

The Journal and Courier

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They do some things well in Denmark. It is said that of the 225,000 farms in Denmark less than two thousand are of a greater size than 250 acres, and that nearly all of them are farmed by the men who own them.

Dr. Eitel, inspector of schools at Hong Kong, says that the best educational theories of Europe, based as they are on observations of western children, are inapplicable to Chinese children, whose minds and environments are essentially different. In Hong Kong Chinese scholars spend from four to seven years in studying English without learning the language.

A spring for which claims are made of efficacy in miraculous healing equal to that of Lourdes has been found in the Crimea. It is the spring of the Saints Kosmas and Damians, and many thousands make pilgrimage daily to this shrine. The spring itself is under a lofty roof with a picture of the saints and an altar. It flows into a stone basin and is conducted thence into baths. People come, bring offerings and worship. Then they get vessels full of the water and bathe.

Minnesota papers speak with pride of the results achieved by the Girls' School of Agriculture in that State, said to be the only one in the country. It has been established for some time, and has sent young women into the world who will be valuable aids to the farmers lucky enough to win their educated hearts and hands. The students receive instruction in cooking, canning, sewing, dairying, fruit and flower culture, household chemistry and entomology, certainly good subjects for farmers' daughters and farmers' wives to know thoroughly.

Judge Storey of the Somerville (Massachusetts) police court thinks that debtors have certain rights which are entitled to a decent respect, and that these are trampled upon when a bill collector in a green uniform patrols the street in front of a debtor's house for the obvious purpose of securing the collection of his bill by annoying the debtor. In the court's opinion, this practice is prejudicial to the public welfare in that it tends to incite a breach of the peace, and is an uncalled for and unwarrantable proceeding so long as there are courts where creditors can obtain satisfaction.

Great Britain, after much hesitation, is now apparently on the eve of adopting the metric system of weights and measures, a legislative committee, composed of members of both sides of the House of Commons, having reported strongly in favor of the change. Among the many reasons which have led the Commission to recommend the contemplated alteration is the conviction that it will contribute to facilitate Britain's trade with foreign countries. Nearly all of the latter have adopted the metric system, and England is now almost the only country to retain the old-fashioned style, even the United States having passed laws rendering the metrical system compulsory for pharmaceutical purposes.

The New York Shipping and Commercial List has prepared a table of the prices charged a year ago and today for eighty-one articles sold in the various departments of trade, and instead of finding that prices have gone up in a majority of the cases, it discovers that with respect to fifty articles the tendency has been downward. Many of the commoner articles of consumption and use have gone up, but a drop has taken place in the great mass of merchandise which forms a small but essential part of the commercial dealings. These latter articles, singularly enough, are the ones which Trusts are formed to control the sale and manufacture of, and which in many instances are protected against the many chances of market trading by contracts.

new water tunnel and canal system for the north side of the city will soon be begun. The contemplate a radical innova-

tion upon the method heretofore employed to distribute the water. Instead of bringing the tunnel from the lake, only a short distance inland from the shore, and forcing the water through miles of mains and service pipes from pumping stations near the lake shore, the projected tunnel is to carry the water nearly to the extreme western and northern boundaries of the city, and the pumping stations are to be in the centers of the regions through which it is to be distributed. By placing the pumping works at the extremity of the tunnels the length of main necessary to force the water through to supply the territory properly is greatly reduced and the amount that can be pumped is increased. As now projected the new tunnel, including the crib in the lake and the pumping machinery, will cost about \$3,000,000 or \$3,500,000. In addition to this, mains for distribution will have to be laid. These will probably increase the cost of the entire system to about \$5,000,000.

SOME TARIFF REFORMS. The Boston Journal calls attention to an excellent example of "tariff reform" as she works. Tempted by a bait of low prices a wholesale clothier had ordered of an English importing house a line of what purported to be eighteenth-century clay worsteds. When the goods were received and opened the clothier observed a suspicious dampness about them. They were weighed and found to "tip the scales" at exactly the stipulated eighteen ounces per yard. Then the clothier concluded to expose them to air and dry them. He did so, and when he weighed them again he found that they had meanwhile fallen off to sixteen and one-half ounces per yard. That is, the clothier had been buying "cheap" foreign goods, and paying for water. The English manufacturer had deliberately wet his light and flimsy fabrics to bring them up to weight. This is known as "conditioning," and is said to be regularly practiced in England. It would yield, so it is estimated, an extra profit of \$5 on every piece of goods which "tariff reform" enabled the canny Briton to sell to the unsuspecting Yankee. Under the McKinley tariff there was a specific duty on the weight, in addition to the ad valorem duty, which made such trickery well nigh impossible. Tariff reform water comes high, but we must have it.

GOOD DAYS. During the last few days human beings in this part of the world have had a show in the matter of weather, and they have enjoyed it exceedingly. Some have been afraid that corn wouldn't get all it was entitled to, but thus far no complaint has been heard from corn and it may be that it is satisfied with what has been done for it. It ought to be, and if it has not the spirit of the grunting animal which it fates it is.

The autumn has opened in a beautiful way. Such bright, clear, and smooth days as Sunday and Monday are not often seen outside the glorious climate of California, and they would do credit to even that wondrous article. New Haven was every bit as gay as Los Angeles or San Diego yesterday. Everybody was out and having a good time. The swift fiery charlotte lent life and dash to the scene, and there was unlimited cheerful bustle and good-nature.

But the poor elms! We have not done our duty by our old and faithful friends. They stand dejected in the bright sunshine and they cannot take their wonted part in our gaiety. Formerly it pleased them to gently and gleefully flutter when the town was full of sunshine and animation, but they are in a sad plight now. And as the autumn grows golden they cannot be as they have been in other golden days. It is a pity and a shame. We should have helped them and warded off the evil that has befallen them. They have good cause as they whisper together in the night after their ancient fashion to sadly complain of the ingratitude and the disloyalty of the human beings who owe them firm and faithful friendship.

SOME CHEERING FACTS. Talk to a southern man about the rights and the treatment given the negro in the North and he will tell you that the South is doing better by the negro than the North is, and that the talk of the North about the negro is largely through a hat. That there is some ground for this notion cannot be denied. It is a fact that there are few cities in the South where the negroes do not enjoy a larger measure of business prosperity and local political preferment than in the large cities of the North. Even in Texas black policemen, letter carriers, mail route agents and the like are to be met with at every point, while Charleston and Jacksonville maintain companies of black firemen. A complaint made by the editor of the Augusta (Georgia) Weekly Sentinel is interesting. Says the Sentinel: In many cities surrounding us, and in every adjoining State except Alabama, the colored people seem to be prospering far better in the way of municipal and business privileges than in Augusta. Look which way you will, we see negroes on boards of education, members of council, policemen, etc. In Jacksonville, Florida,

a number of young negro women are employed as saleswomen in the leading white dry goods establishments. In Chattanooga the negroes have long held important offices under the city government; in Macon negro policemen have served on the force for years; in Savannah there is a negro physician on the sanitary force; in Beaufort, South Carolina, the negroes run the town, and in North Carolina they run the legislature. So far as business enterprise, pure and simple, is concerned, it occurs to us that the negroes of every city of any size in Georgia are far ahead of our Augusta friends. For many years this condition of affairs has puzzled us.

The negro will play an important part in the great exposition at Atlanta. It is an impressive fact that the board of directors, all of whom are white southern men, by a unanimous vote extended an invitation to Robert T. Washington of Tuskegee, Alabama, the negro leader, to deliver a formal address, in connection with the regular programme, at the opening of the exposition, September 18. The negro has perhaps received no more important recognition than this since the war.

Spencer Hatchett, a negro, died in Richmond, Virginia, a few days ago, aged 32 years. An obituary, signed by nine survivors, appears in the Dispatch of that town. It mentions that he taught himself to write, and wrote with his left hand and from left to right, boldly and legibly. Also that his employer trusted him to keep books, examine bills, mark prices, sell goods, and (on one occasion, when Spencer was a boy of 13) to go on a journey with \$1,174 in his custody. Also that "nearly four hundred people were present at his funeral, including most of the prominent and influential citizens, some of whom placed flowers upon his grave." The Richmond paper has an editorial on the Hatchett obsequies. It thinks no such sight has ever been up North. "Not one," it remarks, "of the white men who attended Spencer Hatchett's funeral thought that in doing so he was lowering his dignity."

All of which is cheering and of good omen. If the South can get ahead and keep ahead of the North in proper treatment of the negro it will do something to atone for the way it treated him before the war.

FASHION NOTES.

Wraps for the Mid-Season. Among the many jaunty short coats that are now appearing, those that have hip pieces, close fitting sides and turn-back fronts over loose lace waistcoats are seen some very severe long coats of frock coat pattern in the back and of dress coat cut in front. A waistcoat of brocade sets off the severity of the cloth in such coats and above the waistcoat is the inevitable soft swathing of lace. These are cold weather styles; for the period between summer and winter only an occasional novelty in wraps is seen, but one is sketched



here, a sleeveless jacket of the dress material worn over a silk blouse. This jacket has a wattleau pleat back and is cut away in front so as to leave only narrow tab-like fronts. Its side seams are not joined, but each side is finished with narrow darker silk braid, and near the bottom two straps fasten over with large mother-of-pearl buttons. The braid comes all the way around and also edges the Medici collar. This was sketched in sand-colored woaden suiting and accompanied a plain godet skirt, whose front breadth flared out sharply at the knees, a point, by the way, that constitutes the chief difference between the shapes of summer and autumn skirts. Once again the long gone by ribbon bracelet will be worn. Women of thirty or so can remember when black velvet was worn about the wrists, but girls who won't confess to more than eighteen years must beware and pretend the notion is quite new. The prettiest ribbon bracelet will be a little over an inch wide, heavy white satin ribbon, fastening with one end free on a diamond stud. To be sure, if the pretty hands are spotted with sunburn and tan you cannot wear the satin in white unless those hands are of faultless shape. Little sliding clasps set in precious stones will also serve for the fastening of these ribbon bracelets, and, perhaps, even if you are only eighteen years old you can look among your mother's things and find a pair of these clasps. FLORETTE.

SEPARATED. The language of a deaf mute is a thing that goes without saying.—Texas Siftings. Teacher—What separates New York from Brooklyn? Johnny—The politicians.—Puck. "Paw, if there's microbes in the ice," said Tommy, "why don't people boil it?"—Chicago Tribune. The girls who wear bloomers evidently

consider that they have nothing to be ashamed of.—Philadelphia Record. "Do you think you could learn to love me, Maud?" "I don't know, George," she answered, softly. "I might, I learned German once."—Tit-Bits. Parker—I would join the church if it wasn't full of hypocrites. Thacker—Oh, you are mistaken about that. There's always room for one more.—Life. He—I believe I will propose to her by telephone. Do you think she will accept me? She—She ought to if you ring her up properly.—Harper's Bazar. Walter—Will you have as much to-day, sir? Guest—Yes, but I don't want it so spunky as it was yesterday. Bring me some with no sand in it.—Boston Transcript.

Teacher—When did the Thirty Years' War begin? Pupil—I don't know, sir; but if you tell me when it left off I can reckon up.—Fliegende Blätter. "I tell you, my brethren," cried the rector, "the devil does not stay at home; he's at work—he is abroad." "I know what's coming," whispered the head warden to his wife. "He's going to put in a bid to be allowed to go abroad after him."—Harper's Bazar. "And now," shouted the exhorter, "what is to be done when a man is rushing headlong, with lightning speed, along the road to destruction?" Deacon Jones (between sobs)—Reduce size of yer sprocket! She's too high gear!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

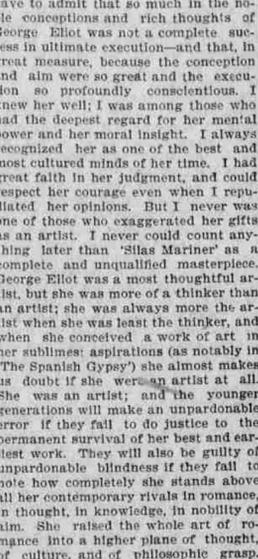
Service had commenced and the minister questioned and down, struggling with a tight cravat. To cover his embarrassment he finally gasped, "Brethren, let us sing three stanzas of hymn No. 80," which was, unfortunately, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." Judge. Tommy (whose father is a clothier)—Mamma, did God make the world? "Yes, dear." "And everything there is in it?" "Yes, darling." "And did He make me?" "Yes, Tommy, but do stop asking so many questions. Why do you do it?" "Oh, nothing, I was only just wondering whether I was ready-made or made to order."—Brooklyn Life.

An Indian Boy's Riding-Lesson. Thus led by those dedicated to religious service, the tribe leaves its village, the people by families dropping into line—men, well mounted, bearing their weapons ready for use; women, in gala dress, riding their decorated ponies, older ones leading the pack-horses; little children in twos and threes upon the backs of steady old nags, or snugly stowed away in the swinging pouch between the tent-poles; and the dogs trotting complacently everywhere. Here and there along the line of the cavalcade is a lad being initiated into individual responsibility. He has been upon the hunt before, as one of the family, but this is the first step towards going independently uncared for as a child. The father has lassoed a wild horse, saddled and bridled him, and now bids his son mount the animal. The boy hangs back; the colt is a fiery creature, and already restive under restraint. The father tells his son that the horse shall be his own when he has conquered it, but the lad does not move. The looking on are smiling, and the cavalcade does not wait. "Get up," says the father. The boy slowly advances, and the colt quickly reedes; but the boy, grasping his mane, swings himself into the saddle. The father lets go, and so does the colt—rears, jumps, wriggles, humps his back like an infuriated cat, stands on his fore legs and kicks at his own tail, paws the air and stamps the earth, but the boy clings to him until with a sudden jerk the saddle-girth is broken, and he is landed over the head of the excited creature, which runs for dear life and liberty. Brought back, protesting by twists and shakes of his head, he is again mounted, and again frees himself. After two or three repetitions of this sort of thing, the boy becomes angry, and the mother grows anxious. She runs to her son and is scrambling up from the ground, feels him all over, and moves his legs and arms to see if he is hurt. He is impatient at the delay; he is going to master that pony now or die for it. This time he stays on. In vain the animal lashes himself into foam and fury; the boy sticks to him like the shirt of Nessus, and the father at last lends the indivisible pair between the tent-poles which trail behind a sophisticated family horse, and there, fenced in, they journey all day, trying to get used to each other. The pony does not see his way out of the poles, and is forced to keep up with the procession. At the first halt strife is renewed. The pony jumps over a nest of children slung between tent-poles and rouses the ire of the dogs. With them at his heels, and the boy on his back, he is an object of terror as well as of mirth to the camp. He goes where he likes. All the boy can do is to hold on; but hold on he does, until at nightfall he dismounts without the aid of the pony. The animal recognizes this as a defeat, and the struggle is over. An admiring uncle presents the boy with a whip, the handle of which, decorated in porcupine-quill work, is terminated by a tassel of elk-teeth; and thenceforth he rides his pony with the pride of a conqueror, while the pony himself prances along as if he were proud of his own part of the performance.—Alice C. Fletcher in the Century.

George Eliot's Place in Literature. If George Eliot were not a writer of romance, she was nothing at all in the front ranks of Victorian literature. With all her powers of mind, her mastery of language, her immense stores of knowledge and supreme culture, she gave to the world nothing of great mark, acknowledged and known as hers, except her famous romances; for, as we shall presently see, we cannot count any of the poems as of great mark. But as a writer of romances George Eliot differs essentially from all the other writers of romance in her own or preceding generations. Most certainly she was not a born romancer; she had no spontaneous gift of telling stories, no irrepressible genius that way. Now, all the great romancers have been born to it, as Robinson Crusoe was born to the sea, or as Turner was born to paint. Though Scott published novels late, he had begun "Waverley" at thirty-four; his earlier works are ballads and metrical romances; and from boyhood, at home and abroad, he was never without his tale of adventure and character. Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth "lapsed" in novelettes, as Pope said he "lapsed in numbers." Though Charlotte Bronte published so little, she wrote stories incessantly from childhood. Letton, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, invented tales as part of their daily lives, and from the earliest age. George Eliot was thirty-nine when her first tales were published, and she was forty before she was known to the public as a novelist at all. And so little was novel-writing her natural gift, that her most intimate friends never suspected her power, nor did she herself altogether enjoy the exercise of her art. To the last, her periods of mental gestation were long, painful and unhelpful. Parturition was a dangerous crisis, and the long-expected infant was reared with misgivings and a superfluity of coddling. The romances of George Eliot came like some enfant de miracle, born late in the mother's life, at the cost of infinite pain, much anxiety and amid the wondering speculation of expectant circles of friends.

It is to me a truly melancholy duty to have to admit that so much in the noble conceptions and rich thoughts of George Eliot was not a complete success in ultimate execution—and that, in great measure, because the conception and aim were so great and the execution so profoundly conscientious. I knew her well; I was among those who had the deepest regard for her mental power and her moral insight. I always recognized her as one of the best and most cultured minds of her time. I had great faith in her judgment, and could respect her courage even when I repudiated her opinions. But I never was one of those who exaggerated her gifts as an artist. I never could count anything later than "Silas Marner" as a complete and unqualified masterpiece. George Eliot was a most thoughtful artist, but she was more of a thinker than an artist; she was always more the artist when she was least the thinker, and when she conceived a work of art in her sublime aspirations (as notably in "The Spanish Gypsy") she almost makes us doubt if she were an artist at all. She was an artist; and the younger generations will make an unpardonable error if they fail to do justice to the permanent survival of her best and earliest work. They will also be guilty of unpardonable blindness if they fail to note how completely she stands above all her contemporary rivals in romance. In thought, in knowledge, in nobility of aim. She raised the whole art of romance into a higher plane of thought, of culture, and of philosophic grasp. The art of romance, in the widest and loftiest sense of the term, is even yet in its infancy. Ancient literature, mediæval literature, knew nothing of it. Nor indeed did modern literature entirely conceive it in all its fulness until the days of Le Sage, Richardson, Fielding, Goldsmith. Nay, we may say that its power was not quite revealed before Scott, Goethe, Manzoni, Jane Austen, Balzac and George Sand. Its subtlety, its flexibility, its capacity for analytic research, its variety of range, and facility for reaching all hearts and all minds—all this is simply incalculable. And we may be sure that the star of romance in its best sense has not yet reached its zenith. It is the art of the future—and an art wherein women are quite as likely to reign as men. It would be treason to art to pretend that none of her predecessors had qualities that she strove for an ideal which may one day become something more than a dream—a dream that as yet eludes and escapes from the mind as it struggles to grasp it and to fix it.—Frederick Harrison in the Forum.

Ten Sweet Caporal Little Cigars for 5 cts. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.



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