

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN. THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT. PUBLISHED BY CARRINGTON IN NEW CITY, 15 CENT A WEEK, 50 CENTS A MONTH, \$5 FOR SIX MONTHS, \$24 A YEAR. THE SAME TERMS BY MAIL.

Advertising Rates. Single Lines, 10 cents a line for first insertion, 7 cents for subsequent insertions. Display Advertisements—Per inch, one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents; one week, \$5.00; one month, \$10.00; one year, \$100.00.

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Debs drew \$9,000 a year from the American Railway Union. No wonder he felt obliged to show the Union that he was worth something.

They say that there are only eighteen more working days for the Fifty-third congress, and they do not even smile when they say "working days."

An Anglican clergyman in Ireland recently announced that on the following Sunday "Rev. Mr. —" will renounce the errors of Rome for those of Protestantism.

Ex-Senator Warren does not often take a walk around his Wyoming farm. One reason is that it is six times as big as the State of Rhode Island and has on it 2,000 horses, 15,000 cattle and 130,000 sheep.

A bill has been introduced in the Pennsylvania legislature requiring all public school teachers to read the Bible at the opening of each school session not less than five nor more than fifteen minutes. And a good idea it is, too.

There is at Boston a remarkable scarcity of substitute teachers for the public schools. Of the five hundred whose names are on the substitute list only twenty declare themselves ready to work, and it is found that a large part of the substitutes have removed from town or entered on occupations which make it impossible for them to teach.

The Chinamen in Australia know what they want in a wife. This is the way they write to a matrimonial agent in Hong Kong: "I want a wife. She must be a maiden under twenty years of age, and must not have left her father's house. She must also have never read a book, and her eyelashes must be half an inch in length. Her teeth must be as sparkling as the pearls of Ceylon. Her breath must be like unto the accents of the magnificent odorous groves of Java, and her attire must be from the silken weavers of Kaling, which are on the banks of the greatest river in the world—the overflowing Yangtsiekiang."

The great ordnance survey map of England, containing over 150,000 sheets and costing during the last twenty years about a million dollars a year, is nearly completed. The scales vary from 10 to 5 feet to the mile for the towns, through 2 1/2 inches, 6 inches, 1 inch, 1/2 inch and 1-10 inch to the mile. The details are so minute that the 2 1/2 and 6 inch maps show every hedge, fence, ditch, wall, building and even every isolated tree in the country. The 2 1/2-inch map shows in colors the material of which every part of a building is constructed. The plans show not only the exact shape of every building, but every porch, area, doortop, lamp post, railroad and fire plug.

The managers of the railroads running into Chicago are determined to stop gambling and drinking among their men. There is no doubt that much of the encouragement given to the mobs during the late strike came from trainmen who spent their time off duty in the stock yard saloons. The Chicago and Alton was the first company to notify its employes that they would be discharged if seen going into either saloons or gambling houses when on or off duty. The same regulation was afterwards made by the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, and the Chicago and Great Western has gone a step further and forbidden its men to board at places to which a bar is attached. This rule is in the interest of economy as well as that of good morals. It is the custom for keepers of boarding houses near the railroad yards to furnish trainmen with meals in exchange for orders on the company, which, if bona fide, are always honored before payment of the men's wages. Where the proprietors had bars in their places it was no need that their claims often came to more than the sums due the men for wages. The Great Western is therefore killing two birds with one stone. It is said that the new rules have the approval of the employes generally.

LA GASCOGNE SAFE. There is rejoicing all over the civilized world this morning because La Gascoigne has escaped the fate of the Elbe. No wonder the agent of the French line in New York was hilariously glad when the good news came, and no wonder that some of those who had been waiting for more than a week for knowledge of the safety or the loss of loved ones "broke down" when the staunch steamer was heard from. All the details of the eventful voyage will be read with hungry eagerness, and for a day or two people will have something decidedly interesting to talk about. And all who were on the unlucky, or lucky, ship will have something to talk about for the rest of their lives.

All's well that ends well, and the anxiety that has been felt will be soon forgotten in the joy that prevails. The passengers and crew of La Gascoigne have had a wonderful deliverance. "One shall be taken and the other left." A small vessel came over the wide waters and struck the doomed Elbe at just the angle and in just the spot to sink her and most of those who had gone down to the sea in her. La Gascoigne came safely to land, after having been given up by many, and after apparently being long out of sight of all vessels, both small and large.

THE BEST POLICY. There is at least one man in the Senate of the United States who sees straight to the heart of "the financial question." That man is Senator David B. Hill. Senator Hill proposes that congress shall declare that the true policy of the government requires that its efforts should be steadily directed to the establishment of a safe system of bimetalism wherein gold and silver may be maintained at a parity and every other dollar coined or issued by the United States; but if our efforts to establish or maintain such bimetalism shall not be wholly successful, and if for any reason our silver coin shall not hereafter be at a parity with gold coin and the equal thereof in value and power in the market and in the payment of debts, then it is hereby declared that the bonds of the United States now or hereafter issued which by their terms are payable in coin shall nevertheless be paid in standard gold dollars, it being the policy of the United States that its creditors shall at all times be paid in the best money in use.

The resolution embodying this declaration didn't receive "immediate consideration," because Senator Butler of South Carolina objected. Perhaps there will be so much more objection that it will not receive favorable consideration this winter. But it outlines what should be the financial policy of the United States. It is the policy of common sense, a policy which appears to be little thought of by many of those who are trying to tinker the financial situation. The United States should pay its debts in the best money there is. It should not seek to take any advantage of its creditors by paying them in inferior money.

MOST EXTRAORDINARY. The Hartford Post must be a little more careful. It has told the truth about some Niantic antics, and now it says that the Hinky-and-football glorification at Hartford the other evening did not fairly represent the Yale Alumni association of that city, in whose name it was made. Because the Post properly and plainly spoke of the Niantic antics it has been charged with being a foe of the Connecticut National Guard. And because it has properly and plainly spoken about the Hinky-and-football glorification it has been called "most extraordinary." It is the Register that so calls it, and it is because we think that the Post may not realize just what has befallen it that we call its attention to its situation. The Post should know that it is bad form to be even "extraordinary," and to be "most extraordinary" puts it completely out of what the Register would call "touch" with that which is greatest and best in Connecticut, including Yale. Det the Post pause a minute or two in its mad career and think what it is to be "most extraordinary." It is to be away out of that which is ordinary. It is ordinary to worship football and football players. It is "most extraordinary" not to. It was ordinary in the days of ancient Rome to dote upon gladiatorial shows and prominent and efficient gladiators. Those who did not so dote were "most extraordinary," and they were not popular. The Post cannot expect popularity if it continues to be "most extraordinary." It will therefore show worldly wisdom if it ceases to be so, and turns in and heartily "hollers" for football and the "Yale spirit" whenever it has an opportunity. It should learn from the Register. It should not whistle against the wind or kick against the pricks. How foolish it is for the Post to be "most extraordinary" when it can be comfortably and popularly ordinary? Go to, therefore, O pothering Post. Come into the ranks. Join the gang. Be one of us. Watch for the winds that blow and spread your sails for them. Seek the currents that flow and get into them. So shall you be peaceful, popular and ordinary. You have already been called "most extraordinary" by the Register, and if you persist you will be publicly and formally put out of our set. Then you will wish you had known enough to be ordinary.

FASHION NOTES. Hats in Small Sizes. It would seem that the men's appeal for smaller headgear for women in the playhouse and concert room had been heard and answered favorably, for all theater hats and bonnets are and have been for some time of the smallest size. But for the women who don't go to the theater often enough to make a theater bonnet desirable, the large hats trimmed with drooping plumes are much favored, because they can serve acceptably both outdoors and in. One of these is shown herewith, in black felt with a rolled brim. It is trimmed with watered silk loops and two ostrich plumes.



Of the evening headgear of smallest sizes, there is one new style that is just now being widely copied. It consists of nothing in the world but three rows of beads that curve over the top of the head, like a Roman diadem, joining together low down at the sides of the head. Where the three rows come together a knot of flowers is fastened and that is all, but the beads are strung on a strong spring wire, and the hat, therefore, claps the head firmly and keeps in place all by itself without pins, strings or anything else. Every one knows what a horrid nuisance it is to fasten on these bits of bonnets. They are no light one cannot tell whether they are on straight or not, and a slight brush or even a little gust of wind will put them away. Above all, if they are not on just right they do make one look so dowdy. So the scheme described is one that is making rapid headway.

To show how slight of construction these things are, take a headress that is deemed sufficient for reception wear; it is merely a long rhinestone buckle through which is drawn white tulle. This extends in little wings on either side, the circle being completed by a continuation in a little band of the tulle. The whole effect is that of a wee collar, sitting down over the high knob of hair almost invariably worn on dress occasions. From the front only the buckle and the little wings of tulle show.

SOREL. When money is tight a young man who has little of it should keep sober.—New Orleans Picayune.

"In your new story what made you put in the chapter on pirates, with all the awful profanity?" "I had just bought a fountain pen."—Los Angeles Times.

Lovely woman is a complex creature; but when she chews gum, or carries a poodle, or wears a high hat to the theatre—she makes the diagnosis easier.—Puck.

Mr. Boulevard—What a dreadful noise that cat makes out in the back yard. Mrs. Boulevard—Yes, since she ate up the canary bird she imagines she can sing.—Texas Siftings.

Watts—What do you think of this idea that there are medicinal virtues in mud? Potts—I believe it. Lots of these new patent pills makes me sick.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Lord is willing or he to bless. If you but humbly ask it. But you must prove your earnestness. When the stewards pass the basket.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Twyn—Young Mrs. Snooper let Mr. Snooper have all her money, and Mr. Snooper has lost it all in speculation. Triplet—So it does not always pay to husband one's resources.—Detroit Free Press.

How General Shelby Saved Himself. "We'd been fighting hard and running harder for a good while," said General Joe Shelby, the ex-Confederate, the other day, when asked to tell the story of how he came near being shot once for foraging.

"We couldn't get supplies all the time, and as we had to live, we took what we could get. I forgot just what it was, but it was sixty barrels of whiskey, I think. We got them and the boys warmed up—a barrel of whiskey isn't such a big thing in an army, you know. The fellow that owned it came to me to change it. I told him I had no money, but ordered my clerk to give him a receipt on the department. He didn't like that, and complained to General Holmes at Little Rock. General Holmes ordered me to restore the property at once. I wrote him how could I? I said, 'The whiskey, sir, has been issued to the men—'

"Yes," broke in his friend, Colonel J. C. Moore, "I know, and you wrote back, too, that if the Confederate government wasn't able to pay for a little whiskey, for it to 'charge it up to your personal account—\$2,000!'" "But," said General Shelby, "that wasn't the end of it. I got an order at once to consider myself under arrest and report at once at headquarters at Little Rock. I traveled down, of course. I took a young lad named McCoy with me. We got to Little Rock all right. First thing McCoy went out to hunt refreshments. We had put up at a hotel. An Irish maid gave me a Little Rock Gazette to while away the time. It was out after General Holmes' scarp those days. Here was a whole two columns that morning just roasting him—old imbecile, it called him—Theophilus Holmes, general good for nothing; said he was mentally incapacitated; said he might have been a great soldier in the Mexican war—old Holmes was a West Pointer, you know—but now he was no use on earth, and all such things. "Well, I went up to Holmes' headquarters, and I don't know just why,

but I stuck that paper in my pocket. "I found old Holmes writing away as hard as he could drive his pen. He didn't even look up to see who I was for several minutes, and then he growled out: "Well, where you?" "My name is Shelby, sir," I said, "from Missouri, and I have been ordered to report to you under arrest." "Oh, Shelby!" he says, "I know you! The blindest thief in the Confederacy!" "Sir," I interrupted. "Don't say a word, sir," he roared. "I know you, you and your army, sir; blanketed thieves on earth, sir, by God, sir! Stealin' day and night and bringin' disgrace on this department and the Confederate states! I'll make an example of you, sir." "I felt something had to be done quick," General Holmes, I said, "what grounds have you for such charges, sir?" "Grounds, sir? By God, sir, grounds, sir! Isn't it common talk? Isn't it in everybody's mouth? Aren't complaints coming in here every day about it? Grounds? What do you want? I tell you, Shelby, I'm going to have this lad to explain or deny, I tell you everybody is talking the charges, and there must be grounds for them—"

"General," said I, "that proposition of yours I consider exceptional. Look at this—I pulled out my paper, my Little Rock Gazette—'have you seen this?'" "Yes, sir; I've—"

"He was so mad I broke in and stopped him. "Now, general," said I, "we see these things to the plenty of them to be seen. But, sir, by God, sir, there's not a man in Shelby's Missouri brigade that believes one word of all that about General Holmes, and it is in public print, sir."

"Shelby, you're right!" "Colonel," he shouted to his adjutant, "give General Shelby an eight days' leave, and honor all his requisitions. Shelby, you're all right, sir. And I was, but I haven't been for that Irish girl and her Little Rock Gazette. I had had a close call for being shot that day. As it was I came back to the boys and we at— foraged more than ever!"—Kansas City Times.

AN OLD WOODCHUCK'S FATE.

A Long Island Farmer's Experience—Patience vs. Instinct. (From the New York Evening Post.) "Speakin' of woodchucks," said an old Long Island farmer the other day, "reminds me of some curious incidents with 'em. I warn't more'n fifty years ago when they was as thick as flies on this island, an' we ate them instead of rabbits, an' made mufflers and mittens out of their skins. They was mighty warm, too, those old woodchuck mittens and mufflers. When a man wanted a big fellow he only had ter walk down into the nearest field and take his pick out of two or three. They was so plentiful that it was no trouble to kill 'em. But they have been killed off now so that there ain't many more round."

On in a while a big fellow brings up a litter into the lower clover lot, and we have to root 'em out. "Ever nunt woodchucks? Waal, it ain't much of they be young ones. If you wait long enough you'll catch them runnin' across the lot in broad daylight. If you are a good shot you can bring one down. They're tough, an' a big fellow will carry away a big load of shot. But if you get hold of a big fellow, an' old veteran, so to speak, you'll find it no easy job to dislodge him. He's too knowin' a cuss to live. He'll only eat your clover at night, an' Lord, how much he can get away with in one night! In the daytime he keeps close into his hole and laughs at you. Dig him out? Waal, yes, you can try it, but he'll dig a good deal faster on the other end than you will, and take it easy at that. Mind ye, I'm talkin' of old ones, those who know all the tricks of the business. The woodchucks that ye find on Long Island are wicker than those ye find anywhere else, 'cause they have to be cunning' an' shrewd not to get killed. They're so close to civilization that they learn new tricks all the time.

"A few years ago a cunning old fellow took up his home in that clover field just off the lower meadows, an' we had the hardest time to kill him that ye can imagine. I cost us 'bout \$100—that is fur clover destroyed, and labor at \$1.50 per day lost in trying to capture him. 'Twarn't any use layin' in wait fur him with a shot-gun. He was too wise to poke his nose out of the hole. But every night he'd come out and eat clover fast enough. He brought up seven cubs of young wicker chucks in that field, an' we killed 'em all except the old one. He'd bring a new mate with him to his home every season, but she'd get shot in tryin' to save her young ones. But we could never get a shot at the prime mover of the trouble. We waited fur him on moonlight nights and did get a shot at him once. But I guess we only crippled him, an' he never ventured out again except on dark nights. We had to chase then. We tried to dig him out, but after three days of steady work we got tired. Then we started to burn and smoke him out, but it ain't no easy matter to make smoke go down hill an' get into all of the holes that a woodchuck can make. Finally, we decided to drown the old critter out. We got together all the pork and oil barrels we could find an' filled them full of water. Then, when everything was ready, I and Joe, my two sons, stood ready with a pitchfork and shot-gun, while I poured the water into the hole. Waal, sir, that hole held more water than any mill-pond. It took the hull ten barrelsful to bring it up to the surface, and then, just as I put in the last barrel, that pesky old chuck showed his nose. I jabbed at him with the pitchfork, and Jake shot the handle to pieces as he banged away at the critter. But it wasn't no use, the water soaked away rapidly, and the woodchuck went down again, grinnin' at our failure.

"But we warn't so easily discouraged. Next day we added five more barrels and all the tubs and pails 'round the house. Then we began to flood that hole again. This time we had plenty of water, but there was no woodchuck to be seen. The water came up to the surface and flowed out of the whole, but no woodchuck. We thought he had left his home for good after his first ducking. But no; he came out again that night, an' ate more clover than usual jest as ef to spite us. Waal, we

found out in time that the critter was so wise that he had dug his hole way up toward a hill so that he could sit up there and watch us pouring water at the other end. This put a stop to any attempt to drown him out. "It was Sir that rigged up the trap that finally caught the fellow. He took a big stone weighin' 'bout fifty pounds and suspended it right over the hole. Then he fixed a little stick down below just as he would set a rabbit trap. The old muskrat couldn't get out of the hole noway without hitting that stick, and—well, the thing happened two nights later. The first night the critter didn't venture out, but the second morning the stone was down, an' the old fellow was crushed beneath it. We ain't had none in the fields since then."

QUEER SHOPS OF COREA.

A Visit to the Merchants of Seoul, the Capital City—Stores and the Wares—Money Buried in Frozen Mud for Safe Keeping in Winter—Drug Stores, Shoe Stores and Free Lunch Counters—Poetic Rain Coat. (From the New York Press.)

The Koreans are the queerest business men of the world. They keep their horsehair hats on when in their stores, and instead of standing up behind the counters, they squat cross-legged on the floor and smoke long pipes while they talk to you about trade and offer you goods. The stores of Seoul are on the three main business streets of the city. These are dirt roads about as wide as Canal street, in New York. They are lined with mud huts thatched with straw, the front of which there is often a framework of booth-like awning, which juts out over the street and in which, on boards, are spread out the goods they have for sale. Here and there little tents have been built up in the streets, and there are hundreds of big haired, white gowned squatters, who have planked themselves down on the road, with their feet spread out before them, and who soberly smoke as they wait for their customers.

Seoul, the chief city of Corea, is about as large as Newark, N. J., and it covers about three square miles. Right in the center of the city there is a point where the three business streets come together, and at this point there is a temple about as big as a good sized cowshed, which holds the great bell, or "chime" clock, of the capital. This bell rings the opening and closing of the Korean day. It is rung just at dusk, and at this time the great gates of the city are closed. The stores are supposed to shut, and the men to go into their houses and give the women a chance to take moonlight walks unmolested.

If you would take a piano packing box and line it with shives and run a board along in front of it about two feet from the ground you would have a Korean store. The chief business is in cloth, as the Koreans probably spend more on clothes in proportion to their income than any other people in the world, and the cotton trade is a big one. The common people all wear cotton, and I was told that they like the American goods much better than the English, for the reason that they are better made and that they are of finer material. The Korean silk is fairly good, and they use a good deal of Chinese silk. I remember one fur store I visited: It was not more than five feet square, but it was full of costly fur garments, which the richer of these people wear in the winter. Among the curious articles for sale were numerous pairs of wicker, which these people wear during the summer inside their garments to keep them away from their persons and allow a thorough circulation of the air. There were wicker shirts and wicker cuffs and wicker frames which fit out over the stomach, all so light that the weight of them would be imperceptible and as fine in their workmanship as a Panama hat.

All offices are supposed to be awarded by civil service examinations, and at certain times of the year the students, by the thousand, come from all parts of the country, each carrying two or three of these sheets of paper. They are admitted into one part of the palace grounds, and there squat down under umbrellas which they bring with them, and write essays in poetry. They have to wear a certain kind of cap, known as a scholar's cap, at this time. Each poem covers a huge sheet of paper. It must have just so many verses and just so many lines to each verse, and the students don't know what they are going to write about until they get inside the ground. The subject is hoisted up on a pole just outside of a pen in which the king and judges sit. After the writing is through, each student folds up his essay in a peculiar way and throws it over the fence of the pen. It is carried up to the king and is spread out on top of a pile of papers which grows to large proportions before the examination is through.

Only a few pass at these examinations, and the rejected papers are all sold by the king or by his officials. There are hundreds of houses in Seoul which are carpeted with these old examination papers. I wore a rain-coat made of oiled paper which had been originally used by a Korean student for one of these essays, and I trotted about through the streets with a lot of Confucian doggerel on my back. The paper stores are found in different parts of the capital, and they are a big business. This paper takes the place of glass, and it forms the window coverings of Corea.

One of the largest of the guild halls about the great bell is devoted to the selling of shoes. These are of many varieties and some are quite expensive. Those for the ladies are made of pink, blue and red leather, while the men usually wear black alippers with soles of white wood about an inch thick. The common people wear straw shoes, and these are made by the bushel, and are carried by porters all over the country. They cost about one cent per pair and are the cheapest article of clothing in Corea. Most things are extravagantly dear. General Pak showed me hats which cost fifteen dollars a piece, and he bought a new gown in order that he might go about with me in style which cost him ten dollars. Think of free lunch counters in Corea! Well, they have them in all parts of the country, and there is many a dirty little den in Seoul outside of which a clay oven is continually cooking free soup, and where you can get a hot dried fish or turnip soup without charge between drinks. The Koreans are less temperate than the Chinese, and I think, also, than the Japanese. They like intoxicating liquors,

and I met many reeling through the streets, and now and then saw one asleep by the roadside, dressed in his long white gown and looking for all the world like a corpse in a shroud. The drug stores do not sell liquors, and they have very few fluids of any kind. Their medicines consist of powders and herbs. Patent medicines are as yet unknown in Corea. I believe a great big business could be done in both Corea and China by taking patent medicines out there and advertising them as wonderful cure-alls, using the "before and after taking" signs, especially. The field is a virgin one and it ought to be worked. I went into one drug store in Seoul, which was walled with cabinets containing drawers about six inches square filled with all kinds of nauseous herbs. There were bags of medicine hanging from the roof, and the druggist was squatting on the floor with his hat on making more medicine.

The funniest article of household furniture is the Korean cash box. Every man has his own bank of this kind. It is made of oak wood about two inches thick, and the lock to it weighs several pounds. The money is kept in this box, and is carried about on the backs of coolies or by servants when a man goes shopping, and in the winter it is put into the Korean safe deposit.

The Koreans have perhaps the best safe deposit system in the world, but it is one that works only during the winter. All their money is in Korean cash, which is made in coins of copper and brass about as big as an old-fashioned red cent, with a square hole in the center. It takes six hundred coins, or three thousand cash, to make an American dollar. About twenty dollars is a good load for a man, and forty dollars is one that works only during the winter. All their money is in Korean cash, which is made in coins of copper and brass about as big as an old-fashioned red cent, with a square hole in the center. It takes six hundred coins, or three thousand cash, to make an American dollar. About twenty dollars is a good load for a man, and forty dollars is one that works only during the winter. All their money is in Korean cash, which is made in coins of copper and brass about as big as an old-fashioned red cent, with a square hole in the center. It takes six hundred coins, or three thousand cash, to make an American dollar. About twenty dollars is a good load for a man, and forty dollars is one that works only during the winter.

Every Korean has his own vault. It is usually his front yard. He has his servant dig this up to a depth of about eight feet and then the first cold, frosty night he spreads out a layer of this cash in a hole and covers it with a coating of earth. He has water thrown upon this, so that the cash is imbedded in the mud, and it is watched until Jack Frost freezes it tight. The next night there is another layer of cash and a second coating of mud. This is frozen, and so it goes on until there is a solid frozen mass of cash and mud, lying two or three feet below the surface of the ground. On the top of this the ground is also frozen, and the winter is such that the merchant can sleep without fear until spring.

"When a man is ter'ble anxious ter git something away," said Uncle Eben, "hit am er sho sign dat it ain't much count. Dis 'piles ter advice same as anything else."—Washington Star.

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