

Lead

THE NEWTOWN BEE.

VOLUME 1. NEWTOWN, CONN., FEB. 14, 1878. NUMBER 34

JOHN T. PEARCE, Editor and Manager.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 A Year

The Bee.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
AT NEWTOWN, FAIRFIELD COUNTY, CONN.
J. T. Pearce, Editor and Prop'r.
Subscription Price, \$1.00 A Year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Inch	1.25	2.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
2 Inch	1.75	2.50	5.00	7.50	15.00
3 Inch	2.25	3.00	6.00	9.00	20.00
4 Inch	2.75	3.50	7.00	10.50	25.00
5 Inch	3.25	4.00	8.00	12.00	30.00
6 Inch	3.75	4.50	9.00	13.50	35.00

Special Notices, Ten Cents per line first, and five cents for each subsequent insertion.

Transient advertising payable in advance. No dead-beat advertising takes. Yearly advertisements payable at the end of each quarter. Professional and Business Cards to occupy not more than five lines \$5.00 a year. Regular yearly advertisements, whose bill amount to \$10 or over, will receive the paper free.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

WM. G. WILE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Sandy Hook, Ct.

TAYLOR & WILSON,
FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,
SANDY HOOK, CONN.
Every requisite furnished at short notice, and at bottom figures.

D. R. N. BETTS, JR.,
DENTIST,
SANDY HOOK, CONN.
My Office in Brookfield is opened every Wednesday (over L. Osborne's store).

A. E. BARBER, M. D.
Office and Residence, Centre St., Bethel, Conn.
(First House east of Methodist Church.)

FRANK P. CLARE, M. D.
OFFICE WITH DR. CLARON,
Over Hattstead's Drug Store,
DANBURY, CONN.
OFFICE HOURS:—10 to 12, A. M.; 4 to 6, P. M.

WILLIAM BURKE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
DANBURY, CONN.
Collections prompt. Office in Bondville's Block.

CELEST A. BENEDICT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
291 State Street (Marble Block) BRIDGEPORT.
Especially one of the Therapeutic Agents.
OFFICE HOURS:
Tuesdays and Fridays from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

DR. FRANK E. SEELEY,
DENTIST,
389 Main Street, Bridgeport, Conn.
(Next door to Birdsey's & Co.)

F. W. BROWN, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Eye and Ear diseases successfully treated.
Special attention given to Throat and Lung diseases. Diseases of Women and Children, and Surgical Cases a specialty.
OFFICE HOURS:
Tuesdays and Fridays from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

WILLIAM COTHREN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
WOODBURY, CONN.
Practices in the Courts of Law and Equity, in this State, and in the District, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States. All business entrusted to his care will be faithfully attended to, and successfully accomplished so far as depends upon his efforts.

POETRY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE BEE.]

ANOTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

We're a pair of married lovers;
Please let us have our say
On an interesting subject
The Bee brings out to-day.

A word to Mr. "Bachelor,"
Who "growled" out his complaint
That the ladies all would love him,
As if he were a saint.

And owned the saint-like virtues—
But very far from that,
His thoughts seem very groveling,
And don't rise above his hat.

When the steady side of sixty
This bachelor has reached,
He'll wish he'd sung a different tune,
Nor practiced what he preached.

He'll begin to feel the need
Of deft fingers—and all that—
To darn his yawning stockings—
For he cannot talk his cat—

For of course, you know, he has a pet,
It is man's nature to;
If he has not what he ought to have
A cat or dog must do.

He knows not what pleasures cluster
About a cherished home;
There father, mother, children,
Call happiness their own.

O "crusty, dry old bachelor,"
You throw away as chaff
A blessing greater than you know—
How much so e'er you laugh.

For you, dear friend, the epitome,
We entertain respect;
For views upon the matter
Good sense cannot reject.

We fear the dry old bachelor
Will mind with your own;
Let him go—for such as he,
If you could, you'd not notice.

But may you find some noble soul,
Well met with your own;
A man of truth, and honor bright,
To belong to you alone.

And then you'll say as we do,
This is the best "estate";
This holy tie of marriage
How can one under-rate?

—EXPERIENCE.

Emmet, when a child, had been often taken by his mother to an asylum for the deaf and dumb, where an aunt had been placed to acquire their peculiar language of signs. He had taken great pains to learn it at the time, and could carry on quite a conversation with his afflicted relative, and made himself so dear to her by his willingness to devote time to her entertainment, which children generally bestow upon their play, that she chose to make her home with his mother after leaving the asylum, and upon her death it was found that Emmet had been left heir to her large fortune.

This knowledge served him in good stead of speech now. It was beautiful to watch the change which passed over the sensitive face, as he talked with her in dumb show. He even learned her simple history. The only child of a widowed mother, who earned their living by her needle. She was not born deaf, and had only lost her speech from forgetting, through deafness, the sound of words, and from disliking to give utterance to even the shortest sentence because of feeling that it would be a shock to a sensitive ear to listen to a voice which could no longer be modulated to the proper pitch by the speaker. All had been caused by scarlet fever.

Strange to say, this discovery, instead of destroying the girl's attractions for the impressive young man, forged another link in his fancy for her, and it grew at last to be a subject of remark in the place, and at last slander, with its venomous tongue, assailed poor Flora, and people began to look askance at her.

The pretty creature had never experienced cold looks and slights before, and though unconscious of the cause, it occasioned a cloud upon her new-born happiness. At last it became so marked that she called her mother's attention to it. Once that was aroused, it was not many hours before the patient hard-working woman had still another pang added to her life's sorrows in the knowledge that while she had been so fatally oblivious to Flora's dawning womanhood, the child had been suffering to drift in her unsuspecting innocence into an acquaintance which she feared would cast a blight over her young life to which her bodily affliction would be nothing.

Burning with indignation, she sought Emmet at his boarding-house, and asked for an interview. He came into the room, looking so free from anything evil in his bright young manhood, and withal so handsome and debonair, with that indescribable air of high breeding which characterizes his class, that the poor woman who had risen to meet him and overwhelm with reproaches, sank down into a chair and cried bitterly.

Emmet went to her kindly.

"Did you send for me, my good woman? Can I be of any service to you?" involuntarily his purse was in his hand and opened. He evidently thought she needed help.

With a gesture of dignity the sorrowing mother rose and put aside the proffered sum.

"It is not money. It is my child! Oh, sir, how could you step down out of your happy, noble sphere and blight my already afflicted girl. Until she saw you she had a heart as light as air, and the glance of her eye had a music of its own to me. Now—" She could say no more.

Emmet stood for a moment haughtily erect. A clear conscience flashing its record out of his fiery eyes. But his indignation died away as he heard the mother's anguished sobs, and he said gently:

"If you will tell me in what way I have done harm to poor little Flora I will do my best to atone. Dry your tears, my good woman, and tell me an intelligible story. At present I am at a loss to understand you."

Truth spoke in the gentle but firm tones of his voice, and the bewildered mother did her best to obey him. She dried her eyes and told him of the malicious scandals which had been set afloat, and that even unsuspecting Flora had noticed the changed deportment of people who had ever before been studiously kind to her—adding:

"My poor girl's infirmity, sir, has always made strangers take notice of her, seeing, too, that she was so pretty like. So you must not think she has been brought up in a light way because she makes friends with a stranger."

"Heaven forbid that I should think anything of Flora, but that she is as pretty as a flower and as pure as a dew drop," was the young man's fervent answer.

After a few moments of deep thought, he continued, "I had no idea that Mrs. Grundy would make a scandal out of my pleasant walks with an interesting child as I considered her. But Mrs. Grundy

shall be appeased! Madam," turning to Mrs. Martin and speaking seriously and solemnly, "I am a mere boy, full young to marry, but I can offer your child a loving heart which holds her as its choicest treasure. I have no near relative to make exceptions to my choice, and I am rich. With your consent, Flora shall be my wife before another day's sun shall mature another day's gossip about her. Will you give her to me?"

Fond as she was of her child the mother hesitated. It seemed incredible that this beautiful, rich young man should mean to unite his whole future life with such an unsuitable wife. The young man read her thoughts. A smile lit his dark face.

"Do not fear. I love Flora, and will make her happy!"

So it was that Emmet Weyland found the beautiful bride about whom artists raved and sculptors begged for a cast of her lovely face when he took her to Italy a few years after, and I will tell you a pleasant bit of news. She is no longer deaf, and of course with her hearing she has recovered the use of her speech. At first the syllables came slowly, hoarse and hesitating; but now as the silvery voice gives utterance to the brilliant thoughts of the refined and elegant woman who has been received in the most cultivated circles as an acquisition to their charmed numbers, none would suspect that the seal of silence had rested for long years upon those eloquent lips.

Wealth was the "genii" which gave them their "open sesame"—calling for her relief those eminent artists whose long and loving labor in the cause of their favorite science, made them skilled to determine whether the case was within their reach or not.

Emmet Weyland has reason to bless the chance which led the afflicted mother to make her touching appeal to him upon that never-to-be-forgotten day when he made the sudden resolve to turn his Flora's night of sorrow into love's effulgent day.

Loving and beloved the noble young pair have truly a foretaste of Heaven's purest joy. For they who are accounted worthy to attain to the highest joys of that Home of the Blest, must be those who love much.

is the momentous question that involves all. All others are secondary. Wealth, knowledge, fame and power, are most desirable possessions for a good man; but otherwise they add strength in a wrong direction. I wonder if the young men and boys in our land realize that character is the most important capital in any and all business transactions. If a man of a large business is looking for a partner or employee, what does he require first and most of all? An honest man or boy. Wealth and position, with this first requisite, will be no detraction, but nothing without it.

What pillars are to a building, what the foundation is, and the corner-stones thereof, so also is a good character to a man or a woman, to a boy or a girl. The wise man said, "A good name is rather to be chosen than riches," and he had no lack of wealth. Remember, boys—and it will harm none to remember—that what you are is of infinite importance: while what you have is finite in its value; its end is the grave; while the former will grow and enrich its possessor through all the ages of immortality. Strive for it as for your life, for life is naught without it; if a man die for his house, he is an everlasting hero; while if he die for his health, he is a sordid fool. We honor it in death, if not in life. "So teach us to number our days, as to apply our hearts unto wisdom."

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

NEWTOWN.

POST-OFFICE.

Mails Open—From the South, 11:30 A. M. and 5:00 P. M. From the North, 10:00 A. M. and 6:00 P. M.

Mails Close—Going North, 10:30 A. M. and 4:45 P. M. Going South, at 11:30 A. M. and 4:15 P. M. Z. S. Peck, P. M.

CHURCHES.

TRINITY CHURCH.—Main Street, Rev. Newton E. Mainw, D. D., rector. Services 10:30 A. M. Sunday School, 12 M. Afternoon service, 4 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Main Street, Rev. James P. Hoy, pastor. Services 10:30 A. M. Sunday School, 11:45 A. M. Afternoon services, 4 P. M.

CATHOLIC.—Main Street, Rev. Father McCarty pastor. Services, 10:30 A. M. Sunday School, 11:30 P. M.

SOCIETIES.

OLIVE BRANCH JUVENILE TEMPLE No. 14.—Public meeting every Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock, in South Centre school house, officers: Mrs. S. N. Deane, Sup't, Miss M. F. Peck, Sec.

ST. PATRICK'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—Rev. Father James McCarty President, John Moushey Vice President, Thomas Egan Secretary, Patrick Cain Treasurer.

NEWTOWN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—Marcus C. Hawley, President; Charles Berford, Vice-President; Mary E. Morgan, Treasurer; J. Frank G. Gillette, Secretary and Librarian; Trustees, A. Edlinson, Edgar F. Hawley and Daniel G. Keese.

W. B. SNIFFEN,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, SANDY HOOK,
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Call and see me.

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D. W. SNYDER,
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Sole-makers' and Messrs' harness made
to order. Working in steel a specialty. Repairs
done neatly and promptly.

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line executed in the Best Artistic Manner, and
upon the most reasonable terms. Crayon Work
a specialty. Come and see me at my new Gallery.

CHARLES JONAS,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Main Street, Newtown, Conn.,
Calls the attention of the citizens of this town and vicinity to his new stock of goods, which he has on hand, at his Store in Glover's building.
He will make All Wool pants to order for \$3.75, and
Wool Suits for \$14.00. Give him a call, and see for
yourself.
Cutting done at the shortest notice.

Selected Stories.

They Met By Chance.

A STORY OF TRUE LOVE.

Emmet Weyland was a child of the sunny South. He was handsome and winning, with a clear olive skin, brilliant dark eyes, and an expressive, mobile mouth. His lithe, graceful figure gave promise of great strength when fully developed; for as yet he was a mere youth of eighteen, altho' within a few months of finishing his collegiate course.

During his four year's residence in the city of his Alma Mater he had been introduced to many beautiful young ladies, some of them so brim-full of fun and romance that many a glance from their bright eyes had been aimed at him; but he seemed impervious to their attractions.

One morning, however, as he was walking hastily along, being a little later than usual, he saw a girl of such wonderful loveliness, that he almost involuntarily turned to obtain a second look at her.

The same feeling had evidently actuated her, for she was looking back at him, and their eyes met. Such wonderful depths of bewildering blue they were, that Emmet felt for a moment as though it might be a glimpse of Heaven's own azure; but the white lids drooped in confusion beneath his earnest, admiring gaze and in another moment she entered a tiny cottage, conspicuous among the row of similar ones for its exquisite neatness.

It was their first meeting, but not their last. For a while it was by accident that the pretty creature was either going to or from her humble home when it was the hour for the young student to pass that way; but after a time they became so accustomed to see each other, that one morning Emmet unconsciously lifted his hat as though to an acquaintance, and his salutation was answered by a smile and a shy blush.

Then he spoke to her. She looked at him—her bright, earnest eyes intent with an expression as though she was reading his very soul—then she laid a finger up on her delicately-curved coral-red lips, shook her head, and sighed.

It came to him then like a flash of sudden pain that this girl, with a face like Raphael's Madonna, and a form as graceful in its airy lightness as a sculptured Diana, was doomed to perpetual silence. She was shut out from all sound of speech as effectually as though immured in a cave.

The reliable man is a man of good judgment. He does not jump at conclusions. He is not a frivolous man. He is thoughtful. He turns over a subject in his mind and looks at it all around. He is not a partial or one-sided man. He sees through a thing. He is apt to be a very reticent man. He does not have to talk a great deal. He is a moderate man, not only in habits of body but also of mind. He is not a passionate man, if so by nature, he has overcome it by grace. He is a sincere man, not a plotter or schemer. He does not promise rashly. What he says is relied on. He is a trustworthy man. You feel safe with your property or the administration of affairs in his hands. He is a watchful, vigilant man. You feel secure with his protection. He is a brave man, for his conclusions are logically deduced from the sure basis of truth and he does not fear to maintain them. He is a good man, for no one can be thoroughly honest and truthful without being good. Is such a quality attainable? Most assuredly so. It is not born, it is made. Character may be formed, of course then its component parts may be molded to that formation.—Portland Price Current.

The Reliable Man.

Of all the qualities that combine to form a good character, there is not one more important than reliability. Most emphatically is this true of the character of a good business man. The word itself embraces both truth and honesty, and the reliable man must necessarily be truthful and honest. We see so much all around us that exhibits the absence of this crowning quality that we are tempted, in our lillious moods, to deny its very existence. But there are, nevertheless, reliable men, men to be depended upon, to be trusted, in whom you may repose confidence, whose word is as good as their bond and whose promise is performed. If any one of you know such a man make him your friend. You can only do so, however, by assimilating his character.

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A Touching Story.

A HEROIC JAPANESE WOMAN.

A curious and touching story is told of a brave, high-spirited girl, daughter of one of the most distinguished of Saigo's generals, who was found after the last battle was over lying dead in the moat of the castle with the ghastly head of her father in her right hand, and in the left the deadly knife with which she had taken her own life. She was attired in garments of the richest and most expensive quality, and had evidently undertaken the dreadful last and highest duty enjoined upon her by her hopeless parent with the most lofty sense of its overwhelming importance and an unshrinking faith in its absolute necessity, for her father's honor and name were to remain unscathed in the recollections of men. The steady hand and firm purpose that sacrificed her father, failed not when she drove the knife into her own heart, or stood bravely up to receive its deadly thrust from a retainer's hand. Such an exhibition of lofty courage, splendid spirit of self-sacrifice, and a stern sense of duty lights up the terrible shadows of that fierce contest about the monastery moat with a glory which time can never dim. The unknown Japanese lady has won a place among the real heroes of the world. It was of such stuff that the leaders of the fatal insurrection were made. It is a pity that no more gallant and heroic men fell in such a hopeless contest, for they were of the very best blood in Japan, and struggled almost from the first against disheartening odds.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Newtown & Woodbury Stage Line.
Leaves Woodbury at 7:30 a. m., southward at 8:30 a. m., south Bridge at 9:30 a. m., Bennett's Bridge at 10:30 a. m., Berkshire at 11:30 a. m., Sandy Hook at 12:30 p. m., arriving at Newtown to meet the 10:45 a. m. Up Train, and leaves for Woodbury on the arrival of the 11:45 a. m. Down Train, and arrives at Woodbury at 3 p. m., the same time as the Woodbury and Seymour Stage.
(GEORGE W. HILLEN, Proprietor,
Newtown, Aug. 24, 1877.)

People's Line.
I offer my services to the traveling public, and can be found at all times ready to convey passengers to and from the Depot, or to Sandy Hook and Newtown St. Charges moderate. Remember the "Governor."
GEORGE REDSTONE.

Housatonic Railroad.
Time Table. To take effect Nov. 12, 1877.
Trains Leave Newtown Going North, 10:47 a. m., 12:45 p. m., 2:25 and 7:25 p. m., 10:47 a. m., and 4:22 p. m. trains connect at Brookfield Junction with trains for Danbury.
Going South, 7:45 and 11:40 a. m., 4:55 and 7:15 p. m., Sunday Trains, 7:45 p. m.
Trains Leave Brookfield Going North, 10:57 a. m., 1:20 p. m., 3:55 and 7:40 p. m., 10:37 a. m., and 4:44 p. m. trains connect at Brookfield Junction with trains for Danbury.
Going South, 7:45 and 11:40 a. m., 4:45 and 7:05 p. m., Sunday Milk Train, 7:30 p. m.

Shepaug Railroad.
ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS, commencing December 3, 1877.
Connecting Trains Leave Newtown at 10:47 a. m., Connect at Haverhill at 11:10 a. m. Arrive at Litchfield 2:15 p. m.
Saturdays an additional Connection is made with Train passing Newtown at 7:25 p. m., with Train arriving at Litchfield at 10:00 p. m.
Leave Litchfield at 3:00 p. m., arriving at Haverhill at 4:15 p. m. Connect for Newtown at 4:10 p. m.
Sunday Milk Train leaves Litchfield 4:50 p. m., arrive at Haverhill at 7:15 p. m., connecting with Housatonic Milk Train.

C. H. PLATT, Supt.

W. B. SNIFFEN,
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The Reliable Man.

Of all the qualities that combine to form a good character, there is not one more important than reliability. Most emphatically is this true of the character of a good business man. The word itself embraces both truth and honesty, and the reliable man must necessarily be truthful and honest. We see so much all around us that exhibits the absence of this crowning quality that we are tempted, in our lillious moods, to deny its very existence. But there are, nevertheless, reliable men, men to be depended upon, to be trusted, in whom you may repose confidence, whose word is as good as their bond and whose promise is performed. If any one of you know such a man make him your friend. You can only do so, however, by assimilating his character.

The reliable man is a man of good judgment. He does not jump at conclusions. He is not a frivolous man. He is thoughtful. He turns over a subject in his mind and looks at it all around. He is not a partial or one-sided man. He sees through a thing. He is apt to be a very reticent man. He does not have to talk a great deal. He is a moderate man, not only in habits of body but also of mind. He is not a passionate man, if so by nature, he has overcome it by grace. He is a sincere man, not a plotter or schemer. He does not promise rashly. What he says is relied on. He is a trustworthy man. You feel safe with your property or the administration of affairs in his hands. He is a watchful, vigilant man. You feel secure with his protection. He is a brave man, for his conclusions are logically deduced from the sure basis of truth and he does not fear to maintain them. He is a good man, for no one can be thoroughly honest and truthful without being good. Is such a quality attainable? Most assuredly so. It is not born, it is made. Character may be formed, of course then its component parts may be molded to that formation.—Portland Price Current.

A Touching Story.

A HEROIC JAPANESE WOMAN.

A curious and touching story is told of a brave, high-spirited girl, daughter of one of the most distinguished of Saigo's generals, who was found after the last battle was over lying dead in the moat of the castle with the ghastly head of her father in her right hand, and in the left the deadly knife with which she had taken her own life. She was attired in garments of the richest and most expensive quality, and had evidently undertaken the dreadful last and highest duty enjoined upon her by her hopeless parent with the most lofty sense of its overwhelming importance and an unshrinking faith in its absolute necessity, for her father's honor and name were to remain unscathed in the recollections of men. The steady hand and firm purpose that sacrificed her father, failed not when she drove the knife into her own heart, or stood bravely up to receive its deadly thrust from a retainer's hand. Such an exhibition of lofty courage, splendid spirit of self-sacrifice, and a stern sense of duty lights up the terrible shadows of that fierce contest about the monastery moat with a glory which time can never dim. The unknown Japanese lady has won a place among the real heroes of the world. It was of such stuff that the leaders of the fatal insurrection were made. It is a pity that no more gallant and heroic men fell in such a hopeless contest, for they were of the very best blood in Japan, and struggled almost from the first against disheartening odds.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Newtown & Woodbury Stage Line.
Leaves Woodbury at 7:30 a. m., southward at 8:30 a. m., south Bridge at 9:30 a. m., Bennett's Bridge at 10:30 a. m., Berkshire at 11:30 a. m., Sandy Hook at 12:30 p. m., arriving at Newtown to meet the 10:45 a. m. Up Train, and leaves for Woodbury on the arrival of the 11:45 a. m. Down Train, and arrives at Woodbury at 3 p. m., the same time as the Woodbury and Seymour Stage.
(GEORGE W. HILLEN, Proprietor,
Newtown, Aug. 24, 1877.)

People's Line.
I offer my services to the traveling public, and can be found at all times ready to convey passengers to and from the Depot, or to Sandy Hook and Newtown St. Charges moderate. Remember the "Governor."
GEORGE REDSTONE.

Housatonic Railroad.
Time Table. To take effect Nov. 12, 1877.
Trains Leave Newtown Going North, 10:47 a. m., 12:45 p. m., 2:25 and 7:25 p. m., 10:47 a. m., and 4:22 p. m. trains connect at Brookfield Junction with trains for Danbury.
Going South, 7:45 and 11:40 a. m., 4:55 and 7:15 p. m., Sunday Trains, 7:45 p. m.
Trains Leave Brookfield Going North, 10:57 a. m., 1:20 p. m., 3:55 and 7:40 p. m., 10:37 a. m., and 4:44 p. m. trains connect at Brookfield Junction with trains for Danbury.
Going South, 7:45 and 11:40 a. m., 4:45 and 7:05 p. m., Sunday Milk Train, 7:30 p. m.

Shepaug Railroad.
ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS, commencing December 3, 1877.
Connecting Trains Leave Newtown at 10:47 a. m., Connect at Haverhill at 11:10 a. m. Arrive at Litchfield 2:15 p. m.
Saturdays an additional Connection is made with Train passing Newtown at 7:25 p. m., with Train arriving at Litchfield at 10:00 p. m.
Leave Litchfield at 3:00 p. m., arriving at Haverhill at 4:15 p. m. Connect for Newtown at 4:10 p. m.
Sunday Milk Train leaves Litchfield 4:50 p. m., arrive at Haverhill at 7:15 p. m., connecting with Housatonic Milk Train.

C. H. PLATT, Supt.

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WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, SANDY HOOK,
DEALER IN
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All Repairing receives prompt and careful attention. Prices uniformly as low as is consistent with good goods and workmanship.
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Graining, Paper Hanging, Kalsomining,
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branches done with dis-
patch.
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Made to order, at the shortest notice, and
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Call and see me.

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Especially in the Photographic or Ferrotype
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CHARLES JONAS,
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Main Street, Newtown, Conn.,
Calls the attention of the citizens of this town and vicinity to his new stock of goods, which he has on hand, at his Store in Glover's building.
He will make All Wool pants to order for \$3.75, and
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yourself.
Cutting done at the shortest notice.

Selected Stories.

They Met By Chance.

A STORY OF TRUE LOVE.

Emmet Weyland was a child of the sunny South. He was handsome and winning, with a clear olive skin, brilliant dark eyes, and an expressive, mobile mouth. His lithe, graceful figure gave promise of great strength when fully developed; for as yet he was a mere youth of eighteen, altho' within a few months of finishing his collegiate course.

During his four year's residence in the city of his Alma Mater he had been introduced to many beautiful young ladies, some of them so brim-full of fun and romance that many a glance from their bright eyes had been aimed at him; but he seemed impervious to their attractions.

One morning, however, as he was walking hastily along, being a little later than usual, he saw a girl of such wonderful loveliness, that he almost involuntarily turned to obtain a second look at her.

The same feeling had evidently actuated her, for she was looking back at him, and their eyes met. Such wonderful depths of bewildering blue they were, that Emmet felt for a moment as though it might be a glimpse of Heaven's own azure; but the white lids drooped in confusion beneath his earnest, admiring gaze and in another moment she entered a tiny cottage, conspicuous among the row of similar ones for its exquisite neatness.

It was their first meeting, but not their last. For a while it was by accident that the pretty creature was either going to or from her humble home when it was the hour for the young student to pass that way; but after a time they became so accustomed to see each other, that one morning Emmet unconsciously lifted his hat as though to an acquaintance, and his salutation was answered by a smile and a shy blush.

Then he spoke to her. She looked at him—her bright, earnest eyes intent with an expression as though she was reading his very soul—then she laid a finger up on her delicately-curved coral-red lips, shook her head, and sighed.

It came to him then like a flash of sudden pain that this girl, with a face like Raphael's Madonna, and a form as graceful in its airy lightness as a sculptured Diana, was doomed to perpetual silence. She was shut out from all sound of speech as effectually as though immured in a cave.

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