

THE SUPREME BENCH

HIGHEST HONOR WITHIN THE REACH OF THE AMERICAN LAWYER.

Successor of the Man Who Conquered the Court of Last Resort—More Prominent Than Congress or the President—Distinguished Justice Jackson.

No greater honor could well be bestowed upon an American lawyer than membership in the supreme court of the United States, and yet so modest are the pecuniary emoluments of the position that more than one man of the law has declined a proffered appointment to the bench, the salary of the chief justice being but \$10,500 a year, while associates get only \$10,000.

Now, almost any lawyer worthy to be a member of the highest judicial tribunal of this republic can earn more than the greater of these sums annually, particularly if his practice be before the courts in any of the great cities of these days. The people of the United States are always interested in this court as a whole and in its members as individuals. Just at this time the interest is somewhat greater than usual by reason of the recent deliberations upon the constitutionality of the income tax.

The people have been watching the supreme court more closely during its consideration of this subject than during its deliberations upon any other question that has come up since the war.

Owing to the peculiar circumstances that have arisen at this time and which have made reconsideration necessary, after one



JUSTICE JACKSON ON THE BENCH.

outgoing from the court upon the subject of a partial bench, the record and personality of Justice Jackson of Tennessee, whose presence was necessary to the sitting of the full bench, are of most present interest. Howell E. Jackson is one of the most recent accessions to the supreme court. He is a thorough Democrat, though his appointment was made by Benjamin Harrison just before he resigned the presidency to Grover Cleveland.

Mr. Jackson was born at Paris, Tenn., on April 8, 1802. His college training was received at West Tennessee college, from which he was graduated when but 16, and the University of Virginia, where he afterward took a two years' course. At 24 he was graduated from the Lebanon Law school and in 1826 began practice at Jackson, Tenn.

Three years later he went to Memphis, where he practiced for 20 years, when he returned to Jackson. Twice he was appointed to the supreme bench of his state and in 1850 was elected a member of the legislature. In 1851 he was sent to the United States senate, and as a member of that body he became a close friend of Benjamin Harrison. In 1856 Senator Jackson resigned, having been made a United States circuit judge by President Cleveland. His appointment by President Harrison to be an associate justice of the supreme court came in March, 1863.

Mr. Jackson is a small man—smaller even than Mr. Shiras, and they two of all the present bench are physically nonimpressive. Mr. Jackson's complexion is hectic, his form is thin and wasted, but his eye is keen and bright, and despite his physical weakness his appearance is hardly that of a man of 63, although that is really his age.

Mr. Jackson is not poor by any means, he and his brother, General W. H. Jackson, being accounted the wealthiest men in Tennessee. His father-in-law, W. G. Harding, is the owner of the famous Belle Mead stock farm. During the war Mr. Jackson held a civil office under the Confederacy.

A SAFELY WASTE.

There are few households in the land that have a periodical record of the economy in the matter of food supply. A big grocer's or butcher's bill immediately suggests that there should be some economy practiced "somewhere."

The present activity in the field of dietetics should spread valuable knowledge into every kitchen. It is already showing benefits in the matter of nutritious food versus medicine. Housewives do not always realize that they have a prominent part to play in this grave question of the day, the "disposal of garbage."

Convincing proof is found in the overflowing garbage can. Lack of robustness among a certain class and the amount of debility afflicting a majority of people prove to investigators a want of proper nutriment to build up the overwrought body, which must endure somehow the strain and stress of American life and climate.

The unintelligent methods of poor servants, unskilled in handling food, is one cause of the effect. It is considered their prerogative to waste what does not suit their fancy. "Leavings" which may be the best portions from the mistress's table are not palatable to their taste, and so good material is speedily hidden from sight, more is called for, and a haphazard supply to keep Bridget good natured.

It is just this waste in the world that has been the cause of plagues, pestilences and diseases. It is wasted time, strength, money, happiness and, too often, life.—Baltimore American.

I heard long ago of an enterprising tradesman who desired to have the Old Testament at least broken into a series of romances. By others, very likely much less pious men, no version of these narratives can be tolerated except the ancient original versions. Yet many readers or hearers are so familiar with those, or think themselves so familiar (they would probably break down under examination), that something more "spicy" is required by them.

It would be interesting to know what the wits and critics of the restoration thought and said about "The Pilgrim's Progress." Probably they never looked into the cheap little book at all, the book which has outlived Etherage and Sedley and Rochester and the rest of them. Of course it does not by any means follow that every religious novel read by the people who do read such things and neglected by critics is as a level with Bunyan's masterpiece.—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

What is an edition? Does it consist of 1,000 volumes or of 500 or 50 or 5? The word is not a technical term like "gross" or "dozen" or any like expression bearing a fixed numerical significance, and there is, of course, no reason why it should not mean anything from the lowest to the highest of these numbers, according to the taste and fancy, or it may be the tactics, of the particular publisher who employs it. Only now that that enterprising person shows himself so anxious to keep the public regularly informed as to the sales of the works issuing from his house it might be as well to come to some understanding on this point.

A great hope is being cherished that women are inclining to bracelets once more. This seems not improbable. The decree has gone forth that sleeves are to be scarcely below the elbow. This being true there is a considerable expanse left for ornament, for the gloves cannot be always worn. In any case bracelets are cheaper than gloves, and women, though on pleasure bent, still have frugal minds.—Jewelers' Circular.

DEATH OF LINCOLN.

NOAH BROOKS' RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

The President did not want to go to the theater, but would not disappoint the public—a surprising people under a Weeping Sky That April Morning.

The afternoon and evening of April 14, 1865, were cold, raw and gray. Dark clouds enveloped the capital, and the air was chill, with occasional showers. Late in the afternoon I filled an appointment by calling on the president at the White House, and was told by him that he "had had a notion" of sending for me to go to the theater that evening with him and Mrs. Lincoln, but he added that Mrs. Lincoln had already made up a party to take the place of General and Mrs. Grant, who had somewhat unexpectedly left the city for Burlington, N. J.

On my way home I met Schuyler Colfax, who was about leaving for California, and who tarried with me on the sidewalk a little while, talking about the trip and the people whom I knew in San Francisco and Sacramento that he wished to meet. Mr. Lincoln had often talked with me about the possibilities of his eventually taking up his residence in California after his term of office should be over.

The evening being inclement, I staid within doors to nurse a violent cold with which I was afflicted, and my roommate, M.G., and I whiled away the time chatting and playing cards. About half past 10 our attention was attracted to the frequent galloping of cavalry or the mounted patrol past the house which we occupied on New York avenue, near the state department building.

As I turned down the gas I said to my roommate: "Will, I have guessed the cause of the clatter outside tonight. You know Wade Hampton has disappeared with his cavalry somewhere in the mountains of Virginia. Now, my theory of the racket is that he has raided Washington and has ponced down upon the president and has attempted to carry him off." Of course this was said jocosely and without the slightest thought that the president was in any way in danger, and my friend, in a similar spirit, bantering replied, "What good will that do the rebels unless they carry off Andy Johnson also?"

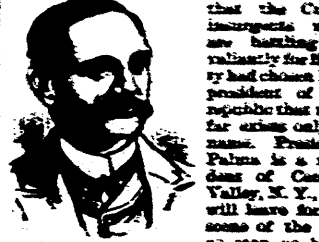
I slipped out, turned the key of the door, and Mr. Gardner came in, pale, trembling and we began, like him who "drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night," and told his awful story. At that time it was believed that the president, Mr. Seward, Vice President Johnson and other members of the government had been killed, and this was the burden of the tale that was told to us. I sank back into my bed, cold and shivering with horror, and for a time it seemed as though the end of all things had come.

When we had sufficiently collected ourselves to dress and go out of doors in the bleak and cheerless April morning, we found in the streets an extraordinary spectacle. They were suddenly crowded with people—men, women and children thronging the pavements and darkening the thoroughfares. It seemed as if every body was in tears. Pale faces, streaming eyes, with now and again an angry, frowning countenance, were on every side. Men and women who were strangers accosted one another with distressed looks and tearful inquiries for the welfare of the president and Mr. Seward's family.

Instantly flags were raised at half mast all over the city, the bells tolled solemnly, and with incredible swiftness Washington went into deep, universal mourning. All stores, government departments and private offices were closed, and everywhere, on the most pretentious residences and on the humblest hovels, were the black badges of grief. Nature seemed to sympathize in the general lamentation, and tears of rain fell from the moist and scumby sky. The wind sighed mournfully through streets crowded with sad faced people, and broad folds of funeral drapery draped heavily in the wind over the decorations of the day before.—Noah Brooks in Century.

PRESIDENT PALMA OF CUBA.

For the General Idea of the President's Life.



President Palma is a well-known figure in Cuba. He was born in Bayamo, Cuba, 60 years ago, and in 1868, at the beginning of the famous ten years' war, was elected to the chamber of deputies of the provisional government and took the field with a large body of Cuban troops. His courage and his marked ability for leadership won for him one high office after another, and in 1875, before the great war closed, he was chosen president of the republic.

In 1877 President Palma was captured by Spanish troops and placed in prison. When the war ended, a year later, he was set at liberty and made New York his home. A number of years ago he founded the Instituto Estrada Palma at Central Valley and has about 50 pupils, the majority of whom are Cubans. His wife was the daughter of a rich Cuban, and the couple have five bright children. President Estrada speaks Spanish, French and English fluently, is exceedingly well educated and has the manners of a courtier.

Explaining his election President Palma modestly says: "This revolution is considered a continuation of the last war, and as I then had the honor to be president I am not surprised that they wish me to continue in that office. I shall be president only so long as the war lasts, and when it is at an end the people will be called upon to choose my successor. Our men will be able to maintain their position in the mountainous revolutionary districts for years without surrendering. If we free Cuba and I am chosen president again, I shall endeavor to establish a unionist republic, as Cuba is not yet ripe for the federal system. In all other respects I shall follow the example of the United States, the model republic of the world, for I want for my country a free people and a strong government."

LIFE PARTNERS FIFTY YEARS.

Recent Golden Wedding of Mary A. Livermore and Her Husband. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the famous temperance reformer and woman suffragist, and her husband, Rev. Daniel Parker Livermore, recently celebrated their golden wedding at Melrose, a suburb of Boston. They were married in Boston May 8, 1845, have each devoted half a century to conscientious and fruitful effort toward the betterment of the world and are still enjoying good health for people of their advanced years.

Mrs. Livermore was born in Boston Dec. 19, 1821, and was the daughter of Timothy Rice, who served in the United States navy during the war of 1812. She was graduated from the Boston public schools at the age of 16 and received one of the six medals distributed for good scholarship. She next completed a four years' course at Charlestown Female seminary in two years and was elected a member of the faculty.

In a short time she removed to Virginia, where she officiated as governess on a large plantation and gained a very unfavorable opinion of slavery. She returned north a radical abolitionist and neglected no opportunity for spreading her views. At the age of 24 she became the wife of the Rev. Mr. Livermore, who had begun his ministerial career at the age of 19. His tastes, habits of study and aims of the couple were alike, and for 50 years they have been congenial companions and coworkers.

In 1857 they removed to Chicago, then a small town, and Mr. Livermore became proprietor of a Universalist newspaper. Mrs. Livermore was his associate editor and often, in his absence, conducted the entire business and editorial management of the paper and at the same time contributed stories, sketches and letters to eastern periodicals. She also did considerable editorial work and was the only woman reporter present when Lincoln was nominated for the presidency at the Chicago convention. During the war she was an associate member of the United States sanitary commission; she was untiring in her efforts to relieve the sick and wounded soldiers, and she delivered numerous public addresses, organized sanitary fairs, and did a great work that will long be remembered.

LETTER WRITING.

Every one knows of course, that the actual number of letters passing through the mails of every civilized country is greater, rather than less, year by year.

But every one also feels that these letters are no longer letters, in the true sense of the word. They are amplified, enlarged, and have statements of fact, and they have the lines and displayed and careless phraseology of the telegraphic message. That sense of the its expression, the graceful concept; that feeling for the lucid and connected exposition of the ideas, for the balance of the parts, of a letter, for its composition, in short—the very terms is pre-Adamite to the end of the century ear—that used to preoccupy the best letter writers of another generation have gone from our present day scribbles of heavy notes, as though such massy things had never been.

The only people who "compose" their letters now are cultivated old ladies. Their college bred granddaughters, intellectually armed and professionally equipped, exhibit productions in that line, of which, for the most part, it might be said, as Henry James remarked of the notes of invitation of the London society woman, that they have nothing in common with the epistolary art but the postage stamp. It may be held that such an accomplishment is not, after all, of the greatest value. But behind it there is an instinct, deep seated in the race, that a widespread habit of careless writing affects very directly the thinking of a people. And this one cannot but believe to be the case. It takes no intellect to put plain facts into honest, self respecting phrases. But it takes self restraint and attentiveness, and these lead in time to a disciplined and coherent way of looking at life.—"The Point of View" in Scribner's.

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Advertisement for San Diego, Cuyamaca & Eastern. Text: 'SAN DIEGO, CUYAMACA & EASTERN. Depot foot of Tenth street.'

Advertisement for National City and Otay Railway. Text: 'NATIONAL CITY AND OTAY RAILWAY. Station foot of Fifth Street.'

Advertisement for Peruvian Bitters. Text: 'PERUVIAN BITTERS. A wonderful medical discovery prescribed by physicians with perfect success in cases of morbid appetite for stimulants; malaria, malarial fever and disordered stomach, kidneys and liver. Cures when all other remedies fail.'

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