

THE NEW JUSTICE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF RUFUS W. PECKHAM.

Unlike Most Men Who Attain Distinction, the Way for Him Was Well Paved—He Comes from a Famous Family.

Justice Rufus W. Peckham, the new associate justice of the supreme court, was born in Albany, fifty-eight years ago.

In 1870, after having served as a district attorney of Albany county, as member of congress, and in 1859 having been elected justice of the supreme court.

The elder Justice Peckham, with his wife, was drowned at sea in the Ville de Havre accident in 1873.

Young Peckham passed through the Albany Academy, and at the age of 18 he entered the office of Colt & Peckham, where, after three years of study he was admitted to the bar.

and continued in that connection until the death of Mr. Tremain, when the firm became Peckham & Rosendale.

As his father did before him, the younger Peckham began the ascent of the ladder of legal fame by means of the district attorneyship of Albany county, which he attained in 1863.

It will be remembered that Wheeler H. Peckham was nominated for the supreme court by President Cleveland and vehemently and successfully opposed by Senator Hill.

The accompanying portrait is of Alfred Austin, who aspires to succeed Lord Tennyson as poet laureate of England.



Mary's colleges. He took his degree at the University of London in 1863, and four years later was called to the bar of the inner temple.

THE KEELY MOTOR.

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The gorgeous tales of Oriental splendor tell of pathways strewn with gold dust, to be trodden by the sacred feet of royalty, and diamonds are the conventional paving material for the promenade of the princes in the fairy tales.

The Heroic Policeman. "Our baby is down the well!" cried a colored woman to Policeman Pentius, of Roxborough, as he was patrolling his beat on Monastery avenue.

George Peabody Wetmore. Hon. George Peabody Wetmore, the senator-elect from Rhode Island, is



about fifty years old. He has been governor of that State. On June 14, 1894, he was elected a United States senator, receiving the unanimous vote of the republican members of the legislature.

QUEEN OF GAMBLERS.

It is a long time ago that Lonna Paquita ruled at Paso del Norte, Mexico, over the cowboys, outlaws and gamblers.



women is not so marked as in the old days, when laws were fewer and crimes were commoner. Women play at games of chance, perhaps, just as devotedly as of yore, but the days have passed when it was not an extraordinary happening for a woman, fair and gentle, to outplay cowboys, outlaws and gamblers, and not only win all their money, but also drain the bank.

And who among the old timers of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona does not remember Lonna Paquita? She of the black hair and laughing eyes, whose cheeks were bright as morning, whose smile maddled the brain and confused the fingers of the dearest dealer.

There are numerous shootings growing out of troubles over the Paquita. Man after man sought her favor. All appeared to find it, with none possessing more than any other.



STRUCK VICIOUSLY AT BRINSLEY.

12 years old a gambler named Qualeto found her homeless and friendless in the city in which she was born. She was then remarkably pretty. Qualeto taught her all his tricks with cards. He spent hours in instructing her in the intricacies of Mexican monte.

None of the old-timers have forgotten her first appearance at Paso del Norte. She was 16 years old and small for her age. She came with Qualeto, who said he was her uncle.

The dealer and players smiled sympathetically, thinking Qualeto had quit bucking his luck for the night, and desired to let the child amuse herself a moment before he went away.

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SEVEN KINDS OF CUTICLE.

Successfully Grafted on a California Sufferer from It.

Within the past few months the medical fraternity of San Rafael, Cal., have been carefully studying and experimenting with the case of Miss Jessie Proudfoot, who in the early part of last summer had a narrow escape from accidental cremation.

A Plague of Coyotes. A novel scheme for saving his cattle from the droves of coyotes that infest the region has been hit upon by a rancher of Glen Rock, Wash. He has placed bells on the necks of a great number of cattle in his herds, and the result has been to scare the coyotes away.

A Remarkable Tree. There is a wayward white oak tree near Laporte, Ind., that may puzzle naturalists with the vagaries of its growth. The tree is nine feet in circumference at the base, and there are no branches of any size below fifteen feet from the ground.

Labor of Love. That is a beautiful little story which is told in a recent number of an English paper. A man walking along a country road saw a little girl carrying a boy much younger than herself, but who appeared far too big and heavy for her strength.

The Gregorian Calendar. Russia still refuses to accept the Gregorian calendar, and has the satisfaction of being a dozen days ahead of the whole world, and is constantly increasing the lead.

SHORT AND SWEET. The call to arms—"John, take the baby." Contentment is better than money, and just about as scarce.

LABOR NOTES. Printers have \$47,000 in their national treasury. New York printers pay 1 per cent of their earnings to unemployed.

The rubber works at Bristol, R. I., which closed down recently for an indefinite period, were started up again and 1,400 employees will return to work, with orders sufficient to keep the plant in operation for some time to come.

A religion that does not stick to a man doing business, is no good after business hours. A female lace smuggler has been arrested in New York. By the way, what is female lace?

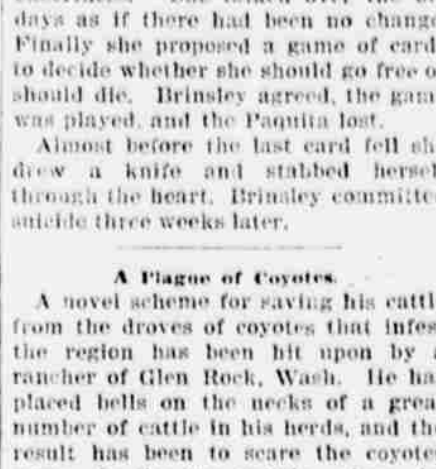
This world is all a stage, but it is a long step from the man of property to the property-man. If a praying machine were invented many would use it if it did not take too much time from business to wind it up.

An effort is being made to have the Boiler-makers and Iron-Shipbuilders' union strike out the clause in its constitution which keeps the union out of the American Federation of Labor. It is believed that the effort will prove successful.

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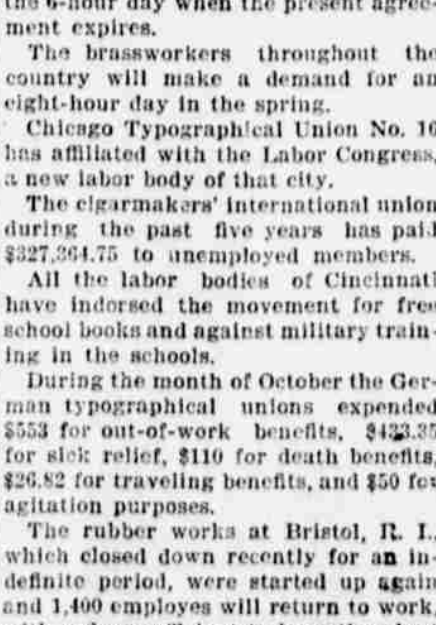


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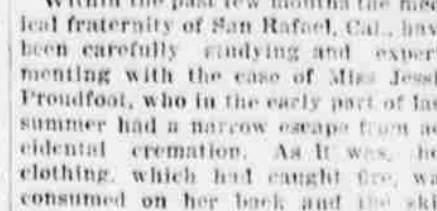
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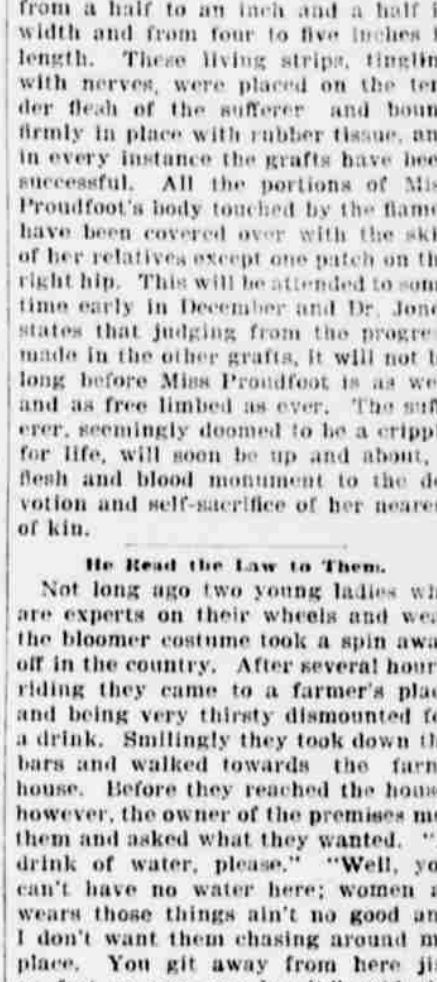
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caught his up-thrown arm, inflicting a long wound. As the blood gushed forth Paquita turned and fled. Brinsley pursued her unsuccessfully. He returned eventually to his gambling house. When asked about the Paquita he was wont to say: "I took her for a rose but she proved a thorn."