

Manchester Saturday Herald.

VOL. I.—NO. 36.

NORTH MANCHESTER, CONN.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 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 No. 1. worth \$12.00, most of them retailed to-day at that price, not one Suit but hundreds.

No. 2. Five hundred Men's all wool Suits, light and dark colored, striped, checks and mixtures, at
\$8.50! \$8.50! \$8.50!

The Coat alone worth more—the whole Suit worth \$15.00.

No. 3. 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.

gentlemen, attention! Six different styles of American and Imported Chevoits, woollens only used by the tailors finest trade, lined with 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
114 and 116 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 FROM

CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS,
Hats, Caps, Etc.,
—FROM—
100 Asylum Street, Hartford
You will prove the same.

I have the Largest, the Neatest, and the Best lines of

Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's
SUITS
To be found in the city of Hartford.

A. CADDEN,
96 to 102 Asylum St., Hartford.

HABENSTEIN'S,
THE STATE CATERER,
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.

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.
6. 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.

History.
SHIPS THAT SAIL AWAY.
Think of the ships that sail away—
The white-winged ships that sail away—
Freighted with fears and wasted tears,
And joys we gathered for long, long years,
For the possible rainy day.
I sleep and dream of the white-winged ships,
That glide from the shores of life away!
That swiftly glide with the ebbing tide,
Bearing my joys to the farther side,
Into the twilight gray.
Oh, ships that vanish into the past!
Are none to return to the port at last?
Shall I vainly wait at the seaward gate,
Beaten and bruised, and scarred by fate,
Called by the wister blast?
The ships that carry my grief, alas!
Have hulls of iron and shrouds of brass!
The storm's impact leaves them intact,
Though hurled on the jagged rocks of Fate,
Where fearful breakers mass!
—Portland Transcript.

THE FIRST MINNESOTA.
THEIR GALLANT CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.
The morning was foggy, sultry, and murky, and spent chiefly on skirmishing and desultory cannonading. The sharpshooters on our front contested the right to hold the farmhouses, which were alternately occupied by either side, and finally burned. About 2 p. m., Gen. Sickles made a reconnaissance, which developed the presence of the enemy in light force on his front, whereupon he moved his corps to the front and occupied an intermediate ridge, the right forming along the Emmetsburg road to the peach orchard from which his left bent back to the foot of Round Top. The enemy opened batteries far to Sickles' left. The rattling fire of the skirmishers deepened into the continuous roll of musketry as the enemy threw forward forces to dispute his advance. The artillery opened on both sides with vigor, and the engagement became general all along the front of his line. The enemy at this time were quite on our extreme right, while in the centre the batteries alone were engaged. Two companies of the First (the Red Wing Company) were ordered to the skirmish line. Another was on provost guard, and the other eight were detached from our proper brigade position and sent down to the left to form a reserve support for a section of United States Artillery, which was posted on that part of the ridge from which Sickles had just advanced. Once there, although obliged to keep low and not expose ourselves to the cannon balls, shells, and bullets, which, coming over the heads of the troops in front, went whistling and bursting above and around us, we beheld a grand sight. Below and before us on the plain the battle was fiercely raging. Every movement of the opposing troops was discernible, and we watched them with the anxiety of spectators so deeply interested in the result; though but little of this could be seen in the faces of our men, who, long accustomed to conceal their emotions beneath the mask of reckless indifference, were with apparent unconcern criticising impartially the fighting of friend and foe. Soon the view became more obscured, for, though the sun shone brightly, the air was damp and the smoke hung heavily over the fight, sometimes in rolling, cloudy masses, and again, like a well-defined wall conforming in the lines of battle, rising high in the air. Through this could be seen the charging battalions, the darkened forms of the combatants, and the banners wildly flying to and fro above the surging masses, looming giganticly in the haze between us and the declining sun.— Again the sulphurous pall would hide everything from view save when the flashes gleaming redly through the darkness revealed the position of the batteries, and we would intently listen, endeavoring to tell from the yelling and cheering which came up from the chaotic turmoil to which side the advantage leaned, while the rattle of small arms and the deep bass of the artillery made the music of the battle, and Round Top re-echoed the grand diapason. Then the breeze would roll up the smoky curtain, and none could repress a shout of joy to see that our men were still crowding the fight, and every heart felt the meaning of those expressive words of our national anthem, "Our flag is still there."

the original line of battle caused by Sickles' advance, Caldwell's division of the Second Army Corps was put into the gap on his left, and joined the Fifth Corps, which, stretching still to the left, rested on Round Top. The Second Corps, resting near Cemetery Hill, was also advanced and realigned with a view to supporting the right of the Third Corps. But the active enemy threw himself on the apex of Sickles' advanced position with such tremendous force of men that it soon became evident that here on the left, and not on the other wing, the enemy had been gathering his heaviest forces to break through. Meanwhile Lee's entire line advanced to engage ours everywhere, and prevent the changing of troops. Pushing the divisions of the Third Corps on their expressed flanks, the enemy began to crumble it up and force it back over the ground which it had won, Sickles being wounded about the time his centre broke, and the line gave way and went to our rear. Our troops in front gallantly endeavored to sustain themselves and check the momentum of the enemy, and with the assistance of some reserve regiments made him halt and waver. The contest was sharp and heavy, and success trembled in the balance, till still fresh battalions of the foe came down and our gallant boys gave way, carrying back their colors and slightly wounded, and rallying by squads now and then to support their guns once more at their emplacements; but all organized, concerted, effective action on the part of that corps was at an end. The rebel batteries poured grape and canister into the retreating groups, and their infantry advancing with triumphant yells showered rapid volleys of leaden hail into the ranks, which were reeling and staggering back, but still trying to make fight, like some feeble spiritied man beneath the blow of a young and vigorous giant. The battle, which had been so long and silent till these troops had cleared their front, now opened upon the rebel infantry at short range. This turned their attention to an objective point, and soon a group of crimson battle-flags were advancing through the smoke toward it, supported only as it was by eight companies of the First Minnesota—252 men and men all told. Just then Hancock rode up, unable to conceal his agitations, in almost anguished tones, "God! is this all the men we have here?" and turned toward the First from which was hastening Gen. Stephens Williams' division, but still five minutes distant, and before they reached us the foe would have the battery and gain the very heart of the position. Not a hundred yards behind us was the road, crowded with our wagons, and beyond them the hospitals and trains. If Hancock could only stop that charging mass for five minutes. A hope lit up his face, and, pointing to the smoke-covered masses of the advancing foe, he cried: "Col. Colvill, advance and take those colors!" It is an easy thing to charge when the enemy is retreating and the battle going well, but it requires steady troops to even hold a position when the line is breaking away on every side and it was a strange order to give a handful to charge that advancing mass that had just carried away our best divisions off their feet. He looked at them as Nolan might have looked at the Russian cannon at Balaklava, and with the same disposition to unquestionably obey. "Forward!" shouted our gallant Colonel, and as one man the regiment arose, and as if on review, down the slope toward the enemy.— Their cannon opened on us, and shell and solid shot tore through the ranks and the more deadly Enfield rifles of their infantry were centered on us alone. At every step fell our men, yet no one wavered; every gap is closed up, and, bringing down their bayonets, the boys press shoulder to shoulder, and disdaining the factitious courage proceeding from noise or excitement, without word or cheer, but with silent, desperate determination, step firmly forward. Five color bearers are shot down, and five times our flag, proudly waving, goes forward as before. "Steady they step down the slope, steadily down the hill, and march right onward still."

the famous veterans of they were unsubstantiated by aught of firing. Within a few minutes fifty yards of the quarter of our men already shot no shot had been fired, whose foremost rank, of Romey's, Herbert's, and Barksdale's brigade of men, all of whom had lost their alignment, and been shot in one advancing mass with and in pursuit of the Third Corps. Behind them in a name a body of troops, who had not been actively engaged, was supporting the movement of their comrades. The advancing mass stopped by a murderous fire upon the flank more than fifty yards from the front. The "big man" ran the order along and with a wild cheer we followed. They extended front around our flanks like the waves of a rock. But before us we saw a body of men, and a few muzzles at their very feet, but little ammunition was left at that volley. A perfect sink upon the ground the living recoil back upon the second and third lines, and many a chivalric Southerner sank with the feet of our men. Supporting lines, confused and wildly commencing firing, the mass in front, slaughter of our men by hundreds, the whole column into confusion, and their artillery from a friend and foe alike. He endeavored to stop the sun draw your portrait. There was a man who "knew" you never could find a better light than a whole oil lamp. There was another man who knew you could never find a better light than a guttering idiot. He said he could pump a better oil than lamp oil out of the ground like water. There was another man who said Edison was insane when he talked about an electric light. There was another man who said the phonograph was a clever trick of ventriloquism. There was a man who said the telephone was a newspaper lie. There was a man in England who led mobs of agricultural laborers to destroy threshing machines. There was a man in America who "knew" the invention of the sewing machine meant starvation for the poor seamstress. And there is a man to-day who says all people may come to America, save only the Chinese. There is a man who "knows" the Indians can never be civilized. There is a man who "knows" we have reached the limit of human progress. There is a man who "knows" the gigantic corporations will devour the country. There is a man who "knows" the people are helplessly enslaved, and will never rise to assist themselves. There is a man who "knows" that all politics are corrupt, all politicians mercenary, the civil service rotten to the core, and our social life honey-combed with decay. Now, my dear boy, there's only one way for you to escape that man's whimpering and obstinate, mullah philosophy to everything. Keep so far ahead of him you can't hear him. And you keep moving, and drag him along. Rasp him with the double-tree; he has to come, for the old chariot never stands still a second. The difference between you and that man, my boy, is that you run, and he is dragged. You spring along, with your eyes open, your head erect, and you help to keep things moving. He has his feet set in the road, his eyes shut tight, his back up on his shoulders and his heart under the wheels. Every time you make a leap you throw the dust back in his face. Don't, my boy, whatever you do, don't get back beside that man. Don't have any breaching on your harness. Put on a breast collar, and that is enough; you'll run more lightly and feel freer. Let the man in the breaching hang back. All that you have to do is to step out, keep pace with the times, sing as you march, and keep the man in the breaching so covered with dust the world will only know he's there by the dirt around him. It may be Telemachus, you will

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.
Keep up with the procession, my boy. Don't hang back in the breaching. You may be able to make things drag a little, but you can't stop the team, and you'll have to come along. There was a man, an eminent mathematician, Dr. Lardner, of England, who published a treatise to prove that no steamship could ever cross the Atlantic ocean, and the steamer *Sirius*, a few weeks later, brought the first copies of his pamphlet to America. This same eminent scientist also "staked his reputation as a man of science" before the house of Commons on his statement that no railway train could ever go faster than ten miles an hour, and the slightest curve would throw it off the track. Babinet, the French calculator, declared that no telegram from Europe could ever be transmitted through the Atlantic to America. There was a man here in America, only one hundred years ago, who opposed the rebellion of the colonies because he knew it would be a failure. There was a man who laughed himself sore at Fulton's absurd idea about steamboats. There were Members of Congress who wanted Morse shut up in an insane asylum because he talked about a telegraph which was an impossibility. There was a man who said you could never build a bridge across the Mississippi. There was a man who said you could never raise wheat on the great American desert. There was a man who swore he would call the roll of his slaves in the shadow of Bunker Hill monument. There was a man who "knew" that nothing but a steam horse could ever trot inside of 2:40. There was a man who "knew" you couldn't make the sun draw your portrait. There was a man who "knew" you never could find a better light than a whole oil lamp. There was another man who knew you could never find a better light than a guttering idiot. He said he could pump a better oil than lamp oil out of the ground like water. There was another man who said Edison was insane when he talked about an electric light. There was another man who said the phonograph was a clever trick of ventriloquism. There was a man who said the telephone was a newspaper lie. There was a man in England who led mobs of agricultural laborers to destroy threshing machines. There was a man in America who "knew" the invention of the sewing machine meant starvation for the poor seamstress. And there is a man to-day who says all people may come to America, save only the Chinese. There is a man who "knows" the Indians can never be civilized. There is a man who "knows" we have reached the limit of human progress. There is a man who "knows" the gigantic corporations will devour the country. There is a man who "knows" the people are helplessly enslaved, and will never rise to assist themselves. There is a man who "knows" that all politics are corrupt, all politicians mercenary, the civil service rotten to the core, and our social life honey-combed with decay. Now, my dear boy, there's only one way for you to escape that man's whimpering and obstinate, mullah philosophy to everything. Keep so far ahead of him you can't hear him. And you keep moving, and drag him along. Rasp him with the double-tree; he has to come, for the old chariot never stands still a second. The difference between you and that man, my boy, is that you run, and he is dragged. You spring along, with your eyes open, your head erect, and you help to keep things moving. He has his feet set in the road, his eyes shut tight, his back up on his shoulders and his heart under the wheels. Every time you make a leap you throw the dust back in his face. Don't, my boy, whatever you do, don't get back beside that man. Don't have any breaching on your harness. Put on a breast collar, and that is enough; you'll run more lightly and feel freer. Let the man in the breaching hang back. All that you have to do is to step out, keep pace with the times, sing as you march, and keep the man in the breaching so covered with dust the world will only know he's there by the dirt around him. It may be Telemachus, you will

run a little fast sometimes; it may be that you will kick over the traces in your exuberance of spirit; you may sometimes want to strike a 2:19 gait on a 3:20 road; you may need more curb than whip, but go it, my boy. There is a good driver on the seat and a firm hand on the lines, and I'd rather see you coming down the long vistas of history with the bit in your teeth, your heels in the air, the brake rod sprung, and the dashboard flying, than down on your haunches, your eyes shut and your back bowed, the lash on your flanks and your collar up to your ears, your legs set like crowbars, and the dust of the whole team flying in your face, while you hang back in the breaching and only come along because you can't help it.—Hawkeye.

AGRICULTURAL.
For a number of years a German paper maker has been utilizing the waste water from his engines, conducting it by ditches to and upon the meadows adjoining his mill. He asserts that his profits from his grass crop have been trebled.

FARMERS SHOULD KEEP ACCOUNTS.
—What would be thought of the merchant who kept no account of his transactions, and who at the end of the year was unable to tell whether he had gained or lost in his business operations? Every farmer would condemn such management on the part of the merchant, yet very few farmers keep any account of their own financial transactions, and it is almost impossible for them to ascertain whether they have gained or lost during any year. They cannot tell just how much the keeping of their cows has cost, nor how much the products sold from them have amounted to. Few farmers are able to determine exactly whether or not the keeping of pigs returns more than is expended on them, and the same may be said of nearly all the operations on the farm. A simple system of farm accounts should be kept at least once a year, and covered the amount expended and received, would be very useful. It would enable the farmer to ascertain just how much he had gained or lost during the year and point out the sources of gain or loss, enabling him to increase his profitable operations, and restrict or amend the unprofitable. An account of the labor and fertilizers applied to each crop, and an estimate of the value of the products obtained, would furnish a reliable basis for determining what crop could be raised with the greatest profit, and serve a valuable purpose in directing the skillful management of the farm.

THE MISREPRESENTED MOLE.
Who is there among dwellers in the country who has not seen dead moles hanging on sticks in the fields, or has not heard of farmers paying money for their capture? A correspondent, however, suggests that farmers may have been making a serious and cruel mistake. "I have had," he says, "a field of wheat full of moles all the year without doing it the least possible injury; but on the contrary, I verily believe that up to harvest they did my crop good. Again, it is said moles eat seed corn, but this is a great mistake, for I have examined the stomachs of scores, but never found a single grain of corn in one of them. I believe 60,000 bushels of seed corn are annually destroyed by wire-worms." The mole, of course, is a great enemy to this subterranean pest.

SICKNESS AMONG FARMERS.—There is undoubtedly as much sickness among farmers and their families as among any other class of people. We would hardly expect this with their advantages of fresh air and good food, rarely obtained in a large city. Why are they sick? What are the causes? Among others a physician gives the following: 1. Farmers, as a rule, resume their labors too soon after meals. 2. Farmers generally do not pay enough attention to bathing. 3. Kitchen and other drainage is often disposed of too near the house. 4. Uncleaned cellars and untrapped cellar-drains are often a source of disease in the farmer's family. 5. There is a disposition on the part of some farmers to plant too many trees around the house. 6. The location of a dwelling on a malarious site is often the cause of periodical fevers.

BREED DRAFT HORSES.—The rage for fancy steppers, or fast horses is fast going out of fashion among

farmers. What is wanted by that class of men is a heavy horse for draft purposes. The reason for this change is evident, as much of the labor that was done on the farm is now transferred to the horse. The hoe is no longer the implement for planting corn or destroying weeds; the horse has to drag a planter or cultivator for this purpose. Self-binding reapers cause the team to perform the labor that formerly required three to six men, and so it is through the whole range of farm operations. This additional labor requires more strength and power of endurance than was necessary in a farm team twenty years ago. Our railroads have brought our market within a few miles of our farms, and need for fast walking teams in order to make a trip to market and back in a day is passed. The slow plodding heavy team is as good for hauling grain as any. With the demand for heavy horses, it is to the interest of such farmers as are engaged in raising colts to see that they breed to none but the best of draft stock.

Blinker's Baby.
We call it Blinker's baby only because that was not the family name, nothing like it, and because we don't want the great public to know what another it is that suffers such anguish. Blinker's baby was not pretty. It wasn't even cute, and people who saw it and had any regard for the truth had to admit that it had a shockingly big mouth, that its eyes were little bits of ones, its nose out of shape, and its fingers like bird's claws, and what an awful temper it had. It would yell and howl from sun-up till sundown, and seemed to take a fiendish delight in it. Nobody liked Blinker's baby. Everybody said it was a vicious little brat, and if it grew up to manhood it would go to jail. Blinker's baby was being drunk. Blinker's baby was very name was a terror to the entire neighborhood, he liked the baby, so did Mrs. Blinker, who worked so hard to support her husband. She loved the baby. Blinker's baby wasn't petted and fondled much. It was to ugly, and yelled every time anybody came near it. It didn't have many fancy embroidered skirts and lace caps. Its face wasn't even clean once a week, because its mother had to work so hard she didn't have time to attend to it much. Sometimes mother would take up baby and cry over it, baby would cry too, but happily it knew that its mother was crying for its father. Blinker's sprees became more protracted and more frequent. Mrs. Blinker worked harder and greater cares came into her heart. When the day had lengthened far into the night, and she was so weary and tired that even sleep failed to rest her, she would take the baby and hold it, and she would cry. One day baby was crawling about the kitchen. A boiler of scalding water was on the stove. Blinker came reeling in and staggered against the boiler. There was a loud crash, the shrill-edged shriek of a mother divided the air, and when Blinker's baby was picked up great flakes of quivering flesh fell from its tiny limbs. It didn't live long, and two days later Blinker's homely baby was covered up by cold earth. It was weeks before Mrs. Blinker could be reconciled, and every Sunday she would go over to the graveyard and plant flowers about the bed of her baby. A change had come over Blinker. He didn't drink any more. Mrs. Blinker had a new frock to go to church in, and every Sabbath evening Blinker would go with her. They always had plenty to eat, and Blinker was so good and kind. One old gossip in the neighborhood caught him kissing his wife one morning before going to work, and before noon everybody knew it. The neighbors assisted them and encouraged Blinker, and to-day a more loving, sober and industrious husband does not reside in Anderson. He can get credit at any store in the city, because he always pays his bills. The baby's horrible death cured him and taught him a lesson. It was a bitter one and one that he would never forget. That's why so many flowers are growing on this little grave, and that's why a handsome marble stone is soon to rear above Blinker's baby.—Anderson Review.

TERMS:
\$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.
FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.
Our Advertising Rates are Reasonable.
Entered at the Post Office in North Manchester
as second-class matter.

SATURDAY, AUG. 19, 1882.

THE DISCOVERY HAS BEEN MADE BY
THE NEW ORLEANS *Picayune* that
General Arabi Pasha used to peddle
molasses candy in New Orleans.
There is a similar legend about an
American general, one George Wash-
ington, who is said never to have
told a lie.

WITH SO MUCH TALK about civil
service reform, it seems as though
some of the great dailies might sug-
gest some particular methods by
which reform should be brought
about. We admit the existence of
great evils in administration but we
look in vain for the remedy. In our
humble opinion, civil service reform
will not be wrought until the people
learn to elect leaders who are honest,
able and conscientious. Then the
desired reform will come of itself.

ONE OF THE STRONG ARGUMENTS
that the republicans used to urge
against the democrats when they
were in power, nearly a quarter of
a century ago, was that they rigorously
levied assessments for campaign pur-
poses upon government officials.
Now the tables are completely turn-
ed, and the democrats are howling
their indignation at the republicans
for doing the same thing. It is a
question whether, at this day, either
party can be trusted to manage the
government honestly.

From Country to City.

Some sights at the Metropolis.
One of the HERALD's local sub-
urban correspondents has gone away
on a vacation and remembering his
allegiance to the home journal, has
noted some of the impressions he
received, for the HERALD. He says:
It was the privilege of your hum-
ble correspondent to be invited to a
small restaurant in Greenwich
St. near Fulton, New York city, for
a lunch, and as the common things
are common, I feel it a duty to try
and arrest attention where it is due.
The restaurant under the direction
of Smith & Wain. The main
room is 200 feet long and an average
width of about 100 feet. It is
open at all hours of day or night. It
has 100 waiters and three cashiers.
Fifty thousand cups of coffee are sold
daily and it is estimated that not
under 25,000 persons are fed there
every twenty-four hours and some-
times as many as 50,000. The rooms
are kept cool during the hot season
by machinery which passes along
the ceiling at the center, setting in
motion a series of fans ten or fifteen
feet apart. Any dish called for can
usually be obtained and every thing
in the nicest order. As I have taken
upon myself to come to the defense
of small things, I may be permitted
to speak of the Western Union Tele-
graph building and operations with-
in. Being conducted to the gallery
of the great operating room I
could look down upon 500 persons
receiving and forwarding messages
to every portion of this country and
the world, since it is connected not
only with all the overland but sub-
marine lines across and beyond the
waters. Here, I said, is business on
a magnificent scale. This is grand;
only the great metropolis of the
western hemisphere could furnish
such a scene. Here hand and fingers
manipulating these 500 wires con-
nected with 500 batteries, touch
every phase of human life, its busi-
ness, its joys and its sorrows. No-
where on this continent, is there
such centralization of power and in-
fluence. Here is a living picture for
a painter who has an insight into
the depths of human experience.
This room knows only business and
these 500 operators convey with ap-
parent indifference, the messages
placed in their hands, but what tales
are told is known by those who
receive the message. In a matter of
stock speculation, many persons
know the Western Union, to their
sorrow; others, it may be, to their
joy. In any sense such an institu-
tion is a mighty power. I was also
conducted to the very top of the
Equitable Life Insurance building,
Broadway. From its top, a grand
view is obtained of lower New York,
Brooklyn, Governor's Island, the bay,
the Narrows, Jersey City, Hoboken,
etc.

PERSONAL.

Mr. R. P. Bissell is agent for the Erie
& New England Express at Man-
chester. Packages left at Bissell's
store or at the depot, will receive
prompt attention.
The rates by the Erie and New
England Express are low. R. P.
Bissell, agent for Manchester.

NORTH MANCHESTER.

Colt's band excursion to Rocky
Point, Thursday, filled cars.

Milk has risen one cent a quart,
owing to the scarcity of fodder.

Huckleberry parties are going to
Bolton and other eastern herring-
places, daily.

There will be preaching in the M.
E. Church to-morrow as usual by
the pastor.

N. T. Pulsifer, having brought the
old Hudson homestead is making ex-
tensive repairs on the property.

C. W. Cowles is making three
more tenements out of his tobacco
shed in the rear of Bissell's store.

Dwight Spencer has repaired the
Fairbanks scales opposite J. C.
Robertson's, this week, by putting in
new beams and a new flooring.

Mrs. O. E. Miles, of New London,
is making her annual visit in town.
At present she is at the home of her
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alford Keeney.

H. H. White is one of a company
who have bought a paper mill in Sul-
field. J. B. McNamar, of Burnside
is another member of the new firm.

The South Manchester base-ballists
are anxious to arrange a game with
a nine from this village. If a game
is to be played, let both sides begin
practice as soon as possible.

Dr. John Wellon leaves Friday to
enter upon the surgical staff at Bel-
levue hospital, New York. It is said
that he promises to become one of
the best surgeons in this part of the
state.

During the three months of May,
June and July, over 7000 tickets
from Manchester station to Hartford
were sold. The North Manchester
stations alone sold 1500 Hartford
tickets during the month of July.

The North Manchester party, who
enjoyed themselves so well at Snip-
sie a week ago yesterday, are going
again. They are thinking some of
inviting some of their South Manches-
ter friends to join them on the pic-
nic.

A seizure was made on the prem-
ises of Patrick Connor, on Monday
last, by Constable Loomis. One
gallon gin, and 64 pint bottles of
lager beer, were found on said prem-
ises. Mr. O'Connor is requested to
meet Justice Agard at 7 A. M. Aug.
21, at his home.

Quite a large party from Hartford
united with a number from Manches-
ter in a trip to the Vineyard last
week. This resort is fast losing its
fame as a camp ground and is becom-
ing what its name signifies—a cot-
age resort. There are 1400 cottages
on the island and from 18,000 to
20,000 inhabitants.

A delivery horse belonging to R.
P. Bissell and driven by Chas.
Strand, ran away last Monday. The
horse was not to blame, for the front
wheel of the wagon came off, near
Barrows & Skinner's store and the
driver was dumped out. The horse
ran to Taylor's market and did no
damage.

W. H. Vose, of Lynn, Mass., has
been in town this week and organized
a chapter of the Ancient Order of
United Workmen. The order is a
mutual insurance organization. Six-
teen charter members were secured.
The organization has been established
long enough to demonstrate its suc-
cess. It will doubtless receive many
accessions in North Manchester.

The long-neglected well in the
front yard of the Second Congrega-
tional Church has been cleaned out
this week and a Watertown pump
put in. The water is clear and cold
and is already much used. The
work was done at the instance of
Judge Campbell, Moses Scott, G. S.
Parkhurst and J. P. Ford, who
shared the expense of the improve-
ment.

The New York & New England
road, from force of habit, changed its
time-table again this week. It is
true, however, that the time-table
has not been regarded much for the
last few days. Trains have been in-
variably from ten minutes to two
hours late this week. Patrons of
the road long for the promised
double track. The changes this
week start the morning train for
Hartford at 8:00 o'clock instead of
7:50 and the afternoon train in the
same direction at 1:40 instead of
2:00.

PERSONAL.—Mrs. G. H. Hall and
her son George start for the sea-
shore this morning. They propose
to spend a day at Watch Hill and
several days on the Rhode Island
shore.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stark-
weather are off on a visit to friends
in Middletown and Fair Haven.
They are making the trip with horse
and carriage.—Norman Latham set
out for the wilds of south-western
Pennsylvania on Wednesday evening
of the present week. If he is as
successful in the field as he has ever
been at school, his many friends will
be more than satisfied.—Mrs. E. C.
Hilliard and daughter, of North
Manchester, and Miss Addie Hilliard,
of Backland, are at Martha's Vine-
yard.—Miss Charlotte Johnston
has returned from a protracted visit
to her parents in Boston.

Mrs. A. Y. Hebard, of Norwich,
and Mrs. G. D. Fiske, of Springfield,
are family guests of Mr. and Mrs. E.
H. Parsley at the hotel.

The community has suffered a loss
in the removal of the Rev. Father
Skelley from the Manchester to the
Portland parish. The notice of
removal came to him from Bishop
McMahon, last Tuesday and he
started on his new field of labor
Thursday morning. The Portland
parish is a large one with a fine, new,
brick church. Father Skelley will
serve there, as he did here, in the
capacity of an assistant. He leaves
many friends in Manchester. He has
labored in this parish, three years,
and during that time he has endeared
himself to all his communicants.
Among the young, his work has
been especially valuable. He was
instrumental in forming Young
Men's Catholic Associations in both
North and South Manchester and to
his exertions is due largely the pre-
sent flourishing condition of both
those societies. In this and other
ways he enlarged and elevated the
social life of the younger members
of his church. His successor has not
yet been appointed.

BUCKLAND.—Selden Griswold, of
Missouri, is visiting his father, Rod-
erick Griswold.—We were blessed
with quite a shower on Wednesday
of this week. The way to get more
is to be thankful for what we have
had.—Some kind of a vehicle, we
do not know what to call it, is being
drawn through the streets by a nice
two-year-old colt belonging to Dr. C.
W. Jacques.—More nice Alderneys
have arrived at the Hillside farm, and
its herd now stands second to none.

The repairs on the school-house
are completed, and its appearance is
greatly improved.—The family of
Timothy Keeney have returned to
their quiet home.

TALCOTTVILLE.

Rev. Mr. Croft, of Indiana,
preached at the Congregational
Church last Sunday. His discourse
was exceedingly interesting, and
commanded the most earnest atten-
tion of his hearers.

Our pastor, Rev. Mr. Day, is im-
proving slowly, but does not expect
to be with his people again for some
time. He is at the present making
a tour of the state of Maine with his
brother.

Burglars entered the boarding
house last Saturday evening, but
nothing of value was taken. They
helped themselves to ginger snaps,
and left as quietly as they came.
They made several other calls dur-
ing the night, but were driven away
where they were frightened away after
removing the screen from a win-
dow, and at the parsonage where they
succeeded in getting two loaves of
bread.

Misses Nina and Mattie Dexter
are at Block Island. Mr. H. G.
Talcott and mother returned from
Fisher's Island, last Friday.

The ball game between the
Granites and Boltonians, resulted in
a victory for the Granites.

Quite a number in this place are
suffering from the malaria. One
physician ascribes it to imperfect
drainage.

The late C. D. Talcott made the
following disposition of his property
by will: To his wife ten thousand
dollars, to his son ten thousand dol-
lars, to be invested for him until he
becomes of age. To Emerson Moore
one thousand, to Mrs. Wisley, thirty
dollars a year for ten years. One
thousand dollars to keep the cem-
tery in order. At the death or mar-
riage of his wife, the property is to
be divided into tenths, six tenths of
which goes to his son, and of the re-
maining, one tenth to his sister Mrs.
Dexter, one tenth to his brother
Pitkin Talcott, one tenth to Mrs.
Strong, and the other tenth to be
divided between H. G. and Maurice
Talcott.

Garden vegetables in abundance at
Bissell's.

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

Peaches at Bissell's.

A fine line of dry goods and no-
tions at R. P. Bissell's.

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.

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.

Rare coffees and choice teas at
Bissell's.

For fruits and confectionery go
to the One Price Store.

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

Bissell sell the best flour in mar-
ket at \$10.

Fancy cakes and crackers at the
One Price Store.

BURNSIDE.

Quiet.—The past week has
been filled up with unusual quiet-
ness. It seems to be the social
condition of general depression
upon the minds of the people.
The tobacco growers. All the
early part of the year the
crop was very much injured
by a "hard year." But it is
strange that a good and abun-
dant return of labor is scarcely
evident with corresponding thank-
fulness.

More Power.—Among the
pairs and improvements being
made by the Hammer & For-
bes mill is the putting in of a
inch turbine wheel. The
capacity of 170 horse power
increase over that formerly
used. The entire weight of the
nearly 5 tons, and the box
it is to be placed will be
a strain of 170 tons. The
being done under the super-
vision of W. J. Riley. He
is of his business.

OBITUARY.—Ralph Geo.
has been suffering from a
and painful disease, died
day morning, Rev. A. W.
officiated at the funeral on
afternoon. Mr. Goodale,
81 years.

IN THE SADDLE.—The
Hammer has recently been
by her husband, with a
horse. It was brought
Virginia, and is a handsome
and is said to be perfectly
Hammer, attired in a
blue suit, was upon the
and twice giving good evi-
dence of equestrian skill, and her ap-
preciation of the gift.

New Business.—James
Namar, formerly of New York,
foreman in Hammer & For-
bes paper mill, and recently
with the Hartford Manches-
ter Woodland, has purchased a
property in Suffield. The
costing \$55,000. It was
sold by them to a party who
a year or two. No one
acquainted with Mr. Namar
could either his ability or
bringing success.

STRANGE ATTACK.—On
night Oscar Vibert had a
strange attack. His wife
him in charge of the house
what to do. She called
her return she found his
door step, quite
tried to arouse
stupid, and in
question in
was called
where they were frightened away after
removing the screen from a win-
dow, and at the parsonage where they
succeeded in getting two loaves of
bread.

The Drought.—The
season through which we
passed, begins to affect
the vegetable growth and the
it is seriously telling upon the health
of very many. A word of caution
cannot be out of place, as to using
nutrient care and good judgment,
in matter of food, drink, clothing
and exposure to night air. "Prevention"
is not only better than "cure," but it
is far easier and safer.

A New Physician.—Very many
express themselves as gratified at the
prospect of having an M. D. in this
part of the town, not that they are
served them, but they want some
one nearer. We understand that
Dr. Markham, of Stafford, has de-
cided to come here, and is waiting
to be assured of a convenient
place of residence for his family.

The Schools.—The
near for the schools to begin again.
Some of the children are impatient,
and all seem anxious for the first day
to come. It is a great gratification
to the most if not to the very best
of all the former teachers who have
engaged again. They have been
pronounced superior teachers by
the first school visitor, and the com-
mittee have evinced their judg-
ment in the action they have taken.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Orrin
and wife, of Stafford, passed
Sabbath in town.—Miss
Kingley is visiting at Geo.
man, in East Hartford.—Geo.
Forbes is home again for the sum-
mer visit. Report says he is
on the way, and is expected
soon.—On Tuesday evening Ed-
win Chandler started for the
of the sea-side. He goes to Eastern
Point, near Groton.—Milton G.
Forbes and family, after a short visit,
returned on Monday to Brooklyn,
N. Y.

IN BRIEF.—We learn that Miss
Gracie Olmstead, just returned from
a pleasure trip among friends in New
London, has been quite ill, but is ap-
parently gaining in health.—To-
morrow, Rev. A. W. Kingley will
preach in the M. E. Church at 11 A.
M.; Sunday school at 10:00 P. M.,
praise and prayer meeting at 7
o'clock.—Monday morning was re-
markably and uncomfortably cool.
It was far more like November, that
August.—Little Fred, son of
Silver Lane, died of infantum
last week. He was a fine boy of
about two years.—The people who
listened to Rev. S. W. Cobbin last
Sunday, speak very highly of the

good, thoughtful and helpful sermon
he gave them.—The apple trees
for some reason are not doing well
this year. Very many have no fruit,
and those that have some, are drop-
ping it before it ripens. It is pretty
certain that home grown fruit will
be scarce this winter.

A well pleased audience and an excel-
lent show, Main's International Circus,
young folks here yesterday, and gave a
first-class performance in every respect.
Every one was pleased with the per-
formance of the Bronco horses, while the
children were amused with the "Pete-
rington" and performance of Prof. Sled-
mons' trained dogs. The gymnasts are
the above the average. Especial mention
should be made of the Fisher Brothers,
acrobats, and Young contortionist, who
seemed to be as flexible as rubber. Sam-
Hoerner and Ed. Sylvester, the clown,
made us laugh until our sides were
almost sore. We have neither time nor
space to be more particular. It is enough
to say that it was good, and we could
not help noticing the pleasant expres-
sion upon the faces of the audience as they
passed out after the show was over. It is
hoped that Main will visit us again.—
Times, *Deerfield Falls, Pa.*

This circus will exhibit in Rockville,
next Thursday, Aug. 24th, and two free
exhibitions at precisely 1 o'clock, on the
grounds.

Bolton.—Our citizens are making
complaints against the Willamette Company
because they have in Bolton reserved a
so low.—A. D. Farmer, of the firm of
Little & Co., New York, is a
native of Bolton and has been spending
his annual vacation here.—In the re-
cent base ball game between the Talcott-
ville club and the Bolton nine, the game
stood 28 to 27 in close.

Tolland.—The young people are to
have a dramatic entertainment at the
town hall next Monday, admission 25
cents. Ice cream and cake after the
entertainment.—P. O. Dinslow, Esq.,
has purchased the Miner Fletcher farm,
J. B. Fuller and family have gone to
the Adirondacks for a vacation.—The
young folks of the west end had a pic-
nic, last Friday, on the land of Heuel
Chapman.

Quarryville.—Mrs. Melville Smith and
Mrs. Nettie Stephens of Chester, Ct.,
have been spending a few weeks with
their brother, G. Freeman.—Miss Jen-
nie Carver of New York is spending a
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mes and his wife, are visiting
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. H.

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Elliot Talbot of Portland, is visiting at
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congregation at church last Sabbath, we
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Wed.
In Rockville, Aug. 9, Sarah Scott, aged 65 yrs.
In Rockville, Aug. 11, Hattie A. Paulsen, aged
4 years.
In Rockville, Aug. 14, Mattie L. Geckler, aged
8 years.
In Rockville, Aug. 17, Edith Killmer, aged 8
years.
In Rockville, Aug. 17, Mrs. Margaret Dar-
cham, aged 81 years.
In Hartford, Aug. 13, Ethel Louise, infant
daughter of Charles and Elizabeth Harris, aged
10 years.
In Tolland, August 11, Chancery Harbit, aged
81 years.
Funeral Tuesday, at 10 o'clock, A. M., from
his late residence.

Watkins Bros.,
FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,
80, Manchester.

B. C. APEL,
FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
North Manchester.

W. M. S. GOSLEE,
LAW OFFICE,
Town Record Building, Glastonbury, Conn.

BRAN!

Now is the time to buy your fall and
winter supply of

BRAN!

Special terms to parties buying in carload or
ton lots.

W. H. CHILDS.

No. Manchester.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION
OF
The Manchester Warp and Yarn Co.

We the undersigned have associated, and by
these presents do associate ourselves according
to the provisions of the statute laws of the state,
entitled "An act relating to joint stock corpora-
tions," into a body corporate and politic, under
the name and style of The Manchester Warp and
Yarn Co., for the purpose of Manufacturing Cotton
or Woolen goods, or goods composed in part
of cotton and wool, and for the purpose of buy-
ing, selling, conveying, leasing, mortgaging, and
otherwise disposing of real estate, and any
other business connected with the above. The
principal place of business to be in the Town of
Manchester, County of Hartford, and State of
Connecticut.

And we hereby agree that the capital stock of
said corporation shall be twelve thousand dol-
lars, and be divided into one hundred and twenty
shares of one hundred dollars each, and that
we will be and remain a body corporate and
politic by the name and style aforesaid. And
that as a body corporate and politic we will in
all respects in government, and conduct ourselves
according to the provisions and requirements of
the statute laws of the state before mentioned.
And we the undersigned do further agree to
subscribe the number of shares of the capital stock
in The Manchester Warp and Yarn Co., which are
annexed to and under the name of each of us,
pay for the same as called for by vote of Direc-
tors of said company.

James Campbell.....30 shares
Lucius Parker.....30
H. Parker.....30
John W. Purhill.....30
R. H. PARKER, Secy.
No. Manchester, Conn. Aug. 18, 1882.

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SATURDAY, AUG. 19, 1882.

SOUTH MANCHESTER.

Mr. B. F. Knowles, and his granddaughters, the Misses Alice and Emma Anthony, are at Lynn, Mass.

Ellery Dutton, of East Glastonbury, shows us a hen's egg that weighs 1491 grams, or nearly the quarter of a pound.

There was a crowded house at Miss Buxton's temperance lecture last Sunday night. The large choir was strengthened by two chorists played by members of the band.

The graded school will open for the fall term the first Monday in September. There will be no change of teachers except that Miss Jennie Reed, of Sharon, Mass., will succeed Miss Taintor.

Changes on the South Manchester road have been made this week to correspond with changes on the New England road. The 7:25 a. m. train now leaves at 7:35 and the 1:35 p. m. train at 1:15.

Twenty horses, four busses and a number of private teams took the St. Mary's Sabbath school, to Snipisco, Thursday. The children all had a "splendid" time, and arrived home in good season.

Prof. W. O. Turner, well known in South Manchester, leads the music at the Martha's Vineyard camp-meeting ground this year. For many years he has been organist at the Willimantic camp-meeting.

The Knights of Honor of Rhode Island will hold a grand reunion at Rocky Point, Aug. 22nd. Members of Mt. Nebo Lodge have been invited to participate and several will probably go.

H. E. Rogers's west mill is being fitted with a new iron frame glaze roller. The machine will be of the latest pattern and will rest on a foundation of heavy masonry. A steam engine is also to be put into the mill soon.

Two former Methodist pastors in this village preached here last Sunday, Rev. A. W. Kingsley at the Center Church and Rev. H. H. Martin at the Methodist Church. Both were greeted with large audiences.

Rev. Mr. Martin will occupy Mr. Gowen's desk again to-morrow. The long talked of foot race has at length been definitely arranged and will take place this evening in Main street just south of Cheney & Co's.

The Williamstown Camp-meeting begins next Monday morning. It is a well known fact that the village of Williamstown is a healthy one, and that the elevated position forbids the approach of malaria and mosquitoes.

New cottages are being added every year to the large number already built. A correspondent of the Herald writes from there this week: "Your readers may wish to hear something from the denizens of the woods. There are some sixty families here living a very quiet kind of life, swinging in hammocks, eating and drinking luxuriously from the neighboring farmers at very moderate prices, and talking politics and religion. Manchester is pretty well represented. The St. Paul's society of South Providence has built a very nice house this season and will send a delegation of sixty next week to the meeting. There were two religious services last Sabbath and there will be three next Sabbath. The meeting proper begins on Monday evening, the 21st, with a sermon by Presiding Elder Robinson and closes Aug. 29th. Quite a number of strangers will attend this year and take part in the exercises. Mrs. Maggie Van Cott the evangelist will be here and Rev. J. A. Wood, the well known writer on the Higher Christian Life. Dr. Baldwin, the missionary, is expected. The railroads are planning to carry crowds at half fare and the members of the executive committee of the camp-meeting association are doing all in their power to arrange for the comfort of the people when they arrive. Some of the leading moral questions before the people of this state will be fearlessly discussed at this meeting. No uncertain sound will go forth from Eastern Connecticut Methodist ministers on constitutional prohibition. It is the great subject of debate here now. It will not down. The irrepressible Montgomery, of Norwich, is here, flushed with some new victory over New London County ruffians. Rev. Walter Ellis, George W. Brewster, S. O. Benton, W. W. Ellis, and families are here and will remain till after the meeting. We missed the early morning bird concert to-day, but instead, the windows of heaven are opened and there is a sound of abundance of rain." The grove, "God's first temple," resounded with hymns of thanksgiving to Him who sendeth his rain upon the just and upon the unjust. G. C. J.

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NOTES OF THE SEASON.

Albert Spencer and wife are spending a week at the Vineyard.

WATCH HILL was never so liberally patronized as this year. Notwithstanding greatly enlarged hotel accommodations, many have been unable to find rooms, and almost nightly the hotel parlors are filled with guests tossing uncomfortably on "cots."

The enlarged patronage of this place is largely due to the improved facilities for reaching it. The new steamer Block Island pours into the Hill hotels more guests than any other means of approach. The boat makes good time between New London and Watch Hill, stopping only at Osprey Beach, where there is little to attract beside a long row of bath houses and a brass band with a green uniform. Approaching the hill, the most prominent object is the new Watch Hill house, five stories high with a large tower, and painted a South Manchester shade of brown, perhaps in defence to the taste of its many South Manchester guests. The long, white, Larkin house, on the lower ground between the Watch Hill house and the shore is the next most striking object. The boat lands at the pier near the bathing beach between eleven and twelve o'clock, the time when the sea is full of bathers. If you have only a day to spend at the Hill, you can join the bathers at once on your arrival. A bath house and suit will cost you twenty-five cents. Then you will have a good appetite for dinner. You can dine at any price, from twenty-five cents you pay for chowder at the shore dinner houses up to one dollar at the most pretentious hotels, where a colored waiter will bring you anything you call for. After dinner if you are fond of surf, you can take your best girl and a big sun umbrella and wander along the beach, east of the landing; you can climb to the lantern of the light house on the point, or if you prefer going inland you can visit the signal station, back of the hotels. Then, in the broad bay, there are boats to let and experienced sailors with yachts who, for from five to ten dollars a party will take you outside the bay for an exhilarating sail on the bounding deep. When you come back you will have just time to drop into the little female photographer's tent and get a tin-type as a souvenir of the day. Watch Hill is not a very lively place, but a dweller inland can find plenty there to occupy his time for one day pretty fully.

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A QUESTION OF VERACITY

Editor of Manchester Herald:

The South Manchester correspondent of the Hartford Sunday Globe, in his communication to that journal on last Sunday, calls in question the veracity of some remarks made by me to my congregation on the Sunday previous, August 6, and charitably presumes that I was "laboring under a mistake." He then has the hardihood to place before us what he considers to be "the facts of the case," but which are absolutely false statements.

I am not in the habit of making assertions from my altar which I cannot substantiate, and that I was not in error on the occasion to which this correspondent refers, is fully proved by the following letter from Mr. M. R. Moran, General Ticket Agent of the N. L. N. R. R., and which I herewith submit for publication.

Truly yours,
J. F. CAMPBELL.
So. Manchester, Aug. 14.

Rev. James F. Campbell,
North Manchester.

DEAR SIR: On the morning of your excursion (August 5), when you asked me whether any arrangements had been made with the South Manchester Band for an excursion over our line on the 19th, I answered you that there had not, and this I now repeat; and further that I was not aware until informed by Mr. R. O. Cheney yesterday, 14th, that an excursion was contemplated on that day. In response to an inquiry by Mr. T. Hallam, leader of the band, I wrote him July 28 as follows: "I will name rate South Manchester to Watch Hill and return \$—, or to Block Island and return \$—, but I should prefer to have you see Mr. R. O. Cheney, as I have already had some conversation and correspondence with him on the subject of the excursion." In this, as you will see, there was no reference to date, and as I had not heard from Mr. Hallam or any one else in response to the letter, I had no idea that the excursion was agreed on. You are at liberty to use this letter in any way you choose.

Yours truly,
M. R. MORAN, G.T.A.

BUCKINGHAM—Buckingham still survives, but about everything in the line of vegetation is pretty well dried up.—Quite a delegation of young people drove over to hear Dr. Scudder, Sunday evening, and were well paid for their dusty ride in listening to a sermon by Rev. Mr. Smith and wife, of Hartford, are visiting at the house of her father, O. W. Gooley.—The huckleberry teams which have been quite numerous for two or three weeks past, have fallen off; a good many of the berries have been killed by the continued drought.

GLASTONBURY.—"The rain, the welcome rain," came down to refresh the dry and dusty earth in frequent though limited showers on Wednesday. The faces of the farmers as well as the face of nature have taken on a much more promising appearance. Let us hope that the back-bone of this terrible drought is broken.

Steamboating on the Connecticut has greatly improved this year as compared with former years. Thanks to the unwonted energy of the company in charge of the steamers, and the judicious expenditure of "Uncle Sam's" funds in the improvements of the river navigation, the boats are on time every morning and afternoon. By the way, Senator Hoar's statements in explanation of his vote for the river and harbor bill is a settler to those gentlemen who are so much attached to their peculiar views of principle, as to sacrifice the interests of their friends therefor. Hard words are not arguments, and abuse is not always the safest and surest indication of public sentiment.

While we honor the sentiments of our senators in voting to sustain the veto, we cannot but justify our congressmen for taking the proper practical view of this subject. Had the appropriation been defeated, that course would have been far more difficult to justify, than that which was finally taken.

The Williams Brothers Manufacturing Company are driving business, having orders for their work for months to come. The concern is bringing into town a fine body of men, good citizens and inhabitants.

The Glastonbury Knitting Company have commenced rebuilding on the site of the burned mills. In the mean time they are running their remaining mills constantly.

Mrs. Wm. Hoyt of Boston, and her son, are spending a portion of the season at the old family mansion on Wales' corner.

Mrs. Dr. Robert Ives, of New Haven, and her son are at the "Talcott House."

Miss Hattie Mosley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and her friend are here on a visit to her uncle, John B. Mosley, Esq., which probably accounts for the fact that his resident friends get very short and infrequent glimpses of his cheery countenance away from his pleasant domicile about these days.

Master Frederick Maeder, of Orange, N. J., is visiting his friend John W. Bunce.

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General W. B. Hazen, chief signal officer, has been in correspondence with railroad men whose roads run through tobacco raising sections, with the idea of giving farmers and others interested notice of approaching frosts. The railroad men are asked to help expedite the distribution of these notices to such points as have telegraph instruments but no commercial offices.

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Hartford, Aug. 18, 1882. The Charter Oak Driving Park, August 18, 1882, and Sept. 1st, 1882, will be the great event of the year in trotting. There will be about one hundred and eighty (180) horses in the different classes. The great event of the year will be the grand stallion race at 2.18 1/2, between Fred Douglas and Fred Douglas. The grand stallion race at 2.18 1/2, between Fred Douglas and Fred Douglas. The grand stallion race at 2.18 1/2, between Fred Douglas and Fred Douglas.

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Some interesting statements in reference to the effect of temperance movements upon the whiskey trade are contributed to the Peoria, (Ill.) Saturday Evening Call, by Mr. Gersh Martin, a distiller of experience and influence, whose knowledge of the facts of which he speaks cannot be disputed. He says among other things, that there are now on hand in the United States, 150,000,000 gallons of whiskey, of which 90,000,000 are in the United States bonded warehouses. The foreign demand has fallen off from 200,000 barrels in 1880-81 to nothing at all, yet the distillers, in order to keep their costly machinery running, are piling up the whiskey in bond, hoping for an increased demand in the future. According to Mr. Martin, the people of the United States to-day, drink less whiskey than they did ten years ago, and the distillers, who have many as 50,000 barrels, attribute to the introduction of lager beer, which, he says, is "the worst enemy whiskey has to face in the United States to-day," and yet it is noticeable that the distillers do not antagonize the lager beer brewers, but rather co-operate with them, and together they present an unbroken front against every practical temperance movement. Mr. Martin alludes to the pending movements for and against the liquor interests and gives his views of the attitude which the liquor trade should adopt therein: "He reminds the distillery men of the fate of slavery, and then adds:—"There are less than 300 great distilleries in the whole United States. The retail dealers, the 'saloon men,' are generally men without means and of habit to acquire much wealth. With rare exceptions like Peoria, the wholesale dealers are not much better. The social position of the liquor trade holds no sort of comparison to the social status of American slavery. The moral and religious sentiment of American society is against it. The women are against it. This moral sentiment stands like a stone wall to confront it. Of course, this is a free country, and any man, any editor, any class, or any interest has an undoubted right to beat his brains out against this stone wall. It is his privilege as well as his right. But personally you cannot me out of any such idle d—d nonsense. Let the liquor men go along quietly; let them take out their licenses and obey strictly the law; let them provoke as little attention as possible to their business; let them ward off opposition by seeking to conciliate rather than antagonize the moral sentiment of the whole country, and their business will go on with as little disturbance and annoyance as it is possible to do. But let a financial collapse of the distilling interest occur now, or in the near future, and it will scare every capitalist and business man from ever re-engaging in the distilling business. Then, with the temperance element rampant, and no capital to fight it with, prohibition could be enforced, and in ten years there would not be left a distillery, a brewery or a saloon in the United States."

IMPORTANT.—When you sit or travel in City, are Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot, 40 street, New York, you can get a million dollars, reduced to \$1 and wanted every day. European Van Elevator, Furniture and Carriage Hire, and other goods, are supplied with the best. Horse care, stables and carriage repairs, and other services, are done in the best manner. Call on the Grand Union Hotel, New York, for more information. 22-17

Hartford, Aug. 18, 1882. The Charter Oak Driving Park, August 18, 1882, and Sept. 1st, 1882, will be the great event of the year in trotting. There will be about one hundred and eighty (180) horses in the different classes. The great event of the year will be the grand stallion race at 2.18 1/2, between Fred Douglas and Fred Douglas. The grand stallion race at 2.18

MEETING OF THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The county commissioners of the several counties met at Willimantic last week Thursday, pursuant to the custom of holding a meeting annually for conference upon the business of the year...

The first question raised was by Commissioner Gier of New London county as to the definition of the word "saloon" in its use in the section of the liquor law prohibiting the employment of minors in saloons...

Change of climate often causes severe and continuous throat troubles. The best preventive and cure is Penick's Potash...

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

Four years ago, James Pyle of New York, first introduced his celebrated Pearlina to the public, and now the name of Pearlina is everywhere prominent...

Why is Mrs. Brown putting on so many airs? I have asked Mrs. Jones of it, and she has said that she is a nervous, delicate woman...

CONCLUSIONS

Conclusions thoughtfully reached in calm moments should be firmly held in times of special temptation and excitement...

It is believed that St. Jacobs Oil is the very best remedy known to mankind. Says Mr. Roberts, business manager of this paper...

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CHAS. O. REAT

Has always Lime and Cement! FOR THE LOWEST PRICES. Also, the BEST QUALITIES OF Standard Fertilizers...

WATKINS BROS., SEWING MACHINES. We have just received additions to our stock of CANE, REED RATTAN CHAIRS, Basket Chairs for Verandas...

REMOVAL! I have removed my shop from the Spencer Building, to the new location...

FRESH FISH, OYSTERS, DAVIS & BRADLEY, Market in Taylor's Block.

GEO. S. WRIGHT, Sole Agent for ELDRIDGE. THE LEADING STRICTLY FIRST CLASS SEWING MACHINE OF THE WORLD.

WATKINS BROS., Sole Agents. For Manchester.

NEW GOODS

FOR THE Summer Trade! WATKINS BROS. Latest Designs at Bottom Prices. Furniture Repairing and Upholstering a Specialty.

UNDERTAKING! I keep a complete assortment of Funeral Supplies. Hearse and Embalming FREE.

Opposite Cheney's Block, HARTFORD, CONN. You will find a FIRST-CLASS Sewing Machine! -FOR- \$15.00.

CHAS. J. FULLER, Farm for Sale. A farm of 45 acres, well wooded, best fruit of almost every kind...

S. F. BRADLEY, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office with Watkins Bros., South Manchester, Conn.

OLIN R. WOOD, Attorney at Law. Office over Post-office, North Manchester, Conn.

FAIRBANKS

ROCK CORDIALS. BACKACHE. POSITIVELY CURED BY Benson's Caprine Porous Plasters.

Piano Chair. Teachers, Scholars and Finished Amateur and Professional Players will appreciate the advantages of this Piano Chair...

Cuticura. Operates with Energy upon the Kidneys, Bowels, and Forces Neutralizing, Absorbing, and Expelling Scrofulous, Cancerous, and HUMORS.

SANFORD'S GINGER. Dyspepsia, flatulency, rising of food, distention of the chest, indigestion, biliousness, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago...

AGENTS BOOK AGENTS SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW. Nature's Sparkling Specific for Indigestion and Biliousness, the Water of the Fountains of Health...

Beware of Fraud. BEYOND THE REALM OF THE SENSES. BEYOND THE REALM OF THE SENSES. BEYOND THE REALM OF THE SENSES.

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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. Latest Designs at Bottom Prices.

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Backache

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