

THE PLAIN DEALER.

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

VOLUME IX. NO. 32

DETROIT, MICH., DECEMBER 25, 1891.

WHOLE NO. 452.

PLUTARCH'S TOPICS.

Upon Us Is Placed the Responsibility of Solving the Problem,

TO LIFT UP THE RACE.

As Yet We Have No Part in the Commercial Activities Around Us.

the conscience of the world, and especially of America, would not permit it longer to exist.

The war, the emancipation proclamation, the rejoicings at the overthrow of the "barbarous institution," all sprang from the assertion of a better nature within the breasts of the white people, and were in no way due to feelings or impulses excited by direct sympathy with the condition of the slave.

White people do not love the Negro, do not pity him, they are simply indifferent, and all their ministrations of mercy or deeds of justice extended him spring from the white man's sense of right. This is a fact too frequently ignored. We must remember that the great Christian world has a heart and a conscience, and is moved to act by principles of humanity, morality, and Christianity. The pious Christian gives money to help missions in heathen lands, moved by religious principles; the humanitarian lends aid to the establishment of schools and the development of industries among the heathen, moved by benevolence; so it is from a mixture of motives the good work goes on and will go on with a vigor and thoroughness proportionate to the development of the heart and conscience of humanity.

There were many abolitionists who, though willing to sacrifice home, goods, and even life to the cause they espoused, would have shrunk from entering into social intercourse with the Negro. This was both natural and consistent. These noble men contended for a principle, a cause, moved by high motives that had their source within their own minds and hearts. The only class of persons among the whites who have any particular feeling for the Negro are the people of the South. They love the Negro as an individual, but hate him as a citizen.

The white people of the North are indifferent as long as the Negro is not trotted up to their door, but when he is their prejudices against him awaken. They don't care for him as an individual but love him as a citizen. That is all right if we can but learn to adjust our conduct to the facts.

It points out clearly that we can have the help and friendship of the Northern white men in developing as citizens and coming to the level of all other citizens, but that our social life must run along in other lines. Years ago we accepted the logic of the situation and founded churches of our own and have cultivated the society of each other. We have drawn apart, or rather, being apart we have arisen to an active exercise of our best powers along the lines wherein the races are separated. We can stay in America, we can vote, hold office, work, accumulate, own property, think, speak, act and live in the full exercise of every civil and political right and can have the highest possible social life among ourselves so far as the whites are concerned. They believe all of this to be our right as members of the human family and they will be true enough to their sense of right to help us.

It is only the Southern white man who is so false to himself and to his conscience as to seek to prevent us from having all that is ours by right. So you see the situation is contradictory and complex.

Our worst enemies are those who know and love us most. Our best friends are those who are most indifferent to us as individuals, and whose friendship springs, not from sympathy with us, but from their own sense of right.

Thus it is, in this great fight we are involved and upon us is placed the responsibility of working out the solution.

The end is to lift the race up to a level with its environment, in this endeavor we must combat the antagonism of our enemies and employ the friendship of our friends, but we ourselves to be the active agents. By lifting the race up to its environment, we mean to bring it up to a point where it can see, appreciate, use and profit by all the forces at play around it that are utilized by the whites. We must get Slavery became impossible because

to the place where we profit by modern inventions, and enter equally into all the activities of nineteenth century life. A sparrow may have its nest in the market, and yet have no part with the commercial activities going on around it. So we may live in America, in the blaze of the greatest century, and yet we do not play much of a part in the activities around us. Our connection with the great railroads is in mental capacities; our relations to all great commercial enterprises are the same. Our brains are not furnishing ideas which alter or modify the course of events; great moral reforms are neither begun nor sustained by us. We are in the country, but we are sitting on the woodpile. Carrying on religious work in the churches, developing educational enterprises, publishing papers, venturing out into business, these are the activities which have won us what little place we have as a factor in the shaping of the world's destiny. We need not lament that our relation is so slight, we should seek to increase it. Let us throw a hundred times more force and earnestness into our endeavor along these lines and be ever ready to branch out as opportunity offers.

In the elevation of the Negro no one man can successfully divide his labors along all the lines of progress that must be kept up. Each individual is simply to do his best for himself, his family, and his country. In doing this he contributes to the credit of the race and also directly benefits it by the influence his example and conduct have upon his fellows. Those editors who have faithfully and efficiently developed papers have been of help to us in two ways, viz., they have contributed to the education of the race and have at the same time given us a better standing in the eyes of the world. Only last week one of the leading literary periodicals of our country quoted editorials from the New York Age and the Chicago Conservator. These quotations will be read in America and Europe by thousands. So you see the intelligence of the Negro will be recognized. On the same page where these quotations appear are quotations from the New York Sun, New York World, New York Herald, New York Morning Advertiser, New York Staats-Zeitung, Boston Globe, Boston Post, Brooklyn Eagle, Philadelphia Times, Baltimore Sun, Providence Journal, New York Evening Post, Springfield Republican, Boston Herald, New York Tribune, Philadelphia Press, Philadelphia Ledger, Boston Journal, Brooklyn Standard-Union, Pittsburgh Dispatch, Baltimore American, Denver News, Cleveland Leader and the Salt Lake Tribune. I make these references to show that the Afro-American press finds opportunity to speak for us with all the world as an audience. The moral is this: Every Negro who has contributed five cents of his money or an ounce of his influence towards maintaining these colored papers has helped to make this thing possible. All cannot be editors, but each individual can help to make a few successful editors.

At the late ecumenical conference there were represented twenty-seven various branches of Methodism. Among them the Negro had an honored place. The great world of Methodism, in hearing Bishop Arnett speak, in beholding Bishop Wayman preside, in noting the dignity and manly bearing of the Negro delegates, saw the race in a new and favorable light. A Daney or an Arnett could not have been were it not for the thousands of the laity who compose the churches which have called these men into life. Thus in ten thousand ways the humble individual can contribute something to the advancement of the race if he will. Plutarch.

N. B.—The Rev. Mr. Smallwood clearly misunderstood our reference to himself and Dr. Price. Mr. Smallwood is undoubtedly an earnest worker for the race and a gentleman, but like many another Negro who attains a measure of prominence, he places such high value and bestows such jealous guard upon his fancied fame as to become deluded with the idea that all the world is seeking his ruin. It is bad to be too exquisitely sensitive. Had Mr. Smallwood read our reference to himself understandingly he would have discovered an implied compliment to himself and Mr. Price, and a condemnation of the indifference of the race in the South to such worthy enterprises. P.

Money is very scarce all through the interior of the South, and most business with small farmers and planters is done in trade.

The electricians have enough work secured to drive them all winter. Heavy machinery builders are booking orders for spring delivery. Mining machinery is wanted in the far West, and large tools, lathes and machine shop equipments are being contracted for.

BOWSER'S ONLY EFFORT.

Mr. Bowser Gets Economical and Buys a Fine Shaving Outfit.

MRS. BOWSER PROTESTS.

But to No Avail—He Has Thrown Away Enough on Barbers—Will Shave Himself.

"What have you got there?" queried Mrs. Bowser, as her liege lord made a display of a small package when he came home the other evening.

"Mrs. Bowser," he replied, as he sat down and carefully handled the package, "did you read of that case in Troy where a barber cut a customer slightly on the cheek and he died of blood poisoning?"

"No. Say! you've gone and got another shaving outfit!"

"Another? When did I ever have one?"

"You got one two or three years ago in Detroit, and how did you come out with it? Mr. Bowser, you do the most foolish things of any man I ever heard of in all my life!"

"I do, eh? Is it foolish for me to want to avoid blood poisoning by shaving myself, to say nothing of the enormous saving of money? Yes, I did get an outfit in Detroit, but I had a boil on my arm and couldn't handle the razor. That was a cheap outfit, just as an experiment."

"And you cut yourself and pranced around and whooped until the neighbors thought we had a fire. How much did this outfit cost?"

"Only \$10."

"Ten dollars thrown right away!" "Is it? Let's see about that. Having my own outfit I can shave daily. That's 70 cents a week, or \$2.80 a month. Seems to me that \$34 per year is worth saving. In the twenty years I have been shaving I could have saved the trifle of \$780. Where are you now, Mrs. Bowser?"

"Just where I was before. You'll shave once, and that'll end it."

"Will it? If that's your opinion I have a great surprise in store for you. I've been taking lessons of a barber on how to handle the razor, and I can shave clean in exactly four minutes. Easiest thing in the world when you know how. Just think of the \$780 I have thrown away!"

"Well, I suppose you'll try it in spite of anything I can say, but I shall decline to be held responsible for any trouble."

"Responsible! Trouble! How could I hold you responsible? And what trouble can there be?"

"Why, that time in Detroit you almost tore the house down because you cut your ear."

"Pooh! I was probably joking. Don't remember a thing about it. I'd look pretty blaming you for what I did, wouldn't I? After dinner I'll take a little shave, and if you don't say it's a better one than any barber has ever given me I'll put the razor up for good."

After dinner Mr. Bowser took a bowl of hot water and started up stairs, saying to Mrs. Bowser as he went:

"Better time me by the clock. I may be six or seven minutes this time, but I'll be right on tick tomorrow night."

He went into the bedroom and locked the door. Then he took off his coat, vest, necktie and collar. He looked down at his shoes for a moment and then decided to take them off also.

"Let's see!" he mused as he opened the box and stood before the glass. "The first thing is to lather, of course. That's as easy as rolling off a log. This is something like comfort, this is. Hanged if I don't believe I shall want to shave twice a day!"

Mr. Bowser decided to put on plenty of lather. He put it on his chin, cheeks, nose, forehead, ears and throat, and more or less fell on the carpet. When he had lathered until both arms ached, and no more would stick to him, he picked up the razor and chuckled:

"I just hold it with three fingers, this way, and lay it on my cheek this way, and move it gently down. A child three years old could do that. I'll show Mrs. Bowser a trick or two before I'm through. Good woman, but she thinks she knows it all. Razor just slides—!"

Mr. Bowser gave a jump and at the same instant saw the lather stained with blood.

"Don't amount to anything—just the head of a pimple!" he whispered to himself. "Barber told me to keep my arm stiff, and I forgot. Can't expect to get the hang of it in one minute, you know. A little more lather." He lathered away until it began to drop off, and then picked up the razor again.

"The idea of my throwing away \$780 to the barbers!" he muttered as he laid the flat of the razor on his cheek. "Well, better late than never. Feller wants to give himself time to get the hang of it. Perhaps I'd better begin on my chin first. Don't suppose it makes any great difference whether I shave up or down, so long as I—!"

"Mr. Bowser, what's the matter?" called Mrs. Bowser, as she kicked on the door.

"Nothing," he answered. "Then what are you jumping around so far? I thought you'd shake the chandeliers down!"

"The blamed thing must have slipped on me!" he growled as he returned to the glass to survey the cut. "Probably didn't hold it exactly right. Ah! that's more like the way the barber told me to hold it. Now, then, take it easy till you get the hang of it. May be ten minutes this time, but on the next occasion I'll—!"

"Mr. Bowser, open this door!" called Mrs. Bowser from the hall.

"W-what do you w-want?" he gasped.

"I want to know what all this swearing and kicking over chairs means? Didn't I tell you how you would come out?"

"You go away! I'm all right! It was the man next door you heard!" He heard her go away after a bit, and he went back to the glass to whisper:

"I'll be hanged if I haven't pretty near cut my old chin off! What in Texas ails the old thing, anyhow! I'll get the hang of it if it cuts my head off! I didn't have lather enough!"

He lathered some more. Then he picked up the razor and carefully examined both sides and the edge and back. Then he laid the flat of the blade on his chin and smiled sweetly and whispered:

"Probably a little nervous, being the first time. I'll just get to it by degrees. That's the way to do it! No barber ever slid a razor over my chin any richer than that. The idea of Mrs. Bowser calling it \$10 thrown right away! That's the way with a woman. If they can save a cent here they will waste a dollar there. Ill—!"

Mrs. Bowser heard a yell and started for the stairs. She met Mr. Bowser half-way up. The lather was flying about and the blood streaming down on his shirt bosom, and his eyes were as big as onions.

"Well, didn't I say so!" she demanded.

Her words brought Mr. Bowser to himself. He turned back, beckoned for her to follow, and as they entered the bedroom he silently pointed. The razor lay on the floor, the bowl was broken in three pieces, and there was lather everywhere.

"Well?" she queried, as she picked up three towels and placed two chairs on their legs again.

"Woman!" he hoarsely whispered, "this is too much."

"Why, what have I done?"

"Sure! Done! Look at me!"

"Yes, but you tried to shave yourself."

"But who dragged me into it?"

"Mr. Bowser, you certainly can't blame me. I told you before—"

"That's enough! This is the limit! I understand it all, and can see just how you planned it! It is not your fault that I did not cut my throat, and that you are not now a widow! Mrs. Bowser, leave me to myself! I have some papers to look over before consulting a lawyer to-morrow!"

First American Colored Priest.

First American colored Priest. Baltimore, Md., Dec. 19.—The Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul was crowded this morning with representatives of the Catholic clergy and laity who had assembled to witness the ordination of the first colored man to be raised to the Catholic priesthood in the United States.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons officiated and the ceremony of ordination was preceded by the celebration of solemn high mass.

The name of the new priest is Charles R. Uncles, and he is a light-colored quadroon. He was born in this city thirty-one years ago. He was baptized, confirmed, and made his first communion in St. Francis Xavier's Church, this city. He will say his first mass Christmas morning, and early in the new year he will be assigned to special work among his race.

There is one other colored priest in this country. He lives in Chicago, but was raised and educated for the holy orders at Rome.

Electrical roads are to be built underground in Berlin.

The volume of business does not increase rapidly in manufacturing establishments generally, because proprietors are trying to keep supply equal to demand.

New England industries are thriving remarkably well, and very little labor outside the building trades is idle.

A BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

Prof. J. Bryce's "Thoughts on the Negro Problem" Touched on.

BUT LITTLE SIGNIFICANCE

Should be Attached to Disinterested Opinions of Our American Life.

It is somewhat unfortunate that Professor James Bryce, in his "Thoughts on the Negro Problem," in the last number of The North American Review, should not have given a somewhat clearer indication of the point of view from which he regarded it. In our overweening desire to secure approval of our government and institutions from a British source we have elevated Mr. Bryce to a position as an authority upon our National affairs, which, he is hardly entitled to occupy especially as despite his great learning and untrifling industry, regards practical and vital questions of American politics.

There is, perhaps, no other people in the world who would regard with complacency the action of a foreigner who should come, and assuming the role of the wholly indifferent and consequently impeachable observer should proceed to give advice, not entirely without a touch of condescension, upon the most vital and burning of the political issues. Suppose, for instance, an American doctrinaire should attempt to expound through the columns of an English review the duty of the British nation in regard to Ireland, would he find himself extolled to the skies by the English press as an infallible authority upon the subject? On the contrary, would not such a man, no matter how earnest and capable he might be, find himself most mercilessly assailed for even daring, to express an opinion upon British politics for the benefit of English readers?

Perhaps our overweening desire to appear well in the eyes of the world is the reason why Americans are always so anxious to get the views of strangers upon our political issues and refer to them with such complacency as the opinions of "disinterested" parties.

The truth is that the opinion of a "disinterested" party, upon any political question, is apt to be of very little significance, because he lacks that instructive sympathy with motives and conditions, which is a prime attribute of the determination of any great political problem. Besides that, the "indifferent" foreign observer, is in reality no more truly "indifferent" than the most earnest native partisan. The simple fact is that his mind takes on the color of those from whom he derives his information, so that, instead of being a safe adviser, he really becomes one of the most delusive and misleading forces that can be imagined.

There never was a better illustration of these views than Mr. Bryce's treatment of the "Negro Problem." One who is in the least degree familiar with the subject does not need to be told how he has gathered his information. To him the Negro is simply an unpleasant excrescence on our American life. He does not exhibit the same acute symptoms of hatred as the Southern Bourbon manifests when the rights of a citizen with a dusky skin are mentioned, but it evidently has not ever occurred to him that they are anything more than paupers of our civilization, whom it is our duty to deal kindly with so far as it may be altogether convenient for us to do so.

Such a thing as the Negro having a right to demand justice seems never to have entered Mr. Bryce's brain. This ought not to surprise anyone, since the political environment which has shaped his judgment has made little account of justice, especially if it came in contact with British interests.

Indeed, in estimating the value of a stranger's opinion of the political issues of a country account should always be taken of the political environment to which he has himself been exposed. British politics have always given little heed to the question of justice to the lower or dependent classes of British society. The utter callousness of the British politician to any argument based on the idea of doing justice to the weak has no doubt impressed most of those who have followed the discussion of modern economical questions in the great reviews. The simple truth is that the continued worship of the fetish of vested rights has so dulled the conscience of the English politician that he easily eliminates it from the consideration of any line of policy which he may study, whether at home or abroad. Indeed, the idea that the weak have the right to demand justice, in a collective sense, is almost

[Continued on Fourth Page]



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON I.—JAN. 3.—THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

Golden Text: "He Shall Have Dominion From Sea to Sea, and From the River Unto the Ends of the Earth"—Isa. 11: 1-10.

I. His Origin.—Ver. 1. "And there shall come forth a rod, a new shoot, 'out of the stem,' the stock or stem left when the tree is cut down, 'of Jesse.' The family of David from whom the Messiah should spring. The Messiah was to come when the kingdom was greatly humiliated. But it would not be wholly destroyed; for a stump or stock would be left, from which a new shoot would spring and flourish more luxuriously than the original tree. 'A branch,' Hebrew, 'netzer.' The insignificant Hebrew word meant a poor despised Nazarene, and refers to the home of Jesus at Nazareth.

II. His Character.—Vers. 2, 3. Describing the figure, the prophet describes the character and public condition of the Messiah. He is to be David and Solomon in one, equally great in knowledge and practice. 'The Spirit of the Lord' is more than the sum of the spiritual gifts bestowed by him. 'The spirit of wisdom and understanding.' The first pair of attributes denote intellectual strength and ability. 'Counsel and might' are the ability to plan and the ability to execute, neither of which can avail with out the other.—Alexander. 'Of knowledge and of the fear of God.' That is, acquaintance with the true will of God and determination to carry out that will. Jesus is thus precisely the Saviour we need.

3. 'Of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord.' Rev. Vers. 'His delight shall be in the fear of the Lord.' He shall draw his breath in the fear of the Lord.—Cheyne. A most expressive definition of perfect sinlessness.

III. His Government.—Vers. 3-5. 'He shall not judge after the sight of his eyes.' Brilliant or repellent external qualities do not determine his favor or disfavor. 'With righteousness shall he judge the poor,' the weak, the helpless, who have no means of commending themselves to the eye. 'And reprove;' do justice to 'the wicked on behalf of the meek,' the humble, and afflicted who cannot plead for themselves in his ear. 'He shall smite the earth.' The antichristian world.—D. 'Rod,' 'ceptre,' 'of his mouth shall come forth the breath of his lips.' He had only to speak and it was done.

5. 'Righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins.' The girdle is mentioned as an essential part of Oriental dress, and that which keeps the others in their proper place. 'Faithfulness.' Absolute truth to his principles.

IV. The Peace and Prosperity of His Reign.—Vers. 6-9. We now have a vision of the golden age, which shall be the result when the Messiah's kingdom has fully come, but which began when he first appeared.

6. 'Wolf' and 'lamb.' It has been pointed out that whilst the wolf attacks the sheepfold, the 'leopard' can follow the 'goat' along precipices where no wolf would venture; and the lion will carry off oxen which neither wolf nor leopard could move. 'A little child shall lead them.' A little child in our home is a benediction of peace.

8. 'Asp.' A small very poisonous serpent. 'Cockatrice.' One of the most beautiful but venomous of the vipers of Palestine.

9. 'They shall not hurt nor destroy.' Everything injurious or harmful shall be changed to something helpful and blessed. 'In all my holy mountain.' In that day the mountain of the Lord shall cover the whole earth. 'The knowledge of the Lord.' Both of the mind and heart. 'As the waters cover the sea.' This knowledge shall be as wide and deep as the ocean. We who live in countries from which wild beasts have been exterminated cannot understand the insecurity and terror they cause in regions where they abound. The natural history of many of our domesticated animals teaches us the lesson that their growth in skill and character is in proportion to man's own.—George Adam Smith. A child is safer with a huge dog than with many people. Dogs tend the sheep they naturally devour. A dog is a converted wolf; a cat is a civilized leopard. Jesus takes the spirit of greed and turns it into moral acquisition; the spirit of ambition and turns it into a means of philanthropy; the instinct of vengeance and turns it into forgiveness. He is taming the wild, growing menagerie of mankind, slowly but surely transforming it into the city of God.—Rev. George Dana Boardman.

V. A Source of Blessing to All Nations.—Ver. 10. "And that day there shall be a root of Jesse." The plant springing from the root. 'Shall' and for an ensign,' a banner, a signal seen from afar as a rallying point for the nations to come, to join his kingdom, to pray and to worship. 'His rest.' His resting place. The church with which he abides the soul which he fills, 'shall be glorious,' with the glory of God's character, His love and righteousness.

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING.

The Bureau Veritas states that the number of vessels afloat throughout the world in 1891 is 43,514; of these, 33,876 are sailing vessels and 9,638 are steamers. Of the latter number England owns 5,312, Germany 689 and France 471.

A pastor of Gardner, Me., who had collected fourteen hundred copper cents during his itinerancy, passed them over to a merchant in that city the other day, and was surprised soon after to receive a thousand of them back again in the shape of a wedding fee.

There are about 20,000 locomotives in the United States—being one to every five miles of railroad—and 1,109,000 cars of all kinds, of which 27,000 are passenger coaches. The locomotives cost \$450,000,000, the cars \$200,000,000, making the approximate cost of the rolling stock \$1,500,000,000.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

Wayne County Savings Bank

AT DETROIT, MICH., At the close of business Dec. 2, 1891.

RESOURCES table with columns for Loans and discounts, Current expenses and taxes paid, etc., and a Total row.

LIABILITIES table with columns for Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, etc., and a Total row.

State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss: I, William Stagg, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

DETROIT SAVINGS BANK

AT DETROIT, MICH., At the close of business Dec. 2, 1891.

RESOURCES table with columns for Loans and discounts, Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc., and a Total row.

LIABILITIES table with columns for Capital stock paid in, Undivided profits, etc., and a Total row.

State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss: I, E. C. Bowman, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Correct—Attest: F. B. SIBLEY, ALEX. H. HAPTON, JAMES E. FITZMAN, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

Peninsular Savings Bank

AT DETROIT, MICH., At the close of business Dec. 2, 1891.

RESOURCES table with columns for Loans and discounts, Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc., and a Total row.

LIABILITIES table with columns for Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, etc., and a Total row.

State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss: I, Joseph B. Moore, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Correct—Attest: A. CHAPOTON, JR., JOSEPH PERRIER, FRANK HOWARD, Directors.

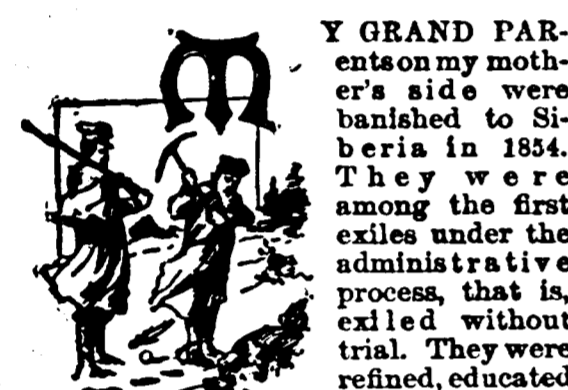
4 PER CENT Interest paid on Savings Deposits. Commercial accounts solicited and every accommodation extended consistent with safe banking.

JOSEPH B. MOORE, Cashier, 24 Griswold Street.

C. G. Wynn PHOTOGRAPHER Studio 106 Miami Ave., (Formerly 212 Woodward Ave.) Detroit, - Mich. Near Grand Circus Park. Telephone 20 54.

SIBERIAN CHRISTMAS.

—BY— MARIE VALHASKY



MY GRAND PARENTS on my mother's side were banished to Siberia in 1854. They were among the first exiles under the administrative process, that is, exiled without trial. They were refined, educated and wealthy.

My grandmother, a beautiful young woman of 26 years, was, during part of her journey, chained to a male convict of the lowest class. The treatment she then received drove my grandfather to frenzy, and he was killed by an officer a week after they left St. Petersburg. Whether there was ever any notice taken of his death I cannot tell.



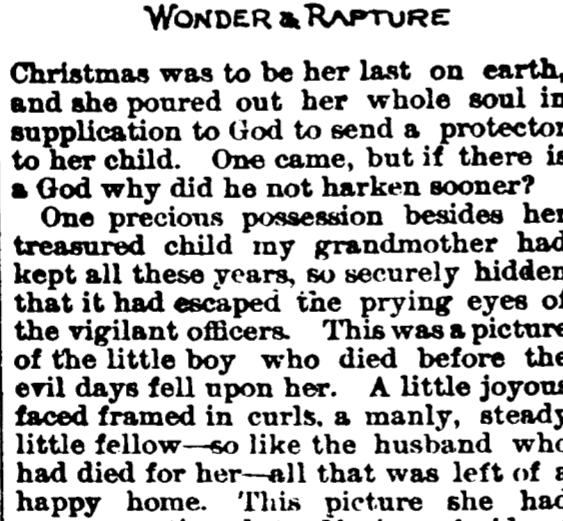
they had retired their room was entered and everything examined—even the bed. Through all this they lived and the little Marie grew into a fair, large-eyed, timid girl, with a beauty so rare and delicate that her mother's heart awoke to still another ache.

that dreary cottage. The mother was now unable to leave her miserable bed. Christmas was approaching and Mary had never had a Christmas present in her life.

Young and old, as you gather about your Christmas trees on this blessed morn, think of this little girl! She is only the type of a class. There are many more as forlorn, though, thank God, she now stands "where winters and where storms are calm, and the eternal hills are beautiful."

I think of her always. I will have no present, I will have nothing but an opportunity to work for those I love, who are in exile. I write only to arouse attention. To help by ever so little is better than to sit still. When I read of those who give their lives in this cause how I exult—how I long for their glorious martyrdom.

But patience—my day will come. My grandmother knew that the coming



Christmas was to be her last on earth, and she poured out her whole soul in supplication to God to send a protector to her child. One came, but if there is a God why did he not harken sooner?

One precious possession besides her treasured child my grandmother had kept all these years, so securely hidden that it had escaped the prying eyes of the vigilant officers. This was a picture of the little boy who died before the evil days fell upon her.

Christmas eve the two lonely ones sat encircled in each other's arms, and the mother again recounted the cherished memories of her brave little boy, again told the beautiful Christmas story and the customs of happy homes in other lands.

Then, it being very late, and the danger of a visit seeming to be past, the mother drew from its hiding place the picture.

Marie gazed upon it with wonder and rapture. She had never seen anything so beautiful, and it was her own darling little brother.

What can I say to make you feel this as I feel it? Pause, happy mothers and sisters, and imagine yourselves living through it.

child. His presence brought the first feeling of security she had known since her arrest so many years ago. My mother and father loved each other from the first and my grandmother died peacefully in my father's arms. After the burial they were married.

The Mistletoe of Pagan Origin.

The mistletoe is looked upon as the Christmas plant. A great many people believe that the distinction is owing to the fact that it blossoms in some countries at this time of the year. Such belief is founded on fiction. The mistletoe has been an emblem of Christianity almost since the time of Christ. It first came into use as such under the reign of Pope Gregory I, who sent some missionaries to Albion (now England) to spread Christianity among the Druids.

Christmas Slippers.

Devoted Wife—Have you any embroidered Christmas slippers? Dealer—Plenty of them. You wish hand-worked, I presume? "Yes, I want a pair that will look as though it took all summer to do them."

The Holiday Season in Dark Town.

Deacon Burnside (of Brewster station)—Go slow, chile; doan' you drap nuffin' on dis 'casion, 'cuse we 'spec' city-folks dis Krisman, an' coons frum town nevah kins when t' quit stuff' der skins when you puts biled birds in front uv 'em.

Young Rube (disciple of the deacon)—Dis am de las' chick on de roos, 'uncle, an' ef yo' fren's frum de city doan' swell up 'nuf on dis load ob white meat den you'd better chuck in er lot o' snow-balls fur dessert!

Deacon Burnside—You pore chile; you doan' know de joys ob 'ligion. Wat yo' heerd las' Sabbat' 'bout it bein' 'mo' blessed t' gib den t' take doan' 'pear t' hab tak' in er grip on yer in-tel-ek'!

Young Rube—I doan' kno' nuffin' 'bout interlek, but I nevah kno'd a city moke yit dat didn't ink dere wer heep mo'



joy in takin' t'ings den in gibbin' up a cent. An' I also can't he'p seein' dat de preachers who am all de time talkin' 'bout gibbin' nevah gib up nuffin'.

Deacon Burnside—Fo' de light o' de moon, Reuben, I 'spec you turn inter er rock er salt befo' sun-up! Massey on as! de chille mus' be hoodood, suah!

THE DIFFERENCE.

It's nigh on thirty year or more
Since Hannah left her mother,
An' we agreed that she an' I
Could house with one another.

An' all these years of married bliss
That I have shared with Hannah
Have gone to prove the difference
Twixt man an' a woman's manner.

Now Hannah has her garden beds,
An' tends her plants an' posies,
While I weed out my turnip plot,
An' hoe my early roses.

Then Hannah has her cats an' dogs,
Her poll and pet canary,
While I think more of useful beasts
Ter keep the farm an' dairy.

We're both contented with our lot,
I let her have her parrots,
She never minds that I prefer
The turnips, beets and carrots.

For in this life the pretty things
Are put beside the common,
And that's the reason why a man
Was made to love a woman.

—Elen Chaffee in the Detroit Free Press.

THE LAST OF HIS LINE.

There are some quaint old houses in West Washington, as the ancient city of Georgetown is now called, and some queer old characters live in them; the residua, the relics and the descendants of the slave-holding aristocracy, who were kings and queens in society in the days of President Jackson, and continued to reign till overwhelmed by the tide of northern people that came in with the Lincoln administration and the war.

I went the other day with an artist friend on a curious errand, which took us into one of the quaintest of these old mansions, to see one of the queerest characters that inhabit them. The house was mature when the cornerstone of the capital was laid, and the man was born soon after. A proud and aristocratic family, tracing their lineage to the time of the Tudors, resided there for a century and a half, and counted as their guests, under its roof, the historic actors in co'ny times and the heroes of the Revolution. They were conspicuous in society, in politics and in commerce for a hundred years or more, but are all gone now—all except one lingering relic, the last leaf of the tree, gray, withered and sapless.

I had often seen him in the rotunda of Willard's hotel, and at the Metropolitan, where southern politicians mostly congregated, talking politics, lamenting the decay of statesmanship in this modern age, and awaiting an invitation to join some more prosperous citizen at the bar. His wan face, furrowed with wrinkles like the veins upon a leaf, and tanned with tobacco smoke till it is the tint of a well-cured ham, is exaggerated in its thinness by overhanging, mopy eyebrows of coarse hair, and restless little gray eyes peep out from under them as if they saw more than their owner would acknowledge. His grizzly beard is neatly trimmed, but his coat is threadbare and covered with the results of inaccurate expectation. He has stooping shoulders, a bad case of rheumatism, and a thirst for drink which his means will not permit him to gratify. The loafers around the hotel know him, make sport of him and call him "Judge" when they ask him to "irrigate." Being by no means a bad talker, he is often entertained, and is an authority on political events during the last half century, having had little else to remember. But there is one story which his fellow loafers will no longer tolerate. When he commences to tell about a duel he once fought with an attaché of the French legation during the administration of John Quincy Adams all his listeners leave.

I had no idea where or how he lived. I had learned in some way that he was the oldest inhabitant of Washington, and that he was a descendant of the F. V. V.'s; but there are plenty of such characters about the lobbies of the hotels and the corridors of the capitol, too numerous to attract attention, and when they pass through the doors towards the close of the evening no one cares enough about them to ask what sort of a home they go to or in what quarter they live. It was with surprise therefore, that I found him to be the sole occupant of an aristocratic old mansion, whose massive pillars and dilapidation were always the source of curiosity.

It is scarcely true to say that he was the sole occupant of the place, for after we had rapped with the rusty old knocker, a rheumatic old negro, who looked a century old or more, admitted us to a large and dismal hall, damp, chilly and musty, with no carpet on the floor. He gave us a deferential greeting, and conducted us to a still more damp and dismal parlor, where an aged negroess, in a soiled and tattered gown, with a brilliant-hued turban upon her head, was trying to stimulate a languid fire with an apron full of kindling wood. These two old servants, formerly the slaves of the family, still remained, sharing the shelter of the mansion with the owner, and the scanty food he bought with a few dollars sent him from time to time by a distant relative. The old gentleman still practiced an innocent deception upon himself and tried to impose it upon his acquaintances, by alluding freely to Elijah, the aged negro, as his "butler," and to the

withered crone as "my late wife's maid." He grumbled and growled when he came into the parlor to greet us first because the room was cold, and then because the wine and biscuits were not on the table.

"I really must get a housekeeper," he remarked, as soberly as if he did not know perfectly well that we understood his situation. "I really must get a housekeeper. My old butler is a faithful fellow, but is getting forgetful, while his wife, who was my late wife's maid, who looks after the drawing-room, is entirely worthless, sir, entirely worthless. I shall retire both of them on a pension soon, and get new help." And so he continued, talking away to us, until my friend inquired the purport of the summons which brought us there.

"Oh, yes," the old gentleman replied, "I intended to speak of it, and was waiting for the wine and biscuit, but there is no use in detaining you here longer, gentlemen. I will have the refreshments taken to the library."

Up a fine old stairway he led us, to what must have once been a most charming and comfortable apartment, a long room, with four large windows toward the east and south. On the shelves were a lot of veteran volumes, a thousand or more, not one of which was less than half a century old, and the dust upon them must have been a quarter of a century accumulating. The furniture was once fine, but like everything else about the place was sadly in need of repair.

On an easel near the eastern windows stood the portrait of a lady. The face was that of a handsome woman, sixty or seventy years of age, perhaps, but the dress in which she was pictured did not correspond with her age. They were the garments of a girl of nineteen or twenty, and their fashion was that of fifty years ago.

"You will remember your last visit," said the judge, with a profound bow to my friend, "and I may say that the occasion of your summons is that of five years of age, or ten or fifteen to be precise about it. You have been here three times before, if I remember rightly," he continued, "and it is not intended as flattery when I say that your work has always been most satisfactory. I have often remarked that your touch is marvelous, sir, marvelous, reminding me of the elder Stuart; but what have we business men to do with compliments? I want the picture retouched again as before, and at your earliest convenience."

My friend said he would not begin the task that day, but would return the next morning and finish it in a few hours.

"Perfectly satisfactory, sir, perfectly so; I shall wait you at the moment named."

As soon as we reached the air again, from the moldy and decayed mansion, I released my curiosity and began to ask questions. My friend said that the portrait we had seen was of the wife of the old gentleman; that it was painted in her wedding-gown a short time after the marriage, and that she died before it was finished, more than fifty years ago. The old gentleman was the oldest child, and the only son of a rich and prominent family, but he had never married again. Nor had he ever engaged in business or earned a dollar in his life. During the war most of his productive property, which was in Virginia, was ruined, his income was cut off, and had never been renewed. A nephew, the son of his only sister, and the only living relative the old man had, was a merchant in New York, who had a kindly side toward his uncle and had tried to get him away from the old place, but he would not go.

He likes to sit around the hotel and discusses politics, he is always on the lookout for an invitation to drink; he always tells the story of the duel when he gets a chance; he manages to tell the faults of his "butler" and "my late wife's maid," without smiling, to every stranger he meets, and he lives in the grand old mansion on the few crusts that are thrown to him rather than make himself comfortable by selling it for the good price the property would certainly bring; but the greatest of his eccentricities is this:

Once in five years he has the portrait of his wife repainted, and always sends for an artist on the 2d of January. His nephew usually gives him \$50 or so on Christmas, and a portion of the money is sacredly set aside to pay for the work. But the face is not merely retouched. The artist is required to add age to it. The bride must be made to look five years older every time. She was twenty when the brush first attempted to reproduce her young joyous life, and the bridal robes still cling to her plump and pearly shoulders. But the old man wants her face to appear as it would look if she had lived. What right has he to expect a girl of twenty to continue to love a grizzled old man? So the artist intercedes in his behalf every five years, and thus the widow's wife grows old.—William Elery Curtis, in Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Finger Prayer Book.
A curiosity is the "finger" Prayer Book, only an inch in breadth, 3 1/2 inches in length, and weighing about 1 oz. It contains 670 pages, is perfectly clear and legible, though necessarily minute, and will go into the waist-coat pocket or a purse.

CURIOUS HYPNOTISM.

A Prisoner Becomes Unconscious During His Trial.

We read frequently of judges falling asleep during the hearing of a case, but for a prisoner to be slumbering peacefully during the whole of his trial is probably an unprecedented occurrence. This curious spectacle was witnessed recently in the Tenth Police Court, Paris, says a Belfast News Letter, where a man named Emile David was charged with illegally personating a barrister and common swindling. After giving his name in answer to the magistrate, the defendant ceased to reply to the questions put to him, and his counsel explained to the court that David was fast asleep, although his eyes were wide open.

The magistrate was, of course, rather suspicious of such an explanation, and in order to prove that his client was not shamming Maitre Raymond placed his hands before the prisoner's eyes, and drawing them slowly back, caused him to get up and leap over the barrier which separated the dock from the court. He was led back to his seat, but it was found impossible to awake him. The trial, however, was proceeded with, and Maitre Raymond, in David's defense, explained that he was a highly hysterical, hypnotic subject, and that at times he would remain for long periods in what is known as the "automatic ambulatory" stage of the disease.

This means that the patient, although in a state of complete somnolence, acts like an ordinary individual and can travel, carry on a conversation, or play cards without anyone suspecting that he is asleep. On awaking, however, he is entirely unconscious of what he has done while in that condition. This David on one occasion traveled from Paris to Troyes without being conscious of doing so, and, on recovering his senses, discovered that he had lost his overcoat with a sum of money in one of the pockets. He had no recollection as to where he had left the garment, but some months later, on telling his story to a surgeon of the Hotel Dieu, the latter artificially threw David into a state of hypnotic sleep, during which he explained the position and number of the room in a hotel at Troyes, where he had left the coat. The landlord was communicated with, and the story found to be perfectly correct.

The hearing of the case was terminated some time before David could be awakened, and the passing of the sentence was delayed for two hours, as the court did not wish to condemn a sleeping man. Finally, when he recovered his senses, the prisoner was informed that, on account of his extraordinary temperament, his offense would be visited only with a penalty of one month's imprisonment.

A FAR-WEST ADVENTURE.

He Once Saw a Grizzly, but Not When He Thought He Did.

Ever see a grizzly? I guess I did. In the spring of '55 I left Coloma after nightfall, bound for Frisco. I had completed fully three-fourths of the journey. In passing out from under a live-oak, where the trail led through a sort of grove, I found my path disputed by a huge animal, that with a horrible roar rose on his forelegs a few paces in front. The sight and sound fairly paralyzed me, but as soon as I could move I wheeled and made for the tree. Catching sight of a limb outlined against the sky, I threw away my gun and sprang for it. To my after astonishment I reached my mark and lost no time in getting among the branches.

There was nothing for it but to wait till morning, when I hoped to be able to fish up my gun and settle with the mountaineer. I found a tolerably comfortable position and—woke up on the ground. Day had broken. I scrambled to my feet, and, entertaining the notion that I wanted to get up a tree, I dashed for a young pecan close at hand. In the act of climbing I glanced over my shoulder, and about fifty yards off I discovered the familiar form of an old wind-broken mule that had been tinned out to die. The joke was immense. I grimly sought my gun and leveled it at the brute's head. His innocent gaze disconcerted me. After a moment's reflection, I threw the gun on my shoulder and went my way.

Yes, I once saw a grizzly. Two hunters killed him in the mountains near Lake Tahoe. I saw his body on a wagon at Coloma.

A Ghost.
A house on Long Island that long possessed the reputation of being haunted was rented by a man who had no fear of ghosts, and who was determined if any existed there to meet them. He succeeded, but the ghosts weren't of the kind we see represented in pictures. He heard a strange noise late one night and located it on the roof. Accordingly, he armed himself with clubs and repaired to the roof. His coming did not cause the mysterious sounds to cease, and so he gradually crept along; until he came on the "ghost." It was a large vase that was being rocked by the high winds, causing the unearthly noises. He pitched the ghost to the ground, smashed it into a thousand pieces and then returned to bed.—Saturday Evening Post.

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THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY of Wayne, in chancery, Jennie Murray complainant vs. James Murray defendant. At a session of said Court held at the court room in the City of Detroit in said County on Monday, the 28th day of November, 1891. Present: Hon. George Gardner, Chief Justice. On 1100 f by affidavit on file that the defendant, James Murray, resides out of the State of Michigan and is a resident of the City of Seattle, in the State of Washington, on motion of D. Augustus Straker, solicitor for complainant, ordered that said defendant, James Murray, appear and answer in said cause within four months from date of this order, and that in default thereof said bill of complaint be taken as confessed by the said non-resident defendant.

A. & it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date thereof said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in **THE DETROIT PLAINDEALER**, a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said County once in each week for six weeks in succession.

(Signed) **GEORGE GARDNER,** Circuit Judge.
D. AUGUSTUS STRAKER, Complainant's Solicitor.
Dated November 28th, 1891, at Detroit, Mich.
MANUEL STEWART, Deputy Clerk.
A true copy.

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COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE—In the matter of the Estate of J. W. Carr, deceased, with under signed, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioner to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice, that we will meet at the office of Brown & Donnelly, No. 65 West Main Street, in said County, on Saturday, the second day of January, A. D. 1892, and on Tuesday, the seventh day of May, A. D. 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 17th day of November, A. D. 1891, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.
Dated May 28, 1891.
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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, '01.

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The many President makers have dwindled the possible candidates of the party down to Blake and Harrison. These two gentlemen are on the most amicable terms. The Democrats have dwindled their candidates down to Cleveland and Hill, with these two gentlemen fighting each other. What does all this portend?

There are one or two papers in the South trying to prove that the Afro-American is vicious because of the number of convicts he furnishes. We would say to such journals that if all the bourbon white murderers, who have either lynched or kluksued men to death were in prison, they would outnumber all the Afro-Americans who have received fifteen and twenty years for petty larceny. They have forgotten that about seventy or eighty thousand white murderers or abettors of murder, are at large in the South.

Two of our Southern contemporaries this week speak disparagingly of the North and its people. While their statements do not concern the Plainealer farther than the fact that it has always advised against sectional arguments, the charges are inconsistent with the facts. It seems rather silly for our Southern journals to berate the Northern whites as cold and unsympathetic as compared with Southern white men, when they are forced to come to the North to get money for their schools and colleges. Nearly as much money goes into the South each year, from Northern philanthropists to support Afro-American schools, as is appropriated from the public school funds of the several states for the same purpose. If these makers of public opinion would be wise they would stop this foolish prating.

The President has appointed six of the nine judges who are to constitute the Court of Appeals, yet there appears the name of no Afro-American among the number. He may give us one of the three yet to be appointed and we have hopes that he may yet do so. From the tone of the President to the delegations which have waited upon him, every reading Afro-American became sanguine that Mr. Harrison would rise above all his predecessors and mark an era in the National life and progress of the Afro-American, by recognizing in him abilities that would make us well fitted for high places in the government. We had been led by the calm, studied, patriotic words of his message, to believe that these words were to be more to us than sounding bells and tinkling cymbals, to be forgotten as soon as the sound of them has lost itself. We have had so much talk,

backed by such feeble or no effort, to make us feel as men interested in the affairs of the Nation, and likely to be called into its councils, that we have grown sick of mere words. We did not ask the appointment on purely race grounds; we asked it on the test of fitness and ability. We did not ask it on party grounds; although we might say we expect no such recognition from any other party. We might further, in view of the pretensions of the party of our choice and the fidelity we have shown it, and say somewhat in the language of the Scriptures, "Art thou the one we shall look to, or shall we look to another?"

As we have said, there is yet an opportunity. Prof. Straker, one of the candidates urged, has had almost as many years practice and experience as Mr. Taft has had years. Mr. Taft has been given a chance to make a public record creditable to himself and Mr. Straker has not.

Could the President but put himself in our place and understand our position as we do, he would yet make the appointment. It would have more influence in settling what is now termed the race problem than all the kind words or even wise words that may be spoken during the remainder of this century. Every one has respect for position sustained by wisdom and integrity; few have regard for words as against their prejudices. With all the protests against mob law, and injustice in the courts, only last week, in four different Southern states, did court and populace set sentiment and justice aside to do violence. In Florida, the best citizens lynched in broad day, two men; in Louisiana, one; in North Carolina a man is sentenced to be hung for stealing a syringe; in South Carolina ten men are convicted of a crime of which they were innocent, and have been proven so by the confession of the guilty. Public opinion does not stop this lawlessness for the Southerner looks upon the Afro-American as inferior. So does the government in its bestowal of rewards. So does the party which claims his franchise for the love it bears it. Afro-Americans have been elected law makers, now let the President give us a chance to help interpret them, and we shall have a change. It would be the greatest Christmas gift the race has ever had, for emancipation did not come during Christmas.

The Study Chair.

The proper relation of christian churches to each other is not one of toleration simply, but of charity and helpfulness.

A precious opportunity is offered the church in the care and moral culture of its children; yet it is a privilege often very indifferently improved.

A man cannot always make of himself just what he chooses, but he can approximate his ideal and thus satisfy the purpose of his creation.

Instead of longing for the return of the blessings of the past, it is best to take care of the blessings of the present.

The real merit of an argument lies in the genuineness of its aim. If this be unworthy, the argument is weak, no matter how well it may conform to the prescribed rules of logic.

The selection of hymns for public worship is often very desultory, and serves the purpose of "time-killer." Many of the hymns which are sung in our churches have no conceivable connection with any central thought of the service, and are both untimely and senseless.

There are two classes of people in the world who are like concave and convex mirrors. The one will magnify and the other diminish everything they tell.

The true church scorns a superficiality which avoids making truth aggressive, and which makes worship aesthetic rather than spiritual. It insists upon a whole-hearted and vigorous service of God.

The ministry has a large task to perform to-day in disabusing the minds of the people of a false sentiment, which spends its strength in saying rather than in doing God's will.

If investigation should modify or entirely reverse some well-established theories, we should not regard it a dangerous shock to our religious faith. Many changes have been made, and others will follow, in our theology.

The reminiscences of our dead and the emblems of mourning in our homes should deepen our interest in the salvation of the living.

The attitude of Catholics in charitable work has generally been courteous toward all classes, but a Protestant naturally feels some aversion to Catholic hospitality.

Hereditary influences are often very strong. Much of a man's success or failure depends upon his blood.

James M. Henderson.

A Variety of Things.

Rev. Dr. R. F. Hurley, pastor of Charles street church, opened the session of the U. S. court in the Post building with prayer. It was the first time in the history of the court that a colored clergyman had officiated in that capacity. Rev. Phillips Brooks always performed the service. The scene presented was a noteworthy one, and Marshal Doherty looked proud and Deputy Marshal Clarence V. Smith, the first colored man to occupy the position, showed by his countenance that he was happy.—Boston Republican.

The Amherst football team this year is said to be the strongest in the history of the college. This is largely due to two of the members, Captain William H. Lewis and William T. S. Jackson, both of whom are colored men and natives of Virginia. Since Lewis has been in Amherst he has been the recipient of many honors. Last year he was elected to represent the junior class in the College Senate, and he is the president of the Hitchcock Society of inquiry. He is a good student and a fine speaker and has recently been chosen a commencement orator. Jackson is also a good student as well as athlete, and is very popular with the boys. Another first-class colored football player is W. A. Johnson of the Massachusetts institute of Technology. He is one of the brightest students of the institute, and his unassuming ways and pleasant manners have made him a great favorite with his fellow-students.—New York Tribune.

The inactivity of Afro-Americans in trying to redress wrongs will surely have a bad effect upon them. Of course from the very nature of things, it cannot be expected that they would resent these things with the same zeal to concentrated effort to punish them, that other Americans do. They are not yet far enough removed from past training, but they might do a great deal more than they do. Last week a mob entered the jail at Waycross, Ga., to shoot some prisoners. Everything was dark, and the prisoners escaped by being silent and clinging closely to the side of the wall, while their beds were fairly riddled with bullets. In North Carolina, an Afro-American was hung for stealing a syringe. During the latter part of the week, in another state, a mob broke into the jail, overpowered the sheriff, and killed two Afro-Americans who were suspected of murdering a white man. About the same time people in Louisville, Ky., were protesting against their state adopting a separate car law. The people of South Carolina and Virginia are in a ferment over the same thing. And yet but very little support is given to organizations whose avowed purpose is to redress just such grievances. Just as long as this inactivity lasts will they have to submit to such injustices, and the farther off they put the time when their effort will be concentrated to overcome them, the harder will be the struggle they will have.

The colored people of Louisville, Ky., are very much exercised by the recommendation of the railroad commissioners that separate coaches be provided for their race. At a meeting last night, headed by their ministers, a resolution was adopted asking the legislature to let the subject alone. Judge Taylor's seat is next to the only colored representative, Mr. Cheatham, of North Carolina, and there is no district in the United States whose constituents are more willing to have its representative side by side with a colored man than the Nineteenth of Ohio.—Warren Chronicle.

An Afro-American in the employ of the custom house at Cincinnati, is one of the curiosities of the porkopolis, and of his kind he is a rara avis. Think of it. He is known to have actually refused a raise in salary. Not many of us would be guilty of such a thing; the fact is, most of us are willing to take all the raises we can get, and sigh for more. This man was promoted from a subordinate position. His salary increased from \$600 to \$1,000, but he refused the latter fearing it might act as a tempting bait to some white man who would try to have him ousted. It is said the man is one of the most expert detectors of counterfeit coin in Cincinnati.

From time to time some misguided Negroes are induced to quit the South and emigrate to Liberia. When the remnants come back they are a pitiable lot. A little group has just landed in New York, impoverished and fever-stricken. Leading articles of native diet in that land of false promise are roots and snakes.

This is a world that moves. Joseph P. Thompson, a Virginia slave, was born in 1818. At 16 he ran away. He married and became a preacher in the Zion Methodist Episcopal church. In 1876 he was made a bishop. He is President of the Book Concern and Treasurer of the General Missions. He is a doctor of divinity, and has a medical diploma. He is also considered wealthy. The Bishop and his wife celebrated their golden wedding at Newburg, N. Y., last Wednesday.

Straker for Judge.

Rev. W. M. Gilbert, A. M., President of the Florida Institute, Live Oak, Fla., says: "Having known Mr. Straker for many years, I can readily testify to his eminent legal ability and capability to fill the honorable position of a circuit judge. It is also a pleasure to me to say that Mr. Straker is a man of high moral character, and I feel assured that his appointment will give general satisfaction."

A Bystander's Notes.

[Continued From First Page]

wholly American, and was no doubt largely quickened with us by the long and fervid discussion of the anti-slavery question—a question which appealed to the Northern mind almost wholly through the sense of justice to the weak and oppressed. To Mr. Bryce there is no question of right or wrong in the "Negro problem," so far, at least, as attaches to the Negro himself. Not once, in all his article, does he intimate that actual or fancied injustice may be an important element of the problem he discusses. In stating the facts necessary to a full comprehension of the problem he does not once intimate that any wrong has been done the Negro. He was enslaved, freed, enfranchised; that is all that it is necessary to consider. He does not hint that it was wrong to enslave him; wrong to keep him in enforced ignorance, of wrong to leave him helpless and dependent when emancipated. But the Negro thinks of these very things, and the American people believe in justice.

Some of the statements of Professor Bryce sound queer enough to Americans who read their dull papers. As, for instance, the following: "As regards civil rights, those rights of the citizen which the law gives and protects, equality is complete in the public as well as in the private sphere." Mr. Bryce has taken without discount the comparative statements of the Southern gentlemen who have loaned him their eyes and furnished him with ears for the preparation of this article. That these relations are less is no doubt true, but that they are at frequent than in the old slave times all infrequent no one who listens to the testimony of those who know the truth can afford to deny, and to assert that they are "rare" demands either the blunders of ignorance or the assumption of a "disinterested" British adviser.

In the mouth of almost any one else this would be deemed a very grim joke. Coming from the thrifty Scotchman it almost seems as if he felt bound to earn his foe at whatever sacrifice of truth. Again, he assures us that "These illicit relations of white men with colored women, which were not uncommon in the days of slavery, have almost wholly disappeared, and it is now a rare thing for a child to be born with parents of different colors."

This, too, seems like a joke to any one at all familiar with the facts of Southern life. Evidently, there are other things equally startling, when coolly examined in this article, but perhaps the most strikingly confirmatory of the view the Bystander has taken is the fact that the remedy proposed for political inequality is a little more of the same kind. He sees nothing of injustice in the Mississippi plan of disfranchisement except that he thinks it might be unfairly worked and so give some dissatisfaction to the colored people. The regard to disfranchise he seems to regard as entirely unquestionable, as indeed it would be if in the United States as in England it was a mere concession which could not ripen into a right.

The Bystander will have more to say upon that subject hereafter, and will only call attention to another statement, the character of which discloses at once the inspiration of its author. "A third feature of the situation," he says, "is the fact that the great bulk of the Negroes have not hitherto valued the suffrage and do not greatly resent being deprived of it." The statement needs no comment. To say that a people do not value their citizenship when it took years of terror and bloodshed to prevent them from exercising it at all hazards, merely proves that the writer got his information not from the Negro, but from his oppressors. He has studied the Negro problem, as he would investigate the habits of the orang-outang—by interviewing his keeper.

Albion W. Tourgee.
Mayville, N. Y., Dec. 16.

Some Strife.

There are strife and contention in the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association and prospects of a fair hand exhuming the buried hatchet and waving the bloody shirt, all because Mrs. R. M. Lockett, an estimable American woman of African descent, and a writer of substantial prose for the "Elevator" would like to cast her lot with these thought moulders of the Western press. This suggests that there are now two colored women lawyers, twenty-four doctors, six civil engineers, nineteen photographers, and thirty-two artists. There are also 112 colored women pursuing studies abroad.—New York Sun.

For the Deaf and Dumb.

Miss Rhoda H. Mason, of Knoxville, Tenn., has been matron in the Deaf and Dumb school at Dandridge Pike, near Knoxville, for nearly eleven years. The first two years of the school Miss Mason cared for the children at her own home. After that time the legislature of Tennessee appropriated a sum for its maintenance, and a beautiful home has been purchased for the afflicted children, two miles east of the city. There are 27 acres in the grounds. School opened in September with 24 pupils. The building is only large enough to accommodate a limited number at present, which inconvenience they hope to have remedied next year.

A grand railroad building is to be built in Chicago 2,000 feet long, 70 feet wide, halls to be furnished in marble and glass.

The World of Business.

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

Already 600,000 tons of steel rails have been booked for next year's delivery, and prospects have suddenly brightened up for rails.

During the past week orders for 20,000 freight cars have been placed, and about that many more will be contracted for before Christmas. Iron and steel makers are holding their heads up.

Wheat receipts at 7 "primary" markets in the Northwest are 137,000,000 bushels and 100,000,000 bushels of wheat and flour have been exported. Hundreds of tramp vessels are docking to American ports after grain, and in consequence rates have declined.

Last week, east-bound shipments by rail from Chicago amounted to 94,000 tons, against 73,000 tons same week last year.

The New York Central shows one million dollars more in gross earnings for November than for November last year.

The Missouri river roads are all overcrowded with grain.

There is a very heavy demand for money from large packing houses in the west.

England is going to have one pound notes instead of only five.

There is a growing need for more gold, silver and paper money throughout the world and financiers recognize the fact.

The Dunkirk N. Y. locomotive works has built 2,000 locomotives and is now turning out 20 a month. The Baldwin works at Philadelphia thinks nothing of turning out 20 a week.

Ten car loads of block tin have been shipped from mines in Mexico, 125 miles from the nearest railroad, to the users of tin in the United States. It had to be carried in wagons to the cars.

A large barbed wire mill is to be erected at Denver.

Streets railway motors are wanted faster than they can be turned out.

A large steel works is to be built at Etomast, Ga., on 17,000 acres of iron land by an English syndicate. The demand for merchant steel is so heavy that steel works have to be enlarged.

Labor leaders are contemplating the possibility of presenting demands for higher wages in several industries next spring. The organizations are holding their membership.

Canadian farmers are obliged to ship their products to England, having lost the American market. Five hundred miles of rails have been laid from Algeria, Africa, to the Great Desert, and several hundred artesian wells have been sunk.

Electrical power is to be generated at Niagara Falls by that enormous water fall and carried to Chicago 475 miles, at a cost of \$35 per horse power delivered at Chicago. This will eclipse the great electrical feat of last summer in Germany.

New York and Brooklyn post offices will probably be connected with pneumatic tubes at a cost of \$150,000.

Farmers in the state of Washington have 20,000,000 bushels of wheat to spare and are sending it to New York by way of Cape Horn rather than by rail, and are thus able to undersell Minnesota farmers.

The value of American cereals over last year amounts to \$500,000,000. Ninety pound steel rails are being laid on the New York elevated railroad.

The English financial head center is in favor of having a silver conference.

Minnesota millers say they can ship flour to Russia and undersell the Russians.

Eight "whalebacks" are to be built at Duluth, each will carry 140,000 bushels of wheat. They will be 325 feet long and 25 feet deep. They beat all other vessels for earning money.

English cotton goods manufacturers can only hold their trade in China against Americans by counterfeiting American trademarks.

The average expenses per family of wage workers in the United States for liquors are \$19.60, in Europe \$25.17; for tobacco, \$10.98 here and \$9.47 in Europe.

Pig iron makers average in the United States \$17.61 for liquor per year; bar mill men \$25.10, steel workers \$26.55, coal miners \$16, coke workers \$20.

The average income per individual in Europe is \$38; in the United States, \$21.

The ebb and flow of the tide on the coast at Havre, France, runs electric lights in Paris.

Electric power is to be the motive force in all construction operations at the world's fair.

Coal mining by machinery is coming in.

Ten million dollars worth of gold, silver and lead will be mined within 100 miles of Spokane, Wash. Eastern speculators in mining properties are already prosecuting negotiations for valuable mines.

The Northern Pacific engineers are exhausting their wits to devise where and how to build tunnels under the Cascade river. A 2.12-mile tunnel will be necessary under the Stevens pass.

Irrigation is likely to be tried before long in some of the Eastern states. A great deal of railroad building will soon be undertaken in South America.

At this time 4,000 men are employed at the world's fair.

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, 406 Hastings street.
John Williams, 81 Croghan street.
Cook and Thomas, 42 Croghan street.
Jones and Brewer, 88 1/2 Antoine street.
W. H. Johnson, 409 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.

Trade with our advertisers.

Miss Amanda Luckett has been ill with the grip during the past week.

Mrs. Maria Dolarsen, well known to all old residents of the city, died Monday evening after a short illness from pneumonia, and was buried Thursday at 2:30 p. m., from the Second Baptist church.

Mr. Will Turner, who has been in Chicago for some time, is visiting the city.

St. Matthew's Sunday school will hold their Christmas tree and festival at the Mission house, Wednesday evening, Dec. 30. A number of little girls are preparing under the direction of Mrs. M. E. Lambert, to give old Santa Claus a fine reception.

Another delightful offering was rendered at St. Matthew's last Sunday at the afternoon service, by Miss E. Azalia Smith. The Rev. Dr. Prall officiated.

The Sunday evening bible class is proving a pronounced success at the residence of Mr. T. Lambert. Mrs. Lambert is delighted with the interest displayed by the young gentlemen, and says she will have to make honorable mention of them shortly. They have completed the study of the first season of the church year—Advent—and seem quite prepared for the next holy season of Christmastide. Quotations from the Scriptures form an important feature of the class.

The Rev. John M. Henderson was suddenly called to Chicago last Tuesday, his wife, who is ill there, being worse.

Mr. and Mrs. John Loomis, a boy, 9 1/2 pounds.

Mr. Walter Boyer, of 230 Woodbridge street, is quite sick.

Mrs. Williams, of Calhoun street, was called to Chillicothe, O., last week, to attend the funeral of her father.

Mr. Charles Webb left last Saturday night to spend his holiday vacation with friends in Pittsburg.

John A. Stewart, an old colored man, who lived with his white wife at 414 Alfred street, fell from his chair Sunday evening, and died before a physician arrived. The old couple had been indulging in liquor all day.

Mrs. Thomas Mulberry, of Brady street, has been very ill, but at this writing is improving.

Miss Theresa Smith is spending her vacation in the city.

The Willing Workers will hold their next meeting Thursday, January 7, at the residence of Mrs. E. M. McDonald.

Mrs. Abe Lewis, of Dubois street, has been quite ill during the past week.

PERSONAL.

\$50 in gold in three prizes to any scholar of the public schools of Detroit of the grammar grades or under who will write the best letter to the Editor of Business World. 15 Wilcox Avenue. Call or send for particulars.

Holiday Rates.

For Christmas and New Years the Chicago & West Michigan, and Detroit, Lansing & Northern railways will sell on Dec. 24th, 25th, and 31st, and Jan. 31st, excursion tickets to nearly all points on these and connecting lines, including Chicago. Rate will be one and one-third fare for the round trip, all tickets good to return until Jan. 4th, 1892.

George DeHaven,
General Passenger Agent.

A SUDDEN DEATH.

Suddenly at her home, Wednesday evening, 23rd inst., Mrs. Lottie Wilson passed to the rest of Paradise. Only one week before she was in perfect health, partaking of the Holy Communion on Sunday morning at the early celebration, and at service in the afternoon with children and grandchildren for the last time until she is joined by them in her Father's kingdom.

Her funeral was largely attended last Sunday at 1:30 p. m., from St. Matthew's church, of which she had long been a communicant. She leaves four children, Mr. Al Wilson, who was too ill at Brockport, Mass., to attend his mother's funeral; Mrs. Phil Huntington, Miss Lettie, and Mr. Charles Wilson. So suddenly and swiftly came the stern messenger that it all seems like a terrible dream. The loving fond mother has gone forevermore. The cheerful heart will respond no more to the emotions of earthly life. God grant her eternal rest and peace, and bring all her sorrowing ones once more to her loving arms. May He in His infinite love dry away the tears which must flow, and bind up the wounds which for some reason that we are willing to trust to Him as one of His mysteries. With her there is rest and peace and joy eternal, we trust, in the Paradise of God.

Some day—and time is speeding on rapid wing, ere many moons shall wane, may they, the dear divided household stand blest forevermore in eternal reunion, when there has been enough learned in the school of life to prepare them for the glorious life beyond. The day will soon dawn, and the shadows all flee away.

M. E. Lambert.

AN AFRO-AMERICAN BANKER.

Chattanooga, Tenn., has a Negro bank president who was once a slave, says the Rhodes' Journal of Banking. His name is J. W. White, whom the Chattanooga Times describes as a "courtly" gentleman. The bank has white as well as colored stockholders and loan money impartially to white and black.

The foregoing item has been going the rounds of the press for some time past, and in order to verify it we addressed a letter to Mr. Chas. E. Stivers, cashier of the City Savings Bank of Chattanooga, asking for the facts in the case.

Following is his reply:
Editor Rhodes' Journal of Banking:
Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 11, 1891.

Sir:—Your favor enquiring if enclosed slip is entirely correct is received. Mr. J. W. White is President of the Penny Savings Bank, a bank started by the colored people something over a year ago. A number of prominent white people have given the bank encouragement by taking small amounts of stock. Hon. D. M. Key, Postmaster General under President Hayes, is one of these, and H. Clay Evans, our member of last Congress, I think is another. The paid up stock of the bank is probably about \$7,000, and enough subscribed stock to make the capital \$30,000.

Mr. White was once a slave, as stated in the slip. I knew him first as a school teacher in the city schools six or seven years ago. He has been for a number of years a respected and influential member of the county court, and has served as alderman of the city in a very creditable manner.

The bank does a small business, mostly among the colored people, but has a number of white depositors who put a little money there with philanthropic motives—hoping to make this bank an object lesson to the colored people of the South. I think it has already had an up lifting influence on some members of the colored race in several Southern cities.

A BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

A Benefit Association. It is stated that the Mississippi Co. Operative and Benefit Association, of which Louis J. Winston is Chief Manager, has now on deposit with the Safe Deposit and Trust Company, of Natchez, ten thousand dollars, to credit of Reserve Fund of said association. has also made loans to its members amounting to many thousand dollars, and lends money every month.

The Afro-American Association is the move of a co-operative effort in Owensboro, Ky., with an organized capital of \$10,000, they expect to be ready to do business by Feb. 1892. It is thought that the association will engage in general merchandise. This is Afro-American League principle at work.

Michigan Central Holiday Rates.

On Dec. 24, 25, and 31, and Jan 1st., the Mich. Central will sell Holiday excursion tickets to all points on its line at one and one-third fare for the round trip, limited to return until Jan. 4th, 1892.

Tickets will be on sale on above dates at City Office, 66 Woodward ave., corner Jefferson, and at Depot, foot of Third street.

Changes in Time.

Commencing with Monday, December 7th, a new time table went into effect on the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Ry., as follows:

Mail train formerly leaving Detroit at 11 a. m., leaves at 10:50 a. m.
Steamboat express, formerly leaving at 4:30 p. m., leaves at 4:05 p. m.
Train formerly arriving at Detroit 7:20 a. m., arrives at 7 a. m.
Train formerly arriving at Detroit 11:55 a. m., arrives at 11:50 a. m.
Train formerly arriving at Detroit at 9:50 p. m., arrives at 9:25 p. m.
All other trains and sleeping car service as formerly.

THE FAIR IS SELLING OUT. EVERYTHING MUST GO!

We are going out of our present business within 30 days to open an exclusive housepeeping establishment. The stock of Dry Goods, Millinery, Cloaks, Underwear, Gloves, Hosiery, Umbrellas, Furs, Corsets, Laces, Gents' Furnishings, Toys, Dolls, Etc., must go. Everything is sacrificed to clear the stock by New Year. All house-furnishings on second and third floors are sold below value. A discount of 30 per cent is given on Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Wall Paper, Pictures, Children's Carriages, Etc.

On third floor Crockery, Glassware, Plated Ware, Lamps, Clocks, Kitchen and Laundry Utensils, are marked way below regular prices.

No other house can or will offer such bargains.

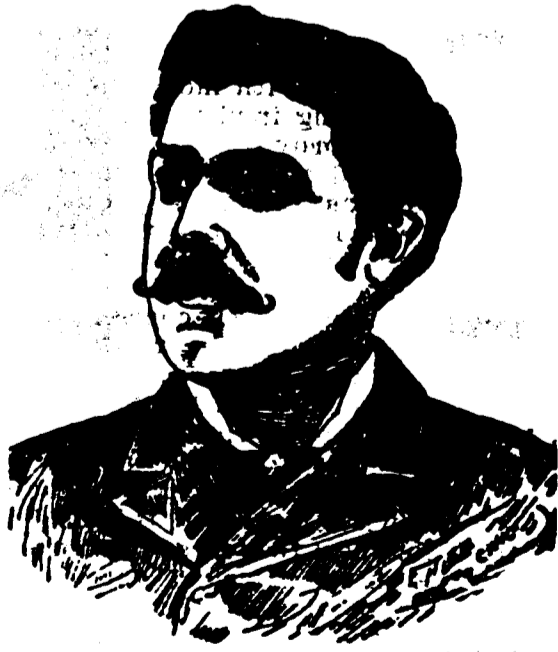
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And Ways" is especially designed for women and each week will be of interest to them.

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

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Lace Curtains and Prompt
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41 and 43 MONROE VE.
Courteous treatment is sure to be accorded at those places which advertise in the Plaindealer. Trade where your trade is wanted.

BEST WAY TO INVEST \$100

Gov. Elect Flower Would
Real Estate and Mr.
Depew a Bond.

KEEP FROM SPECULATION.

Varying Ideas of Well-Known
Men as to the Best Way of
Investing That Sum.

Hundreds of thousands of thrifty young men and women throughout the United States, who are ambitious to secure a competency for their old age, are at a loss to know how to invest their small savings to advantage. There is scarcely a successful business man in New York who does not receive in his mail every morning requests for information as to the best way to invest small sums of money.

But business men have not time or inclination these inquiries. With a view of obtaining some opinions on the subject, a reporter called a few days ago upon some of the most prominent and successful business men of the country, and asked them to give their opinions of the best way to invest \$100.

Governor-elect Roswell P. Flower had scarcely recovered from the strain of his campaign, but he lost no time in turning the subject over in his mind.

"If I had a hundred dollars to invest and lived in a thriving town," he said, "I should put it in real estate. I should make that my bank for the reason that we have only about twenty people to the square mile in this country, and a better government than any other country in the world.

"France has less population according to her territory than England, Germany, Italy, or Belgium. If I am correctly informed on the subject, the populations to the square mile of those countries are: England, 302, Germany, 223, Italy, 271, Belgium 544 and France 184. As immigration comes in and settles this country, as it will, and our population rises near the point of the French Republic, the price of land must advance. You can not duplicate land; you can duplicate railroad stocks and bonds and other corporate property."

The governor-elect said that from the surplus population of the old countries the square acres of the United States are becoming rapidly settled. In referring to England he quoted from Goldsmith's passage on "The Deserted Village:"

A time there was, ere England's grief began,
When every rod of ground contained
Its man.

Mr. Henry Clews, who has earned a reputation for his sound judgment in all matters relating to investments, said:

"The best investment for \$100 is to place it in a good savings bank and make the foundation to build upon by frequent additions to it. When the amount gets large enough the first acquisition of property should buy a homestead, and when that is accomplished, it will give such comfort and peace of mind to the owner and his family as to make life worth the living.

"When a man is known to own his house it gives him a status in the community greater than anything else. It also gives him an established credit which, when obtained, if judiciously and conservatively used, will make it much easier to acquire this world's goods.

"The best citizens are those who own in fee their homes and their contents, for it develops qualities in a man's nature that may otherwise remain dormant or hidden like a light under a bushel.

"Among these qualities are pride of position, which will keep a man respectable; the love of country, which will make him a patriot, and almost more than anything else, contribute to make him, not only respected by his neighbors and friends, but also a good and faithful husband and a loving parent. No surer foundation can be laid to build upon than this, for the attainment of riches. First obtain a proper start, however small, and continue to build up slowly but surely. Nothing can be more strongly demonstrated than the growth of the huge, rugged oak from the original acorn."

Dr. Chauncey M. Depew advised that the \$100 should be made to grow to a thousand before being invested in any enterprise.

"Put it in the savings bank," said the Doctor, "where it can draw compound interest, and add to it as you can until it becomes a thousand. Then consult some wise, conservative banker and invest it in a gilt-edged bond which can be registered. There is no investment for \$100 except to put it into a savings bank that is absolutely safe. Of course, a banker familiar with securities could select some stock which would be perfectly safe and put \$100 in that, but a small investor has no facilities for finding out what stocks are safe and what are not. The chances are that if he went to inquire he would meet speculative gentlemen who would land his \$100 in some mining or other similar scheme that promised large returns and that would be the end of it."

Mr. Erastus Wiman is of the opinion that "the best way to invest \$100 is to buy a share in some well-

managed local building and loan association. These associations represent the aggregate savings of their members, and the money is invested only in houses built by one of their own number. The investment is therefore a very safe one, because men will pay for their homes and the interest due thereon sooner than they would pay for anything else. The money can be withdrawn, if need be, while it rests with the society, and it pays as good an interest as any other safe enterprise can afford. Compared with the savings bank it yields about twice the interest, while the security is generally just as good.

"Of course, all depends upon management, but taken as a whole the money of the poor people put into building loan associations has been more honestly administered by the poor people themselves than has been any other financial trust in the country. In proportion to the enormous amount invested, which now reaches over \$700,000,000—reaching that of the capital of all national banks—the amount of defalcations has been infinitesimal.

"The rate of interest paid has been larger, the purpose accomplished nobler, and the security just as safe as that of the average railroad, bank, mortgage, or insurance investment. I put \$100 away every month in a building and loan association, conscious that it is the very best investment that I can make. By it I am enabled to insure my life for \$20,000, and I am all the time accumulating, not only the principal, but interest, which has thus far averaged 10 per cent.

"My vote is for the building loan associations, which movement represents the most economic sense of the times, and which has gone forward without any leadership from a great financier or any impulse from a great philanthropist, but illustrates better than anything else has yet illustrated that benign sentiment of government of the people, for the people, and by the people."

"Uncle" Rufus Hatch, who has lost over a million dollars in Wall street, does not recommend any "high-flying" investment. His advice for putting out \$100 was to "go slow," and he added: "If you can find a solvent savings bank, put the \$100 there, and be satisfied with three or four per cent. interest. It would seem, however, from recent disclosures, that national banks and savings banks and all other banks are more or less open to criticism. The vast majority of the public do not know how to take care of their savings and are easily induced to put them wherever they are promised a big per cent. interest.

"The truth is, as stated by a statistician friend, that there is only one man out of 32,000 who is at all capable of caring for himself. This accounts for the few wise and clever men becoming presidents of corporations, of railroads with a system, of banks or trust companies. These men, as the Irishman has aptly put it, 'ride in chaises,' while the others must 'walk by blazes.'

"However this may be," and "Uncle" Rufus looked very serious, "under any and all events, keep out of Wall street. Teach the public to shun its precincts. It is simply suicide for a man to go into Wall street with \$100. If he had \$100,000,000, that might do. My advice to thrifty persons is to keep the \$100 saved and keep adding to it until it has accumulated to a reasonable amount. Buy then an annuity for life or a paid-up life insurance for your wife and children."

GEN'L ARMSTRONG'S WORK.

At a meeting in the old South Meeting House, Boston, referring to the work of General Armstrong at the Hampton institute, Bishop Brooks said: "It is impossible to think of Hampton without thinking of Armstrong, or of Armstrong without thinking of Hampton. I am anxious that this should not be a meeting full of pity for General Armstrong, for if any man is to be congratulated, it is he. See what the privilege is that has been given to him, to lay a firm grasp upon the problem which would have appalled any other man. It is a privilege to do what he has done. He has given a voice to the dumb, and has set free the imprisoned. He has been a later Garrison, a later Lincoln, carrying forward the work they began. He has caused men to feel impulses that they never felt before. He has taught men to be generous, and there is nothing to be done happier than that. If it be the will of God that he should be called back to us, let us not come to console him, but to offer him our hands and our purses, and ask for the privilege of sharing them with him."

FINDLAY, OHIO.

Findlay, O., Dec. 14.—A large audience listened very attentively to Rev. Mason last Sunday night. He preached on the plausibility of Dr. Taylor's location of hell.

Mrs. C. M. Johnson, who has been in Lima for about two months has returned. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will commence house keeping on Liberty st. where they will be at home to their many friends the last of this week. Quite a number of young people met at Mr. and Mrs. T. A. York's, Wednesday evening, to say good by to Miss Ella Evans, who left Thursday morning for Michigan.

Mr. B. F. Allen, goes to Ada to day.

Mr. W. H. Gray, who is working in the treasury department at Washington, D. C. is in the city visiting his family and other friends.

Mr. W. H. Woodson, left here last Sunday morning for Cincinnati, where

he will spend a few days, after which he will go to Indiana, where he will commence his new duties as general agent for a book entitled "The Queen of Home". Both the church and Sunday school as well as a host of personal friends will miss Mr. Woodson and hope that he will be successful in his new labors.

Mr. J. H. Hews of West Mansfield, is in the city visiting friends.

Dec. 21.—The ladies of the Church Aid Society are making great preparations for the fair and festival which commences Wednesday and continues until Saturday night.

The weather here gives no token of the near approach of Christmas, as it is clear and very pleasant.

Mr. Charles Scott is able to be out again.

Mrs. Pompee of Lima, is here visiting her daughter Mrs. Charles Scott.

The program for the Literary Tuesday night is fine. One week from Tuesday night the question for discussion is "Resolved that more men are saved through fear of punishment than from hope of reward, affirmative T. A. York; negative, Prof. T. J. Bond

Miss Minnie Dyer of Postoria, is in the city this week.

Miss Maggie Everts is quite sick.

Cassopolis Dec. 12.—We wish the Plaldealer a merry Christmas.

Mrs. David Talbot of Michigan city, is the guest of Mrs. Laura Beverly.

Mrs. Z Beverly is visiting relations in Goshen Ind.

John James of South Bend, spent Sunday in our city.

Arch Calloway the grocer at Day was in town Monday buying Christmas goods.

Isaac S. James of Kansas city, a brakeman on the Union Pacific R. R., after 22 years absence returned on the 18th. He finds the old landmarks of his boyhood day very much changed, and but few relations left to recognize.

Our city has a new enterprise; a steam laundry situated on the bank of Sone lake, a soft water reservoir. This is the only laundry in the state that uses soft water.

W. B.

Mrs. Stowe's Last Days

The gifted authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," now 80 years of age, is said to be failing rapidly. A gentleman who recently visited her home in Hartford tells me that she has failed very much of late and her mind is so clouded that she cannot talk consecutively on any subject. She is not confined to her room and she does not require a physician's care, but her friends are apprehensive that the end is not far off. A great many letters still come to her, but these she does not see. She is constantly under surveillance. Her last days are made as pleasant as wealth and kind friends can make them but she seems to know nothing of what is going on about her, and, indeed, is almost as helpless as a child.

All the world is familiar with her literary work, but it is not generally known that her venture as a writer was in the shape of an epitaph placed on a slab over the grave of a pet cat. It was written when she was 8 years of age. It seems that poor puss, of whom the child was very fond, had a fit and acted so badly that her father shot it. There was a flood of tears, of course, and then came the cat's funeral. The next day the future great authoress wrote these lines:

Here lies poor kit,
Who had a fit
And acted queer.
Killed with a gun.
Her race is run,
And she lies here!

There is not much sentiment expressed, but the facts seem to be all straight. For days after the funeral the child visited the grave and wept copiously at the untimely end of puss.

Mrs. Stowe's books still sell well. And she will go down into history with the great distinction of having done as much as, if not more than, any one single person to break the shackles and make millions of men and women free. She needs no other monument.

Being Crowded West.

Kingfisher, Ok., Dec. 19.—Four car loads of Negroes came into Oklahoma this morning on the Rock Island railroad from Memphis, Tenn. Half of them, being about twenty families, or an aggregate of about eighty persons, stopped here and the others went to El Reno. They claim to be well provided with money, horses and mules, farming implements, household goods, and provisions. They were all well clothed and are evidently of the superior class of colored people. They had been led to believe that the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation would be opened to settlement by the 1st of January. Of course, this cannot be done, as the work of allotting the lands of this reservation cannot be resumed until after Congress makes an appropriation for this purpose.

As every house of every character in this town is occupied it was impossible for them to secure even temporary shelter here. During the day the greater portion of them were taken up into the Black Jack country, North of the Cimarron, and distributed among the colored people of that part of the country, where they will have to remain several months. They report that they are to be followed by several hundred more from Tennessee and other portions of the South. The wildest excitement prevailed all night over Secretary Noble's decision giving 150 acres more to the town-sites.

Mrs. Leonard Ogden, of Battle Creek, committed suicide by taking rat poison while suffering from melancholy. She was a young woman, 21 years old, whose domestic relations were always happy.

Peninsular Savings Bank.

94 Griswold Street.

Capital, - - - - \$500,000.

Four per cent Interest paid on Savings Deposits.

Accounts solicited and every accommodation extended consistent with safe banking.

JOSEPH B. MOORE, Cashier.

THE DIME SAVINGS BANK

Open Every Evening.

4 PER
CENT

Pays 4 per cent. on all Savings Deposits. Money deposited before the 5th will draw interest from 1st of month.

53,000 Pleased Purchasers!

Weber, Boardman & Gray and
Newby & Evans Pianos.

If you would like to join this army and become the
possessor of one of these Superb Pianos, call at

LING'S MUSIC HOUSE,
67 Monroe Avenue, corner Randolph Street.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE
Huron National Bank
of
Detroit, Mich.
At Detroit, in the State of Michigan, at the close of business, Dec. 2, 1891.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$2,767,854 88
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	1,253 04
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	50,000 00
Stocks, securities, claims, etc.	20,847 50
Due from approved reserve ag'ts.	811,897 92
Due from other national banks	148,286 75
Due from state banks and banks	79,460 81
Premiums on U. S. bonds	7,500 00
Checks and other cash items	2,413 10
Exchanges for clearing-house	97,016 11
Bills of other banks	51,245 00
Fractional paper currency, notes and cents	206 58
Specie	106,286 50
Legal tender notes	195,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2,250 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund	1,000 00
Total	\$5,811,656 12

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus fund	45,000 00
Undivided profits	84,439 01
National bank notes outstanding	42,800 00
Individual deposits subject to check	397,756 11
Demand certificates of deposit	646,874 53
Cashier's checks outstanding	2,453 17
Certified checks	1,377 60
Due to other national banks	488,081 97
Due to state banks and bankers	652,890 75
Total	\$5,811,656 12

State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss: I, Julius P. Gilmore, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. P. GILMORE, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of December, 1891.
CHARLES H. AYERS,
Notary public, Wayne county, Mich.
Correct—Attest:
A. E. F. WHITE,
JAMES E. DAVIS, } Directors.
F. W. HAYES.

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Paper 3, 4 and 5c per Roll.
White - 6 cts
Gilt - 8 and 10
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Paper Hanging
and Decorating.
James Cliff
210 Michigan Avenue.

A. Laitner,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
White Wash, Kalsomine, Paint, Varnish
Horse Scrub Shoe, Hair and Cloth
BRUSHES, ETC.
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TELEPHONE 262.

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Painting In All Branches.
Dealer in Wall Paper.
Paper Hanging and Freecooling
Wall Paper 5 cents per Roll.
630 MICHIGAN AVENUE.

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—SMOK—
"VIM,"
THE BEST 5c CIGAR ON EARTH
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FLINN & DURFEE'S
One Quart 30c Two Quarts 50c One
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Boarding Houses.
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204 MICHIGAN AVENUE.

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Their Widows, Children,
Mothers, Fathers, Sisters
and Brothers entitled to
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Soldiers and Sailors who have become
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Are entitled to pension—regardless of
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sands of claims heretofore reject-
ed are now good.
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Undertakers AND
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Our Washington Special.

The Sudden Death of Senator Plumb—Who Will Be His Successor.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 22. Special Correspondence.

The sudden death of Senator P. S. Plumb, of Kansas, by apoplexy, Sunday, forms one of the absorbing topics in this city, and scarce had his blood become cold before speculation was rife as to who would be his successor. For nearly twelve years Senator Plumb has occupied a conspicuous place in the Senate. He was a man of strong individuality, had a great faculty for work, and the impress of his mind is to be found on a great deal of the legislation of the past decade. He was not a brilliant man like Senator Ingalls, but he was feared almost as much as an opponent as his more gifted and caustic colleague. Strongly Republican, yet at times he kicked over party traces in the advocacy of measures antagonistic to the enunciated principles of the party. Like most of the Western Senators he was in favor of free coinage, but the record does not show that while advocating free coinage that he betrayed his party with other Silver Senators by voting to shelve the election measure to which the National Republican party in convention assembled pledged the American people to pass. In appearance he was one of the most picturesque figures in the Senate. He was tall and burly, his head was large and hair always disheveled, and he wore a pugnacious chin whisker, his clothes looked well worn and almost shabby. In debate his long arms used to swing like the sails of a windmill, and he had peculiar mannerisms in speech. The actor Crane in his impersonation of the Senator used him as a study.

Yesterday the legislative, executive, judiciary departments of the Government, with representatives of foreign powers, paid the last tribute of affection. In the Senate, Senator Peffer made the formal announcement of his death. His body was taken to the station and from there to his home at Emporia, Kas.

In the corridors of the capitol, in the streets and avenues, in mansion and at club, two topics are uppermost. Who will be Senator Plumb's successor? The present legislature of Kansas is controlled by the Farmers' Alliance, so it is not at all likely that Governor Humphrey will convene it for such a purpose. Sunday the general opinion seemed to be that ex-Senator Ingalls would be appointed, but now it transpires that the Governor and he are open enemies. Several prominent Kansans are spoken of as willing to serve out the unexpired term. It is even hinted that perhaps Gov. Humphreys himself might wish to occupy the vacant seat, and speculation is rife and wild, as only the people that come to and live in the capitol city can make it, and the "know-alls" and the men who look mysterious and wise abound in large numbers.

The other absorbing question, that eclipses even this, is how Speaker Crisp is going to make up his principal committees, what he is going to do with "Brer" Mills, and what effect the ignoring of this gentleman will have upon the party. Speaker Crisp has worried so much over this, and is so worn out by the contest for the speakership, that he lies sick abed at his home in the city. Some correspondence has passed between the two, in which the Speaker has asked "Brer" Mills to be second on the committee of Ways and Means, of which he was chairman during the last congress, and "Brer" Mills has refused. To all intents and purposes it looks as if he was to be ignored. Congressman Springer will most likely be made chairman of the most important committee, while McMillan of Tennessee, will be chairman of the committee on Rules, and the leader of his party in the house. Neither of these gentlemen will ever startle the world by brilliant statesmanship or leadership. The large Democratic majority is going to prove unwieldy, and the dissatisfaction that will arise, no matter how the principal committees are selected, or who are to lead, will prove a stumbling block, and the natural aptitude of the party for blundering will be aided. "Brer" Mills is still sulking, and still wondering what struck him in the caucus for the speakership, and very likely the following from the New York Sun gives an exact idea of his state of mind at present:

My name is Mills?
Think so?
Well it isn't!
It's Mud,
And thank the Lord
There's no duty on Mud!
Free as the air of heaven,
Free as the laugh of girls,
Free as a railroad pass,
Free as the song of birds,
Free as my Free Trade,
Free as an Income Tax,
Is Mud,
And that's me!

The junior Senator of Michigan, McMillan, is chairman of the committee on the District of Columbia. To the people of the District this is the most important committee of all. It has almost exclusive control of its affairs. Among Afro-Americans he is not very well known here save that it was at his home where the Republican caucus decided to defer the election measure, that his support of it was lukewarm, and that he is quoted as saying that he didn't believe in an educational measure for the South, as it was beginning to thoroughly occupy its own field in this work. Of

course all persons conversant with the facts know that the South is not able to take care of its ignorance, and if it were not for the millions sent there by Northern philanthropy it would hardly hold its own.

Afro-Americans are speculating over the chances of one of the race being appointed to the new circuit court. The President has already appointed six of the nine judges, and two of these are Democrats. Will he appoint either Mr. Straker or Mr. Langston as one of the three yet to be selected, or will he appoint one of them to the Court of Claims, or to one of the places made vacant by the promotion of two district court judges to the new court? It certainly would be a coup d'état if he should appoint an Afro-American to the new Circuit Court, for there is more dissatisfaction among Afro-Americans in the different states than has ever before existed, and already Democratic and independent clubs are forming and planning for work for next year. Tariff discussion, or even the pledge to pass a national election measure, in view of the position taken by the last Republican congress, will not avail to quell this discontent, but a new departure of this kind, that will add to the race dignity and give it a position and strength not yet had in the Republic would serve to unify their ranks and create enthusiastic support of the Republican ticket, no matter who heads it.

Last week I wrote of the movement protesting against the color line as it existed in the city. A second meeting was held in the Baptist church on R street on the 10th. This was not a continuation of the former meeting, but a new one led by persons who did not endorse the previous gathering. The meeting was very incoherent in its character. While many of the wrongs of the race were touched upon no one seemed to be able to propose a plan of action, except one scheme, worthy of Bellamy, for providing Afro-American people with homes. In the debates personalities was the leading feature of the occasion, and all the speakers were frequently interrupted. Some good, hard truths were said, however, as for instance, E. R. Pollard said the Afro-American wanted only the right guaranteed by law, that his money should admit him to any public place and be good in any store. He saw more prejudices among colored people of the District than between white and black. When a colored barber turned away his own race they should put their feet on his neck.

Prof. W. H. Scott, the chairman of the meeting, said that a business man must invest his money where it would bring the best returns. Colored capitalists did not propose to have the rabble who could not earn money dictate how they should spend it. The advent of the newly wedded couple, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Terrell, has created quite a stir in society circles. "Don."

TOLEDO, OHIO.

Toledo, O., Dec. 21.—Mrs. Postal Smith and son were the guests of Mrs. John Brown last week.

Mrs. John Goodall is visiting her mother in Jackson, Mich., during the holidays.

Mrs. Nancy Bell, of Missouri street, expects to leave the 24th for Jackson, where she will spend a few days with her daughter, Miss George Jones.

Mr. W. M. A. Vena expects to leave for Columbus, where he will spend a few weeks with friends.

There will be a grand entertainment held in the A. M. E. church through the holiday for the benefit of the church.

Mrs. Joe Dallas is again on the sick list.

The old mothers of the church expect to have a grand time during Christmas week, and the different lodges and societies will have a parade Saturday, after which a sermon by our worthy pastor, Elder Ross.

The Baptist church is progressing nicely, and the members are much interested in its welfare.

Mrs. Roper, of John street, will visit her mother during the holidays.

The A. M. E. Sunday school has changed its time, and meets now at noon instead of at 3 o'clock.

A number of young ladies and gents expect to take a party up to Perrysburg Friday evening, where they will spend an enjoyable evening.

The Literary society was largely attended Monday evening. It is progressing nicely.

ANOTHER VALEDICTORIAN.

In the course of an extensive article upon the success of the Brooklyn College of Pharmacy, which has only been established ten years, the Brooklyn Citizen says: "The members of the senior class have already elected the officers of the class. The young man whom they have elected as valedictorian of '92 is Mr. J. Francis Smith, a young colored man who stands high in the estimation of the faculty and the students. Mr. Smith is a promising young man, of excellent talents and good qualities, and these qualifications have been duly recognized by the class in electing him as the valedictorian of the class. It will be the first time in the history of any college of pharmacy that a young colored man has been honored as a valedictorian. Mr. Smith will doubtless come up to the expectation of the class, and fill the position with credit to the college."

Harrison H. Terrel, was admitted to the bar at Charlottesville, Va., Dec. 14th. He is the second Afro-American admitted at that place. The first was R. C. O. Benjamin, now a minister of the A. M. E. Zion connection.

ADRIAN NOTES.

Adrian, Mich., Dec. 28.—My theme for this week will be mainly "La grippe and its victims." Although blessed with a strong constitution myself and laying no claims to belong to the ranks of fashion, I, in common with a host of others, have been forced to succumb to the popular complaint, but as there are at least twenty other victims, I have the advantage in my misery of having plenty of company.

The sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Lottie Wilson reached here Friday. She was the sister of Mr. Thomas Wilson, of this city, and his sons, Albert and Durreize, went to Detroit Friday to attend the funeral. Mr. Durreize Wilson returned Monday. Mr. Albert Wilson will remain till Thursday.

Mrs. Henrietta Harris left for Toledo, Monday evening, on a business trip. She will be gone until Thursday, and reports everything booming in the swamp city.

Miss Lydia Myers arrived last week from Kalamazoo. She will reside here in future with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Griffin.

Mr. Tom Rankin, of Chicago, is visiting his brother, Mr. John Ford. He will remain two or three weeks.

Mr. J. Ross returned Monday to his home in Lansing. He has been traveling very extensively in the West during the past 15 months.

Miss Freeman has lost the use of her right arm from the effects of rheumatism.

Mr. Thomas Wilson, who has been confined to his home for the past week with the grip, is able to resume business again. Miss Cora is also improving.

Mr. Chas. Clanton has recovered from an attack of the grip, but his wife is still ill.

Mrs. M. Craig, Mr. James Foster and Mrs. Dollie Brown are recovering from the grip, and Mr. Chas. Dean and Miss Mary Perry are confined to their homes with the same complaint.

Mr. John Miller returned last week from a visit with friends at Kalamazoo.

The social at the Second Baptist church was fairly well attended and about \$6 realized.

Mrs. Will Simpson will entertain company during the holidays. Miss Cora Clanton will also entertain several friends.

Rumor has it that there will be several swell parties given here in the near future. So shake out your "full dress."

Don't be surprised if one of our young gentlemen should go over to a neighboring town and bring back a bride. It seems to be written that way.

The Honorable D. A. Straker, of Detroit, will lecture at Crowell's opera house, Wednesday evening, Jan. 27. The following gentlemen have consented to act as committee: Judge Lane, Major Robbins, Mayor Hoch, Rev. W. H. Brown, Dr. H. W. Smith and the Rev. R. Gillard. The prospects are that the professor will be greeted by a crowded house.

The Christmas entertainment of the Baptist Sunday school will be held on Christmas night. That of the Methodist school will be given on Christmas Eve.

The Plaindealer is booming here and may be had by leaving orders at 112 Main street, or at Mr. Wilson's shop. Merry Christmas. "Pop."

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Battle Creek, Dec. 21.—Sunday being and exceptionally fine day quarterly meeting was very largely attended and was a success both financially and spiritually. The collections for the day was \$20. The Rev. Colman of Marshall preached at 10:30 and the Rev. J. M. Henderson preached in the afternoon and evening.

Rev. Hill being very unwell did not enjoy the service as usual, but fortunately he was ably assisted. To say the church presented a fine appearance would be putting it mild, with its new roof, new paper on the wall and ceiling richly decorated.

It is said that none love darkness rather than light. This does not apply to the A. M. E. church judging from the fine electric lights that illuminate that cozy edifice. The new window shades, new carpet on the rostrum and matting in the aisle improves the church wonderfully. A grand entertainment is to be given by the Knights of Pythias of Battle Creek, assisted by several Knights from Trinity lodge, No. 1, of Detroit. Remember the date 1st Jan. 92 at Centennial hall. The committee will spare no pains to make this a brilliant affair every body is invited.

At the quarterly conference Saturday evening the license of Mr. Colman of Marshall renewed.

Mrs. D. Buckner 32 South Jefferson st. was very agreeably surprised last week, Monday evening by her friends week, Monday evening by her friends.

The evening was pleasantly spent with games and fine literary and musical program. And instrumental solo by master Burt Buckner and Miss Linna Craig caused much comment. Also the vocal solo by Misses Blanch Snodgrass, and Ida Correathers. Miss Brown, Miss Johnson, Miss Carrie Snodgrass, entertained the guests with singing.

Rev. N. H. Gurby, spent Sunday in Allegan.

Mr. Sebott, is the guest of her brother Mr. Allen Davis.

Miss Carrie Jones, is better. Mr. E. R. Buckner, is also regaining his health.

Mrs. Eva Hamilton and Mrs. Anna Moss of Kalamazoo, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Mannel, last week, they returned home to day.

La grippe has made its appearance our city again, several are sick.



\$5.00 FORMER PRICE \$7.00! \$5.00 FORMER PRICE \$7.00!
Forward at once Photograph, Tin-type or Daguerreotype, and have a Beautiful Permanent Portrait enlarged, 14x17 elegantly framed and complete, **FOR \$5.00**
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H. RIDIGER, MERCHANT TAILOR,

194 Randolph Street,
PANTS to order from \$4 upward.
SUITS to order from \$20 upward.
H. Ridiger, 194 Randolph Street.
Miner's Opera House Block.

No Color Line in Labor.
Birmingham, Ala., At the meeting of the American Federation of Labor, a dispute occurred over the correctness of the vote on the election of Second Vice-President W. A. Carney of Pittsburgh. Carney resigned but was immediately properly elected. The boycott on all beer manufactured at Milwaukee was raised, and also on Miller, Hall & Hartwell of Troy, collar and cuff manufacturers. Delegate Campbell of West Virginia (colored) president temporarily. A resolution presented by Mr. Harding, that the Federation draw the color line was overruled. Majority and minority reports were made one the eight-hour movement. The majority favored it, while the minority wanted ten hours. The majority prevailed and the fight will be continued.

AGENTS WANTED.
A book may be greater than a Latin.—Bacon's
A good book is the best friend.—Tupper.
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ITS EDITORS
By I. GARLAND PENN.
CHRONIC OF THE AFRICAN RACE AND THE HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF COLOR
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In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. \$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial order, for \$5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., Cor. William and John Sts., N. Y.

COOK AND THOMAS' NEW BANNER BARBER SHOP
Brush Street between Maccomb and Gratiot Ave.

Messrs. Cook and Thomas take pleasure in inviting their many patrons and the general public to patronize their new shop "on the finest" in the state. Every convenience. First class workmen. Every thing new and neat. Pleasant quarters. Call.

Hot and Cold Baths,
WITH SHOWER or PERFUMERY.
Bath Rooms reserved for Ladies Fridays, 2 to 4 p. m. Complete service.

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JOHN BREITMEYER & SONS.
Florists & Rose Growers
Popular Flowers in their Season
Choice Collection of Tropical Plants on Exhibition,
Cor. Gratiot and Miami Avenues.
DETROIT - - - MICH.



FASHION'S FANCIES.

A fan which is very pretty has chiffon ruffles put on full between the sticks, which fall in soft cascades and give a very breezy effect to it.

The custom of women proposing during Leap Year originated away back in the 13th century, when good old Queen Margaret of Scotland, decreed that during her reign one year in four every maiden should have the privilege of proposing to the man of her choice, who, not being able to prove a previous engagement was forced to accept the proposal or be fined one hundred pounds.

Way back in the remote ages of antiquity, fair woman took thought for her complexion. Every one has heard of the famous Nnon d'Endos, whose bath was of distilled dew, and it is told of a famous baroness in the time of Louis Philippe, that to promote the beauty of her complexion she lived entirely on oranges.

Dear to the heart of every housekeeper are lunch cloths, center pieces and doilies. In some of them the designs are stamped close to the edge of the material and worked with button-hole, long and short stitch, after which the material is cut away with sharp pointed scissors.

Worth, the arbiter of fashions in Paris, and in some degree throughout the fashionable world is perhaps quite as much a work of art as some of his creations, and our readers may be curious to know a little of how this autocrat of fashions looks when seen in all his glory in his establishment in the Rue de la Paix.

Worth is rather a good-looking man, of fifty-five, with a genial face and bright eyes. He is not a tall man, and looks very sleek and well fed.

The Good Samaritans are growing rapidly, having applications almost every week. Mrs. Mary Roadman was taken very ill Sunday but is now better.

There will be a concert given by the Baptist church, Wednesday Dec. 29. Mr. Joseph Postal is a gain coming to the Occidental.

The Southern Pacific averages about 1,500 tons of freight per day to Eastern points.

the widow she had dainty Nile green night-dresses costing \$50 each. This,



A "WORTH" BALL DRESS.

Worth declared, was not his taste. There was a stunning wedding recently in the Chapel of the Sacre Coeur, where Mile. Carlotta de Escandon was married amid great splendor to the Duke of Montelhand in the presence of many distinguished French and Spanish personages.

The bride's white satin gown was simply trimmed with orange blossoms. The veil of tulle was edged with old Mechlin lace. The bridegroom's mother wore a gown of old Venetian red velvet trimmed with sibiline. A cloak to match was lined with pale blue.

A novelty in feather boas is one in black ostrich feathers just long enough to tie once and fall to the top of the bust. These are quite as pretty as the long ones and have the advantage of never being in the way.

Hair pins, back combs and combs sparkle with diamonds. Jewel hats-pins are seen everywhere and are very dainty. White gloves are still worn with street dresses, but gloves in shades of beige are fast becoming more popular.



THE "CROWN ALL" COIFFURE.

Evening gowns and chiffons are prettier this year than ever. Spangled nets are much used.

The inexpensive ball gown shown is white satin covered with white gauze spangled with silver. A deep corselet made of pale and yellow ribbons, headed by a band of silver lace, was all the trimming on this dainty little gown.

YPSILANTI JOTTINGS.

Ypsilanti, Dec. 21.—The A. M. E. church is doing better than they have for years, under Rev. Davis' charge. He preached a very eloquent sermon Sunday morning.

The Old Reliable will give a grand masquerade ball the 31 at Light Guard hall.

There will be a concert given by the Baptist church, Wednesday Dec. 29. Mr. Joseph Postal is a gain coming to the Occidental.

The ladies Lyceum met with Mrs. Georgie Hayes. Some very interesting topics were discussed.

Alonza Beckwith who has been in Cleveland, had one of his fingers amputated and is now home.

Mrs. Elisabeth Davis is improving in health. Mrs. Almada Morton and Misses Warren's will spend holidays in Windsor, and vicinity.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Well, I must say!" Joseph Bascom stood in the kitchen door and looked about him with much disgust. "Ironing too! I thought it was regularly understood, Maria, that you were a boarder here!"

"Well, I am, brother," Miss Maria, rejoined in all good faith. "I pay my \$6 every Saturday night in my life." "Yes, I guess that's about what there is of it," Mr. Bascom hid a smile in his handkerchief. "Don't these Conways ever do any work, Maria? I suppose you took a hand in the washing Monday, didn't you?"

To his astonishment his sister began a voluble excuse: "It was the first time, Joseph, upon my word. Of course I've hung them out, ye know—mild weather an' like that—just to get th' things out o' th' way. But this week Miss Conway had company comin', an' I'd just as leave. There really weren't no reason—"

"Maria Bascom ain't overly smart," the neighbors used to say in cruel, country bluntness; but that any human being could impose upon such docile trust and childlike innocence had never entered her brother's brain to believe.

He stood staring at her in grieved surprise for a moment and then, with the air of a man used to his own way and to much management, announced his decision:

"I'll tell you this, Maria: You go up-stairs and pack your trunk and tonight we go back to New York together. I guess our house is big enough to hold my sister and you won't have any washing to do there. Go on." He waved her to the door. "I'll settle with the Conways and they'll learn a little wisdom before they're many days older, I reckon."

Poor Miss Maria, used always to obedience to some stronger will, scarcely knew how it came about—this sudden transplanting from her old home and its dear associations to Joseph's awe-inspiring city house. Probably Mrs. Bascom, who was somewhat her husband's superior, and the Misses Bascom, who went a little farther up the social ladder, did not welcome this addition to the family with great enthusiasm. But, being the best-hearted folks in the world, they made Aunt Maria as comfortable as possible; gave her a pretty room, and, perhaps—as busy people, and only human, too—did not very very much regret that she staid a good deal in the room they gave her.

Indeed, the newcomer found herself sadly at a loss in an establishment where everything went by clockwork, where her own service was in no way needed, and where there were no children—the little Conways had been many. She was most at ease with the servants, and soon made great friends with Molly, the second girl, who was from what Miss Maria called "over our way," and whose Yankee acuteness had not been long in gauging the little old woman's capacity afloat.

"Th' folks up-stairs," she said to the cook, "act like they thought their aunt was the same as them. What she wants is to be treated childish; and it only frustrates 'er, their makin' out she's grown up as anybody. 'Tan't right; they ought to understand."

The cook assented to this. "What d'ye s'pose she's trettin' about now?" Molly queried, flourishing a dishcloth. "She say 'tis this mornin'—"

"Why," says she, "here 'tis the middle o' November, an' ye ain't heard a word o' Christmas yet! Don't they make much o' Christmas in New York, Molly?" "What did ye tell 'er?" asked the cook.

"Oh, I says, th' Bascoms wa'n't in th' way o' doin' much; just plum-puddin' fer dinner, an' a couple o' dollars apiece t' you an' me, an' the rest. They don't make no presents, sez I; an' she looked all took back. I declare I was sorry fer th' old lady. Says she: 'Why, t' th' Conways there was always a great time; all them children a-talkin about Santy Claus an' hangin' up their stockin's. We all hung up our stockin's t' th' Conways, sez she; 't was real pleasant, too. Things seem diff'rent some way that come out o' a stockin', of course; an' then she drawed 'erself up an' tried to look very dignified. 'Of course,' sez she, 'all sech talk ez Santy Claus is foolish an' I don't know ez children ought t' be encouraged in it; but it sounds kind o' good, too, t' have 'em goin' on about the reindeers. I like t' hear it.'"

"Poor ole soul!" mused the cook. "I got a soft spot in my heart for Miss Maria since she made that mustard plaster for me, as if I was her own flesh 'n' blood. She's worth all the rest o' 'em put together."

"O' course she is," Molly thought there were no two opinions as to that. "Do ye mind how she dusted th' parlors that time I had the run-around? I say she'd ought to have a Christmas of her own wants, an' it's my opinion Santy Claus is ez much t' her ez he ever was t' them Conway children."

But Miss Maria came up from breakfast a few mornings later with a very troubled face. She found the chambermaid making her bed, and sitting down by the open fire began dolefully enough: "Why, Molly," and there was a suspicion of fear in her voice, "do ye know Joseph's folks an't plottin' t' do a single thing fer Christmas!—not a thing! Why, I tell 'em t' th' Conways we use t' give half our winter clo'es that way—tippets, an' rub-

bers, an' all. Last year him 'n' me put together 'n' got her a blanket shawl—a real nice one. O' course."—with a foolish smile—"that couldn't go into no stocking t' ever was made; we jus' put it on th' hearth underneath. We often put things on th' hearth. It seemed just as nice."

"An' what'd they say to that, Miss Maria?" asked Molly in a fashion she had of recalling the simple soul from her long, rambling reminiscences.

"Oh, the girls they didn't say nothin', nor yet Celia. Joseph he jus' laughed and sez he: 'We got all out o' th' way o' makin' presents t' this house; there don't seem no cause fer it,' sez he. 'Wife, 'n' th' girls, an' you all has your allowances, an' can buy jus' what ye want ez ye want it. I don't believe in a man keepin' all his money t' himself 'n' makin' a great show in the fam'y at Christmas time,' sez he. It sounds kind o' reasonable, too, don't it?"

She looked over wistfully at Molly shaking up the pillows.

"I don't know." The second girl thought for a minute. "Ev'rybody has a chance t' be his own Santy Claus then, ef they all git their due I suppose he means. Yes, that does sound good. Ef we was meant t' be independent o' each other, that is."

Miss Maria heard only part of this speech, and that part haunted her long after she was left alone.

Everybody his own Santa Claus, Molly had said. It would not out of her mind. Born of the despair which had seized upon her weak spirit when she found they were to know here no Christmas and no good fairy—a despair which in turn was part of the great wave of homesickness sweeping up to her heart—she began to build up a crazy plan, and formed it on the servant's careless speech.

"What did you buy, Aunt Maria?" asked Sarah, the pretty daughter, with an attempt at small talk, one afternoon when the two elder women had paused in the parlor to rest before going up-stairs with their wraps. "Your lap is piled with bundles; are you going to have a new dress?"

Miss Maria looked disconcerted. "Mebbe," she replied briefly, gathering her parcels together. "I got some ston-colored cashmere, 'n-'n' some little things." She rose to her feet, hugging up her load. One twist of paper fell to the ground. Mary, the plain daughter with the nice eyes, ran to pick it up.

"It feels like gloves," she said for want of a happier thought, handing it to her aunt.

Miss Maria seized the parcel almost rudely. "I don't remember," color rose to her cheeks; her eyes fell. "I got a lot o' little things. Mebbe I didn't buy no gloves. I—I ain't sure."

The door closed upon her suddenly, in what seemed very like guilty flight.

"Why, mother," cried all three girls together, "what has gone wrong? Aunt Maria is always as voluble as a child over every paper of pins!"

"I do believe," added Bella, "that 'goin' down street and doin' a little tradin' is all that reconciles her to New York."

Meanwhile up-stairs Miss Maria was hurriedly thrusting her purchases into a deep drawer she had emptied for the purpose. "I don't believe," she thought with a prick from her tender conscience—"I don't believe I remember ef I bought them gloves or not. They was other things I was lookin' at, too—I ain't sure." She paused a moment to consider something else. "Anyway," her face cleared and beamed, "I don't skursely know how that apron looked. I think 'twas cross-bar, but I wouldn't be sure fer nothin'. An' them mufflers Celia, she chose fer me, an' I didn't look t' see ef she got th' red one or that dark blue. I hope 'she gazed down into the drawer—"

"I hope 'twas th' red one, but I won't know till Christmas." Day after day Miss Maria added to the contents of the drawer. "Whether or no," as she phrased it, she meant to give some little present to each member of the family, from Joseph down to the errand-boy. But with these weightier matters, her own preparations went on. "The girls" could not understand why their aunt wore those shabby shoes when Sarah had helped her buy a new pair, or why she made such a mystery of even a couple of hat-pins which their mother carelessly bestowed upon her one day, and which disappeared and were no more seen, though her bonnet hung avry upon the good gray head as usual.

Poor Miss Maria! She found it hard work, but she never relaxed her ardor now that this idea was hers. Her winter plenshing was bought in an off-hand, careless fashion, which puzzled Mrs. Joseph, used already to the country-woman's love of detail and a trifling excitement.

So Christmas Eve came 'round. After the 6 o'clock dinner, through whose course she hurried her way, Miss Maria shut herself in her own room, and began at once her work for the night. Her withered cheeks were a dull red with excitement; her faded eyes glowed like youth again. All the family presents had to be sorted and tied up, with lavish expenditure of paper and twine. "It's such fun openin' 'em!" she thought.

Then came the only private pleasure. Back and forthwalked Miss Maria, back and forth between bureau and chimney, till the long dangling, gray stocking was stuffed rigid and the floor beneath piled up with packages. It was only 8 o'clock, but she was used to early hours. "I'll be up before the light," she thought with her simplest look, so she went to bed

straightway and very soon to sleep. Now it happened that the Conways had not only been generously remembered by their late boarder at this holiday time, but, strange to say, they had remembered her. Everyone, from "him" down to next to the baby had helped fill a good-sized box, with which the expressman came banging on the door about 9 o'clock. The Bascoms were genuinely pleased and a little ashamed when they took in this token of good will. Bella said, after a little talk:

"Can't I run up to Aunt Maria's room with it right away? She'll be as happy as a child and it seems too good to keep till morning."

The rest approved, and Bella tugged bravely at her load to the door, where only a glimmer of firelight met her eyes as she groped her way in. Aunt Maria was unconscious of her knock and of her entrance. But someone on the hearthrug started guiltily, and turned to meet the young girl's face with a very shamefaced air.

"Molly!" cried Miss Bella.

Molly had a long, plump stocking in her hand. Mistress and maid stood together before each other. "The maid was first to speak. 'See!' she said huskily, 'What that poor soul's done ter 'erself, an' gone t' sleep, like th' baby she is. Been her own Santy Claus, she has, an' me 'n' cook makin' up this,' shaking the strange thing she held, with a superior smile 'so as she shouldn't quite miss a Christmas!'"

The ready tears sprang to her mistress's eyes.

"Oh! I never dreamed it was like that to her!" she gasped. "You make me so—so ashamed, Molly! We must do something, too."

She bustled about the room, depositing the Conway box at one side of the grate and helping Molly suspend her own tribute.

"This shall be the sweetest surprise the dear thing ever knew," whispered Miss Bella, with a catch in her whisper. "I hope it isn't too late to mak' her very happy yet."

And the others were much astonished at sight, a little later, of the youngest Miss Bascom in furs and dainty toque, equipped for a walk. Not less astonished when, as in response to their inquiries, she burst into tears, and, turning to her mother, caught her around the waist in a gale of kisses.

"Suppose it had been you," she said, "stranded among a set of heathen, who never expected you to do anything but live upon victuals and drink, you darling!"

"Bella, are you dat?" asked Sarah, in some scorn.

"No, but Aunt Maria is, and we didn't care, and let her fill her own Christmas stocking."

They were sympathetic enough now, and Bella told the whole story. Everybody offered, in much good-humored contrition, to accompany this last Santa Claus on her tour, till Mrs. Bascom settled the matter in her comfortable way by announcing:

"We'll go out and make an occasion of it, and perhaps papa 'll take us into Caramel's for soda water."

Of course Mr. Joseph did. It was the gayest time imaginable, running along over the cold, brilliantly lighted pavements, jostling busy people heavily laden, in and of the Christmas stores.

They spread out their buying over as much space as the late hour would allow, for the very joy of it. They tried to remember every fancy Miss Martha had expressed and to anticipate every want. The girls giggled and so did their mother. Mr. Joseph was preternaturally solemn, as a man is wont to be in a new position.

When they at last turned homeward Sarah called from behind her two parents:

"Doesn't candy come in Christmas stockings? I've a faint memory of it, and surely these things should be sweetened, father!"

"Oh, let's do the whole thing!" cried the good man desparately, and ran into Fountain's.

As they waited by the gayly lighted windows:

"I wonder," Mary reflected—she wrote poetry sometimes, and had been in print—"if it's because it is such a sweet, wholesome thing to become as little children that the world clings so to Christmas Day? Perhaps that is one sight of the Kingdom of Heaven, into which we can not enter unless we are like to them."

"If 'the Kingdom of Heaven is within,'" quoted Bella, softly, "perhaps it is."

Before the Bascom household rested that night, Two pendant stockings flanked Miss Maria's own at the mantelpiece, upon the right and upon the left, and, with a remembrance of Miss Conway's blanket shawl last year, a little trail of bundles began at the hearthrug and drifted far out into the room.

So, in the dim light of the fire, they hung before those closed eyes and waited for the day.

And thus it was that, because she was not discouraged but kept up a good heart, Santa Claus came to Miss Maria.

QUEER We are having referred to us numerous inquiries regarding rates of fare, train facilities from citizens of Grand Rapids, Muskegon and other places on our lines and which have been written to the agents of lines away off somewhere. "Acres of diamonds over again." Illustrative of the fiction that everything out of the common must be away off somewhere—anywhere but right where we live. People fall somehow to understand that a trip starting from here to anywhere on earth can be as well arranged for here as not and for many places it can be attended to much better. Try and remember please that if you want to start over the D., L. & N. call on the agent in your own town and you can get the information required sooner than by writing to some one hundreds of miles away.