

THE HIGHLAND NEWS.



VIEW IN THE HIGHLANDS.

A MONTHLY PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF GOOD HEALTH.

"PUBLIC HEALTH IS PUBLIC WEALTH."

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25 Cents a Year.

For the Highland News.
OCTOBER—IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Transcendent genius now inspires the hand
That spreads these lavish tints o'er Nature's
green.
Before new charms revealed, entranced I
stand,
And feast the vision on the changeful
scene,
As morning's dawn upon the Highlands lifts
Night's sombre veil from lawn and wood
and hill,
And through the browning foliage, in rifts,
Reflects the labor of supernal skill.
Maple and rhus now blend their gorgeous
hues,
As hectic flush o'er paling verdure's charms,
Give the beholder brief dissolving views
Of beauty, soon to sleep in winter's arms.
Enchantment rare! ere long the fitful dream
From vision—not from memory—shall
fade.
Let Nature's carnival of color seem
To mask the foe that now thy charms
invade.
HIGHLAND PARK, 1888.

The Cottage by the Sea.

Written for THE HIGHLAND NEWS.

I had but the week before arrived at my new home. We were sitting in the pretty morning room, with tasteful trifles about us, and the golden laburnums nodding a "good cheer" through the sunlit window-pane. Bessie Gay was making comic faces and throwing worsted balls at me.

"Then you will not go! Did you ever attend a wedding in your life, Jane Kensett?"
"But one. And I have not the remotest idea to this day who the parties were."

"Do tell me about it, you dear, enigmatical girl."

"I was at school, a shy newcomer, and the preceptress took me to a most brilliant affair. The bride had been her pupil, and she called her 'Lily.' Perhaps the room assigned me had been occupied by her, as the name 'Lily' was traced several times on the window-glass. The bride's home was in the adjacent city, and was very beautiful. The whole scene was bewildering. I held my breath in rapture when the bride came floating in, and was handed to the bridegroom just under the floral arch. I had never beheld such loveliness, and stood half dazed until the ceremony was over, then I surged up with the gay throng to pay my compliments. My only manifesto was an excited sob.

"What is it, dear?" asked the sweet lady, bending toward me.
"I am so glad you are happy," I choked out, with a burst of tears.
"Thank you, my child," she said, her glo-

rious eyes growing misty, as she touched her lips to my cheek.

"Harry, love, this is my little friend," she whispered, and he, too, stooped and kissed me.

"How happy I was. They had both kissed me and called me 'friend,' though they knew not my name, and they were only 'Lily and Harry' to me. But I framed their faces about with a halo, and hung them as pictures in 'Memory's chamber.'"

"How romantic! Why did you not inquire all about them afterward?"

"I have never spoken of the scene since. It was the bright spot in the dreary waste that stretched behind me, and before. For, the next day, I was recalled to see Aunt Phemie die. She was too severe to be much beloved, but she was all I had.

"Your Aunt Sprague was to succeed her as my guardian, and, without having seen me, she placed me at a young ladies' institute, where I remained until I came here, a stranger."

"With a fortune in your hand, ideas in your head, and, I take it, a determination to enter upon some kind of a career."

"I could not spend my time in thoughtless idleness, most certainly."

"I think that in coming here you may have found your vocation. But I hold that even the butterfly has a mission," and the gay girl laughed in merry challenge.

Summer had come, and Bess had put her foot down that she "would not go clambering over mountains with any ambitious, panting multitude; neither would she take the annual dip in blue, poetic brine. She had given over flirting with Neptune, and bowing down to sylvan gods. She would enjoy her life in a placid way. Wherever land lay level; where waves flowed up with whispering, and fell away with sigh; where sky bent down to earth at night, and earth at morn looked up to sky—she would follow, if we led."

So, like world-wise birds, with plumes most cautiously a-feather, we ventured forth.

We were not, perhaps, an uninteresting company. Bess was a piquant girl, with blooming cheek and sparkling eye, and an "expressive" nose, which at times could turn disdainfully at half of man and *all* of womankind. Mrs. Sprague was always a study, if not, as Bess said, "a marvel and a mystery." She was the "confirm-est" invalid who ever reposed on silken cushions. She had a way of expressing her feelings by her surroundings, and took upon herself gray days and blue days. Oh! don't we know this fitful, changing prism, gay Bess and I?

Percy, her son, till lately had been much abroad. He was a man of culture, and bore himself always with a gentle dignity that bordered on reserve.

Lastly, myself, just nineteen, and possessed of individuality enough to continually provoke Bessie's ridicule and railery.

We had ridden perhaps two hundred miles, and had grown familiar with the diversity of

hill and valley. Bess had reared castles enough to fortify old Spain, and was now running off by the yard an imaginary history of our fellow-travelers, as read in face or manner. The influx of city passengers now filled the sparsely-peopled car, and Mrs. Sprague just then desiring change of position, I was momentarily oblivious of our new surroundings.

Mr. Percy arranged the air-cushions for our invalid. He had a way of petting her that was delightful. He was father, lover, and son to her. "Now I know you are perfectly comfortable, mamma," he said, looking down at her with his rare, sweet smile, as she rested her head on his shoulder.

A lady and child had taken the seat in front. The child had his hand full of lilies and roses. With shy grace he offered them all to the "poor sick lady."

His mother bowed in acknowledgment of profuse thanks, and looking at Percy, said:

"I hope when *my* boy becomes a man he will call his mother *mamma*."

Our elegant escort was not much given to embarrassment, but the color surged to his face as he lifted his hat.

"Thank you," he replied, "I foresee the beautiful child will be all that is kind and true."

The words were commonplace enough, but his manner was so deferential—"lackadaisical," Bess said,—that it was the subtlest flattery in itself.

A delicate tongue for an instant beautified the lady's cheek, but it was the prophetic import of the words which pleased her, one could see.

"Do you like the nice gentleman, mamma?" lisped the dear, innocent baby, looking shyly around with his wondrous eyes.

"Yes, love," she said.

"I do not quite make her out," whispered Bess, eyeing the lady as an old seaman might some strange craft approaching, which yet was not quite near enough to signal.

"Give me her history," I said, "as you did the others."

"I could not," she replied, "it would somehow seem sacrilege. She is so exquisitely lovely. Look at the slope of her brows, and the sweep of her long lashes. She must be a sister of mercy or a saint."

"But her boy?" I said.

"True; yet I am not sure but he is a cherub."

"Watch the expression of her eyes," continued Bess, still absorbed in the sweet stranger, "it is so pathetic, so appealing, and yet so pure; as if she had got some cruel hurt, just at the moment of her greatest happiness."

"Is she a widow?" Bess ventured, leaning forward and whispering to our escort.

He, of course, thought her prompted by a spirit of mischief and did not reply, save by a look that sent her immediately to the frigid zone, and provoked her to call him "Sir Percival" during the rest of the journey.

"Why, Bess!" exclaimed I, making a sudden discovery, "her brows and lashes are perfectly black, while her hair is white! That is the secret of her peculiar beauty; her tresses are either powdered, or"—

"Gray! Just as I told you; grown white in a night, and she not over twenty five. Oh, dear! I wonder what the great tragedy was?"

I wondered too, but I kept silent, studying the beautiful features. Whatever the fever-heat of passion may have been, or what pitiless anguish did once betide, it was over now. The perfect repose of the exquisite face was indicative of that. She was beyond smiles,—and one would say, beyond tears as well—like a tropical flower, crystallized at the height of its bloom; or a laughing fountain checked at its merriest up-flow. Only in the deep wells of her fathomless eyes lay the unutterable pathos.

Mr. Percy was interested, I could see. His practiced eye took in her beauty, her grace of motion, and the simple elegance of her attire, which, though black and without the softening effect of lace or gauze, had not in it the suggestion of heaviness.

We had come to our destination, and as we made preparations to leave the car, the pretty boy wished to "kiss the nice gentleman good bye."

It was rather a dangerous experiment for Mr. Percy, I thought, but he made no signs as he touched the fresh lips.

"Do you go far?" Mrs. Sprague asked of the lady.

"Very far," she said.

She bowed her farewell to us as we stood for a moment on the platform, her eye lingering longest on my face, I thought. Then she glanced carelessly over the town and was speeded away before we were fairly settled in the carriage awaiting us.

Our first impression of our summer resort was eminently satisfactory. For Bess, there were miles of level land, with not so much as a mole-hill hinting toward a mountain. And for me, there were leagues of placid sea or sound, whichever it might be, flashing back the light through the distant trees. For Mrs. Sprague, there was roominess in the house, and breadth and shade outside.

Bess and I embraced each other as the next morning we looked on "the sunrise o'er the sea."

"What an inspiration for an artist," exclaimed the gay girl, rushing for her pencil.
"Oh, dear! it is a *gray day*," she said, coming out of her aunt's room with a lengthened visage. "We are doomed to ashes for the next twenty-four hours as sure as this dull globe rolls 'round the sun."

"Perhaps things will brighten," remarked I.
"You know better; things won't brighten," asseverated Bess.

And they did not. For a week the gloom had thickened. At any rate, there was no escape, and, I trust, no demur. We did our best. We tried pills, powders, and plasters,

remedial books, pictures, readings, and songs entertaining. We flooded the rooms with sunlight, and held blue and rose-colored glass at the sash. Then we tempered the glare, and brought in cool ferns and fresh flowers; and touched the guitar and the lute. But all to no purpose. Gray it was, and gray it was bound to stay, till a faint voice from the lounge gasped:—

"Jane, bring my blue shawl."

"The saints preserve us!" quoth Bess. "Elizabeth Susannah Frances, your time has come! This duality of wretchedness will kill you!"

I really did not know but we should both be cut off in the midst of our usefulness. Our invalid was a nervous hypochondriac, and we could not tell, even at that dreadful week's end, when the cloud would lift.

Mr. Percy was away much of the time. His mother would not have his pleasure abridged. I thought if he would offer a little wholesome opposition to her whims, the result would be but for good. With all his six feet of manhood, he seemed to lack those qualities which I most admire. He might prove a staff in the halt of one's journey, or ballast should the ship veer round.

But at last our reward did come.

"She sleepeth under crimson coverings, with emerald and orange close at hand," extravagantly reported Bess.

I clapped my hands. No one could be sweeter than Mrs. Sprague at flood-tide and meridian. And, indeed, our summer had begun.

For some inexplicable reason Bess had developed an antipathy to water. She was "hydrophobic," she said. And so our explorations were land-wise.

Once, at even-tide, Mr. Percy claimed me for a stroll along the beach. Perhaps he had read the longing in my eyes; though I know that here, as everywhere, but sands make up the line of shore, and water-drops composed the wave. The twilight had faded, and there had fallen the quivering gloom which precedes the outgoing of dusky summer stars. The receding tide had left the marshes bare, and settled back in sullen apathy behind the barrier of shoal. The few boats lay flat and motionless, and the sea-gull had dropped suddenly from sight. The influence was depressing in the extreme. I wondered that my companion had brought me here, and I half sobbed at the low sigh of the wind.

On the long, lone strand, a man was pacing back and forth, back and forth—"Like the dead level of the sea," we heard him say, as he neared where we stood,—"Like the dead level of the sea."

"But landward lies the town," said Percy; "and backward still roll fertile fields, promising richly unto harvest. Southward, not two hundred miles away, is the metropolis, with its teeming thousands, its enterprises, and its resources."

"Unfreighted with significance to me," the man replied. But he did not look around. He only stooped to count the pebbles at his feet, and gather idle driftwood the tide had left. Himself, perhaps, but driftwood on the shores of Time; belonging where? and tending whither?

The next morning I had forgotten his existence; yet, at evening, we found him there again. He had not forgotten himself or his complaining. Night after night we went, with the same result. Only when the moon was up, and the full tide came in, he gave signs of wild passion and unrest.

"Oh! the sea! The wildering, tormenting sea!" he never exclaimed.

He would spoke to or looked at us. Mr. Percy would sometimes venture a remark, soothing or suggestive. But it held no import, and wrought no change.

I made mention at the house of our encounter, but excited no particular interest. All that was over. The strange man, like the trees and the rocks, had become part of the town. He had come there some four years since, and purchased the little seaside cottage.

His signature in the transaction was "D. Harrison," and he had money deposited in the nearest bank.

This was absolutely all that was known about him. He was evidently friendless. He neither replied to questions, nor entered into conversation. He never entered a church, or the town-house, and but rarely a store, and received no letters. He accepted no invitations, and gave none; and, after a while, they let him alone.

Bess indulged in some remark about "moonshine and melancholy," but my pulses quickened. I felt that we had stumbled on a romance, and, with Percy, I wandered often near the shore.

The stranger seemed to have grown accustomed to our proximity, and was not specially annoyed.

Mr. Percy, at least, seemed not impelled by curiosity, and he explained to Mr. Harrison my fondness for the water, who did not appear to care whether I was amphibious or otherwise.

Externally, the cottage was a gem in its way; of rustic build, with the tree-bark clinging. Over it, all summer grew the honeysuckle, the clematis, and the wild eglantine, planted there, our landlady told me, by some gay people who once tented by the wayside.

They were to signify, doubtless, luxuriance, promise, and hope. The pleasant faces and merry voices were gone, but year by year the flowers returned.

If this new habitant, I argued, had been a hater of his kind, or doggedly avengeful of some wrong, he had cut the vines to their deepest root, or pruned their branches unto bleeding.

But old Dinah, who lived with her baby grandchild in the rude hut hard by, and served as cook and laundress to the solitary stranger, would shake her woolly head and say:—

"Bress yer souls, honeys! Massa Harrison am no sech sabage creeter. He jus' done minds his own 'fairs, as som' oder folks better, an' do um good. I see up nights an' nights a feedin' ob catnep to des ere blessed pickaninny, an' I know who 'tis as comes a creepin' along from a weepin' an' a wallin' down on der beach, an' goes a rubbin' of his cold nose 'gainst dem honeysuckles, soft as any baby. Go 'long wid yer now, don't tell me."

It must not be supposed that, as the summer went by, we had no other amusement. The inhabitants of the town were gentlefolk, with their sons and daughters. Bess and I could roam whither we would, by day or evening, without fear of molestation. We made many warm friends, and with teas, lawn tennis, and archery, we whiled the hours away.

Mr. Percy's quiet elegance found ready favor in every lady's eyes. He sent for his horses and we had rides innumerable. I had grown to love Mrs. Sprague, and to call her "Aunt," and Percy seemed like an elder brother.

We flitted, it is true, from sweet to sweet. But so doth the bee when storing her honey.

The summer leaves were crimsoning and bronzing under autumn's marvelous pencil. We were birds of passage, and must flit back to our homes.

Already our packing had commenced, and our farewells.

Aunt, who had been indulging most lavishly in scarlet coverings, turned suddenly and despairingly to "grays," just as our last tea was over and we had settled down for an evening chat. Contrary to her wont, she called continually for Percy.

I knew where he most likely had strayed, and I hastened over the half mile walk to the beach. He was not there. The doors of the cottage were open, and I stepped to the rear and looked within. I never had seen the interior before. The one large room was barren of carpets or draperies, but was hung with hunting and fishing tackle and the sort of trappings which solitary men often gather about them.

The moonlight seemed streaming in at every

point, and glorified each object on which it fell. Through the opposite door swept the salt breeze from the ocean, as up even with the little "table-land" leapt the urgent tide. At table sat Percy, breaking bread with the stranger. I had not seen Mr. Harrison before with his head uncovered, and a luxuriant beard concealed much of his face. Now, the broad white brow fairly gleamed in the moonbeams; surely no mark of Cain was there.

Something indefinable, intangible, set my thoughts a-tune, as a familiar note will catch and perplex the memory.

I had forgotten myself and my errand, and stood as one fascinated.

The table was simply laid. There were some dishes of rare game, and the wine-caster held liquids, ruby and amber. Percy was talking of matters foreign and astute.

Mr. Harrison, as if mechanically, was pouring from goblet to goblet rich, odorous wine. It sparkled and foamed like a living thing. Its fumes were enticing,—intoxicating. I cannot conjecture what came over Percy. He was almost ascetic in these things, but he lifted the glass to his lips.

Mr. Harrison seized his own and drained it, then dashed it to the floor, as he sprang from his seat, grasped Percy by the throat, dragged him through the doorway, across the little lawn, and plunged him once! twice! thrice! into the riotous, turbulent water.

It was the work of an instant; the impulse of a madman. I ran after them affrighted and screaming.

My voice seemed to arrest Mr. Harrison, for he snatched Percy back to the ground.

"Go!" he commanded; and went himself back to the house.

I stood speechless. I looked at Percy, and he looked at me. The act had been so unexpected that he was unable to recover himself, but he had not lost his presence of mind. Indeed, I do not know if he could. He was dripping and unkempt. He had been insulted and humiliated in my presence, but he was as proudly self-poised and self-sustained as though he had been exalted to a throne.

He took my hand; we went silently up the street, and he gained his room unseen.

When he appeared, there was no sign of struggle or discomposure. I did not yet understand him. I held an under estimate of his character when I thought him scarce resolute enough.

The next day we went home.

How we walk about, with our eyes holden and our ears unhearing! How we stumble over stones, which uplifted would discover to us the key to some mystery.

Winter had come on apace; and, strongly defined the line of demarcation between the poor and the affluent. It was so new to me, so piteous, I felt impelled to render my aid, and Percy was with me in sympathy and action.

It was at the beginning, also, of some reformatory work undertaken by women. Bess laughed, but Percy and I entered the list. Among the most earnest workers, we found the lovely lady whom we met on the cars last summer. The recognition was mutual, and the pleasure, I am sure. Her name was Mrs. Armitage; she was devoting her life to the aid of the suffering, and the uplifting of the fallen. She was sweet, tender, and helpful, in the highest degree. To Percy and myself, she seemed like an angel. We worked hand to hand, our sympathies flowing in the same channel.

"You must come and see me," she said one day, giving me her card.

"Your home is in this city?"

"Yes—my abiding place. Until four years ago, I have always lived in an inland city."

"You have parents?"

"No, they died within a week of each other, at that time."

"How sad!" I responded.

"Yes; but the severest blow had already fallen. I live with my uncle, and I have my dear boy."

She evidently had wealth also; for she spent money without limit in the cause she had espoused.

Time would fail me to tell of all our intercourse, and our endeavor.

As a family, we did not ignore the claims of society. In pastime, Bess would always join us, and our pleasures were numberless.

Just at the close of the Lenten season, Mrs. Armitage's uncle gave a party for his young daughter. We, of course, were all there. It was a pretty and significant sight, the rose-bud girls all a-flutter with hope and expectancy. Yet, every eye, surfeited with glow and brightness, rested refreshed and delighted on Mrs. Armitage. She was robed in lusterless white crape; its voluminous folds were like softly heaped snow-drifts. Her white hair was like a diadem. There was not a hint of color about her; neither ribbon, or jewel, or flower. But, in her eyes lay a romance; almost, I had thought—a revelation. She did not dance or sing; but her movements were poetry—her voice, a plaintive song.

The evening was far spent. I needed a moment of quiet, and stole away to the conservatory, and sat down under a great group of shimmering palms. I thought myself alone; but, on the other side of the dense greenery, an impassioned voice was pouring forth an eloquent tale of love.

Great Heavens! It was Percy! A pang like unto death shot through my heart. Who among these beautiful girls had won him?

The agonized voice of Mrs. Armitage was answering:—

"Oh! cease, I pray you. You cannot understand. I should have told you, but—Robbie's papa *did not die*."

Not die! A deadly faint came over me at a sudden thought! Was I in the mazes of a labyrinth? Oh! just where was the clue?

"Forgive me," the tremulous voice went on. "I did not dream of this. You were my friend; and I have lost you! You must shrink from me as one who has caused you cruel pain."

"Hush," he said, "I revere you."

I dragged myself back to the brilliant throng. Somehow, the scene had changed to mockery.

Mrs. Armitage did not appear again; but after a while Percy approached. He was calm, but pallid. On his brow was the lofty seal of renunciation.

Summer had returned; and we each had balloted for last year's pleasure ground. Bess had found an admirer there, and he now renewed his suit. A softer light had come into her saucy eye; and her aspiring nose was toning down to a tender, human level.

Percy was with us every evening. He seemed to have turned his back on the water. I wondered if he would seek the cottage again; and if he would take me with him.

A month later, we really stood under the vine-covered portico.

There was a glitter in Mr. Harrison's eye as he came forward and grasped Percy's hand.

"I do not know what I shall say, or how I shall say it," he abruptly began, "that I assailed, insulted, and would have drowned you—and you come again, has opened my mouth. You look upon me as a distraught and embittered man. And so I am. Self-wrecked, and cast upon the old shoals of Time—perhaps you deem me. But that I am not. Only, like Prometheus, chained down, and fettered, till I prove my own conqueror. I was brought up in luxury, and came to my fortune early. I loved a beautiful girl, and married her; my life was one dream of bliss. We were living a year in her father's home. I had been away for a week, and returned at evening, sooner than I expected. I entered quietly to surprise my wife. The family were in the parlor with guests, and she stood under a blaze of light with our babe in her arms. Some subject seemed under discussion; she was absorbed and excited. How surpassingly lovely she looked."

"I will put a test question," said one, "suppose it were your own husband, held in the thrall of strong drink?"

"I should despise and loathe him."

"I know you better; you would give your heart's blood to reclaim him."

"It is not a supposable case; but, I would take my boy, and go away forever!" said this dainty woman, in the pride of her security, in the loftiness of her virtue.

Great drops stood on Mr. Harrison's brow, as he recalled the scene, but he went on:—

"I had got my death-thrust; I had so long successfully concealed my love of the wine-cup that it had turned and mastered me. I had come home with the taint on my lips. Condemnation met me at my threshold. I turned away. I left no word of explanation; no farewell. When I sought my wife again, I would be worthy. I came here. Month by month I have tempted myself at each meal with wine; many times I have fallen. I stipulated to myself that a twelvemonth should pass with it untasted. The night you supped with me, I lacked but two weeks of the time. You lifted your glass, and I fell! I had grown to love you. For your sake, and my own, I would have killed you! You will go, now. The recital of it all has unmanned me. Sometimes I think I have lost hope."

"Some hopes die, and some are crucified," said Percy; but there were tears in his eyes, and I was sobbing.

"What do you think?" I asked of Percy, as we passed out.

"The man is a monomaniac," he replied.

"How little he understood his wife; or she, herself. The wide world over, women every day do suffer and sacrifice for their beloved."

Yet, in one sense, I could but admire the man. How many are reckoned "missing" who slink away because of cowardice or crime, or to cherish secret sin! This man had gone forth to battle, single-handed—alone. Many times he had been defeated; but not yet was vanquished. A thousand times had conquered; but not yet was free.

"I wish Mrs. Armitage were here," I said—thoughts, like phantoms of a dream—eluding, and yet beckoning me.

"I fear it is a case whose sorrowful depths even she cannot fathom or amend."

"She at least could try," I urged. Somehow, I felt that she *must* come. And, before many days, she responded to our call.

In the June twilight, after Robbie was tucked in his cosy bed, we went down, Mrs. Armitage, Percy, and I. The doors of the cottage were thrown wide. I could see Mr. Harrison standing with his back to the light. Percy spoke his name, and he turned toward us.

Mrs. Armitage stood spell-bound a moment, her eager eyes dilating; then she sprang forward.

"Oh! Harry!" she wailed, and fell prone upon the floor.

He stooped and lifted her. He passed his hand over her whitened hair, and gazed upon her ashen face.

"Lily! Oh! pitying Heaven, is this Lily?" he sobbed, clasping her in his arms, as though he would never let her go.

Percy stood in mute wonder, but *my* pulses throbbed to bursting.

Then we went out. We walked upon the long, lone strand. I stooped and gathered driftwood on the shore, and Percy cast white pebbles to the sea.

And then, he knowing all my whims, did take me to his heart and call me "Jenny."

Mrs. Armitage remained all night at the cottage. Ah! *What* were the memories recalled, the confessions made, the sadnesses recounted!

The next day Robbie was taken down to welcome his papa. The scene was touching beyond expression.

We were all there; even Dinah with the precious pickaninny. And I sat me down and told them my little story link by link; how, all unknowing, yet mysteriously,

divinely led, I, their "little friend"—long time a stranger—had brought them together.

Percy was passing his hand over my hair. Bess was laughing and crying; and "Lily and Harry" knelt at my feet.

"Bress yer souls, honeys," said Dinah, "I done knowed all de time dat de Lawd 'd fotch Massa Harr'son 'round."

There are sad, sad yesterdays! But oh! the bright, the beautiful to-morrows.

"Mr. Harrison" left his name and the cottage behind him, and went forth to his own again—restored to perfect manhood; and, victor over himself.

He and his lovely wife are earnest workers in the great cause which is now agitating the thoughtful of our nation.

Percy and I are married. Every summer we go back to "the cottage by the sea." To some of us it is as an old battle-field; to some—a shrine!

ANOTHER SUGGESTION.

To the large and increasing number of people who are using our products: The "News" is the organ of the interests and enterprises of its founders. It aims to represent the same as fully as may be in conjunction with kindred sanitary measures.

We desire to convey reliable intelligence of the waters—what they have done, are doing, and can do, to relieve and benefit our neighbors and patrons.

We would call attention especially to our depots of supply in all of the principal cities of New England and the Middle States. The list of agencies can always be found in the HIGHLAND NEWS. This information is in response to many letters of inquiry we receive as to where the waters can be procured. Of course most of our agents also handle other products with which they do not think it good policy, nor do we expect them, to place ours in damaging competition.

There is room and demand in the markets for anything of the kind that is good and reliable, and of course it must be left to public intelligence to decide which is the best. Hence, if you want "Tonica" or "Rock" send your order to our nearest agency, and if it is not there in stock, notify us, and it shall be forthcoming without much delay. There are seasons of excessive demand that may temporarily overtax our producing capacity, but we will be generally "on deck" promptly in response to orders.

Examine the labels; there is much information thereon that you may be looking for. Note the qualities of the waters, and especially the family resemblance of Tonica to the blood that flows in the circulation of a healthy person, which resemblance any authentic textbook on physiology will confirm.

We hope our old friends whose hearty and voluntary testimonials of the virtues of the waters have appeared in former issues will not feel that their kind offerings are forgotten or neglected, because they may not appear in the present edition. Other matter may engage their space now, but we shall keep them within call for future reference. We never desert old friends for new, but entertain and try to extend the "family circle."

The American Minister at Peking says that wages in China at the highest are two cents a day. Yet China is the most protected country in the world.

PATENT MEDICINE.

The *Medical Record* extracts from an address from Professor Chandler, in which he says: "These firms of manufacturers of proprietary medicines, nine out of ten, live solely by the newspapers, and sometimes are admirably managed. I know some establishments in which there is a regular staff employed. I know something about them, because they try to bribe me to certify to the value of their concoctions. As I say, there is a regular staff. There is the literary man, who writes the letters, giving marvelous accounts of marvelous cures. There is the artist, who shows the patient before and after taking twenty-two bottles of the medicine; there is the poet, who composes poems upon the subject; there is the liar, who swears to what he knows isn't true; and the forger, who produces testimonials from his own imagination. Without exaggeration, I should say that nine out of ten of these proprietary medicines are frauds, pure and simple. The real business is advertising for dupes. The medical part of it is but a side issue. I am pretty sure, if I were to pound up brickbats, and spend a hundred thousand dollars in offering it at a dollar an ounce, as a cure for some disease which cannot be cured, I should get back at least a hundred and ten thousand dollars for my trouble. Nine-tenths of the medicines sent out in this fashion have no more curative properties than brickbat dust.

YELLOW FEVER IN FLORIDA.

Florida is now suffering the horrors of an epidemic of yellow fever—it would perhaps be cruel to say justly suffering—and yet there is little doubt but that the epidemic might have been prevented had the necessary precautions been taken. By a mistaken policy of concealment, the germs of the disease were nurtured during all the winter, the time of their easiest destruction. But citizens, physicians, and health authorities strenuously denied its existence, and deaths from the disease were certified as from other causes.

This concealment of the real state of affairs came, no doubt, from the felt necessity of preventing that alarm which would have kept away their regular influx of winter visitors. But all the while this smouldering fire was becoming more and more unmanageable, until now it has burst forth in a conflagration which will cost them many times what their losses from delayed visitors would have been.—*Sanitary Era*.

A NOTE OF INTEREST.

In chronic cases of disease, it is not reasonable to expect so prompt a cure, or even relief from remedies, as in a simple acute attack. The person who has suffered for months and perhaps years with dyspepsia, liver or kidney complaint, general debility or chronic malaria, cannot expect to be cured by the contents of one bottle of "Tonica" water. When we reflect that in these cases it must work its beneficent effects through the blood, and by effecting a radical and vital change in that fluid, we can comprehend why it requires time to reach satisfactory results. There are noxious elements to be eliminated that have been long accumulating, and through their presence organic changes have taken place. Thus if "Tonica" water is employed, it must be given a fair chance to drive out the poison, and repair organic and constitutional damages. Thoroughly and patiently employed it will never disappoint the reasonable expectations of the patient, nor fail in any curable case of the nature specified.

CAMPAIGN AND OTHER HUMORS.

DEVELOPED BY "TONICA."

"In general sentiment, I am a Free Trader; but I might be induced to go for a "tare"—if a free whisky provision were corn-seeded to me, and the party will commit itself to the policy of "protecting" my person from arrest."—(Extract from the ready-made letter of acceptance of a fellow that wasn't nominated.)

Mary had a little lamb
That followed her to school,
The teacher wasn't of the sort
To advocate "Free Wool."
And so she gently fired him out,
To linger in the shade,
Till little Mary Ann could speak
Her piece about "Free Trade."

Its fleece was very fine and white,
"Short staple" and a beauty,
And as a "home-production" should
Have been exempt from "duty."
But he was "fired," you see, to save
The "Kids" from mirth's infection,
As "infant industries," you know,
Do flourish by "protection."

"It is a medicine, not a drink"—was what was stated in an advertisement of a now-exploded humbug "Bitters." We make a more sweeping statement, within the limits of the strictest truth concerning "Tonica" water, viz: It is medicine and a most refreshing beverage.

PRAYER VERSUS BOODLE.

"Say, Smith, now my excellent virtuous friend,
Whose time is much given to prayer,
To what party's sway does your preference tend,

Or, don't you so very much care?
Will you give to forlorn Prohibition a boost
With the ballot the soon-coming day?
If so, I am certain your vote will be lost."
Quoth Smith: "I shall vote as I pray."

"And you, Mr. Brown, and how will you vote?
Who live by the sweat of your brow;
Whose wife needs a dress, and yourself a new coat,

And your children are hungering now.
To the till of saloon your wages 'tis said,
In the course of events find there way."
Quoth Brown unto Smith, while drooping his head:
"I guess I will vote as—they pay."

In the saloon.—"What's the matter, Smithy? Awful wry face you pull while taking your medicine." "Did I? I didn't know it, my boy. That must have been *rye whisky*, then."

"Raw material"—that last batch of peanuts that Ezra roasted (?) and set on the counter for customers to steal. No need of "protection" on such products as those.

A gentleman, who is somewhat deaf, is the owner of a dog which has become the terror of the neighborhood. The other day he was accosted by a friend, who said, "Good morning, Mr. S—! Your wife made us a very pleasant call last evening."

"I'm very sorry," came the startling reply. "I'll see that it doesn't occur again, for I intend to keep her chained up after this."—*Youth's Companion*.

The Highland News.

A monthly paper published in the

INTEREST OF GOOD HEALTH,

AT

Highland Park, Conn., U.S.A.

Subscription, 25 Cents a Year.

CASE BROTHERS, Publishers.
L. D. McLEAN, M.D., Editor.

The columns of the HIGHLAND NEWS are open to correspondence. Contributions are solicited on matters of local and public interest. Prominence given to hygiene, sanitary and popular science. Expressions of opinion, thought, or even fancy, that may tend to the moral and physical benefit of our kind, will be acceptable to us and our patrons, the people.

We know not that there is need to reaffirm that the purposes of this publication remove the same from the sphere of partisan journalism. The individuals concerned in the enterprises of which we are the herald and advocate, together with the literary management of the paper, represent differing shades of political opinion. It is indeed a sort of political "happy family" of assorted species. Through other media we are licensed to free utterance, but herein we must guard the 10,000 American homes and business places into which our issues are sent, and the tens of thousands of readers that look for matter of value on our pages, against the intrusion of irritating themes that may prejudice the reader, not only against the publication, but the beneficent enterprise of which it is the organ. But if we should forget once, perhaps, and "give away" an opinion that smacks of partisanship, such as we freely exchange among ourselves, let the reader kindly draw his pencil across it, and charge it to the delirium of campaign fever, a complaint that attacks most of us periodically every four years; thank heaven that it comes no oftener! After all, we conceive that a republic-democratic government, whose factions swap administrations, or change servants every four years, or re-elect the old "team," is better than an autocracy to which a people are bound in service for life. We love the Republic, and being conservative, we desire by all lawful means to secure its growth, prosperity, and perpetuity. And we are working on the line of trying to secure the best means and legislation to conduce to the good health of the people.

MALARIA.

Furnishes an exhaustless topic; infusing popular discussion, literature, way-side conversation and table talk. The prevalent opinion is that the thing is an unmitigated nuisance, "a monster of such hideous mien," that people hate it though it can't be seen. Yet we are forced to admit that it is not a universal, unmixed evil. It has its "redeeming features," it furnishes to the laity in medicine a *bo-nanza*, an opening for divers experiments with a view to turning an honest (?) penny. The hard-working apothecary whose prescription trade fails to pan out satisfactorily,

and who has leisure to "study" old prescription registers, combine formula, and invent or "discover" some startling title with which to christen his production, and blazon and boom it into fame with a gorgeous label of his "Great-American-Indian-Heterogeneous-Orthodox-Duplex-Back-action-Malaria-Cure," he is a favored beneficiary of malaria. Then the "retired physician," nephew, we think, of the party whose "sands of lives" were so long in "running out," he's another. No use to enumerate further the legions of adventurers who are on the war-path after malaria with weapons that are sure to kill. There is a *negative* quality in most of these inventions or "cures" to recommend them to popular favor. It is the *no qui-nine* quality. *Qui-nine* is a dreadful thing to get into the bones and "joints"; it makes people deaf, blind, lame, and lazy; most everybody is poisoned with it, and so these great public benefactors sit up nights and study, and after long and weary years of such toil, they appear on the arena of physic with their no quinine "cure," backed by a sepulchral array of testimonials from people who have been arrested at the entrance of the cemetery and restored to their "usefulness" (in writing testimonials) by the "back action" warrant of the "cure." The gains from these cures prove a golden harvest. Long sufferers with malaria, who are weary of employing quinia to hold it in check, are ready to resort to anything that professes to furnish permanent relief. So they swallow the statements of the vender, with his "cure," swallow the testimonials, and swallow—a fraud. They swallow, in nine-tenths of these compounds, some of the protein principles of Peruvian bark, of which quinia is one and the *best*. Chemistry may experiment on the bark till doomsday, it can never elaborate therefrom a more effective nor harmless agent for the "cure" of malaria than quinia. And no agent in all the domain of materia medica has ever been discovered, or ever *will be* discovered, that possesses the power of quinia to control the *manifestations* of the disease. Cure, it will not—in fact, the cure of malaria is not in the province of drugs, which can only hold the enemy at bay. The cure depends upon personal hygiene, the habits of the individual, his place of residence and labor, which for the purpose of immunity from the evil, must be in a non-malarious locality. Not all the sufferers can live in the Highlands of Manchester, not all can habitually drink from the "Tonica" spring; if they *could* they might eschew drugs and be secure against the common enemy, for there is not the least doubt that such a course will *cure* malarious diseases. Pure air and pure water, natural elements, are all-potent, and you may search creation throughout, you cannot find a more effective *internal* anti-septic agent, that will search out and *clean* out the poison in the blood, than this royal gift of nature, the product of the Highland Tonica Spring.

If a man would "shake" his destiny, and avoid swallowing his inevitable "peck of dirt," let him drink only "Rock" water.

HEALTH IS EASE.

All health is dis-ease. As a rule, a condition of physical comfort means good health. There may be absence of *pain* in disease, as when the nerve centers suffer from grave lesions involving sensibility. The prelude to a fatal issue is frequently the calm of paralysis. The somewhat abrupt transition from organic distress in progressive inflammation to a condition of repose, may signify disorganization, the death of tissue. Such conditions are exceptions to the above rule. In the type of health, the individual is only conscious of a certain harmony of function, with no exaltation of one system or organ of the economy at the expense, or in consequence, of the depression of another, a blending of vital forces with no predominance of any. Persons who have and maintain throughout this equilibrium of vital function are the few examples of longevity. Indeed, they do not *die* at all they *disintegrate* like the "one hoss shay."

Pain is a warning—discomfort an admonition of mischief. Pain is the detective to apprehend the evil, though it sometimes fails, like all detectives. Discomfort, merely, is the general expression of remonstrance to the presence of the material of disease. What is inflammation? a morbid obstructive process, and the effort of nature to remove the offense and repair the injury. What is fever? The phenomena of general disturbance from the presence of the "materies morbi" in the vital fluids of the body. It is a revolt; a resentful effort of nature against the insult of a septic poison in the blood—the disease-germ of modern pathology. And nature is in most cases fully competent to the duty of removing the offender, if not by her own inherent powers, then by the aid of her own resources artificially applied. What better agent has man invented than pure water? Locally applied, with varying temperature to suit the case, what better means have we to abate local inflammation? To meet this indication, no known means are so effective as hot or cold fomentations with water; and in fevers when the action of the poison is to blockade the natural outlets for its elimination, we know of no agent to compare with water in unlocking the excretory systems and facilitating the escape of noxious secretions. Thousands of instances have been cited to us, and personally observed, in which a simple draught of cold water has broken a paroxysm of fever by relieving the tension, on the skin and urinary organs. In fevers, the blood, largely composed of water, parts with that element rapidly through *insensible* perspiration. More water is eliminated through a *dry* and burning skin than in its natural or preternatural moisture. But all the while the *waste* products and the *poison* of the fever are *retained*; organic tension holds its grip on them, till forced to let go by the pressure of the diluted volume of the circulation. We observe that during the fever emaciation is not so apparent as after the crisis has opened the waste-gates and released the sewage. We thus perceive how absolutely cruel it was for our forefathers in medicine to deny their fever patients the refreshing

and curative draught. We honor our Galenic ancestry; they were well-read up to the extreme limits of the science, but they overlooked and rejected the simpler and more effective therapeutics of modern science. In devotion to drugs, they snubbed out alma-mater, our good old "nursing mother," nature.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A paper like the HIGHLAND NEWS, whose circulation is extensive, and independent of its subscription list, is not an advertising medium to turn up the nose at. Our large business connection, our correspondents, and parties having articles of commodity, or special supply to dispose of, begin to recognize the fact that among our ten thousand clients they may find desirable patronage. They *do* say that advertising pays—the advertiser.

TO PAPER MANUFACTURERS.

A new feature shows in this issue of the HIGHLAND NEWS. Prominence is given to the exhibit in our advertising columns of the trade products and specialties associated with the paper-making industry of the country. As the articles or material thus set forth are in current demand we would hereby establish advantageous relations between producer and consumer. The firms represented are well established and reliable and aim to retain the high standards of quality as regards the products they offer. We speak from the test of business acquaintances largely. We hope the interested reader will thoroughly examine their exhibit, and we are sure it will be to the common advantage to extend to them your patronage.

TO THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS PATIENT.

We have, as a member of the profession in active practice for the best part of a quarter century, authority to speak on the subject of drugs. There is not an official agent of standard repute that we have not well tested. Our success in their employment has been limited *only* by the actual qualities and powers of the agents. Weighed in the balances of clinical test, *they are often found wanting*. And our experience is confirmed by the profession. Now, we want to come into conference with the invalid and his medical adviser. If you have run the gamut of drugs, and, as patient, are disheartened, and as, physician, perplexed, we say, kindly, don't part company with each other, but look critically into the nature of the malady, and see if the prompt and patient use of "Tonica Water" will not prove a timely and efficient means of relief, and often cure. We may say, for your encouragement, many of the profession are now faithfully using the water in chronic cases, both to their own and their patients' satisfaction.

The waters are now available to all. If no local agent can be found, an order sent to the proprietors will be promptly attended to.

—REMARKS—

For Bright's, and all other Kidney troubles, Malaria, toning up the blood, improving the appetite, Constipation, Female weaknesses, and as a general tonic, this water stands without a parallel, and the use of from one to three glasses a day, according to age, condition, and complaint, will bring most surprising and satisfactory results.

A little patience should be exercised in aggravated cases, as one bottle of this water or one day's time may not cure what other remedies have failed to do in years.

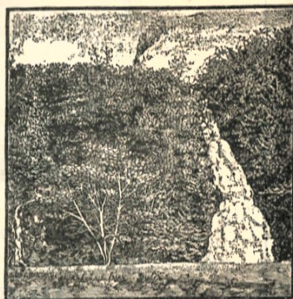
This Mineral Spring Water is not a manufactured water, but perfectly pure as it comes from Nature's fountain, and by the advice of eminent authority is not filtered. The sediment in this bottle is essential to obtain the results sought for.

It is put up by a modern and approved process, and can be kept for an indefinite time.

CASE BROTHERS, Proprietors,

Highland Park, Conn., U. S. A.

HIGHLAND
TRADE MARK, REGISTERED, NOV. 23, 1886.
TONICA WATER.



View in the Highlands, near the Springs.

Mass. Institute of Technology,
Boston, Aug. 1, 1885.

Case Brothers, Gentlemen:—

The sample of Mineral Water received from you for Analysis, contains to the U. S. Gallon:

Sulphate of Potassium.....	0.355	grains.
Carbonate of Potassium.....	0.180	"
Chloride of Sodium.....	0.215	"
Carbonate of Sodium.....	0.345	"
Carbonate of Lime.....	0.512	"
Carbonate of Magnesia.....	0.234	"
Bi-carbonate of Iron.....	0.970	"
Phosphoric Acid.....	0.051	"
Silica.....	0.618	"
Alumina.....	0.093	"
Oxide of Manganese.....	trace.	"
Sulphuretted Hydrogen.....	trace.	"
Organic and Volatile Matter.....	0.510	"
Total.....	4.083	"

The water contains also Carbonic Acid Gas in solution, and is alkaline,

Yours very truly, Lewis M. Norton.

PRICE LIST.

The Highland Tonica Water

IS PUT UP IN BOTTLES ONLY, AND SOLD AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

12 Quarts in a Case, -	\$2.50
24 " " " " " " " " " "	4.50
50 " " " " " " " " " "	8.00
24 Pints " " " " " " " " " "	3.00
50 " " " " " " " " " "	5.50

It is slightly charged at bottling with pure carbonic acid gas, and will retain its remedial qualities for any length of time.

The Highland Rock Water

IS FURNISHED IN BOTTLES, SLIGHTLY CHARGED, AS FOLLOWS:

12 Quarts in a Case, -	\$1.75
24 " " " " " " " " " "	3.00
50 " " " " " " " " " "	5.50
24 Pints " " " " " " " " " "	2.25
50 " " " " " " " " " "	4.00
Bbl., 40 Gallons,	5.00

Delivered "on board" at above prices.

FAC SIMILE OF LABEL OF TONICA WATER.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1887.

GENTLEMEN,—I have carefully observed the effect produced by the Highland Tonica Water in the cases of five patients, and have also had occasion to notice the results of its use in several other instances. Of the five patients, three were affected with malarial fever of a severe character, and were also anemic. One was a case of diabetes mellitus, and one suffered from anemia and general nervous prostration. I think the water truly named Tonica, for it exerted a decidedly tonic effect upon all these patients. I cannot say that it will cure bad cases of malarial fever, though it may, if it is continued long enough, but it certainly put the patients into a better position to resist the inroads of the disease; and it is certainly a sovereign remedy for anemia, and is more efficacious in diabetes than any other remedy I have tried. I regard it as outranking Vichy for all kidney diseases. Its chemical constituents would indicate this result. A longer experience may, and probably will, develop other virtues in this really valuable mineral water.

L. P. BROCKET, M. D.
To the CASE BROTHERS,
Highland Park, Conn.

Dyspepsia.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 12, 1886.

Messrs. Case Brothers, South Manchester, Conn.:
GENTS,—In answer to yours of the 9th inst., I am happy to inform you that the Highland Tonica Water has entirely cured me of one of the worst forms of dyspepsia, from which I had been suffering three years. At the time I commenced its use I was forty pounds below my usual weight; could not eat any solids of any kind; and in spite of the best medical aid that money could buy, was gradually growing weaker day by day. I have used three cases of the water, and now enjoy the best of health, in fact am a well man again, and I sincerely hope that you place this great remedy in reach of all who have suffered as I have.

Most respectfully yours, S. L. HOLT.
Mr. Holt is one of the well-known firm of S. L. Holt & Co., dealers in steam engines and boilers, Sudbury Street.

HARTFORD, CONN., Aug. 27, 1888.

I have used Highland Tonica Water as a tonic, and have found it to be all that could be desired. It has done for me what other tonics (so called) have failed to do.

FRANK J. KNOX.

NORWICH, CONN., July 24, 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—I cannot say too much for the health giving properties of your Highland Tonica Water. I am taking it regularly, and am decidedly better—like a new man—headache all gone, sleep good, no trouble with pain in stomach, can eat anything; my family are also using it. I have presented several bottles to friends, who are experiencing most beneficial results therefrom. I am sure that when its wonderful properties become known it must come into general use.

I am yours very truly,
RUFUS SIBLEY,
Pres't "The Sibley Machine Co."

MERIDEN, CONN., Aug. 13, 1888.

Messrs Case Bros.:
Acute rheumatic fever assaulted me last winter. When the fever had been broken, my physician, Dr. Nickerson of Meriden, advised me to obtain a case of your Tonica Water. I did as advised, and you deserve the excellent but unsolicited report of the effect of the water upon me. I was greatly weakened by the fever, and was apparently very near the "Gates Ajar." I found the Tonica to be a very helpful water, showing its excellent properties in the relief afforded to both stomach and kidneys. I drank freely of it, and it did for me just what the physician expected it to do—cleansed out the physical system, and imparted a healthy tone to the repairing forces.

I commend your Tonica as having done excellent things for me; and before long I must journey to your springs to drink more, not now for disease, but for the pleasure of the water.

Yours very truly,
REV. ISAAC R. WHELOCK.

NO. 574 LEXINGTON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, June 10, 1886.

MESSRS. C. W. BARNES & CO.:

Gentlemen,—I have used and prescribed the Tonica Water, and find it all you promised it to be. People of sedentary habits, troubled with constipation, flatulency, and distended abdomen should drink Tonica to be cured.

Yours respectfully,
DR. MOUNT.

**INVESTIGATE!
HIGHLAND**

TONICA WATER. ROCK WATER.

WILL CURE

BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,
DIABETES, CATARRH OF THE BLADDER,
CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION,
SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ALL FORMS OF
MALARIA, and FEMALE WEAKNESSES.

As a Blood Tonic and Purifier it is Unequaled.

Read the following Analysis:

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, August 1, 1885.
CASE BROTHERS, Gentlemen:—
The sample of MINERAL WATER received from you for Analysis, contains to the U. S. Gallon:

Sulphate of Potassium.....	0.355	GRAINS.
Carbonate of Potassium.....	0.180	"
Chloride of Sodium.....	0.215	"
Carbonate of Sodium.....	0.345	"
Carbonate of Lime.....	0.512	"
Carbonate of Magnesia.....	0.234	"
Bicarbonate of Iron.....	0.970	"
Phosphoric Acid.....	0.051	"
Silica.....	0.618	"
Alumina.....	0.093	"
Oxide of Manganese.....	trace.	"
Sulphuretted Hydrogen.....	trace.	"
Organic and Volatile Matter.....	0.510	"
Total.....	4.083	"

The water contains also Carbonic Acid Gas in solution, and is alkaline.
Yours very truly, LEWIS M. NORTON.

ROCK WATER.

The Climax of Table Waters.

FLOWING FROM A NATURAL SPRING.
HEALTHFUL, INVIGORATING,
REFRESHING, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE,
UNEQUALLED IN QUALITY,
AND UNPARALLELED IN PURITY.

It Tones the System and Prevents Disease

Read the following Analysis:

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, September 12, 1885.
CASE BROTHERS, Gentlemen:—
I have examined the SPRING WATER you sent me, and beg to submit the results: The results are expressed in grains to the U. S. Gallon:

Silica.....	0.406	GRAINS.
Alumina.....	0.023	"
Carbonate of Lime.....	0.370	"
Sulphate of Potash.....	0.075	"
Carbonate of Potash.....	0.075	"
Chloride of Sodium.....	0.315	"
Carbonate of Soda.....	0.199	"
Carbonate of Magnesia.....	0.180	"
Volatile Matter of Water.....	0.583	"
Total solids left upon evaporation.....	2.596	"

The water is very pure and admirably adapted to drinking purposes. It is unusually free from Ammonia and nitrogenous substances, furnishing upon analysis:
Free Ammonia..... 0.0013 GR. PER GAL.
Albuminoid Ammonia..... 0.00099
Yours very truly, LEWIS M. NORTON.

GENERAL DEPOT AT THE SPRINGS,
Where further information may be had.

CASE BROTHERS,

Sole Proprietors,
HIGHLAND PARK, CONN.

A. WELLS CASE.

A. WILLARD CASE.

**CASE BROTHERS,
Highland Mills, Chaplin Mills,**

MANUFACTURERS OF:

Press-Papers, Jacquard Cards,
Manilla Paper, Colored Mill-Wrappers, Etc.

HIGHLAND PARK, - - CONN.

CASE MANUFACTURING CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF:

RED EXPRESS AND UNBLEACHED MANILLAS,

MILL AT UNIONVILLE, CONN.

P. O. Address, Highland Park, Conn.

JOHN W. CRAY & COMPANY,

AND THE

Hartford Rubber Works Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HOSE, BELTING, PACKINGS, Etc.,

And Dealers in Mill Supplies,

272 Asylum Street,

HARTFORD, CONN.

BOSTON BELTING CO.

NEW YORK. Established 1828. BOSTON.

256 to 260 Devonshire Street, BOSTON.

100 Chambers Street, NEW YORK.

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2 and 4 California Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

ORIGINAL MANUFACTURERS.

Rubber Belting, Hose, Packings. Rubber Rolls—Press, Sizing, Couch.

DECKLE STRAPS. FIRE HOSE—RUBBER, COTTON, LINEN.

Sole Manufacturers "IMPERIAL" Sewed Rubber Belting.

HUYCK & ARGERSINGER,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

THE POPULAR**Kenwood Felts and Jackets,**

ALBANY, N. Y.

H. C. HIGGINSON,

Manufacturer of all grades of the

*Celebrated Pearl Pulp, Silesian White, Clays,
Sulphate of Lime, and Terra Albas,*

Prepared especially for Paper Makers' Use.

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

**HEMINGWAY & CO.,
COLORS,**80 Water Street, - New York City,
60 Mark Lane, - - London, Eng.

— MINES.—	} — WORKS.—
Winford, Somersetshire.	
	Old Palace Mills, Bromley, West Ferry Mills, Millwall, Marsh Gate Mills, Stratford, Ammanford Color Works, S. Wales.

JOHN H. LYON & CO.,

Importers and Dealers in all grades of

PAPER STOCK,

And Dealers and Packers of all grades of

Woolens for Shoddy and Flock Purposes.

OFFICE, 10 and 12 READE STREET.

WAREHOUSE, 35 PARK STREET, NEW YORK.

CARPENTER & BARTLETT,

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Paper Stock, Cotton and Wollen Rags, and Old Metals.

WIPING WASTE SUPPLIED IN ANY QUANTITIES.

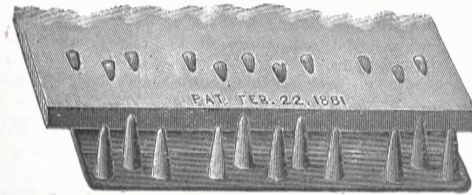
190 Front Street, - Hartford, Conn.

W. O. CARPENTER.

E. S. BARTLETT

Thacher Patent Belt Fastener.

DURABILITY, ECONOMY, and STRENGTH.

Better Adapted for Paper Mills than any other.
IT PAYS FOR ITSELF IN 24 HOURS' USE.Manufactured by THE CLAFLEN MANFG. CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.**FRANK J. KNOX,**

Supplies for

STEAM, GAS, WATER, MILLS, AND ENGINES,**STEAM AND GAS FITTERS' TOOLS,**

Leather Belting, Lace Leather. - - Pipe Cut and Threaded to Sketch.

316 PEARL ST., HARTFORD, CONN.

Telephone Call, 93-5.

R. J. WADDELL & CO.,

52 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

English and Venetian Reds, Oxides,

FRENCH AND AMERICAN OCHRES, UMBERS,

AND DRY COLORS.

CLARK & IVES,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Cotton and Woolen Rags,

PAPER STOCK AND METALS.

Nos. 13 to 21 Long Wharf, - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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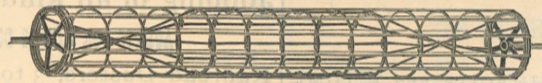
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