

The Journal and Courier

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A Chinaman in Lawrence, Kansas, is suing an American girl for breach of promise.

An Auburn, Maine, man has invented for his own use a novel method of lawn sprinkling. He has made the top rail of the fence around his lawn of iron water pipes, jointed together so as to permit a continuous flow of water, and perforated on the inner side with small holes.

A monument is to be erected at Fort Mill, South Carolina, to the southern slave, to commemorate his faithfulness and devotion during the war. The monument is to be made of rough granite, with an appropriate inscription, and will stand near two others, one to the Confederate soldiers, and the other to the women of the South, for their heroism and self-sacrifice during the war of secession.

The street cars of Sacramento City in California are now run by electricity generated by the falls of the American river at Folsom, twenty-four miles away. The river has been dammed, creating a reservoir three miles long with a flow of 85,000 cubic feet a minute. After turning the turbine wheels at the dam the water is not allowed to escape further service, but is used for irrigation. Sacramento City expects soon to be warmed and lighted by the river.

Religion was strangely mixed with trade at Pecamp in Normandy the other day when the Archbishop of Rouen, assisted by the Bishop of Blois and many other priests, consecrated the new buildings of the liqueur distillery where the Benedictine is made. The liqueur was invented in 1510 by one of the Benedictine monks of the Abbey of Pecamp, and was made by them till they were dispersed by the revolution. Thirty years ago a descendant of one of the agents of the abbey found the recipe and manufactured the liqueur as a commercial speculation. The buildings were burned down three years ago, and in their place he has now put up on the site of the former abbey as close a reproduction of the old monastery as could be made. The finest room, properly enough, is a banquet hall, 155 feet by 66.

Remenyi tells this story about Liszt: When he was seven years old he already played like a grown up master Bach's preludes and fugues. One day his father, Adam Liszt, who was a good all-around musician, came home unexpectedly and heard little Liszt playing one of Bach's four part fugues, but the fugue was written in another key than the one in which little Liszt was then playing. The father was appalled. He knew too well that his son had no intention whatever to transpose the intensely polyphonic four-part fugue. He knew that it was being done unconsciously. He asked the boy why he did not play it in the right key. The little fellow was astonished and asked if the fugue was not written in the key he was playing it in. No; it was written in E flat, and not in G. The musician knows well what it means to transpose a complicated piece to another key; but for a seven-year-old boy to transpose a four-part fugue of Bach to a key a third below!

The fortifications Great Britain has been building on Vancouver Island for the protection of her great naval depot at Esquimalt are nearly completed, and the equipment for the same will begin at once. For more than two years this work has been conducted with the greatest secrecy, none being admitted to the fortifications except the few who brought a written order from the imperial war office, while day and night strong lines of sentries have been posted far enough outside to prevent anyone getting an idea of the work in progress. As an additional precaution, the workmen were changed from one place to another with frequency, that they might not acquire and reveal the secrets of the stronghold. All that is known outside of officials is that the plan of the fortification comprises under

ground works from which the guns will be carried to the surface by immense elevators and lowered as soon as discharged, and in which are magazines of a capacity equal to any possible emergency; also that the equipment is to be of the latest and most approved guns, and other implements of war, and that outside these forts are submarine torpedoes and other destructive agencies.

The French do not intend to be left behind in the struggle for commercial advantages in China if they can help it. Some time ago the Lyons Chamber of Commerce, with the full approval of the government, resolved to send a special commission to China in order to ascertain the best method of establishing business relations between France and the Chinese empire. The commission has been organized and is about to start. The ministry of foreign affairs and the ministry of commerce have given special privileges to the party, which will have an official status, and be under the direction and control of a French official who has spent several years in China, and is known to be appreciated by the Chinese authorities. The government will also appoint a physician to attend the commissioners. The working members are young men who have passed with credit through the higher commercial schools, and have gained some practical experience in what the Temps calls the politics of commerce. The commission will proceed up the Yang-tse-Kiang to Tehung King, where it will establish headquarters, and send out detachments to explore the neighboring provinces. The Lyons chamber of commerce has provided funds to support the mission for two years, and has sent a circular to all the other principal chambers of commerce, inviting co-operation. It is probable that the expedition has quite as much political as commercial significance.

THE FRESH AIR FUND. The Fresh Air Fund of the City mission is not as large as it should be. It never has been large enough since it was started, and perhaps it never will be as large as it ought to be. But people who want to do some of their unfortunate brothers and sisters a good turn can do it by adding to this fund, which is one of the best and most helpful things we have in our city. Those who have contributed to this fund and have seen how wisely and carefully their money was used, and how much pleasure and rest it gave those sadly in need of a little of both, have been glad that their attention was called to the fund and its very useful work.

A NOVEL ROAD THEORY. The new Highway commission of Connecticut will be interested in the reports of several committees, appointed by the department of agriculture to examine the subject of making country roads, which have been submitted to Secretary Morton. That branch of the work which involved the farmers' roads was intrusted to General Royston, who has made a very thorough examination into the requirements of the American farmer as far as good roads are concerned. General Royston reports that the farmer needs "a solid, well-bedded stone road so narrow as to be only a single track, but having an earth track alongside." This idea is rather new and is based on the fact that where the ground is dry and in good condition the dirt road is as near perfection as any well made road can be. It is easy for the horse, is noiseless and is readily and cheaply maintained. On the other hand it is, in some seasons of the year, almost the worst road that can be imagined. General Royston's plan proposes a road of ordinary width, one-half of which shall be of stone, which can be used in seasons when the dirt road is at its worst, and the other a natural-soil track, which can be used when in its best condition. In this way the expense of building and maintaining the highway will be reduced about one-half, and a track perfect at all seasons of the year will be provided for the farmer. If this idea is adopted the question of cost is greatly simplified. There are very many sections of the country now suffering from bad roads where stone or gravel can be obtained at a small cost for a single-track road, say eight feet wide. But it is not easy to see how General Royston's theory will work well in practice.

SOME PARTICULAR PEOPLE. Some people are particular about the way they get money. There are some who would not make money by "playing the horses," even if they had a sure tip. There are some who think it wicked to make money by selling intoxicating liquors. There are some who think churches ought not to make money by games of chance. And there are a few who do not think churches ought to accept gifts of money that is not made in a strictly honest and pure way. But the people most particular about the cleanness of money who have thus far been heard from are the people who are objecting to the plan of Mrs. Leland Stanford to turn a part of the grapes grown on her great Vina ranch into brandy and sell it for the benefit of the Stanford university. Mrs. Stanford is a woman of positive temperance convictions, but she understands business and proposes to make a profit out of the property left her by husband, which in his day was only an expensive lux-

ury. Her crop of grapes this year will be from 12,000 to 15,000 tons. About 8,000 tons can be sold as grapes, and the rest must be utilized in wine making or thrown away. It is estimated that the product of wine and brandy will be 1,000,000 gallons. Mrs. Stanford does not believe in making wine and brandy to be drunk as a beverage and will take pains to dispose of her product solely for medicinal purposes. This is said to be entirely feasible and the profit will be large. Pure French brandy is a very scarce commodity and physicians say that a California brandy, guaranteed to be pure, is a great desideratum. It is Mrs. Stanford's purpose to make her brandy pure and to have it marketed as pure, and it is quite likely that the Stanford article will attain a great reputation.

It is possible that some people will hurt themselves by drinking, for medicinal purposes, too much of Mrs. Stanford's pure brandy. Many people will be benefited by it. It will be very difficult to separate the money derived from the sale of it into a clean and an unclean pile. And if both the clean and unclean money are used for a clean purpose perhaps there will be no curse on any of it.

FASHION NOTES.

A Maid in Mohair. Mohair is made up in combination with cloth, but it is a risky thing for the amateur to attempt unless hers is a case of having a "short length." Some very jaunty rigs have been turned out of white mohair in combination with blue cloth, and of black mohair and black broadcloth. The mohair is used for skirt, blouse front, revers, and bandings. Even better than this is the design shown here, which combines silver gray mohair and white silk. The bodice skirt is banded with two folds of white taffeta at either side of the front breadth, while the blouse waist, which fastens at the side and shows the significance.



very plainness of a tallorade, has bretelles of white silk with a collar to match. The left side has a pocket for watch or handkerchief, and the tie and belt are of black and white striped silk. A white sailor hat garnished with white ribbon, black wings and black chiffon completes the costume. Mohair is often used with silk in contrasting color, the silk showing through the lace insertion placed pretty much everywhere on skirt and bodice. The craze for cutting up goods to show that there is other stuff still better beneath shows no sign of dimming. Figured duck is made up with a baggy front to the bodice of duck to match. Black lawn, accordion pleated and worn with a little white duck jacket that opens wide open in front to show the loose blouse of the lawn, makes a stunning gown. It should be worn with an all black and cloud-like picture hat, or with a very trim straw in black bound close with a roll of white duck for a band.

Halocloth is now hardly used at all for lining. Several substitutes are on the market for which wonderful qualities are claimed. They are warranted not to crease, not to split and not to lose their stiffness. Whatever their faults may be will soon be generally known, for their cheapness makes them widely employed. FLORETTE.

THE FLEEING SHOW. Some of Its Faces and Fancies. (Written for the Journal and Courier.) THE PLEA OF THE LITTLE ONES. "Love me, love me, little child!" Thus a tiny blossom said: "Jesus once a child like you, Loved all tender things that grew: Rose and lily 'round His bed All their store of fragrance shed; Them His gentle hands caressed, Them with smiling lips He blessed, He, the Saviour, sweet and mild, Loved us—love us too, dear child!" "Love me, love me, little child!" Cooed the dove with snowy wings: "Often was I softly pressed, To His little loving breast; In His palm, from warside spring, Fresh cool water would He bring To me, weary from my flight, Soothing me with touches light; He, the infant undefiled, Loved us—love us too, dear child!" "Love us, love us, little child!" Sang the robin, hummed the bee: "He, the stainless, sinless one, Now enthroned beyond the sun, Loved such little ones as we, Shared our sorrow, heard our plea; In the purpose of His heart We, and such as we, had part; Clinging vine and wood-bird wild, All He loved. Oh love us, child!" EMILY FAITHFULL. A woman whose sympathy for women took a very practical shape was Miss Emily Faithfull, who died last month at Manchester, England. Throughout the greater part of her life of sixty years she took an active interest in every-

thing that pertained to the condition of working women, and one of her plans for extending their limited sphere of labor was particularly successful. In 1860 she set up a printing establishment in London, in which only women were employed as compositors. The "Victoria Press," as it was called, soon obtained a high reputation for the excellence of its work, one of the earlier specimens of which was dedicated to Queen Victoria, who soon after appointed Miss Faithfull "Printer and Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty." Later she began the publication of a monthly journal called the Victoria Magazine, in which she continuously and earnestly advocated the claims of women to remunerative employment. For eighteen years she not only edited this journal but supplied the greater part of material which filled its columns. During this time she wrote a novel, "Cherise Upon Change," which passed into a second edition within a month. Next she appeared as a lecturer, and, always with the same object in view, the improvement of the condition of working women, she appeared before all the principal literary and philosophical institutions in England. She made three tours in the United States and published the results of her investigations concerning the work and wages of women in this country in a volume entitled "Three Visits to America." Miss Faithfull was, moreover, a contempror to the leading English papers, writing much, and writing well upon the subject of which her heart was full, and her articles always commanded attention. After thirty years thus spent actively her services were acknowledged by Queen Victoria by the gift of her portrait and a civil service pension. Miss Faithfull was the daughter of a clergyman, a woman gently born and bred, and though enthusiastic and persistent as her object in life required her to be, she was ever patient and kindly, and conservative in the best sense. She accomplished much, not for her own day and time only, but, as she hoped, for the generations yet to come.

A MODEL WIFE. A man who realized the value of a wife as a "helpmate"—good old-fashioned word that!—and also the injustice of certain one-sided laws, has taken occasion to declare his opinion of both in his last will and testament. Lewis Briggs of Livonia, Michigan, was the name of this just man, and his will reads as follows: "As myself and my dearly beloved wife, Hanna E. Briggs, commenced our married life with very limited means and by our joint effort have accumulated some property, and as in case of my death she could control only a small portion of said property, while in the case of her death the law would give me absolute control of all, therefore, believing that she, by her industry, frugality and economy, has contributed her full share in the accumulation of said property, I do ordain that my wife shall have all my property, except my watch, which I give to my son, F. Markham Briggs."

Nothing could be simpler than this, or more honorable. As a model it is commended to other men whose help-mates shared their youthful poverty, and who by industry, frugality and economy, by brave courtesies and loving sympathy, have made them what they are to-day. Many a man seems perfectly content that his wife shall at his death not only suffer from the stoppage of his earnings, but that she shall be stripped of the greater share of whatever has been accumulated, even when she has been actively helpful in the accumulation. At least, one judges them to be content, if they never make any effort to secure her—more liberal and just provision. To the sorrow of bereavement is added the discomforts of a decided change of circumstances, and this even when a widow is too aged or broken to take up active work in her own behalf. There would not be so many sorrowful, poverty-stricken old ladies in the world to-day if all husbands were as appreciative and fair-minded as Lewis Briggs of Livonia, Michigan. May his righteous example be regarded with the respect it demands. HILARY.

PLAIN. "That woman's story is written in her face." "How do you know?" "It's so dreadfully plain."—Chicago Record. "No, Lije, I can't marry you," said the belle of Tatt's Hotel, with a shiver. "I'm afraid it would be unlucky. You wear No. 12 shoes."—Chicago Tribune. "Three minutes for dinner!" yelled the railroad porter. "Good!" exclaimed the editor. "The last time it was three dollars."—Atlanta Constitution. At a French Hotel.—"Tell him to clean your boots, John—and mine, too." "All right. Et—Garçon, nettoyez-moi bot, et vos paires—et ausses man fam!"—Punch. Ellis—Miss Ballard has a remarkably sweet voice. Washington—She ought to have. It has cost me about sixty pounds of chocolates in the last six months.—Boston Courier. She—So there are the Alps at last! He—Must be. You don't suppose a first-class tourist company like this would work off any substitutions or imitations on its patrons?—Life. At Covent Garden.—"Yes," said she, I like opera, although there is certainly a great deal of mental fatigue about it." "In following the music?" "No; in learning to pronounce the names of the singers."—Tit-Bits. "Don't be too staid ob gettin' left," said Uncle Eben. "De chikien dat sleep a lecture ways back in de coop

may be de las' ter git 'is breakfast' in de mawnin', but de chikie 's so easy grabbed off de roost' at night!"—Washington Star. His Idea of It.—Native (to young lady sketching)—"Is't a daff-like place this tae be takin' a view? There's no naething tae be seen for the trees. Noo, if ye was tae gang tae the tap o' Knockreegan, that wad set ye fine! Ye can see five counties frae there!"—Punch. "You know de w'ite houses over yere on de hill?" "Yep." "Wat you s'pose the ole woman said w'en I axed for a hand-out?" "Give it up." "She sez, 'Do you like ven'son?' I sez, 'Yes.' An' then she sez, 'There's a saw-buck out yere—mebbe you can raffle off a piece if you work right hard.'"—Chicago Record. Unpardonable Obliviousness.—The Lark's account to Baroness de V.—"You wouldn't believe how absent-minded I am, Baroness! It is difficult to imagine how any one can be so thoughtless!" "What have you done this time?" "I had bought you a bag of sweets, and while coming along—" "You lost them?" "No. I ate them!"—La Cioche. The kid had smashed his father's shaving mug and done sundry other damage, when his mother discovered him. "Oh, Freddy!" she exclaimed, horrified; "what will your papa say when he comes home and sees what you have done?" "Well, mamma," he replied, with a half smile, "I don't think I would like to repeat it before you."—Puck. A Scientist in the Dismal Swamp. "I have just returned from a visit to the Dismal Swamp," said Dr. A. K. Fisher, ornithologist of the department of agriculture, to a Star writer. "It is a strange region, full of oddities that are not to be found elsewhere. The purpose of my expedition was to investigate the fauna of the locality, and of rare mammals and birds I secured quite a number. Snakes are abundant and are alleged by the natives to be venomous, but all that I saw were harmless. When I picked up a good sized one from a log and held him by the neck, the negro who was padding for me shuddered so that he nearly upset the boat. "I found about fifty species of birds breeding in the swamp. One of them was Swainson's warbler, which is very rare. I trapped several species of small mice—rice mice, field mice, golden mice, and lemming mice. The lemming mouse is hard to catch, because it will not take any sort of bait; the only way to capture it is to set a trap in its runway. I set my traps in dry places out of water. Among other things I got two rare shrews. "There are plenty of cattle in the swamp—small, dark, and very wild. They are the progeny of animals that have strayed from domesticated herds. Hunters stalk and shoot them like deer. bears are numerous. In the autumn they feed greedily on the fruit of the sour gum. Wildcats, opossums, and raccoons are not scarce, while squirrels are remarkably abundant. The squirrels have discovered an easy way to get a living, by going along the shores of Lake Drummond and picking up the nuts and berries which have fallen into the water and drifted in windrows. They trot along the logs and fish them out with their paws. Deer are common, but hard to get. In the fall hunters run them into the lake and catch them with dogs. "There is fine fishing in Lake Drummond, which contains plenty of perch, black bass, two kinds of pickerel, three species of sunfish, and other panfish. There is no dry ground in the swamp, and one sinks at every step to his knees in mud. The cane which forms brakes all through the south is abundant. Together with a varied undergrowth, it is tangled with vines that run up into the trees, so that half a mile an hour is a good rate of progress. One must carry a knife to cut the vines, walking being further impeded by the cat-brier.

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whose thorns catch in the clothing and hold on like hooks. "The boats used in the Dismal Swamp are all dugouts, made from cypress logs, twelve feet long and very narrow. To shape such a craft properly is a nice piece of work. The novice who steps into one of these boats is apt to go out on the other side, but the native stands up and paddles with security. The water is darker than amber and excellent to drink; it is said to be a sure cure for malaria. There is no malarial disease in the swamp. The swamp is full of magnolias, from the size of bushes to trees sixty feet high. When I was there they were full of flowers. The cypress trees are cut for shingles. The best trees for the purpose are those which fell from twenty-five to fifty years ago, and are now covered with moss. The negroes wade in and cut off the moss and rotten bark. Then they cut up the log into shingles on the spot. The next best tree is one that is newly fallen, and the third quality is the tree that has to be felled.—Washington Star.

PLANCON I HAVE frequently used the genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract in France, whenever I felt myself run down I also use it in America and find it most excellent in cleaning my voice. Beware of imitations. The genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract has this signature on neck label. ASK FOR THE GENUINE JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

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Dainty Summer Handkerchiefs, squares of frost work, 12 cents. Also the proper thing in small script initial, 35c each. 12 1-2c

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