

Manchester Saturday Herald.

VOL. I.—NO. 34.

NORTH MANCHESTER, CONN., SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1882.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HARTFORD ONE PRICE CLOTHING COMPANY
TO THE FRONT!
Great Trade Sale
—OF—
Fine and Medium Clothing!
\$100,000 WORTH
—OF—
RELIABLE GARMENTS.
To be offered to the Public of Hartford and Surrounding Towns, at Unheard of Prices.
A FEW OF THE BARGAINS.
Three hundred all wool, neat patterns, well made and trimmed, Men's Suits at \$6.00 per suit—every suit worth \$12.00, most of them retailed to-day at that price, not one suit but hundreds.
No. 1. Five hundred Men's all wool Suits, light and dark colored, stripes, checks and mixtures, at **\$8.50! \$8.50! \$8.50!**
The Coat alone worth more—the whole suit worth \$15.00.
No. 2. Five Hundred Men's Extra all wool suits at **\$10.00 \$10.00 \$10.00**
Worth \$18.00 and sold in Hartford to-day at that price. Don't credit this advertisement; come and see.
No. 3. Gentlemen, attention! Six different styles of American and Imported Cheviots, woolsens only used by the tailors finest trade, lined with a silk serge, soft roll, made by journeymen, and equal to custom, worth from \$18.00 to \$25.00 a suit, we close at **\$12.00 \$12.00 \$12.00**
Bargains equal in Boys' Clothing. Come to this the greatest sale ever organized. Come at once.

HARTFORD ONE PRICE CLOTHING COMPANY
111 and 113 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.
SPECIAL SALE
—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.

"Quick Sales & Small Profits"
IS MY MOTTO.
And by buying your
CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS,
Hats, Caps, Etc.,
—FROM—
100 Asylum Street, Hartford
You will prove the same.

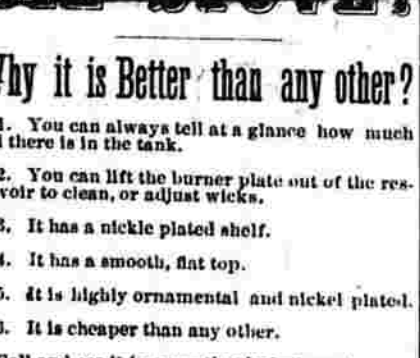
I have the Largest, the Nobiliest, and the Newest lines of
Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's
SUITS
To be found in the city of Hartford.

A. CADDEN,
102 Asylum St., Hartford.

HABENSTEIN'S,
THE STATE CATERER,
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.

THE "ECONOMIST"

OIL STOVE!
Why it is Better than any other?
1. You can always tell at a glance how much oil there is in the tank.
2. You can lift the burner plate out of the reservoir to clean, or adjust wicks.
3. It has a smooth, flat top.
4. It is highly ornamental and nickel plated.
5. It is cheaper than any other.
Call and see it in operation before you buy.

Look at the LOVELL WASHER,

PRICE \$5.00.
The cheapest washing machine made. Warranted for five years.
The above articles are for sale only by
E. T. CARRIER,
South Manchester.

Our Story.
DORA'S TRIAL.
"I do wish," said Mrs. Prudence Hall, holding her darning-needle in mid-air for a moment over the coarse blue sock she was mending, "I do wish you could see your way to marrying Seth Hallett. He wants you the worst kind, and he'd be such a good provider."
"But I don't like him well enough, Prudence; and besides, he's a meddling body, besides meat and drink, and two calico dresses a year."
Mrs. Prudence Hall had sprained her ankle, and was forced, sorely against her will, to sit day after day in an upper chamber, with a terrible consciousness that everything about the farm was relapsing into chaos and old night for want of her foresight. Her pretty sister Dora had come to stay with her; but she was "only a child you know."
"There are two kinds of love in this world," said Mrs. Hall, after a pause, in which she had been taking counsel with herself whether Dora was old enough to be talked to on such matters at all, and it flashed upon her that "the child" was nearly 20 years old. "Perhaps you like Seth well enough to marry him, only you don't know it."
"Tell me about the two kinds of love," said Dora, innocently. "I thought love was love the world over."
"I have never known but one kind, I think, Dora. When I married David Hall, he was the most well-to-do young man in these parts, and we never had a quarrel while he lived. He was a good, practical sort of a man, and he never asked me to do anything unreasonable."
"What if he had?" asked Dora.
"Well, I guess I should have argued him out of it. But there is a kind of love that will draw women through fire and water. It makes them throw themselves away on poor, worthless men, and they know it as well as anybody else does. It is the greatest wonder to me why such a useless feeling should ever have been created."
Dora had bent low over her work to hide her roguish smiles at her sister's discourse; but at this point she fixed her deep gray eyes on Prudence, not smiling, but simply earnest.
"Such love brings happiness sometimes, I suppose," said Dora.
"Next to never!" said Prudence with great decision. "We ain't made to be happy, and anything that's too good always leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Comfort is a bird in the hand, and you don't gain anything by letting it fly on the chance of happiness."
"Did you ever know any one about here, Prudence, that threw herself away for love? It seems to me that they won't look at a man unless he has a house and farm all ready for them."
"That's where they're right," said Prudence. "You are rather given to high-flying notions, and it's time you found out that bread don't grow already buttered. Yes, I did know one girl who was pretty and smart, and had no end of chances to get married (I think my David courted her a spell, but he never would own it), and she would have that shiftless critter, Joe Raymond, who never could make one hand wash the other. Even when she was a-dying she pretended that she had been happy, and wouldn't have done no other way if she had it to do over again."
"Was she Joe's mother?" asked Dora, quickly.
"Yes, to be sure; and when she died we took him to bring up and work on the farm. He's more than paid his way, but he's a rolling stone like his father, and won't never come to anything. I forgot to tell you—he's going to-morrow."
"Going to-morrow?" cried Dora with a great start. "I thought his time wasn't out for another month."
"Well, it ain't rightly out till he's twenty-one, but he was in such a hurry to be off that I gave him the last month."
Then a silence fell upon them. These two women had the same father and mother, though a score of years lay between them. Prudence had been born in the early married life of her parents, when they were struggling with a stony New England farm, and there was work for even baby hands. The lines of duty

and patience were deep graven in her rugged face, which yet beamed with a kindly common sense. But Dora had come to her mother late in life, as an old tree sometimes blossoms into loveliness after every one has forgotten it. Her little feet had walked in easy paths, and Prudence yearned over her like a mother.
She sat now by the open fire, bending her graceful head over some delicate work that Prudence would never have found time for; her dress and the flickering flames made her a picture too lovely for that dull room.
"Prudence," she said suddenly, "as this is Joe's last night, I think I'll go down and say good-bye to him."
"You might call him up here."
"No; I think I will go myself."
"I believe I haven't ever told you, Dora, how much you pleased me by giving up that childish way of going on with him that you used to have. It did very well for you; to be fond of each other when you were little, but of course it is out of the question now."
It might have been the red dress and the freight that brought such a vivid flush to Dora's cheek as she listened and turned away. She ran lightly down stairs and opened the door of the great farm kitchen.
A young man sat by a dull fire, looking into it as one does into the eyes of an enemy before the fight—an over-grown farmer boy in homemade clothes, with nothing about him to fall in love with, least of all for the brilliant little figure that stood waiting for him to look up. He was so intent on his own thoughts to notice her, till she went swiftly across the room, and taking his head between her soft hands, turned his face to hers.
"Joe, had boy, you were going away without letting me know?"
The hard lines of his face softened and brightened under her gaze, and one would not have known that he was a man.
"I ain't willin' and that's the fact," he said.
"You know better; you know you would have crept through the key-hole for one last little minute with me."
"How long will you wait for me, Dora?"
"Till you come back."
"If it were seven years, think how long it would be."
"If you loved me as you make me believe," said Dora, "you would not go away at all, but work here until you could build a little house, and then we could rough it together."
"No, little Dora, that is not my kind of love; my mother tried that, and she lived a slave's life."
"Dora," said Prudence from the stairs; "what on earth are you doing down there?"
"I must go now; I must truly," said Dora, as she felt herself locked in arms that would not give way. "If I live without you for seven years I shall be a homely old maid, and you will not thank me for waiting for you."
He put her away then and looked at her curiously, as if he had never thought of her prettiness before. "Do you know what your name means?" he asked earnestly. "I saw it in a paper that Theodora means 'Gift of God,' and you have been just that to me. If I had never seen you I should never have had a notion about a day's work or a night's sleep. I will write whenever I have any luck, and come home on New Year's eve when I do come, and if you wear this red dress I shall know you have waited for me."
"I think I shall live to wear it when you come home, if it is seven times seven years, Joe, for seven years is very hard to kill," said Dora, slowly departing from the kitchen.
"What have you been doing all this time?" said Prudence, severely.
"I was only giving Joe some very good advice."
"Well, I hope he'll profit by it."
"So do I," said Dora, heartily.
"Tis as easy to say seven years as one; and we read of Jacob's seven years' service for Rachel which seemed but as one day for the love that he bore her. Rachel's feelings are not thought worthy to be mentioned in holy writ, but if her love was like Dora's, every day seemed like seven years. And here, in a nutshell, lies the difference between a man's love and a woman's."
Jacob had the sheep to mind, and

mind them uncommonly well. Joe had mentioned seven years, as if he meant to come home then at any rate. She wore out the first day of the "Glad New Year" with busy cares, till late in the afternoon, when an old man, spent with much walk, stopped to rest himself in the farm kitchen. Prudence bestirred herself to give him a hearty luncheon, and when he was warmed and fed he began to talk of his travels. He had been seeking his fortune all over the west, and, having found it, had come back to die at home. He mentioned Colorado and Denver, and when Dora found herself alone with him for a moment, she said: "Did you ever see Joseph Raymond in Denver?"
"Joe Raymond? Oh, yes! knew him well; lived with him night on to a month. His wife is a real good cook; couldn't be beat in them parts."
"You say he was married?"
"To be sure; a right smart feller, and mighty fond of his wife. Women are scarce out there."
Prudence came in, and the old man went his way, all unconscious of the still waves of Dora's heart.
"What's the matter?" said Prudence, "you're as white as a sheet."
Dora's only answer was to start out of the house, and run as for life, down the frozen orchard path, by which she could gain upon and overtake this terrible old man. "She might have said, with the 'holy Herbert':"
"My tho'ts are all a case of knives, Wounding my heart With scattered smart—"
only misery must have time to crystallize into memory before it takes the form of poetry. She stood before the old man at the turning, bareheaded and breathless.
"How did the Joe Raymond look, that you lived with?" gasped Dora.
"I never said Joe Raymond," said the old man, peevishly; "I said, 'The old man,' but Dora was off again."

close, Dora's heart beat light within her. Joe had mentioned seven years, as if he meant to come home then at any rate. She wore out the first day of the "Glad New Year" with busy cares, till late in the afternoon, when an old man, spent with much walk, stopped to rest himself in the farm kitchen. Prudence bestirred herself to give him a hearty luncheon, and when he was warmed and fed he began to talk of his travels. He had been seeking his fortune all over the west, and, having found it, had come back to die at home. He mentioned Colorado and Denver, and when Dora found herself alone with him for a moment, she said: "Did you ever see Joseph Raymond in Denver?"

guess it ain't more common than snow in dog days."
"How long would you have waited for me?" whispered Joe in Dora's ear.
"Forever!" said Dora, solemnly.
And Mrs. Prudence Hall, as she overheard the word knew that Dora's foolish notions had not wrecked her at last on a poverty-stricken marriage.

CRIBBAGE.
Almost anybody can run into debt; but nearly everybody has to crawl out of it.
To repent without mending one's ways is to pump out the ship without stopping the leak.
An accomplished writer intends to make a fac-simile of the American navy during his summer vacation.
Fifty years is a long wait for the golden wedding, but it is an 18-carat argument in favor of early marriages.
Death of George Washington— "When did George Washington die?" asked an Austin teacher of a large boy. "Is he dead?" was the astonished reply. "Why, it is not more than six months ago that we were celebrating his birthday, now he is dead. It's a bad year on children. I reckon his folks let him eat something that didn't agree with him."
Texas Siftings.
Preference: "Are you traveling alone?" asked a tall, agricultural-looking gentleman, approaching a lady who occupied two seats in a crowded car. "No, sir," she replied. "May I ask you who's with you?" asked the man, looking around vainly for some other place to store himself. "My husband," snapped the lady with flashing eyes. "My husband is traveling with me." "Oh, ah! excuse me," and the tall man straightened up and prepared to take a standing ride. "Is this seat engaged?" asked a dashing, well-dressed young fellow of the lady five minutes later. "No, sir," she replied, and down he jumped. "I say, my dear," he said, "I was just about to ask you to go with me to the city."

THE COUNTERFEIT BREAKFAST.
Miss Colbrath in her unrivaled book, "What to Get for Breakfast," after sketching the genuine breakfast, with its charm and cheer and brightness, draws this picture in contrast: "A home without a good breakfast—how shall we describe it? Instead of the sunny courtesy with which a man comes to a faultless breakfast, he who has no assurance of a satisfactory morning repast, comes like a man who has had bad news broken to him, and most likely with a "breach of peace" pictured on his face. Yes, if this man had the same assurance of an attractive breakfast of the courteous one was confident, he might have excelled him in politeness.
"By the sorrows of those who forego not especially favored with a genuine breakfast, that stimulates the body, brightens the spirits, clears the thoughts, gives moral force, and renews the vigor of the system."
"But you said you were traveling with him," persisted the tall man. "So I am," snorted the lady. "Where is he?" insisted the tall man. "He's in the baggage car in a coffin," replied the lady.—*Drake's Travelling Magazine.*

Hints to Poor Sleepers.
A physician gives several hints for poor sleepers, some of which may be found beneficial. It is frequently advantageous to raise the head of the bed a foot higher than the foot, and then to sleep on a tolerably thick hair pillow, so as to bring the head a little higher than the shoulders. The object is to make the work of the heart in throwing the blood to the brain harder, so it will not throw so much. A level bed, with the head almost as low as the feet, causes an easy flow of blood to the brain, and prevents sleep. Persons who find themselves restless and unable to sleep at night, would do well to place the head towards the north, as it is undoubtedly greatly conducive to health. A hot mustard foot bath, taken at bedtime, is beneficial in drawing the blood from the head, and thus inducing sleep. Sponge the entire length of the spine with hot water for ten or fifteen minutes before retiring. This will often insure a good night's sleep. A hearty meal and a seat near a warm fire after a long walk in the cold, will induce deep sleep in the majority of persons, no matter how lightly they ordinarily slumber. Active outdoor exercise and avoidance of excessive and long continued mental exertion, are necessary in all cases of sleeplessness. Where these means fail, such remedies as are known to diminish the amount of blood in the head, should be resorted to—of course under the direction of a competent physician. Opium, chloral, etc., increase the quantity of blood in the head, and are highly injurious. Their use should never be resorted to.

Why They Mourned.
On a certain occasion a train which Merewether had gone to meet was somewhat late. A testy old gentleman, a stranger to Merewether, got out of all patience at the delay, and exclaimed, "What a villainous station this is! They try to irritate one on purpose. Look at those girls in the refreshment-room; why do they dress them all in black?" Don't

you know?" said Merewether, in a most solemn tone of voice, and with an awe-struck look on his face. "No," replied the stranger, in a subdued voice, and looking quite alarmed. "Why," said Merewether, "they are in mourning for the late train!"

Wish I'd known it sooner.
"Uncle Sam," said a colored boy to black Samuel, a negro who used to bottom chairs for Col. Sandy Faulkner, "wha' yer gwine?"
"Gwine fishin', chile; why yer ax me?"
"Did yea know dat Aunt Tildy is dead?"
"Go on, chile! Is dat a fact? Yea doan mean ter say dat my wife is dead?"
"Yes sah."
"When she die?"
"Dis mornin'."
"Wall, I's sorry I wan't dar. Tell 'em ter go on an' make de 'rangements, dat I'll be back again de funeral. I'se doan dug worms fur bait now. Wish I'd knowed it sooner!"

Office, Bissell's Block, North Manchester. TERMS: \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

Entered at the Post Office in North Manchester as second-class matter. SATURDAY, AUG. 5, 1882.

This week has been an eventful one at Washington. The National assembly, which has already wasted an unusually long session in comparatively unimportant legislation, has topped its record with a feat without parallel in the history of this country.

One of the most important measures that comes before every session of congress is the river and harbor appropriation bill, which assigns a share of government money to the improving of various localities where such improvement will be for the general good of a large body of people; such an improvement was the building of jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi river, which opened a channel for the flow of commerce into a dozen or more different states.

When the Nation's money is appropriated in such large sums, there is a chance for contractors to get big jobs with good and sure pay. There is also an opening for dishonest individuals who may obtain the handling of this money to appropriate a few thousands for their own private use without the theft being discovered.

Accordingly, when this bill comes up annually before congress, the capitol is thronged with contractors from those parts of the country to which improvements are likely to be voted, each one of whom is willing to sacrifice time and money in trying to influence congressmen to vote for a large appropriation for the work he expects to do.

This year everyone was surprised to learn that the river and harbor appropriations made by both houses of congress amounted to nineteen millions of dollars, a sum larger than ever before appropriated for these purposes by eight millions. In looking for an explanation of this large increase, it was found that, in many particular items of the bill, money had been appropriated for improvements in localities where the beneficial results would be realized by a comparatively small number of people.

Then there arose suspicions of "log-rolling," or undue influence exerted upon senators and members of the house by contractors and lobbyists. The country was in a ferment, and the people were largely misled as they benefited the few rather than the many. The papers had hardly begun to applaud his act, when the news came that he had been passed over the veto by a two-thirds majority in both houses.

The country, excepting the sections that expect the direct benefit of the appropriations, is indignant, and the effect of this act of congress will no doubt be the failure of many members who voted for the bill to secure a re-election. Both Connecticut senators, Messrs. Hawley and Platt, voted against the bill, but the representatives, Messrs. Buck, Wait and Phelps all voted for it.

The success of men of ill repute, who have in the last few weeks acquired large sums of money by brief exhibitions of brute force, has had a bad influence upon a class of persons, who are always longing to make a fortune in a day. A man with a battered straw hat, soaked over-hauls and a grimy face remarked to a friend, the other day, "If I had made the money Sullivan has in the last month, I wouldn't be taking a load of charcoal to Hartford today."

This man who lives somewhere among the Bolton Hills, couldn't tell you about the Eastern war, in fact it is very doubtful whether he would locate Egypt in Asia or the United States, yet somehow he had heard all about the Sullivan-Wilson fight. It's not best to long for wealth. If you are poor, make the best of it. You can be just as happy burning charcoal in Marlboro as you would be if you were a wealthy man in the metropolis. A very good proverb by a late writer reads, "Always be content with what you have, but never with what you are. If you are honest and industrious, the world will give you just as good a living as you are capable of enjoying. If your efforts to improve yourself result in your ability to secure a fortune, then you will find yourself in shape to enjoy it. But if, on the other hand, neglecting self-improvement, you are continually grasping for dollars, though you may in time reach your object, you will find yourself dissatisfied, and when the end of life comes, though you may leave a fortune for others to squander, you will look back with regret, over years of toil and longing for an end that has never been reached."

NORTH MANCHESTER.

Dr. G. M. Griswold goes to the Vineyard to-day for a ten days' sojourn.

Frank Gleason's photograph car has returned to North Manchester, and located just east of Bissell's.

H. L. Williams, a prominent lawyer of St. Paul, Minn., is with his wife, visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hilliard.

A man lay drunk in the road near Joel Wheeler's house, for over an hour, Wednesday afternoon. No one knew who he was.

Dr. Griswold, the senior dentist, had another bad attack from his old trouble last week which quite prostrated him. At last report, he was a little better.

Joseph Ackley, now a member of the Junior class at Wesleyan University, has for the last four Sunday occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church at Cromwell.

E. H. Parshley was spilled out of a buggy last Wednesday night, by a collision with a buggy driven by Mrs. Baell. Ten dollars pays the bill for repairs of both carriages and no one was hurt.

Another new engine, the 106, made its appearance on the New England road Wednesday. It has eight drivers and is the heaviest engine on the line. Unlike most of this company's freight engines, the new machine is ornamented with fancy paint and gold leaf.

Our readers will find in another column, a graphic description of the trip of the Lettie, a New London yacht that is bearing a lot of nautically-inclined Manchester men to various seaside resorts on the south-eastern shore. The log will be continued next week.

Several cases of sporadic cholera have made their appearance in town. The disease is similar to Asiatic cholera and acts the same upon adults as cholera infantum does upon infants. It is not considered contagious but is brought on by careless eating and drinking habits during hot weather.

Five empty freight cars were pushed off an open switch near the station Wednesday. The ties were bruised a little and kindling wood was made of some of the planks at the crossing. The train conductor, aided by suggestions from eighteen boys and thirteen adults, who hastened to the rescue, had the cars all on the track again in half an hour.

The familiar scripture text, "Whosoever shall give drink of a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, shall not lose his reward," is a very comforting one.

While the benevolent desire of drawing him a glass of water, the fellow who disappeared with the money was a former resident of this village, John Doyle by name, who has been employed in Pequotonck.

IMPORTANT REAL ESTATE CHANGE.—The Mutual war mill in North Manchester, owned and operated by the Union Company, has been sold this week to a new company, composed of James Campbell, R. B. Parker, John Purtil, and Lucius Parker. With the mill was sold about thirty acres of land adjoining. The price paid was in the neighborhood of \$11,000. There will be no change in the management of the mill, the old superintendent Mr. Purtil, remaining in charge.

Mrs. J. D. Riebles and three children were in a carriage standing in front of Bissell's when the horse took fright at a freight train and began to rear. Mr. Bissell stood at the horse's head until Mrs. Riebles, thinking she could manage the horse, started to drive away. The animal's bridle had been displaced by his struggles in Mr. Bissell's hands, and as soon as he was released he started for the freight train that was still moving on the main track. Mrs. Riebles was powerless to control him, and he had clambered up the steep embankment, pulling the loaded carriage after him, and was on the main track when several men seized him and threw him down. The carriage was speckled with mud, and later, when the horse, more quiet, had been hitched into the carriage again, Mrs. Riebles got in again and pluckily drove home.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Manchester Green post office, August 1, 1882: Mrs. Nellie Holmes, Eugene Talcott, Marcus E. Aspinwall, David Lefell, Mr. N. Curtis, R. H. Lockwood, Miss Nellie McSweeney, Monsieur Meiteugue, postals, Mr. Carey, Mr. Jno. E. Varrick, Jos. Hale, David Burnham, R. Bryan. B. R. WEST, P. M.

Bissell sell the best sirloin and short steaks at 20 cents, rounds at 16 cents and roasts at 16 cents per pound.

For boots and shoes that will wear, and lowest prices Bissell's take the lead.

The rates by the Erie and New England Express are low. R. P. Bissell, agent for Manchester.

THE CRUISE OF THE LETTIE.

Accidents and incidents of the Manchester Pirate's Cruise.

ON BOARD THE LETTIE, EDWARDS, MASS., JULY 31.

If I was ever indisposed, I am to-day, but having promised to let you hear from me, I have concluded to get the letter off my hands as soon as possible. On Wednesday, the 25th, Misses W. and C. Chadwick and Holland of Manchester and W. J. McConville of Hartford arrived at New London to prepare the yacht Lettie for a ten-day cruise along the coast. The boat was not ready for us, it having been found necessary to put in a new mast and make some other repairs. By nightfall we had our traps and most of our provisions on board. It was strongly hinted that the boat was too small, it being but 30x12, and it was generally agreed that it would call for careful packing to stow away ten persons. Another cause for alarm was that we had but one row-boat, into which not more than six could be stowed. It was finally decided to let these matters rest until the arrival of the captain and the rest of the party. After partaking of our first meal on board, we were entertained with music on the upper deck by our band, and dancing and singing by our lawyer and the cook. It soon became evident that we were up for all night. We had visits from several parties during the evening, among whom was a boat-load of ladies, evidently old acquaintances of Johnnie's, though it was some time before they recognized him. It was his rendition of "Kaiser, don't you want to buy a dog?" that settled matters, for at the conclusion of the song, one of the ladies cried out, "Oh, Johnnie, I hardly knew you!" We detained this party as long as possible, and finally, when with sweet good nights, and the tune of "Good night, ladies," they left, a gloom seemed to settle upon our boat, and we decided to drive it away by playing games of different kinds, and daylight found us seeking a change. At 6 o'clock we took breakfast. The absent members of the party arrived on the 10 o'clock train; they were in the best of spirits, although the butcher had experienced seasickness before arriving in sight of salt water. We were disappointed at not finding Emmons among the crowd. Evidently his recollections of "Pt. Jude" and the codfish bank off Block Island were too much for him. Having more fully supplied the ship stores, we all hands boarded to await the arrival of the shipper, which event happened at 11.15 a. m.

At 6 p. m. the constable sighted the Head, and soon after took hold of the wheel which occupation seemed to turn his head. Whether he imagined he had hold of the plow or scraper, or was at Con. Sullivan's, we know not, but certainly it is that either used agricultural language, "by authority of the State of Connecticut, etc." when he should be using out "hard-reef." This mistake nearly slipped Robbins who, by nearly strutting in the back and being assisted to the side of the boat where he landed in a heap. A breeze died away about this time, and we had made Vineyard sound and had a six-mile tide in any favor we continued to push on to Vineyard Haven. The butcher and Holland were sent forward to watch the buoys, not a very difficult task, as the moon shone almost as brightly as the sun. A fresh breeze more we flew, keeping a course most direct for Wood's Hole, where we were directly opposite the point of the light. The captain had been taken sick time before this, and had given contribution to the sea; he announced it a severe attack of much water, in which condition Dr. coincided and started the pumps, after partaking of a

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GLASTONBURY.

The joint board of selectmen and school visitors held their meeting at the town clerk's office Saturday, and made the distribution of the appropriation for schools the coming year to the eighteen districts, amounting in the whole to about \$5000. This amount is allowed for the expenses of twenty schools in all the districts, and in two districts a winter term of 16 weeks in addition, making an appropriation for an aggregate of 762 week's schools! Certainly, whatever may be said of our town officials, they can hardly be accused of lavish expenditures for educational purposes. There are two of the districts, the first and second, that do not restrict their expenses to the amount appropriated, and there ought to be more that should either have more expended upon their schools, either by the town or themselves in justice to the children of school age.

Dr. Scudder was absent on Sunday, and his place was very acceptably occupied by Rev. Mr. Painter, one of the professors in Fisk University, Feeb.

Rev. Mr. Sprowle, of Sag-Harbor, having exchange with Rev. Mr. Bain of Portland on Sunday last, has been at Mrs. F. S. Hale's for a day or two this week. He was accompanied by Judge Cramer, of Wheeling, West Virginia, it being the first visit of both gentlemen to our goodly town. Both were greatly pleased with our noble street and surroundings, although this very dry and dusty weather does not present them at their best.

Rev. W. S. Wright closed, by resignation, a very well filled term of service as a member of the board of school visitors for several years, with the present year. His associates, and all who have met him officially, very much regret Mr. Wright's determination in this matter, and it will be difficult to obtain a more acceptable man in all respects for that position.

Mrs. M. A. Talcott has quite a number of boarders for the summer at her pleasant home, among whom are Dr. Easton and family of Philadelphia. Mr. Hill, of Ohio, is stopping at Mr. Henry Affleck's, and Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau, the parents of Mrs. Scudder, at Dr. Scudder's. The doctor's sons and daughters have just returned from a sojourn at Shelter Island, sunbathed and happy. Miss Alice M. Rich daughter of John S. Rich of western New York, has been spending a few days with her cousin Miss Nellie Bunce. Rev. Mr. Sprowle had the pleasure of visiting with the Rev. Mr. Sprowle, of Sag-Harbor, and his wife, at the residence of Mrs. C. F. Gained, at Watch-Hill. Mrs. W. S. Talcott and her son Henry are at Watch-Hill. Mrs. W. S. Talcott and her son Henry are at Watch-Hill. Mrs. W. S. Talcott and her son Henry are at Watch-Hill.

A stranger dropped in one morning before breakfast at a Washington drug store and called for a bottle of Congress water. The intelligent clerk ducked beneath the counter and promptly produced a bottle of old Monongahela. The customer tasted it, and then depositing his glass, remarked: "Do you call that Congress water?" "That's it," answered the pill-powder, smiling pleasantly. "Every congressman who comes in here drinks it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Peaches at Bissell's. A fine line of dry goods and notions at R. P. Bissell's.

Vegetables of all kinds at Bissell's. Berries, peaches, bananas, lemons at Bissell's.

Choice groceries at Bissell's. Go to Bissell's for low prices and best quality of goods.

Pure coffees and choice teas at Bissell's.

BUCKLAND.—Rumor says that we shall soon miss the genial and smiling countenance of our worthy friend, H. Kirke White, as he goes and returns from his labors. He is about to take up his residence in Suffield. A host of friends will miss him but we presume it will be all Wright in the end.—The Buckland Hard Hitters expect to play a game with the Talcottville club before long.

Miss Eloise C. Loomis, daughter of Byron Loomis, Esq., of Suffield, has been visiting at the Hillside farm during the past week.—Albert Medrich and wife, who have been spending a week in Litchfield county, returned Thursday.—Miss Emma Hutchinson is to teach the primary department, at the Buckland school the coming term.—H. H. Woodhouse's family are spending the summer at the house of C. O. Wolcott.

Dr. Wolcott, who has been spending several days with his brother, C. O. Wolcott, has left for New York.—John Harris and Caleb Phillips, cradled one acre and a half of stout oats in one hour and a half on the land of Olin R. Wood, Esq., on Monday of this week.—A new and splendid side saddle has arrived at the Maple Grove farm, and is being enjoyed very much by the young people, who reside there.

For fruits and confectionery go to the One Price Store.

New potatoes are selling at thirty cents a peck at Bissell's.

SOUTH GLASTONBURY.

The prospects for a good supply of coal in this place for the coming winter appear very fair at this writing, inasmuch as our corpulent and shrewd neighbor, Mr. Hudson Alger, has this week received a cargo of some 500 tons of fine quality of coal as has been landed in this town in a number of years; and the knowing ones are already awake to this fact, and are taking advantage thereof by storing up several tons each for their household use in cold weather, and at a price that is not likely to be undersold by any dealer here this season, viz, \$6 per ton for cash. Neighbor Barrows will in all probability find some difficulty in getting beneath these figures. At all events "Hud" says so, and he ought to know.

We thought of writing to you dear HERALD, something this week about the dry weather, the dust, the heat, and the evil effects produced thereby upon the potatoes, corn and tobacco crops, together with the detriment done by these agencies to the garden products; but as the majority of your readers are no doubt apprised of these passing events, and would not consider an article written thereon as "news," we pass the subjects over in silence, and are fully determined to say nothing whatever about them.

You have no doubt heard of the litter-racket at Bill Post's restaurant the other night, where the "boys" amused themselves by hurling cobble stones through the French plate glass windows of this establishment, much to the amusement of the "boys" and the chagrin and discomfiture of the Falstaffian landlord, who rushed wildly through the streets in quest of a policeman, and soon returned to the scene of the "bombardment," only to find that the assailants had ceased their attacks and sought the quiet and seclusion of a "retreat" to Cotton Hollow, where they quietly remained for the night, and allowed the much excited Post to seek anew the arms of the rosy God of Sleep.

R. P. Bissell is agent for the Erie & New England Express at Manchester. Packages left at Bissell's store or at the depot, will receive prompt attention.

Garden vegetables in abundance at Bissell's.

A fine line of fancy cakes and crackers at Bissell's.

The eleventh annual State Temperance picnic will be held in Fenwick Grove, Thursday, August 10th, at 10 a. m., and continuing through the day. Address will be delivered by Rev. Albert W. Sprowle, of Sag-Harbor, N. Y.

Notice of the original Commission on the part of the State of Connecticut, to hold a public sale of the real estate of the late F. O. Covell and her daughter at Watch-Hill. Mrs. W. S. Talcott and her son Henry are at Watch-Hill. Mrs. W. S. Talcott and her son Henry are at Watch-Hill.

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R. P. BISSELL.

THE ONE PRICE STORE.

Commences its third year with a record, of the Best Goods at Lowest Prices

DRY GOODS & NOTIONS!

We keep a full line of Domestic and Staple Dry Goods. All orders for DRESS GOODS not kept in stock will be promptly filled by us, at BROWN & THOMPSON'S retail price.

A complete stock of—

Gent's Furnishing Goods, Fancy Shirts, AND TIES.

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

Pure Teas, Coffees, and Spices,

Dried Fruits & Canned Goods.

FRUITS AND CONFECTIONARY.

MEATS!

Sirloin and Short Steaks, 20 cts. Roasts, 16 cts. Round Steaks, 16 cts. Corned Beef at 8 and 10 cts. per lb. Fork Lard, 14 cts. 15 cts.

We respectfully invite your attention to the above prices. Orders for Veal and Lamb promptly filled.

FLOUR AND FEED!

CROCKERY AND HARDWARE.

Low Prices and Square Dealing.

R. P. BISSELL.

SOUTH MANCHESTER.

One firm in town has sold over 80 hammocks this season.

Charles Geary, wife and child are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCann.

The meeting of the South Manchester Temperance Union will be held this week in the Keeney school house, in the south-west part of the town.

Col. W. E. Barrows, president of the Willamantic Linen Co., and Supt. John Scott, of the same firm, were in town Tuesday and looked over silk mills.

A one-story brick addition, 16x70 feet, is being built between the engine and packing rooms at the old mill, to make room for some new finishing machinery about to be put in.

Under a new arrangement of post office salaries, to remain in effect for two years, the salary of W. H. Cheney, the South Manchester postmaster, has been raised from \$1300 to \$1600.

The death of the wife of Charles N. Sweetser, formerly Miss Nellie Outtrim, has brought sorrow to many hearts. She was a kind, loving Christian woman and her exemplary life has left an influence on many associates.

There is talk of organizing a gun and rifle club in South Manchester. The new club will buy a pigeon trap, and build a rifle range. The organization will consist largely of members of the rifle club which existed here three years ago.

The Cheney's band excursion to Watch Hill will take place two weeks from to-day, August 10th. Tickets for the round trip cost \$2, and are good to return on the following Monday. The band will play selections before the start and at various stopping-places along the route and will give a grand concert after the arrival at Watch Hill.

Will Mead is becoming renowned as a runner. At the Clan-na-Gael field meeting at New York, he was rash enough to enter the 100 yards race, and won it 10 1/2 seconds. His race with W. H. Childs, of North Manchester, will take place as soon as he recovers from an indisposition which has lately confined him to the house for a day or two.

"Museum of Antiquity" is meeting with great favor in this village. Mr. Cheney reports an average of over 200 persons per week. His total attendance is about 1000.

A man who can afford to fall to give an order. We would call special attention to the last steel plate, "The School of the Vestal Virgins."

A few antiquated mortals found largely among those who loaf about stables, barber shops and the depots are still whistling "Empty is the Cradle etc." Anyone up with the times would have discarded that threadbare tune long ago and taken up something as recent, at least, as "The Last Rose of Summer," "Home, Sweet Home" or some of those airs composed since the discovery of America.

Rev. B. E. Warner was taken suddenly ill last Sabbath morning, and his physician would not allow him to think of conducting church services. He has been confined to his room the greater part of this week, but he expects to be able to conduct regular service and preach to-morrow. His illness was brought on by overwork and exposure to the intense heat of last week.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—Thaddeus Beem, son of Daniel Reem, was killed by lightning in West Roxbury, Mass., last Friday. His cousin, Thomas O'Leary who was with him was also killed by the same bolt. They had taken refuge from the storm under a tree. "Thad" Reem worked in the silk mill until a few weeks ago, and his father and mother were employed there now. A dispatch received of Saturday brought them the sad news, and they were with the young man's relatives went at once to Roxbury. The deceased was 23 years old.

NOTES OF THE SEASON. Mrs. N. H. Allen is at Nantucket. W. H. Cheney was home from Nantucket a few days this week.

Mrs. N. T. Palfrey is summing in the mountains in Orange Co., N. Y.

Will M. Cain has gone to Maine, where he is to pass a fortnight, hunting and fishing.

Mrs. M. Hudson, who has just returned from Orlando, Fla., is visiting Mrs. James Cheney.

W. B. Lincoln has started on a business trip through New York, and will before his return take a summer pleasure jaunt through the Adirondacks.

Rev. H. W. Pope and family have gone to Mt. Washington to pass a vacation of two or three weeks. For the next two Sundays his church will be closed.

The compositor made a mistake in printing our announcement of the Willamantic camp-meeting. The meeting will open Monday, Aug. 21st, and continue until Tuesday, Aug. 29.

Conductor A. L. Geer, of the South Manchester, with his family, started yesterday to visit friends in Ohio, stopping, on the way, at Niagara and other places of interest. He will be absent about four weeks, and during his absence A. W. Hyde will carry his ticket punch.

The first excursion of the season by the new "City of Springfield" under the management of the Connecticut Valley Railroad company was a complete success. To the surprise of all who have been accustomed to travel on the river excursions, the trip was just what it was advertised to be. The boat started on time with a pleasant party of between three and four hundred; she arrived at the Vineyard on time, and the excursionists arrived in Hartford by eight o'clock Monday morning. Dr. Burgess and Dwight Spencer went from North Manchester. Another excursion of the same kind would be well patronized. Hartforders and those living in the city's suburbs have long desired a good summer excursion system to the seaside and the punctual management of this trip, so strongly in contrast with the unreliabilities of excursions of the old Hartford & New York transportation company, will be sure to meet popular favor.

A man's self-control is never so severely tested as when he is on the point of starting with his wife, four children, two trunks, three satchels, a shawl-strap, a bird cage, three umbrellas and a lunch basket, for a visit to the sea-side. He is pretty sure to have to wait for some member of the family so long that he reaches the depot only two minutes ahead of the train. Then, with tickets to buy and baggage to check and bundles and children to look out for, it is fun to watch him. He may keep his composure for ninety seconds, or so, but when the conductor shouts, "All aboard!" and he suddenly recollects that he forgot to put the cat out of the house before he locked the kitchen door, and that he still had on his old rainy-day hat that he wore while packing up, and the handle to his wife's satchel breaks, letting fall two or three tooth brushes and a bottle of Jamaica ginger,—the smoothest tempered man is apt to become just what he is naturally.

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CONCERNING WOMEN.

The Des Moines (La.) Leader says: "The next legislature will have to submit the woman suffrage amendment, and in 1884 the women will vote in this state."

The Misses Lattell, who carry on the Living Age left them by their father, are highly intellectual women, whose critical acumen is evidenced by the value of the selections which make up the magazine.

Miss Agnes Harris, of St. Clair County, Missouri, for two years teacher of music in the Fayetteville College; carried off the first prize at the commencement exercises of the Cincinnati College of Music last week.

The Woman's Silk Culture Association has during the past year established an auxiliary association in Alabama, and steps are being taken for the formation of one in New York and another in Florida.

It is not generally known but is nevertheless true, that by a law passed in 1869, women are entitled to vote and hold office in parish and religious societies in Massachusetts on the same terms as men.

Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, presided at meetings held at Chattanooga, July 28, in the interest of that Association.

Miss Kate Upson Clark is associate editor of Good Cheer, a family monthly published in Charlemon, Mass. The paper is edited wholly by a woman, has a women's department, and will help along the woman's cause whenever opportunity offers.

Sarah Radcliffe lectured at the vestry of the Second Baptist church, in Springfield, Mass., last week, on "The Education of the Blind." Miss Radcliffe is a graduate of the Perkins Institute for the blind, and her lecture is said to be very interesting.

Miss Annie M. Kittredge, so long and favorably known in connection with the West Newton English and Classical School, has been appointed teacher of Latin and German at the State Normal School at Framingham, a position for which she is admirably qualified.

The Sioux City (Ia.) Journal says: "The women of Iowa have won their first distinctive victory in a popular election. They had no ballots of their own to cast, but through their influence a public sentiment was created that made the majority of the ballots as their own hands would have put them into the ballot-boxes."

There is no longer that man will not ultimately do man's work and woman's work. But the woman's work is not only to determine the matrimonial limits of both; and after all, the best part of all the work will be that which both sexes do in common.—T. W. Higginson in Woman's Journal.

Polygamy is a disgrace which is realized in every Mormon home. In every Mormon home the plural wives and their children are looked upon as tainted. This is made evident by the anxiety of all such women and children to pass themselves off as the first wives or children of first wives. And it is further made evident by the quarrels which constantly occur in such families, and by the epithets which first wives and children bestow upon the others.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Dr. Anita E. Tyng, of Providence, R. I., has accepted the position of Chief Physician of the Philadelphia Women's Hospital. The position involves great responsibilities, having under its direction four physicians, a large maternity, dispensary, clinics, and a training school for nurses. Dr. Tyng has sailed from Boston on the steamer Palmyra, intending to spend two months in inspecting some of the hospitals of Europe. She will return, the first of September, to enter on her new work in Philadelphia.

A society to promote "rational dress" has been formed in England. The Viscountess Habberton is president. They announce their object to be first, to promote the adoption, according to individual taste and convenience, of a style of dress based upon considerations of health, comfort and beauty, and to depreciate constant changes of fashion, which cannot be recommended on any of these grounds; and second, to promote their objects by means of drawing room meetings, advertisements, circulating pamphlets, leaflets, etc., and also by issuing patterns which meet the approval of the committee.

Some years ago, when the newspapers announced that an eminent woman suffrage speaker was about to prepare for the bar, an indignant young lawyer remarked that he should never be able to listen to a woman's argument in court without being led to think of mince pies. "You had better not take up the side opposed to her," said an older lawyer, "or you will be led to think of mince-meat." It is from those who cannot them-

selves do a given thing so well as a great many women could do it, that the sharpest criticism of women's alleged incompetency comes.

Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln, the wife of Abraham Lincoln, wrote, when a young girl, a letter in which she expressed a determination to become the wife of a president. The story is confirmed by the production of the document, now in the possession of General Preston, of Lexington, Ky. It was addressed to a daughter of Governor Wickliff, and contained a playful description of young Lincoln, to whom she was betrothed. She said: "But I mean to make him president of the United States all the same. You will see that, as I always told you, I will yet be the president's wife." And so she was.

Miss Fannie Parnell, whose sudden death last week, at Bordentown, N. J., aged 26, will be lamented by Irish men and women everywhere, was a young woman of decided genius, in whose heart love for Ireland was an all-consuming passion. Henry George aptly referred to her as the Joan of Arc of the Land League movement. She had all the French girl's enthusiasm certainly, was no less self-denying, and, though a good deal more reasonable, was perhaps as courageous. Her poetry, though not of a high order in point of imagination, is charged with fire, often exhibits great tenderness, and at all times breathes the spirit of the movement with which the name of her brother is so conspicuously identified. It is the literal truth to say that she laid down her life for Ireland. Her vitality was as completely exhausted by her labors with her pen and in the work of organization as though her blood had been shed on the field of battle. She was a delicately formed, refined looking and naturally retiring lady.

Mrs. A. S. Duniway, the indefatigable editor of the New Northwest, is making another lecturing tour through Oregon. Some pseudo-scientific reasoners claim that a woman's "energy" cannot equal a man's, because fewer atoms go to make up her body. What would they say of a woman who has for years edited a flourishing and successful woman suffrage weekly paper, writing the serial stories for it herself, and preaching the gospel of equal rights throughout her State, with voice as well as pen? A Massachusetts legislator a few years since delivered himself of the startling prophecy that if woman's rights prevailed, there would be no more children born in Massachusetts, and all the children that were born would be girls. It might interest this gentleman to know that Mrs. Duniway has a large family of boys who are in hearty sympathy with her cause.

Advice to Young Men. R. J. Barretto, in the Burlington Tocsyves, gives "Advice to a Young Man" as follows: "You say you demand the noblest type of useful womanhood in your wife. If that is the sort of a woman you want, marry Nora Mulligan, your landress's daughter. She wears oowhite shoes, is guiltless of corsets, never had a sick day in her life, takes in washing, goes out house-keeping, and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother, and two section men, who board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con. Regan, the track-walker, is her style of a man. Let us examine into your qualifications as a model husband, after your own matrimonial ideas, my boy. Can you shoulder a barrel of flour and carry it down to the cellar? Can you saw and split ten cords of hickory wood in the fall, so as to have ready fuel all winter? Can you spade up half an acre of ground for a kitchen garden? Do you know what will take the limey taste out of the new cistern, and can you patch the leak in the kitchen roof? Can you bring home a pane of glass, and a wad of putty, and repair damages in the sitting-room window? Can you hang a clean cheap paper on the kitchen? Can you fix the front gate so it will not rattle? Can you do anything about the house that Con Regan can? My dear boy, you say why Nora Mulligan will have none of you; she wants a higher type of true manhood. You expect to hire men to do all the man's work about the house, but you want your wife to do everything that any woman can do. Believe me, my dear son, that nine-tenths of the girls who play piano and sing so charmingly, whom you in your limited knowledge set down as 'mere butterflies of fashion,' are better fitted for wives than you are for a husband. If you want to marry a first-class cook and experienced housekeeper, do your courting in the intelligence office. But if you want a wife, marry the girl you love, with dimpled hands and a face like the sunlight, and her love will teach her all these things, my boy, long before you have learned one-half of your own lesson."

ESTHETIC DRIFT. Live within your income. It's terribly hard work to live without it.

Change of climate often causes severe and continuous throat troubles. The best preventive and cure is Pease's Potassa. Never cry over spilled milk. The miller-man has already wasted enough water on it.

Wheat Bitters reach every part of the human body, through the blood. Do not fail to give them a trial. The time for young people to season in earnest is when the ice-cream spoon sets in.

"A stitch in time saves nine." And a dose of Potassa taken in time saves you from the fell destroyer, Diphtheria.

Two trains with but a single track, two boilers burnt as one, a thout an exchange over a railroad collision. Digestion and assimilation are perfected in all cases by "Wheat Bitters," the great blood, brain and nerve food.

Mr. J. H. Trickett, the celebrated carriage-maker, Kingston, Canada, says: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil a sure and certain cure for rheumatism, etc."—New York Clipper.

A little Southern boy, when asked if his father had a good mule, mournfully replied, "One end of him is good."

When you travel, be sure to take with you Pease's Potassa. It will give immediate relief from sudden colds, hoarseness and sore throat.

Nature has given us two ears and but one tongue, in order that we may repeat but one-half of what we hear.

Woman and her Diseases. In the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pease, M.D., N. Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

"There," said the dealer, "is a carpet that can't be beat." And the man bought it. He hates carpet-beating.

FATHER IS GETTING WELL.—My daughters say, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters." He is feeling well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters.—A Lady of Rochester, N. Y.

Mark Twain remarks that all we need to possess the finest yarn in the world is ships—for we have plenty of water.

Four years ago, James Pyle of New York, first introduced his celebrated Pearlina to the public, and now the name of Pearlina is everywhere a household word, and millions upon millions of packages are annually consumed by our intelligent housekeepers.

An exchange says it's a very bad thing to get rich too rapidly. We never thought of that before; now here's another danger for us to worry about and strive to guard against.

"Sweet Curled Seeds" was the translation of the name given to Ayer's Pills by a high mandarin of China, in his letter of acknowledgment and thanks to Dr. Ayer for having introduced them into the Celestial Empire—a very appropriate name. They are sweet, they cure, and are, therefore, the most profitable "seeds" a sick man can invest in.

It does aggravate a man to think that while his wife isn't afraid to tackle him, and nearly yank his head off, he is made terrified by a cow that he can chase out of the yards with a stick.

A telling Law. Mr. Charles Law, Jr., in conversation with one of our representatives, recently said: "I have been a sufferer from rheumatism and neuralgia for the past ten years, and tried all kinds of remedies. Having heard so much about St. Jacobs Oil, I tried a bottle, and, lo! it was truly wonderful."—Pottstown Pa. Ledger.

A Western woman named her girl baby after a noted lady, and wrote to her about it. The lady sent a thick, sealed envelope, "not to be opened until the babe's birthday." It was a terrible revenge to take.

CHAS. O. TRATT, Has always on hand

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Standard Fertilizers! BROWN'S OLD STAND, North Manchester.

WATKINS BROS., DEALERS IN SEWING MACHINES.

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REMOVAL! I have removed my shop from the former Building, to my new one.

Corner Main and Eldridge Sts. Where I shall be pleased to meet old customers.

I shall keep my usual full stock of Spring & Summer Suitings.

Which will make up at BOTTOM PRICES. I shall maintain my old reputation for Good Work. Perfect Fit.

O. MAGNAN, So. Manchester FRESH Oyster

Call on DAVIS & BRADLEY, Market in Taylor's Block.

THE Eureka Folding Canopy Top Light, Handsome, Durable, Comfort, Economy.

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South Manchester Railroad. Leave South Manchester for Manchester, 6:25 a. m., 9:10 a. m., 11:45 a. m., 1:25 p. m., 4:10 p. m., 6:45 p. m.

MANCHESTER ACCOMMODATION. Leave Post Office, Manchester Green, 7:00, 9:15, 11:45 a. m., 1:25 p. m., 4:10 p. m., 6:45 p. m.

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Latest Designs at Bottom Prices. Furniture Repairing and Upholstering a Specialty.

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At the very lowest market prices. CHAS. J. FULLER, No. 89 Main St., Hartford.

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A farm of 46 acres, well wooded, best fruit of almost every kind, out first quality hay. Has 14 story house of eight rooms, painted and blinded; has just been thoroughly repaired in modern style, large barn and out buildings in first-class order. Located near Depot. Will sell very cheaply by agreement to cash or village property. Inquire of

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Piano Chair. Teachers, Scholars and Finished Amateurs and Professional Players will all welcome it.

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