

OFFICE DESKS - WATKINS BROS.

We have received some very nice Roll Top Desks and will sell them at the following low prices: \$16, \$18, \$22 and \$25.

A LOT OF Handsome Chairs

Oak and Curley Birch, some with leather seats, others upholstered in plush and some finished in wood. Prices from \$2.85 to \$4.75 each.

WE ARE CLOSING OUT A LINE OF
Couches and Lounges
at low prices. Couches as low as \$6.75. Lounges, in carpet, at \$8.75. Good value.

A Few Book-Cases

to be sold as follows:

- 1 \$17.00 book-case, glass door, \$9.50
- 1 \$15.00 " " glass door, \$8.75
- 2 & 8.50 " " with curtain, \$5.75

STRONG POINTS OF OUR BOX CALF SHOES

They are waterproof.
They are handsome shoes.
They will take a brilliant polish.
They have invisible cork soles.
They look well in pleasant weather.
They feel well in wet weather.

The Price is \$4.00 a Pair.

A. L. Brown & Co., DEPOT SQUARE.

For \$150.00

We furnish four rooms complete. Kitchen, Dining Room, Chamber and Parlor.

If you wish to furnish a Room, House or Hotel, write H. M. HOWARD, Traveling Salesman, with

THE ATKINSON FURNISHING CO.
BOSTON, MASS.
Installation System at Cash Prices.
FREE DELIVERY. FREE FARES.

MISS M. E. ANDREWS, Visiting Nurse

MRS. FRANCES M. WEST'S
Plain St., South Manchester.

Miss Andrews will visit the sick in South Manchester free of charge. She will also in cases of emergency stay for a day or two as regular nurse for a moderate compensation.

FARM PROPERTY -
FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

3 BROS.
P. O. Box 100, Rockville, Conn. Will lease 20 cows through the year. Will sell or exchange in first class condition. Write for a small paper in South Manchester.
CHARLES H. BLINN,
Vernon Depot, Conn.
Tel. 24

Kitchen Economy Counter.

We have again started on kitchen economy counter, and it pleases our trade to see what bargains in useful goods can be found on it for the small sum of

5 AND 10 CENTS,

Some of the goods you would think worth more than double the price asked. It is just loaded with bargains and no mistake.

Yours for business

Levi Drake & Co.



WE KEEP EVERYTHING

that a good store drug should keep. We charge no more than we have to for anything bought here. We realize that a drug store has a great deal of power for good or evil. We realize its responsibility. If you're after this kind of a drug store, we want your trade.

Rose's Drug Store.

Our Condensed Cocoanut

is in a moist natural state, is tender, the flavor being fully retained and is double the strength of any other Cocoanut, hence it is not necessary to use but half the usual quantity. It is put up in half pound cans 14 cents for each can.

We have now in stock native Cranberries at 8 cents per quart 4 for 25 cents.

Sometimes we like to do something nobody else ever did or thought of doing, so we are just trying to sell 5 lbs. of Crackers for 25 cents. A few boxes boneless herring left at 5 cents per box.

We are still selling nice Cheese at 14 cents per pound; the taste is just right.

J. E. MORTON

ABOUT TOWN.

Frederick Wilbur, of Winsted, was in town this week visiting friends on Main street.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Johnston of Maple street Wednesday morning.

Rev. Thomas Simms will preach in the Center church tomorrow from the subject, Some Lessons from the Election. There will be no football game today as the Hartford high school team would prefer to postpone the contest for a week.

The old show windows at the northwest corner of Cheney's store were taken out yesterday morning and large plate glass windows put in their places.

Advertised letters remain in the Manchester post office for Mrs. Ellen Hughes, James C. Oliver, Darius Stevens, W. B. Simmonds, Mrs. James Shuhs, Mr. West.

Prof. Fredrich Zatchman, author of the system of music now in use in the town schools, delivered a lecture yesterday afternoon at the eighth district school.

Mrs. Theodore Bidwell has been chosen as a delegate to represent the Center church Christian Endeavor society at the state convention, to be held in New London next Tuesday and Wednesday.

The pleasant weather during the week preceding election came to a close Thursday morning and a storm set in which continued all day. Only one session was held at the high school on account of the rain.

Orford hotel closed Monday night and the landlord's personal property was sold at auction Wednesday. Mr. Purnell, the owner of the building, has several offers from persons who wish to lease the whole or a part of the hotel but has not yet decided to accept any of them.

About 100 ladies and just one man attended Miss Parlova's lecture at Cheney hall Wednesday afternoon. The jubilee parade was in progress while the lecturer was speaking and doubtless diminished her audience. The lecture next Wednesday afternoon will be on the care of kitchen and pantry.

Will Carleton, the poet and humorist, who delighted a large audience at Cheney hall last winter, will be heard here again next Thursday evening, when he will give his new lecture on Better Times in the Center church. Those who attend may be sure of an evening of rare enjoyment. Mr. Carleton is one of the most popular lecturers in this country. He will undoubtedly be well attended.

Company and the Rockville & Hartford Street Railway company for the right to build an electric road between Rockville and Talcottville will be resumed today, when a public hearing will be given to both companies at the town hall in Rockville. The hearing will begin at ten o'clock and will doubtless continue all day.

There will be a union meeting of the Epworth League at the North Methodist church Thursday evening. The subject which will be discussed is "What am I willing to do to advance the Redeemer's Kingdom?" Delegates and members from seven leagues will be present, including those from East Glastonbury, Burnside, Wapping, Vernon, Hockanum, South Manchester and Manchester.

R. P. Bissell ran well ahead of his ticket in the second senatorial district. In Manchester his republican friends gave him nearly 150 votes. In East Hartford he led the ticket 69 and in Glastonbury about 40. In a close vote these additions might have tilted in his favor but with such an overwhelming majority against him they only testified to his popularity in the towns where he was known.

The friends of a Bryan man who lives on Woodland street are enjoying a laugh at his expense on account of a little mistake he made Wednesday. He was one of the first to call for a copy of The New York Journal at the local news office. He deposited his coin, picked up a paper and started home, bent on learning the latest returns. He put on his spectacles and scanned the sheet. He took them off, rubbed the glasses and also his optics and tried again. But it was of no use. He had a copy of the German edition.

One of the E. E. Hilliard Co.'s teams was in use Tuesday conveying voters to the polls. Early in the afternoon when the driver was returning with three of the employees who had cast their votes the horse became unmanageable and ran up on a high bank near the road. The wagon was overturned and one of the occupants, Henry Massey, had the knee-cap on one leg torn nearly off. The wagon was smashed up so badly that it could not be used. The employees at the mill who had not voted before the accident occurred rode to the polls on trolley cars.

During the celebration which followed the announcement of McKinley's victory on election night a big fire was started near the town hall. When the supply of fuel was exhausted a few of those present appropriated two mortar beds, six oil barrels and about 400 feet of chestnut lumber which was near the new town building and belonged to C. O. Treat. These were laid on the fire and they went up in a big blaze, and nearly fifteen dollars of Mr. Treat's money went up in the blaze too as that was what the lumber and barrels were worth.

ELECTION ECHOES.

HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED IN MANCHESTER.

Unique Parade in Celebration of the Victory.

Last Wednesday morning's Herald gave a reasonably accurate account of the election of McKinley. The Herald had no special wires and has no boasts to make of remarkable enterprise, but we venture to assert that no country paper in the state gave the returns Wednesday morning as completely and as accurately. All the essential information which was contained in the city dailies was also found in The Herald.

The first positive information of a republican victory was received in town through a bulletin of the Southern New England Telephone company, at midnight. As soon as it was certain that McKinley was elected all interest in further returns ceased for the time being and the jubilant republicans spread the news through the town with noisy demonstrations. Church bells were rung, and processions marched through the streets blowing horns, cheering and beating drums. A large crowd which had been receiving returns at the town hall started a bonfire beside the street in front of the new town building. All the electric cars to and from Hartford after midnight were packed with noisy celebrators. The racket was kept up until morning. Even those who were in bed were unable to sleep on account of the noise.

Wednesday forenoon it was decided to organize a parade at South Manchester to celebrate the victory. Word was passed around through the silk mills that the parade would start at three o'clock and all were invited to join. The mills were closed all the afternoon; flags were brought out and all the principal places of business were hastily decorated.

The procession formed in front of the silk mill office and started promptly at three. It was led by M. S. Chapman and James W. Cheney, who have stood shoulder to shoulder on the republican town committee for more than thirty years. The procession was quarter of a mile long and included "all sorts and conditions of men." There was no attempt at uniformity or order. Some wore campaign caps, others were bedecked with flags, and still others wore plain everyday clothes. But it mattered little how the marchers were attired, for they were all alike - they were all patriots.

Above the heads of the marchers was a forest of flags and banners. The banners bore all sorts of patriotic inscriptions. One man bore aloft a live game rooster which surveyed the grotesque crowd from a tiny platform at the top of the pole.

The South Manchester band, the Salvation Army band and a drum corps provided martial music. One division of the procession was made up of women. Mrs. Elizabeth Sheldon "Tink," hast was not among them. They went over the entire line of march and did their share of the cheering. Another division, of men, carried no brooms. A donkey cart at the end of the procession bore a coffin supposed to contain the remains of the defeated candidate. A lot of bicycles and carriages brought up the rear.

There were 800 marchers in line and twice as many tagged along on the sidewalks. The procession moved north on Main street to Depot Square, then countermarched to Cheney's store. There it wound up into a circle beneath the big campaign flag while the bands played The Star Spangled Banner. Then with cheers for the flag the crowd disbanded.

These are some of the mottoes which were borne aloft in the jubilee parade: "What has gone up - Attegd also, McKinley's heart is glad. But Bryan is Oh, so sad! Manchester 1218 to 460. The Boy, Oh where is he? Now for Republican times. Where is our wandering Boy tonight? Where was the silent vote? Beneath a picture of a coffin the words: "Friends will kindly omit flowers."

"HORTON'S 203"

No Cigar ever introduced in town has met with such a reception. Fifteen hundred of them sold in the last 20 days. Perfecto shape, long Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper. Burns freely with a white ash. It's worth 10 cents, but we sell it for five. If you've never tried it come in and have one on me.

HORTON, THE DRUGGIST.

LATEST ELECTION RETURNS.

McKinley 277 Votes, Bryan 155 and 15 in Doubt.

Indications up to last Wednesday morning, when The Herald went to press, gave McKinley 318 electoral votes, Bryan 93 and doubtful 36. Later returns have reduced McKinley's vote to 277 and raised Bryan's to 155. Tennessee and Wyoming alone remain doubtful. The states which have been added to Bryan's column are Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, North Carolina, Virginia and Washington. McKinley's column has gained North Dakota, California, Oregon and Delaware. The following table gives the electoral vote of each state in accordance with the latest returns:

McKINLEY.	
New England States.....	39
Georgia.....	10
New York.....	36
New Jersey.....	10
Pennsylvania.....	32
Ohio.....	23
Wisconsin.....	12
Iowa.....	13
California.....	9
North Dakota.....	4
South Dakota.....	4
Maryland.....	8
Illinois.....	24
Kentucky.....	13
West Virginia.....	6
Oregon.....	8
Delaware.....	3
Indiana.....	15
Michigan.....	14
Minnesota.....	9
Total.....	377
BRYAN.	
South Carolina.....	9
Alabama.....	11
Florida.....	4
Mississippi.....	9
Louisiana.....	8
Arkansas.....	8
Montana.....	3
Colorado.....	4
Utah.....	3
Nevada.....	3
Texas.....	15
Kansas.....	10
Missouri.....	17
Nebraska.....	8
North Carolina.....	11
Virginia.....	12
Washington.....	4
Total.....	155
DOUBTFUL.	
Tennessee.....	13
Wyoming.....	3
Total.....	16

Business Outlook Improving.
E. C. Hilliard, of The E. E. Hilliard Co., and the Vernon Woolen company, said yesterday that the woolen men did not expect much of an improvement in their business until the new administration.

Across the tariff which now leave them open to foreign competition. His mills have been running full time for several months but the margin of the profit has been extremely small. Under the old valorem system of collecting tariff on woollens a large percentage of the duty is avoided by undervaluation so that woolen manufacturers do not get the protection that even the Wilson bill was intended to afford them. The woolen men hope that McKinley will call a special session of congress soon after his inauguration and that the tariff law will be at once amended so as to afford them the protection they need for the profitable continuance of their business.

J. D. Pickles, president of the Peter Adams company, paper manufacturers, said yesterday that he expected an improvement in his business in a short time. His salesmen had received promises of many orders in case McKinley was elected and he expects that these promises will soon be realized and the running time of his mills be increased.

M. H. Talcott, of Talcott Bros., woolen manufacturers, coincided with the opinion expressed by Mr. Hilliard, namely, that the woolen manufacturers would not feel the benefits of the change materially until after friendly tariff legislation. "We expect, however," he added, "the market will improve slowly and in that confidence shall increase our running time somewhat next week, and shall continue to increase it as fast as business warrants."

Comedy Company at Appel's.
The Sawtelle-Meech Comedy company will appear at Appel's opera house for a three-nights engagement commencing Thursday, Nov. 12th, changing play nightly. Popular prices 15, 25 and 35 cents. On Thursday night they will appear in the melodrama called "Dangers of a Great City." The drama has the merit of straightforward action, plausible characters, a fairly well constructed plot. The star in this play is Miss Genevieve F. Sawtelle. On Friday evening they will appear in the laughable comedy called Our Irish American Cousin. On Saturday night they will present the comedy drama entitled A Woman's Struggle. The star in this play is Mrs. E. A. Sawtelle. Saturday afternoon children's matinee will be given at 2.15. All children at matinee will be admitted to any part of the house for 10 cents.

Prof. J. C. Smith's dancing class at the Orford hall will not meet next week. The class is open for new pupils at the next meeting, which will be announced in the next issue.
William Brink will reopen his store, formerly occupied by Covill's restaurant this evening, as a temperance saloon with pool table and lunch counter and a stock of cigars and tobacco.

CHENEY'S STORE.

Flag Bunting

for decorating. Also SILK FLAGS in all sizes.

OUTING FLANNELS.
New and handsome line in different qualities. Some good styles in remnants at 5 cents a yard.

The GLASS OF FASHION, a new and popular fashion book published by Butterick. Five cents a copy. Full line of

Butterick's Patterns.

New styles of FALL MILLINERY this week. Come and see what we have. Special bargains in Feather Boas.

Ladies' Fleece Lined Wrappers.
Handsome designs. All prices. Drop in and see our new line of Carpets. Elegant styles and our prices are low.

OIL CLOTHS - MATTINGS.

Window Shades and Draperies.

Trunks and Bags

We have just put on sale a new and complete line of Trunks and Bags. These are all new and desirable goods at very reasonable prices. Also Trunk Straps, Canvas and Leather.

TRUNK KEYS, SHAWL STRAPS

By calling at our store you can see by far the best line of Men's Umbrellas we have ever shown. Prices on these are very low considering the quality of the covering and the very stylish handles.

Men's Rubber Coats.

We are making Rubber Coats a specialty this fall. If you want a Rubber Coat, one that will turn water and warranted not to crack, we can furnish them in all sizes and at prices from \$2.50 to \$4.00.

Sporting Goods.

Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Loaded Shells and Cartridges, Hunting Coats and Belts, Hunting Shoes and Sweaters.

Try a pair of

"SNAG PROOF"

Rubber Boots for hunting. These are the only Rubber Boots that will resist Thorns and Brush.

CHENEY'S STORE.

NEW STOCK

PIANOS

AND ORGANS

FOR CASH OR ON INSTALLMENTS

OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE BY

GALLUP & METZGER

SOLE AGENTS FOR
The Virgil Prattice Clavier, Washburn Mandolins and Guitars, Fairbank's Banjos - Aluminum Mandolins.
Chickering - Knabe - Behr - Yose - Haines and other first class PIANOS, ESTEY ORGANS.

GALLUP & METZGER,

201 to 207 Asylum St., Corner Haynes St., Hartford, Conn.

Bargains in Underwear.

THIS IS UNDERWEAR SEASON AND WE HAVE ALL KINDS.

Elegant Fleece Lined Underwear, 50 cents. White or Gray Wool, 50 cents. Wright's Celebrated Fleece Lined Health Underwear, 75 cents. Wright's Celebrated Fleece Lined Health Underwear, Double Breast and Double Back, \$1.00. Winsted Hosiery Company's Fine Goods, 75 cents and \$1.00. The well known Glastonbury Camel's Hair, \$1.00 and \$1.25. The well known Glastonbury Camel's Hair, Double Breast and Double Back, \$1.50.

Lots of other kinds. All prices.

C. E. HOUSE, 241 Mair St.

RUBBERS, REMOVAL.

Dr. F. A. SWEET,
has removed his dental office into the Brown & Patten Building, No 33 North Main street, occupying the rooms formerly the office of Dr. G. M. Griswold.

Also Boots and Shoes neatly and promptly repaired at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed. Give me a trial.
THOMAS HOLLOWAY,
25 Depot Square,
South of Spencer's block.

MANCHESTER HERALD.

HALF-WEEKLY.

Published Wednesday and Saturday Mornings.

ELWOOD S. KLA EDITOR

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THE METHODIST CONFERENCE

Will Open at South Manchester April 14th with Bishop Newman in the Chair.

The date for the opening of the session of the New England Southern conference at the Methodist church in South Manchester has been fixed by the board of bishops as April 14th, 1897. Rev. Mr. Wadsworth secured as late a date as possible in order that our town might be attractive. South Manchester appears at its best in May but it was impossible to postpone the conference as late as that. The presiding officer will be Bishop Newman, who is one of the most eloquent of the bishops and who was the pastor and life-long friend of General Grant.

CONNECTICUT'S AVALANCHE

Larger Relative Republican Gain Than Any Other State in the Union.

Revised returns (unofficial) from every town in Connecticut show that McKinley's plurality is 54,142. He has 110,326, and Bryan has 56,184 votes. In 1892 Cleveland's plurality was 5383, so that this year's vote indicates a republican gain of 59,508, not exceeded in proportion by any other state in the Union. Cooke (rep.) for governor has a majority of 44,340 and a plurality of 52,393 over Saigent, silver democrat.

Bryan carries but three of the 188 towns in the state, Newton, New Fairfield and Naugatuck. The 24 senators are all republicans by pluralities ranging from 800 to 5100. The House will stand 230 republicans to 80 democrats, with two ties, Marlboro and Branford. The republican majority on joint ballot will be 214. The pluralities on congressmen are remarkable: Henry 1st district, 16,843; Sperry, 2d, 13,632; Russell, 3d, 7669; Hill, 4th, 15,080.

Sunday School Convention

The conference of Sunday school superintendents and assistants at the South Methodist church Thursday afternoon was attended by about fifteen Sunday school workers. Slight changes were made in the program. W. H. Hall discussed "What should be the aim and object of these discussions?" and Prof. C. C. Stearns, of Hartford, began the talk on what should be the character and extent of singing. He also made remarks on "The Sunday school library." During the intermission a supper which had been prepared by the Ladies' Aid was served. In the evening the number present was increased. Rev. J. S. Wadsworth opened the services and Rev. C. H. Barber led in prayer. The remainder of the program was carried out as previously arranged. The exercises closed with Hon. L. E. Hitchcock's address on Sunday School Organization. Judge Hitchcock has a large Sunday school class in charge and he answered several questions about the manner of conducting the school. The meeting was an interesting and profitable one for those who attended.

Sudden Death of Thomas Shields

Thomas Shields, of Pine street, died suddenly Thursday morning of heart failure. He had been feeling well until Tuesday when he was unable to work. He was edited and said that he had pneumonia but his condition was not serious. Wednesday night at about 12 o'clock Mrs. Shields, who was taking care of the patient, retired and did not awake until morning. When she arose and came down stairs about three o'clock she was alarmed to see her son sitting on a chair and looking very pale. When she called him he did not answer and she then discovered that he was dead. Shields was 27 years old and was employed in the dye house at the silk mill. He was the oldest of Mrs. Jane Shields's eleven sons, nine of whom are living in town. The immediate cause of his death was heart failure, which was hastened by the attack of pneumonia. The funeral will be held at two o'clock this afternoon from his late residence on Pine street. Burial will be at the Center cemetery.

WAPPING

Norman F. Stoughton republican was elected representative to the legislature by a small majority, the democratic candidate Leslie Newberry drawing a good many republican votes. The parishioners of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Post gave them a surprise party at the parsonage on the first anniversary of their marriage Thursday evening, leaving a substantial token of the high regard in which they are held by the people.

THE Y. P. S. C. E. are to hold a missionary meeting tomorrow evening, for which special preparations are being made by the members.

Outing for November is a very strong number. Walter Camp, in "Football of '96," gives a masterly review of the situation, along with a forecast of the season. W. B. Curtis contributes an article on "American Amateur Athletes in 1896," which contains portraits, descriptions and performances of the famous men of the year. "Prominent Trotters and Pacers," by E. B. Abercrombie, with portraits of the reigning equine monarchs, is valuable, while "A Gossip on Golf," by Horace G. Hutchinson, author of the Badminton "Golf," will appeal to enthusiasts in this popular sport. The complete story is "The Story of a Penny Pencil," by Sarah Addison Wedderburn, who displays a mastery of the pathetic. "The Canoe Camp at Grindstone," and "Racing Schooners," are by R. B. Burchard. Ed. W. Sandys contributes "Turkey Tracking," while travel sketches, adventures with wild beasts, and a military article, give the needful variety to a most seasonable number.

Group Quickly Cured

Mountain Glen, Ark.—Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It afforded almost instant relief.—F. A. Thornton. This celebrated remedy is for sale by W. B. Cheney and Chas. B. Ross.

A WONDERFUL LIGHT

French Invention of Great Value to Naval Armies in War.

Quite recently there has been brought out by the French navy a mysterious device known as a ratiere, or the ratiere light. It is a thing of small dimensions and is placed on the deck of the vessel. It throws out an electric light that can only be discovered dead ahead. La ratiere is constructed as follows: A square box has within it at one end a concave mirror, in front of which is focused upon a plano convex lens placed midway of the length of the box so that the rays of light are projected through a silvered tube as a bundle of parallel rays. By the sides of the outside of the silvered tubes are placed two prisms, one of red and the other of green glass, and through which a portion of the light passes in divergent rays. At a distance of several miles the light of a ratiere appears as a small point, and consequently difficult of detection to those not knowing the quarter in which to look for it. Its detection is thus reduced to a minimum, as it can only be seen within a radius of a few feet at such distance.

The use of the red and green rays is for the purpose of enabling the vessel to whom the signal is intended to know in which direction to steer so as to come within the zone of white light should the white ray disappear. By means of this invention night signals can be made when flashlights and rockets might be useless or liable to betray the position of the fleet to the enemy. It can also be used as a guide to a squadron in line, with all other lights out, in dangerous latitudes, as it cannot be seen either to the right or left, but only dead ahead or dead astern. The French admiralty attaches great importance to this light, and has taken extraordinary precautions to guard it against discovery. For purposes of maintaining the projection of the light upon a horizontal plane, which otherwise would be disturbed by the tossing and pitching of the vessel, the lamp is arranged to float in a vessel containing mercury, while an electrical connection maintains the azimuth direction of the light at any set angle.—San Francisco Call.

BLOCKADE THREATENED

Buffalo Is Debarred With Vast Floods of Grain.

Buffalo is threatened with the biggest blockade of vessels in the history of the people. Chicago, Milwaukee, Duluth and the ports of Lake Erie are pouring in vast floods of grain every day, much greater than the elevators can handle, and it now looks as though the elevators would be hopelessly swamped in a few days unless there is a let up in the arrival of the fleets. The immense grain crops of the west are now ready for shipment, and under the influence of the demand grain rates at Chicago and Duluth have advanced to such a figure as to attract the fleets usually busy in the iron ore trade. There was grain enough to go around for nearly all the boats in service, and vessels that had been laid up were fitted out again and sent after grain cargoes. Nearly all of this grain has come to this port, and the elevators have been unable to unload the boats on their arrival. There were nearly 1000 boats waiting at one time for one elevator. The boats are not detained many days at a time unless the flow of grain is shut off soon.

APPALLING DISTRESS

Disastrous Results in Labrador Owing to the Failure of Cod Fishing.

Only prompt charity will save the people of Labrador from starving. The coast for about 500 miles is inhabited by 8,000 settlers living in small fishing villages. The conditions of existence, never very favorable, are rendered appalling this year by the failure of the cod fishery. Dr. Grenfell, superintendent of the Deep Sea mission, reports: "At Squere island we found an anxious crowd. Not a family had enough to prevent starvation this winter and no means of getting food. We arranged to supply 35 barrels of flour, 10 sacks of blacut, a pancheon of molasses and a chest of tea, in return for which the people will saw wood, which we hope to sell next summer. An enormous hope is conferred upon these settlements even by such small assistance as this. Quilts and counterpanes are invaluable. Most houses have an utterly inadequate supply of bedclothing."—New York World.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED OUR FALL PACK

—OF—

Evaporated Fruits

It includes choice grades of

- RAISINS,
- PRUNES,
- APRICOTS,
- PEACHES,
- CURRENTS,
- CITRON,
- APPLES.

Our stock of canned fruits and vegetables is now complete. Shall call your attention to special brands later.

AARON JOHNSON,

Dealer in the best things to eat.

Chestnut street, just below Home-Chas. B. Ross.

PETS ON SHIPBOARD

Microscopic Spotted and Red Pupils Followed.

On one of our small coast-voyager schooners there was once a litter of puppies belonging to the captain. They were only to be allowed to remain on board until old enough to stay on board, what surprising, scamping, frolicsome nuisances they were! The smartest and most energetic puppy of the lot was a little fluffy black and white spotted fellow called "Spottycus, the Gladiator," and he led the others into mischief. The puppies had their meals immediately after the ward-room officers. Spottycus evidently considered it an infringement of his dignity to be relegated to the second table, and so one day he led a crusade. It was a warm summer evening, and the ward-room officers were just being helped to their soup, when there was a rush overhead, followed by a most fearsome succession of tiny barks. The officers looked up, and beheld every one of the open sky-lights overhead occupied by a little dog reaching over as far as he could get, his mouth open and his little red tongue hanging out. The first lieutenant arose from his seat in horror, but as if that had been the signal agreed upon, Spottycus slipped from his hold and plunged headlong into the turret of hot soup. As in duty bound, the others followed his example, and for a while, in the midst of sounds of breaking glass-ware, the thud and splash of falling bodies and a prolonged and horrible yelping, squealing and whining, it rained puppies.

Their next exploit was to fall overboard all together, being led as usual by the indomitable Spottycus, whose cheerful disregard of consequences was something appalling. They were rescued from a watery grave and wrapped up in hot towels, whence they escaped to eat a lot of poisoned fly-paper. They became deathly sick, of course, and all that night had to be attended by two of the officers and most of the crew. After this they were sent ashore, having been found beyond control.

FINANCE IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Sunday school needed money, and Mr. Smart, the superintendent, had a new way of getting it, says London Tid-Bits.

He proposed giving each boy half a crown. At the end of a month the principal, together with what it earned, was to be returned to him. The fourth Sunday found the superintendent ready to audit the profit and loss account, and he commenced with Johnnie's class.

"How have you done, Johnnie?" "My half-crown has earned another one," said Johnnie, with the air of one having an option on a halo.

"Good!" said the superintendent. "Not only is Johnnie a good boy in helping the school, but he shows business talent. Doubling one's money in a single month requires no common ability. Who can tell but you may have another budding Croesus among us? Johnnie, you have done well. And now, Thomas, how did your half-crown do?"

Smart, "How was that?" "I tossed with Johnnie," was the reply, "and he won."

HIS HEAD BURIED IN MUD

William Norris, a typesetter, was the victim of a most peculiar accident while out gathering chestnuts at Roselle, N. J., in the autumn. Norris was up a tree shaking down the nuts, when a particularly hard gust of wind swayed the tree violently, and Norris fell to the ground, a distance of twenty feet.

The ground beneath the tree is naturally soft and marshy, and the recent rains have left it extremely soggy and soft. Norris, in his fall, struck on his head in a lot of ooze and mud, and was buried up to his neck in it.

When his companions reached Norris, expecting to find him dead and with his neck broken, they saw him, instead, kicking his heels in the air and endeavoring to pull his head from its muddy place. They quickly dragged Norris from his slimy pillow, and he was as black as night when he sat up, dazed and gasping for breath.

Norris's nose bled freely for a time, and he suffered from a strained back, but after he had washed the mud from his face he seemed to be as well as ever.

STORIES OF WEBSTER'S YOUTH

As a boy Daniel Webster was not overproud of labor. On one occasion his father returned from a short journey and found certain work undone. Summoning the boys, he asked, sharply, "Ezekiel, what have you been doing?" "Nothing, sir," was the reluctant reply. "Well, Daniel, what have you been doing?" "Helping Zeke, sir," was the prompt and cheerful answer, and the father's anger was lost in his mirth. On another occasion Daniel was put to mowing, but complained that his scythe "was not hung right." "All right," said his father; "hang it to suit yourself." Thereupon Daniel hung the scythe upon a tree, remarking: "There; that is hung to suit me." And he mowed no more that day.

THE ONLY WAY

Professor (lecturing on the gorilla)—Gentlemen, you must give me your undivided attention. It is impossible for you to form a true idea of this animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me.

THE PROGRESSIVE LADIES OF WESTFIELD, IND.,

lanced a "Woman's Edition" of The Westfield News, bearing date of April 8, 1896. The paper is filled with matters of interest to women, and we notice the following from a correspondent, which the editors printed, realizing that it treats upon a matter of vital importance to the sex: "The best remedy for croup, colds and bronchitis that I have ever been able to find is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For family use it has no equal. I gladly recommend it." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by W. B. Cheney and Chas. B. Ross.

AUTUMN IS HERE

FALL GOODS CONSTANTLY ARRIVING

For ganning we have peaches, pears, plums, tomatoes etc. A large stock of Lighting and Mason Jars. We have just received a new line of glass-ware, goblets and tumblers in various designs. Our Mustard put up in attractive glass sets is something novel and useful.

Our Stock of

Farinaceous Goods,

comprises the following: Wheatlets, Wheatine, Farina, H. O. Shredded Wheat, Rolled Oats and others too numerous to mention. A new stock of Rubbers just opened. Also some ladies' and Gents' Rubbers left over from last year, we will sell at 25 and 30 cents, former price 45 and 60 cents. We would call your attention to a new line of Handkerchiefs, Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs at 10 cents, and Gents' large size at 5 cents, an exceptional value.

For the coming cold season we have a new stock of

Blankets and Comfortables,

at reasonable prices. Come and see them.

WELCH & WARD

Successors to A. Hartman.

50 No. Main St., Manchester.

Boston Store.

Underwear Sale

A splendid line of Men's Underwear from 39 cents to \$1.25.

In ladies' our stock is complete and at prices from 25 cents to a dollar.

A large stock of children's underwear in the several qualities at low prices.

BOSTON STORE,

ORFORD BUILDING.



THE CAUTIOUS TRAVELLER

When asked to be directed to the best drug store in town, was conducted in a fifty to Surrin's. If he had stopped in Manchester a short time he would have known where to go without asking, as Surrin's is a synonym for pure drugs and medicines of all kinds, besides having in stock many dainty toilet articles, sponges, brushes, perfumes, etc.

—Depot Square—

White Front Pharmacy.

FOR SALE.

Double Tenement House consisting of 14 rooms on Charter Oak street, opposite Halling Brothers' store, belonging to estate of Callista Hale. Place must be sold at once to close the estate. Easy terms.

A cosy home on North Elm street. Six room house, new. Good lot of young fruit trees, cheap.

Also several choice building lots near electric road.

Also a snug farm of 12 acres within five minutes' walk of tramway. Two houses on farm, one large enough for two families; the other suitable for small family; large barn, all other suitable for small family; large barn, all sorts of fruit buildings in first class repair; 12 tons of hay cut on premises. Easy terms.

H. O. BOWERS.

\$10 Reward

For information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any person breaking street lamps.

The penalty for this offence is a fine of not more than \$200 or imprisonment for one year or both.

The Manchester Light & Power Co

PROVIDENCE RIVER

OYSTERS

In the shell and opened in order at

COVIL'S

Window Glass.

If you don't replace your broken windows, you are liable to catch cold and be obliged to buy a bottle of

AYER'S LICORICE COUGH BALSAM

Both for sale at

Cheney's Drug Store.

FINE CONFECTIONERY.

LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES AND BON-BONS

THE PATTEN & BROWN CO.,

DEPOT SQUARE PHARMACY.

J. F. Sheridan & Bro.,

COAL

DELIVERED PROMPTLY AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Telephone call 94. South Manchester office F. W. Mills, Park Building.

—ALSO A FULL STOCK OF WOOD.—

OLAF NYSTROM

CUSTOM TAILOR

(FOR THIRTEEN YEARS CUTTER FOR O. MAGNELL)

Full line samples of fall goods.

First class workmanship at reasonable prices. Trial order solicited.

Park Building, 187 Main Street

THOMAS J. SCOTT,

UNDERTAKER,

207 Main Street, Purnell Building, South Manchester

—CASKETS AND FUNERAL ACCESSORIES—

Constantly on hand.

I have had a large experience in Embalming and Funeral Directing with the well and favorably known firm of Scott & Smith, of Hartford, and am thoroughly conversant with the business. Prompt, Careful, and Courteous service to all.

WOOL WAISTS

98 cents, \$1.48, 1.79.

PLAID WAISTS

\$1.39, 2.69, 3.98.

BRILLIANTINE WAISTS

FUR COLLARETTES

\$2.98, 3.98, 4.98.

THIBET BOAS

\$1.98, 3.75, 4.98.

SEPARATE SKIRTS

\$3.98, 4.98, 5.98.

LADIES' CLOTH CAPES

\$4.98, 8.50, 10.00.

LADIES' JACKETS

\$4.98, 8.50, 10.00.

CHILDREN'S REEFERS

\$4.98, 7.50, 8.50.

Just in From the Hub

A Full Line of Shoes.

J. M. BURKE,

113 Spruce Street.

I am now looking out for your winter orders. I do not

Give Away

Overcoats

but I make and fit them well and sell them so cheaply that you cannot afford to go without one. A look at my samples will convince you. Fine Kerseys \$20 to \$25 made to fit. Silk lining in sleeves if you wish.

OLIVER MAGNELL

THE TAILOR, South Manchester, Conn.

WALL PAPERS

—ALMOST—

At Your Own Price.

Must have the room for new stock.

HUBBARD'S, Park St

F. T. SADD,

Piano Tuner and Regulator, 272 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.

VICTOR,

The old reliable. None better.

FERRIS BROTHERS,

86 MANCHESTER.



THIS IS THE FLEETWING, and is also to

ENVOY

Both belong to the Buffalo family and are both staunch and enduring as the wild buffalo roaming over the western plains.

FERRIS BROS.

and examine. They are good ones and no mistake. Price \$25 and \$30.

If you want a \$100 wheel, we have the

VICTOR,

The old reliable. None better.

FERRIS BROTHERS,

86 MANCHESTER.

AFFAIRS ABOUT TOWN.
Maurice Lyman, who runs the Levi Grant farm in Vernon, has purchased the mill route through the north end operated by E. D. Barnes. Mr. Barnes will sell only at the south end hereafter.

Alfred Shye, of Rockville, who is employed as loom-fixer at the E. E. Hill, hard company's mill, was peculiarly afflicted this week. He attended the parade in Hartford Saturday and vented his enthusiasm by continual shouting, as did hundreds of others. Saturday night Shye discovered that he had strained the muscles of his throat so that he could not speak above a whisper and early in the week he had almost completely lost his voice. Thursday afternoon his speech returned to him as suddenly and as mysteriously as he had lost it.

The Manchester Hackney Stud will send ten horses at 9.40 this morning to the New York horse show which opens Monday at Madison Square Garden. The list includes Manchester, Dr. Parke's successor, Flash, a yearling stallion, and the mares Misfire, Dorsettes, Laughing Water, Nina, Parquette, Pinta, Greta and Europa. Of these ten four have never been entered in a horse show and of the remaining six all have won prizes. Manchester will occupy the place of Dr. Parke this year, which, it is thought, he is well able to do. He took first prize in '94 and second in '96 at New York and was second in '96. It is safe to count Flash, Dorsettes and Manchester among the winners.

A PERILOUS GAME.
When, in 1848 I was a junior clerk in the house of Richepin, in Paris, my finances allowed me to indulge in no amusements but chess; and as a constant habit of the Cafe de la Regence, I had attained a certain degree of force. In order to conceal the poverty of my appointments, I maintained the most rigid secrecy at the Regence as to who or what I was, and was universally supposed to be living on my means. One evening while myself and other clerks were making up the monthly mail for Constantinople, the office door flew open and our chief, Richepin, stood before us, his face pale and troubled.

"Gentlemen," said he, "France is no longer France! The whirlwind has smitten her! I may be announcing to you the ruin of the house of Richepin and Brothers! Napoleon Bonaparte has left Elba, has landed in France; the army join him, and his eagles are flying to Paris with lightning speed. Louis XVIII. will be off for Flanders in a few days. The folly of the Bourbons again breaks the peace of Europe, and France is about to plunge anew into a thirty years' war! The Emperor must have money instantly—Louis is even now packing up the crown jewels, and all his private treasure of gold and diamonds to boot. The Emperor will tender me his note of hand!

In our vaults lie five millions of golden Napoleons, and doubtless, Talleyrand and Fouché will try to make their peace with Bonaparte, by advising that this sum should be seized as a forced loan."

"But," asked a clerk, "can we not hide the gold?"

"Where can we hide it that its place of concealment will not be known? I must give up this vast sum, or, perhaps, be tried by court-martial and shot for petty treason. If my brother in London were only here to give his counsel."

"The Emperor cannot be here yet; why not send to your brother?" asked the clerk.

"The barriers are closed, and guarded by the artillery with loaded guns. I applied myself for a passport and was refused. None may pass but one courier for each Ambassador. The messenger of the English Embassy this moment leaves with despatches for the Court of St. James. He is a German, named Schmidt. I have spoken with him and have offered him 5000 to bear a letter to my brother and the man refuses. The moment he communicates his news in London, the British funds fall 10 per cent., as they will do here tomorrow morning, and in both cities we hold consols to an immense amount!"

I had no spoken, but eagerly watched and devoured every word, every look, of the several speakers.

"If being in London three hours before the courier may advantage the house," cried I, "here do I undertake the task. Give me some token of evidence to hand your brother, sir, good to my expenses on the road, and trust me!"

"Oh, Schmidt," said he, "I am acquainted with this courier—with Schmidt."

Here I must explain the nature of the relations that existed between me and Schmidt. We were both frequenters of the Cafe de la Regence. Schmidt was the slowest chess-player I have ever seen. We had most singly singled out each other as antagonists because pretty evenly matched. Schmidt loved me, as I knew, because it was not every man who would play with him. He no more suspected me of being a banker's clerk than of being King of the Sandwich Islands.

The English Embassy at this time occupied a hotel adjoining the Cafe de la Regence, at the door of which latter temple of fame I planted myself in a careless-looking attitude. At the port-cochere of the British envoy's hotel stood a light travelling-carriage. I was in the nick of time. Schmidt was ready; five horses were being caparisoned for the journey. I went up to the carriage and addressed my friend:

"How's this, Schmidt? No chess tonight? I've been looking for you in the Regence!"

"Chess! have you heard the news? I'm off this moment for London with despatches."

"I don't envy you your journey!" said I. "What a bore, shut up in that machine all night; to be sure, you can read all the way, and—yes, you can study our new gambit!"

"What a pity you can't go with me!" responded Schmidt, in the pride of five horses and a carriage all to himself; "we'd play chess all the way!"

My heart leaped to my mouth. "Don't invite me twice!" said I laughing.

"Come along, then, my dear fellow!" replied Schmidt; "make the best jest earnest. I've a famous night-lamp, and am in no honour to sleep."

"Do you really mean what you say, Schmidt?"

"Indeed, I do."

"Then I'll tell you what," said I, "I'm your man, and famous fun we'll have."

I darted into the cafe, snatched up the first-class board and men that came to hand, and stood in a moment again by the side of my friend.

Luckily, my adversary was the slowest of all slow players. This gave me time to ruminate over a scheme that was maturing in my brain. By this time we had reached that little village, I forget the name of the dog-hole, seven miles on the Paris side of Boulogne. I easily prevailed on Schmidt to alight at the little inn which was also the post-house, for a quarter of an hour to snatch a hot dinner—so, chess-board in hand,

Schmidt went into a dark, back room to study his coming move while dinner was being served. I rushed outside and demanded, "What think you? A Blacksmith! I was going on our carriage when the man stood before me. No one was within hearing."

"What a curious thing is a carriage like this, friend!" said I musingly. "Now, what would follow were that large screw there taken out? Answer me promptly!"

"What would follow? Why, the coach would go on very well for a few hundred yards, and then would overturn with a crash, and smash all to shivers."

"Hum!" said I. "And what if only that tiny screw were drawn?"

"The body of the vehicle would equally fall upon the axle, but without material consequences, causing, however, some considerable delay."

"Are you the blacksmith always in attendance here? I mean, if this carriage overturned descending yonder hill, would it fall to your lot to right it?"

"It would!" and the Frenchman's eye sparkled with intelligence.

"Here are ten Napoleons. Give me out that little screw, I have a fancy for it." And the screw was in my hand. "I hope no accident will happen," I continued; "but, should the carriage overturn, have it brought back here to repair. And take a couple of hours to finish the job in, that you may be sure the work is done properly, you know. And remember that a man who earns ten Napoleons so lightly has two ears, but only one tongue."

I pocketed the precious screw, and rushed in to dinner while the horses were putting to. We left the inn at full gallop. A very small quantity of a pale like ours proved a dose. The postillions pulled up.

"We are overset!" I cried.

"God forbid!" said Schmidt. "What's to be done?"

I had already sprung out.

"There seems to be little the matter, Schmidt. Back the carriage to the inn, and all will be right in a twinkling."

My friend the blacksmith assured us he would repair all damage directly; and, while he began to hammer away, we philosophers coolly resumed our chess in the inner-parlour. The position of the game was now highly critical both for Richepin and Napoleon, and also for me and Schmidt. I felt my antagonist must win his coming move. I left the room and darted to the stable. A groom was busy at his work.

"Have you a saddle-horse ready for the road? I am sent on in advance. Tell the landlord my friend within settles all. Give me the bride."

I mounted and galloped off like the wind for Boulogne. In a few minutes more I had alighted at the waterside. I selected a stout, trim-looking boat and leaped on board, leaving my horse to his meditations.

"For Dover!" cried I to the master of the boat. "My pay is five guineas; I must have eight men on board in case it comes on to blow smart, fellows, away!"

The boat was full of men, and we were sweeping across the water. By half-past three I had left Dover, and was tearing along the London road being pulled up before the gates of Richepin's villa before five o'clock in the morning. In five minutes more I found myself by the conjugal bed of Richepin.

By the time he was fully wakened up, I handed in my credentials. I rapidly explained circumstances of the case, and minutely detailed the situation of our Paris house.

"Return to France," said he, "to my brother with all speed. Spare no exertion to be at Paris some little time before Napoleon enters. The Napoleon dynasty will not last long. The army will declare in his favour, but the nation, torn by the war, will not stand by him. The problem to be solved is this: To keep the gold out of his hands, and yet to remain friends with him. And this would I have my brother proceed. We have undue bills to the amount of millions and millions flying about Paris. Every holder of a note of hand will be glad to allow 10 per cent. discount for gold. Any premium will be given for gold to be hoarded during the crisis. Seek out the holders of our paper, call it all in, and pay it off in gold. Call in all lock your paper in your desk, and the ship will ride out the storm. The bills will be useless to Napoleon; gold alone will meet his views."

I reached Dover and Calais without an accident, and reeled into our Paris counting-house, more dead than alive, soon after noon on the 8th day of March. I need not say how delighted was our French Richepin at the counsel I brought. All hands went immediately to work to carry out the scheme. All our gold was paid away; barely a single twenty franc piece remained in our treasure vaults. We stood upon our bills and waited the event.

Bonaparte had landed in France on March 1st; on the 21st of March the Emperor had a grand levee at the Palace of the Tuilleries, to which our chief went, though with a trembling heart. Bonaparte looked at him from head to foot, with anything but a pleasant expression of countenance, and turned on his heel with this significant phrase: "I see there are two Napoleons in Europe."

My friend, Schmidt, never can have forgotten the last game of chess we played together. We have never seen each other since I left him studying how to parry the impending checkmate; should we ever meet, I shall be happy to finish the game.

BOUGHT A FAKE STOCK.
The Kansas Were Stuffed with Sawdust and the Sausages With Wind.

The San Francisco Examiner writes that buying "hologans" stuffed with wind instead of sausage meat is not a profitable investment, as John Daily of 424 Jessie street, that city, can testify. A few days ago Mr. Daily bought a half interest in a delicatessen store at 304 Fourth street from Mrs. Martha Everett, paying \$200 for his share of the stock and good will. He saw her advertisement in a daily paper, and thought the store would be desirable for a gentleman who wanted to embark in business.

Before purchasing John went down and looked at the place, which fairly reeked with good things. Along the shelves hung rows of nice fat sausages and hams and smoked fish, while the shelves held dozens of cans of corned beef. There were kegs of oatmeal, tripe and pigs' feet, dried beef, cheese and tins of pickled vegetables. Everett showed her partner a large consignment of eggs in cases and barrels of butter, and pointed with pride to a robust porcelain pig rooting in a plate of uncooked beans in the window, after the manner of pigs in delicatessen stores. Thinking that the plate contained at least \$800 worth of stock, Mr. Daily bought it and took charge of the store. His partner wanted to go to the country for a few days, and was perfectly willing to trust him.

The first morning John opened up he alleges that he made a discovery. He shifted the egg cases, and found that only the top layers bore fruit. The rest of the pasteboard pigeon holes were hollow mockeries. Sawdust took the place of flesh and bone in the ham covers, and the rolls of butter were empty cans rolled in damp cheese cloth. The 400 bottles wrapped in pink tissue paper and supposed to contain wine and beer proved to be nothing but unfiltered Spring Valley water.

But the cruelest sham of all was the sausage. The sleek brown skins were filled with wind, and each one was ballasted with a bullet to prevent the sausage from floating up against the ceiling like a toy balloon. It was the same way with everything else. The cans were all empty, and the pickled tripe department was a delusion and a snare. Mr. Daily soon retired from business, and will sell the counter and shelves at a discount.

Mrs. Everett, alias Gotching, was arrested last night on Folsom street by Detective Dillon, and locked up at the city prison on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. She will not make any statement.

WEIRD EXPERIENCE.
A Young Englishman Nearly Oraced by a "Blind" Man.

"When I find a man who says that he has never known fear," said a young Englishman recently to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man, "I don't know what to make of him. I went to sea when I was a boy, and rose to the rank of first officer on one of the regular liners-entering this port. In those years I knocked around the world a good deal, and had lots of experiences, both alone and in company of my shipmates. At times I was placed in positions which, according to the general opinion, took a good deal of nerve to go through. But once in Australia I was as badly frightened as a man can well be without dying of fright. It was an awful experience, intensified by Australia's darkness. I was alone, and put up for the night in a cabin. There were a good many desperate men and many wild animals in the locality, so I made sure to have the doors and windows securely locked and bolted before I went to sleep. I left the lamp burning low.

"During the night I was awakened by the sound of something falling. The light had gone out. I listened in anxious nervousness, and then I heard again the sound that waked me. I can't describe it. It was like a heavy muffled blow. Then silence. Every few seconds the sound was repeated. During each interval of silence I felt my blood getting colder and colder from uncertainty, and each time the sound was repeated I was less able to locate it than the time before. All sorts of frightful stories heard now and then flashed through my mind. I felt as if I should go mad.

"Finally, feeling that my hair was standing straight up with fear, I reached for my match box, but could not find it. I gathered together enough of the fragments of my courage to creep out of bed and hunt for my coat. As I did so I felt something to creep through the air by me and heard the sound again. How I did it I don't know to this day, for I was sure some wild animal had sprung at me, but I found a match and struck it. As I did so I saw two balls of fire glowing in the corner of the cabin. A second later, an age it seemed, the match flared up, and I saw what had caused my fear, a great black cat of unusual size, holding a rat between its paws. I tumbled back into bed, trembling like a child, and so nervous that I could not sleep. So I lay there and heard the now different sound and a while longer, until I had finished its play and begun its meal. No, it is a very brave man who has never known fear; for the most part a cat ordinarily is insignificant as the one I have told you of."

Trained Chameleons.

The Washington Evening Star says much has been written about the beauty, the stupidity and the wisdom of the chameleon. It is a very brave man who has never known fear; for the most part a cat ordinarily is insignificant as the one I have told you of."

FOR children's feet we have every worthy footwear comfort that can be thought of.

And how important it is that the feet of the little folks should be properly fitted while they're young and tender—very important indeed.

Now just take them by the hand, bring them in here and we'll take them by the foot and fit them as they should be and send them and you away better pleased than ever before. They want rough-weather shoes now and we have them.

The little gentleman can have a cork-sole shoe now as well as his father. Cork Sole and Heavy Spring Heel.

Store closes as formerly Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 6 o'clock.

W. & J. Simmons
HARTFORD, CONN.



"WHEN DOCTORS FAIL"
FROST'S Rheumatism CURE
cures the worst cases, either acute or chronic. A marvelous remedy that acts instantly; that eradicates poison from the blood; that banishes crutches, canes, aches and pains and puts you on your feet. Etc. at drugists.

THE PEOPLE TESTIFY.

"For 12 years I have suffered from chronic rheumatism intensely. Have tried the best known remedies and have failed without the least benefit. Lately I procured a bottle of Frost's Rheumatism Cure, and in just two doses the terrible pain went away. You have a wonderful discovery.—Mrs. Nellie Thurston, 125 Hudson Street, Boston, Jan. 4, 1895.

"Over two years ago I had German measles, which left me with rheumatism in my limbs, so that I have walked with difficulty. Have tried many remedies without relief until I was induced to try Frost's Rheumatism Cure, and in just two doses the terrible pain went away. You have a wonderful discovery.—Mrs. Nellie Thurston, 125 Hudson Street, Boston, Jan. 4, 1895.

"I have been suffering from rheumatism for several weeks, and was induced to try Dr. Frost's Rheumatism Cure, with the result that in about a day was cured. It is a wonderful discovery.—Mrs. H. A. Specht, 320 E. Street, South Boston, Jan. 8, 1895.

Frost's Remedies are stronger than any other homeopathic remedies. They have been tested by thousands of home tests.

Waterproof Shoes.
We have the celebrated Box Calf Shoes.

"White Bros' Stock"
the only genuine stock made.

Do not be deceived but ask for **WHITE BROS'.**

All styles and prices.

We have the agency for the celebrated Bazar Glove Fitting Patterns, the best fitting patterns in the world.


They are cheaper and better. All patterns 15 cents.

BOSTON SHOE STORE
L. N. CHARTER.
Park Building, So. Manchester.

FOR SALE.
25 Early hatched Brahma Cockerels (Duke of York Strain) at reasonable prices.

TWIN ASH POULTRY YARDS,
HALGH & BROWN, Proprietors
Manchester, Conn.

When the breezes blow, And the ground is covered with snow, Look at the Tiger.



INFLATED BY GAS.
A Chemical Student Has a Queer Experience in Making Experiments.

There is a new peril that threatens students who put over manufactured gas as a young man at an eastern college can testify. He was arrested last night on Folsom street by Detective Dillon, and locked up at the city prison on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. She will not make any statement.

THOMAS FROMBERG,
Expert Watchmaker and Adjuster.

For two years watch repairer for Charles Teske.

Don't Pay a Botch to Spoil Your Watch.
MAIN ST. Don't forget the number. 436

Don't Pay a Botch to Spoil Your Watch.
MAIN ST. Don't forget the number. 436

Housekeepers are invited to attend a free course of Six Lectures
BY
MISS MARIA PARLOA
TO BE GIVEN AT
Cheney Hall on Wednesday Afternoons at Three O'clock, Beginning on Wednesday, Nov. 4th.

The Subjects of these talks will be matters pertaining to DOMESTIC ECONOMY or GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

The Titles of the six lectures are as follows:

1. The Home, beginning at the foundation.
2. Kitchen and Pantries, the Larder and Refrigerator.
3. Care of the main part of the house, rugs, windows, furniture.
4. Fuel, lighting and ventilation.
5. Cooking of meats, fish and albuminous substances.
6. Selection and care of vegetables and groceries, how to cook starchy foods.

Come regularly and bring note book and pen!

Dates of lectures, Nov. 4th, 11th, 18th and Dec. 2nd, 9th, and 16th.

SOUTH MANCHESTER RAILROAD
Corrected to OCT. 11, 1895
LEAVE MANCHESTER

FOR HARTFORD—5:55, 7:30, 9:00, 10:30, 11:30, 1:00, 2:30, 4:00, 5:30, 7:00, 8:30, 10:00, 11:30 p.m.

FOR VERNON—GOING EAST—8:05 a. m., 1:00, 2:30, 4:00, 5:30, 7:00, 8:30, 10:00, 11:30 p. m.

FOR VERNON—GOING WEST—7:05 a. m., 1:00, 2:30, 4:00, 5:30, 7:00, 8:30, 10:00, 11:30 p. m.

FOR HARTFORD—GOING WEST—7:05 a. m., 1:00, 2:30, 4:00, 5:30, 7:00, 8:30, 10:00, 11:30 p. m.

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Brown, Thomson & Co.

HARTFORD'S SHOPPING CENTER.

200 SAMPLE ENDS OF SCOTCH LACE CURTAINS

RANGING 1 1/2 TO 2 YARDS IN LENGTH.

They are in beautiful patterns, suitable for short windows, Sash Curtains, and many other purposes that bright women will find use for. They are the factory sample ends, qualities that if full length would cost from \$2.00 to \$4.00 a pair. You will find them at our curtain department, placed on sale Friday morning, March 14, Choice at 25c. each.

UMBRELLA BARGAINS,

Some extraordinary ones. Never before have such genuinely good, and substantial Umbrellas been offered at so low a price. Pure Silk umbrellas, for women, made from a good pure dye twill, on best frame, with handles of the best imported boxwood and Furze wood, case and tassel to match. Regular \$2.50 value, special at \$1.55 each.

Union Taffeta Umbrellas, a mixture of silk and linen, very slightly, durable and close rolling, best frames, with handles of natural hardwood; real worth \$1.50. Special price 98c. each.

We also have a few odd lots of umbrellas, which to close are marked 20 per cent, 25 per cent, and in some instances 50 per cent less than their regular price.

EASTER NOVELTIES

now ready for you. You will find a showing of the little knick knacks and reminders, distinctive of Easter time, spread out for your convenience and selection on special bargain tables in Cross aisle, leading from main to corner store. Chickens, Ducks, Roosters, and dozens of little novelties and comicalities pleasing to the children and distinctive of Easter. Choice at 5c., 10c. and 15c. each.

SOME NEW THINGS

at our lace department. See the Tuckings in Mousselin, Crepe de Chine, black and white, also Tucked Linens, Dotted Linens, and Shirred Grass Linens.

We are offering special value in fine All Silk 45-inch Black Chantilly Dress Nets, small designs in dotted and flowered effects, 98c. to \$3.98 a yard. Real Duchesse Berthas, \$14.00 up. Real Duchesse Handkerchiefs, \$1.25 to \$15.00. Real Duchesse Lace, \$1.95 a yard up. We are also showing pretty Cream, White and Black Robes, at a price range from \$10.00 to \$30.00 each.

AUTOMOBILES.

Are you interested? These are Opening Days in Bicycle and Automobile department. Just a step down Temple street brings you to the entrance where you will find

The Locomobile and the celebrated "White" Steam Carriage; The Oldsmobile Gasoline Carriage in three styles; also the "Knox" Gasoline Machine.

The "Baker" Electric Carriage will be sure to please you. If you travel the country over, you cannot find a better or more choice selection.

In Bicycles we have the "Lenox" at \$25.00, the "Orient" from \$25.00 upwards; also George N. Pierce Co.'s high grade wheels.

WANTED FOR SALE, ETC.

Advertisements of 20 words or less inserted in this column for 25 cents each—insertions in excess of 20 words for 50 cents.

Wanted—Piano and Organ tuning. Regulation and repairing. Prompt estate dance given to mail orders. Clayton E. Hume, 11 Union St., Manchester. 2714

FOR RENT—Tenement of 7 rooms, with running water, No. 9 North School St. Enquire of S. G. Sweet, No. 11, No. School St. 2517

WANTED—Soft silk (dyed silk) window shades. Apply to Specialty Weaving Co. 100 Main St., Shelton, Conn. 2517

WANTED—Woman as housekeeper in family of three adults. 15-20 of references required. American preferred. Box 215 South Manchester. 2517

FOR RENT—House of seven rooms on Starkweather street, plenty of fruit on the place. Terms reasonable to right parties. Apply to F. Lathrop or C. H. Andrus, Manchester, Conn. 1917

FOR RENT—The Clark Holt place on Miner street, two minutes' walk from depot. Closets, steam heat, lawn and barn. One of the best tenements in town. Apply to F. Lathrop or C. H. Andrus, Manchester, Conn. 1917

YOUR SAVINGS invested in a safe and sure way of which I know, will absolutely bring you 12 per cent. per annum. Write me for full particulars. INVESTMENT, Box 8, Hartford, Conn. 2118

FOUND—On Main street, a sum of money. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this advertisement. W. E. Morton, 12 Hudson St. 2517

FOR SALE—Settings of Rhode Island Reds from prize birds—13 eggs for 75 cts. Also Barred Plymouth Rock eggs 13 for 75 cts. Apply at 12 Church street or address 1, O. Box 271. 2517

FOR SALE—Ten barrels No. 1 Apples \$5 per barrel. Some good No. 2, \$3 per barrel. Joseph Abbotson. 2517

FOR SALE—Eggs for setting. White Wyandottes, White Plymouths, E. Old Whites, Longhorns. Enquire of E. E. Fish, 31 Chestnut St., South Manchester. 2714

BURKE'S BULLETIN.

- 7 lbs. Old fashioned Buckwheat Flour, 25 cts.
- 4 lbs. Good Rice, 25 cts.
- 2 qts. Lima Beans, 25 cts.
- Men's Rubbers, 50 cts. pair.
- Lumberman's Rubbers, 1.20 pair.
- Pineapple Chunks, 15 cts. can.
- Hay per cwt, 1.05.

J. M. Burke

DR. MAY.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Room 1 Cheney Bldg., Dr. May's office, Every Wednesday, 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

Has world-wide fame for marvellous cures. It surpasses any other salve, lotion, ointment or balm for Cuts, Burns, Boils, Sores, Felons, Ulcers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Skin Eruptions; Infallible for Piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 35c. at C. H. Rose's drug store.

COMMITTED BURGLARIES.

Melbourn Hollister Arrested in Hartford, Confesses to Police.

Melbourn Hollister, formerly a Manchester man with an unsavory reputation, was arrested in Hartford yesterday for burglary. Yesterday morning he broke into a Pratt street store and robbed the cash register of a lot of pennies. A man in a building across the street saw the burglary and gave the police a description of the burglar. With this description and the knowledge that a lot of pennies had been stolen, the police had little difficulty in locating the man in a Main street saloon, where he was buying drinks with pennies. He was arrested and taken to the police station, where he confessed to the Pratt street burglary and also to six or seven other petty burglaries which have recently been committed in Hartford. Hollister has served a term in jail for an offense committed in Manchester.

SMALL POX EXTERMINATED.

Manchester Now Has Clean Bill of Health.

Manchester's smallpox cases were cleaned up today, and tonight the pest houses are empty for the first time in over eight weeks. The Tjeland family were the last to leave. They have gone back to their old home on South Main street. Dr. Hagenow, who had been confined at the pest house with the patients, has given excellent satisfaction to the town officials. That his treatment of the patients was skillful is proven by the fact that there has not been one fatality. Dr. Hagenow has received flattering offers from Providence and Pawtucket if he will go there and take care of smallpox patients. It is likely that he will accept one or the other.

FIRES AND FIREMEN.

An Evening with the Expert Fire Fighters of New York.

A novel lecture will be given at Cheney hall Thursday evening of next week under the auspices of Hose & Ladder company, No. 1. The speaker will be Mr. Charles T. Hills, of New York, and his subject will be "Fighting Fires." The lecture will be illustrated by one hundred stereoscopic views and one thousand feet of moving pictures, showing the firemen at work at actual fires. The stereoscopic views have been made under Mr. Hills' personal supervision from photographs taken by himself and associates at noted fires, and about New York city and represent some of the most remarkable subjects. The New York fire department is generally conceded to be the finest in the world and Mr. Hills' lecture will describe its organization and apparatus and its work at some of the most noted fires, including the Windsor hotel fire, the burning of the North German Lloyd's docks and ships at Hoboken, the Tarrant explosion and the Standard Oil fire at Bayonne, N. J. The thrilling rescues of endangered persons by the firemen will be illustrated with photographs made on the spot.

The admission price will be 25 cents with reserved seats at 35 cents. A special matinee will be given for school children at four o'clock in the afternoon at which the admission price will be five cents. A few adults will be accommodated in the gallery at regular prices.

Free, one package of Pillsbury's wheat food to purchasers of Pillsbury's Vitos. O. F. Toop.

Have a Don Tell of His Needs. Ben was our faithful, jolly old bull terrier. For ten years he was a member of the family. Perhaps Ben had one bad trait; he would "fight at the drop of the hat." This necessitated keeping him on a chain most of the time, although I confess deep admiration for his ability as a scrapper. I love a fighter that fights fair, and Ben was that kind. I never saw him tackle a dog smaller than himself, but have seen him whip canines apparently large enough to eat him. When on the chain, Ben had ways of his own of notifying us of his wants. A steady succession of low barks, with a short interval between each bark, indicated that it was his mealtime. A quick, sharp bark, with long intervals between each bark, accompanied with low whining, indicated thirst. Loud, steady barking informed us that some one was coming, and spasmodic, choking barking was his way of letting us know a dog was near and that he was anxious to mix with him. At home we are all of the opinion that if the human members of the family can reason, then so could Ben.—Forest and Stream.

California prunes, 7 cents pound, four pounds for 25 cts. O. F. Toop.

Methods of Genus. "Dr. Johnson could remember everything he wrote," said the literary man.

"That is the difference between Dr. Johnson and myself," answered the composer of music. "I write everything I can remember."—Washington Star.

Inconsistency in Clocks. "Wag—It's queer how time flies. Wag—Yes; you would think that clocks ought to have wings instead of hands and feet."—Philadelphia Record.

Suits made to order for \$10.75. Good at guaranteed. Best of cloth and workmanship. P. McFarlane, Depot square.

PUBLIC TEMPERANCE MEETING

Interesting Sunday Night Services Under Direction of W. C. T. U.

The memorial and free will offering meeting held at the Center church last Sunday evening was a decided success. The house was well filled to the doors and the audience appeared to be much interested in all parts of the program. The organist and choir labored under a disadvantage through the absence of some of the members, but were kindly assisted by Mrs. Ingalls of the Methodist choir and their singing, with that of the young ladies, was very enjoyable and much appreciated.

The address of the first speaker, Rev. G. W. Reynolds, was exceedingly interesting and uplifting. In speaking of the many tributes paid to the memory of Miss Willard, he cited the facts that her portrait adorns the walls of many of our public schools, that a bust of Miss Willard is placed in the capitol at Albany, N. Y., her native state, and Illinois her adopted state, has the honor, by an act of its legislature, of placing her statue in Statuary hall, at the capitol in Washington, D. C. It is a happy coincidence that Miss Helen F. Mears, of Oshkosh, Wis., to whom the commission for this memorial statue has been awarded, has thus won honors for the same state that shrines the sacred associations of "Forest Home."

The fringe of trees was near, but a hasty backward look showed him the pursuing brave close upon him with spear raised. Moved by a sudden impulse, Colter stopped, turned and faced the savage with outstretched arms. The Indian was so taken aback at this unexpected movement that he stumbled and fell. This was Colter's opportunity. He ran back, seized the spear and, pinning his antagonist to the ground, ran on.

Other savages came on, fiercer than before at the death of their comrade, but Colter reached the trees, plunged into their midst and then into the river and swam to a pile of driftwood that had lodged. He dived beneath it and stuck his head up between two logs covered with smaller timbers and brush.

The Indians came up and searched for several hours, but failed to find him. Again and again they walked over the driftwood. Luckily they did not fire it, as he feared they would. At last they went away. Then Colter swam out and fled through the forest.

Seven days he went on, living on roots and berries, with no clothing, until at last he reached a trading post on the Big Horn river. He never fully recovered from the effects of this terrible experience.—Youth's Companion.

His Bank Signature. A case for a handwriting expert was noticed at one of the downtown banks the other day. A treasurer of one of the many charitable organizations of this city had received a check to be deposited to that certain charity, and he was desirous of acknowledging it, but could not read the signature. He drew and questioned one of the clerks as to the signature and was told that it was genuine, but could not get the desired information. It was best to refer to the paying teller, who also declared that it was genuine, but even he could not make out who it was and had to consult the card catalogue. There was not the slightest resemblance between the signature to the check and the real name.—New York Post.

The "Bad" Boys. The "bad" boys are often the best boys in the neighborhood. All they want is a chance to do something. Don't expect healthy, active boys to want to be tied up in books and so called improving occupations continually. If boys are not given good ideas to work upon, such as they always get in kindergartens, manual training and other up to date schools, they are sure to be in harmful mischief, because boys with vim and "get there" in them are bound to be busy. Give them tools and materials to work with; encourage them to make sleds, carts, boats and various kinds of playthings. Don't ever give a "bad" boy up. Give him something to do.

Vanished Interest. "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do you think that women ought to be prevented from voting?" "Certainly not." "Wouldn't you try to stop me if I tried to go to the polls?" "Not for an instant."

"Well, then, what in the world is the use of wanting to vote?"—Washington Star.

From Bad to Worse. Myer—I believe we will follow the same occupation in the next world that we do here on earth. Gyer—Get out! What would plumbbers do in a place where the water pipes couldn't freeze, even if there was any water?—Chicago News.

Some of Them "Out." "Is the jury still out?" asked the attorney for the defendant of Judge Wayback. "I guess some of 'em is," replied the judge sagely. "They've bin playin' poker for the past three hours."—Ohio State Journal.

Lucky Girl. Mr. Cropper (after the fox hunt)—Were you in at the death? Miss Annie Seed—Well, rather. My poor old grandfather left me a quarter of a million.—Philadelphia Press.

LOCKJAW FROM COBWEBS. Cobwebs put on a cut lately gave a woman lockjaw. Millions know that the best thing to put on a cut is Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the infallible healer of Wounds, Ulcers, Sores, Skin Eruptions, Burns, Scalds and Piles. It cures or no pay. Only 35c. at Rose's drug store.

P. G. Burdett, Cartwright, Ky., writes: "Eight months ago I was obliged to quit work through biliousness, and was almost a physical wreck. I tried different medicines and found no relief. After using one box of Ramon's Liver Pills and Tonic Pellets I was restored to perfect health." 35 cents. Cheney's drug store and J. P. Smith.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Ferocious Experience of a Hunter With an Indian Band.

One of the most remarkable instances of the escape of a white man from the Indians was that of John Colter, a famous hunter and trapper. On the day in question he and his companion were surrounded by 600 savage warriors. The companion was instantly killed, and Colter was captured. His foes had no intention of saving his life, however. They wanted the sport of putting him to the torture or at least of playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse. The chief asked him if he could run. He said, "Not much."

He was released and told to save his life if he dared. Colter darted away at high speed, and most of the 600 savages set off after him. There was a plain before him six miles wide, bounded on the far side by a river fringed with trees. Colter had always been famous as a runner, and his practice now stood him in good stead. He made straight across the plain for the stream, and the yells of his pursuers lent him wings. His foes had removed every shred of clothing from his body, and the plain was covered with prickly pears, so that his unprotected feet were lacerated at every stride.

Half way across the plain he glanced back and saw that only a few Indians were following him. Again he ran on, and soon realized that one of his pursuers was nearing him. He redoubled his efforts, and blood gushed from his nostrils and flowed down over his breast.

The fringe of trees was near, but a hasty backward look showed him the pursuing brave close upon him with spear raised. Moved by a sudden impulse, Colter stopped, turned and faced the savage with outstretched arms. The Indian was so taken aback at this unexpected movement that he stumbled and fell. This was Colter's opportunity. He ran back, seized the spear and, pinning his antagonist to the ground, ran on.

Other savages came on, fiercer than before at the death of their comrade, but Colter reached the trees, plunged into their midst and then into the river and swam to a pile of driftwood that had lodged. He dived beneath it and stuck his head up between two logs covered with smaller timbers and brush.

The Indians came up and searched for several hours, but failed to find him. Again and again they walked over the driftwood. Luckily they did not fire it, as he feared they would. At last they went away. Then Colter swam out and fled through the forest.

Seven days he went on, living on roots and berries, with no clothing, until at last he reached a trading post on the Big Horn river. He never fully recovered from the effects of this terrible experience.—Youth's Companion.

His Bank Signature. A case for a handwriting expert was noticed at one of the downtown banks the other day. A treasurer of one of the many charitable organizations of this city had received a check to be deposited to that certain charity, and he was desirous of acknowledging it, but could not read the signature. He drew and questioned one of the clerks as to the signature and was told that it was genuine, but could not get the desired information. It was best to refer to the paying teller, who also declared that it was genuine, but even he could not make out who it was and had to consult the card catalogue. There was not the slightest resemblance between the signature to the check and the real name.—New York Post.

The "Bad" Boys. The "bad" boys are often the best boys in the neighborhood. All they want is a chance to do something. Don't expect healthy, active boys to want to be tied up in books and so called improving occupations continually. If boys are not given good ideas to work upon, such as they always get in kindergartens, manual training and other up to date schools, they are sure to be in harmful mischief, because boys with vim and "get there" in them are bound to be busy. Give them tools and materials to work with; encourage them to make sleds, carts, boats and various kinds of playthings. Don't ever give a "bad" boy up. Give him something to do.

Vanished Interest. "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do you think that women ought to be prevented from voting?" "Certainly not." "Wouldn't you try to stop me if I tried to go to the polls?" "Not for an instant."

"Well, then, what in the world is the use of wanting to vote?"—Washington Star.

From Bad to Worse. Myer—I believe we will follow the same occupation in the next world that we do here on earth. Gyer—Get out! What would plumbbers do in a place where the water pipes couldn't freeze, even if there was any water?—Chicago News.

Some of Them "Out." "Is the jury still out?" asked the attorney for the defendant of Judge Wayback. "I guess some of 'em is," replied the judge sagely. "They've bin playin' poker for the past three hours."—Ohio State Journal.

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HOW THE DOCTOR WON

By Jeannette S. Benton

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The office boy heard the doctor in the annex and went out. Her face was buried in a basin of water, and the formaldehyde bottle stood open. "How's the smallpox?" he asked. "Bad," she replied, emerging rosy from the towel. "Is any one waiting?" "No one now but Mr. Doane Aldrich; been three or four, but they got tired waiting."

"Very well. Tell him I will be there in a minute." As the boy closed the door she walked to the mirror and regarded herself attentively, spraying violet water over her hands and hair. "I wish I had some powder," she murmured. "I am afraid I look blowzy."

To the tall young man in the reception room she looked discouragingly cool and unperturbed as he arose at her entrance. "It is a little matter, doctor," he explained. "I have just been transferred to the Y mine, and they have smallpox down there, so I suppose it is necessary to be vaccinated."

"It certainly is, if you haven't been lately. Things are in bad shape at the Y. I have put in the whole afternoon there. There's a good deal of smallpox and more dissatisfaction. I suppose the dissatisfaction is what sent you there."

"I suppose so. What's at the bottom of the trouble anyway?" "Sickening howells and the company store. If you can get the company to do anything before those people murder you as its nearest representative, you will be doing good work. However, come into the office, and I will vaccinate you."

He followed her in. "This is the first time I ever came here as a subject," he remarked. He bared his arm and looked dubiously at its white surface. How could she be a doctor? Still, he had sometimes wished he could be sick a week or two. It would be such a good chance to see her every day. What was she going to do with that razor looking little knife? It had been so long since he was vaccinated he had forgotten all about it. Did she jab the stuff in at the end of the ear? If she was going to jab, he wished she would stop that scratching.

He watched the scratching knife, fascinated. Suddenly it began to describe erratic circles in his vision. Dr. Richie felt his arm relaxing under her grasp. With a movement as quiet as it was quick she eased his stalwart body to the floor, then loosened his collar and dashed a little water in his face.

He opened his eyes slowly. "Oh, I say," he gasped, "what's the matter?" "The doctor took a little water of the kind you use to wash your face with and vaccinated you, and you fainted," she explained. "You will be all right in a moment."

He got rather uncertainly to his feet and leaned against a convenient case of drawers. "Good Lord!" he groaned. "What do you think of me? I hope you don't think it was because I hurt. I don't know what it was. I was watching that little knife; then I was here on the floor. Please finish the job," he concluded irritably. "I'll try to stand up under it."

As she adjusted the small bandage he thought savagely: "If I should lift you off your feet, my sweet doctor, and kiss that diabolical dimple, you might at least respect my muscle. How can a fellow make love to a woman doctor any more?" Aloud he said, "Thank you, doctor," rather abruptly, hurried into his coat, settled with the office boy and got away with all speed.

The doctor strolled to the window and watched him go striding off, his big shoulders squared. "Poor old fellow!" she said softly. Then she flushed and smiled in a way that little befitted a member of the medical profession. "He is bashful and stupid, too," she pouted.

Doane Aldrich squared his shoulders against his troubles often that winter. His recognized powers as a pacifier seemed to have signally failed. "Wouldn't you try to stop me if I tried to go to the polls?" "Not for an instant."

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And Mr. Aldrich had checked the horse enough to depart.

It was cold, with a driving mist when the doctor drove up to her gate several evenings later. "Poor Bess!" she said to the panting horse. "Tired, aren't you?" A small, tattered boy came down the road, running wearily, as though nearly spent. "Oh, Miss Doctor," he shrieked, "wait!"

His face shone pale through the dirt. As he came up she recognized the pit boss' boy. "Ma sent me to tell you to do something quick. Ma is a doctor and she's out with a lot of winin' and they are ruinin' wild. Mr. Aldrich went away with the new shift. Pa told him he better watch things on top, but he thought Pa needed help. Now they are goin' to git hold of the shafthouse 'n' when Mr. Aldrich comes up with the new men either drop the cage or rock 'em."

The doctor's face had grown white as the boy talked. "The shift will come up at 6?" she asked. The boy nodded. "Come into the house. You must be dried and fed. I will telephone the police, but Bess and I will get there half an hour ahead of them. Heaven knows what we will do, but we will do something or die!" she half whispered.

"Now, go, Bess!" she cried as she sprang into the buggy. As she approached the little town she could hear a swelling din of discordant voices. She dashed through an alley and came out in the street in front of the shafthouse. The women were sweeping around the corner just below her, fifteen or twenty of them. Their tossing arms and distorted faces held her a second fascinated. Then her brown eyes brightened mischievously, and she wheeled the horse and cart directly in front of the howling crowd.

"Kate McGuire!" she called, pointing an accusing whip at her. Her momentum carried them nearly to the cart. Then, as they could not conveniently climb it and the "darlin' doctor" was a person to respect anyway, they stopped.

"What do you mean," she demanded sternly, "yelling around in this cold rain? What do you think it will do for your neuralgia? You will be crazy with it. Your cheeks is all swollen up now, and your eyes looks as though you had broken a blood vessel. I knew a woman once—her voice grew deeply impressive—"whose eye burst, and she didn't expose herself the way you are doing either. And you, too, Dilsey, just nicely over the smallpox—do you know what you will have? You will have a relapse!"

She fairly hurled the word at her, and Dilsey received it with a moan of terror. "Holy mother, doctor!" she wailed. "Do it be fatal?" Kate had shut her mouth and was whining softly, cuddling her face in her damp shawl. She turned reproachfully to the women behind her.

"The doctor's right. This do be a sorry sight for poor wimble creatures to be out in 'n' 'n' 'n' to be ashamed. Me 'n' my crazy already wiled the pain." "Sh!" she spoke to the bunch, and they all went back to their work.

How could you be so kind? You know that you're beginning to get hot! And you, Jeremiah—I thought you told me you couldn't speak a loud word!" "No more I can," croaked Jeremiah hoarsely.

"Go home, every one of you!" she wailed imperiously. "You ought to be ashamed, running around like a lot of lunatics. I'll come around presently and give you something for that neuralgia, Kate, and you a dose, too, Dilsey."

Fifteen minutes later there wasn't a woman in sight save the doctor. She drove the trembling horse into one of the sheds. "Poor old girl!" she said, loosening up the harness. "I nearly killed you, didn't I?"

There was a sound of hurrying feet, and Mr. Aldrich came in breathlessly. "Are you safe?" he asked. "Yes, I gave him one quick glance, her white chin and red lips set with becoming gravity. "I think I am," she replied, with a mild note of inquiry. "Do you feel dangerous?"

He strode up to her and looked down into the provoking face. "A man who faints when he is vaccinated is a fit subject to be saved from a mob of women fan't be?" he questioned. "Don't think I don't realize how serious it was. I know you probably saved me from a very unpleasant death, but I wish you hadn't."

He searched her face an instant, then suddenly drew her to him and kissed almost roughly the derisive dimple that was flaunting at him. "I have been tempted a hundred times," he said defiantly. "And you were too—too stupid to—er—fall!"

The Division of Time. The division of time into hours was practiced among the Babylonians from remote antiquity, but it was Hipparchus, the philosopher, who introduced the sexagesimal hour into Europe. The sexagesimal system of notation was chosen by that ancient people because there is no number having so many divisions as sixty. The Babylonians divided the daily journey of the sun, the ruler of the day, into twenty-four parasangs. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes and that again into sixty seconds. They compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker in the same period of time, both covering one parasang, and the course of the sun during the full equinoctial day was fixed at twenty-four parasangs.

THE VICE OF NAGGING. Clouds the happiness of the home, but a nagging woman often needs help. She may be so nervous and run down in health that trifles annoy her. If she is melancholy, excitable, troubled with loss of appetite, headache, sleeplessness, constipation or fainting and dizzy spells, she needs Electric Bitters, the most wonderful remedy for ailing women. Thousands of sufferers from female troubles, nervous troubles, headaches and weak kidneys have used it, and become healthy and happy. Try it. Only 50c. C. H. Rose guarantees satisfaction.