

A LIBRARY OF BONES.

Novel Institution for the Benefit of Medical Students—Loaned to Students—Like the Books of a Circulating Library—When the Boys Get Hard Up They Pawn a Skeleton or a Spinal Column.

A collection of bones necessary to the study of human anatomy, controlled like a circulating library, is certainly a novel institution, and it is not generally known that one of the kind exists. But such is the use now being made of paper remains that the law provides, after the dissecting table has finished with them, for their further use by the army of medical students working in the interest of suffering humanity in this, the University City.

There are several of these collections in the great American colleges throughout Uncle Sam's dominions, which have been recently attracting European students, and any one of them is worth in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand dollars. Yet, being of so recent completion, their introduction forms a novelty that has previously escaped the pens of public scribes.

Before the colleges conceived the idea, each student was compelled to pay fabulous prices to regular dealers for bones that he could either discard or reserve as merely interesting, after thoroughly familiarizing himself with their office and peculiarities in the human mechanism.

Now, however, for the small sums of from five to twenty-five cents he can call at "the circulating bone library," as it is called, and take out a radius or a skull and keep it a week, when it can be renewed without extra charge, or, if he so desires, he can return it the next day and take out another specimen by paying the uniform price for the one he has obtained.

There are so many duplicates in the collection that the students are allowed to renew any bone four times, and thereby retain it a month, with but the cost of removing it from the shelves. At the end of that time, however, it is considered that a student should have seen enough of the specimen, and he is compelled to give it up before the "brarian" allows him to take out others. At every renewal it is the rule for the student to bring the bone with him as if to return it. The attendant examines it carefully with a magnifying glass to see that it is being well cared for, according to the standing rules posted on the bulletin board, but the students only smile at this, and consider it merely a little stratagem on the part of the college to make sure that the student has had the loaned bone in his possession. When one considers the facilities the students have for pledging the bones to replenish their pockets, which are so often temporarily embarrassed, it is not at all strange that the attendant should be suspicious.

Each bone is worth at least ten times, and some twenty and even fifty times, the money required to make sure that the student has had the loaned bone in his possession. When one considers the facilities the students have for pledging the bones to replenish their pockets, which are so often temporarily embarrassed, it is not at all strange that the attendant should be suspicious.

Each bone is worth at least ten times, and some twenty and even fifty times, the money required to make sure that the student has had the loaned bone in his possession. When one considers the facilities the students have for pledging the bones to replenish their pockets, which are so often temporarily embarrassed, it is not at all strange that the attendant should be suspicious.

Each bone is worth at least ten times, and some twenty and even fifty times, the money required to make sure that the student has had the loaned bone in his possession. When one considers the facilities the students have for pledging the bones to replenish their pockets, which are so often temporarily embarrassed, it is not at all strange that the attendant should be suspicious.

Each bone is worth at least ten times, and some twenty and even fifty times, the money required to make sure that the student has had the loaned bone in his possession. When one considers the facilities the students have for pledging the bones to replenish their pockets, which are so often temporarily embarrassed, it is not at all strange that the attendant should be suspicious.

Each bone is worth at least ten times, and some twenty and even fifty times, the money required to make sure that the student has had the loaned bone in his possession. When one considers the facilities the students have for pledging the bones to replenish their pockets, which are so often temporarily embarrassed, it is not at all strange that the attendant should be suspicious.

Each bone is worth at least ten times, and some twenty and even fifty times, the money required to make sure that the student has had the loaned bone in his possession. When one considers the facilities the students have for pledging the bones to replenish their pockets, which are so often temporarily embarrassed, it is not at all strange that the attendant should be suspicious.

Each bone is worth at least ten times, and some twenty and even fifty times, the money required to make sure that the student has had the loaned bone in his possession. When one considers the facilities the students have for pledging the bones to replenish their pockets, which are so often temporarily embarrassed, it is not at all strange that the attendant should be suspicious.

Each bone is worth at least ten times, and some twenty and even fifty times, the money required to make sure that the student has had the loaned bone in his possession. When one considers the facilities the students have for pledging the bones to replenish their pockets, which are so often temporarily embarrassed, it is not at all strange that the attendant should be suspicious.

frequently odd parts of the skeleton are found, and these are always valuable for their special connection with certain deformities, either of natural development or the result of accidents. The treatment of malformations being one of the most important now in the repertoire of the surgeon, and as every surgeon claims that no one need be deformed who is willing to profit by the advancement of nineteenth century surgery, the spine of a man whose death is supposed to have been caused by this craze for bicycle riding becomes a novel and valuable study for the novice. There are three "bicycle spines" in the collection at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and they are all different. These are considered the most valuable in the catalogue, being so difficult to obtain. Papers, it must be remembered, do not ride bicycles, and, therefore, it is impossible to obtain specimens of the deformed column of victims of the awful "overdose" of the wheel craze, through this, the ordinary source. Two of the three mentioned above came from Paris, and their history will always remain a closed book, but the third and more exaggerated one was bequeathed to the college by a wealthy bachelor, while undergoing treatment for spinal derangement at St. Luke's Hospital. His case was one of those supposed to have been produced by excessive exercise on a cycle, and as he remarked himself, "a foolish desire to ape the professional riders, who seem to try to bend their backs like jack-knives" when they ride.

Surgeons agree that only those who carry the pastime to like extremes are apt to do themselves injury, but there are many who are just foolish enough to do so and who will bend their spines into the abnormal positions so often observed. It is this habit that has caused the introduction into all new surgical works of a disease termed therein "the bicycle spine," and the treatment for which is much the same as that for curvature of the spine. The latter named affection has been cured in recent years, and authorities like Weil, Bull or McBurney say the bicycle spine can be cured, and request their students to make special study of this disease.

The vertebrae of the column are strung on the wires according to their order, like beads on a necklace, and when the attendant gets them out they rattle like a chorus of minstrel bone players.

The vertebrae of the column are strung on the wires according to their order, like beads on a necklace, and when the attendant gets them out they rattle like a chorus of minstrel bone players.

The vertebrae of the column are strung on the wires according to their order, like beads on a necklace, and when the attendant gets them out they rattle like a chorus of minstrel bone players.

The vertebrae of the column are strung on the wires according to their order, like beads on a necklace, and when the attendant gets them out they rattle like a chorus of minstrel bone players.

The vertebrae of the column are strung on the wires according to their order, like beads on a necklace, and when the attendant gets them out they rattle like a chorus of minstrel bone players.

The vertebrae of the column are strung on the wires according to their order, like beads on a necklace, and when the attendant gets them out they rattle like a chorus of minstrel bone players.

The vertebrae of the column are strung on the wires according to their order, like beads on a necklace, and when the attendant gets them out they rattle like a chorus of minstrel bone players.

The vertebrae of the column are strung on the wires according to their order, like beads on a necklace, and when the attendant gets them out they rattle like a chorus of minstrel bone players.

The vertebrae of the column are strung on the wires according to their order, like beads on a necklace, and when the attendant gets them out they rattle like a chorus of minstrel bone players.

The vertebrae of the column are strung on the wires according to their order, like beads on a necklace, and when the attendant gets them out they rattle like a chorus of minstrel bone players.

The vertebrae of the column are strung on the wires according to their order, like beads on a necklace, and when the attendant gets them out they rattle like a chorus of minstrel bone players.

high physical development" are fairly trustworthy. But to be respectable, the beard in man must be thick, whether it be unruly or close-clipped. Machiavelli's description of a certain luckless character in his "History of Florence" is very much to the point here: "His complexion was black, and he had a long, thin beard. He was thus in every respect contemptible."

This little paper may end with an account of the man with probably the longest beard in the world. He is—we hope he still likes—an ironworker in Montlucon, in France, nearly seventy years of age, and his beard is 74 feet long. When he was only twelve he began to use a razor. At twenty, however, he had a beard measuring three feet. Forty years later it had attained the above prodigious length, and was quite white in parts. Portraits of him are extant, in which his beard sweeps the ground. It speaks highly for Monsieur Goulon's good sense that he declined altogether to exhibit himself as a curiosity, but chose the more dignified career of a private citizen.

The more modern fashion of beard wearing is supposed to date from the time of Francis I, of France. The monarch one day hurt his chin; shaving was for a time impossible, his beard grew, and he grew fond of it. France followed suit, and established the fashion.

It Yields More Money Than Most Bay State Farms—The Accidental Discovery of an Adder—Makes a Good Walking Stick—Results in the Establishment of a Snake Industry.

Hamilton, or Ham Bartlett, as he is known among his neighbors, is probably one of the very few men in the country who breed and rear snakes for a livelihood. This, however, is Ham's occupation, and during the fall months of the year, when he harvests his crop of hissing, twisting, snapping pests, he is enabled to lay by a goodly number of shovels for a rainy day.

Mr. Bartlett lives in Shrewsbury, on what is known as the old Turnpike road, in the western part of the township. Here he has a farm that was tillied by his father and grandfather before him. The little farm is an unpretentious affair, comprising about twenty acres, at least one-half of which is pasture. In the rear of the little old farm-house is situated a ledge running nearly the entire length of the farm. It is a sort of rotten limestone, in some places forty feet in height, and the rocks have for years been crumbling away. On the top of the knoll or ledge is a grove, consisting mostly of low evergreen trees and mountain laurel. It is here that the snakes which are so profitable to Mr. Bartlett are reared and caught. In the summer they venture out of the grove, and wait for a swampy sort of a place, and then the sides of the ledge can be seen to be literally alive with snakes of the adder variety.

These snakes have made this place their home for years, even the oldest inhabitants remembering when the Bartlett homestead was shunned by many of the townspeople, who believed the bite of the adder to be poisonous, and who feared to venture a victim to a city cousin whose home is in Boston. He had come out to spend his vacation with his father's brother, who is a prominent shoe dealer at the Hub. Young Bartlett is a dashy sort of a fellow, the personification of neatness in his dress, and invariably carrying a cane in his hand. One day he observed a dead adder lying by the side of the ledge where it had fallen a victim to a club in the hands of his cousin. He could not help being attracted by the great beauty of the spotted coloring of the snake, and simultaneously it occurred to him that it would not be a bad idea for him to send the snake to some taxidermist and have the skin properly prepared. He could then stretch it upon a stick to be used as a cane. The thought was a happy one, and the adder and the dead snake was boxed up and shipped off to Boston. The cane made, it was proudly exhibited to his friends by young Bartlett, all of whom acknowledged its great beauty, and were desirous of securing like canes. Thus it was that from time to time Mr. Bartlett received requests for a dead adder, accompanied by liberal checks. Now Mr. Bartlett rears a regular crop each fall, getting exactly regular liberal prices, the sum total of which exceeds what he would be able to make on a dozen Shrewsbury farms. Mr. Bartlett's snake farm was visited yesterday by a Telegram reporter, and although he saw no snakes on the ledge, they being in their winter quarters, he did listen to any amount of snake talk, all of which proved interesting.

"I guess," remarked Mr. Bartlett, after cordially welcoming the scribe, "that you have come to the only snake farm in the country. I have heard, however, that there is a chap out west somewhere who breeds rattlesnakes for their oil, but I don't know as there is any such fellow, and I even forget where he lives."

Mr. Bartlett explained his method of capturing the adders, which is by means of a long fish pole, from the end of which is suspended a wire alp noose. A snake sighted—and there is sure to be any number in sight on a sunny day in summer—all he has to do is to hold it over the snake's head. It will then at once raise its head several inches so as to enable it to look around better and see what is going on. Now is the time Mr. Bartlett gets in his work. With a hasty thrust the noose is dropped down over the viper's head and suddenly jerked up, and the snake is a prisoner. Mr. Bartlett was formerly afraid of their bite, believing with many others that the touch of its fangs is deadly. He has learned from experience that it is nothing more harmful about the bite of the adder than the inconvenience caused by the bite of a cat or dog.

One thing which causes Mr. Bartlett any amount of perplexity is as to the best method to be used in killing them, as they die exceedingly hard. Of course it is very essential that the skin be kept intact and not bruised or lacerated.

For the first two years Mr. Bartlett killed his snakes by crushing them with his hands, but it frequently occurred that the snakes became bruised in his hand-pans, ruining it for the purpose for which it was sought. Last year it was recommended that he kill them with chloroform. This he tried, and although the snake invariably succumbed at last, it was a long and tedious process. It is also more or less expensive when it is considered that some days he has as many as thirty or forty to kill. He has tried drowning them, but never succeeded in mustering up enough patience to remain and see them die.

The snakes come out from the crevices and holes in the ledge, where they make their winter quarters, about the first of April, or as soon thereafter as the frost goes out of the ground and the soil becomes warm and summer-like. The snakes are always in motion, and Mr. Bartlett is in the habit of going out all early-fall. First, for the reason that it is in June and July that they lay their eggs and raise their young. Then about this time their winter dress or skin is shed, it requiring some little time for the new pelt to get into prime condition. It killed as soon as the change of skin is made the coloring is found to be duller than a few weeks later, and the beautiful markings, like those of the alligator, less regular and plainly defined.

Mr. Bartlett talked most interestingly to the reporter regarding the adder's eggs and the subsequent young. It was very rare that their eggs were to be seen, but occasionally a nest would be discovered lying in some secluded but sunny spot, the shed curled up around them, gazing stupidly around with bulging eyes fixed with a kind of freezing glare. The eggs are oval in shape, of a bluish tint, and frequently hung together in a manner similar to a string of beads. It is extremely rare that he ever gets sight of the very young, and this leads him to believe that immediately after being hatched the young are taken into the belly of the parent snake, where they are carried till they have developed sufficiently to look out for themselves, when they are expelled. He has read in natural history books, he says, that it is a myth pure and simple about a snake gobbling up her young when excited or alarmed. He has, however, frequently seen an old female, who was crawling about the ledge with some dozen or more of her young, open her mouth and with one fell swoop eat all her numerous progeny, and then scampers to some crevice. He has watched for hours, but has never been able to detect one in the act of expelling them, but there is no doubt in his mind that such is the case, as if the young were destroyed by being taken into the parent's stomach the supply would soon be exhausted, and he would have to go back to raising corn and wheat.

Up to the present time Mr. Bartlett has never done anything in the way of feeding his flock of snakes, but has made up his mind to do so last summer. He has been told to get a dozen or so guinea pigs, which breed with astonishing rapidity, and to turn the young pigs loose on the ledge, where they can be caught up by the hungry snakes. At present they live largely on frogs, which they can get in the swamp in the grove, and on birds and mice.

When he first commenced the business of killing and selling his crop he used to ship carcasses and all to the customer, but he decided to go to some long distance, especially in hot weather, they frequently commenced to putrify, causing a disagreeable odor as well as an injury to the hides. He then commenced to skin the snakes, commencing with the mouth and pulling the skin backward toward the end of the tail, thus removing the pett infact and free from any cut or bruise. A little salt is all that is required to keep the skin in good condition till it reaches the tannery, where it is properly prepared and stretched.

Mr. Bartlett never kills the larger specimens in his flock, as he believes them to be the best breeders, and he is wise enough to realize that it would be disastrous to allow his supply to dwindle. In reply to a query by the reporter as to how many adders he had probably taken from the ledge since he commenced to market them, he replied: "Oh, hundreds. I haven't the least idea how many. You see at first I killed them simply because I wanted to get rid of them, and then when I began to have calls for them I never kept any count, as I never thought it would amount to anything. Some days in the fall I kill from fifteen to twenty, but generally not more than three or four. You see they are no fools if they do crawl, and they are not as tame as they used to be. They are getting quite scary of me now, and some days it is almost impossible to noose even a single one."

"Where do you find the best market," asked the reporter, "for these skins?" "Well, most of them I have been shipping to Boston parties, but any number have gone to New York. You see it's quite a fad to have an adder's-skin cane now, I am told. Next year I shall probably send nearly all of my pelts up to a fish and market dealer in Vermont. This concern also makes canes, and has fixed up a number for my customers."

"Well, it's hard telling just what I get for my snake skins," remarked Mr. Bartlett, in answer to another query. "When I first commenced to sell them I used to tell the boys to send me just what they had a mind to. Some sent me two dollars and others as high as five dollars. When I set the price I usually make it four dollars. If it's a right prime pelt and somewhere about three feet in length."

"Here, I'll show you some of my pelts," said Mr. Bartlett. The reporter followed him to the kitchen, where the cover to a big box behind the stove was removed. Two or three bedquills and a miscellaneous collection of old clothes were removed, exposing to view some

ten or fifteen four-foot adders tied up in numerous knots and apparently dead. Mr. Bartlett explained that these were some that he had captured in the fall and which he had caged up in their comatose condition in anticipation of receiving a few orders now and then during the winter. He honestly remarked that their skins would be of an inferior quality. "But," he continued, "if they will have them, they will, and I don't consider it's any of my business."

Mr. Bartlett's snake industry is so successful that he pays very little attention to his farm, one of the neighbors remarking that he "is the most shiftless fellow that ever lived," and another that "the good old Bartlett place was going to the demitition bow-wow." Mr. Bartlett, however, is happy, and Mrs. Bartlett gives every evidence of being a well-fed woman. The taxes are always paid promptly, and Mr. Bartlett is authority for the statement that he doesn't owe a cent, which is more than most of his neighbors can say.

The Talking Dog. (From Harper's Young People.) There was once a ventriloquist so poor that he was obliged to travel on foot from town to town to save expense, much after the manner of the gentleman of adventure in Grimm's tales. One day he was joined on the road by a dog as forsaken as himself, but who seemed desirous of becoming his companion.

They journeyed together to the next town, and entered the tavern tired, hungry and penniless. Not being troubled with the inconvenient refinement which comes from a log line of gentle ancestors, the man had developed the quality known as cheek, so he and the dog sat down to eat a supper for which they could not pay.

The room was full of loungers, and the stranger took a conspicuous seat. "What will you have?" asked the waiter, who embraced nearly everything on the bill of fare.

"I want something for my dog," he added. "Ask him what he will have." The waiter uttered something about "Whatcher giving us," so the stranger said, "What, don't you like to? Well, Bruno, will you have beef or fish?" "Beef, every time," said Bruno, looking with mild brown eyes at the waiter. "And what to drink?" "Water, thank you," said Bruno.

By this time the landlord and every one in the place were eager with suppressed wonder, and gathered about to hear a dog talk.

The ventriloquist feigned indifference by eating with avidity, while the landlord was evidently considering something. His cogitation resulted in his offering the stranger three hundred dollars for his wonderful talking dog.

The ventriloquist appeared to hesitate a moment, then said abruptly, "Yes, you may have him for three hundred dollars."

When the money was paid and the ventriloquist was about to leave, he turned to the dog, patted him affectionately, and said, "Good-by, old fellow, you've been a good friend to me."

"You are no friend of mine," returned the dog, "to sell me to another master. As you were mean enough to serve me such a trick, I'll have revenge. I'll never speak another word as long as I live."

The ventriloquist then made off with all possible haste.

WILLIAM H. CHAPMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Solicitor of Patents and Counselor in U. S. Patent Office.

PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT. G. W. Whittlesy & Co. 251 STATE STREET.

CABINET AND HARD WOOD WORK. ALSO SAWING, TURNING, And Jobbing in Wood of all kinds. EDWARD P. BRETT, Builder, 12 ARTISAN STREET, Telephone 353-11.

TRIPODS. \$1.50 for a \$2.00 TRIPOD. PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT. G. W. Whittlesy & Co. 251 STATE STREET.

VAULTS and CESSPOOLS NEATLY CLEANED BY "ARMYMAN." Prices Low and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Orders left at BRADLEY & DANNS, 403 State Street, ROBERT VITCHELSON'S, 121 Chapel Street, LINSLEY, ROOT & CO., 38 Broadway. Will receive prompt attention. P. O. Address Box 555. Telephone 62-12.

L. W. ROBINSON, ARCHITECT. Removed to No. 760 CHAPEL STREET.

A FRIEND IN NEED. DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT. Prepared from the recipe of Dr. Stephen Sweet of Connecticut, the great Natural Bone Setter. Has been used for more than 50 years and is the best known remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Cuts, Wounds and all external injuries. C. H. CONWAY, Proprietor. Sole Agent.

E. R. JEFFCOTT. ANNOUNCES to the public that all of his Painting and Decorating business will be carried on hereafter at and from No. 123 Church street, where he will be pleased with his decorative salesman to show the finest decorations and Wall Papers as put-down to the public, also neat designs and effects in cheap Wall Papers. Between Chapel street and Public Library. Telephone 704.

Jewelers. WELLS & GUNDE, Watchmakers and Jewelers. Full Line Sterling Silver and Silver Plated Ware. KIMBAL'S ANTI-RHEUMATIC RINGS. No. 788 Chapel Street.

WHAT A DANDY! AND I ONLY PAID 25 CENTS FOR IT. AT DURANT'S HE HAS SOME REAL 'BUTES' AT ALL PRICES. BEST VALUE FOR THE MONEY IN THE CITY. 55 CHURCH ST.

Sale of Miss A. V. Byrnes' Stock of Millinery. At 1132 CHAPEL STREET, 2d door above York. The large and select stock of Millinery recently purchased in New York by Miss A. V. Byrnes will be sold regardless of cost by order of THE ADMINISTRATRIX. Mrs. Gamble will personally superintend all orders and will appreciate a call from her sister's friends and her own.

Announcement! THE NEW ENGLAND AGENCY For the sale of the celebrated AEOLIAN. Desire to call public attention to the rapidly increasing demand for these truly Wonderful Instruments. And cordially invite all persons interested to visit their warehouses and hear them played. M. STEINERT & SONS CO. 777 Chapel Street.

EARLE & SEYMOUR, SOLICITORS OF American and Foreign PATENTS, 868 Chapel Street, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER. Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For Sale Everywhere.

THE TALK ABOUT Bristol's Footwear Is Always Favorable. THAT'S THE VALUE OF Satisfied Customers. What patrons say of our Men's Russet Bals for \$2.75 Is Especially Gratifying.

M. BRISTOL & SONS, 854 Chapel Street.

Carbonized Stone. The best for Driveways, Collar and Shop Floors, Copings, and all kinds of Artificial Stone Work. Estimates furnished by The Manufacturers, C. D. ROBINSON & CO., 441 STATE STREET.

THE QUEEN HUB. Plumbing and Gasfitting. J. H. Buckley, 179 Church st.

THE QUEEN HUB. Elevated Shelf, Cabinet Base. Something new, attractive, with modern improvements and medium in price. Please examine the above before purchasing. S. E. DIBBLE, Sole Agent for Hub Ranges and Heaters, 639 Grand avenue.

RADIATORS AND STOVES FOR HEATING WITH GAS! The best agent known for SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT heat. Applied instantly, controlled easily. All the heat you need—no more than you need. ALSO, Cooking Stoves, Water Heaters, Hot Plates, Ovens, etc. All the above sold, set up and warranted by The New Haven Gas Light Co., No. 30 CHURCH STREET, Salesroom under the Office.

THE NEW HAVEN GAS LIGHT CO., No. 30 CHURCH STREET, Salesroom under the Office.

Stoves, Plumbing, Etc. Plumbing and Gasfitting. J. H. Buckley, 179 Church st.

THE QUEEN HUB. Plumbing and Gasfitting. J. H. Buckley, 179 Church st.

THE QUEEN HUB. Elevated Shelf, Cabinet Base. Something new, attractive, with modern improvements and medium in price. Please examine the above before purchasing. S. E. DIBBLE, Sole Agent for Hub Ranges and Heaters, 639 Grand avenue.

RADIATORS AND STOVES FOR HEATING WITH GAS! The best agent known for SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT heat. Applied instantly, controlled easily. All the heat you need—no more than you need. ALSO, Cooking Stoves, Water Heaters, Hot Plates, Ovens, etc. All the above sold, set up and warranted by The New Haven Gas Light Co., No. 30 CHURCH STREET, Salesroom under the Office.

THE NEW HAVEN GAS LIGHT CO., No. 30 CHURCH STREET, Salesroom under the Office.

THE NEW HAVEN GAS LIGHT CO., No. 30 CHURCH STREET, Salesroom under the Office.

THE NEW HAVEN GAS LIGHT CO., No. 30 CHURCH STREET, Salesroom under the Office.

THE NEW HAVEN GAS LIGHT CO., No. 30 CHURCH STREET, Salesroom under the Office.

THE NEW HAVEN GAS LIGHT CO., No. 30 CHURCH STREET, Salesroom under the Office.

THE NEW HAVEN GAS LIGHT CO., No. 30 CHURCH STREET, Salesroom under the Office.

THE NEW HAVEN GAS LIGHT CO., No. 30 CHURCH STREET, Salesroom under the Office.

THE NEW HAVEN GAS LIGHT CO., No. 30 CHURCH STREET, Salesroom under the Office.

THE NEW HAVEN GAS LIGHT CO., No. 30 CHURCH STREET, Salesroom under the Office.