

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Stray Leaves From a Reporter's Note Book. About 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning an army of boys rushed into the "Democrat" office and wanted to know if the press had started yet. "Why?" asked a reporter, eyeing the youngsters with considerable surprise. Each one looked at the other and finally one of them asked for all of it. We were favored with a column last night stating that the paper would be for sale at 10 o'clock this morning. They were made sensible of the situation in a few moments and then the whole crowd laughed at the idea of the thing and scampered away snickering at how nicely they got fooled.

"In olden times, St Swithin's chimnes, rang blithely every day," but now it is rain drops which make the music every day, and night, too, it seems. And some people say St Swithin is responsible for all of it. We were favored with a shower or two on July 15, the anniversary of the canonization of the saint, and it has rained almost every day since. I have heard one person say it has rained some time during the day or night of every single day since, and will continue to do so until August 26, which will be forty days of rain we will have to put up with, all on account of St Swithin, who has been dead a thousand years or more.

How do you buy your coal, by the long ton or short ton. How many you would know the difference, and from whence the custom sprang. I have seen it explained as follows: In the English avoirdupois 28 pounds is called a quarter, 112 pounds a hundredweight, and 2,240 pounds a ton. In the English system 100 pounds is called a cental. This English system doubtless grew out of the practice of requiring the seller to throw in three pounds to the quarter for good measure, or to offset the natural inclination of the seller to set his scales to record weights in his own favor. The short ton of 2,000 pounds is the American standard for ordinary transactions, though the long ton, or shipping ton, is recognized in use for certain purposes, especially in the older communities of the seaboard. There is, of course, a disguised profit for the dealer who can buy by the long ton and sell by the short ton.

The question as to who is entitled to the end seat in a trolley car is still an open one. Some persons hold to the opinion that whoever pays their fare is entitled to any seat they may see fit to occupy outside of those set apart in the rear of the car for smokers. Others think that courtesy, at least, ought to induce passengers to move in and make room for those who board the car at the different street crossings. This is a matter which has caused much unseemly language at times, and some have gone so far as to ask, through the public press, for information on the subject. Of course the editor to whom the query was addressed had to admit that there was no law by which passengers could be compelled to move from the seat which they were occupying, but the advice which he gave the inquirer might be adopted with possibly good effect. It was this: "Whenever you find that the person who is occupying the end seat in a car refuses to move, the best way to act in making your way to an inner seat is to walk on this person's toes, prod them with your elbows, fall all over him and make his position as disagreeable as possible." A few doses of this kind of medicine will possibly cure this class of their malady. The advice is not bad and should be universally adopted.

No one can say that John W. Gaffney missed his calling, for it is an established fact that as a real estate speculator he is a pronounced success. But what we started out to say about Mr Gaffney is that he would have made a better mark in the world if he had chosen the stage as a profession and let some one else fill his place in his present avocation. He is the kindest hearted of men, and his days and if he cared to travel on his wits he would discount the best comedian in the country in less than one year. A "Democrat" reporter was telling him the other day about the phenomenal success that had attended the proprietors of Ben-Mohr and Grandview Heights and wanted to know why he or some of the local real estate men had not taken hold of the vast tract of land long ago and gather in the fabulous sum of money that the property will bring. The contractor listened with the greatest attention and when the reporter paused Mr Gaffney removed his cigar, waited a few moments and answered in a voice that was almost inaudible to the most sensitive ear: "It is the easiest thing in the world for strangers to start up a sensation in any town. If a local real estate man should hold a parade such as those men have, people would think him crazy. Don't you know they would. What would the people say if they saw John Gaffney or "Bill" Schlegel heading a procession through Exchange place? Every man, woman and child would go into hysterics at the thought of me, or anybody else whom they see every day, conducting a circus. Just think of it. You'd make a laughing stock of yourself and the result would be that you'd either have to get out of town, or your friends would have a conservator over you before you knew what was the matter." With this he replaced his cigar, looked at the reporter and turned down the street his sides fairly shaking with laughter. The real humor of the thing did not consist in what he said, but rather in the droll manner in which it was brought out, and the more the reporter thought of it the more firmly he became convinced that when John W. Gaffney decided to become a contractor he robbed the stage of its material for the theatre going world could ill afford to lose.

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DOWN A RANIER CHASM.

Lofly Mountain Peak Claims Two More Victims. Tacoma, July 31.—Three serious accidents have befallen climbers on Mount Ranier since the death of Professor McClure on Tuesday night. On Wednesday night at 9 o'clock another party of Mazama climbers left Gibraltar rock, at an elevation of about 10,000 feet, for Camp Mazama in Paradise valley below. Two hours later, or precisely 22 hours after McClure fell, this party was lost in the same place. The trail here is very deceptive, and the climbers, benumbed with cold, started across Cowitz glacier in a straight line for the campfires two miles below. Instead, they should have crossed the moraine of Cowitz glacier, turned to the right and resumed the trail to the valley. Before they knew what had happened George Rogers and H. A. Ainslie of Portland, Or., Y. M. C. A. members, had fallen over 40 feet into a crevasse. As they had become separated from the party, no one heard them fall. Both were rendered insensible. Some time later Ainslie came to consciousness and pulled himself up, saved the icy walls to the surface. His hands were torn. Blood was flowing from a severe wound on his head and freezing to his clothes. In this condition he crawled and walked to Camp Mazama, arriving at 1 a. m. The trail here is nearly stiff with cold and unconscious when rescued. A party extricated him six hours after his fall. He was slowly slipping downward when found and would have died in less than an hour. It required great exertion on the part of his companions to let one of the Rogerses down with ropes over the slippery walls and pull up Rogers and his rescuer, one after the other. Rogers was carried to camp. He is still unconscious. Whether he will recover is uncertain, but the physicians in the party think he has a chance.

Cut Steps With Alpine Axes. This year the face of Mount Ranier, from Gibraltar rock to the summit, a distance of a mile, is one immense sheet of ice, and for the entire distance climbers have had to cut steps with Alpine axes and use life lines. Returning, climbers report that on Tuesday afternoon William Pierce of Pendleton, Or., who intended to accompany the party of six, was prostrated by gazing down the precipices where, for thousands of feet, there are sheer perpendicular walls. His party left him behind in a safe place and picked him up on the return trip. His wild look on returning to camp showed plainly that his nervous system had been almost shattered. After being restored to a fairly normal condition he declared he would never again attempt mountain climbing. On Monday afternoon Professor Brown of Leland Stanford university started out, contrary to the advice of his friends, to make the ascent alone. He was lost during a storm, and he fell down exhausted. A party of six rescuers started up and found him more dead than alive. The ascent this year is more difficult than usual, because of the great quantity of slippery ice. With proper precautions there need be no accidents. The accidents to McClure, Rogers and Ainslie were due solely to their attempts to descend in the night instead of remaining at Camp Muir until morning. Nearly all climbers have suffered from a severe cold weather on the mountain.

The First Tragedy. The first tragedy in the brief history of the Mazamas has occurred on the ice slopes of Mount Ranier. Professor Ed. McClure, who was killed by falling 300 feet on Tuesday last, was one of the most prominent mountaineers of the Pacific coast and a leader among the Mazamas. He had an article in the first number of the society's magazine last year on the elevation of Mount Adams, which he had determined at 12,400 feet. The society of mountain climbers called the Mazamas was organized on the summit of Mount Hood on July 19, 1894. The qualification for membership is the ascent of an acceptable snow capped peak. There is a great deal of enthusiasm for mountain climbing on the Pacific coast, and 132 persons climbed 11,225 feet to the top of Mount Hood to attend their first meeting and enroll their names as members. In 1895 several parties from the Mazamas were organized to ascend Mounts Baker, Ranier, Adams, Hood and Jefferson. They made the ascents simultaneously, and the purpose was to establish communication, by heliography, between all these peaks. The ascents were successful, but the other part of the programme was defeated by the dense smoke from burning forests. Mount Ranier rises from the sea level to a height of 14,450 feet. It is an almost symmetrical dome, surmounted by three small peaks. Above the elevation of 4,000 feet the mountain is covered with perpetual snow, save where the rocky ribs project and mark the boundaries of the glaciers.

Well Known Detective Dead. New Haven, July 31.—Sergeant Philip Reilly, a retired member of the New Haven police force and one of the best known detectives in Connecticut, died at his home here for over a quarter of a century Detective Reilly was of the force and was unusually successful in ferreting out criminals. He was stricken with paralysis, and death came shortly after. Authorities Suppressed the News. New York, July 31.—It has been learned that James Schieren, 58 years of age, an inmate of the State Insane asylum, was drowned on Monday while bathing at Northport, N. Y. The accident was kept quiet by the authorities. He was in the water with a number of other patients, when he suddenly disappeared.

Wood Alcohol Plants Shut Down. Bradford, Pa., July 31.—Ninety-five per cent of the wood alcohol plants of the United States will shut down August 1 for 30 days and may possibly remain closed for 60 days on account of an overproduction of wood alcohol and its products. In this section the shut down will have a rather serious effect.

Mysteriously Missing. Middletown, N. Y., July 31.—F. F. Sprague of Cross Farms, Pa., is missing. He went to Roscoe to visit relatives and started home a month ago. He sent a letter saying he would be home on a certain date. He has failed to appear as yet, and it is feared he is a victim of foul play.

BASE BALL NEWS.

STATE LEAGUE GAMES. At Torrington. R. H. E. Torrington, 1 2 2 0 0 1 1 3 0—10 15 6 Bristol, 4 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2—7 11 9 Batteries—Kelley and Bottenius; Frickman and Wise. At Derby. Derby, 1 2 0 3 0 1 0 1—8 9 7 Meriden, 1 0 0 0 0 1 2 1 0—5 7 2 Batteries—Killen and Brennan; Clements and Dolan.

NATIONAL LEAGUE GAMES. At Chicago. Chicago, July 31.—Stupid fielding, base running and inability to hit at the right time again lost a game that the Colts had plenty of chance to win. Sugden was fined and ordered to the bench in the fourth for abusive language. Attendance 1,900. The score: Pittsburgh, 3 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 2—14 11 4 Chicago, 0 0 1 0 1 0 3 0 0—5 12 4 Batteries—Hastings, Sugden and Merritt; Briggs and Klittridge.

At Washington. Washington, July 31.—The game yesterday was lost through poor pitching and fielding. Mercer was hit freely. The feature of the day was Brown home run with the bases full. R. H. E. Baltimore, 0 0 2 3 3 5 0 2 0—15 16 0 Washington, 4 0 5 0 2 0 0 0 0—11 14 4 Batteries—Mull, Hooper and Lowman; Mercer, Swain and Farrell.

At St. Louis. St. Louis, July 31.—A single by Grady in the ninth inning won the Browns against the Louisville yesterday. The Colonels secured the lead in their half of the ninth inning. Evans was put in to pitch and with two out and two on bases Grady singled to left, sending in the winning run. Attendance 1,500. The score: St. Louis, 2 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 2—7 14 4 Louisville, 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 3—6 12 3 Batteries—Donohue and Murphy; Evans and Wilson.

At Cincinnati. Cincinnati, July 31.—The Reds defeated the Indians yesterday. Powell was sent to the bench in the seventh inning for kicking and Wilson was substituted. Attendance 6,000. The score: Cincinnati, 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 1 1—8 11 1 Cleveland, 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 6 4 Batteries—Breitenstein and Peitz; Powell, Wilson and Criger.

At New York. New York, July 31.—"Bill" Joyce's aggregation of ball tossers stopped over in Harlem for a matinee performance with the Brooklyn yesterday and won in a well played game. Rusie was almost invincible, four hits being all that the players from across the bridge could get off his delivery. The score: New York, 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 1—3 10 2 Brooklyn, 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1 4 1 Batteries—Rusie and Warner; Payne and Burrell.

At Philadelphia. Philadelphia, July 31.—Orth pitched superbly yesterday and had Boston at his mercy until the eighth inning, when the visitors jumped upon him for four singles and a triple which with a base on balls netted five runs. Attendance 4,793. The score: Boston, 0 1 0 0 0 0 5 1—7 10 3 Philadelphia, 0 0 1 0 0 2 0 0—3 4 3 Batteries—Klobedanz and Bergen; Orth and Boyle.

NATIONAL LEAGUE STANDING. Won. Lost. P. C. Boston 55 24 .696 Baltimore 51 26 .662 Cincinnati 50 26 .658 New York 46 31 .597 Philadelphia 43 35 .551 Pittsburgh 40 37 .519 Chicago 37 42 .468 Brooklyn 34 45 .431 Louisville 35 47 .427 Washington 29 49 .372 St. Louis 20 51 .287

ATLANTIC LEAGUE GAMES. At Newark. R. H. E. Newark, 5 9 3 Hartford, 2 6 5 Batteries—Cogan and Rothfuss; Vickery, Fry and Roach. At Norfolk. First game: R. H. E. Lancaster, 6 10 6 Norfolk, 5 9 0 Batteries—Newton and Snyder; West and Roth. Second game: R. H. E. Lancaster, 3 8 0 Norfolk, 2 8 1 Batteries—Pfannmiller and Snyder; Sprogel and Wentz.

At Reading. R. H. E. Athletics, 6 14 3 Reading, 5 9 4 Batteries—McMackin and Heydon; Osborn and Fox. Second game: R. H. E. Athletics, 6 12 2 Reading, 2 6 3 Batteries—Amole and Heydon; Garvin and Fox.

At Richmond. Paterson, 4 7 2 Richmond, 2 6 0 Batteries—Leever and Foster; Jones and Touhey.

ATLANTIC LEAGUE STANDING. W. L. P. C. Newark, 52 34 .605 Lancaster, 51 35 .593 Hartford, 46 38 .548 Richmond, 41 37 .526 Paterson, 41 45 .477 Norfolk, 38 42 .475 Athletics, 36 46 .439 Reading, 28 56 .333

EASTERN LEAGUE GAMES. At Toronto—Toronto 2, Scranton 2. At Syracuse—Syracuse 2, Springfield 0. At Buffalo—Buffalo 7, Wilkesbarre 0. The Providence-Montreal game was postponed; wet grounds.

'TIS HALLOW EVE.

(Communicated by W.) "Tis Hallow Eve, dear Hallow Eve, the last that we shall see Around this cheerful hearthstone, beneath this brown roof-tree; For with the dawn comes parting, and with the dawn comes too, The Sheriff and the Iron Law—the Sheriff and his crew. Where now the pleasant fire-light glows, the autumn sun will shine; Where now the unweary cricket chirps, the And the nettle and the trailing weed will flourish their barren bloom; Within that room, my mother's chamber—my mother's dying room; My mother! whatever heaven though liv'st, Be with us by this shattered hearth this miser- able night. OLD JOHN.

What could we do, my son and I? we lived to sweat and toil, To know our souls were vassals of a despot's will; From day to day, from hand to mouth, a weary time to lead, No right to reap the harvest, though our thrift and toil we reaped the seed. Had we a voice in yonder clouds, the clouds should send us rain; Or power to part the skies, and then the loaf should yield us grain. But they will not for one and all, the seasons had And on our fields and on our herds, fall plagues What more? Oh, like a demon thing, beside our threshold stood The phantom of evil, hands and garments dyed in blood. YOUNG JOHN.

"Half true, the times were merciful, but man was even worse; The storms came down with power to blight, and he who sowed the seed, into the garden changed the moor—I did it with these hands— It glowed like a field of fire amid the purple lauds; But as the gold stalk rose and drooped, I knew Beheld, with all the devil's greed, that fruitful industry. He longed for our toil's heritage—nor did he long to vain— My sweat restored his flaccid purse, and lit his eyes; For immemorial debts were forged—vague spears of the past—I yielded to a wild dream of law—succumbed, and stood again." KATHLEEN.

It breaks my heart to leave the place, 'twould crack a heart of steel; Who now shall sit at night and sing beside the fire? When the stars are bright above the hill, and the moon is in the plain; And the sparrow chirps hissing from the log, and the ivy smites the glass? No gossip by the twilight will, no story by the bonfire; And no familiar voice to swell the gentle laugh of mirth. All we have gone, our roof laid bare, our very name forgot; This old house standing in the fields, a solitary My mother, who will miss us in the silent, yellowed When we come no more beside her grave, thick heaped with fallen leaves. OLD JOHN.

Where is the use of vain regrets? our destiny's decreed; This is the way: the lord shall rule—the wordless serf shall bend; Not always thus my father tried to turn the tide of fate; He bore a pike half nine feet long in the wars of ninety-eight; Gray was the color, yet I saw him swing six paces from the door; And justice sat and gazed his pangs, and the tribulation, as well played game; Rusie was almost invincible, four hits being all that the players from across the bridge could get off his delivery. The score: New York, 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 1—3 10 2 Brooklyn, 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1 4 1 Batteries—Rusie and Warner; Payne and Burrell.

"Wind eloquent—the Work of Death moves swiftly; You poster! Heaven with idle oaths, and then, what then? you pray. Resistance to the bitter and impertunate you Does action follow up the psalm? action, you then beseech. You this god's half logical, what is it that The Powers to work a miracle, to squelch bold Five millions prostrate in the dust strain force almighty raise their hands and beg the stars to lift them up. The vast intelligence above is merciful and kind; But then the same intelligence is not unwisely blind. YOUNG JOHN.

Look how you rave—give me a gun, plant me here the flag legitimate, and welcome weal or woe. Think you that I who face despair undaunted day and night Would prove a recreant when the ranks roll back before you? Costly my blood, costly my name, yet I would hazard all; And perchance the battle plain, the battle cloud my pall; But for the curse that hangs above the Rebel as they tell; The feud that chases him from earth down to unfathomed hell; What some priests of Caesar's right? 'Twere wiser to submit Than break allegiance due, and risk perdition and the pit. KATHLEEN.

I hardly know what 'tis you say; your words are wild and strange, And o'er my brain and heart there broods the vision of the dear old banished times—the dance beside the road; The boundless mill-shrilling in the sunset rich and broad; The merry journeys to the fairs the windings through the slue-wees; The twenty larks that sang like one above our summer eaves; St. John's night, and the bonfire, the shadows of the sky; The mountains to the east and west all saming; What land shall give them back to us. Oh! father, woe is mine. Of old I roam and cry for them far out upon the sea. THE SCHOOL MASTER.

Humph sentiment! Now hark you John, wrong never can grow right; A theodicy of Peace, 'tis still the stein of yester-night; The Devil's first crime is still a crime, else might the angels have been sent; And shouts of ransomed Satans rend the over- grooping levin; That which was ours 'tis still our own, no robber's grip can bless The long results of perjured faith and stern resolutions; Pity the Priests for whom we fought should preach an advice decreed— Yet do they suffer as we do—were we prepared to bleed. There's not among the tansured host a single tongue would pause; To bless our Rebel flag and pray a triumph to our cause. HE CONCLUDES.

Go forth—the task is bitter, sad—but then like me, the army shall; Inspire our blood where'er it be with a holy sense of wrong; Around the Mistress of our Shame, the banded pennons of our flag; I see them come to the roll of drum, and an- thems of defiance; Not in vain words, but flashing swords, repose their reliance; From strand to strand, from land to land, from mad climes and regions, Onward they press, and who may guess the vastness of their legions? I see them all; I see the Captain of the Harlot of the Nations; And swift uprise to the quaking skies, the songs of the General's son; There in the front, full in the brunt of the battle's broad lightning; Emerald and gold, our banner's folds in the upmost temper's brightening— Think and prepare, the murky air is full of the revelation; Think and prepare, the stars look fair for the rise of a buried nation.

Wants, For Sale, To Rent.

FOR SALE.—HORSE, HARNESS, WAGON and new milch cow. Apply at 13 Sarsfield Street. FOR SALE.—CHAMBER SUITS, PARLOR set, stoves, crockery, carpet, lounges, and dining room sets. Inquire at L. J. LEWIS, Room 601 South Main Street.

WANTED.—HOUSE PORTER AT FRANKLIN House. FOR SALE.—CHEAP, ENTIRE HOUSE- hold Furniture, consisting of stoves, kitchen, dining, bedroom and parlor furniture. All in good order. Call at 89 E. Farm Street.

WANTED.—AGENTS TO SELL A NEWLY Patented Automatic Horse Feeder. A good seller and big profits. Enquire at 21 West Dover Street, D. VAILLANCOURT. TO RENT.—3, 4 OR 7 ROOMS ON ONE floor at 147 Baldwin Street.

LOST.—BETWEEN WATERBURY AND Naugatuck, a cardigan jacket. Please return to "Democrat" office. A FIRST-CLASS HACK FOR SALE cheap. Apply at the "Democrat" office. LOST.—A BUNCH OF KEYS. FINDER will confer a favor by returning to the "Democrat" office.

TO RENT.—A COZY COTTAGE AND large garden at 199 Hill Street. \$7.50 per month. LADY BOARDERS WANTED.—IN A PRIVATE family on East Main Street. Inquire at the "Democrat" office. FRED MATTHEW MERCHANT TAILOR has removed to 25 Grand Street. Ladies' and Gent's clothing will be cleaned, dyed and repaired at very moderate prices. Try him and you will be satisfied.

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\$1,000 REWARD. By virtue of the authority granted to me by the statute law of the State, One Thousand Dollars Reward is hereby offered and promised to the person who shall give such information that the person or persons guilty of the murder of George Marcus Nichols, in the town of Trumbull, in the County of Fairfield, in this state, during the night of July 30th or the morning of July 21st, 1897, may be apprehended and convicted. LORIN A. COOK, Gov. of Conn., Hartford, July 23rd, 1897. Information may be given or addressed to the State Attorney Samuel Fessenden, Stamford, Conn.

E. G. Kilduff & Co. NOTICE The Grand Clearance Sale in our Boys' Department HAS BEEN A Grand Success.

Each and every Article in this Department is marked down to be closed out before the first of August. It is the largest stock ever offered in Boys' Clothing by any one house in Connecticut, and as the time of this Grand Sale is drawing to a close, we will make an extra effort to please and sell every person that will visit our Boys' Department.

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