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VOLUME XVIII. NEWTOWN, CONN., FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1895.—EIGHT PAGES. NUMBER 12.

THE IMMENSE STOCK OF THE

WATERBURY FURNITURE CO.,

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Remember we also keep in stock many kinds of Pumps—Iron Sinks—Lead and Iron Pipe and are ready to take contracts for Tinning, Plumbing and House Heating either by Hot Air Steam or Hot Water. Yours,

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We have purchased at a very low figure, 3000 pairs of shoes—Ladies', Misses' and Children's—saved from the fire which, on December 31, destroyed the big shoe factory of Little, Maxwell & Co, Castle Square, Boston. A few of these goods are slightly scorched, but the great majority are but just touched by water and smoke, receiving no real injury whatever. The whole purchase is now on sale and the prices will cause this sale to be of short duration.

W. K. Mollan,

384 MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT, CONN

OUR SPRING STOCK OF CLOTHING WILL BE READY FOR YOUR INSPECTION NEXT WEEK.

LEVY BROTHERS,

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211 Main Street. Danbury, Conn.

A. G. Baker's March Adv't.

WE are about entering a new era, the month of March. Did you ever see any thing like it? Echo answers, no, never. Like Tribby's toot, "there's not another like it in all Paris—except its mate," and there's nothing like March except a little connecting period each year between February and April. Mud and slush. Freeze and unfreeze. Measles and high winds. Malaria and snow squalls. Cold sores and corkscrew shaped cyclonic breezes mingled in equal parts with bad smells and coal ashes. Dust and angry wind seat straight from the shoulder, accompanied by barn doors, skylights and profanity, dismembered umbrellas, more dust and the grip, until not one of us can see the beam in our brother's eye on account of the presence of beams and motes and such like in our own eyes. Then comes a deluge and a general thaw all along the line, and suddenly the whole bottom drops out of the egg market and all the principal roads in town. The ice breaks up in the river and, accompanied by most of the bridges and rail fences, moves on to victory and tidewater. Such a breaking down and demolition of party lines especially along the bottom lands has been paralleled at no other season of the year and in no other instance except during the late municipal elections in New York city. The old brown hen, our favorite hen, steals a nest and surreptitious hatches out chicks which these sudden freezes send to untimely graves. Surface and snow water find the level of our cellars through numerous winding rat holes, and the water from our crystal spring resembles in color and taste the drippings of a tan vat. Unministerial expressions come to the front in the best of families and trials and tribulations seem to rise and fall ad infinitum until we feel almost eager to say amen to the old man's fervent supplication of "O Lord, if thou wilt but see fit to take care of me through this month of March, I will agree to take care of myself all the rest of the time." This is the month we watch with interest the passage to more congenial climes of the wild goose overhead and the chilblain under foot. Every cloud has its silver lining and so doing the month of March the poor furniture man who has passed wearily through the long dull months of winter is cheered by the thought that now is the appointed time when every thrifty housekeeper rouses from her lethargic sleep and searches the country far and near for the most desirable place to purchase her spring carpets and needed articles of furniture, and right here we rise to remark that we have a stock on hand and daily arriving that has never been equalled since we began business. An elegant line of carpets in all grades at prices lower than was ever reached before Ninety new and desirable patterns just received. We keep the back numbers carefully weeded out of our furniture, and you will get new designs if you buy of us. We don't claim to be any smarter, shrewder or better business mangers than anybody else, but we do claim most emphatically that while we are away out in the tall grass and big timber the many and great advantages of our location enable us to handle a large stock of furniture on a smaller expense than any other live man in the state can do it to-day. That you can't go anywhere from anywhere on the cars without going through Hawleyville is as true as the familiar quotation "that all roads lead to Rome." Now don't be hasty in your purchase this spring, but look us as others over carefully before you buy. Now this last was the main and principal point we wished to make to start with. Took us an everlasting long time to make it, didn't it? But didn't you ever notice that the point of most everything is quite apt to be clear out on the end? You never can bayonet a pig gracefully with the first end or middle of your gun.

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LISTEN TO OUR TALE OF PRICES.

We have a large line of Men's Sack Suits which are handsome, stylish and perfect fitting, in both light and dark patterns at $6.50 which will wear and give as good satisfaction as suits usually sold elsewhere at $8.50 and $10; style single or double breasted.

Our Men's Sack Suits at $8.50 and $10 in every desirable style of goods offers an opportunity for bargains found only in our stores.

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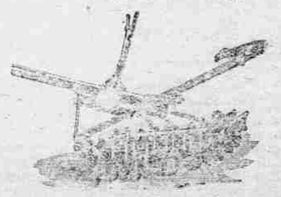

Every farmer should have one for this Harrow does its work just as the hand spade does by cutting into and lifting up the soil, thereby disintergrating and aerating it, giving the same fine culture to broad fields that the gardner does to his narrow garden; and special investigation and extended inquiry have only confirmed our opinion that it is the coming implement for pulverizing the soil, and that as now perfected it is unquestionably the best and cheapest harrow ever invented

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Affairs About Town.

THROUGH THE HALLS OF THE ALHAMBRA.

A SPANISH PROMISE.—AMERICAN TOURISTS THROUGH THE STREETS OF MALAGA.—OFF FOR THE ALHAMBRA.—GREAT MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS AND CANONS.—OLIVE TREES AND CACTI.—GRANADA AND ITS BEGGARS.—THE ALHAMBRA, A POEM IN DOMES AND ARCHES.—WHAT IF ITS WALLS COULD SPEAK!—ON TO THE EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS.

There is always one word in every language which a traveler hears morning, noon and night, a word which men use and women repeat and children babble, a word, which hearing, you know immediately in what country you are. The Englishman calls the fogs of London "nashty;" the Frenchman thinks the vale of Chamouni "very pretty;" and the Spaniard says in relation to every plan or project or promise, "To-morrow." The Spaniard never promises to do anything to-day; that would be to be in too much of a hurry; that would be to be in indecent haste and to lose his reputation as a Spaniard. So the passengers on the "Friesland" were in no way surprised to learn that when, because of losing our anchor-chain at Gibraltar, our vessel came into Malaga in the early morning some hours behind our scheduled time, the railroad authorities stoutly refused to transport the party to Granada and affirmed that the trip must be made "to-morrow." Still, this was only another proof in our journeyings that all things are bound to work together for good to Americans who are off on a pleasure expedition and are set on making the best of it, come what will. Through the obstinacy of the railroad officials we paid a visit to the city of Malaga; and, had they been somewhat obliging, we would have missed this sight

What a beautiful view it was that Tuesday morning, February 19, when we lay off the harbor of Malaga. There was the city clustered along the edge of the sea, and, behind the city, as a magnificent background rose spurs of the Sierra Nevadas. On one knoll rested an old Moorish castle, and high above all surrounding buildings stood the clock tower of the great cathedral of Malaga. Most beautiful of all was the purple veil that hung over the mountains and robed them in an azure hue.

Will any of us forget that disembarking!

OUR SHIP IS A BIG ONE,

and the harbors of the Mediterranean are not as the harbor of New York; all our landing must be in small boats, reached by the gangway of a long ladder over the ship's side. "Now's yer time," so called out the second officer; and, supported on either side, with three or four Spaniards holding the lighter as well as they could to the ladder, a lady would jump—just then the lighter was on the billow's crest—and, if all went well, would land safely in the boat, while a great shout went up from friends on the ship's deck above. But this was not all: such a hullabaloo and tempest of shouting as was kept up by the Spaniards trying to hold the small small craft fast! "Cumba! Muchitano! Riviera! Ah yimenos!" The fashion of talking Spanish (O natives, save the mark!) became very popular, and soon almost every passenger was joining in the general melee and giving his commands.

Malaga is a fine city, surprisingly so When you see from the ship what seems a small collection of houses, you at once put it down in your mental note-book as a dirty, straggling Spanish town. It is not. The streets are clean, scrupulously so; they almost look as if they had been scrubbed with brush and Sapolio. The business blocks are solid and substantial; few better are found in our American cities of which we so much boast. I wish that you, my dear reader, had been there, that you had just been privileged to stand on the sidewalk of Malaga and watch the procession go by. Clark's tourists passed through the Malaga streets in carriages that stretched for half a mile or more, and the inhabitants of Malaga turned out en masse to witness the sight. This city has one peculiarity; that is, every window of every house, no matter how humble the house, no matter how high above the pavement the windows, has its little balcony where the dwellers in the house are wont to sit and see what is going on. On this grand occasion these balconies were occupied, in fact, they were crowded; and what fun the people had! One look at us was enough to draw forth a smile that played upon the lips; another look elicited a grin that affected every feature in the face; a third glance threw into convulsions of laughter that shook the whole body and made the laughers hold their sides. Well,

IF ONLY SOME REAL GOOD FUN

can be brought into the midst of the sad scenes of this world, I suppose that most of us are willing to play the clown.

Wednesday, February 20, came the greatest day of the entire "Friesland" cruise. It was greatest in the sense that it was longest; it was a day of full 24 hours, and one can hardly be longer than that. Our party left the ship at 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning, and they crawled into their little bunks again at 3 o'clock on Thursday morning, having been on the go every moment of the time. It was a rather novel experience, disembarking in those wee, sma' hours; but tourists soon fall into the line of doing very peculiar and strange things, things that they would pronounce heathenish at home.

When we reached the Malaga shore in that dim twilight, we found our Spanish train awaiting us. And such a train! At first sight it looked like playing at railroad travel instead of going into the business with the idea of getting somewhere. The train was composed of compartment cars. Each car contained three compartments wholly separated from each other, the entrance being at the sides. Two cushioned seats hold eight persons sitting vis-a-vis. It is certainly an exclusive way of traveling; you may be freed from the annoyance of the squalling baby who once in a while takes it into his head to travel in the American railway coach, and yet you may get in very close proximity to that obstreperous bit of humanity and be wholly unable to get out. Once you are in your compartment, the ubiquitous guard comes along and shuts you in; and there you are, for better for worse, for more or for less time, until his royal majesty chooses to let you out. The traveling companions in our compartment happened to be a congenial set; we did not argue religion, politics, and no one ventured the assertion that he was not really sea-sick on that awful first Thursday night; and so we all preserved our good temper and got along very well.

There is

SOME WONDERFUL SCENERY IN SPAIN;

those who have traveled far and therefore speak excathedra say that no country in the world of its size combines such variety of wild mountain heights, smiling valleys and pleasant dells. On the way to Granada our train passed through some mountain scenery that was thrilling; and we were kept jumping from side to side of the car as the exclamations were heard: "Oh, look at that! See down there! Isn't that grand?" Yes, it was "down there," for hundreds and hundreds of feet below was a foaming torrent tumbling and pouring through a deep gorge; and up there was a height—the train ran so close to its base that we could not see the top. In the distance of a few miles we whizzed through 17 tunnels, and the water rushing down the dark sides suggested to us that we were piercing into the bowels of the earth.

Often when an old New Englander has been for years a resident of "the wild and woolly West," he comes back to his native heather and, espying the first stone-wall, exclaims, "Home, sweet home!" There is no such suggestion in Spain for one with fond memories of the New England hills. There are walls, once in a while you see them, but they are not stone walls; they are mostly walls of cacti—think of it!—and they are all along the railroad track. Then a Yankee misses his New England forests, those miles along rough roads where you have only the company of stumps and trees. There are plenty of trees in Spain, that is, in the part we passed through; but they grow in little clumps or stand in rows in beautiful orchards. If I am not mistaken, the editor-in-chief of THE BEE has a slight fondness for olives. I am glad to relieve any disturbance of mind he may have by assuring him that there are enough olives growing in Spain this very month to supply his gastronomical apparatus for the rest of his natural life. Indeed, where all the olives that are raised in Spain go is an enigma that I cannot solve. In our run of 70 miles from Malaga to Granada we passed hundreds of olive orchards. One of the ministers in our compartment assured us that he had just eaten his "three," and so there would be no lack in the demand for all the olives Spain could produce in the future. Then there are almond trees—they are all in blossom now—and immense date palms, and great orange groves. We sampled the native oranges in Malaga; and hereafter when the street vender in America utters his old cry, "Here you go! 25 oranges for a quarter! All sweet!" I'll not believe him; for

I NEVER TASTED SWEET ORANGES BEFORE.

At 2 in the afternoon our train reached Granada; and we were at once hurried off in carriages to the Alhambra, for the time for sight-seeing was getting short. As usual, all the population of the place were out to see the American tourists. They probably never saw such a sight before, and probably never will again; for I doubt if so large a party of sight-seers ever repeat this expedition. My Appleton's guide-book states that Granada has a population of 100,000. This gives the wrong impression, and I blame my guide-book for that; Granada may have a population of 100,000, but 75,000 of them are beggars. That we escaped the hands of these Hittites and Perizzities and Jebusites who beset us behind and before and poured upon us an enfilading fire with their cries of "Mureta," which still sound in my ears, I count one of the happy deliverances which a kind Providence granted us.

The Alhambra is situated on a lofty plateau overlooking the town of Granada. It is reached by a road winding up a steep hillside lined on either side with trees and parterres of aromatic shrubs. The Alhambra! do you think I can describe it? Ah, no; it took a Washington Irving with a bewitching style that flowed out into all the graces of diction to do that. The Alhambra is not a thing to be exactly described; it is a poem to be recited, a song to be sung, a dream to carry away into realms of meditation and repose. There is one idea of the Alhambra which I had, and which I therefore imagine most other strangers have, which idea is wrong. The Alhambra is not a single building; it is a great collection of irregular buildings. The walls enclosing these buildings are nearly half a mile long and one-eighth of a mile wide; and in these walls watch-towers are set, for that is what the Alhambra originally was, it was a fortification of the Moors. The Alhambra was begun in the year 1222 and took about 100 years in building.

WHEN YOU LOOK AT ITS GRACEFUL MINARETS

and towers, its beautiful colonnades, its domes that entrance you, its fountains that still play; when you stand captivated by the wealth of color and tinting, the stucco work so delicate in design, so wonderful in its conception; when the guides tell you that much of that work represents a lost art that cannot be reproduced to-day—you long to know something about this marvellous people, the Moors, who suddenly rise into such prominence, whose armies swept all before them, whose work stands even now the despair of the great artists of the world, the people who once threatened to be masters of a world-embracing empire, but who suddenly fell from their position of glory and are now counted among the obscure nations of mankind. Afterwards we see the descendants of these builders of the Alhambra in the streets of Algiers. The trace of power and strength is still visible in their features; but it is power in ruins, it is strength in decay. It is the old, old story which tells the decadence of the nations, how Babylon fell from her glory and how Rome ceased to be mistress of the world. They gave themselves over to profligacy and all manner of defilement; they forgot the fact that righteousness becometh an individual; that ruin must be the end ever of that race or people whose God is not the Lord.

The Court of the Lions is called the pearl of the Alhambra. It is in the centre of the palace. The court is paved with colored tiles; and in its midst is a fountain, the basin made of oriental alabaster and supported on the backs of 12 lion-like creatures, from which the court receives its name. Above the arches supheld by the slender marble columns of the colonnade are small escutcheons, enamelled blue and gold, each bearing an Arabic motto, which is said to be read "No conqueror but God." Every one finds in this great pile some hall or chamber that proves peculiarly charming to him; the selection is largely a matter of taste. I found especial delight in the Hall of Repose. In this room the Moorish princesses and ladies of rank gathered after the bath and leisurely sipped chocolate or tea, while a band discoursed sweet music in the galleries above. The colors in the frescoes of this room have been retouched, so as to represent as nearly as may be the original.

THE EFFECT IS BEAUTIFUL.

Standing there, you are carried back in thought into the days of old; brave, armoved knights and ladies fair and the music of revelry—all these come about as with the enchantment of a delightful dream. There is one thought that comes to your mind at every footstep through these halls; it is this: what if these ancient walls could speak, what stories would they tell? what scenes have they witnessed? Why, in this, the Hall of the Ambassadors, they say the gracious Queen Isabella first took Columbus by the hand and gave him, when nigh despairing, the words of encouragement that sent him forth bravely on his voyage over trackless seas; and now our feet are pressing that very spot! And in this room, they say, 29 traitorous fellows were mercilessly butchered, their heads

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