

Manchester Saturday Herald.

VOL. I.—NO. 18.

NORTH MANCHESTER, CONN., SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1882.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GRAND OPENING

—OF—

Spring and Summer Clothing

—BY THE—

HARTFORD

One - Price Clothing Co.,

Elegant showing of new and novel designs in Men's, Boys' and Children's clothing. Every department replete with a large and new stock adapted to all ages and classes. Our large and daily increasing business offers a most excellent opportunity for the manufacturer of clothing. Being as we are, a branch of the largest Clothing Manufacturing House in New England, it will be apparent to every one that by buying of us they can save one profit.

It has always been our aim to give every customer good value for their money. Our largely increased business since the opening of our store in Hartford, five years ago this coming month, is a sufficient guarantee that our efforts in that direction have not been in vain.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT!

We shall not attempt to enumerate the many different styles in this department. Everything new, including all the latest in Flannels, Fine Checks and Stripes will be found upon our counters. Our prices will be most reasonable, the quality of the material considered.

Young Men's Department.

We have spared no efforts to make this department particularly attractive. Young men are cordially invited to examine our stock and prices before placing their orders for a spring suit. Everything desirable in light, medium and dark colors in a great variety of styles. No merchant tailor can show finer goods or more handsome and desirable patterns.

Boys' and Children's Department.

We have made unusual exertions this season to make this department one of the leading features of our business. Parents and guardians are particularly invited to examine the many attractive styles we are offering at this time. We shall make a specialty of Children's Blouses, Suits, 4 to 11 years, cut both Single and Double Breasted, with and without a rolling collar. A cordial invitation is extended to one and all to examine our selections, whether they wish to purchase or not. Those who merely wish to look at our stock will receive the same polite attention as those who buy. Don't forget the days of our grand opening—FRIDAY, March 24, and SATURDAY, April 1.

HARTFORD ONE-PRICE

Clothing Company,

114 and 116 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.,

MANUFACTURERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS OF

Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's Fine and Medium Grades of Clothing.

G. E. LONGLEY, MANAGER.

LADIES' GLOVE TOP

CURACOA KID BUTTON BOOTS,

Very stylish and durable, at \$2.00 a pair.

THE VERY LATEST,

The new Front Lace Balmoral Boot; also the French Kid Button Boot, Derby Toe, at Bottom Prices.

A FULL VARIETY OF

MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S FOOT WEAR,

AT THE ONE-PRICE

New England Boot and Shoe House,

354 Main Street, corner Kingsley, Hartford, Conn.

FERTILIZERS!

QUINNEPIAC PHOSPHATE

Fish and Potash.

The original and best. Beware of imitation.



Dry Ground Fish.

PIKE ISLAND QUANO.

The best Fertilizer made for general use. Shows by the analysis, and by the results obtained, that it is a most valuable fertilizer. It is a most valuable fertilizer. It is a most valuable fertilizer.

Quinnepiac Phosphate, The Great Tobacco Fertilizer.

General agency at

OLDS & WHIPPLE,

36, 38, 40 State Street, HARTFORD, Conn.

Solely by OLIN WHELAN, HARTFORD, Conn. Also, Quaker Potatoes and Potassium Chloride.

Baker's Special Manures.

For each crop, the highest grade of special manure. Manufactured by Baker's Patent Process, at the Connecticut Fertilizer Works, Hartford, Conn. It is a most valuable fertilizer. It is a most valuable fertilizer.

LAST CALL!

Opposite Cheney's Block, HARTFORD, CONN.

You will find a FIRST-CLASS

Sewing Machine!

\$15.00, Actually Worth \$45.00.

You will also find, at the same place, a large stock of

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

At the very lowest market prices.

CHAS. J. FULLER,

No. 389 Main St., Hartford.

FURNITURE!

The Hartford Furniture Comp'y,

107 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

(Opposite to J. E. CUSHMAN.)

Having purchased of Mr. J. E. Cushman his stock of Furniture and Stoves, and having added a heavy stock of new goods, bought for cash before the fire, in price, we are now prepared to exhibit the most magnificent stock ever shown in this city. We have every article marked to sell at prices below what it would cost to replace them.

NEW GOODS, NEW STYLES, NOVELTIES, BARGAINS.

One-down buyers will be liberally dealt with. If you will visit us, we will be glad to show you our stock, you will not be disappointed. Don't forget the number.

F. C. BUTLER, Manager,

107 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.

MIGGLES.

ONE OF BRET HARTE'S BEST STORIES

We were eight, including the driver. We had not spoken during the passage of the last six miles, since the jolting of the heavy vehicle over the roughening road spoiled the Judge's last poetical quotation. The tall man beside the Judge was asleep, his arm passed through the swaying grip and his head resting upon it, altogether a limp, helpless-looking object, as if he had hanged himself and been cut down too late. The French lady on the back seat was asleep, too, yet in a half-conscious propriety of attitude, shown even in the disposition of the handkerchief which she held to her forehead and which partially veiled her face. The lady from Virginia City, traveling with her husband, had long since lost all individuality in a wild confusion of ribbons, veils, furs and shawls. There was no sound but the rattling of wheels and the dash of rain upon the roof. Suddenly the stage stopped and we became dimly aware of voices.

The driver was evidently in the midst of an exciting colloquy with some one in the front—a colloquy of which such fragments as "bridge gone," "twenty feet of water," "can't pass," were occasionally distinguishable above the storm. Then came a lull, and a mysterious voice from the road shouted the parting adjuration—

"Try Miggles!"

We caught a glimpse of our leaders as the vehicle slowly turned, of a horseman vanishing through the rain, and we were evidently on our way to Miggles.

Who and where was Miggles? The Judge, our authority, did not remember the name, and he knew the country thoroughly. The Washoe traveler thought Miggles must keep a hotel. We only knew that we were stopped by high water in front and rear, and that Miggles was our rock of refuge. A ten-minute search through a tangled by-road, scarcely wide enough for the stage, and we drew up before a barrel and boarded gate in a wide stone wall or fence about eight feet high. Evidently Miggles's, and evidently Miggles did not keep a hotel.

The driver got down and tried the gate. It was securely locked.

"Miggles! O Miggles!" No answer.

"Miggles! You Miggles!" continued the driver, with rising wrath.

"Miggles!" joined in the expressman, persuasively. "O Miggles! Mig!"

But no reply came from apparently insensate Miggles. The Judge, who had finally got the window down, put his head out and propounded a series of questions, which if answered categorically would have undoubtedly elucidated the whole mystery, but which the driver evaded by replying that "if we didn't want to sit in the coach all night, we had better rise up and sing out for Miggles."

So we rose up and called on Miggles in chorus; then separately.

And when we had finished, a Hibernian fellow-passenger from the roof called for "Miggles!" whereat we all laughed. While we were laughing, the driver cried "Shoo!"

We listened. To our infinite amazement the of chorus "Miggles" was repeated from the other side of the wall, even to the final and supplemental "Miggles."

"Extraordinary echo," said the judge.

"My good man! Mr. Myghill!" roared the driver, contemptuously.

"Come out of that, Miggles, and show yourself! Be a man, Miggles! Don't hide in the dark; I wouldn't if I were you, Miggles," continued Yuba Bill, now dancing about in an excess of fury.

"Miggles!" continued the voice, "O Miggles!"

"My good man! Mr. Myghill!" said the judge, softening the asperities of the name as much as possible. "Consider the inhospitality of refusing shelter from the inclemency of the weather to helpless females. Really, my dear sir—" But a succession of "Miggles," ending in a burst of laughter, drowned his voice.

Yuba Bill hesitated no longer. Taking a heavy stone from the road, he battered down the gate, and with the expressman entered the enclosure.

We followed. Nobody was to be seen. In the gathering darkness all that we could distinguish was that we were in a garden—from the

rose-bushes that scattered over us minute spray from their dripping leaves—and before a long, rambling wooden building.

"Do you know this Miggles?" asked the Judge of Yuba Bill.

"No, nor don't want to," said Bill shortly, who felt the Pioneer Stage Company insulted in his person by the contumacious Miggles.

"But, my dear sir," expostulated the Judge, as he thought of the hotel gate.

"Look here," said Yuba Bill, with fine irony, "hadn't you better go back and sit in the coach till you introduced? I'm going in," and he pushed open the door of the building.

A long room lighted only by the embers of a fire that was dying on the large hearth at its further extremity; the walls curiously papered, and the flickering freight bringing out its grotesque pattern; somebody sitting in a large arm-chair by the fireplace. All this we saw as we crowded together into the room, after the driver and expressman.

"Hello, be you Miggles?" said Yuba Bill to the solitary occupant.

The figure neither spoke nor stirred. Yuba Bill walked wrathfully towards it, and turned the eye of his cack lantern upon its face. It was a man's face, prematurely old and wrinkled, with very large eyes, in which there was that expression of perfectly gratuitous solemnity which I had sometimes seen in an owl's.

The large eyes wandered from Bill's face to the lantern, and finally fixed their gaze on that luminous object, without further recognition.

Bill restrained himself with an effort.

"Miggles! Be you deaf? You ain't dumb anyhow, you know; and Yuba Bill shook the insensate figure by the shoulder.

To our great dismay, as Bill re-appeared, he was apparently smothered through a tangled by-road, into half his size and an undistinguishable heap of clothing.

"Well, dem my skin," said Bill, looking appealingly at us, and hopefully retiring from the contest.

The judge now stepped forward, and we lifted the mysterious invertebrate back into his original position. Bill was dismissed with the lantern to reconnoiter outside, for it was evident that from the helplessness of this solitary man there must be attendants near at hand, and we all drew around the fire. The judge, who had regained his authority, and had never lost his conversational amiability,—standing before us with his back to the hearth,—charged us, as an imaginary jury, as follows:

"It is evident that either our distinguished friend here has reached that condition described by Shakespeare as 'the mere and yellow leaf,' or has suffered some premature abatement of his mental and physical faculties. Whether he is really the Miggles—"

Here he was interrupted by "Miggles! O Miggles! Miggles! Mig!" and, in fact, the whole chorus of Miggles in very much the same key as it had once before been delivered unto us.

We gazed at each other for a moment in some alarm. The judge in particular, vacated his position quickly, as the voice seemed to come directly over his shoulder. The cause, however, was soon discovered in a large magpie, who was perched upon a shelf over the fireplace, and who immediately relapsed into a sepulchral silence, which contrasted singularly with his previous volubility. It was, undoubtedly, his voice which we had heard in the road, and our friend in the chair was not responsible for the discourtesy. Yuba Bill, who re-entered the room after an unsuccessful search, was loath to accept the explanation, and still eyed the helpless sinner with suspicion. He had found a shed in which he had put up his horses, but he came back dripping and sceptical. "Thar ain't nobody but him within ten mile of the shanty, and that 'ar d-d old skeesick knows it."

But the faith of the majority proved to be securely based. Bill had scarcely ceased growling before we heard a quick step upon the porch, the trailing of a wet skirt, the door was flung open, and with a flash of white teeth, a sparkle of dark eyes, and an utter absence of ceremony or diffidence, a young wo-

man entered, shut the door, and, panting, leaned back against it.

"O, if you please, I'm Miggles!"

And this was Miggles! this bright-eyed, full-throated young woman, whose wet gown of coarse blue stuff could not hide the beauty of the feminine curves to which it clung; from the chestnut crown of whose head, topped by a man's oil-skin sou' wester, to the little feet and ankles, hidden somewhere in the recesses of her boy's brogans, all was grace—this was Miggles, laughing at us, too, in the most airy, frank, off-hand manner imaginable.

"You see, boys," said she, quite out of breath, and holding one little hand against her side, quite unheeding the speechless discomfiture of our party, or the complete demoralization of Yuba Bill, whose features had relaxed into an expression of gratuitous and imbecile cheerfulness.

"You see, boys, I was mor'n two miles away when you passed down the road. I thought you might pull up here, and so I ran the whole way, knowing nobody was home but Jim, and—and—I'm out of breath—and—that lets me out."

And here Miggles caught her dripping oil-skin hat from her head, with a mischievous swirl that scattered a shower of rain-drops over us; attempted to put back her hair; dropped two hair-pins in the attempt; laughed and sat down beside Yuba Bill, with her hands crossed lightly in her lap.

The judge recovered himself first, and essayed an extravagant compliment.

"I'll trouble you for that thar hair-pin," said Miggles, gravely. Half a dozen hands were eagerly stretched forward; the missing hair-pin was restored to its fair owner; and Miggles, crossing the room, looked keenly in the face of the invalid. The solemn eyes looked back at hers with an expression we had never seen before. Life and intelligence seemed to struggle back into the rugged face. Miggles laughed, and turned her black eyes and white teeth once more toward us.

"This afflicted person is—hesitated the judge.

"Jim," said Miggles.

"Your father?"

"No."

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Miggles darted a quick, half-defiant glance at the two lady-passengers, who I had noticed did not participate in the general masculine admiration of Miggles, and said, gravely, "No; it's Jim."

There was an awkward pause. The lady passengers moved closer to each other, the Washoe husband looked abstractedly at the fire; and the tall man apparently turned his eyes inward for self-support at this emergency. But Miggles's laugh, which was very infectious, broke the silence. "Come," she said, briskly, "you must be hungry. Whell hear a hand to help me get tea?"

She had no lack of volunteers. In a few moments Yuba Bill was engaged like Caliban in bearing legs for this Miranda; the expressman was grinding coffee on the veranda; to myself the arduous duty of slicing bacon was assigned; and the judge lent each man his good-humored and voluble counsel. And when Miggles, assisted by the judge and our Hibernian "deck passenger," set the table with all the available crockery, we had become quite joyous, in spite of the rain that beat against windows, the wind that whirled down the chimney, the two ladies who whispered together in the corner, or the magpie who uttered a satirical commentary on their conversation from his perch above. In the now bright, blazing fire we could see that the walls were papered with feminine journals, arranged with feminine taste and discrimination. The furniture was extemporized, and adapted from candle boxes and packing cases, and covered with gray calico or the skin of some animal. The arm chair of the helpless Jim was an ingenious variation of a flour barrel. There was neatness, and even a taste for the picturesque, to be seen in the few details of the long low room.

The meal was a culinary success. But more; it was a social triumph,—ah, I think, owing to the rare tact of Miggles in guiding the conversation, asking all the questions herself, yet bearing throughout a frankness that rejected the idea of

any concealment on her own part, so that we talked of ourselves, of our prospects, of each other,—of everything but our host and hostess. It must be confessed that Miggles's conversation was never elegant, rarely grammatical, and that at times she employed expletives, the use of which had generally been yielded to our sex. But they were delivered with such a lighting up of teeth and eyes, and were usually followed by a laugh—a laugh peculiar to Miggles—so frank and honest that it seemed to clear the morose atmosphere.

Once, during the meal, we heard a noise like the rubbing of a heavy body against the outer walls of the house. This was shortly followed by a scratching and sniffing at the door. "That's Joaquin," said Miggles, in reply to our questioning glances: "would you like to see him?" Before we could answer she had opened the door, and disclosed a half-grown grizzly, who instantly raised himself on his haunches, with his forepaws hanging down in the popular attitude of mendicancy, and looked admiringly at Miggles, with a very singular resemblance in his manner to Yuba Bill. "That's my watchdog," said Miggles, in explanation. "O, he don't bite," she added, as the two lady passengers flattered into a corner. "Does he, old Topsy?" (the latter remark being addressed directly to the sagacious Joaquin.) "I tell you what, boys," continued Miggles, after she had fed and closed the door on Yuba Minor, "you were in big luck that Joaquin wasn't hanging round when you dropped in to-night."

"Where was he?" asked the judge.

"With me," said Miggles. "Lord love you; he trots round with me nights like as if he was a man."

We were silent for a few moments, and listened to the wind. Perhaps we all had the same picture before us, of Miggles walking through the rainy woods, with her savage guardian at her side. The judge, I remember, said something about Tia and she did other compliments, with quiet gravity. Whether she was altogether unconscious of the admiration she excited,—she could hardly have been oblivious of Yuba Bill's adoration,—I know not; but her very frankness suggested a perfect sexual equality that was cruelly humiliating to the younger members of our party.

The incident of the bear did not add anything to Miggles's favor to the opinions of those of her own sex who were present. In fact, during the repast, a chillness radiated from the two lady passengers that no pine boughs brought in by Yuba Bill and cast as a sacrifice upon the hearth could wholly overcome. Miggles felt it; and, suddenly declaring that it was time to "turn in," offered to show the ladies to their bed in an adjoining room. "You, boys, will have to camp out here by the fire as well as you can," she added, "for thar ain't but one room."

Our sex—by which, my dear sir, I allude of course to the stronger portion of humanity—has been generally relieved from the imputation of curiosity, or a fondness for gossip. Yet I am constrained to say, that hardly had the door closed on Miggles than we crowded together, whispering, snickering, smiling, and exchanging suspicious surmises, and a thousand speculations in regard to our pretty hostess and her singular companion. I fear that we even hastied that imbecile paralytic, who sat like a voiceless Memnon in our midst, gazing with the serene indifference of the past in his passionless eyes upon our wordy counsels. In the midst of an exciting discussion the door opened again, and Miggles re-entered.

But not, apparently, the same Miggles who a few hours before had flashed upon us. Her eyes were downcast, and as she hesitated for a moment on the threshold, with a blanket on her arm, she seemed to have left behind her the frank fearlessness which had charmed us a moment before. Coming into the room, she drew a low stool beside the paralytic's chair, set down a blanket over her shoulders, and saying, "If it's all the same to you, boys, as we're rather crowded, I'll stop here to-night," took the invalid's withered hand in her own, and turned her eyes upon the dying fire. An instinctive feeling that this was only premonitory to more confidential relations, and perhaps some shame at

our previous curiosity, kept us silent. The rain still beat upon the roof, wandering gusts of wind stirred the embers into momentary brightness, until, in a full of the elements, Miggles suddenly lifted up her head, and, throwing her hair over her shoulder, turned her face upon the group and asked—

"Is there any of you that knows me?"

There was no reply.

"Think again! I lived at Marysville in '53. Everybody knew me to know me. I kept the Polka saloon until I came to live with Jim. That's six years ago. Perhaps I've changed some."

The absence of recognition may have disconcerted her. She turned her head to the fire again, and it was some seconds before she again spoke, and then more rapidly:

"Well, you see I thought some of you must have known me. There's no great harm done, anyway. What I was going to say was this: Jim here"—she took his hand in both of hers as she spoke—"used to know me, if you didn't, and spent a heap of money upon me. I reckon he spent all he had. And one day—it's six years ago this winter—Jim came into my back room, sat down on my sofa, like as you see him in that chair, and never moved again without help. He was struck all of a heap, and never seemed to know what ailed him. The doctors came and said as how it was caused all along of his way of life,—for Jim was mighty free and wild-like,—and that he would never get better, and couldn't last long anyway. They advised me to send him to Frisco to the hospital, for he was no good to any one and would be a baby all his life. Perhaps it was something in Jim's eye, perhaps it was that I never had a baby, but I said 'No.' I was rich then, for I was popular with everybody,—gentlemen, like yourself, sir, came to see me,—and I sold out my business and bought this yer place, because it was

see, and I brought my baby here.

With a woman's intuitive tact and poetry, she had, as she spoke, slowly shifted her position so as to bring the mute figure of the ruined man behind the shadow behind it, as if she offered it as a tacit apology for her actions. Silent and expressionless, it yet spoke for her; helpless, crushed and smitten with the Divine thunder-bolt, it still stretched an invisible arm around her.

Hidden in the darkness, but still holding his hand, she went on:

"It was a long time before I could get the hang of things about yer, for I was used to company and excitement. I couldn't get any woman to help me, and a man I disrespected trust; but what with the Indians hereabout who'd odd jobs for me, and having everything sent from the North Fork, Jim and I managed to worry through. The doctor would run up from Sacramento once in a while. He'd ask to see 'Miggles's baby,' as he called Jim, and when he'd go away, he'd say, 'Miggles, you're a trump—God bless you; and it didn't seem so lonely after that. But the last time he was here he said, as he opened the door to go, 'Do you know, Miggles, your baby will grow up to be a man yet and an honor to his mother; but not here, Miggles, not here.' And I thought he went away sad,—and—and— and here Miggles's voice and head were somehow both lost completely in the shadow.

"The folks about here are very kind," said Miggles, after a pause, coming a little into the light again. "The men from the fork used to hang around here, until they found they wasn't wanted, and the women are kind—and don't call. I was pretty lonely until I picked up Joaquin in the woods yonder one day, when he wasn't so high, and taught him to beg for his dinner; and then thar's Polly—that's the magpie—she knows no end of tricks, and makes it quite sociable of evenings with her talk, and so I don't feel like as I was the only living being about the ranch. And Jim here," said Miggles, with her old laugh again, and coming out quite into the frelight, "Jim—why, boys, you would admire to see how much he knows, for a man like him. Sometimes I bring him flowers, and he looks at 'em just as natural as if he knew 'em; and times when we're sitting alone, I read him those things on the wall. Why, Lord!" said Miggles, with her frank laugh, "I've read

him that whole side of the house this winter. There never was such a man for reading as Jim."

"Why," asked the judge, "do you not marry this man to whom you have devoted your youthful life?"

"Well, you see," said Miggles, "it would be playing it rather low down on Jim, to take advantage of his being so helpless. And then, too, if we were man and wife, now, we'd both know that I was bound to do what I do now of my own accord."

"Not you?"

"It's getting late," said Miggles, gravely, "and you'd better all turn in. Good-night, boys"; and, throwing the blanket over her head, Miggles laid herself down beside Jim's chair, her head pillowed on the low stool that held his feet, and spoke no more. The fire slowly faded from the hearth; we each sought our blankets in silence; and presently there was no sound in the long room but the pattering of the rain upon the roof, and the heavy breathing of the sleepers.

It was nearly morning when I awoke from a troubled dream. The storm had passed, the stars were shining, and through the shutterless window the full moon, lifting itself over the solemn pines without, looked into the room. It touched the lonely figure in the chair with an infinite compassion, and seemed to baptize with a shining flood the lowly head of the woman whose hair, as in the sweet old story, bathed the feet of him she loved. It even lent a kindly poetry to the rugged outline of Yuba Bill, half reclining on his elbow between him and his passenger, with savagely patient eyes keeping watch and ward. And then I fell asleep and only woke at broad day, with Yuba Bill standing over me, and "All aboard!" ringing in my ears.

Coffee was waiting for us on the table, but Miggles was gone. We wandered about the house and lingered long after the horses were harnessed, but she did not return. It was a formal leave-taking, and had so left us to depart as we had come. After we had helped the ladies into the coach, we returned to the house and solemnly shook hands with the paralytic Jim, as solemnly setting him back into position after each hand-shake. Then we looked for the last time around the long low room, at the stool where Miggles had sat, and slowly took our seats in the waiting coach. The whip cracked, and we were off!

But as we reached the high-road, Bill's dexterous hand laid the six horses back on their haunches, and the stage stopped with a jerk. For there, on a little eminence beside the road, stood Miggles, her hair flying, her eyes sparkling, her white handkerchief waving, and her white teeth flashing a last "good-by." We waved our hats in return. And then Yuba Bill, as if fearful of further fascination, manly lashed his horses forward, and we sank back in our seats. We exchanged not a word until we reached the North Fork, and the stage drew up at the Independence house. Then, the judge leading, we walked into the bar room and took our places graverly at the bar.

"Are your glasses charged, gentlemen?" said the judge, solemnly taking off his white hat.

They were.

"Well then, here's to Miggles, God bless her!"

Perhaps He had. Who knows?

Sir John Lubbock says our earth is "only one of 75,000,000 worlds." Now with so many worlds drifting about, why should a man be considered a hog, simply because he wants this one?—Boston Post.

A widow in Japan, who is willing to think of matrimony, wears her hair tied and twisted around a long shell hair pin placed horizontally across the back of the head. Were this the custom in this country we would throw down the pen and at once engage in the manufacture of long shell hair pins.

"The bees are swarming, and there's no end to them," said farmer Jones, coming into the house. His little George came in a second afterwards, why should there was an end to one of 'em and it was red-hot too."

"Young man," said the landlord, "I always eat the cheese rind." And the new boarder replied, "Jes so; I am leaving this for you."

man entered, shut the door, and, panting, leaned back against it.

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She had no lack of volunteers. In a few moments Yuba Bill was engaged like Caliban in bearing legs for this Miranda; the expressman was grinding coffee on the veranda; to myself the arduous duty of slicing bacon was assigned; and the judge lent each man his good-humored and voluble counsel. And when Miggles, assisted by the judge and our Hibernian "deck passenger," set the table with all the available crockery, we had become quite joyous, in spite of the rain that beat against windows, the wind that whirled down the chimney, the two ladies who whispered together in the corner, or the magpie who uttered a satirical commentary on their conversation from his perch above. In the now bright, blazing fire we could see that the walls were papered with feminine journals, arranged with feminine taste and discrimination. The furniture was extemporized, and adapted from candle boxes and packing cases, and covered with gray calico or the skin of some animal. The arm chair of the helpless Jim was an ingenious variation of a flour barrel. There was neatness, and even a taste for the picturesque, to be seen in the few details of the long low room.

The meal was a culinary success. But more; it was a social triumph,—ah, I think, owing to the rare tact of Miggles in guiding the conversation, asking all the questions herself, yet bearing throughout a frankness that rejected the idea of

any concealment on her own part, so that we talked of ourselves, of our prospects, of each other,—of everything but our host and hostess. It must be confessed that Miggles's conversation was never elegant, rarely grammatical, and that at times she employed expletives, the use of which had generally been yielded to our sex. But they were delivered with such a lighting up of teeth and eyes, and were usually followed by a laugh—a laugh peculiar to Miggles—so frank and honest that it seemed to clear the morose atmosphere.

Once, during the meal, we heard a noise like the rubbing of a heavy body against the outer walls of the house. This was shortly followed by a scratching and sniffing at the door. "That's Joaquin," said Miggles, in reply to our questioning glances: "would you like to see him?" Before we could answer she had opened the door, and disclosed a half-grown grizzly, who instantly raised himself on his haunches, with his forepaws hanging down in the popular attitude of mendicancy, and looked admiringly at Miggles, with a very singular resemblance in his manner to Yuba Bill. "That's my watchdog," said Miggles, in explanation. "O, he don't bite," she added, as the two lady passengers flattered into a corner. "Does he, old Topsy?" (the latter remark being addressed directly to the sagacious Joaquin.) "I tell you what, boys," continued Miggles, after she had fed and closed the door on Yuba Minor, "you were in big luck that Joaquin wasn't hanging round when you dropped in to-night."

"Where was he?" asked the judge.

"With me," said Miggles. "Lord love you; he trots round with me nights like as if he was a man."

We were silent for a few moments, and listened to the wind. Perhaps we all had the same picture before us, of Miggles walking through the rainy woods, with her savage guardian at her side. The judge, I remember, said something about Tia and she did other compliments, with quiet gravity. Whether she was altogether unconscious of the admiration she excited,—she could hardly have been oblivious of Yuba Bill's adoration,—I know not; but her very frankness suggested a perfect sexual equality that was cruelly humiliating to the younger members of our party.

The incident of the bear did not add anything to Miggles's favor to the opinions of those of her own sex who were present. In fact, during the repast, a chillness radiated from the two lady passengers that no pine boughs brought in by Yuba Bill and cast as a sacrifice upon the hearth could wholly overcome. Miggles felt it; and, suddenly declaring that it was time to "turn in," offered to show the ladies to their bed in an adjoining room. "You, boys, will have to camp out here by the fire as well as you can," she added, "for thar ain't but one room."

Our sex—by which, my dear sir, I allude of course to the stronger portion of humanity—has been generally relieved from the imputation of curiosity, or a fondness for gossip. Yet I am constrained to say, that hardly had the door closed on Miggles than we crowded together, whispering, snickering, smiling, and exchanging suspicious surmises, and a thousand speculations in regard to our pretty hostess and her singular companion. I fear that we even hastied that imbecile paralytic, who sat like a voiceless Memnon in our midst, gazing with the serene indifference of the past in his passionless eyes upon our wordy counsels. In the midst of an exciting discussion the door opened again, and Miggles re-entered.

But not, apparently, the same Miggles who a few hours before had flashed upon us. Her eyes were downcast, and as she hesitated for a moment on the threshold, with a blanket on her arm, she seemed to have left behind her the frank fearlessness which had charmed us a moment before. Coming into the room, she drew a low stool beside the paralytic's chair, set down a blanket over her shoulders, and saying, "If it's all the same to you, boys, as we're rather crowded, I'll stop here to-night," took the invalid's withered hand in her own, and turned her eyes upon the dying fire. An instinctive feeling that this was only premonitory to more confidential relations, and perhaps some shame at

our previous curiosity, kept us silent. The rain still beat upon the roof, wandering gusts of wind stirred the embers into momentary brightness, until, in a full of the elements, Miggles suddenly lifted up her head, and, throwing her hair over her shoulder, turned her face upon the group and asked—

"Is there any of you that knows me?"

There was no reply.

"Think again! I lived at Marysville in '53. Everybody knew me to know me. I kept the Polka saloon until I came to live with Jim. That's six years ago. Perhaps I've changed some."

The absence of recognition may have disconcerted her. She turned her head to the fire again, and it was some seconds before she again spoke, and then more rapidly:

"Well, you see I thought some of you must have known me. There's no great harm done, anyway. What I was going to say was this: Jim here"—she took his hand in both of hers as she spoke—"used to know me, if you didn't, and spent a heap of money upon me. I reckon he spent all he had. And one day—it's six years ago this winter—Jim came into my back room, sat down on my sofa, like as you see him in that chair, and never moved again without help. He was struck all of a heap, and never seemed to know what ailed him. The doctors came and said as how it was caused all along of his way of life,—for Jim was mighty free and wild-like,—and that he would never get better, and couldn't last long anyway. They advised me to send him to Frisco to the hospital, for he was no good to any one and would be a baby all his life. Perhaps it was something in Jim's eye, perhaps it was that I never had a baby, but I said 'No.' I was rich then, for I was popular with everybody,—gentlemen, like yourself, sir, came to see me,—and I sold out my business and bought this yer place, because it was

see, and I brought my baby here.

With a woman's intuitive tact and poetry, she had, as she spoke, slowly shifted her position so as to bring the mute figure of the ruined man behind the shadow behind it, as if she offered it as a tacit apology for her actions. Silent and expressionless, it yet spoke for her; helpless, crushed and smitten with the Divine thunder-bolt, it still stretched an invisible arm around her.

Hidden in the darkness, but still holding his hand, she went on:

"It was a long time before I could get the hang of things about yer, for I was used to company and excitement. I couldn't get any woman to help me, and a man I disrespected trust; but what with the Indians hereabout who'd odd jobs for me, and having everything sent from the North Fork, Jim and I managed to worry through. The doctor would run up from Sacramento once in a while. He'd ask to see 'Miggles's baby,' as he called Jim, and when he'd go away, he'd say, 'Miggles, you're a trump—God bless you; and it didn't seem so lonely after that. But the last time he was here he said, as he opened the door to go, 'Do you know, Miggles, your baby will grow up to be a man yet and an honor to his mother; but not here, Miggles, not here.' And I thought he went away sad,—and—and— and here Miggles's voice and head were somehow both lost completely in the shadow.

"The folks about here are very kind," said Miggles, after a pause, coming a little into the light again. "The men from the fork used to hang around here, until they found they wasn't wanted, and the women are kind—and don't call. I was pretty lonely until I picked up Joaquin in the woods yonder one day, when he wasn't so high, and taught him to beg for his dinner; and then thar's Polly—that's the magpie—she knows no end of tricks, and makes it quite sociable of evenings with her talk, and so I don't feel like as I was the only living being about the ranch. And Jim here," said Miggles, with her old laugh again, and coming out quite into the frelight, "Jim—why, boys, you would admire to see how much he knows, for a man like him. Sometimes I bring him flowers, and he looks at 'em just as natural as if he knew 'em; and times when we're sitting alone, I read him those things on the wall. Why, Lord!" said Miggles, with her frank laugh, "I've read

him that whole side of the house this winter. There never was such a man for reading as Jim."

"Why," asked the judge, "do you not marry this man to whom you have devoted your youthful life?"

"Well, you see," said Miggles, "it would be playing it rather low down on Jim, to take advantage of his being so helpless. And then, too, if we were man and wife, now, we'd both know that I was bound to do what I do now of my own accord."

"Not you?"

"It's getting late," said Miggles, gravely, "and you'd better all turn in. Good-night, boys"; and, throwing the blanket over her head, Miggles laid herself down beside Jim's chair, her head pillowed on the low stool that held his feet, and spoke no more. The fire slowly faded from the hearth; we each sought our blankets in silence; and presently there was no sound in the long room but the pattering of the rain upon the roof, and the heavy breathing of the sleepers.

It was nearly morning when I awoke from a troubled dream. The storm had passed, the stars were shining, and through the shutterless window the full moon, lifting itself over the solemn pines without, looked into the room. It touched the lonely figure in the chair with an infinite compassion, and seemed to baptize with a shining flood the lowly head of the woman whose hair, as in the sweet old story, bathed the feet of him she loved. It even lent a kindly poetry to the rugged outline of Yuba Bill, half reclining on his elbow between him and his passenger, with savagely patient eyes keeping watch and ward. And then I fell asleep and only woke at broad day, with Yuba Bill standing over me, and "All aboard!" ringing in my ears.

Coffee was waiting for us on the table, but Miggles was gone. We wandered about the house and lingered long after the horses were harnessed, but she did not return. It was a formal leave-taking, and had so left us to depart as we had come. After we had helped the ladies into the coach, we returned to the house and solemnly shook hands with the paralytic Jim, as solemnly setting him back into position after each hand-shake. Then we looked for the last time around the long low room, at the stool where Miggles had sat, and slowly took our seats in the waiting coach. The whip cracked, and we were off!

But as we reached the high-road, Bill's dexterous hand laid the six horses back on their haunches, and the stage stopped with a jerk. For there, on a little eminence beside the road, stood Miggles, her hair flying, her eyes sparkling, her white handkerchief waving, and her white teeth flashing a last "good-by." We waved our hats in return. And then Yuba Bill, as if fearful of further fascination, manly lashed his horses forward, and we sank back in our seats. We exchanged not a word until we reached the North Fork, and the stage drew up at the Independence house. Then, the judge leading, we walked into the bar room and took our places graverly at the bar.

"Are your glasses charged, gentlemen?" said the judge, solemnly taking off his white hat.

They were.

"Well then, here's to Miggles, God bless her!"

Perhaps He had. Who knows?

Sir John Lubbock says our earth is "only one of 75,000,000 worlds." Now with so many worlds drifting about, why should a man be considered a hog, simply because he wants this one?—Boston Post.

A widow in Japan, who is willing to think of matrimony, wears her hair tied and twisted around a long shell hair pin placed horizontally across the back of the head. Were this the custom in this country we would throw down the pen and at once engage in the manufacture of long shell hair pins.

"The bees are swarming, and there's no end to them," said farmer Jones, coming into the house. His little George came in a second afterwards, why should there was an end to one of 'em and it was red-hot too."

"Young man," said the landlord, "I always eat the cheese rind." And the new boarder replied, "Jes so; I am leaving this for you."

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SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1892.

A modified Chinese bill will be offered to Congress next week, which limits the period of suspended immigration to ten years and substitutes for the obnoxious passport system a certificate system.

Our readers will discover a change in the make up of the outside of the HERALD. An interesting feature of the paper will hereafter be a weekly review of important events in the religious world with liberal comments.

One of the greatest charities of this century has just been bestowed upon the colored race, South, by John F. Slater of Norwich, Ct. He has given an amount of \$1,000,000 to be held by an eminent board of trustees, and to be used in educating and Christianizing the colored people, who were emancipated by the civil war.

The new board of health which has the small pox cases in charge was organized under the recently amended statute law. The law, as it now stands, provides that the selectmen, justices of the peace, and such reputable physicians as they may elect, shall constitute a board of health.

Both branches of the Connecticut Legislature have passed the bill for restraining the traffic in intoxicating liquors. The new bill takes the place of all previous laws, and in many respects is of the same general tenor.

gives \$5000 to the Hartford hospital, \$3000 to the Widows' society and \$10,000 each to the American home missionary society and the American board of commissioners for foreign missions.

Rev. Charles A. Graeber of Meriden is preparing to sue the New Haven Union for \$10,000 damages for publishing a "shameful, libelous falsehood" about him. He was reported to have told certain girls in his congregation "to clear out" as they were there only for curiosity.

James L. Sprague, an old and respected citizen of Colchester, died very suddenly Monday evening, as is supposed from disease of the heart. He took his milk pail to go and milk, but being gone a much longer time than usual a search was made, when he was found lying dead. This is the fourth case of sudden death from disease of the heart in Colchester within forty days.

The Oakland Paper Company have a handsome new truck. The local grain market is as follows: meal, 1.85; corn, 1.00; oak 70; seed oats, 75; buckwheat, 1.00.

Rev. H. W. Pope will preach a sermon to young men at the Congregational church, tomorrow morning. Arbutus parties report poor luck. The cold weather of early April gave the buds a set-back.

The ground about the new school building is being graded. Several improvements have also been made to the roof and chimneys. Miss Minnie Parker is in Boston studying vocal music under Prof. Adams, one of the most eminent teachers in New England.

Rev. H. H. Martin was appointed this week by the Providence conference to succeed Rev. J. Orliman, pastor of the Methodist church, who goes to Thompsonville. Mr. Martin was pastor at South Manchester ten years ago.

The young people of the Methodist church will give a supper and entertainment next Friday evening, April 21st. Miss May Spencer, of New London will give readings and other attractions which will make the evening enjoyable. Supper will be served at 6 o'clock.

At the weekly conference of the Baptist ministers of Boston and vicinity Monday, a memorial to the Governor was adopted by a vote of 19 to 12, reciting that Fast Day is no longer kept as a time of penitence and self-restraint, but is made an occasion of rest and amusement.

Our Glastonbury readers who desire to renew their subscriptions may hand their money to S. G. W. Rankin who is authorized to receipt for the same.

Easter Sunday was appropriately observed at the Congregational church. The flowers arranged by Miss Scudder and Miss Bidwell, were unusually beautiful. A row of magnificent callas encircled the pulpit platform, banked by the varied green of the coleus and geraniums in bloom.

The trustees of the Glastonbury Academy have accepted the resignation of Prof. Brewer, to take effect on the first of July next. Mr. Brewer has secured the services of Miss Kate Scudder, who has held the position of first assistant in the Academy for seven years. She will have charge of the school during the spring term, while Mr. Brewer assumes all financial responsibility.

There is a good deal of improvement going on in the way of house and barn building and repairing. Mr. Frank Talcott has broken ground for a new house near the green. Joiners are generally very busy. Mr. J. M. Wright has very much improved his surroundings with a very free use of the brush and paint.

What's the use of going to Hartford with your own team, when the rival stages will carry you for a little more than the bridge fare? You can get as good a dinner at Strickney's at a less price than the cost of horse fare.

There is a great demand for pure fortunate enough to have such stock can get and are getting fabulous prices out of this Jersey boom.

The personal property of the late Orson Goodrich will be sold at his late residence, on the 29th inst. Mr. Henry Welles and family, of Portland, will make Glastonbury their future home. They have rented a tenement of Mr. Ransom Risley.

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THE EVANGELIST HAMMOND. THE OTHER SIDE. Rev. Dr. E. P. Hammond, the celebrated evangelist who met with so much success in his meetings held in St. Louis during the winter of 1874-75, is again in the city, accompanied by Mrs. Hammond, who are guests of Dr. J. H. McLean of the Washington system.

THE FACULTY OF HARVARD COLLEGE in their report to the overseers, who make no opposition to the medical education of women in general, decidedly oppose it in the Harvard medical school. The school, they say, was founded for the medical education of men, and has been endowed and sustained for that purpose—a purpose which would be seriously perverted if the school were changed into an institution for the education of both sexes alike.

"Smith," said Brown, "there's a fortune in that mine." "I know," said Smith; "I've just my fortune in it."

For over forty years the Gents' Furnishing business has been carried on at 10 State street, Hartford, by Mr. Brockett. Last year a new department was added for the sale of Hats at low prices. We learn that this department has met deserved success. Look there at prices before purchasing.

Mr. A. Barrows is making necessary repairs upon the interior of his house. A horse belonging to Joseph Daggett, fell in a fit in front of the store of H. B. Bailey, one day last week. The starting of a little blood soon brought him out all right.

Large quantities of manure are arriving on the cars, for the farmers in this vicinity. A valuable cow belonging to Albert F. Cowles, died of milk fever, last Saturday night. The house lately purchased by Charles H. Owen, Esq. of John Dwyer, is being repaired and will soon be occupied. Tenements are very hard to obtain in Buckland. Parents are welcome at the Buckland school, at any time.

The United States Tobacco Journal of last week reports continued dullness in the wholesale tobacco market. It suggests that manufacturers wanting to avoid strikes, claim a dullness in business; they also keep away from the market in order not to incite too great a capacity on the part of holders of new tobacco. The conclusion is forced upon one, says the Journal, "that the manufacture of cigars in this country during 1892 will be far ahead of that of the previous years, and that consequently packers of suitable leaf will make fine profits on their investments." The sales of last week included 200 cases of Connecticut wrappers, crop of '80, 30 and 45 cents.

At a local meeting of the Board of Health of this town, held on Monday, April 12, 1892, at 8 o'clock, the following resolutions were adopted: That the Board of Health be and they are authorized to order the immediate vaccination of all children under the age of 15 years, in this town, in such cases as in the judgment of their physicians it is deemed expedient.

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THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

NOTES ON CURRENT RELIGIOUS TOPICS.

It will be the aim of the editor of this column to present, fairly and freely, a summary of religious news in all denominations, commenting on the same at his own discretion. Not so much attention will be given to mere statistical compilation, as to inform our readers of the drift and direction of religious thought. Above all, this column will endeavor to be free from sectarian bias, although we will declare what is good and true wherever we find it, and by whatsoever name it passes. When we speak of the Church, we mean just what the Founder of the Church meant, "the whole company of faithful people," and to that "whole company," orthodox and unorthodox, we address ourselves.

The unity of the Church disturbs many good people, or rather the lack of unity. Because Christianity is divided into a hundred or a thousand sects, some argue that the "senseless robe" is rent, and the body of our Lord divided. We see not so. The true unity of the Church is found, not in outward harmony of name and ritual and order, but in that deeper unity of spirits. There are many members but one body and one heart after all. The Church is at inward unity. The outward harmony is one of the things reserved for the new heavens and the new earth.

The recent retrograde of Mr. Miln of Chicago, by which he touches the lowest depths of atheism and the highest summit of intellectual audacity, has suggested to some the idea that sooner or later all "liberal" Christians must meet with the same fate. It is argued that when one breaks away in the smallest degree from traditional moorings, that there is no stop until he drifts into the darkness of atheism. This has a very plausible look, but as argument, amounts to nothing. The great majority of liberal Christians are firm believers in Jesus Christ, and in some theory of atonement. Mr. Miln and his fellow liberals break away from this, not because they have first broken with orthodoxy but from an abnormal development of self-respect, which rejects everything beyond self, which begins, centers and ends in self, and so leaves room for nothing, but as Mr. Miln observes, "communing with one's own best thoughts," in the place of prayer to God. This selfishness of heart and mind it is that fathers and mothers. Atheism.

Propos of some funeral customs and certain funeral addresses, Lyman Abbott says this week—deserved hot shot:

"Of all experiences of love, love's sorrow, surely, should be sincere; and yet we, with our mourning customs, our blacks and half blacks, our nice adjustment of shades according to the grief which conventional laws require us to express, cannot cast the first stone at Palestine in this respect. How often, even in the Christian funeral, does the Christian minister seem to make it his object rather to aggravate than to alleviate the woe; rather to draw tears from the eyes than to wipe them away; rather to increase the tumult than to rebuke it with Christ's question, 'Why make ye this ado and weep?' and with Christ's assertion, 'The dandel is not dead, but sleepeth.'"

This is all too true; we make as much parade of our grief as though it were a new bonnet.

The following clipping is from the Christian Union, usually one of the fairest and most accurate of religious papers:

"The latest sensation of the high ecclesiastical caste is a project to establish a Greek hierarchy in England. It has been incubated by that section of the Ritualists who have for some time been sighing and striving to effect a corporate reunion with the Greek Church. The Englishmen who are thus craving fellowship with one of the most degraded forms of perverted Christianity abroad are distinguished for the contempt with which they view all the most vital churches in their own country. The marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to the daughter of the late Tsar has brought the Greek Church into prominence in fashionable circles."

Here are some mis-statements to be noted. First, the English Ritualists have never been "sighing and striving" for a "corporate reunion" with the Greek Church, because all parties in the English church are in communion with the Greek church, and therefore are at union. Second, the Greek church is so closely identified with the Church of England (and of course with the greatest Episcopal Church in this country) and is so far from being "one of the most degraded forms of perverted Christianity," that she is on the point of sending theological students to be educated under the auspices of the Church of England. Then there is not the remotest prospect of establishing a Greek hierarchy in England, as such an act would be in violation of the rights of national churches, which both the Greek and English churches respect. All the rest contained in the clipping is substantially correct—what there is of it.

Politicians have become religious, and declare that the suppression of

THE WORLD OVER.

Mr. Parnell was released from prison last Monday on a parole of one week. He will visit a sister in Paris. There was general rejoicing among the Irish people at his release. It is generally considered that his imprisonment has helped his cause.

St. Stephen's church in Lynn, Mass., celebrated Easter Sunday with a solid altar service and a Spanish altar cloth supposed to be five hundred years old.

President Arthur had not been inside a theater since his predecessor's death until the other evening when he went to see *Ithen as Adrien Lecocquer*.

The newspapers of the United States alone, taking all issues of all classes for one year, make a grand total of 2,686,130,046 copies, weighing about 180,000,000 pounds, costing simply as paper \$17,200,000. Taking these papers to average 27 x 41 inches and placing them in line, they would reach 10,010,941,324 feet, or 1,896,391 miles, or, in other words, would more than belt the earth seventy-six times, or reach nearly eight times as far as the moon. The statistics are from Hubbard's newspaper directory.

Since Parisians learned the merits of horse flesh as an article of food during the siege, Hippophagy has made steady progress in the French capital. In 1875 the butchers disposed of 7,000 horses, in 1880 of 9,000, and in 1881 of 9,300. Last year the supply of meat was further increased by the carcasses of 400 asses and mules.

A marriage license in Maryland costs the rather steep figure of \$4.50, but the Senate has voted down a bill reducing the tariff.

There is a great temperance movement in Arkansas. Thousands have taken the pledge, and many liquor saloons are closed. Women have done most of the work.

The car in which President Lincoln's body was conveyed from Washington to Springfield has become degraded, and now, half-dismantled, is doing duty as an "observation car" on the Colorado Central Railway.

The court in banc will consider Guiten's case on the 24th of April. It is rumored in Washington that James Russell Lowell, our prime minister to England is to be recalled. The report has evidently been circulated by political craftsmen and will doubtless be contradicted by President Arthur.

A French chemist, M. Muntz, has discovered alcohol in water, and finds it in the river and the ocean and even in the rain. This not only spoils the temperance argument that nature never produces alcohol, but puts the total abstinence man into the bad fix of the Ancient Mariner with "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

Three thousand Chinamen are now on board ships bound for the Pacific coast.

There is talk of building a large cotton mill in Waterbury, of 2,500 looms capacity and to employ a large force of hands. New York capitalists and Lowell millers are said to be interested.

Henry A. Abbe, of Enfield, recently celebrated his eighty-third birthday. There were present five children, fifteen grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. To each child the patriarch gave \$5,000; to each grandchild \$100 and to each great-grandchild \$25.

The Harvard university crew has decided to row the Yale crew, Friday, June 30th, at New London. The crew will probably row Columbia at New London, June 24th, and a race with the Columbia freshmen will take place on the Hudson at a date not yet fixed.

Not long since a seedy-looking, half tipsy tramp called at a house in this town for the purpose of begging for food, and his rap at the door was answered by a woman as tall, lank and cadaverous as any to be found in Middlesex county. The tramp gazed at her a moment in mute astonishment, and then diving his hand deep in one of his pockets, drew forth a dime and handing it to her said, "Here take that, and for G-d's sake go and get something to eat."—Valley Advertiser.

There is little work left for the legislature, and an early adjournment is probably. The bad season will be hardly opened before the Solons leave the river side.

The Catskill steamboat company will not run a line of steamers on the Connecticut river this year. The new Connecticut river steamboat company have already started the City of Hartford and Granite State on the line and these, with the daily steamers run by the Connecticut Valley Railroad company between Saybrook and New York, will furnish all necessary accommodations for the river traffic.

An opinion prevails that the defeat of the Parallel road is only temporary and that the project will be pushed through next year. It is strongly hinted that several senators were interviewed by individuals with well filled pockets—books although it would be preposterous to believe that all the senators who voted against the road did so for financial interests. Many think that the railroad question will form an issue in the next election.

A FRUIT FARM IN CALIFORNIA.

Thinking that it might perhaps be a matter of some interest to readers of the Garden, I have from personal inspection written out a list of the fruit trees growing in the open air upon a farm near Niles, in Alameda County, thirty miles southeast from San Francisco, in the Santa Clara Valley. We have the ocean breezes somewhat modified by the San Mateo Mountains toward the west. The amount of frost in winter varies much with location in this valley. A narrow belt near the mountain base on the east side is more sheltered, and is best for the culture of choice fruits and flowers.

We have no rain during the summer, or from May 1 to Nov. 1—positively not a shower sufficient to lay the dust; yet we do not have to irrigate (except young or newly set plants until established). If the ordinary winter rains are received, all manner of trees perfect their fruits, and the cereals ripen and most vegetables grow well without artificial application of water. Maize or Indian corn is planted in the open field about May 5, and grows and perfects without ever having had a drop of rain, and without irrigation. Some-times barley is sown for hay in December, and cut in April. Then maize is sown on the same land for a late crop, and unless the winter has been late and more than usually wet, the corn needs some assistance. For economy in working it, the vegetable garden is supplied with water from wells or ditches, and as fast as a bed is emptied, the soil is dug over, fertilized and replanted.

The soil is rich and deep, with an underlying stratum of gravel thirty feet, down to which wells are bored, and yield an unending supply. Nearer the Bay of San Francisco artesian wells abound, but on the farm of which we write, the water is raised to the surface by windmills and steam pumps. The climate is delightful. The farm under consideration has been occupied about thirty years, but horticultural work was begun here only eight years ago, and the wonderful growth manifested is due to soil and climate. Of trees now in bearing, there are forty varieties of apples, the earliest ripening the middle of June; four of crab apples, twenty-three of pears, the earliest ripening in June; twenty-one of plums and prunes; two of quinces; forty of peaches, extending in season from June 1 to November 1; three of nectarines, seven of apricots, eighteen of cherries, and eight of figs. Besides these, there are already fruiting Japan persimmons, American persimmons, English walnuts, Persian walnuts, Italian chestnuts, English filberts, three kinds of oranges of six varieties, lemons of three sorts, citrons, hadlocks, olives, the loquat of Japan, the kamquat or Japanese dwarf orange, and grapes, both American and European; of blackberries, currants, raspberries, all the leading varieties are grown. The large English gooseberries mellow occasionally, owing to the hot sun, but the Houghton seedling thrives satisfactorily. *Paschalio edulis* fruits in the open air and stands the winter. The pomegranate is a great favorite, both for bloom and fruit. Besides these and others, many useful plants have not yet fruited, but are growing rapidly. Among these are the three-lobed aspidum (*A. trlobatum*), the jagged *perpetuaria*, *J. cuneata*, the *carpa macrocarpa*, the Japanese chestnut, the *carpa oliviformis*, the *Machonioid tenuifolia*, the *fajpa ferruginea*, the carob, the jujube plum, the date palm, the cork oak, and bananas of all sorts. These last are cut back by the frosts, so that it is improbable that they will ever fruit in the open air, but they grow luxuriantly from the old stems and add much to the beauty of the scene.

The list of ornamental plants grown here is very large. Komedias attain the size of tall shrubs or small trees; fuchsias, pelargoniums and similar plants bloom most of the year. The small ranges of greenhouses, hotbeds and cold frames are used chiefly for propagation. *Camellias*, rhododendrons, azaleas, etc., are kept under a lath house shelter through the summer months. But, since the chief object of this list is to show how wide our range of fruit is, it seems out of place to consider the ornamental department at present.

This year fruit has been sold from this farm to the canneries at San Jose at rather surprising prices, when the

heavy yield of these valley lands is considered. The price for peaches ranged from \$30 to \$80 per ton, according to quality and time of ripening; plums at from \$10 to \$60 per ton; apricots at \$70 per ton. Some farmers last year (1880) sold their apricots at \$100 per ton, and had from four to six tons per acre. One gentleman at Hayward's, in the Santa Clara valley, had nearly ten tons per acre; but these were exceptional yields. At the rate this year, \$70 per ton, a large profit is insured. In fact, if the recent prices continue, or anything like them, or four or five years, the fruit growers will become wealthy. Salway peaches, which sold this year in the orchard at \$80 per ton, yielded at the rate of \$1,200 per acre; \$1,200, or nearly £240, as the return of one acre of land, makes the faith of Californians in the fruit-growing capacities of the coast greater than ever, and has already caused the price of available fruit lands to advance rapidly.

CHARLES H. SWAIN.

"The Thoughts of a Queen."

The *Nouvelle Revue* has published under the title of "Les Penées d'une Reine," some reflections and maxims of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, who has attained considerable literary reputation under the pseudonym of "Carman Sylvia." A few of her *penées*, chosen at hazard, are:— Happiness is like the echo; it answers you, but it does not come. There is a kind of fraternity formed at first sight between those who have been smitten by misfortune. When you have long been in mourning you feel yourself attracted toward every black dress that you meet. Love, hatred, jealousy, destiny are blind; the eyes of justice are blindfolded; one must then quit life in order to be able to see it. It is better to leave a doctor for a confessor than a priest. Tell the priest that you detest men; he will reply that you are not a Christian. The doctor gives you some phylax, and straightaway you have your "fellow." Tell the priest that you are weary of life; he will reply that suicide is a crime. The doctor will give you a stimulant, and straightaway you find life endurable. By dint of writing on the writings of others, we end by believing ourselves more intelligent than they are. Contradiction animates conversation; that is why courts are so wearisome. Prudery is a perfume that conceals vitiated air.

CABBAGE.

A miller out west fell asleep in his mill, and bent forward till his hair got caught in some machinery and was yanked out; and, of course, it awakened him, and his first bewildered exclamation was: "Damn it! wife, what's the matter now?" Mrs. Smith—"Poor Mrs. Olsen. They say that she has been ordered to a warmer climate. Do you think she will go? Mrs. Brown (grimly)—"No, not while she lives."

Luther said, "If a man is not handsome at twenty, strong at thirty, learned at forty and rich at fifty, he will never be handsome, strong, learned or rich in this world." Luther no doubt struck the bull's eye as far as beauty, strength and learning are concerned, but he died before an oldish holder had acquired the art of saving \$2,000 a year out of a salary of \$3,000; hence his remark about riches don't fit now.—*Norristown Herald*.

Let the poor man smoke his clay pipe. It is his only means of relieving the T. Deum of a life of care.—*Boston Transcript*.

Somebody says that a rainy day is a lazy man's paradise. Just let that philosopher spend a rainy day in doing indoor farm work or office bookkeeping, and he'll alter his mind.—*Boston Star*.

A St. Louis man offers a reward of \$20 to any woman who will peel an orange with her fingers and eat it without getting any juice on her chin.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Rev. Arthur Amicessel of Utica is a disciple of Wilde, and pronounced by his lady parishioners a very zephyr of poetic piety. His preaching is very delicate. Last Sunday he read a portion of sacred writ detailing a rehearsal of Jonah's submarine adventures. "We come now to Jonah," said Arthur, "who passed three days and three nights in the whale's—ahem—society."

When we have a postal card with a flap, why not go a little further and have one with two flaps? Then why not have one where the flap can be locked, and the key sent by letter?—*Detroit Free Press*.

Fox-hunting may be lively sport, but when a dozen hoosiers get after a tramp who has a good leg motion the excitement makes every fence-rail dance jig.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Western editor says: "France has removed the embargo from the American hog; but all the same, we can't go to Paris this year."

JUST RECEIVED AT BARROWS & SKINNER'S. Direct from Importers, large invoices of Stone China, C. C. Ware, Rockingham Fancy Decorated Tea sets of 56 Pieces, Fancy Teapots, Fancy Cuspadores, (Just the thing for a present), Fancy Lamps, Fancy Glass Sets, pieces for 50c.

We shall offer for a few days, the drive in CROCKERY!

Big Drive in Teas, Fancy Groceries, Lace Goods, Prints.

Fine Cigars, THE STATE SEAL, Smoke "OLD MILL," "Barrows & Skinner's Best."

1822. -- 1882. The Old Stone Store, G. S. PARKHURST, General Merchandise!

FLOUR, GRAIN and FEED. BALED HAY. High grades of Minneapolis and St. Louis Flour, a specialty.

Plunket Gingham Remnants. G. S. PARKHURST, North Manchester.

"Quick Sales = Small Profits" IS MY MOTTO. CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS, Hats, Caps, Etc., 100 Asylum Street, Hartford.

A. CADDEN, 96 to 102 Asylum St., Hartford. UNION FOREVER!

The Union Range. T. P. AITKIN, WELLINGTON BASE BURNER.

The "Superb" Range, Eclipse Parlor Stove, A FULL LINE OF KITCHEN FURNITURE.

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STOVES. We have always on hand a stock of RANGES of all the Standard makes, from which you cannot fail to make a satisfactory choice. EVERY STOVE WARRANTED. Special attention given to fitting residences with Furnaces, TIN ROOFING and GENERAL JOBBING done in the best manner, at most favorable terms.

FERRIS BROS., South Manchester. Opposite St. James Church.

Lime and Cement! Having purchased a large stock of Lime and Cement, Before the receipt thereof, I am prepared to sell at Prices as Low as the Lowest.

CHAS. O. TREAT, Brown's Old Stand, North Manchester.

FOR FRESH FISH, AND Oysters, Call on DAVIS & BRADLEY, Market in Taylor's Block.

FARM FOR SALE, IN MARLBORO. Consisting of a Dwelling House, 1 1/2 acres, 40 acres of land, divided into fifteen acres planting and mowing land, the balance pasture and wood land, well stocked with Apple and Pear trees. Water in house and at barn. House in good repair. Address GEO. MILLARD, South Manchester.

FOR SALE! DWELLING HOUSE! A nice and one-half story dwelling, in North Manchester. House has seven rooms, a new depot, post office, churches and schools. Will be sold for price of a building lot on Main Street. Terms—Two hundred dollars down and the balance in very easy payments. For further particulars inquire of E. C. HILLIARD, or H. H. WHITE.

Pianos and Organs AT BOTTOM PRICES. S. C. Bradley, North Manchester.

C. R. BATHAWAY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office with Watkins Bros., South Manchester.

OLIN R. WOOD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over Post-office, North Manchester.

THOMAS P. AITKIN, DEALER IN Furnaces, Stoves, Ranges, Tin Ware, Pumps, Lead Pipe, Etc. TIN ROOFING & GENERAL JOBBING North Manchester, Conn.

New York & New England R. R. (SUBSCRIBED NOV. 11, 1881) CONNECTICUT TIME. LEAVE MANCHESTER FOR Boston, Providence, and Worcester, 9.25 a. m.; 2.25 p. m. Return, Boston, 12.45 p. m.; 6.15 a. m.; Providence, 4.15 p. m.; Worcester, 6.45 a. m.; 1.15 p. m. New London, 9.25 a. m.; 5.15 p. m. Return, New London, 8.11 a. m.; 3.30 p. m. Willimantic, 9.25 a. m.; 5.15 p. m. Return, Willimantic, 8.25 a. m.; 3.30 p. m. Putnam, 9.25 a. m.; 5.15 p. m. Return, Putnam, 8.25 a. m.; 3.30 p. m. Rockville, 9.25 a. m.; 5.15 p. m. Return, Rockville, 8.25 a. m.; 3.30 p. m. Vernon, 7.10 a. m.; 3.10 p. m.; 12.25 p. m.; 5.15 p. m.; 6.45 p. m. Hartford, 6.05 a. m.; 9.45 a. m.; 11.55 a. m.; 1.35 p. m.; 7.52 p. m. Return, Boston, 12.45 p. m.; 6.15 a. m.; 11.55 a. m.; 1.35 p. m.; 7.52 p. m. New Britain, Plainville, and Bristol, 6.05 a. m.; 9.25 a. m.; 11.55 a. m.; 1.35 p. m.; 7.52 p. m. Return, New Britain, 6.05 a. m.; 9.25 a. m.; 11.55 a. m.; 1.35 p. m.; 7.52 p. m. Terryville, and Waterbury, 7.25 a. m.; 11.55 a. m.; 1.35 p. m.; 7.52 p. m. Return, Waterbury, 7.25 a. m.; 11.55 a. m.; 1.35 p. m.; 7.52 p. m. Danbury, and Meriden, 11.55 a. m.; 1.35 p. m.; 7.52 p. m. Return, Meriden, 11.55 a. m.; 1.35 p. m.; 7.52 p. m.

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