THE NEW JUSTICE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF RUFUS W. PECKHAM.

Unlike Most Men Who Attain Distinc. tion, the Way for Him Was Well Payed -Be Comes from a famous



Rufus W. Peckham, the new associate justice of the supreme court, was born in Albany, fifty-eight years ago. He is the son of the late Justice Rufas W. Peckham, who was elevated to the

appellate bench 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. With the same assidulty that he displayed in his studies he pushed his advancement in the profession of his choice and soon obtained restation and clients. Soon after his admission to practice he became a member of the firm of Peckham & Tremain,



JUSTICE PECKHAM.

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 1869. He made a brilliant record as a prosecutor. He always took a deep interest in State and National politics, being active in the presidential conventions of 1876 and 1889, when he was leader of the Tilden forces. After serving as corporation secursel of Albany, he was, in 1883, elected a justice of the supreme court for a term of fourteen years. His election to the court of appeals followed in 1886. His eloquent denunciation of the Onendaga county election frauds wen Brazilian pebbles, which are paid for for him the opposition of Gov. Hill, who procured the disastrous nomination of Maynard for chief justice of that court to prevent Judge Peckham's nomination for it. Judge Peckham's term would expire in 1980.

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 senator, however, seems to have experienced a change of heart, as he recently said in an interview: "I hope the President will send in the name of Rufus W. Peckham to be associate justice of the supreme court. Now York ought to get the place, and I think it will. In my judgment, there is nothing in this talk about Carlisle's going on the supreme court bench. The President knows that New York State is entitled to it, and I believe that he will select a New York man. Rufus W. Peckham is my choice."

Would Succeed Tennyson.

The accompanying portrait is of Alfred Austin, who aspires to succeed Lord Tennyson as poet laureate of England. Austin is in his sixty-first year, and was born at Headingly, near Leeds. His parents were Roman Catholics, and he was educated at Stonyhurst and St.



ALFRED AUSTIN.

Mary's colleges. He took his degree at the University of London in 1853, and four years later was called to the bar of the inner temple. The law did not pay, and Austin turned his attention to writing poetry. His verses were the steppingstone to a high place in English journalism, and, if rumor is to be believed, to the chair of national poet laureate. In 1865, and again in 1880. Austin vainly attempted to enter parliament. He has been a successful journalist and editor.

THE KEELY MOTOR.

It Is Said to Be Completed and Ready for Work.

Interest is renewed in John W. Keely and his discoveries by recent reports of efforts made by prominent parties to control the results of his labors. A sketch of the life of the inventor will be of interest to many. John W. Keely. is 68 years old, although he looks much younger. He began life as a music teacher, and it was, he says, the tuning fork that gave him his first hint of the new power that he claims to have discovered. He has spent many years and muct money in inventing machinery, and the Keely motor, if it is ever completed and performs the work claimed were for it, will make him the greatest inventor in the world's history. For more than twenty-five years he has been experimenting with the new power which he calls "etheric vapor." He is called



JOHN W. KEELY.

an imposter by some, but he lives simply and works hard, all the time. His discoveries and inventions may yet vanquish most of the difficulties that confront un to-day

A \$15,000 Gravel Walk.

The gargeous 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 faky tales. It has been left to a St. Louis business man, writes a correspondent, to construct a gravel walk, neither long nor strikingly beautiful, that is a modern, if comparatively humble, rival of these glistening highways of fiction and fable, for it represents \$15,000 in hard cash. The manager of a St. Louis coffee company is the proud possessor of this unique walk. It is composed of several tons of Brazilian pebbles, that came to him in a business way during the last few years. This firm are heavy importers of Brazilian coffee. Before the berries are ready to be roasted for the market the sacks are opened and the contents carefully examined for twigs, leaves and other impurities, the latter generally taking the shape of small pebbles about the size of a coffee berry. These came with such regularity and in such quantities that long ago the idea that they were accidentally in the sacks was abandoned and the conclusion reached that they were purposely placed in the bags to make weight. The daily discoveries of these as coffee, will fill an ordinary bucket, They are still added to the gravel path as they come in.

The Heroic Policeman

"Our baby is down the well!" cried a colored woman to Policeman Pontius. of Roxborough, as he was patroling his beat on Monastery avenue. The officer ran to an old, disused well in the rear of the premises, followed by every man, woman and child on the street. Peer- 12 years old a gambler named Qualeter games where it was possible, duplicated ing into the depths he fancied he saw found her homeless and friendless in her bets, placing their money on her the child lying on a pile of mud. As the city in which she was born. She there was very little water in the hole was then remarkably pretty. Qualetor quita usually lost, the house, otherwise he hastened to the police station, se- taught her all his tricks with cards. cured ropes, and, together with Officer He spent hours in instructing her in the Clegg, returned to make the rescue, intricacles of Mexican monte. She Clegg, being the lighter, was slowly learned rapidly, soon equaling Qualetor lowered to the bottom, the women and In skill and dexterity. children lending a willing hand. The None of the old-timers have forgotten hauling up process was a tedious, la- her first appearance at Paso del Norte. borious affair, but by main strength She was 16 years old and small for her Clegg was finally landed on terra firma, age. She came with Qualetor, who said but with a look of disgust on his face he was her uncle. When Qualetor was Many attributed her success to her good that would have turned vinegar sour, there to gamble, he practically lived at luck. But the old hands knew better, in his hand he held a baby, not a real, Lark Garrettson's. Garrettson ran the living child, but a half worn-out one of biggest gambling house on the border. the rag species. The woman had dis. His game was practically without limit. games and enrich one particular player. appeared, but a chuckle in a nearby The Paquita appeared, clinging close house told she was enjoying the police. to her alleged uncle. The bank exmen's discomfiture.-Pittsburg Chroni- pected Qualetor, who was a heavy cle-Telegraph.

George Perbody Wetmore. Hon, George Peabody Wetmore, the observant. Luck was against the Mex-



SENATOR WETMORE.

about fifty years old. He has been governor of that State. On June 14, 1894, amazing. The other players dropped playing whisky poker with a rich cathe was elected a United States senator, out one by one. The dealer and the receiving the unanimous vote of the child faced each other. The bank lost, republican members of the legislature. Then Garrettson himself took the cards.

Alive and Well.

bler on the border. But he could not The fact is recalled that the teacher beat the child. Finally he said: and all those who sat under her instruction in a little schoolhouse in the matches your winnings. Win or lose, town of Minot, Mass., fifty-three years the next draw loses it?" ago are alive and well today.

QUEEN OF GAMBLERS.

T is a long time ago Norte, Mexico, over the cowboys, outlaws and grensers. it will be a much longer time until her successor appears. Cambling as a fine and all censuming art with

women is not so marked as in the old 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 money, but also drain the bank. Lonna Paquita often did this.

And who among the old timers of away, 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 muddled the brain and confused the fingers of the deftest dealer. Close your eyes again and see the clim, petite figure at the gaming table, and hear once more the soft voice naming the card which seemingly could not resist the charms of the player. Listen as of old to the sorrow and sympathy lavished on the losers as the queen of gamblers gathered up her winhas been dead these twenty years, but the eldest gambler will step his play to Paquita lent the attraction of her prestell you of her, and his hard, cold face will relax and his voice will soften as but usually as a player, he tells of the woman he acknowledged as his mistress in his art.

player, and had made proper prepara-

the Paquita stood beside him, silent and

ican, and he lost heavily. Finally

shoving the money before her, said

gruffly: "Here, child, win with them."

The dealer and players smiled sympa-

thetically, thinking Qualetor had quit

bucking his luck for the night, and de-

sired to let the child amuse herself a

moment before he went away. The Pa-

porting her chin. The play went on.

The child won. As she played the

fealer eyed her in wonder. It was not

strange that a child understood how to

gamble, but never before had a child

The bank lost rapidly. The Paquita

won bet after bet. The heaps of gold

were changed, but without avail. The

bank continued to lose. A new dealer

was tried, but with no better successs

than the first. The Paquita's luck was

He was famed as the shrewdest gam-

"Here is what is left in the bank. It

The Paquita nodded. A king lay on

the board.

played with such skill and judgment.

STRUCK VICIOUSLY AT BRINSLEY.

tions for his play. As Qualetor played | there could be no complaint. When a

when his pile of gold had diminished to him, to smile with him, to joke with

a few coins, he turned to Faquita, and, him; in short to restore him to a good

quita scated herself, leaning both el- player she had once treated in this way

bows on the table, with her hands sup- the would never play with again. And

grew on the table in front of her. Decks | appeared to find it, with none possess-

her opponent.

favorite cards. In such cases the Pa-

Brinsley, winning heavily. In poker

and kindred games, where each player

looked out safely for himself and cards,

the house got a percentage. The Pa-

quita seldom lost then. She was a won-

ler with the cards. Her small, white

hands could manipulate them with a

rapidity and skill that defied the watch-

fulness of the keenest-eyed gamblers.

They knew that mere luck could not

continually break them at their own

They realized that the Paquita was bet-

Yet the Paquita was never caught

cheating. And unless she was caught

player got sullen and ugly over his

losses no one noticed it sooner than the

Paquita. She was the first to lose to

humor, only to win back what she had

given to him with as much more as he

possessed. If a player squirmed or

invariably dropped her cards, pushed

the money at stake across the table to

the player, and quit the game. A

to be ostracized by the Paquita meant

similar treatment from all her brother

a smiling face and cheery air.

gamblers. It was best to swallow Your

There are numerous shootings grow-

ing out of troubles over the Paquita,

Man after man sought her favor. All

ing more than any other. She treated

them all alike, save, perhaps, Brinsley,

She quarreled finally with him. It

came about thus: The Paquita was

tleman who knew little of the game,

and played it principally for the oppor-

tunity it afforded to chat with the Pa-

quita. Brinsley become impatient over

Paquita's seeming slowness in breaking

One word led to another. The Pa-

ter at the game than they.

"I play a king in the door," she said in Spanish.

was folly. There was still half a deck that Louna Paquita against her. Even Garretson smiled. The Paquita had won. Garretson's bank had been broken, and broken by a child. The Paquita turned to Qualctor,

"I am tired," she said. The gambler gathered up her winnings, handed them to Carrettson, asking him to put them in the safe for the night. Then he and the Paquita went out. The fact that a child had beaten the Garrettson bank spread along the days, when laws were fewer and crimes entire border. Qualetor and the Paquita traveled from town to town, playing in all of them, and usually winning. They quarreled eventually, however, and in 1870 the Paquita, then a beautiful girl of 20, came back to Paso del Norte alone. She again appeared at gamblers, and not only win all their | Garrettson's. Her old-time lack seemed to have deserted her, for she lost heavily, and a week later went to decide whether she should go free or

She was next heard of in New Mexico. She had allied herself with a gang of the worst characters in the southwest, and in a short time became their leader. Under her the outlaws traversed New Mexico, stealing and plundering. When the climate got too hot for them they slipped across the line into Mexico. The Paquita forsook this life after a year of exciting adventure and turned up in El Paso with Sam. Brinsley, the handsomest and most deprayed gambler of his time. Brinsley crossed the Rio Grande river and nings when there was nothing left with opened up Garrettson's place, the latter the others to lose. True that Paquita having been killed by young Mungay, his dealer. Brinsley prospered. The ence to his place, sometimes as dealer,

She played any game. Her popularity was apparent from the outset. Lonna Paquita, or as she was known. The game she played, whatever it might the Paquita, was born in Chihuahua be, was always the popular game of the about 1850. No one knew who or what house. The table at which she played her parents were. When a child about | was always crowded. The players, in

caught his up-thrown arm, inflicting a long wound. As the blood gushed forth The spectators gasped. Such risk Paquita turned and fled. Brinsley pursued her unsuccessfully. He returned eventually to his gambling house, ruled at Paso del He dealt. The king stood in the door. When asked about the Paquita he was wont to say

"I took her for a rose but she proved

a thorn." He never forgave her, however, and vewed vengeauce on her. His onnortunity came in 1876. The Paquita, after leaving him, had returned to the New Mexican country and gathered up the remnants of the old gang of thleves. Their plundering became so bold that it was determined to hunt them down. Erinsley led the party that captured the Paquita. She had heard that he was pursuing her, and it is said that she permitted her pursuers to overtake her. She greeted Brinsley with her old time cheeriness. She talked over the old days as if there had been no change, Should this heat up of its own accord, Finally she proposed a game of cards which would be a very slow process, as should die. Brinsley agreed, the game was played, and the Paquita lost.

Almost before the last eard fell she drew a knife and stabbed herself through the heart. Brinsley committed suicide three weeks later.

A Plague of Coyotes.

A novel scheme for saving his cattle from the droves of covotes that infest the region has been bit 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 covotes away. In the two months since he belled his herds he has not lost a single animal, while previously his loss averager at least one steer a day. Coyotes are becoming more of a pest every season in many parts of Washington and Oregon, despite all the efforts of the cattlemen and farmers to exterminate them. Thousands of dollars are spent every year in waging war on the beasts, but with little results. Poison availed for a time but now the coyoles refuse to touch the poisoned carcases of steers strewn about for their consumption. The only way of killing them is by chooting them, and this is feeble and wholly inadekuate means, Occasionally the residents combine and have a grand round-up hunt, driving the coyotes toward the center of the circle, and slaughtering them there, and that is the only means of appreciably thinning them out occasionally. In some regions the packs of gray wolves are as numerous and troublesome as the coy-The coyotes are particularly adept chicken thieves, and, indeed, are a general pest around the farmyards.

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. There the great bole divides into a number of limbs. Two, leaving the trunk about twenty inches off in the country. After several hours' apart, grow west, their lines diverging riding they came to a farmer's place for some six feet, and then each rend- and being very thirsty dismounted for ing toward the other. Twelve feet from a drink. Smilingly they took down the the body of the tree they unite again, bars and walked towards the farmmaking a perfect oval, and out of this house. Before they reached the house, grows two smaller branches. As if not satisfied with that expressed disregard for the laws of nature, this old tree has performed another feat. Six feet from its base grows another white oak, less than half its size, and no sooner does the smaller tree arrive at the charmed eles of those branching limbs than one of them grows right into it, and is absorbed. The second tree is very much larger twenty feet from the ground hin'." than at its base.

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. He began talking to her and suggested that the baby was heavy,

"Why," said she in astonishment, 'he's not heavy; he's my brother."

LABOR NOTES.

Printers have \$47,000 in their national reasury.

New York printers pay 1 per cent of their earnings to unemployed. Chicago bricklayers will inaugurate the 6-hour day when the present agreement expires.

The brassworkers throughout the country will make a demand for an eight-hour day in the spring.

Chicago Typographical Union No. 16 has affiliated with the Labor Congress, a new labor body of that city. The cigarmakers' international union

during the past five years has paid whined in a game with her, the Paquita \$327,364.75 to unemployed members. All the labor bodies of Cincinnati have indersed the movement for free school books and against military train-

ing in the schools. During the month of October the German typographical unions expended \$553 for out-of-work benefits, \$433.35 for sick relief, \$110 for death benefits, feelings and lose, if lose you must, with \$26.82 for traveling benefits, and \$50 for

agitation purposes. The rubber works at Bristol, R. I., which closed down recently for an indefinite period, were started up again and 1,400 employes will return to work, with orders sufficient to keep the plant

in operation for some time to come. The London Labor Gazette for October contains an article on the wages of the manual labor classes of the United Kingdom, in which it gives the average rate for men at \$6.62 per week; women, \$3.04; lads, \$2.14, and girls,

An effort is being made to have the Boilermakers and Iron-Shipbuilders' union strike out the clause in its conquita quit the game to argue with stitution which keeps the union out of Brinsley. At length her temper broke the American Federation of Labor. It this! What a funny boy George was, is believed that the effort will prove | wasn't he?-Texas Siftings. loose. Grasping a knife she struck viciously at Brinsley. The blade successful.

SEVEN KINDS OF CUTICLE.

Successfully Grafted on a California Sufferer from Fire.

Within the past few months the med-

ical 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 aceldental cremation. As it was, her clothing, which had caught fire, was consumed on her back and the skin and flesh on the right side of her body was badly barned. For many days the life of the girl was despaired of and even when danger of immediate death was averted it was thought nothing could be done to prevent her from becoming a cripple. Where the fire had touched the body the skin had peeled off in large flakes in many places, leaving the raw, inflamed flesh exposed, the doctors unanimously agreed the tissues would so contrast that one of the girl's limbs would be much shorter than the other. Besides this there was the absolute certainty that she would suffer pain continuously. At this juncture Dr. W. F. Jones resolved to try the virtue of grafting. Repeated but unmestcessful attempts were made with the skins of rabbits and other animals, Then Dr. Jones and two of his medical brethren decided that the sufferer had just one more chance. Human cuttele, could it be obtained, would grow up the raw fiesh, scar tissues would form naturally, and the patient would be sure of regaining full use of her limbs. The only trouble they foresaw was the difficulty of getting healthy people to make such a sacrifice. On communicating their wish to Miss Proudfoot's family, the doctors were surprised and gratified to find that no less than seven near relatives at once offered themselves to the knife in order to save the 12-year-old girl they all loved so well. This was over two months ago. In that time pieces of skin have been stripped from all these relatives, the size varying from a half to an inch and a half in width and from four to five luches in length. These living strips, tingling with nerves, were placed on the tender flesh of the sufferer and bound firmly in place with rabber tissue, and in every instance the grafts have been successful. All the portions of Miss Proudfoot's body touched by the flames have been covered over with the skin of her relatives except one patch on the right hip. This will be attended to some time early in December and Dr. Jones states that judging from the progress made in the other grafts, it will not be long before Miss Proudfoot is as well and as free limbed as ever. The sufferer, seemingly doomed to be a cripple for life, will soon be up and about, a fiesh and blood monument to the devotion and self-sacrifice of her neares: of kin. He Read the Law to Them.

Not long ago two young ladies who are experts on their wheels and wear the bloomer costume took a spin away however, the owner of the premises met them and asked what they wanted. "A drink of water, please," "Well, you can't have no water here: women as wears those things ain't no good and I don't want them chasing around my place. You git away from here jist as fast as you can leg it," said the chivalrous gentleman, "or I'll call my dog, and if he comes he'll come run-

The young women saw there was no chance for argument and so rode right on till they got home, with their tongues almost protruding with thirstfor they couldn't sum up the necessary courage to ask for a drink anywhere else and they're hardly over their astonishment yet.-Exchange.

The Gregorian Calendar.

Russia still refuses to accept the fregorian calendar, and has the sattsfaction of being a dozen days ahead of the whole world, and is constantly increasing the lead. If the empire and its conservatism endure long enough, Russla's Christmas and our Fourth of July will occur the same day.

SHORT AND SWEET.

The call to arms-"John, take the baby."

Contentment is better than mone, and just about as scarce.

An earthquake is responsible for many ground rents that are not collectable.

The editor who "violates no confidence in saying," frequently wears a black eye. One form of toothpick is where a den-

tist allows a person to select his own false tooth. A man is like a razor, because you can't tell how sharp he can be until he

is strapped. 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. George Washington never told a lie! Just think of it! He never skulked out of the back door when the mercury was hugging zero, without overcoat or muffler, coming back six hours later, with purpled face and pinched features, and shaking like a donkey engine, to declare in chattering accent, "I-ain'tcold-one-mite." George never did