

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

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Baseball is growing in popularity in England. It may yet give the English more fun than their stupid cricket.

The Kansas City Journal quietly remarks that the only remarkable thing about that row in the Colorado senate is the fact that a paper wedge bounced off a populist head instead of going through.

There is a queer outcome of a war between bakers at Port Huron, Michigan. In their attempt to ruin each other they gradually cut down the price of bread from five cents a loaf, until they were selling the same kind of a loaf for two cents. Then the people began to eat bakers' bread to such an extent that the bakers are making more money at two cents a loaf than they did at five cents, and there is no talk of going back to the old rate.

The Ivory companies of the city of London, proper, which is a small part of great London, have a gross income of \$4,000,000 a year, the bulk of which is expended in the administration of sinecure posts involving the payment of enormous salaries to useless officials, and upward of \$500,000 yearly is spent in eating and drinking. The conservatives on the board defended the system as time-honored and protested against any change. But the county council is about to petition the government to reform the startling abuse. The companies are superannuated corporations having no usefulness in the present age.

Prince Otto Edouard Leopold von Bismarck, ex-chancellor of Germany, was born April 1, 1815, consequently the next recurrence will be his eightieth birthday. His fellow-countrymen propose to mark this anniversary in unique fashion by mailing to him copies of a specially designed postal card on which each sender will write a few words of congratulation over his signature. Germans in the United States will do the same, only that they will use the ordinary postal card of this country. It is expected that several hundred thousand German-Americans will adopt this plan of testifying to their admiration for Germany's greatest statesman.

Closing a university for a whole year, as the Italian minister of education, Dr. Guido Bacchi, has just done with the University of Naples, is a pretty severe measure of discipline. The minister had refused to allow a supplementary examination for those students who had fallen at the regular examination; the students thereupon prevented the giving of lectures by their disorder, and the minister ordered all the courses of instruction to stop, which delays the graduation of all the students by a year. He threatens that unless disorder ceases the whole teaching staff will be permanently withdrawn from Naples. The disorders have been so serious as to require the interference of the soldiers; and students in other universities seem inclined to make common cause with those at Naples.

It is said that of the 40 monarchical countries at present found on the map of Europe, 33 are governed by members of descendants of German families. Of these 22 are in the German empire and 11 outside of Germany—namely, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, England, Greece, Liechtenstein, the Netherlands, Austria-Hungary, Portugal, Roumania and Russia. The reigning families of Spain, Sweden, Italy and Monaco are of Romanic origin, although those of Savoy and Spain, while Bourbon, are strongly mixed with German blood. Of Slav origin are only the house of Petrovitch-Njegosh, reigning in Montenegro, and that of Obrenovich, reigning in Serbia; this last also is not of unmixed blood. The sultan is of Turanian origin. The 40 rulers in Europe are derived from 26 different families, and of them 17 are German.

A decision just rendered by the High Court of Chancery in London bids fair to deal a serious blow at the indiscriminate creation of joint stock companies for the working of industrial and financial undertakings. During the last year two-thirds of all the limited liability companies floated in London failed to establish themselves as per-

manent enterprises and were wound up with no benefit to any one save the vendors and promoters. Hitherto the unfortunate investors have been without redress against those who had profited at their expense, since, as a rule, the promoters left to the directors whom they had deceived the responsibility of making those false representations upon which investors were induced to embark their money. According to the decree which has just been rendered, however, the vendor and promoter, as long as they retain a single share of stock in the concern, remain the responsible parties, the directors and management of the company being considered merely as their agents.

STRONG IN MIND, STRONG IN BODY. The new girl is as strong in her body as she is in her mind, and that is saying much. She has already amply demonstrated her strength of mind, and she is here and there giving exhibitions of her strength of body. One of these exhibitions was given the other day in Binghamton, New York.

There is a high school in that place, and there are two secret societies in the school, one called the Alpha Zeta, composed of young men, and the other known as the Theta Sigma, whose members are girls. There has been so fierce a rivalry between these societies that they have been forbidden to hold meetings in the school building, and have been accustomed to meet at the homes of members. One day last week the Alpha Zeta boys learned that the Theta Sigma girls were about to initiate some new members at a meeting to be held in a private house. The boys quickly hatched a plot, and on the night appointed for the meeting proceeded in a body to the mansion in which the girls were assembled. One of them knocked, and as soon as the door was opened all of them rushed in and surprised the girls in the midst of their ceremonies. For a moment consternation and dead silence reigned. Then the girls rallied and turned on the invaders. The attack was furious and the battle short. The boys were cuffed, pounded and kicked, their hair pulled and their clothing torn. They were unable to resist the onslaught, and quickly beat a retreat in wild disorder. It is stated that one of them was fairly hurled down stairs by a buxom girl. The Theta Sigma society then went on with its exercises, while the members of the Alpha Zeta dispersed in various directions, with bruised bodies and wounded feelings.

If the new girl is thus in Binghamton what is she in other places where she has had more encouragement and more training? And what will she do when she really lets herself out? Now that Harvard has affectionately turned to the Arts and Sciences will Yale find her only worthy foe on the bloody football field in a team from some "female college"? And will some such team finally drive Yale to the Arts and Sciences?

SOME COMMON SENSE. This country has been notified by a good many intelligent observers that if it wants to increase, or even keep its trade with foreign countries it must improve its consular service. Now comes Mr. Denby from China and tells us that if we do not want to lose our market in China for cotton cloth we shall have to bestir ourselves. The making of cotton cloth is rapidly increasing in that country, and Mr. Denby says that the trade of this country cannot be pushed in China by untrained representatives. Other commercial countries having trade interests in China to look after—Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia—send clever young men to Pekin to learn the "official dialect," which is quite distinct from the dialect learned by the missionaries. To become fairly proficient in it requires two or three years of hard study. Then the young men serve an apprenticeship as consular clerks, etc., and work their way up. All the European consuls-general and consuls in China have been educated for their duties in this way. Thus, says Mr. Denby, is created a body of consular officials able to transact business directly with Chinese officials and merchants. It goes without saying that such representatives exercise an influence on trade very much to our detriment, our officials being such birds of passage as to be no match for them. "That there is any success whatever in our consular system is due to the natural quickness and intelligence of Americans. If to this quickness were added the advantages afforded the representatives of Great Britain and other European powers our commerce would be greatly benefited. To get the best results our consular service should be made a profession with a certain tenure of office and promotion for capable service. Our trade in the East is second to England's, but at a vast distance. Britannia literally rules the waves by virtue of her devotion to her commercial interests. She leaves no stone unturned to advance her cause, whereas we are curiously indifferent to the development of our foreign commerce. Formerly we had very large merchant houses at Canton and Shanghai. The last, Russell & Co., failed several years ago, and no successors have filled the void. If the bill before congress to place consuls under civil service rules becomes a law it will be the greatest good fortune that ever befall our foreign trade."

This is common sense. And it is

about time that common sense had some influence in the appointment of consuls to represent the United States.

FASHION NOTES.

A Clear Field for the Godelet Skirt. The godelet skirt is supreme for the present and is the mark of absolute correctness in the current styles. That it is so favored is a good thing for the makers of haircloth, though they are rivalled by manufacturers of the cheaper grass cloth, but the former is better made than it used to be, being more flexible and not nearly so heavy. While the popular skirt sets without godets in front, when rich velvet or silk is used the material shows to better advantage by multiplying these folds all about the skirt. But stiffening is essential in either case. This style of

skirt is correct for women of all ages, being just right for the maid of twenty, and adding to the dignified carriage of her who is twice or thrice that age. A dress for a middle-aged woman is sketched herewith, and a glance at it will convince any one that it depends for its stylishness upon its skirt. It is made of gray silk, its material is gray peau de soie combined with amethyst velours and it is cut princess. The skirt is all pleated but a panel of gray silk in front, which is embroidered with amethyst silk at the hem. The bodice portion fastens at the side, has two rows of amethyst buttons and a collar of the velvet crossing in front, two folds on each side finished with an embroidered gray ruffle. Cuffs of velvet are headed by embroidery.

Where a footing of dark velvet is not possible, the edge of a light skirt is finished with a little puff of tulle, chiffon or gauze that forms a little bag over the edge of the skirt. This bag does not show on the dress and when soiled can be removed, where, were the edge of the skirt left unprotected, once soiled at the hem the dress would be sadly marred, perhaps ruined.

FLORETTA. Society. I looked and saw a splendid pageantry Of beautiful women and of lordly men, Taking their pleasure on a flowery plain.

Where poppies and the red anemone, And many another leaf of crimson, Flickered about their feet and gave their stain.

To heels of iron or satin, and the grain Of silken garments floating far and free, As in the dance they wove themselves, or strayed.

By twos together, or lightly smiled and bowed, Or courted to each other, or else played At games of mirth and pastime, unafraid.

In their delight; and all so high and proud, They seemed scarce of the earth whereon they trod.

I looked again and saw that flowery space Stirring, as if alive, beneath the tread That rested now upon an old man's head.

And now upon a baby's gasping face, Or mother's bosom, or the rounded grace Of a girl's throat; and what had seemed the red Of flowers was blood, in gouts and gushes shed.

From hearts that broke under that frolic pace.

And now and then from out the dreadful floor An arm or brow was lifted from the rest, As if to strike in madness, or implore For mercy; and anon some suffering breast Heaved from the mass and sank; and as before The revelers above them thronged and prest.

—W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine for March.

COMMUNICATIONS. Music in Religion. To the Editor of the Journal and Courier I take great pleasure in agreeing most heartily with very much of "Music Lover's" last communication. I enjoyed his definition of worship and his thoughts concerning music; particularly music as a reverent, uplifting and most valuable part of worship. But I must still differ with him a bit on one or two points. The rest of his letter is rather irrelevant. We should speak to the Register about the unsabbotical reading of Sunday newspapers.

First, he is surprised when I insist that music should be used secondarily in divine worship, and asks what can be considered of first importance if not music—certainly not the sermon, certainly not prayer, certainly not the scriptures. In my opinion this would go a long way toward reducing the worship of God to a matter of aesthetic enjoyment; to make of it a sacred concert with sermon, prayer and scriptures incidentally connected therewith. Because I draw the line at that "Music Lover" cannot believe that I am fond of music and realize to the full its power and value. Again, for so much of my letter as implied an attack or criticism as regards the special choir in which he is interested I am sorry, My

words were misunderstood and narrowed by him, for I particularly endorsed, as far as I knew, all that might be said of this choir. It was a simply a point in the discussion. The over-advertising of other choirs would have served as well to illustrate my points. The trouble between "Music Lover" and myself is this: He is looking at the matter of religious worship from the restricted and lower standpoint of an enthusiast in music, and with his mind preoccupied with the attractions of a particular choir. I am looking at the matter of worship from a larger and higher standpoint, in a more general way, with no thought of special application.

He should remember that my criticism of some phases of modern divine worship included historical services, advertised and sensational sermons as well as musical evenings and advertised choirs. But after all, as often happens in good-natured discussions, we agree fairly well. In the first part of his letter "Music Lover" misleads me by proving at length that music should be of first importance, second to nothing in divine worship; in his last paragraph he puts music in its very proper place, "among other aids to worship."

As an aid, a means to an end not excluding higher things, it is a powerful factor in church service; but to make it the best and most important of worship would mean a very temporary and aesthetic uplifting which would not result, in a very practical Christianity.

I see no reason for changing the opinion I have already expressed that "historical" evenings, "composer's" evenings, much advertised choirs, sensational sermons; in short, the secularizing of divine worship, which we have seen in these days, means a lowering of the dignity of worship and a decided loss of spirituality.

LAXMAN. LIMITED. Jikniks—The more a man has the more he wants. Biskit—Did you ever have twins at your house?—Detroit Free Press.

Teacher—Why was George Washington a great man? Tommy—Because we don't have school on his birthday.—Philadelphia Record.

Hardup (scribbles)—My dear fellow, couldn't I lend me a V? Wiggins (scribbles below)—My boy, you must think that I am a J.—Harper's Bazar.

Amy—Was Colonel Shorter in many engagements? Mrs. Placid—I wonder what has been the defendant in these three breach of promise suits.—Tid-Bits.

He—People in love believe everybody else can't see. She (cautiously)—Just the same, don't you trust too much to that while papa is around.—Detroit Free Press.

It was asked about an indifferent football player what position he occupied in the field—was he a full-back or a half-back? "No," was the reply, "he was a drawback."—Tid-Bits.

Little Johnny—I prayed for good skating and we got plenty of ice, but it snowed just enough to spoil it. Little Ethel—That's too bad. Little Johnny—It's an outrage. I'm going over to the coast's hill to lick the boy that prayed for snow.—Good News.

"Young man," said the female physician, "you are in a bad way; I'll continue to call on you." The sufferer raised himself on his elbow, looked at her tenderly and said: "I've no objection, but I would advise you first to see papa."—Adams Freeman.

Hammond's Hit. When I see her pass in her carriage in the park, wrapped in her furs, opulent, haughty, cold, invulnerable, beautiful, the woman's history comes back to me ever and again, point for point, step for step.

Time and again her calm, inscrutable eyes meet, with a fleeting glance, her husband's. They quietly, undemonstratively despise each other, these two. But, again, who would know it? Thus, it astonishes no one that both go their several ways. As for Hammond, he does not wear as well as the beautiful Adrienne. High living, clubs, race horses, yachts, too much stimulants are telling on him.

Yet once before his face took on that shadow of bloneness, his neck that bovine character, he was handsome enough.

But that was ten years ago. On a moist, foggy afternoon in January, a young man with a keen, set, determined countenance and eyes brooding, calculating summing up, combining as he went rapidly along the crowded city streets, was accosted by another man of about the same age, who was hastening, though somewhat more leisurely, in the opposite direction.

"If you've nothing else on hand come and make that call with me to-night," said Searle.

Searle was rather a good friend of his—the best he had. That was, perhaps, not saying much, for Hammond's friends were few. He had come from the country one day, resolute upon making his way.

There were times when the struggle was fought at such close quarters that his landlady's bills remained unpaid. But at the darkest of his dogged determination in him, never faltering, the excellence of Searle's fortunes was a matter of relative estimates. Searle himself felt that he was as lucky as any man need wish to be.

Hammond, had he been asked to give his opinion, would have remarked that to be the manager of a big bank, on a salary of \$5,000 a year, was a beggarly sort of thing unless a man expected to get up higher.

The call the friends made that evening was on a young girl and her mother. The mother came second, Searle had been infatuated for some time. Now they were engaged.

The young lady could scarcely be said to be in society; and she was in modest circumstances. But Searle was so happy that he eagerly wished every one of his friends to see Miss Eastlake and appreciate her good fortune.

Hammond, pleading another appointment, left early. Searle lingered behind for a few moments.

"What do you think of Hammond?" he asked, looking down at the girl as she sat before him in a low chair, her head thrown back.

"I have only seen him once," she said gravely. Her manner to the man she was going to marry was cool, calm, elusive. But unconsciously, blinded by his own engrossing passion, Searle invested it with a reflected fervor.

"O, Hammond is bound to get on some day. Let me tell you about him." And Searle discoursed for some minutes, to which Adrienne listened languidly.

"Gad!" he cried, with a sudden laugh—"if he had only a first-rate opening chance—just the initial \$50,000, let us say! Something like the chances one or two fellows I know would have if they were aware of a certain inside fact I could communicate to them!"

When Adrienne, with a new show of interest, asked what was the inside fact, he was not proof against the flattery of her freshly-bestowed attention.

"Simply the fact that our bank—" "Then he stopped short.

"Look here," he laughed uneasily. "I ought not to be telling you this; it only shows what confidence I have in you, how I worship you! Heaven! I believe better than any girl that was worshipped before."

She had laid her cheek against his shoulder.

"Tell me—" He had still presence of mind to ask: "But why do you want to know?" "Simply a feminine curiosity!" "If you don't tell me, I shall know you don't love me." And Searle told her.

The following morning a slight, girlish figure, with a certain malady, too despite its girlishness, was admitted to the office where Hammond was eagerly scanning some paper.

"Miss Eastlake!" The girl had seated herself. She spoke in a quiet, collected, level voice.

"I am not in love with you. But from the things Oscar Searle has let drop inadvertently about you from time to time, I have formed a certain idea of your personality. I have come to make a bargain. I think it quite to your advantage. Few words are needed."

Hammond had listened with growing attentiveness. What sort of a woman was this? "Go on," he said.

"I can give you information—inside information—concerning the shares in a large bank, which, if you have the daring financial spirit I take you to have, will make your fortune or launch you on the way to permanent and colossal success."

"Ah!—Searle?" "Exactly. Searle. He told me—being infatuated with me and thinking a woman could make use of no such disclosure. He ought not to have trusted to that, of course. But Mr. Searle is a fool. You thought I loved him!—But I want to be rich, I want to be powerful. I want to see the world at my feet. Therefore, my bargain. I communicate, Mr. Searle's information—which he was

Housekeepers should know about Kipperd Herring (a favorite Scotch dish.) They are small, spawning salmon, split, seasoned and smoked, packed in tins.

To prepare for the table, simply open the can, place the Kippers on a broiler and heat over a quick fire.

One of the best things about them is the price, . . . 22 cts. TRY THEM for tomorrow's BREAKFAST.

Edw. E. HALL & Son, 770 Chapel Street.

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Our shirtings in Madras, Chevots 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.

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Nicotine Neutralized



MAIL POUCH TOBACCO

No Nerves Quaking No Heart Palpitating No Dyspeptic Aching

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a fool to give—on consideration that you marry me."

"Of course, Searle may be suspected. This will brand him—in his chances forever."

"I am sorry, I would not willingly harm him. But in the struggle for life the weak go to the wall. It is the law."

Searle to-day is a poor man. For ten years past he has been an unsuccessful one. He lost his position in bad odor. The same unwelcome repute has hung about his name ever since. But Hammond bulls and bears the market. And Adrienne has attained her end; enjoys the fullest fruition of her ambition.—Boston Globe.

Bon Ami

Plumbing and Gasfitting. J. H. Buckley, 179 Church st

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F. M. BROWN & CO. GRAND CENTRAL SHOPPING EMPORIUM.

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YES, the clever Brownie pen of the only Palmer Cox. Our superlative catfishes some folks, but not the children. All the children are invited to see the Brownie Ball-tail.

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And most families without one! O, you poor tired feet, cramped into ill-fitting shoes (which we don't sell), compelled to carry a restless body fifteen hours every day and not even a foot bath provided for you—which we sell for 19c.

And still we boast of our civilization.

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You want to keep posted and you will not bore us no matter how often you call.

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Kid Gloves, dainty laced ones, 65c colors and black, \$1.00 kind—they will appear Saturday only on the Bargain Table.

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