

THE PLAIN DEALER.

KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY
TOPEKA
KANSAS

VOLUME VII. NO. 42.

DETROIT, MICH., MARCH 7, 1890.

WHOLE NO. 352.

WHERE THE FAULT LIES.

NORTHERN SKIRTS NOT CLEAR OF RESPONSIBILITY.

How the Press Boastfully the "Negro"—Where Republicans Fall—The Duty of Congress—The Question Answered.

Bystander in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The treatment of the colored man by the State governments of the South is in so many respects curious and unjust that it is no wonder that it excites the amazement and indignation of the people of the North and there seems to be no method by which it can be remedied but by the unrestricted expression of that indignation.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the fault of present conditions lies very largely with the people of the North themselves—and is the result of neglect and apathy on the part of the Republican party. The Bystander, while never failing to call attention to the paramount responsibility of the Southern people for the multifarious injustice to which the colored race has been subjected, would be obnoxious to the most severe censure did he not also strive to keep in mind the fact that National power has been at the best very feebly directed to the cure of former or the prevention of existing wrongs of the colored man.

When we come to think seriously of the matter it is a source of amazement that with half a million new-made graves in our path, a million bleeding wounds, and countless bleeding hearts among our people, we did not put an end to the cause of difficulty forever by providing effectually for the independence, enlightenment, and security of the new citizens. The Southern man is not responsible for the fact that these things were not done.

Of course, every one, old and young, black and white, knew that it was unjust to give the freedman nothing as a recompense for the two centuries and a half of enforced labor of his race. Every one knew that without lands, tools, stock, seeds, or even food for a day, he would be in large measure, re-enslaved, not with shackles of iron but by the sheer necessity of having something to live upon. We knew he could not grow without knowledge. It was evident to the dullest brain that the spirit which underlay slavery would seek to establish at least a partial re-enslavement of the colored man. Why did not the Nation provide against these apparent dangers?

There are two distinct and controlling reasons for this neglect. The first of these is unquestionably the general impression that the abolition of slavery was the end of all National obligations to the Negro.

Except as a slave, the people of the North had given little attention to his rights or conditions. As a component of our American life, or an element of Christian civilization, we had considered neither his rights nor his importance. We regarded him as a singularly insignificant factor of our common life. We did not spell his name with two g's, as the Southern man usually does in colloquial phrase, but we always printed it with a small n. Even until the present day there are few writers and still fewer printers, who will permit the Negro to enjoy the honor of a capital letter.

Indians, Esquimaux, Malays, Moors—every people under the heaven we accord the right to march with a capital letter in the lead—all except the Negro. Think of an American newspaper daring to print Irishman with a small i! It would almost make a political revolution! Yet it is not seldom that the Republican newspaper of the North fulminates against the wrongs of the American Negro, giving American an "upper-case" A, and Negro a "lower-case" n. This is simply an indication of the inherited tendency to belittle and degrade the Negro which makes even his declared friends not infrequently manifest a contempt for him which seems ludicrously inconsistent with their professions of regard for his rights. Senator Ingalls' recent speech in glorification of the white race and its heaven-endowed prerogatives and advocating fair treatment of the Negro on account of his weakness and insignificance was only an exaggerated sample of this unconscious minifying. We regarded the Negro then as a candidate asking favor, not right, at the hands of civilization and we have not gotten over it—it seems impossible that we should get over it.

Another reason for the inadequacy of legislation for the protection of the Negro has been the general feeling of the part of the Republican leaders, first, that the Negro can not be made an effective political factor at the South at present; and secondly, that the white Republicans of the North do not care enough about the Negro or his rights to make it necessary to do anything for his protection or benefit. The result has been that though Congress is fully authorized to enact legislation to carry into effect the recent amendments to the Constitution, only the barest shreds of legislation have been enacted to secure the rights of these eight millions of citizens. The best of these efforts is the civil rights

bill, and though this has been shown to be almost as full of holes as a skimmer, not one of them has been stopped up by amendment. The enforcement act of 1870 was so defective that a cart and oxen were driven through it the first time the test of law was applied to it. It needed only two words to make it effective, but it has never been amended nor any serious effort made to amend it. The "Force bill," intended to give the colored man protection in his political rights, expiring by limitation, was defeated in the House by the strenuous efforts of the speaker, now the Secretary of State.

The Congress has always had ample power to put elections for members of the House of Representatives under Federal control, and give protection in the United States courts to voters, election officers and candidates, but no attempt of a serious character has been made to do so; and now a United States court in Georgia actually asserts that any State has a right to declare a marriage duly solemnized in the District of Columbia, under United States law, illegal and void, thus plainly nullifying an act of Congress, in order to prevent the Negro from being a civil peer of the white man.

The simple fact is that the Republican Senator or Congressman feels that his reelection or the success of the party is in no sensible degree dependent upon anything that may be done or left undone in regard to the rights of the Negro as a citizen. And this is the fault of the people of the North—the Republicans of the North, in truth.

By all means let us disapprove and cry out against the enormities of Southern usurpation and cruelty; but while doing so let us make haste to clear our own skirts of responsibility from such evils as now exist.

But what can we do? asks the reader. Two correspondents have answered the question even more fully and forcibly than the Bystander would be likely to do.

Writing from Indiana, one says: "I have for years clung to the Republican party, chiefly from a hope that something would be done in regard to this monster evil, besides talk about it when election time approaches. They seem to regard the Negro's wrongs only as good to end off a campaign speech with. I am tired, and if something is not done this year, have determined to let the party do its own voting hereafter. I can't vote for a Democrat, but I can stay at home as Harrison Kortright did in 'Hot Plowshares'."

One from Wisconsin, says: "I have already served notice on our Congressman that if something is not done to protect the colored citizen by the Republican majority in Congress this session, they must not expect my vote or my help after this. I am tired of promises and excuses. I mean to see the Negro stood squarely on his feet as a citizen in the United States, and no effort of mine shall be lacking to secure that result."

The Bystander commends these two letters, out of many of similar character, to the readers of the Inter Ocean. They are plain, sensible, vigorous, and from men who know their own minds and mean business.

It only costs 2 cents to send a letter to a Congressman, and no breed of dogs was ever more sensitive to the lash than the average Congressman to a letter in good, vigorous English prose from a constituent who shows that he is in earnest—no matter how it is spelled. If you are in earnest, reader, try it on your own Representative. He is there, remember, to do your will, not to sky-scrape for reelection. He is your servant, and you have the right to correct him. ALBION W. TONGUE. Mayville, N. Y., Feb. 27.

Some Day The Mule May Kick.

Kansas City (Kan.) American Citizen: THE DETROIT PLAIN DEALER is right when it says that the whites know nothing about Afro-American home life. It is just as fair to judge the character of a city from the rat holes about the depot or the rickety, dilapidated buildings about the wharves as it is to judge of the excellence and progress of a race from the attendants upon the kitchens and stables. But particular magnify into universals, single instances become a class, the chicken thief makes a race of thieves, and a flannel-mouthed individual in "high-office gives irrefutable evidence of our inability and incapacity for self-government, when our brother "in white" turns his attention to the progress of the Negro. The conclusion generally reached is that we are in a state of retrogression, not progression. If our friends would only turn their attention to them about which they have a better acquaintance and stop theorizing on the Negro, the whole country would be better off. Some of these days the mule may kick you. You may not be so good looking immediately thereafter, but you'll know more—about the mule.

Shares His Subscribers.

Exchange: The editor of the Spaulding Index is also a barber and when he has moulded enough public opinion for a week, lathers and shaves customers with ease and rapidity while he pumps 'em for news. No one finds fault with his paper for he has a happy way of giving 'em shaves that reach to the roots if he discovers even the semblance of a kick in the deportment of his customers. And when he gets hold of a delinquent, ah, then does he smile a smile that is fiendish, as he proceeds to put saw teeth in his razor and dissect the unfortunate's cheek. Oh, what fun it must be to be a barber editor.

LET US BE UP AND DOING.

A QUESTION BROUGHT SQUARELY BEFORE US.

A Case in Point for the Detroit Branch of the Afro-American League—The Supreme Court Must Pass upon It.

To the Editor of THE PLAIN DEALER.

SIR: The recent occurrence of the Ferguson-Gies Civil Rights case, tried in the Circuit Court for Wayne county, Mich., a few days ago and its result being a verdict for the defendant, Gies, brings the question squarely before us and the Negro of America at large, what effect for good is the recent Afro-American League, organized at Chicago?

Let us first deal with home. What is the Detroit Branch going to do about it? Shall we be silent, or will we hold a public meeting and express our indignation at such rank injustice?

Our law upon the subject has never received a settlement by the court of last resort in our State, and it is of the utmost importance, that the evasions sought by construction of law be exploded once and for all time, or that we know our true status with our white fellow citizens in this state.

Every colored man, woman and child should be interested in this matter. We had all, before this, thought that the 15th Amendment to the Constitution, forbidding any State from denying to any citizen the rights and privileges belonging to another, was equally prohibitory upon the individual as upon the State, and that if a man cannot be denied his right to vote on account of his color, neither can he be denied any other right upon the same ground. But this strange and recent decision of one of our courts, puts this in issue.

The court has said that a public restaurant keeper has a right to so control his business that he may keep separate tables for ladies, and for gentlemen, for white persons and for colored and this is a reasonable control of his business and this too even when the separation is based on color.

The defendant, Gies, in this case admits that he denied Mr. Ferguson the accommodation he asked for on account of his color and offered him certain other on the same ground.

The Court in its charge admits that the Statute of Michigan declares the right of our citizens to indiscriminate accommodations in public places and forbids any discrimination not applicable alike to all other citizens. It is not for the writer on this occasion to pass upon the courts construction, but as a citizen of this state and a Negro, I write to urge our people to be up and doing for danger is ahead.

Our friends are sometimes those of our own household. Let us find them out. I had expected the public journals who believe in the equality of rights of all citizens to have rebuked this injustice, but not a word, is the subject too hard for them. Let this case be reported to the headquarters of the National League and let meetings be held in every village and hamlet and let it be known that knowing our rights we demand them and dare maintain them. Yours, D. A. STRAKER.

Detroit, Feb. 27.

What Threatens the South.

Petersburg (Va.) Index-Appal (Ind.):—If all our interests, all our convictions, are to be sacrificed to an African fetish, manufactured and erected by a set of political charlatans who still harbor or feign a foolish horror of the impossible, then, indeed, shall we fully restore our old slavery with all of its evils and none of its benefits. If our intelligence abandon right and truths, and cast aside the most beneficent measures and policies, because of a false alarm of which even the prejudice upon which it is based should make us all the more ashamed, then indeed are we dominated by the Negro—by a paltry and baseless fear of the Negro that any decent manhood and ordinary self-respect should cause us to scorn. Such a domination menaces the Democratic party, and it is the only "Negro domination" that threatens us from any direction. But it is a great danger, and the Democratic party of Virginia will perish if it does not shake off its childish "make-believe," and attend to our real necessities.

We'll Declare Ourselves in Time.

Salisbury (N. C.) Star of Zion: The New York Age with its accustomed emphasis, declares Hon. Chauncy M. Depew the most available candidate of his party for the Presidency in 1892, and, indeed, the only man who can be elected. It also thinks President Harrison in bad odor in the Metropolitan State. THE DETROIT PLAIN DEALER is no doubt equally certain that General Russell A. Alger is the strongest and most available candidate that can be named. All should remember that Hon. J. G. Blaine is still a powerful actor in the party councils, while Senator John Sherman still poses as one of the noblest Romans of them all. Be it remembered in the meantime, that President Harrison has not yet declared himself not a candidate. Keep this fact steadily in mind.

Read THE PLAIN DEALER.

AMBITIOUS AND WILLING.

A Mississippi Bishop's Talk About Afro-Americans.

Bishop M. H. Thompson of Mississippi stopped in the city a short time last week as he was enroute to Ann Arbor, where he was engaged to deliver a course of lectures before the Hobart guild of the University. In an interview with a Tribune reporter he said, among the question of the race troubles in the South, that the talk of "Negro uprisings" no doubt had its origin in the sensational press dispatches. He said "our homes and families are in the hands of Negroes and we feel perfectly secure." That there was intimidation at the polls he admitted and said that Afro-Americans had practically ceased voting two years ago. Speaking of the educational features of the question he said:

"I am doing all I can for the colored race. They outnumber the whites in my state by 250,000 to 800,000. Two-thirds of the schools are taught by Negroes and attended by colored children."

"Do they seem anxious to learn?" "Yes. They are very ambitious and willing. Their parents are particularly anxious to have their children learn to read, write and cipher. I do not know that it will make them hoe cotton, handle a plow or drive a mule any better, but it will enable them to use their franchises in a more intelligent manner and to understand and appreciate their liberties better."

"Southern people are very jealous of outside interference and in many cases justly so. There are many things which are not understood in the North. The public schools are supported by the state and used almost exclusively by the colored race. Thus the whites are compelled to bear their share of this enormous burden and support private schools besides. The schools are necessary, however. The schools are necessary. The Negro must have them. Whether education will satisfactorily solve this great problem I of course can not say, nor can any one else at present."

"As a rule the colored people of the South are superstitious, highly emotional and easily led, but are very faithful to their friends. There is no doubt that education has been productive of good results. Of course a large number of Negroes in the South are still densely ignorant, especially among the older ones, but that will probably die out to a certain extent as they pass away and be supplanted by a broader intelligence as education becomes more general."

"Southerners do a great deal for the Negroes that the whites of the North know nothing of, especially the better classes. Of course crimes are committed in Mississippi as well as other states, and there is a certain element of race and ruffianism within her borders, but no one deploras it any more than the better class of Southern planters. There are today over 800 newspapers in the United States, a number of them dailies, edited, owned and controlled by colored men, and anything I say about the race in Detroit will be spread over the state of Mississippi in an incredibly short space of time. Soon after the close of the war I went from New York to New Orleans and remained there for about eight years. While I was there the city was patrolled by colored policemen. The result was that it was virtually run by white roughs—not, understand me, because the colored guardians of the peace failed to do their duty, but because they were utterly powerless, and it was a reckless risk of life and limb for them to attempt to interfere with the white rowdies, who held the Negroes in contempt and thought nothing of killing them. The better element of whites were as bitterly opposed to this lawlessness as any Northerner could be, and it became necessary for self-protection to remove the colored policeman, because of their helplessness."

Respectfully Dedicated to Afro-American Statesmen.

Kate Field's Washington: One lesson may be drawn from Walker Blaine's career which public men of far greater pretensions would do well to heed. A large measure of his popularity was due to the fact that he kept his political and his personal relations strictly separate. His father had passed through many fights, and had given and taken more hard blows than most civic warriors of equally long experience. It was natural that the son should share the father's feeling toward the enemies of a lifetime. But nothing in his manner showed it when he met them face to face. His tact was wonderful. The same courtesy of manner, the same willingness to oblige, the same unswerving good temper, the same readiness to hear and discuss everything of present interest, were manifested toward foes as toward friends, and made friends of them all, at least as far as he was concerned. To what a degree this might have influenced his future fortunes had he lived to reap the fruits of so wise a social policy, no one can tell; but that it could have done him no harm, we can all aver with safety.

It's A Long Lane etc.

The well known young Afro-American, L. W. Burton, who was a candidate before the City Council of Adrian, Mich., for the position of fire warden and very strongly endorsed was ignored by the Republican members of that body. The two Democratic members introduced his name and voted for him, but the seven Republicans voted the place to an old man eighty years of age. An Afro-American candidate for appointment on the Police force was also denied, but the end is not yet.

WILL THEY UNITE?

A MOVEMENT IN BOSTON TO CONSOLIDATE THE LEAGUES FOR ACTION.

The Walker Testimonial—To Relieve the Barnwell Sufferers—Literary Entertainment—Good Words for the Plaindealer.

BOSTON, Mass., March 3, 1890.

Now that the Massachusetts delegates have all returned from the Washington convention, and made their reports to the citizens in the respective localities which they represented in that convention; why not organize a state league? With a vice-President and an executive committee man of each of the National Leagues recently organized in Chicago and Washington as Massachusetts' share of honors, together with two local Leagues all ready organized, namely the Afro-American League of Cambridge and the Colored National League of Boston, the task of organizing a state league should not be a difficult one. The Afro-American League of Cambridge, the Colored National League of Boston and the Massachusetts representatives of the Equal Rights League recently formed in Washington, D. C., should unite. The Cambridge League are making strenuous efforts to effect this much needed union, which the following letters to the Boston League and circular letter issued to the leading colored men throughout the state will show:

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., March 3, 1890.

To the Officers and Members of the Colored National League of Boston, Mass.

Greetings—I am instructed by the Executive Committee of the Afro-American League of Cambridge, Mass., to communicate with you, with a view to effecting a union of the two leagues. Knowing as we do, that the essential qualities that actuated the formation of the two leagues are one and the same, therefore, to carry into effect successfully the grand object for which the two bodies were organized, it is necessary for us to have union. If this proposition meets with your approval we would respectfully request you to appoint a committee to consist of six members, which will please meet with the Executive Committee of the Cambridge League on Thursday the 28th of March at 29 Winsor st., Cambridge, at 7:30 P. M.

You will please inform us of your action on or before the 27th inst. Fraternally yours,

PAUL L. WILSON (Cor. Sec'y), 39 Winsor st., Cambridge, Mass.

CIRCULAR.

Issued by the Afro-American League of Cambridge, to the leading Colored men of the State.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Feb. 27th '90.

Sir:—I am instructed by the Executive Committee of the Afro-American League of Cambridge, Mass., to send you this circular, the object of which is to ascertain the views of the leading colored men in all sections of the State as to the feasibility of forming a State League of colored men preparatory to further action towards forming branches throughout the State.

Your early reply is earnestly solicited.

Respectfully yours,

Rev. J. A. BROCKETT, Pres., PAUL L. WILSON (Cor. Sec'y), 39 Winsor st., Cambridge, Mass.

It remains to be seen what the outcome of these communications will be.

The white and colored friends of Hon.

Edwin G. Walker presented him with an elegant gold watch as their testimonial to the worth and ability of Mr. Walker. On Thursday evening the 27th ult. in the Revers street M. E. church, Hon. J. C. Chappelle opened the meeting with a brief speech, speaking of Mr. Walker in the highest terms. Mr. J. W. Powell presented Mr. Walker with the watch amid loud applause and Mr. Walker responded in an eloquent speech, in which he expressed his gratitude to his fellow townsmen for the honor done him, and said, that he would carry the time piece given him with a deep sense of the obligation he owed them. Among the most prominent names appearing on the card of testimonials were Hon. N. P. Banks, Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, Hon. John F. Andrews, ex-Congressman Leopold Morse and many others.

The League in Cambridge is in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Helen C. Brayton of Columbus, S. C., asking for aid for the eight families whose husbands, fathers and brothers were lynched by a South Carolina mob on the 28th of December, 1889, in Barnwell county. The families consist of seven wives, twenty five children and an aged mother. This League has arranged to give a musical and literary entertainment in the new Odd Fellows' hall to take place on the evening of the 27th inst.

When I receive such endorsement as the following for THE PLAIN DEALER, it gives me assurance that my labors in assisting to place what I call a worthy paper before the readers of Boston and vicinity, is a success: "Friend Wilson, you will find enclosed \$1.50, for which you will please cause to be sent to my address for one year THE PLAIN DEALER. I find THE PLAIN DEALER to be one of the ablest colored journals published, it is always wide-awake and fully abreast of the times and no colored man should be without it. M. M. Brooks, 19 Dartmouth Place, Boston, Mass. Mr. Brooks has supported what he has written by sending his subscription fee. "Next." PAUL L. WILSON.

The President's coat pocket protruded so much at the recent Florida fishing that some one asked the reason why. "It's only a bottle of Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup," the handsome gentleman explained; "I never travel a mile without it."

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

It is said that there are over 600,000 regular opium eaters in this country. There are over 20,000 in Chicago alone.

There are some drugs that are said to be worth \$2,000 a bottle, and the druggists say they don't make much on them.

Paris sends to foreign lands annually \$500,000 worth of bon-bons. In things delicate and dainty Paris always takes a hand.

Levi Williamson, of Ansonia, Conn., has a hog that is seven feet long and weighs 1,000 pounds. It is so fat that it is unable to get up.

During the calendar year of 1899 109,140,917 pieces of coin were executed at the mints of the United States, having a total value of \$58,194,022.

A Nuremberg manufacturer has invented pencils in blue, black and brown for writing on the human skin. They are for use in anatomical and chemical demonstrations.

More than twelve thousand letters and manuscripts of John Ericsson, the great engineer, have been put in the hands of Colonel W. C. Church to use in the preparation of his biography.

Dr. Justin Canastoga is about to institute a series of experiments with a dynamite shell, which he claims can be discharged by powder from an ordinary ordnance, the same as a powder shell.

A Minneapolis inventor is about to introduce to the public a slot machine that for a nickel will present the payer a photograph of himself in just three minutes from the time he drops in the 5-cent piece.

A number of monkish manuscripts of great value have been discovered in Brunswick. These documents date back to 1500, and contain information hitherto accepted as merely traditional or as a matter of conjecture.

The empress of Russia is said to be extremely shy in her manner, and blushes like a girl on the slightest provocation. She has the same blue eyes that her sister, the princess of Wales has, but lacks the latter's regular features.

The brown jewels of Russia are said to be worth \$11,000,000. The crown alone is valued at \$5,000,000. It is fairly ablaze with diamonds, and in addition to these it is studded with fifty-four pearls, the most magnificent in existence.

In China, if a paper is found guilty of a "fake" or false statement not only are the editors punished but all the readers as well. This accounts, perhaps, for the fact that there are only three newspapers in China, and that subscribers are shy.

The Chicago Tribune says: "Mrs. Kate Chase, presiding over her little family of young girls at Edgehill, near Washington, may not appear so brilliant, but she is certainly more interesting than when she was the youngest and most fascinating leader of Washington society."

The widow of Gen. Grant is an honest woman, anyhow. When asked whether she preferred to have the exposition of 1893 in New York, she answered that she really didn't know enough about the world's fair to give an opinion on the subject.

Out in St. Louis an enterprising burglar broke into a house while the family were at the cemetery. He became drowsy while going through the silverware, and when the master of the house came home he caught the thief fast asleep with his pockets bulging with silverware and other booty.

The oldest lawsuit on record is now being tried in the highest Russian court at St. Petersburg. It was brought 500 years ago against the city of Kamenez-Polotsk by the heirs of a dead nobleman to recover many thousand acres of his estate which had been confiscated by the municipality. The written testimony is said to weigh forty-five tons.

A West Chester doctor told his patient a young man, to stay at home a night or two. The patient replied that he must go out at 7:00. At 7:10 the doctor called, placed a white powder in a glass of water and said: "If you will go, drink this before you start. It will prevent you from taking cold." The youth took it, and never woke till late in the night.

It has been discovered that there was a Count Bismarck fifty years ago in Wurtemberg, who became a lieutenant general, was a life member of the local house of lords, received great honors and decorations, and finally died highly respected in his sixtieth year. There was also a Von Moltke in Wurtemberg at the same time who became a major general.

Dion Boucicault has written, translated, or adapted 40 plays. "London Assurance," his first, has been also his best play; it was written when he was only eighteen years old. "Colleen Bawn," the most popular of his later plays, was written in nine days, but the plot was taken from Gerald Griffin's novel, "The Colleen Bawn," it is said. Boucicault is now seventy years old.

Hopkinsville, Ky., has a prodigy that is attracting great attention. It is a colored infant named Louella Graves, daughter of Rev. J. C. Graves, that is only three months of age, but can talk distinctly. The child could pronounce many words before it was three weeks old, and now at the age of three months, it can talk plainly. Great crowds have visited the minister's home to behold this infant prodigy.

Colonel Hart, a farmer in Bradford county, Pennsylvania, has discovered a deposit of mineral paint on his land and has given an option to a Portland, Me., syndicate to purchase it for \$2,500. A geologist who examined it reports that there are at least 200,000 tons of the substance, and that beneath it there is a bed of fine polishing patty. A factory will be erected, of which Colonel Hart will be superintendent.

In a recent interview C. P. Huntington, the millionaire, made the following statement, which young men should note. "When I went to California in '49 I was accompanied by a party of young fellows from my native state, Connecticut, and when we reached Sacramento, the first thing they did was to go to the hotel and spend \$1 apiece for dinner. My dinner cost me less than a sixteenth of that sum. It was always my rule to live within my income. Any young man who does that will get along."

OLD-TIME FARM FUN.

Lament of the Pioneer That Old-Time Customs Are Passing Away.

It is the lament of the pioneer farmers that country life isn't what it used to be. In chorus they ask: "What has become of the spelling bees, the corn-huskings, the log-rollings, the quiltings, the apple-parings and all the other gatherings that once made country life the happiest on earth?"

"One by one the customs of our early life have been abandoned," said an old farmer, until country life has lost all its charms. No wonder the young men and women of the country are constantly drifting to the cities, and strange it is that more of the middle-aged people in the country are not discontented. The trouble is the people of the country have, in late years, become possessed of a false pride, which prevents them from indulging in the jollifications that gave health, happiness and noble characters to their fathers. I shall argue as long as I live that country life will never be what it should be until we get back to the spellin' school, the corn huskin', the quiltings and the apple-parings. The log-rollin' days, of course, are past, never to return again.

"How I wish the young folks of today could only have a taste of the enjoyment we got out of those old-time gatherings. I'll warrant they would be as willin' to get back into the old path as I am anxious to see them there. Lord, but what times we used to have," continued the old gentleman, his face lighting up at the visions of bygone scenes passed before his mind. "Those corn-huskings! What times of love-making! Young and old could hardly wait until the season for them came round and I think everybody weeped in private when the corn was all husked. None of your little cliques in 'society' controlled those gatherings. Everybody was on an equality then and no one in the neighborhood was slighted when there was to be a huskin'."

"As soon as the corn was ready to harvest there was a race in the neighborhood to see who would get his crop 'jirked' first, and consequently open the huskin' season. Whenever a man got his barn full he fixed his day for the gathering, and the word was passed around over the neighborhood. Men, women and children all attended, and the labor of huskin' the corn was always forgotten in the frolic. Often have I seen a hundred men and women, of all ages, husk all night, and never a one of them complain of being tired. How the boys and young men would hustle the shining grain, looking for a red ear. It was a standing custom that whenever a young man found a yellow ear of corn he should have a kiss from the girl seated nearest to him, and the girl who found the most red ears was to be married first, and to the young man who sat nearest her. To make the sport lively we would mix just a few grains of red corn with the seed corn, so as to have only a few hundred ears of that color in the whole crop. When the crowd was large a fellow was lucky if he got many kisses and luckier still if some good girl—perhaps just the one he hoped for—got the largest number of red ears and sat nearest him. What a sight it would be to see a young fellow find an ear which entitled him to kiss some pretty, bashful girl. Girl-like, she would jump and run as soon as she saw what was coming, and then began the chase, up and over and around the pile of unhusked corn, through the barn and out and around the barn-yard, until she was caught, generally in some secluded corner, where the fellow could steal a half-dozen kisses, instead of one."—Indianapolis News.

Behavior in Other Lands.

In Sweden, if you address the poorest person on the street you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway. To enter a reading-room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as a bad breach of manners. To place your hand on the arm of a lady is a grave and objectionable familiarity. Never touch the person, it is sacred, is one of their proverbs. In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed. Ladies seldom rise in Spain, to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. For a Spaniard to give a lady (even his wife) his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling, and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him according to relative rank. The left and not the right is considered the position of honor. No Turk will enter the sitting-room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight-fitting shoes, with goloshes over them. The latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted, it runs away.

In Syria, the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in Moslem houses, and used to kneel upon while saying prayers.

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N. B.—An immense line of unique styles never before shown in Detroit. Prices 12 1/2c to \$5 a yard.

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Study Church Etiquette.

YPSILANTI, March 3.—Rev. Binga has returned to Ypsilanti and is assisting Rev. Johnson in his series of meetings at the Second Baptist church. I am glad to say that they are meeting with great success. The meetings will continue for this week. Notwithstanding his old age, Rev. Binga is a powerful speaker and holds his audience almost spellbound as the truth flows from his mouth.

The A. M. E. church is still without a pastor, but the members are in hopes that they will soon be supplied. Rev. Miller, ex-pastor, has sent for his wife and she will soon join him in Marietta, Ga. The sickness of her daughter delays her departure.

Messrs. George Anderson, A. Haightcox, F. Ward, and Miss M. Lee are regular attendants at Cleary's Business College.

I am sorry that the conduct of some of our refined (?) young ladies and gentlemen during church service is perfectly ridiculous. It would be well for these refined (?) persons to study refinement a bit, especially in church etiquette.

The A. M. E. Sabbath School will give a donkey social Thursday evening, March 6, the proceeds to be used in purchasing singing books for the school.

The local league is down to business and intends to be both heard and felt in the coming elections. The league offered Mr. James Kersey for mail carrier, through Congressman Allen and is waiting to see what disposition will be made of the application.

Mr. Henry Gaines has returned from Findlay, O., and is again to be seen at Johnson's barber shop. F. J. J.

A Bereaved Household.

MARION, Ind., March 4.—March came in like a lion. Sunday the cold wave struck us and it has been cold ever since. Today it is still snowing.—We still have a great deal of sickness in the community.

—Mrs. Lida Smith is very sick with typhoid fever.—Mrs. Jennie Weaver, the wife of Elisha Weaver, died March 2, at 2:30 o'clock. The funeral services were held at the A. M. E. church, Monday at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. J. Burden officiated. He preached in connection the funeral sermon of Mary E. Weaver, the little daughter who was buried Feb. 23. The mother was 23 years old and the daughter was 5 years old. This is twice that death has visited this family inside of 13 days. Mrs. Weaver leaves a husband, a mother two sisters and three brothers to mourn her loss. THE PLAINDEALER sympathizes with them in their sad bereavement.—The thanksgiving exercises yesterday by the Mississinewa Lodge G. U. O. O. F. and Household of Ruth at the A. M. E. church yesterday was a grand success. They were eloquently addressed by R. A. L. Murray of Green Castle, from these words: "Behold how good, how pleasant it is for brothers to dwell together in unity." After the services at the church, the members all returned to the hall where a general good time was had.—Rev. Williams of Kokomo preached here Monday evening.—J. M. Nickels returned from South Bend. God blessed their efforts with 10 conversions while there. A. P. J.

Showed the Gentlemen How.

JACKSON, March 4.—A number of our people have been afflicted with la grippe, but no case has proved fatal.—Mrs. M. Stewart has returned from Allegan where she went to attend the funeral of her uncle Henry Gale.—Mr. Taylor Carter has purchased another lot in a desirable part of the city and intends to erect a fine residence this spring.—Rev. Saunders has been holding protracted meetings at the A. M. E. church this winter, with good results.—Mr. Isaac Garrett who has been sick for the past few weeks, is himself again.—The Sunday School concert given last Sunday by the young people of the A. M. E. Sunday School class, was well attended and the little folks sang and recited well.—Mr. G. T. Thurman talks of taking a trip to Topeka, Kan., soon.—The social event of the winter was given by the Ladies Thursday Club as their second annual entertainment at B. of L. E. hall on February 26. It was attended by about 120 invited guests, including a number from out of the city. The program consisted of toasts, vocal and instrumental music, and recitations, which was carried out almost to perfection; and the gentlemen present learned how to conduct a social. Among those from out of town were Mrs. J. J. Evans of Battle Creek, and Miss Johnson of Ann Arbor. F. M. T.

The Address of the Grand High Priest Wanted.

FR. WAYNE, March 3.—Mr. Hackney went to Danville, Ill., last Monday to visit his parents and friends.—Your correspondent would like to know the address of the Grand High Priest of Royal Arch Masons of Pransas.—Mr. Robert Whitfield, the old tonsorial Artist of Ft. Wayne, has fitted himself a neat little shop and is doing well in his new place of business.—Mr. Ferney Turman was at Logansport last week, visiting his cousins, Mr. H. Turner and Mrs. Allen.—Miss Rhoda Raines has returned

TAKE
Loose's Red Clover Extract.



FOR A **SPRING** MEDICINE. ALL DRUGGISTS.

home from Logansport where she has been for two months visiting her cousin. We welcome her back again for she is a faithful worker in the Sabbath school.—Rev. J. H. Roberts preached last night to a full house.—The grand rally day for the church has been postponed until April 13, when Rev. Graham of Kalamazoo, Mich., will be present.—The Sabbath school will give a dumb social, March 12, for the benefit of the organ fund.—The Literary society has a fine program for Friday night.—Miss Elyza Saunders is on the sick list.—Our third quarterly meeting will be held on March 16. J. H. R.

LADIES! READ THIS:

Read What Wonderful Cures Steketee's Neuralgia Drops is Doing!

It is the Cheapest Remedy Known—It is the Ladies' Friend—A Perfect Pain Killer.

MORE TESTIMONIALS.
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Mr. G. G. STEKETEE, Proprietor of Steketee's Neuralgia Drops: My wife was afflicted with Intermittent Neuralgia of the Womb for some time. Doctors could not help her, but half a dozen doses of your Steketee's Neuralgia Drops cured her. Very truly yours,
WILLIS J. MILLS
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Mr. STEKETEE—Sir: After having for fourteen months and doctoring with seven different physicians without any benefit to me, I was induced to use Steketee's Neuralgia Drops. The use of your medicine was the only relief I got. I am able to do all my work. I can cheerfully recommend its use.
For sale by all druggists. Sent by mail to any address at 50 cents a bottle. U. S. Postage. Address:
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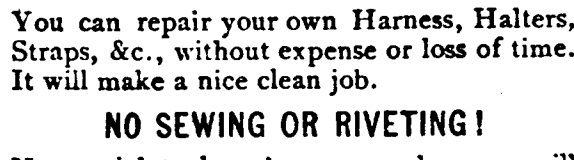
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For the best work in the City. Curtains Ladies' wear, and everything done in the best manner and style.

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(Entered at the Post Office at Detroit, Mich., as second-class matter.)
THE PLAINDEALER COMPANY, Publishers Tribune Building Bowland St.

Address all communications to THE PLAINDEALER, c/o, Box 22, Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT FRIDAY, MARCH 7, '90.

ANOTHER policeman shot. Now every "crook" will have to give an account of himself.

A STATE convention has been called in New York to meet at Rochester, May 25 to form a State Afro-American League.

ALL the Afro-Americans want in Michigan, Oklahoma, Mississippi or any other section is justice, pure and simple—who is satisfied with less?

THE attention of the managing editors of the several daily papers of the city, is called to the article by ALAION W. TOURGEE on our first page.

THE National Afro-American League can not assume its duties until branch leagues are fully organized and report themselves ready for duty.

IT WILL only cost two cents to write to your Congressman urging him to vote for the seating of the contestants in those states where the will of the majority is subverted, and urging the necessity of a Federal Election Law. Try it and see what good it will do.

THE State League of Michigan with its local branches should be abundantly able to take care of all discriminations arising within its borders, and thus leave the National League free so far as it is concerned to use its funds where they will be most needed—in the South.

SPEAKER REED does not care to risk himself in Kentucky, because of the Kentucky way of killing Republicans on slight provocation. Worst of all, such a murder is so common that little attention is paid to it. Mr. Reed can sympathize with the Republican contesting Congressman from the South.

A RECENT press dispatch from Kansas claims that there is a widespread secret organization among Afro-Americans to control Oklahoma. If there is, THE PLAINDEALER never heard of it, but the vigor with which E. P. McCABE of Kansas, is being urged for territorial Governor would give credence to the rumor.

BERRIEN county has started the ball rolling by issuing a call for a county convention to form a branch of the Afro-American League. Cass, Van Buren, Branch, St. Joseph, Kalamazoo and Calhoun counties in that section of the State should follow suit. It is also an excellent example for the other counties in the state to follow.

HEREAFTER, if Judge Gartner has stated the law, when an Afro-American visits a restaurant or hotel, he must ask, "where the tables are at which you serve colored people?" If these tables happen to have white men at them, he must go out and seek food where the tables for "colored people" are not occupied. Yet this is a reasonable control of a public inn.

THERE is an increasing number of Afro-American tax payers in Detroit and we call their attention to the new law governing delinquents. According to the new law for collecting taxes, suit is brought and judgment taken, after which the property is sold. A year is given for redemption, after which the tax purchaser receives an absolute title. It behooves every one to see that his taxes are paid.

BISHOP THOMPSON of Mississippi, was in Detroit this week. In an interview he unconsciously gave material testimony to the growing intelligence of the Southern Afro-American. He said "they have newspapers, and read, and what I say here will soon be known all over Mississippi." This, of itself, shows that these people are better informed than many give them credit for. A people that would be so interested in what a Bishop of their State might say of them in the North, must possess the intelligence requisite to citizenship.

It is claimed that it makes a Southern Senator quite popular if he can but gain the reputation of having worried Senator CHANDLER, the champion of civil liberty, and that BLACKBURN'S bullying escapade is the only thing that placed him back in the Senate. This is why CALL of Florida, is so anxious that the country shall know that he has scored CHANDLER. It is not their record as statesmen or their pre-eminent qualities as men, with which the future Bourbon Senator expects to go before his constituents; but upon their records as blackguards and bullies.

Duty of Congress.

THE country expects a great deal of the present congress. Being Republican in both branches and with a Republican executive in the White House it has the opportunity to so shape the legislation of the country as to carry out the principles of the Republican party.

Chief among the principles of that party is the right of all citizens to enjoy all the privileges which belong to them as such, the right of the majority to rule, a free ballot and a fair count. Of far greater importance to the Republic are these principles than the question of tariff, foreign immigration or any other question that will probably arise, for they constitute the foundation of our government, and if these principles are trampled upon room is made for designing men to upturn our governmental fabric, shape legislation to suit individual ends, and it will be impossible to secure laws acceptable to the masses.

Had there been a free expression of political opinion through the ballot in every section of the country questions of great importance that now press upon the Republic for solutions would never have arisen or they would have been settled before they assumed such large proportions.

It is commonly known that from Virginia to Texas the right of the citizen are more or less trampled upon. That a free expression of the citizen through the ballot has not been possible since '76. Intolerant sectionalism has formed in some of the states an oligarchy that permits no opinion to circulate not in harmony with its own. Through means that disgrace our civilization, and which are a constant menace to the Republic they control their states. Under the name of a white man's party they made war on black and white Republicans and with an imperious sneer by their acts ask the country what they are going to do about it.

The Republican party is now in a position to do something "about it." The war of the rebellion established the supremacy of the Nation over that of the States, and the Nation has the right to step in when its laws or principles are endangered and see that they are enforced. Intolerant sectionalism has trampled upon the Federal law by a series of acts that have rendered void the voice of the people it remains for the Republican party to re-establish in those states the supremacy of the people.

Congress should not be deterred by threats or cries of "bloody shirt" from doing its duty. Wherever men are found in its body who do not represent the majority of their constituents, and it can be proven that they occupy their positions by virtue of false returns, ballot box stuffing or intimidation of voters; they should be unseated. Then to re-establish the right of the majority to govern it should pass a Federal election law.

It was because the dominant parties refused to correct abuses and redress wrongs that the people put the Republican party in power and that party is always strongest with the people when it hews close to the line of duty. To dally with evils means defeat. To meet them boldly means success.

The individuals in the party can do much to right the evils that threaten the country. Let them require of their representatives strict performance of their duty, as the basis for their future support. They should make it their special duty to write to their representatives urging them on. Even a Congressman is human and when any great number of his party constituents wrote him that unless he and the party do their duty in Congress they will refuse him their further support, by sending another in his stead, or by refusing to go to the polls on election day, they will do all in their power to expedite matters and serve the interests of his constituents.

THERE is no denying of the fact that large numbers of Afro-Americans are becoming independent voters. When in the heat of a campaign, the republican stump thunders fail to convince these men that salvation for their race, is only with them, the rank and file of the party stand aghast, and say, "how ungrateful!" An audience of Afro-Americans are never addressed without the old stale reminder of what "we've done for you," omitting what they have neglected to do. There are many grand, noble, sacrificing Republicans, to them, all honor and gratitude. But many of them, as far as their views of equal justice is concerned, might better be democrats. A few even verge on Bourbonism. If the Supreme Court was composed entirely of Lamar's we might have expected just such a decision as was given in case of the Mississippi railroads furnishing separate cars as long as it did not interfere with interstate commerce. Freight traffic is made paramount to human rights on carriers. Since there is but one Lamar on the Supreme bench our only conclusion is that we are betrayed in the house of friends, and our rights bartered for Southern smiles. If in the light of our supreme court decisions since Taney, our common law has not been debased, the discerning eyes more is blind than American justice when the Afro-American is in the balance.

Starting from Taney we have a series of infamous decisions all from Republican justices. First we have Chief Justice Waite annulling a Civil Right statute of Louisiana on the ground that railroads being interstate carriers, any law on that subject should come from Congress. A few years later we have the same Chief Justice, with the consent of all but one of his republican confederates, declaring a national statute of the same import, unconstitutional on the ground that it should come from the state. Only a year ago United States Circuit Judge Miller of Baltimore, another Republican declared that civil privileges should be regulated by local sentiment of the dominant class. This year another Republican Judge in Kansas, declares an opera house a private castle as sacred as his house. And now comes the United States Supreme Court again, declaring a discriminating doctrine in the civil privileges which they claim the law and the government secure to all men. Thus since Waite every dodge and quirk, unholy or holy, has been resorted to by our Republican Judges to keep the Afro-American subservient in civil as well as social life. Set these facts beside the oratorical bombast of our Republican campaign orators and see for yourself which appeals to a voters sense of patriotism. It is true we can expect little or nothing from the Democratic party with its Bourbon appendage. But just so sure as the world moves a party will arise whose fundamental principle shall be equal justice without qualifications. The Afro-American will be found in that party. It will come for the public conscience is awakening and the Afro-American is helping to sound the alarm.

IF ANY one is not convinced of the inhumanity of the South, let him read the prison reports from nine of the slaveholding states. If there is any thing in all this broad world that would shock humanity and morality more, it has not come under our notice. No such barbarities ever existed in a civilized country since the Christian era. We can only give instances of the untold cruelties practiced in convict camps under the convict lease system now in vogue in these states. Most of the prisoners are Afro-Americans and a majority of them sentenced for petty offenses. In Mississippi the lash and the poor housing and feeding of the convicts has raised the death rate among them to thrice its proportions. In Georgia, the boasted state of "Gajah" the filth and crime among the convicts was so great that the Governor would not allow the reports to be published. Outside of the poor food and clothing given the convicts together with repeated applications of the strap, men and women are chained together day and night, and as a result illegitimate children are now being raised in those camps. Is it astonishing that morality is low among the Afro-Americans of Georgia. In Arkansas several have been whipped to death and the legislature has denounced the system yet it prevails.

No comment can approach in horror, the actual state of affairs existing under the convict system of these states, as reported by investigating committees.

It is hoped that the executive board of the Michigan Protective League will reconsider their action, and meet to endorse the Afro-American League. The Afro-American League is the product of years of agitation and unremitting effort. Its promoters are men chiefly noted for their interests in the welfare of the Afro-American. It has the general support of the people. The press almost unanimously endorse it. The convention at Washington thought so well of it that it passed a resolution favoring amalgamation with it. Now it is in order for the Michigan Protective State League to endorse it, by so doing they will follow out the wishes and desires of the Afro-Americans of Michigan.

THE United States is not the only nation that has a problem. Older countries than this are having perplexing problems which their vast standing armies and centralized powers cannot solve. Russia is still trying to uproot nihilism and gain a foothold upon the Southern seas. France is struggling against Boulangerism and a crown. Germany's labor problem grows more portentous every day, and even little Portugal fears for her monarchy. Notwithstanding all these threatening contentions abroad, the United States thinks that the questions of civil liberty on the lines of justice, gives it the only problem of the age.

THE Afro-Americans of Michigan are quite well informed as to where the Detroit Tribune stands on the question of giving the "Negroes" the justice they so well deserve at the hands of this government. And what the Tribune has to say on the question suits them. Now, since the Evening Journal has begun to ask questions, we have one—How does the Journal stand on the issue and what does it advise? A direct answer to these questions will fill a long felt want.

EVERY "joint" that harbors those of the criminal classes should be closed and at once.

"THE BEST IN HIS CLASS,"

He at Once Demonstrated His Ability—On a Professional Level with the Best of His Rivals."

The Free Press of Tuesday, in an article descriptive of the large business interests of the Michigan Central Railroad, steps aside a little to give the Republicans a whack for a lack of back bone and incidentally pays its respects to an Afro-American in the engineering department of the Michigan Central.

THE PLAINDEALER always takes pleasure in noting acknowledgments of Afro-American success and in this case it gives us additional satisfaction because "the best in the class" is "one of us." In the early days of THE PLAINDEALER, with a school boy's enthusiasm he entered into all the plans for the success of the venture, throughout his course at college he endeavored to exemplify in his gentlemanly deportment and excellent scholarship, the justice of THE PLAINDEALER'S plea for Afro-American rights, and from the Free Press article below, it will be seen that as a pioneer in the employ of a large corporation he is still doing honor to the race.

The Grand Rapids incident occurred over a year ago, but has just found its way into print. After speaking of the extensive shops, etc. of the Central, the Free Press says: "It is generally thought that Afro-Americans exhibit little adaptability for mechanical, engineering or architectural work, and, in fact, achieve no success in the constructive arts. This is not due to a lack of education, neither is their failure to rise to fortune in the mercantile line.

Occasionally there is an individual whose mental equipment enables him to break this rule and to place himself on a professional level with the best of his rivals. Such a man has been for several years in the engineering department of the Michigan Central Railroad.

His engagement came about in a peculiar way. Graduating at the Michigan University he was recommended by the professors of engineering as the best in the class. The letter of recommendation caused Chief Engineer Hawkes, without seeing the man, to promise him the first vacancy. When he presented himself to take the position, it was observed that he was a colored man. However, as most of the company's engineers had been at school, or at college, with the new graduate and had no objections to make to his engagement, he was set at work. He at once demonstrated his ability and it may be mentioned that he has been promoted several times since he began his service.

This engineer, being employed in the field work of the company, is frequently called upon to testify on professional matters, where railroads or street crossings, or bluffs of that kind are brought into court. Such a case wherein the Michigan Central was a party, was once on trial in Grand Rapids. This engineer having made the survey, was sent there to explain in court all about the levels, the crossings and the general situation. Clear headed and accurate, he makes an excellent witness, and can always tell just what can and what cannot be done in laying out railroad tracks.

Arriving at Grand Rapids he went to the Morton House and registered. It is known to the travelling public that this hotel has no superior in the country. The proprietors, A. V. Pantland and his nephew, Boyd Pantland, are at the head of the list as landlords. Furthermore, while not at all given to exploiting politics, both are Republicans a fact which must be mentioned in order to understand the sequel of this story. In the course of the day a stir was created in the hotel by the report that a colored man was being entertained therein as a guest. A good deal was said to the elder Pantland about it, and it worried him. He did not wish to dismiss the engineer and, notwithstanding his Republican principles he did not wish to retain him in the house. All the time the noise about the office continued to increase, and it was therefore with much joy that Pantland saw Harry Russel, attorney of the Michigan Central, approach the counter.

"Look here," he said to Russel, "you Michigan Central people have placed me in a box."

"What's the matter now," said Russel, with all the suavity of manner and blandness of tone inseparable from him.

"Why, you have sent a—, a colored man to register at the Morton."

"You can keep him, I hope?" replied Russel; "you and he are of the same politics."

"Well, yes; but I don't know about keeping him," said Pantland. "I should like to oblige you, but, you see, my Democratic friends object."

"Oh, I think not," archly answered Russel; "we are all right—no complaint from us. Let him stay."

"The fact is," said Pantland, "there is a terrible row about it. There is a row among the girls in the dining-room, there is trouble in the kitchen, there is cursing here in the office, and I don't believe I can stand it."

"Has he been misbehaving himself?" inquired Russel.

"No," sorrowfully said Pantland, "no; that's just it; I wish to Heaven he would misbehave just a little bit! I'd bounce him so quick! Really, Harry, I don't know where to lodge him."

"Give me a double bedded room and put him in with me."

"Why," said the amazed Pantland, "I was going to put Judge Severens and you together."

"Very good," said Russel. "I could ask for nothing better, but if there is no other place for the black engineer, put him with me."

And so the affair was settled and to this day the kind hearted and affable Pantland cannot understand the peculiarities of Michigan Central men.

Reduced to its Lowest Terms.

New Haven Palladium: The so-called race problem, when sifted down to its true proportions, resolves itself into an unwillingness on the part of the South to abide by the Constitution and live under the law of the land.

A VARIETY OF THINGS.

Bishop Turner has placed over the grave of his wife who died recently in Atlanta, Ga., a grand monument. The bishop is very outspoken in his criticisms on the acts of other people so probably he will not object to the expression of THE PLAINDEALER'S opinion that a scholarship in some college for a poor Afro-American boy or the erection of a cosy little school house in a country district where some young girl of the race is risking her life teaching in the barns which are provided for her pupils would be a grander and more enduring monument than the beautiful shaft of granite with which he commemorates his wife in South View cemetery, Atlanta.

Bishop Newman of the M. E. church in an interview says: "The Negroes have blundered in forming leagues to gain their rights." And now it is an order for somebody to tell Bishop Newman what he ought to know without telling, that even a bishop blunders when he attempts to criticize a movement about which he is thoroughly ignorant. His conversation showed that he had not taken the trouble to inform himself correctly as to the plans and hopes of the league and yet he presumes to criticize and condemn its formation. The white man's word is no longer that with the Afro-American so that really the bishop's opinion will have a little effect upon their movements as our suggestion to him that he obliterate the color line from the church before he debates on the "preservation of race distinctions" by Afro-Americans. He seems to forget that all the race are not in need of his schools and his charity and it is just that element who are forming leagues to help their less fortunate brethren to a plane where they need not accept charity from those who withhold from them justice.

The Nashville American headed its announcement of the Michigan Club banquet, February 21, with this sensational statement: "White Republicans of Michigan will sit at the Banquet Board with Blanche K. Bruce." Can imagination dip-ic: greater depravity? It is now in order for the American to serve notice on the distinguished gentlemen who committed this breach of American etiquette that they are henceforth cut off from the American's visiting list and may consider themselves dead to the social world.

The Evening Journal seems to have a peculiar pique against the Afro-American, generally. Every article in which he figures to a disadvantage is embellished at the heading with all the malignant phrases the editor can conceive. Brutal, beastly and barely must be kept standing for redress. If the Afro-American should ever control Oklahoma and should act as disgracefully as the North Dakota Senators have, relative to the lottery question, the Journal Editor would have to resort to his dictionary for derogatory terms that would be a rough enough to characterize him. As it is, these Senators are refined gentlemen a little off the bias.

The State of Virginia provides a pension for disabled soldiers of the Confederate army. On Friday last a bill was pending to increase the list and enlarge the appropriation for this purpose. During the debate on the measure the fact that a number of ex-Confederate soldiers have become Republicans and vote the Republican ticket was mentioned, whereupon a motion was made and supported that no ex-Confederate soldier who votes the Republican ticket is eligible to a pension from the state.

A Mississippi paper states that the only difference between Chicago and Hell is the climate. There is not even that difference in Mississippi. From the number of suicides in her convict camps, it seems a few of these poor wretches would rather risk hell. They think they can do no worse than jump out of the frying pan into the fire.

The smart-Aleck who forged President Harrison's name to a letter purporting to offer an appointment to Rev. Joseph P. Powell of Barco, Ala., and causing him to go to Washington on a fool's errand, has been discovered to be Samuel R. Holman, postmaster of Barton. By the President's order the matter was investigated and Mr. Holman has been bound over to \$500 each on two charges, one for tampering with the mails and the other for forgery. Those who regarded the foiling of the "colored monster" as an excellent joke, are now wondering where the fun comes in.

A little Afro-American boy is the hero of St. Clair, Mich., although he fills an untimely grave. A number of people were skating on Pine river when the ice gave way and threw two of the party into the water. Henry Lewis, the Afro-American lad, was among the rescuers. Others of the party also broke through and Lewis worked so heroically to save them that he became exhausted and was the only one of the party drowned.

A white man and an Afro-American went out together last week in Louisville, to rob a grave. They were caught in the act and handcuffed together on their way to the penitentiary, and the leading journals of that city are having spasms over this awful rapture of the "color line."

She Has Flown.

Daniel Brown, who lives at 253 Hastings street, now mourns the loss of his young and pretty wife, Alice. Alice is 13 years old and has been employed during the day at the house of a Mrs. Jones, 62 East High street. She began work there about six weeks ago and told Mrs. Jones that she had no relatives except an aunt in Detroit. Every night she left evidently for her aunt's house, which she represented was at the corner of Willis avenue and Beaubien street. About 10 o'clock last Sunday morning, Alice, who had been limping and complaining of her new shoes, said she would return home for her old ones and departed. Nothing has been seen of her since. Brown says he is afraid she has committed suicide, but friends say she has probably tired of the treatment she received at his hand. Some claim she is a white girl.

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips let no dog bark." I am a benefactor to the human race, greater than he who has taken cities, built railroads and made the lightning to speak. I have done more than these, I have killed pain, and my name is Salvation Oil.

CITY DEPARTMENT.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

THE PLAINDEALER always for sale at the following places:

Aaron Lapp, 495 Hastings street.
John Williams, 51 Croghan street.
S. H. and Thomas, 42 Croghan street.
Little Hartmann, 241 Croghan street.
J. L. Smith, 417 Hastings street.
Jones and Brewer, 387 Antoine street.
Wm. Burnett, 29 Monroe avenue.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Local notices of all descriptions one cent per word for the first insertion, and half a cent per word for each subsequent insertion. No notice taken for less than twenty-five cents.
Wedding presents, etc., two cents each description.
Display advertisements 50 cents per inch for one insertion. Special terms for contract advertising.
All advertisements and subscriptions are payable in advance.

To Subscribers.

A number of our city patrons are in arrears for their subscriptions and our collectors, Messrs. William Wood and William Webb, will call on them in a few days. Please pay up promptly and greatly oblige THE PLAINDEALER COMPANY.

It is the duty of your carrier to deliver all mail matter. If your paper is thrown on your steps or at your door, please notify us. All city subscribers should receive their paper on Friday afternoon.

THE PLAINDEALER COMPANY.

MERE MENTION.

Pay the collector when he calls.
Advertise in THE PLAINDEALER.
Miss Anna Campbell of Sherman street, is recovering from a severe attack of the quincy.

The funeral of Mr. Alexander Smith who died last Friday, took place from Ebenezer church Sunday afternoon.

The Willing Workers will hold their regular meeting Thursday, March 13, at the residence of Mrs. Garrison, No. 18 Division street.

Mrs. N. Ford of 617 Beaubien street, died Saturday and was buried Monday afternoon from Bethel Mission rooms. Rev. Henderson officiated.

Mrs. Woodfork, 46 Sherman-st., is prepared to furnish first class accommodations to parties desiring board or room. Adv.

There will be a special meeting of John Brown Post G. A. R. on Wednesday evening March 12 at the post rooms.

The Peter Jackson combination will be at the Detroit rink Monday evening, and Ashton will spar with the Australian.

Wm. Webb was confined to the house for several days this week with a severe cold.

The Young Ladies Co-operative League have agreed to render the Flower Queen Cantata for the Second Baptist church in April.

Joseph Loomis who was entered as the boy wonder in the recent walking match, stayed the week out and covered 221 miles.

H. B. Smith, curator at the Public Library, has opened a museum containing about 1,000 curiosities, at 53 Gratiot avenue.

"Man" Loomis won several bets by sticking to the track until Saturday. It is said a number of his friends gave him a gold watch and chain.

State and county taxes are being transcribed and if not paid on or before March 10, the books will be sent to Lansing, after which 6 per cent will be added.

The Thanksgiving banquet of Zach Chandler Lodge will be held in March. Preparations for an unexceptionable entertainment are now being made. Look out for it.

Mr. H. F. Toliver of this city has been appointed Deputy Supreme Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of the State of Michigan. This appointment came to Mr. Toliver and will be filled by him in a creditable manner.

Mrs. Ford, formerly of Columbus, Ohio, who died at Mrs. Delaney's and was buried Tuesday from the Bethel A. M. E. church was not a member of the Household of Ruth of Detroit, but had been a member in the Household of Columbus, Ohio.

The ladies of Willard Chapter, Eastern Star Lodge, will give a St. Patrick's soiree on the 17th inst. Humorous Irish selection will be interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. The ladies will serve emerald colored cream and other refreshments, in appropriate costume.

Manager and Mrs. Flora Batson Bergen have been in California six months and crowded houses have everywhere greeted the "colored Jenny Lind." They are again in San Francisco and their address is 14 Grady street, till April 10. On their return East this spring or summer, they will surely visit Detroit.

George Johnson, alias Snowden, a diminutive Afro-American, one of the four boys held to the recorder's court on the charge of burglarizing T. H. Hinchman & Son's store, was one of the three boys who cut the iron bar and escaped from the county jail Sunday night. He has not been recaptured.

Doing Good Work.
Zach Chandler Lodge, No. 2664, G. U. O. O. F. will give their reunion and banquet on Tuesday, March 11, at 8 o'clock p. m. at Stanley's Hall, Lafayette avenue, next to Abstract Hall. There will be short addresses delivered by prominent oddfellows, after which there will be a grand promenade concert. A free supper will be served from 11:30 to 12:30 o'clock. Admission, for gentlemen and lady \$1.00, single ticket 50c. Good music will be in attendance. Adv.

Don't forget to make calculations so as to pay for your paper when the bill is presented.

Glances Here and There.

CRITICISM has its sphere as all other legitimate means of curtailing extremists. It is patent that many abuses are avoided and others abated by well directed criticism. Criticism itself may merge into the very evil it seeks to convert by becoming captious or chronic and again it is turned upon itself to ridicule its own false position. Honest well directed criticism however is the elixir of social and civil life, and because it is misused is no argument against its potency to correct. THE PLAINDEALER only indulges in it when erroneous practices are so persistently pursued that they promise to be hurtful. Social extremists are avoided by that association of ideas that equalizes custom on a common sense basis, therefore let the critic be careful and the criticized be thoughtful.

A BRIGHT boasts whom circumstances forced to entertain during the Lenten season, has solved the question "what may we do in Lent?" to her own satisfaction and the thorough enjoyment of her guests by arranging tables as though for a progressive euchre party and placing on them instead of cards, a package of assorted needles and thread. At these tables the guests were seated as if to play euchre, but each one bent his energies to threading as many needles as he could in a given time, when the bell held by the leader was sounded the score at each table was given and the threads went up or down according, as they were successful. The gentlemen, of course, were at a disadvantage, and the ladies bore away all the prizes, save the donkey prize for which there was a splendid contest among the unsuccessful superior sex. But they have sworn to have revenge and in the secret recesses of their dens, with scores of the dainty implements before them, they are practicing for a contest in which they hope to be more successful in getting the thread through the eye of the needle.

PODSNAPERY has been revived in these later days to an alarming degree, for Mr. Podsnapery has been improved on in many ways and manners. He simply valued that which he could not understand or did not believe, behind him. His was a negative way of disposing of things he did not care to entertain. These latter day Podsnappers are constructive in their sweeping, not to be questioned manner of deciding matters. A man is made a master by the wave of the hand, a professor of divine proclivities by a stroke of the pen. Plain, ordinary every day circumstances are made grand by the simple stretch of the imagination; a plain plug ugly becomes "too sweet for anything" when once touched by this magic influence, more potent than the philosopher's stone. All men possess the inferiority of having an easily vaunted vanity; tickle it with praise and it will respond in a full growth of pompous self esteem. Have you noticed it?

BALLS and theater parties being tabooed just now by the pious social world, the dinner party is in high favor. But after one has arranged a tempting menu and looked after the table decorations there is still a possibility that conversation will flag and the party fall flat for lack of some topic of general interest to the guests. At a dinner given recently where there were some church people and one or two Sunday school teachers, one of the number electrified the party by asking, "can you name the Apostles," explaining the irrelevance of the query by saying, as it is Lent she thought conversation on bible topics was in order. The question had been asked in Washington, she said at a dinner and though there were two ministers at the table they could not call by name all of "the twelve" and she wished to see if among the guests at this dinner it would prove as much of a poser as at the Capital. The hostess called the roll of the guests but the only one of the apostles that the entire company were agreed upon was Judas, whose one act of treachery did more to perpetuate his memory than the combined good works of the other eleven.

ONE is reminded, in noting the demolition of the First Presbyterian church, the arrow at the top of whose lofty spire has so long pointed the way of the wind, that the old order changeth and Northward the course of churches take their way. One by one the old landmarks are being displaced by modern structures. The tenacious stickler for old ideas and customs must either adapt himself to new methods or present a very ludicrous picture in the worn out platitudes of the past amid the refining influences of better dwellings and broader thoughts.

WHAT funny things one hears sometimes when he is not listening. For instance the following: "Do take my seat, Miss Flora." Oh, no, thanks, Mr. Jones, I don't care to deprive you." "No depravity, Miss Flora, no depravity, it's a pleasure."

EIGHTH GRAND RECEPTION.

The Minutette Club's Entertainment at Abstract Parlors.

Abstract hall was beautifully decorated on the occasion of the eighth grand reception and ball of the Minutette Social Club, Thursday evening, February 27. The chandeliers, gallery and windows were festooned with the flags of all nations, while the main floor to the dancing hall was partly closed with a unique screen overhung with a handsome American flag. The stage was set with large potted plants and at intervals around the hall smaller plants added to the attractiveness of the Parlor. Prof. Finney's orchestra occupied the stage and at 9:30, to the strains of his unexcelled music, the grand march began, led by the president of the club, Mr. J. H. Wilkinson, accompanied by Miss Edith Maye Hawley who wore a toilet of Nile green satin and pink China silk with tulle overdress and natural flowers. Among other noted participants in the grand march were: Mr. David Griffin and Miss G. Nichols of East Saginaw, black lace and silk toilet with diamonds.

Mr. L. J. Carter and Miss C. Beasley, white silk and pearls with L. Marc roses.
Mr. James R. Tines and Miss Ollie Deming cream and orange china silk embroidered with rosebuds.
Mr. A. D. Chappie and Miss Annie Beeler, cream cashmere and flowered Henrietta with orange ribbons and sash.
Mr. Warren Richardson and Miss Daisy Griffin, cream cashmere and surah with moss roses.
Mr. Alonzo Dempsey and Miss Blanche Hill, pale blue silk, p. lute lace, pearls and roses.
Mr. Harry W. Frances and Miss Marietta Smith, pink cashmere and natural flowers.
Mr. I. Wilkinson and Miss Lena Mills, cream colored bunting and lavender silk.
Mr. Ed. Taylor and Miss Carrie Hueter, black satin, cream lace with flowing sleeves.
Mr. Robert Johnson and Miss Katie Aray, pale blue cashmere and lace.
Mr. C. A. Lero and Miss Eliza Evans, blue surah, cream ribbons and pearls.
Mr. Richard Bush and Miss Adele Price, heliotrope silk and pearl ornaments.
Mr. Arthur Palmer and Miss Hattie Hughes, combination toilet of black and pink silk and lace, bon sileve roses.
Mr. George Young and Miss Libbie Lowe, black lace and natural flowers.
Mr. H. M. Carter and Miss Grace Rickards, heliotrope satin, pink tulle overdress and feathers.
Mr. Bert Johnson and Miss Mattie Johnson, pink china silk, lace overdress and flowers.
W. M. Pfeiffer and Miss Gertrude Bryant, rose colored satin, white silk and white lace overdress.

The dancing programs, like the invitations, displayed the good taste of the managers and contained twenty-two numbers. Messrs. J. H. Wilkinson, L. E. Taylor and L. J. Carter proved themselves an efficient floor committee and to their efforts is due much of the evening's pleasure. Mrs. Lowe furnished the supper. The gallery was crowded during the entire time with the many friends of the participants, and Messrs. H. M. Carter, A. H. Johnson and Wm. Shafer, the general committee, are to be complimented for their very efficient management and for the very enjoyable evening spent by all.

Mrs. Nathan Lewis who formerly lived at 111 Champlata street, has moved into her new home, 69 Champlain street, with which she is very much delighted and where she will be pleased to see her old friends. Adv.

Willard Chapter of Eastern Stars will give a St. Patrick entertainment on the evening of March 17. Particulars next week. Adv.

Dr. BULL'S facilitates Teething and regulates the Bowels. At all druggists. Price 25 cts.

25¢ A BOTTLE
SALVATION OIL
KILLS PAIN

BULL'S Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Incipient Consumption, and relieves Consumptive Persons. 25 cents. **SYRUP**

SMOKE LANG'S CUBES CIGARETTES for Cauter. Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

SAVE

A dollar every week and deposit it at Four Per Cent. interest in the

Citizens' SAVINGS BANK,

63 Griswold street,

By beginning at 20 years to deposit a dollar a week in the Citizens' Savings Bank you will have nearly 8,000 dollars in the bank at the age of 60 years.

Deposits received in the amount of 500 and upwards.

Capital and Stockholders' Liability, \$200,000
Surplus Profits \$45,000

Directors: John H. Avery, Thos. Berry, Wm. G. Brownlee, Amos Chaffee, W. H. Hannan, Wm. F. Jewell, Chr. Mack, Aug. Marxhausen, Chas. H. Werner.

Edwin F. Maack, Cashier.

Chinese Remedies
Cure all Diseases
Gun-Wa
No. 124 and 126 Miami Ave., DETROIT MICH.

HENRY MERDIAN, COAL, WOOD, COKE

DEALER IN
CHARCOAL.
361 & 363 ATWATER STREET.
Telephone 329.

JOB PRINTING AT MODERATE PRICES
Ferguson Printing Co.,
95 & 97 Woodward Ave., - Detroit.
TELEPHONE 1141.

THE DIME SAVINGS BANK
Open Every Evening.
4 PER CENT
Pays 4 per cent. on all Savings Deposits. Money deposited before the 5th will draw interest from 1st of month.

DIEHL, LADD & CO.,
Photographers.
246 WOODWARD AVE.
The best \$5.00 photographs for \$3.00. No prizes given but satisfaction given to all. Ground floor gallery.
We retain duplicates of same at reduced prices.

Peninsular Savings Bank.
94 Griswold Street.
Capital, \$250,000.
Four per cent Interest paid on Savings Deposits.
Accounts solicited and every accommodation extended consistent with safe banking.
JOSEPH B. MOORE, Cashier.

F. ROSER,
Bakery
Confectionery.
148 Gratiot Avenue,
DETROIT, MICH

THE "MERRITT" TYPE-WRITER.
The Best on Earth. Price complete, \$15.
"WARWICK CYCLES."
Bicycles from \$35 to \$135.
D. L. WATSON, Jr., Agent.
557 Jefferson Avenue.
Telephone, 1088.

STATE OF MICHIGAN: In the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne in Chancery. Clarence E. Roos vs. Amelia Roos. Upon due proof by affidavit that Amelia Roos, defendant, in the above entitled cause pending in this Court resides out of the said State of Michigan and in New York, in the State of New York, and on motion of Sylvester Larned, Solicitor for Plaintiff, it is ordered that the said defendant do appear and answer the bill of complaint, filed in the said cause within four months from the date of this order, else the said bill of complaint shall be taken as confessed; and further, that this order be published within twenty days from this date, in the Plaindealer, a newspaper printed in the said County of Wayne and be published therein once each week for six weeks in succession; such publication, however, shall not be necessary in case a copy of this order be served on the said defendant personally, at least twenty days before the time herein prescribed for her appearance.
Dated this 2nd day of January, A. D. 1900.
HESBY N. BREVOORT, Circuit Judge.
A True Copy attest.
CHAS. KELLOGG D'pty Register.

WHEN ANSWERING
Advertisements, say you saw the advertisement in THE PLAINDEALER.

DR. H. P. SNYDER'S
Dental Parlors
TWENTY-THREE YEARS' PRACTICE.
"Vitalized Air" administered for.....75c
Teeth Extracted for.....25c
Teeth Filled with Gold for...\$1.00 and up.
Teeth Filled with Gold and Platinum
Alloys.....75c to \$1.00
Teeth Filled with White Filling for...50c
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of "Vitalized Air," which is made fresh every day; is warranted pure and perfectly harmless. All other anesthetics are dangerous.
246 WOODWARD AV.

Smoke
"NATURAL GAS"
AND
"NEWELDORADO"
Best 5c & 10c Cigar in the Market.
—Don't forget the number—
232 CROGHAN STREET.
A. J. Herrmann's.

"YOU WE MEAN"
—SMOKE—
"VIM,"
THE BEST 5c CIGAR ON EARTH
ED. BURK'S,
36 MONROE AVE WE MAKE 'EM
J. B. CLAY, Proprietor. Telephone No. 648.
West End Bottling Works,
—BOTTLES OF POPULAR—
Ales, Porters and Lager Beer
Family Use.
65 GRAND RIVER AVENUE.
Highest cash price paid for old gold and silver at E. J. Le Heup, 60 Michigan ave. Adv.

THE MATRIMONIAL CARRIAGE.

I took my darling for a drive,
Just such a night as poets love;
The stars were twinkling and the moon
Shone radiant in the sky above.

And, as we in the country drew,
My horse instinctively went slow,
The situation taking in—
(“Tis funny how dumb creatures know!”)

I asked her if she'd like to drive;
She took the reins—my arms were free,
And one sole lovingly—oh, well,
You know where it was apt to be!

She held the reins, I pressed her waist,
And loving words to her I said;
The old horse almost stopped, as I
Asked, “Eh, if she would wed.”

She held the reins then listlessly,
But when she answered “Yes,” she seemed
To grasp them closer in her hands;
Then how the silver, bright moon beamed!

Well, we've been married just a year;
I'd like the single track again;
For since she took the reins that night,
I've never got them back again.

FUN.

Mary (practical)—A beautiful ring,
my dear: what did you give for it?
Eleanor (poetical)—Myself.—Life.

Miss X.—That Italian Count seems
to lead a rather monotonous life.
Mrs. Y.—Yes; I notice he never has
any change.—Life.

Businesslike: Young Sprigg—“Mr.
Bidquick, I am worth \$50,000 and I
love your daughter.” Mr. Bidquick
(retired auctioneer)—“Sold.”—Chicago
Tribune.

She—Sir, what do you mean by put-
ting your arm around my waist?
He—Do you object?
She—Mr. Arthur Gordon, I'll give
you just five hours to remove your
arm.—Beacon.

Countryman—Can I sell you a wagon
load of apples this morning?
Proprietor (in astonishment)—No,
sir. This is a cider factory. (Sharply
to clerk) Jacobs, show this man out.
—Chicago Tribune.

Dudely—I think the term grass
widow is very deceiving.
Friend—How so?
Dudely—Because they are not green
at all. One of them says she is going
to sue me for \$10,000.

Sam Johnson—Hub, did you hear
de parson say dat whoebber had stole
his pumpkins would go ter de bad
place?
Jim Webster—Heah! heah! ain't I
glad I didn't steal nuffin but cabbages.

“Oh, Edward, why are you so late?
I have been so frightened.”
Edward (who has “taken in” cham-
pagne supper)—“Portant bisniss, m'
dear.”
“Wouldn't it keep till to-morrow?”
“No love; not after corksh drawin.”
—Life.

Chicago Girl—Oh, auntie, we've just
been out shooting at the target. Great
sport, I tell you. Boston girl—Yes,
indeed; I fully coincide with Belinda,
although the diversion is somewhat
arduous. I succeeded in perforating
the bovine optic three times in suc-
cession.—Kearney Enterprise.

Close Call—May—Charlie, you must
be careful and not expose yourself.
You were out in all that rain last night.
Charlie—No, I wasn't. What made
you think so? May—Why, papa came
home and said he met you coming
from the lodge, and that you were
thoroughly soaked.—Kearney (Neb.)
Enterprise.

He—Where are you going, my pretty
maid?
She—I am going after 19-cent rib-
bon, 29-cent stockings, 39-cent cash-
mere, 49-cent silks, 59-cent velvet, 69-
cent gloves, 79-cent hats, 89-cent
shawls, 99-cent umbrellas, and all the
other bargains in the paper, sir, she
said.—Munsey's Weekly.

First Citizen—“What are you doing
out in the rain without your coat?”
Second Citizen (finding his breath)
—“I just escaped the storm.”
First Citizen—What do you mean?
Second Citizen—“My wife let her
week's washing fall in the mud, and I
got out the front way before the blow
came.”—Philadelphia Inquirer.

First Suit—“Where have you
been?”
Second Suit—“Laid up.”
Friend—What are you doing all day
in the Cooper Union Library?
Newspaper Humorist—You see, one
of my jokes has been published in a
New York paper and I am watching
the people reading the papers to see if
somebody don't laugh over it. A fel-
low almost giggled yesterday.

Paris to the Sea, By Water.
A report has recently been made by
the Commission of Engineers ap-
pointed to consider the plan for con-
necting the city of Paris with the sea
by a ship canal. The report is strug-
gly in favor of the work, and says that
the engineering difficulties to be en-
countered are not great, while the ad-
vantages to be obtained will fully
warrant the expenditure required,
which is estimated at \$40,000,000.
The canal would be 112 miles long,
and would have a depth of 20.34 ft.
The material excavated could, it is
said, be advantageously used in rais-
ing the levels of the lowlands adjoining
the lower Seine.

THE AFRO-AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Hints for the Formation of Local Leagues
Throughout the States.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

T. Thos. Fortune, the Secretary of the
National League, wishes that the secretaries
of all local leagues to put themselves in com-
munication with him as soon as possible;
giving the name of their branch leagues and
the number of persons on their roll. The
secretary's address is No. 4 Cedar street.

Despite all that has been said there seems
to be some misunderstanding as to what is
required to become a local or branch league
and who are entitled to membership. All
local organizations of a political, social or
literary nature can become local or branch
leagues, by endorsing the object of the Na-
tional League and becoming supporters thereof.
The Constitution of the National Afro-Ameri-
can League appears on page 3 of the Plain-
dealer the objects of the League are plainly
set forth therein, as well as the maximum
of financial support that will be required of
each individual member for a year.

All persons over the age of 18, without re-
gard to race or sex, who are in harmony
with the objects of the National League, are
eligible to membership.

Monthly dues ought to be regulated by
the expense, a branch league may be under
rent, fuel, light etc., and be large enough
to create a balance in the treasury so that
when the State and National assessments are
due, the treasurer may upon the direction
of the club take therefrom a sufficient sum to
pay the assessment for each name that ap-
pears on the roll of the local league. An in-
itiation fee varying from 50 cents to one dollar
and monthly dues ranging from 15 to 25 cents
under ordinary circumstances ought to be
sufficient.

In regard to a constitution for the new
forming local clubs something like the follow-
ing might be adopted.

ARTICLE I.
The name of this organization shall be the
Afro-American League of.

ARTICLE II.
Sec. 1. The object of this League is to ren-
der support to the objects of the National
League as set forth in article 2 of the Con-
stitution of the National League.

Sec. 2. The objects of this League are to
do all that we can in our own locality to
abolish racial lines, and to place Afro-Ameri-
cans on equal footing with all other people
in our locality.

ARTICLE III.
Any person of the age of 18 and upwards
without regard to color, race, sex or opinion
in politics, may become a member of the
League by subscribing to the Constitution
and by-laws, and the payment of — cents
entrance fee and a monthly assessment of
— cents.

ARTICLE IV.
Sec. 1. The officers of the League shall be a
President, vice-president, secretary, treasurer,
chaplain, sergeant-at-arms and an executive
committee of five who shall be elected at
the regular meeting in — of each
year and shall hold their offices for the term
of one year or until their successors are elected
and qualified.

Sec. 2. The officers shall be elected by bal-
lot.

ARTICLE V.
The assessment levied by the National
League shall be paid as described in article
7 section 1 of the National Constitution.

ARTICLE VI.
This constitution and by-laws may be al-
tered or amended, at any regular meeting, by
a two-thirds vote of the members present.
Provided, that a written notice of the pro-
posed alteration or amendment shall be offer-
ed at the meeting sixty days prior to the one
in which it is to be acted upon, and a copy of
the same filed with the secretary.

BY-LAWS.

Sec. 1. The regular meetings of this club
shall be held — beginning at —

Sec. 2. members at any meeting shall
constitute a quorum for the transaction of
business.

Sec. 3. The officers of this League shall
perform the duties usually required of such
officers.

Sec. 4. The president shall call special
meetings upon the written request of
members of which at least — days must
be given.

Sec. 5. Immediately after their election the
members of the executive committee shall
meet and organize by the election of a chair-
man and a secretary, and shall notify the
league of their action.

Sec. 6. The president, secretary and treas-
urer shall be ex-officio members of the ex-
ecutive committee.

Sec. 7. The executive committee shall have
control of the affairs of the League subject
to its direction.

Sec. 8. The treasurer shall give such bonds
as the executive committee may determine.

Sec. 9. The secretary and treasurer shall
make an annual report of the affairs and
conditions of the League.

Sec. 10. When any member of the League
shall be in arrears in any dues or assessments
to the amount of one dollar, he shall be de-
barred from any participation in the pro-
ceedings of the League, and when such ar-
rearages shall not be liquidated within six
days after notice from the secretary the
name of such a member shall be stricken
from the rolls of the League.

Sec. 11. Robert's rules of order shall be
authority on all questions of a parliamentary
nature.

Sec. 12. Order of business.
Devotional exercises.
Calling of roll, reading of minutes.
Reports of committee and communications.
Unfinished business.
New business.
Suggestions, addresses, etc.

The foregoing is presented also for the sake
of obtaining a like constitution or something
very nearly similar in all leagues. It is not,
of course, obligatory, and any branch league
is at liberty to form constitutions and by-laws
to suit themselves so that it is not at variance
with the National Constitution.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the people of
Michigan will be alive in this matter, and
that the work will go promptly on.

Great excitement has been caused in
Pittsburg by the publication in an evening
paper of the statement that W. J. Minnick,
a prominent resident of Braddock, had
been incarcerated in an asylum while per-
fectly sane. In a statement made to a re-
porter Minnick said he had been imposed
upon and was being taken to Dixmont,
in full possession of his faculties, on ac-
count of family reasons.

Consumption Cured.
An old physician retired from practice, having
had placed in his hands by an East India mis-
sionary the formula of a simple vegetable ren-
dy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption,
Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and
Lung Affections also a positive and radical cure
for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints,
after having tested its wonderful curative powers
in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make
it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by
this motive and a desire to relieve human suffer-
ing, I will send free of charge to all who desire it,
this receipt, in German, French or English, with
full directions for preparing and using. Send by
mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,
W. A. NORRIS, 149 Foster's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Read THE PLAINDEALER.

One Thing Needful.

“These are my household gods,” he
said to her as she entered his bachelor
apartment.

“But you lack something,” she re-
marked.

“What?”
“A household goddess.”

Entirely Helpless to Health.

The above statement made by Mrs. S. H.
Ford, wife of Gen. Ford, can be vouched
for by nearly the entire population of Cor-
unna, Mich., her home for years. She was
for two years a terrible sufferer from
rheumatism, being confined to her bed
most of the time, her feet and limbs being
so badly swollen she could scarcely move.
She was induced to try a bottle of Hib-
bard's Rheumatic Syrup. It helped her,
and two additional bottles entirely cured
her. To day she is a well woman.
“First ask your druggist, should he not
keep it we will send on receipt of price,
\$1.00 per bottle or six for \$5.00.”
RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO.,
Jackson, Mich.

Mrs. Fangle: This Russian influenza is
very contagious, is it not? Fangle: Yes,
even a detective could catch it.

A Dressmaker's Experience.

DEAR SIR:—As Mr. Hinman, the drug-
gist, told you, I am a great friend of your
remedy. I have used it at intervals dur-
ing the past twelve years. It carried me
safely through the critical period of my
life without a single sick day, and it did
great things for me in many ways.
I always recommend it where I see a
case that needs it. It always does splen-
didly, often accomplishing more than you
have ever dreamed of it, and more than
any one would readily believe who did not
personally know the cases.

I now consider myself well, but I work
hard at my business—dressmaking—and
when I am tired and nervous a small dose
of Zoa-Phora quiets and rests me. I al-
ways have it in my house.

Yours truly,
MRS. MARY C. CHANDLER,
BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Feb. 20, 1886
To H. G. Coleman, secretary.
N. B.—It is equally good at all times of
life.

The Great Reservation.

The direct route to the Great Sioux
Reservation is via Pierre, the capital of
South Dakota, at which point the govern-
ment land office is located. The Chicago
& North-Western railway company has
designated Pierre as a tourist point, and
excursion tickets will be sold good to re-
turn until Oct. 31st at very low rates.
For tickets and full information address
E. P. Wilson, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Chicago,
Ill.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded,
uniform in action. No gripping pain so
commonly following the use of pills. They
are adapted to both adults and children
with perfect safety. We guarantee they
have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache,
Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliaryness; and,
as an appetizer, they excel any other pre-
paration.

“130 ORDERS IN 3 DAYS.” 100 Orders
in every 12 calls; 7 orders in 16
hours. Terms free. J. H. EART, E. Publisher, Boston.

DIAGNOSIS REMEDY FOR CATARRH—Best. Easiest to use.
Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For
Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the
nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
Address: E. T. HAZELTINE, W. Pa.

A FRIEND NEEDED

BY GIRLS who begin to droop and decline at the age of puber-
ty from lack of perfect development.

BY YOUNG LADIES suffering from any of the numer-
ous painful complications which so
often attend monthly sickness.

BY OVERWORKED WOMEN suffering from or
threatened with Pro-
lapsed or bearing down
with its attending
pains and debility.

BY EXPECTANT MOTHERS as a safe and reliable
preparatory treatment
for confinement, and
a prompt relief for
afterpains.

BY HEADACHE SUFFERERS afflicted with either
“nervous” or “sick”
headaches.

BY WOMEN ADVANCED IN LIFE who suffer
from Hot
Flushes, or
from any of the many irregularities attending the critical period of Change of
of Life, such as Bloating, Numbness, Wakefulness, Palpitation, etc.

It is no exaggeration to say that we have hundreds of testimonials
on each of these points which prove, if testimony can prove anything,
that Zoa-Phora is just the friend that is needed in such cases.

For further information regarding this valuable remedy, address the
Secretary of the Zoa-Phora Medicine Co.

H. G. COLMAN, Kalamazoo, Mich.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

The oldest medicine in the world is probably
Dr. Isaac Thompson's
CELEBRATED EYE WATER

This article is a carefully prepared physician's pre-
scription, and has been in constant use nearly a century.
CAUTION.—The only genuine Thompson's Eye
Water has upon the white wrapper of each bottle an
engraved portrait of the inventor, Dr. Isaac Thompson,
with a facsimile of his signature; also a note of hand
signed John L. Thompson. Avoid all others. The
genuine Eye Water can be obtained from all druggists.

JOHN L. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., TREY, N. Y.

I prescribe and fully
endorse Big G as the only
eye-water for the certain cure
of all eye diseases.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D.,
Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for
many years, and it has
given the best of satis-
faction.
D. B. DYCHE & CO.,
Chicago, Ill.

Trade Mark. Price, \$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

NORTHERN PACIFIC.

LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS and

FREE Government LANDS.

MILLIONS OF ACRES in Minnesota, North Da-
kota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.
Publications with maps describing the
SEND FOR best Agricultural, Grazing and Timber
Lands now open to settlers. SENT FREE. Address
Land Commissioner,
CHAS. B. LAMBORN, ST. PAUL, MINN.

WANTED

The address of soldiers
who homesteaded a less
number of acres than that
allowed by law before June 23rd,
1878. Send to
MOSES & BERGUSON,
Denver,
Colorado.

DENSION JOHN W. MORRIS,

Successfully Prosecutes Claims.

Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau,
6 1/2 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty. suc-
cessful.

PATENTS

W. A. REDMOND, late ex-
aminer U. S. Patent Office,
1000 F St. N. W., Washington, D. C. Write for terms.

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for the purchase of good land in the West.
Free. Thos. Essex, Land Com., Little Rock, Ark.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES.

A sure ASTHMA
remedy for relief of
cough, etc. Sold by
MORRILL & CO.,
Charlottesville, Va.

PLANTS

5 Coleus, 4 Chrys., 3 Carnations, 8 Ro-
se, 2 Geraniums, 1 Sunlac, Ageratium, 1
P. P. E. Asparagus, Nasturtium, Torenia, Oxalis,
St. Cash. Send C. W. Tarkenton, Edinburg, N. Y.

OPIUM

Habit. The only certain
and easy cure. Dr. J. L.
Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

HOME STUDY.

Book-keeping, Penmanship,
Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc. Thro-
ughly taught by mail. Low rate of tuition. Free
trial. THE COLLEGE, 431 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WIVES

should and may know how child bearing
can be effected with ease and safety.
Information sent free. A Wonderful
Discovery! DR. J. H. DYE, Buffalo, N. Y.

TELEGRAPHY

We guarantee a good rating
position to every graduate of
American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis.

W. N. U., D.—VIII.—10.

When writing to Advertisers please say
you saw the advertisement in this Paper.



SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indiges-
tion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and
bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS.

They are Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.
As a LIVER PILL, Unequaled!

ONE PELLETT A DOSE!

SMALLEST, CHEAPEST,
EASIEST TO TAKE.

HER REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

It will simplify matters if I say at once that I am a strange girl. After this confession, you will be more inclined to believe that my story is a true one, and it may be, condemn my conduct less. If your godfathers think fit to give you a strange name, they can scarcely expect you to be exactly the same as other people; and the name some one chose to christen me by is a strange one. "Heritage" is certainly not in common use, although, when one gets accustomed to it, it sounds soft and rather pretty, especially so when coupled with my surname. "Heritage Rivers" is not at all bad.

I am quite sure that in most instances people's natures accommodate themselves to their names. Nearly all the Luys I have known have been fair and romantic; nearly all the James and Susans homely and fond of housekeeping. A girl's career seems often to be settled by her name. So, having no precedent to show me what the owner of the name of Heritage should be like, I always plead it as an excuse for any peculiarities of disposition. Nevertheless, I am not called upon to dissect my mental qualities for the benefit of the inquisitive, so shall only say that one of my chief characteristics is that of being a good hater. I like and respect a good hater. No doubt, it is unchristianlike; but it is so natural. I am not ashamed to say that if people injure me, I don't forget or forgive until I feel I am about even with them. Of course, if any one who had wronged me asked forgiveness, I should forgive freely enough—I don't see how that can be avoided—but I should never be eager to do my enemy a good turn unless I felt quite sure of heaping coals of fire upon his head! Now you know what manner of being I am; and very dreadful the description looks as I write it, so dreadful that I am obliged to comfort myself by thinking of the reverse of the picture—that I can be as true a friend as an enemy.

It is not so many years ago that I, Heritage Rivers, a slim girl of seventeen, left school, and stepped out into the grown-up world to meet what fate awaited me. For the time, my only idea was to enjoy my freedom. It was delightful to think that masters and mistresses were finished and done with forever and a day. So I bade them a glad adieu, and went down into the country to stay with an aunt of mine, and for several weeks revelled in sunshine and liberty. Then, in accordance with a solemn promise, I spent some little time with an old school-friend—one, like myself, just emancipated. Her people lived at Twickenham, in a delicious old house with a large garden. I was made heartily welcome. The mother took me to her heart as her daughter's dearest friend. The father, a courtly gray-haired man, with literary tastes and pursuits, was kindness and politeness itself; while Clara Ramsay's brothers were in an hour my devoted slaves and lovers. Surrounded by such pleasant attentions, I began to realize the fact that I was now a grown-up young lady, not altogether unattractive, and so valued myself accordingly.

As the Ramsays were quiet people and kept little company, an announcement made by Mrs. Ramsay that a dinner-party was projected was sufficient to flutter our hearts. For several days before it took place, we discussed again and again the merits of the guests who were to be present. As Clara knew them all except one, her interest was centered on the probable appearance of this gentleman. As even her mamma did not know him, all information respecting him must be exacted from Mr. Ramsay, whose friend he was. Girls being inquisitive creatures, Clara, at breakfast-time, egged on by me, began her inquiries.

"Who is Mr. Vincent Hope, papa?"

"A friend of mine, my dear. A very clever young man, who will one day, I think, be a most distinguished member of society."

"So far as it went, this reply was satisfactory; but we wanted a categorical testimonial, not a general one."

"How will he distinguish himself?" asked Clara.

"He is a rising author—little known as yet; but all that must come."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Clara, plaintively; "I know exactly the sort of man. I have seen so many of them here. Of course he wears spectacles?"

"I don't think he does—or if so, I never noticed them," replied Mr. Ramsay.

"You never notice anything you ought to, papa. But he is sure to have a horrid beard—unkempt and uncared for. They all have."

"He has no beard, I fancy," answered Mr. Ramsay, meditatively.

"Is he good-looking and nice?" demanded the audacious Clara.

Mr. Ramsay looked much amused at his daughter's question.

"I find him nice," he said. "But what a chit of a girl like you may find him, is another matter—a very small matter. I should think that most people would call him extremely good-looking."

"Is he dark or fair—tall or short?"

"My dear girl, I shall answer no more questions about him. Why don't you imitate the discretion of Miss Rivers, who seems free from your failing—curiosity?"

I blushed at such undeserved praise; while Clara, to show her opinion of my false pretenses, nudged me under the table.

Although Mr. Ramsay would tell us nothing more, we, in our idle moments, which were many, speculated a great deal as to the probable personal appearance of Mr. Vincent Hope. I had a certain right to feel some anxiety about the matter, as I was informed that it would be my lot to be taken to dinner by him; therefore, it was a great comfort to me to hear he wore neither spectacles nor beard.

"I know he will be delightful!" cried Clara. "I feel sure the whole matter was arranged by fate. Of course he will fall in love with you at once! Who could help doing so? You will look so nice, Heritage!"

This is the way in which foolish young women chatter at times.

It would be my first dinner-party—an

ordeal always trying to a young girl. Any way, I dreaded it. In spite of Clara's well-meant compliments, my mind was not easy. I mistrusted the appearance I should present. My new dress, I fancied, fitted me badly, and I was haunted by a presentiment that my hands and the backs of my arms were destined to grow crimson. So distressing were my fears, that, as the hour approached, I would much rather have joined the boys, who, not being admitted to the feast, had gone off for a jolly long row on the river—to get out of it all, they said.

As I dressed myself, I wondered whether I should quite know what to eat, what to drink; and above all, if any one should deign to speak to me, what to talk about. Perhaps, I thought, all this comes instinctively. If, happily, such is the case, could it be possible, as Clara boldly predicted, that I should carry the little world by storm? I took one last glance at the mirror. After all, I did not look so very much amiss. Then, a few minutes before the hour struck, I entered the drawing-room, feeling almost sanguine.

The guests arrived—two by two. "Like animals going into the ark," whispered Clara, who, having seen a little more society than I had, seemed quite at her ease. Mr. Vincent Hope, as became a distinguished man, was late. At least, it was not until a few moments before dinner was announced that Mr. Ramsay brought a gentleman to me and presented him.

We bent to each other; then, taking his arm, I joined the procession to the dining-room. Of course I dropped my fan, or something by the way. This necessitated my cavalier's stooping down to recover possession of it, thereby delaying all the couples behind us for a moment or two. I was beginning badly.

We sank into our appointed places, and as the soup was being handed round, Mr. Hope addressed a few ordinary remarks to me. Then I began to realize how shy—how stupid a person I was. The only words my foolish tongue seemed capable of forming were "Yes," and "No." Connected words had left me for an indefinite period. I felt my conversational shortcomings so acutely, that it was some little while before I was able to look at my neighbor, except furtively and timidly.

He was tall, I knew, that fact had made itself manifest as we walked arm in arm. I had also received a sort of impression that he was good-looking. At last, when able to really look at him, I found that Mr. Ramsay's account, so far as it went, was a true one.

The young man was undoubtedly handsome. His eyes—the feature a woman first looks at—were good; gray, I decided, with dark lashes. His face was pale, and bore a look of refinement. His forehead was high—not too high—and his chin was large, and gave him the appearance of possessing considerable force of character. Above all, his nose was straight and his hands well-shaped. Twenty-eight, I should have guessed his age. Altogether, a very creditable young man.

Fate had been kind in selecting this companion for me, if only I could find something to talk about—something so gifted a creature as he was reported to be would not be bored with. Alas for me, the conversation field seemed to have become suddenly barren of flowers of speech—not even a bud was left! Yet among people with whom I am at home, I had never yet been accused of taciturnity.

For some short time the lady on the other side of him saved me. She appeared to know him, and complimented him on the success of an article in one of the reviews, which she attributed to him. He thanked her for her praise; spoke a few words on general subjects; then, as I suppose, in duty bound, turned to me and recommenced conversation.

In five minutes I positively hated myself and Mr. Vincent Hope. It may be kindness to bring one's intellect down to the level of the listener: I call it conceit. If, in spite of my elaborate new dress, he could not help seeing I was but a school-girl, was there any reason why he should so plainly show me he saw it? Was there any reason why he should quite change the manner of his discourse as he changed his listener—should talk to me in a way he evidently thought suited to my caliber? If he meant it kindly, what right had he to think I should esteem it kindness? I dare say I deserved nothing more; but who was he to judge of my deserts? It ruffled my vanity, and destroyed any self-confidence I was beginning to feel. The worst of it was, he meant no rudeness.

He did not even pretend to patronize me; he simply chose to talk upon subjects which he was pleased to think were well within my limited range. It was mortifying! I twisted up my dinner-napkin under the table, as a sort of vent to my vexation. Soon I grew desperate. I would show this man I was not the naive, empty-headed school-girl he fancied me, or I would perish in the attempt.

My fluency of speech came back as suddenly as it left me. On my own account, I began to talk—of topics about which I knew nothing—of places I had never visited—of people I had never seen—and of books I had never read.

He seemed amused at my new departure, and I flattered myself, tried to lead me on to talk. So talk I did, and thought no evil. It was not until I had once or twice gone completely out of my depth, right over head and shoulders, and was compelled to flounder back as best I could, that I fancied the wretched man was laughing at me—not openly, of course; his manner was politeness itself. Yet I had an unpleasant suspicion that more than once I had made myself an idiot in his eyes.

I positively detest people who have the misfortune to see me at a disadvantage; so, when I rose with the rest of the women and left the table, I felt that it would have been a great satisfaction to have given Mr. Vincent Hope's broad shoulders a Parthian stab with a desert-fork. I had not been a success; and, what was worse, I knew it!

It was dull work in the drawing-room. The women were strangers to me, and talked about their own and their friends' affairs, in none of which I had the slightest interest. It was very hot too. I

peered out of the window, and saw the garden looking most tempting in the light of a lovely autumnal moon. How delightful it would be if I could have one walk round it!

I doubted whether it would be right for a young lady to walk about the garden alone and by moonlight; but the temptation was very great. After all, I have always found it much easier and often pleasanter to yield to little temptations of this kind than to resist them; so I soon gave in. Even at the risk of a cold or a scolding, I would have one, just one turn in the soft September night.

I slipped from the room, covered my head and shoulders with a shawl, and stole through the library window which opened to the ground.

The change from the close atmosphere of Mr. Ramsay's drawing-room was, as I predicted it would be, simply delicious. The clear sky, the full moon, and the bright stars which had tempted me out, made me feel quite poetical. I forgot all my little annoyance in the beauty of the night; I became quite cheerful and happy. The one turn round the garden, which I had pledged myself not to exceed, grew to a great many; yet I was loath to leave the enchanting scene. But duty must not be altogether neglected. With a sigh, I turned for the last time, and began to retrace my steps to the house. To my horror, as I neared it, I saw the French casements of the dining-room open, saw the flood of brilliant light which poured out partially eclipsed as one dark body after another passed through the aperture. I realized in a moment the frightful position in which I was placed. The men were coming out to get a breath of fresh air and to smoke a cigarette before entering the drawing-room. What could I do? I was certain to be seen. By the light of the wonderful moon, everything was as clearly visible as by broad daylight. I shrank from the polite ridicule with which my nocturnal wanderings were sure to be greeted; in truth I was now rather ashamed of the freak which had led me into such an awkward situation. I wished to extricate myself without having to make excuses and explanations, and as I shuddered at the thought of walking boldly past the knot of gentlemen, I was compelled to adopt the alternative—concealment.

On the lawn near to me grew one of those conical trees—a species of laurel—the foliage of which touches the ground, and leaves the center nearly hollow. This particular tree was so large that it formed a natural summer-house, and to enable it to fulfill its mission, an entrance had been cut through the boughs on the side furthest from the house. It was the very thing—a perfect harbor of refuge!

Careless of insects, heedless of the twigs which caught and tugged at my hair, but groaning, nevertheless, as I thought of my new frock, I rushed inside, unseen and, I hoped, unheard, resolved to wait behind the friendly boughs until the voices which I heard in the distance died into silence.

Feeling quite sure that no one would be likely to explore the leafy recesses of my hiding-place, I began to grow easy in my mind, and even ventured to compliment myself upon the cleverness I had displayed. My triumph was short-lived. In a few moments I became aware that voices were drawing near to me—so alarmingly near, that very soon I was able to recognize them and distinguish what they were saying. It was Mr. Vincent Hope and his host, who had strolled away from their friends.

"You have a fine specimen of the Portuguese laurel here," said the former.

"Yes," replied Mr. Ramsay. "It's a fine tree of that kind. They seldom grow larger. Indeed, this one is beginning to die down. There is an entrance cut on the other side; so it makes a shady, but uncomfortable, warm weather retreat."

Then I knew that the two gentlemen were coming round to the entrance. I was in despair. I covered down in the darkness, and prayed that Mr. Hope's curiosity might not induce him to pursue his botanical researches into the interior. I saw his head and shoulders fill up the entrance and hide the moonlight falling there. For the moment I was undecided whether to shriek with horror, to endeavor to scare him away by growling like a wild beast, or to lie still and trust to chance. On the whole, the last seemed the wisest course to adopt. I breathed more freely when I found he had no intention of entering—the recesses were not tempting at night. I hoped the two men would now remove themselves. But, alas! my imprisonment was not yet to be ended. They stood exactly in front of the entrance, and from my hiding-place I could hear every word they spoke.

CHAPTER II.

Much as I disliked that young man, I was bound to confess that he looked provokingly handsome as he stood bare-headed in the moonlight, watching the wreaths of smoke from his cigar curling about in the still air. I could now scan him quite at my ease. My courage had returned, and I felt myself insured against discovery. My only dread was that the two men would begin to talk secrets. In such a case, my keen sense of honor must, of course, make me reveal my presence. I made a firm resolution that I would not play at eavesdropping. Alas, for poor humanity! In a minute I was straining my ears to catch every word. Yet how could I help it? Heritage Rivers was the subject of their discourse.

"I hope you found your companion at dinner a pleasant one?" said Mr. Ramsay.

"Oh, yes; very pleasant," replied Mr. Hope carelessly. "She's a nice sort of a girl, I dare say."

A nice sort of a girl! The wretched man! I hated him!

"I think a great deal more of her than that," said that dear old Mr. Ramsay.

"Indeed," replied his companion, without evincing the slightest interest in the matter.

"Yes—indeed and indeed," echoed my old friend. "But, joking apart, did you not notice she bids fair to be a most beautiful woman?"

It would have needed little more to have brought me from my lurking-place on purpose to kiss that good old man! Vincent Hope laughed quietly.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I don't think I noticed her much. She seemed to me of the ordinary school-girl type. I don't care much for school-girls."

I dug my nails into my hands and ground my teeth. Handsome as the man looked in the moonlight, I could have killed him then and there.

"Yet," said Mr. Ramsay, "I noticed she talked pretty freely to you."

The shrug of Mr. Hope's shoulders almost maddened me.

"Yes; but sad nonsense," he said, "although it was rather amusing at times. Of course, it's not fair to judge her now. She is very raw, and, I should say, rather awkward. If properly looked after, no doubt she will grow up to be a decent sort of a young woman."

Raw and awkward! He spoke of me—me, whom many of my school friends called Queen Heritage, from the stately and dignified manner I was supposed to assume at times. A decent sort of a young woman! That I should hear a man, one, moreover, in his own opinion a judge in such matters, gravely set this up as the standard to which I might arrive—if properly looked after. It was too much; the fall was too great. And as the terrible thought flashed across me that his description might be true, his prediction correct, tears of sheer mortification sprang into my eyes. Even Mr. Ramsay's almost testy rejoinder gave me no comfort.

"Oh, nonsense, Hope! She will grow up a beautiful, accomplished, and clever woman. You judge her wrongly. Talk to her again in the drawing-room; there she will be more at home."

"All right, I will," the wretch answered. "But at present I want to talk to you about more important things than young ladies. I have to-day been offered the editorship of the *Peculiar Magazine*. Shall I take it?"

"I congratulate you. But it is too serious a matter to decide out here. We will talk it over by and by. We must join the ladies now. I see every one else has gone in."

"Then I suppose we must," said Mr. Hope rather ruefully, and tossing his cigar away with a half sigh.

I waited a minute; then I peered out, and at last ventured to creep round the laurel and reconnoiter. The broad back of my candid critic was just disappearing through the dining-room window. I shook my fist viciously at it. I watched Mr. Ramsay follow his guest, saw the window close and the blind fall; then I flew at top speed to the library; whence I had made my exit, entered noiselessly, and threw myself into a chair, feeling that my life was blighted.

The room was faintly lit up; the door was closed; I was alone with my misery; for misery it was—I use the word soberly and advisedly, without a thought of jesting. Fortunately or unfortunately, I had heard myself appraised at my true value. My merits had been weighed by an impartial hand; I had been judged and condemned. I was a failure. "Raw and awkward!" "A decent sort of a young woman"—the words ate into my heart. No expressions could have been devised which would have wounded me more deeply.

He would give me another chance in the drawing-room. Would he? I think not, Mr. Vincent Hope. No power on earth shall take me there to-night. I turn the gas up, and look at myself in the mirror. My hair is disheveled, my eyes are red, and I cannot help fancying that my nose looks rather coarse. Yes; it must be true; I am not even good-looking.

Beneficial as it may be for one who is not without vanity to learn the truth, I hate with a deadly hatred the man who has revealed it to me. Solemnly I declare, somehow, that some day I will have my revenge. I am very young, which is an advantage to one who may have to wait a long time for a certain object. Oh, yes; I can wait—even for ten, fifteen, or twenty years. I can wait; but I will have revenge, full revenge. So I raved on and on, growing more and more tragical every moment, until I broke down, and began to cry again.

I had barely dried my eyes, when Clara entered the room.

"What, Heritage?" she cried; "you here! I have hunted high and low for you, but never thought of looking here. Come into the drawing-room; we must sing our duet."

I pleaded a splitting headache; I could not bear the hot room. I should go to bed at once; and in spite of Clara's entreaties, to bed I went, and had the pleasure of dreaming that I was sticking stilettos and scissors into Mr. Vincent Hope. This was so comforting, that I was sorry when morning came and I found it was but a dream.

"Wasn't he delightful?" was Clara's first question when we met.

"Wasn't who delightful?"

"Mr. Hope, of course. The other men were fogies."

"Now, Clara, look here. Once for all, I tell you I found that young man detestable—simply detestable! I hate him. I never met any one I took such a dislike to."

Clara's blue eyes opened in amazement.

"I thought you got on so well together," she said. "He asked for you in the drawing-room, and seemed quite sorry to hear you were ill. We all liked him immensely."

He asked after me! A piece of impertinence—a gratuitous insult—a piece of superfluous hypocrisy, which, were it possible, made my wish for revenge stronger.

"Well, I loathe him," I said, "and there's an end of it. I won't even talk about him."

I was as good as my word, and Clara, for the want of a listener, was obliged to desist from ringing the changes in praise of Mr. Hope.

I left Twickenham two or three days after this. As I drove to the station, Mr. Hope—most likely on his way to the Ramsays' house—passed the carriage. Clara was with me, so the young man bowed to us collectively. I made no sign of recognition.

"Heritage," said Clara, "that was Mr. Hope. Didn't you see him?"

"Was it?" I replied. "I had quite forgotten what he was like."

For a beginner, this was a pretty good fib. After telling it so calmly, I felt I was getting on. "Raw and awkward!" Oh, no! I did not forget either the words or the speaker. When I declare vendetta, I mean it.

Five years passed by. I was twenty-

two. I had seen many people and many things. Either for better or worse, I had changed in much, but still retained my knack of never forgetting a foe or friend. Incredible as it seems, my anger against Mr. Hope was keener as ever—my wish for revenge as strong. The injury he had unwittingly done me had been greater than, even in my first burst of rage, I had imagined. During the interval his words kept recurring to my mind, and hindered the growth of proper confidence and self-esteem. A long series of pleasant little social triumphs alone permitted me to say at last that his prophecy had not been fulfilled. But now, after five years, the more I thought of the annoyance, even anguish, his words had caused me, the more vicious I felt toward him; the more resolved to compass revenge when the opportunity occurred. Oh, yes; I was a good hater—not a doubt of it. I could carry my stone seven years in my pocket, then turn it and carry it seven years more, or twice seven years, never for a moment forgetting its ultimate destination.

But when should I have the chance of hurling it, and how should I act when the chance came? Except in the street, casually, I had never since met the man. Vincent Hope visited no friends of mine save the Ramsays. They left Twickenham shortly after my visit, and now lived a hundred miles from town. I had stayed with them several times, but my foe had never appeared. Of course, I had heard a great deal about him. He was now quite a famous man. To keep myself posted up in the light literature of the day, I was compelled to read his books, and in honesty I am bound to say I admired them, although I detested the author of them. Surely we must meet some day. I went out a great deal, and I heard he was much sought after. But our paths as yet had not crossed.

It was winter. I was spending some weeks with new friends, who had taken a great fancy to me—kind hospitable people, who liked to have a constant stream of visitors passing, but very slowly, through their house. The Lightons were a wealthy country family, noted for their open-handed hospitality. I never stayed at a gayer or pleasanter place than Blaize House. It was not very large; but from the way in which it seemed to extend itself to accommodate guests, my belief is it must have been built on the plan of an accordion. I can only account for its capabilities by this theory.

Except from the tiny village which gave or took its name, Blaize House was miles away from anywhere; but its resources, so far as amusement went, made it immaterial in what part of the world it stood. The family consisted of Mr. Lighton—called by every one, even his guests, the squire; his wife, a fitting companion to him, who shared his pursuits and heartily seconded the welcome he gave to every one; and two daughters, about my own age. These may be termed the nucleus, the standing congregation of the establishment. In addition, there were sons who turned up unexpectedly and at intervals; and two or three cousins were invariably sojourning there. Add to these, again, the floating population in the shape of visitors who came and went, and you will realize that it was a merry house.

Breakfast was just over; we had been longer about it than usual, the weather being too damp and drizzly to tempt us out-of-doors. Letters were being read with the last cup of tea. The squire selected one from his pile and tossed it over to his wife, remarking that she would be glad to hear the good news it contained. Then it went from hand to hand until I had the pleasure of reading:

"MY DEAR SQUIRE.—I have just written the delightful word *Finis* at the bottom of a page, which is the last of my immortal (?) production. I will do no more work for weeks, but will take the train to-morrow and come to Blaize House, in time, I hope, for dinner. I do not apologize for this short notice, knowing there is even more joy in your gates over the uninvited than the invited guest.

"Yours always,
"VINCENT HOPE."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Rattlesnake Dress.

A Florida lady has hit upon a design for a dress which is certainly original if not tasteful. The Tampa News terms it a "rattlesnake dress," and describes it as follows: "It is of the Eiffel shade, a rich shade of brown, fine and beautiful in texture. It is a tailor made gown, strictly on the severe English style; a perfectly plain skirt with a panel about seven inches wide of the tanned skin of the rattlesnake. The skin is a beautiful specimen of its kind. A polonaise, also severely plain, closed at the side with straps of snake skin and buckles. A vest, V shape, of the skin, and collar and cuffs of the same. With it will be worn a helmet-shaped hat trimmed with material to match the dress, but the visor will be covered with snake skin. The shoes, the uppers made of material the same as the dress, and tipped with snake skin, complete this unique costume. It will be wonderfully pretty and effective."

A Fable Without a Moral.

A lawyer in whom an instinct of justice had survived the wreck of his ignorance of law was retained for the defence of a burglar who had been taken by the officers after a desperate struggle with some one not in custody. In consultation with his client the lawyer asked: "Have you accomplices?"

"Yes, sir," replied the burglar. "I have two, but neither has been taken. I hired one to defend me against capture, the other to defend me against conviction."

This answer deeply impressed the lawyer, and having ascertained that the burglar had accumulated no money in his profession he threw up the case.

ABOUT PERSONS AND THINGS.

President Price will publish an address to the National League soon.

White residents of Oklahoma threaten to assassinate McCabe if he is made governor of the territory.

The Excelsior Home Circle will give a social next Tuesday evening at the residence of Mrs. James Cole, 273 Beaubien street.

Mr. B. R. Campbell, formerly located on Clinton street near Campau, has moved his place of business around the corner on Campau street.

The flags carried by the Afro-American Michigan regiment during the war have been sent to Lansing from Philadelphia by request of Gov. Luce.

Miss Willie Earley returned to Cleveland last Tuesday after having spent a few weeks pleasantly in this city. She expects to return to Detroit again soon.

Patsy Cardiff has signed articles for the fight of twenty rounds with George Godfrey, which is scheduled to occur at the Parnell Athletic club for \$1,500.

Miss Leonora Dalton of Silver Cliffe, Colorado is developing considerable ability as an artist and is now at work on a landscape for which she will receive \$75.

The South Carolina department of the G. A. R. has decided to admit no more Afro-American posts into the organization. There are at present two posts in the state.

An Afro-American named White lost his life in Springfield, Ohio, on February 24, in an endeavor to save a little German boy who fell in Buck Creek just above the mill dam.

The church of St. Benedict the Moor of New York are taking steps toward the establishment of a home for destitute Afro-American children at Rye, Westchester county, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Finney have issued beautiful invitations to the reception and musicale to be given in honor of Mrs. Finney's fifty-fourth birthday, Monday evening, March 10.

A writer to the New York Tribune commenting on Cardinal Gibbons statement that the Afro-American must be christianized suggests that it would be an excellent idea to christianize the white man first.

The merchants of Athens, Ga., Feb. 24, signed a boycott against business firms with whom Postmaster-General Wamaker is connected, because of the appointment of Mat Davis, an Afro-American as postmaster there.

Prof. Donnelly of Brooklyn, has accepted Peter Jackson's offer of \$100 which the latter will give the Professor to stay four rounds with him. Donnelly is in training and hopes to down Jackson at the Palace Rink, Brooklyn, March 4.

The preparatory school building for Afro-American youths on the Hampton Normal school grounds in Virginia was burned to the ground Saturday night. It was erected last year at a cost \$1,500 and was only partially insured.

Grover Cleveland is evidently getting ready to work the "Jacksonian simplicity" racket again. He is described by a New York paper as escorting his trim-looking wife, with coat tails flying at loose ends and hair long and unkempt.

The \$100 back pay due Gen. Grant at his death for services as lieutenant during the Mexican war, and \$1,000 pay he received for the last twenty days of his life, have been contributed to the Grant monument fund by Mrs. Grant.

The Christmas strawberry and the New Year green pea must give place to the watermelon this year. Harry Hill, an Afro-American boy of Americus, Ga., has picked the first one of his crop, already, and found it ripe, sweet and juicy.

A delegation of Chicago citizens, representing Afro-American organizations, sporting and otherwise, called on "Parson" Davies, manager of Peter Jackson, for the purpose of securing his cooperation in arranging a great reception for the celebrated pugilist when he arrives in that city.

Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court decided Monday that railroad companies have complied with the law when they furnish separate and equal accommodations to Afro-American passengers in the states where this is desired, and in this particular case referred especially to the state of Mississippi.

At the annual convention of the National League of Republican clubs which is held at Nashville, Tenn., this week, on the opening day the Rev. W. B. Derrick of the A. M. E. church made an address in which he advocated Republican ideas and dwelt at length upon the race question emphasizing the fact that "before the law black and white men should stand as equals."

The Rev. Joshua Brackett of St. Paul's A. M. E. church of Cambridge, whose sermon in Dr. Jenifer's church in Chicago created so much comment, has withdrawn from the Methodist body and with a few of his members, organized an independent church. He has been suspended by a church council until the meeting of the annual conference in June.

Peter Jackson, the famous pugilist, demonstrated his muscular prowess before a large audience in a Baltimore theatre last Wednesday, in such a manner as to precipitate trouble between the enthusiastic admirers of his race and the jealous white toughs. A crowd of them surrounded the theatre and on his appearance, greeted him with a shower of eggs. Fortunately for the pugilist his crowd of sable retainers gathered about him and protected him from the missiles by taking them themselves.

If you are in arrears for your subscription please favor us with a payment at once.

Their Kindness Appreciated.

We take this method of extending our gratitude to our many friends whose sympathy we had in our late affliction in the loss of our darling son little, Harry. There was not a want but what friends were ready to relieve, and we heartily thank them for the kindness shown us. ALEXANDER and AGGIE JONES, Grand Rapids, Mich. March 4.

WE SEND occasionally a copy of our paper to persons who are not subscribers. If you are not one this is a reminder to examine it carefully, and then send in your own name, and hand the paper to one of your friends with the same request. tf.

A Great Scheme.

MILWAUKEE, March 4.—Mr. Adam Brown and James B. Day have departed for Waseen, North Carolina, for a three weeks visit among relatives.—Mrs. F. Jackson of Kansas City is making an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. B. F. Underwood of Well street.—Mr. S. Mathews is somewhat under the weather after having been confined to the bed side of one of the best citizens in the city, John Pankington, who we are glad to say is fast improving every day.—Mrs. Hughes desires to thank the friends that assisted her in making \$81.89 cents for the Stewards Department.—You made a great mistake in my report about the debt of the church, fifteen dollars I said as plain as I will say now fifteen hundred dollars. This is the plan by which we expect to raise the money. A prize of a diamond stud with four gentlemen contesting for it by votes. The one that succeeds in getting the most of one thousand dollars shall be the one to take it home on the 30th of May. The contestants are D. F. Coats, Hon. J. J. Miles, C. Mathews and Prof. S. A. Bell. They all say that they will win.—Mr. Geo. Bland and Henry Bland were called to Chicago on a sad errand, to bury their elder brother, Thomas Bland, last Thursday. Mrs. Henry Bland and Mrs. R. H. Henderson went to the funeral of their brother-in-law and uncle; Mrs. Anderson returned on Monday.—Last week I learned that the Rev. D. P. Brown made two couples happy, only one of which we are able to give. The name Mr. O. Howell and the lady L. Laurel Best.—One of our society men left the city to day for an extended trip through the sunny south. L. H.

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Mark This.

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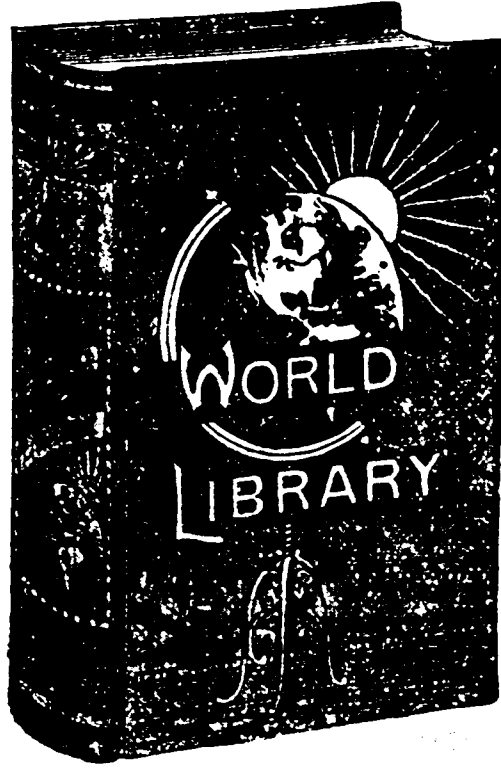
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