

The Journal and Courier

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The Pennsylvania senate, too, has resolved that no foreign power should be allowed to "land its troops on this hemisphere."

The Brooklyn Standard-Union remarks: "The Herald says: 'Are better times coming?' Certainly. There is not a Democratic congress in sight."

Joseph Pulitzer of the New York World has instituted ten annual college scholarships for that number of grammar school graduates in the metropolis.

The New York Tribune: "It looks as though the life of Buchanan, the convicted murderer, was never so safe as when he was taken to Sing Sing under sentence of death."

The report that John R. McLean, the owner of the Cincinnati Inquirer, has bought the New York Morning Journal, is at last confirmed. The price is said to have been \$600,000. Many changes in the paper are expected.

Springfield Republican: The Connecticut senate has flouted the Hartford bridge bill in a wonderfully curious manner. Its contortions could not have been more amazing had it been handling a red hot poker."

In memory of her husband, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, of Chicago, has made a handsome gift to the First Presbyterian church at Richfield Springs—the church in which she was married. The gift comprises an addition to the church edifice and a fine new pipe organ.

A few more such hot days as yesterday will convince the most conservative that winter is a relic of the past, and suggest a flight towards the land of the Acadians or some other cool northern spot. It was a sudden burst of summer yesterday and no mistake.

New York's Botanical Garden is an assured success. All but \$12,000 of the necessary \$250,000 has been raised already. With this project carried out with the Aquarium in full operation and with a real zoological garden handy to its people, New York will be about right in these respects.

The bestowal of \$1,000,000 by President Low to the college of which he is the head, possesses additional interest from the fact that this generous gift represents fully one-fifth of his wealth, if not one half of it. As he gives it away, too, in his life time, he has all the more satisfaction out of it.

New York city is holding a great show at Madison Square Garden, in which the cat, the domestic variety, the "harmless, necessary cat," figures. The other great tiger cat show which burdened New York for so many years in which the Tammany tiger cat was the dominant figure, appears to be retired from business at present.

The Emperor William has lately been shooting in Weimar, and on these occasions he is the guest of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar in the ancient mountain-castle of Wartburg, once trodden by the feet of Luther. The menu on these occasions is printed in old German and many of the dishes are strictly mediaeval.

"Goodness how she grows." The Rev. Stephen R. Beggis, who preached the first Protestant sermon at old Fort Dearborn, where Chicago stands to day, is now ninety-four years old, and lives in Plainfield, Ill. "My early impression of Chicago," he says, "was that it was a mud hole with a fort plunged into its middle. When I came there in 1831 there was little more than Fort Dearborn for miles. The Chicago river was even then establishing an overhanging reputation for filth, and the jocular remark was that a pint of its water was equal any day to three hard shakes of the chills and fever. That river is about all that I could identify the place by now."

Brave General J. B. Gordon, one of the most notable of the remaining Confederate generals, has been lecturing recently in Arkansas and Texas. This chivalric survivor of the "lost cause" is still hale and hearty, while so many of his old comrades in arms are gone. His brave and patriotic words in last year's great strike crisis, when

anarchism lifted its hydra head so threateningly, were indeed welcome words to all lovers of the stars and stripes. During the General's recent lecture he said to old comrades that he never felt better in his life. Lately he has had to content himself with four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, owing to the intrusions made upon his time by old comrades, who insisted on keeping him up half the night to talk over the war. The General says that, nevertheless, he is growing fat.

DISTURBED. There seems to be a great deal of jealousy and unfair discrimination in the old world over American food importations into those sections of the globe. One day it is the American hog that is legislated against, the next it is canned meats, then cotton seed oil, and now it is dried apples. The cable some days ago reported the introduction into the German Reichstag of a bill to protect certain domestic food products by laying an increased import duty on cotton seed oil. The bill has since passed, and the new duty on the oil in a condition fit for human food is raised to a trifle over 1 cent a pound from the old rate of about 2-5 of a cent. For soap making purposes, however, the unreduced oil is let in at a slightly reduced rate, the old duty being diminished by 10 per cent. In order to get the advantage of the reduced duty, Ambassador Remyon explains that the oil must be mixed with it in the presence of a German customs officer some chemical which, without changing its character, unfits it for use in the manufacture of any article intended for human consumption.

The policy of raising the cost of food materials seems to bear rather hard on the folks who have to consume them, and is only justified in case a sufficient gain to the country and the people ensues through proper protection of home products and increased development of home resources. Recently there was an epidemic at the military barracks in Vitre, France. In the alarm and uproar that ensued the authorities cast about to find some scapegoat upon which to lay the blame of the visitation and they lit upon the consumption of American canned meats as the source of the evil. The medical experts, however, who were called in found that the prevailing disease was spinal cerebral fever, complicated with lockjaw. They found moreover that the disease was undoubtedly due to the defective draining of the place which induced blood poisoning, and not to canned meats in any way whatever. An official report to this effect was made by an eminent French physician. The local doctors who were inferior physicians and of narrow capacity and who had had no previous experience in treating the disease in question, attributed the presence of the disease to the eating of American canned meat, finding this theory suited to their convenience and the prejudices of the district and a loop hole through which to escape the suspicion of ignorance and incapacity.

Germany, too, has now been disturbed over the large quantities of American evaporated apples imported there. An Agrarian outcry was raised against them and they were denounced as not only unwholesome but poisonous. The claim made was that there was "death in the pot," for the reason, as alleged, that the apples were heavily tinctured with zinc in being prepared for market. The investigation of a considerable quantity of the apples showed that the quantity of zinc in them was infinitesimal and that one-fifth as much zinc as the whole lot examined contained would not harm an infant if it had absorbed it. Hereafter, however, the use of zinc frames in the practice of evaporating apples will no doubt be discarded wherever the facts in the case are known.

BY ALL MEANS. By all means let us have a band stand on the old green, and one which will be an ornament and credit to New Haven. For years we have had from time to time an unsightly and ungainly temporary structure on the green in the shape of a band stand, and New Haveners visiting other cities and people from other cities visiting here have been surprised that a city of 100,000 people like New Haven should be destitute of so popular a public article as an ornamental band stand. There is now a public movement on foot in the city in behalf of this much needed article. A petition is before the city government asking for an appropriation for the object. Favorable action is confidently looked for in the matter. The mayor and the city auditor yesterday took a walk from the City Hall to the liberty pole by way of prospecting as to where the proper location of the proposed band stand should be and they were "unanimously" of the opinion that the spot for it is around the old liberty pole at the mast head of which so conspicuously floats the starry ensign and emblem of freedom. This spot is equi-distant between Church and Temple streets, away from the clanging of the bells of the electric cars and the rush of carriages and teams. By all means let us have a good band stand of a permanent description, and let it be built, if possible, in time for use at the coming band concerts this season.

"How many bells are in this chime?" asked the curious traveler. "Eight all told," said the sexton.—Indianapolis Journal.

FASHION NOTES.

Headgear that Makes the Face Youthful. Two dressy hats for small sized fashionables are shown below. The upper one is of cream rice straw trimmed with batiste or crepe edged with narrow valenciennes lace, the end hanging down behind. The inner side of brim is faced with plain crepe. Below this is the engraving there is shown a round hat of rough basket straw. It is prettily trimmed with brown and white striped satin ribbon, which forms large loops at the right side and encircles the crown. Two flat hoops and ends fall on the left side of the brim.



A tendency shows to allow the outline of the hat to curve about the face in cap fashion, and this curve goes naturally with the way the hair is being worn. Every effort is being made to frame the face into picturesque prominence. It seems more than probable that the wimple will come into fashion with all its dear devices for taking off the worn look at the cheeks and suggesting the roundness and youth of the child's face. Already there are offered for theatre and ball use little chiffon bonnets that are mere airy little clouds gathered into the form of a big hood, which will slip over the most elaborate locks coiffure and add softness of effect by the great waving ruffles set on the edges. These hoods are under the throat by soft scarfs of chiffon that knot loosely and then fall to the knees. Nothing could be more becoming, and then one's favorite color is more becoming in chiffon than in any other material.

Almost all the new Dutch bonnets are ornamented by a little upstanding bunch of tiny plumes at one end or a bunch of nodding flowers. In other words, women will no longer content themselves with anything on the head that does not add to their height, or by waving above them increase their perpendicular. This Dutch bonnet is really being done to death. The only salvation for one who cares for the style is to wear the severest model.

REDUCED. "There's one comfort," said the philosopher, when his wages were reduced; "when I'm laid up sick, now I shan't lose so much money."—Boston Transcript.

Landlady—I'm always forgetting—do you take cream in your coffee. Mr. Spuds? Mr. Spuds (a pessimistic boarder)—Very seldom in this house, madam.—Detroit Free Press.

Could improve on it—Mr. Norris—What's the matter, Robby; are you choking? Robby (feeling), with his mouth full of bones—Ray, mamma, I'd like to build just one shad!—Puck.

Dashaway—Jagway has just invented a new cocktail. I saw him yesterday, and I guess it's going to be a success. Cleverton—What did he say about it? Dashaway—He couldn't talk.—Life.

"Emily, if William to-day asks you to marry him you must tell him to speak to me." "Yes, mamma; but if he does not?" "Then tell him I want to speak to him!"—Ellegende Blatter.

A provincial English paper tells its readers that a Delaware chieftain named Gas Adickes invaded the Province of Delaware, in the United States, a few months ago, and has been holding the people in subjection ever since.—New York Tribune.

In the Coming Time—First New Woman—That Mrs. Unhappy is horribly lacking in manners. Second New Woman—What's the matter? First New Woman—I saw her in a street car the other day when a number of gentlemen entered and she never offered to give up her seat to them.—Chicago Record.

"Why," asked the philosopher, "why is it that a man—the noblest created object—why is it that a man should have such doubts of his ability to win a woman's affection, when he considers the success in that line of a puffed-up, pudding-shaped, pretzel-called pug dog?" But the assembled listeners answered him not.—Toledo Blade.

Gagsby—Your remarks indicate that you thought a great deal of poor Silimpurse. Wagsby—I should say I did; no truer friend ever lived than Silimpurse. Why, would you believe it, he never once asked me to lend him a cent, though I knew all the time he was starving to death.—New York Tribune.

with a startling nicety of dress always in the latest fashion, has made this physician the pet of the world of fashion, who are willing to pay exorbitant fees for his visits in a social day. They all like him because he is so different. "The doctor is a great stickler on the ethics of medical practice, and considers his methods the only proper ones for a physician to follow. He refrains when visiting a patient from saying anything to any person in the house, aside from asking information concerning the case in hand, but a most polite 'good-bye' when arriving and leaving. His belief is that a doctor should be apart from the man, so, in a well-defined manner, he conducts a dual life—Dr. Blank as the physician, and Dr. Blank as the social man.

"You can imagine how his cool professional manner seems in the homes of his friends, yet no matter how closely he may be connected when called in 'professionally' he always maintains this attitude. I know of one case in which he was called in by a college student to attend his wife. The two had been the warmest sort of friends in college, having roomed together and graduated in the same class. But as such things go in the world, they had not seen much of each other in late years, their business kept them apart, and kind fortune having favored the man's home with health, so there was no need of a physician. But he called his friend in when he needed him. At the doctor's meeting he was greeted with a cold 'good morning' and an indifferent grasp of the hand in return.

"The man, thinking the doctor must have some cause for his apparently cool, indifferent manner, said no more, but conducted him to his wife's room, where he answered all the questions put to him by the physician. As he was going down stairs he stopped in the library, and taking up a decanter, said: 'Allow me to give you a glass of cherry.' The doctor refused, and proceeded on his way down stairs, and with a 'good-bay' went out of the door.

"The gentleman was nonplussed by his strange actions. The friend of his college days, so changed! His meditations were interrupted by the ringing of the bell, and upon going to the head of the stairs he found it was the doctor returned. But it was not the doctor who came down stairs and greeted him, but rushed up the stairs, and, taking his hand, was most cordial. This puzzled the gentleman more than ever, and he began to think his friend had really gone insane. But his college chum dragged him into the library, where, without waiting for an invitation from his host, he took up the decanter and poured out two glasses of wine. Then, selecting an easy chair, he sat down, with the remark: 'Well, John, this is like the good old days gone by.'

"Then the doctor plied all sorts of questions to the astonished man, who was so amazed that everything seemed jumbled to him. Finally he recovered himself to ask him the meaning of his actions upon his first visit. The doctor explained how rigidly he adhered to a line of ethics in medical practice, and how he never presumed that a professional call was intended to be a social visit.

"Now," he went on, "I finished my professional call, went outside and waited awhile, then I made my social call, for I was anxious to see you and talk with you, John. I never allow any of my patients to say I overstepped the line of professional ethics even one iota. My life as a doctor and my life as a man are two different things altogether, and I keep them apart, each for itself, so that they are perfect strangers. It may seem strange, but it is an idea I have."

"And he told the truth. The man socially is most brilliant, and goes in the most fashionable circles of that staid, aristocratic town, but as a doctor, aside from being an excellent practitioner, he is absolutely dull and uninteresting. This is one example of an abnormal development of a professional quality, but it pays this man at least, and that is why, perhaps, he cultivates it."

Some of the Conspicuous Qualities of a Noted Plantigrade Animal. (From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.) "For self-reliance, for ingenuity, for cheerfulness under adverse circumstances, for courage tempered with intelligent prudence, for the close attention to detail that is a prerequisite if not the sole requirement of genius, and for general go-ahead-activeness, commend me to the American coon above all other beasts."

The conversation had been about the respective merits of the Wagnerian opera and the chaunt of Kerry Patch, and the intense young man with spinal curvature overcoat was somewhat incensed at the Philistine who said he preferred melody to harmony, and believed everybody else did, if they would only admit it. So the other members of the gathering were not sorry when the red-faced man from the bottoms chipped in with his eulogy on an animal that is too common to be really worthy of notice to people who do their information about wild animals from the printed page instead of the book of nature. "The coon," continued the sun-burned man, "is a plantigrade animal with some traits of the monkey, some of the cat, some of the dog, some of the bear, and more that are peculiar to himself alone."

"What's a plantigrade animal?" said the Philistine. "The American coon," replied the sun-burned man with some brusquerie; then as the Philistine looked pained he added: "But you needn't expect to find out unless you come home with me and learn something about the wonderful creature's nature has stocked this country with. As I was saying the American coon is one of the most remarkable animals that require the word 'Old man Ferguson's son, Pete, had one down my way that had more sense than a Christian. Pete caught him when he was about half grown—young enough to be tameable and old enough to know how to make a living in the woods. For about a year Pete kept him chained for fear he would run off, but finally he got to reposing confidence in the coon and gave him the run of the yard in the daytime, only locking him up at night. They called the coon 'Zip' for awhile, then Pete's brother-in-law, who was a believer in the theory of psychological similarities in men and the lower order of animals, christened him Londonderry. Pete's brother-in-law claimed that the natives of Londonderry were pretty much all Scotch-Irish, shrewd,

patient, hard-headed, and desperate fighters in an emergency, and that the American coon had all these characteristics, and that Pete's pet, being an educated beast, in him they were intensified. Well, anyhow, they named the coon Londonderry, and he became a famous character. He made friends with Ferguson's hounds, and they got right chummy with him, but let a strange dog come on the place and there was trouble. Londonderry would size him up, and if he was a little fellow or a city dog not up to the tricks of coon fighting, there would be a fight on open ground. If, however, the visitor appeared to be experienced, Londonderry would make tracks for the duck pond. The dog would follow, and Londonderry would entice him into the water, then grab him by the neck with his front paws, and rip his lights out with his hind feet. The dog would be too busy trying to keep his head above water to make any sort of a fight, and it was mighty seldom, I tell you, that Londonderry ever failed to drown his victim."

"Pete, being a native of the bottom, knew that wild coons are great fishermen. One of them will lie on a log that juts into a lake and pretend to be asleep, with the tip of his tail just touching the water. Long in May and June, when bass are striking, a coon's tail just touching the water is a mighty tempting bait. A bass sees it and thinks it's a new kind of caterpillar and makes a snap at it. As the fish strikes the supposed caterpillar the coon gives a flirt of his tail and throws Mr. Bass on the bank, and before he can get back the coon has him. Pete knew this, and his brother-in-law had told him how the Chinese educate storks to catch fish for them; so Pete said Londonderry could give anybody's stork cards and spades—a slangy youngster is Pete—and beat him catching fish. And he was right. Londonderry caught on to what Pete wanted after a few trials, and he became so expert that the family had fish every day. Fishing and fighting were not Londonderry's only accomplishments, however. He used to bring the cows home at milking time."

"Come, now! Ain't you drawing it a little strong?" said the Philistine. "Young man," said the denizen of the bottom, sternly, "you know very little of the eccentricities of coons, and still less of the intelligence of the American coon. A cow hates a coon worse than her mother hates a red rag, and she will chase one of the ring-tailed rascals as quick as a grinnel will strike at a silk minnow. Pete knew this, and so did Londonderry; so when Pete wanted to get the cows home without driving them he used to take Londonderry on his pony and ride out in the pasture. As soon as the cows saw the coon they would start after him, and all Pete would have to do would be to gallop home, with the cows following. After a while Londonderry got on to the scheme, and he used to go after the cows by himself. Sometimes, though, they would get too much of a start, and he would have to climb a tree; then somebody would have to go to his rescue, for the cows wouldn't budge as long as they thought they had a chance of getting at him."

"Fishing finally became impossible for Londonderry and the last few years he hasn't done anything except eat and sleep, play with the children, and occasionally kill a chicken, just for the excitement of the thing. The way he got knocked out as a fisherman was this: You know we have some powerful big loghead turtles down in our country, and they never turn loose when once they catch hold, leastways not till it thunders. One day Londonderry was lying on his favorite log, with his tail brushing the water, waiting for a bass to grab it. Pretty soon something did grab it, but it wasn't a fish. It was a turtle, and he must have weighed two hundred pounds. Londonderry gave a jerk, but he didn't budge the loghead, who started to the bottom. Londonderry clung to the log with all his claws, and 'yarn yarned' for help. Nothing on earth could help him."

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