

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN. THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

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 We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications, and all notices of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

A Missouri widow is prancing around under the name of Nicewitner.

The State of Alabama, having found out that she could borrow money at lower rates on gold bonds than on any other kind, has promptly decided to issue such bonds. The United States ought to be as sensible as the State of Alabama.

Electricity says there is nothing theoretically improbable in the statement that an Ohio convict has invented a battery which converts sound into electric power by a device which "makes it possible to operate an ordinary call bell by simply clapping the hands in front of the battery."

France pays increasing attention to forestry and is acquiring and replanting much waste land to control torrents and prevent the spread of sand dunes. About 15 1/2 per cent. of the total area of France is in forests, a total of 32,422 square miles, of which the State manages about one-third. The forest holdings of the communes and of public institutions are much larger.

Mr. J. Ross writes in the Engineering and Mining Journal that since the diamond discoveries in South Africa the Brazilian diamond-mining industry has fallen so low that the annual output is now not over \$150,000, when thirty years ago it was upwards of \$2,500,000. Brazilian diamonds are so much smaller than the African that it does not pay to mine them against African competition.

It is said that the weaving of threads of aluminum in textile fabrics results in a practically non-oxidizable, inexpensive material that is free from chemical action, and can be washed without fear of injury. It can be applied to the finest and heaviest fabrics, as the thread can be drawn to any degree of thinness and may be made round or flat, or in any shape convenient for wearing.

The drainage of the great silver mines in the west is an expensive undertaking at times, and the drainage tunnels are frequently driven under conditions as dangerous as those which are encountered in tunnelling under rivers. One of the greatest of these tunnels in the country is that just completed at the Ontario mine, about a mile and a half south of Park City, Utah. It runs 15,600 feet into the mountain at a grade of three inches in 100 feet.

An interesting attempt to reinforce the volume of sound of a violin or similar stringed instrument has been made by Professor Bruno E. Wollenhauff and is well spoken of by several high authorities. It consists of supplementary strings or rods within the body of the instrument which can be tuned with the ordinary strings, and will then sound sympathetically when the latter are played on. There is a dampening device for these supplementary strings which is operated by pressure of the player's chin on a lever in the tailpiece.

Diogo Cano's pillar, marking the farthest south of the Portuguese discoveries in 1485, has been removed by the Germans from Cape Cross in Damaraland, South Africa, and placed in the collection of the Marine Akademie at Kiel. The pillar consists of a shaft six feet six inches high and a foot in diameter, with a capital seventeen inches deep, hewn out of a single piece of marble. On the upper surface is the mark of the place to which the cross, also brought to Kiel, was fastened with lead. On one face of the capital are the arms of Portugal, in the form they first took in the reign of John II.; the other faces are covered by a Latin inscription in Gothic characters, the substance of which is repeated in Portuguese, in the same characters on the shaft of the column. It reads: "From the beginning of the world there has elapsed 6,884 years, and from the birth of Christ 1485, when the most exalted and most serene King, Don John the Second, of Portugal, ordered a column to be erected here by his knight, Diogo Cano." Two similar columns from Punta Santa Maria, formerly Cape Santo Agostinho, dated 1483, and from Cape Negro, were removed in 1891 to the

Labon museum. Emperor William has sent out to Cape Cross, to be erected on the spot from which the pillar was taken, an exact fac simile of the monument, in polished dark gray granite, with, in addition, the arms of Germany and this inscription in German: "By order of his Majesty, the German Emperor and King of Prussia, William II., this was erected in 1894 in place of the original pillar, which has become weather-worn in the course of years."

A REASONABLE BILL. The bill reported by the House Committee on Pensions governing the payment of invalid pensions in all cases appears to be what is needed. It provides that the pension which has accrued at the death of a pensioner, or of a person having an application pending at the time of death, shall not be considered a part of such person's estate, and shall not be liable for his debts. Such accrued pension shall go first to the payment of the expenses of the illness and burial of the pensioner, provided he has no estate from which such expenses may be paid. The remainder shall go to the widow, if there be one, and if not, to such children as may have been dependent upon the pensioner. If there be no widow or dependent children, the pension shall be paid to the dependent mother or father of the pensioner. If the pensioner be the dependent mother of a deceased veteran, the pension goes to the dependent father, and finally: If no widow or dependent child survive, or if the deceased be a child under 16 years of age, or a permanently helpless child of a deceased soldier or sailor, and no other such dependent or minor child survive, or be a dependent mother, no dependent father surviving, or a dependent father, brother or sister of a deceased soldier or sailor, no payment whatever of such accrued pension shall be made or allowed, except so much as may be necessary to pay the expenses of the last sickness and burial of such deceased person, or so much thereof as may remain unpaid after exhausting the estate of such person.

EXCELSIOR. When it was announced the other day that literature had so declined and fallen at Yale that the "Lit." medal could not be awarded without disgracing its idea, a feeling of sadness was felt by some of those who are interested in the progress and prosperity of the great school. And they couldn't see anything ahead that would raise their depressed spirits, because they realized that no big athletic achievements could be expected until the season for them should come. But Yale is in the habit of surprising those who feel sad because she apparently falls in any one branch of effort. Just when such people are the saddest she will up and do something to show that still she lives and excels in something, if not in the particular thing in which the saddened ones think she ought to excel. So at this gloomy juncture two of her representatives have added to her fame in a way which, though not exactly literary, has an established connection with literature, especially in the great universities of Germany. Instead of competing for the "Lit." medal the surprisers resolved to see what they could do in a contest with each other based on beer. At the appointed time the affair came off in a resort frequented by young gentlemen of letters. The reports of its progress and result vary some, but there is no doubt that the contestants were as full of the Yale spirit as of beer. Each intended to win if he died in the attempt. It took between five and six hours for Victory to perch, and she finally perched on the head of a glorious young man who had succeeded in getting fifty-three glasses of beer into his interior department, while the vanquished was able to insert only fifty-one. Kindly nature occasionally helped both the contestants out, as emetics were wont to help Roman banqueters, and they stuck to it with dogged and even hogged persistence. After Victory had perched they were both taken home and put to bed by companions who knew how to duly honor and care for those who could increase the fame of old Yale by such heroic deeds.

It is said that the victor was a freshman. If this is so what will he not be able to do in his chosen line after four years of training? Some years ago a large German came up here from New York to testify in court as an expert concerning beer-drinking. He testified that he could and did drink eighty glasses a day. The good people of New Haven could hardly believe him, but their doubt would have been mitigated if they had known that a boy could drink fifty glasses. There is a big difference between a boy and a large German man.

FASHION NOTES. June and February Promenaders.

A good insight can already be had into the fashions for next summer's promenaders. One noticeable item is offered to take the place of the man's shirt front for girls. It is a linen shirt, close fitting except for the front, which is in the form of a box-pleat that hangs straight, smooth and stiffly starched from the collar to just below the belt, where it turns under sharply. All along the top of the box-pleat there are regular stud holes and studs will be worn. This pattern gives the need-

ed straight and flat effect in front and at no sacrifice to the lines of the figure. It is worn with just so much greater ease, too, for it was next to impossible for the average girl to keep the front of the man-style shirt flat for more than ten minutes. For this picture a stylish February promenade is sketched. Violin cloth



is the material of her dress, its rather wide bell skirt being laid in fan pleats on the left side and finished by a large velvet bow of the same shade as the goods. Jet passementerie encircles the hem. The bodice fastens at the side and has a velvet yoke finished with a double rever collar of the same, edged and embroidered with jet. Six buttons ornament the front and end in a wide corselet belt of the velvet. Beaded lace sounds rich and is used on the newest velvet cloaks, which are heavily trimmed with wide ivory lace whose meshes are filled with jet beads. It gives an elegant effect, even if the lace is not an expensive quality in the beginning, so it is not such an extravagance as it seems at first thought. A little touch of ermine seems to be a favorite embellishment for elaborate evening gowns for elderly women. Some very magnificent costumes in velvet, both black and emerald, are shown with elaborate enrichment of ermine. The effect is especially suited to dowager staidness. The fur is softened to the skin and sets off gray hair at the same time. In theater capes it is much seen for young girls, the edges often finished with wide white Persian lamb.

PETRIPIED. She (bitterly)—Before you married me I was an angel. I'll never be that again, I suppose. He (sarcastically)—Well, I live in hopes.—The Club.

Teacher—Now, boys, if one of you were to find something petripied, what age would you attribute to it? Smart Boy—Stone age.—Harper's Young People.

It is not true that Russell Sage, after having kindled his fire, sticks a cork in the end of the bellows to save the little wind which is left in them.—Texas Siftings.

"Looking for work, are you?" asked the good lady. "Oh, not that bad, mum," answered Mr. Everett West. "I'm merely waitin' fer it."—Cincinnati Tribune.

She—How old would you say I was? He—Um—well, I should say you were old enough to know better than think I would answer a question like that.—Detroit Free Press.

Blanche—Isabel, what has put you in such a bad humor? Isabel—Why, I've just had a communication from Jack, and he writes such a horrid hand that I can't tell whether it is a proposal, an Easter card or that cure for chilblains he promised to send me.—Pearson's Weekly.

"Won't you have another piece of pie, Mr. Claverly?" asked Tommie. "Thank you, Tommie," replied Mr. Claverly. "It's very kind of you." "Oh, that's all right," returned Tommie, with energy. "I'm looking out for myself, too. Ma said if it was necessary to cut another pie I could have two pieces."—Harlem Life.

Why is the cherished fond gazelle The one that's sure to die? Why does the fairest wildwood flower The soonest withered lie?

Why does the bread that you let fall Your clothes with grease anoint? Why does the pencil that you lose Land always on its point?

Why is the single dollar prized The easiest to fly? Why are the girls who cannot sing The willingest to try?

Why do the sweetest cherries grow Upon the topmost bough? And why do folks waste time upon Such questions, anyhow? —Washington Star.

A PRODUCT OF CIRCUMSTANCES. John Bellows Says Alexander III Must be Judged With an Eye to His Surroundings.

[From the Scotsman.] A long and able article appeared a few days ago in one of the daily papers. Its writer, as internal evidence shows, is well acquainted with the private life of the imperial palace; and there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the incidents he cites in support of his estimate of the Czar's character. Yet he falls in what is of more importance in such an estimate. He is not in sympathy there cannot be justice. I do not mean that he need approve of the policy pursued by the Russian ruler; but he ought at least so to place himself, mentally, in the position of the Czar as to realize its conflicting responsibilities and its tremendous difficulties before he condemns the failure to reconcile and to overcome them. Let those who feel bitterness against the government of Russia, or indignation with its sovereign on account of the wrongs suffered by many of his subjects, bear in mind that an empire burdened with the Asiatic traditions of a thousand years can at best but move very slowly away from them. Broadly speaking, Russia is now in this respect where England was in the days of the Stuarts; and it has cost the latter country great depths of suffering and hundreds of years of time to reach its present standpoint. To be born to rule a congeries of people who for ages have been governed by Asiatic methods, is no enviable in-

heritance; yet it was the one in which Alexander III, by the grace of God, found himself placed. Yes, by the grace of God; unless we are prepared to deny that every one of us is created to cope with and overcome some special disadvantages into which no other person is fitted so entirely to enter; disadvantages not merely of circumstance, but of temperament, of degree in ability, or of whatever nature they may be. All that we are responsible for is to do the best that is possible under the circumstances we are in, be they favorable or unfavorable. But this, it may be objected, is what Alexander III failed to do. He might at least have carried on the work his father had begun, instead of in some points reversing it. Perhaps he might. I am not so sure, however, that any one of us would have acted otherwise than as he did had we been in his stead. The very steps that had been taken by Alexander II to reform the evils he found in existence had themselves led to new and unforeseen difficulties; as, for example, the land allotment, consequent upon the emancipation of the serfs, and which had sufficed for the generation living at the time, has since been overtaken by the growth of the population, and has opened up a new and complicated problem to be solved—a new and increasing ground for discontent. And, again, what has been the apparent result of all the liberty Alexander II had granted after so prolonged an effort? His own most cruel death and the many times repeated attempts on the life of his successor. With such alternatives as pressed upon him, with the yawning gulf of nihilism on the one hand and the cliffs of arbitrary repression on the other, it was very possible that Alexander III should make mistakes in the government of Russia. Perhaps he did so. Perhaps he even deserved the remark of a former British ambassador to his court—that he was a good man, but a bad emperor. It may be set off for one man not able to blame him, for I cannot see all the way through the forest of difficulties by which he was surrounded, and so I am forced to leave the criticism of his policy to the clever men who, if similarly situated, would have made no mistakes themselves. For my own part, I would rather deal with him as a man than as an emperor; for I, too, am a man, and can feel as he felt when in the presence of the awful sufferings inflicted by the Turkish war, he let his pity get the better of his ambition as a soldier, and determined thereafter to stave off, as far as in him lay, the horrors of the battlefield from his own people and from others over whom he had sufficient influence. Whatever mistakes he may have made, reflection, who will not feel lastingly grateful to Alexander III for the blessing of a long European peace in the stead of what had been a man of harder heart, would most surely have been an era of European war.

No, that is no hard heart which may soon beat its last at Livadia! One simple incident will show this, and will certainly win the sympathy of every reader of these lines. The day before Alexander was born, an English nurse entered the service of the imperial family. I forget her full name, but in the palace she was always known as "Kitty." A God-fearing woman, she exercised a powerful influence on the children under her care, and they returned that care with unbounded love and respect. In her old age the Czar allotted her apartments in what answers in Russia to the English Hampton Court—the Winter Palace—since the death of Alexander II it is no longer used as an imperial residence, though it still serves for some of the state ceremonies. Here rooms, a carriage, servants and everything that thought could devise, made the old nurse's declining days easy. The walls of her room were crowded with birthday and other presents from every member of the great family she had so faithfully served; and in these surroundings, rather less than two years ago, the time came for Kitty to die. Again and again the emperor would come and sit by her bedside to read her a chapter out of the English Bible that she had so often read from to him when he was a little child; for to her early endeavors he had owed the strengthening of whatever was good and gentle in him; and he repaid her with almost the affection of a son to his mother. The last time he came to see her the old nurse was past consciousness and failed to give him her usual smile of recognition. Alexander bent down over the dying face and asked tenderly if she did not know him? But Kitty never spoke again. Her life's work was done.

The morning of the funeral found the emperor and some other members of the family in the room, with the British chaplain of Petersburg and the undertakers. As the moment came for putting the body into the coffin the Czar stepped forward to do so; but the chaplain mentioned them back: "No; no one shall touch her but ourselves," he said; and then, beckoning to his brother, the Grand Duke Sergius took the feet, and he lifted the head, and they gently laid the remains in the coffin.

It was a miserable winter day; but Alexander III followed that coffin for two miles from the Winter Palace, through the streets of Petersburg to the cemetery beyond the Neva, to see his old English nurse laid in the grave. Who will not feel that such a man had a true and noble heart? and who will

ever spoke to the mayor of the city where I lived when I was a boy, it would have been worth going to England to see him for."

"Is it possible," said the German member, "that you spoke to a mayor when you were a boy and have never told us about it?" "It was soon after the centennial celebration of the surrender of Yorktown," said the American, "and that was in—"

"Here, Dennis, Dennis," the Irish member interrupted, "bring a fresh shohn; he's going to begin with the surrender of Yorktown." "The American tried to pretend to look hurt at the interruption and went on: "The United States government invited the French government to send representatives to the Yorktown centennial, and it sent a considerable delegation. I was a schoolboy in Providence then. After the celebration the Frenchmen traveled all around and saw a little of the country before going home, and incidentally they visited Providence, because the French forces that came to help in the Revolution were encamped there for a long time and a good many of them died from smallpox. The party came up to see the school where I was, and we sang the 'Marseillaise' and the 'Star Spangled Banner' and the wedding march from 'Lohengrin' for them. There was the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of France to the United States and a real, live descendant of Lafayette and a dozen other great persons who politely expressed vast delight at our music."

"The descendant of Lafayette was a very tall, very slender and very blond young man, and I can remember the exact words of the speech that he made to us: 'As my great-grandfather was your friend of your Washington, I hope we shall be always your good friends. Good-by!'" "Then the French delegation trotted off to see the rest of the sights of the town. In the evening there was to be a dinner at the Narragansett hotel, and after that, the newspapers had announced, there would be a public reception. That meant, of course, that all who would might enter in a single file and shake the hands of the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary and the descendant of Lafayette. This was just the chance that some of us boys wanted, for we were not all satisfied with merely having these great persons exhibited before us at school. So one of my schoolmates, my younger brother and myself went to the hotel in the evening, and were grieved to find the entrance guarded by policemen, who would not let us or anybody else in.

"After a weary wait, somebody coming out whispered to us: 'You can get through the bar-room.' We had been brought up to believe that barrooms were fatal, but it was not a theory but a condition that confronted us, and we went in through the bar-room. For a time we seemed no better off, for the two stairways that led to the second floor, where the parlors and dining rooms were, were guarded by policemen. But by good luck, one of the guards got thirsty, and as soon as he was gone we reasoned with ourselves thus: 'In a few minutes that dinner will be over, and the reception will begin; if we dodge up there before the policeman gets back we shall be the first ones in line, and shall shake the hands of the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary while they are fresh.'"

"We ran up and the guard came back to his post. The minute we were at the head of the stairs the dining room doors opened, and out came the French delegation and all the rest of the party. The parlors were filled with people, and we were in the midst of them. There were the Frenchmen, and there were Mayor Doyle, who had been mayor of Providence at that time for about as many years as I had lived, and the Protestant bishop and the Catholic bishop, and a hundred or so of officially invited guests. We didn't see any crowd coming in from the street and we felt a little uncomfortable, but we followed the example of others present, and shook hands with the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, but that was not enough for us. We must shake the hand of the descendant of Lafayette. "And our luck did not desert us. All at once we saw the descendant of Lafayette standing right in front of us, and all alone, and at the same instant Mayor Doyle was coming straight toward us, also alone. It was no time to hesitate. I went boldly up to him and said: 'Mr. Mayor, we go to the high school, we want to be introduced to the descendant of Lafayette; there he is; will you please introduce us?' "But I don't know his name,' said the mayor. "No matter about his name,' I said, 'our names will be enough; my name is—'" "The mayor was not made of stone. He went to the descendant of Lafayette and said: 'Monsieur—ah—Monsieur, this is young Mr. —, who wants to be introduced to you.' The descendant of Lafayette bowed and said: 'I am very pleased to meet you, and I am very glad to shake hands with you and the other boys by name, and he bowed and said, 'I am very pleased' twice more. Then we decided that we were out of place in such an assembly as this, and we went home, vowing that when we were old enough to vote we would vote for Mayor Doyle to our dying days. And as it turned out, that public reception never was held at all, and we three boys were the only ones, except the officially invited guests, who shook the hands of the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary and the descendant of Lafayette that night."

"That reminds me," said the Irishman, "of the time when—did I ever tell you about the bishop of—?" "You have told that story to every one of us separately," said the German. "And twice to all of us collectively," said the Englishman.

Marriage in Scotland. A Scotch minister has been telling some of his experiences in marrying people, which are rather funny. Sometimes when he has asked a couple to join hands, the four join hands all round as if preparing to sing "Auld Lang Syne." On several occasions, when the question was asked of the bridegroom whether he took this woman for his wife, no reply was returned. He then repeated the question more pointedly, which always brought out the tardy cool response "Oh, ay!" A common practice after the knot is tied for the minister to shake hands in the young couple and say, "I wish

reform in tobacco

Edw. E. Hall & Son ANNOUNCE a Special Sale of CLARETS, RHINE WINES, SAUTERNES and BURGUNDIES at Prices BELOW Importers' wholesale rates.

This stock is from an old and well-known Wine House, retiring from business, and OUR OWN guarantee goes with every bottle. Printed Circular, describing in detail some 29 lots, sent free upon request. 770 CHAPEL STREET.

Fancy Shirtings FOR 1895. Our shirtings in Madras, Cheviots and Oxfords, cloths for the season of 1895, are now ready and orders will be taken for Ladies' shirts, waists and blouses, or sold by the yard if desired.

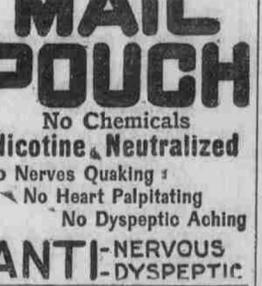
For Men's and Youth's business, negligee and OUTING SHIRTS. Dress and Business Shirts. \$1.50, \$2.00 and up. CHASE & CO. New Haven House Building.

COMMITTEE ON SEWERS. THE Committee on Sewers will meet in Room 10 and 11, City Hall, on Thursday, Feb. 22nd, 1895, at 8 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of considering the following matters: Petition of S. C. Whitney et al. for a sewer in Willow street between Whitney avenue and Livingston street. Petition of W. H. Whitman et al. for a sewer in Livingston street between Edwards and Lawrence streets. Petition of David Shelton et al. for a sewer in Asylum street between Sylvan avenue and Oak street. Petition of Thomas Phillips & Son et al. for a sewer in High street between Wall and Grove streets. Petition of Ann J. Mooney et al. for a sewer in Lines street between Washington and Frank streets. Petition of W. J. Montgomery et al. for a sewer in Sherman avenue from Goffe street to Munson street.

All persons interested in any of the foregoing are hereby notified to appear and be heard thereon without further notice. For order, A. D. SAKBORN, Chairman. EDWARD A. STREET, Assistant City Clerk.

Make Your Homes Attractive and Comfortable. THIS CAN BE DONE BY Furnishing your rooms with neat and comfortable FURNITURE. We can supply you with anything in the line of Furniture. CALL ON US. THE BOWDITCH & PRUDDEN CO. 104-106 Orange Street.

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No Chemicals Nicotine, Neutralized No Nerves Quaking! No Heart Palpitating No Dyspeptic Aching ANTI-NERVOUS ANTI-DYSPEPTIC

you much joy." A bridegroom once briskly replied, "The same to you, sir." The minister on one occasion remarked to a middle-aged bride that this was the last time she should sign her maiden name. She coolly replied, "I've signed it long enough, I think!"—Westminster Gazette.

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F. M. BROWN & CO. GRAND CENTRAL SHOPPING EMPORIUM. F. M. BROWN. D. S. GAMBLE.

F. M. BROWN & CO. Red, White and Blue Ribbon, Flags and Decorations for Washington's birthday—beautiful tributes at very little cost.

Ladies' Black Marine Skirts, deep gathered flounces and velveteen binding, handsome for \$2.25 Black Satteen Aprons, 25 cents 8,000 yards of Fine Cambric Embroideries, wide margins, very pretty, 12 1/2c yd. 6,000 yards Torchon Lace, choice designs, 1 1/2 to 3 inch wide, 5c yd. West Store, Main Floor

Spangled Yokes in most delicate tints; also the lace for the epaulettes. American Beauty Ross, silk and velvet combination, pearls, very beautiful, 25c West Store, Main Floor

Soft Alpine Hats, black, navy, brown and silver grey made on Knox's latest block. The deceitful thing about the Alpine is that 30 years looks like 20. West Store, Second Floor

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