

The Journal and Courier

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Notice. We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Brooklyn strike has cost the city and State about \$3,000,000.

These are great days. The roar of Niagara has been phonographed and may be heard in any part of America for a small fee.

Britannia intends to continue to rule the wave. England's naval program for the coming year will involve an outlay of about \$35,000,000, in the construction of 10 cruisers, 20 torpedo boats and 20 torpedo destroyers.

There are smart men out west. A man in Topeka is said to have convinced one set of physicians that he was falling so in health that he needed an increase of pension, and on the next day to have persuaded another set that he was a good risk for life insurance.

Professor Drummond believes in the ascent of woman. In a recent address he said that "woman had been put through a marvelous discipline during the long night of history to teach her the virtues of unselfishness, tenderness, patience, compassion and love, so that she might become the teacher of the world."

Notwithstanding the sustaining of a prohibitive State law by the courts, oleomargarine continues to be openly sold in Pennsylvania. The manufacturers advertise it in the daily papers, and in the cities public opinion is so strongly in favor of the substitute for butter that it is said to be difficult to find magistrates who will issue warrants for the arrest of the dealers.

Professor J. J. McCook of Hartford has figured out that there are about 46,000 able-bodied, wilfully idle, and in most cases criminally inclined tramps in this country. This number includes only the professionals, who never work save under compulsion, but who depend on petty thieving, begging and public charity for their living. It includes the professional vagrants of all degrees of depravity who wander over the land as the whim dictates, and who waste every year from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000 of the earnings of the industrious.

A good-roads bill introduced in the Wisconsin legislature provides for the construction of highways by local assessment and county and State aid. Upon the petition of one-third of the property-owners whose land is contingent to a road that is sought to be improved, the county board is to order a survey; then, upon the application of three-fifths of the property-owners whose property will be improved, the work of improving the road is to be ordered. The property-holders are to be assessed for one-third the cost, and the county and State shall pay the other two-thirds of the cost.

A war correspondent, writing after familiar association with Japan's leading soldiers, says: The Japanese officers are a mixture of the French officers and the German sous officers. They live right among their men, sleep near them, eat the same food in sight of all, expose themselves to all kinds of danger and hardships. No wonder the soldiers have the greatest confidence in them. I found every Japanese general I met to be brave, generous, kind, polite, ready to give his life for his men and for his flag. When the detailed history of the life of some of these men is written it will undoubtedly call forth the admiration of the world.

The St. Louis Republic asks: "Is the homely little crooked letter 'J' really a mascot, or is it only a coincidence that it is to be found in the given or Christian names of so many millionaires? The recent death of 'J. G. Fair has suggested the following compilation of millionaires' names which contain the luck-bestowing letter: J. D. Rockefeller, J. J. Astor, Jay Gould, John M. Sears, J. S. Morgan, J. P. Morgan, J. B. Huggin, J. W. Garrett, J. G. Fair, John Wanamaker, J. W. Mackay, J. G. Flood, J. M. Constable, John T. Martin, and John Arbuckle. None of the above are rated at less than \$10,000,000, and several at from six to ten times that sum."

"Pride," said Uncle Eben, "am ter de chillun whut bakin' powder am ter de cookin'. Yoh can't raise 'em right without it, but too much am gwine ter spile 'em sho'."—Washington Star.

SISTER GOUGHNOUR'S SUIT.

There is Society in New York. There is also Society in New Haven. And there is Society in McKees Rocks, a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. There are people who may think it strange that there is Society in the latter place, but such people do not understand human nature, and so do not know that where Woman is there is Society, even though the interior of Africa be the place. The Society of McKees Rocks is well organized, and appears to be the real thing. The managers of it act as those having authority and fully conscious of their privileges and duties. In the exercise of their privileges and the performance of their duties they felt impelled to sue Mrs. Goughnour, who believes that she is a large part of the Society of McKees Rocks. She found out that she was not so considered the other evening when a ball was given for the delight and distinction of that Society. She was not invited, and she wants to know the reason why. She has therefore brought a suit against the managers of the affair for \$10,000. It appears from her complaint that she is thirty-five years old, that she is a member of the church and that she has an excellent reputation. She has been a gay and successful participant in other Society affairs at McKees Rocks, and it was at these affairs that she succeeded in demonstrating her superiority to the wives of the members of the committee as a dancer and an entertainer, and that she received more attention than a dozen of her defamers bunched together, had such a combination been possible. It was, according to the complaint, the spiteful feelings and jealous dispositions of her rivals that caused them to induce their husbands to bar her admission to the recent ball, that her superior charms might not be brought into much prominence to the diminution of their own. She admits that this move of her rivals has caused her a great deal of worry, and sets forth that because of this worry she has lost twenty-eight pounds of her beautiful flesh. She demands \$357.49 a pound for it.

We hope that Sister Goughnour will succeed in getting paid for her twenty-eight pounds of Goughnour. She has been ill treated. Though her action in bringing her suit for damages is a little unusual there is no doubt that she is well entitled to a place in the Society of McKees Rocks. She evidently has all the feelings of a Society woman, and she well knows how the other Society women feel against her. They have reason for their feeling, of course, but they have gone a little too far in attempting to obscure the charms and graces of Sister Goughnour. They will probably find before they get through that she will not only establish a natural title to leadership in Society, but will also make her legal title clear. Indeed, the time may come when Sister Goughnour will be all the real Society there is in McKees Rocks.

ABOUT "MOONSHINERS."

If the truth was told in congress the other day there has been a good deal of moonshine in the talk and writing about the "moonshiners" of some of the southern States. It was asserted that a large part of the government money used to detect and punish moonshiners is paid to spies and informers who are not officers of the law, but belong to the lowest order of the mountain population of those States and of Georgia. Mr. Settle of North Carolina contended that the appropriations made annually for the support of the federal courts and the officers of the internal revenue service were ample, and that the special fund was most demoralizing and productive only of evil. In North Carolina alone there were 918 commissioned revenue officers last year, and if there were added the deputy marshals and other employees of the revenue service the total would exceed twelve hundred men employed to break up illicit distilling. In a practice of ten or twelve years in the federal courts he had found in trying these cases that nearly every one founded on information was, at the worst, a mere technical violation, for which no court would convict, and that the only effects were to entail a cost on the government and to harass innocent citizens and impose upon them loss of time and heavy expenses that were often more than they could afford. The appropriation added nothing to the efficiency of the service, but it set a premium on turpitude and rascality. The informers who inaugurate the prosecutions are worthless men, despised by the entire community, yet at their instance citizens are arrested, often taken several hundred miles from home, put at large expense for attorneys and witnesses, and when declared innocent they have no redress.

Another member who had been a district attorney in Alabama during Mr. Cleveland's first term, corroborated these statements and said that he found the system so corrupt and the professional witnesses so degraded and unworthy of belief, that he prohibited the clerk from ever subpoenaing any of them. He said that some United States commissioners conspired with the informers and divided the fees, and that one in Alabama had been convicted on fifteen or twenty counts in an indictment for conspiring with informers to make fees for himself as a United States commissioner. He remembered one case where it cost the

United States \$1,400 to convict one man of the sale of a single glass of whiskey to an informer. He had known of a number of deputy marshals who had done the same as the Alabama commissioner.

If this is true no wonder the internal revenue spy-system is not popular in the South. The spies would, of course, tell another story.

FASHION NOTES.

Strongly contrasted Millinery. A dressy mourning bonnet is shown below, whose low crown is draped with crepe, the garniture consisting of a six-looped crepe bow in front and several smaller rosettes and bows in the back. The tie strings are also of crepe, and the accompanying veil may be of crepe or nun's veiling, but should hang a few inches below the waist.

Women whose circumstances accord them a wider field than the limitations of mourning permit are exhibiting a liking for little tam-o'-shanter affairs made of material to match the street gown. These little hats have regular crowns of the material, and they are pushed and pulled into picturesque becomingness. They are set on a band of twisted velvet or fur, and the velvet is held here and there in place by a



buckle. A couple of stiff cock's plumes stick up jauntily just where they look the most picturesque, the whole thing is set perky on the head and the effect is jaunty in the extreme, particularly if it is a law that such a hat shall accompany the severest sort of a tailor-made gown. One delightful example of this was worn by a pink of perfection girl, attired in a brown tailor suit, over which came a tweed coat of a striking heather mixture. The little hat crown was of this mixture and the velvet of brown. A recommendation for the style is that the hats cost less than almost any other style of headgear, the expense being only the making. Then they will take any sort of wear and weather, they are in fashion for any season, unless the use of fur confines them to winter wear, and three of them cost only about what one hat of the usual style will.

Cocked hats are turned up till they become a mere profile. A Dutch band is set flat on the top of the head as if to hold the hat on. New walking hats are much larger in the head and wider at the brim than those of the earlier season.

FLORETTE.

"With what are you going to surprise your husband on his recovery from his long illness?" "With my new hat."—Flegende Blatter.

The Dressed Interview.—He: "I'm sure I don't know what to say to him. She: "Just say, 'Mr. Norris, I want to marry your daughter,' and then papa will say the rest."—Life.

Mrs. Jee (looking up from her paper)—"I wonder when boys will be content to keep off the ice? Mr. Jee—Not until it gets plenty strong enough to hold them up."—Boston Courier.

Bobby.—You ought to see my big sister. Everybody says she's a beauty. Johnny—I bet she can't hold a candle to my sister for looks. Why, my sister sold twenty-one tickets for a charity concert.—Good News.

Mrs. De Neat—It seems to me that for a man who claims to deserve charity you have a very red nose, Mouldy Mike—Yes, mum; the cheap soaps that my poor people has to use is very hard on the complexion, mum.—New York Weekly.

"What's this?" asked Li Hung Chang. "It's a photograph, sire, of an American society lady in evening costume." "Poor thing! How deeply in royal disfavor she must be. She appears to have lost almost as much wardrobe as I have."—Washington Star.

A Larger Class.—Miss Willing (meaningly)—Do you know they are talking of putting a tax on old bachelors? Mr. Bonder (more meaningly)—They would raise more revenue if they'd tax all the old married men who wish they were single."—Life's Calendar.

Kate.—I want to tell Aunt Susan about my engagement, but I don't know whether I can trust her or not. I don't want it to get out just yet. Edith.—Trust her? Of course you can't. You know she makes no secret of her age, and a woman who will tell her age will tell anything.—Boston Transcript.

A tourist was being driven over a part of the country in Ireland where his infernal majesty appeared to have given his name to all the objects of interest in the locality, for there was the Devil's Bridge, the Devil's Cauldron, the Devil's Glen, etc. Said the traveler: "The devil seems to be the greatest landowner in these parts!" "Ah, sure, your honor," replied the Jarvey, "that is so, but he lives in England. I think he's what they all an absentee landlord in Ireland."—London Gentleman.

PEANUTS AND THE CIVIL WAR.

An Enormous Increase in the Peanut Crop Due to Old Soldiers. (From the New York Sun.) "I don't suppose there are many people who know that the ever-popular peanut came originally to this country with the first cargo of slaves that landed on our shores," said a dealer in nuts and fruits, "but such is the interesting fact, the peanut is a native of Africa, and in its wild state is as full of oil

almost as a fat possum. Cultivation and change have greatly reduced its oleaginous quality, although the nuts raised in North Carolina are so much oil yet to make them in demand in France, where they combine with their African progenitor and cottonseed to make a great deal of the olive oil we find in our restaurants and groceries. "And I don't believe there are many people outside of those who have it who ever heard of the peanut habit. You don't like raw peanuts, do you? I thought not. No one does until he acquires the habit, and then he wants his raw peanuts just as regular as he wants his tobacco, provided he chews or smokes—and if he has the peanut habit the chances are he is not a tobacco chewer. The funny part of the peanut habit is that it prevails only among veterans of the late war who served either in Virginia or Tennessee or North Carolina. These are the states where the bulk of the peanut crop is grown.

Perhaps you can remember how things were before the war. If you can't I will tell you that the peanut then was chiefly a holiday luxury to the great mass of people in this country. The day when the circus was in town, or when the county fair was showing its pumpkins and four-minute horse trots, or when the great and glorious Fourth of July had come round again, were about the only occasions when the yearning for the peanut was as keenly manifested. On these memorable occasions the nut was shucked and masticated until it couldn't rest, it was only in the towns and large villages that the favored few could have peanuts with them always. Before the war there wasn't a peanut roaster in the whole country outside of the big towns and cities, and the rural dealers bought their stock already roasted and delivered to them in bags, crates and every conceivable way from Maine to California. It was his peanut stand and its wheezing steam roaster, and the great American nut has no better standing on circus day or Fourth of July than it has on any ordinary day of the year, except that there is a greater concentration of energy as to its shucking and chewing on these red-letter days.

"Now, then, a large proportion of the soldiers who went to Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina were from the rural districts of the north. So, when they got among the peanut patches, they were, metaphorically speaking, right in clover. At first they roasted at their camp fires the peanuts they pulled from the patches, but it wasn't long before they not only acquired a taste for their raw, but actually preferred them that way. The result was that the boys discovered after a while that they hankered after their peanuts pretty nearly as much as they did for their tobacco, and after they got home they brought the longing with them. What has been the consequence? The demand for peanuts increased so much immediately after the war that the crop didn't begin to supply it. Wideawake farmers saw the point, and garden patches where peanuts had been grown for nobody knew how long were abandoned for broad fields, which were planted with the popular nut, and to-day Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina are growing something like 4,000,000 bushels of peanuts a year—a result due almost entirely to the civil war and the contracting of the peanut habit by the soldiers of both armies.

"Naturally, the returned soldiers' loud call for peanuts soon placed the nut within their reach and that of the rural population to the farthest limit of 'wayback, and the nut ceased forever to be a holiday luxury. The floor of the backwoods grocery is now littered nightly with the shucks of peanuts hot from the fire, and the boys brought it ever was on the Fourth of July in the olden time, and the old soldier can get his supply of peanuts at Way Back Corners just as fresh and regular, almost, as if he were still on the old camp ground, yanking the nuts from their native soil.

"When the war broke out most of the peanuts consumed in this country were raised in North Carolina. A great many were imported from Africa. They were of inferior quality, the best of the ante-bellum peanuts, as a matter of fact, were poor compared with the nuts grown to-day. In fact, for the latter demand for peanuts has not seemed to have had the effect of improving the quality or increasing the yield of the North Carolina product very much. Virginia and Tennessee, though, woke right up under the increased demand, and improved cultivation has produced a nut, especially in Virginia, that is as near perfection as can be. For all that, many old soldiers prefer the little, thin-shelled, strong-flavored Carolina nut to the best Virginia nut. It seems to give them better and quicker, a veteran said to me once. "While the Virginia peanuts are the best, their popularity was threatened a few years ago. Consumers began to complain of their having a peculiar disagreeable taste and smell, and they did, too. What caused this was a mystery to the trade for a long time. Finally it was learned that sometimes the shells of a growing crop are discolored by a prolonged spell of wet weather, and as one thing that recommends the Virginia peanut as a favorite in the market is its clean, white, glistening shell, a process of cleaning the damaged crop was invented. In it certain chemicals were used that impregnated the meat of the nut while cleaning the shell. When this was discovered the artificial cleaning of peanut shells was discontinued until the difficulty in the process could be remedied, which has been done.

"Norfolk, Va., is the greatest peanut centre in the world, about 1,000,000 bushels being handled there during the year. It is a pretty sight to see a peanut plantation when the vines are in blossom. The blossoms are a bright yellow and the vines a vivid green. No: the nut does not grow from the blossom. As soon as the blossom appears, though, a fine branch forms on the vine and shoots down into the ground. The peas, as the nuts are called on the plantations, form on the shoot beneath the ground, like potatoes. When the crop is gathered in October the vines are ploughed up and the nuts hung in cocks in the field, and in twenty days the nuts are ready to be pulled off, placed in bags and taken to the factory. There they are cleaned of dirt, assorted into different grades, and polished in revolving cylinders, when they are ready for the consumer, whether he is the soldier with the confirmed pean-

THAT CHARMING SINGER, THE LARK.

Man Greatly Indebted to Him for Useful-ness and Delight. (From the San Francisco Bulletin.) Dr. Levi C. Lane delivered a lecture on birds on Friday evening, the concluding portion being devoted to the lark. He said:

"All birds do not sing. That faculty is, in the main, possessed by those which feed on worms and insects. And in their work in the garden, orchard and grain field, in destroying vermin, they materially aid man in his industries; and if they do eat a few cherries, grapes, or grains of wheat, they richly pay for all they consume in the destruction of insects. In fact, man is greatly their debtor. And in reckoning the services of the feathered creditors, if they were to recount their notes in addition to the insects they have killed, the ungrateful lord of creation would find himself in no enviable position as debtor. And this leads me to some remarks in regard to a charming songster, the lark:

"The lark is a denizen of every region of the temperate zone, and there are in all over twenty varieties, and prominent among these is the crested lark, the lark of the woods, the sand lark, and the meadow lark. The meadow lark is a native of Europe, yet he has a near kinsman in America. The European lark soars aloft, ascending spirally, singing with all his might, as he rises, and finally reaches such a height that he becomes almost invisible. In this excursion to the sky he is gazed upon by his admiring female lover, who remains on earth below. There is no better example of gallantry among men. The American field lark does not soar upward as does this transatlantic brother, yet his notes, swollen with joy, come from a heart palpitating with a similar ecstasy of delight.

"The wood lark sings best when his mate is sitting on her eggs, and after the young are hatched, the singer lays aside his syrinx and assists his mate in feeding their young. "The sand larks have this peculiarity that a company of males will rise upward together, and, when they are so high that they can no longer be seen, then they sing a concert together. Such is an excellent example of the angelic one which saluted the ears of St. Cecilia.

"In the countries of the Levant, in olden times, the lark was highly revered, and in Lemnos he was an object of veneration. In Greece this bird was beloved; he called the harvester to work in the morning, and at noontide, when the lark rested, the laborers also rested, and in the evening when the lark ended his song, the harvester ceased from his toil. "Besides the carol which nature taught the meadow lark, he can also learn the song of other birds; not one, but several. But some care must be taken in his tuition, for if the lark hears different birds singing, he acquires a song compounded of several confused notes. Hence, in training, he must hear but one song at a time. "The lark, when confined, must have a cloth canopy in his cage, for he retains his primitive habit of rising when he sings, and, without the precaution mentioned, he has been known to rise, strike his head, and die.

"The sentiment of affection for their young is not confined to the mother, as the following fact, observed by Bur-fon, shows. A young lark that could hardly fly was placed in a cage. Soon afterwards a nest of larks just hatched from the egg in the same cage. The precocious occupant immediately assumed the cares of a mother to the young ones, regularly fed them, and protected them from the cold by covering them, and so sedulous and untiring was the young guardian that she died in her task of devotion."

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At the beginning of January, do we out the

NECKWEAR, etc., To One-Half the Original Price.

\$1.00 Neckwear now FIFTY CENTS. \$1.50 and \$2.00 Neckwear now ONE DOLLAR. Ladies' Fena Silk Handkerchiefs that were \$1.75 and \$2.25, now ONE DOLLAR. Ladies' Garters were \$3.50, now ONE-FIFTY.

Embroidered Suspenders were \$2.00, now TWO DOLLARS. Fancy Silk Suspenders were \$3.00, now ONE DOLLAR.

Dressing Jackets, House Coats, English Long Gowns and English Mufflers, At 25 per cent. Discount. CHASE & CO.

SHIRTMAKERS, New Haven House Building.

A WONDERFUL ROSEBUSH.

Three Hundred Blossoms on a Single Plant! In the Open Air in Mid-Winter. A plant that blossoms in the open air of this climate at this season is a good deal of a curiosity to most Waterbury people, hence the stream of visitors to the rose garden of Mrs. C. H. Perkins, No. 23 Walnut street. Mrs. Perkins' garden is the Mecca of all her friends and acquaintances, and many strangers, too, in "Howery June," when from 200 to 300 rose bushes of almost as many different varieties can be seen in full blossom, but now in midwinter, while these are all at rest, there is still an attraction there for flower lovers. It is a five-year-old specimen of the Helleborus Niger, or black hellebore plant, known in every day English as the Christmas rose. The plant, or one very like it, was thought by the ancients to be a cure for insanity, and it is certain that a man would have to be pretty well out of his senses not to be brought back again by simply looking upon this specimen of Mrs. Perkins' whatever its medicinal properties may be. The plant is growing in earth grown as hard as granite and at the present time covers a space may be ten feet in circumference. The bright green leaves are long and narrow and the plant has the sprawling appearance of a monster lobster cactus. Right over the bulbous root and in the center of the green foliage are the blossoms, one solid mass of white and pink nearly two feet in diameter. The individual blossoms, which are the waxy white of the tube rose when they first unfold, turn to a delicate and then deeper shade of pink as they grow older, and are very much like the clematis in appearance. The plant comes first into flower in November and continues in full bloom all winter long and until late in the spring. There are at present probably 300 blossoms on the plant in Mrs. Perkins' garden. Of course both buds and blossoms freeze solid every day of the cold weather, so that they can be broken off like icicles, but this does not discourage the plant in the least, for it seems to thrive on what would be the very worst abuse for almost any other variety of plant life. It is enough to make anyone who loves flowers feel uncomfortable to see the thing blossoming there in the snow, uncovered from the biting winter air, but it seems to smile back at you as though sorry for man's ignorance. Like all plants in flower it requires plenty of water, even though the water freezes upon leaf and blossom, and upon the hard earth, as soon as applied. Mrs. Perkins is quite proud of her Helleborus Niger, and welcomes all comers most cordially.—Waterbury American.

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F. M. BROWN & CO.

GRAND CENTRAL SHOPPING EMPORIUM. F. M. BROWN. D. B. GAMBLE.

F. M. BROWN & CO.

Offer Tomorrow

10,000 Yards Spring Outing Flannels!

The most delicate shades of blue and pink and every desirable color—in fact, the taste we can't suit with this wealth of pattern and color, we don't care to try.

The quality of the fabric is a compliment to honesty. 8c and 10c yd. On Special Counters to accommodate a throng.

East Store, Main Floor

These white labels you see on the goods all over the store are the inventory memoranda of quantity. The little-price inducement to you to buy these goods is, we think, very, very great.

F. M. Brown & Co.

SOME FOLKS

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