down, she won't stay in no family where the help is suspected."

"Dear, dear!" said little Rachel, opening her blue eyes, as round as two marbles.
And as Green hurried away, in answer to a shrill summons from above, she looked timidly around her.
She was always pleased to be sent to the Madison house. It was her ideal of Aladdin's palace—the beautiful mansions wherein dwelt the heroines of song and story.
When she described it to the little ones at home, after her day's work was over, they could scarcely credit its splendor.

There was a circular hall, with a raised gallery, extending around the second story, and a dome of white and amber glass overhead, and a great bronze statue of some fabled warrior kept guard on horseback in the middle of the marble floor.
There was a deep fireplace, lined with china tiles, where a fire of scented logs blazed on tall fire-dogs of polished brass; deep, plush easy chairs were drawn up beside it, and a pair of monster Japan vases, which reached up to Rachel's shoulder, were always full, whether the February snows carpeted the outside world or the March winds shook the casements of delicious, half-blown roses, with long stems and satiny, shiny leaves.

For the life of her, she would not have dared to go up and smell of them, or to touch their perfumed petals; but she stood afar off and breathed in their sweetness, and looked at their tints of pearl and pink like a humble worshiper of the beautiful.
"Miss Madison has a new parquet," she thought. "I never saw that little beauty in the gold cage before."
Adrienne, the French maid, came hurrying down directly—a tall, bold-looking young woman, with a jaunty cap perched in the midst of her black braids, and loops of cherry ribbon on her white muslin apron.

She had an absent expression on her face, and looked at Rachel as if her mind was preoccupied with something else, and she did not see the girl.
"It's the reception bonnet, miss, please," explained Rachel, with a courtesy.
"Oh, the bonnet!" said Adrienne. "You work-people are always coming at the wrong time. Oh, yes, I dare say it is all right? But," with a sudden, smiling assumption of interest, "you are wet. It rains, and you will take cold. Take off your shawl, and come to the fire and dry yourself."
"Oh, no, ma'am—thanks!" said little Rachel, reaching out for the shawl which Adrienne had officiously removed, and resisting efforts to lead her to the fire. "It don't rain; it only mists a little."

"But it does rain," sharply spoke Adrienne, giving the girl's faded skirt a shake as she spoke. "Don't you see the drops? Well," with a shrill laugh, "if you don't choose to dry yourself, the fault is your own."
"I was to return as soon as possible, ma'am," said little Rachel, rather embarrassed by all this extra attention. "If Miss Madison was suited—"
Adrienne caught up the bandbox, which Rachel had held all this time, and whirling around on her heel, ran upstairs into the reception apartment, where Miss Madison herself stood, surrounded by a group of people.

Miss Madison was a tall, blonde-complexioned young lady, with clear hazel eyes, a well-rounded chin, and the air of one who definitely comprehended her rights and meant to assert them.
Her mother—an irreligious, elderly lady—looked feebly from her daughter to the policeman in plain clothes who stood deferentially before them, and then back again.
"Well, if the house is to be searched, it had best be done promptly, I suppose," said Miss Madison. "Tell your men to proceed at once, Mr. Jones."
"But, my dear Corisande, do consider!" twittered Mrs. Madison. "Some of our maids are so very superior! The idea of ransacking their trunks, as if they were common burglars!"
"If they are innocent of stealing my diamond ring, they won't care," said Corisande, indifferently. "If they are guilty, they deserve all the obloquy which can descend upon them."

Just here the French maid glided up close to her mistress.
"Pardon, mademoiselle!" she whispered, her half-closed gray eyes furtively observing the detective as she spoke—"but it occurs to me that I have a new clue to this mystery. The little milliner girl is below stairs; she has just brought home this bonnet. Perhaps mademoiselle has forgotten that she waited in mademoiselle's dressing room half an hour last Wednesday. Mademoiselle has not seen her ring since."
Corisande knitted her brows.
"To be sure!" said she. "But you don't suppose that she has taken it?"
Adrienne drooped her eyelashes.
"I would venture to make no accusation, mademoiselle," said she, "but perhaps, in a moment of temptation—"

"The matter is easily settled," said the detective. "We can have the young person up here at once and search her."
Little Rachel came up, much wondering. She was startled when Adrienne volubly explained to her the business upon which she was summoned, but consented at once to the search.
"Why shouldn't I?" said she, simply. "I have nothing to be afraid of."
She turned her dress pocket inside out. A little, much-worn leather purse appeared—an elevated railway ticket—a scrap of poetry, out from some newspaper, fell out—and then a diamond ring, with one glittering facet of fire, set in its plain circle of gold, flashed suddenly upon her eyes!

"Ha!" said Adrienne, pouncing upon it, as some raven might pounce on its prey. "Mademoiselle can see for herself! Ah, wretch! perfidious thief!"
And she shook Rachel by the shoulder with one hand, as she held up the ring with the other.
Rachel had turned as pale as ashes.
"I think I must be dreaming," said she. "I never saw the ring before in all my life."
"Come, come," said the detective, "that sort of thing won't go down. I'm afraid you're an old hand at the business, easy for all you look so young and innocent."
Of course Rachel was arraigned before the court, but Corisande Madison refused to appear for the prosecution.

"The matter has gone far enough," she said. "The girl is not a hardened thief. She stole the ring in a moment of temptation. She has suffered sufficiently. I don't believe she will ever offend in this way again."
So little Rachel was discharged with a reprimand from the magistrate.
But it was like clipping the wings of a wild bird and then bidding it fly away into freedom once more.
The fashionable milliner who had employed the girl would have nothing more to say to her. No one wanted her services. And on the few occasions when there reemerged a prospect of getting remunerative work, the horizon was overclouded at once when the question of references came up.

No one wanted a thief about their premises!
One person, however, believed in little Rachel still—her stepmother, a hard-working woman, who let lodgings, and did up fine faces and old ladies' caps, for a livelihood.
"There is some jiggery about this business," said she. "My husband's daughter never was a thief!"

It was in the bleak winter time when Adrienne Moncontour engaged the one attic bedroom that Mrs. Holley still had to let.
Adrienne had left Miss Madison's service some weeks before. She could not agree with the new housekeeper, who loudly declared that the French maid had once been employed as waitress in a gambling saloon in Paris.

Perhaps there was some truth in this, for certain it was that Adrienne had an unconquerable mania for cards, and at a genteel gambling place, frequented by haggish old women and sage young ones, she lost all her little savings, and crept into Mrs. Holley's back attic bedroom, as she supposed, to die.

"I'm afraid she's a bad lot," said Mrs. Holley; "but I wouldn't let even a cat die in my house without a little Christian care. Rachel, you may make her a little beef tea, and I'll spare her a wing of the fowl for dinner."
And the mother and stepdaughter together nursed Adrienne back to something like strength.
"I don't see why you've done it," said Adrienne, harshly. "I'm nothing to you."
"We try to be kind to everyone who needs kindness," said Rachel, gently. "I can't pay you even the rent of this wretched hole!" groaned Adrienne.

"We didn't suppose, me and mother, that you could," said Rachel, simply. "But that don't signify."
"See!" cried Adrienne, with feverish eagerness, "I heard you down stairs yesterday. Since you cut the stovepipe hole to let the heat come up to warm my poor bones, the sound comes up also. The ship carpenter on the second floor asked you to marry him. You confessed that you loved him, but you said no!"
Rachel crimsoned.
"Because I did not wish to link his fortunes with those of one who has been called a thief," said she in a low voice.

"You have saved my life!" said the Frenchwoman, excitedly. "Do you think I will let you break your heart? No! I will set all that right. It was I that stole Miss Madison's diamond ring. I knew that a search was impending. I had the ring in my possession, and when I saw you standing there, so innocent, the Evil One entered into me. I slipped the ring into your pocket; I allowed you to be arrested as a thief. I have never had a lucky moment since."
She went to Miss Madison as soon as she was able to walk, and made a formal statement to this effect.
"Arrest me, if you please," said she. But Miss Madison could only pity her ghastly pallor and skeleton frame.
"No!" she said. "You have already suffered more than I can inflict upon you by any legal justice."
And little Rachel married the ship carpenter, and was happy. And among her wedding gifts was a pretty set of parlor furniture from Miss Madison.

"As a token of respect and esteem," said the heiress.—Saturday Night.

A Kangaroo on Board.
He was presented by a lady in Hobart to one of our lieutenants, says Chambers's Journal of a kangaroo. He never became quite at home on board, and in a few hours took a passage overboard when nobody was looking, through a gun port, and was seen and heard of no more. He was addicted to keeping late and irregular hours, He would hide himself away and sleep all day, and then wake up and become aggressively active at about 11 p. m., when everybody had turned in. Kangaroos are extensively hunted in the country parts of Australia and give excellent sport. Our friend did so to the sentry and quartermaster of the watch at night.

He had a particular fancy for the navigating officer's cabin, which is on the upper deck. For various reasons the owner of the cabin did not appreciate this flattering preference, and he left strict orders with the men on night duty in the neighborhood not to allow his highness to disturb him in his rest. The kangaroo used to "day off" very quietly behind the bits at the other end of the quarterdeck and wait his opportunity. When he thought he had a good chance he would make a rush, and in nine cases out of ten he succeeded in breaking through his enemies' lines and reaching his favorite corner, only, however, to be at once captured and ignominiously evicted. His hop, hop, hop on deck was curious to watch, but the sound of it overhead at night was ridiculously irritating, and no one mourned very much when he took his voluntary departure.

A Round-Up of Rabbits.
Jack rabbits have become so numerous and troublesome in Cassia County, Idaho, that the farmers are organizing round-up hunts to lessen the number of the pests. At a hunt of this kind held recently 5126 rabbits were rounded up and killed, and two coyotes and a lynx were also caught in the ring. The method followed in these hunts is for the farmers and their help to spread over a large section of country, to form a ring, and then work toward the centre, where the rabbits are killed with clubs.—Portland Oregonian.

Seeds as Food.
Seeds of many kinds have been found in the ruins of the homes of the ancient cliff-dwellers of Utah, who evidently used them for food. The cliff-dwellers ate the seed of the ordinary pig weed. Indians to this day consume the seeds of many grasses, which are ground into flour.

JOHANNESBURG.

MORE ABOUT THE METROPOLIS OF THE TRANSVAAL.

A Cosmopolitan Town of Strange and Startling Contrasts—High Living Regardless of Expense.

THE Transvaal and its wonderful cosmopolitan center, Johannesburg, are just now of greater interest than ever. Emigration there from all enterprising civilized nations is still on the increase. Let us see what the country with its capital is like—its people, life, commerce and advantages for settlers.

Johannesburg, the London of South Africa, which was nine years ago barren veldt, eight years ago a miners' camp, is now the center of some one hundred thousand inhabitants, and increasing about as fast as bricks and mortar can be obtained. It is situated directly on top of the gold, and, on looking down from the high ground above, it looks like a huge, long-drawn-out mass of tin sheds, with its pointed iron mine chimneys running in a straight line all along the quartz gold reef as far as you can see in either direction. The largest or main reef runs for thirty miles uninterruptedly, gold-bearing and honey-combed with mines throughout. This, even were it alone, could speak for the stability and continued prosperity of the Transvaal gold trade.

As we enter the town we find fine and well-planned streets, crossed at places with deep gutters—gullies rather—to carry off the water, which is often, in the heavy summer rains, deeper than your knees. Crossing these at a fast trot, the driver never drawing rein, the novice is shot about in his white-covered two-wheeled cab, with its large springs, like a pea in a bladder. Indeed, one marvels at the daintily-dressed habitues of the place being swung through similarly, quite unconcerned, without rumpling a frill. We pass fine public buildings, very high houses and shops—some what jerry-built, it is true, and goodness help them in the event of a large street fire—but now being added to or replaced by larger or more solid buildings. Indeed, bricks cannot be made fast enough for the demand, both there and in some of the outlying Transvaal towns, where the "gold boom" is on. There are lofty and handsome shops, with most costly contents, which can vie with London or Paris.

Let us watch from the high raised stoop outside the postoffice, looking down over the huge market square. What strikes us first are the two-wheeled two-horse cabs, with white hoods, recklessly driven by Malays in the inseparable red fez; these, with the fast-trotting mule or horse wagons, show the pace at which business or pleasure is followed. As a contrast comes the lumbering ox wagon, with ten or twelve span of oxen, a little Kaffir boy dragging and directing the leading couple by a thong round the horns, and the unamiable Dutch farmer revolving around, swearing and using his fifteen-foot whip to keep the concern in motion. Then passes a body of some 200 prisoners. Kaffirs and a few whites leading, marched in fours by some dozen white-helmeted police and four or five mounted men, all paraded through the main streets, innocent and guilty alike, to the Court House, and many escaping en route as occasion offers.

Long before daylight the square is full of ox wagons, some from distances occupying days to traverse; and the buyers of forage, oats, corn, malie meal, firewood, poultry, eggs, etc., are busy as soon as they can see. Here the middleman makes a good profit, often riding far out on the roads to get at the illiterate Dutch farmer before the latter reaches the market. No expense is spared in high living. A special fruit train is run daily from Natal, and fish is brought enormous distances. All South African fish, however, are either tasteless or of a milk-and-water or insipid flavor. The vegetable market opens each morning at dawn; at 8 the lots are all sold by auction, and Malays pile up their carts and pannier baskets to sell their stuff from house to house before the midday heat. In England meat is dear and bread and vegetables cheap; in the Transvaal bread and vegetables are dear (a small roll, not large enough to be dignified with the name of loaf, costing sixpence), and meat is cheap. Wages are paid monthly. Miners make their twenty-five or thirty pounds a month, if first rate, and the blacks drill their holes for blasting where and as they order them. Carpenters, blacksmiths, masons can get about the same; and, whenever a bit is lost or cannot be obtained, a short tramp along the mines generally brings success. Vacancies are constantly occurring, for miners, especially when full of money, are inclined to "go on the burst," and their places are ruthlessly filled up by new-comers, in order to keep the work going at fever heat and the output up to the mark.

The miners, except when close to Johannesburg or a town, live in white men's quarters, built of wood and corrugated iron, and the mines succeed one another some few miles apart along the open veldt or plain, without a tree to break its barrenness; so the surroundings are grim and uninviting enough. Many miners have horses, many bicycles, the latter just the thing for the long, dry, sandy roads. They feed at a common boarding house for five or six pounds a month, and sleep two, often four or more in a small bed. No class ever cared less for personal comforts. They pay highly, as money comes in so easily, and without grumbling. Their relaxation, as is natural in places so monotonous and unlovely, is dissipation, and so a steady man can save a small fortune in an incredibly short space of time. Most of those inclined to save have their banking accounts, and very large sums of money are sent monthly to wives and families at home.—London Home Journal.

Grant and the Hungry Lieutenant.
In the early part of the war, when General Grant was in command of an expedition in Southwestern Arkansas, a forced march brought them into a country where supplies were very scarce. One day Lieutenant Wickfield, of an Indiana cavalry regiment, who commanded the advance guard, found a farm house, where he secured an excellent meal by representing himself to be Brigadier-General Grant. He was on his way again before Grant reached the farm house, and when the latter came up and asked for something to eat he was informed that "General Grant had just eaten everything in the house except a pumpkin pie." The General guessed what had happened and paid the woman fifty cents for the pie, saying he would send back for it late. Then Grant rode on some fifteen miles to where the army was to go into camp for the night. There the various regiments were notified of a fall parade at 6.30. This was so unusual that it created a decided sensation. The parade was formed ten columns deep and nearly a quarter of a mile in length, and after the usual ceremonies, the Assistant Adjutant-General read the following order:

Headquarters, Army in the Field. Special order. Lieutenant Wickfield, of the Indiana cavalry, having eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Ironton and Ponchartrons and Black River and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin pie, Lieutenant Wickfield is hereby ordered to return with an escort of 100 cavalry and eat that pie also. U. S. Genl. Brigadier-General, Commanding.

At 7 o'clock the Lieutenant stepped out of camp with his 100 men amid the cheers of the entire army. The escort returned to camp about midnight, reporting that Wickfield had eaten the whole pie.—Chicago News.

A Penny for the Lid.
As is well known in the village of Dalmally, says the London Truth, Mistress McHandem is a very keen hand at a bargain, and few have ever been able to boast that they have "got the best of her" in a deal. The other day she entered the shop of Sandy & O'Neil, where everything and anything, from a pair of spectacles down to an ounce of tea, can be procured.
"Wad you sell me a sugar basin without the cover?"
"On, ay," said Sandy, who would sell the shooes off his feet at a profit.
"Hoo muckle is this ain?" inquired the customer.
"That's a shunner, complete," said Sandy.
"An' wad you the basin without the cover?"
"Eleven pence."
"D'ye only take off a penny for the lid?"
"Weel, the lid's no' worth mair an a penny."
"Eh, that's guid news," ejaculated the lady with a sigh of relief. "It's just the lid o' mine I've broken." And so saying, she laid down a penny and walked off with the coveted lid before the astonished shopkeeper had time to intertore.

Pelts Worth \$1000.
In a downtown window is displayed the skin of a musk ox, on which is a label stating that it is the most valuable kind of a skin in existence, being valued at \$1000. It is the property of Mr. Herman Burrell, who secured it on his trip to the Arctic regions, or thereabouts, last year. With it is a coat made of the skins of very young calves of the musk ox species, which is valued at \$300. The large skin is covered with long, fine hair, beneath which is a thick coat of fine fur, the coat and overcoat being necessary to the comfort of the musk ox in his frozen home away inside the Arctic circle. These skins come high, but, fortunately people don't have to have them. Any one who goes out hunting musk ox skins will find that they will cost him more than \$1000 apiece, besides the discomfort of traveling in the Arctic regions.—Portland Oregonian.

Distinguished Pawholders.
Brass plates bearing appropriate inscriptions now mark the sites of the pews in old Christ Church, Philadelphia, once occupied by Betsy Ross, maker of the first American flag; Francis Hopkinson, author of the National hymn, "Hail Columbia"; the Penn family, Benjamin Franklin and George and Martha Washington.

Tuesday, March 10, 1896.

Published every Tuesday at Niantic, Conn.

CHARLES A. KIRTLAND, Proprietor. JOHN C. PEABODY, Agent.

JULIUS H. BECKWITH, - Local Editor.

TERMS: \$1 per Year; 3 Cents a Copy.

Entered at the Post Office at Niantic, Conn., as second class mail matter.

RULES OF THE OFFICE.

Communications upon all matters of local interest should be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

Short advertisements, such as "Wanted," "To Rent," etc., 25 cents for each insertion. Advertising rates on application.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

Advertisers wishing to change their advertisements should send in copy for same not later than Friday night to insure insertion for the next week.

This paper will be delivered by newsboys or can be had at news-stands at 3 cents a copy, or will be sent through the mail to subscribers at the regular yearly rate.

JOB PRINTING.

All kinds of Job Printing furnished at short notice and a reasonable price. Correspondence solicited or orders may be left at the News Office.

SOUTH LYME.

Capt. Wm. Bates died recently. He was a well known fisherman.

Judge Bush is the only miller in three towns. Saybrook farmers come to East Lyme with their grain.

Mrs. Peggy Reese, who has been visiting at Capt. Ezra Beckwith's of Waterford, has returned to Mrs. Jane Littlefield's.

We had the privilege of seeing the Hon. James A. Bill and brother's famous shepherd dogs getting ready for chase time.

The Connecticut river is in a state of turmoil. Fish houses, logs, bridges, timber, and other debris are coming down with the freshet.

Fred. Chapman and his ice men have hauled enough 12-inch ice up Hatchet Point way to expect a warm wave around here soon, which would be welcome.

Daniel Champion, assistant depot master, we think is the oldest employee on this division. His store was bought by the railroad company and used for a depot for many years. The summer boarders all enjoyed a chat with Uncle Daniel. He and his late chum, Uncle Lote State, made a team. Uncle Lote has crossed the river and the Hatchet's Point company had him buried down near the club house. His portrait at the club house can overlook the Hatchet boys.—Cooley's Weekly cor.

OLD LYME.

W. F. Clark was on the sick list last week.

Frank Roche spent Sunday in New Haven.

Mrs. L. G. Perkins was in New Haven this week.

Miss Hattie Banning spent Monday in New Haven.

Noah Chapman of Niantic, was in town Thursday.

Mrs. R. K. Miner is quite sick with an attack of la grippe.

Herbert Way is quite sick. Dr. Wallace is in attendance.

Miss Alice Burpee is visiting her aunt, Mrs. C. J. Rowland.

Principal D. C. Allen spent Sunday at his home in South Norwalk.

Mr. Edwards, of the Aermotor Wind Mill Co., was in town last week.

During the blow last week, D. O. Maynard's woodshed was blown over.

Robert Appleby of Layville, is spending a week with his brother in Madison.

Charles Ely returned to Lyme Monday, after a six week's stay in Baltimore.

Dr. C. H. Morris of New London, visited his grandfather, Mr. C. L. Morley last week.

The O. U. A. M. gave a supper at their rooms Wednesday night. Mr. Gilmore was their guest.

Mrs. Thomas McCabe is quite ill in New York, where she went to attend the funeral of a friend.

Frank Maynard and wife of Portchester, N. Y., are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Maynard.

The Ladies' Sewing Society of the Congregational church, met at Mrs. Daniel Chadwick's, Wednesday.

The Baptist Society met the same afternoon at Mrs. George Smith's.

The Graphophone entertainment given by the Methodist Society, was not so much of a success as it was hoped it would be. Owing to the storm there was a very small audience. They cleared about \$10.50.

WESTBROOK.

Mrs. Edward Salter is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. N. Brockway, in Centerbrook.

Miss Bessie Moore was home from New Haven over Sunday.

F. G. Dickinson has been renovating the interior of his store.

Mrs. Giles Dibble attended the convention in Meriden, Wednesday.

Mrs. Edward Bull, of Hartford, is visiting her sister, Miss Mary Pratt.

Eiton Dibble has been loading timber for the railroad company, recently.

Mrs. Fred Prann, of Middletown, was visiting her sister, Mrs. M. B. Crofut.

Edward Wren was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hill at Middletown last week.

Mrs. Charles E. Chapman, wife of Senator Chapman, is again reported in poor health.

Miss I. Muzzey, of New Haven, was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Clark last week.

Joseph Stokes has returned from the New Haven hospital considerably improved in health.

Miss Alice Sherman, of Bridgeport, is the guest of her grandparents, Captain and Mrs. F. W. Spencer.

Mr. Johnson, who broke his limb some six weeks ago, is able to get about the house by the aid of a crutch.

CLINTON.

Mrs. George Wyckoff is visiting in New York.

Mrs. Post and daughter of New Haven, were in town recently.

Deputy Collector Fox of Middletown, was in town last week.

Miss Alice Stevens was home from Ivoryton over Sunday.

H. C. Hull received another carload of choice Michigan pine shingles this week.

Lyman Alger of New Haven, a former resident, was a recent visitor in town.

Miss Elizabeth Tryon of Moodus, was a visitor at her old home in town last week.

H. B. Dodge of Elizabeth, N. J., was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farnham.

Mr. Audley and daughter of New Haven, were guests of George T. Audley, Friday.

The Misses Wood entertained a few friends at their high street home Friday evening last.

Three or four tons of good English hay for sale. Inquire of Mrs. Joseph E. Stannard, Clinton.

The New York E. S. Conference of M. E. clergymen meets at New Haven in Trinity church April 1st.

Charles B. Wyckoff, the boat builder, returned from a business trip in New York last Friday evening.

C. S. D. of Naamick, is making frequent trips to this place of late in the interest of his business.

Mrs. I. A. Elliot returned Saturday from New Haven, where she has been visiting her son, William Elliot.

Andrew Buell has removed from the L. L. Hull place on Main street into the house occupied by Charles Edmund on High street.

Last Friday was, according to the old belief, one of the observation days for this month. It was certainly a beautiful day.

Captain J. Henry Jones, who was recently operated on by Dr. Granniss of Saybrook, and Dr. Carmalt of New Haven, is reported as convalescing.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Doell died Monday and was buried today, Rev. R. H. Sherman, of the Baptist church, conducting the service.

The stone abutment on the Middletown side of the Middletown-Portland bridge caved in Monday afternoon and will occasion considerable loss to the builders.

Last Saturday's rainfall was something phenomenally large. The roads in this vicinity were more or less badly washed and the tides were unusually high all along the coast.

IVORYTON.

The drama will occur, probably Mar. 15th.

Mrs. James Clark has returned from a visit at Haddam.

Charles Davison, a former resident of Ivoryton, has gone to Peterboro.

Rev. Percy Feun holds a service at Protection Hall this evening at 7:30.

Miss Hattie Griswold of Fulton, Illinois, is visiting friends in Centerbrook.

Richard Clapp of Hartford, has spent some time with friends here this week.

The Ladies' Home Missionary Circle met last Friday afternoon at the library.

The ladies' prayer meeting this week was with Mrs. Amelia Miller, Tuesday afternoon.

Miss F. O. Miller and Miss Laura Comstock went to Berlin last Saturday for a visit.

Miss Mary Spencer is passing a delightful winter with her brother's family at Georgia.

Charles Ingham of Saybrook and Yale, spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. George H. Blake.

The progressive whist club held a pleasant meeting with Miss Francis Rose last Friday evening.

Miss Jessie B. Crampton of Terryville, is spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Rose, at Rose Lake.

Mrs. Ezra Spencer has been quite sick with a sore throat. Her sister, Mrs. O. Herbert Constock of Essex, was with her.

The Ladies' Sewing Circle met at the usual rooms this afternoon. They are preparing for a sale to be held in April.

Alfred Saffrey, for many years an employee of the Comstock Cheney Co., has left and gone to work in the Wood Tarring shop.

The little Modene boy is apparently none the worse for his accident, by which he and others so nearly lost their lives last week.

A young sister of Mrs. Sanford Brauner of Ivoryton, died this week at Westport, of brain difficulty caused by a fall on the ice, two weeks ago.

The Beacon Light Circle of King's Daughters will sing Wednesday evening, March 9th, with Miss Grace Thomsen, at the home of Sereno Gladding, at 7:30 o'clock.

P. G. Fredericson returned from a trip to Providence and East Greenwich, Tuesday night. His sister, Mrs. O. Herbert Constock of Essex, was at the academy in the latter place.

The storm of Saturday done more or less damage to the roads, especially on the one leading to the Heights. Teams went out Monday and men mending the road so that it was soon ready for travel.

I regret that there was an error concerning the mention of the drama "Tullus," last week. For "severely criticized" read "ably criticized." That was what I wrote and what was, and is true.

Much sympathy is felt and expressed for the wife and child of the unfortunate Johannes Zeltz, who was arrested at Middletown last week, for larceny. That a man possessed of so much ability as Mr. Zeltz should so demean himself, and cause his lovely family to suffer, is a sorrowful fact.

Many of our Swedish residents have been very well educated in their native land. Some of them have traveled in Russia and Asia for several years and can inform us concerning habits and customs of people in those and other countries. Education is to a certain extent compulsory there. Laws in those respects are rigorously carried out.

Last Friday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Haskell were assisted to celebrate their marriage anniversary by a household of friends and neighbors who testified their good-will by carrying a dinner set and some other nice gifts. About eighty guests were in attendance. Mr. and Mrs. Haskell have since their marriage resided continuously in Ivoryton and have been good citizens. Six of their eight children are living and are a credit to our village. Miss Rose, the eldest child, is away at school and was not present at the gathering. A delightful feast of good things was served. Among other games, Copenhagen was the favorite, the elderly people entering into it with great spirit. The gentlemen galed the customary forfeits, which were coyly, but not reluctantly accepted.

A CONVENT PRISON.

The Austrian Way of Disciplining Women Who Break the Law.

In the Austrian, woman, no matter what she may do, is never regarded or treated quite as a criminal. She may rob, burn, kill, set every law at defiance, in fact, and break all the commandments in turn, without a fear of ever being called upon to face a gallows. She is not even sent to an ordinary prison to do penance for her sins. The hardest fate that can befall her, indeed, is to be compelled to take up her abode for a time in a convent. There the treatment meted out to her is not so much justice seasoned with mercy as mercy seasoned, and none too well, with justice. Even in official reports, she is "erring sister." Only when it is true, strayed from the narrow path, but quite involuntarily.

The convent to which Vienna sends its erring sisters is at Naudorf, only a few miles away from the city. There any woman who is convicted of either crime or misdemeanor is at once transported. The judge before whom she is tried decides, of course, how long she shall remain. He may, too, if he deems it right, give orders that while there she shall pass a day in solitary confinement from time to time, and, on these occasions, be less plentifully supplied with food than usual. In the great majority of cases, however, no instructions of this kind are given; the women are simply handed over to the keeping of the superior of the convent, to be dealt with as she thinks best. She houses them, feeds them, clothes them, and provides them with instruction and occupation, and the government gives her for what she does 35 kreuzers a day (about seven pence) for each prisoner under her care. So long as these women are in the convent the full responsibility for their safe-keeping and general well-being rests on the superior, and, in return, she is allowed practically a free hand in her management of them. There, as it is true, certain regulations in force with regard to the amount of work they may be required to do and the punishments that may be inflicted on them, but these are not of a nature to interfere seriously with her freedom of action. She is, in fact, virtually an autocrat within her own domain, and there are not half a dozen women in Europe to-day who have so much power for the weal or woe of her fellows as she has. The only man attached to the place—a government inspector—is little more than her aide-de-camp, and, as for the great officials who pay her flying visits from time to time, they are more inclined to seek advice than to give it.

The convent itself is a fine old building, which was won a time ago by a castle, and seems to have been strongly fortified. The religious community to which it now belongs received it as a present from its owner, who cared more for the church than for his heir. There is nothing in the appearance of the place to show that it is a prison; the courtyard stands open to the sky day long, and there is never a guard within sight, the doorkeeper is a pretty little nun, whom a strong woman could easily seize up in her arms and run away with. She welcomes all comers with the brightest of smiles, and leads them into the parlor without making a single inquiry. Although we went provided with all sorts of introductions, official and otherwise, it was only after much heart-searching that the superior allowed us to pass through the great iron door which separates the part of the convent where the prisoners live from the rest of the building.

Even here there is nothing gloomy nor prison-like about the place; and, beyond the fact of the door being kept locked, nothing to indicate that they who lived there are subject to any special restraint. The beautiful old stone staircase was flooded with sunlight that morning, and there was a smile on the faces of half the women we passed there. The superior led the way into a large, cheerful-looking room, in which some fifty women were sitting working. Perhaps a dozen were making match boxes or buttons, and the others were doing fine needlework, beautiful embroidery, lace, and wool work, under the guidance of a sister, who looked for all the world as if she had stepped out of one of Fra Angelico's pictures. She passes her time in the most cheerful manner, distributing to each in turn directions, encouragement, or reproach, as the case may be, always with a smile on her lips—one, though, in which there is more patient endurance than gladness. Another sister, a woman with a strong, sphinx-like face, was sitting at the further end of the room on a raised platform. She is there to maintain discipline and guard against those outbursts of temper which, from time to time, disturb the harmony of life in this convent. As we enter the room all the women rose and greeted us in the most cheerful fashion, with what sounded like a chorus from an old chant. They speedily took up their work again, however, at a sign from the superior.

It would be hard to find a more prosperous-looking set of women than these convent prisoners; they were supposed to be undergoing punishment. They are perfect models of cleanliness and order; their hair is carefully dressed, their cotton gowns are quite spotless, and so are the bright-colored fichus they all wear. Physically they seem to be just about up to the average; but intellectually, so far as an outsider can judge, they are considerably either above or below the great mass of their fellows. Some of the faces are almost idiotic in their stupidity; others are quite startlingly clever—keen, sharp, and sagacious. Although a few of the prisoners looked depressed or sullen, the rest were in the most cheerful and happy—happier by far than half the workwomen one comes across in the outside world. There was a touch of something quite pathetic in the expression of more than one who was there; it was as if they had at length found rest and peace after much sore tossing, and were grateful.—Cornhill Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA HAS A BOURSE.

Superb New Structure Opened with a Trade Banquet.

The annual banquet of the board of trade the other night was one of the most successful affairs of the sort ever given in Philadelphia. The occasion may be regarded as an informal opening of the Philadelphia Bourse building, which is said to be the greatest public business structure in the country, if not in the world. Speeches were made by ex-Senator Edmunds, President G. H. Roberts, of the Pennsylvania railroad, Mayor Charles F. Warwick and others. Formal letters of regret were read from President Cleveland and Secretaries Lamont and Alger.

—Most of the linen rags used in England in the manufacture of paper are imported from the countries surrounding the Mediterranean, where, on account of the climate, linen is the common dress of the people all the year round.

—The Chinese make what they properly call "le tea," which is manufactured of tea dust, or broken leaves, combined with the leaves of other plants, this trash being rolled up into pellets by the aid of gum.

WORTH MORE THAN IT COST.

Alaska Is Pronounced of Great Value by Those Who Ought to Know.

Rev. Francis A. Barnum, S. J., the explorer missionary, is an enthusiast concerning Alaska and her resources. "It is worth \$7,500,000 in gold," he says, "and we have already taken out of it \$84,000,000 in hard money. If I were allowed by my superiors I would write and write every day about this rich empire until the American people began to appreciate the treasures that are slipping from their grasp. The English are fastening upon much better than we do, and are intriguing all the time, either to oust the Americans or circumscribe their territories. The Americans claim that the boundary line meanders along the coast to the mainland. The English contend that the line follows the outer coast line and that the numerous straits, bays and inlets cut no figure. The head of Portland canal is stated as the extreme southern limit of the American possessions, but the English have readily overcome this difficulty by locating a 'Portland canal far to the north' so as to cut off all the neighbors and the islands forming them. The result of this would be to throw the American boundary nearly one hundred miles to the west and take into British territory the most valuable possessions in the strip south of Mount St. Elias. For instance, the great outflitting point for the mines and Glacier bay would become English, and instead of the boundary being over one hundred miles east of Sitka it would be only between twenty-five and thirty.

If this territory had no other value than Glacier bay any country might be proud of its possession and strive to retain it. But this country has untold wealth of coal, precious minerals and timber. The English know this, and have Capt. Considine and twenty picked men to stand guard at the line of the disputed territory around the gold fields.

"Forty-mile creek is the scene of most of the present excitement. Although sixty days are open for washing the gold, the miners sink a shaft down to the pay dirt, in the glacial drift, and by keeping small fires burning against it are able to get out a foot or so every day. This they pile on the dump, and when the water comes down in the short spell of the open weather they sluice out the gold. The dirt is rich enough to warrant the risk of losing a whole year's work of such a terribly laborious character.

"No one who goes to Forty-mile creek can plead ignorance of the boundary line. Sam Patch, boss of boundary bar, takes care of that. Right on his claim is the boundary monument, and no one goes up or down the river that he does not inform of its existence. You cannot get away from it, as he takes you right up to it, and with a satisfied 'there it is,' lets you go. America has no more loyal son than Sam Patch, the name he goes by in that bleak region.

"The gold fields proper, as now known, are about eight miles inside the line, so you see America has good reason to look out for her interests. There is one thing certain, no one has gone through this territory without being shown the boundary monument, and he knows by miles of weary travel the distance it is from the gold fields."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ORIGIN OF THE HUMAN RACE.

Some Scientists Hold the Polar Regions Were Once Inhabited.

Believers in the Laplace theory of the origin of the sun and the planets are of the opinion that the original stock of the human race first came into existence at the poles of the earth and gradually moved out toward the equator. All believers in the nebular hypothesis are fast conforming their ideas to the belief that this earth was once a red-hot ball of fire, and that the human race came into existence as soon as a portion of the globe had cooled sufficiently to admit of their living upon it. The portion most likely to cool first was the poles, and the evidence deduced from this speculation is that upon which is founded the idea of the polar origin of the human family. On the above theory it is explained the mysterious finding of the remains of tropical birds, beasts and plants far in the polar regions. If it is really true that the poles were the first habitable spots on the earth's surface, and that they were rendered so by the globe first cooling at the spots least affected by sunshine, it must be true also that the polar regions are gradually encroaching upon the temperate and torrid zones. Who knows but that the centuries yet to come will fill the Indian ocean and the Gulf of Mexico with leopards and keep the Nile and the Amazon frozen solidly throughout the year?—St. Louis Republic.

Made a Winning.

"You must have made a winning," said the seedy gambler to the one who was well dressed.

"I did," was the reply.

"Last time I saw you had \$40, a form sheet and an old suit of clothes, and couldn't make up your mind just what you'd play."

"The right."

"What did you decide to do?"

"I staked my money with a tailor and stood to win a suit of clothes."—Chicago Post.

IN SENATE AND HOUSE.

Senator Cockrill has just finished a house in Washington and will live there the rest of his life, he says.

Congressman Sulloway, of New Hampshire, is one of the tallest men in the new congress. He is six feet six inches high.

Senator Hill has leased a large house in the fashionable quarter of I street, Washington, and rumor once more has it that he is contemplating a matrimonial venture.

Marion Butler, of North Carolina, the youngest member of the new senate, 32 years of age, is tall and slender, and resembles a college professor. He has prominent features, dark brown hair, moustache and pointed beard.

Speaker Reed's home life is a charmingly simple one. It is the home life of any cultured citizen—not at all luxurious and as plain as it can consistently be. Besides Mr. Reed and the speaker, the household comprises one child, a daughter, Miss Kitty.

FISH NOTES.

In Iceland codfish beaten to a powder are used as bread.

It is now generally believed that new lakes, canals, etc., become filled with fish by means of birds. The birds, after feeding on fish-spawn elsewhere, alight on these new waters, and drop some of the spawn from their bills.

A sturgeon weighing 920 pounds was taken from the Fraser river by a fisherman recently. It was the largest caught this season. The wholesale price of the fish is one cent a pound, but even at that rate it was a profitable day's fishing.

Fishermen say that the use of nets in fishing for sturgeon is rapidly supplanting other methods of taking the fish in the upper Columbia and Snake rivers. The nets are from 600 to 700 feet long, and the meshes vary from 12 to 19 inches.

FOR SALE.

The late residence of Mrs. Hannah A. West, situated on Cemetery avenue. For terms apply to ANDREW R. GARD, Administrator, 16 Meriden street, New London, Conn.

Musical Instruments.

Of all kinds on small monthly payments or for cash. Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Accordions, Mandolins, and all Fixings. Strings, Etc. THOS. SHORT, 211 Bank St., New London, Ct. Send for Catalogue, stating kind of instrument desired.

FIX YOUR WATCH!

CLEAN THEM for \$1.00. Repair or supply any injured or missing parts as good as any watch to cost, or if you have them ready on time. JOHN H. STARBUCK, 115 State Street, New London, Conn.

FISHING TACKLE.

(TWENTY YEARS AT THE BANE 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 concerns. 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.

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, Niantic, 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.

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 chafe 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, "Dentola," 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

The Racket Store

24 Bank Street, NEW LONDON, CONN

Hand Basins, 17c and 20c; from 22 and 27c.

Blue and White Fry Pans, 20c, 22c and 24c.

Three quart Handful Milk Pans, 18c.

Three quart Milk Pans, 16c.

5-cup Pans, 12, 15, 20, 25 up to 48c.

9-inch Pie Plates, 9c.

Tuesday, March 10, 1896.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Trains leave Niantic Station, going East, at 9:30 a. m., 12:32, 4:41 and 6:54 p. m.

NIANTIC POST OFFICE.

Mails close, going East, at 9:15 a. m., 12:35, 4:35 p. m., going West, at 7:34 a. m., 1:30, 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.

E. E. Sheffield was in Clinton Friday on business. C. S. Davis was in Clinton Thursday, on business.

Joseph Burham, of the Sound Breeze, spent Wednesday night in town, the guest of friends.

The poem entitled "Just We Two," which appeared in the last issue of the NEWS, took the boys by storm.

Rev. Phillip S. Evans of New Haven, secretary of the Connecticut Baptist Convention preached at East Lyme, Wednesday evening.

The handsome picture of the "Father of his Country" which the scholars of the grammar department have purchased, is on exhibition in the windows of S. O. Harrington's dry goods store.

The graphophone drew a fair sized audience at Union hall Thursday evening. It was, no doubt, the best entertainment of its kind that has ever visited our town.

The arrangements are nearly completed for the excursion from this state to the International Y. P. S. C. E. convention at Washington, July 6 to 15.

The Corn social given in the Baptist church parlors Wednesday night, proved to be an enjoyable event.

A gentleman called at the office of the NEWS last week with an egg that for size beats the record in this town, and probably in this vicinity.

The Ladies' society of the Methodist church held a social at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John White Wednesday evening, which was well attended.

The American Kitchen Magazine for March is replete with good things and everybody interested in the affairs of the household should secure a number.

The March number of Romance is the most interesting of the series, since its change into an illustrated magazine.

In the public schools of East Lyme, the pupils whose names are given below have been neither absent, tardy nor dismissed for the month of February.

NETTIE FALLER, Mabel Dyer, Lila Beebe, Katherine Saunders, Julia Manwarring, Edward Dowd, Clarence Dyer, Frank Manwarring, James Beebe.

RENA SMITH, E. Louise Smith, Edna Crocker, Clifford Clark, Harry Warrington, Charlie Hagstrom, Eddie Smith.

ESTHER DEAN, Maude Lathan, Fred Smith. Flanders School District No. 2 Grammar Department.

A meeting of the East Lyme Board of Trade was held Tuesday evening and the various committees made their reports on the matters assigned to them.

The committee to whom the matter of the electric railroad was referred, first made their report. The committee stated that they had consulted the railroad officials, who promised to come to Niantic and look over the ground as soon as possible.

A charter has already been procured by C. S. Davis and the prospects that a system will be introduced in a comparatively short time, are good.

Several changes were made among the officers at this meeting. First vice president Luke headed in his resignation and Orrin White was elected to fill the position.

Morris Returns.

Rev. J. M. Morris, the eccentric pastor of the Baptist church at Duryea, Pa., whom the NEWS announced several weeks ago as suddenly and mysteriously disappearing from his home, has returned.

The steamer Hartford, which reached Saybrook Sunday, made her dock in Hartford on Tuesday, plowing her way through the ice successfully and without damage.

The Hon. B. G. Northrop of Clinton will give the opening address, Dr. E. H. Jenkins of the state experiment station, will discuss matters pertaining to the dairy and W. C. Sturgiss or Prof. W. E. Britton of the station, matters pertaining to fruit culture.

By a recent appropriation of congress, Harbor of Refuge, better known as Duck Island breakwater, received \$30,000 as its share of the river and harbor allotment toward improvement.

Oliver B. Swain, of Clinton, appointed inspector by the government. The tug A. M. Smith, together with two barges, are engaged in the work of transporting the stone, while quite a force of workmen will be employed in the various lines of work about the boats and on the sea wall.

YE OLDE FOLKES CONCERT. "Ye Olde Say Brooke Meeting Houfe" was crowded to its utmost capacity Friday evening to listen to the concert by "Ye Biggie Choir, of great talent."

Is an old reliable preparation; is highly recommended and perfectly harmless.

Instant Relief and Positive Cure. Get it of your Druggist. If there is none in your place, ask your dealer to send for it.

Job Printing. Of every Description. —AT THE—

News Office, Niantic, Conn. THE WORLD RENOWNED "GLOVE-FITTING" CORSETS.

There is Nothing Better. appreciated by ladies than a well fitting, perfect made corset.

THE BEE HIVE. State street, New London, Conn.

THE BEE HIVE. State street, New London, Conn.

THE BEE HIVE. State street, New London, Conn.

THE BEE HIVE. State street, New London, Conn.

THE BEE HIVE. State street, New London, Conn.

FIX YOUR WATCH!

I 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.

NOTICE. TAKEN by virtue of an Execution to me directed, and will be sold at Public Vendue to the highest bidder, at the public sign, post in the Town of Lyme, district of Hadlyme, twenty-one days after date, which will be on Saturday, the 14th day of March, A. D., 1896, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

PROBATE COURT, District of East Lyme, ss., February 28th, 1896. Estate of JOHN G. CHAMPLIN, late of East Lyme, in said district, deceased.

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR Conservative Investments? We offer below a choice list.

First Mortgages. Number. Amount. Security. Rate. 9557 \$300 1,900 7 per cent. 9409 700 3,000 7 per cent. 716 600 3,300 7 per cent. 2845 900 3,200 7 per cent. 5575 500 2,300 7 1/2 per cent.

Railroad Bonds. Hartford Light & Power Co., first mortgage, non-taxable gold bonds, 5 per cent. Missouri Trust Co., 5 1/2 per cent.

GLADWIN & MORSE, Investment Bankers, 7 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.

NEW LONDON BUSINESS COLLEGE. NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

To the People of Niantic and Vicinity: Your attention is called to the fact that

PERFECT TOOTHACHE CURE. Is an old reliable preparation; is highly recommended and perfectly harmless.

Instant Relief and Positive Cure. Get it of your Druggist. If there is none in your place, ask your dealer to send for it.

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