

Connecticut Western News.
PUBLISHED AT
SALISBURY, LITCHFIELD CO., CONN.,
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.
J. L. PEASE,
Editor and Proprietor.
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Advance.
All papers STOP at the time to which they
are paid. Postage Free throughout Litchfield
County.

Connecticut Western News.

NULLA VESTIGIA RETROSUM.

VOL. II.

SALISBURY, CONN., FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 30, 1872.

NO. 7.

Advertising Rates:
1 w 2 w 3 w 4 w 5 w 6 w 7 w 8 w 9 w 10 w 11 w 12 w
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Special Notices, 50 per cent. in advance of the
above rates.
One inch space constitutes a square.
Cards in Business Directory, occupying five
lines or less, \$5.00 per year; over five lines,
\$1.00 per line.
Regular advertisements to pay quarterly. Trans-
ient advertisements must be paid for in ad-
vance.
Notices of Marriages and Deaths free of
charge. All additions to ordinary announce-
ments 10 cents per line.

VARIETY STORE.
F. RICHARDSON,
DEALER IN
Groceries, Yankee Notions, Con-
fectionery, Patent Medicines,
Perfumery and Toys.
A good assortment of CLOCKS. A first-class
MILBURNY ESTABLISHED in 1840. Also
an excellent assortment of HOUSEHOLD FURNI-
TURE, including of TABLES, CHAIRS, BED
STEADS, TRUNKS, WARD ROBES, &c. &c.
All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.
Salisbury, July 18, 1871.

F. R. MALLORY.
Carriage, Sign and Ornamental
PAINTER.
LAKEVILLE, CONN.

HAVING had over twenty years experience in
painting, Carriages, Signs and Ornamental
work, I feel prepared to say that for first class
work, I shall not be excelled. My prices will
be reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed in
every case.
July 18, 1871.

Charter Oak Hotel.
I would respectfully announce that I have
purchased and refitted the hotel in
East Canaan.

East Canaan.
Known as the Charter Oak Hotel, about
twenty minutes walk from the station on the C. &
W. R. R., and that I shall be pleased to serve any
who may desire to visit the hotel.

GOOD LIVERY ATTACHED.
The Hotel is centrally located for those who
wish to spend the summer months in the country.
A HACK will connect with all passenger trains
on the Conn. Western R. R.

W. H. WARNER, Proprietor.
East Canaan, April 22, 1872.

NEW
LUMBER AND COAL
YARD,
At LAKEVILLE, CONN.

THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully announce
to the public that he has completed his build-
ing and yard and filled them with a

LARGE STOCK OF
COAL, LUMBER,

LATH, SHINGLES, DOORS,

Sash, Brick,
LIME, CEMENT,

Plaster, Hardware,
Nails, Iron, Steel,

Flour, Grain, Feed,
Seeds, Salt, Paints,
Oils, &c., &c.

And shall be glad to supply the wants of the Pub-
lic at
VERY REASONABLE PRICES.

A Specialty made of COAL,
Which I can furnish by the Ton, Carload
or by the very lowest market
prices.

E. W. SPURR,
6m15
LAKEVILLE, CONN.

THE SALISBURY
SAVINGS SOCIETY,
Lakeville, Connecticut.

INCORPORATED in 1846, allows interest on
deposits from the first day of each month.

Deposits October 1st, 1871,
Over Half a Million of Dollars.

Office open every business day from 9 to 12 A.
M. and 2 to 4 P. M.
830 P. M.
G. B. DURHAM, President.

'DOMESTIC.'
THE "LIGHT RUNNING"
"DOMESTIC"
BECAUSE OF THE LIGHT RUNNING ANY
OTHER MACHINE.

TRY THE
"DOMESTIC"
BECAUSE OF THE LIGHT RUNNING ANY
OTHER MACHINE.

'Tis Economy to Buy the Best!
PEOPLE SAY
The "DOMESTIC"
IS THE ONE.

ITS RANGE OF WORK,
POWER,
EASE OF MOTION,
SIMPLICITY,
SELF-ADJUSTING TENSION,
EXTENSIVE TABLE,
CASTERS,
GREAT SPACE UNDER THE ARM,
JOINT A

Galaxy of Advantages!

WHILE ITS
"STILL SMALL VOICE"
IS MUSIC.

TRY THE "DOMESTIC."
Sold on Installments by
HARRISON BROS., AGTS.,
LAKEVILLE, CONN.

DENTISTRY!
DE. STEWART, at the urgent request of
his patients in Lakeville and vicinity has
opened an office in the bank building in this vil-
lage, where he will be found **Thursday** and
Friday of each week. All operations
either in
Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry,
performed in the best possible manner.

LAUGHING GAS
No extra charge for gas when extracting for
pains.

IMPORTANT
-TO-
THE PUBLIC!
New Store! New Goods!

The Cheapest Place

Ready-Made

CLOTHING!

DRY, FANCY,

GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS

IS AT

M. LILIENSTERN'S

VARIETY STORE,

Brick Block, Millerton, N. Y.

OUR SPECIALTY IS FIRST-

CLASS GOODS!

Trunks and Valises;

Hats and Caps;

RIBBONS, SILKS,

LACES, SATINS,

VEILING, VELVETS,

Brushes;

Lamps, Chimneys, Wicks,

KEROSENE OIL.

PAPER-HANGINGS.

BAY RUM,

FLORIDA WATER,

PERFUMERY,

HAIR OILS,

POMADES and

HAIR DYES.

GROCERIES,

And a great many articles too numerous

to mention.

ALL GOODS WARRANTED!

N. B.—Our Motto is

Quick Sales and Small Profits.

A Tip-top Suit
Made to Order
FOR \$25.00.

THE CUTTER employed in
this Establishment is from DEVLIN
& CO.'S, New York.

Call and Examine our Goods before
purchasing elsewhere.

Respectfully Yours,
M. LILIENSTERN,
Brick Block,
MILLERTON, N. Y.

Jerry an' Me.
No matter how the chances are,
Nor when the winds may blow,
Nor where the winds may blow,
With all its luck an' woe!
For who would try the sea at all,
Must try it—luck or no!

They told him—'Lor, men take no care
How words they speak may fall—
They told him blunt, he was too old,
Too slow with wit and trawl,
An' this is how he left the sea
An' luck an' woe an' all.

Take any man on sea or land
Out of his boat on way,
If he is young 't will do him good,
If he is old an' gray,
A month will be a year to him,
Be it to him any day.

He sits by me, but most he walks
The doors and out a look
An' scans the boat a-goin' out,
Till she becomes a speck,
Then turns away, his face as wet
As it should be a wreck.

The men who haul the net an' line
Are never rich, an' you,
My Johnny haul a grown-up man—
I'm an an' baby too,
An' we have naught for rainy days,
An' rainy days are due.

My Jerry, diffident, abroad
Is restless as a brook,
An' when he left the boat an' all,
Home had an even look
But I will win him by an by
Till he is window-sick.

I cannot bring him back again,
The days when we were wed,
But he shall never know—my man—
His visit o' love or bread,
While I can cast a stitch or fill
A needleful of thread.

God pity me, I'd most forgot
How many yet there be,
Whose codlins full as old as mine
Are somewhere on the sea,
Who have the breakin' bar an' think
O' Jerry home an' me.

JOHN RANDALL'S WIFE.
"Will you let me have it, John?"
"No, George, I can't."

John Randall uttered his refusal of his
wife's request very decidedly, as if he felt
the request was unreasonable. A very thin
there was an undercurrent of grief in
his voice, and a look of per-
plexity and self-dissatisfaction in his eyes.

He wanted to see his wife rise from the
breakfast table, and thereby signify her
acquiescence in his decision, but he went
off for his morning walk to the mill.

George, however, did not rise. Her
looks did not express acquiescence. She
was a pretty woman—very pretty; tall,
slight, very fair, with large, clear, steady
eyes and profuse brown hair. Besides her
beauty, she had an air of delicate, graceful
command, rather peculiar, a dash of the
suggested aloof notes. F. R. all this was
simply the wife of a master machinist
in the great Halliburton Print Works of
Millville, and mistress of one of the
small white factory tenements, whose low,
orderly rows constituted Millville proper.

But George did not belong to the fac-
tory element, although she had married into
it. She had been brought up in a
relative, upon whom she had been left de-
pendent, and whom she called Aunt Apple-
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"Perhaps I shall stay to Aunt Apple-
ton to tea," she said to her husband at
the dinner-table. "If I do you will come
for me, won't you?"
He reflected a moment.
"I told you last night, George, that I
should have to be home an hour or
two this evening. There is to be a meet-
ing of the officials of the mill at half-past
seven. I should be too tired to dress and
go up to your room afterwards. I have
I have forgotten," he said quietly; so
quietly that he thought she did not care.

When he was gone she went to her bed-
room to arrange her toilet for the call. She
had a genius for dress; and, despite the
mended clothes, she looked as stylish as she
did pretty.

Just as she approached her aunt's gate
old Mrs. Halliburton, in her velvets and
steepest of steel-colored silks, was be-
ing handed from her carriage by her son.
The Halliburtons were the owners of the
mill in which John Randall was employed,
Stephen the only son, had just returned
from a five years' residence abroad. These
two facts caused George to scrutinize the
mother and son somewhat closely; and do-
ing so, Stephen Halliburton raised his hat
to her.

"A pretty face," he remarked, careles-
sly, to his mother. "I suppose it is some-
one I have known or should know."

Old Mrs. Halliburton, with her keen
eyes and keen nose glanced sharply back
toward George, whom she had not perceiv-
ed, and nodded.

"It is that young person whom Jane
Appleton brought up. She is married now
to one of our men, I believe."

George found Paul Appleton and his
bride holding a sort of formal reception.
The rooms—where her own wedding had
been solemnized a year before—were quite
filled with guests. A very dainty and
graceful bride was the new Mrs. Paul, in
her lavender train and point lace shawl.
George tried not to feel the least tinge of
envy as she looked at her.

Aunt Appleton's face, a genuine sense of
gratitude toward her protegee for having
borne to fascinate either of her own
unmarriageable boys, and this gratitude pro-
pelled out in active kindness under the ex-
ultation she felt over Paul's match.

George moved easily about the well-
furnished rooms; somewhat she seemed
just fitted for such surroundings. The
subdued, well-bred manners, the faint
perfumes, the refined faces, and the rich
dresses, were like a stimulant to her. She
needed such quickening to be fully
herself. Her composed, delicate beauty
unfolded to perfection in this atmosphere.

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"Had you a pleasant afternoon?" she
husband asked, by-and-by, as they sat at
the dinner-table.
"Very pleasant," she said, thought-
fully.
"It was very polite in Mrs. Halliburton
to bring you home."

"Yes, I should have spoiled my dress."

It was always with a little effort that
John Randall could get his wife to talk,
and she seemed peculiarly silent to-night,
and absent as well as silent.

Her face was a little flushed, her com-
mon face a little flushed. He was not
generous, too unselfish a man to be
grudge her even a happiness in which he
had no part; but something in her
abstracted face filled him with uneasiness.

The uneasiness was not decreased when,
reaching home a little before the usual
hour the following afternoon, he met
Stephen Halliburton just leaving the house,
her when he found George with the same
brightened eyes and lightened color as
the night before.

That was the beginning of John Ran-
dall's trouble.

It was not much of a common jealousy—
a man's instinct of revolt at another man's
admiration of his handsome wife—as it
was a fear—a desperate, death-like fear—that
George needed something he could
give her to keep her happy.

Old Mrs. Halliburton, with her keen
eyes and keen nose glanced sharply back
toward George, whom she had not perceiv-<