

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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Notes.

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 In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.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 Vanderbilt divorce is a melancholy offset to the Gould marriage.

An English melodramatist proposes to make his hero receive the loved one from "a position of horrible danger" by means of a flying machine, "no mere stage property, but a magnificent piece of machinery constructed on scientific principles and worked by a powerful steam engine."

An Irish national musical festival to be called the Fels is to be established in Dublin. Its objects are to give an opportunity to hear Irish music, particularly the old tunes, given in the traditional manner, to encourage the publication of old Irish airs not yet set down in writing; to sing songs in Gaelic and to encourage a new Irish school of composers. The committee in charge consists of Irish musicians, with Dr. Villiers Stanford at their head, and of members of the National Literary society and of the Gaelic league. The plan of the festival is somewhat after that of the Welsh Eisteddfod.

New uses for aluminum are being found. It is now used in the decoration of wall papers, many beautiful conceptions being shown in which this metal is a conspicuous feature. In floral striped effects the motives are printed on beautiful embossed grounds, which gives a burnished effect to the aluminum that is very desirable. An effective arrangement of daisies and fern leaves around the metal line is said to make a choice decoration for parlor or bedroom. The use of aluminum with colors, with or without the addition of gold, is spoken of as another special feature of this new class of papers.

Captain Sople Belmont, tribal chief of the Passamaquoddy, was recently elected to the Maine branch of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. He is not only the descendant of a patriot, but one of the few living sons of a Revolutionary hero, his father, Captain Belmont Sotomah, having been one of a band of fifty Indians who captured an armed British schooner in Passamaquoddy Bay during the Revolution and delivered her to Colonel John Allen, the American commander. He was also engaged in scouting duty during both the Revolutionary and 1812 wars. The great-grandfather of Captain Belmont was one of the few survivors of the massacre at Norridgewock.

The citizens of Avon Park and Haines City, Florida, forty miles apart, have decided to build a railroad with wood rails, which are large enough to be laid so that they will be half-embedded in the sand, without other ballast. They are to be held in position by wooden pins 2 inches in diameter and 18 inches long, while the ends are connected by plain couplers placed underneath and held by pins. Not a pound of metal will be used in construction of the track. Most of the "rails" will be furnished gratis by property-owners along the right of way. The company believes that in a few years the fruit, vegetable and passenger business over the route will pay for regular steel rails, while the others will be used for ties. A small steam dummy will furnish power for the road.

Perhaps homing pigeons will soon be used by big ocean steamers to convey news of accidents or delays, such as have occurred to several of the trans-Atlantic liners of late. The plan has been discussed in shipping circles ever since the accident to the machinery of the Gasconne. Among those well posted on the subject of water-flying is D. E. Newell, a lumber dealer in New York. He has had lots for his private amusement for thirty years, and during that time that down birds over sea and land in many contests. "I calculated," said Mr. Newell, "that if the Gasconne were enabled to send out homing pigeons after a fierce storm had abated, news of her safety would have reached this port three days before it did. On the Saturday before she was reported she was only 500 miles from New York, and that distance could have been covered by a homing bird in seven or eight hours. There are pigeons that have records of 700 to 1,000 miles a day, and this despite adverse weather."

A correspondent writing to a South African journal tells what he says is the true story of the death of the great Matabele chief, Lobengula: Lobengula, suffering from smallpox, worn out by his long flight, disappointed in his hopes of peace, and although broken down by the loss of his country, his power and possessions, came to a halt at last among the mountains north of the Shangani river. Here he begged his witch doctor to give him poison with which to end his life, but the man refused. The despairing chief went up a hill to the foot of a crag which tops it, and, sitting there, he gazed for a long time at the sun as it slowly sank toward the west. Then, descending, he again demanded poison of his doctor, and insisted till finally it was given to him. Once more ascending the slope, he seated himself against the krants, took the poison and gazed at the setting sun, stolidly awaiting the death which presently put an end to his sufferings and his blood-stained life. There is something pathetic and grand in the picture. It is the best scene of the great epic, the conquest of Matabeleland. His followers found him seated there in death, and, piling stones and rocks about him, they left him. Whether he was placed in his royal chair, flanked by guns and covered over with his blankets and other possessions, as described in "The South African Review," I know not. All this may be true, and also that a strong pallade of tree trunks was planted around the spot, but I give the story as I heard it, and believe that, as it emanates from Mr. Dawson, it is the correct one.

THE ORANGE BOUNDARY LINE.

A correspondent who evidently believes that New Haven should hold on persistently to what she has and get what more she can writes to us concerning the proposed change in the boundary line between New Haven and the town of Orange, and he asks us to oppose the request of Orange that the line be changed. We should perhaps be willing to oblige him if we did not think that the request of Orange is, considering all the circumstances, entirely reasonable. The matter appears to us to be one where natural selfishness is opposed to what Brother Case so impressively calls natural justice. It is a matter of comparatively small importance to New Haven, but it is of much importance to Orange, and it strikes us that New Haven can afford to be just and neighborly in it. The bridge is used by a thousand New Haveners where it is used by one resident of Orange. It is true that it helps the people of Orange to participate in the beauty and the culture of New Haven and is therefore of great benefit to them, but it helps the people of New Haven to find rest and recreation at Savin Rock, and the people of New Haven need the rest and recreation they find at Savin Rock even more than the people of Orange need the beauty and culture they find in New Haven. The bridge therefore being more necessary to the people of New Haven than it is to the people of Orange and being used by many more of the former than of the latter, there is nothing unreasonable in the idea that the people of New Haven should hereafter pay their fair share of what it costs to maintain it, if it isn't taken by the State. It would be a graceful and a just act for New Haven to agree without protest to the proposed change. It isn't just right for a big place like New Haven, which may soon be consolidated and have a new charter, to try to "rough it" on a place like Orange, which has only Savin Rock and a new town court.

A GREAT CHANGE IN ENGLAND.

Agriculture is suffering in this country, but it is no better off in England. The Englishmen who have great estates are in trouble because of the decline in agricultural prosperity which brings with it a decline in their rents. A Frenchman, Baron E. de Mandat-Grancey, has been studying English country life and he has made some astonishing and depressing discoveries. He points out that it is the custom of many persons in England to fill the first pages of the register of their estates with a rent roll, enumerating the farms which constitute the domain, with the price at which the farms are assumed to be leased. But these assumed prices are constant prices, while the actual return may be something quite different, and hence, while a farm may be inscribed on the rent roll as bringing in a return of, say, 400 pounds sterling, or \$2,000 per annum, there will have been made a reduction of 40 per cent., so that the real return received by the proprietor will not amount to over \$1,200. He asserts that he knows one landed proprietor who has a rent roll amounting to \$175,000 a year, but who obtains from this alleged large income a net annual return of only \$6,000 and the use of a little gothic chateau which is on the estate, and which was built by an ancestor at a time when the agricultural affairs were in a more flourishing condition. Another proprietor, having an estate of about 4,000 acres, receives from it less than \$5,500 a year, or less than a dollar an acre of net revenue. Lord Leicester, at a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, said in effect: "My grandfather, my father and I have spent during the last thirty years on our hereditary domain, in round num-

bers, \$5,000,000, not in luxuries and ornamentation, but in improvement—that is, in constructing barns, building roads, draining, planting trees, building walls and other work of this character. During all this time we have not received in return more than \$250,000, and since 1878 we have not received over \$115,000, or in the neighborhood of 2-1/2 per cent. on the capital we have expended." The agent of Colonel Cornwallis West stated that since 1883 he had spent on an estate of 10,500 acres \$175,000 in new construction, drainage, etc., and that since that time the income had steadily decreased.

FASHION NOTES.

American Women in Dutch Bonnets. The bonnet whose plumes stand straight up to a great height from a modest Dutch band, looks a good deal like a Fiji headdress, but if it is styled a Dutch bonnet, the suggestion of the South Seas is not amiss. For, be it known, the Dutch bonnet is on top in a double sense; it reigns throughout the country and women find it universally becoming, too. Isn't it funny women are so modest? They confess with delight that each fashion proves becoming. Instead of realizing that it is their own everlasting charm that is proven.



No matter what she puts on, a pretty woman is going to be slightly. It is necessary only that she should not look strangely different from the other girls that her prettiness may be recognized.

So it is that all tumble onto the same fashions with fitful frenzy. Harmony being thus secured, beauty gets its invariable recognition. All the same, the Madonna girl and the big girl with rather heavy features and fine eyes is having her time just now. It's a pair of fine eyes that look out at you from this picture, but it is the toque above them that is to be described. It is of supple blue velvet, which is arranged in a series of puffs and loops in front and around the brim, diminishing in size at the back. On either side, toward the front, feathery aigrettes are placed. A pretty variation on the neck ruche binds big roses together in a strand of bright ribbon. The ribbon ties in front under the chin, is fitted smoothly in at the collar and sweeps stiffly and primly over the blouse front, turning under with it to tuck in at the belt. Corresponding bands are added at each side and fit closely. Almost all the new bodices will show this effect or some modification of it. Very slender women may try the bodice bloused in the back as well as in the front, but the experiment is risky for anybody but a "bean pole."

HONEST.

A man may be as honest as the day is long, and still do a great deal of mischief during the night—Texas Sittin'.

"Air you a-goin' out to the literary tonight?" "Don't know. What's up?" "Shakespeare an' 'possum."—Atlanta Constitution.

Bobbs—Do you think the average man is as stupid before he marries as he is afterwards? Cynicus—Certainly, or he wouldn't get married.—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. De Style—I like this dress, but it doesn't match my complexion. Mrs. Van Snappy—That's but a trifle; you can alter your complexion to suit—Harper's Drawer.

Minister—So you say you saw some boys out fishing on Sunday, Bobbie. I hope you did something to discourage them. Bobby—Oh, yes, sir. I stole their bait—Hartley Life.

Willie Slimson—Mamma says she feels so sorry for you, Mrs. Winterbloom—Why, Willie? Willie—Because you are going to have your reception the same day as hers.—Harper's Bazar.

"There's some satisfaction in being a Kowak bend," mused the amateur photographer, as he sent a bundle of pictures to a friend. "At least a man can express his own views."—Philadelphia Record.

Tanglefoot—Oh, isn't this waltz divine? Miss Smilax—Well, perhaps it is divine; but it happens to be a polka instead of a waltz, and the sooner your feet are acquainted with the fact the better we are likely to get along.—Tit-Bits.

An actress appearing in Johnstown, Pa., recently, was directed to by the local press as a favorite in that city. The paper remarked, "She appeared here just before the flood." The actress has erased Johnstown from her map.—Dramatic Mirror.

"I guess we're going to lose another customer," said the milkman to his employer. "The woman that began taking milk of me last month says that she doesn't want any more. 'What's the matter?' Anything wrong with the milk?" "Yes. She says that it's gritty. If you can't be honest and use a first-class quality of chalk, I'm dinged if I don't resign."—Washington Star.

The opera struck Chicago again this season, and Colonel Sparber felt it incumbent upon him to sustain his social position by going to see the performance. "How did you like Faust?" "The matter?" "Anything wrong with the milk?" "Yes. She says that it's gritty. If you can't be honest and use a first-class quality of chalk, I'm dinged if I don't resign."—Washington Star.

down East. Why, do you know, they haven't worked a single new gag or bit of stage business into that show since I saw it three years ago!"—Puck.

PRODUCING FEARS.

How Man Helps the Oyster to Lead a Profitable Existence. (From the Chicago Record.)

Peeling pearls is a little trick which Parisian Jewellers have reduced to a science. They will take a pearl which is apparently imperfect that it is scarcely marketable, and, with a skill bordering on the marvelous, will peel off the outer layer and develop a lovely gem.

A pearl is made up of layers of "nacre" and animal tissue. The nacre is that beautiful iridescent substance which gives to mother of pearl and the lining of sea shells their chief beauty, and it is especially attractive in the pearl oyster. The layers of nacre and animal tissue alternate, so that the skilled jeweler can peel an ugly, discolored pearl and make of it quite another level. The tools employed are a sharp knife, extremely delicate files, soft leather and pearl powder. The layer of nacre is hard and difficult to cut, but the pearl renovator chips it off bit by bit, feeling his way with the edge of his knife, for the layer is too thin to be seen by the unaided eye.

In one of the workshops of Chicago is a man who is especially devoted to pearls. He claims that a perfect pearl is the most beautiful of gems and says that the time is coming when pearls will be fashionable again. He exhibits with some pride a large pink pearl and said that it had been artificially started. This brought out the fact that in China and Japan pearl oysters are not only cultivated, but are forced to produce pearls.

A pearl is the result of an oyster's efforts to remove a sort of irritation. If a grain of sand finds its way into the shell the oyster begins coating it with nacre, which gives the irritating intruder a smooth exterior. The oyster deposits nacre over the offending object as long as it remains a source of irritation, and the Chinese have taken advantage of this peculiarity of the solitary mollusk. They make little pellets of earth which has been dried and powdered with the juice of camphor seeds, and during May and June plant these in the oyster. The shell is opened with a mother-of-pearl knife, care being taken not to injure the oyster, and the earth pills are laid under the oyster's beard. The beads and mollusks are then placed in canals and pools and left undisturbed until November, when they are dredged up, opened, and the nacre-covered pellets removed with sharp knives. The pellets are usually found fastened tightly to the inner surface of the shells.

The Chinese pearl farmer then turns Jeweller. He drills a little hole into the pearl at the place where it was fastened to the shell and removes the dirt. The cavity is filled with yellow resin, and the opening sealed neatly with a tiny bit of mother of pearl. But a Frenchman has improved on this method. He found that the Chinese killed many oysters by forcing the shell open to deposit the earth pellets. The ingenious Frenchman bored holes in the shells of pearl oysters with a small drill and then introduced through the opening little globules of glass. He plugged the holes with corks and left the oysters alone to manufacture pearls. In six months the glass nucleus was covered with a pearly deposit, and the Frenchman reaped a beautiful harvest of pearls. He did not have to bore holes in the pearls to remove the center, and his product brought higher prices than the pearls made by the Chinese.

These artificial pearls have much of the lustre and beauty of the real gems, but are sold at a much lower rate by honest Jewellers. Experts can color pearls black, pink, gray, and other colors by the use of chemicals. For instance, a pearl put in nitrate of silver turns black, but pearl water, known as a trick worth two of the Certain kind of fresh water mussels bear pink pearls, and pearl oysters produce different colored pearls, according to the part of the oyster which is irritated by the foreign substance. The artificial pearl producer knows this and plants his seed accordingly. In Washington is an artificial pink pearl as large as a pigeon's egg, and which has been known for over twenty-five years which weigh over twenty-five grains each, and command large prices, but such pearls are natural. Artificial pearls are usually flat on one side.

SKATING IN THE PENS.

Two Races in Which the Turn is Something Worth 8 Clog. (From Bell's Messenger.)

The manner in which skating competitions are carried out in the Pens—the home of the speed skater—is not generally known outside of dyke land. A course is marked out on one of the dykes, or on one of the washes, and a quarter mile course has to be covered four times—that is, out and home twice, which involves three sharp turns. Two barrels mark the starting and turning points, and in each of these is placed a flag to more readily mark their position. The skaters usually run in pairs, the winner of a heat meeting in the subsequent heat until the winner is found. The competitors are placed one on each side of the starting barrel, and are expected to keep on the side of the track allotted to them—there is no taking another's water, as in rowing. When the turning barrel is reached the man on the right-hand track must turn to the left and he on the left track must turn to the right.

To those not accustomed to see these races the turning appears nothing less than marvellous. The men strike until almost up to the barrel, and their suddenly put on a brake by turning nearly broadside on, planting the heels down firmly. At first it seems impossible that the momentum can be checked, for if it were they would be in ten yards of the barrel, but they stand there unmoved, as they know that in less than that distance the turn will be effected, and it is. The stopping turns the skater into position to start back over the course; but it has been accomplished by a strain, which shows how firm are the ankles, boots, and skates, for if it were any other way there would be a mighty downfall. The Norwegian method of turning is accomplished on a wide course, putting more work on to one

leg than the other. This is one of the reasons why English skaters fare badly abroad as naturally a man does best at the method he is most accustomed to.

There has been considerable alteration in the setting of the skate of late years, although the racing blade has not been greatly altered in shape. Instead of the blade being placed along the middle of the foot, it is fixed upon the ball of the right toe, as the striking power is more powerful there. The long, turned-up blade, from sixteen to eighteen inches, is commonly used, but blades of different widths are used, in accordance with the hardness of the ice, a broad blade being used when the ice is soft, but a narrow one, only the sixteenth of an inch, is used when the surface is very hard. In Finland the runner skate is always used, as very little figure skating is attempted. Every Fenman wants to "get," and he gets. Speed is his one ambition. The writer once took a pair of Acme skates on the Lincolnshire wash, and the remark of one of the crowd made him almost blush for his singularity. "Look at those something 'rum attens" that Fen's got," greeted his ears. Patten is fool for skate. Fenmen prefer to skate in thick trousers, rolled up to form a big roll under the knee, which they say strengthens the leg at turning.

The Old Criticism.

With the poems of the youthful Byron the Edinburgh reviewer made fine sport, little dreaming that he had caught a Tartar in the presumably foolish young lordling. In cutting up the "Hours of Idleness," the critic was better justified than upon other occasions when he used the knife; still, it is just as well that Byron did not take to heart the advice to forthwith abandon poetry and turn his talents and opportunities to better account. The sting contained in the remark that "the poetry of this young lord belongs to the class which neither the gods nor men are said to permit," was returned with interest in the lines:

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure; critics are all ready-made.
And again:
Believe a woman or an epithet
Or any other thing that's false before
You trust in critics, who themselves are sore.

The appearance of a volume of poems by Wordsworth in 1807 was the signal for a savage onslaught in the Edinburgh. The peculiarities of diction of the disciples of the new school of poetry were enough, in the critic's opinion, to render them ridiculous; but Mr. Wordsworth, he added, "really seems anxious to court this literary martyrdom by advice still more infallible—we mean that of connecting his most lofty, tender, or impassioned conceptions with objects and incidents which the greater part of his readers will probably persist in thinking low, silly, or uninteresting." After denying to Wordsworth any pretensions to elegance, dignity, or correctness of versification, the reviewer concludes with the following insignificant passage: "We venture to hope that there is now an end to this folly, and that, like other follies, it will be found to have cured itself by the extravagance resulting from its its unbridled indulgence. . . . and we think there is reason to hope that the lamentable consequences which have resulted from Mr. Wordsworth's open violation of the established laws of poetry will operate as a wholesome warning to those who might otherwise have been seduced by his example, and be the means of restoring to that ancient and venerable code its due honor and authority." Immorality apart, the reviewers appear to have been totally unable to comprehend Shelley's poetry, the beauties of which seemed to them but the tricks of a "poetical harlequin." In the critique on "Prometheus Unbound" and

other poems that appeared in the Quarterly in 1821, the writer complains that the predominating characteristic of Mr. Shelley's poetry is its frequent and total want of meaning, and declares his inability to discover the "object" of the poem called "A Sensitive Plant." He is astonished at the fact that such a volume should meet with readers and admirers, until he recollects the numerous congregations which the incoherencies of the itinerant Methodist preacher attract, and concludes: "Poetical power can only be shown by writing good poetry, and this Mr. Shelley has not yet done. . . . Take away from him the unintelligible, the confused, the incoherent, the bombastic, the affected, the extravagant, the hideously gorgeous, and 'Prometheus' and the poems which accompany it will sink at once into nothingness."

Tennyson's volume of poems which appeared in 1832 met with the usual reception from the critics, whose custom it was to "heave half a brick" at the poetical stranger. The Quarterly, incoherently as ever, though professing to be warned by former mishaps, begins in a tone of labored sarcasm: "We gladly seize the opportunity of introducing to the notice of our more sequestered readers a prodigy of genius—another and a brighter star of that galaxy or milky way of poetry of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger; and let us take this occasion to sing our pallinode on the subject of 'Endymion.' We certainly did not discover in that poem the same degree of merit that its more clear-sighted and prophetic admirers did. . . . Warned by our former mishaps, wiser by experience, and improved, we hope, in taste, we have to offer to Mr. Tennyson our tribute of unmingled praise." This tribute consists of several pages of critical horseplay at the expense of such poems as the "Hesperides," "Oenone," and the "Dream of Fair Women."—Cornhill.

EVER NOTICED the difference between the Macaroni and the sort your cook serves? Think it's in the Macaroni itself or in the cooking? Both? Right. We help to solve the problem by having the RIGHT Macaroni and plain directions for cooking it. Try a pound, price 14 cents and see if we aren't right. Don't be afraid of getting the wrong kind; you can't here, for we keep but ONE brand. EDW. E. HALL & SON

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HE hand-painted Brownie costumes we are showing in our window were designed by R. B. Burch, the well-known artist, who also designed the Little Lord Fauntleroy costumes.

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resulted profitwise to all who came today--the same thing will occur tomorrow! Are you interested?

About that

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It is 6 ft. long, 30 in. wide, and 23 in. high, well stuffed mattress, strong elastic spring, covered with denim of beautiful patterns.

We make them to order any size--you choose the denim pattern. There are a good many orders for them ahead of yours now, but don't put it off too long.

West Store, Second Floor

Our Millinery Parlors are at sixes and sevens, but out of the chaos we mean to evolve great beauty.

However, if you desire a particularly charming bonnet, we have some early Spring

Prettiness

which will charm and delight all who love bonnet taste.

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Lace Stripe Mulls,

plain colors, white stripes, 15c yard.

Ladies' Boot Pattern Lisle Hose, superior value--half value for one day.

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Of the city and country visit our store daily to purchase the

Finest Tea Ever Sold at the Price in This City.

Elegant English Breakfast Tea, 35c lb, 3 lbs for \$1.00. Choice Formosa Oolong Tea, 35c lb, 3 lbs for \$1.00. Extra choice Japan Tea, 35c lb, 3 lbs for \$1.00. Choice Imperial Gunpowder Tea, 35c lb, 3 lbs for \$1.00. Headquarters for the finest grades of Coffees imported.

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