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GRANITE AND MARBLE WORK

PRICES THE LOWEST.

Millstone Point, Quincy and
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Lumber and

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

NIANTIC, CONN.

The German Emperor has never been crowned. Neither was his father, the Emperor Frederick. In the case of the present Kaiser the ceremony was omitted for economy.

Clock and watchmakers who found their regular business falling off on account of the bicycle craze are now making up for it in the manufacture and sale of cyclometers. Competition is exceedingly lively among the rival makers, to the great benefit of the rider.

The industrial boom of the manufacturing sections of the New South has caused a commercial boom in its seaport towns. Around Hampton Roads important shipping interests are centered, and slow old Charleston and Mobile are waking up to their opportunities as trading ports.

Patagonia is nothing but a big no-man's-land. It is 1000 miles long, and its area is over 300,000 square miles. Many tribes of the natives are still independent, and can not be subjugated. Chile claims a portion of the territory and Argentine wants the rest, but both claims do not amount to much, and the land is so barren and inhospitable that no colonization schemes can be carried out.

There is a scheme on foot of uniting Ceylon with India by a railway across Falk's Straits, says the Detroit Journal. It will necessitate a bridge of proportions hitherto undreamed of, since it will have to be forty-one miles in length. The engineering difficulties are not so formidable as would at first sight appear, for although the map shows a long stretch of sea between the mainland and Ceylon, the railway can be made to traverse it on a series of stepping stones formed by the rocks and shoals known as Adam's Bridge.

The whole number of volumes in the Chicago Public Library is 217,203. The aggregate circulation of books and periodicals for the year ending June 1 is 2,542,244, of which more than half is registered at the delivery stations, thirty-one being in operation in the north division of the city, eleven in the south division and eleven in the west division. The cost per volume at the delivery stations has been only 2.31 cents. The three libraries next largest in respect of circulation are those of Manchester, England; Boston, Mass., and Birmingham, England. Chicago exceeds the first more than two-fold and the second and the third three-fold.

Lhasa, the capital of Thibet, is one of the cities which is not hospitable to the traveler. In the last twenty years six prominent explorers have tried to reach the holy city, but without success. Miss Taylor, an English woman, was within sight of it and doubtless would have succeeded, as she spoke Thibetan well, had she not been betrayed by one of her attendants. The latest attempt to penetrate to Lhasa was made by St. George Littlefield and his wife. They reached a point within fifty miles of the city when their further progress was barred by a large military force. The Thibetans were polite, and the general of the army spent days in discussion with Mr. Littlefield. No blood was shed, but much tea was drunk. In the end the Englishman had to turn back and make his way to India, unconsoled by even a glimpse of the promised city.

Comparing the banking system in the United States and Canada, L. G. McPherson says in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly: "Under the Canadian system the few banks, each with large capital and many branches, find it to their interest to employ as managers men of character, foresight and ability, and they are not allowed to participate in any way in the borrowing of money from their banks. In the United States each city has its numerous banks, no one of them firmly connected in management with any other bank. The officials often are men of minds not of the broadest and judgment not of the most accurate, who have attained their positions, perhaps, through influence of one kind or another, and sometimes they are in direct partnership with the men who have offered paper to the bank for discount, the recommendation of action upon which comes within their province. Under the Canadian system there are restrictions upon the amounts which directors of a bank can borrow, and their heavy liability for losses incurred by their bank leads them to exercise much caution in accepting paper. In the United States many bank directors seek their position almost exclusively because of the facilities they thereby obtain for borrowing, and by their accommodatingness each other the legitimate business of the bank and the community is prone to suffer. Under the Canadian system there is an examiner for each large bank, who inspects its operations from time to time to ascertain not only that its status is sound from a bookkeeping and arithmetical standpoint, but that it grants discounts on sound principles, and that the discounted paper held by it is good. In the United States there are no National bank examiners, but their duties do not embrace a thorough and rigid scrutiny of the soundness of notes discounted."

THE RIVER.

Wish I could get back to-day
To the meadowy fields of May
Where we went the shadowy way
To the river;

Where a little world of joys
Blossomed round the barefoot boys
As they went with joyful noise
To the river.

Splash! splash!
The wavelets dash,
And the spluttered sunbeams flash
Where the maples
Used to quiver
On the cool river!

Wish I could get back to-day
Where the meadow trails in gray
And the lilies felt the spray
Of the river;

Where, above its banks of green,
Well I loved to loiter and lean
In the shadow and the sheen
Of the river.

Splash! splash!
The wavelets dash,
And the spluttered sunbeams flash
Where the oak leaves
Used to quiver
On the cool banks
Of the river.

Wish I could get back to-day!
But the gold has left the gray;
Long the winters, brief the May,
And the river
With its gloom and with its gleams,
Where life's dying sunset streams,
Ripples through an old man's dreams
Faintly ever.

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

MALIND.

BY HELEN W. PIERSON.

MALIND, don't you
want tea now what I got
in this bundle?"
"I should admire
to," said Malind, pushing
back the purple
silk sunbonnet which
she hid her in from all side views, and
made the landscape look as if she were
gazing at it through a telescope.

The girl who had hailed her darted
behind a clump of bushes.

"Come round here," she said. "Ma
would give me fits if she knew I'd
opened it! It's a frock she's bin mak-
in' for Lita Marsh, stuck up thing!
Ma says she looks as if she 'spected
the earth would git up an' prance when
she steps on it. Guess she'll hev a
'prise party when she sees me trieked
out in a frock jest like her!" The
patron came from Paris!"

Phronie Meeker's English was not
as correct as her clothes. Her mother
was the dressmaker of Canaan, and
Phronie's costumes were the envy and
admiration of the other girls. Malind
especially admired the flapping leg-
horn hat with its soft white feathers
drooping over Phronie's mop of yellow
hair. That pink and white face with
eyes about as expressive as blue beads,
seemed the highest type of beauty to
her.

Malind was sallow and thin, with
dark, eager, questioning eyes. Her
shabby gown of faded purple like her
sunbonnet, sagged loosely down from
her sharp shoulders, and as if hung
on pegs. The skirt touched the top
of her coarse shoes, and the sleeves
nearly hid her little brown hands.

Phronie sat down on a stump and
began to open the bundle putting the
pins in her mouth till it looked like a
"rosebud set in little rufel thorns."

"I don't dast shake it out," she
said, "but you kin see what it's like.
Ain't it just splendorous?"

Malind looked at the dainty gown of
white china silk with a foam of lace
ruffles sprinkled with pearls. Her
eyes kindled.

"Oh, oh," she cried, "I don't be-
lieve queens have anything more
beautiful! Ain't them pale pink bows
just like flowers?"

"They're a sight prettier," said
Phronie, who was very artificial in her
tastes, "an' just think I'm goin' to
hev one like it, only not silk—silk
muslin! I'm goin' to wear it to the
Sunday-school picnic. What you go-
in to wear?"

Malind flushed a little. "Oh, I don't
know," she faltered.

"You do like me, an' git a new
frock," said Phronie. "I jest up an'
toid ma I wouldn't go a step without
one. Say, do you know what Inde
Bingham says you look like in your
old blue flannin'? A pen wiper? Hal-
ha! You know one of them things
with a head an' flannin' skirts?"

Phronie seemed to find the idea so
amusing that she giggled for a
minute, while Malind felt the blood
rush hotly through her veins.

"Well, I got to hurry," said
Phronie, shaking out her skirts. "I'm
goin' to buy the ribbon for my frock,
soon as I take this home to that nifty
thing. Want to come with me and
see me buy it?"

"No, I don't," said Malind, turning
away without another word. She,
too, carried a bundle, whose contents
she was not anxious to disclose.

The June afternoon seemed sudden-
ly to have grown hot and close. Even
the river seemed sunning away in a
warm haze and the white dust of the
road stifled her. The yellow belted
bees dazed lazily over the flowers as
if glad their day's work was over.
Even the butterflies swayed lazily
on the clover and told one another it
had been a trying day.

herself in the ill-fitting blue flannel,
made from one of her mother's gowns.
She never remembered having had a
new frock.

"Wonder how it would feel to hev
one," she thought, a weak little hope
stirring in her heart.

She stopped at last before a rickety
little gate tied with a bit of old rope.
She opened it and stepped into a nar-
row path bordered with ragged box-
wood. The thorny branch of a straggling rose
bush caught at her skirt as she passed.
The house was a small, unpainted, box-
like structure, but the sun and storm
had tinted it with their own soft
colors, and a climbing rose redeemed
it from ugliness.

A thin, sallow woman was shaking a
cloth at the door. She looked worn
and haggard. Her mouth was drawn
down at the corners and there was a
settled gloom in her dark eyes. She
wore a scanty gown of blue gingham.

"You've bin a loiterin' again," she
said in a complaining tone, "an' Dode,
he hesn't come back nuther. He's a
dretful stirmin' boy. Like's not he's
bin a stirmin' agin. Last Sat'dy he
hedn't a dry stitch on him. 'Pears as
if he betwix you two I hev my sheer
of trouble. It's like bein' ground 'twix
the upper an' nether mill-stuns.
Lemme see the work!"

Malind opened the bundle and laid
out on the table six dozen pairs of
coarse woolen socks, the seams of
which were to be sewed together.

"It's a good way to the factry, an'
awful hot," she said, taking off her
sunbonnet.

"Got the money all right?"
Malind took a few coins from her
pocket.

"Say, ma," she said eagerly, "can't
I sew 'em 'most as good as you kin
now?"

"E'enmost as good," her mother
answered, "of you wasn't such a fib-
bertygibbet that can't set still."

"I will set still. I'll do half of 'em.
I'll work every minute I kin—if—
if—"

"Et what? Git it out!" cried her
mother impatiently.

"If you'll git me a new frock for
the Sunday-school picnic," Malind
blurted out, every nerve in her body
tingling with excitement.

"Fer the lan' sake, Malind," cried
her mother shrilly. "I do admire to
hear you talkin' about new frocks when
we can't hardly git enough to eat—
leastways 'pears as ef Dode never
would git filled up."

"I mean sunthin' cheap," faltered
Malind. "I wouldn't care what—ef
'twas fresh—an' made fer me—an'
kinder fitted."

"I wish I could manage it," said
Mrs. Blinn with a sigh. "I'd like ter
rig you up good as the best—but it's
no use talkin' 'bout it. That there
picnie comes in about a week. How
under the canopy could you do all
that work in such a short space of
time? I wuz calculatin' on gittin'
you a new suit fer Christmas. There,
now, jest whir in an' set the table. I
hear Dode a whistin'. Thank good-
ness we've got plenty of cold mush an'
milk."

But Malind was not in a thankgiving
mood just then. The cold mush with
choked her. Her heart was hot with
rebellion against fate, though she
could not have called it by that name.

Why had some girls everything, while
she had nothing? Dode's appetite
annoyed her. How he did swallow
everything! The mound of white
mush melted away like snow before
the sun!

Dode was two years younger, a rosy
cheeked, sturdy boy, who ruled the
house. Malind often thought it must
be fine to be a boy. He did not have
to learn to sew and help with the
grey woolen socks.

"You look after Dode and take keer
of the lamp," said her mother when
she sent them to bed. "Child over
Peapack wuz burnt to death with one
of them kerosene lamps bustin'." The
great genes never thought of wrap-
pin' her in a blanket. Some folks is
so ignorant they don't know that
woolen things smothers fire."

Many a pair of bright eyes grew
brighter the morning of the picnie
when they saw the luminous blue sky
and the dew dappled meadows glitter-
ing in the sunshine. The birds were
singing as if they, too, had a picnie,
and the wind in the white pines
sang joy songs of its own. Malind
saw the children trooping by in their
holiday garments. The little girls
flattered about like gay plumed
birds. She held up the great skirt of
her old blue flannel with a strange
choking in her throat. It was just as
wide as when her mother had worn it,
but the frayed edges had been out off
and a clumsy hem shortened it. The
baque was still too large for her. Her
thin figure was lost in it.

"Oh, Malind, hurry up," cried
Dode from below. "You are the pok-
inest girl. The wagon's awaitin' for
us."

Malind hurriedly tried on her dish-
shaped black straw hat, adorned with
one old feather and a crushed rose,
and she almost forgot her discontent
in the joy of a long ride through
green woods.

"Everybody is just as hateful as
they can be," said Phronie, as they
dismounted at the picnic grounds,
"a-settin' on my skirts just for spite,
and rumplin' it like anythin'."
Malind joined in all the games,

while Phronie kept apart and tried to
smooth out her wrinkled skirts. In
the "hymns of lofty cheer" Malind's
voice rang out above the rest. "Say,
sis," whispered Dode, his eyes dan-
cing with mischief. "I found this bully
firecracker in the street this mornin'.
It's a giant. Wouldn't it make fun if
I set it off?—an' I got a match, too."

"Throw it over there an' give
Phronie a scare," suggested Malind.
"Stuck-up thing!"

Phronie was still standing apart
from the rest smoothing her ruffled
plumage. She did not notice Dode's
approach, but suddenly there was an
explosion and a terrified scream.
Phronie Meeker's light skirts were in
a blaze; the wind fanned the fire.
For a second everyone seemed par-
alyzed as Phronie ran about shrieking
with terror. Malind gazed at her with
dilated eyes. Her heart stood still.

"Woolen things smother fire." The
words rang in her ears as if someone
had spoken. Her heart began to beat
again hard and fast. Her face grew
hot with blushes. How could she do
it before that crowd? But she must.
Phronie might burn to death, and it
would be her fault. Her hands
trembled so she could hardly unfasten
the great unwieldy skirt. She could
scarcely see Phronie any more, for she
seemed shrouded in flame. But she
dashed forward the blaze and threw
the woolen skirt over it. Together the
children fell to the ground. How
Malind wrestled with the fire she never
knew. Others came to her help, but
not before her own face and hands
were badly burned. She hardly felt
the pain. She only thought of
Phronie's danger and her own guilt.

She remembered Dode, when she was
tenderly borne to a carriage and
laid upon the cushion. He had dis-
appeared.

"If I could find the boy who threw
that cracker I'd thrash him myself,"
said Mr. Lumley, as he lifted Phronie
into the same carriage with Malind.

"He ought to be sent to prison,"
said Phronie, angrily. "I wish I
could jest light him with a match till
he sizzled." A terrible fear tugged at
Malind's heart. She must shield Dode
if possible. It was a sort of relief to
feel that in shielding him she was sav-
ing herself.

Malind's burns were tedious, but
she found herself a heroine. Flowers
and fruit, books and toys, were sent
to her. Dode kept his secret well, and
feasted on good things. But some-
how the dainties had lost their flavor
for Malind. The knowledge of her
guilt rankled in her bosom like a
poisoned arrow. When her Sunday-
school teacher sat by her side and
praised her for not hesitating through
any false shame from taking off her
woolen skirt she felt miserable. If
her people would only forget it and
leave her in her peace. But even when
alone she found no peace. The knowl-
edge that she was acting a lie tor-
mented her. Even when she was once
more able to sit up the world did not
look the same to her.

Malind sat listlessly by the window
in the long June twilight looking out.
The latch of the gate clicked and she
saw Mrs. Meeker and Phronie. They
were followed by Miss Lumley, her
Sunday-school teacher, and the girls of
her class.

"Well, I declare, it's regular depoli-
ation," said Mrs. Blinn, pleased and
fussy, "pears as ef sunthin's got to
happen to ye in Canaan 'fore folks
takes proper notice of other folks.
Well I feel full as good as any of 'em
—full as good. Malind, you ain't
lookin' a bit chick."

The little girl had grown pale and
her heart beat painfully.

Mrs. Meeker bustled in. She held
a large package in her hand.

"We heard you were settin' up an'
well enough for company," she said,
"so we thought we'd give you a sur-
prise party."

Malind stood up and tried to speak,
but the glands in her throat grew dry
and her tongue was rigid.

Miss Lumley kissed her, and the
iris greeted her affectionately, yet
she could not speak.

Mrs. Meeker began opening her
parcel. "Seein' yu spilled your frock
savin' my girl," she said, "ain't more
than right for me to give you another
—an' I hope you'll like it!"

She took out a pretty pink gingham
gown handsomely trimmed with em-
broidery.

"Miss Lumley said there must be a
hat to match, so she bought this,"
Mrs. Meeker went on, holding up a
dainty white straw, with a wreath of
pale pink rosesbud around it.

Malind's heart throbbled fast. Never
had she dreamed of owning such
things. She gazed at them with long-
ing and with pain.

"Speak up, child," cried her mother
impatiently. "where's your man-
ners?"

Malind felt herself trembling. They
were all looking at her, but a haze
seemed to float before her eyes,
through which she saw them dimly.

"I can't take them," she gasped,
"She's out of her head," cried Mrs.
Blinn with a groan.

"No, no, I know just what I'm do-
ing. I don't deserve them! I don't
deserve anything. I—I told the boy
to throw that cracker at Phronie. I
all my fault that she was burned. I
ought to be—punished."

"Well, I never," said Mrs. Meeker,

tossing her head, "that wuz a regular
imperfection."

"I didn't think—her frock would
take fire," said Malind, looking about
beseechingly for a friendly face.

"You have done right to confess,"
said Miss Lumley, coming forward
and taking the child's hand kindly,
and you have atoned for it."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Meeker,
veering to the popular side. "Some
folks might be mean enough to take
back their present, but I ain't that
kind. You done what you could to
make up for your mischief—so there
it is, an' what I says I sticks to."

So the surprise party which had
surprised every one there was a suc-
cess after all.—Detroit Free Press.

Making Fog to Protect Orange Trees.

The newest method of protecting
orange orchards against frosts, con-
sists in creating an artificial fog, which
overhangs the trees and keeps them
from harm. It is a fact familiar
enough, that there is no danger from
frost on a cloudy night; the clouds
prevent the rapid radiation of heat
from the earth and thus serve as a
sort of blanket. A fog, which is in a
certain cloud, serves the same purpose.

The orange growers of California
have found out a way of making fogs
by artifice. They can create them at
any time within a few minutes. If
the night starts in clear and cold, with
prospects of frost, the fog-making
machines are turned on, and very soon
the orchard is enshrouded in a thick
mist. Thus protected, the trees can
defy even a severe frost, which under
ordinary circumstances would destroy
all expectation of a crop of the yellow
and juicy fruit.

The orchard provided with the fog-
making device is underlain by a sys-
tem of small pipes that carry water.
Connects with these are perpendicular
pipes which rise to a height of forty
feet in the air. There are one hundred
of these perpendicular pipes in every
ten acres of trees. At the top of each
tall pipe are a couple of "cyclo-
nozzles," which discharge the water
in a fine spray in an upward direction.
All that is required is that the water
shall be turned on, and the air is
charged with a fine, fog-like mist.

All the underground pipes in the
orchard unite in one common supply
pipe, which passes through the house
of the watchman in charge. At any
time when the temperature sinks to
freezing point, the watchman by open-
ing the cock of the supply pipe can
at once turn on the water to all the
pipes and spray nozzles. The result
is a thick fog, thrown by one hun-
dred cyclone nozzles over the entire
ten acres. The mist soon fills the air
to a height of forty-five feet, and any
breeze drifts it about like a bank of
fog.

In connection with the apparatus is
an alarm thermometer. When the
temperature in the orchard falls to
thirty-two degrees, an electric circuit
is completed and an alarm wakes up
the watchman. Without delay he
turns on the fog, and then goes to bed
satisfied that the orchard is safe.—New
York Journal.

Coffee as a Disinfectant.

"A year ago, a Russian bacterio-
logist made some experiments for the
purpose of determining the influence
of coffee in destroying disease germs,"
says Modern Medicine. "The conclu-
sion was that coffee is to some de-
gree a disinfectant. The disinfectant
properties of coffee depend, however,
not upon the active principle of coffee,
or caffeine, which it contains, but upon
the substances developed in the roast-
ing of the coffee. It was found that
the various substitutes for coffee are
also germicides, and, like it, develop
disinfectant properties during the
roasting process. A watery infusion
of either coffee or its substitutes was
found to be capable of killing the
germs of cholera within a few hours,
and of typhoid fever in a somewhat
longer time. The conclusion should
not, however, be drawn from these
statements that either coffee or its
substitutes are to be considered of
value on account of their slight anti-
septic properties, as too long a time is
required for the destruction of germs
by them."

"Spanish Dominos."

The Jacks Tars who wear Uncle
Sam's livery find queer ways of amuz-
ing themselves on shipboard. Games
of all sorts are being invented, but
one of the most novel is called "Span-
ish Dominos."

On a piece of canvas about three
feet square is painted what looks like
an overgrown checker board.

Tuesday, July 28th, 1896.

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JULIUS H. BECKWITH, - Local Editor.

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RULES OF THE OFFICE.

Communications upon all matters of local interest solicited, but such communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, and necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

Advertisements 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 1 cent a copy, or will be sent through the mail to subscribers at the regular yearly rate.

JOY 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.

COMMUNICATED.

Niantic, Ct., July 28th, 1896.

Editor of the CONN. EASTERN NEWS:

I have been asked for my views upon the establishment of a high school here, and with your permission, will express them through your columns. If a high school can be maintained here without imposing extra taxation upon the residents of this district, then I am in favor of its establishment. As I know that there are some children that have graduated from our schools whose parents cannot afford to send them out of town, but are desirous that their children should further improve their education. They certainly should have the opportunity of doing so as education makes better men and women and places them in a better position to cope with the hardships of life. It is also the grandest principle upon which our government is formed. It is the civilization of nations and no persons should be deprived of its benefits by poverty. But as the cost of repairs would be greater with a large body of children, I would suggest the payment, by those attending from out side districts, of a small weekly tuition towards defraying such extra expense. But if there are those who cannot afford to pay a small tuition and wish to attend, I will be one willing to pay my proportionate part toward that expense. G. P. BILL.

FAIR FLORIDA.

A Former Essex Man Writes About His Adopted State.

MADEIRA, FLA., July 10, 1896.

To the Editor of the NEW ERA:

There are many things that I wish to write to you about this country, and I hope you will find them interesting. It seems to me that this is a great country as regards the food for man to be found in the woods, lakes and rivers. First, as to turtles. There are three kinds here, the land turtle (hard shell), called the gopher, which lives in holes in the woods, and are often found crawling in the woods. The meat is much like beef and is very good. In the lakes are the hard and soft shelled turtles. The soft shelled ones are the best of all. The meat is similar to chicken and very nice and tender. Some have been caught weighing 75 pounds. A gentleman from Mount Kisco, N. Y., who is stopping with a neighbor, accompanied me on a fishing trip one afternoon (or evening, as they call it here) recently, and caught two nice ones. Small live fish are used for bait.

Watermelons are very plenty now. A short time ago the gentleman above mentioned, together with my little boy and myself, went into a neighbor's field, and picking six handsome ones, ate three and carried the others home for future use. These melons are delicious in a month. They have been ripening for a month.

I must give you a description of a trout which a friend caught a few days since. It measured 24 inches in length, was 7 inches broad and weighed 84 lbs. It was indeed a noble fish. You can well judge how large it must have been when you consider how large an 84 pound shad would be. The wild plums are very nice here, and the ladies make delicious plum butter from them.

Game fowls, known as water turkeys, alight in the lakes near my house, and I have tried to shoot them, but without success, as they are hard to kill with shot. I intend to try at them with a rifle. I wish you could have in your door yard some of the beautiful flowers that we have here. I am sure you would be delighted if you could have three cabbage palms on each side of your walk from the front door to the gate.

Your house is so pleasantly situated that the palms would attract great attention. They cut from this palm a sort of cabbage, which is cooked the same as a Connecticut cabbage, and is very nice. The mode of extraction is to first cut down the tree, then cut out the top and begin unrolling the layers of fiber. As it unrolls you will be more and more surprised at the beauty of it. The layers are as smooth as glass. After many layers have been unrolled, they at last come to the cabbage, which varies in size according to the trees. After one has examined the cabbage palmetto and the common saw palmetto, and noted the fiber, he can but think that there is a great future before Florida in the way of articles requiring strong fiber. The saw palmetto has also a great deal of tannin in it, and is being used to some extent for tanning leather. The prospect is that in the no distant future it will be used a great deal for that purpose.

There are many very fine lake front properties, improved and unimproved, to be had here, and if anybody among your readers wishes to know about them, I will willingly give information if they will write me, enclosing stamps.

Yours truly, JOSEPH A. POST.

Last Friday as Mr. Dittmar of Goose Hill, was riding on a load of hay, a portion of the load slipped off, throwing him to the ground. His collar bone was broken by the fall.

Young Man Has Disappeared.

The usually quiet little community of Winthrop has been thrown into a state of mild excitement by the apparently mysterious disappearance of one of the Williams boys. He has seemingly dropped out of existence and no clue by which to trace him. Last Friday Herbert Williams went to Clinton and traded horses with Frank Lane, at least so reports says he did. From Clinton he drove to Fenwick and there disposed of the whole outfit, horse, wagon and harness, taking \$20 in exchange for it. Since that time nothing has been heard of him. There are all sorts of suppositions regarding his whereabouts, but nothing definite is known. He is the son of Mrs. Alfred Williams, and has another brother. His mother is very much concerned about him. Young Williams is about 25 years old, of medium height and weight, has a slight moustache, rather thin face and wears glasses.

OLD SAYBROOK.

A bicycle collision, fatal to one of the wheels, occurred on Bridge Hill, Saturday evening. Mrs. James Brady gave a picnic at the shore, Saturday last, in honor of her daughter, Helen's birthday. The Kickapoo Indian Medicine Company are located in front of the Graded school. Free entertainments are given each evening.

The Waltham nine, of Massachusetts, are stopping at the "Counter House." They met the Saybrooks on the home grounds this afternoon at two o'clock. Ethel May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, died Saturday last, aged six months. The funeral was attended from their home, in Oyster River, Monday afternoon.

Service will be held in Grace church Sunday. The church has been newly decorated and presents a fine appearance, the prevailing tint harmonizing with the handsome windows and other surroundings.

Miss Grace E. Kirtland, daughter of Mr. O. H. Kirtland, of this town, and well known to most of the townspeople, was united in marriage, July 8, 1896, at Grand Rapids, Mich., to Mr. L. D. Ellis, of Lawrence, Kansas.

The regent of the State of Florida, D. A. K. and Colonial Dames, and sister, have been stopping at the Peace House for a few days in order to visit this historical old town, and view the many places of interest, churches, etc. While here they called on Mrs. J. B. Holman and Dr. Chesbrough, a member of the Sons of the Revolution. There are but few members of the D. A. R. in this town, prominent among them are Mrs. J. B. Holman, of the Groton and Stonington Chapter, Miss M. C. Holman, of the New London Chapter, sixteen ancestors having fought in the American Revolution, and Mrs. William Hamersly representing the Hartford Chapter.

IVORYTON.

Rev. Edward Bull, of Newbern, N. C., has been a guest, during the week past, of his daughter, Mrs. D. R. Parmelee. Mrs. H. W. Webber and child are at Westbrook beach for a few weeks. H. W. Webber joining them as business permits.

The Beacon Light Circle will meet Monday evening, July 27th, with Mrs. Ethel Post. All members are especially requested to be present and pay their dues. The Citizens' Military Band hold an outdoor festival to-morrow afternoon, on Grove Hill. Music, dancing, ice cream, etc., are among the attractions mentioned.

The Ivorytons were defeated by the New Britainers last Saturday. Score, 8 to 6. The Ivorytons play to-morrow at Centerbrook, with the Walthams, from Massachusetts.

Flowers from New York Mission will be sent every Friday, by the Resolute Circle of Kings Daughters. Please leave them Thursday evening, July 30th, at the Library or at the home of Mrs. Robert Griswold.

It is with regret that many will learn that Mrs. Nettie B. Wright, of Centerbrook, is soon to leave. Not only in a business sense will she be missed, but for other reasons. The happiest and most sorrowful years of her life have been spent with us, and she is dear to many hearts here. She contemplates leaving about the 1st of August.

ESSEX.

The Italian workmen are making good progress on the new road. The people in this section will have an opportunity to see the operation before many weeks. It is reported that Dr. R. Brown, of Centerbrook, has sold out his practice and will move out of town. That locality is too healthy to support a physician.

The St. John's church picnic which was postponed last Tuesday, was held Wednesday at Grove Beach. There were over 100 in attendance. They all reported a pleasant time. There are about forty horses and about fifty Italians, besides a number of our own citizens, who are mostly engaged in teaming on the new macadamized road.

The new Wonder store next to the post office, continues to attract custom from all around this section of the state. It is one of the best stocked establishments of the kind in lower Middlesex County. A horse attached to Bailey's meat wagon became frightened at some object on West avenue last Monday and took a notion to run away. He was caught at New City.

News came from Brooklyn, N. Y. today that the Rev. Dr. Halsey Wing Knapp died suddenly in that city Wednesday. He was 72 years of age and a former pastor of the Baptist church here. As there was no preaching in the Congregational church last Sunday, many of that denomination went to Hamburg to hear Dr. Burr preach.

The grounds around the Riverview school house have been graded and put in good condition. The place had been badly washed by the rain. The water has been turned in another direction so that washouts will not occur in the future.

"UNCLE" DANIEL CHAMPION DEAD.

A Well-known Southern Connecticut Railroad Employee Gone.

Daniel Champion, of South Lyme, one of the oldest railroad employees in the state, died at his home Sunday evening, after a brief illness, aged 76 years. The direct cause of his death was pneumonia, the result of a sudden cold. He was at his accustomed place at the depot as late as Saturday afternoon. "Uncle Daniel," as he was known among railroad men, was a familiar figure to most employees of the roads of Southern Connecticut, and up to some two years ago had acted as station agent for the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. at South Lyme, since the completion of the road, a half a century ago.

"Uncle Daniel" was one of the old-time post riders, carrying the mail through his section of country. When the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. was built, he was running a small store near the railroad, and was engaged by the company as Superintendent Waterbury, so the story goes, approached "Uncle Daniel" one day and says, "Uncle Daniel, you have been a faithful servant of the company, and we have concluded to raise your pay." "Uncle Daniel" was then getting \$12 per month, and it had been determined to raise him to \$15. "Uncle Daniel," replied somewhat of a surprise, "Mr. Waterbury, I thank you," says Uncle Daniel, "but I do not want it; I am getting enough."

Some time since his wife was detailed to look after the block switches at South Lyme, and he has been known to arise at midnight to see if they were all right, which is only one illustration of his faithfulness. "Uncle Daniel" and his green spectacles will be greatly missed along the Shore Line.

SOUTH LYME.

Mrs. W. Daniels is home from Essex. Wm. Johnson, of New York, was here on business recently. Henry Bump, wife and family, called on friends here recently. Miss Dora Harding has been entertained by Miss Mabel Littlefield. Miss Maggie Clark and friend were entertained by Mrs. H. C. Pavn recently. Mrs. Thomas Stanton is on the sick list. Dr. E. C. Chipman is attending her.

The tenters at Camp Madison concluded the wet weather had come to stay and have gone away. If you had asked a young lady, fifty years ago, where her wheel was, she would have replied, "Waiting for wool or flax to come before I bring it down from the garret."

A party from Springfield, Mass., has been looking at the Isaac Chappel place for a summer resort, with Hatched's cottages as patrons. The shade trees each side of the road are 70 years old, and fine ones. Being out of town lately, a lady friend requested me to hand a small parcel of lady bicyclist passing by. If Adam had furnished Eve with a wheel, the apple would have rotted before Eve received it, to say nothing of the number of times the serpent would have been run down and over.

Arthur Stanton, aged 17 years, who was brought here from Hartford some time ago and buried, was formerly of this place. His mother was the daughter of Dr. W. Chadwick. His father, Charles Stanton, succeeded J. H. Tubs in the store on the Capt. Chas. Chadwick farm. Everybody liked him and his boy Arthur, and all extend their sympathy in their hour of sorrow. Our people would have largely attended the burial at Niantic if they had known in time.

CRESCENT BEACH.

Mr. Cady, of Hartford, has arrived over Sunday. Raleigh Carpenter is visiting at the Osborn cottage. Mrs. Hawley of Indianapolis, is a guest at the Cowdrey cottage. The Misses Evans, of Hartford, are visiting at the Teck cottage. Miss Folsom, of Orange, N. J., is visiting at the Stoway cottage. Fuller, Harvard '99, and Tyler, Yale '98, have gone on a cruise on Fuller's yacht Columbine. A delightful musicale was given by R. S. Peck, at Peck's Pleasant, on Wednesday evening.

A party from the Ninigret House caught over fifty pounds of blackfish last Wednesday. Mrs. C. S. Williams and son, and Mrs. Allen, of Middletown, are at the Quaker cottage. A. L. Damon and H. C. Barrows of Willimantic arrived Wednesday at the Crittenden cottage. Mrs. H. L. Vaillant of Hartford, is visiting at the Burrow cottage. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Burr of Middletown left after a short stay.

The young people of this place held a marsh mallow toast on White beach on Tuesday evening. The marsh mallows were toasted in a big bonfire and all had a jolly time. The past week has been very gay here, although the weather has been miserable. Indoor parties have been the rule, and when the weather has been pleasant small dances are held at Crescent Dock.

The following guests have arrived at the Ninigret House: S. A. Gilbert and wife, of Norwich; Mrs. S. A. Church, of New Haven; Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Young, Laura Young and Mrs. L. Bliss, of Willimantic. Two exciting games of base ball have been played this week. The first was between the Crescent Beach and Niantic nines. Niantic won after a hot game of 15 to 11. The battery for Crescent Beach was Henry and Peck, and for Niantic, Lester and Shedd McCook. The Juniors of Crescent Beach won from a Pine Grove team—16 to 5. Rain stopped the game at the end of the sixth inning.

A number of young men from a New Haven school have a military camp at Ferry Point on the river a short distance below this place. Their white tents on the river bank have been the attraction to people passing up and down the river this week. This point is one of the historical places on the river. It was at that place that an attempt was made by some militiamen when the British raided this place in the spring of 1815, to punish them for the destruction they had wrought on Pettipaug.

OLD LYME.

James Clark, of State Island, is spending his vacation at Cricket Lawn.

Miss Lela Anderson, of Clinton, is making a short visit with Miss Gertrude Gile. Eddie Griswold arrived home last week and will spend his vacation at Boxwood. Miss Margie B'dwell, of Deep River, is making a short visit with her aunt, Miss Annie Miner.

Mr. James Morley, of Boston, is spending a few days in town with his mother, Mrs. David Morley. William Miller and wife, of New London, were out on their wheels and spent Sunday in town. Mrs. Nelson Appleby has a number of boarders from New York, who are spending their vacation there.

The Lyme base ball team will play the Bulkeley team at New London, Wednesday, and the Chester team a Black Hall school grounds, Saturday. William, Philip, Arthur, Herbert and Edward Maynard, accompanied by Wilbur Ashbur took a trip to Guilford of their bicycles, Sunday.

One of the members of the Boys Brigade that are camping at Ferry Point stood too near to the cannon as they were firing off the noon salute, Thursday, and had his face filled with powder. Dr. Harris picked it out soon afterwards. The dance at the pavilion at Joseph Ely's race track Thursday evening was quite well attended, a number of persons from surrounding towns being present. Barney Bump and Walter Maynard furnished the music. Milton Bramble did the prompting and W. F. Clark tended the refreshment counter.

Mr. F. A. Gile rather roughly treated a tramp one day last week, who called and demanded food from Mrs. Gile. Upon being refused he commenced to curse and swear at her. Mr. Gile hearing this language came right out of the house and by vigorous use of his number nine boot soon had the fellow on the other side of the fence.

A large number of our townspeople went to Poquonock Thursday to view the bicycle races held there, and also to lend encouragement to Francis M. Roche, who was a competitor. In the first race Roche finished fourth, but in the second the one mile handicap he led the race until about one eighth of a mile from the finish when he was run into and knocked from his machine, which was quite badly damaged and he quite badly shaken up.

The Niantic Base Ball nine played the return game with the local team Saturday afternoon and were defeated by 19 to 11. The "Sturdy Pen" occupied the box for the Niantic team but the home boys were soon "onto his curves" and won the game by good clean hitting. Cleveland and F. Roche distinguishing themselves with the stick, the former making five hits during the game and the latter two singles and a home run. J. Roche pitched a steady game for Lyme, and, but for the errors that were made in the seventh inning would have retired the Niantic's with but about half the runs they got.

FLANDERS.

Harry Blake spent Sunday with his mother, in Yantic. Mrs. John Francis returned from Colorado, Friday. Dr. Caulkins has had a new flag pole erected on his lawn. D. R. Campbell and family of Maine, were in town a few days last week. A number of our bicycle enthusiasts attended the races at Poquonock, the 23rd.

Rev. H. E. Martin arrived home Saturday, after a two weeks' visit in New York. William Bennett and Martha Lough-head were united in marriage Tuesday evening, July 21st. The Niantic Mfg. company resumed work again Monday, having been shut down for two weeks. Walter Rogers and wife were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Beckwith, a few days last week. Chas. Robbins had his collar bone broken last week. He was unhitching a yoke of oxen from a wagon, when the oxen became frightened, and knocked him down and ran over him.

Arthur B. Caulkins sustained a painful injury last Friday, while fishing. While in the act of unhooking a large pickerel the fish jumped and drove the hook into his thumb, clear to the eye.

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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 hand.

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Are the Best 5c. Cigar Made.

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Commencing June 29th and continuing until Sept. 1st. Speaking as follows: July 12th.....Prof. W. F. Peck July 15th.....Prof. H. D. Burnett July 18th.....Prof. A. Fuller, M. D. Aug. 2d.....C. W. Hodden, M. D. Aug. 16th.....Mrs. Lizzie Harlow Aug. 20th.....Mrs. C. F. Lovins Aug. 23rd.....Mr. Willard J. Hall Aug. 26th.....Mrs. Rachel Walcott

In the Sundry Department

NICHOLS & HARRIS,

YOU WILL FIND-

- A Good Hair Brush, A Tooth and Nail Brush, which will not shed its bristles, A Cake of Soap, which will not chap the hands, A Shaving Soap, which leaves the face soft and smooth, A Fragrant Cologne, Violette de Parme, A genuine distilled Bay Rum, A harmless Dentifrice, in liquid, "Dentolia" 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

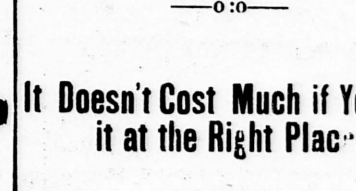
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Eyes Examined and Glasses Scientifically Adjusted.

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Over Starr Bros.' Drug Store. Office Hours—9 a. m. to 6 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Sat. until 3:30 p. m.

At Niantic—DR. E. C. CHIPMAN every 10th of each month. Book of General Instruction on the Eye, free.

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HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT

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All to be sold at remarkably Low Figures

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Novels—New lot at 10c.

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Stationery and a line of High Grade Confectionery, and a large assortment of Notions and Staple Goods.

Feed—We buy by the car-load, and sell low.

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Bathing Goods—I invite your inspection to our line of Bathing Goods for Ladies and Gentlemen, consisting of Suits, Hats and Shoes.

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Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. Paints, Oils, Turpentine Driers.

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Our Prescription Department...

Was established in 1870. It is next to the oldest in the city. It is under the supervision of a person of over twenty years experience. During the past twenty-five years nearly 100,000 new prescriptions, and twice as many renewals, have been prepared without an error. Nothing but the best of material is used. At the same time our prices are most reasonable.

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150 Men's Neglige Shirts, 50c and 69c quality, for 43c Saturday and Monday, at

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25 Black Figured Brilliantine Skirts, were \$2.50, now \$1.59.

25 Black nice quality Brilliantine Skirts, were \$6.50, now \$4.97.

25 Black, Pretty Brilliantine Skirts, were \$5.00, now \$3.47.

10 Navy Blue and Black all wool Storm Serge Suits, were \$6.50, now \$3.98.

Come and see our beautiful line of Ladies' Wrappers. Get your Muslin Underwear at

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The Road to Success

Is full of stragglers. They fall back in the procession as brighter folks push to the front. This is a busy world. It is busier now than it ever was before. America is the busiest country on the globe. It is full of ambitious, brainy, energetic men and women. There are more stragglers than leaders—a great many more. This is because such a great majority of young men and women neglect to study ways and means.

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Makes leaders out of stragglers. It teaches them how

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Trains leave Niantic Station, going East, at 7:30 and 12:30 a. m., 12:34, 4:31, 5:36 through Hartford, and 8:12 p. m.

NIANTIC POST OFFICE.

Mails close, going East, at 9:15 a. m., 12:30, 4:36 p. m., going West, at 7:34 a. m., 1:30, 5:40 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.

Miss Clara Morgan is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Bush.

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Lightning Plava Hovec with A. R. DeWolf's Barn—Two Valuable Horses Killed.

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In strength, lightness, grace, and elegance of finish and equipment

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is unapproached by any other bicycle. Like all other models of Columbia it is

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE Standard of the World

Columbia in quality and construction are in a class by themselves.

Columbia Catalogue, handsome and complete, tells of all Columbia and of Hartford bicycles, next best, \$80, \$60, \$50. Free if you call.

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Do you Know Why it Pays to Buy your Hats and Caps from Us?

Because our prices cannot be duplicated outside of New York City.

Our prices are strictly cash, when we guarantee to give you genuine value; that is, 25 to 35 per cent. less than you can get the same goods elsewhere.

Examine our Hats at \$8, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2. Just half the price you have been paying.

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Underwear never was sold at such prices. It will pay you to look at our Underwear at 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50. A suit of heavy Flannel Shirts at rock bottom prices.

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The Racket Store

24 Bank Street, NEW LONDON, CONN.

Bargains.

Please read and compare the following prices: Bicycle stands, nickel plated bar and holder, at 25c, worth \$1.

Can you Afford It?

Not a sea voyage, but trifling with your eyesight. You should take care of your eyes if you expect them to do you good service.

JOHN H. STARBUCK,

The Man Who Helps the Eyes, 145 STATE ST. - NEW LONDON, CONN.

Get Your Cooking Utensils and Household Goods

DANIEL LATHAM'S, 141 and 143 State St., New London, Ct.

BICYCLES.

AGENT FOR KEATING, RELAY, ELMORE, B. & D. CRAWFORD, SILVER KING, and SILVER QUEEN BICYCLES.

See that Curve?

I have on hand other makes of Wheels, also Second hand Wheels for sale and to rent.

I keep a Line of Bicycle Sundries, Lamps, Bells, Cyclometers, Etc.

D. S. SPENCER, - Saybrook, Conn. Dealer and Repairer of Bicycles.

The Woman's Bicycle

In strength, lightness, grace, and elegance of finish and equipment

Model 41

Columbia

is unapproached by any other bicycle. Like all other models of Columbia it is

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE Standard of the World

Columbia in quality and construction are in a class by themselves.

Columbia Catalogue, handsome and complete, tells of all Columbia and of Hartford bicycles, next best, \$80, \$60, \$50. Free if you call.

B. D. LUCE, Agent, Niantic, Conn.

Hats, Caps, Shirts and Underwear

Do you Know Why it Pays to Buy your Hats and Caps from Us?

Because our prices cannot be duplicated outside of New York City.

Our prices are strictly cash, when we guarantee to give you genuine value; that is, 25 to 35 per cent. less than you can get the same goods elsewhere.

Examine our Hats at \$8, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2. Just half the price you have been paying.

Our Shirts at 25c, 35c and 48c are immense bargains.

Underwear never was sold at such prices. It will pay you to look at our Underwear at 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50. A suit of heavy Flannel Shirts at rock bottom prices.

Never Rip Pants 72c, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Umbrellas, Socks, Suspenders, Collars and Cuffs at the very lowest prices.

JOHN MCGARRY,

Hatter and Furnisher, 32 BANK STREET, (Opp. Metropolitan Hotel), New London, Conn.

Clothiers and Furnishers.

McMAHON & SEXTON

Are now in their

NEW STORE,

64 State St., - - - New London.

Clothiers and Furnishers....

—IN CONNECTION WITH MY—

Dry Goods and Household Furnishings

I have added—

S. S. Thompson's and H. H. Old's New Haven

BAKERY - GOODS!

And shall receive every morning a full assortment of fresh Bread and Pastry of superior quality.

ALSO, AGENT FOR THE

New London Hand and Steam Laundry

Goods called for and delivered.

Mr. Elmer Austin will have charge of the Bakery and Laundry Department.

S. O. HARRINGTON,

Main Street, Niantic, Conn.

Instant Relief and Positive Cure.

Get it of your Druggist. If there is none in your place, ask your dealer to send for it.

PERFECT TOOTHACHE CURE

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

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Main Street, Niantic, Conn.

Spring Millinery!

Never were the styles and shapes in Millinery of richer or more becoming designs than this season.

The problem of selecting your Spring Hat or Bonnet becomes a pleasure, if you choose from our choice selections.

Smith & Witt,

FLEUR DE LIS 7 MAIN ST., NEW LONDON, CONN. NO CARDS.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Trains leave Niantic Station, going East, at 7:30 and 12:30 a. m., 12:34, 4:31, 5:36 through Hartford, and 8:12 p. m.

NIANTIC POST OFFICE.

Mails close, going East, at 9:15 a. m., 12:30, 4:36 p. m., going West, at 7:34 a. m., 1:30, 5:40 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.

Miss Clara Morgan is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Bush.

A DESTRUCTIVE STORM.

Lightning Plava Hovec with A. R. DeWolf's Barn—Two Valuable Horses Killed.

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.

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