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## The Manchester Journal.

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Open from June to October.

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This long established and favorably known  
summer resort is now open for visitors. Address  
by mail or telegraph.

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Open from June to October.

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carriage to railroad station.

A barster shop connected with the house.

THE COLBURN HOUSE,  
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FREE CARRIAGE TO R. R. STATION.

Good Livery attached. Having recently pur-  
chased and fitted up this house, it will be open  
for guests April 1.

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I have leased this house and have opened it  
for boarders or transient travel, and solicit a  
share of the public patronage.

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Orders left at Colburn House will be promptly  
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Courses of study, thorough drill in the English  
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Opposite Dr. Hemenway's Residence,  
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Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views constantly  
on hand and for sale at prices that defy com-  
petition.

W. M. WILLIAMS & SON,  
Would inform their old patrons and the  
public generally that they still continue the  
manufacture of all kinds of

## HARNESS WORK

at the old stand, and propose to make it for the  
interest of persons who need goods in our line  
to call.

We make our own Leather in the old-fashioned  
way, and can and will sell to suit the times.  
Persons sending skins to sell or tan will take  
great care in skinning.

Cut skins are not worth tanning.  
Dorset, April 20, 1875. 34ly2104

## USE SIMONDS'

LEATHER CEMENT,  
The best thing out.

All the shoemakers in Manchester and Factory  
Point have used it constantly for the past two  
years and all recommend it as the best thing  
of the kind they have ever used, and that it  
works like a charm.

PRICE \$15 per gross; \$1.75 per dozen; 20 cents  
per bottle; six bottles for trial sent express paid  
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F. F. SIMONDS, Natick, Mass., Manufacturer.  
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ALSO COFFERS, CARRIAGES, AND BORDERS OF ALL KINDS.

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Copper Ware, Cast Iron, Brass, Pipe, Cornucop  
of Blades.

## A L S O

Have Spoons, Tin Roofing, Pumps, Lead and  
Iron Pipe, Cast Iron House Sinks, Plumb and  
Warranted. Goods furnished to order.  
Jobs promptly attended to and work done in a  
satisfactory manner. Prices as low as any party  
can afford for the same quality and style of  
goods. Orders by mail will receive immediate  
attention.

F. H. COOLEIDGE,  
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THE  
INFALLIBLE FIRE KINDLER

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My agents have sometimes made as high as \$50  
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even, have bought one—thousands of Testimo-  
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Six years of use, with increasing and overwelding  
sales. Agents wanted for every unoccupied  
Town and County in the State and Canada—  
Commissioners giving full particulars sent on call.  
A kindler sent to any one wishing to become an  
Agent, for 50 cents. Agents receive their terri-  
fying free.

Address R. P. SMITH,  
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## MRS. BRIGGS' CLERK.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

He was a tall, thin, starved-looking  
boy, with a little jacket, the sleeves of  
which were half-way up his arms, and a  
hat that was nothing but a brim, and  
when she first saw him he was eating a  
crust out of a gutter. She was only a  
poor old woman who kept a little shop  
for candy and trimmings, and poor  
enough herself, heaven knew; but as she  
said, he looked a little like what her Tom  
might if he had grown up and been neg-  
lected, and she couldn't stand it. She  
called to him:

Come here, sonny, said she, and the  
boy came. Before she could speak again  
he said:

I didn't do it. I'll take my oath on  
anything I didn't do it. I ain't so mean.

Didn't do what? said the old woman.

Steak your winder, said the boy, nod-  
ding his head towards a shattered pane.

Why, I broke that myself with my  
shutter last night, said the old woman.

I'm not strong enough to lift 'em, that's  
the fact. I'm getting old.

If I'm round here when you shut up,  
I'll come and do it for you, said the boy;

I'd just as soon. What was that you  
wanted me for?

I wanted to know what you eat that  
dry crust out of the gutter for, said she.

Hungry, said he; I have tried to get a  
job all day. I'm going to sleep in an  
area over there after it gets too dark for  
the policeman to see, and you can't have  
a good night's sleep without some supper  
if it is dirty.

I'll give you some that's cleaner, said  
the old woman.

That will be begging, said he.

No, said she, you can sweep the shop  
and the pavement and put up the shut-  
ters for it.

Very well, said he. Thankee, then.  
If I sweep up first I'll feel better.

Accordingly she brought him a broom,  
and he did his work well. Afterward he  
ate his supper with a relish. That night  
he slept, not in the area, but under the  
old woman's counter.

He had told her his story. His name  
was Dick; he was twelve years old, and  
his father, whom he had never seen  
before, was in prison for life.

The antecedents were not elevating,  
but the boy seemed good. The next  
morning the old woman engaged a clerk  
for her small establishment. The terms  
were simple—his living and a bed under  
the counter. When the neighbors heard  
of it they were shocked. A street boy—  
a boy whom no one knew! Did Mrs.  
Briggs really wish to be murdered in her  
bed? But Mrs. Briggs felt quite safe.  
She had so much time now that she was  
going to take in sewing. Dick attended  
to the shop altogether. He kept it in  
fine order, and increased the business by  
introducing candies, dates on sticks, and  
chewing gum. Pennies came in as they  
never came in before since he had painted  
signs in red and blue ink to the effect  
that the real old molasses candy was to  
be got there, and that this was the place  
for peanuts.

And in the evening, after the shop was  
shut up, she began to take him into her  
confidence. Her great dream was to  
buy herself into a certain home for the  
aged. It would cost her a hundred  
dollars. She was saving for it. She had  
saved three years, and had fifteen of it.  
But it cost so much to live, with ten  
twenty-five cents a quarter, and leaves so  
small, and she had been sick, and there  
was the doctor, and Mrs. Jones' Martha  
Jane to be paid for minding her and the  
shop. After this Dick took the greatest  
interest in the savings and the winter  
months increased them as if he had  
brought a blessing.

One night in spring they took the bag  
from under her pillow and counted what  
it held. It was thirty dollars.

And I'll begin to make kites to-mor-  
row, Mrs. Briggs, said the boy, and  
you'll see the custom that will bring if  
a little shaver sees the kite, he'll spend  
all he has for 'em, and then he'll coax his  
mother for more to buy the stick-dates  
and chewing gum. I know boys.

You're a clever boy yourself, said the  
old woman, and patted his head.

It was a plumper hand than it had  
been when it picked the crusts from the  
gutter, and he wore clean, whole gar-  
ments, though they were very coarse.

How wrong the neighbors were, she  
said. That boy is the comfort of my life.

So she went to bed with the treasure  
under her pillow and slept. Far on in  
the night, she awakened. The room was  
utterly dark—there was not a ray of  
light—but she heard a step on the floor.

Who is there? she cried.

There was no answer, but she felt that  
some one was leaning over her bed.

Then a hand clasped her throat and held  
her down, and dragged out the bag of  
money, and she was released. Half-suffo-  
cated, she for a moment found herself  
motionless and bewildered, conscious on-  
ly of a draught of air from an open door,  
and of some confused noises.

Then she sprang to the door and hur-  
ried into the shop.

Dick! Dick! she cried. Dick! Dick!  
help! wake up! I'm robbed!

But there was no answer; the door in-  
to the street was wide open, and by the  
moonlight that poured through it she  
saw, as she peered under the counter,  
that Dick's bed was empty. The boy  
was gone.

Good! Good! O that was worse to  
poor Granny Briggs than even the loss  
of the money; for she had trusted him,  
and he had deceived her. She had loved  
him and he had abused her love. The  
neighbors were right; she was a fool to  
trust a strange street boy, and had been  
served rightly when he had robbed her.

When the dawn broke the wise neigh-  
bors came into poor Granny's shop to  
find her crying and rocking to and fro;  
and they told her they had told her so,

and she only shook her head. The  
shop took care of itself that day. Life  
had lost its interest for her. Her occu-  
pation was gone, but not with her sav-  
ings. Money was but money after all;  
he had come to be the only thing she  
loved, and Dick had robbed her.

It was ten o'clock. Granny sat moan-  
ing by the empty hearth. Good-natured  
Mrs. Jones from upstairs was seeing to  
things, and trying to cheer her up when  
suddenly there came a rap on the door,  
and a policeman looked in.

Mrs. Briggs, he said.

Here she is, said Mrs. Jones.

Yes, I'm that wretched critter, said  
Mrs. Briggs.

Some one wants to see you at head-  
quarters, said the policeman. There's a  
boy there and some money.

Dick! cried Mrs. Briggs. Oh, I can't  
bear to look at him!

But Mrs. Jones had already tied up her  
bonnet and wrapped her in a shawl, and  
taken her on her arm.

The wretch! she said. I'm so glad  
he's caught. You'll get your money  
back.

And she led Mrs. Briggs along—poor  
Mrs. Briggs, who cried all the way, and  
cared nothing for the money. And soon  
they were at their destination, then, and  
not before, the policeman turned to the  
two women.

He's pretty bad, he said. They'll take  
him to the hospital in an hour. I sup-  
pose you are prepared for that. He's  
nearly beaten to death, you know.

Did you beat him, you cruel wretch?  
said Mrs. Briggs. I wouldn't have had  
that done for twice the money. Let him  
go with it, if it's any comfort to him.

I beat him! said the man. Well, wo-  
men have the stupidest heads. Why, if  
I hadn't got up when I did, he'd have  
been dead. He held the bag of money  
tight, and the thief was pummeling him  
with a loaded stick; and the pluck he  
had for a little stiver—I tell you I never  
saw like it!

You shan't take granny's money from  
her, says he, and fought like a little tiger.  
If it's your money, old lady, he's given  
his life for it, for all that I know.

Then poor Mrs. Briggs clasped her  
hands and cried:

Oh, Dick! Dick! I knew you were  
good. I must have been crazy to doubt  
you, and then she wrung her hands and  
cried: Oh, Dick, that's a paltry bit of  
money! and she knelt beside the pale,  
still face upon the pillow, and kissed it,  
and called it tender names.

And Dick, never guessing her suspi-  
cions of him, whispered:

—I was so afraid he'd get off with it if  
he killed me, granny, and you is such  
high hopes last night.

He did not know what she meant by  
begging him to forgive her. It would  
have killed him if he had, for he was very  
near death.

But Dick did not die. He got well at  
last, and came back to the little shop;  
and though Granny Briggs had her say-  
ings, she never went to the Old Ladies  
Home, for long before she died Dick was  
one of the most prosperous merchants in  
the city, and his handsome home was  
here, and she was very happy in it.

## NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

There is a class of malicious people in  
the world who love to scandalize re-  
porters.

One of the reasons they allege for do-  
ing so is that it is the aim of the reporter  
to scandalize them. If there occurs to him  
an opportunity of doing so.

If this were true, then there is all the  
more reason for them so to live that he  
shall not get the chance.

But anybody who says this about re-  
porters as a class either lies or does not  
understand what he is talking about.

There are three kinds of reporters, to  
wit:—Good reporters; good reporters,  
with bad qualities; and bad reporters,  
with good qualities.

The first class consists of those who ferret  
out all the facts concerning a given  
subject and then dress up the facts respec-  
tively.

They discover naked events and clothe  
them with costumes of bewitching rhetor-  
ic.

The second class are those who, with-  
out patience, or enthusiasm, or cheer, or  
ambition to root out all the facts, content  
themselves with a general view of the  
subject and a few main incidents to sup-  
port the structure.

Reporters of this class are often deft  
joiners of epithets. They can hinge to-  
gether the most graphic expressions; and  
all that the reader feels he wants is a lit-  
tle more substance amid so much artifi-  
cially constructed verbiage.

The third class comprise reporters who  
have a genius for collecting all the facts,  
great and small, but fail utterly in put-  
ting them in presentable shape.

If they are preparing an account of a  
ship about to be launched they will tell  
you how far the jibboom of the mizzen-  
mast is from the bowsprit and give you  
all the odd inches.

But their plural nouns will be joined to  
verbs in the singular and vice versa.

But you will find few or no reporters  
who systematically go to work to dis-  
turb facts and to slander character.

The public often wonders at the things  
which get into a newspaper, but he w-  
ould much more it would wonder at the  
things that are left out.

It is not what goes into a newspaper  
that defiles the reader, but what w-  
ould go into it if reporters were not faith-  
ful and managing editors not Argus-eyed.

And you, ye ignorant and self-appointed  
censors who cannot live without your  
newspapers, who riddle with the shot  
of your privilege the hard working beings  
who run that you may read, do you ever  
stop to think of the pains, the skill, the  
training necessary to the preparation of  
the columns you glance over so super-  
ciliously?

You object to the head lines. Sit down  
and try to write some yourself, just once.

There are certain limits to language.  
You cannot have startling titles and yet  
adhere to the strict language of the com-  
mon place.

We acknowledge, however, that there  
is sometimes a tendency to speak of a  
plough as an agricultural implement, and  
of fire as the devouring element.

But after all it is better to have a few  
eccentricities of language, with plenty of  
interesting facts at the bottom of them;  
than to have sentences of immaculate  
rhetoric with no facts at all.

The watering place correspondent is  
the individual who receives the most  
withering criticisms from the newspaper  
despiser.

He is generally quite harmless, giving  
us statistics of arrivals and departures,  
telling us who's who, and what's what,  
and allowing a vein of gossip to run  
through his letters, just as the curve of  
the earth runs through the mountains and  
valleys thereon.

But perhaps the writer most really de-  
serving of sympathy is he whose duty it  
is every day to be amusing.

As though wit and humor could be  
written to order.

You might just as well expect a conjur-  
er to twist limitless yards of ribbon out  
of his esophagus.

You must first give him time to put  
the ribbon there.

And so with the newspaper funny  
man. In some respects he is the useful  
man on the staff, for his squibs and  
cranks do more to promote the salubri-  
ty of the reader than the whole board of  
health.

But that isn't saying much.

The ponderous writer is always safe.  
No one expects him to say anything re-  
freshing or original, and he never sur-  
prises public expectations.

But to be perpetually expected to  
amuse is to be compelled to assume the  
attitude of a comedian behind the foot-  
lights.

When his heart is breaking into tears  
his face must be breaking into smiles.  
In the midst of a violent attack of spleen  
he must pop out a bunch of smart and  
good natured bon mots.

This is trying to the constitution, and  
it is scarcely to be wondered at that pro-  
fessional jokers are like the wicked, in  
that they do not live one-half their days.

## HOW TO BECOME A FARMER.

A correspondent of the Sun asks that  
paper how he can best learn to be a far-  
mer. That paper says: Our correspon-  
dent will make best use of his time, and  
save his little capital for investment in  
the farm he desires to have, if he enters  
into the employment of some active, in-  
telligent, enterprising and enlightened  
practical farmer—and many such may be  
found—and goes to work with him in  
the fields. The old maxim that he who  
expects to thrive by farming must either  
hold the plow or drive, is especially ap-  
plicable to the small farmer. Such a man  
cannot make a living, even a scanty one,  
unless he works with his own hands and  
works hard. He cannot spend his time  
in theorizing or trying fancy experi-  
ments, but must be up at sunrise and off  
in the fields, or among his cattle and  
keep at it until sundown. The advan-  
tage of an actual apprenticeship under a  
practical farmer will be that our corres-  
pondent will learn just what can be done  
at the business, just how much may be  
done at the business, just how much may  
be made out of it, and how to go about  
his task. But he must not be afraid to  
take off his coat and go to work, whether  
the sun shines or the rain pours. If he  
is prudent, sober and industrious, he  
will make a fair living, and enjoy the in-  
dependence of owning his own home.  
We untine let him get a good wife, and  
his fortune will be enviable.

## A BAD FLY.

The doctors of Detroit don't take a  
j