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RIDER, BRYANT & CO.,
259 MAIN STREET, DANBURY, CONN.

VOLUME XVIII.

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NUMBER 11.

THE IMMENSE STOCK OF THE WATERBURY FURNITURE CO. TO BE TURNED INTO CASH AT ONCE.

Re-organization of the company makes this an absolute necessity. Goods delivered to any depot in the state. The reputation of this concern as reliable house furnishers is a clear guarantee that this sale will be all that it is advertised to be. Our new and elegant stock must go at some price without delay. Our stock consists of Parlor Suits (these \$300 Suits are not reserved) and odd pieces for the Parlor, Chamber, Dining Room, etc. (these \$200 Solid Mahogany, Bird's Eye Maple, Curly Birch and Oak suits are included in this sale.) Mattresses, Springs, Pillows, Comforters, Blankets, Dining Tables and Chairs, Sideboards, Buffets, China Closets, Banquet Lamps, Chiffoniers, Ladies' Desks, Office Furniture, Lounges and Couches, Book Cases, Wardrobes, Stoves, Ranges, Crockery, Glassware, Table Cutlery, Tin Ware, Wooden Ware, Kitchen Tables and Chairs, Easy Chairs, Rockers, Hat Boxes, Children's Chairs, Crisps and Cradles, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Draperies, Shades, all these and many more in numberless designs and at all prices. In short we furnish the Home complete, from Cellar to Attic. Do not delay but take immediate advantage of this great opportunity. Only one store, but that one is larger than any other three in this section.

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This bag has an opening for the nose on each side that closes automatically when put on the horse, one of which is half open. The horse feeds and chews and the feed falls through the opening into the bag, gradually filling it until it is full. The horse's head is held steady, directly under the horse's mouth. An opening covered by a wire mesh directly in front of the horse's nose, permitting him to breathe freely while eating. This bag prevents waste of feed, and prevents the horse from breathing in dust, dirt, and other impurities. It also keeps the horse's face clean and cool. It is the only bag ever offered for sale with these merits. We guarantee it.

more value than six wasted. We guarantee it.

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At Less Than Cost to Manufacture.

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Overcoats cut long and short. Ulsters with shawl and notch collars. Sack and Frock Suits of the latest designs. Boys' and Children's Clothing of every description.

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This is the Manufacturers' Loss. This, the Consumers' Gain.

Space forbids a detailed outline of the many wonderful values we offer in this great sale, we simply say it will be to your advantage to come and come early; we will save you dollars on any garments you may want.

Store open Monday, Friday and Saturday evenings of each week.

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317 MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Affairs About Town.

A DAY IN GIBRALTAR.

THE GREAT BEACON ON THE COAST OF TANGIER—HOW GIBRALTAR LIES—TOURISTS AND SOLDIERS.—THE TOWN AT THE BASE OF THE ROCK.—THE WONDERFUL STONE GALLERIES.—SPANISH BEGGARS AND CUSTOM-HOUSES.

Let me see. At my last writing, we were still on the Atlantic, making head toward Gibraltar and the waters of the "blue Mediterranean." Sunday evening, February 17, about six o'clock, we came in sight of the great light on the coast of Tangier in Africa. This light, I had heard called the great international light, because it belonged to several nations; the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany and Spain. As passengers eager for every new thing, for days we had been studying the navigation chart; but what did we novices know about it? We had seen our course marked off from day to day on our chart, and its pathway of light over the sea. So though for long years we sail over dark waters and troubled seas, if we only trust our Pilot, if we only have faith in the divine Chart he has given, at the very time when we strain our eyes to catch it, the beacon will be seen on the Heavenly shore.

The day at Gibraltar will be remembered by us all. It is a wonderful place, and there are many wonderful things to see. No matter how much love an American may have for his own beloved land, as he travels and sees what England has done for her colonies and compares the condition of the people who in immediately contiguous lands, his respect for John Bull cannot help but rise many degrees. England is a great Christian nation, and every step he takes is marked wherever the Union Jack flies. We should be proud to claim kinship with our cousins on the other side of the sea.

The maps in the geography do not give the school-boy, and much older boys too, the right idea of the "Key of Gibraltar." I always thought the big rock rose right up from the water like a sentry box, and that the big guns could be aimed at vessels passing almost beneath the foot of the rock. The Rock of Gibraltar does not lie east and west; it lies north and south, and fronted immediately upon a large bay or indentation of the Mediterranean coast. Still the guns are so pointed that they can sweep practically across the whole breadth; and their reach is 10 and 12 miles, and would not be of any use, unless the nations to think lightly of these fortifications in time of war.

The traveler who is right who said that the two chief products of Gibraltar are tourists and soldiers. Soldiers are everywhere; at every turn you see them, and they are long arrayed on the rocks. Of course, the red coat and small cap perched in cocked shape upon their heads; and most of them look as if their last year's march would be their last. There are 7,000 of them now at the fortification. Their least term of service at Gibraltar is eight years; and those who have been here twelve years, to become thoroughly accustomed to the climate. Gibraltar is not, however, all soldiers. The most surprising fact about Gibraltar is that the public gardens, such scrupulously neat, met on the hard, smooth road that winds up the hill, in the glory of the place. As we saw the lilies and almost trees in full bloom and all the vegetation looking green and fresh as on a May morning, we indeed make believe we had left our New England winter far away.

Gibraltar is not only a great and massive fortress; it is a good-sized town, too, with a regular life and regularity. You see it from the ship, you would say there were only a few houses clustered there at the foot of the rock; but when you step on shore and drive through the streets, you wonder where they found space to put it all. I said "streets"; but there is really one street, Waterport street, or, as in every town in America, going usually by the name of Main street. This one street is Gibraltar, and the others are only apologies for streets; they are alley-ways leading into every main thoroughfare. On this main street every inhabitant of Gibraltar appears at least once a day; if he does not, he is sick or infirm or else, because of some infraction of the law, he has been taken to the guard-house.

The true idea of the rock as a mighty, impregnable fortification is gained only by a visit to the stone galleries. There is probably nothing any where else in the world that can exactly match these. They are long avenues which have been tunneled through the solid rock. How far they actually extend I do not know; and very few other travelers know; for the guide will only conduct you a certain distance. John Bull is probably afraid that some shrewd Yankee may some day explore his great fort, learn all his secrets, and so, in a literal fashion, steal the thunder of his big guns. At a distance of every few yards, there are small openings, or embrasures, openings out into the free air, where are placed heavy guns, that, in a time of war, would make heaven and earth tremble. These stone streets have a chapter of melancholy romance connected with them. They were built between the years of 1783 and 1786, when the rock was besieged by the Spaniards. For four long years this siege lasted, and the English soldiers under the

RAVENGE ELLIOTT were at times reduced to such bitter straits that they kept themselves barely alive on the wild grasses and herbs that grew about their mountain home. Some of us crawled out through one of these openings and looked down hundreds of feet upon the shores of Spain and the sea.

As we leave the town of Gibraltar behind on the way into the borders of Spain, we pass over a causeway that spans the straits. Research this causeway is said to be a great wonder magazine, so arranged that, at a moment's notice, the whole structure could be blown into the air and leave the rock surrounded by water. We breathe a sigh of relief as we reach the further end of this causeway, the thought passing our minds that the silent entry may be below lighting the pipe. At the foot of the rocks along the sea, on a space scarcely large enough, you would say, for an Irishman to set his chicken-coop, is a village dignified by the name of Catalan Bay. One hundred would be an exaggerated census of the place. When asked where the people came from who live there, it was told they did not come from anywhere, for they had always been there. Suppose, like sea-monsters and sea-urchins, they were indigenous to the rocks. Just as you approach the border of Spain, you come upon a strip of land about 25 yards wide and 300 yards long which the English have marked off and called "neutral ground." Spanish soldiers pace their beat on the side of the strip, and English soldiers on the other; and, in looking

at the two, you are not long in discovering why Elliott with his diminished and starving force was able to hold out for four years against the armies of Spain. The Spanish soldier, like everything else in Spain, is slow; he is also dull and lazy; he would rather roll his cigarette than hold his gun and rather sleep than do either. All persons can cross this neutral ground at a likeman during the day; but, when the first evening gun has been fired at sunset, then

"THE DEAD LINE" is established and any one trying to cross is likely to pay the forfeit of his life. This is the great place for smuggling. This is the great place for a peculiar specimen of his class. It is a small yelp dog whom his master owns in Spain. For several days he's starved and thus makes eager to get across the border. One bone will be his reward. During the day he is taken over into Gibraltar, and just after nightfall a saddle is tied to his back filled with tobacco (tobacco is free of duty in England, but is taxed heavily in Spain.) Then the canine is released and he makes his way across the border. Often he succeeds in passing through the sentry lines, but more often the little fellow pays his life as a sacrifice for his devotion to his master. Verily, for deeds that are dark and tricks that are vain, more people on this earth than the heathen Chinaman are peculiar.

The end of our afternoon drive brought us to Lines, the first town across the line of Spain. We did not go far beyond the gate of the city. An introduction thus far was all the acquaintance we desired to make. Beggars, beggars, everywhere. We had read in books about the beggar in eastern clime; but what you read in books and what you see in actual life are sometimes quite different things. We saw a crowd of them on the carriage. We were Americans; they knew that and we were in very dress and our plain unaccustomedness to everything around us. We were Americans; they knew that and we were in very money; they had preyed upon us as tourists before. Never did harpies or vultures pounce with greater fury upon their slaughtered victims than this crowd of beggars in Spain. It was a jargon and confused babel of voices; but it had one interpretation: "Give me money, give me money, if you please, mister!" And it was

A COSMOPOLITAN CROWD; little boys and girls were in it, those just old enough to toddle about; and old men and women were there, whose hair had grown gray in their chosen vacation of living by the sweat of their brows. The Spanish beggar is a beggar, and a mendicant, is often very pretty, with his snapping black eyes, and the knows how to use them too; for she loses her heart to a beggar's eyes, and she has a very unworthy cause. The sight of these vast hordes of beggars is novel to an American, and, while interesting, but yet it is a sorrowful sight. It is a pity that these people know no better, that they are born into lines of beggary and pauper; but it is really no better, that they have no shame about it and ply their trade upon every promiscuous victim for that it is worth.

But I must tell you about a peculiar custom-house; I don't believe the like exists outside the bounds of Spain. All the afternoon the stream of wagons and travelers on foot flowed into the gate of Lines. Let us stand by and watch the proceedings. Here comes a man with his high road wagon and a pack of donkey. His appearance does not indicate that he ever owned anything in his life worth confiscating; but the custom house officials are soon on his back. Hounds never more fiercely attacked a pursued and captured deer. The man is made to dismount, from his pack his pockets are turned inside out, while he holds up his hands. A long thin blade attached to a wooden handle is thrust into every crack and corner of his vehicle. Cushions are overturned, curtains unrolled, packages opened; in fact, EVERYTHING IS DONE except to upset the wagon and take off the wheels. At last in desperation finding nothing on which duty may be levied, the officials command the unfortunate to remove his shoes. He has in his sock found a paper of tobacco. Quick as a cat would snatch at a bird this contraband article of law is taken away, and the man ignominiously pushed into a room near by, probably there further to disrobe and yield himself into the hands of his tormentors. If, like Lot of old, he escapes by some hidden way, he may count himself happy. America has her fearful wrongs towards the poor and the unfortunate; but this is a day, but, from what I have already seen of other lands, I fervently say that America is good enough for me.

It is getting late, and we must take the tender and be off to our big ship. Before we descend into the saloon for dinner, let us take a last look from the deck at the mighty rock. It is a huge lion lying with his face toward Spain, or it is a solid Moor in recumbent position, his long beard falling over his breast; it is either, according as you happen to be feeling and as you look. At its highest point it is 1,500 feet high; it is two miles and a half long, and a half mile wide. When God said, "Let there be light" it was there; when the mighty angel shall proclaim that time is ended, its rocks shall set be unshaken by the blighting fingers of the ages. It costs England, it is said, \$4,000,000 a year to maintain this fortification, which sum Mr. Gladstone thinks a useless expense. What good it is for England to hold the key of the Mediterranean I do not know, unless it be for the glory of having what while in her possession, the strongest fortress in the world.—(Otis W. Barker, Cruise S. S. Frigate, Mediterranean Sea, 150 miles north-west of Algiers, February 21, 1895.)

The Tuskegee jubilee singers, who appeared at the Town hall last Friday evening, were very unfortunate, there being scarcely a "baker's dozen" out to hear them. They did give a long concert but sang a few melodies to repay those who did come, and explained the work of the institute they represent. Their singing was very excellent. It is to be regretted that there were not more out to hear it.

G. F. Duncombe has bought a new wide tire farm wagon, one of the best makes of R. Hatch & Sons, and would be pleased to show it to any one calling at his barn. But few people are aware of the extensive business carried on by R. Hatch & Sons. Their large factory is located in New Fairfield. They employ 15 men the year round and make to order wagons, carriages, buggies, heavy and light bob sleighs out of No. 1 material. They have on hand over 100 wagons of various descriptions from the farm wagon to the finest top buggy. They have a large storehouse at Brewster, where they keep on sale all kinds of vehicles. A new dwelling house is being built there and Mr. Hatch, Jr., expects to move his family there in the spring. When in need of a new wagon call at their New Fairfield factory.