

SOME REAL BLUE LAWS.

Connecticut had many enactments which were of that nature. In a recent lecture before the New Haven Historical society, Judge Newton pointed out that the tory parson, Peters, had full warrant for many of his statements in regard to the blue laws and also that traces of colonial blue law restrictions are not unknown in our statute book today.

Enumerating the Peters blue laws, which are supported by the colonial records Judge Newton notes those providing that the Governor, Magistrates, and General Assembly shall be the supreme power; that the Governor had a casting vote when the General Assembly was divided; that only church members should be allowed to vote; that only those sound in faith should be officeholders (Quakers and Dissenters being excluded); that food and lodging must not be given any "Quaker, Advertiser, or other heretic," and that any person turning Quaker be banished. This regulation would, in the earlier days of the colony, it not when Peters wrote, have applied to priests, who, as Peters said, in his sixteenth blue law, were forbidden to live in the colony, and, it banished, suffered death if they returned. Other blue laws covered by the statutes of the colony were that men stealers should suffer death; that penalties be imposed for wearing costly clothing; that debtors might be sold to pay their debts; forbidding dancing and card playing; that only magistrates be permitted to perform marriages, clergymen not having that privilege; that the magistrates might permit marriages against the consent of parents; imposing the death penalty for adultery; that married persons must live together or be imprisoned or banished; and that courtship must be by consent of relatives. The Sabbath should begin at sunset at Saturday was not only a law of the early colonists but was the practice, it not the law, to some extent, within the present century. The fixing of persons refusing to pay for the support of the ministry was the law down to the Constitution.

For those blue laws most quoted prohibiting riding or walking on the Sabbath day, other to or from church; prohibiting on the Sabbath, travel, cooking, making beds, sweeping the house, hair cutting, shaving, or that any woman should kiss her child that day. East Day, Judge Newton cannot find any supporting evidence in the colonial records. Possibly, some of these prohibitions were matters of custom among our Puritanical ancestors, and it is a fact that within the memory of persons now living, arrests have been made in Connecticut for travelling on the Sabbath (excepting on errands of mercy or necessity).

In view of the discredit of the blue laws generally, as little more than exaggerations or malicious misstatements, it is interesting as read with some care by Judge Newton, that some of them are substantially the law in Connecticut today, more than a century since Peters published his remarkable volume in London. Judge Newton points out that the third blue law (so disturbing to Erglethides at that time), that "the Governor is amenable to the voice of the people," is true to-day, the people speaking through the General Assembly. That "Judges may determine controversies without a jury" was one of the early colonial laws, and trials in the court are not uncommon now. The picking up of an ear of corn in a neighbor's garden was theft then, and it is today. The law of the New Haven colony not only punished the person committing a theft, but made restitution a part of the penalty. "A drunkard shall have a master appointed" is practically the same as the law of today for the appointment of conservators, and the alleged blue law "that Selectmen, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents and put them into better hands" was the old law, and today there are statutes of about the same effect. "A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband" is the law of today under certain circumstances.

In concluding his paper, Judge Newton finds that "altogether the blue laws of Peters are for the most part a reasonably correct statement of the law and practice of our forefathers of New Haven, and most of them are very creditable to them. Some of them are exaggerations; a few are fictitious, but probably not intentionally so. Many of these laws are laws of Connecticut now, and more of them ought to be." Hartford Times.

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MAKING SWEET OIL.

How the Italians Manufacture It to Be Sent to Other Lands.

Passing from the brilliancy of the outer air, we stumble through a low doorway, over which, on the usual gray marble, stands printed Francio (crushing house,) and find ourselves in the hot, heavy atmosphere of the oil-making room. We distinguish a low, broad archway dividing the room into two parts, and at the further end a small twinkling light; while nearer the entrance a lamp, swung from the roof, enables us, after a little practice, to make out the objects around us. The whole place is pervaded by a gray steam, sweetish yet pungent, of the peculiar odor of the undried olive.

So great is the heat that the peasants are working without coats, and we, too, are glad enough to lay aside our winter wraps. Looming white through the steam the first object that attracts our attention is the ox that patiently turns the great stone-crushing wheel. Round and round he goes, triturating the dead oak leaves that make his path soft, while the olives, continually poured into the circular cavity in which the wheel moves, are quickly reduced, stone and all, to a dark-looking pulp. The whiteness of the steam and of the ox, the creature's lustrous eyes as they catch the light, the dark olives pouring into the trough, the peasants dimly visible, make up a scene likely to remain impressed for a long while on the memory.

As soon as the crushing process is over and the ox led back to his stall, a number of flat, circular baskets are brought, made of rope-work and open above and below. The lower openings having been closed for the moment, by drawing a rope, the baskets are filled with the pulp and piled one above another in the press. Now begins the second part of the operation, which costs the peasants a considerable amount of exertion.

We had noticed, near the archway, a tall pole, with a rope round it, pierced by a cross-piece, and turning on a swivel. This rope having been wound round the beam that works the press, and again round another upright on the further side of the press, four peasants set to work at the cross-bar. Again and again is the press-bar drawn to the further upright, let go, and draw back again, while the oil flows in an invisible stream through the pipe that leads to its destined receptacle, which is concealed under the floor beneath a trap door. Every now and then the men stop and sit down on stones or on a heap of unused baskets to rest the perspiration which streams from them in the warm sweet atmosphere. It was during one of these pauses that they drew my attention to the advantages of the system on which they were working. In other villages, they said the press-beam was wound towards the peasants, and sometimes broke under the pressure and injured them; but their padrone had invented a method of winding it away from them, thus freeing them from all danger in case of a breakage.

Meanwhile at the further end of the room, by the dim yellow light of the twinkling lamp we had already noticed, another man is busy shovelling a rich, dark-brown substance into bins against the wall. This is the so-called sarsa, the olive pulp from which the oil has been pressed. "It goes down to Galluzzo (the township at the foot of the hill)," said the man in answer to my inquiries. "They there treat it with sulphuric acid, and get machine oil out of it."

At last the pulp in the network basket is pressed dry, the presses uncrowded, the fresh sarsa shaken out, ready to be shoveled into the bins, and the various utensils that have been used plunged into the boiling water of the cauldron that steams in one corner of the room. The trap-door is now raised and the oil carried across the yard to another room, the walls of which are lined with huge red terra cotta vessels are carefully closed. Into one of these the oil is poured and left to settle, sansa being heaped well up round the vessel to maintain a high temperature within. When the oil is finally poured off it is of a lovely golden color, as clear and transparent as water. But it is not destined to reach the gaze of the public in this arid state. Scarcely has it left the hands of the peasants before it is manipulated and adulterated to such an extent that even in Florence pure olive oil is almost unobtainable. Cotton oil, colza oil, etc. are mixed with it, rendering it absolutely hurtful to the consumer. The Italian government has offered prizes for the discovery of a method of exposing the adulteration. At present no mere certain way has been found than that of Prof. Bechi, a well known Italian chemist. He treats the oil in question with nitrate of silver, and judges of the adulteration by the resulting coloration.—Good Words.

The Emperor's Travels. William II., the German emperor, probably travels more than any other non-professional traveler in the world. Between the 3d of September, 1894, and the 2d of September last he spent no less than 95 days en route, which is even less than in 1893-94, when he was 129 days on his travels. The remaining 170 days he spent either in Berlin or in Potsdam.

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HELPED THE ELEPHANT.

The Great Creature Underwent the Hard Ordeal and was Grateful.

One day I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum, says a veterinary surgeon. It read:

Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once! Hebe was a favorite elephant—a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune.

Well, I confess I hesitated. I distrusted my own ability and dreaded the result. But Dick was determined to go, and go we did. When we got out of the cars, Barnum himself was there with a splendid pair of matched grays. His eyes were very dubiously. "I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow," he said in a discouraged tone. "I'm afraid you can't help her." His distrust put me on my mettle.

"Mr. Barnum," said I, getting into the carriage, "if it comes to a hand-to-hand fight between Hebe and me, I don't believe an extra foot or two of height would help me any."

He laughed outright, and began telling me how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a nail or bit of iron, and it had penetrated the tender part of her foot. She was in intense agony and almost wild with the pain.

Long before we reached the inclosure in which she was we could hear her piteous trumpeting; and when we entered we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward, and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her looks—poor thing!

Even Dick quailed now. "You can never get near her," he whispered. "She'll kill you sure."

Her keeper divined what he said. "Don't you be afraid, sir," he called out to me. "Hebe's got sense."

I took my box of instruments from Mr. Barnum.

"I like your pluck, my boy," he said, heartily; but I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.

The men employed about the show came around us curiously, but at a respectful and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

While I was doing so, as gently as I could, I felt to my left a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's; but as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me it had an awful suggestiveness.

"She's only curling your hair," sang out the keeper. "Don't mind her."

"I shall have to cut, and cut deeper," said I by way of reply. He said a few words in some lingo which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness, "Cut away!"

The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, absolutely unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her as if this were an everyday occurrence.

Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten perceptibly, yet not ungenially. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me.

"Shall I cut again?" I managed to call out.

"Cut away!" came again the encouraging response.

This stroke did the work. A great mass of fetid matter followed the passage of the knife; the abscess was lanced. We sprayed the foot packed with oakum, and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh, and—well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business, and picked up me and my tools; I was as limp as a rag.

It must have been a year and a half after this happened that I was called to Western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Barnum's circus happened to be there.

You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient.

"Hebe's well and hearty sir," the keeper answered me, "Come in and see her, she'll be glad to see you."

"Nonsense!" said I, though I confess I had a keen curiosity to see if she would know me, as I stopped to see if she would.

There she stood, the beauty as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk, and then caressingly first on my shoulder and laid it back to my mind the cold shivers I endured at my introduction to her!—and then she slowly lifted up her foot, whole and healthy, and showed it to me. That's the sober truth.

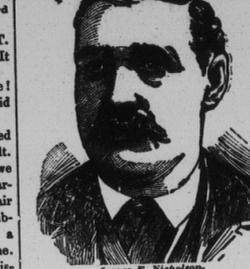
Cost of Cleaning Paris Streets. The sweeping of the streets of Paris costs that city, our correspondent says, \$268,000 a year. Landlords are bound to sweep the footway before their houses clear, unless when snow is too deep to be easily got rid of. The town council employs as sweepers 3,000 men, 600 women, and, according to the weather, large extra gangs. The road sweepers also form a large brigade, and are paid 4 francs a day each. The street watering hydrants—the cheapest and best method—costs \$80,000 a year.—London Daily News.

The Ideal And the Real. They were seated at the restaurant table, he looking over the menu, when she said suddenly:

"Do you know, dear, I have always longed for the society of a congenial soul, one who loved the good the true—"

"Pig's feet, baked beans, cold tripe, grid-dle cakes, which will you have?" interrupted "dear" at this point.

"I'll take them all," was the soulful answer.



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