

THE PLAINDEALER.

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DETROIT, MICH., MARCH 14, 1890.

WHOLE NO. 353.

ONE OF TWO COURSES.

WILL THE SOUTH CHOOSE THE GOOD PART OR KEEP UP THE FIGHT.

The Tribune's Answer to A Citizen of Texas—The "Negro's Patient Policy"—Not a Beast of Burden But A Man—Give Him His Rights.

From the New York Tribune.

We have received a letter from an evidently intelligent and public spirited citizen of Texas taking us to task for having printed Judge Tourgee's articles on "The American Negro." Our correspondent says that "though a Democrat," he reads the Tribune and votes against Mr. Mills, facts which seem to demonstrate both his good taste and his political wisdom. But he thinks that such articles as those written by Judge Tourgee do the country a great deal of harm.

This is a time (he remarks) when patriotism and good policy require all wise men and all wise newspapers to use their influence to promote harmony and good will between the North and the South. The Southern people, as a rule, deal justly with the Negro. The occasion and localities where his rights are interfered with are exceptional. In this State his right to vote is not interfered at all, except, possibly, some strategy may be employed to keep him out of county offices in two or three counties where his numerical strength might enable him to bankrupt the counties by placing in office ignorant and corrupt officials. I am aware that in Mississippi and Louisiana steps are taken at election time to prevent the Negroes from running the State by filling all offices with their candidates. These steps are not to be defended on legal grounds, but they are excused because it is a question of self-preservation. The South had ample opportunity to reconstruct days of the effect of Negro control. In combating to prevent that, the white citizens are merely seeking to protect themselves from misrule and plunder, and they do just what you or any prudent, careful man would do in the same situation.

Now, sir, endeavor to throw aside partisan prejudices and to look calmly at the situation of affairs in the South. You have too much intelligence to claim that it could be better for Mississippi or Louisiana to be governed by officers elected by Negro votes. You know that in nine cases out of ten they would be characterless schemers, mostly from the North who would use their positions to plunder and swindle, if not otherwise oppress the taxpayers. That was the history of the Southern States when under Negro domination. That history would be surely repeated were such domination restored. I do not believe that such unfair and uncandid articles as Judge Tourgee has written will do any good North or South. They may tend to delude some people in the North and gain votes for the R-publican party there, but, as I view it, partisanship ought not to prevail over statesmanship and good public policy with intelligent men who wish to be really useful to their country.

Since 1876 a remarkable change has been going on in public sentiment as to the situation in the South. When the war ended, it was universally held by those who had fought and won it, that civil liberty was the inevitable consequence of emancipation; that without it the freed people would merely exchange one form of bondage for another. It was held to be the Nation's duty to set the colored people upon their feet, and to give them as much of a start in their new life as was consistent with the spirit of our dual form of government. For a few years this was done with results differently characterized as they are regarded from different points of view. That the governments established in the South were far from ideal will not be disputed. That some Northern politicians did some things both tyrannical and dishonest, we shall not deny. It would be easy to show, if it were worth while, that these things are much exaggerated by Southern men, but, in any event, they constitute a question of itself, and quite remote from the question that was being tested.

This question was the Negro's capacity for self-government. Certainly any disinterested student of affairs in the South while the Negroes were protected in their right to vote will say, must say, that, considering their 300 years of bondage, considering that during all that time they were deliberately kept in as dwarfed a mental condition as it was possible, that condition being held to be positively necessary to slavery, considering that they issued from that state to freedom, naked, without homes or land, without tools or books, and with no other information to guide their conduct in creating policies and shaping affairs than was furnished by their native acuteness—considering these things, any fair minded man must say that they did exceedingly well, and proved themselves capable of attaining a high degree of civilization. To point out their blunders and follies is easy, but not in the least significant. The fact remains that even at that time, and under those circumstances—the worst conceivable—they behaved with remarkable discretion, moderation and good sense and furnished many examples of honorable, unselfish, patriotic and competent statesmen.

But, before they were at all fitted, in wealth and education for a struggle with the white race, the Federal Government abandoned them to defend their liberties as best they could. Instantly the South was "in the saddle." In the eight years that followed, until Mr. Cleveland's election, every form of crime and outrage that malignant ingenuity could devise was perpetrated upon the Negroes to convince them that they could not, and should not, and must not, attempt to exercise the rights

conferred upon them. Oppression accomplished its purpose. The Northern people were gradually growing tired of Southern questions. When the Enforcement Act and the Civil rights bill were pronounced unconstitutional, the Democrats were in possession of the House, and no other remedial measures could pass. The Southern Democracy has recovered its supremacy in councils of its party. As the need of them decreased—that is, as the Negroes submitted to be deprived of their rights—outrages decreased also and became less violent and fearful. Thousands of peace loving citizens in the North, wearied of sectional strife, mistakenly interpreted this to mean that the race question was adjusting itself, and that in time peace and harmony would prevail between the races, with each in the enjoyment of its lawful rights. Accordingly, the raising of the "bloody shirt" was widely deprecated; race riots and election frauds were explained away with smooth phrases, and with Mr. Cleveland's election began what was often and hopefully termed "the era of good will."

To those who knew how shallow all this was, a new argument was furnished in favor of Negro suffrage, and additional proof was afforded of the Negro's worthiness as a man and as a citizen. The Southern whites had yielded nothing except slavery. Their conscienceless methods had brought the colored people into subjection. They couldn't vote, they didn't vote. Trained by centuries of adversity to know its uses, patient, shrewd and gentle, they bent their energies toward the accumulation of wealth, lands and education. Their progress in these respects from utter destitution is simply marvellous. The pursuit of this policy has not deceived the Southern whites, however much it may have been misunderstood in the North. The Southern Democracy clearly perceives that the Negro is preparing for a great struggle, that, while suffering silently, he has relinquished no principle abandoned no right. This is the explanation of the present aspect of the Southern question. It explains why the Southern Democracy has assumed the offensive. It explains Senator Butler's Deportation bill. It explains the rise and spread of a Southern organization to secure the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment. It explains such letters as the one printed herein from our friend in Texas.

The arguments of our correspondent are not new. They are being reproduced in various forms throughout the Northern States with great industry. To men with easy consciences and lax principles they are, perhaps, convincing. This does not imply that our correspondent is not sincere. On the contrary, we are sure he is. We do not attack his motives as he has ours. He is one of many thousands of excellent citizens in the South who are prevented by their traditions and surroundings from taking a profound view of the situation. They believe the Negro to be naturally so inferior that he can never become fit for citizenship. They see about them numbers of ignorant, shiftless, lazy colored people, and they judge in the light of their traditions and in consideration of present conditions, regardless of the influence either of reactionary or progressive forces upon the race. Our correspondent talks of what would be the effect of Negro domination. He is blind. There is no such question involved in the issue. Negro despotism, miscegenation, the reign of carpet-baggers—these are all nightmares. They exist only in the imagination of a people who, having always looked at the Negro as a beast of burden, cannot make up their minds to look at him as a man.

Now what is the law that the South is asked to obey? Not that all Negroes, fit or unfit, must be allowed to vote. It is merely that no discrimination shall be exercised against them because they are black. The South is not prohibited from passing an election law which will keep out the votes of the ignorant whites as well as ignorant blacks. There is nothing to prevent the enactment of the Southern States of a property qualification for their electorate, provided it bears upon the "white trash" as well as upon the black. The fact that this power exists unimpaired in the States proves that it is not because they fear the rule of ignorant and characterless men that they refuse to let the black man vote. All that is in their own hands. Instead of exercising the powers which will amply protect them from misrule, they prefer the policy of fraud, arson, murder and intimidation to the eternal discredit of their society, and then, naively confessing their crimes, practiced, it may be, by only a few and of the baser sort, but countenanced by many, excused by all, and punished never, they come up here and talk to us about the beauties of harmony and the dangers of hateful partisanship!

This won't do. None can want peace more than we. None can look more anxiously for Southern prosperity and advantage. We believe in the splendid future to which the South aspires. It is a noble country, full of all that can make homes happy and empires great. Its people are brave and gallant and true to their ideals. But of these, one must go. It has been the author of all their woes, and woe it will breed in plenty so long as it endures. Let the South take council of its heart and not of its prejudices, of its interests and not of its traditions. The Negro is a man. He must have a man's rights. He cannot be banished or exterminated. He is here and will stay here. The moral sentiment of the land will never see him robbed in law. The Fifteenth Amendment will stand as long as the Republic stands. The South has two courses. It may accept the Amendment in good faith, receive the Negro into its citizenship, educate him and make the most of his talents and strength. Or it may keep up the fight to its further uncountable loss.

THEY WANT TO GET AWAY.

Five Thousand Afro-Americans Ready to Leave the South.

To the Editor of THE PLAINDEALER.

What is the true condition of the Negro in the South? So much is said upon this subject by those who know and those who do not know the real needs of the race in this section. I speak as one who has obtained a practical knowledge of the question, having traveled over a large portion of the South. The condition of the masses of the race is deplorable. He cannot exercise the rights that belong to him. The Negro may obtain an education, but he can only use it in the capacity of teacher or preacher. He has no voice in making the laws that govern him, he is admitted on jury in one case out of a thousand. If he essays to speak his sentiments he is persecuted, he is not allowed to defend his family or protect them in any way from imposition. If the Afro-American tries to protect himself in any way, the report goes out of a "Negro Uprising" and the Government will send troops to settle the matter. Of course the force is composed of white men who do not hesitate to kill the Negro and take away his gun to arm their comrades. When we give an entertainment the whites may command the first seats, but when the entertainment is furnished by them, the Negro is not allowed to enter except as a waiter. Education fails of its best results with the race here, because the teachers are afraid to advise the children's parents on many points on which they much need help. What we need is better educational advantages. All the big talk that is done up North does not mend matters down here. What we need is action and not so much talk.

Wm Adams suggests a plan which he believes would deliver the oppressed in the South. Let the United States furnish the Negro with a sufficient amount of government land, help them to go to it and form a colony. Then they will have some place of refuge, for as long as the whites think that the Negro is not able to get away from them, just so long will they oppress him. Let the Government provide such a place for the Negro and let it be in the United States. If they are interested in this matter they should set this plan on foot and show that they wish to help settle this question. There are five thousand Negroes in my district who would go at the earliest date. As for Africa, we do not want to go there, but anywhere under the American flag will suit us. I hope to hear from some one on this plan. I will do all I can to push such a move forward.

Mr. Editor, you will please publish this as it may help someone to formulate a plan on the line that would deliver us from the difficulties and disadvantages under which we labor.

WM. ADAMS,
Shepherd, Texas.
March 4, '90.

Ignored the Opportunity.

From the Washington People's Advocate.

There is one thing our Afro-American exchanges ought to do, and do quickly. They should stop publishing the sermons of that monumental crank, Talmage. He is a Christian quack, whose ideas of humanity are hardly as large as a pea. We don't believe that there is a drop of sincerity in any man's body who blows a warm breath North for the equality of rights and a cold one South.—Detroit PLAINDEALER.

We heartily endorse every line of the above. Talmage had an excellent opportunity three years ago to put himself square on the true spirit of fraternity, when he spoke at our National Drill, but he ignored our appeals and protests.

A One-Sided Arrangement.

Indianapolis Journal: The Atlanta Constitution does not like Mr. Cable, and after airily disposing of his views on the Southern problem by labeling them superficial and flimsy, says the question will have to be settled by time, patience and mutual forbearance. Just so; but when are the white people of the South to begin to practice their part of this mutual arrangement? Up to date the Negroes alone have been patient and forbearing.

No Only Elbow Room in America.

New York Herald: George Dixon, the Negro light weight champion from Boston, seems to be drawing the color line with great distinctness by thrashing all the white pugilists he meets in the ring.

Africa will soon want more room on the world's map, with her Peter Jackson, her George Dixon and a colored lad chosen as the orator of a graduating class at Harvard.

Well—Yes.

Indianapolis Journal: We incline to the opinion that if the colored man was good enough to wear the blue and fight for the government, he is good enough to serve as a clerk in the local pension office.

The 46th anniversary of the establishment of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows was celebrated March 2nd in the Charles street A. M. E. church at Boston, Mass. The Rev. Theodore Gould pastor of the church preached the sermon, and said that the total membership of the order is about 80,000 paying annually to sick, widows and orphans, \$125,000, and with \$500,000 in funds, property and investments. Two periodicals are published by them. The Odd Fellows Signal in Cleveland, O., and the Odd Fellows Light in Pittsburg, Pa.

WORSE THAN DEATH.

THE ILLS WHICH AFRO-AMERICAN CONVICTS ENDURE IN THE SOUTH.

Scourged, Starved and Frozen—Hung Themselves To Escape—A Reproach to the Commonwealth.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.
NO. 1.

"Let the sighing of the prisoners come before thee."

There are few subjects that should be of such deep interests to the friend of humanity, says a philanthropist writing in the reform paper, the Vanguard, as the barbarous treatment of prisoners in our Southern States, and especially where they are leased out to private parties, whose sole object is to make money out of flesh and blood. Official investigations have repeatedly brought to light facts that are a disgrace to a civilized nation, and yet all this has failed to secure the proper legislation for the protection of the oppressed, and, except in a few instances, justice has not been meted out to the oppressor.

Convict life in the South means servitude worse than slavery. With ball and chain, under the eye of an ignorant and vicious task-master and guards armed with bull-whip or shotgun, ready to use them at a moment's warning should one lag in his work or make an effort to escape. There are instances where no record of the time of sentence is kept, and the prisoner works on year after year, when he ought to be at liberty, and perhaps until

DEATH GIVES A MERCIFUL RELEASE.

As the majority of prisoners in our Southern States are colored and illiterate, and many of them young, it would seem that we ought to expect some clemency; but the fact is they receive longer sentences harsher treatment than most prisoners in our Northern States. In 1886 nine-tenths of the convicts in North Carolina were colored; nearly one-third (358) were under 20 years of age, ranging from 8 years upward. Thus, as the official report says, "Manufacturing hardened criminals out of boys and girls. Many were confined for trivial offenses who might have been reclaimed and made valuable members of society." Mr. Brooker, of South Carolina, said at the Prison Congress held in Boston last July, that of the 1,900 convicts in his State 950 of them were colored.

A Missouri paper states that of 1,300 in the State Penitentiary 1,000 of them are under 20 years of age. The lives of many are jeopardized when incarcerated in the jails. Most of the Southern jails are badly constructed, ill-ventilated and unhealthy. I learn from good authority that not one-tenth of the 200 jails in Georgia have fire-places in them, that the prisoners have to stay in them without any fire, however cold the weather may be. Reports show that other States are not behind Georgia in "poorly constructed and miserably kept county jails," and that many go from them moral and physical wrecks. Many of the State prisons are overcrowded and very unhealthy.

CONCERNING CONVICT CAMPS

we copy from Mr. Frank Johnson, whom the Mississippi Penitentiary Committee appointed to make its report. "The convict camp under the leasing system fits substantially the same wherever it exists. Huddled in a kind of shamble, made of poles several inches apart, board roof, dirt floor, platforms of bare boards for bunks, three tiers high; no disinfectants, often no facilities for physical necessities, too crude and filthy for description; houses called 'shack houses,' so unique as to actually demand the coinage of a new name. The sick often huddled with the well; the coarse food often the diet of the sick; no hospitals that deserve the name." In some camps there are no pretensions to a hospital or nurses for the sick. These shambles, or "shack houses," as they are called, are filthy beyond description, and the convicts covered with vermin. There are no reformatory measures used whatever. When the convicts are not worked on Sunday they are kept in the shack houses.

MR. JOHNSON SAYS OF THEM:

"There is no time or opportunity, if there existed the inclination to prescribe any just and moral system to preserve the remnant of manhood left these poor wretches. * * * There is the one dead level of the leather strap for the bare back of the unfortunate who lags in his work, and, on the other hand, the reward of promotion as 'trustee' to one who finds favor in the eyes of his taskmaster." It would be impossible to describe all the evils existing in some of the camps in Georgia, and other States, men and women are chained together night and day; and, as a result, illegitimate children are born and reared in prison.

Official reports, both National and State, show the same inhuman treatment of prisoners now that existed when Calvin Fairbanks was sentenced to the Kentucky Penitentiary at Frankfort, in 1852 for fifteen years at hard labor for assisting runaway slaves to escape.

Prisoners are still leased, and some of them sub-leased to parties who care no more for their welfare than Zeb Ward did when he became warden of that prison in 1854. Mr. Fairbanks says: "He leased

it at \$6,000 and made \$100,000 out of it in four years. To do this he literally

KILLED TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY

out of 375. He was a gambler, libertine and murderer under cover of law. When he took the keys of the prison he said: 'Men, I am a man of few words and prompt action. I came here to make money and I'll do it if I kill you all.' The business carried on inside the prison is working in hemp. The work is so unhealthy and painful to the eyes that some have been known to cut off a hand rather than continue in it." He says: "I have seen men in the hocking house fall at their work and when taken to the hospital, die before morning from pneumonia and the strap. Six days in a week the wisw of the strap and the howling of the victim rang through the prison, often the whole day long. Younger and stronger men than I, with shorter terms cut their throats, poisoned, and hung themselves to escape the burden thrust upon them. A remarkable constitution and great muscular strength were the only things that saved my life. As it was I was an old man at 40."

This minister of the gospel was twice incarcerated in a Kentucky prison, and during the seventeen years of his imprisonment received 35,105 stripes from the cow-hide and leather strap for non-performance of impossible tasks. He said: "It seemed that every ten stripes were equal to a death." Zeb Ward

HAS CONTINUED HIS NEFARIOUS BUSINESS up to the present time (thirty five years), and unfortunate men, women and children in four different States have suffered as only convicts can suffer at the hands of a cruel taskmaster. The Governor of Kentucky said to his State Legislature in 1873: "I cannot but regard the present system under which the State Penitentiary is leased and managed, as a reproach to the commonwealth."

About two or three years ago the State Senate of Kentucky sent out an investigating committee to inspect the convict camps. The committee made a lengthy report before the Senate from which we copy a few lines showing the "prison terrors of Kentucky." The convicts working in the Greenwood mines "are compelled to work in water several inches deep for days, and some have to lie down in water to get the quantity of coal they were compelled to dig and send out every day."

They reported the "prison at that place badly ventilated, poorly warmed, and the straw bed and blankets extremely dirty and infested with vermin." During cold weather their food (coarse bread and bacon poorly cooked) was frequently frozen. Both food and clothing were insufficient and

"THEY MUST HAVE SUFFERED INTENSELY." The punishment was "left to the discretion of the warden, whose position and wages depend to a great extent on the quantity of coal they can, under dread of the strap, compel the convicts to get out daily. One man was whipped because he complained of being sick." The whip or instrument of torture, was a strap of heavy leather, the kind used in other prisons, and "was applied to the bare back of the convict, laid on by a stout man." "The backs of some showed the marks for weeks after the punishment." The "register" showed "343 floggings in six months."

WHY NOT?

There Should be No Color in a Gentleman's Code of Etiquette.

Cleveland Leader: Mr. Carlisle of Kentucky does not color his views of his politeness according to the color of his object. A Washington correspondent relates that he was with him in a car that a young Negro girl entered. "There was no seat for her, and she grasped the strap as she looked up and down the benches on both sides. I was surprised to see Speaker Carlisle, for he was then Speaker of the House half rise to give her his place. A moment later he saw that he could make room for her beside him, and he crowded the rest of us up against the end and motioned her to sit down."

Conventions of Contentions.

Martinsburg (W. Va.) Pioneer Press:—Unite what? A contentious, dying, detrimental element to the life blood of the race? The Pioneer Press says no, never! The League met and transacted its business like sane men. It can stand alone, live and prosper, for its platform is broad, humane and sound.

There is no good to come by uniting with those old fossiliferous political weather cocks who lack brain, and race interest. They have never had other than conventions of contentions.

Alexander Craig of Lancaster, Pa., who served as a private in Company 1, Third United States Afro-American troops, has just been notified by the Commissioner of Pension that he has been awarded \$10,248 back pension money and a monthly allowance of \$72. He was wounded in the engagement at Morris Island, S. C., by a bomb bursting above his head which caused insanity a few years later. His application for pension was filed shortly after the war and his family have waited of twenty years for the letter that finally came.

"And every shepherd tells tale, under the Hawthorne in the dale" and on such occasions every shepherd takes cold and suffers tortures with neuralgia until some sensible, well-informed citizen advises her to use Salvation Oil.

HERE'S WHAT YOU WANT!

What we want is to get into families where The Plaindealer does not now go.

And we have such faith that if we can induce a large number of families to read The Plaindealer for say three months, many of them will become permanent subscribers, that we are willing to make a sacrifice at first and be content to abide by the result. We have, therefore, resolved to make the following offer:

We will send The Plaindealer for 3 months to any new subscriber for 35 cents and allow you a commission of nearly 30 per cent. for your trouble. That is, we will accept from you

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FOR EACH NEW
3 Months' Subscription,

thus giving you 10 cents on each new subscriber obtained.

THAT IS A BIG OFFER.

But we will do more yet. To the sender of a club of 15 new names, with \$3.75 in cash (that is, 25 cents net each), we will send a present of a set of the complete works of either Scott or Dickens as desired.

The object of this is to induce as many as possible to get up clubs. For every club of 15 new names, the sender is entitled to a set of either Dickens' or Scott's complete works. Canvassers will receive an additional set of the same for each additional club of 15 new names.

Now, good friends, this is the biggest set of inducements we have ever offered to gain our desired 10,000 subscribers.

THINK OF THE POINTS.

1st. You are sure of gaining 10 cents in money on each subscription taken, whether few or many.

2d. If you send as many as 15 subscriptions you are sure of earning \$1.50 in cash and a set of the books.

This offer is now thrown open to all. Nobody can renew on this offer. Each subscriber MUST BE A NEW ONE.

A Welcome Visitor.

JACKSON, March 10.—The PLAINDEALER was a very welcome visitor in many Afro-American families of this city last week. We wish we could persuade more of them to subscribe by the year and have their paper delivered to their address with their letters, costing as it does, but \$1.50 a year. I believe there is not a family in the city but can afford to subscribe for it. And just think, we may learn more concerning our race than from all other Michigan papers combined—Godfrey Commandery No. 10 K. T., have been re-modeling their hall and have it newly furnished and carpeted and it is now one of the finest halls in the city. They have also begun to prepare for the great convocation which takes place in this city in August. They intend making it the greatest event that has been known in the history of Knights Templar in this section of the country.—The Second Baptist Sunday School is being superintended by Mr. Thomas Jones and is now in a prosperous condition, with some new teachers and many new scholars, and still the good work goes on.—Mr. and Mrs. Virgil McDonald of L. sie, have bought a beautiful home on West Main street, and have come to occupy it.—Mrs. Sophia Malison, formerly of Allegan, has, with her daughter Lizzie who graduated from the public school last summer, removed to Jackson.—Mr. Oliver Hall's residence with contents, on South Milwaukee street, was consumed by fire while they were at church. No insurance.—Mrs. G. T. Thurman will go to Lansing Tuesday to deliver a lecture—Little Besie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Saunders, is very sick with the grip.—Mrs. Mary Richmond has bought a cosy little home on West avenue and has added a nice barn thereto.—Mrs. F. M. Thurman will spend a couple of months in the U. P. for her health.—Cards are out for the marriage of

Mrs. Emeline Long and Mr. Charles Tales.—Mr. Isaac Barrett has two very fine bred horses, for one of which he has a standing offer of \$5000. His price is \$3,000 which he will no doubt get the coming summer.—Mr. Adelbert Becks who has been visiting his mother at Olivet, has returned and can be found on duty at G. T. Thurman's barber shop.—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Clark, a son. All doing well.—Rev. Cyrus F. Hill of Ft. Wayne, Ind., is expected here on a visit shortly.—Mr. Alexander Woddy is becoming somewhat famous as an artist.—Mrs. John Wesley was taken seriously ill last evening.—Miss Laura Howard who has been sick two or three months, gets no better.—Mr. John Wesley is vice president of the German Barbers Union of this city. F. M. T.

A Munificent Gift.

GRAND RAPIDS, March 9.—The protracted meeting of the Spring street A. M. E. church has closed with satisfactory results as may be seen as follows: Conversions, 38; accessions, 31; baptisms, 16; expenses of the meeting \$94.—A grand reception was given Rev. N. N. Pharris, who for the past six weeks has been laboring with such untiring energy in the above named church, Monday evening by the converts and friends. After rendering an interesting program there was presented to him the handsome sum of \$58 as a token of their respect and appreciation of his labors. He left Wednesday for Kalamazoo where he will assist elder Graham and from thence to Saginaw. May the blessing of God attend his labors.—The Fifth Avenue A. M. E. Zion church and Messiah Baptist church worship together in the Zion church. The finance is divided for the support of each pastor. "Be bold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Rev. J. V. Givens' health is slowly declining and he regrets much not being able to do his duty as a pastor of the church.—Miss Brown of Chicago was called to our city to attend the funeral of her little nephew, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Jones.—Mrs. Blair of Florida, Ill., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. T. Wright.—Miss Martha Harris returned to her home in Battle Creek after having spent a pleasant visit with Rev. J. N. Alexander's family.—Mrs. Geo. Smith who has been so dangerously ill for several weeks, we are glad to report is slightly better.—Mrs. John Bell and Mrs. J. Glen are much better.—Mrs. J. C. Craig and Miss Lockett, who are suffering from rheumatism are still confined to their homes.—Miss Estella M. Alexander became the recipient of a number of valuable presents, among which may be named a handsome gold watch and chain. The occasion being the anniversary of her seventeenth birthday.—The Sabbath schools are looking forward with great anxiety for Easter.—Sheridan Davis returned to Richmond, Ind.—All persons or friends, churches, society organizations of any character that have articles for the PLAINDEALER we would be pleased to have you leave them at 159 Spring street and we shall take pleasure in giving them the desired attention and to prevent mistakes you will write the articles just as you would have them published. J. H. A.

Interesting Services.

LANSING, March 10.—Rev. Roberts preached a very impressive sermon Sabbath morning, subject "Lord save me," and before the services closed one backslider was reclaimed which caused the principal part of the members to shout. The protracted effort is progressing nicely, and Elder Roberts has been encouraged to continue the meetings as several arose for prayer.—Mr. A. R. Taylor of Marshall, spent Monday in the city on business and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Parker.—Mr. Marshall Freeman met with a painful accident last week by getting his shoulder dislocated. He is on the gain and will soon be again filling his position as porter at the Hudson house.—Mrs. John Allen has been ill the past week.—Mr. T. J. Rice, aged 70 years, died at the home of Mrs. Jenkins on Townsend street, Saturday night, of kidney trouble. The remains were taken to Detroit for interment.—Mrs. Elder Roberts and daughter Lizzie are doing lovely lace and fancy work and desire the patronage of all their lady friends who wish any thing in that line.—THE PLAINDEALER is my favorite paper, F. A. H.

In The Courts.

CASSOPOLIS, Mich., March 10.—Judge O'Hara convened circuit court Tuesday to continue two weeks. Geo. Franks found guilty of burglary. Jos. Mosier, an associate of Morgan Gardner, plead guilty to stealing meat from Wesley Mitchell's smoke house. Gardner's trial Tuesday. 11. Walter Bass plead guilty, to furnishing liquor to habitual drunkard.—Village election Monday, but little interest taken, only 114 votes polled.—Mr. Eli Jones returned from Adrian Thursday.—Chas. Sizemore went to Kalamazoo today. Better wages an object of exchange.—Mrs. Coats and daughter are visiting in Volusia.—Rev. Coats returned from Niles Saturday, sickness prevented the progress of revivals.—Teachers examination last Thursday was well attended. Among the number were Messrs. Cassius and Henry Lane, Misses Early, Hall, Roberts, Wilson, Beverly.—Miss Laura Beverly teaches the spring term in the "Coker" school district.—The Baptist society have rented Goodwin's Hall for services. B.

Meeting with Success.

ADRIAN, March 10.—Rev. Gillard, pastor of the Second Baptist church, held his baptizing Friday evening at the First Baptist church. There were nine baptized who received the right hand of fellowship Sunday morning.—Mrs. Martha Harris, Mr. Maggie Harris, Mr. Levi Coleman and Mr. C. Dean left here Saturday afternoon to attend the funeral of Mrs. Louisa Brown of Hudson.—Mr. B. T. Tral of Hillsdale, College, who gave a grand lecture in Blissfield Sunday evening, passed through here this morning enroute to Deerfield where he will lecture tonight. His subject is the "New South and the Race Problem." He is having great success.—Miss Anna Paton who has been on the sick list for a few days, is better.—Mrs. W. L. Burton who has been visiting her parents in Saginaw for some time, returned home last week.—Rev. N. N. Pharris is expected home this week.

Conferring New Degrees.

BATTLE CREEK, March 9.—We are informed by Mr. J. J. Evans, chairman of the committee appointed by the State convention held at Jackson, that a meeting will be held in this city next week to organize a county league. The date is not fixed as yet but will be either Wednesday or Thursday evening. Our citizens will be notified through the daily papers. It is hoped that the citizens will turn out and give the cause a hearty boom.—Several of the Knights Templars of this city will go to Kalamazoo next Monday evening to assist in conferring a degree on some candidates in that city.—Twenty-five young people from this city attended the ball at Kalamazoo last week and report a fine time.—Mrs. E. Harris is quite ill; Mrs. J. Henderson is also quite ill.—Mrs. E. Brown and an infant son of Mr. J. Johnson is on the sick list.—Miss Bell Swanagan, who was brought home from Chicago last Saturday very ill, is reported a little better at this writing.—Mr. John Collins left for Detroit last week.—Mrs. Geo. Collins, Mrs. E. Valentine, Mr. R. Kimble and Miss Carrie Jones spent Sunday in Kalamazoo.—Mr. H. T. Snodgrass made a business trip to Paw paw last week.—Mrs. Mariah Davis of Charlotte was in the city last week. B. S.

Took the First Degree.

FT. WAYNE, March 10.—Mr. James Smith has returned from Huntington and has taken his old place at Rich Hotel.—Last Monday night the St. Marys Lodge of F. & A. M. conferred the first degree on Messrs. Thomas Williams, Lewis Wilson, Daniel Wallace and Joseph Bundy.—Rev. B. W. Brown of Champaign, Ill., was in the city last week enroute to Ypsilanti, Mich., to take charge of that church.—People were turned away from our church last night for want of room.—Quarterly meeting next Sunday, Elder Jeffries will be present and it is hoped that it will be a meeting long to be remembered by each member doing his duty so that the "Captain may depend on me, though but an armor bearer I may be." You cannot afford to be silent in the church.—The Literary society has rented the W. C. T. U. hall on Harrison street, and will hold their meetings there in the future.—Mr. Wm. Bradshaw was in the city today, visiting his brother Samuel. J. H. R.

To the "Far West."

NEWARK, March 10.—Winter seems to have set in instead of spring. We had a heavy snow storm Sunday night, a regular blizzard. The weather has been colder the past week than any time this winter.—Rev. Henderson has returned.—Mr. Grant Beasley, a young married gentleman who has been employed in Newark for the past year, contemplates moving his family to the city.—Mr. J. R. C. Alexander and Mr. S. L. Ransom, two prominent gentlemen of Newark, have furnished an elegant tonorial parlor on Main street where they will be pleased to accommodate all their old friends and all new ones who will call.—We are sorry to state that Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson who belong to our married circle, are going to remove to the far West, also Miss Mamie Seelig, a sister of Mrs. Thompson. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are a promising and energetic young couple, and while we regret to part with them, we hope they will have success in their new home.—Little Lizzie Davis and her brother George are visiting their grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davis of North Tenth street. D. U.

Where You Can Find the News.

BAY CITY, March 11.—We regret there are still so many of our people who have not become members of the Afro-American League which has now been established here nearly two months. We cannot but believe that this comes from a want of knowledge regarding the League and its ways and means of working to benefit our race. Now, why not subscribe for THE PLAINDEALER, or some other Afro-American paper, and ascertain what our people are doing and what they intend to do? You will never know from the Bay City Tribune or Press, but THE PLAINDEALER will tell you all that is worth knowing, and we feel sure you will not withhold your names from so good a cause.—The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. Bird of West Bay City, surprised them at their home last week.—The G. U. O. of F. entertained a large number of friends at pedro, Friday evening and a most enjoyable time was spent. LOOKER ON

Her 66th Birthday.

MARION, March 10.—We have had steady rain for twenty-four hours and it is still falling.—Seven persons from Marion visited Hills Chapel Sunday, two of them joined, Mr. S. E. Julius and Mrs. Lillie Harper.—Rev. White preached, Sunday afternoon, the funeral of D. I. Wallace's little child. And Rev. Ward who has been assisting Rev. White in his protracted meetings, preached at 3 p. m. from these words: "Thou, God, seeth me," at which time love feast was administered, and God wonderfully blessed the meeting.—Mr. and Mrs. H. Bruce who have been visiting relatives and friends here, returned home to Columbus, Ohio.—Mrs. Liddle Smith is fast recovering from the typhoid fever.—Miss Grace Sizemore, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Liddle Scott, returned from Chicago Saturday. Miss Sizemore has been very ill with a gripe and suffered a relapse, but is now much better.—On the 6th, a number of relatives assembled at the home of Mrs. Edith Pettiford to remind her that it was her 66th birthday. After partaking of the delicacies, they all returned home, hoping that God would spare her to a ripe old age.

Sick with La Grippe.

SANDUSKY, March 11.—Mr. George Sublett a porter on the Lake Erie railroad, is very sick with a gripe, at his home.—Mr. and Mrs. H. Lum who have had so much sickness this winter, still have a very sick child which is not expected to live.—The Sloan home gentlemen deserve much credit for the way in which they have conducted themselves in our city during their stay here, and we regret that they cannot find things here pleasant enough for them to continue with us. Mr. Giles and Mr. Daugherty have made many friends who will regret their departure.—Mrs. Aggie Allen is on the program for Easter at the Decatur street Baptist church.

WINGED MISSILES.

In Iceland there are no prisons and no police. Only 250 thefts in 1,000 years. Horses are carried by steam in Chicago, and 150 horses are cleaned in two hours.

England is said to have one cow to 8 1/2 persons, France one cow to 3 1/2, and America one cow to 1 1/2 persons.

"The French have a saying that a woman who buys her complexion will sell it." French maxims are not always true.

Queen Victoria's regular mail is about 840 letters per day. She is ready to discriminate quickly and answers but few of them.

A former Marion county, West Virginia, man now residing in Iowa has returned to a Fairmont family a book he borrowed over forty years ago.

A farmer of Upshur county, West Virginia, who owns a number of guinea hens, found a nest where they had been taying containing 357 eggs.

The first apple tree planted in Ohio, they say, can be seen alive and vigorous on Jerome Vincent's farm in Marietta. It was planted in 1789.

A bed of rock salt, over 100 feet in depth, has been struck by gas prospectors at Wadsworth, Ohio. The salt is 2,600 feet below the earth's surface.

The four-year old son of R. C. McPharstead Greenville, Tex., accidentally bit his own tongue, producing a wound from which he died.

A novel feature of the coming exhibition in Edinburgh will be a working ship railway, in which the vessel will be immersed in water while upon the car.

A South Chester resident has received a letter from a friend in Tacoma, Wash., where, he says, it costs 50 cents to get shaved and \$1 for a hair-cut.

Rice, a New York suicide, left this message: "It has come to pass that ruin won't drown sorrow any longer." There is a big sermon in that short sentence.

The highest individual taxpayer in Boston is Joshua Montgomery Sears, who in 1899 paid \$40,953.55; next is Frederick L. Ames, who contributes \$11,127.67.

The Lancet says that the human body can be embalmed so as to show identification three thousand years after death. That may be so, but who is to do the identification?

Explorer Stanley, in a letter to one of his friends, says: "My hair is like snow from Ruwenzori, but it is the crown of a busy period, and I wear it without regret as the gift of time."

White mahogany is exceedingly rare but sparingly introduced as borders for tables and delicate frame work of upholstered seats. It has a soft enamel-like gloss and is very costly.

The project of tunneling the English Channel is still cherished by a company of British capitalists, who have expended \$100,000 on experimental works which are not yet completed.

The Chinese government has just ordered a new edition of the famous encyclopedia which was originally compiled during the reign of Kien-Lung. The index alone fills twelve folio volumes.

Albert Gallatin Morton, of Amesbury, Mass., was born in 1804, began preaching in 1823, and has occupied his pulpit regularly ever since without in a single instance writing out a sermon.

What are supposed to be the first playing cards used were recently found in the Pompeian excavations and are now in the possession of a collector in Philadelphia. The cards are perfectly square.

A single lemon tree in Caloosahatchie, Fla., has on it over 5,000 lemons, many of which weigh a pound each. It is predicted that Florida will soon become the greatest lemon-growing country in the world.

A four-year old son of William H. Wood, of Center Square, Montgomery county, who swallowed a carpet tack in March, 1888, coughed it up a few days ago. His throat ailed continually in the interval.

A lady at Tusculum, Fla., has a novelty in the way of roses. One of her many varieties bears a bud which is green when it blossoms. In the bud it is so nearly the color of the foliage as to be hard to distinguish.

The earliest known will has been discovered by Flinders Petri at Kahun, or as the town was known 4,500 years ago, Illahun. The document is so curiously modern in form that it might almost be granted probate to-day.

The most costly book in the world is a Bible in Hebrew. An offer of its weight in gold was once made, and it was ascertained that this offer amounted to \$102,000, which was refused, and the volume is still in the library of the Vatican.

Talmage knows where to make himself solid. He recently said: "I could preach a whole sermon on the everlasting blessing of a good newspaper. A good newspaper is the grandest temporary blessing that God has given to the people of this country."

Pombolano is the name of a plant found in Mexico, the root of which is said to contain a substance analogous to but more powerful than quinine in its antiperiodic action. It has been found to cure rebellious intermittent fevers that had resisted the action of quinine.

Sonnini gives an account of a dog that, about 1060, "to the knowledge of all Paris," remained for more than two years beside the tomb of his master in the Cemetery of the Innocents. If carried to a distant part of the city and locked up, he would return to the tomb as soon as he escaped.

About 35,000 watches are daily manufactured in the United States. A first-class American watch, well kept, will last thirty years, or sometimes even longer, before the works wear out, but the average life of an ordinary low-priced watch is ten years, while that of the same grade is seven years.

There has been placed in the Manchester Mass., Public Library a copy of the Bible published in 1393. It is the gift of Miss Ella Lee, daughter of the late Charles Lee, to the Manchester Historical Society. This rare and valuable publication is known as the Bishop's Bible, and was first printed in 1393.

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| 5 Antiquary, | 17 St. Ronan's Well, |
| 6 Rob Roy, | 18 Red Gauntlet, |
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| 8 Bride of Lammermoor, | 20 The Taisman, |
| 9 Black Dwarf, | 21 Woodstock, |
| 10 Heart of Midlothian, | 22 Fair Maid of Perth, |
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Railroad Time Tables.

THE SHORT LINE

—FROM—
Detroit and Toledo to Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, and All Points South.

Leave	Arrive
Detroit, M.C.R.R. 7:05 am	*2.00 pm *10.00 pm
Toledo, C. H. & D. 10:15 am	4.00 pm 11:55 pm
Lima 12:44 pm	6:25 pm 2:25 am
Dayton 3:50 pm	8:57 pm 5:00 am
Cincinnati 7:50 pm	11:10 pm 7:45 am
Indianapolis 8:30 pm	1:10 am 9:30 am

Through parlor cars on day trains and Pullman palace cars on night trains between Detroit and Cincinnati.
*Daily, *Daily except Sunday, *Except Saturday, *Except Monday.
City ticket office, 187 Jefferson avenue.
A. F. WOLFFSCHLAGER, City Ticket Agent
R. G. BUTLER, Division Freight and Passenger Agent.

WABASH RAILROAD.

Depot foot of Twelfth street.	Standard time	Leave	Arrive
Lafayette, Kansas City and			
Western Flyer.....	8:35 am	* 6:45 pm	
St. Louis Express.....	11:55 pm	1:35 am	
St. Louis and Ind. Express.....		11:30 pm	
Chicago Express.....	1:45 pm	11:30 pm	
Adrian accommodation.....	4:00 pm		
Chicago Express.....	7:50 pm	6:15 am	
Ind. Louisville & St. Louis Express.....	9:50 pm	6:15 am	

*Daily, *Daily except Sunday, *Except Saturday, *Except Monday.
City ticket office, 187 Jefferson avenue.
A. F. WOLFFSCHLAGER, City Ticket Agent
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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Depot foot of Brush street. Central Standard Time. Oct. 7th, 1899.	Leave	Arrive
*8:00 a.m. Toronto, Montreal and East.	9:40 am	
*12:00 p.m. Port Huron	1:30 am	
*4:20 p.m. Port Huron	5:10 pm	
*10:50 p.m. Toronto and Montreal Ex.	9:10 pm	

DETROIT, GRAND HAVEN & MILWAUKEE RY

Depot foot of Brush street. Trains run by Central Standard Time. October 14th, 1899.	Leave	Arrive
*Muskegon & Grand Rapids Ex	6:50 a.m.	11:35 a.m.
*Through Mail & Chicago	10:30 a.m.	4:10 p.m.
*Grand Rapids Express	4:50 p.m.	7:45 p.m.
*Chicago Express with sleeper	8:00 p.m.	7:30 p.m.
*Night express with sleeper	10:30 p.m.	

*Daily, Sundays excepted. *Daily.
Morning Mail has elegant through coach De troit to Muskegon via Owosso and T. S. & M. Ry.
Grand Rapids Express and Morning Express have parlor car to Grand Rapids.
Chicago Express has elegant Pullman sleeping and Buffet cars to Chicago daily.
Night Express has sleeper to Grand Rapids daily.
Sleeping car berths can be secured at general ticket office, 187 Jefferson avenue, cor. of Wood ward, and at the depot foot of Brush street.
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DETROIT, MICH.

A BRILLIANT EVENT.

MRS. THEO. FINNEY'S ANNIVERSARY RECEPTION AND MUSICALS.

Beautiful Decorations—Lovely Toilets—An Excellent Program—Who Was There and What They Wore.

The fifty fourth anniversary reception and musicals given by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Finney, Monday evening, March 10th was the most brilliant incident of the season of '89 and '90. The cards of invitations were issued sufficiently early to allow for the preparation of fresh toilets for the occasion and the result was a number of beautiful gowns, which enhanced the beauty of the scene. The decorations which consisted of ferns, tropical plants, festoons of smilax and cut flowers were in excellent taste. Over the arches between the parlors and graceful loops of smilax the numbers 1846 and 1890 done in tiny red-bud and carnations were suspended, the mantle was a bank of la France roses and hyacinths. Fern leaves decorated the curtains and orange silk draperies separated the ante room from the dancing parlors. Promptly at 9 o'clock the following program was rendered. The participants all receiving encores for the unexceptionable manner in which their numbers were given:

- Overture, Sunrise R. Schlegel
- Finney's Orchestra
- Ballad, "The Grand Old Ocean" Harrison Millard
- Mr. George Owens
- One Piece Loinaine — 3rd Air Variet. Clarinet Solo E. T. Thornton
- John Smallwood
- Selection—"Idalia" C. W. Bennett
- Finney Orchestra
- Ballad—"Welch Glück-Mein" Herr Buewegeh-Robyn
- Miss Azalia Smith
- Serenade, Mr. Theo. Finney Von Schubert
- Final—"Awakening of Spring" Bach
- Piano Accompanist, Mr. C. A. Scott.

A delicious collation followed, served by Mr. T. D. Warsaw, and the rest of the evening was devoted to dancing which began about 12 o'clock. Mrs. Finney wore a superb gown of cream colored silk and gauze with Watteau buck entraîne, low corsage trimmed in old pointe lace and seed pearls, and carried bouquets of roses. She was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Mrs. Will Finney who wore cream colored cashmere and white silk, and her niece, Miss Evans who wore blue silk, cream satin and white rosebuds.

Among the notable toilets were:

- Mrs. Eugene Thomas, black silk gown and Brussels net overdress.
- Miss Julia Williams, Josephine gown of white cashmere and orange velvet.
- Miss Gregory, white surah dress and white lace over dress.
- Miss Watson, white brillante, china silk corsage and front in a sign of pink rosebuds looped with white silk cord.
- Miss Edith Watson a simple but effective gown of cream cashmere and black velvet.
- Miss Emily Brown pale blue cashmere and black lace.
- Mrs. Wm. Ferguson, black surah, lace overdress, V corsage, jet and gold ornaments and La Marie shoes.
- Mrs. Preston Jones blue watered silk and black tulle.
- Miss Decker old rose cashmere, white lace and pink roses.
- Miss Estella Owens white cashmere and muslin plush.
- Mrs. Geo. A. Barrier, bronze silk, iridescent jet and lace.
- Mrs. A. C. Deming, white lace front, toulard back, low, corsage, embroidered in a design of cardinal roses.
- Mrs. Robert White, combination of old rose, reseda green, and white silk, trimmed with green plush striped gauze and ribbon.
- Miss Lulu Owen, heliotrope china silk and flowers.
- Miss Fannie Anderson black velvet and pearl colored silk and pink lilies.
- Mrs. Thomas Cary white silk and lace over dress.
- Mrs. Thomas Garrison, ecru silk and white lace.
- Mrs. Edward Watson, black silk and lace, cardinal tufts.
- Mrs. Thomas Cole, white India silk, brussels net.

Regrets and gifts were received from Cincinnati, from Mrs. Alex. Thomas and daughter, wine satin shopping bag, embroidered silk handkerchief and side board scarf; Mrs. L. D. Easton, pink silk table cover; Mrs. Wm. Porter and Miss Lee Wilson, folding cabinet mirror in oak; Mrs. Maria L. Adams, hand painted banner; Mrs. Boone, of Dayton, hand painted cream colored easel scarf; Miss Ida Henderson, of Cleveland, morocco album and picture; Mrs. Warring, Wauseon, O., birthday card.

Gifts from friends in the city were received from Mr. and Mrs. Preston Jones, silver sloop bowl; Mr. D. L. Watson, silver nut cracker and picks; Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Watson, cut glass perfume case; Misses Watson, yellow satin and lace chair cover; Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Straker, hand painted birthday banner; Mr. and Mrs. A. Hill, embroidered set of collars and cuffs; Miss Mabel Hill, embroidered silk handkerchief; Mr. and Mrs. Will Finney, lovely etching; Mrs. and Miss Crisp, old gold gauze scarf; Mr. and Mrs. Carey, hand painted table scarf; Mrs. Buckner, blue zephyr and ribbon shoulder cape; Mr. H. C. Briggs, 1 doz cut glass tumblers; Mrs. R. H. White, old gold chair cushions; Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Warsaw, half dozen hand painted plates; Mrs. Thos. Garrison, pair of toilet bottles and pink and white plush pin cushion; Mrs. James Cole, embroidered handkerchief and hand bag; Mr. James Cole, pair black kid gloves; Miss Emily Brown, cabinet vase; Mrs. Thomas Cole and Mrs. Chandler; cabinet ewer; Mr. and Mrs. James Evans, pair of vases; Mrs. A. L. Deming, pink silk and palm leaf catchall; Misses Williams beautiful pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Watson, book of illustrations Greenland's key mountain; Mr. B. G. Chappee, white silk embroidered handkerchief; Mr. C. R. Webb, beautiful birthday card; Miss A. Ducker, salt and pepper sets; Mrs. Dr. Johns in embroidered handkerchief; Mrs. Carter two handkerchiefs; Mrs. Marion, handkerchiefs; the Misses Owens and Louise, urn, of white roses and hyacinths; Mrs. Henry Nelson, hand bouquet; Messrs

Armes, Anderson, Duncan, White and Brown, basket of flowers; Mrs. Laura Ackerman, cut glass salad dish. A handsome bound copy of the Episcopal prayer book and hymnal which was delayed was received the next day from Mr. and Mrs. T. L. O. Lambert. Prof. Finney was moved to recall his early days by the gift of his old friend and school mate, Capt. "Ed." Brown, of Columbus, O. It consisted of a large photograph of the donor handsomely framed. A complete list of the guests as nearly as could be obtained is as follows: Mesdames Crissup, Copper, Nelson, Martin, Carter, Turner, Dye, Chandler, Cole, Buckner, Garrison, Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Preston Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Barrier, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Cheek, Mr. and Mrs. Will Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. White, Mr. and Mrs. Al. Deming, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Thomas, Dr. and Mrs. L. H. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Will Finney, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cole, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Carey.

Misses Amy and Edith Watson, Lulu Gregory, Susie and Julia Williams, Emily Brown, Cora Johnson, Fannie Anderson, The Misses Owen, Brodie, Fannie Crissup, Mollie Lewis, Eliza Cole, Eliza Evans, Azalia Smith, Minnie Hill, Bessie and Harvey Webb.

Messrs Armes, Duncan, Robt. Benj. and Fred Pelham, Charles Webb, David Brown, Arthur Watson, David Watson, B. G. Chappee, Ed Williams, James Cole and George Owens.

Came to Make Merry.

KALAMAZOO, March 10.—Rev. D. A. Graham held his quarterly meeting yesterday, assisted by Rev. Jeffries. The public collection was \$17.37. Eleven persons joined the church, which make 25 accessions since the revival.—Mrs. Beverly of Cusopolis was here attending the funeral of her niece, Miss Jennie McDaniel who passed quietly away at her home in Ann Arbor last week, of consumption.—Mr. Harry Kersey and Miss Louisa Smith were married last Wednesday. They will make Battle Creek their future home, and leave with the best wishes of their friends.—Mrs. Payton Grayson and Mrs. Ella Valentine of Battle Creek are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Tillman.—Mrs. George Collins of Battle Creek is the guest of Mrs. S. S. Wheatley over Sunday.—Miss Carrie Jones of Battle Creek, is visiting Miss Blanche Simmons.—Mrs. William Cook and Master Bennie returned to their home Saturday afternoon after a very pleasant visit with Mrs. R. M. Jarvis.—Wm. Houston of South Bend, Ind., was in the city last week.—Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Burgess of Albion, and a number of others from out side the city, attended the ball given at the opera house. All reported an enjoyable one and hope it will be repeated in the near future.

DAISIES.

At evening when I go to bed I see the stars shine overhead; They are the little daisies white That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so, Across the sky the moon will go; It is a lady, sweet and fair, Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise, There's not a star left in the skies; She's picked them all and dropped them down Into the meadows of the town.

FUN.

Voice from the cage—"The saloon," he solemnly drawled, "is the house that Jagg built."—Buffalo Courier.

"I do dislike people who say 'yes' with a rising inflection to everything they hear." "Yes?"—New York Sun.

Not Very Busy.—First orange—"Hello! What are you doing here?" "Nothing; just looking round."—Puck.

The man who pays the biggest penit here on earth will not always find the best seat reserved for him in the heavenly congregation.—Somerville Journal.

When a young man begins to court a girl, with the purpose of reaching the goal of matrimony, he generally gets there by the "belt" line.—Norristown Herald.

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

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. MIDDLEVILLE, Mich. MR. G. G. STEKETE, Proprietor of Steketee's Neuralgia Drops: My wife was afflicted with inflammation and 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

PLEASANTVILLE, IOWA. MR. STEKETE—Sir: After laying for four or five months and doctoring with several 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 it to all. MRS. VES A. BREWSTER

For sale by all druggists. Sent by mail to an address at 50 cents a bottle. U. S. Postage. A. GEO. G. STEKETE, Grand Rapids Mich.

For sale in Detroit by Fred D. Stevens & Co. 131 Woodward avenue.

Notes to Our Readers. Those who honor us with their advertisement we respectfully recommend them to our many readers, hoping you will give them a call soon. Look over our advertising columns each week, and if you have to purchase anything in their line, give them a call.

WONDERFUL YET TRUE.

Remarkable Experience of a Peculiar Course of Study, and What it Developed.

In a modest, yet with striking, double, three-story, brick structure, on the corner of Miami avenue and Grand Circus Park, Detroit, is the residence of a Mongolian who has attained for himself a fame without a parallel in this country. Some people have ascended the ladder of fame by stepping from one political round to another till they have reached the highest gift in the hands of the people. Others again attain eminence as authors and men of letters, while some climb into prominence through the powers of mimicry upon the lyric stage. This man has from his youth up laid out for himself and pursued a different route to the eminence of fame, and has ascended in his own peculiar way to a height which will make his name a household word for ages to come. He is a Chinese man pure and simple, cultured to a remarkable degree, and like such of his countrymen as are of gentle blood, is possessed of an innocent and winning manner. Those who have met him say it is a pleasure and novelty to consult him. He is always ready to hear and sympathize with the afflicted, and no tale of woe is too long for him to listen to, or too trivial to occupy his most earnest thought. He is proud of the cures his remedies have accomplished, and considers each and every one a gem in the diadem of his crown of fame. He is modest and unostentatious and takes more pride in a case cured than he would in ruling a country. Like most prominent men whose works have raised them above the level of their fellows, he has his hobbies. One of them is to build in Detroit, on the site of his present residence a Chinese pagoda which will be a monument to him for years after he leaves us. The property was purchased by him in December last, and his idea is to transform the present handsome structure into a four-story Chinese residence, with all the coriaces and trimmings characteristic of his country, and thus add an ornament worthy of the location, to the already beautiful park. Such an undertaking would appal most men, but his persistent nature makes light of it. The plans are being drawn by a Japanese architect at Yokama, and the structure will be fashioned something like the Hong For Low at Hong Kong, and when one considers the originality to be exercised in the changing and substituting of the material best adapted to the temperature of the country, they can realize in a measure the extent of the undertaking.

It is only a few short months since Gun Wa came amongst us, and yet it is almost impossible to inquire among the people of any neighborhood in our city and not find somebody who has been cured by his herb remedies, 'tis true, he did not come among us a stranger. Some of our people had visited him at other points and had been cured and returned. They naturally spread the news of their recovery and the virtue of his herb remedies, so that when it became noised about that Gun Wa himself had selected Detroit as his permanent home, and had purchased his property and prepared his residence, it is not to be wondered at that his parlors were constantly filled and thronged with the sick and suffering. He does not desire any distinct class or clique of patients, nor does he care whether his patient is a millionaire or a pauper, sufficient for him to know is the fact that the patient is suffering, and his motto in all such cases is and always has been, "Come unto me all ye who are sick and suffering."

In this manner he has built for himself a fame, for his skill, his benevolence, and his charity; which has seldom if ever been equalled in this country. He does not pretend to know more or be better than many others, but asserts in his quiet way, that nature provides a remedy for all ills and if we can only find the remedy we can cure the ill. His record of cures bears him out and shows that he is right. He says there are many good physicians in this country and had their bright minds been directed into the same channels and same locations as his, there would be much less sickness and suffering in the land.

The double residence at present occupied by him is a model of Chinese thrift and economy and his reception parlors are samples of eastern elegance seldom seen in this country. His employees with two exceptions are selected from the best families in Detroit and his object is to know and be one of the people. No contribution for a worthy object is complete before he has had a chance to add his mite, not like a Hharisee to have it published but to contribute under an alias such as cash or something similar. He appears to be ashamed of his charity and blushes like a girl when it is mentioned.

It is impossible in an article of this kind to even mention the names of the parties who have been benefited by the Gun Wa herb treatments. A simple list would occupy more space than can be furnished by any newspaper published. Suffice it to say that the writer, like hundreds of others, has from time to time seen advertised in the daily papers in the most public manner the following most remarkable cures, and feeling that such people would not allow their names to be used unless the facts were as stated, he deems them worthy of repetition in the present case.

A well-known name is that of CAPT. LOUIS MINER. Capt. Louis Miner, of No. 26 Chase street, Detroit, says in reference to the

above address at any reasonable hour, and am ready to substantiate what I say. MR. JOSEPH CARRIER, 74 20th St. Detroit.

A well-known lady in Detroit society is Mrs. Edward Dupont, and whose word is unimpeachable.



Mrs. EDWARD DUPONT,

who resides at 893 Russell street, Detroit, says: "I have been troubled with a tired and weary feeling for some time. I had no ambition, no life, and felt gradually, day by day, getting weaker. My housework, which was mere child's play to me, became wearisome, and I was finally so run down that I was obliged to consult a physician, but he failed to infuse new life or invigorate what I had. I then consulted another, and yet another, and among them all I was so impressed with the fact that my system was disorganized, that I was rapidly declining. My husband had a difficulty to persuade me to try the Chinese Remedies. I felt it was no use, and gave myself up for lost, and more to oblige him than anything else, I went with him to consult Gun Wa, who, instead of making mountains of my complaint, and saying how bad I was, much to my astonishment, told me my own symptoms and what to do. I felt he knew more about me than I knew myself. I took his remedies with a faith approaching reverence, and am now only beginning my second treatment, and see how I feel, 'better' yes, ever so much better. I think I am cured, but Gun Wa said in the first place that I required so many treatments before he would pronounce the cure permanent, and I have implicit faith in him, and will do as he says. I am as explicit as possible to avoid trouble to others and myself in calling and writing, but am quite willing to see any ladies who wish to inquire into my experiences of Gun Wa's Chinese Remedies, or I will answer any letters upon the subject. I am only one of the many patients whom the Herb Remedies have cured in our city, but am one that is quite willing to give credit where credit is due, and I think that this Chinese physician is not getting nearly the credit he deserves, or his wonderful herbs would be in every household. I have written to my brother, a confirmed invalid at Bay City, advising him to at once put himself under Gun Wa's treatment, and I advise all my friends in a similar manner." Mrs. EDWARD DUPONT, 893 Russell street, Detroit.

Many people know the jolly good natured Irish lady,

MRS. MARY SULLIVAN, who resides at No. 348 Tillman avenue, Detroit, Mich, has the following to say in her own words of Gun Wa's herb remedies: "Yes, I think I have a right to say God bless Gun Wa, for many reasons. I think, after suffering these last 14 years with dyspepsia and stomach troubles, trying home physicians and spending a greater portion of my hard earnings to be cured, receiving no beneficial results, in despair I went to Gun Wa. When I first began to take Gun Wa's herb remedies I had a lump in my stomach that had in some way collected there for some unknown cause. I could not eat, and sleep was entirely out of the question. As soon as I had taken Gun Wa's remedies I felt myself relieved. I can now eat, sleep splendidly, in fact I have recovered altogether, and can say I am very grateful to Gun Wa and his vegetable remedies, and am pleased to say Gun Wa has cured me." MRS. MARY SULLIVAN, No. 348 Tillman ave., Detroit, Mich.

Another well-known face is that of MR. W. STONE.

An employe of the Agricultural Implement Spring and Steel Works, Michigan ave., and resides at 1005 Vinewood ave., writes over his own signature as follows: "Gun Wa, 126 Miami ave., Detroit.

"DEAR SIR—I have been a sufferer for some time with Rheumatism and have tried various remedies without obtaining any relief until I began taking your herbs. I have now completed my first treatment and wish a second, and am feeling much better than I have been for years, and I cheerfully volunteer this testimonial, which you are at liberty to publish and refer to me in any way you consider necessary. I consider myself permanently cured and it is in a spirit of gratefulness that I thus suffer for some five or six years with catarrh of the stomach, and has been under treatment for some seven weeks, and is much better, and is perfectly satisfied that he is on his way to recovery. He says: "I can now sleep, my appetite is good, and I feel greatly relieved. I am so satisfied that I am getting well that I have paid for my whole treatment—although not obliged to do so by contract—and have every confidence in Gun Wa, and feel very much indebted to him, for I believe it is to his Herb Remedies that I owe my present health." CAPT. LOUIS MINER, No. 26 Chase St., Detroit.

Another is MR. JOSEPH CARRIER,

of No. 74 20th st., Detroit, has been under treatment for some weeks, and speaks of Gun Wa's remedies as follows: "I was for a long time troubled with loss of energy and ambition, had no appetite, and although not laid up sick, still I was considerably out of order and could not sleep or eat. I began Gun Wa's herb treatment only a few weeks ago, and am now thoroughly restored. I can be found at the

publicly acknowledge that your remedies have done all for me that you claimed, and I am more than satisfied with the result. My wife is suffering from Rheumatism and I wish you to take charge of her case."

Sincerely yours, WILLIAM STONE, 1005 Vinewood av-nua, Detroit.

A familiar face in marine circles is that of



CAPT. A. CARSON.

Capt. A. Carson, of the steamer D. S. Wilson, who has sailed the lakes for upward of twenty years, and who is a native born citizen of the city of Detroit, has the following to say in regard to Gun Wa, the famous Chinese physician:

"I had been suffering for some years with a most malignant form of dyspepsia accompanied with indigestion, wind on the stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, and loss of ambition. There was also a thick coating of some morbid secretion on my stomach, and a large gathering, which caused me at times the most excruciating pains; from all of which I am now entirely cured, through the magical influence of Gun Wa's heral remedies."

He further adds: "I came to Gun Wa after having tried various remedies and numerous physicians of local national repute, and spent a large amount of money without receiving any relief whatever; yet Gun Wa has, in less than two months, completely cured me."

"I shall be pleased to answer all letters or other inquiries concerning my case, and sound the praise of Gun Wa, whom I look upon as the greatest and best physician I have ever met."

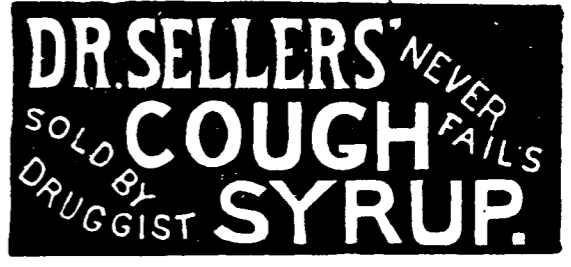
I am yours at command, JOHN KRISTOPHERSON, 67 Atwater street, Detroit.

Another interesting, though not quite so prominent a cure, is that of JOHN KRISTOPHERSON,

of 67 Atwater street, who fell from the fore-topmast-head of the schooner "Delaware" while lying at Marine City last May, describes in his own language his case as follows: "I was aloft sending down the topsail yard, and by some mismanagement in the gearing something carried away, and down went the yard, carrying me with it, and causing a compound fracture of my right leg. I was taken to the Marine hospital in Detroit and stayed there four months. The hospital doctors said I was all right and discharged me, but I was obliged to go back again in two weeks. My leg had been used too soon and the devil was to pay with my whole outfit. My stomach swelled up as well as my leg, and I couldn't eat or digest anything, and I thought Davy Jones had me for sure, when all this talk about Gun Wa comes up, and I knew then that I had something to anchor to, for I once had a shipmate who got cured of rheumatism and was always blowing his horn for Gun Wa. I made sail from that hospital as soon as I knew how, not but what there is good enough doctors there, but because I knew one that was the sailor's friend, and you bet I am glad of it. I have been taking Gun Wa's remedies for only three weeks, and am going to take them as long as he says. I am getting so I eat all right now and my stomach and leg are both doing good work, and if I ever get back perfect health I will owe it all to Gun Wa, and if anybody doubts what I say, they can find me at 67 Atwater street, Detroit, where I will satisfy them that I speak the truth, and inclose my picture that my shipmate may remember the accident, and if Gun Wa's picture ain't nailed to the Samson post in the fore-castle of every vessel I sail from this out, it will be because I haven't got the picture."

JOHN KRISTOPHERSON, 67 Atwater street, Detroit.

The writer has thus far only spoken of the local reputation and standing of the Gun Wa Herb Remedies. He has said nothing it is always advisable, if possible, to have at least one interview, still there are many cases where this cannot be done, and there are many patients who are entirely treated by mail, and the correspondence is something immense. The postoffice people claim that the mail going to Gun Wa, 126 Miami avenue, Detroit, compares favorably with the mail of any large business house in the country. One cause for this is the fact that there is no charge made for consultation, and many people take advantage of the opportunity to write their symptoms, and find out what is the matter with them.



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DETROIT FRIDAY, MARCH 14, '90.

STATE conventions to form state branches of the National Afro-American League have been called in several of the states.

The League movement is taking with the people.

Arkansas meets in convention March 26th, Ohio, May 20th, New York, May 25th, Nebraska in April, and Tennessee June 10.

League organizations should be formed in a number of the counties throughout Michigan at once. Berrien county has taken the lead as representatives of the people of that county will meet at Benton Harbor next Thursday, March 20th, to form a County League and elect delegates to the State convention. The active citizens of Bay, Cass, Calhoun, Genesee, Ingham, Jackson, Kent, Kalamazoo, Lenawee, Mecosta, Midland, Oakland, St. Joseph, St. Clair, Van Buren, and Washtenaw should follow suit at once. A number of other counties could jointly form effective organizations.

The League movement is destined to be a great power for good throughout the country and every true hearted Afro-American should put his shoulder to the wheel and help the cause along.

WHEN a white man kills an Afro-American in the South, the incentive that leads him to it is dubbed "race antagonism." On the other hand when an Afro-American kills a white man his motives spring solely from race depravity. This is the difference between tweedle dee and tweedle dum.

RAPID transit and better pavements has been the talk of the city for a long time. Every body believes that the city stands sadly in need of both yet nothing has been done but talk. Now that the aldermen have finished their junketing tour, we trust action will be substituted for words. The open and wet winter has been hard on wood pavements and we may expect soon to see even worse pavements than we have.

THE South gets a dose of its own medicine now and again. Its "best citizens" condone and often incite outrages on Afro-Americans and Republicans, and sometimes suffer the result of their folly. Texas is having a scene similar to one enacted not long since in Louisiana. The county officers all Democrats have been ousted out of their places by the other element of the party, the ruffians. The Governor in this case will no doubt find a way to punish these law breakers which he never could(?) when an Afro-American was injured.

JUSTICE HARLAN, of the United States Supreme Court, has never failed to stand on the foundation of justice in his views of law. He has never been a party to the contradictory opinions that have emanated from that court. The next general gathering of Afro-Americans should be a national mass meeting at some central point at which we could listen to and confer with such men as ALBION W. TOURGEE, GEO. W. CABLE, JUSTICE HARLAN and Prof. Joseph Cook. The mass meeting could be held three days. One day to prepare a reception for these gentlemen and two days to hear from these distinguished American champions of human rights. The race owes such men a debt of gratitude and no mi-take.

THERE ARE men who pose as leaders, who never did an unselfish public act in their lives. They cannot, themselves, point to a single instance when they have sacrificed for the race's good. To serve themselves they would disrupt communities and betray the confidence reposed in them. We have not stated it too strong for the people are becoming aware every day that this statement is true. It is time our race organizations had excluded men from position in them who bring so much self forward on all occasions. It is time we had ceased to sing aloud the praises of men whose entire public careers are tainted with selfishness. We have them on the list and in the language of the street gamin some of them will soon find that "sumfin is goin ter drap." We can't have a convention but these men must be indorsed. If they have failed in their personal ambitious they must be vindicated. It is ever thus and ever will be, until such stumbling blocks in the way of our progress, are removed.

THAT ALBION W. TOURGEE is a champion of justice and as such a friend of the Afro American whose utterances are entitled to great consideration is not doubted. Because of this his opposition to the Blair Educational bill was considered inconsistent. It seems, however, that Mr. TOURGEE differs from Senator BLAIR only in method. He is an advocate of national aid to education, but he thinks the Blair bill would tend to increase the dependency of the race to the usurping minority now in control. In the *Inter-Ocean* of March 8th he says:

The Bystander does not believe it just to give two dollars to cure white illiteracy for every one given for colored illiteracy, though the latter is the most numerous, and is the result not of lack of inclination but of statutory deprivation of privilege. The Bystander would offer a bonus for schools actually held in every township where illiteracy exists in proportion to the extent of its illiteracy, and if the townships did not provide the schools would withhold the money. Mr. Blair prefers a State's unenforceable pledge to do the fair thing. The Bystander would put the fund solely into brains—the payment of teachers in primary schools; the Blair bill would help build school-houses and run colleges and high schools. The Bystander would not have the government assume any control over the schools of the State. If they were free to all or equal for both races, and actually operated with a fair attendance, that should be enough to secure the bonus. No penalty can be enforced against the parties having charge of the fund under the Blair bill. The Bystander's plan is the common sense one of putting a steel wristlet on a man who appropriates a dollar or falsifies a fact in the administration of the fund.

Mr. TOURGEE himself seems surprised at the advocacy of Afro Americans who have schools with its "gross and evident injustice" and he in turn asks the question if they are made blind by the fact that this bill allows a percentage to colleges and normal schools, which by so doing increases the feebleness and dependency of their race.

THE PLAINDEALER does not believe the men are thus actuated. If the differences pointed out by Mr. TOURGEE have not escaped their notice; it believes they are actuated by motives of interest to the race. Said an earnest advocate of the bill in our hearing: "The illiteracy of the South is monumental. The states are unable to take care of it and as a result illiteracy increases. Give us National aid—the Blair bill or any other for the people literally cry for that which neither the state nor their own means can obtain for them. If we can get the whole loaf give us half a one." Even the half loaf would be desirable but would not the half loaf set a premium upon injustice. THE PLAINDEALER thinks that the Blair bill should be purged of all provisions that would prevent the illiteracy of the Afro-American from receiving the just share of its funds, and before it passes the Senate it should be shorn of such features.

THE PLAINDEALER has also been informed that a bill has been prepared embodying the features of Mr. BLAIR's bill, and covering the points made by Mr. TOURGEE which is to be introduced in the House of Representatives. However, whether it be the Blair bill or some other the Republican party looks to its members in Congress to stand by the party platform and pass a bill giving National aid to education. Neglect to do this may result in a November defeat.

Mr. TOURGEE says further about the Blair bill and National aid to education:

The Bystander has no conflict with Mr. Blair; no hostility to the purpose of his bill; and no sympathy with the dough faces in Congress or out who claim to doubt the constitutionality of appropriating money to cure the illiteracy of the voter, or make the colored citizen independent of his former masters and present oppressor. He regards it as a joke so ridiculous enough to make hell echo with laughter that men educated at public schools, supported by public tax and grants of public lands, should solemnly argue that the government should be very careful about making education too easy for the Negro, whom we forbade to learn to read and prohibited from owning any property for two centuries and a half, least he should become pauperized! One wearing a sealskin coat might with equal propriety argue against giving a breech cloth to a man clothed only in his nudity, least he should become proud if enabled to hide his nakedness!

If this were, as it may be, the last time the Bystander should address his present auditory, he would still enjoin every one to earnestly support the purpose and with equal earnestness denounce and abjure the methods of the Blair bill. In his judgment, it is better that the Nation should never attempt to do justice than attempt it in a way certain to result in a fresh and glaring injustice to the colored race.

This is Mr. TOURGEE's opinion of National aid, and he is as well versed in constitutional law and the needs of the Afro American—and is better informed on the last subject than any man in the country.

THERE is no doubt that the status of the Afro American North and South is in some respects misunderstood in the opposite sections, particularly so in fields of labor. The race problem North and South present different phases, but the former is the outgrowth of the latter, and it makes itself manifest by discriminative acts here

and there, and by the antagonism of the working classes. From this it can not be inferred as the *Christian Index* seems to think that the Afro-American North, is entirely shut out from employment. He can and does find work in the fields of unskilled labor as readily as does his brethren in the South who form the chief laboring element there in some of the States. In the higher branches of labor, such as mechanics, carpentering, brick laying etc. in proportion to numbers THE PLAINDEALER ventures to assert that just as many are employed North as South. The Afro-American North is becoming omnipresent. There are signs of decreased antagonism. Whether his presence is tolerated by white workmen or not he is "getting there just the same." The race complains justly of lack of opportunity to rise as rapidly as it would desire but THE PLAINDEALER ventures the assertion that there are more of the race North in positions of high trust and responsibility outside of politics than can be found in the South, and yet the North furnishes not more than one-tenth of the race population. The *Christian Index*, of Jackson, Tenn., is mistaken when it asserts the doors are closed against the Afro-American in shops on farms, on railroads or as porters or brick layers, plasterers or in following the trades. It is mistaken when it says that Southern white workmen have no prejudice against the black workmen. Not long ago all the black workmen were removed from their work about the city hall of Richmond, Va., and likewise in Birmingham, Ala. We read of antagonism in the mining districts of Alabama and Tennessee. At the request of Southern Locomotive Engineers and fireman the Afro-American is debarred from membership in those orders.

The errors of the *Index* lie in its wholesale assertions of facts which can not be substantiated. It is perhaps well enough if its editor is satisfied with his limited condition in attaining the comfort of life and privileges of citizenship, but it is not wise to puff up his readers with imaginary advantages and by asserting that a condition exists which does not save in the imagination. The spirit which would cultivate friendly relations between the races in the South is worthy, but it is not wise to depreciate the effort of Northern philanthropy in helping them on in the work of education, or by depreciating the honest work of the League organized by their brethren in the North to prosecute those who so out rageously abuse them. The truth sacrificed to policy makes it harder for justice to reign. We are all Afro-Americans and must stand or fall with the race. Put your shoulder to the wheel.

THE DETROIT *Journal* only touches on one point of the two questions THE PLAINDEALER put to it. Since this is a momentous question, and now a topic of current as well as earnest discussion, we trust the *Journal* will answer the question. "How do you stand?" The query, in some form or other, challenges the passive attention at least of all thinking Americans today. It is destined to become the active question in the individual mind ere the present agitation ceases; and when the individual has determined for himself the race problem will have been solved, or at least robbed of its present portentous dimensions. What we wish to know of the *Journal* we wish to know of every man—how do you stand on this question? The quoted advice of the *Journal*, taken from Gen'l ARMSTRONG about education of the mind and head, but reverts us to the question, "how do you stand." Does the *Journal* question the fact that in Detroit there are hundreds of Afro-American boys and girls, educated in heart, head and hand, self-respecting, who are not respected; probably on account of the mild feeling of race antagonism in the North. These boys and girls cannot knock at the doors of our business houses and work shops as others. Not in one case out of a hundred. How do you stand friend *Journal* on the question of recognition on merit. A firm stand even by a respectable minority on this question will go far to help solve the race problem. THE PLAINDEALER has never advocated politics as the means of lifting our race above its present condition, although we have contended and will ever contend for our political rights. It is also true that in the North the Afro-American is far from affiliating solidly with any one party. As to the South we have but to quote a Democratic organ of that section to find abundant reason for a solid vote. The bourbon plan of campaign is race antagonism and there has not been a Southern election in the last ten years without it.

The *Journal* says it believes that a larger number of educated and prosperous "colored men" would go farther than congressional laws to diminish prejudice. Again we come to the question, how do you stand? Do you advocate the giving of educated Afro-Americans such opportunities in business as would make prosperous citizens. A prosperous white waiter in a hotel is a prodigy, a prosperous white coachman, in the sense of an easy liver, is a novelty; prosperous white janitors are few. The same young man the *Journal*

credits as having succeeded because of pre-eminence! talent might have been walking the streets, now had he not struck the one case in a hundred and found employment with a firm that showed how it stood by its acts. We respectfully submit this question to the *Journal* again: "How do you stand?"

THE N. O. *Times Democrat* appears much elated over the decision of the United States Supreme Court which affirms the decision of the Mississippi Supreme Court in so construing the law of that state as to make railroads give separate and equal accommodation to the races. In the states of the black belt from Georgia to South Carolina THE PLAINDEALER does not believe that the Afro-American will raise any objections to the decision if such should be the common practice. As it is no matter how intelligent or refined or well dressed he may be they are put in the jim crow car with all its filth. Equal first class car accommodations in the states where the jim crow car exists would be a welcome boon. The exultation of the *Times Democrat* and covert sneers at CABLE, TOURGEE the *Inter Ocean*, and *Mail and Express*, whom it terms "negrophilists" over the decisions is not what it was meant to be.

THE spirit of lawlessness that the whites encouraged to intimidate the blacks in the South is now often used against white men. This is but the natural result of the reign of disorder and an unprincipled minority. There are thousands of white men in the South who deprecate this condition of affairs, but in many localities they are powerless. The liberal press has thundered in indignation against it for it recognized the bad effect it has on trade and in developing the resources of their section. Still the spirit creeps out. Men have revolted from the power that encourages it, and formed in their localities independent tickets of law and order and made overtures to the better elements among the blacks, to find the same lawless spirit used against themselves. The South has sown the wind, only the wisest measures will prevent it from reaping the whirlwind.

THE *Evening Journal* expresses surprise that its attitude on the "Negro" question should be questioned and yet in the next column to its editorial on that subject it speaks of the Afro Americans of an entire section of the country as "darkies." This is not an isolated case, throughout its columns as far as the race can be belittled by insulting epithets the *Journal* contributes its influence in doing so. There are no political rights involved in speaking of the race courteously and the *Journal* invalidates its own title to superiority when it condescends "to kick a man already down."

Cream City News.

MILWAUKEE, March 3.—The cream city has been visited with a heavy snow—it seems to be quite an encouragement for some of our citizens to leave for the South. Mr. R. H. Bryant and family departed for Memphis today to visit relatives—Our community has been saddened by the sudden death of Mr. John Bradly, formerly of New Haven, Conn., who having been on the North Western R. R. as second cook for several years, died last Tuesday a. m., of neuralgia of the heart. His remains were taken charge of by the Masonic fraternity. The services were held at St. Mark's A. M. E. Church on Thursday at two o'clock. Sermon by Rev. D. P. Brown. Remains were taken to former home to be interred beside his wife. Two boys age 8 and 5 survive him.—A dramatic club was formed at the residence of Miss T. Hughes 182 Janeau avenue, Thursday evening to be known as Howard dramatic club with the following officers: Mrs. L. Wallace, res. J. Thompson sec., Mrs. R. A. Grant, treas.; Miss L. Hughes, directors.—The quarterly services were held at St. Marks church on last Sunday. Rev. Night presiding. Elder preached an interesting sermon in the morning and evening. The afternoon services were conducted by Rev. D. P. Brown. Pastor reading the lesson and preaching the sacramental sermon after which the sacrament was served to a goodly number, but we must say that were out. We hope that the church goers will wake up to an interest in their church duties.—Mr. A. V. Raymy left today for a two weeks trip to St. Louis to visit his mother.—The Quarterly conference was held at St. Marks church Monday evening at which time the board elected Chas. H. Bland as delegate to district conference that will be held in St. Stephen church Chicago in May next.—Look out for the tea party to be given by the ladies of the church, March 14th; all are welcome to be present.—The executive committee of state Afro-American League are requested to meet next Tuesday evening at St. Marks church as there is business of great importance to attend to, by order of the President and all members and friends are requested to be present. W. T. Green secretary.

Another Old Citizen Gone.

Mr. Theophilus Rice, Sr., an old and well known resident of Detroit, died at the residence of Mrs. Jenkins in Lansing, Saturday evening, March 8th, and was buried from the residence of Mr. Robert Pelham, Sr., Monday afternoon, March 10th. The Rev. Henderson of Bethel church officiating. Mr. Rice had formerly been janitor of the Merrill Block but ill health caused him to resign his position and leave the city for Lansing where his expenses were paid by his son, Mr. T. J. Rice, Jr. In former days Mr. Rice was a prominent member of Bethel church and for a number of years led the singing in the Sabbath school. Many old residents treasure recollections of his generous hospitality in former days and sincerely regret his death.

A VARIETY OF THINGS.

Capitalists who are instrumental in causing Afro-Americans of North and South Carolina to go to Mississippi and Louisiana, deny that they are working in the interests of the railroads, and say that they are endeavoring to develop the unsettled lands in those States, which cannot be done without the aid of the Afro-American. They cannot depend on white labor and, therefore, offer houses rent free, an acre of ground and employment the year around to those who will go. No one doubts that the white man is anxious to secure the benefits of Afro-American labor, but that part of the story which refers to the benefits which Afro-Americans get out of the movement is too fishy a story to be told, even in Lent. Their offers are fair enough, but it is no new thing in the history of this Republic for the white man to fail to keep his promise, and the condition of those unfortunate Afro-Americans who have been lured Southward by fair promises, is another evidence of the white man's ability in jumping a contract and the Afro-American's capacity for being fooled by him.

The Nashville American's cordial and polite welcome to the Republican League was not calculated to impress Northern visitors with the Southern idea of chivalry and hospitality. Poor old American.

The large attendance of New York business men last week at the famous old Trinity church to listen to Phillips Brooks' addresses on the duties of Christian families, furnishes most refreshing evidence that the principles of Christianity have not gone out of date in business life. The audiences were made up almost entirely of the leaders of finance and trade, the heads of great enterprises, bankers, merchants, railroad men and millionaires. These busy men who came together in the old church that has so long looked down on the fluctuations of trade in Wall street, were not the class who manifest religious zeal at "revivals." They were thoughtful, practical men who recognized that a cultured, well-souled, Christian minister would have some message that would help them to exemplify Christianity in every day life. Superficial observers are apt to think that honesty and fair dealing are at a discount in business circles, and that there is a premium on cunning and trickery. But this demonstration in Gotman's busy marts, shows that the Golden Rule is still practiced in trade and commerce. And that in these days of doubt and skepticism, the faith of the Pilgrim Fathers, shorn of its stern features, is still the governing principle in the hearts of the American people. To those just starting out into life and who imagine that right living is incompatible with financial success, the example of the thousands of earnest men attending this church is especially commended.

The New York Press adds another suggestion to the many proffered solutions of the labor question in the South. It proposes that a Bureau of Colored Labor be established to equalize this factor in the Southern industrial question, so that there shall never be an overplus of workmen in any one place, or a scarcity in another. This proposition is called out by the fact that in many parts of North Carolina, the farmers are in a quandary as to raising a crop, while in Mississippi and Louisiana the field is overcrowded.

Senator Chandler has investigated the condition of the survivors of the Barnwell massacre and in an article to the New York Tribune, tells a sad story of the terror and despair of the Afro-Americans and the brutality and indifference of the whites. No effort is being made to bring the offenders to justice and no relief has been offered the wives and children of the lynched men, save that which came from the North and from their poor Afro-American neighbors. He characterizes the horror and indignation which was proclaimed by the press at the time as "superficial and transitory," and sums up the situation as follows: "Eight innocent men lynched, no arrests made, no one punished, their wives and children friendless and destitute, the community indifferent; and we are liable to be told that the Northern Republicans who expose such crimes and hold them up to National reprobation, are themselves responsible for them! There is likely to be a popular awakening some day which the South should either avert or prepare for." And this in fair America!

Our Anglo-Saxon writers of historical propensities are bound to keep the name "Negro" forever associated with that which is low, mean and degraded. Whenever a tribe in Africa is discovered who have any idea of civilization, it is at once placed outside the meaning of the term "Negro." Sauley, on his last trip through the dark continent, discovered a people nearly white, and having many civilized practices. He reports that they probably descended from the ancient Ethiopians and still retain much of their civilization. He further says that they have nothing in common with the Negroes and seem to hold themselves aloof from them. If Africa should ever become wholly civilized, the term "Negro" will have to go out of business.

The Ancient Order of Foresters, which, last year, seceded from the English high court because the high court recognized the Afro-American's right to become a member of the order, is still struggling with the conundrum "What shall we do with the Negro." While most of the American courts are resolved to reject Afro-Americans at all hazards there is a minority who desire to remain loyal to the English high court and are in favor of giving every respectable man a chance regardless of his color. In the Fall River, Massachusetts district five out of the eight courts have so decided and Afro-Americans in that section will be received into and entitled to the benefits of the order.

Will be Missed.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., March 3.—On Sunday, March 9, Rev. D. A. Graham will hold a quarterly meeting. The electric light has been removed from the A. M. E. church, and hereafter gas will supply its use.—Miss Lulu Kinley left last week for an extended visit in Chicago. She will be greatly missed by many friends.—Miss Kitty Jackson of Jackson, is visiting Miss Lilly Hedgebeth.—Mrs. Mary Thompson has returned from a visit in Decatur, Mich.—Mrs. John Robins is confined to her bed with a severe attack of rheumatism.—Mrs. Charley Stewart has returned from a pleasant visit in Ohio. E.

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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 PLAIN DEALER COMPANY.

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THE PLAIN DEALER COMPANY.

MERE MENTION.

Pay the collector when he calls. Advertise in THE PLAIN DEALER. Mrs. Maria Wilson of Winder street has been quite ill.

Mr. John Loomis attended the musical festival at Calumet last week.

Mr. R. Tasker of Brewster street who has been very ill is now able to be around again.

Miss Gertrude Nichols, of East Saginaw, who was the guest of Miss Carrie Blasley, returned home Wednesday.

All are cordially invited to attend the St. Patrick's social on Monday, March 17 at the residence of Mrs. Shewcraft.

Some of the young ladies of Bethel school are arranging to give a bonnet show about the first of April. Particulars next week.

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

The Calumet social club of Toledo invited the Meykdi and Minnet clubs to take part in their dress carnival in that city on March 25th.

W. Q. Atwood of East Saginaw, chairman of the M. P. League, has called a state convention to meet in Detroit, Tuesday, May 13.

The Thanksgiving banquet of Zich Chandler Lodge at Stanley's hall last Tuesday evening, was well attended, notwithstanding the bad weather.

Mr. Ben Lambert was among the signers to the petition of a number of the students of the Art academy to the board of trustees asking for the retention of Mr. Paulus.

What is the difference between a duck with one wing and a duck with two? Only a difference of a pinion. We want every one to pass an opinion on Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It needs but one trial.

Mrs. Henry Thomas of Antoine street is convalescent after an illness of nearly a year and with the assistance of some of the ladies will give a concert March 19th for the benefit of Mr. John Lowe who is still very ill.

The Household of Ruth generously contributed \$10 toward the burial of Mrs. N. Ford, the stranger who died at the residence of Mrs. Delaney, although she had not identified herself with the local order and was in arrears in her own society in Columbus, Ohio.

The Willing Workers will hold their regular meeting Thursday March 20th at the residence of Mrs. J. F. Rickards, 166 Antoine street. The net proceeds from the Japanese entertainment is \$56, for which they sincerely thank their patrons. Mrs. J. A. Miner, Sec'y.

The Excelior Home circle held another of their very pleasant house to house fortnightly social last Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. J. H. Cole. Their organization composed of members of the Second Baptist church have guaranteed to furnish the new part of their church when completed.

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

The Jackson sparring exhibition at the Detroit rink Monday night was a fizzle. "Jack" Stewart, the Canadian, failed to show up and Jackson gave an exhibition with "Jack" Ashton. There was no science in the exhibition, the general idea of both men seemed to be to avoid hitting each other any more than was absolutely necessary, and then only light taps were given.

A Pleasant Surprise.

Miss Amanda Luckett was agreeably surprised last Tuesday evening by a party of friends who had been invited by her aunt, Mrs. H. C. Clark, in honor of Miss Luckett's 17th birthday. An enjoyable feature of the evening was the presence of Prof. Luderer. Miss Luckett's music teacher, who played several fine selections with his pupil. The young lady received several pretty presents and the evening was enjoyable to all.

Glances Here and There.

WOMEN'S follies lose nothing in the telling when a man is the raconteur. How he loves to dilate upon the folly which makes her sacrifice comfort for appearance and the vanity which calls in artificial aids when nature has been chary of her favors. But if you suppose from his tirade that your lordly critic has a mind above improving the human form divine, on some rainy day increase your knowledge on the proper study of mankind, by ripping up one of his coats. When you have taken out the buckram, French haircloth, wadding, lint, etc., which are stored away where they will do the most good between the lining and the outside of the coat, you will no longer wonder why a man's coat sets just so and probably be even more set in your resolve to take advantage of any and all "aids to beauty" that may strike your fancy, regardless of the criticism of his masculine highness.

An exchange mentions the fact that mothers do not sing while attending to their household duties now as they used to do years ago, and finds the cause in the different quality of music now published from the old-fashioned songs which our grandmothers used to sing. Certainly there are beautiful songs written now, but they do not reach the heart as the old songs did, and require a different setting from the homely sitting room, the old fashioned rocker and the chatter of baby voices. The old fashioned love song sustains about the same relation to a modern aria, that one of Jane Austin's novels does to the erotic effusions of Edgar Saltus or Emelie Rives-Chanler. Just as the modern novel is suggestive of boudoirs, eider down cushions and elegant negligee costumes, rather than the evening lamp and the family sitting room, so the modern song requires the orchestral accompaniment, the flash of the foot lights and the inspiration of the claque to make it effective. This is an age of cultivation too, and cultivated voices are so common that one who possesses only the ability to sing a simple melody in tune, is apt to let this small accomplishment fall into disuse for fear of unappreciative hearers. But old songs like old friends, are best and he is a benefactor who can, at need, respond to the heart cry "Sing me the songs you used to sing me."

WINTER has proved a delusion and a disappointment. Coal merchants, ice men, plumbers, and owners of seal skin coats, the boy with a sled and his neighbor with a new pair of skates, are all agreed that the season just past "left something to be desired." And now the dainty dress goods, picturesque hats, and bonnets "just too sweet for anything," displayed in the shop windows, the sound of the organ grinder and the peripatetic orchestra abroad in the land, and the annual powwow of the city fathers on the unsatisfactory street pavement, are faithful heralds of the "return of Spring." The world is waking up, the housewife having inventoried her household goods, is subject to fits of abstraction as she wonders how she shall compass the purchase of her Easter bonnet baby's new shoes, and the necessary floor covering out of the savings of her table allowance. The wily clerk recruits his stock of suaveness preparatory to beguiling the modern Eve. The flowers are making up their minds to bloom again and with the gloomy skies and sodden streets of the past season, we bury the failures and disappointments which it brought, hopefully eager, like the little ones, in this real beginning of the New Year, to "start all over again."

HOW shall we know that Easter has really come when so many new hats have already antedated its arrival? Was there ever so many pretty new hats and so many pretty faces under them as one sees now in any public gathering? All the buds are radiant in dainty toques with spring like garniture and they make a pretty picture where ever two or three of them group themselves. But lengthened skirts and new bonnets, while in one sense signs of emancipation for the wearers, entail upon them some restrictions which a due regard for "les convenances" will oblige them to observe. Last year or the year before, the school girl might have stopped unnoticed for a last word with her school boy friend, on the corner, but to the young bud on the threshold of society this privilege is forbidden. So girls, no matter how great the temptation to chat a few minutes with your friend in top coat and stiff hat as he indulges in what he imagines to be a "man's" prerogative and lingers at the church door or on the street corner, Don't.

PROFICIENT IN MUSIC.

An Afro-American Success With the Baton.

Prof. Eugene D. Hardy of Dutton, Mich is to be congratulated upon the very successful convention and musical festival of his pupils recently held at Caledonia. Mr. Hardy is a musical instructor and has many pupils in the different towns of Kent county. Some weeks ago he conceived the idea of holding a convention of his numerous pupils and at once put it in practice upon his scholars expressing their willingness to take part. On February 25th the convention assembled at Caledonia and a grand chorus of 100 voices was formed with Prof. Hardy as director. After a very interesting and beneficial session of eight days a grand musical festival of two days was held in the United Brothers church before audiences of 800 and 900 people. A number of the leading vocalists of Grand Rapids with Prof. Albert H. Dodge conductor, took prominent parts in the festival, and the latter invited those of the chorus to take part in the June festival at Grand Rapids, after witnessing the rendition of the two days' program. The only Afro-Americans, other than Prof. Hardy, taking part in the convention and festival were Miss Ella Hardy leading soprano, and Miss Eva Aray, leading alto, sister and niece of the former. Miss Aray is a pianist of merit and was one of the accompanists.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Smith of Calhoun street a girl.

Death of A Prominent Citizen.
Died, on the 11th of February, one of most highly esteemed citizens of Chatham, Ont., Mr. J. W. Morris. The deceased was a member of Wellington Lodge No. 1, 65, G. U. O. of O. F. for nearly 20 years, also a member of the Household of Ruth, Golden Sheaf No. 587. He was born in Richmond, Va., in 1822. He came to this country about 38 years ago, worked at his trade as a cooper by the day until he was able to conduct a business of his own. Shortly after, he married Miss Elizabeth Lot. They lived happily together and accumulated a fortune which is estimated from \$20,000 to \$30,000. The funeral took place on Thursday, 13th, at 1 p. m., from his late residence on Center street to the B. M. E. Victoria Chapel, thence to Maple Leaf cemetery, headed by Watkins Cornet Band, the Household of Ruth No. 587, and Wellington Lodge No. 1065, in full dress. The worthy chaplain of Wellington Lodge, Rev. Walter Hawkins, conducted the services. It is said by many that the procession was the most impressive ever witnessed in the city. Brother C. W. Bird read the letter of condolence from the Lodge to the family and relatives of the deceased. When the last solemn rites were being performed at the grave, Watkins Cornet Band sweetly and impressively played "Nearer my God to Thee." Too much praise cannot be given to the members of the Lodge for their promptness and diligence and the manner in which they conducted themselves under the command of the marshal P. N. F. W. H. Brazie. Mr. Morris leaves a wife, a sister, a brother and many other relatives to mourn his loss.

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Deposits received in the amount of 50c and upwards.

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SOMETHING FOR NOTHING—One must not expect it. But the most satisfactory of securing your own Home is offered by the Prospective Homestead Company, 172 Griswold street, Detroit, Michigan. A Thousand Dollar Home costs you but One Thousand and Fifty Dollars in ten years. This includes both interest and principal. If you are not enjoying the comforts of your own fireside enclose a stamp and write for particulars! If you can pay rent, you may own your own Home. We are not speculating on real estate, nor in the dollars of the poor.

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Pittsburg Chronicle: A large "robin roost" is reported in Indiana. The largest robbin' roost on this continent is in Canada.

"Fair Play" is all that is asked for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, when taken for catarrh in the head, or for bronchial or throat affections, or lung scrofula (commonly known as consumption of the lungs), and if taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure or the money paid for it will be refunded. It is the only guaranteed cure.

Cleanse the liver, stomach, bowels and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

Washington Star: "It is as much as a man's life is worth," remarked the man who died with a fat insurance policy on himself.

For Scrofula, Impoverished Blood and General Debility.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites has no equal in the whole realm of medicine. Read the following: "I gave one bottle of Scott's Emulsion to my own child for Scrofula, and the effect was marvelous."—O. F. GRAY, White Hall, Ind.

Burlington Free Press: There is said to be a remarkable movement on foot in some parts of the west. It is to get back to the east.

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.

New Orleans Picayune: The hurricanes which come and go with the wind are not calculated to hurry cane growing with the planters.

Any man or woman who is afflicted with nervous or general debility, kidney complaint, vital weakness or any other chronic or lingering complaint, should send to Dr. J. Z. Dye, Buffalo, N. Y., for a copy of Health Helper, free.

Washington Post: Aunt Hattie Quick of this city, who is five years older than the United States, says she has the better constitution of the two.

We recommend "Tansil's Punch" cigar.

The war between the Socialists and the anarchists is one that deserves the hearty encouragement of the American public. It results in the extermination of both parties, so much the better.—Philadelphia Press.

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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SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.
The Oil City Blizzard says: "All those who pass through the door of success will find in labeled 'Push.'"
George Mollenkoff, of Pendleton, Ore., found on his ranch the bones of a mastodon that must have been fourteen feet high.
Dr. Moody the other day made a large congregation stand up while the plate was passed, so that every one could get his hand in his pocket.
Taverns may be traced to the thirteenth century. According to Spelman, in the reign of King Edward III, only three taverns were allowed in London. Taverns were licensed in England in 1753.

There is an admirable arrangement for quickly and safely emptying the house in use in the Tremont Theatre, Boston. By simply touching a button in any one of eight handy places in the theatre, seventeen exits open, actuated by electricity.

The Sultan Abdul Hamid lives in a constant fear of his life as the czar of Russia does. When he goes to the mosque, which he must by the law of Mahomet do every Friday, a body-guard of 10,000 men, well paid and therefore loyal, surround him.

A petrified tree was found recently in a coal mine at Osnabruck, Germany. The trunk is almost four feet through, and the roots cover a surface of about fifteen feet square. The tree has been set up in a special room in the Berlin School of Mines.

In Suwannee county, Fla., recently, a minister of certain denomination was converted through the preaching of a minister of different denomination, and all the members of the converted minister's church changed their faith and followed their old shepherd.

A periodical for the betrothed is now published in Vienna. It is published twice a month. Every announcement of a betrothal or marriage is inserted gratuitously, provided the happy couple will out their tresses of the tradesman advertising in the paper.

The news comes that the heir to the throne of Roumania has fallen in love with Que n Natalie of Servia. He is determined to marry her, much to the annoyance of his family. He may lose his chance of the crown if he gives way to his present infatuation. Look out for a romance in Roumania.

There is a spring near Stonington, Conn., the water of which has a peculiar result on those who drink it. The water flows from a crack in a high rock and the veins of a man drinking from it begin to swell and he looks and feels as though he were about to burst for about ten minutes. Then the effect gradually disappears.

The black-head bug has appeared by the millions in the turpentine forests of southeast Georgia and is doing alarming damage. Great tracts of pine woods already show blight and are dying. The bug starts in a pine where it is boxed and works under the bark, then around the trunk. Its boring prevents the sap from going up into the tree and eventually the tree dies.

Rainless districts are said to be the southern extremes of California and New Mexico; there is one in the center of the Mexican Republic elongated strip extending along the western coast of South America, from Peru to Chili; a large surface of this kind is found in Central Asia, in and around the great desert of Gobi; a large surface of northern Africa, covering parts of Egypt and Arabia.

The London Truth tells the story that one of her majesty's war ships that lately came upon a derelict laden with lumber in the British Channel, finding it impossible to take her in tow, opened fire upon the craft to sink her, lest other vessels be wrecked by her, and kept up the bombardment till midnight, when the derelict was just as much afloat as ever. Next day the dangerous craft was driven ashore, when it was discovered that not a single shell had touched her.

The German emperor recently issued an order suppressing in the postal service the use of all the familiar French words which have become somewhat international. The czar has just now apparently replied to this in a circular of his postal administration, which declares that all letters, telegrams and packages sent abroad must be addressed in French; and the Russian authorities will not be responsible for the transmission of any mail matter that is not addressed in that language.

In Au Sable, Mich., last spring, a horse that was sick was taken to an infirmary barn for treatment. He was cured and has not been near the infirmary since until a few days ago, when he was again taken sick. Some remedies were applied, but did not bring immediate relief. The horse, getting loose, made his way to the infirmary walked in and laid down on the floor. He was examined given a dose of medicine and soon cured of his trouble.

The smallest, simplest and best protected postoffice in the world is in the Strait of Magellan and has been there for many years. It consists of a small keg or cask, and is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape, in the straits opposite Terra del Fuego. Each passing ship sends a boat to take the letters out and put others in. The postoffice is self acting and unprovided with a postmaster and is, therefore, under the protection of all the navies of the world.

There are a number of interesting things about Rogersville, Tenn. It is one hundred years old, has the oldest masonic lodge in the state, and the house which sheltered General Jackson for months. It also has the grave of Davy Crockett's parents, and the only spring in the United States which ebbs and flows every two hours. The oldest woman in the state lives in the town, and near it is the oldest church in the state. The first newspaper published in the state was issued at Rogersville.

A singular inscription has been found by M. Lambakis in excavating around the Harchois Andreas in Athens. It is a fragment of a decree dating from pre-Euclidean times, in which a certain Kallikrates is charged with the construction on the Acropolis of a kind of railing around some sanctuary or inclosure to prevent any fugitive slave, garment stealer or pickpocket (lopodytes) taking refuge therein. The duty of watching over this inclosure is entrusted to three guardians, chosen by turn from the tribe holding the prytnae.

Veni! Vidit! Vicit! this is said of Salvation Oil, for it conquers the worst cases of rheumatism and neuralgia at once. Price 25 cents a bottle.

The czar has given Rubinstein a pension of \$1,000 per annum.

It is reported that famine threatens northern Russia, but it is a certainty that millions of crows will be bothering American people this winter. Against famine there is no protection, but for every crow there is a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Gen. Butler is said to be able to quote the Bible more freely and more accurately than almost any man in public life at Washington.

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, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Yonkers Statesman: It makes a lawyer purr when anything comes to him in the fur line.

Its Excellent Qualities.
Commend to public approval the California liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs. It is pleasing to the eye, and to the taste and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, it cleanses the system effectually, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it.

Rome Sentinel: A girl appreciates a kiss when she gets old enough to know she ought not to.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1898.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Gripsack: Charles F. Dan is a painter in Portland. Wonder if he has many rascals-tomers!

No soap in the world has ever been imitated as much as Dobbins' Electric Soap. The market is full of imitations. Be careful that you are not deceived. "J. B. Dobbins, Philadelphia and New York," is stamped on every bar.

Binghamton Leader: Jones, whose next door neighbor keeps a tame crow, says he is a martyr to the caws.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.



ENORMOUS SHIPMENTS.
Frequent shipments of car-load lots of Dr. Pierce's Medicines, to all the principal commercial centers of this country, are necessary to supply the unprecedented demand for these world-famed remedies. No other medicines ever attained anything like the popularity which they enjoy. No other medicines possess such superior and positive curative properties as to warrant their manufacturers in selling them, as the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Medicines are doing, through druggists, under a positive guarantee of benefit or cure in every case, on fair trial, or money refunded.
There are scores of sarsaparillas and other blood medicines advertised, but the "Golden Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce is the only one ever backed up by a positive guarantee from a well-known and thoroughly responsible house. The conditions are, that, given a fair trial, it will do all that is claimed for it, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. A Certificate of Guarantee wraps every bottle.
To attempt the sale of an inferior, or even a fairly good, blood-purifier under such trying conditions as these, would mean bankruptcy to its proprietors.

Copy of Original.
VAN WERT, O., July 11, 1899.
RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Jackson, Mich.
GENTS: This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, Druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.
ALBERT KING.
We certify to the above testimonial.
HINES & SON, Druggists.

A Dressmaker's Experience.
DEAR SIR:—As Mr. Hinman, the druggist, told you, I am a great friend of your remedy. I have used it at intervals during 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 splendidly, often accomplishing more than you have ever claimed for 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 Zoë Phors quiets and rests me. I always have it in my house.
Yours truly,
MRS. MARY C. CHANDLER.
BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Feb. 20, 1886
To H. G. Coleman, secretary.
N. H.—It is equally good at all times of life.

A Family Gathering.
Have you a father? Have you a mother? Have you a son or daughter, sister or a brother who has not yet taken Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the guaranteed remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup and all Throat and Lung troubles? If so, why? when a sample is gladly given to you free by any druggist and the large size costs only 50c and \$1.00.

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One of the best hill farms in Washington county, Vt. Large Sugar Orchard, 2,000 trees; 300 acres, equally divided between wood, pasture and cultivated lands. Buildings cost \$3,000. 14 thoroughbred Jersey cows, teams and other stock. Modern tools, abundance of water at house and barns the year round. Present owner too old to longer manage the work. Price 7,000 if sold within next two months; \$8,000 cash, balance at 6 per cent interest. Write for further particulars to Alfred Joslin, Waitsfield, Vermont.

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Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.
25 CENTS

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AND OTHER ADVERTISED QUALITIES ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
None genuine unless name and price are stamped on bottom of shoe. EVERYWHERE. If your dealer does not supply you, send postal for instructions how to buy direct from factory without extra charge.
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Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.
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Makers of Bile Beans, St. Louis, Mo.

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SHORTENS LABOR
LESSENS PAIN
DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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A new method of compound Tar.
SURE CURE FOR PILES, SALT RHEUM
and all Skin Diseases. Send 3c stamps for Free Sample with Book No. 73. Sold by all Druggists.
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FOR MEN ONLY. Over 2000 cases successfully treated in the leading Paris hospitals. Used in daily practice by all French physicians. Medals and Diploma of Honor, Paris Exposition. Acts with magical rapidity in new cases. Cures absolutely those chronic cases which other remedies only relieve.
Full package remedies sent C.O.D., express prepaid. \$5.00. Handsome pamphlet free.
Kava Furnier Agency, 18 E. 13th St. N. Y.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYL PILLS.
Red Cross Diamond Brand.
The only reliable pill for sale. Sufferers from Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all ailments of the bowels, should use this pill. It is made of purest ingredients, and is the only one that will cure you. Take no other. Send for circulars for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by mail, name and address.
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The address of soldier who homesteaded a number of acres than that of any time before the war. Write to J. H. GUNSON, Denver, Colorado.

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A pure LITHIUM remedy for Catarrh of the Bladder, Gleet, Stricture, etc. Charles Kidder, N. Y.

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W. N. U. D.—VIII.—11.
When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

HER REVENGE.

CHAPTER II CONTINUED.

Vincent Hope! It must be my enemy. The allusion to his literary pursuits put that beyond a doubt. My time had come! I could not have selected a fairer field on which to mete out the vengeance I had stored up. As I read that letter, I positively blushed with pleasure, so vividly that I feared people might jump at entirely wrong conclusions. I thought of nothing all day but the way in which my enemy was deluged into my hands. The delight of laying at last the chance of paying out the critic for the criticism produced a frame of mind which seemed to urge me to go into quiet corners and laugh at my own thoughts. I had plenty of time to mature my plans and draw soothing pictures of the effects of my revenge. I resolved to risk no chance meeting with the foe; and feeling that a good beginning would be half the battle, before six o'clock I went to my room to arm for the fray.

Remember, I am confessing, not jesting. I sent for my maid, and bade her take down my hair and brush it. If, as her deft fingers braided my locks to my satisfaction, I had thought the girl would have comprehended me, I might have quoted certain lines of Mrs. Brown's which kept singing through my head:

"Comb it smooth, and crown it fair;
I would look in purple pill, from the lattice
down the wall,
And throw scorn on one that's there."
Any way, she crowned it fair enough, and by my express desire, clad me in my most becoming gear. Then a few minutes before the bell rang, I sent her away, and stood alone before the cheval glass surveying myself with a contented smile. For my plan of revenge had at least the merit of simplicity; it was to win that man's admiration—if possible his love. Upon the day when he offered me the latter, and I coldly and scornfully rejected it, I should feel that I had squared all accounts between us in a manner highly satisfactory to myself.

How do women win men's love? I did not quite know; but I fancied, if conducted properly, the operation was not of a difficult nature. I hoped and believed I should succeed. Although my resolution reads badly, and sounds even worse, I comforted myself by thinking that as I meant to refuse what I had myself out to win, no one would dare to censure me or to accuse me of very unbecoming conduct. And now what are my weapons with which to conquer?

I looked at myself in the glass. It may read like vanity, but I feel that old Mr. Ramsay's prediction is fairly verified. Although I blush as I appraise myself, I know I am no longer the slim school-girl—but that I am something not, perhaps, far off a beautiful woman. I am tall. My figure is certainly good. My complexion will bear any test; and something tells me I could, if I wished, make my eyes dangerous. So much for nature. As for art, I have chosen the prettiest of many pretty gowns, and my gowns now have a knack of fitting well upon me; so I am not ashamed to walk gracefully across the room, and court-shiping myself in the glass, say approvingly to my double: "Yes, Heritage Rivers, you have grown into a very decent sort of a woman—a very decent sort." Having refreshed my memory by the repetition of that peculiarly galling phrase, I gather up my skirts and sally forth to victory.

Fortune favored me. As the greatest stranger and last arrival, it would have been in Vincent Hope's province to take our hostess into the dining-room, had we not been favored that day by the presence of a county magnate, whose claim to precedence could not be lightly overlooked. It seemed but natural and part of the plot that the squire should present Mr. Vincent Hope to Miss Rivers, and for the second time in their lives these two should be seated side by side sipping their soup in unison—but this time, if wounded vanity was to be the result of the contiguity, Miss Rivers would not be the victim.

So I began:

"You have come straight from town, Mr. Vincent—I fancied the squire said." We all call him squire, you know."

"Oh, yes. He is an old friend of mine. But he called me Vincent Hope, I suspect."

This gave me what I wanted, an excuse for looking him full in the face—an act which, besides being a fitting tribute to his fame, enabled me to observe how time had treated him. So I lifted my lashes and looked straight at him. If time had not been quite idle with him, it had treated him kindly. He was handsome as ever. The hair near his temples being just decked with gray did not detract from his good looks. I thought his features looked more marked, and the whole expression of his face more confident and powerful even than of old. He had won success, and, no doubt, fully realized and enjoyed the fact.

"Vincent Hope?" I echoed. "Not the Vincent Hope?"

I guessed instinctively that flattery was not a bad gun with which to open fire. By this time his name was so well known that it would have an affectation to appear to misunderstand me. He bowed and smiled.

"How delightful!" I exclaimed, my look, I am ashamed to say, confirming my words. "Now, tell me how I should talk to you. Ought I to give you my opinion about all the characters in your books; or ought I to sit silent and awed, treasuring up every word of wit and wisdom you may let fall?"

"Neither, I must beg. I have just thrown off the harness, and come down to enjoy the squire's clover. I am trying to forget there is such a thing as work in the world."

"Very well. I shall take you at your word, after, as in duty bound, saying I have read all you have written, so far as I know."

His wish to avoid the topics of his own achievements may have been a genuine one, nevertheless he seemed pained with my remark, and looking at me with a smile, said:

"Exchange is but fair. I scarcely heard what the squire called you."

"Rivers—Heritage Rivers."
"Heritage Rivers," he echoed musingly. "It is an uncommon name; but I fancy I have heard it before."
"Oh, please don't say so, Mr. Hope. I did think I had one original thing to boast of—my name. How would you like, after looking upon all your plots as original, to find them but plagiarisms?"

He laughed.

"Many are, I fear. But you are trespassing on forbidden ground. Let us seek fresh pastures."

We did so. We talked all dinner-time. I think we talked about everything under the sun—talked, moreover, almost like old friends. When he differed from my opinions, he told me in well chosen words why he differed. And as he spoke, I whispered ever and anon to myself: "Raw and awkward—a decent sort of a woman." Yet, now, Mr. Hope was condescending enough not only to listen attentively to my words, but to reply to them as if they had weight with him. All this was very delightful. The first steps to revenge were smooth and pleasant ones; for there is no need to say that I hated him as much, and felt as vindictive, as ever.

He was walking straight to his fate. I felt it when, just before Mrs. Lighton gave the signal for departure, he dropped his voice almost to a whisper, and was good enough to say that, to him, the peculiar charm of this particular dinner was that such an agreeable interchange of ideas would not be ended with the night, but might be resumed to-morrow. Coming as it did from such a famous person, I could only glance my thanks, blush, and look pleased at the compliment.

When, with the rest of my sex, I rose and walked to the door, I knew that his eyes were following me; and I knew also that, although clever, captious, critical those eyes might be, they could find little fault with my bearing or general demeanor.

At Blaize House it was understood that the gentlemen, especially the younger ones, were not allowed to linger long over the wine. When they entered the drawing-room, I was sitting, almost hidden from sight, in a recess near the window. I noticed that Mr. Hope, as he came through the door, looked round, as if in search of some one; and as, when at last he discovered my retreat, his search seemed at end, I could only think the some one was myself. However, we had little more to say to each other this evening. All the children of the house were his friends, and had many questions to ask him. We had music and singing as usual; but I made some conventional excuse, and did not take my share in them. Before we parted for the night Vincent Hope came to my side.

"Surely you sing, Miss Rivers?" he said.

"A little. But I'm not in the mood to sing to-night."

He pressed me to make the attempt, but I refused. Thinking I had done quite enough for the first evening, I kept my voice in reserve. But I talked to him for a short time about music, and found him well-versed in the art, and, of course, an unsparring critic. He was very hard on the ordinary drawing-room playing and singing, and by no means complimentary to the performers of the evening. I laughed, and told him how thankful I felt that something had warned me not to show my poor skill to such an able but severe judge. My words led him to believe that my talent for music was a very third-rate one. This was exactly what I wished him to think.

He was soon drawn away from my side, and we spoke no more until the general good-night took place, and the men went off to the billiard-room, and my own sex to their couches. Once more I courted Miss Rivers in the cheval-glass, and told her she had surpassed my most sanguine expectations. Then, in a very happy frame of mind, I went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

Very promising, too, were the events of the next day. I felt that the man I hated was paying me attention above my fellows. Of course, it was not marked enough to attract notice, but attention it was, undoubtedly. He walked with me, and told me, among other things, a great deal about his early life and struggles for success. He was quite interesting, so much so, that I wished I could check these confidences. I feared that his talk might awaken a suspicion of sympathy in my mind, which would grievously interfere with my vendetta.

That evening, he repeated his request that I would sing; but after the way in which I had misled him, I knew he only urged me for the sake of politeness. I began with one of those little ballads which he so much disliked; an easy, simple little thing, which could only be borne out of the commonplace by feeling on the part of the singer. I glanced at him as I finished the song. He thanked me quietly, but I saw he looked puzzled. Then I placed Beethoven's "Adelaide" before me, and sang it as I had seldom or never before sang it—entirely to my own satisfaction. I rose from the piano, and our eyes met. He did not join in the chorus of thanks; but I knew he was more than moved; and as he followed me to my chair, I exulted, as I thought that the pet weapon in my armory had struck well home.

"Miss Rivers," he said, "I thought no amateur in England could sing that song to her own accompaniment as you sing it. I can only congratulate you, while blaming you for deceiving me so, last night."

I thanked him for his compliments; and for the rest of the evening Mr. Hope talked little except to me.

There!—I'll write no more about it. Now, I am truly ashamed of it all. Had it not been for my resolve to reject it when offered, I would have stooped to win no man's love—not even Vincent Hope's. But in five days I knew that my work was done—and fully done—so fully, that I dreaded the result of it, and began to wish I had not been so vindictive. Worse than all, friends—as friends will—were exchanging knowing glances, and commenting on the relations which appeared to exist between my foe and myself.

Could I have conquered my nature, and decided to forego my revenge, it was now impossible to do so. For my own sake, matters must come to a climax, that all might see how little I cared for the man.

One night, as I sat in my dressing-gown over the fire, trying to make up my mind to tear myself from the pleasant glow and get into bed, Mabel Lighton entered my room. She was a good true girl, who spoke her mind freely, and at times lectured even me.

"Heritage," she said abruptly, "what do you mean to do with Vincent Hope?"

I could not for the life of me help changing color, and was compelled to shield the cheek nearest Mabel with the fan which had been protecting my eyes from the firelight.

"Do with him! I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do," retorted my mentor. "Had it been anyone but you, Heritage, I should have called her a flirt. But you are not a flirt, we know."

"What have I done, Mabel?" I asked. The screen was still between us.

Mabel quietly pushed it aside; then, placing her hands on my shoulders, scrutinized my face in a most uncomfortable manner.

"You have done this, and who can wonder at it? You have gained that man's love entirely. But, although it seems so unlike you, I believe you have brought him to your feet for vanity's sake. Heritage, he is a good man—a proud man. If you mean to give him nothing in return, I should say his life will be wrecked. Do you love him, or are my fears well founded?"

In some fashion, I was bound to reply. I sought refuge in levity.

"When I am moved to confess my sins, Mabel, it will not be to you, but to some nice ascetic High-Church curate."

"Don't talk nonsense. I am in bitter earnest. Vincent Hope will surely ask you to be his wife. You are rich, and he is comparatively poor; but I know that will not influence you. Only I say again, if you refuse, you are to blame for all that happens."

This must be stopped at any cost. Until now, I had always believed that hysterics and affectation were synonymous.

"Mabel," I said, "I hate Vincent Hope; but at this moment I think I hate you even more! Go to bed. I am too tired to say another word; so go away."

Thereupon, I got into bed, turned my face to the wall, and left Mabel to put out my candle and get back to her own quarters when she thought fit.

I was annoyed and ashamed. She had nearly accused me of what I had in truth been guilty of—making love to my enemy. As people noticed my conduct, it became more and more necessary that I should clear myself from all such imputations. This could be done in one way only.

Perhaps I had the grace to avoid Vincent Hope somewhat during the next two days. Perhaps that very avoidance hastened the catastrophe. But on the third day, chance—pure chance, mind—left us together and alone. For a moment there was silence between us; then he drew near to me, and said in a quiet earnest voice:

"Heritage, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

I could not answer. All I could do was to prevent myself breaking into hysterical laughter.

He tried to take my hand.

"Heritage, my darling, I think I loved you the moment I saw you. Look up, and answer me. Say you love me, and will be my wife?"

His wife! After hating him for so long—after Mabel's reproaches—after winning his love in a way the thought of which made me blush! Never, never, never!

So I steeled myself—drew myself up to every inch of my height—looked him full in the face—triumphed, and took my revenge. I hope and think I spoke composedly, if not coldly.

"Mr. Hope, you honor me greatly, but it cannot be. Please never mention it again."

His face was very pale; and when an expression of positive pain left it, grew stern, almost hard. My manner must have convinced him I was in earnest. No doubt, had I wished to do so, I could have made him full at my feet and plead passionately. But then, unless one is an utter savage, vindictiveness must be limited. I had done enough.

Perhaps, under such trying circumstances, no man could have behaved in a more dignified manner than did Mr. Hope.

"I am to understand," he said calmly but with a look in his eyes which I dared not meet—"I am to understand—you do not love me?"

I bowed.

"Please let me hear you say so," he said.

"I do not. Let us say no more about it. I think I will go back to the house now."

We walked in silence until we were close to the gates. Then he said:

"Unless my presumption to-day makes my presence unbearable to you, I shall stay two days longer, as I promised Mr. Lighton. It is not worth while to set people inquiring as to the reason for a hasty departure."

"Certainly not," I answered. "Stay as long as you wish; or, if you prefer it, I will leave."

"That is out of the question," he replied, as we crossed the threshold and parted.

I went to my room—to exult, of course, in my revenge. It was so full, so complete, so exactly as I planned it. And writers and poets say that revenge is sweet. Oh, yes, it was very, very sweet—so sweet, that I double-locked the door, that no one might see how much I enjoyed it—so sweet that I threw myself on my bed, and thought my heart must break as I sobbed and wept; for the truth must be told—I loved Vincent Hope even as he said, and as I hoped he loved me. Yet, for the sake of vanity, I had to-day rejected the love of a man, the best, the noblest, the cleverest in the world! I had hurled my hoarded stone, and right well it had fulfilled its mission; but its rebound had crushed me. Oh, yes; revenge is very sweet!

I rose, and walking up to the Heritage Rivers in the cheval-glass, shook my fist at her violently. "You fool!" I said to her. "A nice mess you have made of life! Revenge, indeed! Call it by its right name—folly! Go and clothe yourself in sackcloth—cover your head with ashes, and cry your eyes out for to-day's work." Then Mabel's words about a wrecked life came to my mind; and although I could not believe that the happiness of such a man as Vincent Hope

could be dependent upon an idiot like myself, I thought of that strange look I had seen in his eyes—that look which no resolution of mine could make me meet. So I went back to bed once more, and cried and abused myself. Ay, revenge is sweet!

In spite of all, I determined to go down to dinner. I would do that much for his sake. It should not be suspected that anything had gone wrong between us; and I knew that, if I stayed away, Mabel for one, would certainly guess what had occurred. This, if I could prevent it, should be known to no one. I smiled grimly as I thought how my revenge must fail in this; that the world would never know what I had scorned and refused. I made a great effort, dabbed my eyes with rose-water, and went down-stairs in passable trim.

To-night we were not side-by-side, but sat directly opposite to one another. Mabel was right—Vincent Hope was a proud man. His discomfiture was no concern of the world's, so he showed no traces of it. All save one at the table would have said that his heart was gay and light. No one would have dreamed that a few hours before, his love had been refused by an idiot of a girl. He laughed and jested; anecdote and witty repartee fell unceasingly from his lips. He held the whole talk, or every unit of the party talked to him. Yet, woman-like, I noticed that he drank more wine than was his usual custom, and at times there was a sharper, harder ring in his voice. Had it not been for this, and the remembrance of the look which still haunted me, I could have believed he had forgotten or brushed away from his mind the events of the day. Vincent Hope was a proud man, and Heritage Rivers a fool!

I would rather say nothing about the next two days. I hated myself so much, that I wonder I have ever forgiven myself—perhaps I never have. All I care to say is, that none even suspected what had happened; even Mabel began to think that the accusation of flirting should lie at Vincent Hope's door, not at mine; for although he talked to me when needful, it was easy to see that his manner was changed.

The morning of the third day came, and I knew that in a few hours we should shake hands, part, and there would be the end of everything.

Blaize is fifteen miles from a railway station, and that station is so unimportant that very few trains stop at it. Vincent Hope to reach town that evening, was obliged to start betimes. Soon after luncheon, Charlie Lighton and the dog-cart were waiting to take him to the train; and after many expressions of regret from host and hostess, he took his seat and was ready to start. Of course, our hands met, as in common with every one else, he bade me adieu—a quiet, polite adieu, nothing more—not even coupled with the conventional wish that we might meet again. Why should he wish to meet me again? Our encounters as yet had not been happy in their results to either! That accomplished whip, Charlie, gathered up the reins, and with a last, all-embracing good-bye, Vincent Hope was sped away along the winding carriage-drive, and, for the first time in her foolish life, Heritage Rivers knew that such things as broken hearts may be found outside romances.

Something was afoot that afternoon—walking party or skating party; for it was the middle of January, and bitterly cold. Now that the necessity of keeping up appearances for another's sake was at an end, Miss Rivers felt very much like breaking down and disgracing herself. She longed for solitude, and made some excuse to stay at home. As every one was bound on the expedition, she had the house practically to herself. After bemoaning her wickedness and folly for some time in the sanctity of her own chamber, a strange craving came over her. She felt she must go down and sit in the little room which adjoins the library; and, although censuring her own weakness, she yielded to the impulse.

Vincent Hope, in spite of his resolve to spend his time at Blaize House in well-earned idleness, had been unable to do so exactly. Ominous rolls of printed matter came by post—a sin of long standing, he said, which publishers insisted on dragging into daylight at once. So he did one or two hours' work each day, and grumbled at it in a very amusing manner. By tacit consent, the little room had been kept sacred to him; there, when he chose, he worked without fear of interruption. It was no doubt on account of this that Miss Rivers felt that uncontrollable desire to sit for a while in this particular room. The stupidity of her desire need not be commented upon, as her generally idiotic nature must have made itself manifest many pages back. She entered the room and closed the door softly. She sat down at the leather-covered table, and leaning her head on her hands, looked anything but a prosperous, healthy, comfortable young woman.

Presently she glanced stealthily around her, and from the bosom of her dress drew out a photograph of a very handsome, distinguished-looking man. Mr. Hope had given it to her, at her request, some days before. It was to go into her celebrity-album, she told him. Laying it on the table between her elbows, Miss Rivers gazed at it long and earnestly, until her foolish eyes became so misty with tears that she could see it no longer. One by one these tears began to fall, and soon came so fast that she gave in altogether—forgot where she was—forgot all risk of interruption; and laying her head on the table, presented the very picture of woe.

Her bewailings and bemoanings were at their greatest height, when the door was suddenly thrown open and Mr. Hope stood before her! She sprang to her feet, and in her agitation brushed the photograph to the ground. Even in her dire confusion, the prayer that it might have fallen face downward fringed itself. But she dared not look to see; she had to face the intruder as best she could. Yet he seemed for the moment taken even more aback than Miss Rivers. He stammered out something about a shaft broken three miles from home—impossibility of catching train—come back to write telegrams, etc. Then he looked on the ground, and what he saw there was enough to make him glance wonderingly at the shamefaced girl who stood before him with wet lashes and glowing cheeks.

"Miss Rivers—Heritage!" he said, "tell me what this means."

She made no reply, but endeavored to pass him. He blocked the way, and by the exercise of some force, took both her hands in his. As they stood there, she could see on the ground between them that unlucky photograph lying face upward.

"Let me go, Mr. Hope," she said. "It is unkind to keep me against my will." Her appeal was vain. His strong hands held her yet more firmly. He seemed to be waiting until she chose to look up and meet his eyes. But that would never have been—not if they had stood there till the present moment.

At last he spoke; his voice was almost grave:

"Heritage, I am very proud. I have always vowed I would ask no woman twice to be my wife; but I will ask you once more if you love me."

Miss Rivers only bent her head lower and lower.

"Answer me, Heritage," he said, in a changed, passionate voice. "My darling, answer me, and this time truthfully!"

It was no use. Had she wished to do so, she could fight no longer. She ventured to raise her eyes a little, and said, so timidly, so differently from her usual way of speaking:

"If I thought you would only forgive me, I would try and show you what I cannot, will not tell you—how much I love you!"

She was very, very humble in her new-found happiness.

Then Vincent Hope loosened her hands a little, and—Well, these things only happen once in the life of a true woman, and she should neither write nor speak about them. But when Charlie Lighton came to look for the telegram, not even written, nor in the proposed form, to be written, Vincent Hope and Heritage Rivers were wondering, as every orthodox pair of lovers should wonder, why they were chosen out to be made the two very happiest people in the whole world.

So this was how I worked out my revenge.

It was only after we were married that I ventured to tell my husband that I had actually laid myself out to win his love—and why, when won, I had rejected it. My confession, which was really seriously made, being complete, he looked at me with mock severity.

"Heritage," he said, "had I known this before, I might, even at the eleventh hour, have thought better of the step I was taking in putting my future in the hands of such a vindictive young woman."

"And perhaps, sweet sir," I answered, "for the very fear of that, I have deferred my explanation until now."

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REWARD

\$1000

The Board of County Auditors will pay One Thousand Dollars for the capture and conviction of the murderer or murderers of the late Patrolman E. Shoemaker, killed yesterday while in the discharge of his duty.

Detroit, March 5, 1890.

CHAS. P. COLLINS,
GEO. C. LAWRENCE,
JAMES HOLIHAN,
Board of County Auditors.

ABOUT PERSONS AND THINGS.

Joseph E. Lee of Jacksonville, Fla., has been appointed collector of the port at Jacksonville.

A State convention of Afro American Leagues has been called to meet at Little Rock, Ark., March 29.

A convention of Afro-Americans met in Nashville, March 4, for the purpose of forming a State League.

R. S. Smith of Washington, has been appointed to a special agency in the Census office of Florida.

The Rev. Trevan, formerly pastor of Bethel church of this city, is dangerously ill at Des Moines, Iowa.

Doctor Lillard, an Afro-American, was nominated for assessor at a Republican primary in Hopkinsville, Ky., last week.

The Hon. C. H. J. Taylor is preparing an illustrated article on "Negro Democrats" for the Atlanta Constitution. All the unwashed are being photographed.

Afro-Americans of Chester, Pa., are not content with the progress their children have made in the mixed schools and are now petitioning for a separate school for them.

Wm. Hannibal Thomas of Charleston, S. C., has an article entitled "Unsolved Negro Problems" in the February number of "Our Day" a magazine published by Joseph Cook of Boston.

The Afro-American postmaster at Athens, Ga., whose appointment is agitating the bourgeois of that state is described as being nine tenths white, well educated and respected by all who know him.

Emanuel Fortune jr., brother of T. Thomas Fortune of the Age and at one time one of the editors of that paper, died at the early age of twenty-seven, at his home in Jacksonville, Fla., Tuesday, March 4.

Kelly Miller, the new professor of mathematics in Howard University, is described as "a genuine Negro, full blooded, with face of ebony, a soul of honor and a mind as bright as a newly coined silver dollar."

The Southern Recorder was, last week, issued from Nashville, Tenn., where it will be published in the future. The editor having found it impossible to enjoy the American citizen's right to free speech in Alabama.

Moses Merritt, the jockey who was indicted with jockey Stone for murder at Concy Island, has been set at liberty, and Stone is now serving a life sentence in Sing Sing. Gov. Hill having saved him from the gallows.

The Rev. Father Jermimes in a lecture at the St. Peter Claves Catholic church of St. Paul, Minn., agrees with Fred Douglass that "all men are made of clay, and like the merschaum pipe are most valuable when highly colored."

Last week at Clafin College at Charleston, S. C., Prof. W. J. De Treville (white) cowhided J. N. Cardozo, the chaplain of the institution. The affair caused great indignation and was violence was only suppressed by President Duntun.

The Frederick Douglass Library and Industrial Association occupy a building supplied with all the modern improvements. The club is select and its object is the moral, mental and social improvement of its members. Politics are eschewed.

William Wal'orf Astor the heir to the \$200,000 of the Astor estate, has promised an endowment of \$500,000 for an Afro-American University to be established in Oklahoma if the movement to create a "Negro State" of the territory is successful.

The ladies of Naomi Tent No. 11, J. R. Giddings and G. Jullifer Union of Chester, Pa., have had a two story brick building erected, containing an audience room, reading room, dining room, etc. Their new hall was dedicated March 2, with impressive ceremonies.

Mary Cook a prepossessing young woman of Jackson, La., and eldest daughter of William Cook, the blacksmith of the town, committed suicide recently by taking rat poison. She desired to attend church and her father objected, which angered her so that she committed the terrible deed.

Last summer a Cromwell line steamer discharged her cargo of sulphuric acid on the New Orleans levee, and the temperature being high, one of the tanks exploded, killing one stevedore and injuring others. Augustus Johnson whose eyes were entirely destroyed, has received a verdict of \$10,000 against the owners of the vessel.

John Reel of Nashville, Ark., found a jug containing \$16,000 in gold, on Wednesday, March 5, and, putting \$100 in his pocket, left the rest while he went to get something in which to carry it away. Unfortunately he found his secret too good to keep and confided it to those whom he met. When he went back the jug and its contents were gone.

William Johnson and Mark Gregory of Indianapolis, have forwarded a challenge to back Johnny Smith, the colored bantam weight champion of Indiana, to fight any 105-pound pugilist in America, black or white, according to Police Gazette rules, for \$500 to \$5,000 a side. Smith recently knocked out Billy Shine in a glove contest for \$500, in eighteen minutes.

A meeting was held in Cavalry Baptist church, New York city, to discuss "the race problem from the religious point of view." J. D. Simmons, Rev. Dr. J. Hill, Rev. O. B. Straynor, Gen. O. O. Howard and Rev. James Walton, an Afro-American minister of Virginia, took part in the discussion. Education was recommended as the best solution of the vexed question.

Mr. White, the violinist of the ex-Emperor of Brazil, is making a sensation in Sowdon. He is an Afro-American about forty years of age and of superb presence. He has, it is said, a beautiful bow arm, fine large tone, a great deal of sentiment and tremendous execution. Both Paris and Sowdon are enthusiastic over his genius and his fortune is thereby already made.

T. A. Sykes, Simon Vassar, Wm. B. Vassar, W. A. Crosswait, Levi Adams, A. D. Foster, Rev. Lynn, Rev. W. M. Gilbert and John Tate applied, March 4th, for a charter to establish an industrial school for the benefit of homeless and fatherless Afro-American children in the State of Tennessee. The design is to create a first class agricultural and mechanical school.

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.

Still Praising British Columbia.

WOODSTOCK, March 10.—La grippe is passing away from Woodstock by degrees. Mr. John Trapp is recovering from a severe attack.—Mr. Marshall Anderson, one of our city police, after suffering some weeks with a strained foot, is slowly recovering.—The Misses Rebecca and Laura Anderson, milliners on Dundas street, have returned home after a pleasant visit with their mother at Norwichville, Ont., and have resumed business again.—Since the Canada Pacific railroad has been running to British Columbia, there has been a great deal of information learned from that source.—On account of the cold and disagreeable weather here, there will be quite an exodus of Afro-Americans from this part of Canada to that. Not because the laws are not just to all men, but because it is just the climate for the Afro-American to live and prosper. I hope our afflicted people in the South, through the Afro-American League and by our help, will get to that beautiful land of flowers and liberty, where they will enjoy life. If the United States would send all who are willing to go, to British Columbia, it would be a small price paid for our labor since 1890. If the fidelity of the Afro-American to the United States Government don't make him a man by law, then let him come to British Columbia where he will be a man and protected from lawlessness. Africa is not the place, nor is Hayti or Oklahoma, for there is strife there already between the blacks and whites. But British Columbia is the place for us all. Why not seize this great opportunity to live in peace in our unmolested homes? W. H. H. J.

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

Piles, Piles, Piles.

LOOSE'S RED CLOVER PILE REMEDY, is a positive specific for all forms of the disease. Blind, Bleeding, Itching, Ulcerated, and Protruding Piles.—Price 50c.

A Call For a State Convention by the Michigan Protective League.

In obedience to a resolution enacted by the "Executive Board of Michigan's Protective League" on January 6, 1890, and the wishes of many other citizens, I respectfully ask the colored citizens of Michigan to meet, by accredited delegation, in a State convention, in the city of Detroit, at 10 o'clock, a. m., on the 13th day of May, 1890, to consider and pass upon the following business, viz:

- 1st. The reports of Michigan's Protective League officers.
- 2d. Recognition of the National conference, called to meet in Chicago June 23, and the election of delegates for same.
- 3d. Michigan's affiliation in National organization.
- 4th. The election of members and officers for Michigan's Protective League and such other business as may come before the convention.

Representation in this convention shall be as follows: Each county in Michigan shall be entitled to one delegate, and one additional delegate for each fifty (50) colored inhabitants in the county, provided no county shall be entitled to more than twenty-five delegates; seats as members of this convention. A delegate must reside in the county which he represents.

"The citizens of each county are requested to meet in a duly called public meeting for their respective county on or before May 1st, 1890, and elect delegates for the State Convention, and send in the name of same to the Chairman.

Railroad rates will be one and one third fare for ten (10) tickets, and one half fare for fifty (50) tickets, if excursion rates cannot be had.

W. Q. ATWOOD, Chairman.
JOSEPH H. GRAY,
Deputy Secretary of Michigan's Protective League.
East Saginaw, Feb. 25, 1890.

We are but few in the State and can ill afford to be divided. As far as possible, let us be united in one strong, active State organization, supported by healthy County Leagues.

Michigan's Protective League was organized years ago by the whole people of Michigan in a mass State convention assembled, hence the Michigan Protective League is an heir of the people, and the officers are the servants of the people. Let the masses speak and the servants obey.

While in my judgment I may have a preference as to the way to go, and the means to be used, I have them to suggest and advise but not to enforce against the will of the majority honestly expressed.
Yours truly,
W. Q. ATWOOD.
East Saginaw, March 11.

Mark This.

It has long been known that the cause of curly hair on man or beast is the firm, thick integument surrounding the hair follicles. It has also been discovered that Yucca Baccata (Spanish Bayonet) contains a medical property that will relax this integument and stimulate hair to grow long straight and luxuriant. I have succeeded in combining this medical property with three bland emollients, making an elegant dressing, containing all the wonderful properties of the plant, and it will make any hair grow straight. I have given it the name of "Baccata," and put the price within the reach of all, \$1 per box, \$5 per half-dozen.

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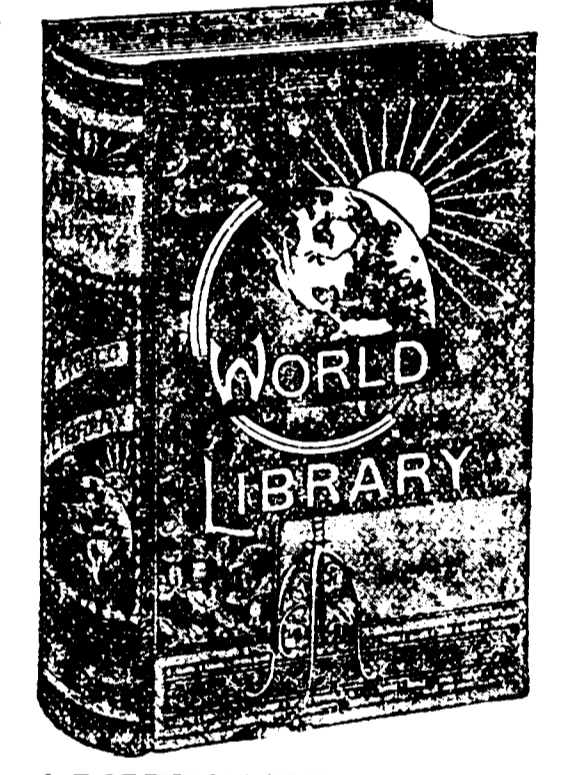
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- 2 ARABIAN NIGHTS—The oriental fairyland, over which Queen Shehrazad reigns in now and always will remain a classic.
- 3 SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON.—By J. H. Kampe. No one but a German could have thought it practicable to land a whole family in a row of washing tubs nailed together between banks—and the island did contain peculiar flora and fauna; but the book is an extremely engaging one for all that.—*Miss Yonge*.
- 4 PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—It is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only use the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. While it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, it is loved by those who are too simple to admire it.—*Lord Macaulay*.
- 5 ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.—By Lewis Carroll, with 40 illustrations by Tenniel, 1 vol.
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- 13 GULLIVER.—The most original and extraordinary of all Swift's productions. While courtiers and politicians recognized in the adventures of Gulliver many satirical allusions to the court and politics of England, the great mass of readers saw and felt only the wonder and fascination of the narrative.

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- 56 DAVID COPPERFIELD.—Dickens.
- 57 NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.—Dickens.
- 58 DOMBEY AND SON.—Dickens.