The Newtown Bee

FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1895.

CIRCULATION.

JANUARY 1, 1882, ... 610

LAST WEEK. 3100

Affairs About Town.

A DAY IN THE SULTAN'S CAPITAL.

LAZINESS A VIOLENT DISEASE ON SHIPBOARD.—GETTING 'ROUND THE QUARANTINE.—THE APPROACH TO CONSTANTINOPLE.—A GREATER CITY YET SHALL RISE.—DOGS AS HEALTH OFFICALS. THE BEAUTIFUL MOSQUE OF ST SOPHIA. CAN YOU KEEP THE SLIPPERS ON YOUR FEET?—A TIME WHEN NOT TO PARY. THE BAZAAR OF "FAR-AWAY MOSES." AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE]

ter these holy precincts without doing respect to the sacredness of the place. Our actions reminded me somewhat of the Hibernian just landed on our shores, who was seen tiptoeing with bared head in passing a white milestone which he had mistaken for a memorial to a departed soul. In obedience to our guide's command we did not remove our shoes, but we put on some slippers, that our miserable feet might not defile the floor. The peculiarity about these slippers is that they are not slippers at all, but heelless and rearless sandals, into which you jump and stay there by shuffling your feet as you walk. The result is that while your soul is raised into the seventh heaven of delight by the grandeurs of the architecture around you, your thoughts are suddenly called down to this mundane sphere by your foot slipping out of its encasement and

A SHARP EYED TURK

glowering fiercely upon you. Matting was spread over the floor; for there are no chairs or benches, and upon the floor the faithful Mussulman must bow and kneel and pray. The rolls of matting do not lie lengthwise of the building, they run criss-cross, so that the follower of Mohammed in his devotions may face the south east, that is, may look in the direction of his dear Mecca.

Whatever these mumblings and mutterings and placings of the forehead upon the floor mean, whether there is anything more than the merest form in these lip and body gymnastics is not for us to decide; but certain it is that the Mohammedans believe in observing the letter of the law. The "Friesland" was leaving Alexandria. The waves were dashing high over the rocks; the putting to sea was perilous at that time, and good seamen on shore wondered that our captain ventured from port. But the fixed day and hour when we were due at Naples made us not bide for wind and weather, so the anchor was hoisted. The pilot took his station and the captain in his aerial chamber was studying his charts. Suddenly the red disk of the sun neared the horizon; the muezzin from the minarets on the shore were warning the faithful that the hour of prayer was at hand. The captain raised his eyes. The pilot was not at his post. Good heavens! in a moment our ship would be driving on the reef. The captain's second glance took in the situation: the pilot, a better Mohammedan than seaman, had carefully spread his handkerchief upon the deck, and with face uplifted toward Mecca was lost in the ecstasy of his devotions, while the American tourists were in instant peril of their lives. Of course, the captain was not very polite in the combined Anglo-German phrase that he addressed to the follower of the Prophet.

The most independent individual in the world is the American, and he does not leave his independence at home when he travels. He humbles himself not before the gleaming bayonets of John Bull nor under the shadow of the Sultan's seraglio. The Puritan, when he set his

FIRM FOOT ON PLYMOUTH ROCK,

believed that a sovereign, the peer of any man on earth, walked under his steeple-crowned hat. The Puritan's descendant has abridged the height of the hat, but he has not abridged the Puritan's idea of individual sovereignty. Consequently, our American cousins would not have been surprised to see a company of "Frieslanders" march in extended column through the streets, right through the middle of the streets, of Constantinople, eating their lunches from "neat paper boxes." In this marching company were a distinguished physician from New Jersey and a not so distinguished clergyman from Connecticut, but what of that! The donkeys with their heavy panniers had to take the sidewalk, and even the dogs—the first time on record—had to bestir their lazy feet; but America carried the day.

There is one thing the "Friesland" voyagers have done in every port they have reached, they have shopped. Of course, this must be included in the programme with so many ladies in the party; but, as a person with a small reputation for truthfulness still to maintain, I must confess that the men generally led the way. Our guides knew this. They had seen Americans before, and so their round of the sights generally ended with some emporium of curiosities where were "many pretty things to show you while you are there." Of course, the guide is in collusion with the shop-keeper. You know the two have entered into a conspiracy to defraud you of all your spare change; you know they understand the language, you do not, and therefore they can plan to rob you in your presence and you be no wiser: still, knowing all this, you meekly submit and follow on. Every tourist to Constantinople knows "Far-away Moses." Why he has this sobriquet I do not know, unless it is that his pretty Oriental goods cause all tourists to leave so much money in his shop that they wish they had been "far away."

But I cannot tell you all that happened in that one busy day in the Sultan's capital. We stood on the bridge that spans the Golden Horn and watched the heterogeneous, moving throng; "all the world and his wife" were there, representatives of every nationality under the sun. We gazed with bold eyes upon the Turkish women, their faces none too thickly veiled by the snow-white yashmak; and their eyes snapped at us as if they would gladly remove the covering and display all their facial charms.

WE LOOKED IN THE MUSEUM

upon the sarcophagus which learned archæologists say once held all that was mortal of Alexander the Great. We climbed the great Galata tower and saw the threefold city spread out in magnificent panorama at our feet. And at nightfall we came back to the steamer lying in the Bosphorus, and keen hunger made us really enjoy the worn-out glories of our table d'hote.

And then we settled down for three days of quiet sailing toward the sunny shores of Italy. Our long-continued sight-seeing had surfeited us, we wanted rest; and so we gave ourselves over to loafing as if we were veterans in the art. Lawyer, doctor, banker, merchant, yes, and preacher gathered in the smoking room, and, as the wreathed columns floated away from the newly-purchased meerschaum or the puffs from the ship's Havanas made the light grow dim, they talked of backsheesh and donkeys and thrilling episodes culled from the doings of the weeks gone by. Thursday morning, March 21, our ship rounded the "heel of the boot," and in the afternoon we passed by smoking Ætna and steamed safely through the jaws of Scylla and Charybdis, whose foam-crested breakers had many terrors for Æneas and his crew of old snatched from the flames of Troy. Friday morning broke clear and beautiful and found us anchored in the Bay of Naples; and, as there is no lovelier bay under the sun, I leave you there in its land-locked embrace, the blue waters flashing in the warm rays of the morning sun, Italian minstrels in their boats playing and singing at the ship's side, the islet of Capri like a diamond gem set on the bosom of the sea, and the giant Vesuvius only 12 miles away, its summit smoke-columned and smoke-crowned. —[Otis W. Barker, S. S. "Friesland," homeward bound, 800 miles due east from Sandy Hook, Monday morning, April 8, 1895.

Around the Fireside.

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

If we strive to lift the gloom
From a dark and burdened life;
If we seek to lull the storm
Of our fallen brother's strife;
If we bid all hate and scorn
From the spirit to depart—
Though 'tis winter in the sky,
Yet 'tis summer in the heart.
—[Farm Journal.

LESSONS FROM BURIED POMPEII.

THE STORY OF THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS THAT DESTROYED POMPEII IN THE YEAR 79.—HOW THE DIGGING OF A WELL WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE CITY'S RESURRECTION.—PLASTER OF PARIS FORMS THAT ALL BUT SPEAK. (1) CITIES CANNOT BE BURIED, NEITHER CAN MEN.—EASTER IS THE TIME TO GET HOLD THE TRUE IDEA OF LIFE. (2) LIFE PROVES DOCTRINE, AND TRUE CHRISTIAN LIVES ARE THE BEST POSSIBLE PROOF OF CHRIST'S RESURRECTION. AN EASTER SERMON BY REV OTIS W. BARKER IN THE NEWTOWN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

You all know the story of Pompeii. It stood some twenty miles outside the walls of Rome, and much less than half that distance from the volcano of Vesuvius, upon whose lofty summit hung a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. And not far away was the Bay of Naples, then as now the loveliest bay in the world, its bright blue waters ever dancing in the sunshine, surrounded on three sides by high sloping hills, with the two beautiful islets of Ischia and Capri standing as "silent sentinels" at the entrance of the bay.

The inhabitants of Pompeii lived much as people live to-day; they feasted and drank and trafficked and spent much of their time in being amused with theatrical shows. Day after day they heard the rumbling of Vesuvius. It became a constant sound to their ears; they grew wonted to it just as dwellers by the seaside grow wonted to the noise of the breakers and the splash of the surf as it dashes on the wave-beat shore.

One day, you remember the date, on the 25th of August in the year 79, the old giant awoke. For centuries he had been slumbering or only moving restlessly on his hard pillow, but now he was fully awake. The column of smoke that ever lingered over the summit of Vesuvius formed itself into a great cloud. The cloud rose higher and higher. It overspread the sky. It shut out the sun. The inhabitants of Pompeii saw what was coming; the note of warning was given, but it was too late. Thousands escaped, but thousands remained to die. All day long it rained, but such a rain as brought no satisfaction to the thirsty land, such a rain as there never was before on any shore. Stones, lava and mud fell; to the depth of 5, 10, 15, almost 20 feet the mass of molten lava, drained from out the bowels of the earth, fell and covered Pompeii, the city, with its streets and houses and theatres and sport-loving people. Thus Pompeii became a buried city, a city which had a history once, but its history was gone, a city which had a name once, but whose very name was for many ages to be lost to the world.

SOME FIFTY OR SO YEARS AGO

a farmer was digging a well in his garden. When he had dug down several feet in the ground, he came to a portion of a wall. Thinking some treasure might be discovered, he opened up a large space. The story became known to other men; and, after a while, the story of Pompeii was recalled, the city which the monster Vesuvius overwhelmed with its molten mass 1800 years before.

To-day you walk through the streets of that city, for the Italian government has caused nearly the whole area to be disentombed. There are the deep ruts worn in the stones of the pavement by the Roman chariot-wheels 19 centuries ago. There is the theatre with its porches and tiers of seats and its amphitheatre before you appearing almost as if the play were to begin. There is the stone oven built in the wall and the mill for grinding the grain near by, where the miller was overtaken when the fearful storm of lava came and where his 50 blackened and shrivelled loaves of bread were found. There is the spot at the corner of the street where stood the Roman sentinel, keeping at his post of duty till the death-dealing tempest held him fast. Then stroll through the museum. It is a strange place; let me explain it. In digging through the mud rain the excavators came upon large hollows. At first, these were passed over unheeded; but at length some ingenious fellow conceived the idea of filling these hollows with plaster of Paris. The plaster of Paris hardened, and lo! there were perfect representations of men and women who were overtaken by the lava storm. Here is a mother protecting her child. Here is a poor fellow caught as he was fleeing for his life; see the muscles of his face as they portray the agony of death! Here is a miser who could not leave his gold. These are the strange sights that you see in Pompeii once buried, but resurrected to-day.

But how does this story of the unearthed city fit into the thought of Easter morning? I have tried to think of something else, I have tried to preach of something else; but a few weeks ago that scene was impressed so vividly on me that I cannot but think of it now, and it brings to me what seems apt illustration of thoughts for Easter-time.

First, then, in resurrected Pompeii I find this thought: we cannot bury our words or our deeds or our lives; they must be resurrected some day. How completely Pompeii seemed buried! 17 feet of ashes and stones and lava were piled above it; the last trace of it seemed gone, the faintest vestige of its life seemed carried away—now the city just as it was buried is opened to public view.

HOW LONG POMPEII REMAINED BURIED!

18 centuries had been marked on Time's calender and had gone. The Roman Empire had passed on and up to the zenith of its power, and then, like a shattered building, it had fallen to the ground. The Roman Catholic Church had lived on until it festered and reeked with corruption, and then Protestantism, like a fresh flower, had grown from the old decaying heap of morbid superstition and useless form. Pompeii seemed buried forever, but it now stands plainly revealed.

My friends, you cannot bury cities, and you cannot bury men. Our thoughts were born to live. Our deeds were born to live. We were born never to die. There may seem to be death, just as in the weeks past there has seemed to be death in the limbs of the trees along the central roadway of our village, just as there has seemed to be death in the withered stalks of our rose-bushes and in our clambering honeysuckle vines, just as there has seemed to be death in the clods of earth we have pressed beneath our feet; but for all these a glorious resurrection-day has come. A period of sleep is necessary for labor, a period of lounging in the shade for active work in the sun, a loss of consciousness in the night for returning exertion with the opening day; and that little while of forgetfulness which we call death is necessary for the putting-on of nobler powers, for the development of richer experiences, for the passing into the real, true life of Heaven. Were there no biting blasts of winter to sweep away poisonous vapors and miasmatic damps, there could be no spring-time freshness, no summer flowers; and, were there no sharp winds of sorrow and gloomy days and sickness and death to cut down our foolish pride and sweep away our heated ambition, there could be no spring-time of glorious resurrection for the soul.

So, take this thought for Easter-time: your pain, your grief, your disappointment may for a time bury and overwhelm your noble life and the pure resolves of your soul; but, if you believe in Jesus, if you pray to Him for strength and trust in Him for pardon who is the resurrection and the life—these griefs and disappointments can never eternally bury your true life nor forever destroy you. Christ, I believe, would reach down His finger to-day and touch us all to say: "Child of Mine, on this glad Easter morn I pray you get hold the true idea of life. Life is a chain that knows no breaking, life is a sun that knows no setting, life is a great, masterful hope whose brightness ought never be lost in death's dark stream. Life is a bundle of arrows of which each day shoots one dart. Life is a garment of which each day weaves one thread, a painting of which each day draws one line. Yesterday is not lost with to-day, and to-day links hands with to-morrow, and eternity is the harvest of the years. You were not born to die, you were born to live on and forever as My brother, as co-heir with Me in the regions of light.

AS THE UPGROWING STALK

lifts itself above the clod, as the bursting bud emerges from the hard casing of wood, so you were made to come out of sin and sorrow and pain and death into untrammeled life. On this Easter day, above all things else, get hold the true idea of life."

This thought naturally leads me to say: our lives as Christians should furnish proof for the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. How do we know of the unearthed city of Pompeii, now so lonely, desolate and deserted, that it had many inhabitants or was ever inhabited at all? Is it because history tells us of the populous city that was there? Is it because of the concurring testimony of contemporaneous men? There is a testimony far more conclusive than that: it comes from the deep ruts in the pavement of the streets, from the marking of Roman letters on the walls, from the vestibules and peristyles worn by the prints of many passing feet. How do we know that the resurrection of Jesus was a fact? Is it from the concurring testimony of the four evangelists, every statement of whom with reference to this matter is candid and straightforward, and every sentence rings with the positiveness of those who knew whereof they spake? Is it from the added testimony of Paul, to whom the risen Christ appeared from the opened skies? Is it from the testimony of the five hundred who on a mountain in Galilee touched and saw their risen Master and held sweet converse with Him? As good as all this is, and as accumulative as the evidence becomes, there is testimony far more conclusive than that. It comes from the tracings of the fact of Christ's resurrection on character and and its markings on human lives. What Christianity has done for the world in uplifting it and blessing it and enriching it is the best proof of the truth of the claims that Christianity makes. Truth uprears, error destroys: truth brings more light, error turns the little light there is into darkness; truth is a child growing as the years go on into sturdy manhood, error is an old man tottering on the brink of the grave.

If Christ rose from the dead 1600 years ago, the world is better to-day than it was then. If the world is not better, let us give up our Christianity and let us cease our claims; for let me say it, though it may startle you to hear it,

IF THE WORLD HAS ADVANCED

not a whit since Christ's day in its struggle toward that which is upright and godly and pure, then it makes not a whit of difference whether Christ rose or not. What are the facts? In the Roman Empire at the time of Christ women were compelled by a decree of the Roman senate to offer their bodies for prostitution; now they do so through no compulsion and to their own bitter shame. In the Roman Empire in Christ's day only here and there was a man like Cicero or Seneca who lived up to a high standard of moral life; now millions throughout the world are living humble, godly, consistent Christian lives that bring honor to the name they profess. Once slavery was the common lot of a large portion of mankind; now the auction block for traffic in the souls of men has gone with the gibbet and the thumbscrew of a dark and barbarous past. Once dishonesty in public life was the common thing, the praised thing, the accepted thing: now, although it still trails its sin-stained garment through the fair borders of this and other lands, the signs of the times plainly show that it is fast going into the contempt it deserves, and that public place is coming to be received as a public trust. Life is the proof of doctrine. A risen Christ is a world uplifting, heart ennobling, soul enriching, love inspiring, sorrow dispelling, life infusing, death destroying Christ forever and forever. If He is this, I fasten Him all the more closely to my heart; if He is not this, I say plainly, I care not for Him as my Saviour.

A risen Christ is the world's greatest good. Goethe has said that Christianity is the worship of sorrow. Many centuries before him Isaiah had declared: "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." The German philosopher was wrong, the old Hebrew seer was right. Christianity all through is an anthem swelling to higher and brighter measure, and Easter is its grandest note. "He is risen." An archangel clothed in garments of dazzling white first proclaimed it. A redeemed woman out of whom the seven-joined devil of sin had been cast sped with flying feet forth from a dewy garden to extend the glad news.

A LITTLE BAND OF MEN

whose heads had been crowned with tongues of flame rushed into the public square proclaiming "He is risen." Newborn souls caught up the cry, until it was heard throughout all Judea and in Antioch and Alexandria and opulent Corinth and haughty Rome. "He is risen." The mountains have echoed it. The forests have rustled it. The seas have billowed it. The stars have sang it, and the ages have rolled the anthem along. The story is being repeated o'er and o'er in new-found peace and newborn lives. Let Easter bells chime. Let Easter carols ring. Let Easter music come from hill and wood and dale. Let the tidings of a risen Christ belt the earth with joy. "He is risen!"

In New Haven County.

OXFORD.

DEATH OF ISAAC A. DAVIS.

Isaac B. Davis died at his home in Hartford, April 9, aged 78 years. Mr Davis was born in Oxford and was the son of John Davis, Jr., and Laura R. Davis. He left home when quite a young man to carve his own fortune. With great perseverance, an indomitable will and rare business qualifications he made his life work a success and amassed quite a large fortune. He had made Hartford his home for a number of years, where he established a large factory for the manufacture of steam heaters and pumps. The business has been carried on in late years by his son, John O. Davis. He was a fine example of what a young man possessed of natural qualities can make of his life. He was twice married, his second wife, a son and daughter of his first marriage survive him. Also a brother, William H. Davis of this town.

A HOUSE BURNED IN RED OAK DISTRICT.

A house in Red Oak district, owned by a family of Polanders, was burned to the ground last Thursday week. Only a few articles of wearing apparel were saved from the house, and the horse, carriage and harness from the barn, which was also destroyed. The fire was the result of an accident. A piece of wall fell, knocking down and breaking a lamp on a hot stove. The oil ignited and ran over the floor, causing the fire to spread rapidly. Only the woman and a little child were at home at the time.

DEATH OF ALBERT SEELEY.

Albert Seeley died at his home on Chestnut Tree hill, April 8, after an illness extending over quite a period of time, aged 63 years. His funeral was attended on Thursday, Rev Mr Morris officiating, with interment in Pines Bridge cemetery. A wife and two daughters survive him.

AT ST PETER'S CHURCH.

At the parish meeting of St Peter's church, held Monday evening, C. H. Butler and E. B. Treat were elected wardens and A. B. Hinman, R. B. Hinman and William O. Davis vestrymen.

There seems something remarkable that three of Oxford's sons, David M. Stone of Brooklyn, Chauncey M. Hatch of Boston and Isaac B. Davis of Hartford, who were all boys together, friends in after years and all men who made for themselves honored names, should have all died within a week of each other.

Quite an extensive fire was started on the land of the Frank Davis farm, Chestnut Tree hill, last Thursday afternoon, and before it could be extinguished burned over a large tract, mostly pasture land. There were suspicions of its having been set afire.

Mrs G. W. Cable returned on Monday from Boston, where she went last week to attend the funeral of her father, Chauncey M. Hatch.

Mrs Albert Seeley and daughter, Mrs Emma Botsford, will go to Woodbridge to reside for a time with Mrs Seeley's daughter, Mrs Amos Morris.

The young misses of St Peters parish were regular little working bees, during Lent, piecing, tacking and finishing a comfortable (earning the money themselves to buy the materials) as their contribution towards the auxiliary offering.

Mrs Frank Mac Nay of Manitou, Wis., visited Miss Katie Osborne, last week.

Arbutus parties are the fashionable fad in town at present. We were the recipient of a handsome bouquet of the wild beauty, last week.

Charles Andrew moved his family to Seymour on Monday of this week, he having secured employment there.

The Travelers' Guide.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD RAILROAD.

BERKSHIRE DIVISION.

NEW HAVEN—North, 9.40 a. m., 4.28 p. m. South, 11 a. m., 8 p. m.

SHELTON—North, 10.10 a. m., 4.51 p. m. South, 10.35 a. m., 7.32 p. m.

STEVENSON—North, 10.23 a. m., 5.03 p. m. South, 10.23 a. m., 7.18 p.m.

MONROE—North, †10.29 a. m., †5.09 p. m. South, †10.17 a. m., †7.12 p. m.

BOTSFORD—North, 7.36, 10.39 a. m., 12.20, 5.04, 5.14, 7.05 p. m. Sunday, 8.10 a. m. South, 10.11 a. m., 7.07 p. m.

NEWTOWN—North, 7.44, 10.47 a. m., 12.35, 5.13 5.22, 7.12 p. m. Sunday, 8.18 a. m. South, 7.09, 8.47, 10.02, 11.27 a. m., 4.29, 6.30, 6.58 p. m. Sunday, 6.13 p. m.

HAWLEYVILLE—North, 7.52, 10.56 a. m., 12.55, 5.21, 5.30, 7.20 p. m. Sunday, 8.27 a. m. South, 7.01, 8.39, 9.54, 11.19 a. m., 4.21, 6.15, 6.51 p. m. Sunday, 5.57 p. m.

BROOKFIELD JUNCTION—North, 8.03, 11.10 a. m., 1.20, 5.40, 5.45, 7.29 p. m. Sunday, 8.36 a. m. South, 6.52, 8.30, 9.45, 11.10 a. m., 4.10, 5.55, 6.42 p. m. Sunday 5.43 p. m.

BROOKFIELD—North, 8.08, 11.15 a. m., 1.32, 5.50, 7.34 p. m. Sunday, 8.41. South, 6.47, 8.20, 11 a. m., 5.30, 6.34 p. m. Sunday, 5.37 p. m.

LANESVILLE and STILL RIVER—North, 8.15 a. m., 1.45, 5.56 p. m. South, 6.40, 8.10 a. m., 5.16, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, north, †8.47 a. m., south, †5.26 p. m.

NEW MILFORD—North, 8.22, 11.27 a. m., 2.15, 5.56, 6.10, p. m. Sunday, 8.56 a. m. South, 6.35, 8.05, 9.25, 10.48 a. m., 3.51, 5.10, 6.22 p. m. Sunday, 5.20.

MERWINSVILLE—North, 8.35, 11.39 a. m., 2.45, 6.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.09 a.m. South, 10.25 a.m., 4.34, 6.08 p. m. Sunday, 4.57 p. m.

KENT—North, 8.49, 11.51 a. m., 3.28, 6.36 p. m. Sunday, 9.24 a. m. South, 10.23 a. m., 3.28, 4.14, 5.55 p. m. Sunday 4.37 p. m.

CORNWALL BRIDGE—North, 9.05 a. m., 12.04, 4.30, 6.52 p. m. Sunday, 9.39 a. m. South, 10.11 a. m., 3.16, 3.50, 5.41 p. m. Sunday, 4.14 p. m.

WEST CORNWALL—North, 9.14 a. m., 12.12, 4.50, 7.01 p. m. Sunday, 9.47 a. m. South, 10.03 a. m., 3.08, 3.33, 5.32 p. m. Sunday, 4.01 p. m.

BOTSFORD TO BRIDGEPORT.

BOTSFORD—North, 7.36, 10.39 a. m 12.20, 5.04, 5.14. 7.05 p. m. Sunday, 8.10 a. m. South, 7.17, 8.55, 11.36 a.m., 4.37, 7.07 p.m. Sunday, 6.26 p. m.

STEPNEY—North, 7.28, 10.24 a. m., 12 m., 4.55, 6.55 p. m. Sunday, 8 a. m South, 7.28, 9.03, 11.45 a. m., 4.45, 7.16 p. m. Sunday, 6.38 p. m.

LONG HILL—North, 7.22, 10.18, 11.41 a. m., 4.48, 6.49 p. m. Sunday, 7.54 p. m. South, 7.34, 9.09, 11.49 a. m., 4.51, 7.21 p. m Sunday 6.43 p. m.

TRUMBULL—North, 7.16, 10.12, 11.28 a. m., 4.42, 6.43 p. m. Sunday, 7.47 a. m. South, 7.39, 9.14 11.54, a. m., 4.58, 7.26 p. m. Sunday, †6.50 p. m.

BRIDGEPORT—North, 7.05, 10, 11.10 a. m., 4.30, 6.30 p. m. Sunday, 7.35 a. m. Arrive, 7.50, 9.25 a. m., 12.05, 5.10, 7.40 p. m. Sunday 7.08 p. m.

DANBURY DIVISION.

DANBURY—North, 6.40, 7.45, 8.20, 9.20, 10.57, a. m., 3.50, 5.18, 6.20, 6.55 p. m. South, 6.10, 7.38, 9.57 a. m., 12.40, 4.23, 6.57 p. m. Sunday, 8.05 a. m., 5.05 p. m.

BETHEL—North, 6.48, 7.35, 10.49 a. m., 2.34, 5.08, 5.49, 6.46 p. m. Sunday, 10.17 a. m., 8.20 p. m. South, 6.17, 7.35 10.04, a. m., 12.47, 4.29, 7.03, p. m. Sunday, 8.12 a. m., 5.12 p.m.

REDDING—North. 7.26 a. m., 2.28, 6.40 p. m. Sunday, 10.11 a. m., 8.13 p. m. South, 6.24; a. m., 12.54 7.10, p. m. Sunday, 8.18 a. m., 5.18 p. m.

SANFORD—North, 7.20 a. m., 2.24, 6.36 p. m. Sunday, 10.06 a. m., 8.09 p. m. South, 6.29 a. m., 12.59, 7.15 p. m. Sunday, 8.22 a. m., 5.22 p. m.

BRANCHVILLE—North, 7.13, 10.35 p. m., 2.17, 5.37, 6.30 p. m. Sunday, 10 a. m., 8.02 p. m. South, 6.34, 7.53, 10.18 a. m., 1.05, 4.43, 7.21 p. m. Sunday, 8.28 a. m., 5. 28 p. m.

GEORGETOWN—North, 7.09 a. m., 2.13, 6.26 p. m. Sunday, 9.57 a. m., 7.58 p. m. South, 6.38 p. m., 1.09, 7.25 p. m. Sunday, 8.31 a. m., 5.31 p. m.

NEW YORK & NEW ENGLAND R. R.

October 28, 1894.

HAWLEYVILLE—East 12.02, 7.15 p. m. West 9 a. m, 3 p. m.

NEWTOWN—East †7.20 p. m. West †8.58 a. m, †2.53 p. m.

SANDY HOOK—East 12.12, 7.27 p. m. West 8.48 a. m 2.48 p. m.

SOUTHBURY—East 12.21, 7.37 p. m. West 8.38 a'm; 2.39 p. m.

†Trains stop when signaled only

SHEPAUG RAILROAD.

November 19, 1893.

BETHEL—Leave 7.37 a. m., 5.13 p. m. Sunday 8.12 a. m. Arrive 9.57 a. m., 4.30, p. m. Sunday 6.15 p. m.

HAWLEYVILLE—North, 8.45 a. m., 5.32 p. m. Sunday, 8.35 a. m. Leave for Bethel 9.42 a. m., 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 6 p. m.

SHEPAUG—North, †9.03 a. m., †5.44 p. m. Sunday, †8.48 a.m. South, †9.28 a.m., †3.57 p. m. Sunday, 5.36 p. m.

ROXBURY FALLS—North, †9.36 a. m., †5.52 p.m. Sunday, †8.57 a.m. South, †9.20 a.m., †3.45 p. m. Sunday, †5.26 p. m.

ROXBURY—North, 10.12 a. m., 6 p. m. Sunday, 9.10 a. m. South, 9.11 a. m., 3.32 p. m. Sunday, 5.15 p. m.

JUDD'S BRIDGE—North, †10.22 a. m., †6.06 p. m. Sunday, †9.17 a. m. South, †9.05 a. m., †3.03 p. m. Sunday, †5.03 p. m.

WASHINGTON—North, 11.07 a. m., 6.17 p. m. Sunday, 9.37 a. m. South, 8.58 a. m., 2.50 p. m. Sunday, 4.51 p. m.

NEW PRESTON—North, 11.17 a. m., 6.21 p. m. Sunday, 9.43 a. m. South, 8.49 a. m., 2.19 p.m. Sunday, 4.38 p. m.

ROMFORD—North, 11.31 a. m., †6.30 p.m. Sunday, 9.54 a. m. South, †8.40 a. m., †2.03 p. m. Sunday, 4.26 p. m.

MORRIS—North, 11.40, †6.35 p. m. Sunday, 10.02 a. m. South, †8.35 a. m., †1.53 p. m. Sunday, 4.18 p. m.

BANTAM—North, 12.05, p.m., 6.44 p. m. Sunday, 10.20 a. m. South, 8.27 a. m., 1.39 p. m. Sunday, 4.07 a. m.

LAKE—North, †12.08 p.m., †6.4 p. m. Sunday, †10.24 a. m. South, †8.25 a. m., †1.23 p.m. Sunday, 3.56 p. m.

LITCHFIELD—Arrive 12.15 p. m., 6.52 p. m. Sunday, 10.30 a. m. South, 8.20 a. m., 1.15 p. m Sunday, 3.50 p. m.