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Some recent statistics on the unemployed of London showed that a large number of those who were without work had drifted out of employment for which they showed no special aptitude and at the same time showed no inclination to take up other work.

The Russian government has decided to transform its artillery armament and to adopt the new quick-firing French cannon. The cost of this innovation is estimated at \$40,000,000, and until it is completed, it is unlikely that Russia will take part in any great European war.

The suicide of a Texas schoolgirl because she feared she couldn't pass an examination gives pretty good evidence to the St. Louis Star that there is something wrong with the system of pushing children so rapidly. More physical and less mental training should be the tendency.

Dynamite bids fair to become a formidable weapon in the hands of conspirators even in half-savage countries, observes the San Francisco Chronicle. Here is a band of fanatics in Brazil who use the deadly explosive to beat off a company of regular Government troops sent in pursuit of them; yet it is probably only a few years since they emerged from the bow and arrow period and gained possession of guns.

It is costly luxury to insist on speaking even the truth on all occasions. Silence is often golden in more ways than one. Henry Labouchere, the editor of London Truth, and an M. P., a man who has gained a world-wide fame as a fearless exposé of shame, says he has spent \$200,000 in defending actions for libel brought against him, all unsuccessful. There is a standing premium on compromise, and it means true bravery to speak up what we sincerely believe at all times.

It may be of interest to know what church in the world is accounted the wealthiest. This recognition is generally assigned to the Orthodox Church of Russia. As an evidence of this, it is stated "that it could easily pay the National debt of the empire, amounting to about \$200,000,000, or nearly \$1,000,000,000, and yet not be impoverished." This seems almost incredible, but it must be remembered that it has some very lucrative sources of revenue. One of the most profitable is the sale of candles.

The millionaire is appealed to by Professor A. C. Haddon to save the vanishing knowledge that is to be acquired only now and will be of inestimable value to future ages. Colonization, the spread of commerce, and the intentional or accidental importation of animals and plants, are rapidly changing the character of the indigenous life of many parts of the world. In many islands the native forms have been largely swept away already. Investigation of even the best known portions of land and sea is yet far from complete, but there are men competent to record details of life that are disappearing if means were available.

The Trenton (N. J.) American says: "That historic building in New York City, which for two generations past has been the place of detention for offenders against the laws, known as the Tombs, is to give way to a new structure on the present site. The present building was modeled on the front after the style of an Egyptian temple or tomb, and hence its name. In appearance it is very much like the front of our own State prison, a style very much affected at the period when these buildings were erected. The new Tombs will present a very different appearance, and while it may not be regarded as "an ornament to the city," it will be very much more commensurate with the present structure, and constructed upon better methods of sanitation.

A German scientist has tackled the problem of the stovepipe hat. His explanation of the place of that piece of headgear in the general scheme of things will fill a long felt want. Incidentally it may cause a social revolution. He says that man has gone a step further than woman in the social evolution, and that whereas she once wore, as woman does now, feathers and feathers on his head, he has come to the conclusion that his original beauty is "a disarranged adornment." Hence the shiny stovepipe. Alas that this explanation, though plausible, is not convincing! A German scientist is, of course, generally speaking, a mere machine into which you feed facts and get out theories, but in such a matter as this he is only frail humanity, and is liable to have his judgment warped by his prejudices. What a tale of domestic tragedy may lie wrapped in the pessimism of his theory! The idealism of the courtship, the rude shock of the first post-nuptial milliner's bill, the rapid succession of similar shocks throughout the matrimonial experience, comparable only to an electric battery getting in its fire work, and then finally utter and ungodly cynicism. Why, asks the New York Tribune, does not some womanize like him with ponderous scientific verbiage to the defense of the stovepipe hat? It needs it.

THE MEN WHO LOSE.

Here's to the man who loses! What though their work be'er so nobly planned And watched with zealous care, So glorious halo crowns their efforts grand; Contempt is failure's share.

Here's to the man who loses! (If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet, Courage is easy then; The king is he who, after fierce defeat, Can up and fight again.)

Here's to the man who loses! The ready plaudits of a fawning world Ring sweet in victor's ears; The vanquished's banners never are unfurled— For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the man who loses! The touchstone of true worth is not success; There is a higher test; Though fate may darkly frown, onward to press, And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the man who loses! It is the vanquished's praises that I sing, And this the toast I choose; "A hard-fought failure is a noble thing. Here's luck to them who lose."

—George H. Broadhurst.

An Unusual Burglary.

BY MARY R. P. HATCH.

PEOPLE are decrying the sophisticated state of the country, and by people I mean writers in particular. They say that there is little picturesque except in the backwoods and in districts far removed from the environments of railroads and electricity, and that dialect peculiar to each locality is being flattened into monotone by the omnipresent schoolmaster, who, they complain, has his way far too much in this proudly new world of ours. But if this be true, as a whole, there are delightful exceptions. A carriage drive of a few hours, or the whirl of one's bicycle an hour, brings one to the home of folk lore and provincialism capable of causing ecstatic thrills in the heart of the dialect-monger.

Such were my thoughts as I alighted from my wheel at nightfall, one cold autumnal day, and rapped (there was no bell) at the door of a low-browed cottage, behind which clumps of bushes shut off the horizon and seemed to narrow the world down to the little house, the yard, and myself, with a heavy heart, standing before it, steady my wheel, for I was tired. Presently an old lady came to the door. Her comfortable, round form and mild blue eye but decided chin impressed me with instant respect, while the inborn ladyhood of her nature was evidenced by her courteous greeting and invitation to enter.

"Do you ever keep travelers over night?" I inquired after a decent interval had elapsed.

"We do and we don't," she replied; "but you can stay in welcome. Sit up and eat with me if you hadn't had no supper."

"I haven't," was my reply; and presently the old lady and I were discussing her homely but toothsome supper, and doing it ample justice in the way of testing its qualities; at least I did.

"My husband has gone to town," remarked my hostess, "and if you hadn't come I should a ben here all alone tonight."

"Would you have been afraid to spend the night alone?"

"Oh, no! But to-night I feel different, for you see, at last we're ready to lift the mortgage. It's two hundred and thirty-three dollars an' one cent. That last cent I got by selling an' pig," she said with a happy laugh, "and now it's altogether 'twixt the straw bed and feather bed in my room; and husband, he's goner pay it off to-morrow—if he lives," she added, with the reverence felt by the old who have seen so many hopes fade and friends die that they never dare to speak even of almost certainties without an "if."

"But are you not unwise to speak of your money to a stranger?" I asked as a warning.

"Oh, no!" she said, laughing pleasantly, "I know an honest man when I see him, and I was glad the minute I see your face and knowed that you wanted to stay all night. 'Taint likely anybody would steal from me but stragglers. One has been seen 'round, and I feel a little mke uneasy."

My hostess and I spent a pleasant evening together. She showed me many an heirloom which had been handed through five generations from an ancestor who had been a great man in colonial days. There was a silver punch bowl and a gold snuff box, either worth more than the sum treasured so carefully in the owner's bed; but I suspected she would have perted with her life as quickly as with either of them.

"They are James's," she said, "or will be when husband and I are done with them. James is my nephew, and he's out to Chiny now. He's had lots of pullbacks, James has, or he'd helped us. But you look tired, Mr.—"

"Bradley."

"Mr. Bradley, you look zif you daughter be to bed. I'll light you up."

Ascending the short flight of stairs, I learned that my room was exactly over the old lady's "fettin'" room, as she called it. There was a sort of register over it, through which the warmth straggled agreeably enough. However, I should have closed it had not

a sense of the old lady's unprotected situation impressed me, and so I retired to bed and dreamland, where I wandered lazily until awakened by voices beneath.

Evidently the first word had roused me, for as I sat up in bed, wide awake in an instant, I heard the old lady say in a matter-of-fact tone—

"'Good-evenin'. Set up to the stove and warm y'."

Peeping through the register, I saw a ragged, unkempt man creep toward the stove, blinking uneasily. He had come up the cellar stairs, not through the outside door, which sufficiently evidenced his predatory intentions.

However, had the old lady's visitors always made their entrances through the cellar she could not have been more at ease than she appeared now as she bustled about, setting him a chair, putting wood into the stove, and otherwise mystifying her midnight caller by her careless, friendly manner.

Admirable as was her acting, I knew that she had not dared to retire; and while regretting that I had not suspected her intentions, it now seemed wisest to remain where I was unless she should need my assistance, as she probably would very soon, I reasoned. Cooking my pistol and otherwise preparing myself for the emergency, I sat down on the floor, where I could watch the couple without myself being seen.

"It's turrible cold out for a fall night, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is," said the man.

"Well, jest set here by the stove while I set the tapot for'ard and git you somethin' kinder warmin'. Mebbe you're hungry, too," she added.

"Mebbe I be."

"Well then, I'll set onto the table somethin' to eat," she said, moving about the room with a pleasant, bustling movement which must have filled the burglar with wonder, as it did me.

"There now," she remarked at length, "set right up and make yourself to home. Mebbe you'd like to wash, though. I'll git you some warm water under the teakettle."

"'Twould seem good. I hain't washed for a week," he replied.

"I wanter know! Ben't trav'lin' and hain't had no chance, most like. Here's the soft soap, and there's a cake o' hard I keep for comp'ny."

"I'll use the comp'ny soap," said the man with a sardonic laugh.

And then he sat down to the table. He must have eaten ravenously, for where I sat I could see his elbows working rapidly, while his hostess remarked volitionally—

"Poor cretur! How hungry you be!"

"It's the first square meal I've had for six weeks," he said with his mouth full.

"I wanter know!" And rising, his hostess brought from the pantry a plate of cold meat and set it before him.

But at last the meal was ended, and the couple sat down by the stove on opposite sides, she with her knitting, and he fingering uneasily his old hat.

"Say!" he broke forth at last in the midst of some friendly inquiry regarding the state of the roads. "Quit your foolin'." You know what I've come for. It's that money you've got hid in your bed."

"How do you know I've got any there?" she asked, without a quaver in her voice.

"I see you pack it away just before your husband left. When I crept into the cellar when you went to see him off, and here I be come for it. I've ben hid there six hours. Come, hustle round, old lady, and fetch it out, or I shall have to git it myself."

"I know better."

"Know better?"

"Yes, I know you ain't no sech kind of a man as to steal from an old woman like me. You are too much of a man."

"I be, be I? Well, I guess not! You won't never miss it, and it would be the making of me."

"How long you sp'ose me and Josiah's ben gittin' that together to lift the mortgage?"

"I don't know. Ain't your place paid for?"

"No, and we've ben twenty years a sorapin' together two hundred and thirty-three dollars and one cent. You see Josiah's lame and can't earn much, and I ain't so smart as I was once, and we haf to live. The times got hard jest the wrong time for us. We used to have enough, and so we used to take a child from the poor-house every five years and fetch him up. Four of 'em we got started, and all smart children, every one, and dreadful good to me and Josiah."

"Why're jest helpin' you?"

"They're jest beginnin' to do for themselves, and we don't want 'em to. James is in Chiny, Eben's workin' his way through college, Philaster's clerkin' down to the Corner, and Horace's jest married and come in debt for a little place of his own. Can't you get no work?"

"No, I can't. I've tried for weeks, and tramped miles; but nobody wants a wamp when there's them they know ready to work."

"That's so. I see how 'tis. I wish I could do for you, but I don't see how I can. I 'pose I might lend you our seck money?"

"Seck money?"

"Yes, we've always kept laid away fifty dollars to bury us with, which ever goes first, Josiah or me; but we

don't like to speak it right out, and so we call it 'seck money.' I could lend you that."

The man did not reply at first, but after awhile said in a strangely altered tone:

"Do you really mean that you would lend me that money with the expectation of getting it back?"

"Yes, I would. I think if you can get work you will pay it back sure."

"Of course! I most forgot that. Here's the ink bottle and Josiah's pen and a half sheet of paper that's source-ly got a mark on it. Set right here. And the old lady pushed the dishes back into the middle of the table to give him a better chance to write.

"You know, don't you, that I could take the whole of that money you've got hid between the straw bed and feather bed if I wanted?"

"Yes, but you won't, because you are too much of a man to steal from two poor old creturs when you can borrow it."

"That's so, I be. You shall have that money back if I live, old lady, and int'rest too, I promise y'. I feel like a man ag'in, and it's y' that made me."

"Oh, no! You was a man afore, but kinder unfortunate, that's all."

"Well, here's your note. I've wrote it to pay in a year's time, if that will do."

"It will, less one of us should die, and then 'twouldn't be as if we hadn't got that note to show."

The man laughed a laugh of amusement and relief. I watched him as he went to the door, and this time his head was up and his shoulders were square. In listening to the colloquy I had entirely forgotten or overlooked the fact that I had constituted myself the guardian of the old lady's slender fortune. What to do I did not know. The man seemed anxious to pay the borrowed money, and she was ready to trust him. Perhaps I would better let the matter rest as it was, and in case he did not return to pay it in a year I myself as a fine for my negligence, which would then have been proved culpable.

When I descended, which I did as soon as the man had been gone several minutes, I found the old lady to be very nervous.

"Why!" she said, starting to her feet in alarm at my entrance, "I clean forgot there was anybody in the house but me."

"So you wish I had come down before and prevented the loan you made?"

"No, I pitied the poor cretur's. He'll pay it back if he can, and if not it'll be jest another orphan we've helped. Most like bein' so old, both of us up'ards of seventy, we shan't do for no more as we have done, and we shall git buried some way."

"Don't worry. If he doesn't pay it I will," was my reply.

"You needn't think nothin' about it. I've saved the mortgage money and given a man a lift on the road to heaven, and I'd oughter be satisfied. I be satisfied," she said fervently.

"And you have reason to be," I said. "We did not go to bed, either of us, and in the morning I returned to the city."

But I did not forget the old lady nor the burglar. I felt convinced that he would return the money on the exact date when the note was given, if at all, and accordingly, in just one year, I made it convenient to visit the old lady at her residence.

This time I was so fortunate as to see her husband, and I immediately discovered that he was just such an other guileless person as herself. They were expecting the man to pay the note, and it lay ready for him on the mantle when I entered.

Sure enough, at ten o'clock a firm, stalwart man walked up to the door, where the old lady met him with a cordial grasp of the hand.

"You did git work," she said.

"Yes, I did, and it was you that saved me from crime. I had tried every way to find something to do until that night, and the fifty dollars put me on my feet square and firm. I got a chance in a shop where I got good pay, and here's the money and the interest."

"The interest! I didn't ask you no interest."

"But I mean to pay it."

"I do not know whether he ever heard that I was in the house that night or not. It doesn't matter. I saw him several times afterward, and he seemed both prosperous and honest, and I don't doubt that he was. The fact did not tend to make me neglect my hobby, which was that crime, when it is not a disease, is either the result of inherited evil tendencies or of misfortune, and that circumstances keep and make some men honest and others dishonest."

—Waverley Magazine.

MAPLE SUGAR CAMP.

INGENUOUS WAY OF COLLECTING SAP FROM THE FOREST.

Wooden Gutters Are Run Through the Sugar Orchard—The Most Interesting Process Is "Sugaring On"—Yield Per Tree.

IN 1850 the maple sugar production of Vermont was 6,349,857 pounds, and 6997 gallons of sirup. The production steadily increased, until in 1889 it amounted to 14,123,921 pounds and 218,252 gallons of sirup, valued at \$1,248,856. The improvement in quality has been most marked also, for, though there is a great deal of adulterated maple sugar, the makers stoutly maintain that it is adulterated by dealers. There are nearly 15,000 sugar makers in Vermont alone, and there are probably as many in the other States in which maple sugar is made. The industry, therefore, is one of very respectable dimensions.

A properly conducted maple sugar camp in Vermont is well worth seeing. In the centre of the "orchard," or "bush," as it used to be called, is a commodious and well-equipped sugar house, in which the utensils are stored when not in use. The process of sugar making, as now conducted, is practically as follows: First, two or three men "tap" the trees. One goes ahead, and with a three-eighths-inch bit makes an incision about an inch deep on the lee side of the tree. A second man inserts a round, double tin spile or spout, about three inches long, in the aperture. The spout not only conducts the sap, but has an arrangement for suspending the bucket beneath it. Lastly a man hangs the buckets, which are either of wood or tin.

Gathering the sap has been much simplified. The old way was to hitch a team of stout horses to a short sled carrying the "holder," a large wooden tub, holding several barrels, in which the sap in the buckets was poured. Now leaders, or wooden gutters, are run all through the orchard, emptying into a large storage tank at the sugar house. In a brick framework in the sugar house is set an iron arch with a square, iron chimney. For a large orchard of 2000 trees the arch is about five by twenty feet in area, and one-half feet deep in front, and ten inches deep at the chimney end. In this arch are set the evaporators, a deep boiling pan in front and four smaller and shallower pans farther back. The bottoms of the evaporators are deeply corrugated, nearly doubling the surface exposed to the heat. The boiling is done rapidly, as rapid boiling improves the quality of the sugar. The sap flows from the tank through a hose with a strainer attached into a regulator, which allows only a certain quantity to flow into the evaporator. At a certain point the sap is drawn by a siphon from the large evaporator into one of the small ones, the scum and settlings being left behind. In the last pan the liquid is evaporated to the sirup of commerce, weighing eleven pounds to the gallon.

The most interesting process is "sugaring on." The sirup is slowly boiled in a large pan until the experienced sugar-maker knows it is "done." The pan is then lifted off, and the mass is turned into tubs, holding from ten to a hundred pounds. If it is to be made into cakes it is stirred longer, till it becomes dry enough to retain its shape. The whiteness of maple sugar does not determine its price. It is due somewhat to the difference of soil and the amount of rain that has fallen into the sap. Pure maple sugar is a brownish amber in color, with a fine grain. If the grain is not fine, and if there are airholes in it, it has probably been adulterated by cane sugar, glucose or clay—by some wicked dealer, says the maker.

The average yield per tree is about two pounds per season, the season lasting from four to six weeks, until frosty nights cease and the buds begin to swell, when the sap tastes strong and ceases to flow.—New York Ledger.

Stepping Stones to Success.

Learn your business thoroughly. One-to-day is worth two to-morrow. Keep at one thing—in nowise change. Always be in haste, but never in a hurry. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Never fail to keep your appointments, nor to be punctual to the minute. Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself. Never be idle, but keep your hands or mind usefully employed except when sleeping. He that ascends a ladder must take the lowest round. All who are above were once below. Make no haste to be rich; remember that small and steady gains give competency and tranquillity of mind. Think all you speak, but speak not all you think. Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more. Where wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink.

Land Telegraph and Cable Rates.

Telegraph rates vary greatly in this country owing to the immense distances. In many of the smaller countries of the old world a uniform rate is made for any point within the given country, but it would be manifestly unfair to the American telegraph companies if they were compelled to send a message from New York to San Francisco for the same rate as they charge for a message from New York to Jersey City or from Chicago to Evanston.

As a rule, the minimum rate for a day message of ten words in this country is 25 cents. A message from Chicago to Boston costs 50 cents, while New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore have a 40-cent rate. The highest rates from Chicago are those for points in Southern Florida—85 cents. It costs only 75 cents to telegraph to any point in California or Oregon, and the rate for New Orleans is 50 cents.

Cable rates are so much per word, instead of per message of ten words, and the figures are very much higher. Messages to England, France and Germany cost 81 cents per word from Chicago. Belgium's rate is 36 cents; Holland and Italy, 38 cents; Austria, 40 cents; Greece, 44 cents; Egypt, 62 cents; Switzerland, 36 cents; Sweden, 45 cents; Turkey, 43 cents and 53 cents; Russia, 49 cents.

The Cuban war has greatly increased the volume of telegraphic business in the West Indies. The lowest rate is 40 cents per word for messages in Havana. Other Cuban points are higher, and no town in the West Indies outside of Cuba can be reached for less than \$1.05 per word. Messages to Porto Rico cost \$1.85 per word.

Central American rates range from 50 cents (Gautama) to 75 cents (Costa Rica and Nicaragua). South American rates take a big jump upward. Brazilian messages cost from \$1.35 to \$1.87 per word; British Guiana points cost \$2.17.

Communication with Australia is expensive. Queensland reaches the highest figure, \$2.62 per word, while South and West Australia rates are \$1.47. Messages to China cost \$2.02 per word, and the same figures apply to Corea. Japanese rates are \$2.27 per word; Java, \$1.53; Formosa, \$2.27; India, \$1.29; Madagascar, \$1.70; New Zealand, \$1.58; Philippine Islands, \$2.51; Siam, \$1.41.

Algeria can be reached for 38 cents per word, the minimum rate for the Dark Continent. East Africa rates are \$1.54 to \$1.64, while South African points range between \$1.58 and \$1.70. West African points, as a rule, range above \$2, while it costs \$3.02 to send a word to Mossamedes from Chicago—more than to reach any other telegraph station in the world direct. However, a message to Basidore or Lingah costs the Chicago sender \$1.19 per word to Jask, Persia, and \$11.75 extra for special dispatch boat line from that point.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Widows of Revolutionary Soldiers.

Seven women are still drawing pensions as the widows of men who saw active service in the war of the Revolution; women whose husbands served under Washington more than 120 years ago.

The oldest of these surviving widows of the Revolution is living at Los Angeles, Cal. She is Mrs. Lovey Adrich, now in the ninety-eighth year of her age. Her husband was Private Caleb Adrich, who was born in the year 1763, and served as a soldier in the New England campaigns of the war. Mrs. Nancy Jones, of Jonesborough, Tenn., whose husband was Darling Jones, a private in one of the North Carolina regiments, is the youngest of the Revolutionary widows, being now about eighty-three years of age. The other five are Nancy Cloud, who is living at Cham, Va., and is the widow of Sergeant William Cloud; of Captain Christian's Virginia line; Esther S. Damon, of Plymouth Union, Vt.; whose husband was Private Noah Damon, of Massachusetts; Mary Sneed, living at Parkley, Va.; widow of Private Bowdin Sneed; Nancy A. Weatherman, who lives at Elk Mills, Tenn., and whose first husband was Robert Glascock, a fier in one of the Virginia regiments, and Rebecca Mayo, living at Newbern, Va., widow of Stephen Mayo, a soldier from Virginia.

That these women can be the widows of Revolutionary soldiers is readily understood in view of the fact that their husbands were well on in years when they married. As, for example, when Esther Sumner married Noah Damon in the year 1835—fifty-two years after the close of the war—she was but twenty-one, while he was seventy-six.

The last Revolutionary widow pensioner who had married prior to the close of the war, and had therefore actually lived during revolutionary times, was Nancy Sorens, widow of Daniel F. Bakeman. She died about twenty-seven years ago, only a year or two after her husband, who was the last of the Revolutionary soldiers on the pension roll.

In Greece, teachers contribute five per cent. on the salaries, and the State finds the remainder, in order to superannuate teachers after twenty-one years of service, regardless of age.

Nothing costs so little as politeness, and nothing pays so well as being polite; it causes a sunbeam in the most hardened countenance. Deceive no one by your actions, be he Jew or Gentile; quarrel with no one, be he of your creed or not; be honest in your dealings. The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not. Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflict it on another spirit.

A good man is the best friend, and, therefore, is the first to be chosen, longest to be retained, and, indeed, never to be parted with, unless he ceases to be that for which he was chosen. Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm, eloquence produces conviction for the moment; but it is only by truth to nature and the everlasting institutions of mankind that those abiding influences are won that enlarge from generation to generation. To be a prince among princes and a leader among leaders, you must not only exert the power of your intellect, but you must also be a sincere worker for the cause you advocate. True sincerity is a jewel greatly prized by all good men.

Tree Changes Its Quarters.

An unusual feat in the transplanting line was accomplished recently here, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. An elm tree fifty feet high and with a trunk eighteen inches in diameter, with roots and all, was moved fifty feet. The tree is the property of Mrs. William Thaw, and stood on the line of the Beechwood Boulevard, where it traverses Mrs. Thaw's property at Fifth avenue and Ben Shady avenue.

Mrs. Thaw desired to save the tree, and Conductor John Eichleay undertook to move it. A circular trench was dug round the tree at a distance of ten feet from the trunk. At a depth of six feet the workmen excavated under the tree, bracing the earth above with timbers. The mass of earth, twenty feet across and six feet deep, in which were imbedded the tree and its roots, was then boxed in with planks. Screws were placed beneath the whole mass raised and placed on rollers and moved fifty feet to where a great hole had been prepared for its reception. It was lowered into place, earth filled in as the screws were removed, and it stood as firm as if it had grown there.

The tree was maintained in an upright position by the weight of earth at the roots. The whole mass weighed seventy tons. The work occupied about three weeks and a number of photographs of the tree while in transit were taken.

Great Place for Frogs.

"In Chiohomy and contiguous swamps," says the Richmond Dispatch, "Virginia raises bigger frogs, finer frogs, fatter frogs and prettier frogs than any other State in the Union. Moreover, these frogs can jump higher, jump further, splash more water when they do jump, and emit a greater variety of notes in their concerts than any other frogs on the face of the globe. It is a poor specimen, indeed, of the Chiohomy frog that could not, even after a dinner of shot, have beaten Mark Twain's jumper and had a few feet to spare."

According to official statistics the population of Germany numbered 52,279,901 on December 2, 1895, or 2,851,481 more than at the previous census in 1890.

WISE SAYINGS.

The heart gets weary, but never gets old. Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle. We stand in our own sunshine oftener than others do. As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every moment of time. He is a great man who can sacrifice everything and say nothing. If a man is right he can't be too radical; if wrong, he can't be too conservative. It is much easier for an ill-natured man than for a kind one to be smart and witty. Wait on yourself pleasantly, and you will be waited on by the most reliable servant. Creed is meant to tell on conduct. Character is the last outcome and test of doctrine. It is only when a congregation is united in heart and in hand that it has prosperity. The sentiment of creditors is, that to owe is human, to pay divine, and not to pay fiendish. Every man who observes vigilantly, and resolves steadfastly, grows unconsciously into genius. A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing. Can man or woman choose dates? No more than they can choose their birthplace or their father and mother. Politics and religion are the easiest things in the world to talk about, and the most difficult things in the world to understand. Nothing costs so little as politeness, and nothing pays so well as being polite; it causes a sunbeam in the most hardened countenance. Deceive no one by your actions, be he Jew or Gentile; quarrel with no one, be he of your creed or not; be honest in your dealings. The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not. Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflict it on another spirit.

A good man is the best friend, and, therefore, is the first to be chosen, longest to be retained, and, indeed, never to be parted with, unless he ceases to be that for which he was chosen. Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm, eloquence produces conviction for the moment; but it is only by truth to nature and the everlasting institutions of mankind that those abiding influences are won that enlarge from generation to generation. To be a prince among princes and a leader among leaders, you must not only exert the power of your intellect, but you must also be a sincere worker for the cause you advocate. True sincerity is a jewel greatly prized by all good men.

Tree Changes Its Quarters.

An unusual feat in the transplanting line was accomplished recently here, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. An elm tree fifty feet high and with a trunk eighteen inches in diameter, with roots and all, was moved fifty feet. The tree is the property of Mrs. William Thaw, and stood on the line of the Beechwood Boulevard, where it traverses Mrs. Thaw's property at Fifth avenue and Ben Shady avenue.

Mrs. Thaw desired to save the tree, and Conductor John Eichleay undertook to move it. A circular trench was dug round the tree at a distance of ten feet from the trunk. At a depth of six feet the workmen excavated under the tree, bracing the earth above with timbers. The mass of earth, twenty feet across and six feet deep, in which were imbedded the tree and its roots, was then boxed in with planks. Screws were placed beneath the whole mass raised and placed on rollers and moved fifty feet to where a great hole had been prepared for its reception. It was lowered into place, earth filled in as the screws were removed, and it stood as firm as if it had grown there.

The tree was maintained in an upright position by the weight of earth at the roots. The whole mass weighed seventy tons. The work occupied about three weeks and a number of photographs of the tree while in transit were taken.

Great Place for Frogs.

"In Chiohomy and contiguous swamps," says the Richmond Dispatch, "Virginia raises bigger frogs, finer frogs, fatter frogs and prettier frogs than any other State in the Union. Moreover, these frogs can jump higher, jump further, splash more water when they do jump, and emit a greater variety of notes in their concerts than any other frogs on the face of the globe. It is a poor specimen, indeed, of the Chiohomy frog that could not, even after a dinner of shot, have beaten Mark Twain's jumper and had a few feet to spare."

According to official statistics the population of Germany numbered 52,279,901 on December 2, 1895, or 2,851,481 more than at the previous census in 1890.

Capabilities of Carrier Pigeons.

Two interesting questions present themselves concerning the length of time during which the pigeon can recollect "the place of his home and the distance from which he is able to find his way back to it. Some birds have found their way home after five years' absence; and it is generally considered that good birds can be depended upon for six months. When pigeons were to be sent back and forth, it has been usual to keep two sets, with their respective homes at either end of the course; and when they have reached their home, to carry them back to the places from which they are to be dispatched. They become in the course of time familiar with their new home and its choice dishes. When set at liberty they start off at once for Paris, without forgetting the good things they enjoyed at St. Denis. When they are to be sent back, they are made to fast a little while, and are then let loose at about feeding time at St. Denis. They go thither, and, when they have their own way, time their going so as to be there at the exact moment of feeding. Birds have thus been taught to fly back and forth regularly between places thirty miles apart.

AS IT ROLLS ALONG.

Great old world as it rolls along From winter time till May; So, sigh your sigh and sing your song, And live your life to-day. Great old world as it rolls along, 'Neath golden skies or gray; But life at best is a sweet-sweet song And the rose that makes the May! —Atlanta Constitution.

FUN OF THE DAY.

First Cat—"What is your opinion about bootjacks?" Second Cat—"Can't you see I'm on the fence?"—Puck.

"What's the row in the Wheelmen's Club?" "They're fighting about who owns that loving-on their racing team wun."—Puck.

Tourist—"How long will it take me to reach the ferry, me good man?" Policeman—"I ain't no mind-reader; I'm a policeman."—Detroit Free Press.

First Kid—"I tell you that india-rubber man is a fake." Second Kid—"What do you mean?" First Kid—"When he goes out in the rain he wears a mackintosh."—Judge.

Fly Flannigan—"Will yer help a re-dooed gentleman dat's out at de knees, lady?" Lady—"How come you to be out at the knees?" F. F.—"Prayin' for work, lady."—London Figure.

Parent—"How did you get along with your geography lesson to-day, Johnny?" Pupil—"Bully. The teacher was so pleased that she had me stay after school and repeat it all over again only just to her."—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Younghusband (complacently)—"I suppose you know that there were several young ladies disappointed when I married you?" Mrs. Younghusband—"Several, my dear! Why, every girl in my class at Vassar had prophesied a brilliant future for me!"—Puck.

Miss Elderly (taking politely-proffered seat in crowded train)—"Thank you, my little man. You have been taught to be polite, I am glad to say. Did your mother tell you to always give up your seat to ladies?" Police Boy—"No'm; not all ladies—only old ladies."—Tid-Bits.

Miss Cayenne complimented you very highly after you told that story at the dinner table," remarked one young man. "She liked that story, did she?" "No; but she thought it illustrated a very admirable trait in your character. It showed that you never go back on an old friend."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Kirtland—"And why do you think, Mr. Dunley, that the world is better now and more beautiful than it was thirty-five years ago?" Mr. Dunley (who is after her sweet daughter).—"Because—because you were not in it then." (Faps Kirtland's objections to the young man have been overridden.)—Cleveland Leader.

Origin of Druggists' Show Bottles.

An interesting story is told by the Chicago Grocer in connection with the familiar red, yellow and green vases that brighten the windows of drug stores. The custom of placing them there originated with an apothecary who found himself minus the red light with which tradesmen of his class were accustomed to ornament their store fronts. To make up the deficiency he got a bottle of red liquid and placed a candle behind it. The effect pleased him so well that he decided to improve it by placing a second red light in the window, with the aid of another bottle of red mixture and an additional candle. This sign made such a brave showing that an envious rival cast about for means of improving on the sign. He hit upon the scheme of placing a bottle colored with yellow fluid beside the red one, and then carried his previous effort and carried all before him by placing a green bottle beside the yellow. The three made a sign that caught the town, and all the druggists quickly fell into line. The bottles were replaced with the handsome vases at present in use, and the druggist's sign was here to stay to brighten the dingy streets of town and village.

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Tuesday, March 23rd, 1897.

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RULES OF THE OFFICE.

Communications upon all matters of local interest should be sent in copy for same not later than Friday night to insure insertion for the next week.

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.

LITTLE TRUDGE-ABOUT.

Dear little Trudge-About's busy all day. Flaying at work and working at play. From peep of the dawn 'til set of the sun, The baby has business that never seems done.

ESSEX.

The German measles seem loth to leave the town. Rev. Dr. Fenn preached in Saginaw, Michigan, last Sunday.

Another new cottage is to be erected this spring in Centerbrook.

Tramps have been unusually numerous around town the past week.

There are a number changing their place of residence this spring.

Frederick Scholes, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been in town during the week.

Coasting captains are getting their vessels ready for the summer business.

A few from here attended the funeral of Lyman Post in Westbrook, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Prann were guests of his brother, W. J. Prann, last week.

Mrs. A. C. Southworth of Salem, Mass., is visiting her brother, Captain Beebe.

F. B. Starkey, of Meriden, has been a guest this week of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ingersoll.

Maynard Collins, who has been quite ill at his home in Centerbrook, is reported to be improving.

Mrs. Hattie Mack and two children, of New Haven, have been visiting this week at Mrs. D. T. Doane's.

Cottage prayer meetings were held last evening at the residence of Mrs. E. D. Saunders and Horace Pratt.

Mrs. James Williams has returned from East Haddam and is stopping with her daughter, Mrs. W. E. Champion.

W. E. Peabody has a handsome calendar made on a piece of canvas from which sails of the yacht Defender were made.

Most everyone seemed to be interested in the big fight this week. Eyes on some of the females had bets up on the result.

Some of the lady employees of the Connstock, Cheney & Co., in Centerbrook, have left work on account of a cut in wages.

Edwin Griswold, who was buried Thursday, was at one time one of the selectmen of the town, elected on the Democratic ticket.

John W. Halliday, oldest son of John Halliday the druggist, has recently graduated from Huntsinger's Business college in Hartford.

Mrs. Harriet Fordham died last Wednesday, at the residence of James Hurlbut, at the advanced age of 87 years. The remains were taken to Sag Harbor, L. I., her former home, for interment.

Frances C., wife of George A. Dowd, died at home last Monday, after a brief illness of pleurisy, aged 68 years. The funeral took place Thursday forenoon from St. John's church, of which parish the deceased was a member. Dr. Fenn officiated and the interment was in Riverview.

Clarence Dolph, in the Meadow Woods district, entertained a large party of young friends last Friday evening in an enjoyable manner, it being his birthday. It was a masquerade party and there were some very pretty and interesting costumes worn. Refreshments were served during the evening.

The Centerbrook Whist club gave W. E. Stevens a surprise at his home on Friday evening last. David Chapman and Mrs. George W. Rich captured the first prize and Wales Woodruff and Miss Laura Robinson the second. A fine collation was served and a very pleasant evening was spent by all who were present.

Over fifty neighbors of W. C. Griswold gave him a surprise on Monday evening last at his home in Centerbrook, it being his birthday anniversary on Sunday, (the day previous). A very pleasant and social time was spent with games, etc., after which the guests were called to the dining room where the table was laden with good things.

They departed at a late hour wishing the best many returns of the day and carrying with them as a souvenir a piece of solid fruit cake in a dainty package. Mr. Griswold was the recipient of a number of presents.

CLINTON.

Miss Alice Hurd is visiting her sister in Moodus.

George E. Elliot Jr. was in New York over the Sabbath.

See ad. of A. G. Finer, the decorator, in another column.

Edward Zezlie, of New Haven, was in town over Sunday.

W. P. Hull passed the Sabbath with friends in New London.

Mrs. A. M. Wright, of Centerbrook, was a visitor in town Friday.

Mrs. Harriet Merrill, who has been quite ill, is rapidly improving.

Miss Helen Wolcott passed the Sabbath at her home in Wethersfield.

Mrs. Henry A. Elliot, who has been quite ill, continues to improve.

Louya Redfield, of Madison, was the guest of relatives in town Thursday.

Miss Minnie Kelsey has been confined to her home for some days by illness.

Mrs. Mary Judson is visiting her niece, Mrs. A. W. Chaffee, in Moodus.

Mrs. W. P. Tyler, of New York, was guest of Mrs. E. F. Pratt over Sunday.

Miss Elizabeth Smith, of Brantford, has been visiting friends in the village.

Fred Stevens, of Hartford, was at his old home on High Street Sunday and Monday.

Miss Alida Kelsey, of Guilford, was the recent guest of Mrs. A. W. Buell, High Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Buell and son, of Middletown, are visiting relatives in town.

Miss Bessie Thomas was the guest of Miss Gertrude Guile in Lyme one day the past week.

Miss Kate Hubbard, who has been visiting her brother in East Hartford has returned.

N. Dudley and family, who have been visiting friends here, returned to New Haven, Saturday.

J. G. Hurlbut, who has been working in Essex, is passing the week in town with his family.

Mrs. D. A. Fox was the guest of her son, Deputy Collector James C. Fox during the past week.

Miss Jennie Sherman is home from Spring Hill, where she has been teaching, for a short vacation.

Daniel W. Stevens, who has been in feeble health for some time, is reported as being slightly improved.

Mrs. Edward Zezlie and daughter, of New Haven, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Watrous.

A. C. Conklin, traveling salesman for the Dodge Shoe Co., Boston, was the guest of Mrs. K. M. Buell last week.

David Fox, Wesleyan 1900, has been coaching the Middletown High School consolidated base ball club of late.

Those wall paper samples that Mrs. K. Kelsey has at 4 and 5 cents a roll make the neat house keeper happy.

Mrs. George Bailey returned Friday to New Haven after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Willard.

Joseph Parker has rented the Burrows place, corner of West Main and Pearl Sts., where he will shortly remove his family.

WESTBROOK.

Mrs. R. Kelsey will canvass this town with wall papers next week.

Mrs. Jerome Heffron was a visitor in Higginaw, Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Minerva Drown has gone to Danbury for an extended visit.

Minnie Manston is suffering from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

Chapman Post No. 73, G. A. E., held a muster at their hall, Tuesday evening.

The Guild of St. Paul's church will meet with Mrs. L. Loveale to-day, Wednesday.

The library room at the town hall is now made more comfortable by the addition of a new heater.

Mrs. Sherwood Thompson, who has been undergoing an operation at the New Haven hospital, has returned home.

J. E. Doane, the Essex saw-mill man, has purchased a tract of timber out of town parties on which he will shortly begin work.

A German farmer from New York has purchased the farm formerly owned by the late Wm. B. Wright at Horse Hill.

Miss Kittie Allen is rapidly recovering from an attack of quinsy, which confined her to the house for some ten days past.

More of those remnants of cotton cloth at 5 cents per yard. Great value and going fast. Come while they last. C. L. Clark.

Mrs. Frances Streeter and daughter, Mrs. John E. Chatfield, returned to New York, Saturday after an extended sojourn in town.

Mrs. Nancy Perry and daughter, Mrs. John A. Fluke, were guests of Mrs. Fluke's sons in Brooklyn, N. Y., the first of the week.

Captain George C. Spencer has been caused much annoyance for the past week or so by a slight scratch on the back of one of his hands into which cold evidently settled.

R. H. Stannard has recently sold a cottage building lot on Stannard Beach to Springfield, Mass., parties, on which building will be begun in the near future.

Mrs. Charles E. Chapman, who has been under treatment at the New Haven hospital, is once more at home. She is reported as somewhat improved in health.

Rev. J. D. S. Fardee, of Grace Episcopal church, Saybrook, will preach at St. Paul's Episcopal mission, Friday evening, March 19, the service beginning at 8 P. M.

There was a special Lenten service at St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel on Friday evening last at which Rev. John D. Irving, of Middle Haddam, delivered an interesting discourse.

Horace E. Kelsey has sold the cottage in the rear of his Seashore Avenue bakery which was built by John G. Holbrook, some four years ago, to Edwin Wright. Mr. Wright will remove into his new residence in the near future.

A meeting of prominent church workers was held at the Congregational bazaar Tuesday evening to discuss the advisability of continuing the union religious services in town, particularly the Sunday afternoon men's meeting.

OLD LYME.

George Griswold spent the day, Friday, in New Haven.

Mr. J. C. Wheaton was in Lebanon one day last week.

Miss S. J. Brown is making a visit with friends in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Burns, of Saybrook, was visiting with Mrs. Hayes one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Doane, of Essex, spent Sunday with her father, Fredrick A. Banta.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith arrived in town, Wednesday, and are making a visit with her father, Mr. J. C. Wheaton.

Mrs. J. G. Perkins is having the interior of her residence re-papered and painted. Assa Dibble and John Roche are doing the work.

Mrs. H. A. Champlin and her daughter, Miss Mamie, of New London, were in town, Wednesday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rowland.

Whittaker D. Gourley will resign his position as Engineer aboard the "Lady Fenwick," the first of April and a man named Mark Cole, of New London, will take charge.

Mr. Gourley by his genial disposition and strict attention to business has made a host of friends who wish him success in whatever employment he may engage in.

At the meeting held at the town hall, Thursday afternoon to make some arrangements concerning the eighth district school, it was decided to hire a teacher and open the school permanently.

George E. Mather, an old and well known resident of this town, died at his home at Flat rock hill, Tuesday morning and was interred at the Duck River cemetery, Thursday.

John DeWolf has been quite active in the trading line. Last week he sold two yoke to parties in Guilford, Monday, and received four yoke from North Lyme, Tuesday, which he disposed of later in the week.

The Amusement club met with Miss Elgie Perkins last Friday evening. There was a larger attendance than at any of the previous meetings and it showed how thoroughly they enjoyed themselves by the late hour that they departed.

The victory of Fitzsimmons over James J. Corbett last Wednesday, was rather a surprise to a few of our native plungers who could not see anybody but Corbett in this fight, and as they staked their pile on the contest, they now feel quite chagrined over the result, but our "Red hot Fitzsimmons man" is in a very joyful mood and early the next day he came around and gracefully scooped in the cash of his sporty neighbors and now he has a nice fat roll which he exhibits to his Corbett friends. As is the usual custom the Jokers have their bets on, with the result that one of our Layville friends will not chew any tobacco for one year at least.

IVORYTON.

Merry Men Are We.

A meeting of the famous and far renowned "Total Abstinence club" was held Thursday at C. S. Davis' stone yard, where a chowder of delicious flavor, such as Chef Russell knows how to make, was served to the full membership. As the title implies, no cork screws were in sight, and pure unadulterated Adam's ale was the only beverage allowed.

Following are the officers of the club, George Huntley, president. Chas. E. Beube, vice president. D. L. Gates, secretary. John Dunn, treasurer. C. S. Davis, butler. C. E. Gates, steward and captain.

The club at present lacks a chaplain, but has many applicants for that laudable office. But we can hardly see why the club needs that officer, since they are an almost unsophisticated crowd and cold water is their motto.

Yearly, the club takes an outing on the briny deep and then we would like to wager that their motto is, "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." Yea, verily, to quote indirectly from marlinton, they are "blithesome brothers at the can."

IVORYTON.

George Clarke is increasingly feeble. B. A. Rathburn is at Lyme on business.

W. W. Shaller is out of town this week.

Simon W. Shaller has been sick, but is out again.

Dr. Cowles, of Westbrook, was in Ivoryton Monday.

Mrs. Andrew Doane is visiting her sister at Westbrook.

Mrs. N. D. Miller has returned from a visit at Long Island.

There will no Episcopal service here Thursday, March 21st.

Elbert Miller is improving and is now able to be about the house.

George Buckingham, of Waterbury, spent some days here this week.

The Ladies Home Missionary Society met at the Library this afternoon.

Dr. Benny the Arch Deacon will preach at N. E. O. P., March 28th.

FIX YOUR WATCH.

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

AXEL F. ANDERSON.

DEALER IN Fine Watches and Clocks, Jewelry, Diamonds and Precious Stones, Charts, Compasses, Tide Tables.

No. 67 BANK STREET, New London, Conn. Chromographs, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired by Experienced Workmen.

Paint

Bronzes, our importation. Graphite and Maroon. Oxide for roofs, 75c per gallon. Paste and Liquid Paints, all colors chemically pure, as low as quality will permit.

ESSEX PAINT WORKS

Essex, Conn. WM. A. HOLT, DEALER IN

Fine Groceries.

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

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

CHARLES J. DUCY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Liquors, Wines, Ales, &c New London, Conn.

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EDWARD LOVE,

WALL PAPER MANUFACTURER, Springfield, New Jersey.

OLD SAYBROOK.

Miss Mary Bacon has returned to Boston.

George Grover is about to move to Noank.

Richard Cadwell is very ill with pneumonia.

Miss Alice Vars is attending an art school in New York city.

The interior of W. E. Clark's store is having a new coat of paint.

Mr. George Beach of Hartford has purchased the Morse place on Main street.

E. A. Seymour has surrendered his situation at the Conter House and accepted a similar position at the Barrett House, Broadway, N. Y.

George Gates while carting near Ingham's hill Wednesday was thrown from the wagon and severely cut about the face and head. He was carried to Mr. Samuel Ingham's, where he remains in a precarious condition.

The A. W. C. was entertained at the home of Miss Ella Newton Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. F. A. Curtis and Miss Cornelia Lord held the highest score and were presented with pretty souvenirs by the club. The second awards were taken by Mrs. F. S. Pratt and Mrs. N. K. Stevens.

The attention of the ladies of Old Saybrook and vicinity is called to the advertisement of Mrs. Emery Holden in this issue announcing the opening of a new millinery store in this town. Her rooms are in the store, first door below the post-office and the opening occurs Saturday. Mrs. Holden has secured the services of a professional milliner from Boston and will do all in her power to give satisfactory service to her patrons. All of the latest styles and novelties in spring millinery will be shown.

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.

A. M. Wilkinson

137 STATE ST. - New London, Ct.

Do You Wear Glasses?

Do they Give You Entire Satisfaction?

Or do they make your eyes ache after you have used them for any length of time? If they do, they are probably not adjusted to suit your eyes. If you have the least trouble with either your eyes or glasses, call and have an examination-IT IS FREE.

JOHN H. STARBUCK,

Scientific Optician, - - 145 State St., New London

I have been helping the people to see for twenty years.

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.

Remember the Acorn Range.

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.

Nichols & Harris, - - - New London, Conn

For Pure Grape Wines

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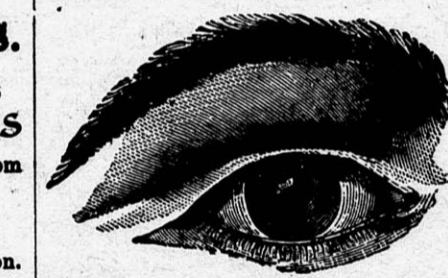
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Goods Delivered.

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Examined and their various anomalies of refraction detected and scientifically corrected.

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At Niantic-DR. E. C. CHIPMAN every 10th of each month.

Book of General Instruction on the Eye, free

Lenox Oil, the best for light, all kinds of Meat, with prices right, Tea, fresh from China and Japan; jams, good enough for any man, all kinds of Spices and Allspice, molasses, turnips, beans and rice

Bacon, fit for king or queen, raisins in which no seeds are seen, oranges sweet or a "little sour," the very choicest brands of flour, earlhound candy for your cold, eggs just as good as ever sold, royal Polish, Ready Relief, soap, sugar, salt and nice shaved beef,

18 Pennsylvania Ave., - - - Niantic, Conn.

PIANOS

Tuned and Repaired

I have Experienced and Re-liable Tuners and Repairers, and can undertake and complete repairs on any musical instrument needing first-class work.

Pianos and Organs

The Largest Stock in New London County.

Pianos to Rent. Musical Instruments of all kinds. It is my aim and desire to sell first-class Musical Instruments at a moderate price. Write for catalogue.

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OPENING OF THE CARPET SEASON SPRING SALE OF LACE CURTAINS

Carpet Buying Time.

Is here, and to meet the demand we have stocked our big carpet hall full of the newest and best makes of floor coverings that this country can produce. We're organized to do the carpet business of this section better and cheaper than it has ever been done before. With a big carpet hall, giving us nearly double the selling space of last year, and a stock second to none in the state, in point of variety and goodness, we should be able to please every prospective carpet buyer who will favor us with an inspection.

All Wool Ingrains.

The best all-wool Extra Super Lowell Ingrains, full yard wide, all new and exclusive designs. 100 styles to pick from and a choice of any of them at 55c.

Special lot of 10 styles Brussels Carpets at 65c.

15 styles Handsome Brussels Carpets, new designs, 75c

25 styles of Standard Brussels Carpets, hall and stair patterns among them. These are \$1.00 goods at 85c.

A choice of all our best Body Brussels, Bigelows, &c., without reserve, \$1.10 per yard.

Tuesday, March 23rd, 1897.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Twins leave Niantic Station, going East, at 7:30 a. m. ...

NIANTIC POST OFFICE.

Mails close, going East, at 9:15 a. m. ...

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Joseph McKee, pastor. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. ...

THE FRATERNITIES.

Niantic Lodge, No. 17, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 in Union Hall.

TALK OF THE TOWN.

The coal famine is at an end. The kite is now the small boys delight. Mrs. Wm. Erwin has returned to New London.

Suicide in Old Age.

An Italian, Augustino Pelli, living in Dingleton, a small place near "Millstone," attempted to cut his throat early yesterday morning and so far succeeded in his efforts at self-destruction that he is not expected to live.

NOTICE.

This is to inform all persons, who may be interested that my charge for service of bill is \$1.00, and for each copy of which must be paid in advance.

FIX YOUR WATCH.

I CLEAN THEM for \$1.00. Repair or supply any injured or missing parts as good as any watch factory, and have them ready on time.

COME AND SEE

The New York Millinery Store, 218 Bank St., New London, Conn. All the latest Hats and Bonnets and Novelties sold at New York prices.

MEDICAL.

Dr. McKee's Cough Syrup. MR. B. F. KOONS, President of the Storrs Agricultural College, wrote us March 8th, 1897, as follows:

The Berlin Iron Bridge Co.,

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

THE MAGEE GRAND RANGE!

Unquestionably the BEST Cooking Apparatus ever Produced.

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.

Foran: Furniture: Company.

DAY BUILDING, NEW LONDON, CONN. Passenger Elevator. Telephone 53-3.

"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.

New Spring Goods...

CALL AND SEE THEM.

WALL PAPER...

We have an elegant line of Alfred Peats' Wall Paper Samples, at prices ranging from 2-1/2c to 40c per Roll.

PRICES QUOTED LAST WEEK.

NEW GOODS THIS WEEK.

Evaporated Pie Peaches, 3 pounds for 25 cents. Condensed Milk, 3 cans for 25 cents.

Gates Bros., Niantic, Conn.

Opposite the M. E. Church. NEW LONDON

Hand and Steam Laundry

460 BANK ST., NEW LONDON, CONN. Goods Called for and Delivered.

S. O. HARRINGTON, --- Agent

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Special Pains taken With Orders...

For Hotels, Railroads, Steamboats, Boarding Houses, Cafe, Barber Shops and Family work. Shirts, Collars, Cuffs and Ladies Work Special.

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