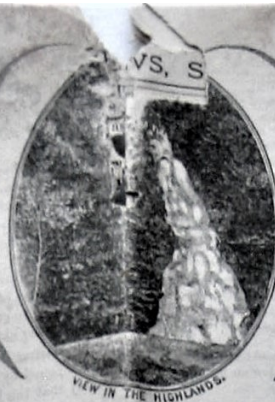


# THE HIGH-



# LAND NEWS.

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

Vol. I.—No. 8.

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

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## BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,  
Though tolling for bread in an humble sphere,  
Doubly blessed with content and health,  
Unaided by the hosts and cares of wealth,  
Lowly living and lofty thought,  
Adorned and embellished a poor man's coat,  
For mind and morals in no plan  
Are the genuine tests of a man's man.

Better than gold is a peaceful home  
Where all the friendly characters come,  
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,  
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,  
However humble the home may be,  
Or hushed with sorrow by heaven's decree,  
The blessings that never were bought or sold  
And center there are better than gold.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,  
That in the realm of books can find  
A treasure surpassing a Arabian ore,  
And live with the great and good of yore.  
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,  
The glories of empire passed away;  
The world's great dream will thus unfold  
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a powerful home  
Where all the noble characters come,  
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,  
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,  
However humble the home may be,  
Or hushed with sorrow by heaven's decree,  
The blessings that never were bought or sold  
And center there are better than gold.

reading psalms to those who don't understand them, in smiling sweetly upon vulgar people to whom the pearls of refinement are as worthless as grains of sand! How can she do it!" and fashionable friends looked on in disapproval yet never daring to snub the petted daughter of Fulton Kent, whose name was a power in business circles and whose beautiful home was frequented by the *élite* of fashionable and literary circles.

"Her mother was just so tender hearted and considerate of the poor," said her father when some one remonstrated against Frances' course; "and, indeed, perhaps it is the ideal way of living; Frances takes solid comfort in lending a hand to brighten the lot of those poor creatures who have so little while we enjoy much; her mother did the same thing and my daughter may do as she pleases."

Thus encouraged by her father, she was indefatigable in her confidence in doing"; the inmates of the hospital sometimes called her their patron, Saint Frances, and nurse Emily had perfect faith in her power to reach humanity and so sought her aid in this case.

"I will do all I can," was the reply, as the nurse led the way to a cot on which lay a young man, the subject of the nurse's anxiety; despite his paleness and the dark circles beneath his eyes, Roswell Owens was a handsome fellow and although he lay on a charity bed in a hospital, Frances Kent could tell that he had seen better days; his conversation, the very tones of his voice indicated education and culture.

One afternoon, as she stood by his bedside, she said, "Mr. Owens, I have ordered several cases of Tonica Water sent here for various patients, and the doctor says you are to take it daily, so while nurse is busy let me give you your first draught; you will find it a delightful and strengthening mineral water."

"Mineral water! How much it sounds like home; how many times when a boy in Connecticut, I have taken a jug over to the spring and filled it for mother; everyone within miles of Manchester believed in the curative powers of that water."

"Connecticut! Manchester!" was Miss Frances' exclamation; "Why, this Tonica Water comes from there! Here is a picture of the falls on the bottle; do you recognize it?" and she held the label up for his examination.

"Why, that is Buttermilk Falls!" he exclaimed; "know it? Hundreds of times I have been there; the lively races we youngsters had over the rocks and down the hills; the picnics in the little valley at the foot of the falls! How it comes back to me. Miss Frances, it is the sweetest spot in all Connecticut; you would call it a leaf from a charming fairy book, written by the pen of creation; it is all so quiet and grand; the skies look upon it with seeming admiration as if the whole landscape was just from Nature's hand, a new bit of beauty with a definite touch of heaven."

"Then it is your old home, is it?"

"Home! It used to be, but I haven't been there for fifteen years, not since I was a lad of twelve; oh, the dear old hills and sunny fields! Home! It is a meaningless word to me, now," and the tears coursed down the pale cheeks.

She knew the opportunity had come for her to help a human soul in its groping after God and light; she knew that the life before her was in the shadow; what if God had ordained that her hand should open the door that the Son of Righteousness might shine full and free in the now darkened heart. Here was the chance she craved, of offering the Great Physician, who treats not the mortal alone but heals and cures for eternity.

With look and tone of womanly sympathy she said tenderly: "My brother, you are troubled; will you not let me help you? Christ, your Saviour and mine, bids us bear one another's burdens; may I not be His comforter to you?"

"The Saviour! Do you know Him?" he enquired earnestly.

"Yes," was the answer; "He has saved me and His love fills my life with a peace none but heaven can give, and I am so happy in His service that I want to help others love Him as I do."

"That is the way she used to talk."

"She?" asked Miss Frances, in a pleasant tone of inquiry.

"Yes, mother," he returned, breathing the word with tender reverence; "she knew Him, she used to tell me about Him; when she died she made me promise to love Him, but I haven't, I haven't," and he burst into sobs.

"It is not too late now; you are young with many years before you; He will help you, just trust Him; leave the old life behind, God can wash even the scarlet sins white as snow; leave them all with Him and press forward to that 'high calling' of a Son of God."

"I fear He won't take me, I have nothing to bring Him but wasted years and chances. Will the hands that were pierced on Calvary, touch mine that are stained with wrong?"

Then he told her of his life, how his widowed mother had died when he was twelve, that his wealthy Uncle Morton educated him, and at the close of his college course had taken him into his law-office, but the generosity was poorly repaid; the social glass even became the inebriate's cup, he was too dissipated to work, his uncle, disappointed and grieved, turned him from his doors; he sought his wild companions, but the orgies soon had an end, for Owens was prostrated with a severe illness; not a penny, neither home nor friends, he was carried to the hospital, and all through these days the old memories had haunted him; the mother who was so proud of her boy, who had early dedicated him to the Master, the country church where he sat by her side, the Sunday-school where he learned a child's way to God; oh, if he could only drive away those ghosts

of evil days, if he could shut out their wail of despair, their mad cries of drunken glee, if he could drive those away and hear nothing from the past but the echo of innocent days; but no, they were all there, side by side with his mother's face and voice, and he dared not look toward the cross.

"I'm afraid He won't take me," he repeated. "Yes, he will; you belong to the 'whosoever'; He asks them to come and promises not to turn away from them. His hand is outstretched to save you, will you take it? His voice is saying 'Come,' will you obey? Will you drop your load of sin, and with a heart full of His grace go out into the world manfully glorying in nothing but the cross of this Christ who says 'Come?' Don't you hear Him? Will you come?"

There was a silence; he lay with closed eyes; heart and mind fighting the great battle of this mortal life; at his side a fervent prayer went to God for victory, and it was given. At length his eyes opened and with tremulous voice he whispered:

"O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

The sun was sinking behind the hills and sent over the cot a mellow light, which seemed to him like a ray from the pearly gates; was there ever such a moment in Roswell Owen's life before! In his soul a new found peace; God's spirit was there, and as Miss Frances knelt by the cot and offered prayer, he felt as if that little corner of the ward had become a part of Paradise. God, Heaven, Mother, how near they all seemed!

And Miss Frances went away wondering if the joy of the angels over the sinner that repenteth can be more joyful than the human heart in its blessed knowledge of having brought a soul into eternal life.

"He is a new man," said the nurse, "mending rapidly; I knew Miss Frances could find a cure for soul troubles."

One morning when she was making her accustomed tour through the ward, Owens detained her:

"Miss Frances," he began, "to-day I go away to begin my life over again, I shall be subjected to the old temptations, I am to meet old companions, I am but human and yet I am confident that 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' I want to ask a strange favor; will you give to me a memento of the woman to whom I shall owe all I ever make of my life, a keepsake that shall continually remind me of these days and my vows of consecration; am I asking too much?"

She hesitated, a blush o'erspread her face, but regaining her self-possession, she unclasped from her watch chain a little cross of beautiful mosaic work.

"I shall always be interested in you," she replied, handing him the cross; "I brought this from Rome, and it has taught me this lesson, never to be discouraged because we cannot do great things for the Master; for as

## PRIZE STORY.

### Miss Frances.

Written for THE HIGHLAND NEWS by MARI LEE.

"I am very much interested in him," said the nurse; "he ought to recover rapidly now, but there is some worry on his mind which no medicine of ours will cure; you are just the one to help him; it is wonderful how quickly some folks will get strong when the mental burden is lightened."

This remark was addressed to a young woman whom the inmates of — Hospital called Miss Frances, and whom they loved for her many deeds of thoughtful kindness; the children hailed her coming with wild delight, the suffering were soothed by her quiet tone and comforting words, while many were the delicacies she provided for the needy.

"Such queer taste as Miss Kent possesses," remarked society people in a tone of criticism; "think of a young woman of her wealth and culture making a slave of herself by visiting hospital paupers, running at their nod and call! Does she expect to entertain an angel unwelcome? How can she venture among them! What congeniality can there be in





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AT

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The earthquake that has shaken the city of Charleston from its foundations, and spread sorrow and dismay among its inhabitants, is a calamity of a nature entirely different from any that has ever before visited our land. We are apt to think of earthquakes as closely associated with volcanic countries, and have felt perfectly safe as far as our own was concerned. All at once we are awakened to the realization that we, too, are liable to these unwelcome visitors, and the worst is that we are perfectly helpless to foretell either the point of attack or the time of approach. We have but to take our chances, and feel thankful that they are no more frequent.

One can but note the change in public opinion at the North towards those who are sufferers through the disaster; sympathy and kindly feeling go out to the unfortunate city and its inhabitants from every northern heart; sorrow and regret find expression in substantial contributions of money and other necessities for the needy. This is well, and will no doubt serve as "hooks of steel" to bind North and South in closer union; but how strikingly in contrast were the feelings at the North a short quarter of a century ago. Had this thing happened then, we should all have seen in it the hand of a righteous judgment striking for our cause, and in punishment of wicked rebellion; such are the different phases of the same thing when viewed from different standpoints. May it not be that long before another quarter of a century shall have passed, that this seeming disaster shall appear in the light of a great blessing in the results that may be reached when Charleston, having arisen from its dust and ashes, shall stand rejuvenated and renewed the brightest star in the southern constellation.

## THE CESS-POOL AND THE WELL.

The manner of drainage for country dwellings, and those habitations that have no connection with a sewer system, is receiving much earnest attention. The cess-pool is the usual receptacle for disposal of the kitchen and privy wastes, and unless one can afford to go into the expense and thoroughness of a system of ramifying drains this is, perhaps, as good a way to dispose of them as any, provided, that the location, construction, and care of the pool are looked closely after. The location of a cess-pool within a short distance of the house, or within a hundred feet at least of the well from which water for man or beast is drawn, is suicidal; nor should the kitchen drain or privy-vault be placed within that distance of the water supply. As is well known (but little thought of in this connection), the earth is full of layers or strata, *cretaceous*, and fissures that sometimes serve as natural drains for the leakage from these things, and many of these called "dispositions of Providence," in the

form of typhoid fevers, diphtheria, and kindred diseases owe their presence and fatality to the use of water from wells located at a supposed safe distance from these contaminating influences. Not long since, the family of a wealthy gentleman living in a country town in Connecticut, was attacked with a most malignant type of diphtheria. Within ten days four beautiful daughters lay dead in the bereaved household. Physicians were puzzled and baffled,—when a fifth member of the family was stricken,—until an examination of the water from the family well revealed the fact that the clear, limpid, sparkling fluid from its depths was heavily charged with filth leachings from a cess-pool situated upwards of fifty feet distant. These leachings have been known to find their way to and contaminate the waters of wells more than one hundred feet distant. So that in adopting the plan of the cess-pool it becomes necessary that its location should be as far distant and as much below the well as possible, that it should, if possible be made water tight on sides and bottom, and that it should be cleaned out and its contents returned to the soil, where it naturally belongs, often enough to render the gases and fermentations harmless to the surrounding atmosphere—and the same may be said of the sink drains and privy-vaults.

## MYOPIA

Or, shortness of vision, is often popularly confounded with dim or weak sight; but this is an error. Short sight applies to the range, and by no means to the power of vision. In fact, a shortsighted person may possess a very acute eye for near objects. In a person who has this affection the rays that ought to come together at the retina converge at a point just in front of it. The cause of this defect may not be the same in every person. In some it arises from an over convexity of the lens; in others from an over abundance of the humor of the eye; some times from a want of power in the eye to adjust itself to various distances. From eighteen to twenty inches is the normal range for perfect eyesight. When a person fails to distinguish objects beyond ten inches, they may be said to be nearsighted. This imperfection affects students often more than any other class, although it is to a certain degree hereditary. It is said that in the English army, of the queen's foot guard of nearly 10,000 men, not half a dozen have been discharged, nor an equal number of recruits rejected, on account of nearsightedness. It is popularly believed that in shortsighted people the range of vision lengthens as they advance in age. This is by no means a rule. If, as is too frequently the case, the affection is progressive in its nature, the eye will after a time become less available, until at the age of 50 or 60 years the power of vision is lost.

## TESTS FOR DRINKING WATER.

"Take six or eight ounces of the water in a perfectly clean bottle and add to it fifteen or twenty grains of the purest sugar; the bottle should be completely filled with the mixture, and the cork tightly adjusted in such a manner as to completely exclude the atmospheric air; it is now placed in a warm place for forty-eight to seventy-two hours. If after twenty-four hours have elapsed the transparency of water be noticed to have been disturbed, or if it has become milky or cloudy, if any bad smell or fermentation have developed, the water should be unhesitatingly rejected as unfit for drinking. This is called 'Helsch's test,' and it is contended by him that the cloudy appearance in the water at the end of the course of twenty-four hours is positive evidence of sewage or putrescible contamination. If the water remains clear for forty-eight hours, it is in all probability good water. A determination of the presence of chlorine (as chlorides), should now be made. Some of the water should be poured into a large test-tube or other convenient vessel; to this a few drops of a strong solution of nitrate of silver is added (nitrate of silver sixty grs.; nitric acid ten drops, and water one ounce). About one

grain of chlorine per gallon will give a very slight hazy appearance, five grains a very marked opalescence, while eight or ten grains will give a considerable turbidity and a precipitate; should there be any quantity of the latter, which, upon exposure to the light becomes gray or black, it should be regarded as a very suspicious sign."

—Dr. A. J. Wolf, in Annual Report of State Board of Health for Ct.

BOSTON, August 14, 1886.

Messrs. Case Brothers, South Manchester, Conn.: GENTLEMEN,—I consider your "Tonica Water" nothing short of a "boon" to suffering humanity.

In my case a dozen or two bottles of the Water entirely cured me of irritation and other bladder troubles.

As a tonic, I consider it a household necessity, and I shall never lose an opportunity to recommend it to my friends.

Yours truly, C. O. GWATKIN,  
Traveling Agent Erie Dispatch Line.

The picture on the heading of this paper is sometimes referred to by our readers as of "The Springs" from whence is drawn the Highland waters, Tonica and Rock. This is incorrect. The view was made from a photograph taken of what is known as "The Glen Falls," and is intended to illustrate a bit of Highland scenery. The cascade is located in "The Glen" at the Manchester Highlands, a charmingly romantic spot. The water falls about seventy feet in a nearly perpendicular direction, and is admired for its remarkable beauty by the many visitors that frequent the place. The mineral springs are at some considerable distance, and have no connection with the falls.

## NO VIGOR WITHOUT EXERCISE.

Give your brain sufficient food and an abundant supply of oxygen, and then give it a fair amount of good hard work each day, if you wish to maintain it in a high state of healthy activity. Barristers and clergymen, who use their brains much, are among the longest-lived men in the country, showing plainly that regular brain-work is good for the general health as well as for the efficiency of the nervous system in particular. The muscular system must be treated in a similar manner if you do not wish it to become subject to fatty degeneration. An unused muscle shrinks, and becomes soft and flabby, presenting an appearance of marked contrast to the brawny arm of the blacksmith. Instances of feebleness of tissues thus preserved frequently present themselves to the notice of the surgeon. A muscle is called upon to perform a vigorous contraction, but it snaps in the effort.

The heart itself is sometimes torn asunder in attempting to send an extra supply of blood to some needy limb. No man can afford to lower his general vitality for the sake of mere idle gratification. He never knows when he may require all the energy which can be stored up in his tissues. A railway accident, a runaway horse, a run to catch a train, a fall on the ice, or even a fit of coughing, may bring a life of misery or an early death to one who would have passed through them all had he allowed his nerves and muscles to wear away in vigorous activity.—*Exchange*.

## DO NOT FORGET.

That self-trust is the first secret of success. That sometimes the best gain is a loss. That a lost good name is never retrieved. That in business three things are necessary—knowledge, temper, and time. That chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hand. That squandering time is wasting the stuff of which life is made. That if we always helped one another, no one would need the help of fortune. That diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. That there is none among us so wise but he may meet those before whom he shall stand abashed at his own ignorance. Who then shall count his wisdom for aught?

## RANDOM TALKS NO. IV.

## THE HUMAN BODY.

The frame-work of the body consists of a skeleton, which is composed of the hardest material found in the system. This skeleton is made up of many different pieces of various sizes and shapes, but each has its own peculiar name and office. The number of these pieces is variously estimated by anatomists; the uncertainty in the number is due to the fact that some are undeveloped except in a hard-working, muscular body. Wilson, one of the most learned authorities, puts the number at 246, which is generally accepted as correct. These "bones," as they are called, are divided into four classes: the long bones will be found in the limbs where they form a system of levers, so arranged as best to serve the powers of locomotion and to sustain the weight of the body; the short bones are in the parts of the frame where strength and compactness are required and very little motion intended; the flat bones are useful as protectors and also to provide broad surfaces for the attachment of muscles; the mixed or irregular bones are such as from their peculiar form cannot be properly classed under the above heads.

If you were to examine carefully by the aid of a microscope a section of one of the bones, you would find it made up of a series of plates or layers; if it were from one of the long bones you would find the layers arranged with regard to a common center, if from a flat one the layers would be in parallel.

The bones are traversed in all directions by minute canals through which, by means of veins, arteries, and capillaries, the nutritive fluids of the blood are conveyed and growth is sustained. Of course these canals, diverging and ramifying in many directions through the bones, give to their interior the porous, spongy character observable, while the outward layer composing the surface is smooth, ivory-like, and when fresh is of a pinkish white color, the interior being a deep red.

Chemically composed human bones are about one third gelatine and blood vessels, and two-thirds of inorganic matter of which lime is by far the larger part. Surrounding each bone is a membranous coating or sheath; whitish yellow in color and closely attached to them. This is called the periosteum. It occurs on every bone, and in a healthy state is perfectly insensible; it contains the vessels, which ramify as above stated, being, in fact, the nutrient membrane of the bones; besides this function it serves as a point of attachment for the ligaments and tendons, for without some such arrangement they could not firmly adhere to the bone surface.

The mechanical construction of this framework is very interesting, and illustrates the design in Nature. There are no unnecessary parts, and each and every part is especially suited to the purposes for which it is intended. The long bones, for instance, are mostly hollow shafts, combining the greatest strength with the least weight, while the flat bones are portions of a circle or sphere. The bones intended for the pillars of the body, to support it, are thickest in the middle, where the greatest strength is required, the extremities are enlarged in order to present a better surface to the attaching muscles and ligaments. Their strength as levers is something wonderful as compared with various other materials. Taking sandstone as a unit, well-grown, healthy human bones are twenty-two times as powerful, while elm and ash woods are only eight and one-half times stronger. That is to say that the bones are twice as strong as oak or box-wood, nearly two and three-quarters times stronger than elm and ash, and twenty-two times stronger than sandstone.

In the construction of this frame of our living temple we find the arrangement and distribution of its parts to be as follows: in the spinal column there are 26, in head 8, in the ear 6; the face contains 14; of the teeth there are 32; of the ribs, the connecting sternum, and os hyoides, 26; the upper extremities 64, lower extremities 63; while 8 others are what are called sesamoid bones. So having constructed our frame we will next proceed to cover it with its many muscles, tendons, and ligaments, and try to explain their various uses.

(Continued from first page.)

these mosaics are composed of tiny bits so our humble deeds and prayers make up a beautiful life-picture, fit to adorn the Heavenly Kingdom. I give it to you with pleasure; let it remind you always of the Saviour you have found here."

"And of the woman who led me into the marvelous light," he returned with earnestness. "I am going to my uncle and ask him to take me back again; when I have redeemed my past, and have a clean manhood and an honorable name, I will return this cross if I can find you."

He kept his word; his uncle gladly reinstated him and soon the nephew became his pride; for day after day Roswell worked manfully, resisting his former associates, ever bearing the name of the Master with credit, and if a moment of discouragement came, the thought of the face so full of peace gave him new vigor; he looked at the little talisman, wondering if the owner ever thought of him, if she dreamed that her face was his constant companion, that she unconsciously helped him daily.

"What is that odd cross you wear, Roswell," inquired his uncle.

"It is only a keepsake," was the reply.

"Only a keepsake!" repeated his uncle; "how many volumes of romance are in that shape? Come, you sly fellow, let's have chapter one. Has it anything to do with the angel of the Hospital?"

"Yes, all; she gave it to me the day I left, and I was to return it when I had redeemed myself in the eyes of the world."

"Ah, ah! this smells all over of adventures and violets"; wonder if I could write a novel;—hero, a good looking young lawyer plunging into musty law books, pleading divorce cases, and yet believing in love; heroine, a handsome Miss of missionary turn of mind, she saves hero, they part in tears, meet with rapture, grand finale, wedding; bless me, I smell the orange blossoms, now! why don't you hunt her up? if she is sensible she will have you."

"I have been looking for her all these months; the nurse at the Hospital told me that her father died, and she went to Europe with her aunt; daily I look for the arrivals, but no Frances Kent is among them."

"Frances Kent! Did you say Frances Kent," almost shouted the elder Owens.

"I did; what is the matter? You seem surprised."

"The daughter of Fulton Kent who died a few years ago?"

"The same."

"Ah!" and Uncle Merton gave a long sigh. "Let me turn inquisitor, Uncle, and ask how many pages of the romantic are condensed in that sigh?"

"A good many, my boy; the world calls me a practical man, devoid of sentiment, but down in my heart are many happy days and youthful plans; a love which has always clung to me, for in spite of her faithlessness I cannot forget the face of my Frances Kent; I hope your idol will be more merciful to you."

"This is indeed a strange coincidence; I wonder if they are related?"

"The woman I loved was Fulton Kent's sister, your fair one is his daughter; I was fitted because I was poor, but you have money and a name equal to theirs to offer."

"But no hope, Uncle; she may have forgotten me, she may be another's, and yet there was something in her look when we parted that gave me courage, that has imparted an undercurrent of hope which has kept off discouragement and made me look forward to and plan for a day which may never come, and yet who knows how the fates may hinge?"

The years had brought changes to the life of Frances Kent; after her father's death she accompanied her Aunt Frances to Europe; her heart full of its sorrow and loneliness the stay abroad had few attractions for her, listlessly she went from place to place and rejoiced when the vessel left for America; all the voyage her face and thoughts were homeward, her heart filled with vague hopes she dared not express. Somehow the pale face and

eager eyes which had so often met her during those days in the hospital, haunted her dream; nearly four years had gone and the cross was not returned; why did she so eagerly look forward to the time when the souvenir would come back to her? Why was that day the golden mile-stone at which all her dreams and hopes centered, the day which might never come, and yet it stood out in the future a reality in her thoughts? Was there a fatality about it? Why could she not drive away all thoughts of the man of whom she had heard nothing, perhaps he had gone back to the old life of sin and was unworthy the thought of a true woman!

Arriving in New York she urged the summer heat as an excuse for leaving the city as soon as possible. Her aunt must join others of the family at Long Branch.

"No," said the niece, "I don't care for Long Branch, I am going to the Highlands in Connecticut; it has long been my desire; I am sure it will be a beneficial trip, the sunshine, green fields, pure air, and Tonica Water."

So the matter was settled.

The hotel at the Highlands was at the height of pleasure, thronged with guests; invalids who came for health, devotees of fashion because it was popular, the proverbial mammas with marriagable daughters, men and women bent on rest, pleasure, and health, and they had chosen the very realm of beauty for their summer abode; gushing young ladies pronounced it "just too splendid for anything"; the society swelled its praises in "Yes, awfully pretty scenery, and so select, you know"; none but words of praise were heard, and all went "merry as a marriage bell."

It was a beautiful afternoon, the guests were enjoying themselves to their heart's content in various ways; on the veranda of the hotel sat Morton Owens and his nephew Roswell; the young man had altered much in these few years; instead of the emaciated fellow who left the Hospital, he was a type of strong, healthy manhood, handsome enough for a modern Apollo, respected as a prosperous young lawyer.

"Come, Roswell," said his uncle, "take warning by me, do come out of your old bachelorhood; here are dozens of pretty girls ready to become Mrs. Owens if you ask them; now do let us have a wedding."

"And here are several widows and fine ladies who might become Mrs. Morton Owens if you asked them; it is never too late to mend, you know," retorted Roswell.

Just then voices from the open parlor reached them.

"Have you heard of the new arrival?" asked Miss Heath.

"No, who is it?" chorused her companions.

"That Miss Kent who was at Saratoga, has come here to air her piety and demure manners."

"Isn't she married yet," cried Miss Doane, in pretended dismay; "she has been in society six or seven years, all the time angling slyly as possible, but her bait doesn't seem to be tempting."

"Then she is in the same boat with some other folks I know," pertly responded Miss Morse, who was considered Miss Doane's rival.

"You need not worry about her," put in Miss Heath, she has plenty of money, and in the eyes of many that compensates her oddities, even if she does sail in with people who dance and are merry, and then stands aloof, raising her eyes in pious alarm, refusing to dance or flirt because, forsooth, she has too much conscience."

"I venture to say it is natural awkwardness instead of conscience which prevents her dancing," added Miss Doane.

"And lack of admirers rather than enlarged moral ideas, which prohibits flirting," chimed in Miss Heath.

"She may have free field for all me," said Ada Morse; "my hands are full now."

"And they will drop with the burden before she catches young Owens," remarked Miss Doane, as she and Miss Heath sauntered away.

"Who is this terrible individual you are

discussing?" inquired Roswell, entering the parlor where Miss Morse was seated.

"Did you hear!" she exclaimed; "it is Frances Kent, she comes among us and yet is not of us; prefers scenery to human nature, evidently."

"And wants to get married very much, does she?"

"Oh, Miss Doane says that partly for spite; at Saratoga she couldn't hold her own; she wanted Captain Glyn, but he was desperately in love with Miss Kent, and indeed a number of men are at her feet, but she refuses all, so they say; I fancy she was cut out for a nun; she won't be here a week before she will have half a dozen poor families on her visiting list, and be reading the Bible to all the sinners in the community."

"She must be a type of admirable womanhood, if she spends her time that way. Perhaps we men will envy the poor and sinners before the season is over."

"You might pose as a sinner and receive instruction," was the laughing rejoinder. "Really society votes her stupid, yet there is something nice about her; she doesn't preach exactly, but somehow she is always an animated sermon to me; it is just like putting Puritanic Priscilla into a nineteenth century ball. I will admit that if she was minus so many scruples she would be quite a belle, and the rest of us would have to look to our laurels."

"Does society dislike woman with scruples, as you term it?"

"Yes, fashionable society does. It will not pay to be an oddity; if you cannot go with the current, you will be caught and held by the snags of opinion and criticism. How can anti dancing and anti-flirting ideas assimilate with fashionable customs? and, say what you may, one may as well be a heathen as not to be fashionable. When you are in Rome you must not be a Greek. Miss Kent continually carries a moral square and compass, and by her measurements society is guilty of considerable willful shrinkage. You ought to understand, Miss Doane says you have scruples."

"If I had always possessed them no wasted days and mistaken pleasures would face me to-day."

"Please don't preach, Mr. Owens. I declare if there isn't Jack Hammond; he played moth one season, and fluttered some round the Kent candle, but it proved a prosy undertaking."

"Seriously, Miss Morse, I am sorry you regard the things of the Kingdom as prosy; believe me, they are not, rather they are the glad life-song of millions of redeemed souls."

"Really, Mr. Owens, I will not be audience for even you to play parson; and she joined the group on the lawn who were welcoming Hammond. She was conscious of a sense of irritation that Owens, whose attentions she had coveted, should pronounce himself in favor of the new comer at so early a date.

"So, Roswell," said Uncle Merton, as his nephew returned to him, "so the woman you love is here? Luck is in your favor. Shall I order the orange blossoms?"

The next morning Roswell started into one of the shady paths near, wondering when and how he should meet Miss Frances; but his thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a figure before him; looking up, he stood face to face with her.

"Miss Frances!" he exclaimed with joy; then seeing her look of surprise, he quickly added, "You don't remember me,—I have changed much in four years."

"Pardon me, sir, I do not know you," was the puzzled answer.

"Do you remember the day you gave me this talisman?" he inquired, drawing the cross from its hiding place.

Her face turned to deep scarlet, her lips quivered, her eyes were moist with tears, as she extended her hand, saying in a timid tone, "And is all well?"

"It is," he replied gravely, "and I have kept my promise to God."

Then ensued a long conversation which was

the beginning of a most delightful summer.

"Owens is caught at last," remarked Jack Hammond; "a fine girl that,—plenty of money, and just conscientious enough to suit a man of his stamp."

"Miss Frances," said Roswell, as they sat beneath a shady tree commanding a fine view of the falls, "do you remember when you brought me the Tonica Water and I found the falls on the label?"

"Yes, and how little we expected then we should ever look upon it together,—that we as friends should wander over the fields about which you told me then."

"Do you know that it is just four years to-day since I left the hospital,—since I asked you for this keepsake?"

There was something in his tone which made her drop her eyes as she murmured, "So it is."

"We have enjoyed a pleasant season," he went on, "and now I must say good-by again, for I leave to-morrow. I have redeemed the past, and, true to my promise, I return your cross; but I ask another gift in its place. Miss Frances, I have loved you all these years. I have asked God if it was right to give me your love, may I hope for it? May I dare dream that my love is returned? I have a ransomed life to offer; I have earned an honorable name for you to wear, and during these years I have prayed for the time when, God willing, I might hear from your lips the words 'I love you'—words sweet as angel's song to me; may I hope to hear them?"

She raised her eyes to his,—eyes in which there was no gleam of affectation, but the true light of a Christian woman's love; she raised them to his with a look which spoke volumes to his heart. He knew his prayers were answered, his dreams realized.

The falls leaped and dashed over the rocks with the sweet rhythm of the waters, as if turning into music the "old, old story" told in its hearing. Roswell thought the scene was never so beautiful before: the flowers seemed nodding their congratulations, the shady branches bowing an approval, while the splash and dash of the foamy waters seemed singing,

"Whatever things be sweet and fair—  
Love makes them so."

With a proud light in his eyes, he looked upon this woman who was to him the embodiment of goodness, who was to walk side by side with him the path leading from earth to God, who was to share his joys and sorrows, who was to bring to his life the richness of a rare womanhood, and he recalled the poet's ideal—

"She was my peer,

No weakling girl . . .  
But a round woman, who, with insight keen,  
Had wrought a scheme of life and measured well  
Her womanhood; had spread before her feet  
A fine philosophy to guide her steps;  
Had won a faith to which her life was brought  
In strict adjustment—brain and heart meanwhile  
Working in conscious harmony and rhythm  
With the great scheme of God's grand universe,  
On towards her being's end."

Returning to the hotel, they found the elder Owens in his favorite corner of the veranda; by his side a woman to whom he was chatting gaily.

"Aunt Frances!" exclaimed her niece as the elder woman arose to greet her, "you here?"

"Yes, I was rather lonesome without you, and came here to find you, and met an old friend," she added with a blush.

"I have decided to follow my own advice, Roswell, and bid adieu to old bachelorhood," said Mr. Owens with an admiring look at his companion.

"Two minds that think as one, uncle," returned the nephew; "Frances has consented to rescue me from the doleful state of single blessedness."

"Bless you both, and I hope you are as happy as I am. I have waited nearly twenty years, instead of four, for my treasure. Miss Frances (turning to the younger woman) I welcome you as my niece; are you prepared to take me as an uncle 'for better or worse'?"

"I don't understand it all, what does it mean?" she inquired in a puzzled tone.



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**COLD DRINKS, Etc.**

During the very hot days, there is far more danger usually supposed from drinking ice-water, or any cold drinks, far more than from eating "cold drinks." This danger is much increased when the system is exhausted by violent exercise, with the addition of sun-heat. A sudden chill, from drinking a large quantity of cold water—as many do, even when they would allow a valuable horse to do the same—may result in an attack of pneumonia, which, if not freely taken, may prove fatal. A chill at the stomach differs widely, in its effects, from an external coldness, soon passing away, perhaps. If necessary to take such cold drinks—as in the cars—it is desirable to drink but a very little, or to take it only in sips, so slowly that the small quantity will become warm about as fast as it is taken. It should be remembered that the use of such water so irritates the throat as to produce a sensation not unlike a thirst, when no drink is really needed—real thirst indicating a partial exhaustion of the fluids of the body—a sensation which cannot be satisfied with such water. Indeed, the more one indulges in this drink, when the throat is irritated, the more the fetid thirst is aggravated. This bogus thirst may be alleviated far more readily by simply holding cool water in the mouth, gargling the throat with it, thus cooling it, than by any amount of drinking. And, still more. Even cool drinks, taken in excess, during the process of digestion, so lower the temperature of the stomach that digestion is arrested, to be re-established only when the temperature is again raised to about one hundred degrees Fahr. It is evident, therefore, that frequent drinking during this digestive process, may so retard digestion as to impair the power, tending towards dyspepsia. Free drinking of water—not too cold—is advantageous, a sufficient time before our meals to allow the stomach to regain its normal temperature, as a means of the purification of the blood—most of the so-called "blood purifiers" being senseless humbug. As most of the impurities thrown off from the system pass off through the pores—about seven millions in number—it is a matter of importance to favor this escape, which may be effectually done by freely drinking late in the evening—after last meal has digested—or, in the morning, this water so dissolving the waste matters that they will readily pass off. At such times, if the water is not cool enough to produce a chill, there is scarcely danger of drinking too much, as such water soon passes off, carrying with it much of the effete matters of the ever-decaying body.

—Dr. J. H. HANFORD, in Golden Rule.

A really cultured woman, like a really cultured man, is all the simpler and less obtrusive for her knowledge; it has made her see herself and her opinions.

"He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of the se below."  
—BRYAN.

Limes administered freely in diphtheria are held by the Chinese to be a specific for that dread disease.

**OUTDONE BY A BOY.**—A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him:

"You never will amount to much; you never can do much business, you are too small."  
The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

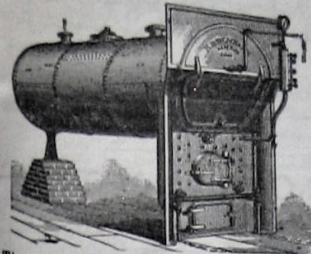
"Ah, what is that?" said they.  
"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.  
"I can keep from sneezing!" said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

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A GENTLEMAN of Port Jervis, N. Y., has a family of three or four little girls. Not long since the children were talking about twins. One of them, an elder one, turned to her father and said: "Papa, what do they call it when three babies come at once?" A little one, who was much interested in the conversation, and who had heard talk about small pox, at once interrupted and said with much animation, "I know, papa." "Well, what do they call it?" said the father. "An epidemic," said the little one, proudly displaying her knowledge.

DOCTOR, to nervous patient: "What! You are afraid of being buried before life is extinct? Foolsish notions take what I prescribe, and drive such foolish notions out of your head. Such a thing never happens with my patients."

"I GUESS I'm pretty safe about going to Heaven," remarked Bobby to young Mr. Featherly. Mr. Featherly replied that he earnestly hoped so, and then inquired why Bobby felt so confident about the matter. "Because," explained Bobby, "ma says that it ain't safe to trust me where there's fire."

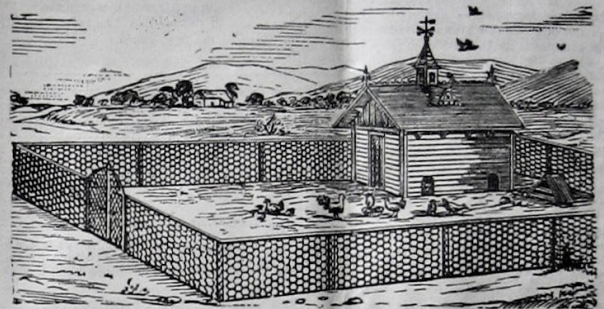


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The sample of MINERAL WATER received from you for  
Analysis, contains to the U. S. Gallon:

|                                  | GRAINS. |
|----------------------------------|---------|
| Sulphate of Potassium.....       | 0.355   |
| Carbonate of Potassium.....      | 0.189   |
| Chloride of Sodium.....          | 0.215   |
| Carbonate of Sodium.....         | 0.345   |
| Carbonate of Lime.....           | 0.513   |
| Carbonate of Magnesia.....       | 0.324   |
| Bicarbonate of Iron.....         | 0.970   |
| Phosphoric Acid.....             | 0.051   |
| Silica.....                      | 0.618   |
| Alumina.....                     | 0.093   |
| Oxide of Manganese.....          | trace   |
| Sulphuretted Hydrogen.....       | trace   |
| Organic and Volatile Matter..... | 0.510   |
| Total.....                       | 4.083   |

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

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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. |
|---|---------|
| Silica.....                             | 0.406   |
| Alumina.....                            | 0.023   |
| Carbonate of Lime.....                  | 0.770   |
| Sulphate of Potash.....                 | 0.075   |
| Carbonate of Potash.....                | 0.075   |
| Chloride of Sodium.....                 | 0.315   |
| Carbonate of Soda.....                  | 0.169   |
| Carbonate of Magnesia.....              | 0.139   |
| Volatile Matter of Water.....           | 0.383   |
| 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      |
| Albaminoïd Ammonia..... | 0.00029      |

Yours very truly, LEWIS M. NORTON.

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| W. BARNES & CO.,<br>L. BROOK & KATZ,<br>H. CLAFLIN & CO.,<br>D. SPALDING,<br>C. PARRISH,<br>FALCOTT, FRISBIE & CO.,<br>GEO. L. CLAFLIN & CO.,<br>CASWELL, HAZARD & CO.,<br>CHAS. S. LEEET & CO.,<br>CHARLES B. SMITH,<br>TAYLOR & SMITH,<br>APOTHECARIES HALL CO.,<br>GEORGE A. HILL,<br>C. H. & H. A. LAWTON,<br>E. S. ANTHONY,<br>E. W. THOMPSON & CO.,<br>C. E. BALL & CO.,<br>LEE & OSGOOD,<br>NICHOLS & HARRIS,<br>L. F. CURTIS,<br>WILBUR E. LEWIS,<br>GEO. B. PLAISTED,<br>JULIUS PINNEY,<br>W. W. MOSHER,<br>W. H. HAWLEY,<br>A. B. PIXLEY,<br>GEO. H. WALKER & CO.,<br>H. WOODWARD,<br>HOYT BROS.,<br>J. W. CULTON & CO.,<br>GEORGE E. FAIRBANKS,<br>GEO. L. KEENEY,<br>WILLARD L. WOOD,<br>F. A. JACKSON,<br>S. W. KNOX,<br>WARREN SMITH,<br>THOMAS R. RHODES,<br>W. A. & F. E. METCALF,<br>GEORGE E. DRESSER,<br>NOEL M. PEASE,<br>BAIRD & RENOUFF,<br>W. D. HEALD,<br>E. H. BURDICK & CO.,<br>JAS. E. PRIOR,<br>F. J. SMITH'S SONS,<br>J. W. WATERMAN,<br>A. M. HOLT,<br>CHAS. E. BRISTOL,<br>JAMES T. HIGBY,<br>H. P. BUELL,<br>CHAS. O. WARREN,<br>J. ABORN SMITH,<br>F. L. MATHER,<br>H. J. KELSEY & CO.,<br>A. E. HULL & CO.,<br>J. HUTCHINSON,<br>FRANK CONE,<br>HANSON & SPROAT,<br>M. MOSS, M.D.,<br>BURLINGAME & DARBY'S,<br>O. P. ATWOOD,<br>F. E. MOLE & CO.,<br>BYRON STEDMAN, | 21 Park Row,<br>214 Walnut St.,<br>Devonshire and Franklin Sts.,<br>75 Lombard St., E. C.,<br>72 Henry St.,<br>273 Asylum Street,<br>62 64, and 66 So. Main St.,<br>212 Thames St.,<br>297 to 303 State St.,<br>861 Broad Street,<br>No. West cor. State and Warren Sts.,<br>330 Main Street,<br>15 North Main St.,<br>181 Main St.,<br>1 & 3 Main St., and 221 High St.,<br>146 Main Street,<br>55 State St. and 10 Main St. | New York.<br>Philadelphia, Pa.<br>Boston, Mass.<br>London, Eng.<br>Brooklyn, N. Y.<br>Hartford, Conn.<br>Providence, R. I.<br>Newport, R. I.<br>New Haven, Conn.<br>Newark, N. J.<br>Trenton, N. J.<br>Waterbury, Conn.<br>Springfield, Mass.<br>New Bedford, Mass.<br>Fall River, Mass.<br>New Britain, Conn.<br>Holyoke, Mass.<br>Norwich, Conn.<br>New London, Conn.<br>Bridgeport, Conn.<br>Stamford, Conn.<br>Norwalk.<br>So. Norwalk.<br>Willimantic, Conn.<br>Meriden, Conn.<br>Danbury, Conn.<br>Wallingford, Conn.<br>Northampton, Mass.<br>Middletown, Conn.<br>Lynn, Mass.<br>Westfield, Mass.<br>Worcester, Mass.<br>Monson, Mass.<br>Pawtucket, R. I.<br>Woonsocket, R. I.<br>Chicopee Falls, Mass.<br>Chicopee, Mass.<br>Bristol, Conn.<br>Rockville, Conn.<br>Putnam, Conn.<br>Thompsonville, Conn.<br>Winsted, Conn.<br>Stafford Springs, Conn.<br>Westerly, R. I.<br>Plainville, Conn.<br>Collinsville, Conn.<br>Mystic Bridge, Conn.<br>Windsor, Conn.<br>Ansonia, Conn.<br>Milford, Conn.<br>Colechester, Conn.<br>Eastford, Conn.<br>Groton, Conn.<br>Windsor Locks, Conn.<br>Stonington, Conn.<br>Southington, Conn.<br>Branford, Conn.<br>Southport, Conn.<br>Taunton, Mass.<br>Paterson, N. J.<br>No. Adams, Mass.<br>Pittsfield, Mass.<br>Adams, Mass.<br>Hudson, N. Y. |
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### PRICE LIST.

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| THE HIGHLAND TONICA WATER<br>Is put up in bottles only, and sold at<br>the following prices: | THE HIGHLAND ROCK WATER<br>Is furnished in bottles slightly charged,<br>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 medicinal qualities for any length of time.

Delivered "on board" at above prices.