

The Rio News, commenting on the recent arrival of French-Canadian immigrants at Sao Paulo, Brazil, says that "they are not the people for the country."

The statistician of the United States estimates that the school population of this country is 20,099,383. Of this number there were enrolled in 1894 13,900,288 pupils in the district or public schools, under the instruction of 388,531 teachers.

The No-Two-Alike Club is the name of an organization of women in Southington, Conn., who profess to abhor all the opposite sex and any assistance they might render.

The late General Eli H. Murray was a Southerner by birth, and was the youngest general officer in the Union Army.

To the shipments of wheat already made from this country to famine-stricken India, a cargo of corn has now been added.

There is ample food for reflection on the part of the bachelor maid in the following resolution, which was debated recently by the students of the Women's College at Baltimore:

The French War Minister has asked for an appropriation of \$40,000,000 for the improvement of the navy. Speaking of this item of foreign news the Pittsburgh Dispatch says:

General Andrew Jackson, shortly after the battle of New Orleans, wrote an account of the engagement in a letter to James Monroe, afterward President. This letter is published, it is believed for the first time, in an article on "Napoleon's Interest in the Battle of New Orleans," in the Century.

Says London Truth: "An Old-Fashioned Patriot" writes to say that the attention of persons who love their country has lately been called by articles in American magazines to the systematic manner in which the sentiment of patriotism is developed in their higher schools for girls.

The dog, baffled for the moment by uncertainty, now turned toward Miss Branch. It was useless for her to try to run. She clasped her hands and stood still.

LIFE'S MISTAKES.

We plant sweet flowers before the spot Where rest our unforgetten dead, And while the roses bud and bloom We beautify their lonely bed.

TRYING HER POWER.

CAN hold him against the world," the speaker was a tall girl, with dark face, from which eyes of witchery looked out.

"I would not be so sure, if I were you," was the response of the other person, who stood on the path which led to the road from the country house behind them.

"But men may adore at one moment, and be indifferent the next," returned Miss Branch, stopping to twist more closely about her head the blue, fluffy mass of wool which protected her from the cold.

Miss Branch was small. One at first would have said she was plain, but might discover that her face possessed a wonderful power of expression; there might be a concentrated sparkle in her eyes that would possess force in whatever way she chose.

Julia Stallo shrieked a little, and shrank to one side, and at the same moment a huge, dark-colored dog dashed out from the cedar hedge. His head was down, his mouth scattered foam, and his eyes emitted sparks.

"For God's sake, jump out of the way!" cried Miss Branch, shrilly. "He will not turn!"

Only for a breath of time, however. The sound of a footstep on the frozen gravel might have been heard by the girls, if they could have heard anything.

It was to Julia Stallo's side that the man sprang, hardly glancing at Miss Branch, who coolly drew a penknife from her pocket, and, stooping, carefully cut her dress away from the grip of the dying dog's teeth.

"That, I suppose, is Mr. North," she said to herself, looking at him attentively as he bent on one knee over Julia, whose senses had come back to her sufficiently to enable her to recognize her lover.

"That was what the quiet-looking girl was thinking, as she again wrapped her shawl about her and walked slowly down the path.

When they were a little nearer the man hurried forward, and, raising his hat, said, in a tone which was not quite steady:

"Indeed! Why?" asked Miss Branch. Although her words were abrupt, the voice in which she spoke them was far from being so.

"What do I owe to any man among them?" she uttered, at length, in a half whisper. "And as for Julia, she is a baby in her feelings, and will not suffer much."

"May I come in?" she asked. "I was just coming to discover if you were still frightened," responded Miss Branch, taking Julia's hand in her own, and looking with more than ordinary keenness into the girl's face.

"Even though I am so plain," calmly remarked Miss Branch, no flush staining her cheeks as she spoke words so difficult for a woman to accept.

"He shall pay for these words," she said, lightly. "I am plain, and I know other people know it."

He stood near her chair; he looked at her as he spoke; he listened with a peculiarly vivid look upon his face whenever she made any remark.

"I suppose she must be fascinating, is she not?" she asked, wistfully. The man's face wore a strange smile. He averted his eyes, as he remarked, in a harsh voice:

"The winter days ran on. Miss Branch had come to stay with her friend until the spring.

On one of those days when Julia had not come, North had been strolling about the room in silence. Though he did not speak, his eyes returned again and again to the girl who sat so quietly on the sofa.

She looked up, a light, bewildering and entrancing, was in her eyes, and diffused in a lovely glow over the hitherto unlovely face.

"What would you say to me, if I were to tell you that I love you?" he asked, quickly. There could be no mistaking the expression in her eyes; there could be no reading of the curves about her mouth.

"I am thinking of a young man, my half-brother, whom I loved more than brothers usually love," returned North, in a stern voice.

"No, no," said Miss Branch, her voice husky and strange, "do not ask that, for I never could do so."

"Why?" "Because I love you. At last I love. Do not speak to me. I tell you that, for the first time in my life, I love. Do you think I am sufficiently punished for trying my power? Do you pity me, Mr. North?"

The almost phenomenal popularity of the New York Ledger in its palmy days, was due to the shrewd advertising propensities of the elder Robert Bonner, the founder of that paper.

He stood near her chair; he looked at her as he spoke; he listened with a peculiarly vivid look upon his face whenever she made any remark.

It was to Julia Stallo's side that the man sprang, hardly glancing at Miss Branch, who coolly drew a penknife from her pocket, and, stooping, carefully cut her dress away from the grip of the dying dog's teeth.

DANGEROUS CRAFT.

A CURIOUS PHASE OF LIFE IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

Powder Boats in the Bay—On Each Craft the Captain's Wife is His Mate and the Children the Crew.

IN the world and yet not of it are the lonely persons who man the powder boats which swing lazily at anchor or are tempest-tossed in the anchorage ground, between Liberty and Ellis Islands and the Communipaw and Layayette settlements, on the New Jersey shore.

There are eight of these dangerous craft, each one of which flies a red flag by day and shows an extra red light at night—for there is just as much danger of explosion from impact through collision as there is by a flash of lightning striking the vessel.

The law requires that only samples and small quantities of powder and dynamite shall be kept in stores and warehouses in New York, and so manufacturers, dealers and public contractors who do much blasting must build detached magazines away up town or else must keep their powder and dynamite on vessels in the bay.

The vessels are anchored within hailing distance of one another, and yet far enough apart to enable them to swing with the tide without danger of fouling each other. They are also sufficiently far apart to minimize the danger to all, should one explode.

The families on board the powder-boats live mostly on canned meats or joints cooked on shore, as the utmost precaution has to be taken against fire, and some days they dare not light fires to cook their vegetables, boil water for tea or coffee or even to warm themselves these cold nights.

Occasionally on Sunday a boatload of Salvationists will row alongside each boat and hold a service of song, but this is only when the water is very smooth, as Salvationists' stomachs are just a few bits squeamish on troubled waters.

Major-General Miles and nearly all other officers of the army are enthusiastic over the use of the bicycle for military purposes, and practically agree that the silent steed is an absolute necessity in a modern military organization.

The Birmingham Mint has just received a huge order from the Russian Government for copper coins. The total number of coins required is over 70,000,000. The coins, which consist of three, two, one-half and quarter kopeck pieces, are already being struck off.

Sawdust is turned into transportable fuel in Germany by a very simple process. It is heated under high steam pressure until the resinous ingredients become sticky, when it is pressed into briquets. One man with a two horse power machine can turn out 9000 briquets a day.

A True Bear Story.

Speaking of law and the enforcement of discipline in Yellowstone Park, writes Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine, I heard the story of a bear there, which I consider exceedingly important not only as a comment on the discipline of the park, but as a moral lesson to parents in domestic obedience.

The story is literally true, and if it were not I should not repeat it, for it would have no value. Mr. Kipling says "the law of the jungle is—Obey." This also seems to be the law of Yellowstone Park. There is a lunch station at the Upper Basin, near Old Faithful, kept by a very intelligent and ingenious man. He got acquainted last year with a she-bear, who used to come to his house every day and walk into the kitchen for food for herself and her two cubs.

The keeper got on very intimate terms with the bear, who was always civil and well behaved, and would take food from his hand (without taking the hand). One day towards sunset the bear came to the kitchen, and having received her portion, she went out of the back door to carry it to her cubs.

To her surprise and anger the cubs were there waiting for her. She laid down the food, and rushed at the infants and gave them a rousing spanking. "She did not cuff them; she spanked them," and then she drove them back into the woods, cutting them and knocking them at every step.

The vessels are anchored within hailing distance of one another, and yet far enough apart to enable them to swing with the tide without danger of fouling each other. They are also sufficiently far apart to minimize the danger to all, should one explode.

Its character, so wonderfully evolved from stubborn material, is full of beauty, with all the simple pastoral charm of natural scenery. Owing to the conformation of the ground and the various demands of the public it was found necessary to make a number of small picturesque scenes, rather than to furnish a single broad expanse of turf with groves of trees.

Passengers on the Staten Island ferryboats and victors to Ellis and Liberty Islands may recognize the fleet of powder-boats by the plain, red danger flag—but that is as near to the boats as they will ever get.—New York News.

Bicycles in the Army.

Major-General Miles and nearly all other officers of the army are enthusiastic over the use of the bicycle for military purposes, and practically agree that the silent steed is an absolute necessity in a modern military organization.

A Three Days' Dance.

What promises to be the longest ball on record will soon be held at Brighton, England, in the cause of charity. It is said it will last continuously for three days and three nights. Just how this will be managed has not yet been learned. It is possible, however that it can be kept going by a careful arrangement of relays of musicians and dancers who will reel off the waltzes, mazurkas and schottisches one after the other.

Good Authority.

A Boston authority on lingual matters says the name Maceo should be pronounced as if written Mo-thay-o, with the accent on the second syllable.—Boston Globe.

The Nose for News.

Frank Otterson was night editor one night. About 11 o'clock Mr. Greely said to him: "Otterson, there will be such and such a paper from this State by the mail to-night, and there will be a nomination in it, and I want you to get it in the Tribune."

"Well, let us see what it is," said Mr. Rooker. They went to Mr. Greely who hailed the night editor with: "Why didn't you get that nomination up?"

"You lie. Here it is in the Times. I know it came." "Well," said poor old "Ot," "I don't know where they got it. I looked all through and couldn't find it."

"See it!" was the reply. "You ought to smell it. You ought to smell it."—Agricultural Advertising.

All in the Family.

A few nights ago a prominent Evangelist, who lives in a handsome home in Lake street, was working overtime on the North Side, and when his business was completed boarded a North Shore electric car for home.

The family on board the powder-boats live mostly on canned meats or joints cooked on shore, as the utmost precaution has to be taken against fire, and some days they dare not light fires to cook their vegetables, boil water for tea or coffee or even to warm themselves these cold nights.

The family on board the powder-boats live mostly on canned meats or joints cooked on shore, as the utmost precaution has to be taken against fire, and some days they dare not light fires to cook their vegetables, boil water for tea or coffee or even to warm themselves these cold nights.

Quant Court Customs.

Though not imperious, Queen Victoria is a rigorous upholder of old customs, especially in connection with court matters. One quaint custom, dating from the time of the second George, which is still observed, is that of solemnly announcing for the Queen's benefit at the dinner table the name of the cook who prepared the dishes.

The National Hall of Statuary.

At Washington there is a National Hall of Statuary, to which every State is invited by the Federal Government to send the statues of two of its most illustrious citizens. Thus far, no State has found among its sons a man of letters whom it has deemed worthy of this distinction; and as most of the older States, which are practically the only ones in which literature has heretofore been cultivated, have already sent their representatives to this Senate of Genius, we have a prospect of seeing the hall filled with ninety of the Nation's great men—with more to come by and by—not one of whom is a man of letters!—Atlantic Monthly.

Pennies Not Popular.

It is estimated that many hundred pennies are collected by the Broadway car conductors in the course of a day, and as they cannot turn them in at the end of their day's work, they often have trouble in disposing of them. In speaking of this a cable car conductor said to a New York Mail and Express reporter:

GOLD AND SILVER.

Ont upon your earthly self— Give me gold and silver's self. Gilt of golden suns at noon, Lustrous of the argent moon— All the gold you sky receives For his shining horns and eves, All the gold that April spills On the bowing daffodils; Golden hearts of silver daisies, Fairy gold of poet's phrases. Little children's golden beads, Dreaming in their star-lit beds Of a mother's silvered hair, Bowed above their faces fair, Half in blessing, half in prayer— All the golden boon of day, All the long night's silver way, All the overwinding measure Of God's gold and silver treasure. —Arthur Austin Jackson.

FUN OF THE DAY.

Customer—"Is this woolen cloth new?" Tailor—"Yes, sir." It's so new that you can almost hear it bleat.—Harlem Life.

It is not putting things in the right place that bothers a man so much as finding the right place after he has put things in it.—Tit-Bits.

"So that is what they call a problem play?" "Yes." "I suppose the problem is how long the public will stand that sort of thing."—Puck.

Sam Singleton—"Do you honestly mean to say that you spend less money since you married?" Benny Dietus—"My dear fellow, I have to."—Brooklyn Life.

As they cannot turn them in at the end of their day's work, they often have trouble in disposing of them. In speaking of this a cable car conductor said to a New York Mail and Express reporter:

These cool nights are great," said Mr. Wallace to his visitor. "Fellow can sleep to beat the band." "Yes," interjected Mrs. Wallace, "and when she settles down to his favorite trombone effects in snoring, any ordinary crowd would find itself pretty closely bawled."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Funnies Not Popular.

It is estimated that many hundred pennies are collected by the Broadway car conductors in the course of a day, and as they cannot turn them in at the end of their day's work, they often have trouble in disposing of them. In speaking of this a cable car conductor said to a New York Mail and Express reporter:

Every action, every deed depends for its noblest part on the motive that causes and accompanies it; even the best deed is valueless without an equally good and sincere motive.

Tuesday, Jan. 12th, 1897.

Published every Tuesday at Niantic, Conn.

CHARLES A. KIRTLAND, Proprietor.
JOHN C. PEARODY, Agent.
JULIUS H. BECKWITH, Local Editor.

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

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

RULES OF THE OFFICE.

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

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

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

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

This paper will be delivered by newboys or can be had at news-stands at 5 cents a copy, or will be sent through the mail to subscribers at the regular yearly rate.

JOB PRINTING.

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

ELECTRIC ROAD GRABS.

A Monopoly That is Playing Fast and Loose with Connecticut.

Under date of Jan. 2, 1897, the Springfield Republican prints a story of the electric road monopoly in Connecticut that is worthy of the attention of every sober thinking citizen of the state. It says:

The state of Connecticut is most recklessly permitting the street electric companies to play fast and loose with the valuable public franchise so lightly and freely crossed about among them. Outside speculators have been over-running the commonwealth and foisting upon the people inflating monopolies without apparent let or hindrance. The New Haven correspondent of the New York Evening Post has obtained from the returns to the railroad commissioners of the 26 operated trolley companies the complete figures issued, and that issued for cash.

They show that the grand total of stock is \$9,221,740, of which the cash issue is only \$2,671,240.

Here is revealed the astonishing fact that over 70 per cent of the stock capital of these companies has been issued for something besides cash, and hence may be said to represent nothing but wind and water.

The bonded debt of these roads amounts to \$8,690,100, or over three times the amount of cash stock. This bonded debt alone standing in comparison with the total stock issue, would tell the story of what is going on—the grabbing of franchises and issue of bonds thereon to build the roads, while printing presses are set to work to feed out a share capital, representing no value whatever, for purposes of extra profit, inflation and possible drift.

And all this the New Haven correspondent has dug out of the separate returns of the companies. The railroad commissioners' report contains no reference to the matter, the past year or the year before. That complacent body of persons was too deeply absorbed apparently in considering the number of trespassers killed on the steam railway tracks in the state during the year.

Outside adventurers have been largely engaged in "working" this field. Of the total electric share capital of \$9,221,740, \$3,900,000 is now held outside the state and largely no doubt by the promoters. But they are gradually working off their inflated holdings on the state; a year ago over one-half of the share capital was held outside the commonwealth.

This watered capitalization will in time of course pass into innocent hands, and the "rights" of the monopolies in the matter of charges will all be gauged by the yearly revenue in its relation to this totality of nominal capital. The stock waters will have sold their water at handsome figures, and made off, and the purchasers of the water must henceforward of course be considered legitimate investors whose holdings are entitled to full consideration. And only until monopoly charges suffice to pay 8 and 10 per cent on all capital, watered or otherwise, will it be safe for any community to demand a reduction of charges without bringing upon itself the charge of being favorable to anarchy and confiscation.

The people of Connecticut are preparing the way to pay handsomely for their electric transportation. The penalty of present neglect to guard and restrict closely the capitalization of these monopolies will fall in ugly tortures upon this and future generations; and when the time is ripe for municipal or state assumption of the monopolies, as may sometimes happen, the people will have the pleasure no doubt of paying more than face value for the water now so freely allowed to issue.

ROSS SHOT HIMSELF.

John Ross, a bartender, commits suicide in Middletown.

John Ross of Middletown, shot himself through the left lung with a .32 caliber revolver Sunday forenoon about 11 o'clock and died about twelve hours later. Ross was a bartender at the Prussian House and had been there about two years. He had been on a prolonged spree for a week previous to his suicide, but was sober at the time he committed the act. He leaves a wife, who secured a divorce from him a short time ago and resides in Middletown, and a mother living in Brooklyn. He was 38 years of age. When asked why he shot himself, Ross replied that his life had been a complete failure and he thought it might as well end then as any time.

Ross was well-known to many in this section. A few years ago he was proprietor of the Peace House at Saybrook Point and engaged himself badly in debt. He started his business there by getting into a fight and severely injuring one John Lawson. Ross then fled the state and did not show up around here for a long time.

BEHIND IRON DOORS.

BY WALT MASON.

Hugh Morse looked gloomily through the window of his apartment and found nothing in the view to cheer or encourage him; a high board fence 50 feet away marked the boundary; inside the fence two or three men labored dully at a pile of stone, with chains on their ankles, while a man in uniform sat on a bowlder and smoked at them with threats and curses. Hugh had stood for hours at that window, looking at the same scene; the men were not always the same, but there was always the swearing official on the bowlder, and the high board fence, and the pile of rock, and the manacled ankles.

When he looked through the barred window, it was to see the men with chains on their ankles, who were permitted to follow the exhilarating work of breaking rock; and also to escape the gaze of curious country people, who came to the jail every day to see the murderer, as they would go to the circus to see the sacred elephant of Siam or the horned rhinoceros of Africa.

The evening was closing in, and Hugh sat in his broken chair and counted the hours that must pass before his trial; he had counted the hours, and was reducing them to minutes, when the wicket in the door was opened, and the deputy sheriff presented his face at the aperture, saying:

"There's a gentleman here wants to see you. You may come into the corridor."

The door was opened and Hugh stepped into the dingy corridor, where a stranger greeted him politely; the stranger was small and pale, with cold blue eyes, and was attired in black, like a respectable undertaker in the course of his duty.

"My name," said the stranger, "is John Pauley; I am a detective; I have been engaged by a friend of yours, who wishes to remain unknown, to work in your behalf. Your trial is set for the 22d of January, and this is the 10th of December, so I have but little time; tell me all that you can, so that I may begin work intelligently."

"There is but little to tell," replied Hugh, despondently; "and that little seems to be all against me, although I am as innocent as a child. I was employed in Mr. Wilkie's store, and had been there for four years. Although a thoroughly honest man, he was very overcautious, and had an uncertain temper. He had promised me, again and again, an increase of salary, but the increase never came. On the night of the murder Mr. Wilkie worked in his office late, and, as we were alone, I took advantage of the opportunity to ask him when I might expect the promised increase; I told him that I was preparing to be married, and urged upon him the fact that I had served him faithfully for years, at very low wages; he lost his temper and abused me so scandalously that I in turn became angry, and we had a quarrel. It is very possible that our voices were heard on the street outside, and I gave him my resignation, and retired to the little room at the back of the store, where I had slept every night during my employment in the store; I went to bed and slept until daylight. When I went to the office, I found Mr. Wilkie sitting at his desk, dead; he had been stabbed with my knife, which I had laid on the desk during our quarrel. I heard no sound during the night. When I ran out to give the alarm, I noticed that the front door was not locked, although I am sure I locked it before my interview with Mr. Wilkie. This is all that I know about the murder."

Mr. Pauley proceeded from the jail to a cottage in the suburbs of the town; there he was eagerly welcomed by a young woman who, although pale and with lines of care on her brow, suggesting that trouble was no stranger to her, was still a beauty; with feverish impatience she motioned the detective to a seat, and calmly he adjusted himself in his chair and glanced around the room, as though to inspect the furniture before proceeding. An old man was nodding in a chair before the stove; an old lady was nodding in a chair behind the stove, with a pious book in her lap. "Your father and mother?" queried Mr. Pauley.

"No; my uncle and aunt; now do tell me all; have you seen him?"

"I have seen him. Miss Simmons, it is a tough case; it will take a great deal of work to prove anything to his advantage, and my work is expensive. Do you want me to go ahead?"

"Certainly; the little money I have is my own, and every cent of it is at your command. Money! I would give my life to save Hugh, as he would for me."

"How much money have you?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"I'm afraid I'll need it all! Now, I'll say something for your comfort; that young man is no murderer; he wouldn't kill a sheep, and I'll have him out of jail by the 1st of January. Somebody killed Wilkie. Hugh Morse didn't do it. Therefore, the man who did it must be found. I am the man to find him. But I won't find him sitting here, so I'll say good-day, Miss Simmons."

After delivering these sentences in a jerky fashion, the detective prepared for his departure. He buttoned his black coat up to his chin and pulled down the brim of his hat; for the evening was growing cold, and a wild north wind rattled the window panes.

"You have no overcoat with you?" said Miss Simmons; "you must not go into the storm without one."

She hurried away to the closet, and returned with an old-fashioned heavy blue coat, which she called "my brother's"; she said, "he is away now; you may use it as long as you please." As she handed it to Pauley, a strange smile played around his lips, his hard eyes seemed to soften; when he departed, he was more courteous than usual, and he muttered to himself, as he walked into the storm:

"For once John Pauley has experienced the novelty of being treated like a Christian. It's a caution how such treatment will thaw a man out!"

It is impossible to follow the movements of Mr. Pauley, during the next two weeks, in detail; he was a very busy man; sometimes he appeared soothed and sustained by an unflattering compliment, as though he were nearing the goal; and again he appeared discouraged and perplexed.

On the night before New Year's he arrived at the cottage rather late. Although calm, there was enthusiasm in his eyes and cordiality in his voice, as he said:

"Miss Simmons, the task is nearly accomplished. To-morrow I shall be in the hands of the authorities, and you may go to the jail and get your lover. Now, be calm, and I'll give you a brief outline of the story. I soon found that there was nobody in this town who had a motive for killing Wilkie, and there was no robbery done. It was very possible that Wilkie had made enemies, though, for he was miserly and tyrannical. So I hunted for all the cartridges in his revolver, did, do you know, he was within ten feet of a house and didn't know it; and the people rushed out and found the two and carried them into the house. The Italian was revived, but his hours were numbered, and he confessed, and he died an hour ago; and here is the order for your release."

On the next day Miss Simmons went to the bank without a sigh to withdraw the money for the mortgage for the house; she took the roll of bills and detected to his hotel. Mr. Pauley, the clerk said, although very sick, had left by the midnight train; he had left a note for her the note read as follows:

"Miss Miriam Simmons: I am a hard and unscrupulous man; perhaps training and circumstance have made me so. But down in the bottom of my heart there is a little human nature. You treated me like a Christian. You thought of my comfort when you had trouble of your own, and gave me the use of your brother's overcoat. With your permission, I will keep the coat, and call our account square. I leave the town before my worse nature gets uppermost. To-morrow I might want the money; for, as I said, I am a hard unscrupulous man."
JOHN PAULEY.

ESSEX.
Freddie Gladding has returned to Yale.
Niles Tooker has been in Essex the past week.
There is good skating on the ponds and coves.
J. D. Lee is ill at his home on South Main street.
Mrs. Susan Wilcox is visiting friends in New London.
Mrs. Mary Tucker, who has been quite ill, has recovered.
Lewis Carlsson, the mason, has been on a trip to New York this week.
The wedding bell will jingle before the present moon gets much older.
Harry Tucker is home visiting his sister, Mrs. Ed. Clark, Saybrook street.
Wm. Nelson, wife and child, of Stonington, was visiting friends here this week.
J. E. Doane has removed his steam saw mill from the South out to Winthrop.
Will and Chas. Winne have returned to New York after a week's vacation home.
Our public schools re-opened last Monday with the same corps of teachers as taught last term.
Miss Harriet Williams is quite feeble at the home of her brother, H. H. Williams, Centerbrook.
Mrs. J. E. Redfield and Miss Grace Hough will spend the remainder of the winter in Ashville, N. C.

arrived at the cottage rather late. Although calm, there was enthusiasm in his eyes and cordiality in his voice, as he said:



HE EMPLOYED HIS REVOLVER.

up his past; it was not very hard to do, for he was one of those foolish people who keep a diary. In an old trunk I found a dozen volumes of his journal. I struggled through hundreds of pages of personal reflections and turgid weariness, and found at last what I wanted. In his younger days Wilkie was a sea captain, and a very cruel one, I have no doubt. One day, years ago, when his ship was on the Pacific ocean, he gave an order to an Italian sailor. It wasn't obeyed with proper alacrity, and he knocked the sailor down. The sailor made a threat, and was treated to the rope's end. Now, Miss Simmons, the Italian, or some of them, are vengeful in the extreme; they can carry a grudge for a lifetime, and leave it as a legacy to their children. I made inquiries. Sure enough, on the day preceding the murder of Wilkie, a swarthy man with a hand-organ and a monkey came into the town, to the great amusement of the children. I have no doubt that the swarthy man was knocked down on the deck of a ship in the Pacific ocean once upon a time.

"Singularly enough, after leaving the town, this swarthy man fell down an embankment a few miles in the country, and broke his leg; and he was carried to a hut in the woods, where he has been lying ever since, and the children play truant to go there and feed the monkey. He is able to walk now, and might go away unexpectedly, were it not for the fact that I have made the old bachelor a deputy of mine; and he watches the swarthy man, and will keep him there until to-morrow, when I'll go after him, and release your lover from jail. I might have had him here before, but there is some romance in me, and I wanted the climax to occur on New Year's day."

The detective was almost merry as he concluded; but when Miss Simmons begged him to defer the release of Hugh Morse no longer—not an hour—he grew sadder, and talked in a disconnected way of overcoats.

The morning of New Year's day was so peculiar that old men and eages who were reputed weather-wisdom, shook their heads ominously, and predicted that the day would be one to be remembered. Not a cloud stirred in the heavy air; the clouds were low, and moved slowly to the north; there was audible a gentle hum, as of the noise of a brook in the distance, and no man could tell what gave rise to it. But these things did not disturb Mr. Pauley, as he moved actively along the highway on his triumphant errand. He started at daylight on foot; he had arranged for a horse and wagon for the return journey. At eight o'clock he reached the hut in the woods and entered it. An old man with a grey beard was lying on a cot, breathing heavily, and asleep. Pauley shook him roughly, and cried: "Where's the Italian?"

The old man started from his cot and looked wildly around. "Gone! gone!" he cried. "He was here with his monkey when I went to sleep; he gave me something to make me sleep, for I was sick, and I trusted him."

Pauley raised his hand, as though to strike him. The ground was damp under the trees, and Pauley soon found the track of the fugitive; he moved along like a hound on the scent. And now the gentle hum had died away and the clouds no longer moved, but a great mass of grey hung overhead, and large flakes of snow began to fall; they thickened rapidly, and soon John Pauley found that a fleecy blanket was spread all about him, and under him and over him; and the wind arose suddenly with a shriek, and the snow in blinding masses was flung into his face; he could no longer see his hand when he held it before him, and the snow came home to him that he was lost on the prairie in a western blizzard.

He stumbled against a tree that grew upright for a couple of feet and then bent at an angle; he placed his back to it and determined that the hut which he had left half an hour before was straight ahead; he tried to reach it; he stumbled, falling, creeping and struggling; he progressed painfully for hours, as it seemed to him, and then, without stretched hand, he felt something hard before him. "The hut, at last!" he cried, but it was the tree he had left so long ago. He stumbled on again, this time at random; he was growing drowsy, and he knew that if he went to sleep he would never wake again. On, on, he dragged himself, and the fury of the storm began to abate; in a little hollow in the prairie he stumbled over something and fell; with his hands he examined the something, and found it to be the form of a man, with something large on his back. It was the Italian, with his organ.

"Whether we live or die, we'll stay together," said John Pauley, and he took from his pocket a pair of handcuffs; he snapped one iron loop on the Italian's wrist and the other on his own, and then unable to struggle longer against his fate, he went to sleep.

The New Year's day was far gone when the deputy's red face appeared at the hole in the iron door, with a smile that was unusual. "A lady to see you, Mr. Morse," he said; "you may step into the corridor."

Hugh accepted the invitation, and a pair of arms were thrown about his neck.

"You are free, Hugh," cried a glad voice, and tears of happiness began to flow. And when all the amazement and tears were over Miriam explained how it came about. Only a part of her narrative is necessary to ours; "And that noble detective, as he was sinking to sleep, managed to what he supposed was a corpse, thought he would make the money out of the body, and he shot"

all the cartridges in his revolver, did, do you know, he was within ten feet of a house and didn't know it; and the people rushed out and found the two and carried them into the house. The Italian was revived, but his hours were numbered, and he confessed, and he died an hour ago; and here is the order for your release."

On the next day Miss Simmons went to the bank without a sigh to withdraw the money for the mortgage for the house; she took the roll of bills and detected to his hotel. Mr. Pauley, the clerk said, although very sick, had left by the midnight train; he had left a note for her the note read as follows:

"Miss Miriam Simmons: I am a hard and unscrupulous man; perhaps training and circumstance have made me so. But down in the bottom of my heart there is a little human nature. You treated me like a Christian. You thought of my comfort when you had trouble of your own, and gave me the use of your brother's overcoat. With your permission, I will keep the coat, and call our account square. I leave the town before my worse nature gets uppermost. To-morrow I might want the money; for, as I said, I am a hard unscrupulous man."
JOHN PAULEY.

RECORDS FOR THE TOWN OF ESSEX FOR 1896.

BIRTHS—50

Jan 11, d to Mr Mrs Andrew Ohlson	Jan 11, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 12, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 12, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 13, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 13, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 14, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 14, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 15, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 15, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 16, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 16, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 17, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 17, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 18, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 18, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 19, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 19, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 20, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 20, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 21, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 21, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 22, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 22, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 23, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 23, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 24, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 24, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 25, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 25, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 26, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 26, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 27, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 27, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 28, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 28, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 29, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 29, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 30, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 30, s to " " " " " " " "
Jan 31, s to " " " " " " " "	Jan 31, s to " " " " " " " "

DEATHS—41

Jan 7, Ella M Jones, 48 years.	Jan 14, Sally Hayden, 89 years.
Jan 7, Ella Wilder, 45 years.	Jan 15, F G Brockway, 79 years.
Jan 7, F G Brockway, 79 years.	Jan 15, W G Harrington, 50 years.
Jan 7, W G Harrington, 50 years.	Jan 15, Mary A Pratt, 59 years.
Jan 7, Mary A Pratt, 59 years.	Jan 14, Jared Arnold, 61 years.
Jan 14, Jared Arnold, 61 years.	Jan 14, Hoppe K Banning, 29 years.
Jan 14, Hoppe K Banning, 29 years.	Jan 15, Josie Chapman, 3 years.
Jan 15, Josie Chapman, 3 years.	Jan 18, Harry E Cone, 33 years.
Jan 18, Harry E Cone, 33 years.	Jan 19, Jared C Hatt, 70 years.
Jan 19, Jared C Hatt, 70 years.	Jan 27, Henry G Beebe, 76 years.
Jan 27, Henry G Beebe, 76 years.	Jan 29, Emily Williams, 63 years.
Jan 29, Emily Williams, 63 years.	May 6, Samuel E Hunt, 73 years.
May 6, Samuel E Hunt, 73 years.	May 8, Alpheus P Tripp, 36 years.
May 8, Alpheus P Tripp, 36 years.	May 20, Benjamin H Stevens, 84 years.
May 20, Benjamin H Stevens, 84 years.	May 29, James Vincent, 22 years.
May 29, James Vincent, 22 years.	June 13, Alfred Peterson, 35 years.
June 13, Alfred Peterson, 35 years.	June 27, Mary Smith Braden, 90 years.
June 27, Mary Smith Braden, 90 years.	July 5, George F Stevens, 15 years.
July 5, George F Stevens, 15 years.	July 14, Susan H Pratt, 69 years.
July 14, Susan H Pratt, 69 years.	Aug 10, Chas Green, 9 months.
Aug 10, Chas Green, 9 months.	Aug 14, Erasmus A Kutz, 15 years.
Aug 14, Erasmus A Kutz, 15 years.	Aug 15, Joseph A Tucker, 71 years.
Aug 15, Joseph A Tucker, 71 years.	Aug 22, Wm J Bushnell, 2 months.
Aug 22, Wm J Bushnell, 2 months.	Aug 30, Asa Williams, 84 years.
Aug 30, Asa Williams, 84 years.	Sept 11, Geo E Champlin, 4 years.
Sept 11, Geo E Champlin, 4 years.	Sept 15, Carl Frederickson, 11 months.
Sept 15, Carl Frederickson, 11 months.	Sept 17, Maria Smith, 69 years.
Sept 17, Maria Smith, 69 years.	Sept 25, A Strom, 15 years.
Sept 25, A Strom, 15 years.	Oct 5, Jeremiah Smith, 53 years.
Oct 5, Jeremiah Smith, 53 years.	Nov 2, Betsy Stannard, 77 years.
Nov 2, Betsy Stannard, 77 years.	Nov 4, Anna Rogers, 31 years.
Nov 4, Anna Rogers, 31 years.	Nov 9, Sarah E Treat, 48 years.
Nov 9, Sarah E Treat, 48 years.	Dec 2, Frank H Hurt, 25 years.
Dec 2, Frank H Hurt, 25 years.	Dec 15, Frederick W. Dolph, 68 years.
Dec 15, Frederick W. Dolph, 68 years.	Dec 15, Elias F Parmelee, 77 years.
Dec 15, Elias F Parmelee, 77 years.	Dec 17, Susie M Loomis, 45 years.
Dec 17, Susie M Loomis, 45 years.	Dec 17, Francis Smith, 7 months.
Dec 17, Francis Smith, 7 months.	Dec 23, Mary B Watsons, 96 years.

GROceries

New Crop N. O. Molasses, Golden Drip Syrup, New Maple Syrup, Meats, Grain.

LATHAM BROS., 18 Penn. Ave., Niantic, Ct.

Extremes Meet

In our Stock of Christmas Goods. Extremely High Quality Meets Extremely Low Prices.

We are carrying many pretty things for the Christmas Trade this year, with the prices so adjusted that any one can afford to buy.

Handsome Presents from 25c to \$10.00.

Look at our line of Atomizers, Fancy Bottles, Perfumes, Manicure Sets, Toilet Cases and other handsome gifts before purchasing elsewhere. You will be convinced that they cannot be equalled for the price anywhere.

DOWNNEY'S PHARMACY,

134 State Street. - - - New London, Conn.

Watch Repairing that Pays

Is the kind that is done at Perry & Stone's Jewelry Store, 131 State St., New London.

The reason we make it pay is because we make the results of our work, on your watch, clock or jewelry, pay you well. If you have anything of this kind to be done, give us a trial, and we are sure you will be our customer thereafter.

If a watch or clock runs to suit us, we know it will suit you, and if we cannot make it run to suit us, we will frankly tell you so, and charge you nothing for what we have done.

We guarantee every job done by us to give perfect satisfaction, or refund your money. Engraving promptly executed.

PERRY & STONE,

Jewelers and Scientific Opticians, 131 State Street, New London, Conn.

Happy New Year To You All!

We now treat you with the greatest slaughter sale of Cloaks we ever attempted. We have so many nice garments left that our great clearance sale is now open.

THE BEE-HIVE.

State street, New London, Conn.

Odds and Ends

Things you want that we do not

Balance of holiday goods will be closed out at cost. Fancy Chairs and Rockers, Parlor Cabinets, Music Racks, Tables, Book Cases, China Closets, Desks, Easels, &c Now is your chance. No reasonable offer refused. Any article in the store you want, we will sell you lower than the lowest.

THE BIG BLUE STORE,

Putnam Furniture Mfg. Co., 308-316 Bank Street, New London, Conn.

HAVE YOU TROUBLE WITH YOUR BURNING OIL?

If so, drop around to Latham Bros. and get your can filled with LENOX OIL. This is the finest oil refined, and a trial will prove it.

It will burn longer and give a brighter light than any oil in the market. Thirty years teaches us that the best is the safest, and always gives satisfaction.

NICHOLS & HARRIS,

Sole Agents for Eastern Connecticut.

Have you tried Dr. Richards Headache Wafers? They take the lead. Many a sufferer can vouch for their efficiency. 15c a package at your Druggist's, or mailed to any address on receipt of price.

Holiday Suggestions...

For pure Grape Wine, go to A. LEVERONE'S; 25 cents per bottle; \$1.00 per gallon.

St. Julien, Muscatel, Angelica, Sherry, Port, Catawba, Concord, Zinfundel.

Choice Brands of Liquors for Family Use.

Goods Delivered at Train Free.

A. LEVERONE,

10 Golden Street, New London, Conn.

LATHAM BRO'S

Tuesday, Jan. 12th, 1897.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Trains leave Niantic Station, going East, at 9:35 and 12:32 a. m., 4:31, 6:34 p. m.

NIANTIC POST OFFICE.

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

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Joseph McKee, 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.

Lincoln Smith's cottage is again on the raise. James Bond made a trip to Norwich, Saturday.

A Good Article to Have in the House.

R. J. Sisk, corner Bank and Pearl streets, New London, Conn., calls attention to his celebrated furniture polish.

Lodge Nuggets.

Niantic lodge, I. O. O. F., installed its officers at their last meeting. A bountiful collation was served in the banquet hall at a late hour.

Improvement Association.

The Niantic Improvement Association will be in session to-night. Every citizen interested in the welfare and building up of the village of Niantic, should be present.

East Lyme's Representative.

Arthur B. C. Ikins, the East Lyme representative, was born April 20, 1867, in East Lyme. He was educated by private teachers at the Seabury Institute and April 14, 1895 married Clara J. Jerome.

Fire at Crescent Beach.

A fire originating from an overheated stove, utterly destroyed the annex to the Blake cottage on Crescent Beach, Friday, and it was only by the timely arrival of assistance, that the cottage was saved.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Niantic Library Association Chooses Officers for 1897. The annual business meeting of the Niantic Library Association was held in the library room, Jan. 7th, with the following members present: Mrs. Edward Luce, Mrs. Ella Smith, Mrs. F. H. Dart, Mrs. E. C. Luce and Mrs. Louis P. Stevens.

OLD LYME.

Mrs. C. O'Brien was in Chester a few days last week. T. B. Farwell was in Hartford one day last week.

IVORYTON.

Bela Post of Meriden, is visiting at Joseph Post's. George A. Cheney has been in town this week.

SOUTH LYME.

Wm. Dorsey of Providence, was here lately. Jan. 8. Slate is the owner of a chest of carpenter's tools.

Fire at Crescent Beach.

A fire originating from an overheated stove, utterly destroyed the annex to the Blake cottage on Crescent Beach, Friday, and it was only by the timely arrival of assistance, that the cottage was saved.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Niantic Library Association Chooses Officers for 1897. The annual business meeting of the Niantic Library Association was held in the library room, Jan. 7th, with the following members present: Mrs. Edward Luce, Mrs. Ella Smith, Mrs. F. H. Dart, Mrs. E. C. Luce and Mrs. Louis P. Stevens.

IVORYTON.

Bela Post of Meriden, is visiting at Joseph Post's. George A. Cheney has been in town this week.

SOUTH LYME.

Wm. Dorsey of Providence, was here lately. Jan. 8. Slate is the owner of a chest of carpenter's tools.

Fire at Crescent Beach.

A fire originating from an overheated stove, utterly destroyed the annex to the Blake cottage on Crescent Beach, Friday, and it was only by the timely arrival of assistance, that the cottage was saved.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Niantic Library Association Chooses Officers for 1897. The annual business meeting of the Niantic Library Association was held in the library room, Jan. 7th, with the following members present: Mrs. Edward Luce, Mrs. Ella Smith, Mrs. F. H. Dart, Mrs. E. C. Luce and Mrs. Louis P. Stevens.

MEDICAL.

Dr. McKee's Cough Syrup. MRS. H. S. VALLIANT, of Hartford, says: "For a nervous irritation and tickling in the throat, so annoying at night, it is a sure cure."

EDWARD DRAY,

31 : MAIN : STREET, New London, Conn. Sole Agent for Frank Tones. Bottled for Family Use. Delivered to any part of the city.

REMOVAL.

From 134 Bank Street To 6 Main Street. A. FRANKLIN, New London, Conn.

YOU LIKE FINE CANDY!

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

F. A. BECKWITH,

LIVERY, FEED, AND BOARDING STABLES. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO TRAVELING MEN. Teaming of all kinds and Hacks and Single Teams at a moment's notice.

WM. A. HOLT,

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

The Racket Store

Gray Enamelled, Blue and White Ware. We ask you to take special notice of the price quoted on these goods. Having bought this lot of goods away below market price for spot cash.

AXEL F. ANDERSON,

DEALER IN Fine Watches and Clocks, Jewelry, Diamonds and Precious Stones, Charts, Compasses, Tide Tables, Chronometers, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired by Experienced Workmen.

The Berlin Iron Bridge Co.,

OF EAST BERLIN, CONN., Can Furnish You a Good Corrugated Steel Roof For 1-1/2c. per Square foot.

Center Market

Choice cuts of Beef, Veal and Mutton. VEGETABLES IN THEIR SEASON. All orders will receive prompt and careful attention.

JOHN C. PEABODY,

Merchant Tailor, 21 MAIN ST., NEW LONDON, CT. The Latest Styles Always on Hand of Foreign and Domestic Fabrics.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY

What more suitable present would you give a friend than a life-size PORTRAIT Of a relative or friend in Crayon, Water Colors, French Pastel or Oil Painting.

J. K. KOPP & SON

Imported & Domestic Bologna. Sugar Cured Bacon, Vienna Frankforters, Best Imported Cheese.

Desks!

Sideboards! R. S. SMITH & SON, 73 State St., New London.

FISHING TACKLE

(TWENTY YEARS AT THE SAME STORE.) I have a fine line of Rods, Reels, Lines, Etc., At very low prices, and will be pleased to show them and compare with other dealers. Also Garden Tools, Cutlery and General Hardware.

Fine Photographs! OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. That is what furnish, and that is what we are in the business for. at the Studio, and look over samples a series of wd

E. A. SCOFIELD, 125 State St., New London, Conn.

GRAIN AND LUMBER.

Clean Heavy Old Oats. Fresh Car Provender. More of these Fine Middlings at 75c per 100 lbs. Best Meal the same. Spot Cash. Special Prices for Quantities.

J. H. DAY, JR.,

THE MAGEE GRAND RANGE!

Unquestionably the BEST Cooking Apparatus ever Produced. The following unsolicited testimonial from Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, superintendent of the Chautauque Cooking School, Chautauque, N. Y., is one of many that tells of its merits and value.

Foran : Furniture : Company,

DAY BUILDING, Passenger Elevator. Telephone 52-3. NEW LONDON, CONN. "Old Yellow Store." Special Bargain and Reduction Sale. Here's a Chance for All.

THE BROWN PAINT CO.,

Cor. State and Bradley Street, NEW LONDON, CONN. For a few weeks only we will make a great reduction in the prices of our entire stock of Paints, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, etc.

I AM SELLING ALL

Christmas Goods

At Cost this Week. S. O. HARRINGTON, Main Street, Niantic, Conn.

Fresh : and : Seasonable : Goods

Received Daily. This week we have New crop N. O. Molasses, very nice. New Maple Syrup, Cranberries, New Buckwheat, both prepared and plain.

Gates Bros., Niantic, Conn.

Opposite the M. E. Church. NEW LONDON Hand and Steam Laundry 460 BANK ST., NEW LONDON, CONN.

S. O. HARRINGTON, ... Agent

Get Your Laundry Work Done....

WHERE SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED. J. C. Peabody, of Niantic, IS AGENT For the High Grade Laundry Work done by JOHN LEE & SONS, 58 Main St., New London, Conn.

Special Pains taken With Orders...

For Hotels, Railroads, Steamboats, Boarding Houses, Cafe, Bart's Shops and Family work. Shirts, Collars, Cuffs and Ladies Work a Specialty. TRY US.



