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Since the Lexow investigation closed Dr. Parkhurst has been indorsed by both Byrnes and Williams. And yet he is not entirely satisfied.

A hundred tons of cats' tails were sold in one lot in London recently, to be used in ornamenting the wearing apparel of Lovely Woman.

The great De Lesseps Panama ditch is a melancholy wreck. The wharves are falling into the water and acres of machinery are rusting to dissolution. On the isthmus are nearly 1,000 miles of steel track with locomotives, and thousands of dump carts, now half hidden in the tropical growth. Seventy-six great steam shovels stand side by side in the excavation buried in luxuriant vegetation.

The right of possession of the engagement ring has engaged the attention of the courts of justice of the land to a marked extent during the past two months. In New York state it has been decided that the ring belongs to the donor, the decision being essentially the same as that recently pronounced in Vermont. On the other hand, the English courts some time ago decided that an engagement ring is not recoverable under any circumstances.

India is getting nearer to England year by year. New and faster steamers have been put upon the P. and O. line and letters are now delivered in London twelve days after their departure from Bombay. The mail, of course, travels across the continent by rail to Brindisi, a route which would not be available for the transportation of troops in the event of war. The troops could be carried from Great Britain to India, it is believed, in eighteen days.

It is related that a woman who recently picked up a few pebbles from the walk in front of the tomb of Washington was rather set back by seeing a workman come up with a wheelbarrow full of gravel, which he dumped on the spot. Apprehensive that her souvenirs might have no historical significance, she inquired: "Have you—have you fixed up the place that way recently?" and received the reply: "Bless you, miss, we have to do this about every two weeks so's the tourists can have something to carry away for mementums."

Cremation is making progress in Massachusetts. During the year ending December 30, 1894, bodies were cremated by the Massachusetts Cremation society, which is a larger number than has been cremated in the first year at any other crematory in the world except the one at San Francisco. The chapel is still incomplete, and it will be necessary to sell the 2,300 shares of stock still in the treasury before it can be finished. But interest in this better method of disposing of the dead steadily grows. It is now clear that one hundred cremations a year, bringing in \$3,000, will meet the running expenses of the society in Boston.

Swend Foy, known as the founder of whale catching on a large scale in Norway, and the inventor of the harpoon cannon, died in Tonsberg, Norway, the other day, aged eighty-five. It was due to his invention, in which a peculiar kind of ball was used, generating gas after it entered the body of the animal, and preventing it from sinking, that whale fishing became so great an industry in the north. Foy was a wealthy and influential man, and one of the most popular citizens of Norway. It was on one of his boats last year that the German Emperor went on a whale hunt. His majesty was extremely fond of the blunt old fisherman, and distinguished him in several ways.

SPEAKER FESSENDEN. The Hon. Samuel Fessenden was nominated for Speaker of the house in the caucus held last evening, as everybody who knew the situation expected he would be. He will be an efficient guide and ruler of the house. It is not probable that he can satisfy everybody in making up his committees. The only men who could do that are, by some strange chance, never given the opportunity. But Mr. Fessenden will do as well as he can in the difficult matter,

and will undoubtedly try to fairly consider all the "claims" of persons and localities. He will have an interesting time while he is doing it. There ought to be more "important" committees, or fewer "important" legislators.

A DEMOCRAT. "I am a Democrat," said David B. Hill, and all who like to see a man stand up and say he is anything applauded. We suppose that Hill is still a Democrat, although the other day he accepted an invitation from President Cleveland to eat, drink and be merry with him. But however stiff Hill's Democratic backbone may be it cannot be stiffer than was the Democratic backbone of a humble citizen of Maine who died last week. He had voted the Democratic ticket ever since he began to vote. He had fought a good fight in his own obscure way against great odds in Republican Maine. He had not been overwhelmed by the oft-recurring and persistent waves of defeat. And when the great tidal wave of Republicanism rolled over him he was not conquered. With unbroken pride and unimpaired consistency he shook himself clear of the flood and stood up still a Democrat. But though he gave no sign of weakness then, the shock was apparently a fatal one, for he died the other day. And death found him what life had seen him—a Democrat. With almost his last breath he announced his unwavering adherence to the principles of Democracy and directed that nobody but Democrats should help carry his Democratic corpse to its last resting place.

This man had the great merit of being something and the great knowledge of knowing what he was. His tombstone should have on it, "Here lies a Democrat." And let us hope that it, through abounding mercy, there is a corner in Heaven for Democrats, this eminently persistent and consistent one may have the felicity of being in it.

NOT GAMBLING. It has long been known in a general way that playing cards for money in a high-toned club room is not gambling, and now comes a definite decision to that effect. The decision was given by the Pennsylvania board of pardons for the instruction of the governor. Charles F. Beyer, president of the Allegheny City Eagle Hunting and Fishing Club, was convicted as a gambler on charges that he and others had played cards in the rooms of the club. He is the son of Irwin Beyer, president of the National Lead Trust. The sentence of Beyer was eight months imprisonment and a fine of \$3,000. Application was made to Governor Pattison for a pardon, which, under the Pennsylvania law, was referred to the board of pardons, created for the purpose of deciding on cases where pardons should be issued. The case attracted great public attention, from the prominent position of the defendant and from the effect which the governor's action would have on the administration of club affairs. In their decision of the case the board said that in the clubrooms there was none of the paraphernalia or outfit of a gambling house; that playing cards for money was not a regular and constant habit of members of the club, and that the games played were of the same character as those played under similar circumstances in most of the social and political clubs and on railroad trains throughout the country. They advised Governor Pattison that the anti-gambling law of the state had not been violated.

The idea seems to be that gambling is not gambling when it is not gambling. Nothing could be clearer.

FASHION NOTES. Set Off With Furled Festoons. Broadcloth gowns in black are made over cerise silk lining. Vandykes of black thread lace are let in at the belt, the points reaching down, and through the lace the cerise shows. Vandykes are set in at the belt, extending up, giving a corresponding finish to the bodice, which shows no other touch of the color except at the throat.

Green and gray is a cold sort of combination, especially when white is added, but just put it on a richly colored brunette and it won't seem cold. The simple dress shown is made of myrtle green cloth trimmed with narrow bands of sable and golden brown satin ribbon. Its skirt is four yards wide and is banded around the bottom with fur. The top is trimmed with fur festoons to match the bodice, the latter being made entirely of bias material. It hooks in the back, the opening being



hidden by a plain satin plastron similar to that in front. The satin is draped for the front, and fur festoons start from it, as shown. It is like in the back and front and has a plain standing collar. Walking skirts are all of comfortable, jaunty walking length. Little trimming is seen on street skirts, unless it be a band of fur at the edge of the gown. The round and round effects of last winter are all gone by. It is whispered that she is wearing high boots again and that above them the stockings no longer shows discreetly black, but that it may be any color of the rainbow that she most affects. The long glove now fastens by lacing all the way up and it must not come together, but the lacing must form a lattice through which the pretty pink flesh shows. Long vandykes of thread lace are let in along the long tops of handsome gloves and the backs of the latest ones are elaborately embroidered and even jeweled. FLORETTE.

UNBALANCED. "What caused your bookkeeper's downfall?" "Lost his balance."—Rochester Democrat.

Penelope—Mr. Goldrocks has never paid me any attention, but he danced with me five times last night. Phyllis (jealous)—Oh, well, it was a charity ball, you know.—Brooklyn Life.

Mr. Sargent (knowingly)—It is said that the Lord never made two women alike. Sargent (happily)—Of course He didn't, or you would never hear of a man getting married twice.—Harlem Life.

Teacher—What is the meaning of the phrase: Adding insult to injury? Tommy—Why, it's like mamma sending me into the garden to cut a switch for her to whip me with.—Philadelphia Record.

Rejected Suitor—If you are ever in trouble send for me and I will ever befriend you. Filtrina—I am in trouble now. "Ah! and I am here already." "Yes, that is the trouble."—Boston Courier.

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told him. "If I'd always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"—Tid-Bits.

Mistress—What in the world is the matter with the winks? Nurse—Sure I don't know; but from the way they've been frettin' and cryin' all day it's my opinion that they've mixed themselves up and can't tell which is which.—Good News.

Mother-in-law—How are you two coming on? Daughter-in-law—First rate, ma. We never quarrel. "Has he given up drinking and smoking as he promised?" "No, ma, but he has taught me how to drink and smoke."—Texas Sitings.

"His mother-in-law has gone to see him again." "I shouldn't think she would." "Why not?" "He called her an old cat the last time she was to see him." "Well, she justifies the name—the cat came back, you know."—New York Press.

Sir George—Look here, John! My lady complains that when you see her in the street you never salute her. What do you mean by it? John—Boragin' your pardin, Sir George, but in a book on etymology which I possess it is set down that the lady ought to bow first.—Household Words.

"Never mind," said the emancipated woman, "I'll be in Congress making laws yet, while you will be a mere nobody." "I hope you will," replied the meek sufferer. "I hope you will go to Congress. That's one place where you will have a little trouble in getting the last word."—Washington Star.

Canvasser—You don't seem to have much faith in life insurance, Mr. Dooley. Mr. Dooley (excitedly)—Phy shouldn't! Look at my poor brother, who's risked his soul for a few dollars here and there. He's laid down and does look any one else; and phut does the company do but give his widdy two-tousand dollars to gallivant 'tween wid' another husband?—Puck.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Great Political Victory Carries With It Equally Great Responsibilities. To the Editor of the JOURNAL AND COURIER: To say that the accession of a great political party to the control of public affairs in the state of Connecticut carries with it equally great responsibilities, is to utter a truism. It does indeed carry heavy responsibilities which it cannot evade, even if so disposed, and duties which it will not be permitted to neglect.

We do not believe, however, that either Governor Coffin or the great party which has elected him to office will ever be found disposed to shirk the one or to neglect the other. We believe the governor will embrace the earliest opportunity to call the attention of the legislature to the great importance—nay, to the practical necessity which exists to guard the state treasury with greater care against the depredations of designing men of any party. To that end, we hope he will recommend the repeal of all laws, the real design of which was to put money into the pockets of partisans on the poor pretence of serving the public interest by doing what the public interest does not require, and never did require, and which it cannot be shown has ever been of the slightest benefit to the people of Connecticut; on the contrary, there is now in force just such a law; one which has caused the annual expenditure for many years of thousands of dollars for no better purpose than the support of some persons incompetent, whose every official act stands forth in testimony against them, and in condemnation of the law.

This obnoxious law, and others like it, were passed through the active aid of the lobby, who ever heard of a lobbyist working without pay? Who said these working members of the third "House"? The fact is, the capital of Connecticut has been for so many years within speaking distance of Tammany Hall, and in such close relations with the Hills and the Maynards of the State of New York, that it would only be the natural result if our own legislators should in the last few years have learned to perfection all the tricks that Tammany ever knew. Lately we have gone them one better. One of our latest most fetching tricks was to put through the last legislature a bill that would take enough money from the State to pay annual salaries to the eight lobbyists who "buzzed" the legislature, besides

giving a fat salary, with no work, to the quiet gentleman who occupies the chair at home, and patiently stands ready as before, to be plucked for his party's expenses—well knowing that after all, it's the State that pays. I have no quarrel with lobbyists. They could do no harm, if the people are honest. And I fully agree with you, Mr. Editor, and with all other honest men, that if the republican party expects to keep the control, as they ought and may do for the next generation, they must change their tactics—and do it at once. We have always been the party of good intentions. But the first thing we have to do now, is to repeal promptly all our present laws (and they are several) that have had for their real purpose the support of people whose services have never been of any benefit to the State.

J. TRUMBULL. New Haven, Jan. 8, 1895.

THE NEW HAVEN OF FLORIDA.

A Fertile Region—Oranges, Pineapples, Bananas, Alligators, Frost, etc., etc. To the Editor of the JOURNAL AND COURIER: Rockledge, Jan. 5, 1895.

I have just spent a week in this new New Haven, as it really ought to be called, for a New Haven colony has been planted on the shores of Indian river, and the sons of our city have chosen the fairest and richest spot in the sunny peninsula. The scenery is of the finest in Florida; the winter weather is a perpetual June. It is one of the most fertile spots in the state; it is in the very heart of the orange region. The finest oranges in the world are raised on the Indian river. The idea that one gets of Florida riding on the railway train from Jacksonville to Rockledge is very disappointing. There is the same endless stretch of pines, and palmettos, with scarcely a cultivated spot, except in the vicinity of the few villages one passes. When you have seen one mile you have seen the whole, but there is a delightful change at Rockledge. It seems like stepping from the desert into a garden. This is hardly an exaggeration, for in all the world of horticulture I know of no sight so surprising, or so thrilling, as an orange grove. We are all familiar with the color of oranges, and about as much so with the color of the orange leaves, a deep glossy green, but none the less the combination, when the orange trees are loaded with fruit, is an effect in color which is surprising in the extreme. Having seen many of the botanical gardens in the tropics, I do not hesitate to say that an orange grove is the most beautiful, as well as the most surprising sight in tropical vegetation. It is one, though we know its colors beforehand, which is never anticipated.

Few people have any idea how heavily the orange trees bear. One of the first groves I visited, was that of our well known fellow townsman, Allan D. Baldwin. He has about eleven acres of trees of fourteen years' growth, all heavily loaded with fruit of more than usual size. One of these trees, (a mere casual selection), according to the estimate of an old orange grower, had on it about twenty-five hundred oranges. Assuming this to be a fair estimate, I should say his tree averaged a yield of not less than eighteen hundred oranges each. The trees were planted as thick as those of a peach orchard in Connecticut. What a sight it was to look through the long rows of dark green trees weighed down with their shining fruit! The next grove we visited was the pioneer grove of Indian Hardee. Here are about ten acres of trees of twenty-five years' growth. The largest of these trees were from thirty to forty feet high. The diameter of their branch extension being from twenty-five to thirty-five feet. The trees of this grove were so heavily laden that the branches had to be propped, some of them bearing according to estimate as many as seven thousand oranges each. Trees in this region have been known to bear as many as ten thousand. I visited among many others the grove of the late Lewis D. Powe of Ansonia, which consists of twenty acres of old trees.

This grove is noted for its shaddock, the being the largest on the river, the shaddock is a specie of orange about twice as large as the ordinary grape fruit, with a similar bitter sweet flavor. It is a singular sight to see a tree hanging full of these huge oranges.

The groves I have mentioned belong to one unbroken orange forest, four miles long; divided only by the wire fences, which mark the boundaries of the different properties. Among other owning groves in this belt are A. N. Clark of Plainville, ex-Senator Day of Ansonia, William Merwin of Milford, George Platt, Mrs. E. A. Chatfield and H. P. Shares of New Haven. Our last named fellow townsman has also a flourishing grove of young lemon trees which have begun to bear well. On this property we saw the best growth of naval oranges. These are seedless oranges twice the size of the ordinary fruit, very juicy and of a delicious flavor; they are seldom shipped north. Mr. Shares is one of the founders of our new New Haven. He is the proprietor of the Rockledge hotel, which really ought to be considered, if not called, the New Haven house, as for several years it has been, and has deserved to be, the especial resort of New Haven tourists. I venture to say, if my experience is any test, that visitors from our city are regarded at this house as friends as well as guests.

It is managed by Allen Treadway, the son-in-law of Mr. Shares, and James Punderson, who, in the summer, are the managers of the well known Red Lion Inn at Stockbridge, Mass. The "Indian River" and "Plaza" are large and well conducted houses. Among our fellow townsmen owning winter residences at Rockledge, in addition to those already mentioned, are C. W. Blackless, Ager Wheeler and Norris Bristol. The belt of orange groves I have mentioned is only one of many plantations extending along the river from about ten miles above to about ten miles below Rockledge. I am unable to give any accurate idea of how profitable orange raising is. The trees begin to bear when they are three years old, and do not require a great deal of care afterwards, far less, certainly, than a peach orchard. It is said that a tree ten years old will bear from twelve to fifteen boxes. There are from 150 to 250 oranges in a box, accord-

ing to the size of the fruit, the average in a box being 175. There are usually about 100 trees in an acre. This makes an average yield of more than 200,000 oranges to the acre. The average value of these oranges on the trees would be about \$1,200. If the trees are twenty years old the above estimate of the value of the crop per acre might be safely doubled. Pineapples are now raised to a considerable extent on Indian river. They yield a greater profit, it is said, than oranges. During the last few years bananas have been raised with great success in this region.

Our new New Haven has a history of scarcely more than a dozen years. How rapid its progress has been during this time may be learned from the following: Eleven years ago Clayton Garvey of Cincinnati, a young man of scarcely more than twenty years, without fortune, came to Rockledge and bought eight acres of river property for \$100, which he has since sold to later settlers (some of them New Haven people) for \$75,000.

I said the scenery was of the finest in Florida. Speaking from the experience of many far more traveled than I, it might be said to belong to the finest tropical scenery in the world. There is a walk along the western shore of Indian river which is a great favorite with tourists. It runs for several miles with a view of the river on one side, and on the other the residences hidden in a forest of palmettos and live oaks, festooned with Spanish moss. These long beards of gray moss are the peculiar charm of the Florida forests and give them a singularly weird look—make them a veritable fairyland. The writer recalls a well known drive along the shores of Santa Cruz, a famous walk through a botanical garden along the sea wall at Domenico, another under the palms and coconut trees at Fontabelle on the shore of Barbados, and does not hesitate to say he prefers the walk at Rockledge, nor to add that it is even more tropical in appearance than those he has mentioned.

The hunting and fishing in this region are good. There is a plenty of wild ducks and quails. The deer are quite as numerous as in the Adirondacks, and there is no scarcity of wild turkeys. The orange trees that have reached the fruit-bearing age are not seriously injured. A large part of those of a younger growth are killed. Many groves of these young trees are totally destroyed.

I have said that the weather in the winter was a constant June. This may present a violent contrast to your recent telegraphic reports of "the great freeze." But there are only two of three "freezes" in a generation; the last was in 1886. The usual winter temperature at midday is 70 degrees. The mornings and nights are just pleasantly cool, like those of early June in Connecticut. On the morning of December 23 last the temperature before sunrise at Rockledge was 23 degrees. The pineapple and banana crops are totally ruined. So far as I can judge from the conflicting opinions of experts, I think from one-third to one-half of the orange crop on Indian river will be saved. The crop further north is practically a total loss. The rise in the price will probably almost make good to the proprietors along Indian river their loss in fruit. How foreign to the climate this freeze was is shown by its effect on animals. The smaller fish crowded in great schools to the shores to get warm. Large fish were seen floating on their backs in a benumbed state. I saw a group of seven alligators caught in a similar condition on Banana river, about three miles from Rockledge, the largest of them being about ten feet long. Alligators are very scarce now on Indian river, and in Florida generally, except in the Everglades. The cold lasted only three days. New Year's brought us another bright June day. According to the probabilities of past experience, there will be no more winter at new New Haven for years to come.

THE traveller in England (if he be observing) notices when a bottle of Ale or Stout is called for at the Hotels or Clubs, three times out of five the label bears a Red Hand—and that the brand is

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And We Offer Every Suit at just about cost. How will you know that? Well, just go to any tailor's with one of these Suits we ask for, and he will tell you that if you give him an order for 500 of them he could not begin to do it for less than \$7. We have Boys' Clothing here to sell, not to keep, and as we only clothe Boys, we want to get the chance to clothe them—that's why \$7 and \$8 Suits go at \$5.00. West Store, Second Floor

Silk Hose in colors and black and dainty boot patterns; also a small lot of boot pattern Lises, 98c values, on the Bargain Table for 39c pair. Bargain Table, West Store. F. M. Brown & Co.

MILLINERY Clearing Sale AT R. Ballerstein & Co. 841 and 843 Chapel St. We shall commence to-day and continue during the next two weeks a closing-out sale of Millinery Goods. Everything in our stock marked down to cost or below cost. Sweeping reductions in the prices of

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