

# CONNECTICUT EASTERN NEWS.

CHAS. A. KIRTLAND, Proprietor.

AN ENTERPRISING PAPER FOR ENTERPRISING PEOPLE.

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NO. 43.

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

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NIANTIC, CONN.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has restored to Corsica the mortal remains of the island's great patriot, Paoli. They had rested for over a century in the churchyard of old St. Pancras, London. The bones of King Theodore of Corsica still rest in the cemetery of St. Anne's, Soho.

The attention which the Federal Government gives to the adulteration of foods has developed some facts of vital importance to the public health and pointed to the need of persistent legal action against the sale of provisions which do not pass the chemical tests of purity. According to the Government scientists the range of adulteration has been growing wider every year.

It is proposed to institute shower baths in the Boston Public Schools for the benefit of the pupils, announces Harper's Weekly. The School Committee has already introduced cooking and sewing schools, but it shrinks from undertaking to establish baths. To one who has not investigated the subject the idea is one which could best be carried out by a maternal government. The practical difficulties in looking after the bathing of a large number of children seem great, but the idea is novel and progressive.

It would be a great advantage to the farmers and the millers of the United States if the wheat flour habit could be introduced into China, Japan and other countries of the East. While flour is the largest item of export of present with the exception of kerosene oil, it is used only by foreigners. The natives stick to rice. The exports of flour to China, including the British colony of Hong Kong, average about 600,000 barrels a year, valued at \$2,000,000. The exports to Japan are about 75,000 barrels, valued at \$200,000.

Says the Philadelphia Times: "It is only necessary to read the local newspapers to understand that of all places on the continent New York has the narrowest horizon. The smallest incident of street or barroom life is given the uttermost importance, but nothing whatever is visible beyond the boundaries of 'Greater New York,' except the political proceedings at Washington and an occasional event of moment across the ocean. It is of no use for Philadelphians to say that they don't care. We do care, for New York is a big place and influential, and we want its recognition."

One of the most hopeful signs of the time in Ireland is the rapid and substantial growth of co-operation, notes the New York Tribune. At the time of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill adventure, it was practically unknown in that country. Last year there were sixty-seven societies, with 3800 members; this year there are 112, with 10,000; and there are seventy more, with 5000 members, in process of organization. These societies exist chiefly in rural regions, and are intended to promote agriculture and to resist the rapacity of storekeepers. Both of these ends are being attained; and the prosperity of the people greatly increased.

Pessimists have been enlarging upon the wheat-producing capabilities of the untouched plains of Argentina, and have predicted further competition with our wheat growers when South Africa is fully opened up, but all this is nothing, says the New York Journal of Commerce, to the competition to be faced when the trans-Siberian railway traverses the fertile plains of Southern Siberia. These plains are said to be of vast extent and exceedingly productive. They are now for the first time about to be developed, and in the next century, according to Nordenskjold, Siberia will take the place of America as the world's producer of cheap cereals and as the impervious barrier of Western Europe's agriculturists.

The out which has been inaugurated in the price of high-grade bicycles may not force a general reduction immediately, observes the New York World, but it is evident that the reduction cannot much longer be postponed. Competition in bicycle-making is now greater than in any other line of steel-working, but nevertheless there is still a difference of several hundred per cent. between manufacturing cost and the retail selling-price of the so-called "high-grade" bicycle. One of the best-known manufacturers in the country is quoted as saying that the wheel made by him to retail at \$100 costs less than \$30. Of course a great deal of this difference goes for pushing the goods on the market, for retailers' profits and in other ways. But conceding that, it still remains probable that the highest-grade bicycle now sold might easily be manufactured and retailed at \$50 with a handsome profit for all who handle it. Bicycles are too high. A few dollars will cover the cost of the raw material in them. The cost is almost wholly labor cost, and without any reduction of wages it will allow a fifty per cent. out in present prices for "high-grade" goods. The out will certainly come. If it is staved off this year it will probably come next. The time is not very far off when every family except the very poorest can afford to own a bicycle of the best make.

## ACT NOW.

Is there some noble deed that you may do?  
Some point to gain on high?  
Act now, and thus unto thyself be true,  
To-morrow you may die.

Is there some cheering word that you may speak  
While day is passing by?  
Go, let that precious word the silence break,  
To-morrow you may die.

Is there some grievous wrong that you may right,  
Or hush some deep-drawn sigh,  
Remember, while so swiftly comes the night,  
To-morrow you may die.

Go, pour sweet balm into some wounded heart;  
Go, wipe some tearful eye;  
Let not the act with day depart,  
To-morrow you may die.

Yes, go and make your peace with God and man  
Ere on your couch you lie;  
Secure a crown of life, 'tis wisdom's plan,  
To-morrow you may die.

-G. W. Crofts.

## AN ARTIST—IN CRIME.

LADY AVELING'S marriage to Lord Aveling was extensively advertised in the papers, the quantity and quality of her wedding presents, and the fact that the honeymoon

was to be spent at Hammerpond. The announcement of these valuable prizes created a considerable sensation in the small circle in which Mr. Teddy Watkins was the undisputed leader, and it was decided that, accompanied by a duly qualified assistant, he should visit the village of Hammerpond in his professional capacity.

Being a man of naturally retiring and modest disposition, Mr. Watkins determined to make this visit incognito, and after due consideration of the conditions of his enterprise, he selected the role of a landscape artist and the unassuming surname of Smith. He preceded his assistant, who, it was decided, should join him only on the last afternoon of his stay at Hammerpond.

Now, the village of Hammerpond, perhaps, one of the prettiest little corners in Sussex; many thatched houses still survive, the flint-built church with its tall spire nestling under the down is one of the finest and best restored in the county, and the beech woods and braeken jungles, through which the road runs to the great house, are singularly rich in what the vulgar artist and photographer call "bits." So that Mr. Watkins, on his arrival with two virgin canvases, a brand-new easel, a paint box, portmanteau, an ingenious little ladder made in sections, crowbar and wire coils, found himself welcomed with effusion and some curiosity by half a dozen other brethren of the brush. It rendered the disguise he had chosen unexpectedly plausible, but it inflicted upon him a considerable amount of aesthetic conversation for which he was very imperfectly prepared.

"Have you exhibited very much?" said Young Porson in the bar-parlor of the 'Coach and Horses,' where Mr. Watkins was skillfully accumulating local information on the night of his arrival.

"Very little," said Mr. Watkins; "just a snack here and there."

"Academy?"

"In course. And at the Crystal Palace."

"Did they hang you well?" said Porson.

"Don't rot," said Mr. Watkins; "I don't like it."

"I mean they did put you in a good place?"

"Whadyer mean?" said Mr. Watkins, suspiciously. "One 'nd think you were trying to make out I'd been put away."

Porson had been brought up by aunts, and was a gentlemanly young man even for an artist; he did not know what being "put away" meant, but he thought it best to explain that he intended nothing of the sort. As the question of hanging himself seemed a sore point with Mr. Watkins, he tried to divert the conversation a little.

"Do you do figure-work at all?"

"No, never had a head for figures," said Mr. Watkins; "my miss—Mrs. Smith, I mean, does all that."

"She paints, too!" said Porson.

"That's rather jolly."

"Very," said Mr. Watkins, though he really did not think so, and, feeling the conversation was drifting a little beyond his grasp, added: "I came down here to paint Hammerpond House by moonlight."

"Really!" said Porson. "That's rather a novel idea."

"Yes," said Mr. Watkins. "I thought it rather a good notion when it occurred to me. I expect to begin to-morrow night."

"What! You don't mean to paint in the open, by night?"

"I do, though."

"But how will you see your canvases?"

"Have a bloomin' cop's—" began Mr. Watkins, rising too quickly to the question, and then realizing this, he bawled to Miss Durgan for another glass of beer. "I'm goin' to have a thing called a dark lantern," he said to Porson.

"But it's about new moon now," objected Porson. "There won't be any moon."

"There'll be the house," said Watkins, "at any rate. I'm goin', you see, to paint the house first and the moon afterwards."

"Oh!" said Porson, too staggered to continue the conversation.

"They doo say," said old Durgan, the landlord, who had maintained a respectful silence during the technical conversation, "as there's no less than three p'licemen from 'Azelworth on duty every night in the house—'count of this Lady Aveling 'n her jewellery. One'm won fower-and-six last night, off second footman—tossin'."

Toward sunset next day Mr. Watkins, virgin canvas, easel, and a very considerable case of other appliances in hand, strolled up the pleasant pathway through the beechwoods to Hammerpond Park, and pitched his apparatus in the strategic position commanding the house. Here he was observed by Mr. Raphael Sant, who was returning across the park from a study of the chalk-pits. His curiosity having been fired by Porson's account of the new arrival, he turned aside with the idea of discussing nocturnal art.

Mr. Watkins was apparently unaware of his approach. A friendly conversation with Lady Hammerpond's butler had just terminated, and that individual, surrounded by the three pet dogs which it was his duty to take for an airing after dinner had been served, was receding in the distance. Mr. Watkins was mixing color with an air of great industry. Sant, approaching more nearly, was surprised to see the color in question was as harsh and brilliant an emerald green as it is possible to imagine. Having cultivated an extreme sensibility to color from his earlier years, he drew the air in sharply between his teeth at the very first glimpse of this brew. Mr. Watkins turned round. He looked annoyed.

"What on earth are you going to do with that beastly green?" said Sant.

Mr. Watkins realized that his zeal to appear busy in the eyes of the butler had evidently betrayed him into some technical error. He looked at Sant and hesitated.

"Pardon my rudeness," said Sant; "but really, that green is altogether too amazing. It came as a shock. What do you mean to do with it?"

Mr. Watkins was collecting his remarks. Nothing could save the situation but decision. "If you come here interrupting my work," he said, "I'm a-goin' to paint your face with it."

Sant retired, for he was a peaceful man. Twilight deepened, first one, then another star appeared. The rocks amid the tall trees to the left of the house had long since lapsed into slumbersome silence, the house itself lost all the details of its architecture and became a dark-gray outline, and then the windows of the salon shone out brilliantly, the conservatory was lighted up, and here and there a bedroom window burnt yellow. Had any one approached the easel in the park, it would have been found deserted. One brief, unconvincing in brilliant green sullied the purity of its canvas.

Mr. Watkins was busy in the shrubbery with his assistant, who had discreetly joined him from the carriage-drive.

Mr. Watkins was inclined to be self-congratulatory upon the ingenious device by which he had carried all his apparatus boldly, and in the sight of all men, right up to the scene of operations. "That's the dressing-room," he said to his assistant, "and, as soon as the maid takes the candle away and goes down to supper, we'll call in. My! how nice the house do look to be sure, against the twilight, and with all its windows and lights! Swopme, Jim, I almost wish I was a painter-chap. Have you fixed that there wire across the path from the laundry?"

He cautiously approached the house until he stood below the dressing-room window, and began to put together his folding ladder. He was much too experienced a practitioner to feel any unusual excitement. Jim was reconnoitering the smoking-room. Suddenly, close beside Mr. Watkins in the bushes, there was a violent crash and a stifled curse. Some one had tumbled over the wire which his assistant had just arranged. He heard feet running on the gravel pathway beyond.

Mr. Watkins, like all true artists, was a singularly shy man, and he incontinently dropped his folding ladder and began running circumspectly through the shrubbery. He was indistinctly aware of two people hot upon his heels, and he fancied that he distinguished the outline of his assistant in front of him. In another moment he had vaulted the low stone wall bounding the shrubbery, and was in the open park. Two thuds on the turf followed his own leap.

It was a close chase in the darkness through the trees. Mr. Watkins was a loosely built man and in good training, and he gained hand-over-hand upon the hoarsely panting figure in front. Neither spoke, but, as Mr. Watkins pulled up alongside, a quail of awful doubt came over him. The other man turned his head at the same moment and gave an exclamation of surprise. "It's not Jim," thought Mr. Watkins, and simultaneously the stranger flung himself, as it were, at

Watkins's knees, and they were forthwith grappling on the ground together. "Lend a hand, Bill," cried the stranger, as the third man came up. And Bill did—two hands, in fact, and some accentuated feet. The fourth man, presumably Jim, had apparently turned aside and made off into a different direction. At any rate, he did not join the trio.

Mr. Watkins's memory of the incidents of the next two minutes is extremely vague. He has a dim recollection of having his thumb in the corner of the mouth of the first man, and feeling anxious about its safety, and for some seconds at least he held the head of the gentleman answering to the name of Bill to the ground by the hair. He was also kicked in a great number of places, apparently by a vast multitude of people. Then the gentleman who was not Bill got his knee below Mr. Watkins's diaphragm and tried to curl him up upon it.

When his sensations became less entangled, he was sitting upon the turf and eight or ten men—the night was dark and he was rather too confused to count—standing round him, apparently waiting for him to recover. He mournfully assumed that he was captured, and would probably have made some philosophical reflections on the fickleness of fortune, had not his internal sensations disinclined him for speech.

He noticed very quickly that his wrists were not handcuffed, and then a flask of brandy was put in his hands. This touched him a little—it was such unexpected kindness.

"He's a-comin'," said a voice, which he fancied he recognized as belonging to the Hammerpond second 'footman.

"We've got 'em, sir, both of 'em," said the Hammerpond butler, the man who had handed him the flask. "Thanks to you."

No one answered this remark. Yet he failed to see how it applied to him. "He's fair dazed," said a strange voice; "the villains half murdered him."

Mr. Teddy Watkins decided to remain fair dazed until he had a better grasp of the situation. He perceived that two of the black figures round him stood side by side with a dejected air, and there was something in the carriage of their shoulders that suggested to his experienced eye that they were bound together. Two in a flash he rose to his position. He emptied the little flask and staggered—obsequious hands assisting him—to his feet. There was a sympathetic murmur.

"Shake hands, sir, shake hands," said one of the figures near him. "Permit me to introduce you here. It was the jewels of my wife, Lady Aveling, which attracted these scoundrels to the house."

"Very glad to make your lordship's acquaintance," said Teddy Watkins.

"I presume you saw the rascals making for the shrubbery and dropped down on them?"

"That's exactly how it happened," said Mr. Watkins.

"You should have waited till they got in at the window," said Lord Aveling; "they would get it hotter if they had actually committed the burglary. And it was lucky for you two of the policemen were out by the gates, and followed up the three of you. I doubt if you could have secured the two of them—though it was plucky of you, all the same."

"Yes, I ought to have thought of all that," said Mr. Watkins; "but one can't think of everything."

"Certainly not," said Lord Aveling. "I am afraid they have mauled you a little," he added. The party was now moving toward the house. "You walk rather lame. May I offer you my arm?"

And instead of entering Hammerpond House by the dressing-room window, Mr. Watkins entered it—slightly intoxicated and inclined now to cheerfulness—on the arm of a real live peer, and by the front door. "This," thought Mr. Watkins, "is burglary in style!" The "scoundrels," seen by the gauntlet, proved to be mere local amateurs unknown to Mr. Watkins, and they were taken down into the pantry and there watched over by three policemen, two gamekeepers with loaded guns, the butler and an hostler, until the dawn allowed of their removal to Hazelhurst police station. Mr. Watkins was made much of in the drawing room. They devoted a sofa to him, and would not hear of a return to the village that night. Lady Aveling was sure he was brilliantly original, and said her idea of Turner was just such another rough, half-embroidered, deep eye, brave and clever man. Some one brought up a remarkable little folding ladder that had been picked up in the shrubbery, and showed him how it was put together. They also described how wires had been found in the shrubbery, evidently placed there to trip up unwary pursuers. It was lucky he had escaped these snares. And they showed him the jewels.

Mr. Watkins had the sense not to talk too much, and in any conversational difficulty fell back on his internal pains. At last he was seized with stiffness in the back and yawning. Every one suddenly awoke to the fact that it was a shame to keep him talking after his affray, so he retired early

to his room—the little red room next to Lord Aveling's suite.

The dawn found a deserted easel, bearing a canvas with a green inscription, in the Hammerpond Park, and it found Hammerpond House in commotion. But if the dawn found Mr. Teddy Watkins and the Aveling diamonds, it did not communicate the information to the police.—H. G. Wells, in "The Stolen Baillies."

## A Child's Wonderful Memory.

Baby Ethel Carroll, of Oakland, is a human phonograph. Every word of a conversation—no matter how long—names, dates, figures and bits of oratory of all degrees of merit, songs and jokes spoken in her presence, she is able to recall, word for word, even though it be weeks and months after. At her age—for she is only four years old—much that she hears no doubt is quite unintelligible to her. She simply repeats everything from memory without knowing aught of the text of her words. At the Hotel Crellin, where she lives with her parents, she is the idol and wonder of all who know her, for she is as pretty as she is clever.

The first time that the child showed her phenomenal trait was at the age of eleven months. At that time she was taken to see one of Hoyt's plays at the Macdonough Theatre. Upon returning to her home she surprised every one by repeating, word for word, one of the popular songs.

From that time until now little Ethel has been a regular playgoer. Now, at the age of four, her memory has developed so remarkably that it is a common thing for her after seeing a new play to sing, without a mistake or the least sign of hesitation, song after song that she has never heard before. She can also repeat the lines of the play with wonderful correctness. The child has a retentive memory for names and dates. In spite of the fact that large numbers of people see her daily drawn by curiosity, she never forgets the name of any one who is introduced to her, and can tell even the exact day when she first met them, though it may be months after.

Recently her wonderful memory was put to a severe test at a concert recital in Oakland. After the performance she was asked if she remembered a certain recitation on the programme remarkable alike for its length and peculiar phrasing. She had never heard it before, but with a confident smile and a certain enchanting carelessness of manner she recited the entire piece without a break.—San Francisco Examiner.

Revengeful Robins Pursue a Cat.

About two weeks ago a black and white spotted cat belonging to Harry Hastings robbed a robin's nest. The parent birds witnessed the destruction of their home, and made a great ado about it, but the cat was obdurate, and proceeded quietly to feast upon the birdlings.

But since that time that cat's life has been a burden. She cannot show herself in the open air without being savagely attacked by half a dozen robins that seem to be watching for her. They chirp loudly, ruffle up their feathers, and fly at the cat with vicious fury. At first the cat attempted to defend herself, but her enemies were too active. They could give her a savage peck and be out of the way before she could spring or strike with her paw. Now she goes around like one who has nothing to live for. If she ventures out for a moment and hears the savage chirp of a robin she will make a dive for her favorite hiding place under the barn.

Other cats are not molested by the robins, but they seem to have made up their minds to have revenge on this one, and it is probable that she will never molest another robin's nest.—Punxsutawney (Penn.) Spirit.

Pawning Dogs.

Even dogs are pawned in New York, writes a correspondent. In a place on Twenty-eighth street a lonely pug separated from his fellows gazed wistfully at customers yesterday. "How much for that one?" asked a stranger as he pointed toward the pug. "Can't sell him until Monday night," replied the bird and dog dealer. The man wanted to know why, and he was informed that the pug was in pawn, and if it wasn't redeemed prior to the time mentioned he would be sold. "That pug has been hooked three times and has always been redeemed. How much do I loan on him? A dollar's the limit, sir, as pugs are no longer popular, you know." When a woman puts her pet dog in pawn it is quite safe to conclude that the wolf has entered her apartment.—Detroit Free Press.

Rest Eyes and Limbs.

When you come in tired and lie down to rest weary limbs, rest your weary eyes, too. Do not "just look over the newspaper" while you rest yourself. Close your eyes and determine to rest absolutely for a time; then sit up and read if you will, and you will feel less fatigue than if you had been overworking these tired little organs.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

To attack a man with any weapon is a serious matter in Madagascar. It is punishable by death.

## SONG.

Bring from the crazy haunts of birch and pine,  
Thou wild wind, bring,  
Keen forest odors from that realm of thine,  
Upon thy wing!

O wind, O mighty, melancholy wind,  
Blow through me, blow!  
Thou blowest forgotten things into my mind  
From long ago.

—John Todhunter.

## FUN OF THE DAY.

He—"I never contract bad habits." She—"No, dear. You always expand them."

"Is there any limit to modern art?" "Oh, yes. The frame, you know."—Detroit Tribune.

Teacher—"What is fame, Willie?" Willie—"It's the thing that makes everybody want to look at yer."—Roxbury Gazette.

Mother—"When I was a little girl I never did things like that." Ethel—"An' you mamma better'n you were, too?"—New York Press.

"Do you intend to take your wife with you to the sea side?" "No; she is all run down, and is not equal to the exactions of a vacation."—Boston Courier.

"Spring chicken," said the diner, "I thought would be a toothsome thing, until, alas, I found they had overcooked the fowl, and served the spring."—Washington Star.

"What is that place down there?" asked she of one of the officers. "Why, that is the steerage," answered he. "And does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"—Town and Country Journal.

"Now, sire, said the Royal Architect, 'now do you want this pyramid built?'" "By day's work," answered the King of Egypt promptly; "I'm tired of contract jobs." And the said pyramid is there yet.—Truth.

Mrs. Scorch—"I thank heaven for one thing, at any rate." Mr. Scorch—"What's that?" Mrs. Scorch—"You can't say I don't ride a wheel like your mother used to."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Hubby (mildly)—"Anabel, dear, the cake is very, very nice; but it doesn't seem to have risen quite enough." Wife (confidentially)—"I know it, Ferd; and next time I'll remember and put in more raisins."—Puck.

Boggs's Old Friend—"Great Scott, man! Do I find you reduced to playing a cornet on the street corner to make a living?" Boggs—"I ain't doing this to make a living. My wife won't let me practice in the house."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Englishman was once in a train which was "held up" by Carlists in Spain, and overheard a Spanish gentleman, who was overcome with fright, murmuring to himself: "To die so young, to leave my wife and babies; oh, it is sad! and I haven't even had my breakfast."—Tit-Bits.

Villages Built in Trees.

People who live in trees or employ them as places of refuge are apt to be particularly miserable specimens of the human family, for their choice of a home invariably implies that they are not strong enough to meet their enemies on the level. The tree village recently discovered by Sir William MacGregor in Guinea is the most remarkable that has been reported in a long while. Some ways inland he found a wretched, half-starved remnant of the Veiburi tribe. In one of their settlements all the villagers live in a single enormous tree, on whose wide-spreading branches four houses, with two stories each, had been constructed. Wide platforms are built in front of the houses on which are piles of stones, kept to hurl at intrusive persons. This wretched people are in process of extermination by a powerful and warlike neighbor. The most numerous tree villages that have been found are along the Dus branch of the Mangala River, north of the Congo. The explorer who discovered them last year says the natives are the poorest and most wretched people he has seen in Africa.

A Giant Hog.

There is a hog on exhibition at Kaufman, Texas, which is perhaps the largest living hog in the known world. It will be four years old in June and was raised in Robertson County, Texas, by Mr. Briggs. When he sold the hog six months ago it weighed 1430 pounds. He is eight feet three inches long, four feet one inch high, measures six feet around the neck, eight feet around the body, and twenty-three inches around the forearm. His feet are as large as a common ox, and the leg bone larger than that of the largest steers. He is Poland China and Red Jersey. He eats corn like an ox, takes the whole ear in his mouth at once and eats the cob as well as the corn, eating from forty to fifty ears of corn at a time. There seems to be no surplus flesh on him, and physicians who have examined the hog say he can easily be made to reach 2000 pounds. The present owner, T. Ratigan, paid \$250 for the hog, and has been offered \$1500 for him. He has a fire policy on the animal for \$5000. No other hog, it is said, ever reached such tremendous proportions.—Galveston News.



Tuesday, July 7th, 1896.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Trains leave Niantic Station, going East, at 9:30 a. m., 12:30, 4:31, 5:36 through from Hartford, and 8:12 p. m.

NIANTIC POST OFFICE.

Mails close, going East, at 9:15 a. m., 12:35, 4:36 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. Sunday School at 12 m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. D. R. Dyon, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday School at 12 m. Evening service at 6:30.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Rev. E. G. Stone, pastor. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m.

THE FRATERNITIES.

Niantic Lodge, No. 17, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening in Union Hall.

Warren Council, No. 53, O. U. A. M. meets first, third and fifth Thursday in Temperance Chapel.

TALK OF THE TOWN.

Dr. Dart entertained his father, Saturday. Frank Beckwith of Branford visited here Sunday.

Stephen Bond of Boston, is the guest of relatives in town. Frank Morgan of Meriden, spent Sunday at his home here.

Capt. Nelson J. Haultley of Scotland lightship is home on a visit. Bay View Lodge F. and A. M., worked the third degree Friday night.

Howard E. Conway of Guilford, was a visitor in town, Saturday. Albert Burnham of Waterbury, was in this village over Sunday.

Many a familiar face was seen on our streets on the glorious Fourth. Miss Marion Luce was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Luce, Sunday.

Mrs. Lucy Young of Black Hall, is visiting Mrs. Edward Howard. Miss Iuez Spencer of Salem, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Brown.

Mrs. Walter Miner of Lyme, was the guest of Mrs. Boyington, Wednesday. James Hale of Hartford, was entertained by his family over the Fourth.

Charles Cone and daughter of New York, were in the village over Sunday. The beautiful trees at Pine Grove are being devastated by the elm tree beetles.

F. A. Beckwith has a force of men at work on the state camp, harvesting hay. Mrs. Halyburton of New London, was the guest of H. E. Hilliar and wife, last week.

Wm. Sawyer of New London, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Hill, last week. Jacob Taylor returned home Thursday, from an extended visit in New York City.

George E. Stone of Westchester, was the guest of J. H. Beckwith, a few days last week. The incoming trains bring many people daily to Niantic and its beautiful environs.

Edward Beckwith closed his labors on Fisher's Island last week and has returned home. J. Mortimer Stetson, Norwich, was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Stetson, on the Fourth.

Anell Maynard has closed his labors with Landlord Sharpe of the White Beach House. Give J. A. Collins a call. He keeps a neat and well stocked store, and his prices are right.

Dr. Chas. Bush and family of Cromwell, were the guests of John Rook and wife, over Sunday. General Manager Platt of the N. Y., N. H., and H., Railroad, is summing at Crescent Beach.

Mr. Frey of the Waterbury Herald, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Young, Saturday. J. E. Hilliar, the Niantic tinsmith is working on a plumbing job at the Belknap residence in Black Hall.

John Rockwell and wife of New London, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Coster, over the Fourth. Miss Emma Eldridge of Lyme, was entertained by Capt. Edward Howard and wife over the glorious Fourth.

Miss Florence Leonard, who was quite ill last week, has improved to such a degree that she is now able to be about. Rev. John Rook of this town, has been appointed pastor of the Greenville M. E. church at Norwich by Presiding Elder Bates.

The new telephone poles which have been recently erected through the village, have been made somewhat attractive by paint. James Dutton and family of Hoboken, N. J., arrived here Friday, and will spend the summer months in their cottage near Niantic River.

Rev. Joseph Mc Kean and family arrived in town last week. They will occupy the Baptist parsonage during Mr. Mc Kean's connection with the church. A number of new engines have been put on the road for passenger service. They are built on the same model as the large freight, but have only four drivers. They are speedy.

The Atlantic Yacht Club will be at New London July 7th and 8th. The fleet will have a general illumination on the evening of the 7th to which many of the local inhabitants should make it a point to be present and witness it.

W. W. Leonard and party of friends went trouting, Tuesday, and brought back a nice lot of trout. Among the number, there were several of large size.

Niantic is still visited by the bicycle craze. New wheels still continue to be sold by agents who report one of the best season's work that they have ever experienced.

Cyclists who visit Niantic from out side places should take some small change with them, as toll is now collected from all wheelmen passing over Niantic draw-bridge two cents each way.

A cable for the New England Telephone Co. was received at the freight station, last week, which weighed 1300 pounds. It required a number of men to transfer it from the train to the freight station.

Rev. Joseph Mc Kean commenced his pastorate in the Niantic Baptist church Sunday. The Congregational church extended a call to Rev. J. Kirtland Smith of Mass., last week, which has been accepted. Mr. Smith also began his duties Sunday.

Members of the Christian Endeavor society to the number of 800 or more from the Eastern States are to leave New London Monday night by boat for a trip to Washington, where the international convention is to be held on the 8th inst.

The National house was opened for the season Saturday evening in an elaborate manner. A magnificent display of pyrotechnics was given which proved to delight the small boy. Chapman's orchestra was on hand and rendered a number of delightful selections.

C. S. Davis set up a monument in Waterbury, last week, which for beauty of design and finish, cannot be equalled by anyone. Mr. Davis is a hustler in his business and has already gained an excellent reputation in the business world for promptness and neatness in his line of work.

At a district school meeting held in Niantic school house on Monday evening, Dr. F. H. Dart was re-elected as district committee; C. J. Luce, clerk; Wm. Parillo, collector; C. S. Davis, treasurer. The matter of assuring a high school for the town was discussed favorably.

The Spiritual Association gave one of their enjoyable dancing parties at the commodious pavilion at their camp grounds, Niantic, Conn. There was a large attendance and all enjoyed themselves hugely, skimming over the smooth floor to the time of excellent music. As advertised, perfect order prevailed and an orchestra of high fame rendered music which deserves mention. More of these hops will be given during this season and everyone should avail themselves of the excellent opportunity and attend them.

Lovers of music of a high class will be delighted to learn that the Little Vernon Brothers will make a return engagement to this town on Saturday evening, July 11, in the tabernacle at Crescent Beach. These boys in their previous engagements here drew and delighted large audiences with their instrumental and vocal talents and won praise for their modesty and sweetly Christian characters. There is an uncommon power in their singing and playing, so that their audiences are more than pleased. Do not fail to hear them. Usual prices prevail. Under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E.

Everybody cannot reach the top; some must be satisfied with positions half or two-thirds way up. But it is reasonable that the brighter a young man or woman is the better his or her chances. The more an applicant for a situation knows, the greater the probability of employment and the larger the salary will be. The training afforded by the New London Business College, New London, has been the means of helping a number of young men and women to remunerative and responsible positions and the graduates of the school are in demand. Write R. A. Brubeck, Principal for a copy of catalogue.

The bicycle race on the Fourth, attracted a large crowd and created much excitement among the followers of the steeds of steel. Long before the time for the start the streets were crowded and a few small bets were made between the enthusiasts. At 4 o'clock the five riders who had entered, were in line waiting for the word "go." At the signal the five dashed for the goal with the determination to win. On they roared throwing up great clouds of dust as they sped on neck and neck. At the first mile of the course, James Dickenson was in the lead, closely followed by H. C. Hilliar, who was pushing him hard. Joseph Taylor came third at quite a distance from the leaders, riding easily and slowly, saving his wind for the home stretch.

At the second mile, Hilliar and Dickenson were neck and neck, riding like the wind. Taylor had gained a little in the rear of the leader. At the third mile, when the home stretch began, Dickenson was slightly in the lead, but was seen from the finish line to drop out, the cause of which he afterwards said was due to his misunderstanding where the finish of the course was. Hilliar kept on and Dickenson seeing this, again mounted his wheel and started for the right finish line, but by this time, Taylor had overtaken him.

Now began a struggle for supremacy between the two for second place. On they rode, their wheels swerving from their course, their heads and bodies swaying from side to side, they were so exhausted. Dickenson crossed the line first, however, a quarter second in the lead. The results and official time of the race are as follows:

Hilliar 12, Dickenson 12.45, Taylor 12.45-1.

The directors of the bicycle race experienced much difficulty in arousing spirit among the wheelmen to enter, and they sincerely thank those who entered and helped make the race a successful one.

The prizes were made up by contributions from merchants and citizens. The first prize consisted of a purse contributed by Gates Bros., George Howard, George Hill, J. L. Wheeler, F. A. Beckwith, H. E. Hilliar, Peabody Bros., J. W. Coroley, D. R. Young and S. O. Harrington.

For a New High School. Yes, the high school is bound to come. The more conservative citizens have been awakened from their "Rip Van Winkle" like sleep by the radicals, who are endeavoring to arouse the community to action in the matter. That there is need of better educational advantages in our town is denied by no one, but how to obtain them is the next question. If the people are taxed for them, a howl of rage arises. If the schools are conducted by individuals, the schools are not often the best. The schools must be conducted by the town and the people must do their part toward their support if they wish to have their children well educated. It is very pleasing to learn that many of our prominent women are among the reformers.

Horse Thieves Caught. Last Monday morning, Stephen and Christopher Delaney, two stone cutters from Harlem, were lined up in front of Judge John N. Clark in Old Saybrook, to answer to the charge of stealing a horse and abusing the same. They were bound over to the Superior court in the sum of \$500 each and taken to Haddam. The men took a team last Saturday belonging to Landlord Kream of the Bay View house, Stony Creek, drove it to Saybrook and killed it by over driving. The horse was valued at \$150. Sheriff Smith and Constable Stevens arrested them Sunday.

COMMITTED SUICIDE.

Capt. Rufus C. Sherman of Niantic Drowned Himself at Crescent Beach.

Early Saturday morning a dark mass floating off the Crescent Beach dock attracted the attention of Mr. Crutcher, an employee of Mr. Pepper, proprietor of the hotel located there. After watching the mass which was floating idly on the tide, his curiosity was aroused to learn what it was. He called Mr. Pepper and quickly untying a boat rowed towards the object which had attracted his attention. Upon nearing it, to his horror, he perceived that it was the body of a man. Not looking at the features of the corpse, he made fast to it with a line which he tied to a stake nearby. He then telephoned to Dr. Dart, the local medical examiner and permission was given to remove the body, which by this time had been identified as that of Capt. Rufus C. Sherman, a resident of this town. The question immediately arose, how came the body there, had he met with foul play? This theory was thrown aside as improbable upon further investigation, and the theory that he had committed suicide was taken up and investigated until there can be no doubt that it was such. For many months past Mr. Sherman has been despondent and on the day before his death had attempted to shoot himself, but was discovered in time to prevent him from such a fatal. On Saturday morning about two o'clock he arose and went out of doors where his folks heard him sawing wood,—nothing strange as he was accustomed to do this. A few minutes afterwards to the noise of the saw ceased and nothing more was seen or heard of the captain until the discovery of his body as stated above. He probably walked to the dock, laid his hat on the wharf, where it was afterwards found, and slipped into the water and ended his life. The two mornings previous he had made the journey ostensibly for the same purpose but in conversation with his family, said he had not courtage to fulfill his purpose.

Capt. Sherman was a native of Edgecomb, Me., and was about 62 years of age. He followed the sea during the first thirty years of his life where he gained the title which he carried to his grave. After leaving the sea he went to Norwich and took up his abode. For a few years he was on the police force and was then appointed bank watchman, which position he held until January 1893 when he resigned and a few months later removed to this town. He was a man of sterling character, honorable in all his business and had a wide circle of friends who will regret very much to learn of his death. He leaves a wife two sons and two daughters. His body was taken to Norwich Monday for interment.

New Telephone Subscribers. Eight new instruments have been put in at Niantic very recently by the Southern New England Telephone Co. They are: Dr. E. C. Chipman, Dr. Dart, Gates Bros., Calvin Davis, Peabody Bros., E. C. Luce, F. A. Beckwith and the Luce Fish Works. The post office at Crescent Beach has also been connected with the service.

Won by Bridgeport. The Yale trophy, emblematic of the Southern Connecticut Inter-Scholastic School League, was won at Bridgeport, in an exciting game with Middletown on the Yale field Saturday afternoon by the score of 13 to 9. Middletown made a total of eleven errors. The trophy thus goes to the western division of the league.

An Involuntary Bath. A party of ten young men from this town took a trip up Niantic river, Saturday, in a sail boat and before they arrived home they received a ducking. In some manner, perhaps through mismanagement, the boat capsized and the youths were foundering in the water. Five of them struck out for the shore which they reached in safety. The other five righted the boat, took their comrades in and sailed home in a much more dismal mood than when they set out.

Base Ball. The game between the Niantic and Flanders' base ball team resulted in an easy victory for the home team, the score being 14 to 1. With the exception of the first four innings, the game was devoid of good plays and although there were many spectators, not much enthusiasm was evinced, as it was a complete walk-over for the home team. Ned Lester occupied the box for the Niantics and was complimented for his excellent delivery. On the whole Niantic has a very good team and with practice can make some of its neighboring teams hustle to beat them. Now that the ball has been started rolling we may expect to see a number of good games.

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

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—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.

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Goods called for and delivered.

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