

# THE HIGHLAND NEWS



A MONTHLY PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF GOOD HEALTH.  
"PUBLIC HEALTH IS PUBLIC WEALTH."

Vol. I.—No. 9.

THE HIGHLANDS, SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN., OCTOBER, 1886.

50 Cents a Year

## Gray Autumn Leaves

Gathered by the Wayside.

### AUTUMN TOKENS.

By the golden, dreamful weather,  
By the birds that fly together,  
Dark against the radiant sky,  
By the silence growing deeper,  
By the resting of the reaper,  
By the resting of the reaper,  
Pleasant days are drawing nigh.

All the autumn's wondrous shading,  
Ripened hues, and gentle fading,  
All the birds that southward fly,  
Speak to us with sign and token,  
Say, in words we hear, unspoken,  
Pleasant days are drawing nigh.

### GOLDEN ROD.

O golden rod! sweet golden rod!  
Bride of the autumn sun;  
Has he kissed thy blossoms this mellow morn,  
And tinged them one by one?

Did the crickets sing at thy christening,  
When, in his warm embrace,  
He gave thee love from his fount above,  
And beauty, and cheer, and grace?

He brightens the asters, but soon they fade;  
He reddens the sumach tree;  
And the clematis loses its snowy bloom,  
But he's true as truth to thee.

Scattered on mountain top or plain,  
Unseen by human eye,  
He turns thy fringes to burnished gold  
By love's sweet alchemy.

And then, when the chill November comes,  
And the flowers their work have done,  
Thou art still unchanged, dear golden rod,  
Bride of the autumnal sun!

SARAH K. BOLTON in *Brooklyn Magazine*.

### OCTOBER.

Back to your fabled haunts, wizard new comer!  
Spare us yet longer our beautiful summer.

Trail not your gaudy robes through our sweet meadows,  
Glistening with gold rain or dusky with shadows.

Press not your steed, oh magnificent rover,  
Over our pink-hooded wonderful clover!

Over the mosses that mantle the mountain—  
Over the willows that droop by the fountain.

Toss not your plumes, oh triumphant new-comer;  
Still cling our hearts to the beautiful summer.

Beautiful summer so grand-eyed and daring,  
Scorning the falseness your legions are wearing.

Never rode rival more bravely, more boldly,  
Over the hills where the air shivers coldly.

Yet are your worshippers desolate-hearted—  
Back 'mong the revellers whence ye departed!

Back with your blessing, invincible rover,  
E'er ye have dashed our fair summer shore over.

Ye are but mocking us, gorgeous pretender;  
Grief hides her tears 'neath your fine flaunting splendor.

Nightly we hear from the moon-lighted valley,  
Where 'neath the star-eyes your weird forces rally:

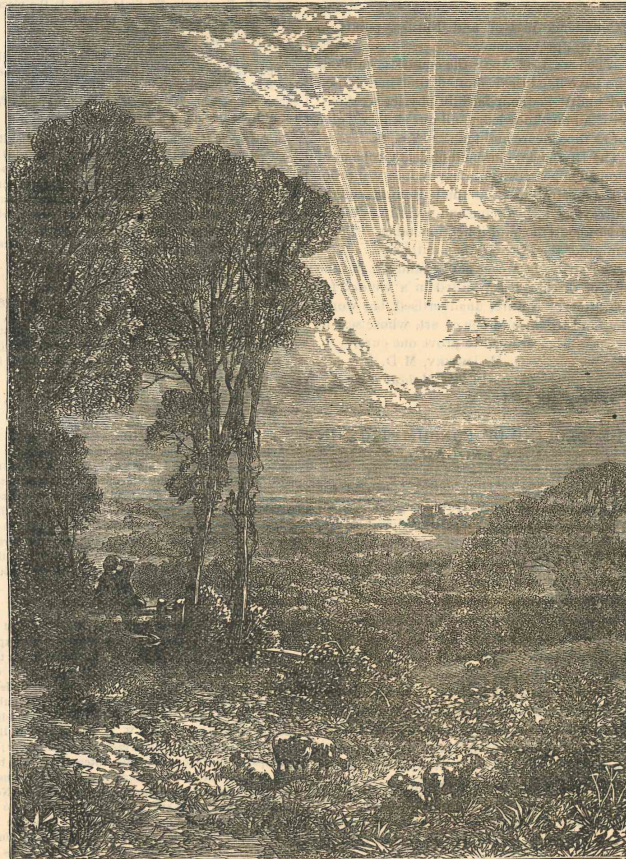
Voices of pathos and wild wailing sorrow,  
Haunting the midnight, tho' hushed on the morrow.

Voices of pitiful passionate pleading—  
Pleading alone while the world lies unheeding.

Oh, the unrest and the limitless longing!  
Oh, the pale phantoms up-springing and thronging!

Oh, the grey embers with smothered fires burning!  
Oh, the mad memories ever returning!

Where float your banner-folds, sad-hued and sober;  
King of the fading months, death-crowned October.



### HARVEST.

The hills are steeped in elumbrous haze;  
The wind is breathing soft and low;  
On tranquil slopes the cattle graze;

Through twinkling light the waters flow.  
About the meadows, smoothly shorn,  
The cricket winds his cheery horn,  
And o'er the calm expanse of sky  
The filmy clouds drift lazily.

Across the smiling valley—hark!  
How steals the echo, sweet and long,  
Of those who sing from morn till dark  
The happy harvest song.

The mossy barns, with heaped floors,  
Amid the peaceful landscape lie;  
The doves wheel through the open doors;

About the eaves the swallows fly.  
Now slowly rolls the creaking wain  
Up from the yellow fields of grain,  
Where swart-armed reapers gaily sing,  
And sturdy sickles glance and ring.

O liberal earth! O fruitful days!  
Each wind that stirs the rustling leaves  
Bears round the world the grateful praise  
Of those who bind the sheaves.

JAMES B. KENTON, in *Traveler's Record*.

### BEECH, BIRCH, HEMLOCK.

ELAINE GOODALE.

Yon lichened trunk, a hoary wall,  
Unerring law forbids to fall;  
Its Doric column long has stood  
To prop the arches of the wood.

Polished as glass, as granite gray,  
Unwindowed to the light of day,—  
A sleeping life the choppers find  
To dwell within the beech's rind.

The yellow birch, infirm and old,  
Ragged and trembling with the cold,  
Its gaunt limbs withered, stricken sore,  
Pulls at its buried foot the more.

The melted snow-wreaths, trickling down,  
Lay bare its knotty ankles brown;  
Its bald top, groaning in the breeze,  
Swarms thick with buds as May with bees.

An Ethiope prince in northern lands,  
The low-browed, swarthy hemlock stands,  
Belted with stunted growths alone,—  
The frowning mountain's arctic zone.

—*Critic*

### A SONNET.

Behind the dark outlines of a somber wood,  
Where wind-tossed tree-tops raise their branch  
And call of wildbird echoes sweet and clear,  
The sinking sun outpours a golden flood

Upon the stretch of level prairie land,  
And on the silent river as it flows  
Between the yielding banks of yellow sand,  
And seeks the woodman as he homeward goes  
To where, a welcome goal, the sunlight streams  
Thro' leafy vines that cluster round the door,  
And checkered shadows cast upon the floor.  
And thus, a blessing in its dying beams,  
The red sun leaves the world to pleasant rest,  
While softly fades the glory in the West.

From *Good Housekeeper*

### THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,  
If we only would stop to take it;  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart would make it.  
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falleth;  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the wintry storm prevailleth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eye still lifted,  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,  
When the ominous clouds are rifted;  
There was never a night without a day,  
Or an evening without a morning;  
And the darkest hour as the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,  
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,  
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,  
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;  
It may be the love of a little child,  
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,  
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks,  
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life,  
A bright and golden filling;  
To do God's will with a ready heart,  
And hands that are swift and willing,  
Than to snap the delicate minute threads  
Of our curious lives asunder,  
And then blame Heaven

— MRS. KIDDES

— MRS. KIDDES

## THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.

Goethe says that a man's character is indicated by what he finds amusing. Without going into principles so deeply, it is safe to say that one may know a gentleman by what he laughs at. Discomfiture of strangers, however amusing it may be, is never a subject of laughter to a gentleman. There is too little courtesy on American streets to-day. The following lesson is an illustration and a lesson.

Perhaps it is no sure sign of well-bred courtesy to refrain from laughing at another's mortifying mishap if one sees nothing funny in it; but we should think the laugh in such a case a sign of ill-breeding.

An American gives us an instance of his experience in Syria. He was about to mount his mule amidst a crowd of Oriental visitors, and wishing to give them an exaggerated idea of American agility, he jumped a little too far, and overshot the mark, coming down on the other side like a diver, with his hands and nose in the mud, his feet caught in the saddle, and his coat-skirts cleverly rolled over his head, to screen him from what he supposed was a laughing crowd, yet not a soul smiled, not a sound was heard save a tender grunt of sympathy and demure offers of aid.

Now a Turk in America with baggy breeches and turbaned head taking a leap over a mule in the streets of an American city, and getting stuck upside down, with his proboscis in a rut, and his heels in his saddle, would be saluted with something more than a grunt of sympathy and offers of aid. We have more humor than dignity; the Turk more dignity than humor.

## WHAT CAN WE CURE?

When one takes up a new work on the practice of medicine, and contrasts it with one written a century ago, he finds far more diagnosis and pathology, but less therapeutics. A more accurate account of the part played by drugs in the cure of disease has entombed a good many specifics.

Whole classes of remedies are left out of modern therapeutics. Others while retaining a feeble existence, are destined to go sooner or later. Lithontriptics to dissolve stone in the bladder are defunct; emmenagogues are in a decline; expectorants show evidence of weakness. That any drug is possessed of power *per se*, to produce the menstrual flow, has ceased to be believed by the profession.

Dr. Meigs called emmenagogues, "hen-persuaders." A patented hen's nest was so constructed, that the eggs would drop out of the nest so soon as laid, whereupon the hen would lay again. There was no end to the number of eggs that could be produced in this way.

Expectorants were believed to possess some inherent power of hunting for the lungs, and loosening adhesive mucus from the bronchial tubes. Some doctors still believe that squills, ipecac, and senega, possess some power to get phlegm out of the lungs.

These so-called expectorants once had much reputation in the treatment of pneumonia. They were supposed in some unknown way, to get the exudation loosened and "spit up." This is now a vain hope. There is not the slightest evidence that any known drug has any such special affinity for the lungs. Some men are always in a fog in the treatment of pneumonia.

Most of the remedies in use for this malady have harmed the patient more than the disease.

"Like blind men fighting in the dark,  
They never fall to miss the mark;  
When death doth fail, the doctor's sure  
To meekly stand and claim the cure."

The better class of physicians are not expecting honors from prescriptions. Flint was no druggist. Holmes is a medical skeptic. Bennett, before whom the dosers and druggers quail, says there are but four drugs known, whose effects are unquestionably beneficial in particular diseases.

In the days of our ignorance we hoped to shorten the course of measles, scarlet-fever, small-pox, and typhoid fever. To-day we count on our fingers to measure the day of crisis,—of typical endings. Acute ophthalmia, superficial erysipelas, and sporadic flux, are found to be self-limited. Nitrate of silver, sugar of lead, sulphate of iron, iodine, etc., have all lost their representations for limiting the spread. Whatever is used, the spreading

ends in three or four days. Acute ophthalmia ordinarily ends in fourteen days, doctored or undoctored. Collyriums have many seas of briny tears, but perform no cures. The land rings with anthems sung to the doctors who have cured sporadic flux. The eclectic and the homœopath have divided honors with the regular physicians in the cures. Most of the patients go abruptly into convalescence on the fourth day.

When we cut out the confessedly incurable and the self-limited complaints, we have not got much to work on. The specialist claims what is left. Drugs intelligently used, I doubt not, have often greatly assisted nature in her extremity.

Sulphate of quinine, while it is still prescribed by the routinist in typhoid fever, is eschewed by the more thoughtful men in the profession. Given day after day, to reduce a temperature which comes back day after day until the disease has run its course, was indeed very silly practice, to say nothing of its deleterious effects on the digestive and nervous system.

Good doctors father no prescriptions, no specifics.

If we have been Nature's adjunct in her extremity, we have filled our mission.

A doctor's faith in physic, is the measure of his intellect. It is always in inverse proportions.

Confidence in God and Nature, points to larger comprehensions.

When we look upon the countless millions who have lived their allotted time undoctored and undrugged, our faith in physics weakens. With all our knowledge, all our skill, we give out at three score and ten.

The Divine appointment of death, robs us of Utopian hope in drugs. Impossibility of proof of demonstration, is at the bottom of endless controversy in medicine and divinity. We all agree about the multiplication table. Truth is mightier than love,—than authority.

The strife between nature and art in the cure of disease, has resulted in a victory for the former. Nature, unadvertised, has won a thousand trophies to one of art, whose seas of ink have been drained to prove one cure.

G. M. DEWEY, M. D.,

In *The Medical Record*.

KEYTESVILLE, MO.

## THE DECLINE OF CONSUMPTION IN NEW ENGLAND.

Medical statistics from various parts of the country, notably from New England, show that consumption has greatly declined within twenty—especially within ten—years, and that it is still steadily declining. This is largely due, no doubt, to the better understanding of health laws and obedience thereto. Forty or fifty years ago New England was fairly ravaged by consumption. Whole families died of it, and hardly a family could be found in which some member or members had not been lost from that cause. Early Puritanism had contributed indirectly to this. Its tenets were of a most gloomy and unnatural character. Pleasure and physical comfort of every kind were to be avoided as sinful. True religion was to be deprived of something needful or desired. Happiness in the next world was to be gained by wretchedness in this. Hygienic laws corresponded to the theological doctrines. A man to be healthy should rise from the table hungry, go to bed before he was sleepy, and get up while he was still sleepy. He should lodge in a cold room, and seldom eat what his appetite craved. Such habits, pursued year after year, impoverished the blood and broke down the constitution, necessarily. The region was sterile, the climate severe, the daily labor exhausting, and these facts, added to the privations, were little less than deadly. No wonder consumption slew its thousands and tens of thousands annually. All that has been changed. People believe nowadays in living comfortably; they

have found out that it is the way of nature, and therefore of reason. Consequently health is better and consumption has greatly diminished. They take a deal more outdoor exercise than they used to and they follow enlightened hygienic laws. Science has come to their aid. They are better because they are wiser, and they are wiser because they are better.

—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## NEURALGIA.

A very simple relief for neuralgia is to boil a handful of lobelia in half a pint of water, till the strength is out of the herb, then strain off and add a teaspoonful of fine salt. Wring cloths out of the liquid as hot as possible, and spread them over the part affected. It acts like a charm. Change the cloths as soon as cold, till the pain is all gone; then cover the place with soft, dry covering till perspiration is over, so as to prevent taking cold.

Take two large table-spoonfuls of cologne and two teaspoonfuls of fine salt; mix them together in a small bottle; every time you have an acute affection of the facial nerves, or neuralgia, simply breathe fumes into your nose from the bottle, and you will be immediately relieved.

Prepare horse-radish by grating and mixing with vinegar, the same as for the table, and apply to the temple when the face or head is affected, or to the wrist when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

Another advance in the price of coal has been ordered, and if you have neglected to buy, now is the time, and E. B. Farnham's, 233 State Street, is the place to secure quality, cleanliness, and rock-bottom prices.

## KNOX &amp; CUNNINGHAM.

of No. 8 Ford Street, deal in all kinds of mill supplies, do house and factory plumbing, gas-fitting, and make a specialty of heating residences by steam. They are square and reliable dealers and skillful workmen. Their card will be found in another column.

Builders and those about to become so, will find it for their interests to call on H. N. Jones & Co., at 150 and 162 Main Street, Hartford, before making contracts for doors, sash, blinds, mouldings, or other house trimmings. They are the only manufacturers of these articles in the city. They can furnish irregular and odd sizes at short notice, and make a specialty of hard wood doors and fine work generally. Their advertisement appears on another page.

## FURNITURE.

A large and choice stock of furniture can always be found at the warehouses of Messrs. Seidler & May, No. 206 Pearl Street, Hartford. These gentlemen are at all times pleased to show their goods, and will sell at prices that considering the quality, are exceedingly low. See their advertisement on another page.

Those \$2 cabinets at Bundy's are nice in finish, and not a cheap article. Call and see them.

## HIGHLAND PARK.

A new store has been opened at this attractive village, and is receiving a large and satisfactory patronage. Messrs. W. H. White & Son are the proprietors. They are gentlemen of long experience in the business, and have shown by the manner in which they have selected their stock that they know how to provide for the wants of their customers and the public generally. They will no doubt meet with the success that their painstaking and courtesy deserves. In another column they mention a part of their stock.

## ENTERPRISING.

Business enterprise used to consist in buying at the lowest and selling at the highest points; but experience has taught that "a nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling"; and the merchant who gives his customers the immediate benefit of a rare bargain is the one whose efforts are best appreciated by the public, and who receives the largest patronage. This has been the practice with Messrs. W. H. Post & Co., of Hartford, for many years of a successful business career; but perhaps never before has this enterprising firm been able to present to their patrons such rare bargains as they are now furnishing in Moquette Carpets. Never before has any merchant been able to furnish to his customers a splendid first-class A1 solid Moquette carpet of most desirable style and coloring for the almost nominal sum of one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard. These gentlemen are now doing just this thing, and one has only to visit their store to be convinced that what they say in another column concerning this rare chance is far less than might be said with truth.

## WILLIMANTIC AWAKE.

Julius Plancy, at "the Company store," is general agent for Willimantic and vicinity for the well-known Highland Waters, *Tonica* and *Rock*, advertised elsewhere in this paper. These waters are meeting with a wide and extended sale, and stands preëminently at the head of all waters. *Tonica*, as a remedial agent in the treatment of diseases of the blood, the kidneys, and the urinary organs, and *Rock*, as the climax of table waters. These waters are also for sale by Wilson the Apothecary, and on draught at the Railroad Station Restaurant.—*Adv.*

## THE SWINGING DOOR.

I'm looking for somebody down the street,  
Some one I never expect to meet,  
Somebody tall and young and fair,  
Who used to loiter about the stair,  
And wait to accompany me over the stile,  
And carry my books for me once in a while,  
As we both passed out through the swinging door,  
In those dear old college days of yore.

He's married and happy, and so am I,  
I wouldn't meet him for the world, not I,  
For fear that one or the other might trace,  
By some chance word, or confusion of face,  
The little secret we kept so well;  
The open secret which others could tell,  
Which we, in our innocence, thought to keep best  
By guarding it safe each within our own breast.  
'Tis, perhaps, as well that 'twas never confessed,  
As we both passed out through the swinging door,  
In those dear old days of yore.

I'm looking for somebody down the street,  
Some one I never expect to meet;  
But somehow or other, I love to look,  
And all I can see is a boy with his book.  
And just at his side is my own little elf,  
My girl of sixteen, my Gertrude herself.  
They've unearthed an heirloom so pretty it seems  
To their foolish young hearts with their fanciful dreams.  
'Tis the secret which we—his father and I—  
Hid away in our hearts so careful and sly.  
As we both passed out through the swinging door,  
In the dear old college days of yore.

—Godey's Lady's Book.

## EYE EDUCATION.

There are a good many things which our fathers used to learn when they were young, but which are not taught in school or out of school to the present generation.

An old gentleman who had his own ideas upon some points of education was of the opinion that every boy ought to be able at any time to tell approximately which direction was north. He would also have children taught to form correct ideas of distances and time. A writer in the "Advance" tells of a teacher who enforced similar practical matters upon the attention of his pupils.

Years ago, when we went to school in the little weather-beaten school-house on the corner, we remember what exciting contests there used to be over the teachers' favorite exercise of having the scholars try to estimate with the eye the size and weight of different objects in the room. He would hold up his cane, for instance, and have each one tell how long he thought it was and it was a lucky child that could come within half a foot of the right length. He would take a boy's light straw hat and ask how much the crown would hold. He would measure the urchin and then try to have the scholars reproduce the measure on the wall. He would mark off an inch or a foot or a yard in some conspicuous place, and then see how near any body could come to chalking the same length upon the black board. And it was astonishing to see how wide astray one could go.

The fact is, our eyes deceive us most ridiculously, even about the commonest things. At first thought which should you say was the taller, a three-year-old child or a flour barrel? And could any thing but actual measurement convince you that the same child is half as high as a six-footer? There is an old saying that a child at two years old is half as tall as he ever will be, and after a few experiments in measuring, one can easily believe it and not before.

## SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

The right of suffrage is held by nearly 25,000 of our Indian population.

The United States consume 600,000,000 bricks monthly, more than twice as many as Great Britain.

A Californian bee-owner has 6,000 hives, and raises 200,000 pounds of honey yearly.

Paper is used in Germany in the manufacture of pencils to take the place of wood.

The largest room in the world under one roof is 620 feet long and 150 broad. Twenty thousand wax tapers are required to light it. It is unobstructed by pillars, the roof being a single arch of iron. It is in St. Petersburg.

As many of our readers well know, it is the fashion now to seal letters with wax instead of the ordinary mullage. But that the color of the wax possesses a significance of itself is not so generally known. The ordinary red wax signifies business, and is supposed to be used only for business letters. Black is, of course, used for mourning and condolence. Blue means love, and in the four or five tints of this color each stage of the tender passion can be accurately portrayed. When pink is used, congratulation is extended. An invitation to a wedding or other festivity is sealed with white wax. Variegated colors are supposed to show conflicting emotion.

## RANDOM TALKS, NO. V.

## THE TISSUES.

The periosteum has already been mentioned as that membranous coating or sheath which surrounds every bone in the body, and forms the basis of attachment for the tendons, muscles, and ligaments, by which the frame-work is connected and operated. The bones are bound together at the joints by the ligaments, which consist of bands of various forms and sizes that are arranged side by side or crossing each other in manner best fitted to assist in the offices of articulation; they are composed mainly of parallel or closely interlaced fibrous tissues of a white, silvery color, very pliant and flexible, but exceedingly tough and strong, so that while they allow of the utmost freedom of action, they are capable of keeping the ends of the bones from slipping from their places at the points of impact. Wonderful in variety of shape and size, and in adaptability to purpose, are the five hundred and forty different muscles necessary to give rise to all the phenomena of locomotion, manipulation, and the like of which the human body is capable. Marvelous, too, in construction and connection are they; "lying, many of them just beneath the great integumentary tissue which covers the whole body, and the layer of fat that generally is embedded in the connective tissues, they form the great bulk of the human frame which is called 'flesh,' they consist of bundles of tissues, each of which is made up of smaller bundles of more diminutive fibers. Every muscle is covered by a firm, slightly elastic membrane, which serves the purpose of holding it together and its parts in place, and also of producing a supporting pressure upon it to give increased strength, acting as a belt buckled about the body does, during extraordinary exercise. This membrane is thickest about the muscles of the thigh when very great strength and rapidity of movement is required. These five hundred and forty muscles are nearly all arranged in pairs, that is to say, those of one half of the body have their counterpart in the other, except that in the whole body there are thirteen unpaired. Again as a rule, they are arranged in opposites, each muscle having one or more antagonistic muscle capable of producing motion in an opposite direction. These are mostly under control of the "will power" by means of the nerve tissues which run through them, except those called the involuntary muscles, such as the heart, stomach, intestines, etc. Muscles are connected with the bones, cartilages, ligaments, and skin, either directly or by means of the tendons and their expansions. The tendons are white, glistening cords, varying in length and thickness; they are sometimes round, sometimes flattened, strong, and but slightly elastic. Cartilage is a structure which is found in various parts of the body; in adults it is chiefly in the joints and those various tubes which are designed to be kept permanently open. The nervous tissue is composed of two different structures: the *gray*, which is vascular in formation, reddish gray in color, and of soft consistency, and is found in the brain and spinal cord; and the *white*, which is fibrous in structure and constitutes a great part of the brain and spinal cord, almost the whole of the cerebro-spinal nerves, and a great part of the sympathetic. Surrounding and containing all, is the great "integumentary tissue," the skin. This is the principal seat of the sense of feeling, and may be considered as a covering for the protection of the underlying tissues. It is continued at all the principal openings into the body, with a more delicate membrane which lines all the internal canals, tubes, and cavities, and is called the mucus membrane. The skin itself is composed of two layers, the outer is called the epidermis and consists of a mass of flattened cells packed closely together; the inner layer is named the dermis or true skin; it consists of a mesh-work of nerves and blood-vessels, bound together by fibers of connective tissue; these are formed in "ridges" which may be easily seen in the palms of the hands, between these ridges are arranged many little canals connected with the sweat-glands, also

numerous little oil glands that secrete the substance which keeps the skin soft and smooth. All the external surface of the body and the internal surfaces of the various cavities and glands are covered with one or more layers of cells called "epithelium"; these are continually being lost and are constantly being renewed by processes of growth, which is one of the methods by which we die daily. Thus has been described (rather imperfectly) the principal tissues of the body, and next the various fluids will be explained.

## RESUSCITATION OF THE DROWNED.

J. A. Francis has described in the *British Medical Journal* a very simple method of artificial respiration which is as follows: "The patient is laid back down with clothes loosened, and mouth and nose wiped. Two persons pass their right hands under the waist, and grasping each other's hand, raise the body until fingers and toes alone touch the ground, count 15 rapidly, and then lower the body to the ground and press the elbows to the side hard, count 15 again, then raise the body as before, and so on, alternately raising and lowering. The head, arms, and legs, are to be allowed to dangle freely when the body is lifted."

## THE VALUE OF FRUIT AS FOOD.

Of the value of ripe fruit as an article of food, Dr. T. R. Allingson says in the "Echo": "Fruit has all the composition of a perfect food containing all the substances required by the body, including water. It is a food for the indolent and for hot climates, but in a temperate clime and among workers, grain is also needed. There is one thing worthy of notice and that is, the amount of free acid in fruit. This is anti-scorbutic, and also very useful for dissolving out any surplus of lime or other salts that may be in the system. Were fruits used daily by all, there would be less gout, rheumatism, gall stones, stone in the bladder, and calcareous degeneration than there now is. In connection with the curative power of fruit, we must mention the "Grape Cure." This is practiced in France and Germany in the autumn and is a cure for many diseases due to high feeding. The patient is given a pound of grapes to eat the first day, which amount is increased until he can consume five or six pounds a day. The other food is gradually lessened, and the diet at last consists entirely of grapes. It cures obesity and many other complaints, and starts the person off on a new lease of life. In this country we may partly carry out this cure, using strawberries, gooseberries, and plums in place of grapes. Fruit is thus seen to be a necessity in a rational diet, and of immense value in dietetic medicine."

## BREAD ON THE WATERS.

A Californian adventurer was trying to get back to San Francisco from the mines, where he had worked and searched without success, until his means were exhausted. He came to a river, but the ferryman asked a dollar to take him across. The adventurer said: "Then I must walk up the stream until I can find it, for I have not a dollar in the world." "If that is so," said the ferryman, "jump in; I never refuse to take a clever man across because he is broke." When they had reached the opposite shore, the ferryman, who had eyed the adventurer very closely on the way, said: "Is not your name James?" "It is," replied the adventurer. "And your father used to live in — street, New York?" "He did," replied the adventurer with astonishment to find himself recognized. Thereupon the ferryman drew from his pocket a bag and commenced counting out gold pieces. "I have made five hundred dollars by ferrying passengers; here are three hundred of them for you. You can pay me when you are flush, or if that don't happen, all right. When I was a little boy and my mother a poor widow, many a time has your father visited our home, and when he had gone, somewhere about the room, we would find money for a barrel of flour, or to pay the rent, when we knew not before where it was to come from; and as long as I live, if

I have a crust when I find one of his sons in want, he shall get the biggest half." The loan was gratefully accepted; by its aid the traveler was able to reach San Francisco, earn enough to repay his benefactor, and return safely to his home.

## SOIL MAKERS.

Have you ever seen a plant growing upon a rock, and wondered how it could find moisture or nourishment enough to sustain life? Do you know that that little plant has the power of forming within itself an acid powerful enough to dissolve the rock, and so provides its food? The pretty lichen, with its delicate gray branches and its little clinging rootlets, is a "soil maker," the most powerful of them all, and takes up more mineral matter than any other. You can demonstrate this by removing a piece from where it has grown to some rocky surface. You will see that the little plant has worked quite a way into the face of the stone; and if you should burn it, you would obtain nearly or quite one-fifth of its entire weight in the form of an indestructible remainder, which would be the mineral substance it had taken from the rock.

## THINGS WISE AND TRUE.

There are no gains without pains.  
It is better to deal by speech than by letter.  
Learning is pleasurable, but doing is the height of enjoyment.  
Labor for some or other end  
Is lord and master of us all.  
A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage.  
The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame.  
If you do not wish to become poor quickly, do not hurry to become rich.  
The plain rule is to do nothing in the dark, to be a party to nothing unexplained or mysterious.  
What a boy learns, he mostly keeps till age:  
So therefore, parents, train your children well.  
Some friends as shadows are,  
And fortune as the sun;  
They never proffer any help  
Till Fortune hath begun.  
Abundance is a blessing to the wise  
The use of riches in discretion lies;  
Learn this, ye men of wealth — a heavy purse  
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

## A DISEASE OF CIVILIZATION.

TYPES OF PARETIC DEMENTIA — DEVELOPMENT OF SYMPTOMS — PECULIARITIES.

Paretic dementia differs from ordinary forms of insanity in that it is constantly associated with organic diseases of the brain or spinal cord, or both. There are consequently two types — cerebral, or "descending," and spinal, or "ascending" — both of which may afflict at the same time the same person, acting together to deepen his mental gloom and hasten him into his grave.

As almost nothing is known concerning this disease by the general public, and as even the average practitioner is woefully in the dark, a description of the symptoms and the progress of the disease will doubtless prove important as well as interesting. The three stages of the disease may be thus classified: 1. Mental and moral deterioration and other changes of character. 2. Exalted delusions. 3. Progressing mental and physical failure. All these cases are not sufficiently well marked to justify these discriminations, but typical cases always have a well-marked preliminary or incubatory period. Physically, the subjects of paretic dementia are generally in good condition; there is little or no wear and tear of the body through mental influence; they sleep well and they usually get fat.

The development of the symptoms is very insidious, and usually covers a period of from one to four years. Cases have been reported, however, where an ordinary lifetime was not sufficient to get the patient beyond the preliminary stage. The symptoms of spinal affection are chiefly pains in the lower extremities, double sciatica, color blindness, belt-like sensations in various parts of the body (particularly the head), double vision, etc. The same symptoms may exist in cerebral paresis, but the principal characteristic is a sudden change of character. The modest man becomes boastful, the rich man prodigal, the careful man reckless, the honorable man a thief, and

the moral man a debauchee. It is in such stages that designing men and speculating women have preyed upon rare game, which would have been far beyond their reach but for the mental blight that had fallen upon their victims. Wealthy, respectable fathers of families have been known to commit bigamy under such influences, forgetting at the time that they were already married.

The paretic memory, judgment, morality, will, and power of application are weakened from the first. The business man becomes reckless or negligent, and the good father or husband cruel and indifferent. The sufferer is so absent-minded that he can not repeat the last sentence uttered to him, or tell what was being talked about, or of what he was thinking at the time. Morbid irritability about trifles is conspicuous. It is related of one man that he threw a knife at a servant who removed his plate before he had quite finished eating, yet heard with apparent apathy a short time afterward of a catastrophe involving a loss to him of over \$100,000. In this stage men are generous, "jolly good fellows" with boon companions, but cruel, tyrannical, unjust, and parsimonious within the family circle. Such men have abused their wives for calling in a physician to prescribe for them, yet uttered no protest whatever against being taken to an asylum. They are choleric about petty affairs, phlegmatic at important turning-points in their careers, and sanguine about, though easily diverted from, carrying out their purposes. They develop suicidal tendencies, but rarely perform the act of self destruction. While memory, will, moral, and emotional balance are thus tottering, physical and alcoholic excesses are indulged in to an extent which quickly precipitates more serious phases of the disease. Remonstrance leads to outbreak, the intervention of the police to violent physical conflict, and the patient lands in an asylum.

Among the first physical symptoms is a trembling of the lips and a difficulty in moving the tongue while speaking. The patient finds it difficult to utter explosive or hissing sounds, and the longer the word the greater the difficulty encountered. The labials and dentals — P, B, M, T, D. — are the severest tests. Such words as "truly rural" and "Peregrine Pickle" are almost unrecognizable to the ear. Later, whole syllables are suppressed. The voices of good singers become reedy and cracked, but their good opinion of their own performances increases. The organs of sight, hearing, taste, and smell exhibit similar deterioration; indeed, the total or partial loss of smell is regarded as one of the most positive indications of general paresis in the earlier stages. There is a twitching of the facial muscles and a trembling of the hands. The "characteristic paretic gait" then becomes manifest. The walk of a patient becomes less steady and regular, and it is difficult for him to stand erect with the eyes closed and the feet close together; then, in some cases, it is difficult for him to stand thus even when the eyes are open. The feet are thrown wider apart to increase the base of support, they are lifted high and come down with a jerk, the heel striking the ground first with a "flop." The expert dancer or skater loses his pedal accomplishments.

—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

## NOTES.

M. Pasteur has had the degree of M. D. conferred on him so that it is now proper to say "Dr. Pasteur."

Massage is highly spoken of by Finkler in treating diabetes. He says after a number of trials that profuse perspiration began soon after commencement of treatment, and that the quantity of sugar was considerably lessened, while the patient nearly always gained in weight.

Pain from a fresh burn may be instantly relieved by taking a feather and dipping in essence of peppermint and lightly applying to the injured part.

Cholera prevails in the ports of Japan.

And now some of the doctors say that "profanity is a disease and subject to treatment with drugs."

# The Highland News.

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A MORE comfortable feeling undoubtedly exists all through the country in business circles, a feeling that we are on the ascending scale manufacturing and commercial wise. The capital and labor differences are beginning to relax their tension, and while they are by no means settled, they are viewed more in the light of reason, from each standpoint. In almost all branches buyers are entering the market with more confidence. Large quantities of products are moving that have long been stagnant. In one of our cloth producing districts recently upwards of a million pieces were sold in one lot, and orders received that will keep the mills running all winter. Boot and shoe manufacturers report a brisk demand in their line, and brighter prospects than for a long time. Iron is firm, with an upward tendency. Wool is advancing with a prospect of moving the entire product. From all over the country the harvests are reported abundant in quantity and excellent in quality. These encouraging prospects are certainly very cheering, as they forebode a coming season of substantial prosperity for all.

THE disturbances that have occurred in financial circles caused by the series of defalcations that have recently been unearthed, teach a number of very important lessons which it will be well for capitalists and all others having funds to invest to heed. One is, that the affairs and credit of great moneyed institutions should be hedged beyond the control of any one officer, however trustworthy he may be considered. Human nature is too weak, temptations too numerous, and speculation too rife to admit of important interests, and especially those that belong to the people (as in the case of the Charter Oak insurance company), being so exposed to loss. If the law had required that the notes of such institutions should bear the signatures of two or more officers, it would have been beyond the power of Mr. Bartholomew to have risked the credit of the insurance company to bolster some other weakling. Another lesson to be drawn from this particular case is, that no one man is capable of doing the work of twenty, even though a natural desire to be considered a great manager and financier leads one to accept such burden. Because a man has been successful in untangling the affairs of one or two mismanaged enterprises, it does not follow that his capabilities in that line are limitless, and when his methods are as secretive as Mr. Bartholomew's were, the greatest caution should be exercised.

THE very candid article from the pen of Dr. G. M. Dewey of Keytesville, Mo. (published on another page of this issue), shows beyond question that the drift of reform in the medical profession is in the line of less medicine, fewer drugs, and more of Nature and her remedies. Diseases that formerly were treated with many varied compounds, are now left to Nature, while the physician content himself with watching the progress

and directing as to the care and nursing. Indeed there are few diseases but owe their favorable termination more directly to proper attendance than to any assistance from drugs.

The simpler remedies, such as Nature provides, are found to have the best effect; among these none are more potent than pure water or water slightly charged with inorganic substances. So important have these become that chemists have attempted to imitate them by compounding their formula of salts, as found by analysis, and by introducing these into ordinary drinking waters. They forget that Nature's compounding is under very different circumstances from theirs, and they also make no allowance for the fact that the water used may contain chemicals which will give a very different result from the proposed one. In fact, that it is impossible for man to imitate Nature in chemistry.

## DANGERS OF POLLUTED WATER.

Dr. Willis G. Tucker in a paper upon the above subject read before the Albany institute, says in speaking of the extent to which rivers are self-cleansing: "Such improvement as does take place in running streams, probably depends more upon the part played by fresh water plants and micro-organisms than upon direct chemical oxidation, and of course no accurate conclusions can be reached as to the effect of these varying and little understood agencies. Mere dilution also, doubtless, accounts for the apparent disappearance of much noxious matter. Professor William Ripley Nichols in his 'Water Supply,' italicizes the following statement: 'The apparent self-purification of running streams is largely due to dilution, and the fact that a river seems to have purified itself at a certain distance below a point where it was certainly polluted, is no guarantee that the water is fit for domestic use.'

"To what extent, therefore, must a polluted water be diluted before it is safe to use, is a question of the greatest interest, but one to which as yet no answer can be given. Nor can we prove that the specific poisons of certain diseases may not contain living organisms capable of rapid multiplication, nor can we tell for how long a period or under what conditions these organisms may retain their vitality. In this absence of positive knowledge, but in the light of countless facts which all but prove our supposition true, we had best err, if err we must, on the safe side, avoiding the use of polluted water, and recognizing the fact that, although chemical analyses may detect no impurities in a water, it is not, therefore, necessarily safe to drink." While the Doctor's conclusions are no doubt correct, he has failed to mention one of the greatest agencies by which streams are rendered less impure, that of precipitation. Except for this, the organic matter that so readily finds its way into our large rivers through sewer outlets and like openings, would pollute the atmosphere as well as the water to an extent that epidemics would be the rule rather than the exception in all the large cities located upon their banks."

## "SWEET BY AND BY."

Dr. Fillmore Bennett is the author of the "Sweet Bye and Bye," and he lives at Richmond, Ill., and is poor. This favorite hymn was written by Dr. Bennett at Elkhorn, Wis., in 1868. The writing of the words was based upon a remark by Mr. J. P. Webster, who composed the music. Mr. Webster was of an exceedingly nervous and sensitive nature, and subject to periods of terrible depression. In one of his melancholy moods he chanced to drop in at the house of Dr. Bennett, when the latter asked him, "What is the matter now?" "Oh, it is no matter," replied the despondent man; "it will be all right by and by." The last three words immediately conveyed a suggestion to Dr. Bennett, and he says, "The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunlight." Turning to his desk, he penned the words which have since become so famous. He says it did not take him more than twenty minutes to write the hymn.

## DOES DRINKING WATER REDUCE OBESITY?

It has been a matter of extensive belief in France that the drinking of water in considerable quantities has a tendency to reduce obesity, by increasing the activity of oxidations in the system, and favoring the burning away of accumulated fat. The error of this idea has just been shown by Dr. Debove, who has proven that the quantity of water taken has no influence on nutrition or body weight so long as the solid diet remains unchanged.

*Boston Budget.*

The above is true, but not the whole truth. Our experience has been that the action of pure water on the system, depends most upon the condition and tendency of that system.

If a patient's normal condition is one of obesity, simply adding a portion of water to his daily beverage with no change of diet, will certainly not reduce bodily weight. On the other hand, we have known many instances, where the tendency of the patient was towards fleshiness, that a marked increase in weight has been gained rapidly by taking small quantities of water regularly for a time, and we have no doubt but that where a person is abnormally fleshy, that the taking of a small quantity of water at regular intervals during the day for a sufficient period, will so flush out the system, reducing its fluids by dilution, that the over supply of flesh will be passed off, and the bodily weight be reduced.

THE dry earth system when finally brought to perfection will, we believe, be the solution of the problem of the disposal of wastes; it is the natural disposal to make of the cast-off matters of communities. It is also the economical disposition. Col. Waring, who has given more attention to the subject than any one else says:

"I am not unwarranted in saying that the value of the entire product of a household, including chamber, kitchen, and laundry wastes, when utilized by means of the earth system, is worth \$10 for each individual of the family. My own family numbers five persons. Every particle of waste is utilized in the best manner, and I am confident that I shall receive, from the accumulation of the year, more benefit from the product than I would from \$50 worth of any manure if at I could purchase. Wherever I have used either the earth from the closet or the contents of my filtering-casks (or drainer) the effect has been obviously much greater than it would have been from the use of the raw material alone."

## PURE WATER.

Dr. N. B. Sizer, in an essay on "Drinking Water," says in regard to the use of hard water, that if we consider for a moment the functions subserved in our economy by the water we drink, we shall see very forcibly why hard water does us harm. Leaving out of the account the water lost by transpiration through the lungs and skin, we may state, in a general way, that the use of water is to wash the blood clean—that is, to dissolve and carry out of the blood the waste materials picked up by the blood, which are soluble in water. Now, we all know that a liquid can only dissolve a certain proportion of any solid; therefore, if we partly destroy the solvent properties of our potable water by previously putting into it from ten to fifty grains per gallon of various salines, it is easy to see that we destroy its power of dissolving and removing from the blood anything like the proper amount of waste material, and that, if it be thus overloaded with dissolved salines, the water will be very apt like an exhausted laborer, to drop part of its load the first chance it gets.

These deposits occur in very important and delicate organs—notably the kidney, urethra, and bladder, forming the diseases so common in limestone districts—"gravel" and "stone in the bladder," or "urinary calculus."

Another, but almost as important point, is the effect produced by the alkaline nature of most hard water.

The reaction of the urine in health is acid, and, in many diseases, alkaline—the alkalinity being also easily produced by taking alkaline medicines, "hard" water also producing this effect.

Accordingly we find that, in seasons when the water is particularly hard, many physicians find it necessary to put patients, suffering from digestive, intestinal, and renal diseases, upon distilled water as a drink, exclusively, and with the happiest effects.

## VANITY.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,  
And the day and the night are the same as one.  
The year grows green and the year grows brown,  
And what is it all when all is done?  
Grains of sombre or shining sand,  
Gliding in and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,  
And a hundred ships are the same as one;  
And backwards and forwards blows the breeze,  
And what is it all when all is done?  
A tide with never a shore in sight,  
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisherman drops his net in the stream,  
And a hundred streams are the same as one.  
And a maiden dreameth her love-lit dream;  
And what is it all when all is done?  
The net of the fisher, the burden breaks,  
And after the dreaming, the dreamer wakes.

*anon*

## CERTAINTY.

Oh, bright is the beam of the morning sun,  
And cheering its rays when night is o'er.  
The spring is greener for autumn's dun,  
And sweet is the song from the other shore,  
And save for the sombre we never should know  
How bright are the golden sands that flow.

Aye, "men go down in ships to the seas,"  
But "a hundred ships are neerer as one."  
For the staunchest are wafted by favoring breeze  
To a harbor of peace, when all is done.  
And Faith still sees a haven in sight,  
And a morning comes that bringeth no night.

The net of the fisher may break with its fill,  
Yet he counteth nought but the goodly ones;  
And life's love dreaming is never for ill.  
Its memory cheers when the waking comes,  
And the fisher is blessed with a coming net,  
And the maiden her love-dream will never forget.

*Original in THE HIGHLAND NEWS.*

## SENSATIONS OF COLD AND HEAT.

A paradoxical observation is that while menthol, a remedy for neuralgia, imparts a sensation of coldness, the parts rubbed with it are really hotter than the surrounding skin. This confirms the newly-advanced theory that sensations of heat and cold are conveyed by two distinct sets of nerves, the menthol seeming to powerfully stimulate nerves of cold.

## FASHION NOTES

### AND HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

A novelty has appeared this season in the way of a soft, flexible beaver-cloth, having a long nap on both sides, and woven in checks, stripes, blocks, and bars. These cloths are made into short mantles, for walking, or very long cloaks for carriage wear. The trimmings used are braid, embroidery, fur bands, or the fur tail fringe. No linings are needed for warmth or finish, but a lining of silk or fine saten is sometimes used for the greater ease in putting on and off.

Long English Custers of checked, striped, or plain cloth, with shoulder-cape, hood, and square sleeves will be worn for shopping, traveling, etc., and the tailor-jackets will be, as heretofore, the favorite substantial garment to be worn on all occasions by old and young alike. It may be either single or double-breasted, finished simply with stitched edges, with fur collar and cuffs, or trimmed elaborately with fur bands or embroidery.

Velvet and felt hats are high-crowned and generally close-brimmed. High-standing loops of velvet, lined with satin of a contrasting color; loops of shaded and striped velvets; sigrettes of long, fine, spray-like feathers, wings, breasts, ostrich-tips, and fancy pieces are all used as trimmings.

High, soft coils, and the short-curved Russian bang are fashionable for the hair.

Single flowers, with long stems and the green leaves, are worn for the corsage.

Pretty pillow-shams for common use can be made of linen scrim, finished with an inch-wide hem, beneath which should be a row of wide faggoting. The edge may be trimmed with torchon lace, and, if desired, an initial or monogram can be worked in the center.

A bag or case made of silk-plush, lined with satin, and hung by satin ribbons beneath the mantel-piece, or in any convenient place, makes a handy receptacle for loose photographs, and is a pretty ornament to the sitting-room or library.

Turpentine will effectually eradicate buffalo moths and carpet worms.

Clean your tin dishes with cooking soda, which is equal to a good scouring.

Iron rust can be removed by the use of lemon juice and salt.

Use kerosene oil, in the proportion of four tablespoonfuls to six gallons of strong soap-suds, to soak soiled clothes over night, and the dirt will disappear as by magic; the clothes will not be injured, and no odor of the oil will remain in the clothes when dry.

—Reported for THE HIGHLAND NEWS.

## REST.

Rest is not quitting  
Life's busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis loving and serving,  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving;  
And this is true rest.

—Goethe.

Written for *The Highland News*.

## The Snow Fairy.

By ANNIE L. SMITH.

'Sure it's all well enough to have plenty,  
But I'm such a covetous elf,  
I cannot help sighing for something,  
And, darlint, that something's yourself.'

It was a musical, tenor voice, singing a few bars of the quaint Irish song, and the singer lightly touched the strings of a banjo as an accompaniment, but in an absent manner, as though he were scarcely conscious that he was singing. Outside the snow is whirling in feathery flakes, fast weaving a fleecy mantle on pavements, roofs, and church spires, wreathing the limbs of the leafless trees and sitting softly on window sills and thresholds.

The short, winter afternoon is drawing to a close, and though the storm is without, yet within that room, one of the many law offices in Temple Block, all is warmth and comfort; the sound of the storm is pleasantly muffled and mingles dreamily with the monotonous ticking of the clock on the mantel, whose hands point to the hour of five, and the cheery crackling of the fire in the open grate.

On the table, near the window, a quantity of papers are lying, beside a heavy ink-stand, flanked by pens and blotters, and across an open volume a half-written page, headed with the familiar formula "Know all men by these presents," indicating that the occupant of the room has recently been busy, but just now he is thinking of the time, not long past, when he was called upon to draw up the "Last Will and Testament" of a hard-hearted old man, a document which bequeathed half a million for the founding of "a society for the prevention of crime," while his widowed daughter and her only child toiled early and late for their daily bread. Isaac Bates had remonstrated with the old man, setting forth the injustice of such a disposal of his property, but it had only served to excite his wrath.

"What! leave my wealth to the wife and daughter of Richard Lisle! No, never!" almost screamed the infuriated man. "If you do not choose to draw up the instrument, there are plenty of lawyers who will not feel so squeamish, young man!" and so, Isaac Bates had reluctantly drawn up the papers which doomed the widow and her daughter to penury.

He knew the story well. John Holden had not always been a wealthy man, yet he had been in easy circumstances.

His love of money was proverbial, and his habits were miserly in the extreme. His wife, a gentle, affectionate woman, had died in less than five years after her marriage, broken-hearted, so it was said, leaving to his care an infant daughter, a winsome child, who had inherited her mother's beauty and sweetness of disposition.

After his wife's death, John Holden had prevailed upon his sister to take up her abode with him, and in pity for the motherless babe, she had consented, thus, under her loving care, Frances Holden grew to lovely womanhood.

Salome Mathews was a childless widow, very wealthy, and besides her brother John and his daughter, she had not a living relative, so it was well known that her niece was to be her heir.

With her great beauty and prospective wealth, no wonder that the girl had many

suitors, but she smiled on none save handsome Richard Lisle. To the fact that he was a poor music teacher she gave no thought. John Holden was bitterly opposed to the match, but Aunt Salome came to the rescue, declaring that the child had no need to marry for money, as she would inherit all of her money, moreover, that the young couple should not wait for dead men's shoes, as she intended to settle a goodly sum upon her niece at once, and leave the remainder of her property to Frances at last.

Frances Holden became the bride of Richard Lisle, and there was a happy wedding, and no end of merriment. "What a brilliant future was opening before the newly-wedded pair," people said, while many a fair maid sighed that her fate was less fortunate than that of the lovely wife of Richard Lisle.

"Man proposes, but God disposes." Ere Frances Lisle had been three days a wife, the loving woman who had been to her more than a mother almost, was dead. An affection of the heart, to which she had long been subject, the physicians decided. She had died without a will, and as next of kin John Holden and not his daughter, fell heir to her property.

And here the real meanness and cruelty of John Holden showed itself. He was well aware of the disposition that his sister intended to make of her wealth, but he was the legal heir, and moreover he hated Richard Lisle with a bitterness that was the natural result of the great difference that existed in their characters.

Frances Lisle was driven from her father's door with bitter curses.

While Richard Lisle lived his wife was tenderly cared for, but when his little daughter, Salome, was fourteen years of age, he was called to his reward and his sorrowing wife and child were thrown upon the world. This event occurred four years previous to the date of our story. Only once had Frances Lisle sought her father's aid, and that was a few hours previous to the time he had made his will, and then she was spurned from his presence.

"As you have made your bed, so you must lie!" he answered harshly, "not one penny of my money will ever enrich the wife and child of Richard Lisle. You are no child of mine, my daughter died to me when she married the fortune-hunting beggar. Begone! This very day I will make my will, casting you off with a shilling!"

He kept his word; before the day closed he had summoned Isaac Bates and dictated the unjust will.

As we have said, it is of this that the young man is thinking as he sits there in the gloaming, idly picking the banjo string and speculating in a vague sort of way, whether the discarded daughter still remained in the city. He had no personal knowledge of her, but the injustice of her father affected him painfully.

"Society for the prevention of cruelty!" he soliloquized; "charity begins at home!" while his lip curled scornfully under his brown mustache, and his expressive, blue eyes flashed with indignation. He is of noble presence, this hero of ours, of the blonde, Saxon type, his broad brow denotes great intellect, his manner, even in repose, shows culture. The shadows deepen as he sits there, the clock ticks on monotonously, the fire in the grate throws out a shower of golden sparks as the wind swirls down the chimney; the newsboy's call "*Daily Union-n-n!* Extra edition-n!" mingles with the creak of the door knob, and he raises his eyes expecting to see the ruddy face of the small Mercury who usually brings the evening paper, but instead, a little figure stands in the doorway, hesitating, as though half afraid to enter.

His cordial "Come in" decides her, and she comes forward and accepts the chair which he places for her, while he looks half curiously at his visitor, wondering much what has brought her out in such a storm. He sees a pair of black eyes, almost solemn in their earnest gaze, a flower fair face and a mass of dark, wavy hair, peeping out from the hood

of a fur cloak, which envelops her from head to foot, and which is thickly powdered with snow-flakes.

It is the loveliest face that he has ever beheld, he thinks.

"Who, and what is she?" he muses. "She looks like a Snow Fairy with that fleecy mantle wrapped about her; and as though she might vanish as suddenly as she appeared."

His musings were interrupted as a soft voice asked the very common-place question, "Will Mr. Bates be in soon?"

"I am Mr. Bates," answered Isaac.

"You, Mr. Bates?"

The tone was one of such surprise, that the young man laughed outright.

"Certainly I am," he replied, "Is it so very extraordinary?"

"I—I—thought—that is—I imagined Mr. Bates to be a very old man."

Isaac laughed again as he answered, "I am certainly the man in question, but why did you suppose that I was so venerable?"

"Only that you drew up a will—and—" she hesitated.

"And does it require a 'very old man' to draw up a will?"

The starry eyes looked straight at him now, and a smile dimpled the rosy lips.

"How stupid I am!" she exclaimed, "I came upon a very important errand. Mr. Holden is very ill; he made a will, and mamma believes that he wishes to change it; he has sent for you to come as soon as possible."

"Mr. John Holden?"

"Yes, sir; No. 512 Blank street."

"I will be there soon—stay, I will accompany you." The latter sentence was spoken as he stepped into his private office for his coat and hat, and when he returned the chair was vacant—his visitor had departed.

"A Snow Fairy, sure enough, for she has melted away like a snow-wreath—What big, solemn eyes, and what a lovely face—Confound it!—not the face—but the luck, for I shall have to miss seeing Stimpson, I wish Daniels was here to meet him. I wouldn't go a single step, only I would like to know who my Snow Fairy is, and as the old miser sent her he can tell me," he mused as he turned the key in the lock, "Ha! Good," he exclaimed, as a firm step sounded in the hall, "Here you are at last, just in the nick of time, for I am called out, and there's Simpson who is to be here at five."

"I'll attend to him," answered Mr. Daniels. The sign upon the office door, "J. Daniels, C. I. Bates, Law Office," explains that the new comer is the senior partner.

Isaac Bates hurried along the street, scarcely heeding the snow that was whirling around him, for as the night fell the wind had risen.

No. 512 Blank street. It was an old-time mansion, standing far back from the street, its front looming up dark and forbidding, but through the closed blinds of a chamber in the second story a faint light gleamed.

Isaac brought down the old-fashioned lion-head knocker with a clang that waked the echoes in the gloomy place, and waited with what patience he could summon, stamping the snow from his feet, and brushing the melting flakes from his hat. A shuffling step, the grating of a key in the lock, and the door swung open.

A weazen faced woman, bent and shriveled, and reminding him of one of Macbeth's witches, bade him enter, and after carefully closing the door she hobbled before him up the broad staircase and along the empty, echoing hall above, entering a vast and gloomy chamber, partially lighted by a single lamp. A cumbersome canopied bed stood in the corner farthest from the door, and on it lay the figure of an old man, his thin, straggling locks falling back over the pillow, his pinched features looking ghastly in the dim light.

A fire burned in the grate, but it had not been replenished recently, as the ashes on the dim coals plainly indicated. John Holden was a miser to his heart's core, and tolerated no wasteful expenditure of fuel, but he was now approaching that bourne where he could

not carry his gold, as the young man saw at a glance.

"He has sent to you to attend some very important business, but the poor man has had a shock-like, since he sent for you, and has not been able to speak since," croaked the attendant.

"I think that he needs a doctor more than he does a lawyer," our hero said gravely, looking compassionately in the face of the sick man, "he has made his will and settled his worldly affairs in a manner satisfactory to himself—." A hollow moan rang from the pale lips and a low, inarticulate sound, as though the old man were striving for utterance, then with a despairing effort he raised his hand and pointed with a skinny finger to the old-fashioned "Grandfather's Clock" in the corner, the heavy, cumbersome clock of ancient date, and reaching from floor to ceiling.

His effort to speak was agonizing, and unable to bear the mute appeal, the young man hastened away in search of a doctor.

Five minutes later, when he returned with a physician, the spirit of John Holden had fled, and his secret, if secret he had, died with him. Our hero returned to his office mystified by the events of the evening.

"Who was the messenger who had summoned him?" was a query which he was unable to solve. The crone at the miser's deathbed either would not, or could not give him the desired information, "only a child that came sometimes to do errands," she said, and when the young man would have asked her further, she had mumbled about "not asking every beggar her names," and so "The Snow Fairy," as he had named her, had disappeared.

"Fire! Fir-r-r-re!"—Sharply the cry rang out, causing belated pedestrians to pause and listen, Isaac Bates among the number.

Just as it was on that memorable evening, three weeks ago, the snow was falling fast.

"Box 15; somewhere in the vicinity of the Holden rookery!" he exclaimed. A premonition of something, he knew not what, urged him forward, and yielding to the impulse he followed in the wake of the engine as it rattled swiftly in the direction of the fire. He quickened his pace to run. A lurid light glowed crimson against the somber background of clouds, and tongues of flame were darting angrily from the windows of the Holden mansion. The lower story is a seething furnace.

"There is an old lady in the house!" rose the cry of all sides.

"No, there is not! I escaped before the partitions fell, and Debby Higgings is safe enough, but there's John Holden's grandchild in there. There she is now!"

A shriek rose above the roaring of the flames and the hissing of the water, and the engines sent forth a continuous stream working with might and main.

Isaac Bates looked up shuddering as he saw a form standing there above that sea of flame.

There, before his eyes stands the "Snow Fairy," her hands stretched to those brave men for aid.

Ladders are placed against the wall, but the flames lick about them, and the brave firemen are driven back.

In an instant his resolve is taken. Saturating his muffler with water, and wrapping his face in its folds, he mounts the ladder.

"Come back! The walls will fall in a moment!" came hoarsely from the crowd, but he is deaf to their warnings and the next moment he is within the room; the same, where three weeks ago John Holden had died. Here all was confusion; the rear wall of the apartment was shrivelling in the heat, and jets of flame were bursting through in a score of places. At the moment of his entrance the tall old clock fell with a crash, and a large package stamped with ponderous seals fell at his feet. He saw at a glance that it was some legal document, and that the old clock had a false back, that there was a receptacle probably for the safe deposit of private papers. True to his professional instinct, even in this awful peril, he thrust the papers in his breast pocket. The



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An Appeal to the Good Taste and Good Judgment of

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**MOQUETTE CARPET,**

Of the best quality made in this country, of modern style and coloring, with Borders to match, at

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**Moquette Carpeting,**

Suited to refined taste, for Halls, Parlors, Dining Rooms, Libraries, Chambers, and Offices, at

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This is an Extraordinary Purchase and offering.

It is our custom to buy in such quantities that we secure the greatest possible advantage in price, and give our customers the benefit.

We buy early when we think it best, but we always leave an opening in our stock to secure and control larger offerings of goods for retail distribution.

The quality and durability of MOQUETTE CARPET is established as superior to all others of equal cost and style, as those who have used them for years will attest.

The price — which a few years ago put them in the list with luxuries to be bought only by the rich — now places them within the reach of a large proportion of all householders. This is your opportunity to secure a

**MOQUETTE CARPET**

Of the best quality of modern style and coloring, at

**\$1.25 PER YARD.**

It is stated, on reliable authority, that Carpets are advancing in price, and must continue to advance in proportion to the price of wool; therefore this is a GREATER BARGAIN, and one which is likely to come but once in a lifetime.

This is the time to make a little extra effort, if need be, and secure a MOQUETTE CARPET that will be a pride and comfort in your house for years to come, at

**\$1.25 PER YARD.**

Don't deceive yourselves by thinking that the quantity is so large you can delay in making your selection.

The quantity IS large, but to an appreciative taste and judgment, such as the housekeeper of Hartford and vicinity can justly boast of, they will soon be sold.

We most respectfully solicit an examination, and rely on the appreciation and good judgment of this great purchasing community to make this the MOST IMPORTANT CARPET SALE IN THE COUNTRY.

P. S.

**ONE WORD MORE, PLEASE.**

In connection with the foregoing important purchase, we secured a few inferior styles and colorings, but of standard quality — auction goods — which we shall sell at

**\$1.15 PER YARD.**

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As a Blood Tonic and Purifier it is Unequaled.

**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.
Sulphate of Potassium, 0.355	Phosphoric Acid, 0.051
Carb. of Potassium, 0.180	Silica, 0.618
Chloride of Sodium, 0.215	Alumina, 0.093
Carbonate of Sodium, 0.345	Oxide of Manganese, trace
Carbonate of Lime, 0.512	Sulph. Hydrogen, trace
Carb. of Magnesia, 0.331	Organic & Vol. Matter, 0.510
Bicarbonate of Iron, 0.970	Total, 4.083

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

Yours very truly, LEWIS M. NORTON.

THE CLIMAX OF TABLE WATERS.  
FLOWING FROM A NATURAL SPRING,  
HEALTHFUL INVIGORATING,  
REFRESHING, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE,  
UNEQUALLED IN QUALITY,  
AND UNPARALLELED IN PURITY.

It Tones the System and Prevents Disease.

**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.
Silica, 0.406	Carbonate of Soda, 0.169
Alumina, 0.023	Carb. of Magnesia, 0.180
Carbonate of Lime, 0.770	Vol. Matter of Water, 0.583
Sulphate of Potash, 0.075	Carbonate of Potash, 0.075
Chloride of Sodium, 0.315	evaporation, 2.596

Total solids left upon evaporation, 2.596  
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.
Free Ammonia, 0.00013
Albuminoid Ammonia, 0.00069

Yours very truly, LEWIS M. NORTON.

GENERAL DEPOT AT THE SPRINGS,

Where Further Information May Be Had.

## CASE BROTHERS,

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