

Manchester Saturday Herald.

VOL. I.—NO. 49.

NORTH MANCHESTER, CONN. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1882.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS!

— STILL THEY COME! —

Nobby Fall and Winter Shades of

Double Fold Cashmere!

At 23 cents per yard.

NOBBY SHADES IN FLANNEL SUITINGS

At 25 and 30 cents a yard.

— AN ATTRACTIVE LINE OF —

BROCADES!

AND

Watered Cashmeres.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A INVOICE OF

LADIES' FELT SKIRTS,

Direct from the manufacturers. PRICES VERY LOW.

CLOTHING!

IMMENSE STOCK OF

Winter Clothing!

MEN'S SUITS

At \$7, \$8, \$8.50, \$9. All Wool, \$10, \$12, \$15, \$16, \$18, \$20.

— FINE LINE OF —

Men's Overcoats and Ulsters!

From \$5 to \$25 each.

Men's Suits of three pieces for \$5.00.

We have a big drive in Men's REEFERS at the small price of \$6.50. Also a full line of Buck, Leather, Dogskin and Wool

Gloves and Mittens,

All at popular prices. Look at our Buck Mitts at \$1.50 & \$1.75

BARROWS & SKINNER,

South Manchester.



The accompanying cut represents the

FAMOUS

"Ivy" Parlor Stove

Introduced first year for the first time. It has the best grate made in the world.

It is a Handsome Stove.

We guarantee it to do all any other square parlor stove will do, with an equally small amount of fuel. It is the most cheerful appearing stove in the market.

Examine it Before You Buy!!

FERRIS BROTHERS,

SOLE AGENTS,

So. Manchester, Ct.

Opposite St. James' Church.

ARABI'S DEFEAT

By the British was because the latter were well armed and footed with our

Monitor Walking Shoes,

Which enables them to make long and rapid marches with great rapidity and comfort. Get the

Monitor Walking Shoe for \$2.50,

AT THE ONE PRICE

New England Boot and Shoe House,

No. 354 Main Street, corner of Kinsley, HARTFORD.



Warranted not to fall off the nose! Sole Agents. Also, Sole Agents for the

ROCKFORD WATCHES!

The best American Watches in use. We sell them in 200,000 cases from \$10 to \$200. We warrant every watch to give perfect satisfaction. Also, a splendid stock of

Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Plated Ware, CLOCKS, Etc., Etc.

SPECTACLES AND EYE GLASSES A SPECIALTY. All goods marked low and in PLAIN FIGURES. DEMING & GUNDLACH, 20 State St., HARTFORD.

A HUMAN HAND.

BY ARGONAUT.

When I tell you that in my story there is a broken wheel and a storm, perhaps you will accuse me of romancing; but I did not break the wheel or cause the rain, and as my narrative is true, I assure you that the wheel of Lord Fergus's carriage broke opposite the door of an inn; also that there was a terrific storm in the mountains.

Lord Fergus was not an ordinary man. That he was a gentleman was evident. Aside from that, however, it would have been difficult to decide whether he were young or old, good or bad, handsome or otherwise. Sometimes brusque, his manners at other times were of captivating gentleness.

Occasionally, without apparent cause, he had sudden accessions of wild gaiety or rapturous meditation. At such times, all that was obscure and strange about this incomprehensible being was revealed, and seemed to concentrate, as in a double focus, in his eyes, intense, unfathomable and majestic. His gaze exercised such a mesmeric influence over the gentler sex that the noble lord always took the precaution of putting on green glasses when desired to be loved for himself.

It is needless to add that he was generally regarded as a magnetizer. In vain did he contradict this explanation with great sincerity, that it was not by magnetism at all, but by irradiation, sympathetic projection, that he sometimes quite involuntarily exercised a sort of fascination over some refined natures. No one believed it, so persistent are the vulgar in wishing to have explained by ordinary methods effects of which they cannot comprehend the cause.

Be that as it may, after Lord Fergus had been sufficiently discussed, they all agreed it to be impossible to understand the man. The

expression of his eye. Lord Fergus was dreaming in the large waiting room of the inn. The rolling of a carriage and the cracking of whips suddenly disturbed his reveries. Curious and idle are all travelers. He hurried to the balcony, and saw a young lady descend from a four-horse carriage, who, as well as he could judge from so great a distance, appeared to be marvelously beautiful. The lady proved to be the Princess Gelsomina Cordileone.

At that moment a heavy roll of thunder shook the house, and made every window rattle. The Princess, hurriedly pale and with clasped hands, deathly toward Lord Fergus, exclaiming:

"In heaven's name, close all the doors and windows, and remain with me!"

In the midst of the frightful tumult of the elements they were imprisoned for two long hours. Every time Lord Fergus attempted to speak, the princess, with a gesture of terror, entreated him to be silent. But if speech were denied them, their eyes were eloquent, and when the last crash of thunder had passed away, their destinies were more indissolubly united than if their acquaintance had extended over a period of years. "True, they had not spoken, but silent love is the most vehement.

"Mifford," then said the princess, "I thank you for the service which you have rendered me. Now if you will be so kind as to order my carriage, my gratitude will be complete."

Lord Fergus, with lightning rapidity, went to do her bidding, and returning immediately, announced the carriage. The princess bestowed a gracious smile upon Lord Fergus, who bowed profoundly as she passed. But at that moment an expression of pain distorted the face of the princess. She stopped, pressed her hand to her left cheek and exclaimed, with a suggestion of tears in her voice:

"Oh, how I suffer!" As she spoke she sank into a chair.

Lord Fergus felt no surprise. He watched her preparations for departure with imperturbable calmness, but understood the language of looks too well to suppose an adventure happening to two such powers as this lady and himself could end thus abruptly. I say two powers, for if Lord Fergus had a magnetic gaze, the princess possessed a voice of wonderful sweetness. The human ear has never heard anything comparable to its music. Clear, rich and

vibrant, it ruled, caressed and spired. At the first word she uttered Lord Fergus thought: "It is incontestable that if that voice commands the sacrifice of my life, I should without hesitation." Therefore, response to the lady's plaint he proached her, and having completed her with supernatural remarks:

"Are you ill, princess?" and intense look seemed to add: "Do think I would permit you to suffer!" The princess raised her fine confidingly to his face—eyes beautiful from the tears of grief, suffering intensely from neuralgia, she responded: "Oh, if some could help me!"

"I will relieve you immediately," said Lord Fergus. "Lift up your head and look at me." As he laid the point of his index between her eyes. Omnipotent irradiation and sympathetic projection! The princess, without slightest hesitation, with no embarrassment whatever, lifted up her head at once, and the operator passed his finger lightly along her right eyebrow. This procedure assured and so grave, that the captious mind could not have recognized in it a power superior and of its infallibility princess felt it instantly, and sympathetic currents of her seemed to concentrate beneath the lovely brow which the light of the operator was caressing.

He followed human language in words to describe. The whole of Lord Fergus passed into his hands, and seemed to emanate in waves of electricity from their extremity. He began by passing his hand over the forehead and cheeks of the princess, causing the delicate skin to tremble as if brushed by soft zephyr. Returning to the junction of the two eyebrows, he followed the contour of the

going back, the cheeks, and then to the inner canthus of the eye, to touch lightly the nose, and along the upper lip, linger a moment at the corner of her mouth, and reach at length the center of the chin, where he stopped.

Lord Fergus, as an experienced operator, laid reasons for stopping thus at this first phase—preliminary phase, in fact—for in starting anew from the chin, the operator became more energetic and animated. He had sometimes encountered caprice and resistance from the sick who were unable to bear his irradiations. He then hesitated to observe the result of his efforts. But in this case the expectant and completely resigned expression of the lady left him in no doubt, and after remaining a short time with his head thrown back and eyes closed, in order to collect his powers, he resumed his magnetic manipulations. Having laid both thumbs upon the chin, he described a fan with the fingers of each hand, enclosing the cheeks of the princess within it, moved his hands gently over all the surface of the face, slowly raising them to the temples, and lowering them until they glided below the ear to the back of the neck, and met in the fine, soft hair. He then requested the princess to move her head gently, that he might advantageously press and rub the cervical articulations and muscles. This movement had also the advantage of permitting the fingers thrust more deeply into the capillary mass, which is pre-eminently adapted for the transmission of electricity, as every one knows. The fingers of Lord Fergus executed then, in the perfumed tresses where they were buried, a series of exquisite passes. It was, in fact, the decisive moment of the operation, for the cure depended entirely upon the perfect correspondence between the magnetic bulb, situated at the base of the brain, and the depletion of the nervous ganglions of the zygomatic arch, whose plethora occasioned the neuralgia in question.

This finished, he took the third and last part of the operation, by far the most beautiful of all. His face expressed an inspiration truly august. As his hands fluttered over the surface of this almost divine face, he seemed an artist designing an angel's face, or a sculptor modeling the head of a goddess. His, with beating heart, and cheeks red with enthusiasm, seemed like Pygmalion animating his statue. At last, in a transport of joy and triumph, placing the in-

dex finger of his right hand between the eyebrows of the princess, he said with the air of a conqueror:

"You are cured."

The lady, lifting her magnificent eyes to his face, and taking his hand, replied in her melodious voice:

"It is true. I thank you."

And rising, she went to the starway leaning upon the arm of the lord. He conducted her in perfect silence to her carriage. The position was already in the saddle. She stepped into the post-chaise, offered her hand to Lord Fergus, who kissed it respectfully, and said:

"Drive on."

"Princess," observed Lord Fergus, "the hand which has rested on your face shall never touch anything else. I dedicate it to you." And before she could reply, he made the signal of departure to the postillion, and bowed deeply; after which he recentered the inn, and remained dreaming before the fire until a late hour of the night.

Eight days later the Princess Gelsomina was established in a little secluded village in Tyrol. A man on horseback, who claimed to have come from Berne by easy journeys, was inquiring for her. Riding up to the door of the inn he leaped from his saddle, called for the inn-keeper and asked:

"Is the Princess Gelsomina Cordileone here?"

"She is."

"Is she in her room?"

"She is."

He dismounted, went up stairs, was introduced, and drawing a small case of white wool from a game-bag which he carried, presented it to the amazed lady, saying:

"This is from Lord Fergus Mac-

Farlan."

Giving her no time to ask any particulars, he hastily descended the stairs, leaped upon his horse, and set off at a gallop. The princess, greatly surprised, ordered her servant to open

many precautions, he informed her that it contained a package. The princess immediately dismissed him. As soon as she found herself alone, she feverishly lifted from the case an envelope enveloped in white cambric.

The cambric removed, displayed an envelope of white satin, with the arms of the princess and another person embroidered in silver upon it.

Under the folds of satin something hard and angular was delineated. The lady unfolded the satin, and a silver box exquisitely chased, shaped like an Egyptian sarcophagus, appeared before her eyes. A tiny golden key hung from one of its feet.

The princess took it off, inserted it in the lock and opened it.

Upon a crimson velvet cushion bordered with a fringe of fine pearls by a human hand. The hand bore upon the little finger a ring, whose setting was a magnificent bezel of sapphire. The princess gazed a moment spell-bound, then carefully reclosed the key in her bosom she shrieked aloud.

After which she threw herself upon a couch, arranged the folds of her dress, rang for her maid and fainted. That hand was the right hand of Lord Fergus. That bezel was the ring of Lord Fergus! In two hours she left the village, and was never seen there more.

We will not attempt to depict the state of maddening love in which this fantastic and surgical gift had plunged the unfortunate Gelsomina Cordileone. Never before did horror, astonishment, gratitude and pity so blend in a woman's heart. Many a man had offered her his hand, but to have it amputated and present it to her upon a velvet cushion fringed with pearls, was indeed a novelty.

In regarding herself in her mirror, she could truly say that no other woman in the world had ever been the object of such adoration. And then, as the hand was perfectly embalmed, she must needs take it often from its concealment to caress it, fancying this the best way to fulfill the wishes of the testator who had willed it to her.

Many months rolled away. The princess, overcome more and more with passionate regret, reproached herself with every imaginable wrong. She had misused said for the repose of the hand of Lord Fergus—prayers that it would grow again. At last she became frantic. Every effort that she made to find Lord Fergus was of no avail; the detectives of Europe, America and Australia could not discover his retreat.

In the meantime where was the eccentric lord? He had brided all the attendants of the princess; just as soon as she arrived at a hotel he controlled that house; and during all this time he had watched her unceasingly, being concealed night and day in some one of her rooms. From such secret observatories he watched the progress of the malady which he had sown in that poor heart; until one day, deeming the time at last propitious, he stole from his hiding place during his beloved's absence. Upon her return, the inn-keeper announced to her with exceeding candor the arrival of an unknown gentleman. "She had a presentment as to his identity, as may be imagined. Hurrying to her dressing-room, she arrayed herself in the deepest mourning, after which she descended immediately to the salon, opened the door, and preceiving Lord Fergus, advanced a few steps toward him. He with great nonchalance pointed with his left hand to his right sleeve, which hung flat and empty at the end. The princess opened her arms.

But when Lord Fergus sprang forward in a transport of love easy to imagine, she recoiled, and with a cry of horror hid her face in her hands.

"I cannot," sobbed she. "I will never be able to."

Then falling upon her knees before the dismayed lord, she explained to him with tears that her gratitude toward him was boundless; that she had passed days and nights thinking only of him; was distracted for being the cause of his mutilation. Since that fatal day she had suffered the tortments of the lost; she had kissed the hand a hundred times a day; had twenty thousand masses said for its repose; prayers in every church and convent in the universe that a new hand might grow. She loved Lord Fergus; adored him; but his mutilation inspired her with repugnance and horror absolutely unquerable. She would die of it, but could never be his wife.

Lord Fergus listened attentively. He slowly raised his hand, gazed at the princess as if he would read her very soul, and said:

"But you love me, and if my hand had not been amputated, you would not have loved me."

The princess made a gesture which signified assent.

"And if my hand were not cut off, you would render me happy?"

The princess assented.

"Will you swear it?"

"I swear it."

"Upon your lost hand?"

"Upon your lost hand," responded the weeping princess.

"Very well," said Lord Fergus, solemnly, "dry your tears and be happy. God has answered your prayers and performed a miracle. Behold!"

And throwing out his right arm as a swimmer makes a stroke, Lord Fergus thrust from his sleeve a hand full of life and vigor.

They were sitting in a boat upon the Lake of Como, and as they drifted, were enjoying the light breeze, perfumed with the sweet scents of jasmine, violet and orange blossom. As they idly floated they were talking about their courtship. Lord Fergus, with adorable fatuity, explained how he had won her.

"The hand I sent you, my love," said he, "I purchased from a thrifty nurse in the hospital at Beaune; a skillful embalmer prepared it for me. The rest you know." The princess looked at him, and struck him on the lips with a rose she bore in her hand.

"False, false!" cried she. "How could an unsophisticated woman resist such a diabolical ruse? Do you remember our first meeting?"

"Yes."

"When I had the neuralgia?"

"Yes."

The princess laughed merrily as she exposed two rows of perfect pearly teeth. "Well, my love, I never had the neuralgia in my life."

"Wilder Jenkins," said an Ohio farmer, as he barked into her horse one morning, "I am a man of business, I'm worth \$10,000, and want you for a wife. I give you three minutes in which to answer." "I don't want 10 seconds, old man!" she replied as she shook out the dishes. "I am a woman of business, worth \$10,000, and wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on the earth! I give you a minute and a half to get it!" He got.—Wall Street News.

Newport Anecdotes.

Speaking of society makes me think of one of the last stories—this time true—which is a very good commentary on the state of things here socially. To be in trade (pronounced with a very broad a) is something according to our social ethics that it is simply impossible to rise above. "I am thankful that none of my family have ever been in business," said a young gentleman to me once, who lived on his mother, who, in her turn, lived on a rich son-in-law; and business has even more reason to be thankful in this instance. But to the story. The small daughter of one of the F. F.'s appeared at school, recently, with a face expressing much satisfaction, explained in this manner to her teacher: "I am not to study arithmetic any more. My mamma doesn't know anything about arithmetic, and my papa says it is not much use; and as I shall never keep a shop, you know, there's no need of my learning it." You are not to judge of Newport's winter residents constituting "society," as a whole, by these instances; for there gather here every year a large number of really delightful people, cultured and sensible, but there is a leaven in the lump that would give a Thackeray great delight. Society itself finds much amusement in this very thing, while it yields to the influence of this curious element, which somehow has come to lay down its laws. It is not everybody who can appreciate the depth of feeling which caused a lady to say on our streets, "What is society coming to, when a naval officer marries a school teacher?"

It is a person almost invariably whose antecedents are better not looked into who makes such a remark as this last. Fancy one lady saying to another who had just come to town, "I did not introduce you at my house last night to my other guests, as they did not know who you are, and they might not have been unkindly toward you."

That Boy Again.

SAID IN THE DARK RESERVING BIBLE CASE MATTERS, HE WOULD BE HIS MOTHER.

"Pa," said the Rev. Muffin's son, "Samson was a strong man, wasn't he?"

"Yes, Samson was the strongest man that ever lived."

"Tell me about him."

"It was intended that Samson should be the strongest man, and for a boy he was born."

The bewildered expression on the child's face arrested the minister in his narration.

"Before he was born?" asked the boy.

"Yes, before—that is before he was found in a hollow stump."

"Just like little sister."

"Yes; just before he was found, an angel appeared and foretold of his strength, saying, that no razor must touch his head."

"Was the angel afraid that the razor would cut him?"

"No; the angel meant that his strength lay in his hair and that his hair must not be cut off."

"If I let my hair grow long can I lift more than I can now?"

"I don't know about that."

"Are women stronger than men?"

"No."

"But they've got longer hair."

"Yes, they have longer hair."

"A woman couldn't whip you, could she?"

"No; not easily."

"Was Samson a Democrat?"

"I don't know."

"But who don't you know? I'd know if I was as old as you. How many men was it that Samson killed?"

"One thousand."

"He was bad, wasn't he?"

"No."

"But when a man kills anybody he's bad."

"The Lord was with Samson."

"But the Lord says you mustn't kill anybody. Did Samson go to heaven?"

"I suppose so."

"He is the strongest angel there, ain't he?"

"You're getting foolish again."

"But I want to know. Will you know Samson when you go to heaven?"

"I suppose so."

"I'll be around here, will you? If he wuster hit you he'd break your wings, wouldn't he?"

"Go to your mother." The next time you attempt to question me about the Bible I shall whip you."

Bantys to Sell.

There was uproar and confusion in a newspaper office a few days ago. A woman entered and inquired, "What d'ye ax for the bantys?"

"For the what, mum?" "The bantys; they're the paper."

"In the paper, mum?" "Yes, sir; see 'em this morning; what's the price 'em 'em?"

"The bantys?" "Will, ye're a quare lot," said the woman, beginning to touch the high notes. "I say to ye—the bantys wor in the morning paper, yer sharning spalpeen, I've something better to be doing than talking to ye. Where are the bantys? Are they steady layers, an' do they ax much, an' have ye thin about the counter there, an' what's the price?"

Her voice was like a steam whistle now, and everybody was scared. At last a boy who had been listening stood, "she means bantams," "Ay, course I mane bantams; what else did I spake about, an' ye all a sharning at my learning it." You are not to judge of Newport's winter residents constituting "society," as a whole, by these instances; for there gather here every year a large number of really delightful people, cultured and sensible, but there is a leaven in the lump that would give a Thackeray great delight. Society itself finds much amusement in this very thing, while it yields to the influence of this curious element, which somehow has come to lay down its laws. It is not everybody who can appreciate the depth of feeling which caused a lady to say on our streets, "What is society coming to, when a naval officer marries a school teacher?"

It is a person almost invariably whose antecedents are better not looked into who makes such a remark as this last. Fancy one lady saying to another who had just come to town, "I did not introduce you at my house last night to my other guests, as they did not know who you are, and they might not have been unkindly toward you."

That Boy Again.

SAID IN THE DARK RESERVING BIBLE CASE MATTERS, HE WOULD BE HIS MOTHER.

"Pa," said the Rev. Muffin's son, "Samson was a strong man, wasn't he?"

"Yes, Samson was the strongest man that ever lived."

"Tell me about him."

"It was intended that Samson should be the strongest man, and for a boy he was born."

The bewildered expression on the child's face arrested the minister in his narration.

"Before he was born?" asked the boy.

"Yes, before—that is before he was found in a hollow stump."

"Just like little sister."

"Yes; just before he was found, an angel appeared and foretold of his strength, saying, that no razor must touch his head."

"Was the angel afraid that the razor would cut him?"

"No; the angel meant that his strength lay in his hair and that his hair must not be cut off."

"If I let my hair grow long can I lift more than I can now?"

"I don't know about that."

"Are women stronger than men?"

"No."

"But they've got longer hair."

"Yes, they have longer hair."

"A woman couldn't whip you, could she?"

"No; not easily."

"Was Samson a Democrat?"

"I don't know."

"But who don't you know? I'd know if I was as old as you. How many men was it that Samson killed?"

"One thousand."

"He was bad, wasn't he?"

"No."

The Manchester Saturday Herald.
SATURDAY, NOV. 18, 1882.

SOUTH MANCHESTER.

George Rieb's residence is to be connected by telephone with the Hartford circuit.

An addition to the Globe Mills Co.'s mill, 20x30 feet, one story with basement, is being built on the south end of the picker room.

The Sunday school at St. Mary's Church has so enlarged that a part of it will be moved up stairs into the lodge room to-morrow.

Piano tuning is made a specialty by Gallup & Metzger, the new music dealers, who occupy Shoninger & Co.'s old stand, 109 Asylum street.

The Young People's Association of the Center Church will have a social gathering at the residence of Mr. Ralph Conc next Tuesday evening.

The largest job of painting done in Manchester during the year 1882, was on the remodelled premises of Hale, Day & Co., by A. J. Wheeler and O. F. Luce.

Archie Macallam, with his family, has moved to Tariffville. All the law cases against him and his, have been settled, and he will probably nevermore figure in Manchester courts.

Thomas Burke advertises a grand convention of horse traders at his place for one week, following Thanksgiving. Among the attractions are to be a rifle match and several chicken shoots.

The largest potato yet reported, is the one Robert Warnock gave to August Lindell the other day. It was made up of seven potatoes grown together, and weighed two pounds and five ounces.

The Young People's Social Club will meet with Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Beckwith, Monday evening Nov. 20th. All are requested to meet at Miss Jennie Carrier's at half-past seven.

The harvest supper given at Cheney's hall by St. Mary's Guild, on Thursday, was excellent and as excellently served. The lower hall was tastefully decorated with fruit of the field and garden.

The railroad commissioners examined the South Manchester road last Wednesday. They were much pleased with the road and could only suggest as an improvement that the space between the rails be carpeted and the rails nickel-plated.

Unclaimed letters in the South Manchester office, week ending Nov. 17th, 1882:—Martha Agard, Kate Connor, Mary Creem, Michael Clifford, Maggie Hartnett, Agusta Mohnitz, Humphrey Shea, R. A. Woods, Mrs. Anna Warnock, due 10 cents. W. H. CHENEY, P. M.

We have often wondered how poor people make such a display of jewelry when they have their pictures taken. A local dealer in fancy goods says that he sells a surprising quantity of brass and paste jewelry which is used almost exclusively to decorate the forms that must look their prettiest when they sit before the camera.

L. B. Knox, formerly of South Manchester, and his partner, G. F. Beed, while hunting ducks near their orange grove in Florida a few days ago, came suddenly upon three black bears. Nothing daunted the boys went for them and succeeded in killing all three, and returned home with the three bears laying across the boat loading it down to the water's edge.

The sexton of one of our village churches is not a fast man by any means. On the contrary he is a very worthy pillar of the church. But he was a little ahead of time last Sunday evening, when he lighted the church, rung the bell and sat down to wait for the arrival of worshippers at six instead of seven o'clock. These evenings are growing long so fast, that it bothers one to keep up with them, anyway.

The South Manchester road came near having its first fatal accident last week. The train was hurrying over to be in time for the noon express, when all at once near the Loomis crossing, the passengers were agitated by the sudden application of the air brakes, and in a moment the train came to a standstill. All eyes were turned toward the track in the rear of the train, where in a shapeless mass between the rails lay a body, apparently lifeless. But even as they looked, the hen, more frightened than hurt, popped up and ran away. The freight train that was on the track ahead pulled out of the way and the long panting train drew up to the station. It was a narrow escape, and the hen should profit by it.

It is singular that the residents of a town of the character and size of Manchester are unable to spend an evening in Hartford without stopping there over night or driving out over dark roads. If there were regular railroad accommodations, a good many would spend an occa-

sional evening in the city when there is a good concert or play at the opera house. As it is, managers of Hartford entertainments have given up counting on any patronage from Manchester. They do not advertise here nor do they ever arrange for extra trains. An extra on the New England road to Manchester costs \$30, and to make it pay there would have to be 130 passengers at 25 cents each. The train will not be run unless some one guarantees the above sum, and if tickets enough are sold to more than cover the \$30 the balance goes to the railroad.

THE SUNDAY CONCERT.—There was a good attendance at the recital last Sunday afternoon. The program was as a whole of a sombre character—which, associated with the deep twilight that shrouded the hall, had almost a melancholy effect. The leading number was Beethoven's sonata Pathétique. Beethoven's sonatas have a language of their own, and Mrs. Allen not only seems to comprehend it but translates it with the skill and fervor of a finished actor in tragedy. The "Concert Stueck" by Weber, was not given but will be included in tomorrow's program, which will be as follows:

- PROGRAM.
1. Offertoire. Wely
 2. "Du bist die Ruh." Schubert.
 3. Piano Solo, (selected).
 4. Prelude. Petrilli
 5. Concert Stueck. Weber
- MR. ALLEN, accompanied by MR. ALLEN.

GLASTONBURY.

The very sudden decease of Mrs. Henrietta W. Chapman, wife of Mr. Charles Chapman, has caused a deep feeling of sadness to pervade our community. She leaves three children of tender age to the care of her bereaved husband. Mrs. Chapman was a very estimable woman, devoted to her family, and the kindest sympathy is universally felt with her relatives and friends on this occasion of their irreplaceable loss.

Mr. Isaac A. Converse has just experienced the affliction of the loss of his wife, Mrs. Sarah J. Converse, after a long and seriously painful illness. Mr. Converse, as you will remember, lost a daughter a few months since, from injuries received in the burning of the Glastonbury Knitting Company's factory. Mrs. Converse leaves a very interesting family to mourn the loss of a devoted mother.

Mr. J. P. Burke has met with a severe calamity in the death of his son Martin, aged 17, who has, for some months, been gradually failing.

The Glastonbury Knitting Company have nearly finished rebuilding their mill which was burned, and are now putting in the machinery. The new mill is very much larger than the buildings were before, and is constructed with all the modern improvements for safety and protection. The business is excellent, as it ought to be at this season of the year, and everybody at the Eagle Mills is busy.

Our enthusiastic friend, E. B. Hill, has removed from South Glastonbury to Hartford, having closed his employment with Messrs. Backer & Mayer, the new proprietors of the mills formerly owned by the Glastonbury Manufacturing Company. The new proprietors are driving business; and, as for our friend Hill, wherever he is, he is bound to make a "noise in the world."

One of our "republican" mill owners was so anxious for the success of his friend, Judge White, the democrat nominee for judge of probate, that some of his employees voted a ticket without the name of the republican candidate for senator from this (20) district. Mr. Clark was elected "just the same," notwithstanding the effort of our former fellow republican against Judge Barbour, in favor of the democratic nominees for senator and judge of probate.

Long (enforced) abstinence from the opportunity to rejoice over political victories gives a keener zest to the present happy frame of mind which our democratic friends seem to experience. Our representatives elected—Messrs. Miller and Bantle were visited by their political friends on Thursday and Saturday evenings of last week. Rumor has it that among the many speeches of congratulation made on these occasions, that of the professor of the plectory art (on sale) was most fervid in its devotion to the democratic cause. As this gentleman is, in theory, a most ardent advocate of temperance, political and otherwise, as well as a heavy subscriber to the town-league fund in aid of the suppression of the liquor traffic in this hallowed, his reported action is, to say the least, somewhat "peculiar."

Mr. Austin Bidwell, after finishing his duties at the mill last Tuesday, and having prepared himself for a quiet evening in his pleasant home, was suddenly surprised by an unexpected though not unwelcome interruption of his friends who came to greet

him and his family on the occasion of his birthday. They all had an extremely agreeable evening, and, as some "bird of the air" had given Mrs. Bidwell notice, they were entertained right well at a bountiful repast. Mr. Bidwell is highly esteemed in this community for his many excellent qualities, and his friends did not fail to remind him thereof by many appropriate presents which were brought forward. Among other things, a fine willow reading-chair, which our friend Bidwell will fill with all the "ease with dignity" that his ample corporeity enables him so well to sustain. It was not surprising that the festive company did not separate till near the small hours, as, in addition to an extremely pleasant time socially, the music furnished by Mr. and Mrs. James P. Cornish was highly appreciated.

Miss Minnie J. Couch, who is just about closing a very acceptably taught term of school in the 3d school district was agreeably surprised by a call from her scholars on last Wednesday evening. They presented their esteemed teacher a beautiful copy of Tennyson's Poems, as a slight token of their affectionate good-will. Miss Couch has taught nearly a year in this same school, and has proved herself a very capable instructor.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

All kinds of job teaming done by C. E. Day, for HALE, DAY & CO.

E. T. Carrier has lately taken the agency for Temple's patent anti-freezing rubber-lacket pump. Its merits are attested by the fact that he has sold ten in two months.

The best 5 cent cigar sold in Manchester is the "new brand," Hartford Courant. HALE, DAY & CO.

One card-load Cheney's Surprise flour just received. Price reduced to \$9.00 per bbl. W. H. CHENEY & CO.

FOR SALE.—Three open bugies, one carriage, one pair light double harnesses, by HALE, DAY & CO.

The reliable Magee parlor stove has stood the test of one season and gives satisfaction in every case. E. T. Carrier, sole agent.

A great rush for malaga grapes at HALE, DAY & CO'S.

The Magee Furnace Co. has a reputation for honest goods. A fair sample of their work is the Ideal Parlor stove on exhibition at E. T. Carrier's.

Wanted 500 barrels of apples, HALE, DAY & CO.

Barrows & Skinner sell the "Superb," the best flour in the market for \$9 per barrel.

On exhibition—the Jumbo Kid button boots—leads the circus without a rival. Price \$2.00 at CHENEY & CO'S.

We find that Hale, Day & Co.'s is the place to buy kip boots.

Barrows & Skinner sell the "Superb," the best flour in the market, for \$9 per barrel.

A few more pairs of those dancing pumps at Bussell's; price \$2.00.

You can buy overcoats cheap at Cheney & Co's.

A fine line of Men's Cardigans, also a new lot of clothing, just received. Prices low.

W. H. CHENEY & CO.

Bissell sells rubbers at the old prices.

Visit our special blanket sale this month. W. H. CHENEY & CO.

Watkins Bros. will give a sewing machine away next month. Read their advertisement.

Winter overcoats for boys at Barrows & Skinner's.

See the new improved tubular lantern at W. H. CHENEY & CO'S.

Go to Bissell's for pure maple syrup, and new clover honey.

For boots, shoes and rubber goods, go to headquarters. W. H. CHENEY & CO.

JUST RECEIVED.
A Fine Assortment of
WALL PAPERS!
OF THE LATEST DESIGNS, AND FOR SALE AT THE
LOWEST PRICES.
CALL AND SEE THEM BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.
H. R. HALE.

Fitch & Drake,
Have always a complete stock of

Choice Family Groceries.

TEAS, COFFEES and SPICES.

HARDWARE, CROCKERY

Boots and Shoes,

DRY GOODS,

WALL PAPER, ETC.

FITCH & DRAKE,
NORTH MANCHESTER.

HALE, DAY & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Grocers, and Dealers in

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC FRUITS,
Nuts, Confectionery,

TOBACCO, CIGARS, ETC.

Also, a large assortment of
DRY GOODS!

Hats, Caps, Boots, & Shoes,
Crockery, Glass and Stone Ware.

POCKET CUTLERY,
Yankee Notions, Etc.

ALWAYS KEPT IN STOCK.

Sugars, Flour, Spices,

TEA AND COFFEE,

Canned Goods, Farm Produce.

We shall give special attention to the purchase and sale of choice lots of:
Butter, Eggs,
Vegetables, Fruits,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

If larger than to buy the best quality of goods, and sell them at Lowest Living Rates.



The Old Reliable
MAGEE STANDARD
Heating Stoves and Furnaces

AND
Cooking Ranges,

Embodiment of the essentials for Perfect Operation—Economy, Economy, and Durability. It will not rust, and is perfectly adapted to heating and cooking. It is the most economical and most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

The Magee Stoves have stood the test of time, and are known to be the most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

Embodiment of the essentials for Perfect Operation—Economy, Economy, and Durability. It will not rust, and is perfectly adapted to heating and cooking. It is the most economical and most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

The Magee Stoves have stood the test of time, and are known to be the most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

Embodiment of the essentials for Perfect Operation—Economy, Economy, and Durability. It will not rust, and is perfectly adapted to heating and cooking. It is the most economical and most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

The Magee Stoves have stood the test of time, and are known to be the most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

Embodiment of the essentials for Perfect Operation—Economy, Economy, and Durability. It will not rust, and is perfectly adapted to heating and cooking. It is the most economical and most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

The Magee Stoves have stood the test of time, and are known to be the most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

Embodiment of the essentials for Perfect Operation—Economy, Economy, and Durability. It will not rust, and is perfectly adapted to heating and cooking. It is the most economical and most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

The Magee Stoves have stood the test of time, and are known to be the most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

Embodiment of the essentials for Perfect Operation—Economy, Economy, and Durability. It will not rust, and is perfectly adapted to heating and cooking. It is the most economical and most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

The Magee Stoves have stood the test of time, and are known to be the most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

Embodiment of the essentials for Perfect Operation—Economy, Economy, and Durability. It will not rust, and is perfectly adapted to heating and cooking. It is the most economical and most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

The Magee Stoves have stood the test of time, and are known to be the most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

Embodiment of the essentials for Perfect Operation—Economy, Economy, and Durability. It will not rust, and is perfectly adapted to heating and cooking. It is the most economical and most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

The Magee Stoves have stood the test of time, and are known to be the most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

Embodiment of the essentials for Perfect Operation—Economy, Economy, and Durability. It will not rust, and is perfectly adapted to heating and cooking. It is the most economical and most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

The Magee Stoves have stood the test of time, and are known to be the most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

Embodiment of the essentials for Perfect Operation—Economy, Economy, and Durability. It will not rust, and is perfectly adapted to heating and cooking. It is the most economical and most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

The Magee Stoves have stood the test of time, and are known to be the most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

Embodiment of the essentials for Perfect Operation—Economy, Economy, and Durability. It will not rust, and is perfectly adapted to heating and cooking. It is the most economical and most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

The Magee Stoves have stood the test of time, and are known to be the most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

Embodiment of the essentials for Perfect Operation—Economy, Economy, and Durability. It will not rust, and is perfectly adapted to heating and cooking. It is the most economical and most reliable of all the cooking and heating stoves ever invented.

Boys' Overcoats!

Latest Styles just received from New York.
ALL PRICES AND KINDS,
From \$2.50 to \$10.

Boys' Suits,
Made of Good Strong Goods,
From \$1.25 to \$10.

BOYS'
Fine Dress Suits,
In Dark Blue and Black.

FINE
Dress Suits!
YOUTH'S and MEN'S FINE DRESS SUITS, EQUAL TO THE BEST CUSTOM-MADE.

Men's Overcoats
From \$4.50 TO \$35.

I HAVE ONE OF THE LARGEST STOCKS OF MEN'S OVERCOATS EVER SHOWN IN HARTFORD. THEY WERE ALL BOUGHT FOR CASH—SOME LESS THAN THEY COST TO MAKE—AND ALL I ASK IS, IF YOU WANT AN OVERCOAT, COME AND LOOK AT MINE, AND I WILL SAVE YOU TIME AND MONEY.

Men's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Etc.
Quick Sales and Small Profits, is my Motto.

ONE PRICE TO ALL
and that LOWER than any
House in the City.

J. H. OTIS,
Nos. 210 & 212 Asylum St., Hartford.

The Popular Resort
—IS AT—
CHINA HALL, JR.

We are now opening a very fine and elaborate assortment of goods suitable for
HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

These goods are selected from all the foreign and domestic manufacturers.
We have exceeded all our previous efforts, and will certainly surpass the expectations of all our customers.

JOHN F. GRAHAM & CO.,
60 Main St., Hartford, opp. 1st Baptist Church.

You Can SAVE 10 Per Cent.

By purchasing a suit of
CADDEN!

And Have Your Fare Paid
TO HARTFORD & RETURN

By Investing \$10 or More.
100 ASYLUM STREET.

—THE—
LARGEST STOCK
In the City.

OVERCOATS
At a Great Bargain.

FULL SUITS,
PANTS
As we say above, at a saving of 10 per cent.
At any price from \$10 upwards, and all FUR GOODS, are now shown in prices. All goods guaranteed as represented, or the money cheerfully refunded, any goods exchanged which do not suit. We want all our customers to be perfectly satisfied with their purchases.
Remember the number,
100 Asylum Street,
A. CADDEN.
THE MISSES KEEFE,
Dress-Makers,
101 PRATT STREET.
22 Latest Paris Styles just received.
2007210

Fall & Winter.

WE OFFER THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF SEASONABLE GOODS shown in the town of Manchester, and at prices worth attention, comprising in great variety

LADIES' FELT SKIRTS,

DOUBLE SHAWLS,

Cloaks & Dolmans,

SACKINGS, SUITINGS,

Serges, Cashmeres, Etc.

WE CAN MEET THE COLD WEATHER WITH AN

IMMENSE STOCK

—OF—
OVERCOATS!

CLOTHING,

Cardigans, Underwear,

Winter Gloves & Mittens,

HOSIERY, Etc.

WE SHALL HOLD FOR THE PRESENT MONTH A

SPECIAL SALE

—OF—
Wool Blankets, and Quilts,

In all qualities, at very low prices. Call and examine them.

Horse Blankets & Lap Robes

JUST RECEIVED.

Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods

We do not give away, but CAN and WILL sell you

Fashionable and Reliable Goods

AT HONEST PRICES.

We handle nothing but first quality Robbers. Satisfaction guaranteed and goods warranted as represented.

W. H. CHENEY & CO.

FREE! FREE!

A \$50 SEWING MACHINE

GIVEN AWAY

No. Manchester, Nov. 4, 1882.

To our Customers:
For each \$5.00 worth of goods purchased of us, the purchaser will be entitled to a chance in the drawing of a

NEW HOME

SEWING MACHINE!

This offer will be good until December 23, 1882, at which time the drawing will take place.

WATKINS BROS.,

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE!

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

Paper Hangings, etc.

