

The Journal and Courier

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ing. He is a devout Roman Catholic, and as the priests are guarding his interests it may be that the secret will go to them at his death, if not previously sold to those who can use it. THE TARIFF FOR DEFICIENCY. The tariff for revenue is not working well, but the tariff for deficiency is. Last December Secretary Carlisle estimated that the deficit for the current fiscal year, ending June 30th, would be \$20,000,000. Thus far revenue receipts have fallen below government expenditures over \$43,000,000. In order to make Secretary Carlisle's estimate good, the income of the government must be \$23,000,000 greater than its outgo for the next four months. But there is no indication which justifies the hope of this surplus or of any surplus. Senator Gorman predicts, notwithstanding the amount expected to be realized from the income tax, that the deficit for the year ending June 30th will be \$66,000,000. To make this prediction correct, the government must spend about \$17,000,000 more than it receives between now and that date, and there is no reason to doubt that such will be the case.

with swansdown. Its wide skirt has white satin lining and is laid in organ pipe folds in the back. Besides the band of swansdown around the hem, six rosettes trim it at the top. The bodice fastening on the side, has a



pleated white satin yoke and a deep velvet corselet banded twice with the swansdown. Rosettes and draped appendages faced with white satin constitute the remaining ornamentation. The other dress is in pearl gray bengaline, the skirt arranged in godets and trimmed around the hem with a band of velvet. The side is ornamented with a large, flaring velvet bow. For the bodice the silk is draped over a fitted lining and is trimmed with a bertha of pleated chiffon headed by a gathered ruching of the same. Bows of velvet are placed in the corners, and a velvet belt comes around the waist. Lace may be employed for the bertha instead of chiffon.

Whenever it is possible a band of dark velvet should form the finish at the foot of a delicate gown. This obviates the necessity of wearing light slippers, and also makes a finish to the skirt that does not soil quickly. A touch of the same velvet is set at the top of the collar when there is one, and there, too, the dark finish adds to the lasting qualities of the dress, for a very light, high collar will hardly wear more than once without serious loss to its freshness. A pretty notion is just now in vogue, whereby the folded collar is attached by ribbons to the folded belt. Sometimes as many as five strands of ribbon hang loosely from the collar around of the belt, a handsome rosette and ends being set for finish at the right of the collar and at the left of the belt. Such an accessory makes a simple silk bodice or one of loose chiffon seem quite elaborate. FLORETTE.

MISTAKEN. Rastus—Yo' brack nighgah, whofo' did yo' say I wuz a-lyin' at Miss Lubby's dance lars' ebenin? Sam—Yo'se mistake, sah, I sed yo' wuz a Hon, sah, a social lion.—Philadelphia Record. "Say, I don't believe that story about Mrs. Danson's hair turning gray in a night, do you?" Susie—Mercey, yes! That's nothing; my mamma turned that way; my mamma turned Inter-Ocean.

There has long been a decided suspicion that tuberculosis can be transmitted to human beings through the milk of cows or through tuberculous beef. This suspicion will be much strengthened by the report of the trustees of the Massachusetts society for promoting agriculture, who have been investigating the effect of tuberculosis upon the milk of cows for several years at the Forest Hills experiment station near Boston.

Of the suspected animals examined, the milk of 23 was found to contain bacilli, and 13 was found to be healthy animals. Of 48 rabbits tried, positive results were obtained in only 2; of 12 guinea pigs nearly one-half developed the disease, and of 21 calves one-third.

The inquiry of the trustees covers 17 States and the replies of 39 veterinarians who have examined 3,000 cows in 165 herds show that an average of 18 per cent. were afflicted with tuberculosis. The disease prevails most in the eastern States, few cases being reported from the South and West. Letters were written to 1,013 physicians inquiring if they knew of a case of tuberculosis traceable to the use of milk. Eight hundred and ninety-three answered no; 35 were not practicing; 61 did not answer; 9 expressed disbelief in the possibility of such transmission of disease; 3 reported positive cases of mother to child; 11 from cows' milk to child; and 16 reported suspicious cases.

Right in the face of this report, which they probably haven't heard of, some French-Canadian woodchoppers at work in a town in western Massachusetts have undertaken to substitute tuberculous beef for sound beef in their bill of fare, in order that they may save money and at the same time demonstrate that the beef of consumptive cows is harmless to the human consumer. This experiment will delight Dr. Dibble and if it turns out well will furnish him some useful material. To make the experiment thoroughly interesting they should eat the meat raw. It is quite possible that if they did they would survive it. French-Canadian woodchoppers are hardy fellows, and they can safely eat almost anything that is eatable.

Two Gowns and a Trick to Save Them. Of the two very dressy costumes portrayed in the picture below, the left hand one is from white velveteen combined with white satin and garnished

"My Study Fire." Second series. By Hamilton Wright Mable, author of "Under the Trees," etc. A collection of brief essays upon such topics as "The Book and the Reader," "The Joy of One's Mind," "The Magic of Talk," "The Tyranny of Books," and all are treated in the genial, sympathetic, and polished style characteristic of the writer. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by E. P. Judd.

"The Double Emperor: A Story of a Vagabond Canard." By W. Laird Clowes, author of "The Great Peril." An ingenious story of adventure, the main idea of which at first appears to have been borrowed from Anthony Hope's "The Sign of the Cross." But it is quite another story. The author makes one serious mistake, that of giving coarse and ridiculous names to his American characters, especially when he portrays an honorable American gentleman. The story is impossible, but interesting throughout. J. B. Lippincott company, Philadelphia. For sale by E. P. Judd.

"A House in Bloomsbury." By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Within the Precincts," "A Rose in June," etc. The second edition of a fresh and original story by this indefatigable writer, deservedly popular on both sides of the Atlantic. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by E. P. Judd.

"Anna Malain." By Annie Trumbull Slosson, author of "Fishin' Jimmy," etc. A reprint of a charming little sketch, especially enjoyed by lovers of animals, which appeared originally in Harper's Bazar. Published by the Connecticut Humane society, Hartford. For sale by E. P. Judd.

"The Spell of Ursula." By Effie Adelaide Rowland. A new novel by the author of "My Pretty Jane," but in no way comparable to that very pleasing love story. Published in their series of "Select Novels," by the J. P. Lippincott company, Philadelphia. For sale by E. P. Judd.

"A Daughter of Judas." A lurid and overwrought story by Richard Henry Savage, author of "My Official Wife," etc. T. Tenyson Neely, Chicago, publisher. For sale by E. P. Judd.

OUT OF COMMISSION. The Gallant Old Portsmouth is Dropped from the Navy—Was a Famous Fighter Good Stories That Still Cling to Her—She Was With Farragut at New Orleans in the Spring of 1862. [From the New York Press.]

The waves of many seas have tossed her. Great guns have thundered from her decks. With honor to herself and to her country the gallant Portsmouth has borne the Stars and Stripes through the dangers of war and tempest for half a century. But now, grown old, she lies in the Brooklyn navy yard dismantled and forsaken. Her white sails will never again swell in the soft breezes of the Azores or strain in the shrieking winds off Cape Horn; her cannon will never more belch out smoke and fire, for Uncle Sam, whom she has served so faithfully, no longer wants her.

She was taken out of commission last Tuesday. Her flag was lowered, and the Portsmouth ceased to be a part of the United States navy. Her officers and men have gone to the Alliance at Norfolk, Va. She is deserted in her old age. The grimy docks and dull brass mountings that once glistened in the sun, and the dreamy sentences of the formerly bustling forecabin tell a moving story. It seems, moreover, like adding insult to injury to moor the old ship beside a vessel that she must regard as an upstart and a usurper—beside one of the great white cruisers that have been the cause of the undoing of the Portsmouth and her sister ships, reducing to dust their wooden hulls and sails to the condition of second childhood in naval power.

Only one consolation has the Portsmouth, and that is that she is not alone in her misery. The Hartford, Ohio, Vermont, Monongahela, Saratoga, Constitution, St. Mary's and Jamestown, longest survivors of the fleet of graceful white-capped wooden vessels, which were all conquering in war and our pride in peace, have met similar fates. The Portsmouth will probably be loaned to the naval reserve of the state of Connecticut.

For forty years the Portsmouth sailed the seas as proudly as any craft afloat. Those who were present at her baptism in 1843 saw a vessel of about one thousand tons, one hundred and fifty-one feet long and with a draught of seventeen feet. Her armament, light but in those days effective, consisted of four eight-inch smooth bore guns and eighteen thirty-two-pounders, besides small arms, etc. Her complement of officers and men amounted to two hundred and ten souls. Her pay roll per year was about one hundred thousand dollars, and she carried both at a cost of one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. A sleep of war she was called, and it is certain that the navies of the world could boast of few vessels fleet or better equipped.

The Portsmouth got her first taste of blood in the Mexican war. Out in the Pacific, off San Jose, she met the big full rigged ship "Comanche," which was the employ of Mexico. It was like a fly at a between a mastiff and a bull dog. The Portsmouth flew at her huge antagonist with her thirty-two-pounders, and received a hot fire in return. In an hour the admittance had struck her colors and the Portsmouth towed her first prize triumphantly to port. On October 17th she and the Congress bombarded the town of Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, and captured it after a fierce resistance. That night, as the victorious vessels lay at anchor, the Chilian brigantine Argo sailed into the harbor, unaware of the capture. Silently a handful of men, commanded by a lieutenant and two midshipmen, put off in boats from the Portsmouth, and in the dark approached and boarded the Chilian craft while her startled crew were rubbing the sleep from their eyes. She was taken without firing a shot.

During the next two years the Portsmouth saw much perilous service along the western coast of Mexico. A number of prizes were captured, and the midshipmen had their thirst for adventure amply gratified by many sorties inland and daring midnight excursions. On one occasion a party was hemmed in on the shore by a large force of Mexicans. They took refuge in a stone house and for hours kept the enemy at bay. But the ammunition at last gave out. The attacking force was closing in when a detachment from the ship came running up the beach to the rescue. The besieged party now sallied out boldly and joined their companions. There was a sharp skirmish and the Mexicans were sent flying back. In 1848 the Portsmouth sailed for Africa, where she joined the squadron under Commodore Cooper as his flagship. She kept a sharp lookout for vessels in the slave trade on the west coast, and closely hugged the shore. The men were in the habit of going up the river for fresh water, and once, according to the story told about the ship, this practice caused a horrible dread to reign on board for a day and a night. The waterboat had been taken up the Niger river and was towed back, after having been filled at a clear and limpid little tributary. The water was hoisted aboard, and was being poured into the barrels before anybody noticed a great slimy thing lying half concealed in the bottom of the boat. When it made its appearance there was a rush to kill it, but it glided into the hold of the ship and the men knew that they had for a passenger one of those huge water moccasins of the African coast known as anacondas. The snake was ultimately killed during the voyage in a curious way. There was trouble with the rudder, and the snake was discovered in the cabin locker with its body wound around the steering gear. The Portsmouth was a member of Commodore Perry's fleet when he sailed to Japan and negotiated the treaty which opened Japanese ports to western trade and civilization. Her longest cruise began in 1856 when she was in charge of Commodore Foote. Her log book showed when she returned in 1858 that she had traveled forty-nine thousand miles. On this trip she discovered the dangerous reef since known as the Portsmouth Breakers, and her guns, moreover, were given another chance to thunder. Commodore Foote's gig was fired upon from a fort at Canton. A landing party was formed and, under cover of the fire of the Portsmouth, San Jacinto and Levant, marched upon the fort, which was defended by about six thousand Chinese. The assault was an impetuous and spirited one, and the native soldiers were quickly driven from the fortifications. The attacking party soon afterward returned to their vessels, and nothing came of the brief skirmish. As one of the fleet under Farragut lying below New Orleans in the spring of 1862 and preparing to make that famous run of the river past Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the Portsmouth next distinguished herself in history. She was the flagship of Admiral Porter, commander of the mortar flotilla, and in the midst of this curious fleet of schooners, which were painted a mud color, she had trees and branches lashed to their masts in order that those in the forts might not distinguish them from the woods near which they lie. Mortars on every side of her with tremendous explosions are sending shells high in the air. It was still dark when the order came on April 16 to get under way for the run past the forts. The Portsmouth, too slow with her sails, threw a line to a small steamer and swept up the stream with the fleet. Tongues of flame leaped out from the fortifications in a thousand places. The concussion of sound caused fish to float past the vessels dead. Shells screamed over the water and smoke blacker than the night rose in clouds over the scene. With her own guns thundering, the Portsmouth moved on without serious injury until she reached a point opposite Fort Jackson, when a shot severed the line between her and her escort. She began to float helplessly down stream. The enemy saw the ship's plight before there was time to make fast another line, and poured broadsides into her in quick succession. The Portsmouth escaped by a miracle.

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RETRENCHMENT AND REFORM. THE Committee on Retrenchment and Reform will meet in room No. 10 and 11, City Hall, on Wednesday, March 12th, 1895, at 8 p. m. for the purpose of acting upon the communication of E. Chillingworth et al. concerning assessment for Boulevard sewer between Derby avenue and Elm street.

People From All Parts 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. Goodwin's Tea & Coffee Store, 344 State Street, Yale National Bank Building

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