JACQUES BONHOMME.

By MAX O'RELL, Author of "Jonathan and His Continent," "John Bull and His Island," "John Bull's Daughters," Etc.

IX—CRITICS OF THE FRENCH.

Why Foreigners Understand the French So Little—They Have Homes and Love Them, Too, Even Though They Have No Name for Home.

Looking at Paris, and calling it France, is the great mistake which most of our would be critics make.

This was perhaps never more forcibly illustrated than on Sunday, the 29th of January, 1888, from the pulpit in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

"Show me the dress of a people, and I will tell you what their morals are," exclaimed the famous Rev. Dr. Talmage.

As it was evident, from what had gone before, that the reverend doctor was going to speak of France, a vision of my country people rose to my mind's eye. I thought of the industrious, orderly, virtuous, sober, thrifty millions—the men in their always suitable clothing, never aping that of the class above; the women in their simple costumes, which whether those of the picturesque Boulogne or Granville fishwives, the peasants of Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Picardy, Champagne, or the south, are always models of neatness, simplicity and suitability, from the crown of the picturesque cap to the sole of the strong, sensible shoe. I then remembered the trim little seamstress, milliner, dressmaker, or shopgirl, in her natty dress, brightened up by a pretty bonnet on Sunday, but never decked with cheap imitations of what her employers wear.

There was a grand illustration of the point the reverend doctor wanted to make.

Did he use it? Not he!

Passing over the great country and the people who should represent France, he goes to Paris—a cosmopolitan town, where the good or bad tastes of visitors, aye, and even their vices, are catered to—and calling its inhabitants The French, he proceeded to censure them, and lamented that their eccentricities in dress should be followed by the women of other countries. He passed over the fact that, in the best Parisian society, when a lady's street dress calls forth the highest admiration, that admiration is invariably expressed by such words as: "How exquisitely simple!"

Was not this a fine opportunity the doctor neglected of giving a hint to his countrywomen?

When, copied in vile stuff and unartistic colors by clumsy fingers, the creations of Parisian milliners reappear all over the world, they are often eccentric enough, I admit—another form of French as she is "traduced"—and it is no wonder that reverend doctors are found to frown on them; they shock none more than the French themselves.

After all, I suppose it is little wonder that outsiders should know so little of the French. French life is so, so exclusive! The passing visitor to our shores gets no opportunity to judge of his host's real character. As a nation we are not hospitable, I am sorry to say. A stranger will meet with politeness and attention as he travels through our country, everybody will help him, and if he appears in Paris armed with letters of introduction, he will be made welcome at social gatherings; parties may be given in his honor perhaps; but, go where he may throughout the country, he will not have a chance of penetrating into the inner family circle. The home life of the bulk of the people will remain a closed letter for him.

On the other hand, modern literature is of little or no use in the case either, for most of our novelists do not describe every day life. They describe the exception. A picture of middle class life—that is to say, the existence by the largest part of the community—is too peaceful, uneventful, humdrum if you will, to attract the novel writer or to please the novel reader. Our manners debar him from drawing scenes from the birth and growth of the love that ends in matrimony—romance only begins after the marriage ceremony is over—and the French novelist turns too often to the portrayal of illicit love.

Because he does so is no reason for inferring that this kind of love is more common in France than elsewhere. A Balzac may charm with pictures of commonplace people and their doing; but to the ordinary novel writing pen a moving tale of passion is a necessity. So, rare examples of unholy passion are seized upon as groundwork for much French fiction, and the foreigner reads and exclaims:

"This is a picture of French life!"

But it is not.

The foreigner runs away with the idea that he knows us; but he does not, and his criticisms on us, of which he is so lavish, are worthless.

The best critics France has had have been Frenchmen. It is to them that we must turn for true portraits of the French.

But to return to our foreign critics.

I was not greatly surprised, on coming to America, to hear that home life hardly existed in France. I had heard that before. And the overpowering reason advanced to prove this statement was that time honored Anglo-Saxon "Chestnut:" The French language has no equivalent for the English word home.

How glib is the criticism of the ignorant!

To feel the whole meaning of those sweet words, chez soi, chez nous, one must know the language they form part of. They call up in French hearts all the tender feelings evoked by the word home in the Anglo-Saxon breast.

How many English or American people have an inkling of their value?

Do they care to know that some hundred years back the French used to say en chez (from the Latin in casa, at home), and that the word chez was a noun? That later on they took to adding a pronoun, saying, for example, en chez nous; and that the people, mistaking the word chez for a preposition, because it was always followed by a noun or a pronoun, suppressed the en, so that now the French language has lost a noun for home, but has kept a word, chez, which to this very day has all its significance? What an idea of snugness, happiness, is conveyed by the little sentence, restons chez nous, on the lips of a young couple, though their chez nous may but represent the most modest of abodes! What a delightful title chez nous would be for a little volume containing sketches of the life of a happy married couple!

Home life unknown in France! Why, the mistake is one of the most glaring ever made. There is no more home loving, home abiding creature on earth than the Frenchman.

The very narrowness of the French is the result of their contentment with home; for they are narrow, it must be admitted, provincial to the highest degree.

Yes, the French are essentially home loving. And their morality, so often impugned by ignorant critics, who find it easier to repeat idle nonsense than to study for themselves, will bear favorable comparison with that of any nation, including the look-how-good-I-am Great Britain. Of this I am convinced from the depths of my soul.

But we are happy, and care not a jot what impression we make. You will never hear a Frenchman ask a foreigner: "Now, what do you think of us?"

We never trouble to show our best side to the foreigner. This is what misleads completely so many outsiders. In France, the vice that there is, is on the surface for every one to see. It is all open to every looker on; there is very little hidden. What there is, that you see. No slightest effort is made to hide defects. In comes the Englishman or the American, and forgetting the carefully hidden vice which exists, and with a vengeance, in his own great towns, cries out upon the immorality of Paris. I will go so far as to say that, in France, there is not even so much vice as there appears to be.

Let me explain myself.

Far from attempting to hide our faults, we, as a matter of fact, often make show of those we have not. The Frenchman is the braggart of vice. If you say to an Englishman: "I know you are a virtuous man," he will think you only give him his due. If you were to pay the same compliment to a Frenchman he would resent it. Like the Anglomaniacs represented in that charming American comedy by Mr. Bronson Howard, "The Henrietta," "each fellow," in France, "wants every other fellow to believe that he is a devil of a fellow—but he isn't."

Reduced to literature for a means of knowing something of the real French character read, then, those French writers who portray the home life of the people (for, after all, we have a few who do), not those who build up extravagant tales of passion, from the materials every nation will afford to those who go in for sensational novels. Would you judge the English people by the works of "Ouida" or Miss Rhoda Broughton? Take rather the writers who, with only the uneventful lives of ordinary French people as material, have succeeded in giving to the world the most charming novels. For delightful pictures of high life, go to Gustave Droz and Octave Feuillet. Read Cherbuliez and Edmond About. If you would know what brave, honest folk our peasantry are, turn to Erckmann-Chatrian. These are the really popular authors in France.

My own conviction is that the objectionable books published in France are more patronized by foreigners than by the French themselves, for I seldom come across, among my French friends, a man who has read them. M. Zola's books are read, I admit, but not for the same reason as they are read in England. Here they sell as objectionable books; in France they sell as the works of a transcendant artist. We read Zola's too often repulsive details for the sake of the masterly genius displayed in the handling. Nobody, I imagine, reads Shakespeare or the Bible for the sake of many filthy passages. None the less every man of taste regrets the prostitution of such a genius as Zola's to such an unworthy cause.

An undergraduate was complaining to me one day that no good French modern novel could be obtained at Oxford. "All we can find in the French department of our booksellers," he said, "are the works of M. Zola. There are piles of 'La Terre.'"

"Well, my dear sir," I interrupted, "does it not strike you that booksellers are tradesmen, and that they of course keep the articles that are wanted? If there was no demand for 'La Terre,' there would be no supply, and you would not see piles of the book."

The manager of a great French bookselling firm in London told me once that his firm alone had received orders for more than ten thousand copies of "La Terre" in England.

I don't wish to get up a case against the English people. Judge for yourselves; I have stated facts.

I assert that, to those who will look at us without bias, we must appear in our true light the happiest and most home loving people among modern nations.

The Frenchman's wife and children are his adoration. The former is his friend and confidante, who thoroughly enters into his aims and aspirations, and knows to a franc the amount of his account in the bank. The latter are rays of sunshine which brighten his daily life more than any gold could ever do. Rich in the love and camaraderie of his dear ones, and in the things which he knows how to do without, he clings to his home and country, and gets the full enjoyment out of the blessings that heaven sends him, but has no desire to grasp more than his share, and sighs not after wealth.

Oh! that his critics would look more at his qualities which are great, and less at his defects which are infinitesimal compared with them, and which, for the most part, are but the exaggeration of them.

What is his narrowness but the outgrowth of his love of home? What is his overtone interest in women but the outgrowth of his warmth of heart?

Look at his foremost place in the ranks of art, science and literature; look at his magnanimity in conquest, bravery in danger, pluck in adversity. Look at the world's work done by him. He is prouder of his Pasteur than of the great Napoleon, not because he has saved the silkworm industry of France and Italy from destruction, and taught the French wine makers to quickly mature their wine; not because he has effected an enormous improvement and economy in the manufacture of beer, and has rescued the cattle of Europe from the peculiarly fatal disease of anthrax; not because he has conquered that horrible monster, Rabies, but because the great savant has shown his perfect disinterestedness by offering his services as a free gift to his native country, and indeed to all mankind.

I have lived many years in England; I have traveled a great deal in Europe and in America. The day on which I meet a more happy, home loving couple than my countryman Jacques Bonhomme and his dear wife—then I will let you know.

THE END.

Another One on the Poets.

"The trouble with our poets," said Blinks, "is that they do not live well enough."

"Yes," replied Jinks, "our poetry does need something of an epic cure."—Washington Capital.

Allegheny's Aquatic Gardens.

The Allegheny parks, through the gift of Henry Phipps, will have the finest aquatic gardens in the United States. All that yet remains is the building of the tanks in the new building. There will be one large central tank, forty-eight feet long and thirty feet wide, which will be surrounded by eighty-two others, made of slate, each six feet square. They will all be used for aquatic plants exclusively, among them being varieties of the nymphea nelumbium. In this family the famous lotus flower is perhaps the best known, it being the sacred flower of Egypt, which figures so much in the decorations of Egyptian architecture.

The most important flower, however, will be one called Victoria Regia, whose home is on the banks of the Amazon river, in Brazil. Its leaves and stalk grow to a length of twenty feet, and it is superbly beautiful.—Pittsburg Times.

The Utilization of Garbage.

The bulletin of the Rhode Island state board of health reports that Milwaukee will abandon the cremation of garbage, which it was among the first of the western cities to adopt and advocate. It is proposed to substitute a dry process in the place of combustion. A company is at work with a new method which converts cities' refuse into articles more or less salable. The garbage is made to pass through a series of mechanical driers, and in the course of ten hours becomes a brown powder. The oil is pressed out or drawn off, and the residue can be sold as a fertilizer.

What a Child Should Learn.

According to Dr. Jerome Walker, a child should learn that, unlike the lower animals, he needs a certain variety of food, to make bone, muscle, nerve and sinew, and to give strength and beauty. He should be taught about his organs of digestion, and that by the proper use of them he will grow strong and healthy. He should know, moreover, what teeth are for, and something as to digestive processes. Unlike the cow, sea lion and other animals, he cannot bolt his food with impunity, and he should know the reason why.

Not to Be Interrupted.

"James," said the editor of a great daily newspaper to the office boy, "I shall be very much occupied for a couple of hours and must on no account be disturbed."

"Yessir," said James, and the editor locked himself in his private office and with his coat off and his shirt sleeves rolled up, began an editorial on baseball.—The Epoch.

Dressing Two Daughters.

Two sisters of nearly the same age in England are not arrayed now in the same colors nor stuff, but in tints and materials which complement and harmonize with one another, and thus clothed they send the young woman forth to conquer. The only bad feature of this plan is that in order to show one another off the girls must stay together.

Surprised Innocence.

"What are yer doin', you young rascal?" said a farmer to a remarkably small boy, on finding him standing under a tree in his orchard with an apple in his hand.

"Please, sir, I was only goin' to put this 'ere apple back on the tree, sir; it had fallen down, sir."—Judge.

How She Did It.

He—Tell me, confidentially, how much did that bonnet cost you?

She—George, there is but one way in which you can obtain the right to inspect my millinery bills!

He popped.—Lawrence American.

She Knew the Grip.

By a quick shot he had just rescued her from the clutches of a bear.

"What were your thoughts when bruin commenced to squeeze?" was his inquiry.

"Oh, Charlie, I thought of you!"—Binghamton Republican.

Pronounced It "Ware."

"Oh, would I were a bird!" sang the young wife, sweetly.

"I guess you would," said her disgusted husband. "I believe you'd wear an elephant in your hat if some idiot said it was the fashion."—Lowell Mail.

A Commercial Traveler.

Tramp—Are you busy, madam. If not, I should like to talk with you.

Lady—I haven't any time. Why don't you go to work?

"You mistake me, madam. I am a drummer."

"A drummer? What line?"

"I am introducing provisions."—Boston Herald.

His Last Joke.

Funny Man meeting a party of vigilantes out west with a prisoner in charge—What are you going to do?

Spokesman—Goin' ter hang this ere galoot. Stole Judge Peterby's mustang.

Funny Man—Ah, you believe in suiting the punishment to the crime. Mustang—mustang—you know. Ha, ha! (Bang!—Grip.

A Sign Which Failed.

Young Husband—Seems to me, my dear, this chicken is pretty tough.

Young Wife—I know it is, and I can't understand it at all. I picked it out myself.

"Did you examine it closely?"

"Indeed I did. I looked in its mouth the first thing and I could see it hadn't even cut its first teeth yet."—New York Weekly.

LAWYER, EDITOR, HUMORIST.

How a Popular American Writer Has in His Time Played Many Parts.

[Special Correspondence.]

HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 2.—Once, in my early newspaper days, I swapped confidences with an associate, who had gained more than ephemeral notoriety for the interesting and graceful productions of his quill. With a flush of pride he told me that he became an author because there was never a scarcity of books at his father's house. My literary friend spoke of a period when the steam press was regarded as a great curiosity, when the printing of books was yet a costly enterprise and when most of the volumes, by authors of established reputation in our language, were imported from London or Edinburgh.

This incident comes to my mind linked with thoughts of the boyhood of Charles Dudley Warner. His father was known as a man intelligent above the average. He loved to read. His choice books, however, were of too somber a character to amuse or fascinate a budding American humorist of the vintage of 1829. There is no doubt that piety often resembles forbearance, and ceases to be a virtue. The home library to which Charles Dudley Warner had access, while as good as any in his native town of Plainfield, Mass., was, in his juvenile estimation, really good for nothing. He, therefore, concluded that it was his mission to write better books than those which his father gave him to drowse over when he was a tenderling of four or five years.

What a thoroughly United States sort of a career his has been! He has related something of his early life in "Being a Boy," which was published in 1877. At the age of 22 he graduated from Hamilton college, taking the first prize for English composition. Already he had contributed to the old Knickerbocker and its now almost forgotten rival, Putnam's Magazine. It was in 1853 that he became one of a surveying party on the prairies of Missouri. Within a year he returned to New England. Then he decided there was more money in litigation than in literature—providing you are counsel for the litigant who has the most money and the greatest amount of stubbornness. So, in 1856, he graduated from the law department of the University of Pennsylvania. The four succeeding years he practiced at the Chicago bar, with fair prospects of being elected a judge before the Twentieth century flickered and expired.

There was an evening paper here in Hartford looking for an assistant editor. He was the fortunate applicant. In twelve months he had full charge of The Press and made it attractive enough to be respected. About the year 1867 it was consolidated with The Hartford Courant, of which Mr. Warner was appointed co-editor. In 1869 he went beyond seas and traveled extensively in Europe's beaten paths and alluring byways for nearly fourteen months. His letters of travel, written for The Courant, were so sparkling that his dream of book making took business shape.

These are the titles of works that have made him widely and favorably known: "My Summer in a Garden" (1870); "Saunterings" (same year); "Backlog Studies" (1872); "The Gilded Age," in collaboration with his brother humorist, Mark Twain (1873); "Baddeck, and That Sort of Thing" (1874); "My Winter on the Nile (1876); "In the Levant" (1877); "In the Wilderness" (1878); "Capt. John Smith," a burlesque biography, written in 1881; "Washington Irving," in the Men of Letters series (the same year); "Roundabout Journey" (1883); "Their Pilgrimage" (1886); "On Horseback Through Virginia and North Carolina" (1888), which volume includes his "Mexican Notes," and his recently published book containing "Studies in the South and West, with Comments on Canada."

In 1884, Mr. Warner succeeded the late William A. Seaver as editor of that humorous spice box known to all readers of Harper's Magazine as "The Drawer." This connection has brought him closer than ever to the people who greatly admire him for the force and sprightliness of his writings. His latest novel, entitled "A Little Journey in the World," has just been completed. It was written as a serial, during 1889, for Harper's Magazine. More than any of his previous works it strongly reflects the genial, philosophic humanity of Charles Dudley Warner. His portraiture of the grotesque has long been regarded, by those competent to pass judgment, as being of the highest order of literary art. There is depth as well as breadth in his quaint fancy. Mr. Warner's greatest charm is the undercurrent of tender sympathy with and for all mankind. He is a stout friend of the toiler. His hand is extended to help; his words written to encourage and instruct, quite as much as to lighten and brighten honest labor.

He has found time to interest himself in social science. His thoughtful essays on prison discipline have attracted the attention of foreign governments, and many of his suggestions have been put to trial with happy results. As a lecturer on miscellaneous topics he has won favor by telling his audiences something that they liked to hear and which was of benefit to them and to others. Charles Dudley Warner is a Samaritan rather than a sermonizer. He had quite enough of prosiness, without active performance, in his youth. Born and bred in an atmosphere where it was sinful to laugh between sundown on Saturday and sunrise on Monday, his healthful mental activity is a direct result of travel and a keen habit of observation. He is now 60 years of age.

Mr. Warner wears a full beard, a contented (serious) expression, and upon occasion neatly fitting dress clothes. Like James Russell Lowell, the poet-humorist-diplomate, Justin Winsor, the erudite librarian of Harvard college, and John Charles Fremont, the soldier, path finder and veteran claimant, he parts his hair in the middle. This peculiarity does not in the least affect the nice balance of his brain.

In 1872 Yale college conferred upon Charles Dudley Warner the degree of master of arts. Twelve years later the same honor came to him from Dartmouth. HENRY CLAY LUKENS.

Talking Shop.

If there is anything more completely at variance with good taste than to talk about one's business, to boast of his skill, to eulogize his wares, and to put his prices on dress parade in a social party or with a disinterested friend or acquaintance, we don't know what it is.

In ordinary conversation outside the shop, to break in with, "You oughter have seen a coat I turned out today!" is not overpoweringly interesting.

To suddenly remark when discussing the theatre, or politics, or the news of the day, "I've got the finest stock of imported woolens in the city," is inclined to be depressing.

When enjoying a bottle of wine with a few sartorial friends to abruptly inform them that, "I booked an order yesterday for a suit and overcoat for Maj. Gen. Blunderbuss," is not calculated to promote hilarity.

This thing of talking shop out of season and in social conversation is a nuisance, and those who do it make themselves disagreeable. They do so, as a rule, however, thoughtlessly. Better swear off and talk socially about anything else. Mosquitoes, yellow fever, rain, highway robbery or ballet dancers are better and more interesting subjects to discuss.—Sartorial Journal.

The Navy of the Future.

A distinguished naval officer says: "It is my opinion that the war ship of the future will be a vessel that will sink out of sight whenever she wants to, and 'bob up serenely' when the danger is over. It is quite impossible to put enough armor plating on a vessel to keep out shot and shell. A ship can't carry it all and float. We've got to give up the idea of trying to make a ship invulnerable, or anything approaching it; for invulnerability we shall have to substitute invisibility. When the ship of the future discharges her guns, she will immediately 'take a header' and seek a new position. Science is bound to master the problem some day. Already vessels have been designed on a small scale that can keep under water for an hour or more on a stretch without any discomfort to the crew." This distinguished naval officer might have frankly confessed that he owed this bright idea to Frank Stockton.—Boston Transcript.

A poor, hatless lunatic has been sending cold shivers down the backs of the superstitious people of Centerville, N. J. For many nights he has lingered in the vicinity of Evergreen cemetery, and whenever any one went past on the road the daft spook used to dance on the graves. One man, however, more courageous than his fellows took the hobgoblin by the nape of the neck and turning his face toward him recognized the lunatic.

According to a paper read before the recent meeting of the Library association shorthand has flourished more or less for 2,000 years. Cicero's famous writer, Tiro, is known to have rivals in his own time, and Cæsar's feats in dictating several letters simultaneously while traveling still remain unequaled. But shorthand, as now understood, is the product of the present century. It is computed that the literature relating to the subject would fill no fewer than 13,000 volumes, and England alone has given birth to 307 different systems.

At the last meeting of the Athens (Ga.) university faculty a very singular petition was acted on by this sage body. It was that of a former graduate of the college, who now resides within the confines of Arkansas, and stated that, whereas the humble petitioner was contemplating matrimony, and whereas said contemplations were frowned upon by an unwilling and irate father, petitioner prayed that the honorable faculty would, in view of his good deportment in college, commend him to the favor of his future father-in-law. It is currently reported that an order was granted to the petitioner suing favor from the Arkansas father and bidding him a hearty godspeed in his serious contemplations.

Notice.

To Hattie S. Brezee, non-resident defendant:

You are hereby notified that on the 23d day of December, 1889, Fred J. Brezee filed a petition against you in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from you on the grounds that you have willfully abandoned the said plaintiff, without good cause, for the term of two years last past; and that said defendant was guilty of cruelty towards said Plaintiff at divers times, and frequent intoxication. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 17th day of February, 1890.

FRED J. BREZEE, Plaintiff,
By Atkinson & Doty, Attorneys

12-82:4

Notice of Publication.

In the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

The Citizens' National Bank of Hillsborough, Ohio, plaintiff,
vs.
E. L. Johnson and James W. Smith, defendants.

E. L. Johnson (or Edward L. Johnson) and James W. Smith, defendants, will take notice that on the 28th day of December, 1889, the Citizens' National bank of Hillsborough, Ohio, plaintiff herein, filed its petition in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to recover the sum of $6,547.32, with interest thereon from the 1st day of May, 1889, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, due and unpaid upon a certain judgment duly rendered and entered in the Common Pleas court, of Highland county, State of Ohio, having adequate jurisdiction in such cases. Said judgment is for the sum of $6,547.32, and bears interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum.

And said plaintiff has duly attached the following pieces and parcels of land, as the property of the said defendant, E. L. Johnson, being and situate in the county of Lancaster, state of Nebraska. The said land attached is numbered and described as follows, to-wit:

N. E. quarter, and the north half of the N. W. quarter, and S. E. quarter of N. W. quarter, and east half of S. E. quarter, all in Section Eleven (11), Town Ten (10), Range 7, in the county and state aforesaid. Also the following: N. W. quarter of S. W. quarter, and east half of S. W. quarter, and N. W. quarter of S. E. quarter, all in Section Twelve (12), Town ten (10), Range 7, county and state aforesaid.

Also the following: N. E. quarter of N. W. quarter, and S. E. quarter of N. W. quarter, and east half of S. W. quarter, all in Section Three (3), Town ten (10), Range 7, county and state aforesaid.

Also the following: North half of N. E. quarter, and N. E. quarter of N. W. quarter all in Section Ten (10), Town ten (10), Range 7, state and county aforesaid.

Also the following: West half of Section Two, and west half of N. E. quarter, and south half of S. E. quarter, all in Section Two (2), Town ten (10), Range 7, county and state aforesaid.

Also the following: East half of S. W. quarter, and S. E. quarter, all in Section Thirty-four (34), Town Eleven (11), Range 7, county and state aforesaid.

Also the following: N. E. quarter, and north half of the S. W. quarter, and west half of S. E. quarter, all in Section Twenty-nine (29), Town ten (10), Range 8, county and state aforesaid.

Also the following: South half of S. W. quarter of Section Twenty (20), Town ten (10), Range eight (8), county and state as above.

The said defendants are required to answer said petition on or before the 17th day of February, 1890.

THE CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK
Of Hillsborough, Ohio, Plaintiff.
By Atkinson & Doty, Its Attorneys.

Dated Dec. 30, 1889.