

THE PLAIN DEALER.

Read Our New Department "Woman's Work and Ways" 8th Page

VOLUME IX. NO. 36

DETROIT, MICH., JANUARY 22, 1892.

WHOLE NO. 456.

A BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

The Progress of the National Citizen's Rights Association.

THE DIFFERENT THOUGHT

The Afro-American Should Not Sing the Praises of This Country.

It is now a month since the Bystander has known anything of the work of the National Citizens' Rights Association. By the courtesy of the press he has been able to suppress or soften the facts of his illness and by some means, which he hardly comprehends now, out of his abundant material upon the subject has managed to provide something for each installment of Notes. But of the thousands of letters which have been addressed him he has hardly known the contents of a dozen, much less been able to answer them.

But other hands have not been idle. The work of the association has gone steadily on, and now in the frequent intervals of work, which for the first time seems unfamiliar to hand and brain, the faithful Secretary, who has answered so capably for him, reads from the voluminous letters, and tells him what has been done. It makes one feel like the magic slumberer when he learned that "the twig by which a considerable number of letters thou laidest down thy head hath grown a tree!"

make in effect the very natural inquiry: "How do you expect such an organization will be able to affect present conditions?" The Bystander has from the first said that what the association would attempt to do, or along what lines it would seek to exert influence or to obtain amelioration of conditions, is a matter to be determined afterward. The thing to be done now is to ascertain what influence we have to exert. This depends on definitely ascertained and located numbers.

There are several types of thought upon this subject in the country, all of whom must be taken into consideration in any attempt at the solution of the problem. One of these types is the ordinary dominant class of the "rule or ruin" Southern man who believes, or professes to believe, that God has given his class an inalienable right to rule for their own benefit and advantage, and that all who oppose them are to be silenced by fair means or foul.

Another type are those more moderate elements of Southern life whom Mr. Cable designates as the "Silent South." It seems strange to us of the North that they should be silent, for we can not realize what it is and always has been to oppose the dominant sentiment of a region as devoid of tolerance as Siberia. A good many Southern men disbelieved in slavery, but there were very few who had the courage to express that disbelief and fewer still who were willing to advocate its abolition. The few who did and lived had lives full of adventure, of which Cassius M. Clay's turbulent experience was a fair illustration. Slavery never permitted the expression of dissent, and the Southern man whose experience or inheritance runs back to that epoch knows very well that silence is the only safety for such as he.

Still another type is the Southern white Republican, for the most part as silent now as the other, but with an unmatched resolution, faithful unto death. With him also must be considered the colored citizen of the South, the two constituting a body of 8,000,000 of American citizens to whom freedom of speech and political action is practically as unknown as to the Jew in Russia.

At the North is that class of citizens in political affiliation with the dominant element at the South, who are either willing that the disfranchisement of Southern Republicans should continue, without regard to the effect of endorsing murder and revolution as political instrumentalities, or who are utterly deceived in regard to the facts of the situation.

There is also the Northern Republican who says: "Curse the Nigger; if he hasn't got his rights let him get them!" Also the Northern Christian who does not like to have his conscience harrowed up by the imputation of cowardly lethargy and injustice, whose remedy for all evils is, "Let us pray!"—pray that somebody else may do something! Also, the more swinish type of absolute indifference, which says, "I'm doing well enough; let others take care of themselves!"

Finally, there is the class who believe in justice, equal rights, and liberty for all; who believe that National

citizenship really means something, and should not be a fact in Vermont and a sham in Louisiana; who realize that to deprive one race or one party of equal rights of free speech, organization, and political privilege in a part of the country is not only unjust but dangerous to the perpetuity and prosperity of the Republic. This naturally includes some of the other classes mentioned.

The purpose of the National Citizens' Rights Association is:

1. To find out how many, and who they are, who belong to the latter class.
2. If there are enough to have any weight or influence upon public sentiment or in National affairs, and to devise ways and means for making it felt.
3. For disseminating information in regard to the state of affairs in regard to the semi-citizenship of the South.
4. To ascertain whether the Constitution of the United States, guaranteeing the rights of citizenship, is to remain a dead letter in one-third of the States of the Union or not.

Several correspondents inquire "whether we expect such a condition of affairs as exists will be affected by such an organization." The Bystander has no data sufficient to enable him to judge of what such an organization can effect, because he does not know how many there are who believe in justice, liberty, and the equal rights of citizens.

As he has said before, he has no doubt that if 1,000,000, or, at all events, 2,000,000, of American citizens had personally signed a demand for the abolition of slavery in 1851 there would have been no need of 3,000,000 soldiers to put down rebellion in 1861. The influence of 1,000,000 people in shaping public sentiment is much greater to-day than it was then because of the wider opportunity for influencing public opinion. He can not say that he feels entirely confident that such an organization will entirely prevent strife and bloodshed in the settlement of this question. He doubts whether any earthly power can do that. But he has no doubt whatever that the duration, savagery, and sanguinary character of such strife may be greatly restricted by its operation.

Certainly the task is a great one, and its difficulty may be imagined when a white man in Tennessee writes: "I would not consider my life safe if I circulated one of your lists," and a colored man in Mississippi, who sends a full list of colored men, writes: "It would be my death warrant if it was known to the white people of this region that I had circulated such a paper." A good many will have to speak out in plain English prose to drown the echo of such words as these. But a million Northern citizens who have the courage to say that this state of affairs must cease would soon make it safe for these men to do in open day what they now hardly dare do by stealth.

A number have inquired why the Citizens' Rights Association does not hold public meetings, secure lecturers, and begin to agitate. There are several reasons. In the first place, there is a conviction on the part of the Bystander and the Council of Administration that a good cause is apt to be talked to death in its infancy. Second, agitation is not needed to create sentiment. We think the sentiment exists and only needs to be developed. Third, such work is left entirely to the discretion of the Advisory Committees of the various counties. Of these there are more than 100 already organized. Fourth, the Bystander believes more than anything else in individual effort. The 30,000 lists, which are to-day in the hands of members who have pledged themselves to work for the association, are, to his mind, the best possible agency for the spread of the organization. Fifth, people do not care to be pioneers, if they are known to be such. There are, no doubt, thousands on the roll of the association who would not have cared to be the first in their neighborhoods to publicly join it. When the times comes for public action the people will be surprised at the character of its membership. The leading men in the Republican party have not been slow to perceive the force and efficiency of such an organization and give it their hearty support.

General J. S. Clarksman, Chairman of the National Republican Committee and President of the National League of Republican Clubs, is reported to have recently said in an address upon the National campaign of 1892:

"Protection, reciprocity, and honest money are all good, but are trivial compared with that greater issue, the protection of every American citizen in his home. The mission of the Republican party is to extend the protection of the government to the Southern Negro in his cabin as fully as to the homes in the North."

Mr. Clarksman is a man of profound political sagacity. He sees that the assertion of the equal rights of the National citizenship is essential to

[Continued on Page Four.]

PLUTARCH'S TOPICS.

Our Able Correspondent Strikes Vigorously at Prevalent Evil.

EDUCATION -- IGNORANCE.

The Chief Stumbling Block of the Negro--The Two Kinds of 'Feeling.'

Mary was reading the paper to her father and several of his cronies. She came to the sentence, "The Democratic party is a splendid exponent of the ideas of liberty and justice entertained by the 'best element' of the South, as is shown by the election to congress by a large majority of Col. A—, recently the leader of a mob which lynched an inoffensive old colored man." When she finished this sentence, her father vehemently cried, "Throw that paper in the fire, it's a good-for-nothing Democratic thing; I ain't got no use on earth for a nigger Democrat."

All the efforts of Mary, who was an intelligent young lady, to explain the sentence were useless, and she laid the paper away with a sigh of pity for the evil her father permitted his ignorance to do unto himself. This is but a fair illustration of tens of thousands of similar cases.

It is almost impossible for the very best newspaper, book or sermon to find its way to the understanding and heart of a large class of colored people. The ignorant mind never travels beyond its small circle of ideas and jumps onto thoughts, dropped in from a higher realm, like a game rooster at an intruder upon his barn-yard domains.

You tell a colored man that it is highly improper to say "dis heah, dat ar, etc.," and try to teach him the correct words, and he becomes angry. He will declare, "I don't see no use in education no how; it ar de debil's work." About the only way to deal with this class of the race is to let them go in their folly. They will be in their grave after awhile, and perhaps will fare as well at judgment as more cultured and intelligent persons.

However, when one, two or a dozen such persons happen to be in a position to hinder the progressive work of a large circle, it becomes very annoying. I have known an entire community to be held back by a dozen or so of their class. I have known some of the most progressive churches to be ruined by three or four such persons who belonged thereto.

It would not be true were we to say that the old people are the only ignorant persons of the race, nor would it be true to say that all of the old people are "back-numbers." The facts are, some of the most progressive persons of the race are old people, and some of the greatest obstacles to advancement are ignorant youngsters. But Plutarch is not hitting at old folks or at young folks, he is aiming his lance at hard-headed ignorance, be it found in old or young.

Whether a man can read and write is not the question; if he has sense enough to fall in line with the progress of his day and let the moon shine on him.

Not every reader will catch my meaning when I say, "The religion of the Negro is his chief stumbling-block." I don't mean that "religion" is a stumbling-block, but I mean that "the religion of the Negro is." The religion of the Negro and the religion of the bible are two very, very different things.

The Negro does not go by the bible; he goes by tradition, prejudice, feeling and a host of errors. This is not true of all Negroes, but it is true of a majority. The central idea in the religious views of the race is the idea of conversion. That is alright, if by "conversion" were meant what the bible means; but it is not. According to the bible, conversion includes not only justification but also such a change of heart as makes a man a new creature and as implies for him a new life. According to the bible, "conversion" is simply a starting point which occupies from one second to a minute, and the great part of religion comes after conversion and consists in "life," a "godly life."

That "godly life" is made manifest by "conduct," hence the great thing about religion is "how you live." But the average Negro don't look at it in that way. He thinks the chief thing about religion after conversion is "how you feel." Hence, among the average the only good things in religious service are "feeling sermons," "feeling songs," "feeling prayers," "feeling testimonies" and "feeling meetings."

That word "feeling" is the key to the weakest trait in the character of the

race. Nothing succeeds among a certain class unless it is "feeling."

"Feeling" is alright and is one of the marks which distinguish life from death. "Feeling meetings, songs, prayers, sermons, etc.," are alright if the "feeling" is the right sort. Right here comes the point, the "feeling" the people talk about is a wrong sort of feeling. What sort of a "feeling" is it that makes the heels fly up and sends the body spinning up and down the aisle? At the time one is shouting he don't know what is going on around him; he don't hear the song or sermon or testimony, he is simply intoxicated, not by whiskey, but his emotions have been stirred up until his head gets in a whirl and off he goes. When the "shout" is over, "all is over," and the person is just like he was before, only a little out of breath and a few pins and buttons less well off. Now, tell me, what good has been attained by that kind of feeling?

Did you ever know of a truly cultured and well-balanced person "shouting" in the intoxicated manner? Advocates of shouting say politicians hurrah for their party, etc. Well, you compare a "shouting politician" with his crafty eye watching the designed effects of his hurrahs with a "frenzied christian" shouting her skirts off, and you will see the difference.

To cry out "amen," to even groan very much excited and weep, laugh, or hallelujah are all marks of true religious feeling and earnestness when they are caused by an understanding and appreciation of some divine truth. But the feeling fact of this kind of "shouting" is different. When the colonists shouted in reference to the eloquence of Patrick Henry, back of their shouting was a feeling that took practical shape in a great struggle to attain the very thing they shouted for.

But a Negro shouts on Sunday and goes right back to his old habits Monday morning.

By thinking awhile you can see what I am driving at.

I mean to say that the "feeling" we hear so much of is not the feeling of the force, or beauty, or love or goodness of mere truth, but is the "feeling of a sensation," a "feeling that runs from the soles of the feet to the top of the head." I presume it goes up from both heels and gets into the back-bone and thus acquires double strength, so that when it gets to the head it sets up a whirling. Plutarch thinks it would be better for the feeling to start in the head instead of beginning in the heels. It is quite plain that all truths and knowledge must enter at the head, therefore this sensation which begins at the head is something different.

Seeing a beautiful picture produces a "feeling" called "aesthesis." This feeling is known to exert an elevating and refining influence upon character. The same kind of feeling is produced by the soul perceptive of beauty in anything, be it flower or a mountain, the gurgling of a brook or the roar of the ocean, the lip of childish prattle or the eloquence of a Manana. Moral, mental and spiritual dietetics, therefore, recognize beauty in good food. Likewise, seeing nobility in the deeds of another, produces an admiration of the noble which fills the heart with a desire to be nobler. In the same manner, beholding the goodness of Christ or the truth of His words, exerts an ennobling influence upon character. It is therefore clear that feeling the beautiful, the true, the good, is proper feeling. Such feelings are esthetical, moral or religious, and are to be sought. But the sound of a fiddle playing certain airs produces a feeling that makes one's muscles twitch and tingle. This feeling is known to lead one to dance. So you see its effect is upon the body and makes the body dance; it is not upon the mind, heart or soul. In like manner certain tones in a preacher's voice or certain tunes in a song make people dance in church. The only difference between the song and the sermon and the fiddle is this, One makes people dance in church and the other makes them dance out of church.

A close observer no doubt can also see a difference in the dancing. A wild-eyed, sweating saint with frothy mouth, dishevelled hair, dirty skirts, and clattering shoes making the dust fly up and down the aisle of a church does not compare favorably in some respects with a smiling, rosy-cheeked damsel as, with her tiny hand laid gently on your shoulder, she floats like a vision before you.

Plutarch.

Mr. T. Davis of Wyandotte, Kansas, has been appointed to a clerkship in the Wyandotte county clerk's office.

W. H. Hopper of Patterson, N. J., is called axe handle manufacturer.

Mr. George C. Vanderbilt employs only Afro-American mechanics on the elegant structure being built by him at Asheville, N. C.

Savannah, Ga., has four Afro-American physicians and one lawyer.

Wm. Johnson of Dennison, Texas, owns a brick yard, two teams, twenty houses and two farms.

Milwaukee News.

Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 18.—The protracted meeting is being successfully held at St. Mark's A. M. E. church. Rev. Williams of Chicago is still here assisting our local pastor, Rev. Williamson.

Social circles are very quiet at present and visitors to the city are few. Mrs. F. Warner of Toledo, Ohio, is visiting Mrs. Jas. Stewart.

We have failed to see any of our Afro-American belles and beaux taking advantage of the fine sleighing weather. The boys must be losing their gallantry, or maybe they are giving the ladies a chance to take advantage of leap-year to invite them to take a sleighing. If th' eladies are contemplating such a step we are right in line.

The case against Dennis Lawrie, the young man who was falsely charged and convicted of stealing diamonds from a woman in Chicago, was dismissed in Chicago last week and Lawrie has returned to the city and will again occupy his old position in the Getty barber shop. Mr. Laurie has had quite a serious time of it and is very grateful to Mr. Howell, his fellow-workman at Getty's, who was untiring in his efforts to prove him unjustly charged and to get his release and at least succeeded.

Quite a sensation was created amongst Afro-American and circles by the discharge of Nelson Lewis, the second steward and carver at the Plankinton house for stealing food. There are few waiters here or elsewhere who kne whom will regret his downfall. He was most persistently watchful of them and was ever ready and eager to report their slightest peccadillo and would not stop at false to get the discharge of some waiter for whom he had a dislike.

The sick are convalescing, excepting Mrs. Samuel Anderson, who is yet very ill. Mrs. Anderson is the woman who was recently abandoned by her husband and left in the most destitute circumstances. The Plankinton house boys made up a purse and sent her for which she is deeply grateful. J. B. B.

Madison, Wis., Jan. 16.—Miss Letitia Brooks of Madison who was visiting in Milwaukee, during the holidays, was suddenly called home to attend the bedside of her father, she arrived only two hours before his death, which occurred Saturday morning, Jan. 9th., at eleven o'clock. The deceased, Howard Brooks, was well known in Madison, having resided there since 1863. He was born in Maryland; married in 1860 to Isabella Henson, who still survives him. He enlisted in the 63rd U. S. C. H 29th Regiment, U. S. C. V. T.; served until the close of the war, when he was honorably discharged. The members of the G. A. R. and other old soldiers were present at the funeral, which was largely attended by white and colored citizens. Deceased leaves a widow and one daughter.

A Variety of Things.

It is claimed that P. B. S. Pinchback is a heavy stockholder in the Louisiana lottery.

One of the most senseless prejudices is that of the Afro-American barber who refuses to shave people identified with him as a class in the community. This is observable among the whites and is commented upon to our discredit. Why an Afro-American should refuse to shave an Afro-American respectable and decently clad and neat in appearance is a mystery to the whites. In Philadelphia recently Dr. John E. W. Thompson, Minister to Hayti under Cleveland, was refused service in a shop, all parties to the case being Afro-Americans.

On Sunday the 10th Rev. Auguston Tolton, the Afro-American priest of St. Monica church, Chicago, celebrated solemn high mass in the Church of St. Benedict the Moor of New York City.

Afro-Americans of New York City have formed a temporary organization whose purpose is to try to create the sentiment that will establish an Afro-American hospital. T. Thos. Fortune is the temporary president.

The appropriation made by the Maryland legislature several years since increasing the amount for the support of the "colored" schools has never been made available.

The inter-state fair held by the Good Samaritans in Baltimore recently was a success.

Emancipation celebrations Jan. 1st were many in number.

Hon. H. P. Cheatham was on hand last Tuesday during the call of the states for the presenting of bills and was the first to answer to the call of N. C. He introduced three bills, one of a local character for a public building and two, national and racial in importance. One was for the reimbursement of the depositors in the Freedman's National Bank. The other for aid in the establishment of common schools in his state.

"DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE."

O how, what golden days were ours
Among the oaks and oaks flowers;
Under the trees so thick and cool,

SALLIE.

Tom Clarkson was not considered a
great actor by anyone. He was a re-

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very easy to distinguish people in the
front of the house from the stage

"I never saw him act so well before.
The manager was heard to remark

"By and by some of the rest of the
company began looking through the

"He had a big change in dress to
make before the fifth act, and as he

"The audience, however, had grown
larger, and they caught their sym-

"Tom, dear Tom, our darling has
fallen and hurt herself, come home

"Without waiting to change his
dress without waiting to wash off the

"They pointed him up so tenderly,
those supers and stage hands standing

"Well, no that's not the whole of
the story. The whole company sub-

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DESTINY AWAITS YOU.

A STRAW MAY TURN THE
SCALE FOR GOOD OR ILL.

Some Stories Which Show Great Things
Depend on the Most Trivial of In-

A group of through passengers
gathered in the smoking room of a

"Speaking of narrow escapes I
was doing business for myself in

"The fellow was in a furious
hurry, but he stopped long enough to

"The fellow was in a furious
hurry, but he stopped long enough to

"The fellow was in a furious
hurry, but he stopped long enough to

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hurry, but he stopped long enough to

"The fellow was in a furious
hurry, but he stopped long enough to

down in one of the cross seats. Just
opposite her sat a little boy in very

"Do you know," she said, in speak-

A Pig Dog Threw Up and the Showers
Continued Them.

Speaking of pigs reminds me that
I once went truffle hunting with one

The truffle hunter-in-chief was the
pig's master and as far as appear-

Nevertheless it was the pig that
did all the digging work, the man's

Once or twice the sylvan instrument
of the beast was too strong for the

NEWSPAPER CHAFF.

"All that I am or ever hope to be I owe
to my wife," said Macrowitz. "That's

First Surplus.—The newspapers say we
received \$1,000 in that and we cracked out

Georgia.—There's been a great im-

It was in the Sabbath school class and
little "Lar-beth" had been listening with

JUST IN JEST.

Don't get nervous to your best girl on
postal cards. She may have suspicion

Jagson says he wouldn't object to ad-

If a man is to be judged by the com-

TRAINING WILD BIRDS.

In Holland bird-catching is a regular
business, and birds are trained to

Richard has up two of the most
curious by which birds are trained

The writer has often spent an after-

Richard has up two of the most
curious by which birds are trained

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, '92.

SOME REASONS WHY ADVERTISERS

SHOULD USE THE COLUMNS OF

The Plaindealer.

The Plaindealer is a valuable and attractive medium.

The Plaindealer is well known and well established. It is not an experiment.

It is eagerly read each week from end to end by thousands.

It is read by a progressive class of prosperous people who have money to spend, and spend it.

It occupies a place in the newspaper world and circulates in a field peculiarly its own.

Persistent advertising pays. Try The Plaindealer.

The Richmond Planet exposes very forcibly a scheme of a set of men, calling themselves the Abraham Lincoln Park and Monument association, to cheat the public. It is commendable that Mr. Mitchell acts so fearlessly, and that he loses no time in informing the public the character of this new swindling scheme. Ever since the first issue of The Plaindealer it has been combatting and opposing titled imposters that are a disgrace to their titles and their race. There are few found to combat men who have a little influence, unless such opposition be popular. Because of this lack of courage sharks of every description have been allowed for years to roam the land and gull the credulous. Incalculable harm has been done the Afro-American in the minds of philanthropic men because of this fact. The charitable cannot be sure whether their money will be spent for the purpose given, or whether it will go to enrich the pockets of lazy spendthrifts. Another hindrance to our progress, and a positive, inexcusable wrong heaped upon the people, is a set of credentialed ministers sent around the country by the different church connections, whose only fitness is brass. A number of these gentlemen, with long titles attached to their names, are simply a take-off of the earnest able educator and minister who must needs appeal to the public to aid them. A few that have come under the notice of The Plaindealer are from the dregs of society, but like scum have reached the top to become a polluting influence to those watching our progress. If all our contemporaries should turn their energies for a time to this crying evil, there would be no chance for imposters and their chicanery in high places in church and society.

It seems now as if war with Chili is inevitable. There can be but one outcome, of course, in the end and that victory for us. Nevertheless, as patriotic as every Afro-American feels, he can willingly take little hand in the chastisement and sacrifice that must be made to secure victory.

It seems almost a paradox for the United States to spend millions of dollars and sacrifice thousands of lives, to vindicate the national honor sullied by mob violence, while mob violence obtains within its own border to a greater extent than in any other civilized land, and without a protest. Open defiance of the law by mobs, sends yearly to an untimely grave over 200 souls, and yet men are shocked at the idea of war, because of the lives and treasure it will take, view with complacency this small army yearly sacrificed in the South by mob violence.

Notwithstanding this state of affairs the patriotism of the Afro-Amer-

ican has neither waned nor lagged. From the battlefields of the rebellion as a true and tried soldier, although at that time not a citizen, to a place in the standing army, he has not wavered or faltered in brave or fidelity to his country. He will be the first to offer himself in any contest with Chili and he will be as reliable as any in struggle; to die, perhaps in an unknown land, to return if victorious to find that he has offered his life to uphold the honor of a country in which he has no rights. These are the thoughts of the Afro-American as active preparation goes on for war.

The Omaha Progress asks the question, "Is an Abyssinian a Caucasian or an Ethiopian." According to all the best historians and philologists the Abyssinians are Ethiopians or Negroes. The bible not only says that Egypt and the regions around were settled by Phut, a descendant of Ham, but all the earlier historians confirm the statement. Philologists to day not only find a remarkable analogy between the Hamitic languages of Egypt, Abyssinia and Nubia, but of the inhabitants of southern Arabia, where Nimrod became a mighty man of valor. It remained for a modern school, of scientists, styling themselves anthropologists to discover that neither Egypt, Abyssinia, nor even Ethiopia, belongs to the Negro race. If Egypt was eliminated, of course Ethiopia must be too, for the Ethiopians ran, conquered and inter-married with the Egyptians. And Zerah, an Ethiopian general, even pushed his conquests into Palestine. These modern scientists base their division of the races on the shape of the skull, and make Negroes of those tribes only that of the lowest order of man living within a few days of the equator, on either side. Thus they upset the authority today of the best historians including Rowlinson, whose son is acknowledged the authority of today. The progress must remember, however that there are two sets of Negroes. The scientific Negro, only formed in dry technical volumes and the Negro of history and literature, which means any black man of whatever shade of color, especially in America. Mere assertion, however, makes neither history nor fact.

The action of the Democratic state executive committee of South Carolina relative to its Afro-American following, if it has any, shows how much love that party has, and how much it desires support of him. There have been prominent Republican papers in the North that have advocated a division of the vote in the South in the hope that white men there would be drawn to the party. The Plaindealer has advocated a division for a different reason. It saw that the party at the North did not seem disposed to give either white or black Republicans that support of the government, which it owes to the life and property of every citizen, except with wind, and it advocated such a policy hoping that it would tend to create better relations between the people, and make their life more endurable. But in view of the action of the state executive committee of South Carolina The Plaindealer would not advise any one to support any political party that would impose such regulations. The Plaindealer appends the decision of the committee as the dispatches have it.

Charleston, S. C., Jan. 17.—The status of the Afro-American in the Democratic party of the state has been settled by the state executive committee. This is the rule promulgated: Every Negro applying for membership in a democratic primary election must produce written statements of ten reputable white men who shall swear that they know of their own knowledge that the applicant voted for General Hampton in 1876 and has voted the Democratic ticket continually since. This statement shall be placed in the ballot box by the managers, and returned with the poll list to the county chairman. This action of the committee rules out thousands of Negroes in the lower tier of counties who have heretofore voted with Democrats on state issues and causes considerable dissatisfaction there. It will have an important bearing on the election of delegates to the state convention, which meets May 13 to elect delegates to the Democratic national convention, and may possibly lead to anti-Cleveland delegates.

Our daily newspaper are full of reports and rumors of active preparation, that would seem to indicate a near approach of hostilities between our Republic and Chili. The common consensus of opinion North, South, East and West seems to be that we would be perfectly justified in declaring war, and that the hon-

or of the Republic demanded it or prompt reparation for the assault committed upon our sailors. However just such an opinion may be, it is directly opposed to the attitude of our government towards Italy, and if the claims of the government were correct as to the citizenship of the men massacred at New Orleans, international justice would have demanded from us the proper reparation. Instead our government acted the bully, and thousands of our citizens wanted the Republic to assume a belligerent attitude towards that country Chili is doing what we did then. The state government to whom was given the charge of investigation in the Italian affair returned a verdict of not guilty of the charges made. Chili does the same in reference to our claim. We believed the evidence of the state, rotten though it was with corruption and governed by the most lawless methods, and acted accordingly, Chili likewise accepts the evidences of its witnesses, and the finding of the investigations ports a lie verdict. In each case riot ran supreme, murder was committed and the findings of the investigations similar. The Italian government not being able to wage a successful warfare against us, withdrew its Minister Our government being able to wage war to a successful issue, because of the weakness of Chili relatively, demands redress and is ready to force it. The attitude displayed under the two conditions cannot help but place us in the light of a bully among the powers of the world. In 1812 the Republic declared war against England because that country persisted in the right of search upon the seas. Since our civil war when the Spaniard committed a gross outrage upon an American vessel we pocketed the insult, something England, France, Germany or Russia would not have done, we submit the Behring Sea difficulty to arbitration and now we bully. The difference between 1812 and 1892 is that the former was a manly protest against injustice, the latter a protest of conscious power. Thus it seems that in National honor we appear to be retrograding.

The Study Chair.

Our avenues to the soul lies through the senses. We must manifest a tender regard for the lower man if he would influence man's higher nature. To say to the hungry he fed, is no proof of interest in their suffering.

There are many within the church who are conscious of insincerity. They have lost their spiritual joy, because they have been untrue to their profession.

Church members who indulge in all the practices of the world are a hindrance to the church and a stumbling block to the world. They are salt which has lost its savor.

There are limitations to our success. Much depends upon the time and conditions of our birth and our present surroundings. The current of life into which we are thrown may aid or hinder us. People born under christian influences are expected to be moral. We do not look for virtue in a den of vice.

A promise of God is a deathless germ. Its fruition may be long delayed, but it will ripen if we have patience to abide its time.

Correlated with every right there is a corresponding duty expressed or implied.

There may be an idolatry of the letter of moral precepts and an entire absence of the spirit. There are many formalists who have no depth of pity.

Sound moral doctrines are best learned by a direct study of the Scriptures rather than by the study of interpretations alone.

Bitter partisanship is always intolerant. It sees no good in an opponent.

The solemnity of the preacher's work should not make him unsocial. No man should be in closer touch with society than he.

A moral fall implies not only the existence of evil but the former existence of good in the fallen. Redemption is not simply an expedient to repair the wreck of this fall. It is designed also to lift the thought of the sinner to higher conceptions of living.

The more formidable our opponents the stronger must be our defense. The force and weapons which would suffice for municipal police control would be of little service against an army of foes.

An old tradition tells us when the hostile armies invading Palestine came to the tomb of Christ they laid down their arms and embraced each other. This tradition contains a valuable lesson for uncharitable sectarians. James M. Henderson.

In the post office of Indianapolis there are two clerks, five carriers and four janitors who are Afro-Americans. The Afro-American church at Monroe, La., was burned Dec. 25th. It is thought that the church was purposely set on fire. This is the second church burnt in four years.

Important to You.

A large number of subscriptions to The Plaindealer expire with this issue. Some have been subscribers for a year or longer, some for six or three months. Of all these we desire to ask: Have you ever had cause to regret that you sent us your subscription to The Plaindealer? Has not the paper been all and more than we promised it should be—all that you could wish or desire? Have you not been repaid many times over for the small expenditure—in entertainment and instruction and in the useful hints and helps you have found in our columns? We can hardly see how it can be otherwise for we have a consciousness of giving to the public a very great return for the money we ask of them.

If the paper has pleased and benefited you in the past will you not subscribe again for 1892? Isn't it worth the trifling sum of One Dollar to insure the regular weekly visits of this paper to your home for an entire year to come? Considering the great value we give for the money, can you afford to be without it? If you will get friends to join you in subscribing, we will send you a handsome premium. Write us.

We hope that not one of our present subscribers will fail to renew for the new year. The Plaindealer for 1892 will be better and more interesting than ever before. We are continually adding new contributors to our columns and introducing new features, our constant aim being to make each issue more interesting, instructive and valuable than its predecessor. We endeavor to make our paper the best in existence.

Please send in your subscription as soon as possible. Do not put it off; do not neglect it.

A BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

[Continued From Page One]

the success of the Republican party. He recognizes also the fact that it can not again be slurred over or relegated to the background. None of those who believe in justice, liberty, and equal right of citizenship will accept again the old promise, made only to be broken. A party can not well boast of liberty which dare not even organize in a dozen States for fear that its candidates will be killed, its meetings broken up, and its voters butchered. A party can not command respect of the American people which allows itself to be driven out of one-third of the National domain, and could not get speakers to canvass a dozen States if it offered \$1,000 an hour for their services. Which could not get men to make a full, fair canvass of the States of the South if it offered half the wealth of the party as a reward.

Neither can it win under the leadership of men who have been opponents and betrayers of the cause of equal rights because of color or race. The time has come when the words of the prophet-poet of New England are destined to come true of the Republicans, North and South, and "Close as sin and suffering joined We March to fate abreast!"

The party which betrayed its allies because they were weak, and thought to cast them off because they were black, finds to-day that its only possible chance of regaining power is through the earnest advocacy of the rights of American citizenship. The necessity is a grim one, but the Republican party must give incontestible assurance of earnestness and sincerity in order to have a ghost of a shadow of success.

A correspondent inquires if "the average colored man is not deficient in interest in public affairs?"

Probably he is at the North, and at the South he is afraid to manifest such interest. This is hardly strange. The people of the North whom they regarded as their friends have always counseled submission. "Praise God and make money!" has been the sole remedy offered for their wrongs. Their religious teachers, instead of cultivating manhood and devotion to right of their people have merely offered a salve and asked them to forget.

If they had been Jews they would have established, as they ought to have done, a feast, of mourning a day of supplication to be delivered from evil instead of that a conference in one of the Southern States the other day actually sung:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Land of the noble free,
Of thee I sing!"

The words ought to blister any colored man's tongue who utters them. The country has been to him only a harsh, cruel, and unjust nurse. Let him mourn the wrongs he has suffered, but never sing in her praise until they are remedied. It is like the old slave songs, inspired by the whip of the overseer.

However, this people have joined hands to ditch the "Jim Crow" car and have thereby demonstrated not only their patriotism, but a collective determination to do and sacrifice for the public good.

But it must be kept in mind that it is not the rights of the colored citizen alone that are impaired. The first and most important right of the American citizen is freedom of speech and freedom of political action. No man is free in a republic if there is any corner of the land to which

he may not freely go and speak his political sentiments without fear of injury to himself or detriment to his business or annoyance to his family and be listened to by any and all classes of his fellow-citizens without fear or apprehension. This right is greater than the right of suffrage, for it is inherent and universal and the security of all other civil and political rights depend upon it. It is holier than the right of life, for "it is better not to live than live to be awe of such a thing as I." A man who has to hold his breath when he crosses a particular line lest his political views should offend some dominant class of its people, and does not resent with all the manhood he possesses, is only a mean-spirited slave at the best. Of course, those who have given hostages of family and fortune that chain him to the environment must suffer and be silent; but the Northern man who will not give his name and strength to remedy such an evil, is not fit even to sit under the shadow of the flag. A Nation that will permit its citizens to be deprived of such a right ought not to have the eagle for its emblem, but a bazaar. We hardly know how terribly this slavery is until it touches our own persons.

A large number of letters lie under the Bystander's hand from white men resident in seven States of the South. They are terrible pathetic for they are the letters of intelligent citizens of the United States who fear to have it known that they wish the equal right of citizenship to be exercised and enjoyed by all legally entitled thereto. One fears that his business will be destroyed on which his family is dependent; another that his family will be subjected to insult and ostracism; another declares that his life would be in peril. All unwilling and anxious to do all in their power to promote the objects of the association, but all expressly desire that their names should not be published. One, an old Confederate, says:

"I am willing to give \$100 a year to bring the public sentiment of the North to bear intelligently on affairs at the South; for I am fully convinced it is only in this way that the almost inconceivable calamity which impends can be averted. I am not certain that this will be sufficient, but unless something is done we are sure to be swept into an abyss of barbarism for which history affords no parallel. The tide which carried us into succession was not half so strong as that which sets against the citizenship of the Negro and the right of free speech one the part of any one in harmony with the public sentiment."

Yet this cultivated gentleman dare not have the fact that he has written these words known in the community where he has led an honorable life for sixty years!

Is the emancipation of millions of our countrymen from a fear as terrible as that which hangs over the head of the Russian who desires his country's welfare worthy of attention from us?

Then heap up the names of the lovers of liberty—those who believe in justice. If you have sent your own name, send in the names of friends in other States, especially at the East. If you have not sent in your own name, "Do it now!"

Address with stamp for reply,
Albion W. Tourgee,
Mayville, N. Y., Jan. 8.

Perhaps the most noticeable of all legacies are those in behalf of the colored people.

It is a long time since much notice has been taken in this city of the fact that we have about 25,000 colored people living here, and that they are the advance guard of freedom and intelligence thrown out by the mass of their race in the Southeastern states. It is refreshing to find that the association for the benefit of colored orphans will receive about 85,000 and the colored home in East Sixty-fifth street about 85,000, and the colored children will receive their per capita proportion, dependent upon their numbers to be found in any one of the following named institutions: The Children's Aid Society, the New York Juvenile Asylum, the Hall Orphan Asylum, the Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children and the Woman's Hospital.

The splendid provision for the needy among our colored population is a souvenir of the bloody democratic riots in this city in 1863, in which the rioters killed every colored person at sight and destroyed the colored orphan home, and were turned away from destroying the great Stuart sugar refinery, at the corner of Chambers and Greenwich streets, only when they found that the resolute Robert L. and Alexander Stuart were fully prepared to meet them, with their full corps of workmen armed with bludgeons, and their vats, all filled with boiling hot water which could be forced upon the attacking party. Among those workmen in that sugar refinery were some colored people who had just as stout hearts as any of their white neighbors, and Mrs. Stuart's remembrance of the colored race is a very natural outgrowth of her experience of their fidelity.

Dr. A. K. Abbott of Toronto, Canada, has been appointed aide-de-camp on the staff of the commanding officer of the Department of New York G. A. R.

President Huntington recently donated 1,000 acres of land in Mississippi to the J. P. Campbell College at Vicksburg, Miss., of which Dr. W. T. Anderson is president.

Messrs. Mortimer and Hunter are building a large hotel and apartment house between 29th and 30th street on

DETROIT DEPARTMENT.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers not receiving THE PLAINEALER regularly should notify us at once. We desire every copy delivered promptly.

THE PLAINEALER always for sale at the following places:

ARON LAPP, 495 Hastings street.
John Williams, 51 Croghan street.
Cook and Thomas, 42 Croghan street.
Jones and Brewer, 529 Antoine street.
W. H. Johnson, 469 Hastings street.

MERE MENTION.

The Plaindealer office is now permanently located on the second floor of the building formerly occupied by the Tribune Printing Company, 13-17 Rowland street.

Plaindealer Readers

Should remember to patronize those merchants who seem to desire your patronage and invite your trade.

One of the best evidences of such a desire is an advertisement placed in the columns of the newspaper which is published in your interests. An advertisement is an invitation. An advertisement in The Plaindealer is evidence that that firm at least solicits your trade. You get the best service at such places. Help those who help you. Trade with our advertisers.

Last week the Plaindealer neglected to mention the success which has attended the Detroit City Band. One week ago Sunday, they celebrated the anniversary of their organization, which is one year old. They prepared a repast and cigars for their visitors and had an enjoyable time. The boys certainly play well and their organization is not only a credit to themselves but to the city. Several honorary members were elected, a few of whom promised five dollars per year as sustaining members. The boys start out this year with the prospect that it will be a prosperous one to them.

Miss Emma Wilkinson of Alfred st., has returned home after a two weeks visit to Chatham, the guest of Miss Fannie Braxton.

Mrs. H. Cornell of Ypsilanti is visiting relatives in Jackson.

The Minuette Social Club joined in with the Willing Workers sleighride party last Friday evening, which made it the largest of the season.

Miss Phoebe Smith of Chicago Ill. is in the city, the guest of Mrs. M. Hill of Adelaide Street.

Wm. N. Collins of Piqua Ohio, has opened up a barber shop at 469 Hastings street, where he will be pleased to wait upon all. The Plaindealer is always for sale here.

Chas. E. Howard has returned after a pleasant visit to Jackson.

Mr. W. H. Gregory has been suffering for the past few weeks with the grip.

Mr. P. A. Shaw spent a short time in the city last week.

The Willing Workers gave the sleigh ride of the season last Friday night. After a delightful ride around the city the party went to the residence of Mrs. E. M. McCoy, where they sat down to a good old-fashioned supper and enjoyed themselves with conversation, games and music.

The Dairy Maid festival now in preparation by the Willing Worker society will be given Friday, Feb. 19, at Fraternity hall.

"Mumps" is the popular ailment at present the latest sufferers are Miss Mabel Hill, Mr. Edwin Harper and Mr. Fred. Pelham.

Mrs. F. E. Preston reads in the Second Baptist church, Ann Arbor, on the 29th.

The Honorable D. A. Straker will lecture at Croswell's Opera house in Adrian on the 27th. Adrian people are making great preparations.

Patronman Foran was sentenced by the Police Commissioners to a reduction of \$100 dollars per annum in his pay for the period of one year for having arrested William Lerro on Sunday, Sept. 6. Mr. Lerro is deserving of especial credit for having pushed his case against this patrolman. Too often these matters are dropped to the injury of the people. Browbeating policemen should be taught better.

The Daily Ledger is the name of the new daily newspaper that made its first appearance Tuesday, Jan. 12th, at Peola, Fla. R. B. Brooks is editor.

The colored people of the Indian country have done more for the last two or three years in the way of making general improvements than they have since the war. They have awoke now. They are fencing all the way from fifty to a thousand acre farms. State street in Chicago.

W. Calvin Chase, editor Washington Rev., had J. E. Bruce and Nathan Sprague of the Pilot arrested for criminal libel last week.

Adrian News.

Adrian, Jan. 20.—As the time draws nearer to the lecture to be given by D. A. Straker of Detroit, general interest and anticipation of the event grows apace. There are many people here who have heard the learned gentleman on the stage and in the courts, and are universal in pronouncing him one of the ablest and most eloquent speakers of the day. Last week during an entertainment at the Opera house Ex-Prosecuting Attorney L. H. Saulsbury of this city took occasion to publicly endorse Mr. Straker as one of the ablest and most eloquent men in the country. No doubt the 27th inst. will see Croswell's Opera house well filled with Adrian's best citizens.

There have been nearly three weeks of good sleighing here, something we have not enjoyed before for several years, and the number of handsome turnouts one sees here is convincing proof that Jack Frost and the snow king have lost none of their charms by their absence in former years.

Miss Dora Grayson of Tecumseh passed through this city last week enroute for Chicago, where she will remain for an indefinite time. Her many friends wish her a pleasant visit and a safe return.

Miss Minnie Wilson of Palmyra, is attending college in this city, and will make her home with Mrs. John Allen while here. Miss Wilson graduated with high honors from the High school in Palmyra two years ago, winning a year's tuition at Adrian. This is her second year in college.

Miss Mary Cannon of Tecumseh, will be the guest of Mrs. Benj. Johnson next week.

Miss Emma Taylor, who has been in Toledo the past five months, is expected home the next week.

Mr. J. D. Underwood has received a call to the Baptist church of Niles. Mr. Underwood is one of our most intelligent colored men, and although a young man he is an eloquent exponent of the gospel. He is somewhat in doubt as to whether he will accept the call or not.

Mr. John Allen of Lansing, was in the city a few days last week on business. He left for his home last Thursday.

Mrs. Henrietta Harris returned last Saturday from a pleasant two weeks visit in Toledo.

The supper and taffy pull given at Elder Brown's residence last Wednesday evening was much enjoyed by all who attended. Four dollars was realized, and Mrs. Brown wishes to thank everyone for their patronage.

There will be a supper given at Mrs. Waters Wednesday night for the benefit of Elder Brown.

Mrs. Katie Reid has recovered from a severe attack of the grippe, and is again taking charge of the Baptist choir.

Mr. Geo. Lewis and Miss Gay Lewis have recovered from an attack of the grippe. Mrs. Lewis is still quite ill with the same complaint.

Mrs. Will Washington has again resumed leadership of the A. M. E. choir, which will we hope greatly strengthen that body. Miss Mildred McCoy, who was their leader while Mrs. Washington was in the West, has the thanks of the church for her earnest and faithful work.

The local lodge of Good Samaritans are practicing hard for their entertainment for the benefit of the order Feb. 3rd, and promises to be the event of the season.

The notice in last week's issue of this paper noting the death of Miss Perry's father was incorrect. It should have been Mrs. Lizzie Craig and Miss Mary Perry's mother died in Dresden, Ont.

Last winter there seemed to be a longing among the young people for some good sleighing, and talk and visions of delightful moonlight sleighing parties, etc., had been heard on every hand up to about three weeks ago. The sleighing is here and the moon has past its full, but the party is conspicuous only by its absence.

Wanted, some definite information concerning the whereabouts of the Jersey bull and bulldog that a certain professor of ours who was somewhere in Raisin Valley got so well acquainted with a week or two ago.

Professor Harry Lewis, our artist, has recovered from a bad lameness caused by a severe bruise on the right leg.

The Plaindealer is now read by about 30 of the Afro-American citizens of Adrian, and increasing all the time. Pap.

Ann Arbor Notes.

Ann Arbor, Jan. 19.—The lyceum on Friday evening was not very well attended, but nevertheless the following good program was carried out: Instrumental solo, Miss Mary Greene; reading, Rev. Scruggs; recitation, Miss Maude Hall; vocal duet, Miss M. Greene and Rev. Scruggs; reading, Mr. Higgins; and recitation, Mr. Swan: "The Deacon's Confession" and "How Rubie Played" were quite amusing.

A private sleighing party consisting of Misses Maggie Johnson, W. Hurst, Mesamed G. Brooks, Banks, Foster and Messrs. Z. Simmons S. Woods, Craig and Jewett went to Ypsilanti last Thursday night.

Sam Small lectures in University hall Friday evening, Jan. 22; topic, "From the bar room to the pulpit."

The ladies of the Y. P. Furnishing club will have an entertainment at the A. M. E. church Wednesday evening, Jan. 27.

Miss Noma Loney gives a leap year party at her home on Ashley avenue Friday evening, Jan. 22, in honor of her cousin Miss Hall.

Too much credit cannot be given the young men for the successful manner in which they conducted their grand party held at Mrs. Graves' residence during the holidays. The

25 SALVATION OIL

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Incipient Cough, and for the relief of Consumptive persons. Price 25 Cts. For Sale by all dealers.

BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

SMOKE LANGE'S CUBES CIGARETTES for Cigarettes—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

only thing the young ladies can say is, they hope they will repeat it as soon as possible.

Damage to the amount of \$200 was done by fire at the home of Wm. Grave's of Wall street not long since.

Mrs. Foster, nee Josie Becks, of Canada, who has been visiting her father, returns to her home this week.

Mr. Lane and wife of Cass are at the former's sister, Mrs. Craig's; they may remain permanently.

Quarterly meeting was held at the Bethel church on Sunday in the afternoon. Elder Davis of Ypsilanti delivered a very fine sermon. In the evening the presiding elder, Rev. Henderson, preached very eloquently from the 16th Psalm to an appreciative audience. Collection for the day was \$15.34.

Next Sunday is rally day at the Second Baptist church.

The Livingstone Missionary band had a concert at the Second Baptist church last Sunday at the Sunday school hour. There were recitations by little Percy and Mabel West, Viola Dale, Florence Scott and Tracy Greene and readings by Misses Lillie Zebb and May Greene. This band was formed last fall to raise money for foreign missions. Most of the members are from the Sunday school and pay two cents a month dues. Miss May Greene was elected president; Miss Emily Russell, secretary, and Miss Lillie Zebb, treasurer.

Sick list: Mrs. Jerome Freeman, Mrs. Adams and children, Messrs. Greene, Clay and Hinch.

Madame Preston of Detroit, will give one of her entertainments at the Second Baptist church Friday evening, Jan. 29.

Mrs. Clay's father, Mr. Preston of Saline, died last week at his home and was buried Monday, Jan. 18th.

There was a great pressure of brains in our city last week—the Michigan Press Association met here. Cola.

THE SAGINAW VALLEY.

—East Saginaw, Jan. 18th.—The snow is constantly falling and the young people are taking advantage of it. There have been several sleighing parties.

On last Thursday evening Mrs. Redmond entertained a number of her friends in honor of her 25th birthday. The evening was very pleasantly spent.

Mr. Thos. Henson of Orchard Lake, has been home. While here he purchased a fine residence on Harrison street, west side.

Mr. Mespaddingen of Orchard Lake, is spending his vacation in the city.

Mr. Chas. Peterson and Mrs. Ephrim Butler, who have been so seriously afflicted with the grippe, are somewhat better.

There will be an entertainment at the residence of Mrs. Steogal on Tuesday evening on Jones street.

Little Emma Sharp, who was so seriously injured by falling on Jan. 8th, is considered better. Since then her sister Viola has had a limb broken. The family have the entire sympathy of all in their misfortune.

The little one has been taken to the hospital for treatment.

Mr. Geo. Coleman died at the hospital on Jan. 9th, he having no home or relatives in this city. The funeral was held from Coleman's undertaking rooms, C. F. Hill, pastor of A. M. E. church, conducted the obsequies.

The parsonage for the A. M. E. church will be commenced this week.

Little Harry Clarie will leave this city for Detroit to visit his brother Charlie.

The young people are looking forward to Wednesday evening for a lively time, as they have sleighing party in progress, the weather permitting.

Should there be any person wishing to send items to The Plaindealer they will be very gladly received by handing them before Monday evening of each week to the agent. Henrietta.

Accounts from Sierra Leone represent that the suspension of the slave trade along that coast and the consequent inability of the warlike races to sell their captives has caused a revival of former scenes of slaughter and bloodshed. Coomassie, it is said, has again witnessed the killing of as many as two hundred victims in one day. The savage Wangarus recently made a raid into Dagomba, completely devastating the villages, and carrying off over two thousand captives. They were unable to get rid of the prisoners as slaves and held a sacrificial feast which lasted for three days, in which every captive perished, not even children being spared.



SOME PEOPLE WHISTLE

TO KEEP UP THEIR COURAGE,

OTHER PEOPLE WHISTLE

WHEN THEY ARE ASTONISHED,

MANY PEOPLE WHISTLE

FOR AMUSEMENT (TO OTHERS?),

BUT WE ARE WHISTLING

FOR YOUR TRADE IN FOOTWEAR. SHALL WE HAVE IT?

EISMAN & MAY,
YOUR SHOERS,
85 GRATIOT
AVE.

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WOMAN'S WORK

And Ways" is especially designed for women and each week will be of interest to them.

FASHION'S FANCIES

And Novelties will be profusely illustrated. Timely topics of Dress and Home-Work a feature.

EVERY WOMAN

Should take The Plaindealer. Its new department is alone worth the subscription price.



A TASTEFUL BONNET.
From The Plaindealer, Nov. 20.

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Telephone 829.

The fact that a merchant advertises in the Plaindealer is a guarantee that he invites and solicits your trade. See the announcements in this week's issue and trade accordingly.

GRAND STEAM LAUNDRY

196 Randolph Street,

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Lace Curtains and Prompt
Work a Specialty.

Goods Called For And Delivered.
Telephone 448.

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GREAT INVENTORY

SHOE SALE.

41 and 43 MONROE VE.

Courteous treatment is sure to be accorded at those places which advertise in the Plaindealer. Trade where your trade is wanted.

HIS GARMENT'S HEM.

And has affliction touched your heart
And rent its tender cords apart,
Go touch the healing garment's hem
Of Jesus, Prince of Bethlehem.

And are you bowed with grief and pain
And would be well and strong again,
Go touch the healing garment's hem
Of Him, the Prince of Bethlehem.

Has sin or sorrow touched thy soul,
And wouldst thou have a spirit whole,
Go touch the healing garment's hem
Of Him, the Prince of Bethlehem.

When pain and sickness lays me low
And life abounds in grief or woe,
I hang upon the garment's hem
Of Jesus, Prince of Bethlehem.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE OPERATOR.

A telegraph operator in knocking about the country is apt to see and learn a great deal if he keeps his eyes open. It is not generally conceded, but the fact is that telegraph operators are almost as great travelers as composers or batters. Operators seldom take to the road and tramp it, like hatters or typists, being a little more aesthetic in their tastes and modes of travel, but they manage to get around the world pretty well for all that.

Years back, in Chicago, a character used to haunt the telegraph offices who was as near being a genuine tramp as any brass-pounder I ever knew. He first attracted my attention by the look of utter hopeless despair that always clouded his face. He looked as though he was living simply to meet the time appointed for him to die. He made no effort to obtain work, and seemed to live solely upon the quarters and half dollars that were given him in pity. I asked him once when he requested a quarter if I had it to spare:

"Why don't you get a 'sit' if you know your business: you claim to be an operator?"

"I can't do it, my friend. If I was the best operator that ever touched a key I could not get a situation."

"Why not? Is there something against you?"

"Unfortunately there is."

"If it's not too hard a question, what is it?"

"That I don't care to say, but I will say that it's something that I am in no way to blame for, and could not have helped if I had known. If you can spare a quarter, all right; if not, I can starve a little more or go without a drink a little longer. I'm used to doing both."

I gave him the quarter, and with a "thank you," he went away. I asked the boys about him, but none of them could give me any information further than that they knew him to be a good operator; that he was called Jim, and that he could not get a situation if he tried, and therefore had given up trying.

In the course of time I gave up the key and sounder and took a reportorial position on a morning newspaper. One night in going through the morgue to see what had been gathered from the river and lake, I stopped beside one of the slabs, for the face of its occupant seemed familiar. I stood racking my brain to place the face, when it suddenly occurred to me where I had seen the face before, and I involuntarily exclaimed half aloud, "Jim, the operator."

"Yes, that's poor Jim," said a voice at my side, and I turned to see a member of the detective force standing at my elbow. I had a slight acquaintance with the detective, so I asked him, "Did you know him?"

"Yes, I knew him and all about his case. That poor fellow was gripped by circumstances so strong that he could not break the hold. His story is a strange one and may be of interest to you, as a newspaper man. Come over to the cafe and I'll tell it to you."

We went over, and after getting comfortably seated, he said: "About six years ago I got orders from headquarters to go out to a little railroad station about a hundred miles from the city and take the operator into my custody. There was ten thousand dollars missing, and I was to bring in the operator and money if I could, but bring the operator anyway. These are the circumstances:

"The station was a small one, and only an operator and freight agent were employed there, but there was considerable freight handled there, and it was a pay station, where many men were paid off each month. The railroad company would send the money to pay off with to the freight agent who was a thoroughly trustworthy man, a day or so before payday, so that he could get his pay-roll made out and the money for each man in envelopes. This particular month they sent the money as usual. The next morning they got word that the freight agent had been killed while coupling cars, and that the money could not be found. Then I was sent out there. The balance of the story is as Jim told it to me, and though I have no positive proof to back his statements, I believed him.

"Jim said that the money was always a source of considerable worry to the freight agent and himself from the time it arrived until it was paid out. The company placed this great responsibility upon them, but did not even give them a safe to help them

keep the trust. There were a good many hard characters about them among the train men, and the money was something of a temptation. This time when the money arrived he saw the agent put it in a couple of battery jars and just after nightfall got out with it. He asked where he was going, and the agent replied to hide it somewhere, so they would not run the risk of having it stolen. Jim never saw him alive after he left the office. He evidently hid the money somewhere, came back and went to work helping make up a train; a few moments after while coupling cars his foot slipped or he made a miscalculation in the dark, and was jammed between the buffers and killed instantly.

"I telegraphed the particulars as Jim gave them to the office, and they replied to give him two days in which to produce the money, and at the expiration of that time bring him in money or not. Jim was powerless and nearly crazy; he declared he had no more idea where the money was than I had. We searched everywhere, but of course without success. The time was up, but Jim begged hard for me to give him one more day, and the boy was so deadly in earnest that I finally agreed to stay a day more. That day, like the rest, was spent in fruitless searching. At night, utterly worn out and broken down, Jim threw himself down on the floor beneath the office window and lay staring at nothing with a blanket rolled up for a pillow. He had lain there about an hour, and I was thinking what a bad scrape the poor chap was in for I believed him. When he suddenly sprang to his feet, white and trembling. 'Get a lantern, quick, and come with me; I believe I can find it.'

"I got a lantern, but I thought that it was only another fruitless hunt. We went out and he headed straight for a small creek that ran a few hundred yards from the station. At the bank of the creek he looked eagerly up and down.

"Where are the tree roots, do you see any?" he asked.

"We walked along the bank for a short distance and came to a large tree that had been undermined by the washing away of the bank and fallen into the river.

"Here, let's look here," and he commenced searching among the gnarled and matted roots; suddenly and without saying a word he drew out a glass battery jar, and in a second more another. In the jars was the missing money. I never saw a happier man than he was. The next morning he returned to Chicago with me with a light heart. He accounted for his sudden inspiration to search the creek bank in this way: As he lay upon the floor thinking, in a half-conscious way, he listened to the wind rattling the window above him. At first he paid no attention to the meaningless rattle, but suddenly he became aware, or thought he did, that the rattling window spelled out the Morse alphabet, 'Roots creek bank.' The first time he paid no attention to it, but the second time that the window rattled the words it suddenly struck him that it might be a sign from his dead friend. Ready to grasp at any straw he searched and found the money. I hardly knew what to make of the story, but I knew we had the money.

"Jim told the whole story at the office and I backed him up as far as I could, but the superintendent coolly replied: 'A very neat story, but we thought you'd produce the money. You may consider yourself fortunate that we don't prosecute you, as it is you are discharged and can go.'

"That is all there was to it. Jim was blacklisted and could never get another job. If he did the story would follow him it seemed with a devilish persistency and he would be discharged. There is practically but one telegraph company in this country, and if you get blacklisted you might as well change your occupation. Jim could not seem to do that and just went to pieces. You see the end of him over there on the slab."—Texas Sittings.

Cost of Superstition.

"What is the value of superstition in this age?" asked a Gentleman at the Grand one night. Nine people out of ten would say it cuts no figure in finance, but there never was a greater mistake. Just to illustrate the point it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that on the street railroad lines the receipts per car are on an average, from \$4 to \$5 smaller on Friday than on the other days of the week. The cause is plain. There are in this city to-day thousands of people who will not move about on Friday because of the superstition connected with the day, and as a consequence the street car companies suffer. Inquiry develops the fact, also, that the same conditions apply to steam roads and steamer lines, and it is found that their ticket receipts fall off heavily on that day."—San Francisco Call.

A Mere Suggestion.

He was old and feeble, but rich, and his niece, who had been visiting him, was about to go away.

"You will not forget me, will you, dear uncle? You will remember me, will you not, dear uncle?"

"In my solitude."

"No, in your will."—Texas Sittings.

BRAVE MEN.

It is Generally Their Pride That Makes Them So.

"When I run across a man who says that he has never known what fear is," remarked an honored veteran at a recent camp-fire gathering. "I know that man is an unmitigated braggart. He might just as well tell me he had never been hungry. Fear is simply the product of the instinct of self-preservation which is implanted in every man."

"Of all the stories of battle I like best that told of an officer on the field of Waterloo, who, when a companion taunted him with cowardice and called attention to the pallor of his face, replied, 'If you were just half as frightened as I am you would have run away long ago.'

"It is pride that makes men brave, or, if you like to put it another way, the fear of being thought cowards by their companions. A man who is totally indifferent to what other people think of him (many people think that they are, but they are not) would certainly run away the first time he is brought under fire."

"I know that I am accounted a brave man, but whatever reputation I have for courage I owe to pride and nothing else. But for that I should have displayed the most arrogant cowardice. Take the first thing that gave me a lift on the ladder of fame. A faint attack was to be made on the enemy's outlying fortifications to mask a more serious movement. A message had to be conveyed to the officer in charge of the men in the rifle-pits so that he might know what we were up to and not withdraw his men when we retreated. To get to him one had to pass over three hundred yards of level ground which was exposed to the enemy's musketry fire. I volunteered to do it, not because I had any liking for the job, far from it, but because I wanted my comrades to think that I amounted to something. I give you my word for it that when I came to that level stretch and the bullets began to whistle around me, and I realized that there were a lot of men who were trying to 'pot' me, and whether I got through alive or not simply depended upon the accuracy of their shooting, my hair fairly stood on end with fright, and my knees played a bone solo. 'Thank God,' I said to myself, 'there's nobody else to see how scared I am.' If I could have done it without anybody ever knowing it but myself I would have turned tail and bolted at once, but I knew that my colonel had his field glasses on me and that all the men in my company at least were watching me, so I simply kept on. And I said to myself 'Now, if I run across this stretch they will think that I am afraid, therefore, I will just walk across.' So I kept on walking until I was out of danger. Then when I had delivered my message I walked back and had the same sensations over again, only, if possible, I was a trifle more scared than before."

"But when I got among my own comrades, and my colonel, in the hearing of all of them, said that he had never seen a man risk his life more coolly, and other things equally complimentary, why I felt that I wouldn't mind being twice as badly frightened for the same reward."—New York Herald.

The Oath Was Admissible.

A brave French officer, now on the retired list, who lost his right arm in the Franco-Prussian war, appeared as a witness before court in a city in the south of France a few weeks ago. When called upon to swear that he would tell the truth, in the customary manner, the officer naturally raised his left hand. The counsel for the defendant objected to the witness at once, on the grounds that "an oath taken with the left hand was worthless." The learned judges were unable to decide the question and withdrew to an ante-room for consultation. In a few minutes the solons reappeared and the president read the following decision, from a literary and patriotic point of view worthy of a Monsieur Prudhomme: "In consideration of the fact that, when the glorious remnants of our army appear in our courts to respond to their legal duties, we cannot demand that they take oath with those limbs which they have lost in the service of their country, we decide that the oath just made with the left hand of the witness is admissible."

Why He Dressed Loud.

"My son," said a New York merchant, "I should think Miss Flutberly would go back on you, and she is considered quite an heiress, too."

"Why, father," inquired the dude, "should you think that Maud would trifle with my affections?"

"Because you get yourself up in an extravagant style. You dress too loud."

"Yes, I know you think so; but you never take into consideration the fact that Miss Maud is a trifle deaf. That's the reason that I dress loud."—Texas Sittings.

Printer's Ink.

Printer's ink is now made from crude petroleum in Ventura county, California. It is prepared at small expense. The manufacturers are now engaged in experiments to refine it. If these prove successful it will supersede the inks now in use.

There is nothing, unless it be the sewing machine, that has lightened woman's labor as much as Dobbins' Electric Soap, constantly sold, since 1869. Now, why rub and toil, and wear out yourself and your clothes, on washday, when this perfect soap is provided, to lighten your labor and save your clothes? If you have ever used it, in the 22 years we have made and sold it, you know that it is the best, purest, and most economical soap made. If you haven't tried it, ask your grocer for it now. Be sure and get the genuine with our name on the wrapper.

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not the selling price alone, that must be considered, in arriving at a knowledge of the value of an article. There is as much real pure soap in a bar of Dobbins' Electric as in four bars of any other soap made, and it will, if used according to directions do four times as much work as any other. Its cost is but a very slight advance on that of inferior soap. In-lit upon Dobbins' Electric. I. L. CRAIG & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY of Wayne, in chancery, Jennie Murray complainant, vs. James Murray, defendant. At a session of said Court held at the court room in the City of Detroit in said County on Monday, the 30th day of November, 1901. Present: Hon. George Gartner, Circuit Judge. On proof by affidavit on file that the defendant, James Murray, resides out of the State of Michigan and is a resident of the City of Seattle, in the State of Washington, on motion of D. Augustus Straker, solicitor for complainant, ordered that said defendant, James Murray, appear and answer in said cause within four months from date of this order, and that in default thereof said bill of complaint be taken as confessed by the said non-appearing defendant.

And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date thereof said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in The Detroit Plaindealer, a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said County once in each week for six weeks in succession.

(Signed) GEORGE GARTNER, Circuit Judge.
D. AUGUSTUS STRAKER, Complainant's Solicitor.
Dated November 30th, 1901, Detroit, Mich.
SAMUEL STEWART, Deputy Clerk.

A true copy. Dep. Clerk.

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EVENING VESPERS.

Dearest, it is evening vespers,
And the soft bells' distant chime
Brings to me in thrilling whispers,
Memories of thy love divine.
Floating, floating, nearer, nearer
Comes that heaven-hallowed strain,
And the air grows purer, clearer,
And my sad heart is glad again.

Hark! the weird chant louder swelling
Storms the moonlit halls of space.
Silence from his throne expelling,
Music grand usurps his place.
Now my love all fetters spurning,
Unties the car of harmony.
Attracted by the yearning
Of thy spirit, hastes to thee.

O mine own, be true and never
Doubt the fervor of my love,
For it calls round thee ever
Strong protection from above.
Little know'st thou how it lingers
In thy presence day and night,
Pointing thee with unseen fingers,
To the realms of pure delight.
—Woman's Tribune.

THE PRETTY GOVERNESS.

The train shot out of sight in the blackness of the night; a pencil of light from the station lamp shimmering upon the wet platform, dimly outlined the figure of a young girl, clad in a waterproof. A carriage drove up, with the curtains closely drawn, and a loud but not unpleasant voice called out: "This way, please."

A drive over a rough road brought them to a commodious residence, surrounded by grounds ample enough for a park. As it was late she was shown at once to a room. She arose early the next morning, awakened by the brightness of the atmosphere and the sweet singing of the birds.

She had given her name as Kate Conover, and had come to accept the position of governess in the family. Presently the lady of the house knocked, and entered the room. Evidently she was much pleased with the new arrival, for her eyes rested upon a sweet, frank face, a graceful, compact form, and an attire as neat as it was sensible. "I hardly expected to find you so young," Mrs. Cameron said.

"No?" asked Miss Conover, "still—you will find me proficient."
"Oh, to be sure," Mrs. Cameron hurriedly said. "Please walk down to breakfast."

The breakfast room reached, she said, "Miss Conover—Brice Rutherford, my nephew."
The name startled the young lady so much that her self-possession almost failed her. She bowed in recognition of the introduction and then turned her attention to the two children who were to be under her charge.

During the morning meal she cast several furtive glances at Brice Rutherford, not quite sure whether he was the man who had driven her from the station or not. He was reticent then—he seemed to be reticent now. He was young, handsome, refined, with perhaps rather an exalted opinion of himself.

It was not remarkable that during the summer he began to take considerable interest in the pretty little governess. He was thrown almost daily in her society, and her frankness was especially charming to him, because he was not much disposed to be frank himself.

His interest at last assumed a more fervent shape, and finally led him to make a declaration of love. A look of triumph crossed her face, but it escaped his notice, for she was seated in the shadow. "This isn't unexpected," she replied, "but—"

Brice Rutherford frowned at the remark and waited for her to conclude it. "You see, you don't know anything about me," she said starting in afresh.

"Oh, but I flatter myself I do," was his reply. "I never act without proper consideration."

"I mean as to my—my—antecedents," Miss Conover said. "As to my—my—purposes—"

"I don't care about your antecedents," he interrupted. "And, as for your purposes, I hope one of them will be to make me as happy as you can."

"Oh, to be sure," replied she.

"Well, I am glad that we understand each other, and—"

"But, I don't know that we do," interrupted she, in turn. "I know that you proposed to me, but I cannot recall that I accepted you."

"Oh!" he ejaculated, with a crestfallen look. Miss Conover laughed softly, and said: "I am willing to hold your offer under advisement."

"That will not satisfy me," he replied.

"But it must," rejoined she. "I think I am according you a great deal."

"Well, maybe you are," he said with a grimace. "I can't say that I'm excessively grateful."

"I'll give you my answer in September," Miss Conover replied. "That isn't far off, you know."

"Well, no, it isn't," assented he, and that closed the conversation. In the early part of September business took him to the city and he was absent a week. When he returned to his aunt's country seat he found that the pretty little governess was no longer there. He was almost dumfounded. "Where is she?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Cam-

eron. "Among her friends, no doubt." "She is coming back?" "No; much to my regret and the disappointment of the children." Brice Rutherford stared at the carpet. "Did she leave a message for me?" he asked.

"A letter, at least," replied Mrs. Cameron. "I notice that there is one on her bureau directed to you."

He hurried upstairs in a manner not in keeping with his habitual dignity. When he opened the envelope he was surprised to find one of his own letters in it, although he had never written to her. A look of consternation spread over his face as he read it. In his boyhood he had had a little sweetheart named Rose Ralston. It was stipulated between the parents of both that the two should be married when they were old enough.

He was sent to school on the Continent, where he stayed until he had attained his majority. He then wrote home declining to renew the attachment of his boyhood, or to carry out the stipulations. Indeed, so emphatic was he, that one or two sentences were unkind, because uncalled for.

He stared at the letter in a dazed way. "How did Miss Conover get hold of it?" he asked himself. "And what was her object in redirecting it to me? She promised to give me her decision."

"I've solved the mystery," he muttered. "Kate Conover is Rose Ralston. She is a little flirt, and fancies she has got even with me."

He closed his conjectures with an expression which was near profanity. "Aunt Rachel," he said, when he had rejoined his aunt, "do you know that Miss Conover is Rose Ralston?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Cameron.

"But aunt, she is."

"Did she say so?"

"No. Do you think her coming here was—was—planned?"

"Why, no, Brice. It came about by accident. She didn't know you were here; or that I am your aunt."

"You are sure of that?"

"Of course I am. What does she say in the letter?"

"It isn't from her."

"Eh! Who then?"

"Why did she masquerade here under an assumed name?" evaded Brice.

"Why should she masquerade anywhere?"

"My dear boy, I can't answer that," Mrs. Cameron said. "I am not convinced that she did."

"Well, it doesn't matter much, anyhow," Rutherford rejoined, which was a bold falsehood, for he knew that it mattered a good deal to him.

.....

A year later found Kate Conover standing in a grove in the Yellowstone park. She was looking down a long vista of charming scenery, her face bronzed, her form plump and the blue in her eyes deeper and sweeter than ever.

She heard footsteps behind her, and on turning around beheld a handsome sun-browned tourist. A second, and her face grew very red, for the man was Brice Rutherford. She had punished him, to be sure; but she had also punished herself.

He relieved her of her embarrassment by offering his hand with easy gracefulness. "I'll now take your answer," he said.

"What answer?" she asked, with renewed blushes.

"This is September," he reminded.

"Oh!" ejaculated she. "So it is, but I named last September. I left you my answer."

"But there wasn't anything in it for me, or else I was too stupid to see it. I may have implied—"

"Yes, it implied," she interrupted with a charming little laugh.

"Oh, bother that idiotic letter," Brice cried.

"And your stumpy, romping, freckled-faced tomboy sweetheart, Rose Ralston," added she, quoting from the letter.

"I meant nothing by it, and I'm sorry I wrote it," replied Brice, getting red in the face in turn. "I could not foresee that I'd afterward meet Rose Ralston in Kate Conover and fall in love with her. You have two names, and you should not be punctilious about assuming a third. Mine is at your service. Please give me the answer you promised."

"Well, Brice," she said, her blue eyes dancing with fun. "I am not able to recall the question with much distinctness. If you will repeat it in the same attitude, with the same fervor and with the same wild, wanting look in your eyes, perhaps I may be able—"

"Oh, I couldn't," interrupted Brice, laughing. "One such effort in a lifetime is enough. I haven't yet recovered the energy which I expended on that occasion. You intend to accept me, but you are too—too—modest to say so. I will not insist, you know."

"Oh, thank you," she replied. "It is a—great relief to me."

And as they were married before the close of the year, it is presumed that they reached an understanding at last.—Boston Globe.

.....

Not Deep Enough for Him.

"Grasper is undoubtedly the worst specimen of meanness I ever saw."

"What has he done now?"

"I congratulated him yesterday on the beauty of the girl he is to marry and the skinflint replied, 'Beauty is only skin deep.'"—Cape Cod Item.

CHANGES IN FACTORIES.

The Progress of Invention Necessitates
Continual Renewals in Machinery.
I suppose there are very few persons who are familiar with the compilations of statistics who have not reached a condition of very profound distrust of the deductions which may be drawn from great averages covering very wide areas and very different conditions, even in respect to the same product, says a writer in the Engineering Magazine. The trained and permanent employes in a continuous bureau would qualify the great averages by comparing them year by year with typical establishments and by ascertaining the relative conditions of different parts of the country wherein the same branch of industry may be undertaken. To illustrate, there is one cotton factory in New England which has been operated for more than fifty years upon the same fabric, working the same grade of cotton, under the same conditions except so far as those conditions have been changed year by year in the progress of discovery and invention. That corporation has never failed, has rarely, if ever, reduced its product, has been continuously profitable, and may therefore be taken as a typical establishment working on the standard grade of goods.

From the books of that concern it is proved conclusively that in the course of fifty years it has been necessary to change the entire machinery of the factory, even though it might not have worn out, two to four times according to its kind; second, there is but part of the outer walls left, and one or two floors of the original building; third, the whole motive power has changed; fourth, the average capacity of each operative in the factory has been increased in productive power from 5,000 yards per year produced in thirteen to fourteen hours to 30,000 yards per year produced in ten hours per day.

The earnings of those who now work in that factory ten hours are nearly twice as much per day as the earnings of those who worked on the lesser product thirteen hours each day under the former conditions, and are more than double per hour, while the price of the cloth on the same cost of cotton is very much less to the consumer now than it was then. By that simple standard the progress of that branch of textile manufacture may be measured more accurately than by any possible compilations of figures covering the whole country, however correctly they may be averaged.

A MAN OF BUSINESS.

He Had a Great Scheme to Benefit the Bank—and Himself.

A man said that he wanted to see the president of the bank and was told that the president was busy. "But I must see him," the visitor insisted. "It is to his interest as well as mine and if you don't show me in you will be the cause of the bank losing money, that's all."

His air was so commanding and his voice was so persuasive that he was shown into the president's room.

"Good morning, sir!"

"Good morning," the president responded, giving the visitor a look of inquiry.

"I wish to open an account with you."

"Ah! sit down, sir."

The visitor seated himself and then said: "Yea, I want to deposit with you."

"Glad to hear it, sir. What amount do you wish to deposit?"

"Well, I don't exactly know yet," the visitor answered. "In fact, it somewhat depends. I have just started a paper, a weekly publication of great merit. I assure you, and I should very much like an advertisement from your bank; and as you are a thorough business man, I didn't know but I might make this sort of a deal with you: Give me an advertisement and I will let the sum that it amounts to go in as a deposit. Here," and he whipped out a "dummy" of his sheet. "Look at this magnificent space. Ain't it a lulu? I mean don't it show up to the Queen's taste? Now you take this space for three months at one hundred dollars and just credit me up on your books for that amount. Don't you see how easy and how business-like it is?"

It was some time before the president could speak, and he did not use violent language, but it was noticed that when the visitor came out his countenance looked as though it had been subjected to hard usage.—Arkansas Traveler.

Adulterated Coffee.

One of the latest food adulterations is artificial coffee. The counterfeit beans are made of wheat flour, and are very difficult to distinguish from real roasted coffee. The groove down the middle of the bean is irregular and shallow, but when mixed with 15 or 20 per cent. of real coffee it would be extremely difficult to discover the fraud.

Niagara Falls.

It has been estimated that 18,000,000 cubic feet of water passes over Niagara Falls every minute. Allowing sixty-two and a half pounds to the cubic foot, the water which falls over the falls every hour weighs not less than 32,250,000 tons.

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67 Monroe Avenue, corner Randolph Street.

BRIEF AND VARIED.

The tallest and the shortest people of Europe, the Norwegians and the Lapps, live side by side.

The hop crop of this country increased over 13,000,000 pounds last year over the annual product of ten years ago.

One of the biggest of the insurance companies in this country is said to pay its woman manager \$10,000 a year.

The St. Andre de Poirier mine of France is the deepest in the world. It is now worked 4,000 feet below the surface.

The experiment of grafting pumpkins and watermelons upon peanut vines and growing their crops at will has been successfully tried in California.

In the Austrian army suicides average 10,000 a year. This does not include foiled attempts and it represents twenty per cent of the general mortality among Austrian soldiers.

Congressmen are allowed twenty cents a mile for traveling expenses. This may seem a little too liberal when it is remembered that three cents a mile is the average railway fare.

When a gun is fired absolutely in the vertical, the ball will fall a few inches south and west from the gun in northern latitude, due west at the equator and northwest in southern latitude.

In England old and defective steel rails are utilized as props and frame work in coal pits with good success. The rails are cut into suitable lengths and notched at the ends, so that they can be framed together.

It is reported that there are persons living in Volusia county, Fla., who can daily hear the whistle of a locomotive only a few miles away, who have not only not been on a passenger train, but have never even seen one.

The smallest human being ever born in Chester county, Pa., is now at the home of Mary Cole, the mother, about a mile from West Chester. The child can easily be placed in a pint measure, and its head is a little larger than a walnut.

A South American proverb says: "A coconut tree is a bride's dowry," and really the many uses to which the palm and its products are put are wonderful. They provide a family with food, shelter, fuel, house utensils, and, if need be, clothes.

The principle source of revenue in Corea is a land tax, as in China, paid in produce and fixed annually according to the condition of crops. The grain, mostly rice, thus collected in government granaries in different provincial towns and at Seoul, is used in the payment of salaries and other purposes.

JUST IN JEST

"The camel has seven stomachs," said Filkins. "Gee-whia!" said old Dyspep; "no wonder he's humped."—Truth.

Tenant—"Does this chimney always smoke like that?" Landlord—"Oh, no; only when there's a fire in the grate."—New York Sun.

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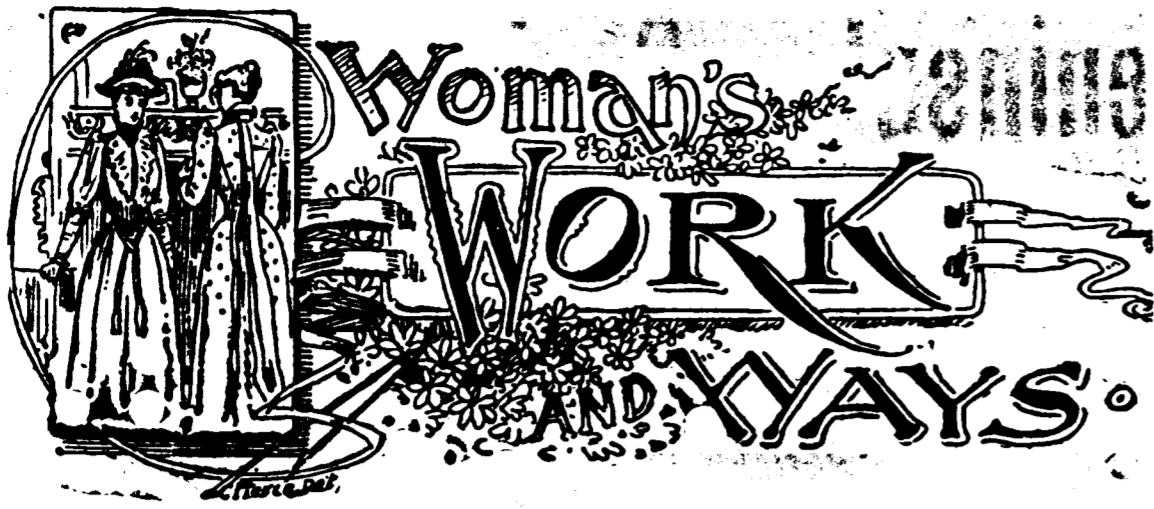
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WOMAN'S WORK AND WAYS.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Our illustrations this week are of three pretty and tasteful "coming out" dresses, which were seen at a New York ball lately.

It is not sacrilegious to say that men and women are not known by their work half as much as they are by their finger nails. Not so very long ago a manicure establishment seemed about as necessary as the fifth wheel to a wagon. The first women who availed themselves of its privileges concealed the fact but everything rights itself in time, and now the manicure tray is found on every dressing table, bird claw nails are no longer the fashion and the woman with unkempt nails now puts her hands behind her and feels painfully conscious of the fact. So conscious that finally she seeks relief from her discomfort in a manicure establishment. Then she learns how to do it herself. If she can afford it she puts her hands under the care of the artist once every week. If she cannot indulge in that luxury and has no maid to do it for her she does the work herself and takes a world of comfort in the fact that she is a lady to the tips of her fingers.

The custom of having the hands man leured regularly is spreading with all classes and conditions of women and men, too. It is more popular with the girls this season, however, than it has been before because in one of the new figures of the German a tablecloth is held up across the center of the room, like a portiere, the girls standing on one side of it completely screened from the view of the men on other side. Each girl holds up her hand high enough to be seen over the top of the curtain, each man takes a hand, the cloth is dropped and the partners who find themselves thus matched dance off together. You see of course the necessity of making this show of hands as pretty and dainty as possible.



[OF WHITE CAMEL'S HAIR.]

Dainty little bags now decorate the bedposts of the careful virgin now. In it she places her handkerchief, cough mixture and anything else she fancies she may need. Her pocket-book and watch are also stowed away there that the enterprising burglar may help himself without disturbing the sleeper.

Broad brimmed hats for evening receptions, dinners, etc., are more fashionable than the tiny toques. The broad brims are heaped with flowers and feathers and look much more suitable for an outdoor entertainment in summer than for this season's wear.

The blazer still holds sway but it is made of different material. Instead of silk and flannel broadcloth, tweed and even leather is now made up in the jaunty little garments.

Have you ever seen a leather blazer? It is a thing by itself, unique and the only one of the kind. To give you an idea, recall the little zouave jackets, which are worn over plain waists. The leather blazer is like one of these zouaves only it has a high collar and is a little longer in the back. The front meets over the bust with a clasp and the clasp is often a buckle and strap of leather. Leather bands round the bottom of the skirt and a leather hat band with a buckle attached are accompaniments to the leather blazer.

Unmindful of the command "take no thought for the morrow," the summer girl is already looking up material for fetching gowns for the heated term. Scotch gingham in a network to be combined with plain colors is a favorite wash dress. Crepe cloth in the new shades to be made up with ribbons for morning wear, is much liked.

White dresses for summer are to be embroidered silk, rosebuds for get-memots, and violets are favorite designs. The modern housekeeper glories in her collection of china and though she

heartily appreciates the necessity of having for her own family fine napery and dainty dishes she knows from experience that a fatal day arrives for the pitcher which goes constantly to the well, and having this in mind she holds in reserve a supply of delicate, tasteful, unchipped dishes to set before her guests.



[IN WHITE BENGALINE.]

The old Norman law which commanded that all fires should be covered and lights put out at the ringing of the curfew bell, though looked upon as tyrannical was from a hygienic point of view an excellent rule. Women, especially those whose faces are so often their fortunes, would certainly be benefitted if a modified form of the old law was still in vogue. No lotion or beautifier for the complexion will avail as much as good refreshing sleep, and women, whose day time must be spent at the desk, over the counter or the machine can not afford to adopt the hours of the spoiled darlings of fashion, who have all the next day to repair the ravages of last night's pursuit of pleasure. Not only does such a course unfit them for their work, but what is much more serious to them it takes the bloom from the cheek, and the lustre from the eye. I know a woman, who says her motto is "sleep early and often." Her looks testify to its efficacy and it is recommended as a valuable beautifier to scores of her pallid sisters as a never failing preservation of youth and good looks.

The "Clothing and Furnisher" enunciates this truth, "nothing uncomfortable is becoming," speaking of the abnormally big standing collar that is seen now and then. It says further "He who wears such a ridiculous article is a marked man; and a marked man is not well dressed." This will be startling information to certain youths about town who have prided themselves on being the cynosures of all eyes.

Simplicity in man's dress is no longer a characteristic. What with pajamas and negligee coats, dress suits, business suits, shirts for day wear, shirts for night wear, shirts for outing wear, and so on, the masculine wardrobe is becoming as elaborate as that of the more ornate sex. And if you think that "wherewithal shall we be clothed" does not vex the manly mind live with two or three of them and you'll find out to the contrary.



[LACE AND WHITE CASHMERE.]

At the dancing party given by Miss Beattie Smith, in honor of her guests, Miss Hare of Boston and Miss Washington of Newport, Miss Smith wore white camel's hair, trimmed with gold; Miss Washington blue silk; Miss Hare white lace embroidered with gold over white silk; Miss Lil-

Ilan Lewis white India silk; Miss Emma Davis Nile green silk with white mousseline de soie; Miss Stevens figured India silk; Miss Anna Wilder, white silk; Mrs. Dickey her wedding dress of white India silk, entraine; and Miss Essie Tucker white figured net over pink silk. It was one of the events of Washington society.

Other entertainments for the visitors were a ladies luncheon by Mrs. Dickey, Thursday from 12 to 2 at her residence in Pierce Place, Thursday evening the German of the fortnightly German and cotillon club; Friday New Year day reception by the ladies; Saturday reception by Messrs Bailey, Parnell, Jackson, Dickerson, Furniss, and Bradford to the visitors at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bradford of P. street; Saturday evening Miss Gaskins gives a ladies tea in honor of the guests.

Miss Lulu B. Kinley, of Chicago, niece of Mrs. Henry Copper and Mrs. Geo. Turner of this city, was married in Chicago last week to Mr. Daniel G. Galy. The bride wore a beautiful white silk dress with natural flowers and a diamond necklace reception followed the ceremony.

Glances Here and There.

It pays sometimes to be polite rather than correct. The Gleaner formed one of a group at a social gathering not long since, when in the course of the conversation, one of the number mentioned an article of the toilet, pronouncing the noun, which was French, as though it were English. The friend to whom she was talking soon after used the same word giving, as she supposed, the correct French pronunciation, and calling attention by word as well as manner, to the fact that the first speaker had pronounced the word incorrectly. It was all done in a friendly manner but the little pause which fell upon the group showed that both the young girl corrected and others present felt the correction ill-timed and therefore unkind. Some one made an irrelevant remark which was promptly answered by some one else and the awkward little incident was probably forgotten by every one else save the Gleaner.

Later on during the same evening in conversation the Gleaner, who recalls occasionally a little smattering of French, he learned in the remote past inadvertently, before the same young lady spoke of an article of food by its French name and was immediately put in the wrong by the same young miss, who repeated the word, pronouncing it differently. The Gleaner is an old stager, and never allows a little thing like that to disconcert him so this time there was no awkward little pause, because he kept the ball of conversation rolling just same as though the young lady had not attempted to enlighten his ignorance. Now it happens that in both instances the young lady herself was mistaken in the pronunciation of both words and the Gleaner takes this method of reminding her, and other young people prone to the same error, that it does not always pay to "go ahead" where you're sure you are right, and where there is a possibility of being wrong you had better go slow if you go at all.

Funny reporters, when they can think of nothing else to write up, generally resort to woman's selfishness on the streets cars. Lately the Gleaner has noted incidents, which assure him, that selfishness on the street car is not confined to any sex. He has a distinct remembrance of being compelled to uncomfortably square his elbows so as to prod enough decency in a young dude to force him to occupy only the space he had paid for, and give the extra room he occupied to an old gentleman too feeble to stand on a moving. And the other day coming down town on a car, which was rapidly filling up with women and children going to the "Wang" matinee, his fingers itched to pitch into a young musician, who not only sat sprawling over two seats but kept the box which held his instrument by his side, while gentlemen stood that the ladies might have seats. There are I suppose instances, when a man is justified in retaining his seat while ladies stand before him, clutching at the straps overhead, and are jostled this way and that as the conductor collects his fares but to the Gleaner he who can do so is a pitiable specimen of his kind.

—From the Northwestern Appeal.
Rev. John J. Smallwood, a colored lecturer, is doing much good by his discourses upon the condition of the colored man now and his condition before the war. But his statistics are fearfully inaccurate and need a careful revision. For example, he says: "In 1865 the Negro paid taxes on \$12,000 worth of property south of Mason and Dixon's line; there were but four Negro college graduates, and these were from English colleges; there were no Negro lawyers or doctors, and but two Negro editors, Douglass and Langston; they had no schools and colleges." Each one of the above statements is grossly incorrect. In Louisville, Ky., where the editor of the Appeal was raised, one colored man Washington Spradling, paid taxes on over \$100,000 worth of property and several colored men paid on over \$12,000 each. Oberlin alone had turned out a score of colored graduates, and among colored editors were Delaney, David Jenkins, Peter M. Clark, Peter Anderson, Wm. Howard Day, Jno. P. Sampson, Robt. Hamilton and others.

ALARMING MORTAL STATISTICS.

A Destroying Epidemic Abroad in Our Land.

La Grippe and its Consequences More Destructive Than War and Famine Combined.

Synopsis of a Lecture at the Surgical Hotel by Dr. S. B. Hartman.

Reported for the Press.

It was stated by the great recorder of Jewish history, speaking of the land of Egypt after the seventh plague had been sent upon them: "And there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not some one dead."

Not quite so tragic an utterance is true of our own country at the present time, but certainly it is true that a great plague is abroad in the land; that the first born and last born has been slain in countless households; that station or circumstances, have fallen a prey to the fell destroyer, La Grippe. Never was there a plague so insidious, so omnipresent, to defy the skill of the physician and the strength of the patient as this pestilence. It does not seem to spread like an ordinary epidemic; it seems to spring from the ground spontaneously everywhere at once. It finds its victims at mid-day; or, like the destroying angel in Egypt, it unshes its sword to strike the unwary asleep in the dark watches of the night. It enters the hovels of wretchedness and poverty, and easily crosses the threshold of wealth and luxury. Doctors seem to be wholly unable to prevent its onset, to stay its ravishes, or mitigate its consequences. Is there no balm in Gilead? No succor for the oppressed?

Without hesitation or fear of successful contradiction, I answer: Yes, there is a preventive for those who have remained, as yet, untouched with this disease, a cure for those who are already its victims, and a complete and permanent restoration for those who have lately escaped its clutches with weakened and deranged bodies from which recovery seems impossible. To those who have thus far escaped this dreadful ailment, but are trembling with constant fear of it, I desire to say that a tablespoonful of Pe-ru-na, taken before each meal, is absolutely reliable as a preventive against La Grippe; and no one need have any fear of an attack of this disease so long as this treatment is continued. It is absolute recklessness, for which there is little or no excuse, for any one, during the unsettled weather at least, to omit to take this precaution. To those who are already attacked by this disease, I would advise: At the appearance of the first symptoms treatment should be begun at once, and kept strictly to the house for a few days. No treatment, however effectual it may be, will always prevent quite a long siege with this disease, but no other medicinal treatment is necessary than Pe-ru-na. The directions, as they are given on the bottle, are more applicable to chronic diseases, and it is advisable, during the acute stages of the disease, to take smaller doses, but oftener. I would direct a tablespoonful of Pe-ru-na every two hours for adults, and a correspondingly less dose for children, until the acute stage is ended.

There are a great multitude of people in all parts of the land who have entirely lost their health as a result of La Grippe; who have recovered from an attack, but find themselves with weakened nerves, deranged digestion, and with but very little of their former powers. There is no disease known to man that leaves the system in such an outrageous and exasperating condition, as La Grippe. The student finds it impossible to return to his books, the professional man to his routine of office work, and the working man to his labors, with anything like their old vigor. It is even worse with the housewife and the devotee of fashion, whose debilitating employments make recuperation slower. For this class of sufferers Pe-ru-na is a specific; and I do not hesitate to guarantee that if any one will take Pe-ru-na according to the following directions that in a few weeks they will be entirely restored to their accustomed health: Add two ounces of rock candy to each bottle of Pe-ru-na before using. Take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bed-time. Gradually increase this dose, until, at the end of one month, you are taking two tablespoonfuls at a dose. This dose should be continued until every vestige of the symptoms disappear.

Anyone desiring further particulars should write the Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Co., of Columbus, O., for a free copy of The Family Physician, No. 2—a most admirable treatise on La Grippe, acute and chronic catarrh, coughs, colds, and all other climatic diseases of winter.

Piqua, Ohio, Jan. 17.—The fine sleighing here is being enjoyed by many.

A few of the friends gave Miss Patsey Lindsey a surprise Saturday evening the 16th in honor of her birthday, the presents were nice and much appreciated. Amusements of various kinds were the order of the evening.

Mrs. Andrew Gross is on the sick list.

Mrs. Sadie Taylor of Philadelphia, is visiting her mother-in-law.

Toledo, Ohio.

Toledo, Ohio, Jan. 11.—Mr. C. A. Scott of Toledo has returned from Ann Arbor where he visited, Mrs. Normie, Mr. I. N. Ross of Alleghany is in the city to attend to his brother, O. P. Ross, of the A. M. E. church who is dangerously ill.

Miss Page of Wisconsin street, went to attend the funeral of her brother, Mr. Henry Allen, of Columbus, O.

Mr. Theo. Manley mourns the loss of a sister in Detroit.

Miss Emma Jones has returned from Detroit where she had a very pleasant time.

Mrs. Lizzie Tate has gone to Omaha, to attend her daughter, Mrs. Sadie Marshall.

Miss Lucy Jones will return home Wednesday.

Mrs. S. A. Carter is slightly indisposed.

Miss Etta Moxley is improving.

Miss Jennie Buckner and mother returned home after a long and pleasant visit with relatives and friends in Washington, D. C.

Toledo, Jan. 12.—Mrs. E. C. Riedley gave a "yellow tea" in honor of her guests, Miss Mary Lennox and Miss A. M. Hamilton. The lovely residence was tastefully decorated, yellow being the predominating color, and the ladies costumes also were suggestive of the evening's hue. Yellow was also shown in the table decorations.

The supper was served in courses. Mr. G. U. Highwarden acted as toastmaster. Among the guests were Mrs. G. U. Highwarden, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. E. Clemens, Mrs. P. J. Sisco, Miss A. Hamilton, Miss Lennox, of Detroit, Miss Jackson and Mrs. E. Crowell, Messrs G. U. Highwarden, E. C. Clemens, J. Jones Tyman, of Chicago, A. Jackson, P. J. Sisco and Lane.

Hon. P. N. Donshood, who has for the past ten years represented Phillips Co., Arkansas, in the State Legislature, has retired from politics, and after a rigid examination was admitted to the bar, and is allowed to practice in any court in the state.

READ THE BOSTON COURANT.

Among the contributors for the coming year are numbered Mr. John S. Durham, Minister to Hayti, and a trained journalist; Mr. W. E. B. Dubois, the Harvard graduate, who has made a famous record; Mrs. R. H. Terrell [born Church], whose thorough education and culture is well known; Mrs. Von Hise, a story writer of promise; Mr. Elijah W. Smith, one of our few real poets.

The COURANT seeks to give its readers the best thoughts and latest news on subjects moral, political, literary and social, and by no means confines itself to local consideration of these subjects.

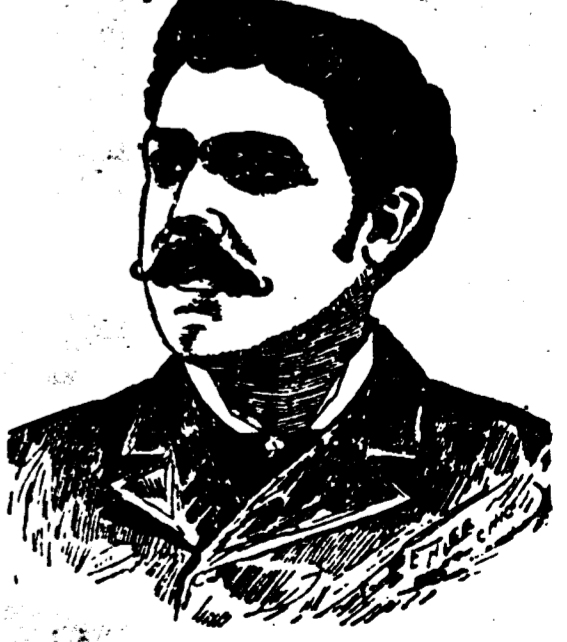
At present it is seeking to gain the opinions of people generally upon Afro-Americans past and present, who take first rank as educators, orators, preachers, writers, politicians, etc.

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