

The Journal and Courier

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Of the thirty-two secretaries of state who have held office since the organization of the government, four have died while in office—Hugh S. Legree of South Carolina, Abel P. Upshur of Virginia, Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, and Walter Q. Gresham of Indiana.

Abbe Rambaud has received the \$3,000 D'Andrè prize for self-education from the French Academy. He became blind early in life and found difficulty in getting ordained, but devoted himself and his fortune of \$60,000 a year to relieving the poor of Lyons. He established schools for the street children, and a lodging house for aged people with five hundred dwellings, where they are helped with work.

Miss Mary M. Haskell, of Minneapolis, has just been appointed census-taker for Cass County, Minnesota. The population of the county is widely scattered, and the trip will have to be made on horseback. Much of it is an unbroken wilderness, and there are many Indians in the county, some of whom will have to be enumerated. The undertaking is a formidable one, and very few women would be willing to attempt it.

A Tokio Journal, says Colonel Cockerill in his last letter from Japan to the New York Herald, which has kept the statistics of the casualties in the recent war, finds that only 590 Japanese were killed in battle, while the total number of deaths in both the army and navy from all causes combined was only 2,100 on the Japanese side. Colonel Cockerill adds that either the figures are "ridiculously inaccurate or the great war with China was in the nature of a military picnic."

The importance of correct punctuation, particularly in a tariff law, is again illustrated by the suit just decided by the courts, affecting the provisions of the new tariff law as it relates to the duty on diamonds. The whole question turned on the matter of punctuation, a semicolon being used in the text of the law where a colon should have been placed. The evident intent of the framers of the law has not been defeated this time, however, though the government appears to have had a pretty close call.

A curious illustration of the muddled condition of administrative boundaries in England is shown by the hamlet of Pengo, in which is the Crystal Palace, and which has now 20,000 inhabitants, although part of the county of London, it is not in the London of the Registrar-General. It is joined to Dulwich in the Parliamentary elections, with Greenwich for the School Board, with Rochester for the Church, with Lambeth for its water rates, with Lewisham for its poor rates, and Battersea for its taxes. Its police court is Kennington and its civil court Croydon.

Having tried the experiment of dispensing with the death penalty for nearly half a century—the abolishing act was passed in 1847—Michigan is about to begin hanging her murderers again. In the past ten years the State has had 23.10 murders to every 100,000 of her population, against Canada's 4.62. In two years, 1891-92, no less than 162 persons in Michigan killed other persons, and only 3 per cent. of them were sentenced to State prison for life. With the gallows set up again in Michigan, the only States not inflicting the death penalty will be Maine, Rhode Island and Wisconsin.

The purchase by Austin Corbin and Charles M. Pratt, of a 4,000-acre tract of land on Montauk Point, is an indication that the project of making a free port at Fort Pond Bay, and the establishment of a European steamship line, has not been abandoned by Mr. Corbin and his associates. The Long Island Railroad has recently been extended from Bridgehampton to Amagansett, and it is only a question of a little time before trains will run through to the tip end of the point. Meantime the idea of making Fort Pond Bay a port of entry and the starting place of a European steamship line, is being pushed, one application having been made to Congress, which will undoubtedly be repeated at the next session.

The British consuls in all parts of the

world keep the foreign office well posted on whatever, in their judgment, will affect English interests. Among the reports recently published is one from Vice Consul Harkness at Charleston, South Carolina, that will attract attention in England and ought to interest our own people. Referring to gold mining in the South, Mr. Harkness states that the new chlorine process will render valuable hundreds of gold mines now lying idle in North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, and make it possible to get millions of dollars of bullion out of them. He thinks it possible with the introduction of this new process that the South will become one of the richest gold-producing countries in the world.

KIMBERLEY AVENUE BRIDGE. The Committee on Cities and Boroughs has come to the fair and equitable conclusion that when the United States authorities, for the purpose of developing commerce on West river, shall order changes to be made in the Kimberly avenue bridge, the city of New Haven shall be responsible for one-half of the expense of such changes. Inasmuch as the commerce which may call for such changes will be substantially a New Haven affair the decision of the committee is just and reasonable. New Haven certainly ought to bear at least one-half the expense which the development of its commerce on West river may call for.

THE OTHER ELEMENT. Senator Coffey stood up in the Senate the other day and without winking the other eye gravely and impressively said that there were two elements in all communities; that one element had asked him to urge the adoption of the local-option-hell-localizing pool bill and that the other element had not objected. Having thus made some ground for himself to stand on he went ahead and urged the adoption of the bill. Enough senators responded to his urging to put the bill through the senate. Senator Coffey did not make it entirely clear why he should urge the adoption of the villainous bill, even if "the other element" had not been heard from. And there are those who think that he would have made a better appearance had he did it he had spoken for "the other element" even if he had not heard from it. Why he felt obliged to speak for "the urging element" is still a mystery. Probably, however, his good nature led him to do what he was asked to do. Had he been asked to stand by "the other element" he would probably have done so, if we understand him.

But why was he not asked by "the other element"? Or was he asked and didn't he hear the asking, or didn't he get his mail on time? He made himself the effective champion of "the urging element" on Wednesday, the 29th day of May. We notice a letter addressed to him by Dr. Newman Smyth of this city, who may fairly be called a representative of "the other element." This letter is dated May 15, and unless the Democratic postal service is much more inefficient than it is said to be Senator Coffey must have received that letter before he made his good-natured speech in behalf of "the urging element." Indeed, he may have had the letter in his pocket while he was making it. In that letter Dr. Smyth said, among other things: "If this portion of the gaming laws can be delegated to the towns, why may not other portions of the gaming and all other criminal laws be so surrendered by the State to the towns? Such a change in the established policy of the State might have at least the moral advantage of localizing hell in some towns; but I do not see any other or sufficient reason for reversing the historic policy of the State in making one criminal law for all the people without favoritism or distinction of class."

This looks very much like objections to the bill, and if Senator Coffey's mail was not unduly delayed, and if he reads his letters when he receives them it looks as if he must have known that Dr. Smyth objected to the bill. If he knew that did he consider Dr. Smyth's objection unworthy of notice, or didn't he consider him a member of "the other element"? Senator Coffey is just now vigorously accusing Brother Mason of saying things that are not founded on facts. Is Senator Coffey throwing stones out of a glass house, or senate?

But if Senator Coffey didn't have Dr. Smyth's letter (dated May 15) in his pocket while he was obliging "the urging element" by his speech on May 29, and if "the other element" has been slow in coming to the front it is coming now with promptness and force. It will soon be plain to Senator Coffey that "the other element" does object to the bill, and that very decidedly. If he has been eagerly waiting for such objection and if he only made his speech to oblige "the urging element" why should he not now welcome the opportunity to show that he is really, heart and soul with "the other element" when he knows that it is alive and kicking? Why shouldn't he make another speech and say that he has heard from "the other element" now, and that he repents him of having weakly and good-naturedly yielded to the urging element? If he will do this perhaps Brother Mason will also repent, and then there will be peace except in the camp of the hell-localizers.

FASHION NOTES. Millinery Jewels of Many Carats. Enormous diamonds such as before have appeared on the swelling front of the milliner showman are now accorded place of honor as the central attraction of little bonnets that are a glitter of "stage jewelry," for that is all the stones are though they are called big names and cost enough at the milliner's to scare a theatrical costume out of his senses. Indeed, the clever actress can bring out all her best stage paste, her "queen" girdles and such, adjust them to the new conditions of millinery and cut a swathe to make the richest envy. It is always safe, however, to



use such baubles sparingly, and spangles will in most cases afford quite as much glitter as is desired. The accompanying sketch displays a bonnet whose brim is embroidered prettily with spangles and topped by a band of lace. Braided straw is the base of this, and for other trimming toward the front there are silk rosettes, violets and leaves, while in back there is a puff that may be of either pale lavender chiffon or of mousseline de soie.

Tiny lace straw hats look very like the soldier hats children make out of folded paper, only the peak of the crown is much reduced. A pair of bright roses are stuck against the upright brim, an inconspicuous roll of bright lies against the hair, and, perhaps, in the corner made by the turning of the brim there is placed a pair of feathers, or an upright horse-hair aigrette. Becomingness is the sole object and the hat as a hat is merely an airy outline.

Salon with extremely high box crowns and narrow brims are worn without trimming, and if they are becoming are safely stylish, but they remind of an obstreperous bump on a log if they are not becoming, so beware! Salons with moderate crowns are trimmed about with a close wreath of wild flowers, made by the blending together of bunch after bunch of daisies, margolds, primroses and violets. The wreath is so soft and thick that it almost covers the hat, only the edge of the brim and the top of the crown showing. FLORETTE.

FASHIONABLE. The summer girl will wear puffed sleeves that will rise again when bugged flat.—A. Chisholm Globe.

On the Trail.—Chief of Police.—The murder was committed on Sixth avenue twenty-four hours ago; now, what have you found out? Central Office Sixth (talking with the directory).—There is such a street.—Puck. Tommy—Do you say your prayers every night? Jimmy—Yes. Tommy—And does your man say here? Jimmy—Yes. Tommy—And does your man say? Jimmy—Now; say don't need to. It's almost daylight when he gets to bed.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Home heathen.—Tell me, now, what is the greatest difficulty that your foreign missionaries have to contend with? Foreign missionary.—Keeping our converts from learning that we have so many heathen in the home churches.—New York Tribune. "Mamma, what did Tommy Jones' papa mean when he said I was a chip of the old block?" "He meant you were like your papa." "And when Tommy's mamma said I was a piece of ironstone, did she mean I was like you?"—Harper's Bazar.

Nurse.—Children, God brought you a little sister this morning. Little Willy.—That's funny! I've been looking out of the window since breakfast and didn't see him come in. Little Flossy.—Course not. The janitor made him go round the back way.—Puck. An Off Day.—Miss Newage.—What was done at the New Woman International Progress club to-day? Bachelor Girl.—Nothing. You see, Mrs. Sweeney happened to come in with her baby, and before we all finished kissing the little cherub it was time to adjourn.—The Bits.

Russian Official Wit.—Official.—You cannot stay in this country, sir. Traveler.—Then I'll leave it. Official.—Have you a permit to leave? Traveler.—No, sir. Official.—Then you cannot go. I leave you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you shall do.—Household Words. One of the unchurched.—Well, Nelly, what did you do at Sunday school to-day? Nelly.—We repeated the ten commandments and after that the Lord's prayer. One of the unchurched.—Had to repeat both, did you? Well, well, I didn't know they ever allowed encores in the meeting-houses.—Boston Transcript. "My son," said the pious gentleman to the boy who was playing leap-frog in the front yard, "don't you know this is Sunday?" "You're right I do," shouted the boy. "Mamma's gone to camp-meeting, sister's run off with a book agent, all the groceries is gone, the baby's in the back yard eatin' clay, an' dad's smokin' an' a cousin of the Methodist's.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Rosetti household, probably, the most remarkable in London. Gabriele Rossetti, patriot exile, poet, philosopher, mystic student, artist, and a most genial and winsome man of strong character, was "a father in a million," as his elder son loved to speak of him. Mrs. Frances Mary Lavinia Rossetti, though English by birth and maternal parentage, was daughter of an Italian

gentleman well known in his day. Gaetano Polidori, the translator of the poetry of Milton into symbolic if not majestic or heroic Italian. Many distinguished people came to the Rosetti household, and divers oddies of the new thought of the age circulated through that little society. Then, were there ever four such children in one family as Maria, Gabriel, William, and Christina? Two were endowed with high as well as rare and distinctive genius, and all four mixed in an atmosphere pregnant with stirring ideals, deep emotions of strong minds, and vivid aspirations.

Christina's childhood was spent almost wholly in London. Her first real excitement, she declared once, her first real excitement away from home-life and the familiar aspects of the streets of western London, was afforded by a visit she paid with Gabriel to the Zoological Gardens, after their first vivid interest, by imagining the thoughts of the caged animals. Christina thought that the birds should be honored by plain-tive verses, but Gabriel narrated such whimsical biographies of the birds and beasts that poetry gave way to fun. Distinct as the impression was, it was not durably vivid as that of the walk of the two children, hand in hand, across the solitude of Regent's Park, "with a magnificent sunset which, Gabriel declared, he could see setting fire to the distant trees and roof-ridges." Despite his interest in animals, an interest which became a freakish fancy with him in later life, Rossetti never really observed lovingly and closely, except from the artist's point of view. He would notice the effect of light on the leaves, or the white gleam on windy grass; but he could never tell whether the leaves were those of the oak or the elm, the beech or the chestnut. If he cared for birds and bird music, it was without heed of distinctions, and with no knowledge of the individuality of lilt in the song of thrush or blackbird, robin or linnet. But sometimes, his sister told me, he would come home with a spray of blossom ("It was always 'blossom' merely, not pear or apple or cherry blossom"), and once or twice with a bird or small animal in a little wicker cage, and would be as earnest and closely observant of all details as an naturalist would be.—William Sharp in the Atlantic.

The Ideal Indian Warrior. As Roman Nose dashed gallantly forward and swept into the open at the head of his superb command, he was the very beau ideal of an Indian chief. Mounted on a large, clean-limbed chestnut horse, he sat well forward on his barebacked charger, his knees pasting under a horse-hair larlat that twice loosely encircled the animal's body, his horse's bridle grasped in his left hand, which was also closely wound in its flowing mane, and at the same time clutched his rifle at the guard, the butt of which lay partially upon and across the animal's neck while his barrel, crossing diagonally in front of his body, rested slightly against the hollow of his left arm, leaving his right free to direct the course of his men. He was a man over six feet and three inches in height, beautifully formed, and, save for a crimson silk sash knotted around his waist, and his moccasins on his feet, he was in alternate lines of red and black, and his head crowned with a magnificent war-bonnet, from which, just above his temples and curving slightly forward, stood up two short black buffalo horns, while its ample plumes of eagles' feathers and herons' plumes trailed wildly on the wind behind him; and as he came swiftly on at the head of his charging warriors, in all his barbaric strength and grandeur, he proudly rode that day the most perfect type of a savage warrior. It has been my lot to see. Turning his face for an instant towards the women and children of the united tribes, who literally by thousands were watching the fight from the crest of the low bluffs back from the river's bank, he raised his right arm and waved his hand with a royal gesture in answer to their wild cries of rage and encouragement as he and his command swept down upon us; and again facing squarely towards where we lay, he drew his body to its full height and shook his clinched fist defiantly at us; then throwing back his head and glancing skywards, he suddenly struck the palm of his hand across his mouth and gave tongue to a war-cry that I have never yet heard equaled in power and intensity.

Scarcely had its echoes reached the river's bank when it was caught up by each and every one of the charging warriors with an energy that baffles description, and answered back with blood-curdling yells of exultation and prospective vengeance by the women and children on the river's bluffs and by the Indians who lay in ambush around us. On they came at a swinging gallop, rending the air with their wild war-whoops, each individual warrior in all his bravery of war paint and long braided scalp-lock tipped with eagles' feathers, and all stark naked but for their cartridge-belts and moccasins, keeping their line almost perfectly, with a front of about sixty men, all riding bareback, with only a loose larlat about their horse's bodies, about a yard apart, and with a depth of six or seven ranks, forming together a compact body of massive fighting strength, and of almost resistless weight. "Boddy they rode, and well, with their horses' bridles in their left hands, while with their right they grasped their rifles at the guard, and held them squarely in front of themselves, resting lightly upon their horses' necks.

Riding about five paces in front of the center of the line, and twirling his heavy Springfield rifle around his head as if it were a whip of straw (probably one of those he had captured at the Fort Pieterman massacre), Roman Nose recklessly led the charge with a bravery that could only be equalled but not excelled, while their medicine-man, an equally brave but older chief, rode slightly in advance of the left of the charging column. To say that I was surprised at his splendid exhibition of pluck and discipline it to put it mildly, and to say, further, that for an instant or two I was fairly lost in admiration of the glorious charge is simply to state the truth. For it was far and away beyond anything I had heard of, read about, or even imagined regarding Indian warfare.—General G. A. Forsyth in Harper's.

At last we have reached that gullant fellow, the mountain sheep or big-horn. A true cliff-dweller is he. Born under a steep cliff-dweller is he. Born under a steep cliff, sometimes actually cradled in the snow, and reared in the stormy atmosphere of high altitudes, he is typical mountaineer. Wherever you find him at home, depend upon it that you will also find the finest scenery of the district.

This animal loves a bird's-eye view of a mountain landscape as well as does any member of the Geological Survey. A steep descent, with a narrow, level valley and a thread-like river spread like a relief-map three thousand feet before him, is his delight. In summer times he was venturesome, and often wandered miles away from his mountain home to explore tempting tracts of bad lands; and, being unmolested, he sometimes took up a permanent residence in such places. But the venturesome inhabitants of low, isolated mountains and sheltered bad lands have paid with their lives for their pioneering, and now a mountain sheep is rarely found elsewhere than amid mountains worthy of the name. Kill one fine old mountain ram by your own efforts in climbing and stalking, and we will call you a sportsman, with a capital S—provided you save his head for mounting, and his flesh for the platter. But no ewes, mind you. Ewes and lambs count against you, rather

than to your credit. Can I ever forget how I once traveled all the way from Washington to Wyoming, killed just one superb mountain ram amid grand scenery, preserved him, carried his "saddle" to Washington, and called my pleasure-trip a complete success? Hardly. Even the recollection of it is worth four times the money it cost. That particular mountain sheep stood four feet three inches in height at the shoulders. His was four feet ten inches in length of head and body, and his girth was three feet eight inches. He leaped off a low bridge of bare rock, fell dead on a foot of snow in the head of a rock-walled gulch, and oh boys, how fine he was! Up in the mountain park he had been pawing through the snow to get at the spears of dry grass that were there obtainable; and in spite of the difficulty of the process, and the slight scantiness of the grazing, I was astonished beyond measure at finding that his stomach contained fully half a bushel of that same grass. He was not only in good flesh, but positively fat; and from the fact that to save our lives Fleming, the packer, and I, both muscular men, could not lift him upon a mule to carry him to our camp, and for other reasons, I am certain that he weighed at least three hundred pounds.—W. T. Hornaday in the St. Nicholas.

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TELEPHONE 884-5 CALLS UP CHARLES P. THOMPSON, "THE SHOP," 60 Orange Street. Headquarters for WALL PAPERS, PAINTING, FRESKOING, HARD WOOD FINISHING, WOOD-CARPETING, ETC.

Riding about five paces in front of the center of the line, and twirling his heavy Springfield rifle around his head as if it were a whip of straw (probably one of those he had captured at the Fort Pieterman massacre), Roman Nose recklessly led the charge with a bravery that could only be equalled but not excelled, while their medicine-man, an equally brave but older chief, rode slightly in advance of the left of the charging column. To say that I was surprised at his splendid exhibition of pluck and discipline it to put it mildly, and to say, further, that for an instant or two I was fairly lost in admiration of the glorious charge is simply to state the truth. For it was far and away beyond anything I had heard of, read about, or even imagined regarding Indian warfare.—General G. A. Forsyth in Harper's.

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