

THE HIGHLAND NEWS.



A MONTHLY PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF GOOD HEALTH.
"AND THOU SHALT BRING FORTH TO THEM WATER OUT OF THE ROCK."

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THE KINGDOM OF LOVE.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In the dawn of the day, when the sea and the earth
Reflected the sunrise above,
I set forth, with a heart full of courage and mirth,
To seek for the Kingdom of Love.
I asked of a poet I met on the way
Which cross-road would lead me aright,
And he said: "Follow me, and ere long you will see
Its glittering turrets of light."
And soon in the distance a city shone fair;
"Look yonder," he said, "there it gleams!"
But alas! for the hopes that were doomed to despair,
It was only the Kingdom of Dreams.
Then the next man I asked was a gay cavalier,
And he said: "Follow me, follow me,"
And with laughter and song we went speeding along
By the shore of life's beautiful sea,
Till I came to a valley more tropical far
Than the wonderful Vale of Cashmore,
And I saw from a bowser a face like a flower
Smile out on the gay cavalier.
And he said: "We have come to humanity's goal—
Here love and delight are intense."
But alas! and alas! for the hope of my soul—
It was only the Kingdom of Sense.
As I journeyed more slowly I met on the road
A coach, with retainers behind,
And they said: "Follow us, for our lady's abode
Belongs in the realm you will find."
'Twas a grand dame of fashion, a newly-wed bride;
I followed, encouraged and bold,
But my hopes died away like the last gleams of day,
For we came to the Kingdom of Gold.
At the door of a cottage I asked a fair maid,
"I have heard of that realm," she replied,
But my feet never roam from the Kingdom of Home;
So I know not the way"; and she sighed.
I looked on the cottage—how restful it seemed!
And the maid was as fair as a dove.
Great light glorified my soul as I cried:
"Why, home is the Kingdom of Love!"
— "Mal Montee."

"RUSTIC, OR PRIMA DONNA?"

WRITTEN FOR THE HIGHLAND NEWS BY JULIA M. KNIGHT.

The close of a sultry day in midsummer, and the stormy splendor of the western sky floods the peaceful sylvan scene with its ruddy glow, even firing the deepest recesses of the pine forest, that stands in gloomy grandeur on a spur of the mountain.

A single horseman rides slowly along the winding trail, his garb and courtly bearing proclaiming the city stranger, while a pair of keen eyes peering from beneath the slouched hat, seem to take note of everything.

"This wilderness must come to an end sometime," he muttered. "Twelve hours in the saddle is quite enough when one is alone; surely there must be a village at the end of this maze, and the sight of a human face."

Suddenly through the dreamy hush of the wood, comes the silvery cadence of the thrush, and ere the delicate note dies away, the air is filled with music, gushing forth from some unseen source, like all the birds of spring let loose on the land.

"By Jove—is this enchanted ground?" he murmured, in bewilderment. "Is it a bird—a witch—or a woman?" and then with an exclamation of pleasure, he hurried the horse forward.

For there at the end of a long vista, a young girl walked, waving a pine bough in her hand, and preceded by a drove of leisurely cows.

"Heavens! if this little rustic can pipe such a lay as that, she'll not long remain in obscurity," was his inward comment, as he drew rein beside her. "Your pardon, young lady, but can you tell me the way to the nearest village? I am a stranger in these parts."

The girl lifted her head, and fairly startled him with the brilliant gypsy face that laughed from under the broad sun-hat, with its vivid tints of cheek and lip, and great dark eyes.

"The village lies below us sir, in the valley; our road is the same."

"In that case, with your permission, we will be comrades by the way," and, dismounting, he sauntered leisurely on by her side, installing himself in her good favor with the careless ease of one who understood the sex. And all the time he covertly studied his companion, noted the rare grace of the light figure, the arch coquetry of glance and expression, and marveled that simple cotton gowns were so becoming, and flapping straw hats so irresistible.

"If this dairy-maid be a type of all the rest, then the fairest ladies in the land must look to their laurels," he mused. But he only said, "Do you know that you carry a little bird in your throat, my girl? I was fairly startled, just now, by the music that broke into this solitude."

She blushed, and turned away with a movement of shyness.

"Ah! you flatter me, sir; I cannot sing—I do not know a note of music—I but imitate the birds, and brooks, and wind through the trees"—

He laid his hand on her arm, and spoke in low vehement tones:

"Let me tell you something; I have heard the greatest singers in the world, Patti—Nilson—Gerster—all of them, strange names to you, my dear; but I have heard no voice that can excel yours for sweetness and pure melody."

"Is this really true?" she panted, turning toward him a face all aglow with eagerness and joy.

"It is the living truth," he responded with solemn emphasis. "You hold in your hands a priceless jewel; will you fling it aside like a common pebble, or let its lustre shine, and gladden the eyes of all? It rests with you to choose."

"What do you mean?" she murmured, lifting her eyes to his with childlike candor.

"You have youth, strength, and courage," he went on hurriedly, watching keenly the changing, artless countenance before him. "More than this, you have a glorious voice, which it were a sin to hide here in the backwoods; four years of careful training, and then"—

"Then"—she echoed, with parted lips, and dilating eyes.

"The world lies at your feet," and he spread out his hands with a gesture of infinite meaning. "To a successful prima donna every portal is thrown wide."

She gave a deep sigh, and clasped her hands over her beating heart.

"Oh! if it were possible," and then, with a sharp revulsion of feeling: "Sir! it is cruel to tantalize me thus with fair promises that cannot be fulfilled. My home lies there, in that little village; with the simple people who cared for me when early orphaned, and to whom I owe lasting devotions. I am a poor girl, and—and—I wish we had never met." She turned aside to hide the tears that softened the dark splendor of her eyes.

"And why do you wish we had never met, my girl?" he said in a tone of reproach.

"Because I shall never, never, be happy again; your words have spoiled the old sweet humdrum life for me, and now"—

"Nilson was a peasant girl," he said softly; "Yet friends came to her rescue, and now she holds a position any queen might envy."

"But, I am only poor Rose Wilde," she sighed, "and I have no friends to help me."

"Every musician is a friend to Genius," he made ardent response. "Trust to me, and the way shall be opened, if you desire it. I am a stranger to you now, but before I leave the village, you shall know me as a friend."

And, then, as they descend the hill together, the little village with its quaint, huddled houses, and elm shaded streets, glimmers with pastoral loveliness in the mellow after-glow; a bell comes pealing across the summer stillness, and the young moon, light and airy as a Cupid's bow, trembles into sight.

The village lies silent under radiant starlit-skies; dense shadows sway and move under the ancestral elms, the luminous light of the new moon tenderly permeates the scene, the whirl of the insect-world comes drowsily to the sense.

Frank Seymour, smoking a meditative cigar, under the porch of the old homestead where he has taken temporary shelter, sees the twinkling lights go out, one by one, in the neighboring houses, as the tired inmates betake themselves to early slumber; and now and then a youth and maiden pass by, and are lost in the moonlight and shadows.

"Love's young dream," he muses, with a slight smile of cynical meaning.

And then a fresh, gurgling laugh sounds close at hand, and a light, graceful figure goes tripping airily by, on the arm of a broad-shouldered young fellow.

He makes an involuntary movement of impatience, and follows the receding couple with his eyes, till they vanish in the windings of a little lane.

"So"—he muttered savagely—"Phyllis has her Stephon it seems; I might have known it—yet it will play the mischief with my plans. Is this great talent to be snuffed out like a tallow dip, for a miserable little dream

of love? One summer of sentiment and moonshine, and then a lifetime of drudgery and stagnation. Bah! the old, old story. The girl is too good for it, or *not good enough*; she has beauty, talent, and spirit, she could adapt herself to any position in life, rise to any height.

"Yes—and she has the failings of the sex, too; vanity, a thirst for dress and conquest, the little witch is a coquette by instinct, I believe—what eyes she made at me. Ah! well—she is open to temptation; and love in a cottage will prove but a sorry substitute for luxury, power, and the adulation of the world.

"Enjoy your brief delusion, my Stephon, while you may. The seed of discontent has already been sown; we shall see how this wild Rose stands the test."

Had he been a silent witness of the interview between these seeming lovers, his meditations would assuredly have been more pleasant. To tell truth, they were engaged in one of the trifling discords that often mar the serenest courtship—a lover's quarrel. He stalking apart, with stern lip and clouded brow, a look of pain contracting his handsome, honest face; while she danced along, beautiful and bare-headed under the moonlight, now luring him on with a winsome smile, then repulsing by a willful word.

"Oh! Rob—Rob—how can you be so foolish?" she cries at last, flinging herself down by the roadside, and looking up at him with a saucy face, that seemed to mock his wretchedness. "Am I, then, to be denied all freedom, simply because we chance to be betrothed to one another?"

"Rose—have I ever denied you anything?" he said sadly. "Yet I cannot look on with calmness, when the girl I love smiles on other men, and listens so readily to their rapid gallantries."

"Vapid gallantries, indeed"—she echoed with spirit, "and all because I meet a stranger, and show him the road; instead of staring at him like a rustic, and saying, ha-ow? He was most delightful company," she added maliciously.

"Oh, indeed!" grimly; "and you believed every word he told you, I'll be bound."

"I wish I could," she sighed regretfully.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Rose—you are concealing something from me."

She arose and dropped him a coquettish courtesy.

"Allow me to introduce to you the future prima donna of New England."

He stared at her in speechless bewilderment.

"I see that you cannot take in the situation, all at once; I am only gradually awakening to it myself."

"Rose—are you crazy?"

"Listen, Rob! much as you profess to adore, you have underestimated my charms; vain as I have always been, I've never done myself justice. It was left for this stranger to reveal to me"—

"What?" he broke in, his eyes flashing fire through the darkness.

"Hush, Rob!" she laughed, leaning against him with a half-caress. "I'm just on the point of telling you. He says that my voice is beautiful; that I only need time, and training, and then—" *the world will lie at my feet*; his very words."

Rob threw his strong arm about her with a groan.

"Rose—Rose—don't listen to this man; he is tempting you away from me—from my love, and an honest, happy life in the village where you were born and reared. You on the stage, Rose, flattered and applauded by the multitude—do not speak of it again."

"Ah, Rob!" she murmured, "but I must think of it. You do not half know the extent of my ambition."

Then as she saw the look of anguish that crossed his kind face, she relented, and threw herself into his arms with a laughing caress.

"Oh, Rob, dear! you are so dead in earnest, that I can't resist teasing you, for my life."

—And so the quarrel terminated; yet leaving a little barb behind in the lover's heart, to rankle there many an after day.

The stranger lingers in the sleepy, little village nearly a month, charmed with the idyllic character of the spot; mingling in all the rustic merry-makings of the young people, and winning for himself a warm corner in the hearts of the kindly, unsophisticated natives. The plump, apple-cheeked girls are in a flutter of excitement at his presence, and their rustic swains correspondingly gloomy in consequence; yet he showers his kindness and gay grace on one and all, with seeming impartiality.

So it chanced that he and Rose often meet, exchange a stray word or smile, clasp hands in the contra dance, and if these trifling incidents give an added glow to her brunette beauty, and vivacity to her movements, who can complain? Rose has changed in these days, and the sparkling coquette who tried and tormented her lover almost beyond endurance, by her caprices, draws nearer to him now, and seems to rest content in his steadfast love.

Honest, big-hearted Robert Winthrop can scarce believe his good fortune, and feels somewhat as a boy might if a gay butterfly lighted on his arm an instant, scarce daring to breathe lest it should take to flight. Yet he begins to believe that his hasty suspicions were unfounded, and that his devotion is at last to meet with its reward. And when, in the early fall, Frank Seymour packs his knapsack, and rides slowly out of the valley, with a lingering, backward glance, the last cloud is lifted from his heart, and he shouts aloud for joy. He works hard all that day, for the harvest is heavy this year, and not a hand idle in the village. Not until dusk does he get home, tired as a dog, but buoyant with hope and anticipation.

"Where is Rose, mother?" is his first, eager question, as he misses her bright, welcoming face at the porch.

"Mercy knows, lad," lamented the old lady. "She went off nutting early this morning, and that's the last I've seen of her. Somehow, she's always missing when there's any work to be done."

"Oh come, mother," he pleaded, "don't be hard on her youth and gaiety; she's only a girl." But the flush of expectation died from his face, and a nameless terror struck to his heart. "Where can she be all this time?" he muttered.

Something white gleamed in a clump of gay autumn leaves lying on the window seat; he caught it up eagerly and, in the light of the rising moon, read these words, written in the careless scrawl of Rose:

"Dear old Rob, when you read this I shall be far away; I must try my wings and leave the old home nest—the temptation has proved too great for me. You do not know—you never can know me, really. I am all unworthy your great, true love. Only forgive, and forget your little
Rose."

He gave a sharp cry of pain and staggered

against the window like one stricken with a mortal blow.

"Oh Rose—Rose—" he groaned. "And I so beloved and trusted you; I have been so happy lately."

And then as his mother broke forth in bitter condemnation of the heartless girl he silenced her suddenly. "Not another word, mother," he commanded; "to me or any one else. Rose is an innocent girl, led away by ambition. I shall follow and find her, wherever she may go. I will never give her up."

And he raised his clenched hand as though registering a solemn vow, while the mellow harvest-moon shone full on his pale, resolute face.

Four years have passed away and our scene is shifted to the brilliant interior of an opera-house in one of the large cities of the East. The flower of youth and fashion are assembled in honor of the opening night; fans wave, jewels gleam, and fair faces glow with eager anticipation, while the crowded parquet resembles a garden of gorgeous tulips, nodding and swaying under the dazzling chandelier.

The opera is Wallace's ever-tuneful "Maritana"; the occasion, the first appearance in that city of a prima donna who has taken the world by storm, and rivals renowned artistes in the brilliancy of her lyrical triumphs. She possesses the invincible charm of youth, beauty, and a peerless voice; and society is rife with strange and conflicting rumors about the fair unknown, who has so suddenly sprung from obscurity into the light of popular favor.

Who is she, and from whence does she come?

One boldly affirms that she is an Italian girl, a simple fishermaid, picked up on the bay of Naples. Another proclaims, with equal certainty and an air of profound mystery: "A daughter of Spain—descendant of a noble family—but love of art, ahem! and financial considerations, led her to adopt the stage as a profession; quite a romance, I assure you."

"I beg leave to differ with you;" here broke in an elderly gentleman, with an air of authority that commanded instant attention. "Our little prima donna, though combining both the beauty of Spain and the music of Italy, happens to be one of our New England girls. And to Seymour belongs the honor of bringing her before the world."

"Deuced lucky fellow, Seymour," drawled a dandy near by.

"Well, Seymour has a mania for music, as we all know;" was the cool response. "Only this and nothing more—Mlle. Rossi is as inaccessible as a star in the heavens."

Here the curtain rises, and the attention of all is concentrated on the stage; and when the gypsy "Maritana" comes bounding on, a bright incarnation of youth and witchery, the house bursts forth in a tumult of enthusiasm. And after the "Harp in the Air," when the glorious voice rolls out in all its splendor, now soaring upward like a lark in the skies, now dying away to a mere thread of melody, murmurs of unmistakable delight resound on every side.

Her success is assured; and throughout the evening the excitement waxes stronger and stronger, till at the close of the opera it passes all bounds, and the great theatre trembles with the plaudits of the eager multitude; the stage is strewn with flowers as the fair singer stands smiling her thanks with the artless grace of a child. At this moment a simple knot of wild flowers is thrown from a neighboring box and falls at her feet, among the rich roses and rare exotics, piled there in gorgeous profusion. She catches it up and presses it to her lips, with a glance in the direction whence it came; and those nearest see a sudden pallor overspread her vivid brunette beauty, and strike youth and gladness from the vivacious face.

In her dressing-room, with flowers lying loose on chair, table, and sofa, as tokens of her latest successes, Mlle. Rossi throws herself down with an air of exhaustion, and tearing open a note peruses its contents with

burning gaze. 'Tis a voice from the past; and coming now in the hour of her triumph, when her wildest dream of ambition seems fulfilled, it strikes an ominous chill to her heart.

"Can I never leave the past behind me?" she sighs; "and be in reality what I seem; an ambitious singer to whom fame and the world's homage are all in all? Oh, Rob—Rob—why do you pursue me thus with your love—or is it hate? For such an act of treachery merits the deepest vengeance. But, no—he is incapable of that; and I could disarm him by a look. We must never meet again."

She throws the nameless terror from her, and resolves to think no more of it; and in these years of upward struggle and endeavor, she has learned well the lesson of self-command; the willful, capricious Rose Wilde, has developed into a woman of subtle parts, and irresistible attractions. Yet, throughout her engagement, she nightly experiences a similar shock; encounters a familiar face in her audience, manly, resolute, and searching (a phantom from the past), and bears away a knot of wild flowers, in which is smothered an urgent appeal for a meeting. Till at last, worn out by useless resistance, she yields an unwilling assent, and appoints an interview for the following morning.

She is prepared for anything; reproaches, recriminations, or a homily on the vanity of human ambition; so what is her surprise to have the occasion pass off in peace and pleasantness. By tacit consent they treat the past as *past*, and he presses no claim on her for the future. He listens with apparent interest to the story of her studies abroad, and early successes on the stage; and in turn tells her somewhat of his own career. In short, she is both puzzled and piqued by the self-command (or indifference) of her former lover, and can scarce recognize the frank, hot-headed Rob in this calm, assured young man. In the beginning she had feared an outbreak, and now she trembled lest he had entirely outlived that old, foolish romance.

She could not resist tempting him a little at the close. "Those were pleasant old days, after all, Rob;" she sighed, meditatively.

"While they lasted—yes," was the curt response.

And then, as he held her hand at parting, he said in a softened tone—

"Rose—for the sake of old times, promise to call upon me if ever you need a stout heart, or strong arm to befriend you. Mlle. Rossi has countless admirers in her train, I know, but I doubt if she could count one friend among them all; 'tis for this I wished to speak with you."

After he had gone she sat long, lost in meditation, her bright face clouded over, and tiny foot tapping impatiently on the floor.

"He has done with me," she sighed. "Out-lived both love, and hate, and folly; he does not even feel that I am a beautiful woman; he wishes to be my friend, he said."

She broke into a reckless laugh.

"So that is over—and I fancied him pining away of imperishable love. Well—the world is still left to me; I am a successful singer, fêted and applauded by the public. What is it to me if one man withholds his admiration? I do not care for him—no, no—I will not care."

And even as she thus protested against it, her head fell forward on her hands, and she burst into a passion of weeping. The tide had turned, and now swept over her with resistless force; the softer impulses of her nature, scorned and thrust aside, now claimed to be heard; something rose up in her heart and confronted her like a master. The Nemesis had overtaken her at last.

The opera season is drawing to a close, and Mlle. Rossi, who has nightly enchanted multitudes by her vivacious grace and wondrous singing, will soon be but a pleasant memory. She feels strangely worn and weary to-night, as she paces her little room in the piquant costume of "Arline"; and neither scarlet kerchief, gleaming coins, or rouged cheeks can quite

conceal from her eyes the haggard, hunted look that has crept into her face of late.

"This will never do," she mutters impatiently. "To-night I must laugh and sing, if to-morrow I die. Ah, well! the lights, the music, the welcoming applause, will quickly restore me to my old self. If only he would stay away. No, no—I could never sing a note then."

The shrill voice of the call-boy, summoning "Arline," cut short her meditations, and snatching up the gaily be-ribboned tambourine, she started for the stage.

To those who listened that night it seemed that she had never sung and acted with more fire and abandon; she fairly electrified the audience by the soaring sweetness of her lovely voice. Yet one who sat nearer, and looked deeper, saw the girl was simply buoyed up by the excitement of the occasion, and must inevitably break down at the close.

Once he saw her stagger as she left the stage, and hastening behind the scenes, found her leaning against the wall, with closed eyes, and hand on her head.

"Lean on me Rose, you are faint"; he said, with gentle authority. "I will take you to your dressing-room"; and she yielded herself to the friendly support of that strong arm, in a half trance of pleasurable pain.

But as he laid her on the sofa, and dismissed the maid for water, she rallied and sat up with a faint smile.

"Rob—it is nothing—nothing"—she protested; "only a passing faintness."

"Rose"—he cried with the old vehemence, "You are killing yourself; this life of unnatural excitement is slowly but surely wearing you out. Night after night I have seen you fading away"—his voice broke, and he put his hand over his eyes.

"Rob"—she faltered, after a long silence.

"I know that I am losing strength and courage, lately—but that is not the cause."

He turned toward her a pale puzzled countenance. The color flew to her cheek as she met his eyes.

"Rob—you, you are the cause of this woful change"—

"Rose!" and he caught his breath.

She held out her hand to him with a pleading gesture.

"Forgive me—Rob"—

"Forgive you?" he echoed, in blank bewilderment.

"Yes! my treachery in the past—the black ingratitude of my devotion—it is remorse that is wearing me out. Surely you will not refuse me this Rob—now, when—you—no—longer—care"—

For a moment he looked at her, bewildered, uncertain, yet eager, and then he caught her hands in his, and flung himself down beside her in an abandonment of rapture.

"Rose! if I no longer care for you, why am I here? For your sake I left home and kindred behind me, resolved to raise myself yet higher in the world, against the time when we met again. I vowed to follow and find you—to befriend and protect you, in the strange and brilliant career you had chosen. You have been my guiding star through life."

"And you forgive, Rob?" she sighed, in excess of happiness, leaning her soft cheek on his broad shoulders.

"My darling—I love you; dare I hope that the old days are coming back to me again?"

"No, Rob! but a fairer future is dawning, in which the girl you so loved, and trusted, will repay in fullest measure your life-long devotion."

"Arline—Arline"—shouted the stentorian call-boy. "I must go dear—the stage waits"; and she freed herself from his close embrace.

"Rose," he pleaded; "you are ill—you cannot sing."

She threw back her head with a merry laugh. "Can I not, Rob? go in front again, and you shall see. I could sing like a lark till midnight now, I believe." And, indeed, she seemed her own blooming, buoyant self again, as she gaily pushed him from the room and ran to the stage at the call of the public. For the ghosts of the past were laid forevermore; and love, and ambition, had at last clasped hands.

THE FIRST IMPRESSION.

Another great source of the decline of our commerce, but, be it admitted, an honest one while fairly pursued, is to be found in foreign competition, and very few trades have felt the effects of it both at home and abroad more than our paper-makers. America and Germany are our two chief opponents in the markets of the world. And there are reasons why this is not surprising. In the first place take America, our manufacturers might with advantage take a hint from the Americans in the matter of packing, for instance. The neatness and method and general handiness with which American papers and other goods are usually put up add not a little to their attractions. In other details too, such as the cultivation of showy and attractive externals, and a close attention to neatness and finish, the Americans make a good impression upon the people in whom they hope to see future customers, and commercially as well as socially "first impressions go a long way."

—London Paper-makers' Circular.

WHAT WEARS OUT LIFE.

It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us; to be always looking into the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices. If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame, and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves.

—LONGFELLOW.

THE BEVERAGES OF LONDON.

DRINKING HABITS OF ALL CLASSES, AS VIEWED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, July 17, 1886.

Dear News:

In London, there are a great many people who prefer anything to water; I mean anything agreeable to the taste, and which has more or less the qualities of a stimulant. It is true that the London water is rather insipid, and ice, which is almost a necessity in America, is seldom used to cool it. Of course, it may be urged that frigid drinks are unhealthful, and that they are apt to cause, if taken habitually, indigestion and kidney complaints, but it is plain that the English palate is not satisfied with ice-water. If the thermometer goes to 80 degrees Fahr., the people rush for beer and spirits as the only means of allaying thirst and cooling the blood, unless they take to tea, which, in moderation, certainly is much more sensible. Tea is used much more generally and freely in this country than in America. Many people use it to excess, so much so that an Anti-tea Temperance Society might find some useful work to do in England.

In the public houses, where the common people congregate, especially in the evening, to talk about Gladstone's chances, and Irish Home Rule, the pewter mugs of stout and strong ale, often sophisticated by the art of the publican, are emptied with alarming frequency. Gin is also a favorite drink of the lower classes, and that is not always of the purest quality. Smoky Scotch whisky seems to be preferred to Irish on this side of the channel. Bourbon and Old Rye are comparatively unknown. Aerated ginger beer and lemonade, and others of this class are cheap drinks, but what they are made of, no one knows or seems to care. They are pleasant to the taste—sometimes—and that seems to be sufficient for a confiding public.

Most of the London drinking water is taken from the Thames above the ebb and flow of the tide, and filtered through beds of sand, which process makes the water comparatively clear, although by no means is it rendered as safe and pure as the purest spring water. For drinking purposes it is generally filtered through a charcoal filter in most private houses. This seems to take all the life and sparkle out of the water, making the difference between this beverage and "Tonica" or

"Rock" water almost as great as that between the water of a mud-puddle and that of a mountain brook.

Most of the London houses are fitted up with small cisterns, and the water is turned on enough to fill the cistern every morning from the main pipe in the street, by the "turncock" of the water company. There are about a dozen of these water companies in London, and they all make a good thing of it. One share in the New River Water Company, the oldest and best, is worth a small fortune.

All things considered, the English people are yet too fond of strong drink for their own good—strong beers, strong spirits, and strong tea. Coffee, as a decent drink, is almost unknown here. It is called coffee, but you in America better not know it. However, it is a little better than it used to be, and the time may come when "Coffee as in France," as one reads occasionally on a sign outside an English coffee-house, may be something more than a name.

That you may have some idea of the danger incurred from drinking the water of the Thames by Londoners, who, by the way, are not great water drinkers, and by Americans visiting London, who are teetotalers generally, I send you a cutting from the *St. James's Gazette* of July 19th.

The reporter of the *Lancet* makes some unpleasant statements. Henley is some fifteen or twenty miles above Windsor, and about forty miles from London. Nothing could show more conclusively the danger of using the water of a river like the Thames for drinking purposes. During the summer months the river is a great highway for pleasure craft of every description, and the water must become contaminated to a certain degree, even with the strictest regulations.

In a report on the pollution of the Thames at the Henley Regatta, the *Lancet* commissioner draws attention to the dangers arising from the crowding together at Henley for the greater part of the week of the large number of house-boats and other inhabited craft which assemble for the regatta. The commissioner says:

"Most of the house-boats, and many of the other craft, have closets on board which drain directly into the water. The law forbids direct drainage into the Thames; but these house-boats openly disregard this law. If, at the Henley regatta, any one living on a house-boat had been seized with cholera, the specific germs would, in all probability, have been discharged into the Thames. What mischief would have ensued we are unable to surmise. On land at Henley it will be found that the inhabitants drain into cess-pools. They suffer, therefore, from all the inconveniences of this system. The wells, as usual, are placed too near to the cess-pools, and are consequently often contaminated. Sore throat, scarlet-fever, and diphtheria are too well known at Henley. Yet these risks, this danger and suffering, are endured because the inhabitants of Henley feel that it is their duty not to drain into the Thames. If a humble cottager living on the banks of the river sought to protect the lives of his children by removing his cess-pool, and substituting a small pipe to drain direct into the Thames, he would be prosecuted. But numerous and fashionable people, who in the superfluity of their wealth can purchase or build house-boats, are allowed to have closets on board that empty into the water which we in London are compelled to drink. This is not the only grievance. The services of dustmen and scavengers are alike judged superfluous. All the refuse—the offal, garbage, and rubbish, resulting from so many picnics, and so much feasting—is thrown overboard. The appearance of the river was simply scandalous. Out in the middle of the stream we saw floating away every sort of refuse. A portion, of course, got entangled between the shore and the boats, and there formed unpleasant accumulations. Opposite the "red cottages" on Saturday, the day following the last race, we visited a house-boat and examined the nature of the waste materials floating between this dwelling and the shore. There was a great number of decomposing salad leaves, some rotten fruit, innumerable eggshells, with part of the yellow of the eggs still adhering, several large pieces of bread, the skin of a salmon, a skirt of lamb, stale pieces of fat and meat, some spring onions, innumerable crushed lemons, faded flowers, lobster-shells, bruised tomatoes, and a dead roach. A bucketful of water, taken from the midst of this garbage, smelt very unpleasant. On applying Nessler's test it gave a deep re-action, pointing to the presence of organic contamination. A few yards lower down the river we met with another dead fish. Perhaps the pollution had proved fatal to these fish. The various creeks down the river, where the action of the current is feeble, were very foul indeed, and we heard many complaints concerning the abominable odors that arise in such places."

"The commissioner, after dwelling upon the obvious dangers of such a state of things, suggests measures for checking the pollution of the waters." W. D. S.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

She's very much misunderstood,
And very much maligned;
She leaves the good "old-fashioned girl"
A long, long way behind.

True, she may work, and also paint
Kensington patterns queer,
But a more useful girl ne'er lived
In any former year.

Perhaps she owns a dandy pug,—
But, then, why should'nt she?
There's nothing wrong at all in that,
So far as I can see.

She's cultured, but she's practical,—
Can sing, or play, or cook,
Or cleverly converse with you
About the latest book.

She rises with the early bird,
Dresses herself with care,
And of accustomed household work
She more than takes her share.

Here'll the breakfast table sets,
The dinner overdoes,—
Prepares the salads or merlignes,
And daintiest of teas.

Makes jellies, puddings, bread, or cake,
French dishes not a few;
In short, there's hardly anything
This blessed girl can't do.

She plans the tired seamstress' work,
And makes the children's frocks;
And, though she doesn't like the job,
She dars her father's socks.

The little ones all turn to her
In any childish strait;
On her the mother also leans
In trials small and great.

She's just the girl for men to woo,—
May you and I, sir, win;
But we must keep our record clean,—
She'll never wink at sin.

She is earnest, and she's merry;
Brilliant, but good and true;
The most loving, brave, and helpful
Girl that you ever knew.

Truly, she is misunderstood,
And very much maligned;
She leaves the good "old-fashioned girl"
A long, long way behind.

—HANS GÖRNET, in *Good Housekeeping*.

BENEFITS OF LAUGHTER.

Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric or vital condition is distinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they do now to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they do that far more objectionable prescription—a pill or an electric or galvanic shock.

Buy remnants silk, plush, and velvets at half price of W. H. Cheney, South Manchester, Conn.

INFLUENCE OF HOT DRINKS ON DIGESTION.

Various opinions are held by the public, and we believe by medical men also, on the effect of hot drinks on the digestion of food. This matter has lately been investigated by Dr. V. E. Nyesel of St. Petersburg. The plan he adopted was to make use of twenty patients in the surgical wards of the Obukhoff Hospital, suffering from fracture of the fibula, contusion of the foot, and such like affections, and dividing them into two sets of ten each, to find out first, by three days' experiment, the length of time an ordinary meal of soup, meat, potatoes, and black bread required for digestion. For this purpose the stomach tube was

employed at periods varying from five to seven hours and a half after the meal, and the condition of the contents of the stomach examined. In all the cases complete breaking down appeared to have taken place in about six hours and a half. The exact time required by each individual for the digestion of the specified meal being noted, further observations were made on a subsequent day; the patients in the first group being given after the meal hot tea, at a temperature of 40 to 75 C., the quantity taken varying from two to eight tumblerfuls. The contents of the stomach were drawn off at the time when, as former experiments had shown, digestion would, under ordinary conditions, have been complete. The result was that, when not more than three tumblerfuls of hot tea had been swallowed, it was found that digestion had progressed just as well as without it; but a larger quantity of hot tea appeared distinctly to retard the digestive process. The second group of patients were given a meal similar to what they had had before, but hot. On examining the contents of their stomachs, no difference could be detected between the rate of digestion of hot and cold food. The author found that by painting the pharynx with a five per cent. solution of hydrochlorate of cocaine the tube passed easily and quickly.

—Lancet.

REMEMBER

That it is better to do what you do thoroughly.

That there is nothing so sweet as duty.

That the fool wonders, while the wise man asks.

That a fretful disposition takes the fragrance out of life.

That he is a great man who can sacrifice everything, and say nothing.

That the wear and tear of life comes chiefly by straining after the impossible.

That it is better not to disturb your husband with needless questions when he is reading his daily paper.

That a well-cooked breakfast will do more towards preserving peace in the family than scores of mottoes set in the most elaborate of mouldings.

That you must put your own shoulder to the wheel and keep it there, for there are plenty of ruts in the road.

That wealth brings luxuries but luxuries do not often add greatly to the true joy and worth of life.

To find friends when we have no need of them, and to want them when we have, are both alike easy and common.

More hearts pine away in secret anguish for the want of kindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life.—*Good Housekeeping*.

"When answering advertisements mention this paper."

IDLENESS NOT HAPPINESS.

The most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be while the world stands; and the sooner this truth is learned the better for every one. If you doubt the proposition, glance around among your friends and acquaintances and select those who appear to have the most enjoyment in life. Are they idlers and pleasure seekers, or the earnest workers? We know what your answer will be. Of all the miserable human beings it has been our misfortune to know, they were the most wretched who had retired from useful employment in order to enjoy themselves.—*Selected*.

STOPPING HICCOUGH.

A Brazilian physician, Dr. Ramos (*Bull. Gen. de Therap.*), states that refrigeration of the lobe of the ear will stop hiccough, whatever its cause may be. Very slight refrigeration will answer, the application of cold water or even saliva being sufficient.

—N. Y. Medical Journal.

The Highland News.

A monthly paper published in the

INTEREST OF GOOD HEALTH,

AT

The Highlands, So. Manchester, Conn.

Subscription, 50 Cents a Year.

All communications intended for either the business or editorial department of this paper should be addressed to publishers of THE HIGHLAND NEWS, South Manchester, Conn. Rates of advertising arranged by special contract.

The new ruling by Postmaster-General Vilas, by which liquids may be sent through the mails, is a wise and timely act, and in the line of that civil service reform that is more than words. The new rule is of great importance to a class of manufacturers who, under it, can obtain cheap transportation for their products, and extends their market all over the country, which before has been limited to a very narrow circuit, owing to the fact that the cost of transportation, except in large lots, was so great as to consume the entire profits. The manufacturer can now sell immediately to the consumer, and in this manner the people at large are also greatly benefited.

A WORD TO BUSINESS MEN.

Most people in business know that the time to advertise their wares is when trade is dull. When it is lively and everything is booming, business advertises itself, and there is not so great a necessity. A well-chosen medium has much to do with the success of an advertisement. It is said that a professional rogue wishing to become lost to the sight of man, goes to the metropolis and there amid the multitude he is perfectly obscure. So it is with an advertisement placed in some of the larger newspapers, whose pages are multiplied and filled with "ads" that stand no chance of ever being seen, much less of being read. The smaller papers, admitting but a page or two of first-class, reliable matter to their columns, and having a well-selected and extended field of operation, are practically the very best channels through which to reach the best class of readers; as such, THE HIGHLAND NEWS commends itself to the careful advertiser as a means by which to make his wares known to the general buyer; in this particular it has no superior, cost and position considered. It is the purpose of THE NEWS to admit nothing to its pages of an objectionable or unreliable character, thus presenting before its readers a class of advertising upon which they can place the utmost dependence.

RANDOM TALKS, NO. III.

THE HUMAN BODY.

We all feel, or ought to feel, a deep interest in our own bodies, their construction, manner of growth, and proper care. "Know then thyself," said the poet and philosopher; "The proper study of mankind is man," and so it is. Disease and death are often the result of ignorance upon this subject. The neglect to teach these things in our public schools is criminal, and the sooner society wakes up to a realizing sense of the fact the better. People are slowly realizing it. In some of the states laws have been passed to provide for such teaching. We opine that the next generation in such localities will witness a better state of public health, and a lower death-rate than the present one. One handles, with great careful-

ness, the beautiful mechanism of a costly watch or other delicate machine, yet the most tiny and intricate movement ever constructed by the art of the watchmaker is coarse and uncouth compared with any of the organs of the human body. We admire the precision with which a nicely adjusted time-piece goes on day after day, following the sun in its diurnal course, with the variation of perhaps only a few seconds in a month, but never think of the heart that every man carries in his bosom, that, for all the years of his life, beats on, doing its wonderful work of forcing the life-blood through the whole being with never a skip or a variation, night or day. We look into a beautiful mirror and scan with pleasure the clear-cut reflection that it so completely shadows within its surface, yet give scarcely a thought to the two little mirrors that so wonderfully drink in the outer world and all its beauty, and from whose deep recesses shines forth the human soul. The hands, that we make to fetch and carry, complete servants of our will; the feet, that unconsciously answer to our thought, moving one before the other, taking us to and fro, how little do we know of these, the bones, the fiber, the cords, the muscles, the harmony with which these all perform their various offices; how they, and all our parts, are constantly undergoing waste, and as constantly being renewed from the fresh air, the food, and water taken into the system. A knowledge of this and much more is necessary to a correct understanding of the laws of health. It is our purpose, in this and subsequent papers, to look as closely as we may into this intricate machine of ours, to study its various parts, their functions, and their relations to each other; how, like St. Paul, "we die daily," and how daily we are renewed by the processes of nutrition; how we obtain the elements of growth and repair, and why we suffer when we neglect the proper materials, and admit to our systems the improper; and how all these matters relate to healthful living, and a proper enjoyment of life. There is going on within us constantly the great mysterious fact of life; the total of the multitude of processes that work so unceasingly with great variety of action.

First, let us inquire about the construction of this house we live in. Chemically speaking, the materials from which it is built, its elements, thus far discovered, are about seventeen in number, though some of them are of the least possible quantities, the four gases, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and chlorine forming much the largest proportion. "Of the solid elements, calcium, sodium, magnesium, carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus are the most abundant. All of these, as we have before said, are derived from the air we breathe and the food and drink we take, and are variously combined to form compounds of which water is the most abundant," forming more than two-thirds of the weight of the entire body.

[From the Hartford Evening Post.]

HIGHLAND SPRINGS.

PROJECT FOR A SUMMER HOTEL.

THE ANCIENT MINERAL SPRING.

The Manchester Highlands have been known for many years—the red Indian with his aboriginal acuteness must have first seen the fact of their health-giving qualities, pure air, and cool atmosphere, rolling land, beautiful streams, pleasant lakes, and refreshing groves. They are in the southeastern part of the town, about two miles from the South Manchester depot, and consist of some 300 acres.

A marked variety of hill and dale, cover and field, is offered by them; but the most remarkable of their possessions are the springs. These have been in demand as a health cure for over eighty years; and it is probable the aborigines drank of the springs centuries ago. The present generation has seen an effective revival of interest in them, and within a year the systematic patronage of the waters has grown to large proportions. Forest Lake is a fine expanse of water, stocked with choice fish, and supplied

with boats. It has charms of rustic scenery, and is about a mile in length and several hundred feet broad in its broadest part. The eminence on which it is proposed to build a hotel is between 600 and 700 feet above the level of the sea, and on a clear day Mounts Holyoke and Tom can be easily descried. The locality has no mosquitoes and is every way most desirable. It is proposed that the hotel shall be built with all the latest improvements, regardless of expense. From indications it will be filled the first season.

The woods are now being gradually improved as a beginning. Several new roads—shady carriage-ways—have been built in very romantic places. The groves in some parts have been thinned out to furnish grassed plateaus where visitors may sit and survey the scenery, drink the waters, and keep healthy and cool.

AN ENCHANTING PICNIC GLEN.

The "Glen," too, has been improved, although originally a place of great beauty. It is hemmed in by hill and cascade, forest and stream. It has a velvety sward, an ample supply of pure spring drinking water, swings, and a pavilion for picnickers. There is also an excavation which attests the truth of the old apothegm concerning minerals in Connecticut. It is one of a number that history and tradition indicate where copper was extracted for export by foreign capitalists. One of the excavations that in another part of the valley went down perpendicularly a hundred feet or so, and then horizontally traversed much more of earth, was filled up, and no trace of it exists. The excavation which is now partly open is just across a rivulet and gapes at one from the hillside. The crystals of copper gleam from the mouth of it, and as you repress the stream a heap of crushed stone, the refuse from the pit, still holding a mixture of the ore, meets your eye. A few rods further away the remains of another slag heap may be seen, leading to the opinion that another opening, now closed, once ornamented the same hill-side.

HOW TO BECOME STRONG.

One of the secrets of muscular recuperation is in stopping when fatigue begins from exercise. He or she who is not the fresher in body and mind for the exercise taken has had an overdose of what in proper measure would have proved a benefit. The gain in strength is shown and felt in the increasing ability to do more and more without exhaustion. The measure of success is not in the greatness of the feat accomplished, but in the ease with which the exercise is indulged in, and in the absence of exhaustion after it. There are occasions frequent enough in which people, in the struggle of life, are forced beyond their powers of endurance, and there is no need to carry into the pursuit of recreation the fatigue which exacting work imposes. For beginners, this is important; after a time one can take more exercise and feel no fatigue.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

ANTIFERMENTINE.—This new article for canning fruits, etc., without cooking, keeping cider sweet, and preserving all kinds of perishable articles, is said to be meeting with general favor. It is perfectly harmless and tasteless, and has proved a perfect success after three years' test. See the advertisement in another column.

Druggists will find the blanks advertised by Messrs. Finley Bros.—as all their work—first-class in every particular. Send them your order, and you will be pleased.

If you want a scroll saw, or anything in that line, send to A. H. Pomeroy, Hartford, Conn. He is a square dealer, every time.

Bundy, the photographer, takes the lead; his work excels in artistic finish. Give him a trial.

Those of our readers in want of first-class dental work should consult our columns. The parties whose announcements there appear are experienced and skillful workmen, and we can cheerfully commend their services.

The attention of the ladies is called to W. H. Cheney's silk advertisement in another column.

WHICH SHALL GO FIRST?

Which of us, darling, shall know some day
The pain of the parting hour,
When one shall go, and the other stay,
Compelled by Death's dread power?
We know not to which the summons will come,
Nor which will be left alone,
L longing for loving hands to clasp,
And lips to meet our own.

How could I linger if you should go?
How the days would lengthen and wait,
And the time pass weary, and dreary, and slow,
With its burden, early and late!
Could I ever forget? would some moments bring
A Lethæan draught to me,
To lighten or deaden the terrible sting
Of my loss and misery?

How I'd long for the gentle, caressing touch
Of your fingers over my hair;
Of the loving tone and tenderness
That helps me all trials to bear.
Oh! I'd pray for the terror of parting to pass,
And for Death first to call upon me.
But I cannot wish, darling, that I should go
And leave all the sorrow for thee.

But when one goes, if the other knows
That the gates have shut them in,
Safe from the sorrows that wait for those
Who die in the toils of sin;
And the other is treading the narrow path
That leads to the beautiful gate,
They can toil and struggle and live on still,
And safely hope and wait.

SPRING WATER AS A SOLVENT— LIVING WATER, THE WATER OF HEALTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE HIGHLAND NEWS BY S. M. CASE, M.D.,
OF CHICAGO.

More than three-fourths of the surface of our planet is occupied by water, and this does not include springs, brooks, creeks, rivers, or even lakes upon the so-called land, nor the water in grasses, plants, trees, animals, human beings,—in brief, all organic and inorganic existence.

Three-fourths of the "solid matter" of the human frame, four-fifths of the blood, and even more than that proportion of the other fluids of the body are composed of water. A mummy of an adult person fully devoid of water will not weigh more than seven or eight pounds, and cremation of an adult corpse will leave but a few ounces of ashes.

Voluntary experiment and much involuntary experience have demonstrated the fact that persons can be sustained for weeks, even, without food, and with comparatively little suffering or danger to life; but only a few hours without water is fraught with the greatest suffering and misery, and speedily, with the greatest danger to the unhappy victim.

All the processes of life require for their manifestation the presence of water. Without it there can be neither digestion nor nutrition, repair, nor purification. Solid food, however finely powdered, would be as little nutritious as sand. A proper selection of nutrient food, and all the arts of cookery, are especially valuable, because they conduce to the solution or solvency of the material product of the growth of the infant or the sustenance of the adult body.

From these and other considerations, to which space will not permit allusion, it must be apparent that water plays the most prominent and important part in the life of all organic beings. The primitive mythologies agree in attributing creative energy to this all pervading fluid. Poets and scientists unite in their great admiration and praise of its most wonderful attributes.

But the larger proportion of the water which envelopes this globe of ours, or found in many springs, rivers, or lakes, is unfit for use in the human system, or, indeed, in most of the animal kingdom. This is because of one of its most wonderful characteristics. There is no other fluid capable of dissolving such a variety of substances. It may almost be termed the UNIVERSAL SOLVENT, because in certain proportions, there are few or no solids that can resist its power in this regard. An old writer says: "Life crept out of the sea upon the land," and we might almost add, the land is but a precipitate from the waters; for "the waters were above the firmament."

This solvent power of water aids in the introduction to the animal system of many inorganic forms which it needs; but it occurs that it also often introduces to the system that which is injurious and prolific both of local and general disease. The shipwrecked mariner, frenzied with thirst, may see

"Water, water everywhere,
Yet not a drop to drink."

And so the thirsty traveler across the great interior deserts of Arizona, or in some plain of Mexico, may find springs and rivulets, that may appear clear and wholesome enough, but which careless use speedily shows to be as noxious as the contents of the salted ocean. The characteristic tendencies to particular kinds of disease in various sections of the country often thus find ready explanation. "Soft-water districts," and "hard-water districts," have each their proclivities to particular forms of disease. It is not improper to cope with disease unless he thoroughly understands the constitution and peculiarities of the water which his patients habitually drink. For the reasons heretofore given, this is really a more important question than what is the food and diet of the patient. Many manufactured waters, or purgative spring waters, classed as medicinal, should never be used by those in health who hope to so continue. Neither that are well need not a physician, "they draughts from springs or wells heavily charged with purgative or diuretic salts, neither litted, sulphureted, acidulated, nor the ferruginous compounds of any kind whatsoever. But when in addition to excess of the mineral, metallic, or gaseous matters contained in the well, spring, or river, it is found that there are also present organic matters, living or dead, whether derived from the vegetable or animal kingdoms, the character of this contamination is one of the most important subjects of inquiry that can be presented to the physician or the student of hygiene. It is an inquiry as important to the residents of a farm-house as to the inhabitants of a great and crowded city.

The absurd sewerage system adopted several years ago by most of our large American cities, the drainage, or more properly no drainage, system of the rural portions of our country, are now known to be poisoning the very sources of supply of our drinking waters; yet too little heed is paid to their necessarily disastrous effects.

A great deal has been written about the curative effects of "mineral waters," so-called, but very little about those of the *Water of Health*. Many mineral waters are like poisons of any other kind, and should never be used except under the care of the skillful physician. Again, many are dead waters, having expelled the life-giving constituents necessary to health. There is no better method of avoiding sickness than employing rational means to keep well. And among these means no single one is paramount to the right use of the *Water of Health*.

The present generation is unquestionably in many particulars in advance of the last, but it is worthy of investigation whether, after all, a large proportion of the *materia medica* (large or small), has really any beneficial influence beyond that of the water in company with which the large or small "medicine" is given. One of the first questions to be asked a patient, should be: "What kind of water do you drink?" Between hydrophobia and hydrophaty there is a reasonable mean for reasonable people to accept.

From considerable experience and observation, the present writer has come to the conclusion that the *Water of Health* should be *living* water, not dead, either by distillation or stagnation, with little or no perceptible metallic taste or smell, but containing a normal quantity of just such mineral constituents (two to four grains to one gallon water, or 58,000 grains), and pure and natural atmospheric air, and that such water occurs most frequently, and is almost always found issuing from rocks containing no organic remains, either vegetable or animal, such as the Tonic Water, and Rock Water found flowing from primitive rocks at the Highlands, South Manchester, Conn. Then this *Water of Health*, neither hot nor cold, acts not only as a solvent, but is a *diffusant*, also, favoring solution of food, its absorption, assimilation, and reconstruction or removal. In the olden time it was the custom to relieve the organ of its contents by emetics or cathartics. Now free draughts of the *Water of Health* are found, in the large majority of cases, quite sufficient, and this at a temperature agreeable to the patient. Incidentally it may be said that wakefulness at night, a disorder from which a large number of people suffer, is the result, mainly either of gastric disorder, or of insufficient purification of the blood by the kidneys, skin, etc. Instead of resorting to opiates, chloral, or alcoholic stimulants, try sufficient and copious draughts of the simple *Water of Health*.

Black and colored dress silks a specialty at W. H. Cheney's, South Manchester, Conn.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

(SELECTED FOR THE HIGHLAND NEWS.)

Fortitude is the child of enterprise.—*Wordsworth*.

The end of man is an action, not a thought.—*Carlyle*.

Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise.

—*Sir M. Hale*.

We want not time, but diligence for great performances.—*Dr. Johnson*.

The path of success in business is usually the path of common sense.—*Smiles*.

Take care lest your tongue should cut off your head.

—*Persian Saying*.

A word once spoken an army of chariots cannot overtake it.—*Chinese Saying*.

The word of a gentleman is as good as his bond—sometimes better.—*Dickens*.

Do not refuse the employment which the hour brings you, for one more ambitious.—*Emerson*.

The effect of noble thoughts, just principles, of elevated conceptions, is never lost.—*Alison*.

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.—*Franklin*.

We can finish nothing in this life; but we may make a beginning, and bequeath a noble example.—*Smiles*.

Very few people are good economists of their fortune, and still fewer of their time.—*Chesierfield*.

Desire not to live long, but to live well;

How long we live, not years, but actions tell.

—*Watkins*.

Do not let your want of success depress you; but struggle on. Labor hard and continuously, and you will win in the end.—*George Moore (Smiles' Life)*.

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet, till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.—*Sir William Temple*.

Anna Kingsford, M.D., writes to the *London Spectator* to call attention to the fact that, out of twenty-six peasants inoculated by M. Pasteur, eight are already dead by hydrophobia, viz.: Five who died in Paris, and three who succumbed on their return home. It is not unimportant to state that these tidings have been known for some time at the academy of medicine, but they have been carefully lushed up, lest Pasteur, the autocrat, should be aggrieved by their publication.

All perfection in this life hath imperfection mixed with it; and no knowledge is without some darkness.

—*THOMAS A. KEMPIS*.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

—*SIR HENRY WOTTON*.

"IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY."

"No," said the lawyer, "I shan't press your claim against that man; you can get some one else to take the case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please."

"Think there's any money in it?"

"There would probably be some money in it, but it would come from the sale of the little house the man occupies and calls 'home'; but I don't want to meddle with the matter, anyhow."

"Got frightened out of it, eh?"

"No, I wasn't frightened out of it."

"I suppose likely the old fellow begged hard to be let off?"

"Well—yes, he did."

"And you caved, likely?"

"No, I didn't speak a word."

"Oh, he did all the talking, eh?"

"Yes."

"What in creation *old* do you do?"

"I believe I shed a few tears."

"And the old fellow begged you hard, you say?"

"No, I didn't say so; he didn't speak a word to me."

"Well, may I respectfully inquire whom he did address in your hearing?"

"God Almighty."

"Ah! he took to praying, did he?"

"Not for my benefit in the least. You see, I found the little house easily enough, and knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me; so I stepped into the little hall and saw through the crack of a door a cozy sitting-room, and there on a bed, with her silver head high on pillows, was an old lady who looked over all the world just as my mother did the last time I ever saw her on earth. Well, I was on the point of knocking, when she said, 'Come, father, now begin; I'm all ready.' And down on his knees by her side went an old, white-haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge; and I couldn't have knocked then for the life of me. Well, he began; first, he reminded God that they were still his submissive children, mother and he, and no matter what He saw fit to bring upon them, they shouldn't rebel at His will; of course 'twas going to be very hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, especially with poor mother so sick and helpless; and oh, how different it might have been if only one of their boys had been spared then! Then his voice kind of broke, and a thin, white hand stole from under the coverlet and moved softly over his snowy hair. Then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons—unless mother and he should be separated. But at last he fell to com-

forting himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew that it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their dear little home, which meant beggary and the almshouse, a place they prayed to be delivered from entering, if it could be consistent with God's will; and then he quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. In fact, it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened; and at last he prayed for God's blessing on those who were about to demand justice."

The lawyer then continued, more slowly than ever, "And—I—believe—I'd rather go to the poor-house myself, to-night, than to stain my heart and hands with the blood of such a prosecution as that."

"Little afraid to defeat the old man's prayer, eh?" "Bless your soul, man, you couldn't defeat it!" said the lawyer. "I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God. But he claimed that we were told to make known our desires unto God. But of all the pleading I ever heard, that beat all. You see, I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood, and why I was sent to hear that prayer I'm sure I don't know; but I hand the case over."

"I wish," said the client, twisting uneasily, "you hadn't told me about the old fellow's prayer."

"Why so?" "Well, because I want the money the place would bring; but I was taught the Bible all straight enough when I was a youngster, and I'd hate to run counter to that you tell about. I wish you hadn't heard a word of it; and another time I wouldn't listen to petitions not intended for my ears."

The lawyer smiled. "My dear fellow," he said, "you're wrong again; it was intended for my ears, and yours, too, and God Almighty intended it. My old mother used to sing about God's moving in a mysterious way, I remember."

"Well, my mother used to sing it, too," said the claimant, as he twisted his claim papers in his fingers. "You can call in the morning, if you like, and tell 'mother and him' the claim has been met."

"'In a mysterious way,'" added the lawyer, smiling. "—*Christian Union*.

SCIENCE AND THE PROFESSION.

Stature, as connected with heredity, has recently been investigated by Francis Dalton; and among his first results is the inference that the height of children of both sexes, but especially that of the daughters, takes after that of the father.

An Italian physician recommends the daily administration of about seventy-five grains of borax as a preventive of cholera, his observations having shown that workers in borax factories, in cholera districts, always escape the disease.

London engineers say that, as a matter of theory, it is possible to make steamers to run forty knots an hour and cross the Atlantic in three days. But the vessel could only carry passengers.

Believers in the necessity to health of spring bitters will be interested in the investigations of Dr. Cheltsoff, a reputable European physician, who has found that the common bitter extracts really act injuriously in retarding digestion, while there are no beneficial effects.

The ancient prejudice against eating just before going to bed is strongly and justly condemned by modern science, experience having shown it to be unfounded. There are exceptions to the rule, but few people are injured, and many positively benefited by a slight repast before retiring. A glass of milk, and a biscuit or cracker, is better than any hypnotic drug to put one asleep, and in most cases may be taken without fear of "nightmare" or any other form of distress. Going to bed "on an empty stomach" is a good way to invite sleeplessness and ultimate derangement of the digestive organs and general health.

Paper is about to revolutionize another branch of industry, which is no less a one than the making of gentlemen's head gear. By a new process of manipulation hats more serviceable and finer than anything now on the market are made of wood pulp. They are impervious to water, and not wanting in flexibility. It is believed that felt hats will have to take a back seat as soon as these new hats can be placed in the market in sufficient numbers to supply the demand. They are certain to revolutionize the hatter's trade, as they can be moulded into any shape or style desired, and colored to meet the taste of the public. They can be made to represent a glossy or nappy appearance.

As the result of an experimental inquiry, Dr. Sandras, a physician of Paris, claims to be

able to change the nature, intensity, pitch, and extent of the voice in a surprising degree by the use of different inhalations. A few inspirations of alcoholic vapor impart a decided hoarseness, some vapors weaken the voice, while others strengthen it to such an extent that it acquires new notes, high and low. If the same effects are produced upon people generally, this curious discovery must prove of great practical value to public speakers, singers, and all who use the voice considerably.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Under this head we will endeavor to answer all questions from subscribers relating to the subjects of health, rules of hygiene, and sanitary laws.

W. A. N. No; an enormous appetite is not a sign of good health, nor is a small appetite necessarily a sign of ill; some people are naturally "small eaters;" require comparatively little to keep the machinery running. A loss of appetite is, however, to be looked to. We should learn this from the lower animals. Nature is their physician, and she takes from cow or horse, cat or dog, its appetite when its system is disturbed, as a first step toward a cure.

H. G. Please give me more definite information in regard to the matter; there are several cases that might produce the symptoms you mention; however, we may say this: that the case is one that needs prompt and skillful attention.

T. C. S., Boston. By a typographical error our reply to your question was made to read as though the calculus found in the kidney were passed through the urethra; it should have read ureter, as was obvious.

J. W. C., Swampscott, Mass. Tonic has no similarity to Carlsbad, Friedrichshall, or any of the heavily charged foreign waters, neither—as we have often said—is it a cathartic water. It is primarily a system regulator and blood purifier.

L. McV., New York City. Your question is answered very conclusively by the letter from Mr. W. O. Guilford of Waterbury, Conn., one of the leading blank book manufacturers of the country, published in another column. There is no question as to the results from a thorough treatment with Tonic.

C. A. L., Hudson, N. Y. See answer to E. B. T., Woonsocket, R. I., in July News.

Cheney Brothers' American Silks are the best. For sale by W. H. Cheney, South Manchester, Conn.

HOPE AS A REMEDIAL MEASURE.

BY "OLD FOGY," M. D.

It is perfectly useless for us to attempt to portray the influence that "hope" exerts upon mankind. It is a proverbial fact that a man without hope in the fight for life is already half whipped. The sick man without hope is desperately ill indeed, however slight his physical ailment may be. It is equally as true that there is a very slight chance for the undertaker to be benefited in the case of a patient who has no disposition or idea of dying. The whole system,—digestive, circulatory, and nervous,—is directly under the influence of the mind; and if we will ever bear this in mind in treating our cases, we will often have a more potent remedy, easy of administration and more pleasant to give and take, than anything found in the country doctor's saddle-bags or upon the shelves of our metropolitan pharmacists. Bad news, grief, or sudden disappointment has been known to reduce the circulation to a minimum, to cause a strong man to become as helpless as a child, and to arrest the process of digestion and assimilation as suddenly as if the patient's throat had been cut. Just the reverse of this may be observed under the influence of pleasant emotions and the life-giving power of bright, heaven-born hope.

My young friends, never enter a sick-room unless your countenance, manner, and words are such as to cheer and comfort your patients. However slight their hope may be, make use of that little, encourage and stimulate them to exercise that fortitude coupled with reasonable hope which has faded and will tide many a patient over dangerous shoals where medicine would have been utterly ineffective. Again, young friends, remember that with castor oil and cheerful hearts you can do a power of good and very little harm.—*Southern Clinic*.

DIRECTIONS FOR TONICA.

Open the bowels with some gentle physic—castor oil in small quantities is best for this purpose—then take half-tumblerful doses thirty minutes before each meal and upon retiring. Tonica is not a cathartic but a regulator, and if taken according to directions will keep the system in order. Too much must not be expected from a single bottle; the Tonica, like all natural remedies, must have *time* to clear the clogged-up system and eliminate the poisonous matter from the blood.

In serious or complicated cases special directions may be obtained by addressing the proprietors at the springs.

Many are prone to believe that because Highland Tonica Water is called a mineral water, therefore it must partake of the general characteristics of other well-known waters, namely, the cathartic principle. Now while it is true that a change in beverages will oftentimes cause a disturbance of the bowels and cause them to move freely, and while with some the bowels are so sensitive to the least portion of physic, as to be affected by the salts of the Tonica Water, yet it should be understood that that remedy is not a cathartic and does not act in the cure of constipation or the disorders that are usually accompanied by a costive state of the bowels as a physic. Tonica is a regulator of the blood and entire system, and by bringing that into a proper, healthful condition it relieves the suffering. In accomplishing this it is sometimes necessary to give it the assistance of a gentle cathartic, removing the obstructions so that the water can flush out the secreting organs. For this purpose we know of no article that produces better results than that much despised but most excellent remedy, castor oil, which may be taken in the manner described on page two of our last issue, with the least possible discomfort and best possible results.

The signal triumphs of Highland Tonica Water in the treatment of Diabetes and Kidney disorders are causing the people who are suffering with these dread diseases,—and their name is legion,—and the physicians who have them in charge, to investigate this simple natural remedy. To the patient this is a matter of no slight importance, especially to the diabetic afflicted with a disease that stands confessedly a mystery to the profession. The fact that Nature has provided anything to relieve the sufferer is of the most momentous import.

I have been greatly troubled with sick headache for a number of years, but my trouble has all disappeared since I commenced the use of Tonica. I am able to do more work, and better, with much less fatigue than ever before. I am, in fact, better in health, than ever before in my life.

A young lady, Miss L. H.

Do not imagine that because you dislike mineral waters in general, you will have to acquire a taste for Tonica or Rock. Both are pleasant to the taste, and have no disagreeable odor.

To any person so unfortunate as to be addicted to the immoderate use of intoxicants, we recommend the use of Tonica Water as a substitute to allay the overpowering thirst. It has no equal.

For diluting wines and liquors there is nothing equal to Highland Rock Water. It will not change the flavor, being perfectly tasteless. It will not change the color, being free from iron.

WAKEFULNESS.

For habitual wakefulness there is nothing better than the use of Tonica Water; it seems to have a very soothing, sleep-producing effect upon the tired, restless nerves, and the sufferer falls off into a deep and brain-refreshing slumber. Many who have experienced the truth of the above can and do testify to the sleep-inducing qualities of Tonica.

Do not think that because Tonica Water is a remedy therefore if a small dose is desirable a larger one is more so. We often find patients doing better when using only half a glass four times a day than when they have taken a much larger quantity. It is the smaller quantity long continued in that accomplishes most.

TESTIMONIALS.

Read what the patrons of HIGHLAND TONIC WATER say of it. The following communications speak volumes of convincing truth. They are only samples of what we are daily receiving:

"WORTH A GOLD DOLLAR FOR EVERY DROP."

24 EAST 4TH ST. NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1886.

Messrs. Case Brothers:

GENTS,—I desire to add my testimony in favor of your "Tonica Water" as an invaluable tonic, specific remedy, and speedy relief for kidney troubles.

For several years I have been under treatment by various physicians without benefit and without any decided conclusion as to the true nature of my disease until about six months since on being attacked with vomiting, vertigo, and extreme prostration, a test then made by Dr. H. Holbrook Curtis, showed my ailment to be mellitus diabetes, 25 grs. sugar to the oz., specific gravity 1032, and quantity of urine about four quarts daily. I immediately adopted diabetic diet and the use of various specifics. I experienced no improvement and after spending much of my time on my back with extreme weakness for five months, my attention was called by a friend to the cure of a similar case, by the use of Tonica Water, who, among other things, said, "It is worth a gold dollar for every drop, to the diabetic." As an experiment, I immediately ordered a dozen quart bottles of Tonica, and commenced its use by half-glass doses before each meal and at bed-time, the benefits from which were immediate in increased strength and appetite, and by the time I had used the dozen bottles, I resumed ordinary exercise without fatigue, and now, after six weeks, and on further tests, find a reduction in sugar of twenty per cent., and urine reduced to about one-half, with strength restored, bowels regulated, thirst satisfied, and all other symptoms usual to the diabetic greatly relieved, and it gives me great pleasure in recommending the use of a simple remedy from which I have experienced so much good in such brief period of time, and the use of which I propose to resume and continue, if found necessary. I am under an engagement for the summer at the Townsend Cottage, Lake Mahopac, N. Y., to which you will please send a copy of "THE HIGHLAND NEWS." Respectfully yours,

WM. L. MCPHER.

No. 574 LEXINGTON AVENUE. NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1886.

Messrs. C. W. BARNES & Co.:

Gentlemen,—I have used and prescribed the Tonica Water, and find it all you promised it to be. People of sedentary habits, troubled with constipation, flatulency, and distended abdomen should drink Tonica to be cured.

Yours respectfully, DR. MOUNT.

SPRINGFIELD, July 12, 1886.

CASE BROTHERS:

Gentlemen, Sirs,—I feel that I should be ungrateful toward suffering humanity, if I should withhold my testimony as to what Highland Tonica Water has done for me. I have been suffering with inflammation of the bladder for two years, have been to a number of doctors and tried everything I could hear of without benefit. About three months ago your little paper "THE HIGHLAND NEWS" found its way to my house, and reading the testimonials, I thought there must be some virtue in the water, as most all seemed to have a kidney difficulty, and I began to think my trouble might be further back than the bladder. I was feeling quite badly at the time, and so thought I would send for some of the Tonica, thinking it would do me no harm if it did no good; but to my surprise, by the time I had taken the third bottle the inflammation began to cease in some measure, and has continued to do so to the present time. Of course I am not well, but the Tonica has done for me what nothing else has, doctors included, and I must say that the Mineral Water has taken a great rise in my estimation, as I think it has an effect on the kidneys and bladder that no other remedy has.

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. SARAH GAYLORD.

33 Water St. Plainfield Street,

ONLEYVILLE, R. I., April 22, 1886.

Messrs. Case Bros.:

GENTS,—I have tested in my own family your "Tonica Water," and beg to subscribe to its worthy reputation as a health beverage. The analysis exhibited therewith, shows that in this product nature has dispensed a combination of elements that no scientist can imitate. The men of medicine who habitually resort for cure to our Materia Medica may find in this Water that which may relieve them from writing multifarious prescriptions to answer the indications for treating certain chronic disorders, some of which are specified on your label. Such a medicinal beverage should supersede all the host of vile, disgusting nostrums, "Bitters" and "Tonics" (so called), and, in my opinion, the physical and moral status of the people would be vastly improved, if these Waters might supplant the lager and ale, and spirituous liquors, and even the tea and coffee at present consumed in such immense quantities. The "Tonica," as its name indicates, is certainly a tonic "of the first water." One cannot, conveniently, take an overdose, and, finally, while it "cheers" it cannot "inebriate."

Your truly, L. D. McLEAN, M. D.

Boston, April 27, 1886.

Messrs. Case Brothers, South Manchester, Conn.:

GENTLEMEN,—I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia for many years. I am pleased to say I find great relief from the use of your Tonica Water. Yours truly,

THOMAS MACK.

May 25, 1886.

Case Brothers, Manchester, Conn.:

GENTLEMEN,—I wish to add my testimony to the value of your wonderful Tonica Water. I have suffered greatly from piles for several years, both internally and externally. After using Tonica Water for one month, I am thankful to state that I am wholly free from my trouble, and I believe Tonica to be the best water in existence.

Mrs. C. H. TROUT, Calf Waycott, 240 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

HARTFORD, CONN., Dec. 23, 1886.

Messrs. Case Brothers:

GENTLEMEN,—Please send me the case of Tonica Water I spoke of this morning. This is the only case I have purchased of you, and I can but express the satisfaction it has given me. I was attacked with a disorder of the kidneys which had a strong tendency towards diabetes about the middle of November last. An examination of urine disclosed the presence of sugar in quantities. About this time I commenced using the Tonica, and after the first case, much to the surprise of all, another examination showed the urine to be clear and free from sugar. I have continued the use of the water, and feel that besides relieving my kidneys and cleansing my blood, that it has toned up my general health, so that I am better than for years. I remain, yours truly,

EDWIN SMITH.

SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN., June 6, 1886.

Messrs. Case Brothers:

I commenced using Highland Tonica Water about eight months ago for malaria, catarrh, and asthma. In fact I was very bad, and lost much time from my work. At times for two years previous to my using Tonica I was treated by six different physicians, and all the while growing worse. Since I commenced using Tonica I have used no other medicine, and have lost only four days from my work. I am feeling very much better and have gained twenty pounds in weight. I believe Highland Tonica Water has saved my life. Accept my thanks for the interest you have taken in my case.

Yours truly, JOHN GREEN.

BOSTON, MASS., May 25, 1886.

Messrs. Case Brothers, South Manchester, Conn.:

GENTLEMEN,—I have been afflicted with lameness in the region of the kidneys for ten years, caused, I suppose, by a strain in over-lifting; at times the pains would extend down my left side and limb to the instep. Your agent, Mr. Nutting, called my attention to Tonica Water, and advised me to try it. I commenced about four weeks ago, and have used it steadily since. I am very much pleased with the result. I am almost wholly free from my lameness, greatly to my surprise, it is this season of the year that I am always troubled the most. I shall always recommend Highland Tonica to my friends and patients, as I believe it to be a wonderful water.

FREDERICK J. CHASE, Proprietor City Hall Drinking-rooms.

HARTFORD, Dec. 11, 1885.

Messrs. Case Brothers:

GENTLEMEN,—During the latter part of October I was attacked with malaria and chills and fever. I had chills every other day regular, and such attacks were harder than the previous one. I saw your advertisement of Tonica Water, called at your office, procured some of the water, and commenced using it. I stopped taking all other remedies. The first day I began with the Tonica I had a very hard attack, the fever lasting nearly seven hours, and was the hardest I had experienced. The first day I drank two bottles of the water, and until I had drunk two and one-half dozen bottles I drank a bottle and a quarter a day,—using four glasses a day. I have not had a chill since I commenced drinking Tonica, but have continued from the first to improve in health. I have a much better appetite than formerly, and fully believe that Tonica has cured me of the chills and fever. I am yours very respectfully,

EDWARD R. FAXON.

Mr. FAXON is a well known Hartford citizen, an ex-member of the Board of Aldermen, and a contractor at the well-known Pratt & Whitney Machine Co.'s works.

BOLTON, CONN., March 10, 1886.

I have been acquainted with the Manchester Mineral Waters, now called Highland Tonica, for more than fifteen years, and have prescribed it frequently and with satisfactory results. It is useful in all cases of biliousness, indigestion, scrofula, salt rheum and other chronic diseases of the skin. It is beneficial in constipation of the bowels and hemorrhoids. I consider it the best tonic mineral water in use in the country.

C. F. SUMNER, M.D.

FURTHER TESTIMONY.

WHAT THE CLERGY SAY.

"My daughter was troubled with a very poor appetite and weakness of kidneys, and was relieved of both in two weeks after commencing the use of 'Tonica Water.'" Rev. H. D. R.

"I take it (Tonica) as a tonic, and find it very reviving and invigorating, and also most agreeable to the taste; in fact, nothing revives me like Tonica." Rev. D. P. L.

"My son has had malaria in very bad form for two years past, but since commencing the use of Tonica his appetite has increased, his bowels have become regular, and the chills have left him. He is rapidly gaining health." Rev. A. W.

"Your diagnosis of my wife's case seems more satisfactory than that of any of the doctors that have attended her; at all events, Tonica has improved the condition of her kidneys wonderfully." Rev. J. B.

"I use Tonica in my family as a tonic and appetizer, and consider it far superior to anything else for that purpose." Rev. E. T.

"I did not put the results any too strongly in writing you. The trouble (eczema) is very much better. The Tonica is proving itself very beneficial." Rev. J. H. J.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Another physician writes our New York agents:

41 WEST 36TH ST., NEW YORK, July 29, 1886.

W. C. BARNES & Co.:

Gentlemen,—Please send one case Tonica Water to 41 West 36th St. The sample proved most satisfactory, and I cordially recommend it, so much so that I have sent four of my patients to you for the same, and shall continue to prescribe its use. I thank your agent for calling, as I had no knowledge of Tonica, ever using the Carlsbad Water. I consider this Tonica Water superior to any I have used.

With respect, S. H. BACKUS, M.D.

NORWICH, CONN., July 24, 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—I cannot say too much for the health-giving properties of your Highland Tonica Water. I am taking it regularly, and am decidedly better; like a new man—headache all gone, sleep good, no trouble with pain in stomach, can eat anything; my family are also using it. I have presented several bottles to friends who are experiencing most beneficial results therefrom. I am sure that when its wonderful properties become known it must come into general use.

I am yours very truly,

RUFUS SIBLEY, Prest. "The Sibley Machine Co."

SPRINGFIELD, July 30, 1886.

Messrs. Case Brothers:

My wife's case has been considered by physicians as incurable, and it was thought two years ago that it was only a question of a very short time. She commenced using the Tonica Water, and has used it for several months, and is to all appearances better than she has been. From the first, it did her stomach good, it will remain on her stomach when nothing else will. She feels that she cannot do without it. The other members of my family are also using it, and we think highly of it. I have also heard of other very gratifying results from its use in other cases in this city.

Yours truly, T. W. GRANGER.

[NOTE. The above relates to a case of Bright's disease of long standing.]

Extract from a private letter,—

Tonica Water is worthy of greater praise than any yet given. If I were sick I know of no medicine I should prefer. Being well, I drink it to keep me so. Respectfully,

EDWARD J. CLARK.

West Somersville, Mass.

I have been prescribing Tonica recently for erysipelas, and it works finely.

C. F. S., M.D.

ELMSFORD, July 28, 1886.

DEAR FRIEND,—The old saw says, "The proof of the pudding is the eating thereof." We have used one case of your "Highland Tonic Water," and want another. In using it we did not find any rapid changes, but thought we could say it had "toned" up the systems of both myself and members of my family. And to prove the efficacy of it we suspended the use of it for a time, but found it necessary to return to it, and returning to it found the same benefit. Please forward us another case of the same size, and greatly oblige, Yours truly, WM. C. TURNER.

WATERBURY, CONN., Aug. 7, 1886.

Messrs. Case Brothers:

Dear Sirs,—I am of a bilious temperament. Have been afflicted from early life with a torpid liver, causing dyspeptic troubles. I have taken about three dozen bottles of your Highland Tonica Water, and can truly say that I feel greatly relieved of my former difficulties, and can cheerfully recommend the Water as pleasant and efficient remedy.

Yours respectfully, W. O. GUILFORD

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Life of Frederick the Great.
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The Fisherman of Ange.
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Romance of the East.
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Health and How to Promote it.
Anecdotes of the Civil War.
Farthest North.
The Cruise of the Alcey May.
King's Owl.
An American Girl.
Home-spun Stories.

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One year's subscription to Good Housekeeping.
Talks about Labor and Capital.
Hand-book of Household Science.
The Forms of Water.
Elements of Hygiene.
Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects.
The Story of My Life.
Modern History.
All Along Shore.
Too Strange not to be True.
Doctor Gratian.

FOR A CLUB OF FIFTY NAMES.

Any two of the foregoing.
Harper's Weekly for 1887.
Harper's Bazar for 1887.
Harper's Monthly for 1887.
Harper's Young People for 1887.
Century for 1887.
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly for 1887.
Rawlinson's Seven Great Monarchies, 3 vols.
Green's Larger History of the English People, 5 vols.
Scott's Poetical Works, full Russia, 4 vols.

FOR A CLUB OF ONE HUNDRED NAMES.

Popular Science Monthly for 1887.
Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman, 2 vols.
Life of Admiral Farragut, half morocco.
The Homes of America, 103 splendid illustrations.
Our Native Land, 236 splendid illustrations.
Dana's Household Poetry.
Appleton's Comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible.
Webster's Dictionary, National Pictorial.
A splendidly printed and bound copy of any of the Standard Poets.

FOR A CLUB OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY NAMES.

Harper's Monthly and Weekly for 1887.
Harper's Bazar and Weekly for 1887.
Harper's Monthly and the Century for 1887.
Harper's Weekly and the Century for 1887.
Harper's Bazar and the Century for 1887.
Set Washington Irving's Works.
Set Chamber's Cyclopaedia, 13 vols.
Waverly Novels, 12 vols.
Dickens' Works, 15 vols.

FOR A CLUB OF TWO HUNDRED NAMES.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.
Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary.
Any three of Harper's annuals for 1887.
Any two of Harper's annuals and the Century for 1887.
Motley's United Netherlands, 4 vols.
Popular Science Monthly for 1887.

The above books are all regular publications, selected from the catalogues of standard publishers, and first-class in every particular.

For samples of silks, plush, and velvets, write to W. H. Cheney, South Manchester, Conn.

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

John Mann had a wife who was kind and true—

A wife who loved him well;
She cared for the house and their only child;
But, if I the truth must tell,
She fretted and pined because John was poor,
And his business was slow to pay;
But he only said, when she talked of change,
"We'll stick to the good old way!"

She saw her neighbors were growing rich
And dwelling in houses grand;
That she was living in poverty,
With wealth upon every hand;
And she urged her husband to speculate,
To risk his earnings at play;
But he only said, "My dearest wife,
We'll stick to the good old way."

For he knew that the money that's quickly got
Is the money that's quickly lost;
And the money that stays is the money earned,
At honest endeavor's cost.
So he plodded along in his honest style,
And he bettered himself each day,
And he only said to his fretful wife,
"We'll stick to the good old way."

And at last there came a terrible crash,
When beggary, want, and shame
Came down on the homes of their wealthy friends,
While John's remained the same;
For he had no debts and he gave no trust,
"My motto is this," he'd say—
"It's a charm against panics of every kind—
"Tis stick to the good old way!"

And his wife looked round on the little house
That was every nail their own,
And she asked forgiveness of honest John
For the peevish mistrust she had shown.
But he only said, as her tearful face
Upon his shoulder lay:
"The good old way is the best way, wife;
We'll stick to the good old way."

**WHAT THE MICROSCOPE REVEALS—
WITH A MORAL.**

Lewenboeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.
Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, and fruit.
Butterflies are fully feathered.
Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself like water through a sieve.
The mites make five hundred steps a second.
Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows on a meadow.
Moral.—Have some care as to the air you breathe, the food you eat, and the water you drink.

—Home and Health.

To whom can riches give repute and trust,
Content and pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senators have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.

—POPE.

Two travelers having been assigned to the same bedroom in a crowded hotel, one of them, before retiring, knelt down to pray, and confessed aloud a catalogue of sins. On rising from his knees, he saw his fellow-traveler, valise in hand, going out of the door, and exclaimed: "What's the matter? What's up?"
"Oh, nothing," was the reply; "only I'm not going to risk myself with such a scamp as you confess yourself to be."

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE PARLOR.

"Oh," said Daisy to her mamma, "I was in the parlor last night, behind the sofa, when the preacher came in to see sister Kate, and they did set up too close for anything; an' the preacher said, 'Katie, dear, I luv you,'" an' Kate said, 'Oo, oo,' and then the preacher kissed her right smack in the mont, an' said, 'How good the Lord is to us poor sinners, an' Kate said, 'Oo, oo,' an' then—an' then—"

"Well," said her mamma, "you wicked child, what did you do?"
"W'y mamma, I felt so good, I blurted right out, 'Let us pray,' an' you ought to have seen 'em jump.'"
—From Good Words.

**SCROLL SAWYER.**

On receipt of 15c. I will send, postpaid, this Three-shelf Bracket Design, size 13x21, a large number of new and beautiful miniature designs for scroll sawing, and my 36-page illustrated Catalogue of Scroll Saws, Lathes, Fancy Woods, Mechanics' Tools, Small Locks, Fancy Hinges, Catches, Clock Movements, etc., or send 6c. for Catalogue alone. Bargains in **POCKET KNIVES** Great inducements in way of Premiums, etc., for season of 1886. A. H. POMEROY, Mail Dep't, 210-220 Asylum Street, HARTFORD, CONN.

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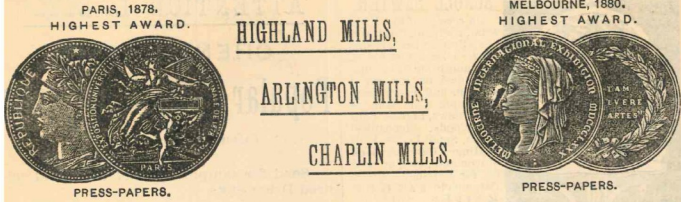
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(Mention The Highland News.)

 Ladies. Shoe Dressing or other liquids carried with absolute safety when traveling, by using our new package. They are made of hard wood (light or dark color) nicely polished, contain bottle, cork, and sponge complete, and will be appreciated when seen. Sent by return mail, postpaid, for 40 cents. CASE & DANIELS, Boot and Shoe Dealers, Hartford, Conn. Do not risk spoiling another trunk full of clothing. **Have one now!**

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THE HIGHLAND TONICA WATER	THE HIGHLAND ROCK WATER
Is put up in bottles only, and sold at the following prices:	Is furnished in bottles slightly charged, as follows:
12 quarts in a Case, \$2.50	12 quarts in a Case, \$1 75
24 " " " 4.50	24 " " " 3.00
50 " " " 8.00	50 " " " 5.50
24 pints " " 3.00	24 pints " " 2.25
50 " " " 5.50	50 " " " 4.00
It is slightly charged at bottling with pure carbonic acid gas, and will retain its remedial qualities for any length of time.	Delivered "on board" at above prices.

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As a Blood Tonic and Purifier it is Unequaled.

It Tones the System and Prevents Disease.

Read the following Analysis:
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
Boston, August 1, 1885.

CASE BROTHERS, Gentlemen:—
The sample of MINERAL WATER received from you for
Analysis, contains to the U. S. Gallon:

GRAINS.	GRAINS.	GRAINS.	GRAINS.
Sulphate of Potassium, 0.355	Phosphoric Acid, 0.051	Silica, 0.406	Carbonate of Soda, 0.193
Carb. of Potassium, 0.190	Silica, 0.618	Alumina, 0.025	Carb. of Magnesia, 0.180
Chloride of Sodium, 0.215	Alumina, 0.093	Carbonate of Lime, 0.770	Vol. Matter of Water, 0.583
Carbonate of Sodium, 0.345	Oxide of Manganese, trace.	Sulphate of Potash, 0.075	Total solids left upon evaporation, 2.596
Carbonate of Lime, 0.512	Sulph. Hydrogen, trace.	Chloride of Sodium, 0.315	
Carb. of Magnesia, 0.284	Organic & Vol. Matter, 0.510		
Bicarbonate of Iron, 0.970	Total, 4.083		

The water contains Carbonic Acid Gas in solution, and is alkaline.

Yours very truly, LEWIS M. NORTON.

Read the following Analysis:
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
Boston, September 12, 1885.

CASE BROTHERS, Gentlemen:—
I have examined the SPRING WATER you sent me, and beg to submit the results: The results are expressed in grains to the U. S. gallon.

GRAINS.	GRAINS.	GRAINS.	GRAINS.
Silica, 0.406	Carbonate of Soda, 0.193	Alumina, 0.025	Carb. of Magnesia, 0.180
Carbonate of Lime, 0.770	Vol. Matter of Water, 0.583	Sulphate of Potash, 0.075	Total solids left upon evaporation, 2.596
Chloride of Sodium, 0.315			

The water is very pure and admirably adapted to drinking purposes. It is unusually free from Ammonia and nitrogenous substances, furnishing upon analysis:

GR. PER GAL. GR. PER GAL.
Free Ammonia, 0.00013 Albumin. Ammonia, 0.00099

Yours very truly, LEWIS M. NORTON.

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