

The Journal and Courier

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For the Lord's Sake Harrison is the exclamatory name of a colored citizen of Texas.

A property owner in St. Gall, Switzerland, has posted in all the kitchens of his houses a notice that "the use of coal oil in starting kitchen fires is strictly prohibited, under a fine of 5 to 50 francs, one-half to go to the informer."

It is said that Ambassador Bayard's family have been holding office continuously under the United States government for a hundred years, James Bayard, the ambassador's grandfather, having been elected a delegate to the federal congress in 1796.

One of the queer clubs in the world is the "Lazy Club" of Vienna. It is said to have a membership of one hundred, and there are thousands waiting for admission. No member of this organization can do anything for a living, and the slightest suspicion of work that rests on a member means his expulsion.

Up to and including Monday the revenue of the government for August was \$18,108,015; expenditures, \$24,461,000; excess of expenditures, \$6,352,985. Excluding Sunday, this is an average deficit of \$397,249 a day up to the 19th instant, and if the rate be maintained during the remaining eleven working days of August the deficit for the entire month will be \$10,725,724.

In the precincts of the cathedral of Hildesheim there is a rose tree said to be more than one thousand years old. The tree for some years past has given signs of decay, and in order to preserve it several botanists and gardeners were called in. The Nazoine says they have not only succeeded in keeping the tree alive, but have made it flourish as it did in the past. They expect soon to see it bearing a rich crop of roses.

Venus rotates on her axis once in about twenty-four hours, according to Mr. Brenner of the Manora observatory at Bombay, who has been watching the planet, and says he can prove his assertion. This agrees with Schroter's statement that the time is twenty-three hours twenty-one minutes, and is opposed to that of Schiaparelli and other modern observers, who say that the time is the same as that of the planet's revolution round the sun.

That glass is porous to molecules below a certain weight and volume has been shown by recent electrolytic experiments made by Professor Roberts Austen of the Royal Mint. A current was passed through a vessel containing an amalgam of sodium, separated by a glass partition from mercury. After a while the amalgam was found to have lost a certain amount of its weight, while the same amount had been added to the mercury. The same result was obtained with an amalgam of lithium; but with potassium, whose atomic weight and volume are high, the glass could not be penetrated.

Some of the recent experiments in scientific kite-flying which have been conducted by William A. Eddy at the Blue Hill, Mass., observatory, show that the practical uses of the kite may be expected to include a range wider than the mere recording of barometric conditions. Earth photography for military purposes is now claimed as a function of the kite-flyer's art, and considerable success in this line has already been obtained. From an altitude of 250 feet, a photograph taken with a small camera on August 3 showed with considerable distinctness the panorama of the earth directly below. One taken at an estimated altitude of 400 feet was probably the most successful photograph ever taken from such an altitude and under such conditions. Mr. Eddy does not expect any scientific results from these experiments in photography from high altitudes, but he hopes to demonstrate the feasibility of taking such photographs as a useful adjunct to the equipment of an army. A photograph from such an altitude would, it is claimed, show at least the

clouds of dust arising from an advancing army, and thus disclose its approach and its whereabouts. LUZON B. MORRIS. This community was sadly startled yesterday by the news that Luzon B. Morris was dead. Wednesday he took part in paying the last honors to another distinguished citizen of New Haven. Yesterday he himself was "stretched on the lone couch of his everlasting sleep." What a sharp reminder to all of us, who, in the hurry and bustle of life, almost forget its uncertainty.

Mr. Morris' career was unusually long, useful and successful. Persistent and far-seeing, able, steady and upright, he was well fitted to win in the struggle into which he found himself thrust by the narrow circumstances of his early days. He did win and his victory was of a most solid and substantial character. There was no clap-trap about his life. His battle was silently, sturdily and honestly fought, and his reward was the reward of merit. His quality was early recognized by his fellow citizens, and forty years ago he began to serve the public as a member of the legislature. Since then he has been judge of probate, several times a member of the legislature, a member of important State commissions, conspicuous in the management of schools and governor of the State. And all this without self-seeking or tricks. The people have trusted him and appreciated the value of his services. He has been worthy of their trust and has faithfully repaid it. An examination of his public record will show that, without noise or flourish of trumpets, he has done much that is of solid and lasting value for his State.

As a lawyer and a business man Mr. Morris occupied a place such as few men fill. He was the safe and the trusted counsellor and friend of many whom death had deprived of their natural guardians. His ability and his integrity drew a kind of business to him that suited him and to which he was suited. He was notably successful in it. He had great skill in handling estates and his skill was always honestly used for the benefit of those dependent upon it. As a consequence he acquired a reputation and a practice such as are held up as examples in the law schools and are admired by all who admire nobly and honestly won success. And his superior business qualities attracted attention and use outside the limits of his profession.

In his private life Mr. Morris was friendly, equable, quietly companionable, loyal, kind, tolerant and just. He despised shams, and saw the humorous as well as the serious side of things. He lived in all respects temperately, was slow to wrath and charitable in thought, speech and deed. He was a thoroughly good citizen and punctilious in the performance of the duties of a good citizen. He was deeply and truly religious and a helpful member of his church. He was interested in all that was for the good of those among whom he lived and was always ready to do what he could to promote good causes. His loss will be long and deeply felt by many who have had an opportunity to know something of his mind and character, and his life and deeds will form an enduring and a consoling memorial of him.

Six months have made an astonishing and a pleasing change in some parts of the West, Nebraska, for instance. Last winter many of the people of that State were starving. Their crops had failed and they were obliged to appeal to the East for help. They were helped. Now they are in a position to help others. The other day at Loup City, Nebraska, there was an interesting event. The managers of one of the railroads traversing that State concluded that now was a good time to get people to go there and buy the thousands of farms that their original owners have abandoned. They therefore got together a large party of real estate dealers, and carried them to many parts of the State. After traveling over 1,100 miles of Nebraska territory, they stopped on the third day at Loup City, and there enjoyed a feast composed entirely of Nebraska products. This was spread in the very room which only last winter was used by the committee that distributed the supplies sent from East and South, on which all the people of the immediate territory subsisted during the winter and early spring months. The hosts of the occasion warmly expressed their gratitude for the splendid liberality that had saved them from perishing and enabled them to make this season's crop, and, pointing to the field products with which the room was decorated, they assured their guests that Nebraska could feed the world for the next twelve months, and the land agents knew this was no idle boast. During their two days on the cars they had seen only evidences of abundance—luxuriant corn fields, stacks of hay, wheat and oats, pastures dotted with herds, orchards bending with their burden of fruit. It has indeed been a fat year for Nebraska. The estimates are that its grain crop will not be less than 225,000,000 bushels, of which 15,000,000 will be of wheat, 30,000,000 of oats, and 180,000,000 of corn. In much the same abundance are the lesser crops of alfalfa,

potatoes, beets, hay and other farm products. Good! And here's hoping that Nebraska may never have another such calamity as befell her last year.

FASHION NOTES. Over and Above Women's Faces. Every one is wearing chiffon veils, this weave having been so adapted to veil uses that it is a little less opaque and yet retains the becomingness of the cloud-like texture. In white with a little black dot the veil is universally becoming, making an ordinary girl look really pretty, a pretty girl down-right distracting, and a very homely woman possible. It is surprising that the stuff has not yet been shown in black, for it would be equally becoming and not quite so dressy for many occasions. Cream colored wash blend veils sprayed with white flowers and with lace edges are becoming and very pretty over rough straw hats laden with flowers, but they are bad for the eyes. After



all, she who can go without a veil will be accorded credit among the veiled girls for being the only one who dares show her skin. Summer's fancy for showy black hats promises to be carried along till late into the autumn, and the picturesque of the newest headgear of this sort is quite up to the earlier standards. It makes it all the more practical to wear the summer hat till fall, so owners of short purses should rejoice. A fall model is shown here in black straw, its brim curled up at the edge and its moderately high crown narrowing toward the top. Twisted rose pink and black shot ribbon encircles the crown and forms three loops on each side, the tips curling toward the center, and are held in place by set buttons, and three more feathers are put in the back, their tips nodding over the crown.

It is a fad of swagger women to buy most of their hats from the "lady's hatter." He supplies headgear for steamer, bicycle, golfing and severe street wear, while the miller gets up her garden, theater, racing and coaching hats, except when the latter gear is of the taller sort. These severe judges of what is and what is not correct proclaim that the proper sailor hat is a three-inch brim topped by a three-inch crown. "Too much cannot be said against the horrid high crowned sailor that perches dismally on a girl's bump of love-of-approbation and proclaims her to have more vanity than good taste." FLORETTE.

LATE. "What's the latest thing in bloomers?" "The most modest girl will be."—"Truth." "Good morning," chirped the summer girl, nodding familiarly to the hammock. "I'll take a fall out of you presently."—Detroit Tribune. Mrs. Hushmore—"You'll have to settle up or leave. Summer Boarder—Thanks, awfully. The last place I was at they made me do both.—Life. Quite Human—"What makes a rooster crow, Lily?" "He's got ter give way ter his feelin's. He can't help himself!" "But when he lays an egg he makes the most noise." "Ah! that's pride."—Life. Wheeler (who has just bought a bike)—Do you think the bicycle has come to stay? Sprocket—"Well, a good deal depends on whether you paid outright for it or got it on the installment plan.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Regular Snap—"What is Smith doing now?" "He is traveling with a circus." "Pretty hard work, isn't it?" "No; he has nothing to do except to stick his head into the lion's mouth twice a day."—Texas Siftings. Collateral—"Father—if you marry my daughter, sir, you've got to dress a great deal better than you do now. Suit-or—"Then will you give your consent in writing?" "Father—What for? Suit-or—I want to show it to my tailor.—Puck. The New Peer—Lord Abrahams (being shaved by his valet, who accidentally cut his chin)—It does not much matter, Karl, if I get some of the middle-class blood out of me. Can you see any blue blood?—Humoristische Blätter.

Mr. Urban—Why is it that you country people charge so much more for board than we have to pay in the city? Mrs. Enslage—La, me! What a question! In the city the boardin' house keepers has plenty of markets, but here we has to raise everything.—New York Weekly.

A small boy gives his views on a very pertinent subject in these graphic words: "Some boys is honeste than others, and there's no way to tell them apart except you pretend to forget your knife, and watch 'em jump for it. The one that jumps last is the honeste one."—Household Words.

It was his first visit to the city. As he stood on the curbstone shaking his sides with laughter he was accosted by "What's the fun, stranger?" "Fun? Can't you see it? Just look how that thing (pointing to a watering cart) leaks. Why, the fool won't have a drop left when he gets home."—Tid-Bits.

"I hear you were a complainant in court last week. What was the trouble?" "Daubem split paint over my trousers and I wanted to collect damages." "Did you win?" "No, the case was thrown out of court. The judge said he didn't see how I could make a suit out of a pair of pants."—New York Recorder. "And the new man"—began Jones,

"What of him?" snapped Mrs. Jones. "Well, I'm afraid the feminine traits will go to him, the conditions be reversed, and—" "Jones, what do you mean?" "Oh, that man will be embarrassed, bashful, ashamed in the presence of woman—" "Good heavens! He ought to be now!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

PREY FOR PEDDLERS. Southern Darkies Victimized by Wily "Salesmen"—Mortgaging Everything on the Place for a Fancy Clock—Mules and One Armed Rocking Chairs (taken as Security)—Charged Extravagant Prices. A clock seems to the average American citizen a commonplace, everyday affair, an institution that he would miss certainly if deprived of its warning signals, but which it would never occur to him to make sacrifices to obtain. To the plantation backwoods darky, who has been wont for long years to tell the time pretty accurately by the sun, as his father did before him, a clock is regarded as a sort of idol, a priceless possession, to obtain which he would mortgage the very bed on which he sleeps or the cow upon which he depends for sustenance. Certain astute and enterprising clock dealers have discovered this fact, this fable of the backwoods darky, have taken advantage of their discovery and have made a lot of money out of it.

It is now a regular business. One man is placed in charge of a large territory, say three or four counties. He hires a number of subordinates, furnishes each with a buggy or road cart and sends him out in the country to traverse remote wood lanes and "neighborhood" roads in the most sequestered regions in search of customers. The soliciting agents go around in the spring when the seed is being put into the ground, when the world looks its best and when the financial outlook seems most promising to the improvident negro, who has wiped out all his last year's debts (from sheer inability to pay them) and has begun over afresh. These clocks are large, tall, imposing. There is a great deal of finery and shabbiness about them, a great deal of gaudiness, but they calculate that they are worth from \$3 to \$4. They are sold to the negro for \$12 or \$14, to be paid for in the fall when the crop is gathered, but before they are set up on the clumsy shelf over the big fireplace in the dingy cabin the buyer must sign his name (or his cross if he cannot not write) to a certain paper which the agent draws up for the negro's approval and his own advantage. The agent takes an inventory of the buyer's possessions. If he owns a mule yet unmortgaged to the owner of the place, he mortgages it or to the storekeeper who has agreed to supply him with groceries during the summer (groceries in this instance being largely interpreted as bacon, flour, sugar and molasses), the clock man will take a mortgage on the mule, or if the buyer possesses a cow or hog; but falling these large and easily traced possessions, the agent is quite willing to accept bedsteads and mattresses, feather beds, hide bottomed chairs, pitchers, even tea cups and saucers of the commonest variety, as security. He drives away pleased at having made a sale, leaving his customer overcome with delight at his new possession, which is the observed of all observers when neighbors come in, and its constant ticking and ability to strike with loudness and abandon is a source of oft recurring pleasure.

On one of these papers which the clock dealer held and which was bought by a land owner in order to prevent a worthy colored woman on his place from having to give up all her scanty store of worldly possessions, a writer says among the articles enumerated: "one rocking chair, with the arm off, given to me by Miss Anna Davis; one glass pitcher, bought from Mrs. Warren Heed; a feather bed and two quilts, one a log cabin pattern and the other old pieces; one photograph album, one Plymouth Rock rooster," and had the landlord not paid the \$10 yet due on her elaborate clock the good woman would have seen her domestic valuables sold to some fortunate farmer's wife for a little cotton or corn and been left with a dreary winter night, when chill air blew through the chinks and knotholes of her cabin, but to keep the tawdry, glass faced clock up against the clay chimney. In one instance a cow which had plowed the crop and at the same time furnished milk for the family was sacrificed for a clock. The owners of these showy timepieces can judge the hour accurately by the sun mark they are accustomed to notice on the floor of their house. When the patch of sunlight appears on a plank of the floor, they know that it is 12 o'clock, and so on. The do not know the significance of the letters on the white face of their much prized ornament or the meaning of the little slender hands going round and round, but these clocks have one superlative charm in the eyes, or rather the ears, of their owners. They can strike with extraordinary harshness and loudness, and when this startling sound is heard resounding through the two bare rooms of his house the listener feels that he has a new claim to respectability. It was this charming attribute to the tall clock which induced the worthy "auntie" to mortgage all her comforts and necessities for its possession.

The average plantation darky makes between 30 and 40 cents a day during the months that he works. His wife, if she is smart and industrious, can earn this amount also part of the time. During the cotton picking season they can make 50 cents a day and oftentimes more. As a rule, they have a great many children, who work in the "side crop" planted near the house, but who are unable to add much to the income of the family. It is plain, then, that they have little if any money to spend for anything that is not strictly a necessity, yet the agents and peddlers who persecute them to buy their wares do a fairly good business among them.—New York Tribune.

Two Islands of Strategic Value. (From the Chicago Record.) In latitude twelve degrees, about fifty miles east of the Mosquito coast, are the Great Corn and Little Corn Islands, famed in story as the rendezvous of pirates and the present home of a unique people. Great Corn Island contains about twenty thousand acres, occupied

by about five hundred persons, engaged chiefly in the coconut trade, while the little island contains about five thousand acres and has only a keeper. These islands are now controlled by Nicaragua, through a resident governor, with a dozen bare-footed and ragged soldiers, but the well as the Mosquito reserve. Until last year the island paid tribute to the Mosquito government, and for being excessively active in harboring refugees from Bluefields during the trouble last year, the man who had for many years owned and nominally controlled the small island was banished, and is now in the English colony of Jamaica, seeking to have the British government take up his case. Upon gaining possession the Nicaraguan government leased the small island to a firm of American citizens, Orr & Lauberhomer, of Mobile, for a period of fifteen years, with terms of renewal at a nominal figure. This firm has a line of Norwegian ships in the banana trade. The west side of the island contains a commodious harbor for safe anchorage, and it was here that this time last summer the United States warship Marblehead and Her Majesty's ship Mohawk anchored for some weeks and established a temporary coaling station. An effort is now being made to induce the American congress to establish a permanent coaling station at this point on account of its proximity to the Atlantic end of the canal, and the fact that they have none in the Caribbean Sea. Our large iron ship anchored close to the land in water of a transparent brilliancy, with a white sand bottom. The island is most beautiful, with its fine beach and luxuriant tropical vegetation. In its center, with a pleasant elevation, a savannah furnishes feed for droves of wild hogs and goats. A coconut grove extends around the island. All the delicious fruits are indigenous, the woods are full of the melody of birds. The noise of the macaw and other varieties of parrots is an evidence of their existence, while the famed orchids are lavishly abundant.

A FRAGRANT FESTIVAL. The Annual Battle of the Flowers at Santa Barbara, California. (From the Overland Monthly.) I had been told in detail what to expect, yet I was taken wholly by surprise. The enthusiasm of the place got possession of me long before it was time to begin the "Bataille des Fleurs," and I emptied my bushels of flowers on the heads of the passing carriages, horsemen, bicycles and floats. Within half an hour from the time when the grand marshal, in a coat of golden butterfly, hat of "baby-eyes" and trousers of violets, rode gayly by men and horses were knee-deep in roses that in the east would have been worth a king's ransom. The air was full of flying papa golfers, jacquinet and great American beauties as a carriage passed that was lost beneath its great duchesse roses. Not a bit of leather or wood was left uncovered, only the sweet face and brilliant dark of its occupant peering above the pink livery of the "duchesses." The driver, standing erect, was a handsome Mexican, dressed like a lady in pink silk. His charming Spanish costume and hat were decorated with pearls. He drove four coal black stallions, whose harness and reins were covered with pink silk. Two outriders in the holiday attire of the Mexican vaquero guided with silk ribbons the plunging horses, while two more followed close behind. Over a thousand dollars had been spent on the decorations and costume of this equipage alone.

Two handsome girls followed (they were all handsome, so why repeat?) in a victoria trimmed with scarlet carnations and geraniums. They were dressed in red, with big green hats. Another was covered with gray moss and wild lupin, another with wild mustard, another with marigolds and a sixth with sweet peas—pampas plumes, bodice, La Marque roses, with costume and harness to match—and so on until all the flowers and all the pretty faces of the Queen of Flowers were exhausted. Then there were floats—a Venetian gondola covered with seventy-five thousand white roses and eighteen thousand stems of lupin, each bearing from fifty to seventy-five blossoms, and ten thousand bunches of wisteria. Blue flowers were the canal on which the boat floated. Two gondoliers plied their oars, while sweet strains from the guitar and the mandolin in the hands of the gay party within the boat greeted tribunes and on-lookers. Another refused the Queen of Flowers on a flowery throne and protected by four swans made of daisies, driven by little, chubby two-year-olds. And so they passed beneath us, one after the other. "Queen rose of the rosetud garden of girls," each more beautiful than its predecessor, until the eyes were incapable of judging and the senses overpowered by the smell of the flowers. Back they came and the battle began anew. The fair riders in carriage and on horseback fought valiantly; they gave rose for

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