

Manchester Saturday Herald.

VOLUME II.—NO. 36.

NORTH MANCHESTER, CONN., SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1883.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

OIL STOVES!

Of the best makes in all the styles and with all the latest attachments, for sale by

L. S. EMMONS.

These stoves will do all the work of an ordinary wood stove. They can be used for

Baking,
Boiling,
Steaming,
Broiling,
Washing,
Ironing,
And
Heating Apartments.

For the above purposes they are as good as a range and can be run at a much less cost. We keep only the best makes, which are **Washburn & Moors**.

Examine the samples in my office before buying.

LOOK AT OUR HOME-MADE

Paris Green Distributor

Simple, Cheap and Effective.

L. S. EMMONS.

NO. MANCHESTER.

NEW TAILOR SHOP!

P. McFarlane,
Merchant Tailor.

Has opened a new tailor shop in

BISSELL'S BLOCK.

He shows a full line of goods including the latest

Spring Styles.

Good Workmanship and perfect fit guaranteed. Prices as low as they can be, consistent with good work.

Your trial patronage is solicited.

P. McFarlane,

North Manchester.

United States Bank,

HARTFORD.

Chartered by the State of Connecticut.

Receives Deposits subject to Check.

Allows Interest on Time Deposits.

Loans money on Collateral and

Discounts Commercial Paper.

A High Class of Securities for Sale.

DIRECTORS:

Morgan G. Bullard, President; Life Ins. Co.

James Campbell, Vice President; Marine Ins. Co.

John E. Windsor, Treasurer; Fire Ins. Co.

Wm. H. Bulkeley, Merchant and Lient-Gov. of State.

Samuel Dunham, Treasurer of Dunham Hosiery Co.

Edgar T. Wells, Contractor and Builder.

Arwood Collins, Attorney at Law.

John W. Welch, Treasurer of First Savings Bank.

Thomas O. Enders, Pres.

HENRY L. BUNCE, Cashier.

SIX PER CENT BONDS

SECURED BY

First Mortgage Real Estate

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST

are Guaranteed and will be

paid at maturity by the

MIDDLESEX BANKING CO.,

Of Middletown, Conn.

OFFICES AND DIRECTORS:

President, ROBERT N. JACKSON; Vice

Presidents, C. E. JACKSON, M. E.

VINTON; Secretary, D. T. HAINES,

BENJ. DOUGLAS, J. M. DOUGLAS,

RUSSEL FRISBIE. Zm. 19-3m

Farmers & Gardeners

BRADLEY'S

Is the place to buy

Fertilizers, Lime, Cement,

etc. etc. Constantly on hand, all grades

STOCKBRIDGE, BOWKER'S, & DOLE

COMMON SENSE FERTILIZERS.

Also, Plak and Potash, and Dry Ground Plak.

Prices range from 25c to \$5 a ton.

S. C. BRADLEY,

North Manchester.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

(From the Boston Globe.)



She is a good illustration of Mrs. Lydia S. Plumb, of Lynn, Mass., whose name is familiar to many of our readers.

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KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and

LIVER.

It has specific action on this most important

organ, making it to throw off its waste, and

stimulating the healthy secretion of the

urine, and by keeping the bowels in free

condition, effecting its regular discharges.

Malaria. If you are suffering from

fever, chills, or any of the symptoms of

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I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT.

I may not reach the heights I seek;

My untired strength may fall me;

My half-way up the mountain peak,

Flows tempests may assail me.

But, though that place I never gain,

Herein lies comfort for my pain:

I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,

Despite my earnest labor;

I may not grasp the prize that lies

Before my feet, and I may miss

The effort of my neighbor.

But, though my goal I never see,

This thought shall always dwell with me:

I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of Loye's light

May never fall on my way;

My path may always lead through night,

Like some deserted way.

But, though Life's dearest joy I miss,

There lies a nobler strength in this:

I will be worthy of it.

[From Poems of Passion, by Ella Wheeler.]

THE WATERMELONS IN

THE WOODS.

BY CLARISSA POTTER.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth! Come,

Lizabith Turner! It's your turn to

go after the cows to-night," a child-

ish voice called shrilly, and a little

tanned, homely face peered through

the whitewashed pickets of our front

yard fence. Now, I am Elizabeth

Turner, or was twenty-five years ago,

and, if anything, was plainer and

tanned a deeper shade of yellow than

was sister Emma, two years my senior,

and had a shock of wiry tow hair

crowning my head in the bargain,

while hers, she daily insisted, "shad-

ed on light auburn." Molasses color

I called it.

Father's house was one of those

great, square, old-fashioned farm

houses, constructed on the plan of

having everything just as inconven-

ient as possible. All the closest room

down stairs was taken up by two

needlessly immense chimney-stacks,

with great arching brick ovens built

in them, and "ash holes" beneath, al-

most as large but with massive oak

beams running across overhead in

place of an arching brick top.

Upstairs, each of the four, square,

high-posted chambers had a large

closet with chests for books on three

of the plastered walls, but nailed so

high among the lathes, one must give

a powerful jump upward, clearing

the floor at least a foot, either in

hanging or removing garments from

the hooks that were methodically

arranged along the eaves.

Sister Emma and I were the only

children in the house and dependent

on each other for a playmate since

neighbors were distant.

Father's farm ran back from the

river and house a long distance, and

some summers the milch cows were

pastured in a six acre lot off the farm

a mile from home. A narrow, lone-

some cart-track and cattle-path led to

the pasture, winding over wind-swept

hills, through woodlots and past

gloomy clippings, where every black-

ened stump and smuted rock loomed

up like huge black beasts in the un-

certain light of the woods at the hour

we drove the cattle home—"early

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certain light of the woods at the hour

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light."

It was near sunset one June after-

noon, when Emma called to me

through the pickets of the garden

fence, reminding me that it was my

turn to bring the cattle from pasture.

I was hiding under the southern-

wood bush, hoping mother would tell

Emma to go after the cows if I was

not to be found, for I had a great

deal rather sister Emma would go

than myself. Her sharp black eyes

ferreted me out at once, and know-

ing it was of no use to try to shirk

my work longer, I pulled my shaker

bonnet over my head, and started

up the long clay hill that led to the

woods, at such a pace that the mill

was soon passed and the moonlight

faces turned homeward. I always

felt safe and so-called-free in the woods

when following close behind the

cows, keeping step to their slow

swinging tread and the ding-dong of

