

THE PLAIN DEALER.

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

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WHOLE NO. 448.

A BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

A People Who are Wronged Feel It As No One Else Can.

LETTERS FROM THE RACE.

The Leading and Thoughtful Afro-American Assures the Bystander of Their Co-operation.

A Bystander's Notes.

Words can faintly express the Bystander's feelings as he has listened to the reading of the hundreds of letters received from colored men and women all over the country in relation to the National Citizens' Association. Himself a victim of the grippe, he has been able to read but few—only watching the wonder growing day by day in a grave woman's eyes as she perused these revelations of an oppressed people's thought.

The Bystander has so long championed the cause of justice to the colored people, that he has sometimes thought, and been very often assured, now and then by some of the race themselves, that he felt their wrongs more acutely than they did themselves. In one sense, he did not doubt that this was true. He remembered when the feeling of the old Abolitionist seemed more acute than that of the slave. But he learned at length how weak and petty was the sentiment of even the most gifted of this vanguard of liberty, when compared to the pathetic rapture of the humblest slave when finally he realized that he was free. There something about slavery which no freeman's imagination has yet served adequately to depict, but which a word, a gesture, a trick of speech perhaps, of one who has been a slave, burns ineradicably into the consciousness of the hearer who is able to interpret it. Take the one word, "Mahrtah," as it falls from lips which have never lost the twang of bondage! How many volumes of the most eloquent would it take to tell all that it expresses!

The Bystander will never doubt again. A people who are wronged feel it as no one else can. This great heap of letters has been a revelation even to him. They have come from almost every State and from every type of life. The flowing, easy, clerical hand of the educated Negro is mingled in them with the labored lines of the toil-stiffened fingers which Christian slavery forbade to trace the Cadmean symbols lest the secret of liberty should dawn upon the darkened brain. They come alike from the affluent Northern home and the humble shanty in the canebrake. They tell strange tales sometimes of achievement, sometimes of suffering; but all throbb with a sense of injustice and a wondering hope that Christian freemen may at length awake to the wrongs they have suffered and the perils that impend. Some are hard to decipher but in them are often found the clearest truth and the most pithily expressed philosophy. All are alike welcome.

The Bystander returns grateful thanks for the expressions of confidence and regard with which these letters are studied, and begs to assure the writers that he will keep in mind the fact that it is deeds not words that are required of the association—men not promises that are to be enrolled.

The first letter received from one of the "inferior (?) race" was one hard to excel in elegance of chirography and expression, betraying in every syllable the cultured and refined woman. Referring to the "Notes" of Oct. 24 she says:

"You say the responses received by you all had 'the true ring of manhood.' Has womanhood no part in this work?—have none responded?—and if so can they be of use? For I am a woman. Again, one message was 'from one of the beneficiaries of the war for liberty.' From one only? I hope not. If only one, now you must count two, for I am a colored woman."

"Born of free colored people, who left the South just before the war. I have been raised and educated in the most liberal conditions of the North. I am one of a considerable number, who as a result of certain environment, have felt the minimum force of the oppression of my people. Under conditions comparatively favorable to the development and happiness of the individual one is in great peril of forgetting the claim of the brother who still groaning under the wheels of the Juggernaut. I think, as a people, we are too little given to heeding the cry of the helpless. We are so accustomed to have others fight for us that there is danger of engendering a selfishness that, to say the least, will not add to our strength. God knows the need for help is a sore one, and I do not know how the colored people can ever be grateful enough to men like you, who leave

pleasanter walks in life that could be yours, and give themselves heart and soul to the cause of the oppressed. But I think that we can help our own more than we do, therefore, if you can in this work find any use for a woman who brings youth, strength, and absorbing desire to live for some high purpose and a determination to do whatever of good comes to her hand—pray command me."

There is work enough for all. Great movements do not run themselves. And this is one of the greatest—an attempt to let the world know how many of the American people are in favor of liberty and justice. It is a war between freedom and oppression, in which a woman can do just as efficient service as a man if she is willing to put forth the same exertion and exercise the same care—perhaps even more. The lists of the association will not walk about seeking signers themselves. An army is never mustered without recruiting officers, and a young woman who sends in the names of ten, twenty, or a hundred men who might not otherwise have heard of it, serves liberty just as well as a captain who sets his company in fair array upon the battlefield.

But we will let one of her own people answer farther:

"Please add my name to the roll of the Citizens' Rights Association. I am illiterate and don't amount to much individually, but I belong to the people that is discriminated against, consequently take an interest in anything that promises justice. I have never thought the solution of the negro problem would come until the women of the race take the matter in hand and through such an organization as you suggest infuse a better spirit into the sleeping manhood of the Negro."

The answer comes from half across the continent; but it is complete. The Bystander's observation is strongly in accord with the thought of this correspondent. As a rule, it must be admitted that the first generation of colored women born free have done more credit to the fact of freedom than the young colored men. There are some good reasons for this and some bad ones; but the fact should not be forgotten, now that the race, especially at the North, is on trial as to its capacity for self-government. Let the colored women see to it that no colored man forgets or omits to put his name on the muster roll of the "Black Phalanx" of the National Citizens' Rights Association. Send for a list and wear out a pair of shoes, if need be in getting it filled.

The pastor of a great church who was himself born a slave writes:

"I want by this to thank you in the name of God and my people for the noble stand that you have taken and for what you are trying to do in behalf of 'citizens' equal rights.'"

It is sometimes claimed that there is a lack of the modesty which constitutes the gentleman about the colored man. The first dollar received toward expenses of the association was from a colored man, who merely said: "I wish to do what I can to promote the purposes of this organization."

The Bystander prizes the following, not more for its appreciative character than because of the source from which it came:

"We Afro-Americans of Wisconsin read your Bystander's Notes with feelings of the deepest gratitude to you, and I am sure I do not take upon myself too great responsibility when I say that we, one and all, will follow your lead with boundless confidence, certain that what your judgment dictates will be for our best interest."

What poet ever gave a better measure of gratitude than this?

"If you were ever placed where your heart felt what you could not express, then measure my gratitude by yours. God bless you!"

Or who ever showed a juster sense of the individual responsibility of the colored men of the North in this great crisis of their race's destiny than he who wrote at the first drumtap the following:

"I feel that the colored citizens of the North should be the first to respond to your noble call, for if we have not enough manhood to strike a blow for the rights of our people, to whom shall we look for deliverance? May God and the justice of the American people help you to solve this problem which threatens the peace and welfare of our common country."

Those who wish to realize what this matter means to the colored men of the South will be glad to read the following from a distinguished graduate of a leading university, who has proved himself a man in more than one position:

"I hereby volunteer my service in your patriotic association, to aid in putting down the new rebellion of prejudice, caste-hatred, discrimination, injustice, class-legislation, lynch law, and tyranny, and to give the citizen free speech and secure him in the peaceful exercise of his legal rights. I am now 36 years old and I enlist for the balance of my life of usefulness with whatever brains, money, and physical

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MILWAUKEE NEWS

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 23.—The drama, "Bread on the Waters," presented by the young ladies and gentlemen of St. Mark's church, and given at the church under the auspices of Miss Lydia Hughes, was a marked success, a large crowd being present and those presenting the play impersonating the characters with considerable ease and grace. The Plankinton House orchestra rendered the music for the occasion. The promoters of the entertainment deserve congratulation. After the entertainment some few of the members and trustees of the church were heard objecting to the playing of the orchestra and the presentation of such a piece in the church, claiming that "the church was being turned into a theater," and other such silly remarks so far as the presentation of the drama is concerned it is, in our opinion, no more than the concerts and the many other entertainments given in the church, and deserves no more and no harsher criticism than these. Music is heard in all our churches at the present day, and why mossbacks and old fogies would object to that, and it's due to this class of people that we as a race are as far behind the times now as we are. It strikes us the trustees, at least, should have found out the character of the piece before it was presented and not wait until after it was all over to begin kicking.

The fair at the church has not been, we fear, the success it was expected to be, owing partly to the inclement weather and partly, perhaps, to the loss of interest in such affairs by the community at large. The young men particularly fight shy of them; they are not inclined to go there and be begged of all their spare change, and that they cannot spare, too, for that matter, even though it goes toward a charitable purpose. If any young man has the courage to refuse to be robbed—begged, I mean—he is immediately characterized by the ladies as being stingy and mean. Church fairs should be relegated to things of the past.

Mr. D. Royal, of Cheboygan, was the guest of L. H. Palmer last week. Misses Gertie and Minnie Reese, of Waukesha, were the guests of Miss Lydia Hughes last week.

Miss Maria Baker, of Waukesha, and many other strangers visited the city last week.

H. Goodman and son Harry are on the sick list, and "our comrade," Mr. Campbell Trevan, is also among the sick. J. B. B.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

South Bend, Ind., Nov. 23.—Mrs. Ada Johnson is improving in health Mrs. A. Martin is also better.

Andrew Dugy of Lansing is in the city with the expectation of locating here.

The members and friends of the A. M. E. church met at the parsonage last Saturday evening and gave the pastor a liberal pound social. After they got through pounding him they indulged in a taffy pulling until a late hour.

Sherman Waldron has returned delighted with his visit to Indianapolis.

Mrs. N. Compa is not expected to live.

Mrs. Vickie and Miss Clare Baker visited Mishawaka, Sunday.

Harrison Jackson was in Michigan last week on business.

G. G. Hill, of Niles, spent Sunday with us.

Mrs. N. James who has been confined to her bed for three weeks with rheumatism is enabled to be out again by the skill of Dr. Stoickwell.

Samuel More is very ill.

Revival meetings have begun at Mt. Zion Baptist church, the Rev. B. Smith, of Richmond will assist the Rev. George D. Smith. A grand rally day will be held in the Baptist church Sunday.

Richard Berry, whose health has been poor for sometime is expected to leave soon for a more favorable climate.

The Baptist Meridian of Indianapolis has made its appearance in our city. The Rev. J. W. Carr is its editor. It is a bright little paper and we hope it will live.

The missionary meeting of the Chain Lake Baptist Association will convene in Mt. Zion Baptist church, December 10. Rev. E. L. Scruggs is president.

Miss Addie A. Montgomery, daughter of I. T. Montgomery, of Iberia Bayou, Miss., died at Straight University, New Orleans, where she was attending school, Wednesday, Nov. 11. She was the oldest daughter of the family and remarkably bright, intelligent and lovable.

The Afro-American Hall company, of Memphis, Tenn., at its second annual meeting reported \$5,628.25 in hand. Mr. D. W. Washington, who visited Detroit during the encampment, is president of the organization.

PLUTARCH'S TOPICS.

Our Vigorous Correspondent Begins a Discussion of a New Topic.

LAITY'S SHORTCOMINGS.

Churches Which Tolerate Bad Members Frequently Make Bad Pastors.

Hoping that his timely criticism of the colored ministry will continue its good work, Plutarch now begins a discourse on some evils characteristic of the laity.

The preachers are not to blame for everything, nor are they the only class in the churches who have bade persons among them. Sometimes the preacher corrupts the congregation, but more frequently the saying of the Scriptures is true, and the priest is like the people.

Churches, in which the better element dominate, are seldom found to be long subjected to the evil of a bad man for a pastor. On the other hand, many a preacher before blameless in his life has fallen into sin during his pastorate of a church given over into the hands of an evil element among the laity.

There are many churches which would go square back on a pastor who attempted to discipline members for such common evils as having two or more living husbands or wives, drinking beer, etc.

To turn a member out of church for refusing to pay his debts is an event unknown in hundreds of communities.

In short, no matter how good a man the pastor may be, he cannot enforce the rules of morality to any extent beyond which the people are with him.

The same churches which tolerate bad members also make bad pastors and are the charges sought and frequently obtained by such ministers as suit the people.

But few churches among us care to have a very refined and learned man as pastor. They regard such persons as "stuck-up," and prefer a good old-fashioned brother, who does not reproach their lives and conduct by living and acting much better than they.

Out of every twenty churches, nineteen prefer a preacher who causes a shout and who runs about from house to house in a free and easy sort of a way. There are absolutely more scholarly and gentlemanly preachers than there are congenial charges, hence it is that quite a number of splendid men are undergoing the ordeal of trying to bring certain churches up to the standard. Nine times out of ten they fail.

Right here appears the sin of many good persons outside of the church. Were more of the better element of every community to rally to the support of good ministers who come into their midst, great and glorious results would follow. Among the most praiseworthy benefactors of the race is that class of progressive and sound people in many communities who identify themselves with the church, and, undaunted by oppositions and antagonisms fight for its advancement until success crowns their efforts.

I will close this letter by pointing out a special evil among the churches; namely, their disinclination to pay a preacher in proportion to their ability and his service.

But few churches pay their pastors more than \$1,000 per year.

Denver, Omaha, St. Paul, Chicago, St. Louis and Detroit are about the only Western cities which make a creditable showing in this respect. Denver paid Rev. Mr. Hubbard \$2,000 last year; Quinn chapel, Chicago, paid the Rev. Mr. Jennifer a little more than \$1,200; Bethel church, Chicago, paid the Rev. Mr. Gadies, \$1,000, but have agreed to give him \$1,500 this year; St. Louis has always done a good part by good men.

The minutes of ten or fifteen years ago show that Bethel church, Detroit, has reached the mark of a first-class station in many instances. No doubt her great and unwisely-incurred debt holds her back at the present day.

Several times in speeches Bishop Brown has referred to Bethel church, Detroit, as having one of the most progressive congregations in his connection. Dr. Embry made a somewhat similar remark in an article in the Recorder some time ago; but the weight of opinion expressed through newspaper articles and in conversations among preachers, points out Denver and Omaha as the leading Western cities, so far as some phases

of progress in the churches are concerned.

Perhaps the \$2,000 salary is what turns ministerial eyes longingly toward these fields. It may be pertinent to remark that the big salary paid Rev. Mr. Hubbard at Denver is not an annual occurrence, but was an exception, due, no doubt, to the enterprise of the pastor.

He had skill and push enough to get it; hence he got it, is the explanation; but the fact that he could not have got it in most cities is what reflects credit upon Denver.

The hardest church in all the West to suit is Quinn chapel, Chicago.

They will do miracles for a pastor whom they like, and next to nothing for one they don't like, an unfortunate disposition in many instances.

But to draw the lesson—churches which cannot, or will not, pay good men a proper support, cannot justly complain because good men do not seek to serve them.

The time once was when a preacher who even hinted that he had the slightest desire for money, or even made bread and butter a consideration, was regarded as a sinner. That day of pretence has gone by, and you must pay for what you get, and will get what you pay for.

PLUTARCH.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

Toledo, Nov. 23. Thinking perhaps you would enjoy a few notes from "Frog pond town," I take this opportunity of writing to you.

We have been priding ourselves on the beautiful Fall weather, but within the past week our ardor has been dampened by the constant falling weather.

The social world is alive at this season, parties balls and other entertainments are being given for social enjoyment.

On Thursday evening the Carpe Diem Social Club, will give the swell ball of the season to which the devotees of terpsichore will dance to the beautiful Musical strains. Quite a number of strangers are expected on this occasion.

On the same evening Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Remley will be "at home" to their friends on the occasion of their third wedding anniversary.

Tuesday the first quarterly conference meeting of this year was held at Warren chapel.

The various churches are all making preparation for the keeping of Thanksgiving day. At 10.30 the Rev. O. P. Ross, will hold services after which dinner will be served in the lecture room.

The 3rd Baptist church hope to be able to eat Thanksgiving dinner in their new church, their first sermon, Sunday the 29th and their dedicatory sermon on the 1st Sunday in December.

The social event of the season was the complimentary banquet of Amazon Lodge, No. 4, F. and A. M., being their 28th anniversary.

Elaborate preparations had been made for the entertainment of the guests, which was royally done.

Shortly after 9 o'clock just one hundred persons seated themselves around the banquet table.

Mr. G. U. Highwarden, master of ceremonies, introduced Mr. A. M. Clemens, W. M., who welcomed the guests and told them some good things about Masonry. The divine blessing was invoked by the Rev. G. G. Robinson, of Evansville, Ind. The banquet then began in real earnest, and eight experienced waiters were busy in serving the menu. Some of the noticeable features were seen in the Japanese napkins folded in a square and compass, and two five-stick candleabra, diffusing the colors of the lodge. Toasts were responded to eloquently, and the banquet was pronounced by good judges the finest ever given in the city. The committee, to whom thanks are due for the pronounced success, was Messrs. G. U. Highwarden, W. E. Clemens, J. H. Watkins, Jno. C. Fountain, and A. M. Clemens. Amazon Lodge is in better financial condition than for some time previous, harmony prevails, the membership has increased and great interest is manifested.

PIQUA, OHIO.

Piqua, O., Nov. 22.—Mr. George Moss, of Lima, was in the city last week visiting friends.

Mr. D. A. Medly spent Sunday the 15th, in Richmond, Ind.

Mr. George Bowles and wife have returned home from Montana, and will make this their home.

Mr. W. W. H. Moss left last Tuesday for Kenton to attend the Ministerial Institute.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Augustus Collins and Miss Abbie Palmer were united in marriage by Rev. Mr. Sargent, of the First Baptist church.

Rev. Mr. Bandy, of Dubuque, Iowa, is in the city.

Mr. S. Busby is on the sick list.

D. A. M.

Chili has a large order for fire arms in France.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

An aged man in Massachusetts died not long ago, and instead of the flowers usually put on the bier, there was laid upon the coffin a sheaf of wheat, fully ripe. Beautifully significant!

I wish that on the remains of this harvest year, we might place a sheaf of prayer, a sheaf of joy fully ripe! Emblems of joy and gratitude are never so appropriate as when they express our feelings on Thanksgiving Day.

This human race of ours has much to be thankful for. Sometimes I fear as if even the best of us do not sufficiently realize the goodness of God.

Take this single fact: the adaptation of the world to our comfort and happiness.

The sixth day of creation had arrived. The palace of the world was made, but there was no king to live in it. Leviathan ruled the deep; the eagle the air; the lion the field; but where was the scepter which should rule all?

A new style of being was created. Heaven and earth were represented in his nature. His body from the earth beneath; his soul from the Heaven above. The one reminding him of his origin, the other speaking of his destiny—himself the connecting link between the animal creation and angelic intelligence.

In him a strange commingling of the temporal and eternal, the finite and the infinite, dust and glory. The earth for his floor and heaven for his roof; God for his father; eternity for his lifetime. No embroidery so elaborate, no gauze so delicate, no handiwork so divine.

So quietly and mysteriously does the human body perform its functions that it was not until five thousand years after the creation of the race that the circulation of the blood was discovered; and although anatomists of all countries and ages have been so long exploring this castle of life, they have only begun to understand it. Whether we consider the human body as a whole, or individual portions of it, the mind is dazed at the marvels revealed.

Take alone the hand, and what a wondrous instrument it is!

With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword, and climb the rock, and write, and carve, and build. It constructed the Pyramids, and hoisted the Parthenon. It made the harp, and then struck out of it all the world's minstrelsy. In it the white marble of Pentelicon mines dreamed itself away into immortal sculpture. It reigns in the swift engine; it holds the steamer to its path in the bay; it snatches the fire from heaven; it feels the pulse of the sick child with its delicate touch, and makes the nations quake with its stupendous achievements.

What power brought down the forests, and made the marshes blossom, and burdened the earth with all the cities that thunder on with enterprise and power? Four fingers and a thumb.

A hundred million dollars would not purchase for you a machine as exquisite and wonderful as your own hand. Mighty hand! The instrument that can bring us honor, illumine our name; or, by one stroke or action bring us into eternal disgrace.

In all its bones, and muscles, and joints, I learn that God is good. Not a finger too much, which truth you never realize until an accident temporarily deprives you of the use of one. Marvelous creation and arrangement!

We do not, by one-tenth, appreciate our blessings, because God is so good to us that we think we are entitled to all He gives us.

Consider the eye, which, in its Instagram gallery, in an instant catches the mountain and the sea. The perpetual telegraphing of the nerves; these joints, that are the only hinges that do not wear out; these bones and muscles of the body, with fourteen thousand different adaptations; these one hundred thousand glands; these two hundred million pores; this mysterious heart contracting four hundred times every hour, two hundred and fifty ounces of blood rushing through it every sixty seconds; this chemical process of digestion; this laboratory, beyond the understanding of the most skillful philosophy; this furnace, whose heat is kept up from cradle to grave; this factory of life, whose wheels, and spindles, and bands, are God-directed; this human voice, capable, as has been estimated, of producing seventeen trillions, five hundred and ninety-two billions, one hundred and eighty-six millions, forty-four thousand four hundred and fifteen sounds.

If we could realize the wonders of our physical organization we would be hypochondriacs, fearing every moment that some part of the machine would break down. But there are men and women who have lived through seventy years and not a nerve has ceased to thrill, or a muscle to contract, or a lung to breathe, or a hand to manipulate.

Look at our mental constitution. Behold the lavish benevolence of God in powers of perception, or the faculty you have of transporting this outside world into your own mind—gathering into your brain the majesty of the storm, and the splendors of the daydawn, and lifting into your mind the ocean as easily as you might

put a glass of water to your lips. Watch the law of association, or the mysterious linking together of all you ever thought or knew, or felt, and then giving you the power to take hold of the clewline, and draw through your mind the long train with indescribable velocity, one thought starting up a thousand—as the chirp of one bird sometimes wakes a whole forest of voices, or the thrum of one string will rouse a whole orchestra.

Watch your memory—that sheaf-binder that goes forth to gather the harvest of the past, and bring it into the present. Your power and velocity of thought—thought of the swift wing and the lightning foot, thought that outspeeds the stars, and circles through the heavens, and weighs worlds, and, from poisoning amid wheeling constellations, comes down to count the blossoms in a tuft of mignonette, then starts again to try the fathoming of the bottomless, and the scaling of the insurmountable, to be swallowed up in the incomprehensible, and lost in God.

How beyond our human comprehension seems God's greatness! Our deepest thanksgivings are indeed inadequate.

In reason and understanding, man is alone. The ox surpasses him in strength, the antelope in speed, the hound in keenness of nostril, the eagle in far-reaching sight, the rabbit in quickness of hearing, the honeybee in delicacy of tongue, the spider in fineness of touch.

Man's power, therefore, consisteth not in what he can lift, or how fast he can run, or how strong a wrestler he can throw—for in these respects the ox, the ostrich, and the hyena are his superior—but by his reason he comes forth to rule all; through his ingenious contrivance to outrun, outlift, outwrestle, outsee, outhear, outdo.

At his all-conquering decree, the forest that had stood for ages steps aside to let him build his cabin and cultivate his farm. The sea which raved and foamed upon the race has become a crystal pathway for commerce to march on. The thundercloud that slept lazily above the mountain is made to come down and carry mail-bags.

Man, dissatisfied with his slowness of advancement, shouted to the Water and the Fire, "Come and help!" "Come and draw!" "Come and help!" And they answered, "Ay, ay, we come;" and they joined hands—the fire and the water—and the shuttles fly, and the rail-train rattles on, and the steamship comes coughing, panting, flaming across the deep.

He elevates the telescope to the heavens, and, as easily as through the stethoscope the physician hears the movement of the lung, the astronomer catches the pulsation of distant systems of worlds throbbing with life.

He takes the microscope and discovers that there are hundreds of thousands of animalcula living, moving, working, dying within a circle that could be covered with the point of a pin—animals to which a rain-drop would be an ocean, a rose-leaf a hemisphere, and the flash of a firefly lasting enough to give them light to several generations.

You see that God has adapted everything to our comfort and advantage. Pleasant things for the palate; music for the ear; beauty for the eye; aroma for the nostril; kindred for our affections; poetry for our taste; religion for our souls.

We are put in a garden, and told that from all the trees we may eat except here and there one. He gives the sun to shine on us, and the waters to refresh us, and food to strengthen us; and the herbs yield medicine when we are sick, and the forests lumber when we build a house, or cross the water in a ship.

The rocks are transported for our foundation; and metals upturned for our currency; and wild beasts must give us covering; and the mountains must be tunneled to let us pass; and the fish of the sea come up in our net; and the birds of the air drop at the flash of our guns; and the cattle on a thousand hills come down to give us meat.

For us the peach-orchards bend down their fruit, and the vineyards their purple clusters. To feed and refresh our intellect, ten thousand wonders in nature and providence—wonders of mind and body, wonders of earth, and air, and deep, analogies and antitheses; all colors and sounds; lyrics in the air; idyls in the field; confagurations in the sunset; robes of mist on the mountains; and the "Grand March" of an Omnipotent God in the storm.

And so in this magnificent world of ours, made for us that we might be happy and righteous, I wish you Thanksgiving cheer—good cheer for the national health.

Pestilence, that in other years has come to drive out its thousand hearers to our cemeteries, has not visited our nation.

It is a glorious thing to be well. How strange that we should keep our health when one breath from a marsh, or the sting of an insect, or the slipping of a foot, or the falling of a tree-branch might fatally assault our life.

Regularly the lungs work, and their motion seems to be a spirit within us panting after its immortality. Our sight fails not, though the air is so full of objects which by one touch could break out the soul's window.

I wish you good cheer for the national harvest. Our reaping-machines never swathed thicker rye, and the corn-huskers peg never ripped out fuller ear, and mow

poles never bent down under sweeter hay, and windmill's hopper never shook out larger wheat. Long trains of white-covered wagons have brought the wealth down to the great thoroughfares. The garner are full, the store-houses are overcrowded, the canals are blocked with freights pressing down to the markets. The cars rumble all through the darkness, and whistle up the flag men at dead of night to let the Western harvest come down to feed the mouths of the great cities. A race of kings has taken possession of this land—King Cotton, King Corn, King Wheat, King Coal.

I wish you good cheer for civil and religious liberty. No official spy watches our entrance here, nor does an armed soldier interfere with the honest utterance of truth.

We stand to-day with our arms free to work, and our tongues free to speak. The Bible—it is all unclasp. The pulpit—there is no chain round about it. There is no snapping of musketry in the street.

Blessed be God that to-day we are free men, with the prospect and determination of always being free. No established religion; Jew and Gentile, Armenian and Calvinist, Trinitarian and Unitarian, Protestant and Roman Catholic—all on the same footing, working forward to one great aim, one great purpose, one great end.

Therefore, let us all, at this Thanksgiving time—and at all times—praise the Lord! From the store-houses and offices of our great cities, from Lowell factories, and off from Western prairies, up from Pennsylvania coal mines, and out from Oregon forests, and in from the whale-ships of New London and Cape Ann, and wherever God's light shines, and God's rain descends, and God's mercy broods, let Thanksgiving arise in this the year of our Lord 1891, the fairest year in all our national history.

—(T. DeWitt) Talmage, in Ladies Home Journal. BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Battle Creek, Nov. 23.—A very pleasant social event occurred last week Wednesday. The occasion being the marriage anniversary of Mr. & Mrs. James Tolliver. Several of their friends were invited in and celebrate their wooden wedding. Mr. & Mrs. Tolliver, received many beautiful and useful presents as a token of esteem they are held in our community. After partaking of a most bountiful supper the guest retired wishing the hosts and hostess a long and prosperous life and that they may live to celebrate their diamond wedding.

Mr. C. H. Mitchell received a telegram Saturday, announcing the death of his sister Mrs. Alice Allen of Benton Harbor Mich.

Mr. & Mrs. Gomer, are the guests of Mrs. Henry Clark, they are enroute for Africa.

Mrs. Jennie Bruce, a former resident of our city died last week in Grand Rapids, of diphtheria.

Mrs. A. Swanagan, went to Grand Rapids last week, to visit Mrs. Bruce.

Rev. J. I. Hill, preaches to a large and appreciated audience every Sunday evening, the interest seems to be increasing.

B. S.

FINDLAY NOTES.

Findlay, O., Nov. 23.—Elder Mason preached a very interesting sermon Sunday night on "Whiskey and the Negro Problem."

Mrs. Sims, of Oberlin, is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. C. Johnson. From here she will go to Kentucky to visit three daughters, who are teaching in different parts of the State. Mrs. Johnson will accompany her.

Mr. Floyd, of Biqua, is in the city, visiting Mrs. Winbush.

The church aid society is growing rapidly. The membership is now 25, with a neat little sum in the treasury.

Mr. Chas Johnson has returned to Findlay for the winter; his wife is expected soon.

The paper on "Progression" was read by Miss Ella Evans.

The church presents a very attractive appearance inside since it has been papered, but that will not prevent the building of the new church. We hope to build in the Spring just the same.

T. A. Y.

"And you rejected him?" "I did." "He has the reputation of being a large-hearted man." "That's the trouble with him; he's too large-hearted. He can love half a dozen women at the same time."

The little daughter of a Brooklyn clergyman swallowed her father's collar button lately. This, however, is not as severe a test of his piety as it would have been if the collar button had rolled under the bureau.

Three interesting events occurred in one family in Mississippi one evening recently. An old lady and gentleman celebrated their golden wedding, a daughter and son-in-law their silver wedding, and a granddaughter her wedding.

Herr Dr. Codd, a German specialist, announces an opinion which many American parents will warmly corroborate when he says that until a child is 12 years old it needs ten or eleven hours of sleep, and that until one is 21 at least nine hours of sleep are necessary.

A Rockland, Maine, man met with a queer accident a few days ago. He was emptying a barrel of ashes, when a finger ring caught in the barrel and he was thrown down an embankment, striking upon his face and chest, giving him a severe shaking up and bruises which kept him in the house for several days.

Nearly 18 years ago a Presque Isle, Me., young man wished to buy a top carriage. Not having the ready cash, he gave his notes for \$135. They ran for 10 years, and then he took them up and gave notes for \$900 in settlement. He has now paid \$175 on the debt and still owes \$170. The actual value of the carriage wasn't over \$75.

THE BLACK ART.

Very Few Additions Have Been Made Within Recent Years.

"Very few additions of importance have been made to the repertory of the professional magician within recent years," said an expert in prestidigitator to a Washington Star reporter. "The new tricks all required elaborate mechanical contrivances. It may be that they draw the public for awhile, but they do not furnish lasting attractions.

"Take the 'vanishing lady,' for example. In its way it was a wonderful thing, and the mechanism necessary was elaborate and costly; but every one knew that the woman must necessarily disappear through a trap in the stage, and the only mystery lay in the cleverness with which the feat was accomplished.

"Here was no illusion, properly speaking, nor anything to excite wonder. A trick to be really worth any thing must be seemingly a miracle, inexplicable to the mind of the spectator.

"The best tricks are those requiring the least apparatus. No feat of magic ever attempted on the stage has created a more profound sensation than did the famous 'sphinx' when it first appeared in Europe. Even the scientific men went wild over it.

"It was the first thing of its kind ever seen, and for a long time no one suspected that the body to which the talking head belonged was concealed behind two mirrors that stood at an angle with each other beneath the table. The extreme simplicity of the means used for deceiving was the most effective point.

"But the performer is most successful when he employs for the purpose oflegerdemain every-day articles such as people are accustomed to. Audiences are always entertained to see rabbits, guinea pigs and other articles taken off-hand out of the hat of the fat gentleman who has been so imprudent as to take a front seat near the middle aisle.

"This sort of trick is much more simple and easily performed than you might suppose. I descend from the stage and borrow a silk hat from any gentleman who will give me one. The first things to be taken from the hat are already concealed on the inside of my coat.

"As I turn and regain the stage, with my back for a moment to the spectators, I quickly drop these articles into the hat. Then I face the audience once more, and draw the things out one by one, exhibiting much surprise.

"Some live animal may come first, because it is desirable to dispose of that as quickly as possible. Next, perchance, I pull out a wig, which always excites a roar of laughter. The other articles to be brought forth have been previously done up in many compact little bundles.

"Sometimes a single small package contains a quantity of hen feathers, so tightly done up that when they are shaken out there seems to be enough of them to fill a mattress. Each bundle is so fixed that its wrapping can be disengaged in a second.

"Having pulled out of the hat all the things which had been previously taken from under my coat and put into it, I go to a shelf under pretense of brushing the tile, and incidentally slip a number of other articles into it.

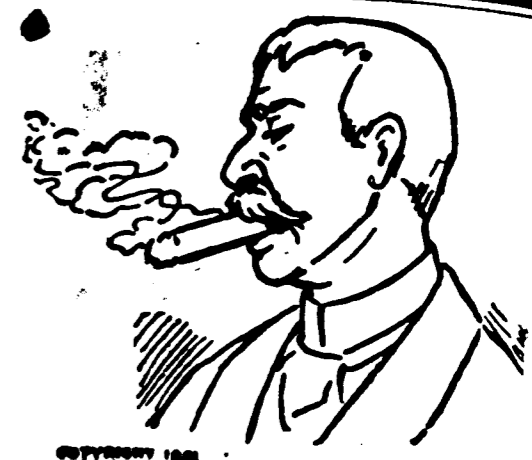
"Then I come down toward the audience, as if for the purpose of restoring the borrowed stovepipe, but suddenly pause and begin to draw out of it many things several times the size of the hat, such as bird cages, trunks, etc., all of which are so made that they close up in very small compass. The springs that hold them in shape are released as each one is taken out.

"Of course, a trick like this requires a great deal of practice and skill, but its effectiveness is almost wholly due to the fact that it is performed with so commonplace an object as a borrowed silk hat. Perform a seeming miracle with a broom, a brick or any thing else that is exceedingly commonplace and familiar and your feat excites infinitely more wonderment than if it were accomplished with an elaborate mechanical contrivance.

"When Pharaoh's magicians turned their walking-sticks into snakes they knew how to impress most strongly the minds of observers."

Cromwell's Idea of a Joke.

"Temple Bar" quotes these two curious extracts from contemporary annals: "On Wednesday last was my Lord Proctor's daughter married to Earl of Warwick's grandson. Mr. Soobell, as a justice of the peace tied the knot after a godly prayer made by one of His Highness's divines; and on Thursday was the wedding feast kept at Whitehall, where they had 48 violas and 50 trumpets and much mirth with frolics, besides mixt dancing (a thing heretofore accounted profane), till 5 o'clock yesterday morning. The Protector threw about sack posset among all the ladies to soyle their rich clothes which they took as a favor, and also wett sweetmeats and dawbed all the stools, where they were to sit, with wett sweetmeats, and pulled of Riches his perucque, and would have thrown it into the fire, but did not yet be stee upon it."



—the old-fashioned pill. Bad to take, and bad to have taken. Inefficient, too. It's only temporary relief you can get from it.

Try something better. With Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the benefit is lasting. They cleanse and regulate the liver, stomach and bowels. Taken in time, they prevent trouble. In any case, they cure it.

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 Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of 40 years standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price \$1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada.

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 Send 5-cent stamp. You get 25-page book with complete directions.
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A BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

(Continued From First Page)

...I possess. This is a fight between right and wrong. God is on the side of right. He never lost a battle. Of course Achan is in the camp but we will heap a pile of stones on his grave and take the city. God bless you!

The following are brief testimonies from letters full of gratitude for the light which bids them hope for better days.

"You are doing a great and noble work, a work which can not fail to command the sympathy and moral support of all good men and women."

"Your plan commends itself to my judgment as the best yet devised for giving assurance of justice to an almost despairing race. I am sure that God and the right are with you."

"I have long wondered if the Bystander's Notes would not stir some one up to activity. I am with you with all the manhood and ability I possess."

The Bystander wishes every reader of The Inter Ocean could see the letter from which the following extracts are made. Few would be able to decipher it—at least without great patience. Yet a more meaty statement of the truth was never penned:

"I am a Republican, couldn't be anything else. That is the only party ever promised our rights and they didn't give it. It was a great mistake to set the Negro free. If things are to go on in this way. The government give him no house to live in, no land to till, but left him just as weak as a naked baby. Then say to him 'Vote!' Southern man threaten to kill him if he vote Republican ticket. Then government turn away and say, 'Look out for yourself! I can't help you.' That isn't what we say when you wanted help. My father ran away and fought in the army—brave as any white man. Last year they took his vote away—after he had been voting 22 years—300,000 more colored voters, too."

"Northern man thinks negro and Republicans free, here at the South. If there is any liberty here, wish he'd point it out. The worst is they take away our ballots and then everything else follows. Rent goes up and wages go down. Seven dollars an acre rent for land; then pay four and a half dollars a bale to gin cotton. Wages less and less and more uncertain. If there is any Christian people up North who believe what they pretend to, I think they better wake up."

Will old soldiers sit still and see such men robbed of citizenship?

One who was the innocent cause of an act which may be very far reaching in its consequences writes:

"I feel that God has designed you to awaken the sense of this guilty Nation to a realization of the perils toward which they are fast hastening. I am a negro and am the man who was riding in the Pullman sleeping car, and for which offense the conductor of the car was arrested at Shreveport, La. You quoted a part of an editorial in the Inter Ocean of Oct. 17 from the Shreveport times which had reference to this matter. You will remember that the beginning of that editorial referred to the arrest of a Pullman conductor for permitting a negro to ride in his car. I am the unfortunate victim that called forth this editorial, which ought to convince the lovers of our country that the spirit of the 'sixties' is still alive. I heartily approve of your plan and hereby enroll my name among those who are willing to strive for the rights of man and his equal citizenship. God speed you in your grand and unselfish undertaking."

One of the slave-born, who has won an honorable place in a worthy profession, writes:

"I heartily approve of your plan to organize a National Citizens' Rights Association, and stand ready to render what financial aid I can to the end that the object and aim it seeks may be successfully accomplished. I will cut out the formula given in your 'Notes,' and shall proceed forthwith to test the capacity of the abused negroes for intelligent organization. I would suggest that when you ask for funds to prosecute the work of the association the amount be fixed at \$1 a head, so that the eight or nine million negroes in this country may have an opportunity to contribute to the general fund. I am willing to give \$1 a month out of my small salary, and I trust the suggestion here made will receive your favorable consideration. You are striking some sledge-hammer blows through the medium of The Inter Ocean and presenting our case to a jury whose sense of justice is proverbial and whose verdict can not be other than favorable."

"I see in your plan the beginning of a revolution in the public thought and action of the American people. You are making the busy merchant, the humble laborer, and the self-confident millionaire think, and before you have finished your crusade against the powers of evil who are making this Nation irreputable in the eyes of the civilized world by reason of acts of lawlessness committed against a people either too religious or too cowardly to protect themselves you will make them act, and then long-looked for justice will come, a healthy public sentiment will supplant and drive out, root and branch, American caste prejudice."

Think of such men being doomed to the rayless night of slavery! Thank God! that church-nursed spawn of hell is dead! That man is gained—in name, at least. Perhaps the time will come when Christ's ministers will not fear to denounce wrong done to a black man because the doer is a white man. Perhaps His people will awake to the blessed fact that justice is the only remedy for wrong and that God compensates man for the woul-

ness of wrong-doing by permitting him to be the agent not of mercy but of wrong-obliterating righteousness. American Christian civilization stained the Master's name by heaping centuries of injustice on His children. How many centuries of equal right and justice will it take to wipe away the blood-sweat of shame from the dear Master's face?

The Bystander has only space for extracts from a few letters, but he makes room for one in full, which speaks volumes:

"Dear Sir.—I am sorry I can't spell out what I want to say. You have got my heart. God bless you! When you call for money, if I have got but two cents, I'll send you one."

Yet people tell us that this is an "inferior" race, who do not care for liberty and must not be allowed to exercise the rights of citizenship!

During the coming week we shall observe the National Thanksgiving. It is the holiest of our festivals. It celebrates the nuptials of liberty and Christianity in our government. In its origin it represents the aspiration as well as the religion of the Puritan. Sometimes it was debased for unholy purposes. False prophets, hardly fifty years ago, made it the occasion for cursing the little band who insisted that liberty was a divine inheritance of black as well as white humanity.

With the coming of Abraham Lincoln it was made a National holiday. When the newly emancipated slave made it echo with psalms of deliverance it became domesticated at the South. It has always been more or less political in character because nothing can radiate from the American mind the fundamental belief that the first thing for which he ought to thank God is the right of self-government. The supporters of slavery, indeed, were especially grateful that this right did not appertain to the colored man, just as those who inherited their views of God's relation to His children praise him to-day that by unlawful conspiracy, by violation of law, and the terror of barbarous violence, the Negro is prevented from exercising his lawful privileges or enjoying that full measure of personal right and political power which God has conferred on his white children. It seems a curious thing, but this will be the undercurrent of the sermons preached by white men in one-third of the land on Thanksgiving Day.

At the North, for some years little has been said about liberty on such occasions, at least as a matter of current interest. This is not strange. The idea that civil and religious liberty are separable facts is a singularly fascinating delusion. It has taken the world a long time to realize that "religious" liberty does not consist of a right to sing psalms and tinker creeds at will, but embraces also, the right to express the individual opinion and apply the individual conviction freely and without restraint to the determination of public rights. The temptation to silence has been a mighty one. The old taunt of "sectionalism" has been a grisly shade in the path of many an honest heart who knew that there was no more liberty of speech and action South of the Ohio, than North of the Dnieper. The church is fond of harmony, too. It is hard for it to realize that "the kingdom of God on earth," means simple justice. It is naturally inclined to turn its back on justice in order to win the privilege of preaching mercy. Besides that, it has been a hard thing for the American people to learn that the absence of chattelism is not equivalent to liberty; and that slavery was simply one form of the denial of right to a particular class—a natural result of a continuing cause—that exactly the same spirit and the same motives that made the white people of the South willing to rush into the vortex of war to prevent the Negro from enjoying any of the rights of a man, impel them now to defy the government and violate the law to prevent him from exercising the rights of the citizen. Then, an organized mob, claiming to be the State of South Carolina, bid defiance to the government outside the Union. To-day an organized mob of less than one-third the people of the State, claiming to be the State of South Carolina, bids defiance to law within the Union, openly declaring that the colored man shall not enjoy the right of equal citizenship within her boundaries, and that no man shall be permitted the right of free speech in advocacy of such privilege.

For what shall we give thanks? For a liberty that embraces all, is founded on justice and promises peace? For a land in which freedom of speech and the free exercise of common, equal right is enjoyed by all? Thank God no intelligent man dare insult high heaven with such an impious declaration! We may fairly and honestly thank the All-Father, however, that we live in a land in two-thirds of which all men are free and receive the equal protection of the law, while in the remainder all white men are free so long as they do not advocate equality of political right or civil privilege for the colored men. And we ought especially to praise Him for having made us white. It is a blessing that is never mentioned in the pulpit; but next to life it is the most priceless blessing the American citizen enjoys, for on that depends the measure of his liberty.

Shall we not also praise the Giver of all good that He has given us the opportunity and the power, by personal action and by peaceful means, to undo the wrong of the past and bring to all the land a liberty based on equal right and justice to all men? How many names shall we add to that new round robin of liberty, the roll of the National Citizens' Rights Association, for our Thanksgiving?

On that day let every member add some names to his list, and let every reader who has not done so send in his application for membership with a 2-cent stamp for the return of his

certificate according to the following form:

I wish to enroll my name as a member of the National Citizens' Rights Association for the legal assertion and protection of the rights of American citizenship, and hereby pledge my aid and support in extending its membership and promoting its patriotic purposes.

Name _____
Postoffice _____
County _____
State _____
Albion W. Tourgee,
Mayville, N. Y., Nov. 18.

As a rule, jails and lockups are constructed and managed so as to impose the least possible cost upon the taxpayer, consistent with the prevention of frequent jail deliveries. As long as prisoners do not escape, the people ask no questions. Miserable structures, often full of filth and vermin and reeking with vile odors, are counted good enough for the lawbreaker. There is no separation of the innocent from the guilty, of the depraved and steeped in crime from those who have committed with trembling their first offense. Indeed, it is usually only as a concession to some agitation that a decent separation of the sexes is provided for. That done, enough is supposed to have been done. The public knows no more, and asks no questions.

How He Read It.
The paragraph in the Baltimore Sun entitled "Must Wear Coats" reminds a reader of that famous lawyer and wit Judge Pettigrew, who graced the bar of South Carolina many years ago. A judge had issued an order that all attorneys appearing in his court should wear "black coat and trousers." His honor, with frowning visage, accosted him: "Mr. Pettigrew, do you know, sir, that you are transgressing a most positive order in this court?" "In what way, may it please your honor?" "The order says you shall wear black coat and trousers," yelled the judge. "I have on a black coat and trousers," replied the wit. "But," roared the judge, "the order means black coat and black trousers." "I don't read it so," replied Pettigrew. "It also says the sergeant-at-arms should wear a cocked hat and sword. I see the cocked hat, but I don't see any 'cocked sword'."

There was no further judicial comment on the nankeens.—St. Louis Republic.

Dr. Foote's new pamphlet on Variococle tells all about it, and what all men ought to know. Sent (sealed) for 10 cents. Box 788, New York.

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"I have bought a farm of 700 acres with the money made working for you, and as it is in a flourishing country I think I shall establish a town on it, and call it 'Johnsonville.'" This is an extract from a letter from W. H. Skinner. This young man started in business something over two years ago with scarcely a dollar, and he has made wonderful progress. The first year his profits footed up to over \$4,000. There are hundreds and thousands of young men in this glorious country of ours who can do just as good work as Mr. Skinner. Write quickly to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will give you an opportunity to do as well or better.

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Those who use it each week, and their name is legion, save clothes and strength, and let soap do the work. All that we can say as to its merits, pales into nothingness, before the story it will tell, itself, of its own perfect purity and quality, if you will give it one trial. Ask your grocer for it. He has it, or will get it. Try it next Monday.

There are many imitation Electric Soaps in which electricity plays no part. Dobbins' is the original one, all Magnetics, Electrics, and Electro-Magnets are fraudulent imitations. Ask for Dobbins' Electric, see that our name is on every wrapper, and if any other is sent you by your grocer, when you order ours,—send it back to him.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, '91.

SOME REASONS WHY ADVERTISERS

SHOULD USE THE COLUMNS OF

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

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

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Persistent advertising pays. Try The Plaindealer.

Rev. Caesar A. A. Taylor, who was recently in our city, locates hell between the United States and China. Most Afro-Americans who have traveled South think it lays between the Ohio river and the Gulf of Mexico.

Governor Hogg, of Texas, means to stop mob law in his State. He has offered \$1,000 for the arrest of the principals and \$200 each for the abettors to the crime of burning an Afro-American in that State who was accused of crime.

Such an act looks as if the New South as viewed by Governor Hogg means something.

The Detroit Tribune suggests that a mass meeting be called in Detroit to protest against the Louisiana Lottery obtaining a new charter for 25 years more. The Tribune properly thinks that the maintenance of such a gambling institution in any one of the States is a reproach to the whole nation. The Plaindealer heartily approves of the move. Let the meeting be called, and while we protest against the lawlessness and disgrace fostered by the Lottery company, let us protest against the lawlessness and disgrace of mob law and lynchings. The one is no less a crime and reproach to this nation than the other. If there is power in a protest, the good citizens of this city should not be assembled to hardly half do a good work. The Louisiana Lottery has not attracted half the attention in other lands as outrages upon the helpless in the South.

Oh! that New York had a little of our last week Michigan weather, there would be no fear of a water famine.

A number of what have been termed our prominent race leaders have found so much fault with every organization the race has so far been able to form, that none of them have been a success. Something has been the matter with either the leaders of the movement, or the movement itself. It has often been charged that selfishness and jealousy have led, in a majority of these cases, to the opposition, and the charge seems true. For you can see men daily reiterating what they are willing to suffer and sacrifice for the race, when there is self-aggrandizement in the sacrifice, who refuse to aid any organization that may be formed, because they had no hand in it.

If there isn't jealousy and selfishness in such a course, there is, at least, the most glaring inconsistency. Judge Tourgee has recently planned a new organization to comprise all lovers of liberty. There should be a record kept of our leaders who lend their

aid to the movement. It will be a fair criterion of how much they are willing to sacrifice with gaining honor for themselves.

While the white protestant churches South are preaching the superiority doctrine, and the white protestant churches North are winking at the teaching, the Catholics are reaping the harvest. According to the Michigan Catholic there are 151,614 Catholic Afro-Americans in the United States. They have 27 churches for their exclusive use, and 33 priests attend to their spiritual wants. There are 110 schools for colored children, which are attended by 6,460 pupils. During 1890, 4,558 children and 590 adults were baptized. Besides the schools there are eight orphan asylums, one foundling asylum and one hospital.

The freshness and simplicity of a contemporary in a position it has taken relative to the selection of a judge by the President is charming. In its comments its editor assumes to be the Ego—the man-to-be-obeyed, whose pulsant arm and great brain is the sole representative of all the strength and wisdom of nearly ten millions of people, whose opinions are to be revered, and opposition thereto is criminal.

In the position the Plaindealer assumes upon questions of public moment, it does not presume to be dictatorial nor to force its views upon others, nor does it permit others to force it to take a particular stand upon any subject against its own reason.

Efforts For Equal Rights.

The American Citizens' Constitutional Union is the latest ambitious effort on paper to form an organized protest against the injustices of American life. In this attempt the Plaindealer is pleased to see that Mr. E. H. Hackley has stopped criticizing what he claims to be defects in the Afro-American League and has taken the advice of this journal and formulated a plan, which, in his mind will commend itself to the wisdom of the people. Essentially his plan does not differ very materially from that first adopted by the Afro-American League at Chicago, although in detail there are some differences.

Nothing in his plan is compulsory. In his national committee the doctrine of State's Rights is inserted, and no state belonging to the "Union" can be compelled to assist it in any work agreed upon by the committee.

The Plaindealer regards the problem of righting the wrongs that appear in our republic from too broad a standpoint to resort to any periclitous criticism of any honest ambitious effort in this line, and it is not going to waste its time or impose upon the patience of its readers any querulous attack upon this idea of Mr. Hackley. The projectors of the League were moved by the same impulses, and sought like wise to enlist the support and ability of the men of means, the churches, and existing societies of all kinds, in the great work it had outlined. And if there is earnestness enough, enthusiasm and deep concern enough among the people, and confidence in those who seek not to pose as leaders but as servants of the people, the Plaindealer is convinced that the plan of organization whether it be that of the League, the one outlined by Mr. Hackley or the American Citizens' Equal Rights Association, or the National Citizens' Equal Rights Association of Albion W. Tourgee will be of minor importance, and any one of them would succeed, and prove of great benefit to the people.

In the responses to Mr. Tourgee's letters as the Bystander, which the Plaindealer reprints from the Chicago InterOcean, there is much food for reflections for those of the race that try to serve it. It can not be presumed that these letters have reached more Afro-Americans through the medium of the Inter Ocean and the few race journals that have copied them, than the organizations of the race have reached through their own journals, which has generally endorsed them. Yet neither the League nor any organizations endorsed and projected by Afro-American has received the same hearty endorsements, the same general desire to promote and aid the organization as Mr. Tourgee has received, and that too before ever a plan of organization was formulated, can not be questioned. They have been engaged in the service for years, have contributed of their means and energy, which shown in other fields would have earned for them a small fortune. Why is this so? What have they done, or in what are they de-

ficient that like confidence has not been reposed in them? Have the results of the teachings of other days been so engrafted into the race that a distrust of one another still so exists as to prevent a hearty co-operation in their effort to serve the people? Do the people regard them as incompetent to wrestle with these questions successfully? Have they succumbed to such a lathurgic state of content, that people of the race can not arouse them? So earnest is the Plaindealer in these things that it desires to get at the root of the matter so that a cure can be effected if the disease exists, and its columns are always open to any one that knows the nature of these things, their causes, and the remedies by which a confidence can be had in individuals of the race that are accorded to others.

Notwithstanding these things that seem to militate against Afro-Americans the Plaindealer is more than glad to read the earnestness contained in the responses sent by Afro-Americans to Mr. Tourgee, and that he is encouraged to continue the fight as the leader of a great host, that he commenced some years ago against the injustices of American civilization. He has been a true friend of the people. He deserves their confidence, and it sincerely hopes, that he will not meet with the same disappointments, after the novelty of the organization has worn off that has been accorded to others, but has the interest will increase, the aid be great so that the full scope of the organization may be crowned with the success it deserves.

A sensational paragraph appeared in the Inter Ocean of Tuesday, relating to a mysterious secret association of Afro-Americans of Ohio, purporting to have a membership of some 20,000, and presaging dire destruction to the Republican party in that State and the nation, if the wishes of the said association are not considered. As no Democrats are permitted in this mysterious society, the purpose of the organization, it seems, is to accomplish their aims and inflict their punishment within the party lines. In the last election the supreme council decided to support the entire Republican ticket with (they say) the consequent results. But this is no intimation of what they will do in the future unless places and preferences are plentifully bestowed on the Buckeye territory.

"Put none but Ohioans in office," is their war cry it seems, and office, office, office, is the burden of their song.

The Plaindealer has no reliable information of the existence of this mammoth clan, but the fact that nothing of material interest to the Afro-Americans of our sister State is made manifest, is the most plausible evidence of its being.

The Plaindealer has given a great deal of space to the articles written by Bystander, because of their peculiar interest to Afro-Americans, and of the organization he is trying to perfect to secure the rights of the citizen, for all classes of the people. These articles certainly show to the oppressed that all sentiment in our American life is not swallowed up in the rush for gain, and that it only requires a master hand to arouse it and cement it together to gain the dearest rights belonging to man, without which there cannot be content or happiness, and the declaration of the fathers that all men are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, would stand only as a glittering generality. The Bystander (Albion W. Tourgee) is certainly entitled to the hearty sympathy and co-operation of the American people. The organization proposed by him, differing in its method from the Afro-American League, still has the same end in view.

The Plaindealer commends the attitude of the Age as to the appointment of an Afro-American as judge of the new Appellate court.

The Study Chair.

No alarm need be felt for the stability of truth. This is eternal. If there be error in a system we should gladly welcome its discovery. The Christian religion loses nothing but is profited by exposing the weakness of a doctrine.

Churchmen were generally pleased with the discussion of organic union at the recent Ecumenical conference of Methodists. All Christians rejoice to see the middle wall of partition broken down. And yet, in fact, the unity of the church is not a thing to be created. It exists per se. Efforts at union are simply efforts to

restore the normal condition of the church.

Men should wait until they have an honest and profitable occupation which will give a family competent support before they assume the responsibility of providing for one.

The American church for a time manifested great indifference to slavery. Indeed the Southern branch of the church fostered and encouraged it. The world could desire no better example of hypocrisy than was exhibited in some American pulpits during the reign of this evil.

As you study human character have always a mantle of charity ready. It will be in constant demand.

Seek a companion who has an even temper, an affectionate heart, and a cultured mind. If beauty is an attendant of these accomplishments it is well. But its absence should be no bar to a contract if all the other conditions are met.

Every minister has an individuality and for the largest success must preserve it. Do not expect that the new pastor will move in the groove of his predecessor. He need not be a revolutionist, but if he is a man of strength of character look for innovations in the methods of church work under the new administration.

That was a significant speech made by England's Prime Minister at the Lord Mayor's banquet. It makes large concessions to our doctrine of protection. Much larger than could be expected in the heat of the American-English controversy on the relative merits of protection and free trade.

Coeducation is coming to be regarded a necessity in college training. Young men are more refined, and young women exhibit greater strength of character, who are educated in contact with each other.

A child starts with a vantage ground in life who comes from a Christian home. The world naturally expects better results of him than of one whose home influence has been immoral.

Not all of the tenets of the church are direct oracles of God. Many which it emphasizes most strongly are the edicts of man.

The damages allowed in the Afro-American suits for unjust discrimination have not been large from a monetary standpoint. Yet the victories have been equally as signal. The object of these civil actions has been to establish a principle, not to make money.

Physical education, a knowledge of the laws by which the health and strength of the body is preserved, is wisely claiming much attention from those to whom is intrusted the culture of our youth. But there is danger in a popular craze for gymnastics, that the true object of such training will be perverted. It is not the purpose of a physical culture to produce a generation of acrobats, but to develop healthy bodies.

James M. Henderson.

The Appellate Judgeship.

In a few weeks hence the first session of the Fifty-second Congress will convene in annual session. President Harrison will have had twelve months in which to decide upon the policy and the wisdom of appointing one Afro-American of the nine judges of the United States Appellate Court created by act of Fifty-first Congress. Will he make the appointment? Only the President can answer that question. But suppose he does not make it? Does the rub come just there?

There are more than 10,000,000 Afro-Americans in the United States, despite the facts related by Mr. Robert P. Porter's eleventh census. These ten million people represent two millions of voters. A half million of them are concentrated in the doubtful States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, without whom no Republican candidate can hope to win, and without whose support President Harrison would certainly have been defeated, more especially if the thirty thousand votes in New York State had been cast against him. This enormous voting population, leaving out of the count entirely the Afro-American electors of the thirteen Southern States, have no representation whatever on the Federal Judicial bench. It is a condition unparalleled in the electorate of any democracy, ancient or modern, and one that would not be tolerated by any other race on earth than the Afro-American. The Afro-American Press Association and the Afro-American League, the two most compact and extensive organizations of the race in the country, have notified the President of their desire that he appoint an Afro-American as one of the Appellate Judges. The extent to which the President would go was to signify his purposes to give the matter consideration. Perhaps that was as far as the Presidential mind can allow itself to go in such matters, but it is fearfully and wonderfully unsatisfactory.

A number of candidates have been presented to the President for consideration. He has had a good long time to think the matter over. Mr. D. Augustus Straker of Michigan and the Hon. John Mercer Langston, of Virginia are among the most prominent of those "mentioned," but there is no way of discovering how either of them stands as a candidate in the estimation of the President.

We are entitled to the Judge, and we ought to have him.—N. Y. Age.

The Baldwin locomotive works has discharged a thousand men, and are turning out only twelve locomotives a week instead of twenty, as heretofore.

The World of Business.

Interesting Collection of Items of Trade From All Over the World.

The silver men of the West are formulating plans for the pushing of free strong organization of Eastern opposing financial interests.

The manufacturing interests are preparing to oppose any fresh agitation upon the tariff question, and will try to have things let alone.

The New England industries are all feeling a stimulating influence, and goods are being rapidly turned out for the winter.

A number of new cotton mills are to be erected in the South during the coming winter and spring, the capital for which is already largely subscribed.

The knights of labor, as an organization, is growing steadily in numbers, and the spirit of striking has pretty well disappeared. Other measures are to be advocated, and the organization will be strengthened quietly rather than by open effort. Radical changes are being made in the constitution by which there will be frequent changes in the head officers, a policy which is not wise.

Throughout the Western states there is a general improvement in trade, and farmers are already beginning to count up what they will do next year.

Money lenders throughout the East are more willing to advance money, and thousands are taking advantage of it.

During the coming winter and spring some twenty or thirty valuable silver mining properties will be opened in Montana. Two or three million dollars of capital will be invested in rich mines in Northern Mexico and Lower California.

The mechanical engineers are the busiest engineers at present, devising new machinery for steam and electric power. At no time has there been as much anxiety and necessity for power machinery as now.

The foundries are turning out the heaviest castings ever made. Fly wheels of extraordinary size are under contract.

Large and long pipe lines are being projected for oil and gas purposes.

In several of the larger cities problems are under consideration for additional elevated roads, and in some instances it is proposed to tunnel under cities.

Cheaper telephonic communication is a pressing necessity of the hour, and engineers expect before long to furnish private families with telephones at reasonable prices.

The boot and shoe makers of New England are crowded with work for the winter.

The lumber manufacturers all over the South are complaining bitterly of too many saw mills and too many saws, and not enough demand for their lumber, shingles, lath, posts and

The South is now ready for another boom, and will probably have a good taste of it next year.

Since January 1st., seventy-six million dollars in gold have been exported from the United States, and twenty-five million dollars returned. Balance due us fifty-one millions, a good part of which is likely to come in during the next three months.

Tonnage has been chartered for seventy million bushels of grain to be exported during the next four months. There are forty million bushels of this all ready for shipment.

Large purchases of grain are being made by European buyers notwithstanding higher prices and higher ocean freight rates. The farmers are greatly elated over the prospects of a booming demand.

The financial situation is all right, although among small business men throughout the country, money is stringent.

Exports of merchandise for the past week, nine million dollars from New York; imports, ten millions in round figures.

One authoritative estimate is, that the increased value of agricultural products last year will be not less than seven hundred million dollars. The iron trade is slightly improving throughout the country.

The lumber trade is at a standstill. Stocks of petroleum are increasing. The new McDonald oil field in Washington county, is wasting a large quantity of oil, which cannot be tanked or piped because of its abundance. The field is producing eighty thousand barrels per day.

The wire rope manufacturers held a convention at Buffalo this week.

The locomotive manufacturers met last week at Patterson, to stop hurtful competition.

The anthracite coal production since January 1st., thirty-three million tons; excess over last year, three million, four hundred thousand tons. The Reading railroad company propose to make trouble because it wants to mine and sell more coal. This will be good news to the anthracite coal buyers.

The Pennsylvania railroad company bought sixty thousand tons of steel rails last week. Other companies will probably follow suit.

A Pittsburgh concern has just shipped two tons of aluminum to Emperor William.

The Brazilian government is buying a good deal of bridge work at Pittsburgh, and machinery for round houses.

A screw was recently made at Pittsburgh, 23 feet long, 63.8 inches square, which weighed ten thousand eight hundred pounds.

DETROIT DEPARTMENT.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

THE PLAINDEALER always for sale at the following places:

Aaron Lapp, 485 Hastings street.
John Williams, 81 Croghan street.
Cook and Thomas, 42 Croghan street.
Jones and Brewer, 387 Antoine street.
W. H. Johnson, 469 Hastings street.

MERE MENTION.

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

Plaindealer Readers

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

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

The social given for the benefit of Ebenezer church, at the residence of Miss A. Thomas, last Thursday, was largely attended.

Mrs. R. A. Taska, of Brewster street, is slightly indisposed.

Mr. Geo. R. Lowe and Mrs. Ellen Kendall were quietly married Monday evening.

Mrs. Kersey, of Dresden, is visiting her son, Mr. Wm. Kersey, of Watson street.

Mrs. Lila Eddy paid a visit to Chicago last week.

Mrs. W. Burton, of Adrian, passed through the city Tuesday, and was the guest of Mrs. George Ray Johnson.

Miss Josie Smidley is quite sick at her home on Watson street.

An Autumn Leaf tea will be given Tuesday evening, Dec. 1, by the Sunday school classes of Misses Warsaw and Smith, in Bethel church parlors. Bright autumn leaves will be the decorations, and after a short program tea and other light refreshments will be served by the little people. Tickets 10 cents.

Mrs. McDowell visited Chicago last week.

Mr. Amos Burgess is seriously ill. His son, Mr. Albert Burgess, of St. Louis, came Tuesday to be with his father.

The Willing Workers had another delightful meeting at the residence of Mrs. Mary Brown last week. When the usual tempting luncheon was served to make more enjoyable a pleasant afternoon.

At the donation meeting to be held by the Willing Workers at the residence of the President, Mrs. H. C. Clark, next Thursday afternoon, donations of clothes, money and provisions will be thankfully received. Mrs. F. E. P. Weston gave a program before the members of the Y. M. C. A., Tuesday evening.

The children of St. Matthew's Ministering League have been busy for some time making all sorts of aprons and dining-room and kitchen towels which they hope soon to offer for sale.

A Sunday evening Bible class for the study of the Bible and church history, is being formed to meet at the residence of Mrs. M. E. Lambert. It will be under the direction of Mrs. Lambert, and promises to be an interesting and profitable organization.

Pro Bono Publico.

For the good of communities likely to be afflicted with a visit from his majesty, the Rev. C. A. Taylor, (D. D., P. H. D., V. D. M.), the phenomenal linguist who speaks seven languages, the wonderful creature who began lecturing at the age of eight years, and who, during the twenty-two years since then, has graduated from three different colleges, been the pastor of a dozen churches, written twenty-three books, traveled all over Asia, Africa, Europe and America, who between times has mastered law, theology, and nine or ten sciences; I say, for the good of communities likely to be afflicted with a visit from his majesty, I deem it proper and right to state that the people of Detroit found him to be the rankest kind of a crank.

The Detroit Journal makes him the subject of a column of burlesque. He is one of those peculiarly afflicted mortals whose manner is more obnoxious because of its tendency toward the preposterous and absurd.

This genius has located hell, and no doubt will soon publish a narrative of his travels through that region.

If the Florida conference is as he indicates it to be, and has no other representative to send out on begging tours, it should close down.

Of all the inappropriate titles appended to his name, V. D. M., (Verbi del Minister), is the most incongruous, because he tells such whoppers.

He has gone, but we do not deplore it. Rev. Henderson, pastor of Bethel, who is ever ready to open his arms to strangers, should learn a lesson from this instance. If he is as well aware of the dissatisfaction the people feel with the service rendered by Mr. Taylor, as outsiders are, no doubt he will be more prudent in the future.

Pro bono Publico.

The Bennett-Hill Wedding.

A Delayed Account—The Church, the Bride and the People.

On Thursday evening, the 12th., at 6 o'clock at St. Matthew's Church, Blanche Dream Hill to Mr. John Bennett.

St. Matthew's church was prettily laid in white again from vestibule to chancel, and the white hangings spoke of festal joy. The nuptials of the happy young couple were celebrated in presence of a large number of admiring friends, and loving relatives.

The contracting parties being favorite society members, rendered it a most brilliant and beautiful affair. The guests were ushered to their seats by the Messrs. George and Chester Owen, B. DeBaptist, D. Brown, J. Tines and R. Battles, a handsome coterie of gentleman in full evening dress, with a tea rose bud, in the favor of the evening. Messrs. Alex. Walker and Bert Johnson at the door also in full evening dress.

The sweet young bride is the granddaughter of our estimable old citizen Mr. Richard Bush, and the daughter of Mr. A. W. Hill. The groom is the youngest son of Mr. Robt. Bennett, also one of Detroit's oldest families.

Mr. T. Lambert, organist, played the wedding march, at the first strains of which, every one prepared to enjoy the beautiful scene. The two families being seated the Rev. Dr. Thompson, preceded by the crucifer, entered, followed by the groom, and F. Slaughter, as best man. Then the ushers, in pairs taking their places, each side of the chancel steps.

There was no bridesmaid. Miss Kate Price being maid of honor. Very beautiful she looked in her toilet of shell pink albatross with graceful train, and carried a bouquet of pink rose buds. She made a lovely picture amid the white surroundings as she awaited the coming of her girl friend, the beautiful bride of the evening. Slowly, gracefully she glided in, truly a fair representative of her charming name—our Dream bride—led by her little five-year-old brother in a lovely black velvet suit and carrying the bridal bouquet. Before her went her little sister Mercy, in a fair, delicate toilet of baby blue, carrying a basket of flowers, from which she strewed fair blossoms at the feet of her sister. The bridal gown was a superb, elegant arrangement of cream faille with delicate Venetian lace the only decoration. It waved across the bottom of the skirt with loops of narrow ribbon, making a graceful garniture, while the long, flowing train fell in soft folds from the petite form. A lovely veil completely covered the whole. This fair bridal gown was the loving gift of Mrs. Henrietta Carter, the aunt of the bride, who now resides in California, and it did credit to her exquisite taste. The bride wore no flowers or ornaments of any kind. She carried her prayer-book to the altar. Ah, this is the idea we like best. Standing upon the threshold of a new life, leaving in a manner the dear old past, what more beautiful sight can we ask than the young bride in her spotless robes, going forth to meet him whom she has chosen above all others, with this dear medium of comfort and hope, this seal of her friendship with Him who has sanctioned the holy estate—this volume of her sweet creed from which she shall plight to him her maiden vows. And the groom—how full of hope and joy he seemed as he led his young wife from the spot which must ever be sacred now to both—he looked the sweet sentiment that flashed through my mind—

"My bride, my wife, my life,
O we will walk this world
Yoked in all exercise of noble aim
And so through those dark gates,
across the wild
That no man knows."

The reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, a most delightful affair, favored guests thronging continually from the set hours, 7 to 10. The young couple received the congratulations of their friends assisted by Miss Georgie Bennett and Mr. J. Bennett, sister and brother of the groom. What an array of lovely and useful presents! It would be hard to name an article of any kind that was omitted.

If there is one thing that were necessary to speak well of our young groom it must be the kind attention an generous gifts of his employers, Messrs. Taylor and Woolfenden. Oh, with what a lavish hand they sent their young employe out into the new life before him, while the young ladies of the store flocked with warmest congratulations to him and his bride.

It did one's heart good to see all the beautiful things which were sent to help form this new home. At 8:35 Crawford street the young couple have gone to housekeeping. God

grant them health and strength, the very best blessings of His infinite love.

As the dear young bride was descending the stairway, leaving the old home for the new, she turned and met her mother's gaze, and the thought that, one of the saddest yet beautiful moments of the evening. Mrs. Heman's beautiful lines were instantly recalled—

"She turned, and her mother's gaze brought back

Each hue of her childhood's faded track.

Oh hush the song, and let her tears flow to the dreams of her early years;

Holy and pure are the drops that fall,

When the young bride goes from her mother's hall.

She goes to love yet untried and new;

She parts from love which hath still been true."

Mrs. M. E. Lambert.

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Church News

Methodist A. M. E.—Corner of Hastings and ...

The royalties from Moody and Sankley's Gospel Hymns have amounted to \$1,200,000...

Archdeacon Farrar says in his "Mercy and Judgment," "Where would be the popular teachings about hell if we calmly and deliberately erased from the English Bible the three words, 'damnation,' 'hell,' and 'everlasting'?"

The bishops of the A. M. E. church at their council in Chicago agreed to send two missionaries and two assistants to the work in Africa...

Oscar Wilde is writing a new story, which is intended to be a study of Christianity from the point of view of a man who, "regards it, Christianity, as a great world force and independently of any doctrinal bias."

They are telling down in Texas the story of a brother who was delegate to the Baptist convention held there this Fall, who proclaimed his love for his own sect with more zeal than discretion...

"Baptist, Baptist is my name, Baptist, I won't deny, Baptist, Baptist while I live, A Baptist while I die."

He then went on to say that he was Baptist all over, every drop of blood, his flesh and bone, his wife and children, his horses, cows and hogs were all Baptist.

A lady who had the good fortune to be present at the ordination of the Rev. J. A. Williams, so dear to the heart of Detroit people, at Omaha, Sunday morning, Oct. 18, says it was one of the most beautiful and impressive ceremonies she ever witnessed.

"The whole service was impressive in the extreme, not a jar or jolt throughout, every detail carefully provided for beforehand, and nothing in the slightest degree marred for a moment the quiet, reverential tone which gave to the whole proceedings a dignity and a spiritual helpfulness which are often lacking in great functions of the church."

One gets a very fair idea of what the white Christian of the South thinks of his dark-skinned brother, presumably traveling to the same Heavenly home, by the following extract from Bishop Galloway's sermon before the Holston annual conference of the M. E. church:

"There is no gospel in canonizing a man who will preach to darkies in Africa and ostracizing him when he preaches to them in America. To the young preachers I say, whenever you can preach to Negroes do so. I have a reputation in my own country of which I am proud, and that I am a 'nigger' preacher.

I wish we had the religion even to go into their Sunday schools and teach them.

"It's a mistake to think the colored people don't want a Southern preacher to preach to them. They are glad to have us. When a Southern preacher thinks it reflects upon his dignity to preach to the Negroes he had better ask himself whether he is called of God to preach or keep silent."

It is said that friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities.

Blanche: "How awkward, when he must know that you couldn't refuse anybody."

The pension rolls, it is said, contain twenty-three widows and daughters of Revolutionary soldiers.

A little sarsaparilla or baking soda mixed with water in which cut flowers are placed will keep them fresh for a long while.

Belle: "Yes, George is nothing if not business like. Why, instead of proposing to me he wanted the refusal of my hand."

Fried fish is very good turned in salted flour, or salted egg and bread crumbs, and then put into boiling-hot fat to get brown.

"Are the Chickweed girls in society?" "Um—yes, they're in society, but they're not really fashionable. They are too red and healthy."

Varnished woodwork should be cleaned with cold tea. Soap takes off the gloss. Wash thoroughly with weak tea and rub dry with a soft cloth.

Alcohol or benzine is a good thing to clean glass, and clean paper is better than any cloth, sponge or towel. Dry paper leaves an excellent polish.

A female jewelry drummer is the latest novelty on the road in Maine. She is handsome, dresses stylishly, wears a man's soft felt hat and hails from New York.

All sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long retained smells of any kind by rinsing them out well with powdered charcoal after they have been scoured with sand-soap.

The Hindoo nose ring is said to be doomed. At a meeting of the members of the Cutche Veesa Oswal caste, held at Mandvie Bunder, it was resolved that in stead of a ring women should wear a flower in the nose.

Lady, at charity bazaar: "Mr. Closefit, won't you buy this rose? It is only \$5." Mr. Closefit: "Very sorry, madam, but it is rather too dear for me."

Lady, kissing the rose: "And now?" Mr. Closefit, with a low bow: "Now it is priceless."

"Why the deuce don't you give me the right number?" was the question asked in emphatic tones of the girl at Central yesterday afternoon. "You are no gentleman," responded the telephone girl angrily. "You bet I ain't," said the typewriter girl, who is adopting her employer's mode of speech.

Fond mother, to daughter: "Jennie, did you kiss young Gaskins again to-night?" Daughter: "Yes, mamma; he's just lost an uncle and I was sorry for him." Fond mother: "Well, Jennie, let this be the last. I'm afraid if you keep on encouraging him with your sympathy he won't have a relation left in the wide, wide world."

Pot-pourri is a mixture of dried petals of roses, violets, etc., mixed with one-tenth its weight of salt. The leaves of fresh roses, etc., are collected and dried on porous paper in the sun; as soon as dry they are placed in a jar in layers alternating with the salt. Powderedorris root and extract and many other ingredients may be added, according to taste.

It is a mistake to look upon milk as a beverage. It is a liquid food, and though it quenches thirst at the moment, it makes it more intense after digestion has commenced. Healthy infants who receive a sufficiency of milk often cry for long periods, simply because they are thirsty; and in many cases where indigestion is caused by weakness or insufficiency of the gastric juice, the child would be greatly benefited by a drink of water.

A woman in New York has developed a strange mania for poisoning cats. Her method is to go about after midnight stealthily with a basket on her arm. When she meets a cat she gives it a piece of poisoned meat, and when the animal is dead transfers it to her basket. The other night she was pursued, and to escape dropped her basket. It was found to contain four murdered tabbies. Why she carries them away is a mystery that is puzzling the police.

MASCULINITIES.

The great fault in women is to desire to be like men.

Love that is all talk is very apt to be considered all mock.

The man who never praises his wife deserves to have a poor one.

A man's sins are his creditors, and like them they are sure to find him out.

Regret at not having embraced a wicked opportunity is sometimes more keen than remorse over a wrong already done.

Emperor William believes in spending money as befits royalty. Heaped-up cash, he says, does no good to man or beast.

Most men are willing to make any sacrifice for their wives except to get up and find an extra bed covering when it turns cold in the night.

A rum smuggler bound for Lewiston, Me., was detected when his horse ran away in Auburn and scattered five and ten-gallon kegs of liquor along the road.

During his last year in New York Dr. William A. Hammond is credited with having made over \$150,000—probably the largest medical income ever earned.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X—DECEMBER 6—CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Golden Text: "For Christ Also Hath Once Suffered for Us"—John XIX. 17-30.

- Home Readings. M. Mocking... Matt. xxvii. 29-33. T. Women Lamenting... Luke xxiii. 27-31. W. Two Malefactors... Luke xxiii. 39-45. T. Jesus Reviled... Matt. xxvii. 39-44. F. The Scourging... John xix. 17-24. S. The End... John xix. 25-31. S. The Spear-thrust... John xix. 31-37.

Introductory—We have followed the life of our Lord from its beginning through all its successive stages on to the present point. If we have done this in the proper spirit, we cannot fail to be much benefited. No man can reverently study the words and works of Jesus without large and conscious spiritual improvement.

1. The Beginning, Verses 17-24. 17. "Bearing the cross." John omits to notice the help which Simon, the Cyrenian, was compelled to give.—See Luke xxiii. 26. "Went forth." Outside the city gate. "Into a place." Not known with absolute certainty. "Place of a skull." In Latin, Calvary. Probably so called because of its shape.

18. "They crucified him." Jesus was nailed to the cross while it was lying on the ground, then it was slowly raised with the sufferer upon it. "Two others with him." These were bandits or robbers, rather than common thieves.

19. "Pilate wrote a title," etc. Pilate prepared this title with the purpose of another and final sarcasm upon the Jews.—Whe. lon.

20. "Read many of the Jews." For the reason mentioned in the next clause: Calvary was "nigh unto the city." "Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin." The three representative languages of the world at that time—all current in Palestine.

21. "Said the chief priests... to Pilate, Write not." They were stung by the insult which Pilate had purposely offered them. "But that he said," etc. They supposed that there would be no disgrace to them in the crucifixion of a man who had merely claimed to be their king.

22. "What I have written I have written." The second "I have written" implies also, "I shall not alter it."

23. "The soldiers... took his garments." By Roman usage malefactors were crucified absolutely naked, and their garments belonged to the executioners. The word "garments" denotes the looser outer toga, with its girdle, etc. "The coat." The inner tunic, or shirt, fitting the body more closely and reaching from the neck to the knees.

24. "Cast lots." The exact method of the lot is not known. "Scripture." Ps. xxii. 18.

25. The End, Verses 25-30. 25. "There stood by the cross of Jesus his mother," etc. "On the one hand, the four blundering soldiers with the centurion; on the other, the four ministering women with the beloved disciple."—Cambridge Bible. "His mother's sister." Her name is not given.

26. "When Jesus... saw," etc. His human heart must have been touched by the sight. "The disciple... whom he loved." John uniformly speaks of himself in this impersonal way. "Behold thy son!" What solicitude he thus displays, even in the hour of his supreme suffering, for the welfare of his mother!

27. "From that hour." As soon as Jesus had expired. "Took her unto his own home." Took charge of her rather than she of him.

28. "That the Scripture might be fulfilled." "It must not be conceived that our Lord, in a servile way, directed his mind to the interpretation of scripture in those agonizing moments; yet in a full, calm, glorious consciousness he trod the path foreknown of God."

29. "A vessel full of vinegar." The "vinegar" was probably the juice, or sour wine, which constituted a part of the rations of the Roman soldiers. "Put it upon hyssop." The stalks of which were about two or three feet long. The object, of course, was to enable them to convey the sponge to the lips of Jesus.

30. "When Jesus... had received the vinegar." He had refused the stupefying draught which would have clouded his faculties. He accepts what will revive them to the willing surrender of his life.—Cambridge Bible. "It is finished." All the work of redemption. "Gave up the ghost." Voluntarily submitted to death.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What is the Golden Text? Give the substance of the introductory note.

1. With what does the lesson begin? Verse 17.

Did Jesus carry his cross all the way to Golgotha?

Tell what you know of Golgotha. What took place next? Verse 18.

Who were crucified with Jesus? Verse 18.

What title did Pilate put over the cross? Verse 19.

How did the Jews happen to read this title? Verse 20.

In how many languages was it written? What request did the chief priests make? Verse 21.

What answer did Pilate give them? Verse 22.

What did the soldiers do with Christ's "garments"? Verse 23.

What with his coat, and why? Verses 23, 34.

Who of the friends of Jesus stood by the cross? Verse 25.

Who did Jesus see when he saw his mother and John? Verse 26.

What occurred next? Verse 27.

Is it likely that he saved manna from thirst? Verse 29.

What did the soldiers do? Verse 29.

Explain the "vinegar," "sponge" and "hyssop." Verse 30.

Repeat verse 30.



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LEATHER'S THE STUFF

SEVERAL CURIOUS FACTS CONCERNING IT.

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Leather is such a common article that but few people have ever thought much about it. They have always been accustomed to seeing it in so many forms and put to so many uses that it has never occurred to them what an interesting history leather has. It is interesting to note facts in the line of footwear alone. There are fifty millions of people in this country who wear out each three pairs of shoes yearly. This gives an approximate figure of 150,000,000 pair of shoes sold annually in the United States. A baby is scarcely out of its swaddling clothes until it is provided with a pair of shoes to cover its little feet, and shoes it will continue to wear on through childhood, youth and old age, and until done with life and the things of this world for ever. Among tanners there is an old saying: "There's nothing like leather."

The old tanner is very nearly right when he says, "It dates from time unknown," for leather is of the very highest antiquity. Long before the days of Noah's ark there were those, who, according to Holy Writ, lived in tents and kept cattle. It is hardly to be doubted that these people who tended flocks and herds, which furnished them both with meat and drink, also made use of the skins of their animals for articles of clothing, and, therefore, very early acquired some knowledge of the tanner's art. In the book of Genesis mention is made of colored leather, and all evidences of an extraneous character go to show that some simple method of tanning and dressing the skins of animals was known before even Tubal Cain learned the trade of a brass founder.

The ancient Egyptians were skilled in the art of tanning leather and manufactured it in various ways and for various purposes besides that of furnishing covering for the feet. Indeed, it is to those builders of the pyramids that we are indebted for the first artistic forms of footwear; and so far as can be ascertained from history and the researches of archaeologists the Egyptians were the first shoemakers who were worthy of the name.

It is a fact, too, that tanners of today employ very much the same methods as did the ancients. About the same materials are used and the processes are almost precisely similar to those in vogue hundreds of years ago. It is true that tanners of the present day have found means of greatly shortening the time required to convert a hide into leather, and that steam power and modern machinery have done much to expedite and improve the processes of finishing the leather, but after all, the principles of tanning remain the same as they have from the first.

Leather was very early used as a currency, says the Chicago Herald, the Romans employing it for this purpose before either gold, silver or brass came into common use. History is full of references showing that leather was used by the ancients as a sort of circulating medium of exchange. It is said, on good authority, that so late as the reign of Louis XII. of France the country became so impoverished and, as a consequence, money was so scarce that little pieces of leather, with a small silver nail driven through each, were in general use as money. Some few specimens of this leather money are still in existence, but are only to be found in the possession of numismatists, by whom they are highly prized.

However, the manufacture of leather has ever been a slow and tedious process, as compared with most every industry, and even now, with improved processes of tanning and finishing, months are required for the tanner to convert the hide of an animal into leather. There is, too, a popular opinion extant that tanners do not make as good leather now from hides that are tanned in three months' time as they used to turn out when nine, and even twelve, months were necessary. This is a mistake.

As a matter of fact better leather is made to-day from hides in from sixty to ninety days than was manufactured in the old way. It should be remembered, however, that hides are tanned in precisely the same manner now they have always been. That is, the same agencies are used for combining it with the gelatine of the hide and for converting it into leather. Modern tanners have simply discovered methods by which the tannic acid is made to penetrate more quickly into the pores of the skin. This is accomplished partly by frequent manipulation of the hides while in the vats and partly by special treatments for keeping the pores of the skins open during the tanning process. It is a fact well known to all tanners that any method or process which will hasten the union of the tannic acid with the hide shortens materially the time necessary to convert it into leather.

Mothers used to say: "How I dread the night and the baby's cough." Now they say: "I fear no more to wake and get up—I've a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup!"

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Woman's WORKS AND WAYS

The Latest Dresses.

Some of the Pretty Gowns seen Upon the Street and at the Theatre.

One hears a great deal about the very quiet street costumes worn by the truly refined, and then one goes out on the avenue, a bright afternoon and is forced to one of two conclusions, either that on that particular day, all the truly refined have elected to stay at home, or that having a beautiful costume they are brave enough to violate the canons of the critics, and wear it where all the world may see and admire it.



[A HANDSOME VISITING DRESS]

One of the softest, most delicate colors is heliotrope, but no more notable dresses are seen on the streets than the ones of that color unless it be a suit I saw the other day of old rose cloth and velvet trimmed with black astrakhan.

Shopkeepers show most beautiful shades of Bedford cloth and to compass a dress in this material has been the ideal of most people who like to indulge in each season's novelties, but I heard the other day from a fashion criterion that French ladies' cloth was ever so much more handsome besides being more lady like. How coarse and common I felt after that because between you and me I had thought it a very pretty material. Experience long ago taught me that the fruit of the tree of knowledge is bitter. I have once more confirmed it.



Of course you are having your dresses made with bell skirt, with its little dipping train, dragging its aggravating length behind you or twisting your wrist, as you carry it and very likely you will have an umbrella skirt too, but if you do get one, have it made by an artist. Those aggravating little darts below the waist and around the hips cannot be placed by a notice.

High shoulders are still fashionable and in spite of all assertions to the contrary, they are pretty because they are becoming to almost every one. Gauntlet cuffs, covered with fine braiding are a little new and quite popular.

A great many cloth dresses are made up elaborately but it is really better taste and more chic to have them perfectly plain. Making the quality of the goods and the excellence of the cut distinctive features of the gown. Only the favored few have \$400 speed on one's own but that was

the price paid at a recent opening for a magnificent pale blue figured silk, with a long train. The train fell away from the fronts and the front breadth was opened nearly to the waist, showing a petticoat of blue velvet. The waist was of silk and a strap of velvet over each of the shoulders did duty for sleeves. The neck was V. shaped, almost to the waist line, but the point was filled part the way with crepe elisee.



[A MATINEE COSTUME.]

The elegant carriage costume shown in this week's paper is suitable for theater or calling and consists of skirt, coat and mantle. The feather trimming at the edge of the skirt is braided with a heavy cord of the same shade as the dress in satin. A band of narrow velvet wrapped around straps of velvet of graduated length trim the front; very long coat left open at seam below the waist and finished at top with a handsome metal ornament; the fronts are open over a draped vest of crepe de Chine and trimmed with graduated lengths of velvet caught down with metal buttons; elegant wrap, three quarter length, terminates at top of sleeve and is caught down with a feather collar-ette. The lower edge finished with cord and feathers similar to skirt. Small velvet toque with metal trimming and bright wings.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

If you wear one of the fashionably long skirts, and of course you do, no matter how sensible you claim to be, you must acquire the art of raising it gracefully from contact with the grime and slime of the streets, or appear ridiculous. Don't, for pity's sake, clutch it in the middle of the back leaving the sides to be dragged with mud, nor commit the unpardonable awkwardness of raising it with both hands, making yourself a spectacle to those behind you, but reach behind you with the left hand to the right side and gather all the fullness together; then bringing the folds around to the left; this raises the short part of the skirt to the top of the boots, and it is very easy to carry the light folds of the train in the left hand, leaving the right free to hold your umbrella, which is indispensable just now.

Two pretty ways are described for table decorations for a dinner party. One is that of laying a broad ribbon from the place of each guest to the center of the table. On the end by the plate is painted the name of the guest and the date of the dinner, so that the ribbon serves at once as a favor and as a dinner card. The unpainted end is laid under the cen-



[THE FANCIES.]

ter floral ornament, so that it can easily be drawn out without disturbing the flowers. The colored ribbons on the white cloth makes a very effective decoration.

Another caprice is that of making a canopy of ribbons from the central

chandelier to the corners of the table. This is most successful at a square or perfectly round table. The ribbon should be quite wide and fastened together in a great knot to the bottom of the chandelier and then diverge each to a corner of the table where it is caught to the cloth by a loose wreath of smilax.

For something novel for your luncheon party, or five o'clock tea, serve figs stuffed with salted almonds. Prepare them by pressing the fig until it is soft, and insert the almonds through a small opening. Close the opening and keep cool till served. They are as delicious as novel.

A White Dinner.

I want to tell you about a beautiful dinner party which may suggest an hospitable idea to some of the friends of the brides of this season.

It was a white dinner given in honor of a bride. On the table was a beautiful snow white cloth, across the center of which was spread a long white satin scarf with fringed ends and richly embroidered. The center piece was a flat mirror representing a lake and reflecting the ferns and white lilies which encircled it.

The service was of pure white china, the silver was frosted and the glassware of finest Venetian.

The flowers were all white and the menu consisted of as many white dishes as ingenuity could devise.

The cards were dreams of white and silver.

The bride wore her wedding dress. The white haired hostess wore white cloth. All the young ladies wore pretty white dresses and the elders pale gray and lavender.

The gentlemen, well, of course, they wore their black clawhammers but these only brought out in stronger relief the purity and whiteness of every thing else.

'Twas a pretty scene and one to live in the memory of the bride through all life's subsequent ups and downs.

Glances Here and There.

So many marriages have been celebrated this Fall. The epidemic has been almost as general as the grip, though it is to be hoped no so disastrous in its effect. The God speeds that have followed each ceremony marks the interest which the good people of the city, take in the new homes that have been formed, and to their young inmates society has said:

"Our hopes and fears are all with thee,
All with thee."

Every young man who has led one of Detroit's young ladies to the altar this season is capable of being a model husband, and in the first radiant days of the honeymoon it seems almost unkind to hint at a different possibility, but to serious minds the question obtrudes itself during the wedding festivities, "Will the wife, so fondly cherished now, always hold first place, or will other and more dangerous attractions lure away from her influence the man who vows to cherish and protect the bride he has won." Many things are dangerous to the peace of a household, but there is no more deadly enemy than the love of strong drink. Drink and "the boys" have ruined more homes than any other agency. The most loving husband charged with whiskey becomes a demon, and the appetite once formed, home, love, fame and honor are discarded for its indulgence.

Each of the young girls just married is worthy of an excellent husband, who will respect and honor her above all else.

The Gleaner trusts that each is in possession of such an one, and that she will make for him an idea home and be to him that greatest blessing—a good wife.

One of the unaccountable things to the Gleaner is the number of young boys from ten to fifteen years of age that are to be found in all concerts, entertainments, church socials, etc., unattended by their parents, who are aping the manners of their elders. They elbow their way around with all the abandon of youth in the early twenties; they strut and swagger; smoke and chew; use cuss words and talk and act just like some grown people. Quick to resent what they deem an insult to their feelings, such as by intimating that they keep their proper place, they bristle up like young bantams and "sass" back, and think it smart.

If the parents of these children would look after them more carefully, keep them home at night, take some of the man out of them, send them to school, and make them behave like people of their age should, they would have more cause to observe Thanksgiving day than they now have.

What has become of the Local Afro-American League? Gleaner has noted the repeated appeals for funds to help the National League to secure funds to institute a suit against a railroad in Tennessee, but not one sign of recognition does it appear to draw from the officers of the Local League. People of the race that live in cities like Detroit, who are not denied privileges, should be prompt to appreciate them, and show it by their efforts in helping others to secure what they enjoy. There ought to be at least five hundred active Leaguers in Detroit,

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

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

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

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Mr. Carl B. Williams, of Marquette, on his way home from Philadelphia, where he had been visiting was stricken down with typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Downing, of Newport, kept their golden wedding anniversary on the 22nd of this month.