

Norman Loomis, 86-87-2  
Manchester Saturday Herald.

VOL. I.--NO. 23.

NORTH MANCHESTER, CONN., SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1882.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GRAND OPENING SALE!

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

Hartford One Price Clothing Company,

114 AND 116 ASYLUM ST., HARTFORD, CONN.

MEN'S AND YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

We shall not attempt to enumerate the many different styles in this department. Everything new, including all the latest styles in Plaid, Fine Check and Stripes, will be found on our counters.

Coats cut in all shapes, S. B. Frock, D. B. Frock, regular Sack, long roll Sack, with or without silk facings, straight Sack and Four Button Cutaway Sacks and Frocks.

For variety of styles and prices, the assortment we offer is almost unlimited.

We offer, made up into MEN'S SUITS many of the very choicest medium and light weight suitings that have ever been manufactured. Merchant tailors for fifty per cent. more, produce no better fitting, better made or better styles.

We always have on hand a full line of Broadcloth Coats, both single and double breasted, with pants and vest to match.

Indigo Blue Flannel and Yacht Cloth Suits at \$10, \$12, \$14, \$15, \$16 and \$18. Every suit is warranted fast color and will not fade.

Gentlemen's Spring Overcoats, light, medium and dark colors at popular prices.

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

No less than 1,400 Children's Suits, sizes 4 to 11 years, at \$2, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50 and \$5. Sixty-three styles to choose from, including plain blouse suits, plaid blouse suits, blue and gray sailor suits, flannel suits, fancy chevrot and cassimere suits, fine mixtures, stripes, plaids, plain colors, etc. Many of the \$4.50 and \$5 suits would be very cheap at \$7.00.

About 900 Suits, same sizes as above lists, thirty-three styles to select from, at \$5.50, \$6, \$6.50, \$7, \$7.50, \$8, \$8.50 and \$9.

We shall sell 1,800 Children's Blue and Gray Flannel Sailor Suits, made both plain and trimmed, sizes 2 1/2 to 11 years, at \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4 and \$5 per suit.

Hundreds of pairs of Boys' Working Pants at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.

Men's Business Pants, all wool, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, and \$4.00.

Gentlemen's Fine dress Pants, \$4, \$4.50, \$5, \$5.50, \$6, \$6.50, \$7 and \$8. These include all the latest styles in plain and fancy mixtures, checks, stripes and plaids in light and dark colors. Diagonals and Fancy Worsteds, Doublets, Plain and Fancy Cassimeres and Chevrotas. Many of these will compare favorably with the production of our best Merchant Tailors.

Boys' Pants \$1.00 to \$4.00. Children's Pants 50 cts. to \$2.50. We shall sell 45 doz. Boy's Shirt Waists at 25 cts. each. 33 doz. Laundered Shirt Waists at 50 cts. each. Boy's Slat Blouses \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

Hartford One Price CLOTHING COMPANY, 114 and 116 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn., SPECIAL SALE OF 25 DOZEN LADIES' HAND-SEWED KID BUTTON BOOTS AT \$3.00 per Pair, worth \$4.50.

These Boots are soft and pliable, sole and upper, and very easy for tender feet. Also, the NEW STYLE FRONT LACE KID BOOT! Glove Top and Patent Trimmings—at the ONE PRICE NEW ENGLAND BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE, 354 Main St., Cor. Kinsley, Hartford. Full line of Travelling Bags and Satchels.

FERTILIZERS! LAST CALL!

Quinnepiac Phosphate. Fish and Potash. The Original and Best. Beware of Imitation. See that the above trade mark is on each bag.

Dry Ground Fish. Fine Island Guano. The Best Fertilizer made for general use. Shown by the analysis, and by the results among the farmers, and by the immense increase in sales. Better for dollar they cost any special manures made, and prices much less per ton.

Quinnepiac Phosphate—The Great Tobacco Fertilizer. General Agency at OLDS & WHIPPLE'S, 164, 166, 168 State Street, HARTFORD, Conn. Sold by OLIN WHEELER, Buckland, Conn. Also, Cashier Postoffice & Peruvian Guano.

Baker's Special Manures. For each crop, the highest grade of special manure. Valuation of Baker's Phosphate manure, at the Connecticut Experiment Station, 1881, was \$50.44 per ton, while other special manures were very much less, even as low as \$25.00 per ton. Cost at retail the same \$50.00, showing Baker's to be far superior to any special made. Send for analysis and price in pamphlet. Also, Foster's Horse Feed, Improved American Mixed Fines, (wood or iron base), Adams Harvest, New Champion Manure, etc., etc.

OLDS & WHIPPLE, 164, 166, 168 State Street, Hartford, Conn. mar13m

Opposite Cheney's Block, Sewing Machine!

—FOR— \$15.00, Actually Worth \$45.

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. 388 Main St., Hartford.

FURNITURE

The Hartford Furniture Co., No. 107 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn. (Successors to J. E. CUSHMAN.)

Having purchased of Mr. J. E. Cushman, his stock of Furniture and business, and having added a heavy stock of new goods bought for cash before the rise in prices, we are now prepared to exhibit the finest assortment of goods ever shown in this city. We have many goods arranged at sell at prices below what it would cost us to replace them.

NEW GOODS, NEW STYLES, NOVELTIES, BARGAINS. Of town buyers will be liberally dealt with. It will cost you nothing to look over our stock, you will not be urged to buy. Don't forget the number.

F. G. BUZZLE, Manager, 107 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

CAPT. STANLEY'S BODY-GUARD.

"Well, yes," said my host, Capt. Stanley, as brave a soldier as ever drew a sabre, "I have seen some hard times since I have been out here, and so have we all. A man in our profession can't pass five years of his life on the plains without getting some hard knocks, I tell you."

We had just finished a late supper, and having drawn our chairs about the wide fire-place, had filled our pipes preparatory to indulging in a social smoke. There were a dozen of us in the room, all except myself wearing Uncle Sam's "honored blue."

I was at that time correspondent for an Eastern paper, and had been ordered to the frontier to "write up" the campaign which Gen. Crook was about to undertake against the Cheyennes who had broken away from their reservation. Finding that a detachment led by Capt. Stanley, the commander of old Fort Frazier, was expected to bear the brunt of the work I joined my fortunes with it, accompanied it on a perilous scout of fourteen hundred miles, and we had but just returned to the fort. We had got back, too, just in time to escape what Western men call a "blizzard."

It is an old-fashioned New England snow storm a dozen times intensified. The wind blows as if it would sweep everything before it, the cold is so piercing that one shivers over the hottest fire, and the air is filled, not with snow, but with sharp needles of ice, which seem to threaten destruction to every living thing exposed to its fury. We were all snugly housed, our jaded horses were munching their barley in their warm stables, the sentries were standing grim and silent in their boxes, and those of us who were fortunate enough to have no duty to call us into the storm, spread our hands over the cheerful wood fire and congratulated ourselves on the safe ending of our tedious scout.

I said there were a dozen of us in the room; but I must not forget to mention Capt. Stanley's body guard, four magnificent Scotch deer-hounds, which lay stretched out in front of the fire. They were large shaggy animals, with immense bone and muscle, and bore on their bodies numerous evidences of the battles through which they had passed. They were terrible fighters, and the ease with which they could overtake and pull down an antelope was surprising. They accompanied us on the scout, and I could not imagine why it was that they were treated with so much kindness and consideration by every member of the command. On this particular night I was to find out.

"How the wind blows!" exclaimed a young lieutenant, from his seat in the chimney corner. "I declare, it will tear the stockade up by the roots."

"Yes, it is a wild night; and I hadn't been on the plains as long as you have, Jack," said the captain, addressing himself to the lieutenant, "before I was called upon to face just such a storm as this without shelter of any kind, except what was to be found in the hills, and under circumstances that were calculated to freeze the blood in the veins of the bravest man that ever stepped. Those hours of horror turned my hair white as you see it now, and made me an old man before my time. I cannot recall them without shuddering."

The captain puffed vigorously at his well-blackened briar-root for a few minutes, and after making sure that it was well lighted continued: "I always was fond of horses, dogs and guns, and I can scarcely remember the time when I did not own some of the very best. My pointers could not be beaten, my pony would take a fence almost as well as any of my father's thoroughbreds, and my little fowling piece was sure death to any bird that got up within any reasonable distance. When I left home to go to West Point it almost broke my heart to part from my pets; but my uncle, who was an ardent sportsman, assured me that if I would pass a creditable examination at the end of my school term, he would present me with a pack of dogs that would more than take the place of the one I left behind; my father, a veteran of the Mexican war, and a great admirer of the cavalry, told me that if I would fit myself to enter that branch of the service, he would give me the finest horse in his

stable, and my mother said she would give me another. Encouraged by these promises, and ambitious to distinguish myself in my chosen profession, I worked hard and stood among the first five at the end of the course. "Here are the dogs my uncle gave me," said the captain, his stern face softening as he gazed almost lovingly at the splendid animals before him, "and the horses—well, one was killed during a fight on the Sweetwater, and the other—poor Gipsy! She was my mother's gift. As soon as I received my commission I was ordered to report to the commanding officer of Fort Scott for duty. The officers were all lovers of the chase, and at the sight of my hounds they received me with open arms. In company with the neighboring ranchmen, we hunted almost constantly; there was little scouting to be done, for the Indians were quietly settled on their reservation, and when winter came and the first snow covered the ground, the sport was over. I had in my possession a simple magnificent.

"Early one morning, while I was returning to the post with a freshly killed antelope slung across my saddle, I noticed that my eyes burned, and that the surface of the snow, from which the bright rays of the sun were reflected with almost dazzling brilliancy, seemed to be covered with floating specks. Now and then something that looked like a chain danced across the range of my vision, and this would be followed by multitudes of miniature pin wheels and sky-rockets. I knew that the glare of the sun on the snow had affected my eyes, but I thought nothing of it, for I was foolish enough to believe that it would wear off in time.

"When I reached the fort I found there was a runner from the Red Eagle agency, who had brought information which rendered it necessary that a courier should be sent with dispatches to Fort Morris. The dispatches were ready and the colors were waiting for me. I changed my horse, mounted my gun, and set out at once with my Henry rifle slung at my back, and my hounds trotting along before me. For two or three days I had noticed a suspicious bank of clouds hanging in the northern horizon, and the colonel had warned me to make haste for a storm was brewing. Acting upon his advice I pushed ahead as rapidly as possible, shading my burning eyes with my hand, and now and then calling to my dogs, which seemed inclined to turn about and give battle to a pack of gaut and hungry wolves that was following behind me. I saw with no little uneasiness that although the south wind was blowing strongly, that threatening bank of clouds in the north was rising rapidly against it. The Arctic King was coming in his might, and I knew that the storm would overtake me long before I could reach my destination. I began to feel timid. I did not like the persistency with which those famine breeders hung on my trail. There was something ominous in it.

"Just before dark I reached my camping ground. It was a sheltered nook among the hills, bare of snow, and there was a spring of good water close by. After putting the blankets on the mare and feeding her and making her as comfortable as I could for the night, I built a fire under the lee of a rock, and with my dogs around me, sat down to eat my supper. Just then the war of the elements began. With a roar and a rush that were terrific, the advance guard of the Arctic forces struck the south wind and drove it back. Then there was a lull, such as sometimes occurs in battle when the opposition forces are gathering themselves for a decisive effort, and with another mighty roar the final onslaught was made. The blizzard was in full blast. The air was literally filled with ice. It grew colder and colder every minute and my fire seemed to give out no heat. I could not look at the blaze for the pain in my eyes had increased until it was almost unbearable. Finally I wrapped my blankets around me and lay down to sleep.

"How long I slumbered I do not know. I was awakened by one of my dogs, which came up and licked my face. I started up and threw off the blankets. It was pitch dark. The blizzard was still raging fearfully, and the wolves had approached so close to my camp that I could hear the patter of their feet as they ran about among the scrub oaks,

and my faithful dogs now and then gave a growl to warn them off. A stamping among the brutes told me that my mare was rendered uneasy by their presence, and I thought I would go out and speak to her. I looked toward the place where my fire had been kindled but could not see a single coal. It had burned itself completely out. Groping my way on my hands and knees to the pile of fuel I had gathered before going to sleep, I picked up a stick and began poking around for the coals. Presently a sharp stinging sensation in my hand told me that I had found one. I could feel the pain but I could not see the coal, and yet it must have been a live one or else it could not have burned me.

"With trembling hands and a terrible sinking at my heart I took out a match and lighted it. I could distinctly hear it burning, but I could not see the blaze, although I held the match until my fingers were scorched. Then I dropped it, and with a scream of terror jumped to my feet. Great heaven! I was now blind.

"With the experience I now have I know that my situation would have been desperate if I had been in full possession of my sight; as it was I gave myself up for lost. I was paralyzed with horror, and for a time I could not move. The actions of one of my dogs aroused me. He bounded forward and began a terrible battle with one of the wolves. With another cry of terror I groped my way back to my bed, and catching up my rifle succeeded after a desperate scramble in placing myself on top of the rock. By this time the battle between my dogs and the wolves was in full progress, and a fierce one it was, too. I fired shot after shot into the air in the hope of frightening the famine-breeders, but they were rendered too desperate by the fear the smell of gunpowder

gave them, and hence the saving of artificial heat would be very large if the sun heat could be "turned on" for eight or ten hours out of the twenty-four.

Longfellow's Independence. The most urbane and sympathetic of men, never aggressive, not vehement, nor self-asserting, he was yet thoroughly independent, and the individuality of his genius held its tranquil way as surely as the river Charles, whose placid beauty he so often sang, wound through the meadows calm and free. When Longfellow came to Cambridge, the impulse of Transcendentalism in New England was deeply affecting scholarship and literature. It was represented by the most original of American thinkers and the typical American scholar, Emerson, and its elevating, purifying, and emancipating influences are memorable in our moral and intellectual history. Longfellow lived in the very heart of the movement. Its leaders were his cherished friends. He too was a scholar and a devoted student of German literature, who had drunk deeply also of the romance of German life. Indeed, his first important works stimulated the taste for German studies and the enjoyment of its literature more than any other impulse in this country. But he remained without the charmed Transcendental circle, serene and friendly and attentive. There are those whose career was wholly moulded by the intellectual revival of that time. But Longfellow was untouched by it, except as his sympathies were attracted by the vigor and purity of its influence. His tastes, his interests, his activities, his career, would have been the same had that great light never shone. If he had been the ductile, echoing, imitative nature that the more ardent disciples of the faith supposed him to be, he would have been absorbed and swept away by the flood. But he was as untouched by it as Charles Lamb by the wars of Napoleon.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, in Harper's Magazine for June.

"I remained a full month at Mr. Butler's hospitable ranch before I was able to return to the post. He and two of his neighbors had been out after black-tails, and were caught in the blizzard, but knowing they must reach home or run the risk of being snowed up in the hills, they boldly faced it, and a fortunate thing

it was for me that they did so. They saw the wolves devouring my mare and took the back trail expecting to find my mangled body. When they discovered me lying behind that rock surrounded by my bleeding hounds no words could express their astonishment. Close by there were seven dead wolves and three disabled ones that were trying to crawl off. These they shot. That these dead and wounded members of the pack were not devoured by their comrades was owing to the fierceness with which my brave dogs fought them. They were badly cut up, but they received the same kind nursing that I did, and here they are, as ready for a fight as they ever were. Do you know why everybody in the fort thinks so much of my bodyguard, Harry?"

I thought I did.—Harry Castleman in Our Continent.

Heating by Sunshine.

Professor E. S. Morse of the Essex Institute, has devised an ingenious arrangement for utilizing the sun's rays in warming our houses. His invention consists of a surface of blackened slate under glass fixed to the sunny side or sides of a house, with vents in the walls so arranged that the cold air of a room is let out at the bottom of the slate, and forced in again at the top by the ascending heated column between the slate and the glass. The out-door air can be admitted, also, if desirable. The thing is so simple and apparently self-evident that one only wonders that it has not always been in use. Its entire practicalness is demonstrated in the heating of the professor's study in his cottage at Salem. The value of the improvement for daily warming buildings like churches and schoolhouses, which, when allowed to get cold between use, consume immense quantities of heat before they are fairly warmed again, is evident.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

Mrs. L. G. Coburn, a lady of San Antonio, Texas, has 40,000 silk worms at work in her yard.

The Illinois Woman Suffrage Convention will convene in executive session at Moline, Thursday and Friday, May 25 and 26, 1882.

Miss Eula Marsh is secretary of an exchange for woman's work, recently established in Detroit, which has met with decided success.

A social festival to be held in Boston on the evening of May 31st, is a new and attractive feature of the Woman Suffrage work in New England.

Mrs. Dr. Tyler Wilcox presented a ballot at the polls of the West Joplin Missouri school election, but the judges declined to receive the vote.

The bill prohibiting the disfranchisement of women has passed the third reading in the New York Assembly by seventy-seven affirmative votes, and it is believed that the Senate will concur.

Miss Lizzie Sargent, the younger daughter of the Minister to Germany, intends to pursue her medical studies at a German university. She is already a qualified physician, having been graduated at the Pacific Medical College.

Mrs. H. F. Crocker and Mrs. H. A. Johns were appointed April 17th, as Police Matrons to look after women prisoners in police stations and courts, through the action of the First Brooklyn Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which furnishes the money for the purpose.

Several ladies are employed on the staff of computers in the astronomical observatory of Harvard College. We believe that women have shown themselves specially competent in the ordinary reductions of observations in more than one European observatory.

At the last November election held in the city of Cheyenne, Wyoming, which was the first held in that city, the women voted in proportion largely as the men, in Wyoming.

The progress of women towards complete parity with men in all the relations of business is illustrated by the establishment of an advertising agency at No. 110 Tremont street, Boston, Blaisdell & Foster; and the proprietors are Misses L. A. Blaisdell and E. F. Foster.

Mr. W. E. Kollock, of Madison, Wisconsin, has four daughters. The two oldest are well-educated physicians with a large practice; the third is a successful and popular minister of a church in a Chicago suburb; the fourth is a successful dentist at Chicago.

The Senate of the General Assembly of Rhode Island, by special committee on women's relation to the laws and the constitution, made report, recommending no action at this time, in view of the fact that the question of a constitutional convention is to be submitted to the electors.

Judge Brady has common sense to support him, even if he lacks legal precedent, in holding that a wife has a right to sue her husband for damages from assault and battery. The record of wife beating and wife murder in this city, has become intolerably long and offensive.—Christian Union.

In Wisconsin, a committee of women consisting of Mrs. Emma C. Bascom, wife of President Bascom of Wisconsin University, Mrs. B. L. Deaplaine, and Mrs. Helen R. Olin have undertaken to introduce suffrage literature into the newspapers of that state as far as possible.

It is worthy of notice that the bill which admits women to practice in the courts of law, was passed without a word of debate. Some voted for it who voted against suffrage. Will some one of these explain why it is more "unwomanly" to vote than it is to practice at the law?—Salem Observer.

The Connecticut State law has just been amended by the House of Representatives so that women as well as men may vote on the election of trustees of Methodist churches. Meetings for such elections are to be held in January instead of September hereafter. The reason alleged is the insufficient attendance of male voters.

Our boys are to be our future law-makers. Let them be well established in temperance principles. Let them look on a liquor saloon just as they would on a license to commit any sort of crime. All these, and far more, are included in every permit to sell rum.—The Presbyterian.

POULTRY NOTES.

It is a curious fact in the hatching of eggs by an incubator that a larger per cent of chickens are saved from the eggs of Leghorn fowls than perhaps any others. The shell appears to be thinner, and the chicken is less likely to be strangled in his little prison. So says a poultryer who has had experience with three batches of over 500 eggs each this season. That the eggs of Leghorn fowls are larger, whiter and therefore more attractive in market than most others is probably unquestioned, but their faults appear to be that the hens themselves are small and not inclined to sit except at long intervals. Robert Ross of West Springfield, claims to have hatched 85 chickens this year from seven hens. They were all hatched in one day, April 9th, and at last accounts were doing well. This beats the incubator process, by being so much cheaper. The time of a sitting hen is not worth as much as manpower, and then a natural mother takes care of her little ones better than human ingenuity can devise. The incubator chickens, that have to be hatched around a coal stove and fed several times a day with crackers and milk, do not look quite as smooth and healthy as their natural consins. Experience proves that small broods do the best. A large number of chickens together at night are apt to crowd and suffocate each other.

Some deodorizer under hen roosts is a very important matter, both for health and economy. Cover the droppings every morning with sawdust, road dust, dry muck, plaster, dried clay, or anything that will act as an absorbent, and the dangers of cholera will be slight indeed.

An acre may contain six runs each for 25 fowls. On this basis an establishment can be laid out of any desired size. Only half the land should be occupied by fowls in any one year, the other half to be farmed in corn and potatoes. On this plan the fowls can be kept in health and

kill vermin on fowls is that the birds are for a long time after this application in a very uncomfortable and untidy state. We cannot recommend such an uncleanly remedy. Dry dust is much less offensive and more easily removed, and fowls, young and old, should have constant access to it.

Fumigation of the chicken-house in spring and fall is an excellent plan, as well as the whitewashing process. Take a small furnace, or stove pot, or an iron kettle, into which place a pound or two of crude roll sulphur, broken up. Close the doors and windows (during the absence of the fowls in the forenoon) and set the contents of the vessel on fire in the center of the floor. Shut the house up tight and leave it to smoke for a couple of hours. This will finish the vermin completely for the time being.

The ground within fowl runs, should be thoroughly turned up with the spade early in the spring and during the season after the frost has departed. This same operation should be faithfully performed at regular periods, after the fowls, excrement, that accumulate where the birds are confined in small enclosures, are removed.

Hens' eggs are said to hatch on the completion of the 21st day; but where the eggs are fresh, the sitters attentive, and the weather warm, this period is frequently reduced by several hours. We should think the brood likely to turn out an indifferent one, if when the eggs were placed under the hen at roosting time, it did not represent many-chipped eggs; at least on the evening of the twentieth day; and the next morning the majority be out and strong. The chickens are constantly heard chirruping within their prison some hours before the last sign of their beaks is visible, during which time they are at work on their covering.—American Poultry Yard.

There is considerable room for the expansion of the poultry business in this country. We have imported within the past three months nearly half a million dollars worth of eggs alone. The official figures are: 3,996,246 dozen of eggs, valued at \$465,554. But then we exported all of 19,986 dozen, valued at \$4921, which still places \$461,233 to the credit of foreign hens. At that rate, the year round, we shall out nearly two millions per annum for a commodity that almost produces itself.

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SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1882.

BARNUM would like to get Oscar Wilde to travel with his "own and only" as a curiosity. It is reported as a fact that Barnum bought Archibald Forbes to use his influence with Wilde to get about such an engagement. The new curiosity would be exhibited in a cage as a high order of ape, and possibly the long-sought missing link.

A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT describes Mrs. Blaine as having the best possible manners for the wife of a public man—just enough cordiality, just enough dignity. She knows what the ex-Empress Eugenie never learned in the French Court, namely, how to show the exactly proper degree of recognition to each person she greets. The above, published as it was in a staid journal, carries with it the suggestion that Mrs. Blaine would make a very good mistress at the White House. We wouldn't be surprised to see her there some day.

Jennie Cramer was pretty, and she knew it; she had a foolish mother who encouraged her vanity without instilling into her mind proper lessons of duty. The unfortunate girl thought that woman's only mission was to secure adulation from the other sex—securing it she came to her death. The whole story as narrated in our news columns might be read with profit by many mothers who are now foolishly indulgent, and by many daughters who would do well to learn that there are higher duties in the home circle than in places of public amusement and resort.—Atlanta Ga. Constitution.

THAT must be a shrewd set of officials at Washington who sent warrants to Texas, New York and Vermont, for the arrest of John W. Dorsey, the indicted star route thief while he was all the time frequenting public resorts in Washington. The officers having the matter in charge, labored earnestly to secure his arrest, so they say, and upon the receipt of the warrants they were directed to go to the city for ten days.

"Now that Racine, the belle city of Wisconsin," has been visited by a fire that leaves her over half a million of dollars poorer than she was before it broke out, it suddenly occurs to her that her fire department does not begin to be strong enough, and that she must make substantial additions to it before she is a month older. Racine is in a position to appreciate that sign of the baffled Dutchman: "O if mine hind-sight was only as good as mine fore-sight!"—Exchange. And the same will, we fear, be written about "the model manufacturing village" of South Manchester. True, it is not likely that a single conflagration would destroy half a million of dollars worth of property but the loss of even a twentieth of a million of dollars would make our villagers regret their tardiness in providing for a fire.

A woman of Bay City, Michigan, disguised herself as a man, and clerked in a store for a year, and then applied for membership in the Knights of Honor, and was initiated. During the work of the third degree her sex was discovered. It seems that in the third degree they have an india rubber rat and celluloid snake which run by clock work inside, and which were very natural indeed. They let them run at the candidates to see if they will finish. When the snake ran out at the girl she kept her nerve all right, but when the rat tried to run up her trousers, she grabbed frantically her imaginary skirts in both hands and jumped upon the refrigerator standing near (which is used in the third degree), and screamed bloody murder. The girl is a member of the order, however, and there is no help for it. This affair may open the eyes of secret societies and cause them to investigate. One lodge here, we understand, takes precaution against the admission of women by carefully examining the feet of the applicants. If the feet are cold enough to freeze the ice cream the candidate is black-balled.—Peck's Sun.

The strike at the Sagamore mill, Fall River, after lasting six weeks, is over. The spinners returned to work on Monday, and the full mill will be in operation in a few days.  
Gros-grain silks are again fashionable.

**NORTH MANCHESTER.**  
W. P. Popple has moved into his new house at the Green.—Work is quiet at Lydall & Foulds's needle shop. Mr. Merrill has just gone on the road for orders.  
Hou stories continue to come in from all quarters. The latest is told by Mr. Warren Grant of North Manchester, who set 41 eggs under three hens and from those eggs hatched 41 chickens.  
The summer time table on the N. Y. & N. E. road, advertised to take effect May 14th, was recalled and will not be put in operation until May 28th, one week from next Monday.

Thompsonville has a new suburb with the fanciful name of Caskeville. It is probable that the workmen who reside there with their families will be as long lived as residents of other parts of the town.  
Thomas Burns of Vernon, who was for a long time a track repairer on the New York & New England road, and was a very worthy man, died at his home last Tuesday morning after an illness of about three months. Eight children survive him.

Dr. Griewold's dental room remains one of an aviary. The room is ornamented with several cases of stuffed birds some of which belong to rare and beautiful species. One case entirely filled with New England birds handsomely mounted and tastefully grouped. The doctor makes his room attractive so that the minds of patients may be diverted from painful operations about to be undergone.

S. Stone has just placed over the entrance leading to his blacksmith shop a novel sign. A horse, wrought in copper, about one quarter life size, stands on a frame to which are attached horse shoes of twenty different shapes, representing the different styles of shoeing since horses first began to wear shoes in 622. Mr. Stone has made the growth and treatment of the horse's foot a careful study and knows how to handle one.

The entertainment given by W. B. Brown and Miss Alice De Vere, in Bissell's hall, last Monday evening, was one which gave entire satisfaction. The program which consisted of music and drama, comic, and pathetic, was well rendered and was appreciated by all. Many and hearty were the laughs, loud and prolonged the applause, especially when "The Yankee Blacksmith," the last, and crowning act of the program, was concluded.

Work in Dea. Robert's shoe shop Thursday afternoon, fell no fear when they saw a horse headed toward their building running furiously down the street from the eastward, drawing a buggy in which a man was seated. They knew that the horse they were in well built and would stand the shock. On came the wild steed and his frightened driver. He turned the south-east corner of the deacon's shop quick. The buggy turned over, the man tumbled out, the horse walked into the deacon's beet bed and stopped. The only damage done was to the buggy and the beet bed, neither of which was irreparably injured. It is sad that the horse and driver had been to Rockville to a funeral. The horse, they say hadn't had anything to drink all day; the man had.

Some miscreants have several times lately cut the wires of the Connecticut telephone company in North Manchester. The act could be prompted by only the meanest motives, for the doer can himself reap no satisfaction from the deed. But beyond the maliciousness of the act, it is a violation of a state law which went into effect March 26, 1879, and reads as follows: "Every person who shall unlawfully and intentionally injure or destroy any of the lines, posts, attachments, or the material or property belonging thereto, of any telegraph or telephone company or shall willfully or recklessly interrupt the use of any telegraph or telephone line wires without first giving to such company the notice required by law, shall be fined not more than two hundred dollars, or imprisoned not more than one year, or both." The owners of the line have determined to put a stop to these annoyances and will prosecute under the above law, any who may be detected cutting the wires.

BUCKLAND.—Our pleasant part of the town now has on its beautiful garment of green, and every thing looks very nice.—Albert F. Cowles has a Morgan mare twenty-eight years old, that still does a large amount of hard work.—Mr. Meek and his son-in-law leave on Thursday of this week, for Colorado.—The fire at Buckland cemetery last week, entirely destroyed the nice hedge in the west side and part of that in front.

If you want to laugh one hundred times in one hundred minutes don't fail to hear the Virginia minstrels to-night at Bissell's hall.  
Quick sales and small profits at Bissell's One Price Store.  
For low prices and fine quality of groceries go to Bissell's One Price Store.

**Yale Spring Races.**  
[Correspondence of the Herald.]  
The annual shell race between the Junior, Sophomore and Freshman Eight, took place on Wednesday of this week. These class races are rowed on Lake Saltonstall, a beautiful sheet of spring water lying in the midst of tree-covered hills about four miles to the east of the City of Elms. The lake is nearly five miles long by half a mile wide, and the course is two miles straightaway. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the shores in the vicinity of the "Finish," were thronged with eager spectators, including students, townspeople and many ladies. Your correspondent viewed the contest from a point on the west side of the "Finish," where the shore rises perpendicularly to a height of several hundred feet. At about 4 o'clock, the three crews got away, and then the excitement began. The Freshmen had been the favorites before the race, and at first seemed about to justify the expectations of their most ardent admirers; for at their first half mile they led by three lengths, Juniors second, and Sophs in the rear. At the mile however, '83 had pulled up to them; and then, amid shouts and cheers of encouragement from hundreds of throats on shore, the three boats came sweeping in on the last mile, '85 straining every nerve, but '84 pulled swiftly to the front, while '83 came rushing in at a pace which soon placed her on a line with the struggling Freshmen.

No one who has never seen a college boat-race can very well picture to himself the scene which followed; students rushing wildly along the shores, yelling themselves hoarse in their zeal for their respective classes, ladies waving flags and handkerchiefs, and above all, the crews themselves moving backward and forward like parts of a nicely adjusted machine. A magnificent spurt at the last moment put the Junior boat over the line fully two lengths ahead of '84, while '85 came in about five length behind. Time 11:06, 11:14 and 11:33. As the "rats" of victors and vanquished died away, our party set out on its return, voting the race a decided success; for you must understand that we were all Juniors.

**BOLTON.**  
Owing to the coldness and backwardness of the season, farmers are buying hay.—The citizens of this town, have decided to improve their roads, the present year by each township.

One, there was a fair number of more than there was reason to expect. After the conclusion of the entertainment, Mrs. M. A. Talcott kindly opened her house to receive those who had taken part and a few of their friends, and there all found awaiting them a generous contribution of good things. The remainder of the evening was very happily spent in eating, singing and social chat, until the midnight hour called each one to rest and home. The whole entertainment was a decided success, and we congratulate all engaged in it. We are also very glad to learn that at the request of many friends, the Guild has consented to repeat the whole program on Friday evening, May 19th; the proceeds of both evenings to be for the benefit of Guild Hall, soon to be erected.

**STATE NEWS.**  
The Connecticut mutual life and accident association of Meriden organized Monday evening and elected as president, Geo. E. Howe; secretary, Geo. W. Smith; general manager, O. L. Hatch.  
Over 50 stone cutters, who have been employed on the new cathedral at Hartford, are on a strike for an advance from \$2.25 to \$3.50 per day. Their places are filled with "greenhorn" cutters at \$3 per day.  
Perry Card, of the shipping firm of Mitchell & Card, of New London, Ct., has not been seen since Saturday night, when he told a friend that he was going to New York. He did not inform his wife or Mr. Mitchell that he intended to leave the city. Mrs. Card gave him \$100 Saturday to put in the bank, but he failed to make the deposit.

**NATIONAL GUARD NOTES.**—The annual encampment of the National Guard will probably be at Natick. Two regiments (which of the four is not yet decided) will go into camp about August 21st, and after they have remained a week, the other two regiments will take the camp for a week. It is proposed to make this annual encampment the best ever had in the State. Floors will be provided for all the tents under the recent act of the Legislature. The State proposes to take the camp ground permanently; and the duly appointed prisoners meet there next Tuesday to take evidence as to its value. Hon. Augustus Brundage will represent the State at the hearing. The rifle practice of the Connecticut National Guard will begin at the spring regimental parades, which will be appointed by the colonels of the several regiments. At these parades one-half day will be devoted to drill and one-half to target-shooting. The State range at Willimantic, new last year and one of the best, is ready for use.

**GLASTONBURY.**  
On Thursday of this week our order-loving citizens were surprised to learn that four young men from their vicinity had been arrested under charges of breach of the peace, riotous proceedings, insulting quiet passers in and out at some of our prominent places of business, and marauding and defacing private property. It grieves us to know that in the spirit of malice and enmity abides in the breasts of any in our community, and that it becomes necessary to apply the stern rod of justice, but we must also remember that when kind and gentle measures fail to constrain the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner. We sincerely hope that this may be a lesson to these young men which will not need a repetition, and that in future they will conduct themselves with order and propriety. The trial of these young men takes place on Tuesday of next week, commencing 9 a. m.

Friday evening, May 12th, was the occasion of a very pleasant entertainment at Covell's Hall, Glastonbury. The programme, brought out under the auspices of the Guild of St. James's parish, consisted of tableaux, music and drama, and the brave ones whom the storm did not keep away were well repaid for coming. The music, furnished by Messrs. Lanpher, Washburn, Nelson and Woodcock of Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, was exceedingly well rendered and thoroughly enjoyable. "The Irish Christening," by Mr. Nelson, with banjo accompaniment, was especially well received. The tableaux were selected with such good taste, and were all so well produced, that each one fully merited the enthusiastic applause it received; that of the "Roman maidens worshipping at the shrine of St. Agnes" was particularly worthy of mention, and was made very effective by Mr. Washburn singing a few strains of Shelley's "Ave Maria" during its presentation. Miss Helen Bogue of Naubuc was a very attractive impersonation of the saint. The drama entitled "Once Upon a Time," was a feature of the evening's programme much enjoyed by all who witnessed it. Considering the very limited time allowed for its preparation, there is a great deal of credit due those who took part in it, for while there was room for improvement in many of the characters, yet several of the parts were very effectively rendered; especially the "chicken scene" in which, "Dis-

gust" was a most amusing and successful impersonation of the character. Some little dissatisfaction is felt that those who were paid 6 cents and 6 mills per pick should not have 12 cents and 12 mills for 80 picks, but the manufacturer says that such a price is not in proportion to the other. The present new dress called upon to weave 80 picks per day and it was expected that they would be receiving less pay. At last accounts at the Hockman there were some forty weavers at work, while at the New England few or no looms are at work, and at the American all looms are idle.

After the men at the American had sent in their demand to the office for 10 per cent increase, and it had been refused, a notice was posted in the mill stating an increase of five per cent. To this no attention was paid and the men soon came out.  
**THE WEAVERS ORGANIZED.**  
At a meeting held at Turn Hall on Tuesday afternoon. At this meeting a resolution was passed excluding reporters, as they deemed it inexpedient to have names appear in print, as well as the action of the meeting. It was our desire to place a candid statement of both sides of the question before the public, but that is not to be done.

**NO REPORTER NEED APPLY!**  
principle adopted of course chokes off all possibility of exercising our good intentions in their behalf, and doing justice to their cause.  
**OVERTIRES FROM THE WEAVERS.**  
Enough of the doings of this meeting has transpired, however to warrant us in saying, that a local union was formed, the necessary officers elected and a committee of three from each mill was appointed to visit the mill agents and inform them that the weavers would accept an advance over the new scale of ten per cent. This proposition the agents very quietly declined, informing the strikers that they intended to manage their business themselves. One of the committee then rather inadvertently replied, "Well, we'll stay out awhile longer then."

**NOTES.**  
One of the weavers makes statement as follows: In the New England a request was made a short time ago for an advance of one cent per yard, and after considering the matter the superintendent posted a new scale allowing the advance asked for, with an additional one cent per yard for perfect cloth, and the operatives continued work, well satisfied. On Saturday, however, Mr. Mellor called and stated that the directors of his mill had decided that they could not pay present prices after June 1st, but had made out a new list, which practically reduced the pay to a point below the old prices before the raise granted by the superintendent. On Monday morning several of the weavers quit work of their own accord and in the afternoon all their quit and are now out.  
The reduction was to take effect June 1st. The weavers quit themselves off from nearly three weeks' work at the old rates by striking as soon as the notice was posted instead of waiting until that date.  
Several weavers we understand have already left town, and others declare their intention to follow as soon as they are convinced that the raise will not be granted.  
"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my boy—don't you?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Anna Domini, in 1855; and that isn't mother, for her name was Sally Smith."

**ROCKVILLE STRIKE.**  
[From Tolland County Journal.]  
The last issue of the strike which commenced at the Gingham mill has combined, the weavers to the number of eight-four still holding out. On Monday morning the mill gates were thrown open, and all operatives who so chose might resume work untroubled. As a result of this mute invitation two-thirds of the help which went to work under the old prices, though this did not include any of the weavers, and in the future, Mr. White, while not anxious to manufacture goods in the present condition of the market, took this method of ending his former employees that he might be kept the machinery moving, and thus retain his people.

**THE PRESENT STATUS.**  
of the matter at the Gingham mill then is this: The strikers can resume at once, as fast as they believe it for the advantage to do so, but the mill is crippled in one department, by the absence of the weavers who still stand out for the ten percent increase asked for.  
"This leaves the mill with a loss of eighty-four weavers, who at present are free to the determination to hold out. At the same time Mr. White says he has been paying all that any mill in the country has paid, or is paying, and all and more, in fact, than he can afford to pay, and that he can pay no more.

**THE WOOLLEN WEAVERS STRIKE.**  
A strike of the gingham weavers, it had no direct connection with the woolen mills, had a moral influence which, added to other causes, brought out the weavers on a strike, resisting a law in the New England, Hockan, Saxony and American mills. The New England weavers came out on Monday and the others on Tuesday.  
**THE HISTORY OF THE STRIKE.**  
so far as it applies to the woolen weavers.  
About as follows: Some days since a report of one of the mills discovered that he was losing weavers, and on inquiring the cause found that other mills were paying larger wages. On consulting with other agents he could get no satisfaction as to price, and was therefore forced to make a price-list of his own. This he did, and posted the same in his mill, which effected apparent satisfaction among his weavers. In the meantime a meeting of the agents was held at the Rock office, on Friday last, to take into consideration the subject of a new scale of prices, to equalize the work, and make it more equitable. For instance, one mill had been paying more for a certain number of picks than others, and then on other mills had been raised, and it was made the matter uniform for all that they had met. A new scale of prices was adopted and posted up in each mill. When the operatives examined it, they didn't like it, and immediately struck for increase of pay, as they said, equal to the old rate, which the Superintendent says it is, and even more.

**WATKINS BROS.,**  
FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,  
No. 200 North Main Street,  
Manchester.  
Residence second door south of W. J. Cheney's Block. Telephone connection with 83. Manchester.  
**B. C. APPEL,**  
FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,  
No. 100 North Main Street,  
Manchester.  
Office at his residence, near R. R. Depot.  
Careful attention given to the saving of the natural teeth. Artificial teeth inserted the same day the teeth are extracted.  
Pain less or either used when desired.

**First-Class Dental Operations**  
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**F. C. COVELL,**  
Glastonbury, Conn.

**HEBRON.**  
Judge J. G. Page died on the 11th inst., aged 75 years, after an illness of only four days of pneumonia. He was one of our oldest and most highly respected citizens and one who will be missed very much. He had held many public offices, representative in 1852, senator for this district in 1873 being one of the very few democrats that ever filled that office, and had been Judge of Probate for a number of terms. His funeral was attended Sunday afternoon at the Episcopal Church, where he was a prominent member.  
Steps are being taken to rebuild the church and school house that were destroyed by fire, the building committee being busy with plans and specifications.

The novelist who wrote, "She took his hand; it was cold and clammy like that of a corpse," subsequently said: "He is the father of the minister, and that important personage has no eyes of his own, but looks only through his right arm."  
"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked a Galveston man of a colored man. "She has run me off, boss." "What's the matter?" "Is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white dress, and she got so proud she had no use for me. She 'loved I was too dark to match the dress.'"

**BOY.**  
In Rockville, April 29, a daughter to Fred and Isabel Doolittle.

**Married.**  
In Glastonbury, May 15, by Dr. W. W. Scudder, Elizabeth C. Hall and Amy S. Babcock.  
In Rockville, May 11, by Rev. J. W. Backus, Mr. John James and Mrs. Mary Simons, both of New Britain.  
In Tolland, May 8, by E. O. Dimock, Esq., the Rev. Henry C. Rockwell, and Hannah O'Brien of Portland, Me.  
In South Manchester, May 6, by Rev. Beverley E. Warner, Hans P. Johnson and Augusta A. Johnson.  
In South Manchester, May 13, by the Rev. Ebenezer E. Warner, Henry Mercey to Sarah Trumbull.  
In Coventry, May 16, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. J. H. B. Healdy, Benj. S. Sturtevant of South Dartmouth, Mass., and Jane E. Tolson of Coventry.

**Misc.**  
In Rockville, May 18, Frank Conkling Lovett, aged 19 months, 3 days, only son of Theo. J. and East Hartford, May 18, Mrs. Tobias Heuble, aged 83 years.  
In South Manchester, May 12, Mrs. Emeline, wife of Francis Griswold, aged 40 years.  
In Willimantic, May 6, George O. Spencer, aged 46 years.  
In Coventry, May 6, Sylvanus Caprell, aged 67 years.  
In Willimantic, May 6, Thomas Turner, aged 62 years.  
In Hampton, May 6, Julia A. Hughes, aged 65 years.  
In South Coventry, May 8, Annie J. Stewart, aged 19 years.  
In Hebron, May 11, Judge J. G. Page, aged 75 years.  
In North Manchester, May 18, Josie Hubbard, wife of G. H. City of Hartford.  
In South Manchester, this Saturday afternoon at two o'clock.  
In Ellington, May 11, Alice P. Collins, aged 20 years.  
In Rockville, May 24, Winona Hand, aged 1 year 9 months.  
In Rockville, May 13, Lottie Davis, aged 23 years.  
In Vernon, May 14, Hannah Brennan, aged 76 years.  
In Tolland, May 18, Benj. Dullard, aged 6 yrs.  
In Rockville, May 15, Wm. R. Orant, aged 38 years.  
In Rockville, May 16, John Duran, aged 28 years.

**S. C. BRADLEY**  
Has on hand a Fresh Stock of  
**LIME AND CEMENT.**  
Also a full line of  
**BOWKER and STOCKBRIDGE**  
**FERTILIZERS**  
For all crops.  
There is Nothing Like Them.

**RIP VAN WINKLE**  
**CIGARS**  
\$1.50 per Box,  
—AT—  
**H. R. HALE'S.**

**TO RENT!**  
A one and one-half story dwelling in North Manchester. Has seven rooms and is near depot, post-office, churches and schools.  
Inquire of  
**E. C. HILLIARD,**  
—OR—  
**H. H. WHITE.**

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Kentucky Mare!  
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Glastonbury, Conn.

**FURNITURE!**  
Before purchasing elsewhere, I desire you to give me a call, and  
**Examine Goods!**  
**Compare Prices!**  
I HAVE ON HAND  
Carpets, Oil Cloths, Shades, Fixtures, Feathers, Comfortables, Clocks, Mirrors and Brackets.  
PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM AND KITCHEN  
**FURNITURE**  
—IN—  
Latest Designs at Bottom Prices.  
Furniture Repairing and Upholstering a Specialty.

**UNDERTAKING!**  
I keep a complete assortment of Funeral Supplies.  
Hearse and Embalming FREE.  
Carriages furnished when desired.  
**B. C. APPEL,**  
North Manchester.

**Attention All!**  
Come and investigate, those who know what they are talking about. More and better fire setting and Horse Shooting for the price than can be had in town.  
**S. STONE, Agent.**  
North Manchester, April, 1882.

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**SPRING OF 1882.**  
**NEW GOODS**  
—FOR THE—  
**Spring Trade,**  
—AT—  
**BISSELL'S**  
A Fine Line of  
**Dress Goods!**  
ALPACAS, CASHMERE, PLAIDS, SERGES.

Special Attention is called to our  
**BOOT & SHOE DEPARTMENT.**  
Ladies' Kid Button Boots, Ladies' Grain and Goat Button Boots. A great variety of Children's and Misses' wear, Gent's fine calf French Ties, Men's calf Oxford Ties, Men's fine sewed English Balmoral, Men's glove top button Shoes, Men's working shoes at \$1.65, Men's buckle and lace Brogans.

**HOW WE HAVE IT!**  
The finest low Shoe in the market is the  
**"HAPPY HOURS,"**  
Oxford Tie, at \$2.65.  
Different Styles of Boys' and Youths' wear.  
We guarantee our prices for Durable and Honest Goods to be the Lowest.

**Choice Groceries!**  
Pure Maple Syrup \$1 per gallon.  
Pure Syrups at 60 and 75c.  
Fancy Porto Rico Molasses, 70c.  
Good Porto Rico Molasses, 60c.  
OUR PRICES ON  
**SUGARS**  
AT COST.

**A NEW STOCK OF**  
**CANNED GOODS**  
Just Received.  
Canned Quinces, Cherries, Peaches, Pears, Tomatoes, Squash, Peas, Beans, Succotash, Clam Chowder, Salmon, Lobster.  
**CANNED PRUNES.**  
2 lbs of selected prunes in each can, 30 cents.  
**TEAS, COFFEES,**  
—AND—  
**SPICES,**  
A SPECIALTY.

**MEATS.**  
Pork per lb., 12 cts.  
Lard " " 14 cts.  
Fresh and Salted meats at wholesale prices.

**Flour Feed**  
—AND—  
**Baled Hay.**  
The Celebrated brands of Flour, viz: **CROCKER'S BEST, GOODRICH'S BEST, VICTOR,**  
Only \$10.00 per barrel.

**GARDEN SEEDS.**  
**FARM AND GARDEN TOOLS**  
In great variety, at the  
**One Price Store!**  
QUICK SALES  
—AND—  
**SMALL PROFITS,**  
WIN THE DAY.  
**R. P. BISSELL.**

**JUST RECEIVED!**  
The Celebrated L. R. S.  
**SUSPENDERS!**  
A JOB LOT OF  
**DRESS BUTTONS!**  
Which we offer at  
5 cts. Per Dozen.  
**FITCH & DRAKE,**  
NORTH MANCHESTER.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1882.

SOUTH MANCHESTER.

There will be a recital at Cheney hall, to-morrow at four o'clock.

The Rev. W. G. Fenell will preach in Cheney's lower hall, Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

The roads will be in excellent condition for driving, to-morrow, provided it does not snow to-night.

W. H. Cheney relinquishes control of the east boarding house, June 1st, to Cheney Bros., who will probably remain its management with Mr. T. J. T. as landlord.

The next monthly meeting of the South Manchester Temperance Union will be held in the Center Congregational church, to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock.

Work is being done on the new road between the new Episcopal Church and the Center. This new road will open many desirable building lots.

So, Manchester P. O. List of advertised letters for week ending May 20th:—Elijah House, Mrs. H. F. Ludkie, J. Martin, N. C. Weir, E. Williams.

W. H. CHENEY, P. M. Officer Pitkin met with some resistance in making a liquor seizure at James Cotter's last week and Justice Cheney will decide to-day how large a fine the resisting parties shall pay.

The Young People's Social Club met on Thursday evening, and notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the weather about forty persons were present.

Ferris Bros. are about to put up a new building in the rear of their barn to be used as a warehouse and work.

The tenth annual dinner of the Silk Association of America was held Monday night at Delmonico's in New York, and was an elaborate and elegant affair.

The May fancy dress and calico ball at Cheney's hall, next Wednesday evening, will, according to all indications be a brilliant affair.

A rumor to the effect that the Humford-Pitkin case had been settled outside of court, is untrue.

Mr. Barbour, counsel for the plaintiff, has expressed a desire to settle the case by paying all costs; but this the defense, feeling satisfied that they will win their case in court, decline to do.

Notwithstanding all predictions to the contrary, P. Ryan's circus and menagerie arrived in town last Saturday morning and gave two performances as advertised.

The best assortment of gents' low shoes is at Bissell's.

Straw hats in great variety at bottom prices. W. H. Cheney & Co.

The St. James Catholic fair opened at St. James hall last Monday evening under most auspicious circumstances.

Watkins Bros. received yesterday a large invoice of carpets of new and elegant designs.

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THE MALLEY TRIAL.

Attorney Doolittle gave the defense in the Malley trial at New Haven to understand that evidence for the state would all be in by Wednesday.

The improved "Easy" Lawn mower is noiseless, lightest and best in the market.

It will pay our suburban readers to secure tickets to Hazel Kirke which is to be given at Cheney's hall, Saturday evening, June 3, by the Madison Square Theatre Company.

Found—many households who welcome Cheney's Surprise flour, as their best friend.

A premature cartridge explosion filled Herman Freitag's face and hands full of powder, Wednesday night.

Shelf paper in all colors at lowest prices. W. H. Cheney & Co.

We met Friend Knowles the other day. He said: "If you will give me every year for fifty years the sum spent in this town last year for liquor, I will agree therewith to support all the schools and almshouses in town, keep the roads in good repair, give to the children of poor people the amount per week they could earn in the mill and send them to school at the same time, will pay all cost of criminal deeds and provide every poor man a comfortable house to live in."

Just received direct from Manufacturers, a lot of children's carriages, which will be sold at low prices.

Examine the stock of carpets just received by Watkins Bros.

A constable living not ten miles from Cheney's store, was much enraged a few days ago, to find that the circus men had adorned one of his buildings with their highly illuminated paper.

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DRUGS! PAINTS!

WALL PAPER!!

Largest Stock, LOWEST PRICES!

H. R. HALE.

CHENEY'S HALL: South Manchester, Tuesday, June 3, 1882.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE COMPANY, Will present the Great Drama, HAZEL KIRKE.

1500 TIMES. The greatest play of modern times. NEW SCENERY FOR EVERY ACT.

HAZEL KIRKE. Already presented by the same management more than 1500 TIMES.

HAZEL KIRKE. The greatest play of modern times. NEW SCENERY FOR EVERY ACT.

HAZEL KIRKE. The greatest play of modern times. NEW SCENERY FOR EVERY ACT.

ST. JAMES FAIR! The Annual fair will be given by the Ladies of St. James Parish.

St. James Parish, BEGINNING Basement of St. James Church, Monday Evening, May 15.

Wanted! Potatoes, Butter & Eggs, At the New Store, Opposite St. James Church.

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W. H. CHENEY & CO.

THE above new firm would respectfully announce to the people of Manchester and vicinity their readiness for business, and by close attention to the selection of the latest and most desirable styles of the season will endeavor to merit continued patronage of old customers and new ones.

IN ADDITION TO OUR ALREADY LARGE SPRING STOCK

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS,

Millinery, Clothing, Drugs,

BOOTS & SHOES, We are daily receiving

Novelties in Dress Goods, Trimmings, Gingham, Cambrics, Prints, Etc.

A large stock of MILLINERY, comprising all the LATEST SHAPES IN HATS & BONNETS

Trimmed and untrimmed. An elegant and varied assortment of Feathers, Flowers and Wreaths.

Gents' Felt and Straw Hats, New Styles Neck Wear,

White and Fancy Shirts, Pants and Vests, Children's Polka Suits,

Crockery, Glassware, etc., To which we call special attention. We are acknowledged to be HEAD-QUARTERS for RELIABLE Boots and Shoes. Are Sole Agents for South Manchester for the

GENUINE HARTFORD BOOT! The reputation of which is thoroughly established. We have also added several new lines direct from manufacturers, which are guaranteed first-class.

Our Drug Department Having been enlarged, we are prepared with an increased stock of fine

PAINTS, COLORS, OILS, LEAD, ETC., To furnish large or small quantities at prices the lowest. We are agents for the celebrated RUBBER PAINT, which for durability and brilliancy is unsurpassed by any in the market.

Remnants of Cheney Bros. Black and Colored Gros Grain Silks, sold only by us.

W. H. CHENEY & CO. South Manchester.

WATKINS BROS.

We offer the Largest and most varied stock of FURNITURE, CARPETS,

Wall Papers, Curtains, etc., AT UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES.

NEW STYLES OF PARLOR FURNITURE,

In Walnut and Ebony Frames, Upholstered in plush, silk, ropp, or Hair Cloth. We manufacture all of our PARLOR FURNITURE and guarantee first-class in every respect.

We are daily receiving new designs in Black Walnut, Ash and Painted Chamber Suits, Lounges, Easy Chairs, Patent Bookers, Cane and Battan Goods, Folding Chairs, Rubber Tables, in Marble, Plush, and Wood Tops, Hall Stands, Brackets, Ladies' Work Tables, etc.

We are sole agents for this town for the NEW BRITAIN "NATIONAL,"

NEW HAVEN "ROLLING" SPRING BEDS. We always have in stock the "Hartford Woven Wire," "Putnam Adjustable," "Peerless," "Globe," and "Leader" Spring Beds.

Hair Mattresses to order a Specialty We have a complete stock of Wool, Cotton, Husk and Excelsior Mattresses, Pillows, Bolsters, Feathers, etc.

CARPETS!

We have a well selected stock of CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, RUGS, CHINA MATTINGS, ETC.

WALL PAPER!

In addition to our large stock, we have just received an invoice of Wall Paper, in gilt, Embossed, and Gold Bloch. This lot contains the best styles of choice goods ever shown in Manchester. We solicit an examination of our goods and a share of your patronage. Remember our motto, Quality the Best, Patterns the Latest, Prices the LOWEST.

WATKINS BROS.

NOTICE!

All persons indebted to W. H. CHENEY are hereby requested to make immediate payments. Accounts outstanding after June 1, 1882, will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

W. H. CHENEY.

South Manchester, May 15, 1882.

HALE, DAY & CO.

HEADQUARTERS FOR TEA & COFFEE, FLOUR

PRODUCE

We take this opportunity today, With no wish or desire for display, And if our rhythm be not full and round Our debt is sixteen pence to the pound. And any errors friends please forgive As you would be forgiven. Seven years have rolled their rounds Since we cast our lot within your bounds: Faithful we have tried to be indeed, Let charity supply what more we need. We have sold you Tea, Fish and soap, Crockery, Pork, Sugar and Rope; We have on hand Cotton Bating and Cheese, Ribbons and nails, anything you please. But we don't take much to good old eye. Thirty cents for butter done up brown, Isn't it the cheapest there is in town? Do come, my friends, to Hale, Day & Co's store Before you get or suffer more. New goods are coming every day; Wait not, there is danger in delay. All of which is most respectfully submitted.

Remember Prices and Quality are Guaranteed.

New Invoice Crockery.

BOOTS & SHOES.

GRASS SEED.

Dry Goods.

CHENEY'S GROVE.

SOUTH MANCHESTER. Embracing the following Program. PART I. Two Grand Horse Races to Saddle.

1st—Mile dash.—Prize, 30 bushels of Oats divided, 10 to the second from the last, 3 to the third and 2 to the fourth. No winner to drive his own horse.

2d—Grand mile dash, open to all horses. Grand prize.

ENTRANCE FEE \$1.00. PART II. Race for greased pig weighing 75 lbs. The pig to become the property of the one catching it.

Entrance Fee 25 cts. Climbing Greased Pole, Prize: A watch to the boy or man who can climb the pole.

PART III. Indiana Egg Jump. ENTRANCE FEE 10 CENTS.

PART IV. One Hundred Yard Dash.

PART V. Running Jump. Under 15 feet Barred.

Grand prizes will be given for the above games. Entrance fee each game 25 cents. Books close June 20, 1882. For particulars address Sec'y W. H. C. A. South Manchester.

Hartford Express Line!

The undersigned will run a daily express team between Manchester and Hartford. Packages of all sizes transported at reasonable rates. Goods deposited carefully attended to. Errands of all kinds faithfully and promptly done.

Laundry work and articles to be dried or cleaned, transported free. Orders may be left at the following places:—W. H. Cheney's, Hale, Day & Co's, Barrows & Skinner's, and S. U. Brown's livery stable. Customers living in Manchester Green and vicinity, may leave orders at Wm. Hunsford's Store.

J. M. RUSSELL, Expressman.

BALED HAY!

A few tons of very choice quality for sale. Inquire at CHENEY BROS.' Coal Office, South Manchester.

Barrows & Skinner's Best!

The Message of the Rose.  
HE gave me a rose at the ball to-night.  
And I'm a fool, I suppose,  
For my heart beat high with a vague delight.  
Had she given me more than a rose?  
I thought that she had, for a little while.  
Till I saw her—faintest of dancers—  
Give another rose, with the same sweet smile.  
To another man, in the dance.  
Well, roses are plenty and white not rare;  
It is really rather unaccountable  
To grumble because my lady fair  
Is to other men kind and gracious.  
Yet who can govern his wayward dreams?  
And my dream, so precious and bright,  
Now faded, broken, and worthless seems,  
As it faded, with her rose, to-night.

The Crayon Sketch.  
One evening, in the year 1520, a female, completely enveloped in a long, black mantle, was walking toward the bridge of Rialto in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven and, at intervals, she looked around with a hurried, frightened glance.  
She paused at the center of the bridge, and looked down with a shudder on the clear, blue waters of the Adriatic; then, closing her eyes and murmuring faintly, "Antonio, my Antonio, adieu!" she prepared to throw herself over the parapet.  
Just as she was falling a man rushed forward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and, drawing her back, said: "Girl, destroy not the life which God has given you. If you are unhappy enter your church, kneel on its hallowed pavement, pour out your sorrow, and thank your Maker that you have been preserved from rushing uncalled into his presence."  
The girl impatiently tried to shake off the strong, kind hand that held her, and said:  
"Let me go! I must die in peace!"  
In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay without sense or motion. Her rescuer raised her head, and, in order to give her air, drew back the veil which concealed her features. They were lovely, and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration as she was gradually restored.

By degrees she told him who she was and where she lived. Her history might be summed up in a few words: an adventurous father, a poor lover, a mutual but unhappy love. Vainly had Maria pleaded with her father, a rich inn-keeper of Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsome gondolier plying beneath the Bridge of Sighs. At length this evening, her father, Giannettini, forgot himself so far as to strike his daughter with some violence; and she, with a more culpable neglect of her duty, fled wildly from home, and, as we have seen, was arrested on the verge of suicide.  
The person who had saved her led her gently to her home, and having given her up to her father, seated himself in an obscure corner of the hostelry. Giannettini received his child with rude approaches; and, bidding her to retire to her own apartment and beseech herself to her spinning, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who had brought her home, whose stout, manly figure and firm countenance, however, deterred the inn-keeper from addressing him in a hostile manner.  
As Maria turned to depart a young gondolier appeared at the door, and, furtively approaching her, said: "Dearest! dearest!"  
Giannettini rushed forward shouting: "Out of this! Out of my house, beggar!"  
The young man did not stir.  
"Have you finished?" he said, in a good-humored tone. "Wherefore these hard words? Have you never loved, Signor Giannettini? Have you totally forgotten the feelings of your youth? Know you not that since I was 10 years old, and Maria's, we have loved each other fondly? Will you not then allow us to hallow your old age with our grateful blessings; or must we water your path with our tears?"  
"I don't want to have a parcel of beggars for my grandchildren," said Giannettini, roughly.  
"Certainly, you are rich," replied the young man; "but what hinders that I should not become so, too? A stout arm, a brave heart, an honest soul, will, with the help of heaven, do much."  
"A fool's dream!"  
"Nay," said Antonio, "it is sober sense. Prince Lorenzo de Medici was a merchant; Duke Giacomo Sforza a cowherd."  
The man in the corner had hearkened attentively to this dialogue. He rose, and touching Barbarigo's shoulder, said: "Well spoken, gondolier! Courage brings success, and struggling conquest. Maria shall be thy wife!"

"Never!" cried Giannettini.  
"Well," said the unknown, turning disdainfully toward him, "if this youth could lay down 600 pistoles, would you object to the marriage?"  
"Be that as it may, you must remember that he is now little better than a pauper."  
"Is that?" said the unknown, "shibblers are more tiresome than thieves. Before to-morrow you shall handle that sum."  
So saying he drew from his pocket a piece of parchment and a crayon, and, turning toward a table, began rapidly to sketch a man's hand. It was represented open, impatient, with hollowed palm, as if expecting a shower of gold pieces. It had, so to speak, a sensual, avaricious expression, and one of the fingers was encircled with a massive ring.  
"Is this my hand?" cried Giannettini.  
"And your history," said the artist, giving the sketch to Antonio, the author desired him to carry it to Pietro Benavolo, librarian at the palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for it 600 pistoles.  
"Six hundred fools' heads!" cried the inn-keeper. "I would not give a zecchin for it."  
Without speaking the artist turned and looked with astonishment at its guise. He then turned doubtfully toward Maria, but a glance from her soft dark eyes reassured him and he set out on his mission.  
With folded arms and a moody brow the artist commenced pacing up and down the large room in the hostelry, casting at intervals a scrutinizing glance on the young girl, who, now penitent for her intended crime, was silently praying in a corner. As for Giannettini, he seemed unable to shake off the strange ascendancy gained over him by his unknown visitor, his habitual effrontery failed him, and, for the first time in his life, he dared not break the silence.  
An hour passed. Then hasty, joyous steps were heard, and Antonio appeared, bearing in hand a bag and a letter. The big contained 600 pistoles, and the letter was addressed to the artist, and prayed him to honor the librarian with a visit.  
"Take these coins and weigh them," said the unknown, as he threw the bag toward Giannettini.  
Antonio Barbarigo stood before his benefactor, pale and trembling with joy.  
"One favor more," he said. "Who are you?"  
"What does it matter?"  
"What does it matter! say you!" cried the gondolier.  
"Much, much to me! Tell me your name, signor, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of my life!"  
"Men call me Michael Angelo!"  
As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army and placed in the Louvre. During the invasion of 1814 it was unfortunately lost, and, so far as can be ascertained, has never been recovered. The story of its production, however, still lingers among the traditions of Venice.

A Silly Way to Advertise.  
The Baltimore News, in writing about the practice of advertising on ornamental cards, says: "But what of the advertising, the principal object of the outlay for such fancies? In many instances the collectors either erased the business part of the card, or it was stuck in the book in such a manner as to hide that part of it, if it could not be cut out or off. Upon the majority of men and women, too, such trifling manner of advertising was entirely lost. Thus the real object, the main intent of the shopkeeper's expense, was defeated, and we doubt if one house is convinced that its immense outlay for fancy cards has yielded anything like a commensurate return. Certainly every observant person must see by this time that an advertisement in a regular published newspaper will cost far less, reach a greater number of people, impress more customers with the dignity and quality of your business, will bring your goods to the serious attention of more persons likely to buy them, than one hundred times as much expended in such tricks and trifles."  
The "New Century Club," of Philadelphia, one of the largest, is also one of the most conservative of women's organizations. One of its standing rules has hitherto been that the question of woman's suffrage could not be broached in its meetings. By general consent, this rule was set aside, last week, and the tobacco topic was the formal title of the paper read by Mrs. Turner, one of the founders of the club. A second innovation was made by having gentlemen discuss the paper. The meeting is reported by the corresponding secretary as one of the most interesting ever held by the society. Woman's suffrage and what it involves, is the main political question of this century. By considering it, the club proves its title to its name.

Sleeping on the Wall Side.  
A physician was lately called to prescribe for a young lady who lives in one of the most charming villas in Leamington. "Nothing the matter with her," she declared, "nothing but terrible headaches." Every morning she waked with a headache, and it lasted nearly half the day. It had been going on for months—ever since they moved into their new house. The old doctor tried all the old remedies and they all failed. Riding and archery were faithfully tested, and practice were cheerfully given up. Nothing did any good. "Will you let me see your bedroom?" asked the doctor one day, and he was shown up into the prettiest little nest imaginable. Nothing wrong about the ventilation. The windows were high and broad and left open every night, the patient said. The bed stood in one corner against the wall. "How do you sleep?" says the doctor. "On my right side at the back side of the bed, with my face to the wall. Lou likes the front best." "The dickens she does!" says the doctor. "So do I. Will you do me the favor to wheel the bed into the middle of the room and sleep so for a week? Then let me know about the headaches." Doctors are so absurd! the middle of the room indeed! and there were the two windows on one side, and the two doors on the other sides, and the mantle with its Macramé lambrequin on the fourth side. "There was no place for the bed but just where it stood, in a corner. 'Never mind! Sacrifice your lambrequin,' argued the doctor—'just for a week, you know.' The lambrequin was sacrificed, and the bed moved where it had free air on both sides, and the headaches disappeared. It may be only an exceptionally delicate system that would be induced to actual headache by breathing all night the reflected air from a wall. Yet possibly some of the morning dullness we know of may be traceable to a like cause. At any rate, plenty of breathing space around a bed can only be an advantage to every body."  
—Christian Union.

Let It Alone.  
"No, liquor won't hurt you if you eat it alone," said one man with a sneer to another who was making a strong fight to have it kept out of town by law. "You needn't meddle with it. If others take it, that is their look-out."  
"But liquor does not hurt thousands who let it alone, who hate it utterly and never set foot in a saloon."  
"I should like your evidence," said the other, a little puzzled.  
"Just step around the corner into Mrs. Watson's house—a pretty little house, but it will not be hers much longer. The rum-seller has it in his grip; I hear she must move out this week. Watson is working on his new veranda, which is to run around three sides of the tavern, to pay-up another liquor bill, while his wife and children are starving. They never touch liquor, but it hurts them. I can pick out twenty families in this place where it has done its mischief, more or less, and it is so the world over. Every man who drinks involves others with him. Those who let it alone have to suffer. Probably five sufferers to each drunkard would be stating it very low. Now I mean to work hard and fight hard, if need be, for those who have no help; and if the law can be made to help them, well and good."

Negro Travelling in New England in the Old Days.  
After the Providence Railroad opened the shortest route to New York, it was found that an appreciable number of the despised race demanded transportation. Scenes of riot and violence took place, and, in the then existing state of opinion, it seemed to me that the difficulty could best be met by assigning a special car to our colored citizens. Some of our cars were then arranged like the old stage coaches, there being three compartments upon a truck. These coaches communicated only by a small window at the top, and one of the compartments I assigned for the exclusive use of colored persons. One morning at Providence I entered the middle carriage, and was presently attracted by voices in the next division, that allotted to travel of the black race. I arose and looked through the little window just mentioned, and saw that a Southern gentleman (if by a stretch of courtesy he may be so called) had entered the compartment, which was occupied by a well-dressed negro, who wore evidently much excited at finding a negro taking his ease in a first-class carriage. There had been some words between them, which I did not perfectly hear.  
What I did hear, upon taking my position at the little window, was this: Southern—You black rascal, so you're a voter here. Are you? Negro—Yes, I am a free citizen, and a voter. Southern—Well, I have taken just such fellows as you, and

whipped them till the blood ran down to their heels. Negro—Then sir, you sliced your brother's blood. Southern—Why, you nigger, you don't mean to say that I'm your brother! Negro—Yes, for it is written that He made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth. The effect of the quotation was as the last straw upon the burled camel. It fairly broke the patience of the knightly personage who had entered the carriage. He instantly sprang upon the negro, catching him by the collar; and almost as quickly, I entered the compartment and ordered him to desist. "Well, who are you?" said the assailant, with a mighty oath. I replied that I was President of the road, and should see that he was arrested if he did not leave the carriage; and, having said this, I added a few words of measureless contempt for his conduct. Muttering some profanity, the man left the compartment, while I called the conductor to show him to the proper coach.  
At that time the train made quite a stop at Mansfield, during which most of the passengers left the cars. I was standing upon the platform of that way station, when the Southerner approached me, with a beaming face and sniveling manner which was characteristic of slaveholders when upon their good behavior at the North. He gracefully apologized for his conduct, saying that he was not accustomed to see negroes treated as white persons, and that the sudden introduction to such a spectacle had caused an excitement that he was unable to control. Before we had finished speaking, we were joined by the negro, who, in a manner no less gentlemanly, thanked me for my interference, and, producing a handsome pocket-book, offered his card. The amaze with which the gentleman from the South regarded this proceeding is altogether indescribable. His blank and helpless astonishment was of the sort which might be succeeded by a burst of indignation or a burst of laughter. Fortunately, the comic side of this latter-day warning at length succeeded in making itself predominant. "Well, take me home!" he said. "I've seen all I came for. Spectacles were good; but a nigger with a visiting card. It just knocks me down and makes me as weak as a baby. A nigger with a visiting card! Well, I am surely dreaming, and that's a fact."  
—Joshua Quincy.

Man and Insects.  
The only nerves (worth mentioning) in the human body which are not under the control of the brain, are those of the heart and other vital organs; and over these parts, as everybody knows, we have not any voluntary power. But all our limbs and muscles are moved in accordance with impulses sent down from the brain, so that, for example, when I have made up my mind to send a telegram to a friend, my legs take me duly to the telegraph office, and my hand writes the proper message, and my tongue undertakes the necessary arrangements with the clerk. But in the insect's body there is no such regular subordination of all the parts composing the nervous system to a single central organ or head office. The largest knot of nerve matter, it is true, is generally to be found in the neighborhood of the sense organs, and it receives direct nerve bundles from the eyes, antennae, mouth, and other chief adjacent parts; but the wings and legs are moved by separate knots of nerve cells, connected by a sort of spinal cord with the head, but capable of acting quite independently on their own account. Thus, if we cut off a wasp's head and stick it on a needle in front of some sugar and water, the mouth will greedily begin to eat the sweet slum, apparently unconscious of the fact that it has lost its stomach, and that the food is quietly dropping out of the gullet at the other end as fast it is swallowed. So, too, if we decapitate that queer Mediterranean insect, the praying mantis, the headless body will go on catching flies with its outstretched arms, and fumbling about for its mouth when it has caught one, evidently much surprised to find that its head is unaccountably missing. In fact, whatever may be the case with man, the insect, at least, is really a conscious automaton. It sees or smells food, and it is at once impelled by its nervous constitution to eat it. It receives a sense-impression from the bright light of a flower, and it is irresistibly attracted towards it, as the moth is to the candle. It has no power of deliberation, no ability even to move its own limbs in unaccustomed manners. Its whole life is governed for it by its fixed nervous constitution, and by the stimulations it receives from outside. And so, though the world probably appears much the same to the beetle as to us, the nature of its life is very different. It acts like a piece of clockwork mechanism, wound up to perform a certain number of fixed movements, and incapable of ever going beyond the narrow circle for which it is designed.  
—Grant Allen, in Knowledge.

Two Boys Encounter Two Bears.  
Last Monday two young men named Clarence and William Eastman, of Kearsarge village, North Conway, started out into the woods on a bear hunt. About noon they came across the tracks of two bears near a logging road. The boys followed the trail eagerly until they found that the bears had gone into a cave some distance from the road. They cautiously peered in, and in the uncertain light, saw both animals engaged in gnawing what appeared to be the carcass of some wild beast. The young hunters were greatly excited, of course, but they did not lose their coolness. After a whispered consultation, which was carried on without disturbing the bears, so intense were they upon their meal, the boys selected their marks and fired. Both bullets took effect, as was evident from the fusions upon inside the cave. When the smoke lifted the wounded bears rushed out of their retreat, bringing the young hunters to close quarters. The age of the animals was probably about a year, and they weighed upwards of 150 pounds each. Noting the size of the game, and realizing that they must defend themselves from the coming attack, the boys threw away their guns and prepared to fight. "Mount him, Will!" shouted Clarence, and at the next moment each sprang directly on the backs of the growing brutes. Then began a lively struggle for the mastery. The boys weighed about as much as the bears, and the contest was so unequal as might appear. Each hurriedly grasped the long hair near the ears and dug his heels into the flanks of his antagonist. Clarence was on a steep pitch when the struggle commenced, and after a few minutes of hard work, was thrown from his seat; but in falling he upset the bear, and both rolled to the foot of the incline, where the bear came out on top. The bear, caught in a hollow place in the ground, was considerably cramped, and Clarence was able to get his knife out of his pocket and open it. With that he dealt a heavy blow in the neck, which let out his life blood in torrents. Then the victorious Clarence turned his attention to his comrade. William had not succeeded so well, and was by this time in an embarrassing position. When he closed with the bear, the latter made for a fallen tree which lay several inches from the ground. Bruin tried to crawl under the tree, but there was not room enough to pull his rider through. The bear could not advance and William could not pull him out. There they hung, the bear trying to get through, and the boy craned over the log, his arms cramped and his strength fast failing him. Then Clarence rushed up to his assistance. This startled Bruin, who backed out of his uncomfortable position and partially freed himself from his tormentor's hold. Then the brute "got in a side wind," for, drawing back his paw, he whacked William on the head, tearing the flesh and leaving the marks of his claws across the boy's face. William was thrown down and the bear was free. Before either of the hunters could load his gun, Bruin took "log ball" and escaped into the woods. The boys dressed the other one and carried it home.  
—Portland (Me.) Press.

Woodpeckers and Bears Deceived by Telegraph.  
At the Crystal Palace Electrical Exhibition, London, the Norwegian Telegraph Department exhibits two stuffed woodpeckers which have pierced a telegraph pole in search of food. The explanation of this phenomenon, which is by no means uncommon in Norway, is as follows: The woodpecker feeds on insects which it finds under the bark of decayed trees; and it is supposed that the bird is deceived by the humming sound emitted by the telegraph post into the belief that the sound proceeds from the insects concealed in the wood; and that he is not unduly deceived until the perforation is complete, and daylight, instead of insects, is disclosed to the astonished and disappointed bird. Mr. Neilson, the Chief Director of Telegraphs at Christiania, further states that bears are very troublesome to his department, as they not infrequently enter the heaps of stones which are used to support the posts. The bear's fondness for honey is supposed to explain this proceeding; and his operations are performed under the belief that the humming sound proceeds from a bees' nest buried in the earth.  
Five women, graduates in good standing of several reputable medical colleges, applied recently to be admitted to membership in the Philadelphia County Medical Society, and were blackballed, although the society had previously voted that women should be eligible for membership on the same terms as men.  
The Methodist bishops meet once a year to discuss church matters and agree on their appointments. They assemble at Detroit, Mich., next month, and the churches of that city are preparing for a big reception.

FOR SALE  
—AT A—  
BARGAIN.  
The subscriber, having decided to return to Germany, offers his well known and long established retail  
Boot and Shoe  
Business for sale, located in the thriving village of North Manchester, in the center of a good paying trade of operatives of low intelligence, with factories, mills, work shops, churches, schools and everything denoting enterprise in abundance. The subscriber has been located at this stand for over twenty years and has been favored with a good paying business, has now decided to leave the country and offers his stock of goods, and his good will, at its  
CASH VALUE.  
WM. BRINK,  
No. Manchester, Ct., April 20.

WATKINS BROS.,  
—DEALERS IN—  
SEWING MACHINES.  
Simple Strong & Sure  
We keep on hand, and may be seen at our office, the  
NEW HOME, HARTFORD, WHITE, SEWING MACHINES, WEED and AMERICAN. Needles and attachments for the leading machines. The best Sewing Oil. We can furnish parts for any machine made at short notice. Repairing done.  
WATKINS BROS.

Pianos and Organs  
Made by all the leading manufacturers  
AT BOTTOM PRICES.  
S. C. BRADLEY,  
North Manchester.

1822. - - 1882.  
The Old Stone Store,  
G. S. PARKHURST,  
DEALER IN  
General Merchandise!  
FLOUR, GRAIN and FEED.  
BALED HAY.  
High grades of Minneapolis and St. Louis Flour, a specialty.  
AGENT FOR THE  
Plunket Gingham Remnants.  
G. S. PARKHURST,  
North Manchester.

"Quick Sales & Small Profits"  
IS MY MOTTO,  
And by buying you  
CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS,  
Hats, Caps, Etc.,  
—FROM—  
100 Asylum Street, Hartford  
You will prove the same.  
I have the Largest, the Nobbiest, and the Newest line of  
Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's  
SUITS  
To be had in the city of Hartford.  
A. CADDEN,  
93 to 102 Asylum St., Hartford.

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To be had in the city of Hartford.  
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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.,  
Opposite St. James Church,  
South Manchester.

GLORIOUS NEWS!  
FOR THE PUBLIC.  
For the next thirty days, before INVENTORY, we shall sell at  
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.  
The balance of our  
Woolen Goods!  
At Bargains to suit our customers.  
To make this immense sale more attractive, we shall add the following  
BARGAINS.  
Six lbs. boxes Starch, 45 cts  
Three " " " 23 cts  
Three " Corn Starch, 25 cts  
Three 1 lb. papers " 25 cts  
50 Barrels Hale, Day & Co's Superlative Flour  
AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICE.  
This flour has been sold by us for six years, and has given perfect satisfaction every time. It is made from old wheat and will sell all.  
—A LOT OF—  
Ladies' Rubbers, 15c. per pair  
50 Pairs MEN'S LIGHT KIP BOOTS, \$2.75.  
OLD PRICE \$3.50.  
These are just the boots for Spring wear.  
HALE, DAY & CO.,  
South Manchester.

SPRING SUITINGS  
Just received, a large lot of  
SPRING GOODS,  
Both Foreign and Domestic, which I will make up in Latest Styles  
AT  
Lowest Prices  
E. M. HOUSE,  
SO. MANCHESTER.

C. R. HATHAWAY,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
Office with Watkins Bros.,  
South Manchester, Conn.  
OLIN R. WOOD,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Office over Post-Office,  
North Manchester, Conn.  
THOMAS P. AITKIN,  
DEALER IN  
Furnaces, Stoves, Ranges, Tin Ware, Pumps, Lead Pipe, Etc.  
TIN ROOFING and GENERAL JOBBING  
North Manchester, Conn.  
JOHN E. LAWDER,  
(Late of Collins & Collins London.)  
Pianos & Organs  
TUNED and REPAIRED  
Address West, Boonville House, So. Manchester  
GEO. M. BOLTON,  
PHOTOGRAPHER,  
Cor. Main and Market Sts., ROCKVILLE.  
None but first-class work allowed to leave the rooms.  
HABENSTEIN'S,  
THE STATE CATERER.  
It is the place to go for an elegant Reception or Wedding Supper, furnished in the latest artistic style.  
His Restaurant is the most popular place in the city.  
Regular dinner served from 12 to 3 daily.  
Do not fail to call.  
Habenstein's,  
200 MAIN STREET, - Hartford, Conn.

REMOVAL!  
I have removed my shop from the Spencer Building, to my house,  
Corner Main and Elbridge Sts.  
Where I shall be pleased to meet my old customers.  
I shall keep my usual full line of  
Spring & Summer Suitings,  
Which I will make up at  
BOTTOM PRICES.  
I shall maintain my old reputation for  
Good Work. Perfect Fits.  
O. MAGNELL,  
So. Manchester.  
FINE CIGARS!  
I have on hand a large assortment of  
FINE CIGARS!  
Of my own manufacture, which I offer for sale at the  
Lowest Prices Possible.  
Dealers in Cigars will find it to their advantage to call and examine my goods before buying elsewhere.  
JOSEPH POHLMAN,  
North Manchester, Conn.

SOUTH MANCHESTER RAILROAD.  
Leaves Manchester for  
Hartford, 7:30 a. m.; 12:30 p. m.; 6:30 p. m.  
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Leaves Manchester for  
Waterbury, 7:30 a. m.; 12:30 p. m.; 6:30 p. m.  
Leaves Waterbury for  
Manchester, 8:00 a. m.; 1:30 p. m.; 7:00 p. m.  
Leaves Manchester for  
Bridgewater, 7:30 a. m.; 12:30 p. m.; 6:30 p. m.  
Leaves Bridgewater for  
Manchester, 8:00 a. m.; 1:30 p. m.; 7:00 p. m.  
Leaves Manchester for  
Farmington, 7:30 a. m.; 12:30 p. m.; 6:30 p. m.  
Leaves Farmington for  
Manchester, 8:00 a. m.; 1:30 p. m.; 7:00 p. m.  
Leaves Manchester for  
Middletown, 7:30 a. m.; 12:30 p. m.; 6:30 p. m.  
Leaves Middletown for  
Manchester, 8:00 a. m.; 1:30 p. m.; 7:00 p. m.  
Leaves Manchester for  
Stamford, 7:30 a. m.; 12:30 p. m.; 6:30 p. m.  
Leaves Stamford for  
Manchester, 8:00 a. m.; 1:30 p. m.; 7:00 p. m.  
Leaves Manchester for  
Meriden, 7:30 a. m.; 12:30 p. m.; 6:30 p. m.  
Leaves Meriden for  
Manchester, 8:00 a. m.; 1:30 p. m.; 7:00 p. m.  
Leaves Manchester for  
Danbury, 7:30 a. m.; 12:30 p. m.; 6:30 p. m.  
Leaves Danbury for  
Manchester, 8:00 a. m.; 1:30 p. m.; 7:00 p. m.  
Leaves Manchester for  
Waterbury, 7:30 a. m.; 12:30 p. m.; 6:30 p. m.  
Leaves Waterbury for  
Manchester, 8:00 a. m.; 1:30 p. m.; 7:00