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A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

MARGARET E. SANISTER.

It must have been a vision, for the lady had not stirred. Not a sound had broken the silence save the twitter of a bird. In a cage with golden wires, but the lady thought a cry. Called her, and clearly, and she answered, "Here am I!" In a robe of dusky velvet diamonds at ear and throat. With a flower of many faces, over her silver hair. And the Christmas garlands, twined, green and glowing round the frame. Where the sweet Madonna brooded over the Child, a king who came. Who had called her? Some one surely, for she seemed to rise and go. Outward, hurried and hushed quickly, through the biting sleet and snow. Some one led her, bore her onward, bore her back, and wondering she. How her fellow-creatures wrestled with earth's pain and misery. Weary woman, oh! how weary, bowed with never-ceasing care. Men who struggled, ever losing, in a combat of despair. "All your life," she heard a whisper, "you have led on honey dew. Roses, lilies, these were waiting, for a helping hand from you." On again, and still the pity, on a lowly couch, a child. Crippled, white, and drawn with anguish, yet the lady thought it smiled. "Wherefore?" One beside her answered, "Heaven for such as these is bright. And this little one is passing to that happier home, to-night." Yet another darker prospect, and she found her tearful eyes. Turning round from frowning faces, with a shuddering surprise. Faces marred with evil passions, furrowed with the blight of shame. "Say," the angel murmured lowly, "I was for such the saviour came." Then again, with wing on sweeping, swiftly passed her scraph guide. And she stood where little beds were ranged together side by side. Here were dimpled children sleeping, but no mother's kiss they knew. "Orphans," stole the heavenly whisper, "left to care of such as you." It surely was a vision, for the lady had not stirred. Not a sound had broken the silence, save the twitter of a bird. In a cage with golden wires, but the lady heard a cry. Heard it in her soul, and answered, "Master, Christ, is here am I." "All my days I've spent unprofitably, thinking of myself alone. Little caring for my neighbor; late I'll labor to atone. Let my hand be open ever, let my ear attentive be. When the little ones are faltering, let me lead them Lord to thee." It was a dream I know not, God has many and subtle ways. To reveal his love to mortals, that their hearts may sing his praise. But I'm sure I heard the angels choir, in the midnight sky. Of this Christmas, sweetly, strongly, "Glorry be to God on high!"

Equatorial Relief.

An interesting relief map of Equatorial Africa, made by Mr. James B. Jordan, of London, is now exhibited at the rooms of the British Geographical Society. The horizontal scale is one inch to twenty-five miles, and the vertical one inch to five thousand feet. The construction of the relief was a work of nearly a year. An accurate map had to be made on a given scale from carefully collected data; this was transferred to clay by a kind of pantograph of Mr. Jordan's (senior) invention, a cast taken, and the present relief map constructed of papier-mache. There were several reasons for making it of this material; one, its lightness would enable it to be hung like a picture; another, the impossibility of its cracking and chipping as clay does; it represents nature better, and it can be easily repaired if the housemaid pokes a hole through it with her brush. When looked at in the light striking upon one side, the aspect of Africa in the interior is no longer the barren waste of the maps of fifty years ago, the interior, with its deeply set lakes and the swelling lands round them, looks as if it could not be inhabited by human beings, and it is so. All the data as to altitudes, latitudes, longitudes and sections were taken from the accounts of the several travellers who have discovered or visited the interior.

The dried fruit business has grown rapidly in Tennessee. During the past few years Knoxville and Nashville have handled large quantities of dried fruit, and now some of the smaller towns in the State are developing a fine business in the same line. For example, two years ago hardly a pound of dried fruit was shipped from Chattanooga. This year the dealers in that city will handle in the neighborhood of 750,000 pounds.

An owner of two race-horses often finds it difficult to keep up with his running expenses.

MURIEL'S CHRISTMAS.



THE bells in St. John's tower slowly tolled out the passing hour. A woman standing in the full glare of light that came from the gaily-dressed windows of Darcy & Co., dealers in furs, embroideries, fancy notions, etc., started, and as the last stroke of seven died out upon the air, raising her eyes to where, above the gaslight, the great, gray stone tower with its heavy turrets loomed dim and half defined against a background of lowering gray clouds that were drifting sullenly across the winter sky she exclaimed, "Seven o'clock! I've been out over an hour; poor mother!" and tender tears came into the great dark eyes that but for a moment since had been burning with anger when the bell startled her into consciousness of the lapse of time.

The eyes grew angry again as she glanced once more at the window where, in the most tasteful and elaborate embroidery, she recognized the product of her own skillful fingers. How long she had been standing there she knew not, for with flashing eyes and burning cheeks she was conscious of nothing save the insolent manner and hardness of her employer, who, in spite of her entreaty, refused to advance one cent of pay for the completed work she had brought, assuring her that Saturday was their regular pay-day, and that they never departed from their usual custom; even when from the pale lips was oozed the truth that her mother lay at home ill and starving, he only smiled blandly and bowed her out at the door. She folded her shawl closer about her slender figure as a gust of wind came scurrying keen and bitter down the street, and fixing her eyes upon the pavement to shut out the brilliancy of this week before Christmas, she walked rapidly onward.

Pausing once before a large grocery store she stood a moment irresolute, then with a determined look entered. Here, as everywhere, was busy and bustle; busy clerks were weighing and measuring out savory parcels to the crowd that thronged the place; people were chatting together as they waited for their turn at the counter, and no one had eyes or ears for the new-comer save as here and there a clerk glanced at her to see if she were a customer of importance, but, at sight of her faded garments and weary look, turned carelessly to his weighing and measuring again, content to let her wait till others of more prosperous men should be satisfied. At the farther end of the long room, leaning with one shoulder against the cashier's desk, stood a kindly-looking, gray-haired gentleman talking with a younger man, who was evidently a person of wealth and culture. Their conversation was about finished, and with a pleasant "Good-evening" the younger gentleman turned to come away, catching sight as he passed of Muriel's pale face and dark eyes, with their looked of mingled timidity and determination. The expression of her face and her evident poverty and weakness seemed to make an impression upon him, for he turned to look after her as she passed on, and an expression half of pity and half of admiration crossed his fine features. But Muriel saw him not. Finding the gray-haired gentleman, who was proprietor of this busy establishment, unengaged, she at once addressed him, saying, "Mr. Wilson, I have come to ask of you a kindness. I should not have troubled you, but your clerks refused to trust me when I applied to them this morning. My mother is just recovering from a long illness and needs nourishing food. Darcy & Co. owe me for work already done more than enough for what I want to-night, but they refuse to pay me before Saturday, their regular pay-day. I never before owe

to any man a cent, and but for my mother's illness should not ask trust now." Mr. Wilson, who had studied her face intently as she spoke, said, "It is not our custom to trust any one, and my clerks did exactly right in refusing you; but I am glad you came to me, for though I never saw you before I believe you are true, and will gladly supply your need. If you will give me your address perhaps my wife may be of some comfort and assistance to your mother; she loves to look after the sick and needy."

Thanking him for his kindness she gave him her address, made her purchases, and left the store. A few minutes' rapid walk brought her to the door of a house in one of the narrow side streets of the city; the house was the poorest upon that street, but the locality, though not aristocratic, was respectable. She opened the door and ascended one narrow flight of stairs, and then another, feeling her way along in the darkness. At the head of the second flight a door opened into a low-ceiled room, where a few coils gleaming through the grate sent shadows dancing over the bare floor and walls. Poor and meagerly furnished as the place was, one could tell, even in the semi-darkness, for there was no light save that made by the fire, that the room was scrupulously neat and orderly. A smaller room opened from this one, where, upon a low couch, the sick woman lay, weakly watching through the open door the playing shadows.

"I've been gone a long time mother dear," said Muriel laying her packages upon the table and going to the bedside; "but I've brought you something nice for supper. I'll stir up the fire and put the tea to steep right away."

"Tea! pet, have you got tea? That is good, for I am very thirsty; but I can eat nothing to-night, for the pain has come back, and I fear I am getting worse."

"O Mother darling! don't say that; I thought you were so much better," said Muriel, as she hastened to mix some medicine to relieve the pain.

She gave the mixture to her mother, and as it seemed to quiet her immediately, she went about getting supper, thinking the sight of food might tempt her appetite. The meal prepared, she succeeded in getting the sick mother to eat a few mouthfuls, and then, arranging her comfortably for the night, she ate her own supper, and lighting the lamp took her work and sat down near it to finish the delicate sprays of embroidery at which she earned her living, a living hardly worth the name—a hard, careworn existence, where only anxiety for her mother and dread of that bugbear of a tolling woman, debt, were the sensations of which she was conscious. Sometimes, as she sat there alone at her work, memory would call up visions of a careless, happy childhood, where no thought of toil or privation intruded. But the death of her father, and the startling news of his failure in business speculation, which in his love for his wife and child, he had succeeded too well in hiding from them, brought the mother—a weak, delicate woman—down upon a bed of sickness from which she had never recovered, and sent the young girl of sixteen years out into the world to be bread winner for both.

Then came two years of pleasant labor in a young ladies' seminary, where her proficiency with needle and pencil had gained her a position as teacher of needlework and drawing. But ill-fortune attended her there, and unjust suspicion on the part of the principal, and considerable pride upon her own, deprived her of that place, and the struggle for life had ever since been a hard one, finding her out, at twenty, wearing her life out, trying to make both ends meet, in a low attic in the heart of a great city. The great bell of St. John's tolled out the hours as they passed, till twelve, and one, and two had sounded, and still she sat there stitching, stitching, the memories chasing over her face like clouds and sunshine over the snowy fields, the white alternately flushing and paling as thoughts of the evening's encounter occurred to her. At last, when

the last glow had died out of the coals in the grate, she rose, put up her work, and looked to see if her mother was asleep. She found her quiet, evidently sleeping, and breathing a prayer of thanksgiving, she put out the light, and pressing her cold fingers to her throbbing temples, and over the hot weary eyelids, sought her rest.

The great city with the dawn waked to bustle and work; the rumble and roar and rush of business filled all the air with constant din, but still the tired girl in the attic slept on, sleep heavily, but not healthfully, such sleep as only the overburdened can sleep, rising from it to greater weariness than they felt upon lying down.

And in the little side chamber silence reigned as death. The sick woman lay as though cut in marble, and as painless, for indeed there was "no more sickness there."

The morning sunlight coming through the uncurtained window crept steadily along the side wall, and reaching the pallet where Muriel was sleeping, fell broad and full upon her face; the eyelids stirred and she moved uneasily, and awaking, sprang hastily up. Surprised to find it so late, she dressed hurriedly and went immediately, as she was wont, to see if her mother needed anything. The first sight of the rigid figure upon the bed made her heart stand still; she leaned over, touched the cold face with trembling hands, and without word or sign fell fainting at the bedside.

Breakfast was just over at Dr. Burton's, and still the three members that made up his household lingered in the cherry room where that meal was generally taken; Dr. Guy Burton sat tilted back in his chair, talking, with mock humility, a spirited lecture from his younger sister, Carrie, who stood at his side, her yellow curls tossed back from her sunny face, and her eyes sparkling with mischief, as she laid down the law to him, emphasizing with one dainty digit the points of her discourse upon the rosy member of her other hand.

Dr. Burton, who was evidently very much amused at her tirade, suddenly dropped his chair upon its legitimate number of standing points, and throwing his arm around her, pulled one of the escaped ringlets, asking her when she meant to apply for admission to the bar, as he thought she would make a capital pleader.

Carrie boxed his ears, with "Now, Guy Burton, shame on you to upset my dignity and eloquence in that style. But honestly, brother darling, you know that you really ought not to turn out at midnight just for an old maid who is troubled with nothing on earth but her own imagination. There are times enough when you are really needed, without your rushing out at all hours of the night to see a person who has humped up so often as Selina Wilson. If you will do these dreadful things, we shall have Dr. Drummond practicing in your place before long, and I won't have any brother to pet and tease," said she, putting her arms coaxingly around his neck.

Dr. Burton kissed her and said laughingly, "You might adopt Drummond; he is younger and better looking than I am. But really this time, pet, something did ail Miss Wilson. I saw her father at his store last evening, and he told me that she was not at all well, having taken cold, and when I was called last night I found her suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia."

Carrie looked sober at this announcement, and the elder sister, Mrs. Cary, who had been listening with an amused countenance to the conversation of the others, now asked if she had better not call at the Wilsons while she was out that morning. Dr. Burton assured them that Mrs. Wilson would be glad to see them, and rising said, "the nurse he about his business, or his patients would be getting well without him."

Mrs. Cary and Carrie concluded upon a shopping expedition and visit to the dressmaker, so all three left the breakfast-room together.

Death had robbed the three of both parents; the mother died when Carrie was but an infant, and the father, Dr. Samuel Burton, had died five years before our story opens, leaving to the three a comfortable fortune, and to Guy, who had followed in his footsteps as a successful physician, a large practice. Annie, the elder daughter, had married one

year after her father's death, but losing her husband the same year, she came back to the old home to preside over her brother's household.

The ladies donned their street dresses and were soon ready for their morning's expedition. Dr. Burton put them into the carriage, and then went to his office for an hour or so before going out to his patients.

Carrie, who had a perfect horror of dressmakers, or any one else whose business it might be to make her stand still for over two seconds, left her sister at Madame Sigurd's, and ordered the coachman to drive slowly up and down the street, until Mrs. Cary's business at that establishment should be finished.

Loitering back upon the cushioned seat she lazily watched the passers-by, or criticized the plain houses of the neighborhood, wondering how it would seem to live in such an uninteresting street, when a small tin sign, bearing the words, *Muriel Harding, Seamstress*, met her eye and caused her to start up and look back at the house as they passed.

"Muriel Harding—surely it can't be!"—and Carrie set bolt upright and poked up her brows, trying to catch and make tangible a vague memory that fitted across her brain.

"Dear Miss Muriel, I wonder if it can indeed be she," she said; then, calling the coachman: "Allen, drive back and stop on the right-hand side, at a little sign having on it Muriel Harding, Seamstress."

Wondering what new freak had taken his mistress the coachman obeyed, and Carrie, springing from the carriage, inquired of a woman who at that moment appeared at the door looking anxiously up and down the street, where she could find Miss Harding.

"My dear young lady, you can't see Miss Harding on business now; her mother died this morning, and I just now found Miss Muriel in a dead faint upon the floor. I'm looking for some one to send for a doctor."

"Allen," called Carrie, "go for Dr. Burton and bring him immediately; then turning to the woman she asked her to show her to Muriel's room. The woman, who occupied the lower part of the house, said she was making up the beds on the second floor when she heard something fall, and ran up to see what could be the matter. She found Mrs. Harding dead upon the bed, and Muriel lying unconscious upon the floor."

"That was full five minutes ago," said she, "and though I've tried everything I could think of, I can't bring her to."

"Oh no, miss," answered the woman; "but if she don't get help soon, I am afraid she will be."

Carrie pulled off her gloves, and asking for some fresh water, bathed the poor white face, and applied her smelling-salts. In a few seconds there were signs of recovery. Then the dark eyes opened, and with a frightened look at the strange faces about her, Muriel attempted to sit up, but was too weak, and fell back upon the bed. Just then Dr. Burton's step was heard upon the stairs. Muriel started, trying to think why these strangers were about; then a sudden rush of memory brought back to her the terrible event of the morning, and she fainted again, and so Dr. Burton found them, Carrie's tears raining down upon the unconscious face, and the women of the house standing helplessly by.

"Oh, Guy, I'm so glad you have come," said Carrie, as Dr. Burton took charge of the patient.

"Do you know her, Carrie?" asked he, glancing from the still face to his sister's tear-stained one.

"She was my drawing teacher at Madame Neal's," said Carrie; "the loveliest and best liked of all our teachers. Her mother lies dead in the other room. There has been one of these two for many years. Miss Muriel's love for her mother was wonderful, and I am afraid this trouble will kill her. Oh, Guy, let us take her home with us, please."

Dr. Burton looked thoughtful for a second, and then said, "Annie is at Madame Sigurd's, is she not?"

"Yes,"

and do you come back and help me here." But a few seconds sufficed to bring the poor girl to consciousness again, and when Carrie returned she found her lying with eyes closed and great tears rolling down the pale cheeks. Though the sight was pitiful, Carrie was glad to see the tears, for she knew they must be the first ones she had shed, and would be a relief to the overburdened heart. Kneeling down she gently put her arms around her, and kissed the trembling eyelids, saying softly, "Dear Miss Muriel."

Muriel opened her eyes and looked wistfully in her face.

"Don't you know me, dear, don't you remember Carrie Burton?"

"Little Carrie, my pet and comfort once before when I was in trouble?"

"Yes, dearie," said Carrie kissing her again "little Carrie, come to love and comfort you in this trouble too. Guy is making arrangements for the mother, and then you are going home with us to be nursed and petted until you get well."

But Muriel bursting into sobs said, "There is no one to get well for now, mother was my all."

"Nay, my friend," said Carrie, "God has not taken her from you entirely; she is yours to love and live for still, only removed to another and better place, where there is no room for pain and tears."

Muriel put her arm around Carrie's neck, and Carrie, gently smoothing her hair, let her cry on, knowing it would do her good. Dr. Burton returned to say that he had obtained the necessary help for the sad work to be performed and to announce the return of the carriage. Carrie wrapped Muriel's shawl about her, and tied her own soft scarf over her head. Muriel attempted to rise, but had not Dr. Burton caught her. Seeing she was too weak to walk he took her in his arms and carried her down stairs, placing her in the carriage, where Carrie heaped the cushions and pillows Mrs. Cary had sent about her, making her as comfortable as possible. With a few last words to the woman of the house concerning the disposal of the corpse, Dr. Burton took his seat beside the coachman and drove slowly home. As he lifted her from the carriage Muriel threw out her hands towards Carrie, and gasping some unintelligible words, fainted for the third time that morning. Dr. Burton carried her rapidly into the house and placed her upon the bed prepared for her, and for three days and nights they watched anxiously and constantly, to avert if possible the fever that seemed determined to lay hold upon her. Dr. Burton tried his skill to the utmost, and the third night announced to the anxious sisters that he thought with careful nursing they might bring her through without the fever they feared coming upon her. It was the evening of the sixth day since Muriel had been brought helpless to the house, when Carrie burst out of her room, and wailing her brother in the hall, threw her arms about his neck with.

"Guy, darling, she is just crazy, clean distracted; go use your authority immediately; tell her she is a lunatic to think of such things," and Carrie stopped from lack of breath.

"Who is crazy? Think of what thing? I am not sure but you are the one distracted," said Dr. Burton laughing.

"Why, Muriel, to be sure; here she is, hardly able to walk across the floor alone, and she talks of 'getting to work again, and not troubling us with her presence any longer,'" then pleadingly, "Guy, you'll make her stay, won't you?"

Guy took the excited face in his two hands exclaiming, "What! tears, actually?" then kissing the pouting lips he said, "We'll see, pet," and with that disappeared inside the door. The lights were turned down low to suit the weakness of Muriel's eyes, and her chair had been drawn up to the window, where she and Carrie had been watching the gradual lighting up of the city streets. It was Christmas Eve, and the soft low music of the chimes and church bells came stealing into the room where Muriel stood, looking more like a shadow than anything else in her black dress. She had risen when Carrie rushed out of the room, and stood leaning her face against the window sash; she did not hear Dr. Burton enter, and knew not that he

was near until he stood close beside her and was saying: "Miss Harding, Muriel, Guy Burton asks you to stay; indeed he can't get along without you, for he has loved you ever since one week ago to-night when, not knowing who you were, he saw you in Mr. Wilson's store."

Muriel's face went down into her hands, and Guy, drawing her to him, said softly, "Say you will stay," and she stayed, and in due time became Guy Burton's wife.

He Conquered.

Congregations are often brought to the brink of an explosion of mirth without knowing it. Such was the case in a Hartford church recently. The godly and eloquent pastor was in the midst of his powerful discourse. The large congregation hung upon his lip as he moved up to the climax of his argument. He, himself, was deeply absorbed in his work, as his ringing voice and forcible action showed.

Just then he somehow became aware of a distraction near at hand, and, glancing obliquely, espied a colossal wasp perched upon his left shoulder. A second glance was conclusive. The wasp was bridling and lurching himself in a manner that meant mischief. He was in no haste, but, as if knowing his advantage, he leisurely performed those agile and ominous gymnastics which are the preparations and signals of assault. He would torment the helpless minister before stabbing him. All this the parson comprehended with concealed terror, meanwhile pushing along the vigor of his speech, and keeping up the boom of his discourse.

Mysterious is the complex movement of the human mind. Fatigue was the intimidation, fugacious the hope, vain the plan, fatal the delay, of that wasp. Procrastination and pride were his destruction. An inspiration seized the parson, now working double lines of thought. His plan was formed and executed with such a rapidity and success that the congregation were ignorant of the splendid strategy. Raising his voice to an unwonted strain, he swung his right arm around to that left shoulder, plucked him upon the desk, and, shouting in stentorian tones, "Yes, my beloved hearers! brought his clenched fist down upon the precise spot whereon his enemy lay with an energy that made the Bible leap, raised a cloud of dust from the cushion, and carried complete conviction both to the body of the wasp and the minds and hearts of the spellbound congregation. It was the climax of his discourse. So instantaneous was the maneuver executed that no one detected the real occasion of it, and the edified hearers remarked to one another, as they left the church, the uncommon earnestness and vigor of their beloved pastor's delivery that day.

What the Wolf Hid.

We were standing at the window watching Lion, the house-dog, burying a bone in the dead leaves near the fence.

"Why does he do that?" asked my little cousin.

"Animal instinct," replied my father, to whom the question was addressed. "He has more dinner than he cares to eat just now, and so puts away some for the next time. Other animals do the same thing sometimes. I once knew an old lady who when a child, had a singular adventure in connection with this same instinct."

Of course there was an immediate demand for the story. Father teased us for a little while, and then he told it, as follows: Sixty or seventy years ago, my friend's father was a pioneer in the region bordering on the Ohio river. He and his son were cutting wood in the forest one day, and Polly, then a little girl of five years old or so, was playing near them while they worked.

When the time came to go home, Polly was nowhere to be seen.

"That's strange," said her father. "She always obeys so well. I don't see how she could have strayed off."

"She wouldn't have gone home without telling us," said her brother. "Look! here's her sun-bonnet full of nuts. She must be somewhere around."

panthers were plenty, and only the winter before the father and son had killed two bears in an attack on the cow-house. So they began to feel seriously alarmed. Presently the odd-looking heap of leaves on the farther slope of the hill, where no wind could possibly have tossed them. He went to have a closer look at it. Carelessly throwing aside a portion of the heap, he uncovered, to his joyful surprise, a bit of Polly's red frock.

"Father, come here," he called, and in a moment more they had the child safe and sound, but fast asleep, in their arms.

"That's strange," said her father once more. "John, take Polly home. I'm going to stay here, and see if I can't find out what this means. She never covered herself up this way, I'm certain. Come back as quick as you can, and bring your rifle with you. Here, hand me mine before you go."

So saying, he piled the leaves up neatly once more, putting a small log of wood into the place where the child had lain. He then crouched down behind a fallen tree near by to see what would happen. He did not have long to wait. John had scarcely time to return, almost out of breath with the haste he had made, when the soft patter of paws was heard on the leaf leaves, and they saw three gray wolves approaching at full trot, with another slightly in advance leading the way. The wolf in front led his comrades straight to the heap of leaves, and, scratching eagerly, quickly uncovered the buried log. His dismay was snuffed and smelled and turned his head this way and that in utter bewilderment. How a dainty little girl, plump and soft, and just suited to the taste of a wolf who enjoys a good dinner, could suddenly turn into a great un-eatable log of wood was too much for him to understand. He finally gave the problem up in despair, and turned to his companions, covering like a beaten hound.

There were some sharp barks of disappointment, followed by snarls, as the three guests, who had evidently been hidden to a feast which was not forthcoming, expressed their indignation at the supposed hoax. The other wolf only whined dolefully, but in vain, for the three fell upon him, and in less time than it takes to tell of it, tore him into pieces, and began to devour him. They did not finish the meal, however, for the two rifles behind the log cracked once again, and all three wolves lay dead beside the comrade whom they had punished so terribly.

"I have every reason to believe this story literally true," continued my father; "and the other day I told it to E. S. Ellis, the well-known writer of stories of western adventure. 'I have no doubt it happened just as you heard it,' he said. 'The incident is uncommon, but not unknown in natural history. My grandfather knew a lumberman who went to sleep in the woods in northern New York, and was awakened by a panther covering him with leaves. He lay still till the animal got through and went off, when he jumped up and left too. He didn't wait for the panther to come back.'—Harper's Young People.

Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, boasts a curious work of art. It is called the Iron Palmetto, and is located in the State House yard. It is a casting wholly of iron, commemorating the death of many of Carolina's slain, whose names are found in raised letters on two brass tablets at the base. The success of this casting consists in its perfect imitation of the living palmetto—the favorite tree of South Carolina. The long, thin leaves of iron, life-like even to the hair-like fibres of the twigs and branches, wave tremulously in every zephyr, and the whole tree, painted artlessly, has so close a resemblance to the real tree as to deceive the acutest observer at the distance of a few rods.

"Yes, sir," said the irate man. "I got even with that clergyman. I shunned him. Why, I hired 100 people to attend his church and go to sleep before he had preached five minutes."

It is asserted that the author of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" never rode in a conveyance. That is as it should be. We never saw a bunyan anywhere else; but on foot.—Yonkers Statesman.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1882.

An unexpected rush of holiday advertising this week, forces a large quantity of reading matter, including the year's recapitulation into the next issue. Next Saturday's paper will be the same size as this week's.

This edition of the HERALD is one of the handsomest sheets ever issued by a country journal. The handsome paper on which it is printed, is from the Waverly mill at Buckland.

NORTH MANCHESTER.

Stone is prepared to shoe with the ice cask, which is movable and is pronounced to be the ultimate for winter calkings. Give him a trial.

J. J. Strickland is adding a 50x18 foot shed to his barn.

The board of relief announce a meeting in the town hall, Jan. 1st.

P. P. Boynton was this week appointed agent for the Erie and New England express.

The Methodists will have a Christmas tree and concert in the church Christmas night.

Officers Loomis and Snow searched Charles Andrus's place Monday afternoon but failed to find any intoxicants.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet with Mrs. E. E. Hibbard, Friday afternoon, Dec. 22d, at three o'clock.

The new assistant quarter master general, J. L. Woodbridge, called on the governor-elect Thursday, and found him busy on his inaugural address.

The Happy Hours club social, Thursday evening, was "the best yet." Thirty-five couples participated and Coste's orchestra furnished excellent music.

Norman Latham has returned from the rough country in south western Pennsylvania where he has been at work with an engineering party laying out a new railroad. He has grown fleshy and a beard. He expects to go back in a few weeks.

A careless express messenger threw a case of boots consigned to G. S. Parkhurst out of a car door Friday night while the train was moving. The box fell on the rail and was crushed by the car wheel. Several pairs of shoes were ruined.

In order to avoid the Christmas festivities the Reading Circle will meet at the house of Dr. S. H. Burgess next Monday evening Dec. 18th, at 7 o'clock. Subject: "The Colonial History of the Middle and Southern States." All who are interested are cordially invited to attend.

O. H. Merrill, at the green, has a sleigh which like the famous "one-hoss shay" went to pieces all in a day last Monday. He was driving at a rapid pace when the sleigh struck a stone and dropped, shattered at a joint. The horse with unusual sagacity stopped short and the driver was therefore unhurt by the fall.

An itinerant horse doctor talked a good deal about himself to a small audience at Cowles's stables Thursday afternoon. He says Connecticut is the worst state he ever saw, and adds that he is going to leave for South Carolina. The fact is that Connecticut farmers know their business too well to take kindly to a traveling medicine peddler.

The Manchester Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, lately organized, is receiving accessions to its membership, at almost every meeting. One professional gentleman had to be excused last Monday night before he had reached the third degree, to aid in another initiation. Few mutual benefit companies furnish reliable insurance as cheap as this.

SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT.—David Harrison, aged 17, of this village was drowned at Burnside last Sunday. He was visiting an uncle and early in the morning went across Walker's pond on the ice. On returning he broke through and before assistance could reach him sank. The parents of the unfortunate boy have the sympathy of the whole community in their sorrow, which appears the more painful when we remember that twelve years ago they lost a son by drowning—a lad of 15 years who fell through the ice in the Union Company's pond.

J. L. Woodbridge was out fox hunting Monday and wounded a fox with a long range shot. The fox kept running with a broken fore leg,

hotly pursued by the hound. Finally he brought up in a shed on the premises of Mr. Fowler, near Bolton centre. Mr. Fowler heard a commotion in the shed and running out found the fox and hound in mortal combat. A few well aimed blows silenced Reynard, and fox and dog were taken into the house. While Mrs. Fowler was reading the address on the hound's collar she heard a scampering behind her, and looking around saw the fox searching for a way out. An axe was near by and with it the fox was finally dispatched. Mr. Fowler never went fox-hunting but thinks his feat of securing the brush of a large fox in his own kitchen is worth recording.

MEETING OF "OURS."—A public meeting of the "Ours" club, complimentary to Dr. C. H. Weaver was announced in last week's HERALD. It was also stated that Miss Charlotte Johnston had consented to read. The result of the announcement was an assembly that filled every seat in the main body of Bissell's hall and occupied two tiers of chairs in the balcony. Miss Belle Goodrich opened the entertainment with a piano solo which was followed by the announcement that Miss Johnston would read as her first selection, Tenyson's "Mabel Martin." Miss Johnston was received with perfect silence, the audience apparently fearing to applaud lest they should lose the opening words of her recitation. Miss Johnston's appearance is not especially prepossessing. She does not owe her fascination to dressy toilets and a rugged complexion. She appears on the stage neatly and plainly clad in black, unrelieved by flashing jewelry. She is slender and her pale face looks almost white in contrast to the mourning in which she is attired. But when she speaks her first words chain the attention of the hearers. Her enunciation is perfect, and her impersonations are so well taken that the personality of the speaker is forgotten. Her voice has a flexibility that admits of an apparently endless variety of adaptations and shows unceasing discipline. In the Scotch and Irish dialects, she excels, and in the former she relaxes almost unconsciously into the language of her fathers. Her readings were listened to most attentively and heartily applauded. Dr. Weaver sang a solo which was encored. Hawley Pettibone, in behalf of members of the club presented to Dr. Weaver an elegantly framed engraving and easel. Dr. Weaver has been an active member of the "Ours" and to his energy has been due much of the success that has attended the organization. He removed Wednesday to Meriden where he will practice medicine. After the presentation there was a pleasant social. Music of an excellent character was furnished by Messrs. Chadwick and Dale.

BUCKLAND.—The contractors on the New England Road increased their number of teams this week, and can thus finish their contract sooner.—A very welcome guest arrived at Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Cowles's last Friday; a bouncing boy, weight 104 lbs.—The mill at Hillardville, has been stopped for two days this week, to make some change in the repairs just made.—If the New England road folks carry out all their plans, the facilities at Buckland for unloading coal, will be among the best.—When the double track is completed, if the public road remains where it now is, many no doubt will go to Hartford, by the way of what was formerly the south turnpike, and thus avoid the crossing of the track so many times.—Olin R. Wood is building a new road from the highway road to his house, one which we judge will not wash away.—A new water front steam boiler, Beach & Son builders, has recently been placed in the Waverly mills.—The formula for making first class mullage can be had of J. Johnson free on application.

How can Bissell sell goods at such small profits?
Christmas Slippers at Bissell's.
Fruits, Nuts and Confectionery at Bissell's.
Bissell sells Oysters at 35 cents per quart. Solid Oysters, not an aquarium.
Holiday Opening of Bissell's Store Monday Dec. 18th.
Choice meats and Poultry at Bissell's, for Christmas trade.

Men's fine clybian heavier overcoats \$15, \$17 and \$20 each at the "HUN" CLOTHING STORE, 141 Asylum St., opp. Allyn House, Hartford.

Men's overcoats \$25.00 each, not very handsome but durable, all sizes from 34 to 44 now in stock at the "HUN" CLOTHING STORE, Opp. Allyn House, Hartford.

Men's business suits \$7 each. Strong, durable and well made. "HUN" CLOTHING STORE, Opp. Allyn House, Hartford.

Men's heavier overcoats \$30, \$35, \$40 and \$45, well made and trimmed; see them before you buy at the "HUN" CLOTHING STORE, Opp. Allyn House, Asylum Street.

The Farmers in Convention.

The State Board of Agriculture held a Farmer's Convention in Rockville during three days of this week, at which were present many interested in matters pertaining to agriculture from Vernon and adjoining towns, as well as many from more distant points. Handsome displays of fruit, vegetables and seeds were arranged upon tables about the sides of Rockville Hall, where the convention was held.

On Wednesday the convention was called to order at 11 a. m., by J. P. Barstow of Norwich, Vice-president of the Board, who called upon Rev. Mr. Backus of Rockville to open the meeting with prayer. Mr. Barstow welcomed the members of the convention to the enterprising manufacturing village of Rockville. He contrasted classes of blooded stock with those of thirty years ago, very much to the advantage of the present. The successful farmer of today is he who has the best seeds, the best implements, the best animals. Farmers' Clubs and Agricultural Societies have been utilized to bring this about. In frequent cases, also, merchants and professional men return to the homestead and fix up the old place. When a farmer adds to his herd blooded animals they should be used for the good of the community in which he lives. Why is it that some farmers succeed in obtaining a bare livelihood while others make money? This query was answered by remarks bearing upon the value of different grades of butter, the cost of making the best grades being no greater than the poorer. There is always a good market for the best grades of all farm produce. If the farmer does not succeed in producing the best quality of butter he will not make a success in that line had he given his endeavors to some branch of which he can make a success. The trouble is farmers don't always try to produce the best and the degree of goodness determines the success and non-success of the farmer. The speaker here made a common sense recommendation that the board expend a limited amount in preparing and placing in the schools of the state, text books upon the subject of agriculture, that scholars may be properly educated in this branch of knowledge. Attention was also drawn to the importance of farmers' accounts, so they may know the cost of producing a pound of butter, a pound of beef or a bushel of potatoes. Mr. Barstow also gave a brief history of the State's Agricultural School at Mansfield, and a statement of the objects and plan of study, recommending the same to the kindly interests of farmers, closing his interesting remarks with the desire that it may prove a blessing to the state.

Rev. Mr. Backus being called upon, said he was glad to express a word of welcome to the members of the convention. It has been the subject of discussion in the village for days. We are a manufacturing village, but never forget how much the manufacturing community depends on the farming community. He could not see why the farmers of Ellington, Tolland and Vernon cannot send good vegetables and fruits to market, and with as good profit, as the citizens of New Jersey. We appreciate the session which has called you together.

DR. F. P. ALMSTRAY, at the State's Agricultural School, was next introduced. He gave a brief sketch of the objects, plans and methods of the school. The object of the education is to give the farmer a scientific education. The course covers two years. The Junior year includes the study of chemistry in its application to the soil, etc., Natural Philosophy, Botany, Physiology, Zoology, etc. All this serves as a foundation for the Senior year, when these sciences are applied. Each of these subjects were enlarged upon in a most entertaining manner, showing the use and application of each. Instructions in the class of students, in having an idea they were mostly from families of alliences. The reply was, that of the eighteen students but one would come under that class.

A question as to the age at which boys are admitted, brought the reply, fourteen years. The requirements being a good English education. What is the capacity of the school? It is limited by the dormitories to 25. How right is the discipline? Our almost sole dependence is upon the honor of the student. If a wild boy comes, he is always turned down by the other students. Not allowed to remain unless he conducts himself properly.

Has the school been favored outside the original donors? Yes, to the extent of \$700 or \$800.

Mr. Gold, Secretary of the Board, related to the value of the property, which comprises 170 acres, valued with buildings, etc., which were formerly used as a soldiers' orphan's home, at \$20,000, and then commended the present school family: Prof. Arnaby, Koons, the farmer, Mr. Goddard, and Mrs. Coyne, the motherly mother. The object of the school differs from other schools in that we educate the boys for the farm and not off of the farm.

One speaker felt the school would fail. It should fail, because people don't understand what it is, and consequently in strong towns that the farmers visit the school and acquaint themselves as to its workings.

Mr. Backus asked if the boys learn to love the farm? Does it make farmers? Every member of the senior class means to become farmers. One who came with a desire for something other calling has become a warm convert to farming.

Mr. Thompson of Newtown related the results of his observation during a recent visit to the school, which were very flattering to it.

Mr. Warner—What inducements do you hold out to the boys? When a professional man graduates his position in life is fixed. He becomes a lawyer or a doctor or a minister. Few farmers can afford to pay the student the salary he is perhaps entitled to. Where can one place him? Reply—We can offer him our education so that he can rely on the forces of nature. The natural place he will occupy will be on a farm of his own. The mental culture will be of great value to him. He will become a leader and natural model in the community where he may locate.

Mr. Hubbard of Middletown related warmly to Col. W. Warner, indicating that the professional man, when he graduates, does not step into a position which he has earned it with hard, earnest work, and the boys who graduate from the school will obtain a similar satisfactory position by the same means—hard work. Farmers can serve the school best by sending twenty-five or thirty boys to the best material in the state. The most generally interesting feature of Wednesday was the paper on poultry, by Mrs. Mary H. Reed, of Arden, N. Y. This was a very practical document, because it related to the actual experiences of the speaker, and naturally covered all phases of the subject. It was rightly entitled "Practical

Lessons on Poultry Raising." The subject was considered from the egg to the mature fowl, from the feeding and care, plan and size of house used by herself, statistical tables showing cost of feed and stock, eggs and fowls produced, the profit and enjoyment to be gained from the pursuit, its help to healthy exercises. Like the lecture of the morning, this elicited numerous questions from the audience. Mr. Arnaby asked as to the result of placing food in quantities before fowls. Miss Reed did not favor this plan because too much would be consumed, combined with lack of exercise, leading to fat and the hens would become too fat to lay.

Mr. Tilghmston of Vernon, asked as to green food, particularly ensilage. The lecturer had never used other than silage. Another had used it and fowls devoured it greedily. Mr. T. spoke a good word for mangel-wortzel.

Dr. Talcott of Ellington asked how she fed hay to her fowls. Whole, as taken from the mow, preferably claver. From the question—What is the practicability of incubators? Miss Reed had not used them. Powers of Williams referred to the experience of incubating eggs. Williams who had tried several experiments, and had concluded there was no such thing as determining sex before hatching.

One or two speakers mentioned the success in not allowing chickens access to drinking water until they were a month or more old. The general sense of the meeting was in favor of this practice as not humane, and the subject of selling eggs by weight was discussed at some length. The general opinion being strongly in favor of that plan. One gentleman stated that the average weight of a dozen eggs was one pound four ounces, while his own repeatedly weighed one pound seven ounces and sometimes one pound eleven ounces. In Denver they are now sold by weight.

At the close of the discussion Dr. Sturtevant was called to the platform and in a manner which closely held the attention of his hearers, illustrated the need of very great care in conducting experiments. The doctor is a man of means and has not spared expense. In his own extensive poultry farm, forty experiments were made, each succeeding plot of ground receiving twice the amount of fertilizer of the preceding piece, and one-half of each plot manured. The announcement of the result, wherein one series of uncultivated plots produced in a greater degree than corresponding pieces which were cultivated and vice-versa, and while the effect of the different quantities of fertilizers was very noticeable upon the growth of the plant, the harvest showed no appreciable difference in quantity of crop produced. The attempt of some of the gentlemen by queries, to get some degree of satisfaction from the results of the experiments were very amusing, till finally he admitted his only object was to convince them of the great degree of caution needed in carrying out experiments.

Wednesday evening Prof. W. A. Stearns gave a familiar talk on "The Utility of Blooded Poultry in the Migration." We have no space to give even an outline of this interesting and to farmers important subject.

THURSDAY.
Mr. E. D. Goodrich of Falls village, read a paper upon the results of the construction of our forests, at 10 a. m. This was followed by brief remarks. At 10:30 Mr. Levi Lodge entered upon a most interesting and very interesting paper. A running talk upon trout, black bass, pickerel and other scales, subjects were very animated. Some contended the stocking of our ponds with bass, while others spoke approvingly, including one gentleman who was on the fish commission appointed by the state. The general management of rivers by Mr. Abner Bradley, was discussed and illustrated very happily. The gentleman stood a running fire of questions, showing himself as an expert in all matters connected with the fishery.

HURRAH FOR CHRISTMAS
Santa Claus
CHRISTMAS GOODS
IN OUR STORE.
TOYS
CHEAP!
A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
Silk Handkerchiefs
AMONG THE REST.
Fitch & Drake.
Diaries for '83
MARKED WAY DOWN.
JUST RECEIVED!
PERFUMERY,
COSMETICS &
FACE POWDERS.
Latest Styles in Papereries.
DRUGS, MEDICINES, ETC.
CHAS. H. ROSE,
Druggist,
NORTH MANCHESTER, CT.

NEW GOODS!

— FOR THE —
HOLIDAYS!

— AT —
BISSELL'S.

Christmas Gifts!

BOOKS,
GAMES,
PAPERTERIES.

Toys! Toys!
Dolls for the Girls,
Sleds for the Boys.

Perfumery,
Toilet Articles,
FANCY GOODS & NOTIONS

— AT —
BISSELL'S ONE PRICE STORE.

DRY GOODS,
Woolen Blankets,
Comfortables,
Skirts & Nubias.

A FINE LINE OF HOSIERY.
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
LACED SHIRTS & UNDERWEAR,
Fine Wool Cardigan Jackets, \$2.50.

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS
AT - - BISSELL'S.

Bargains! Bargains! Bargains!
In Ladies' and Misses' Wear, Gents' Fine Shoes and Slippers, Children's School Shoes, all durable and honest goods sold at small profits.
FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES!
MEATS AND PROVISIONS,

Choice Teas at Low Prices, Pure Coffees and Spices, New Maple Syrup and Pure Clover Honey, Boston Baked Beans, Condensed Milk and Canned Goods.
SOLID OYSTERS EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY.
All orders for meats and oysters promptly delivered.
FRUITS, NUTS AND CONFECTIONERY,
Oranges, Catawba Grapes, Malaga Grapes, Apples and Lemons.

Best Flour in market, \$9 00
Good Flour, 8 00
Best St. Louis Flour, 7 50

HARDWARE, GROCERY & GLASSWARE
Bracket Lamps, Hanging Lamps, the German Student Lamp, Just the thing for a Christmas Present, Decorated Shades, Lamp Burners and Chimneys.

EVERYTHING!
Don't Read
This advertisement if you haven't time,
but call in and see us, and just hear
what we can say to you about
prices, etc., etc., at the

One-Price Store!
R. P. BISSELL.

Modern House Furnishing.

W. H. POST & CO.,
428 & 430 MAIN STREET, HARTFORD,

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
**Modern and Artistic
HOUSE FURNISHING.**

Carpets, Curtains, Decorations, Paper Hangings, Window Shades, Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mats, Matting, etc. Carpets from 25 cents to \$5 per yard. Window Curtains from \$1 to \$500 per window. Paper Hangings from 6 cents to \$25 each. Oil Cloth from 25 cents to \$1.50 per yard. Madras Curtains in great variety of styles and prices. Nottingham Lace Curtains, Swiss Lace Curtains, Antique Curtains. Portiere Materials in great variety. Cretonnes, Fringes, Cornices, Poles. Table Covers, Piano Covers, Mantel Trimmings, etc.

WE CLAIM
The Largest and Most Varied Assortment
of CARPETS ever offered in Connecticut.

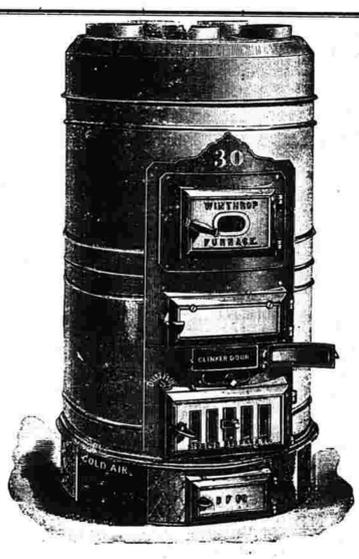
WE CLAIM
The most varied and complete assortment of PAPER HANGINGS and DECORATIONS for the Retail Trade ever offered in Hartford.

WE SOLICIT AN EXAMINATION FROM THOSE INTERESTED IN THESE
Two Great Departments!!
And trust to their good judgment for a verdict.

Our stock is selected with great care and comprises the newest and best things from the principal markets and manufacturers of this country. We have no doubt from our own store, hence our customers are sure of getting the latest novelties in every department.

All Goods Warranted as Recommended.
None but the best workmen employed to Lay Carpets, Hang Curtains, Shades, etc. It will pay to look for Carpets, Curtains, Decorations and Paper Hangings at the

New Carpet and House Furnishing Store
— OF —
W. H. POST & CO.



L. S. EMMONS.—Dear Sir:—I have used my No. 3. Winthrop Wrought Iron Furnace, and it has given me entire satisfaction. It is easily managed, economical, gas tight, dust tight, and a great heater. From Oct. 1, 1876, to June 1, 1877, it was in constant use, heating my house down stairs and up stairs (eight rooms), comfortably, consuming less than 2 1/2 tons of coal. It is convenient to clean out, burns coal or wood, sifts ashes, does not throw out heat in the cellar so as to injure vegetables there, and gives an agreeable heat, producing neither headaches nor colds. Plants flourish in our rooms, and our furniture is not affected by it. It is a morning glory, a noontime joy and an evening delight and ever a practical luxury.

Sold by **L. S. EMMONS,**
North Manchester, Ct.

White Corn Meal,
\$26.00 PER TON!
\$1.35 per Single Hundred.

Fuller & Co.,
FULLER'S BLOCK,
North Manchester, Conn.,
DEALERS IN
FLOUR!
Grain & Feed
OF ALL KINDS.
Baled Hays,
STRAW, Etc., Etc.

We offer meal ground extra fine from first quality corn, warranted as good or better than White Corn Meal, sold in bulk for stock than yellow meal, \$1.50 per hundred. Ten lots at reduced rates.
We buy for cash and our expenses being light we propose to give our customers the benefit of our fair and upright dealing, allowing more of our time looking after our own business than other people's, we hope to merit a fair share of the patronage of the citizens of Manchester and vicinity.
Respectfully,
HORACE FULLER,
WALTER W. COWLES.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night;
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had long been growing up to night.

Dorothy Dean.

HAT a pleasant, yet
common scene it
was. A low, brown
house, embowered
in shade, with vines
clambering up the
porch, old-fashioned
flowers in the
sundial and a gray
cat asleep in the
sun and pretty Dorothy
Dean standing by the
gate with the
white cat in her
hand. It was a
June morning, and
Dorothy, with her
soft black eyes,
her shining hair,
the peach-bliss on
her cheeks, and her
round white arms
hung in the
morning.

"Dorothy," called a sharp voice in
a high key from the buttry; "don't
idle your time. There's much to do
for you to linger gossiping at the gate."

"Yes, mother, I'm coming," the girl
replied. But she was in no haste to go.
How could she be, with Harry Morgan
standing by, and talking to her in those
low tones which meant to her, in those
clear and honest, and alas for the empty
days and the shadowed sunshine of the
summer to come, bidding her good-by.

"You'll think of me Saturdays when
you go up to the church to practice,
won't you, Dorothy? You'll have no
body to blow the organ."

"Father'll be Chapin go, I guess, or
I'll ask one of the Hart boys."
"Father'll be Chapin go, I guess, or
I'll ask one of the Hart boys."
"Father'll be Chapin go, I guess, or
I'll ask one of the Hart boys."

"Mother, what all you and Harry
Morgan?" Dorothy said, after a while.

"You know I'm to be his wife one of
these days. Why should he not kiss me?"
"Mother, is Harry to blame that his
folks are shiftless? You must own that
he is not in the least like them."

"Not so much, father. It's strange
Harry doesn't work."
"Mother, is Harry to blame that his
folks are shiftless? You must own that
he is not in the least like them."

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he is not in the least like them."

The Rector very gently asked her if she
could not give more time to practice
hereafter. Spring came, but again no
Harry. Summer, and he would surely
return for vacation. He was looked for
at home, and his letters were full of
hopefulness, when to his surprise he
found on a vessel as supercargo. The
wide world was between them now, and
the great seas, for he had not had an
hour to spare for Hillside and good-byes
and it would be a year or fifteen months
before the lovers could meet.

In the meantime Chapin, growing
weary of his mother's scolding, started
off one night with a little bundle in his
arms, and it was weeks before they knew
what had become of him. Then he
wrote from a great stock farm in Nebraska, where he had found employment.
Dorothy and her mother were left alone.
She became used to everything, and like
a sensible girl, and he would not give
up her time to tears and melancholy,
but occupied herself with her sewing,
her books, and her music, when her
housework was over. There was plenty
of that, for her mother was feebler than
she had been, and was obliged to resign
much to the younger pair of hands.
Neither did she stay away from the
society of the country side. She had
friends and admirers enough, for she
was a beauty—and a beauty in a small way
—and better still, was regarded as a very
smart girl. More than one young farmer
of the neighborhood hatched his horse
and buggy at the Deans' door Sunday
evenings; but though Mrs. Dean pleaded,
restrained, and sometimes wept, to
none would Dorothy listen except as a
friend.

"If you're waiting for that good-for-
nothing, my poor child, you'll be an old
maid," she said, one day. "I'll never
consent for you to take him."

"No, mother? Not if that were my
only way to be happy?" pleaded Dorothy,
in her loving way.

"You may take him when I'm dead, if
you will," the mother answered. "You
foolish girl, I dare say he had half a
dozen sweethearts since he left you."

"Hush, mother!" exclaimed Dorothy,
imperatively. It was hard to bear,
Long months, with no letters, and no
tidings from the dreary sea, of Harry
and his ship. Other maidens were
married and went to their homes, but
Dorothy only stayed alone and waited.

"If you're waiting for that good-for-
nothing, my poor child, you'll be an old
maid," she said, one day. "I'll never
consent for you to take him."

"No, mother? Not if that were my
only way to be happy?" pleaded Dorothy,
in her loving way.

It is a habit at Yale as well as at oth-
er colleges to put the graduating
class on record by a schedule of minute
statistics. In the effort to make
this schedule exhaustive, some amus-
ing facts are ascertained. The fol-
lowing are some of the questions
members of the class of '83 are ex-
pected to answer:

Ever suspended or dropped? How
many times? When and what for?
Ever called before the faculty?
When? What for? What result?
Ever warned? What for?
Ever had any letters sent home?
How many? Ever intercepted any?
Ever had in any bogus excuses to
the faculty?

Ever skin or crib? Regularly?
When did you begin, and why?
Do you think it wrong to deceive
the faculty? If not, why not?
Slave? When begin? Beard or
moustache? When started? What
success?

Color of hair, eyes, beard? Complex-
ion? Style of beauty?
Size of fat, shoes?
What nicknames have you?
Smoke? What and how much?
When did you begin?
Drink? When and how much?
When begin? Favorite drink? Favor-
able license? Ever get fat?
Swear? But? Gamble? To
what extent? When b-g-in?
Been in New Haven society, and
to what extent? When commence?
Beauty of New Haven girls?
Ever before the city authorities?
How did you get off?

Did you ever go on the pick up?
Do you ever flirt?
Have you made a flunk during the
four years? How many?
Ever attend the variety shows of
the city, and to what extent?
Ever put to bed by sophs? How
many in a bed? How many times?
Engaged? How many times?
Does she live in New Haven? When
do you intend to be married? How
are your matrimonial prospects?
What do you most admire in the
ladies?

Are you a contestant for the class
cup?
Ever attend a class prayer meet-
ing?
Moral Courage in Daily Life.

"Moral courage" was printed in
large letters and put as the caption of
the following items, and placed in a
conspicuous place on the door of a
systematic merchant in New York,
for constant reference, and furnished
by him for publication:

Have the courage to do without
that which you do not need, however
much your eyes may covet it.
Have the courage to speak to a
friend in a seely coat, even though
you are in company with a rich one,
and richly attired.
Have the courage to speak your
mind when it is necessary that you
should do so, and hold your tongue
when it is prudent that you should
do so.
Have the courage to own that you
are poor, and thus disarm poverty of
its sting.
Have the courage to tell a man
why you will not lend him your
money.
Have the courage to cut the most
agreeable acquaintance you have
when you are convinced that he lacks
principle—a friend should bear with
a friend's infirmities, but not with
his vices.
Have the courage to show your
respect for honesty in whatever guise
it appears, and your contempt for
dishonesty and duplicity, by whom
soever exhibited.
Have the courage to wear your old
clothes until you can pay for new
ones.
Have the courage to prefer com-
fort and propriety to fashion, in all
things.
Have the courage to acknowledge
your ignorance, rather than to seek
for knowledge under false pretenses.
Have the courage in providing an
entertainment for your friends not
to exceed your means.
Have the courage to insure the
property in your possession and
thereby pay your debts in full.

1883.

THE MANCHESTER

SATURDAY HERALD

ENTERS THIS WEEK ITS

Second Volume.

THE measure of success it
has attained is due largely to
the generous patronage it has
received both from subscribers
and advertisers. We desire
to improve the character and
value of THE HERALD, and in
order to do this we ask every
subscriber, whose name is al-
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You cannot purchase anything more pleasing for your friends than are articles from a Jewelry Store, as it always remains before the eyes to be admired, and TO DO YOURSELVES JUSTICE call upon us before purchasing. In fact, SANTA CLAUS IS COMING, and his headquarters will be at the

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AN AUTOGRAPH.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I write my name as one

On sands by waves strewn,

Or water's frosted pane,

Traces a record vain.

Olivion's blankness claims

Wiser and better names,

And well my own may pass

As from the strand or glass.

Wash on, Oh waves of time!

Me! none, the frothy time!

Welcome the shadow vast

The stone that shall last!

When I and all who know

And love me vanish so,

What harm to them or me

Will the lost me ever be?

If in my words of mine,

Through sight of life divine,

Remains, what matters it

Whose hand the message writ?

Why should the "crown's" quest

Sit on my worst or best?

Why should the showman claim

The poor ghost of my name?

Yet, as when Ilea a sound,

Its specter lingers round,

Happily my spirit life will

Leave some faint echo still.

A whip giving breath

Of praise or blame to death,

Soothing or stinging such

As loved the living much.

Therefore with yearning vain

And fond I still would fain

A kindly judgment seek.

A tender thought bespeak.

And, while my words are read,

Let this at least be said:

"What'er his life's defences,

He loved his fellow-men—

"If of the Law's stone table,

To hold the scales was able

The first great precept fast,

He kept for man the last.

"Through mortal lapse and dulness

What lacks the Glory's Fullness,

It still our weakness can

Love Ilea in loving man?

"Age brought him no despairing

Of the world's future faring;

In human nature still

He found more good than ill.

"To all who dumbly suffered,

His tongue and pen he offered;

His life was not his own,

Nor lived for self alone.

"He loved the scholar's quiet,

Yet, not unmoved by it,

Or poet's dream of beauty,

He strove to do his duty.

"He meant no harm to any,

He sought the good of many,

Yet knew both sin and folly—

May God forgive him wholly!"

—Our Country.

THE THREE CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

A PIONEER CHRISTMAS DINNER.

We had only arrived at our destination, a wild farm in Montana, about two months before, and all the energies of my husband, myself, and even our little boy and girl, had been absorbed to the utmost in getting settled for winter. Our little log house was shielded from the north-east winds by a belt of woods, paths had been made to the main road, and inside it began to wear an air of comfort, for I had brought crimson stuff curtains, thick rugs, and other relics of former comfort to give it a look of warmth and brightness. It was Christmas Eve before we thought that the next day was Christmas.

"What about the Christmas pudding?" asked my husband.

"You will have to go without it," I replied, for I have neither raisins, nut, nor spice—that is, such spice as should be put in a Christmas pudding.

"Oh, I can easily ride down to B— and get them for you," he remarked, "and all we shall need then will be guests to help us, for there is a wild turkey hanging in the shed."

It was ten miles to B—, and, sure enough, next morning he started immediately after breakfast, leaving me alone with the children, to clear up and prepare the rest of the dinner. We had corn meal, some canned things—peas, cream, milk and butter—the first produce of our own cow—a barrel of apples, some dried fruit, sweet potatoes, onions, and sweet corn. After tidying up, I fixed the baby in her high chair, and prepared the turkey for hanging to a string and roasting before the wood fire. I made a splendid corn cake, got out one of my choice pots of currant jelly—choice, because they must be made to last as long as possible—and was just about to prepare the onions for boiling, when my little boy, who had gone out to get wood for the fire, came in holding by the hand an Indian, who sat down in a stolid way and made me understand that he was hungry. "I gave him the remains of our breakfast, and he seemed satisfied—but I tell you, I washed for my husband's return, I cleared away the dishes he had left quite bare of food; and then my baby becoming sleepy, I rocked her while picking over the dried corn, singing to her Christmas hymns and carols. Then I was struck by a happy idea. I made my visitor understand that it was a festive day, and that I wanted red berries and green boughs from the woods. He leaped from the door with a yell that frightened me half to death; but, after a while, I recovered myself sufficiently to put the sweet potatoes in the ashes, and get the onions ready for the saucepan. I was beginning to look now with some anxiety for my husband's appearance, and my loneliness, had altogether upset my nerves, and I barred the door and watched the browning of the turkey, and the forest path, which I could see from the window, alternately.

One hour went by and he did not

come. I grew sick with terror, and was hastily tying on my bonnet and wrapping the baby in a blanket shawl, preparatory to taking a ten miles' walk through the woods, in order to learn what had befallen him, when the sound of a jolly laugh caused a sudden revulsion, and I fainted. When I recovered I found my husband bending over me, my sister, just arrived from the East, kneeling beside me, and my Indian standing in the door, the center of a whole bower of greenery, while a brace of wild birds was strung from his shoulder. We had our Christmas dinner, and no one found fault with it, though the pudding did not come off till next day.

A DINNER IN A "FLAT."

There were two girls; and they were living in a flat, a very small flat, and high up, as became their modest incomes, which were obtained, one from coloring photographs in a fashionable establishment, the other from a fair position as trimmer in a first-class millinery house.

"I want to give a Christmas dinner," announced one, over their supper of chops and tea and apple-sauce and brown bread, one evening. They were very sensible girls, and good healthful eaters, with no craving for "caramels" and such like stuff.

"Who shall we give it to?" inquired the other.

"Well, the poor young widow on the floor with us, who lost her husband so suddenly six months ago, and who is trying to support her two little children and herself by making cloth ulsters at a dollar a dozen. We haven't any one to make Christmas for specially," continued the young girl, "and I always think so much of this season, because my mother loved it, and made so much of it when she was alive, and I'd like to make it pleasant for some one who needs it."

"All right; I'd just as leave, seeing there's no one but you to make it particularly pleasant for me," said the other with tears, which she quickly brushed away, in her merry eyes. "Now, what shall we have?"

"We won't undertake pudding, because it takes so long to cook, and I'm afraid it would be a failure. But we can get one of the famous mince-pies from G—, and we can have mashed potato and cranberry jelly, and—and, oh Ruth! for a treat, a can of French peas; and I can make delicious fricasseed chicken, you know that; and with a salad and some red apples, and candies for the children, I think we will do very well."

"I think so, too," said Ruth.

So the invitation was given, and joyfully accepted, for the sad-hearted little widow, scarcely more than a child, had hard work to keep a shelter and buy a crust since the death of her husband, due to over work in the fearful heat of his loving protection and support.

Ruth did the buying, being an excellent manager; the colorist cooked the dinner, her work permitting her to remain often at home, and the bill of fare was a success, for it had been added a small oyster soup and celery by way of a beginning; and because, as Ruth admitted, Christmas would not be Christmas without turkey, pudding, or oyster soup. Turkey and pudding were dispensed with; but the oyster soup, hot, creamy, and well flavored, was followed by the daintily cooked chicken, the mashed potato, the jelly, the peas, and finally by the mince-pie and the red apples. The children's eyes had grown bigger and bigger, and finally smaller and smaller, until one, clutching her box of candies, slept the sleep of utter contentment, and was laid in a thick swath upon the small lounge. Everything was small in the flat but the hearts of the young hostesses.

"Come in," said one in answer to a knock. It was a man and a stranger who entered.

"Does Mrs. W—live in this house, do you know?" he asked, quickly. "Oh! I beg pardon for intruding," he said, as he saw the remains of the modest feast upon the table.

"Mrs. W—does live in this house; she is here; she has been eating her Christmas dinner with us," replied Ruth to the stranger's question.

"Thank heaven she had a Christmas dinner!" was his ejaculation. While "Oh, John!" came from little Mrs. W—, who had been covering up her baby, and turned around to find herself in the arms of an honest farmer brother, who, as soon as he discovered his sister's needy condition, had come to offer a share for herself and little ones in his Western home, where he lived with his good wife, but without chick or child. So the Christmas dinner was supplemented with a little store of good things, which the brother had been charged by his wife to procure, for fear they might be needed; and last summer the two girls spent their vacation in a visit to the farm, bringing a winter store of dried fruit, butter, ham, jellies, and the like, which compelled them to turn carpenters and make a

box-cupboard out at the back window of the "flat," which they still occupy—both "flat" and cupboard. The little family was as happy as the day was long; and that Christmas dinner has become the starting point of a new and providential departure in their lives, although it did not bring it, and had nothing specially to do with it.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER AT A RESTAURANT.

"If there is anything I hate, it is a Christmas dinner at a restaurant," said Frank Hallock, a good-looking fellow, in a gray business suit, who stood with his hands in his pockets, on the threshold of a "European" hotel restaurant, in Broadway, New York, one Christmas morning. "Confound that tram, if it had not been delayed, I should have reached home in time for dinner; as it is, dinner and fun will be all over, and they will hardly be glad to see me after having disappointed them. Well, it can't be helped. Mother will be glad to see me anyhow; and so, accepting the inevitable, he went in, and sitting down at a little table, took up the bill of fare. How dreary and common-place it looked! He knew the familiar list by heart, for business obliged him to travel a good deal, and he lived at hotels and restaurants. He wished for a home, but could not afford a costly one, and had little opportunity of testing the quality of the young ladies whom he occasionally met, and who seemed but little fitted for the wives of comparatively poor men, while he had too much refinement and intelligence to be satisfied with the absence of either in a wife.

"What will you have, sir?"

Mr. Frank H—looked up from his reverie, as the voice reached his ear. It was not its sweetness, although it was a sweet voice, it was its cultivation. He had always been critical in voices and language. It was a young girl who had uttered the words—a girl in a gray woolen dress, very simply made, with brown curls which formed little tendrils over her forehead, a narrow rim of linen collar, and a white apron.

"Bring me what you please," said the young man impulsively. "I don't want to order my dinner on Christmas day. I expected to have been at home. I will pay for it, whatever it may be, but please order for me." The girl flushed a little, and said, "But I may not suit your taste, sir."

"Yes, you will," returned he. "I mean that I really do not care what I have, only please omit the plum-pudding and its usual sauces. I can stand almost anything, but restaurant plum-pudding," he added, smiling. The girl smiled a little back; she was not exactly what could be called pretty, but she had lovely eyes, a bright face, which seemed to have been saddened by recent experience, a graceful figure, and, as Mr. Frank noticed, very pretty, delicate hands.

"How did such a girl come here?" he thought, but as it was none of his business, and he was not in the habit of interfering in what did not concern him, he ceased to speculate, and lost himself in a newspaper. His dinner came, and suited him exactly. It was served in courses, and very neatly. First, a small plate of Blue Points, with lemon and a roll. Then a delicious tomato soup, baked salmon-trout followed, then a tender fillet of beef, with asparagus, and a slice of red duck, with peas and jelly. The dishes were brought promptly and without any questioning, and the dinner wound up with an apple, an orange, a bit of cheese, and a cup of capital coffee.

"A first-rate dinner," said Hallock, heartily. "I could not have ordered it so well myself." He wanted to put a dollar into the girl's hand when he took his check, but he could not do it. She was a lady; had it been an ordinary waiter, he would have given him ten cents, and thought no more of it. He saw a wistful look in the girl's eyes, as she moved softly about, and he could not bear to leave her in this place to wait upon other men, and he ordered by them to bring them this and that. But he had to catch his train, and he did it, but he did not stay long at home, he was impatient for another dinner at the St.—hotel, and another opportunity to see his model attendant. But when he went again she was not there, and his disappointment was so great that he could not help questioning the cashier. "Very unusual girl, sir," he said, "takes care of her mother, but she had another situation offered her at a higher salary." "Where?" "Could not tell you, sir; down town, I believe."

It was the following summer, this last summer, in fact, that Mr. Frank Hallock was invited to dine, and spend the night with a friend, one of the well-to-do merchants of New York City. "Come early," he said, "I want to introduce you to a very charming young lady." He went of course, and quite at home, in a dainty dress of nun's veiling, trimmed with white lace, surrounded by all the appliances of a luxurious modern life, she was the brown-haired, gentle-voiced girl of the restaurant. He saw that

she recognized him, and he said, "I believe we have met before," to which she replied bravely, and turning to her host, "Yes, sir, it was at the St.—restaurant, where you found me, sir." Ah, yes, that was rather a rough experience for a girl like you, but it did not last long, and you are not much the worse for it, are you?" he remarked jokingly, and touching her hand with a kindly motion. "No, sir, it has only made me appreciate more strongly my present good fortune."

Later he was informed that the young lady was the daughter of a naval officer, deceased. That she had come to New York, from Washington, with her mother, after making an unsuccessful attempt to obtain employment in one of the departments. That she had seized the first opportunity that presented itself of obtaining employment, and that Mr. S—, who had known her family, discovered who she was by questioning, his interest having been excited by her modest, and lady-like manner and appearance. The result was, he offered her a position of corresponding clerk in his office, at fifteen dollars per week, subject to an advance when she became fully acquainted with the duties, and already, he declared, she was doing better than the cigar-smoking, billiard-playing young fellow he had been employing, at twenty-five dollars per week. The merchant's wife had become very much attached to her husband's new clerk, and often invited her to stay over Sunday at their beautiful home which was some miles out of town.

The merchant himself had been a conservative gentleman, not inclined to adopt any new-fangled ideas, but the quickness, faithfulness, and bright intelligence of this girl assistant so pleased him, that he became a convert to the modern idea, and was at first disgusted, when a few months afterward, Mr. Frank Hallock in formed him, that Miss—had accepted an engagement with him, for he really did not want to encounter another Christmas dinner without her assistance.—Democrat's Monthly.

THE HORSE'S FOOT.

OLD AND NEW STYLES OF CALKS.

NO. III.

The merit of the chisel pointed stationary calk lies in its antiquity and common use for the want of something better, as in case of streak tires, hand-looms and cards, wooden plows, fallow candles, hand-made horse shoes and nails. To be sure these calks have been just a little better than nothing when they are sharp and the footing slippery; but let them come to frozen ground or other hard bottom half of the time in one day's work, and the horse begins to slip on hard slippery floors. Now the horse is used for a week, more or less, until it is considered dangerous to risk it longer, and the calks must be sharpened, regardless of time or cost, and it must be done in a hurry, as it has become suddenly slippery, and business demands it, and all business men and horses are in the same predicament. When it is repeated a few times most feet are somewhat used up by nailing, cutting, rasping and possibly burning. Under these circumstances, together with the slow growth of foot in the winter season, most working horses come out in the spring with their feet in a

His Pa at the Reunion.

"I saw your pa wearing a red, white and blue badge, and a round badge, and several other badges, last week, during the reunion," said the grocery man to the lad boy, as the youth asked for a piece of codfish skin to settle coffee with.

"Yes, he wore all the badges he could get, the first day, but after he blundered into a place where there were a lot of fellows from his own regiment, he took off the badges, and he wasn't very numerous around the boys the rest of the week. But he was lightning on the slam battle," says the boy.

"What was the matter? Didn't the old soldiers treat him well? Didn't they seem to yearn for his society?" asked the grocery man, as the boy was making a lunch on some sweet crackers in a tin canister.

"Well, they were not very much mashed on pa. You see, pa never gets tired telling us about how he fit in the army. For several years I didn't know what a sutler was, and when pa would tell about taking a musket that a dead soldier had dropped, and going into the thickest of the fight, and fairly mowing down the rebels in swaths, the way they cut hay, I thought he was the greatest man that ever was. Until I was eleven years old I thought pa had killed men enough to fill the Forest Home cemetery. I thought a sutler was something higher than a general, and pa used to talk about 'I and Grant,' and what Sheridan told him, and how Sherman marched with him to the sea, and all that kind of rot, until I wondered why they didn't have pictures of pa on a white horse, with epaulets on, and a sword. One day at school I told a boy that my pa killed more men than Grant, and the boy said he didn't doubt it, but he killed them with commissary whiskey. The boy said his pa was in the same regiment that my pa was sutler of, and his pa said my pa charged him five dollars for a canteen of peppercorns and alcohol, and called it whiskey. Then I began to inquire into it, and found that a sutler was a sort of liquid peanut stand, and that his rank in the army was about the same as a chestnut roaster on the sidewalk here at home. It made me sick, and I never had the same respect for pa after that. But pa don't care. He thinks he is a hero, and tried to get a pension on account of losing a piece of his thumb, but when the officers found he was wounded by the explosion of a can of baked beans, they couldn't give it to him. Pa was down town when the veterans were here, and I was with him, and I saw a lot of old soldiers looking at pa, and I told him they acted as though they knew him, and he put on his glasses, and said to one of them, 'How are you, Bill?' The soldier looked at pa and called the other soldiers, and one said, 'That's the old drifter that sold me the bottle of bunion peaches at Chickamauga, for three dollars, and they eat a hole through my stummock.' Another said, 'He's the cuss that took ten dollars out of my pay for pickles that were put up in aquafortis. Look at the corps badges he has on.' Another said, 'The old whop! He charged me fifty cents a pound for onions when I had the scurvy at Atlanta.' Another said, 'He beat me out of my wages playing draw poker with a cold deck, and the acees up his sleeve. Let us hang him.' By this time pa's nerves got unstrung and began to hurt him, and he said he wanted to go home, and when we got around the corner he tore off his badges and threw them in the sewer, and said it was all a man's life was worth to be a veteran now days. He didn't go down town again next day, and when he heard a hand playing he would go around a block. But at the sham battle, where there were no veterans hardly, he was all right with the militia boys, and told them how he did when he was in the army. I thought it would be fun to see pa run, and so when one of the cavalry fellows lost his cap in the charge, and was looking for it, I told the dragoon that the pussy old man over by the fence had stolen his cap. That was pa. Then I told pa that the soldier on the horse said he was a rebel, and he was going to kill him. The soldier started after pa, with his sabre drawn, and pa started to run, and it was funny, you bet. The soldier galloped his horse, and yelled, and pa put in his best lies, and ran up the track to where there was a board of the fence, and tried to get through, but he got stuck, and the soldier put the point of his sabre on pa's pants and pushed, and pa got through the fence, and I guess he ran all the way home. At supper time pa would not come to the table, but stood up and ate off the side board, and pa said mor'n fifty of them cavalry men charged on him, and he held them at bay as long as he could, and then retired in good order. This morning a boy told him that I set the cavalry man onto him, and he made me wear two mouse

traps on my ears all the forenoon, and he says he will kill me at sunset. I ain't going to be there at sunset, and don't you remember about it. Well, good bye. I have got to go down to the morgue and see them bring in the man that was found on the lake shore, and see if the morgue keeper is drunk this time."—Puck's Son.

The Heathen Chinese Again. Recently, in Batte, California, where Chinamen play at faro a good deal, a mild-mannered heathen joined a faro game, and, after losing a few dollars, pulled out a little bag of gold dust and laid it on the ace. The ace lost, and the dealer, picking up the package, unfolded it, and weighed out the dust, which was fifty dollars worth. He was about to cast the paper aside, when the Celestial motioned and asked that it might be given back, as it had some washing account on it. The paper was returned, and the next night he was there again betting \$50 in gold dust as before. He put his package carefully on the ace, and won. The dealer handed out fifty dollars; but the Chinaman shook his head.

"What's the matter, John?" "You payee alee I bet—one hundred fifty dollar." The dealer laughed contemptuously; but the heathen, unrolling the package, showed a hundred dollar bill laid in between the double piece of paper which contained the dust. The dealer looked "very cheap," but the Chinaman never moved a muscle. He acted as if it was the regular thing to keep a hundred dollar greenback folded up in his gold dust package. "Pay it," said the look-out man, "he's got us dead."—Exchange.

A Good Shot. A plucky youth in Cohoes got rid of a belligerent negro tramp in short order the other day. Perceiving from his action that he was determined to rob the house as soon as he had finished a generous dinner which she had set before him, she quietly took a revolver from a drawer in the sewing machine, at which she was sitting, and held it within range of his vision. The negro laughed and said that he wasn't afraid of a pistol in any woman's hand, and he was willing furthermore, to bet that it wasn't loaded. "Oh yes, it is loaded," she replied. "I put in six cartridges myself this morning and if you'll keep your eye on that knothole across the room for a moment you'll soon see whether I know how to shoot." She aimed, fired and hit the mark, and then said, "Now get out of that door as lively as you can or the next shot will be at you." "He got."

A Growing Youth. Jean Condoist has been brought to Paris as a medical curiosity from the Haute Caine. According to a medical contributor to a Parisian contemporary, this youth, aged 19, took a start on the 17th of May, 1881, being then six feet three inches high, and found one morning that he had grown an inch. Every week since then has he registered himself, and on the 14th of September this human beanstalk had gained nearly five inches; he grew five inches more before the 20th of January, 1882, and seven more before March 15, and he now stands 7 feet 10 inches. All this has been accompanied by great pains in the back, and he stoops considerably; but since last June, it is his legs only that have grown, and his feet are already twenty-four inches long.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

The family of a well-known physician whose home is near New York, were recently annoyed by the loud crowing before daylight of four bantam roosters in a neighbor's yard. An idea occurred to the doctor. The bantams were tame and easily caught. He seized them one by one, and pulling out the vocal cords, clipped them off. The operation was painless for all but one rooster, which was accidentally killed. The others resumed their place in the yard, but have never since been heard to crow. The doctor now from his window gleefully watches their going through all the motions of crowing, but without making a sound, and is thrown into fits of laughter by witnessing the increasing wonder of their owner and the evident amazement of the hens.

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future—either our own or that of our near ones. Present joys, present blessings, slip by and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for the want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeams. Oh when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us? We who are so nutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and He who is so watchful, so loving so forgiving? Why cannot we slipping our hands into his each day, walk trustfully over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep and peace and home?

What A Pint of Ale Did.

A Manchester calico printer was on his wedding day, asked by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day as her share of extra comforts. He made the bargain, but not cheerfully, for though a drinker himself (thinking no doubt, that he could not well do without it) he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard. John loved his wife, but he could not break away from his old associations at the ale-house and when not in the factory or at his meals, he was with his boon companions.

His wife made the small allowance meet her housekeeping expenses—keeping her cottage neat and tidy, and he could not complain that she insisted on her daily pint of ale, while he, very likely, drank two or three quarts. They had been married a year, and the morning of their wedding anniversary John looked with real pride upon the neat and comely person of his wife, and with a touch of remorse in his look and tone, he said:

"Mary, we've had no holiday since we were wed, and only that I haven't a penny in the world, we'd take a jaunt to the village and see mother."

"Would thee like to go, John?" she asked. There was a tear with her smile, for it touched her heart to hear him speak tenderly as in the olden time.

"If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat," she said.

"Thou stand treat, Mary! Hast thou got a fortin' left thee?"

"Nay, but I've got the pint of ale," she said.

"Got what, wife?"

"The pint of ale," she repeated.

Thereupon she went to the hearth, and from beneath one of the stone flags drew forth a stocking from which she poured upon the table the sum of 365 three-pences (822.81) exclaiming:

"See, John, thee can have the holiday."

"What is it?" he asked, in blank amazement.

"It is my daily pint of ale, John." He was comely and stricken as well as amazed and charmed.

A Vine-Wreathed Room.

We have seen a room made beautiful by sunshine, vines, and an open fire. It was arranged by a lady who has a genius for making a home what it should be the happiest place in the world. All the rooms in her house are tasteful, but this particular one, the sewing-room, is the most attractive. The large bay-window on the south side is filled with vigorous, growing vines, which make a vivid green drapery. One vine hangs in long festoons from the ceiling to the floor, climbs half way around the room, stops to twine about a couple of pictures, and stretches out tiny fingers in hopes to touch another, which it will reach very soon. Its glossy leaves, and curling tendrils of lighter green, cast lovely shadows, and trembling traceries over the blue-tinted walls. It acts delighted to live in the house with the family, and gives no trouble, because it is the German Ivy—a particularly neat, well-behaved and affectionate little vine. Depending from the centre of the window in something which looks homely and comfortable, but is patient in anticipation of the developing into a beautiful object, by-and-by. This is a carrot! Why not? It thinks that if its old neighbor, the sun-flower, has become so set up in the world, why should not a carrot aspire to the same eminence? It is scooped out in the centre, which leaves a wall of moderate thickness, holes are bored near the top for the cord by which it is suspended, and it is filled with water. As soon as it once gets started, it intends to send forth as fast as possible, delicate, fleecy sprays of green, that will twine upward and downward, and cover itself with a glory most wonderful from such an unexpected source. The lady knows it will succeed, for carrots have done so before, and this one is striving unusually hard. Opposite the carrot, hangs a pink bloom of sweet-peas, that are so ethereal swaying in the sunshine, they appear to be blown in by a breeze. Yet there is nothing to account for it, but a damp sponge to which the sweet peas are very much attached. Near it, hangs another sponge completely covered with the pretty partridge-vine, taken from damp retreats in the woods. This takes so kindly to its new resting place, that it will make a gay decoration for Christmas, with its numberless twin leaves and bright red berries. There is also a large hanging basket of Kenilworth ivy, a wire screen of vines, and in front of all these a long low box, green with feathery ferns, all making an exquisite picture of life and color—a breath of summer fragrance; and memories of happy days in the woods. What an inviting room it is. A large, thick rug almost covers the polished floor, on which stands a claw-footed mahogany table, crowded with new books, and the latest magazines that you wish to read at once, in the capacious leather easy chair which stands near it. There is a well-filled bookcase, with only three objects on its top shelf, and not one of those a fan! But a gold-flecked Bohemian glass vase, an antique bronze lamp, and in the centre the graceful figure of the Flying Mercury in Parian marble poised in relief against folds of crimson plush, which makes the figure seem to fly against sunset clouds. An upright piano occupies a plush-upturned recess, with an exquisite marble statuette of a child gazing at a butterfly—an emblem of immortality—which is resting on its arm. A great square lounge, with delicate-headed creosote coverings, and large square pillows to match, is drawn up before the cheery fire, which is guarded by a clear glass screen bordered narrowly with ferns and grasses. An old-fashioned brass-handled writing desk, and a highly-finished mahogany chest of drawers filled with sewing materials, a long mirror set in the wall between two windows, and easy chairs comprise the other furniture in the room. Over the tiled fireplace hang that peaceful and love-picture, "The Harvest in the Highland." On the opposite wall, in oxidized-silver frames, are two large photographs of those two figures that give unending pleasure, Thorwaldsen's "Night" and "Mornings," and near the window is one of the few pretty chromes—the large bell in the snowy church tower, where the owls sit in the ivy, and tricky elves are having such a frisky time in the moonlight—one of the most taking little fancies in the way of pictures. The room is full of happy influences, and on a bright day the vine-draped window, seems filled with green mists, rosy lights, dancing shadows, and softened sunlight.—Hartford Times.

"BICHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. 81, Druggists.

The Michigan town of Petoskey had a beautiful mirage the other day, by which the Beaver Islands, 45 miles straight out in the lake, were plainly seen, and the phenomenon was even distinctly photographed.

"ROGHI OF BATH." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers, etc. Druggists.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.



The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. P. Warren, of Lynn, Mass., who is the only woman in the world who has been elected to the office of a life-sustainer, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing the weight of a burden of suffering, or joy at a cure from her. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. It has been prescribed by the highest and an entitled of the world of life.

On account of its purity, it is recommended and prescribed by the highest physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure indigestion, the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhoea, irregular and painful Menstruation, All Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Prolapsus, all displacements and all consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It purifies every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes fatness, flatulency, detaches all crusting for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, all Epilepsies, Depression and Indolence. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and lassitude, is always permanently cured by its use. It will fill all the pores of all constitutions, set in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It cures the eye better than any eye-cure, and is a safe and reliable remedy for all eye diseases, and is a safe and reliable remedy for all eye diseases, and is a safe and reliable remedy for all eye diseases.

For the Permanent Cure of Constipation. No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever been so successful in its cure as the celebrated Kidney-Wort. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all eye diseases, and is a safe and reliable remedy for all eye diseases.

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LESTER, POPE & CO., 42 Asylum St.,

When in want of decorative home furnishings goods, we will give you the benefit of years of

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE

and you will find our stock replete with the latest novelties in Eastern Rugs, American Rugs, Wall Papers, Window Shades, Draperies and Laces, Porcelains, Brasses, Marble and Fire Place Goods, Plush, Fringes, Corals, Fancy Tassels, etc.

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Full Lines,

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Fair Dealing.

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ALFRED WILLIAMS,

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SEAL SACQUES

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Large stock of English and French dyed Seal Skins, of the finest quality. Just arrived, also the styles for Seal, seal, seal and silk. Fine lined garments made to order. Trimmings of all kinds, Hoses, Rugs, Mantles, Capes, Gloves, Caps and anything in the fur trade.

All new styles of our own make. Ladies wishing anything in our line will find it to their advantage to call and examine our stock. We have several specialties in silk and fur linings. The only home in Connecticut devoted entirely to the manufacture of Furs.

45 Pratt Street, Hartford, Conn.

JAMES G. WELLES & CO.,

27 Asylum St., Hartford,

Will display an elegant assortment of

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During the Season.

Best PATTERNS OF CARPET SWEEPERS

In the market; price \$1.50, \$2 and \$5.

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For the Dining and Sitting Room, of various patterns and prices.

New Colored Dinner & Tea Sets

Very attractive, and prices very low.

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Latest Styles just received from New York. ALL PRICES AND KINDS.

From \$2.50 to \$10.

Boys' Suits,

Made of Good Strong Goods.

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FINE Dress Suits!

YOUTHS' AND MEN'S FINE DRESS SUITS, EQUAL TO THE BEST CUT.

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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 ANY OVERCOAT, COME AND LOOK AT MINE, AND I WILL SAVE YOU TIME AND MONEY.

I have also a large stock of 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.

You Can SAVE 10 Per Cent.

By purchasing a Suit of

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And Have Your Fare Paid TO HARTFORD & RETURN

By Investing \$10 or More.

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