

THE PLAIN DEALER.

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

VOLUME IX. NO. 34

DETROIT, MICH., JANUARY 8, 1892.

WHOLE NO. 454.

A Distinguished African Bishop.

The Rt. Rev. Samuel Adjal Crowther, D. D., bishop of Niger Territory, died at London, Dec. 31. He was a native of Africa and his history, extended over seventy years or more from a state of abject servitude to the episcopate, is a very romantic one. His original name was Adjal, and his family lived at Oehugu, in the Yoruba country, 100 miles inland from the Bight of Benin. He was carried off in 1821, was exchanged for a horse, was exchanged at Dahdah, where he was treated with great cruelty, was then again sold as a slave for some tobacco, was captured by an English man-of-war, and landed at Sierra Leone in 1823. He was baptized in 1823, taking the names of the evangelical vicar of Christ Church, Newgate st.—Samuel Crowther. In 1829 married a native girl who had been taught in the same school with him. Then for several years he served as schoolmaster of Regents Town, and subsequently accompanied the first Niger expedition. After arriving in England and studying at the church missionary college, at Islington, he was ordained by the bishop of London. In 1854 he accompanied the second Niger expedition and wrote a very able account of it. He was afterward an active clergyman at Akessa, translated the Bible into Yoruba, and undertook various other literary works of a religious character for the benefit of his African brethren. He was consecrated first bishop of Niger Territory, West Africa, June 29, 1864. In May, 1880, the council of the Royal Geographical Society awarded a gold watch to Bishop Crowther "in recognition of the services he has rendered to geography."

Milwaukee News.

Milwaukee, Wis. Jan. 4.—The oyster supper given at the St. Marks A. M. E. church by the ladies of the church for the benefit of the pastor, Rev. Williamson, was a decided success, much credit was due all who assisted particularly Mrs. H. Bland, who gave all her time to make it a pleasant and successful affair.

The Carpi Diem club gave its first annual entertainment on the 28 ult. and was largely attended. All spent an enjoyable evening, the music for the occasion was rendered by the P. H. orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Jos. Covington—the boys are constantly improving.

Mrs. Cora Hunt, has taken her nephews from the house of the Good Shepherd where they had been left by their father, Henry Owens, Owens having failed to pay the small sum necessary to maintain them there, they were about to be sent to the poor house, but for the kindness of their aunt, Owens has basely, and most heartlessly for the second time deserted his little offspring, and tar and feathers mixed are an appropriate reparation for him should he ever show his face in this community again.

Mr. Jas. Parks, who spent Friday in Chicago, and Mr. Geo. Townsend, in Louisville, has returned to the city.

Misses Julia Summerfield, of Chicago, Rhoda Black, of Oshkosh, Wis. Prof. E. Williams, of Medford, Wis. were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Miles, during the holidays.

Mr. D. Royal, of Sheboygan, Wis. was in the city during the holidays the guest of Mr. L. H. Palmer.

The Hon. Jno. C. S. Power, our next governor was the guest of the Plankinton, last week he speaks in terms of praise of the Afro-American league and its aims.

Eugene, the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Dangereff, died on the evening of Dec. 29th aged 3 years and 7 months.

On the sick list—seriously, Mrs. Lucy B. Robinson, Baltimore, Md. Little Della Brown, the adopted daughter of Mrs. Julia Watson, and Mr. G. W. Bland, Mr. J. Watson. The little boy of Mrs. R. B. Anderson, and Mrs. H. Goodsum, are convalescent.

Mrs. Samuel Anderson, was found at 60 Johnson st. by the president of the charity society in a destitute condition, by her side lay her dead baby, it having died of exposure and starvation. Her husband Sam. Anderson a politician well known throughout the state was arrested for desertion of family, he had left them with out food and money and until his arrest Mrs. Anderson, has heard nothing of him for several months. Anderson is a good for nothing lout and deserves to be punished to the fullest extent of the law.

J. B. B.

Grand Rapids Briefs.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 1.—Quarterly meeting will be held Sunday, Jan. 3, at Spring street A. M. E. church, at which time Rev. Henderson will preside.

Mrs. Rev. Alexander and daughter Miss Estella, of Detroit, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Craig and family during the holidays.

Master G. B. Buckner, of Battle Creek, is visiting relatives in our city. Rev. Watkins, of Spring street church, has returned home after hav-

ing made a visit of two weeks to his old home, Richmond, Va., bringing with him his sister, Miss Watkins.

On Christmas Eve a Christmas tree filled with beautiful gifts was enjoyed by all the children of this city, given to them through the benevolence of Mr. D. A. Blodgett.

The musicale and social at the A. M. E. church was a success.

A pleasant time was had at the social and Christmas tree given by the Ladies' Chapter at the Masonic hall.

Mr. Phil Thomas, of Amherstburg, Ont., is expected here soon.

Little Mabel Jones has recovered from a severe attack of scarlet fever.

Mr. Richard Pinkney is quite seriously ill.

A stag party was enjoyed by the young men Christmas night, all reporting a good time. Toasts were said by each one in attendance.

Miss Eliza Lockett has just recovered from an attack of the grip.

Miss Ida Turner, who has been visiting relatives in Kalamazoo, has returned home.

The "Coterie" gave a reception in honor of Mrs. Alexander and Miss Estella, at the residence of Mr. J. C. Forde, of Lagrave street. The guests were received by the Misses Myrtle Craig, Miria Beem, Ella Buckner and Grace Craig. During the evening a delicious menu was served. It was one of the most brilliant social gatherings that has been given by the "Coterie."

Mr. Wm. Anderson, Stenographer of the probate court, Chicago, spent a few days in our city, the guest of Mr. J. C. Craig and family.

Quite a number of young people indulged in a sleighing party which was given by the gentlemen of our city in honor of Mrs. E. T. Alexander and daughter.

Toledo Sayings.

Toledo, O. Jan. 6.—Xmas festivities have passed, and a New Year has ushered itself in upon us. While many are not ready to meet it as they would desire, others welcoming it with outstretched arms.

Xmas entertainments among the Churches and Societies were observed with the usual degree of manifestation.

Among the churches, the entertainments were very largely attended and the little folks of the Sunday schools were greeted with the usual expectations, awaited on such occasions.

While Xmas was largely celebrated, New Year's opened with a greater amount of pleasure. This being Leap year, a chance for the gentlemen to display their hospitality, a chance given once in four years; and to say they did nobly would but express it mildly. "Open doors," the usual expression was carried out to a greater degree than in previous years. Young men organized themselves into clubs the better to enable them to entertain their lady friends.

Among the many entertainments was the "Buckeye club," an organization composed of Messrs S. Highwarden, A. M. Clemens, H. E. Massey and W. E. Clemens who received at the residence of Mr. Highwarden, 311 Morris st. This gallant four had prepared the most tempting viands which they gave their many callers. The manner in which the ladies were received is the talk of the town, and the ladies vow they will not be out done and insure us a royal treat is in store for us. The day was widely spent in calling, happiness was the expression on every face and should the entire year be so joyously carried out '92, will be a remarkable year.

Amazon lodge was the happy recipient of a most magnificent pedestal for their hall as a New Year's gift. The donor being Mr. Shev. P. Wood, of Tecumseh, Mich., a member of said lodge. The workmanship was perfect and is a great credit to Mr. Wood, and speaks well for one of our race. Many members who have visited some of the noted lodges of the country pronounced it the finest ever seen. So highly pleased was the body that they gave Mr. Wood an order for furnishing the lodge with furniture and workings tools. Mr. S. S. Wood visited the city this week and the guest of Mr. A. M. Clemens.

Toledo, O., Jan. 2.—The social event of the holidays here was the leap year party given by Miss Mamie Randall. Everything that could contribute to an evening's pleasure was supplied by the fair hostess, who looked lovely in her gown of pale pink velvet and carnations. The event partook somewhat of the nature of a farewell as Miss Randall leaves soon for the South for a protracted stay. Among those favored by her gracious hospitality were Mrs. Allie Franklin, Mrs. Sadie Cannon, Mrs. Della Field, Mrs. Mrs. Veed Price, Misses Della Hayes, Emma Taylor, Laura Jones, Grace Johnson, of Jackson, Mich., Lizzie Highwarden, Mamie Taylor, Lottie Jones, of Milwaukee, Wis., and Messrs. Vena Jackson, Woods, Jackson, Henderson, Cannon, Burrows, Winert, Massenburgh, McGhee, Mitchell, of New York, White, Venable, Scot, of Ft. Wayne, and Theo Lee. Dancing was the amusement of the evening.

A Variety of Things.

It is said that the alto relievo in bronze of Colonel Shaw and his Negro regiment will be the sculptor's greatest triumph. It will be 10 feet high by 15 wide, framed and backed with stone, and will depict Colonel Shaw on horseback with drawn sword pressing forward with his troops.

The Geauga Leader is responsible for this:

"Recently an exemplary editor died and started out in search of the Promised Land. As he was passing by the Pearly Palace and bethought him of the long and tedious journey before he would reach his Particular Destination, he wondered if St. Peter would permit him to sit down just outside the Golden Gates to rest a bit and read his own obituary in the Morning Glory. Lifting the huge knocker he let it fall heavily upon the thumb of his right hand, and without thinking where he was he began to use some of the Language that he had left over when he put up the parlor stove. Directly the situation was imprinted on the tablet of his memory and he tried to get away, but the knocker held his thumb and he decided to wait a minute. About this time the wicket slide was removed and St. Peter inquired: "Who's there?" The Editor saw that he was caught and putting a bold face on the matter, gave his name, residence and occupation, and inquired if he might sit down on the outside and rest. The Editor's modesty surprised the Good Gate Keeper and he straightway asked why he had not begged an entrance into the City Celestial. Then the Editor, strange as it may seem, told the truth and said that he had lied some about the circulation of his paper and supposed that would bar him from Paradiseal privileges. "Not so," said St. Peter, "for there were people enough in your vicinity that never took your paper to much more than make up your exaggeration, and they are the ones who must bear the painful punishment for your misrepresentation. Come inside and I will give you a cushioned chair near the bay window where you can look out and see the people go by who used to borrow your paper instead of buying it."

By the decision of the New York Court of Appeals 1,252 electors in Onondaga County were disfranchised, through no fault of their own, but because a careless county clerk had caused wrong indorsements to be printed upon their ballots. The people of New York might set up a court of automatons that would supply them with better justice.

This outrage is directly traceable to the suppression of the ballot in the South, and the acquiescence of the North such methods. Democrats are becoming bolder and are seeking to gain control over the states of the North and its large cities by just such methods and not enough indignation is made over these thefts, these conspiracies against the life of the Republic to make future repetitions scarce. If the Republican party permits these things to go on unchallenged except by mere denunciation, spasmodic in nature, it deserves to lose its power. If the people of the Republic silently permit these outrages to go on, they are not deserving of a free government.

From the Washington Post.

There is a colored messenger at the Department of State who has been attached to the service for many years in one capacity and another and is valued by officials because of his intelligence and general usefulness. The old gentleman tells an incident illustrating the potency of clothes on the other side of the Atlantic. He was over a few years since, as general utility man to a party of distinguished statesmen on an important diplomatic mission. The party was bidden to an important social function at one of the Continental courts, and as the affair took place in the afternoon, the diplomats started out arrayed in their finest frock coats according to the best American usage. Only the colored aide-de-camp, who went along to look after coats and hats, wore the usual dress suit of his place. When the party arrived at the palace, the colored contingent, who did not know the lingo, found himself hustled through the dressing-room by a lot of liveried lackeys, and before he could realize the situation, ushered alone into the presence of royalty. There is no color prejudice on the other side, and he was taken for the chief representative of the American Republic. When he escaped from the unexpected prominence it was to find himself alone in a strange-tongued city. The rest of the delegation, as he learned when he found his way back, had been sternly excluded because of their unconventional uniforms. The old gentleman frequently relates with glee how he carried off the honors for the joint high commission.

Afro-American Catholics of Chicago, selected Messrs. John A. Smith and Lincoln E. Valle as delegates to the Colored Catholic congress, to be held in Philadelphia.

Paw Paw, West Va.

Paw Paw, Va., Jan. 4.—Last week should of been called the week of feasting. Every one kept open doors—the whole week after entering a house the first thing you were asked to walk in the dining room. And there, you would find a table set as only a Virginian knows how to set it. They certainly believe in eating and being merry.

The protracted effort began in the M. E. church Jan. 33rd.

Mr. Will Martin, who has been spending his vacation at his home, left Jan. 2nd to take charge of his school at Springfield, Va.

J. Joiner, of Mount Pleasant Ohio, who is teaching in Keyser, West Va., spent several days here last week.

Mr. Samuel Martin, has just returned from Baltimore, where he spent the holidays visiting Mrs. James Paul.

Miss Martha Brown, has gone to Tyroon, Pa., where she contemplates spending the winter.

Misses Hamilton, Fairfax and Galloway of Patterson Creek, are visiting Miss Anna Powell.

Miss Carrie Howard, accompanied Rev. A. W. Brown and family to Romney, Va., where they will spend several days.

West Superior, Wis., Jan. 3.—Mr. J. Vaughn, is confined to his home suffering from a sprained back.

Mr. Charlie Bealy, who has been quite ill during the past month is convalescent.

Mrs. J. Williams and son John, left Sunday for Mississippi.

The band boys gave a reception New Years, for the benefit of their friends. The hall was darkened and lighted by gas. About 4 p. m. a light lunch was served. Dancing was indulged in until 9 p. m.

Mrs. A. Olden, is seriously ill.

C. B.

Holly Springs News.

Holly Springs, Miss., Dec. 30.—Christmas has come and gone. All seemed to enjoy it abundantly.

Our churches were well attended to listen to the Christmas sermons. The Christmas Mansion, at Asbury M. E. church, given by the Sabbath school, was well attended and a success in every way.

Prof. A. J. Howard, class '90 of Rust University, who has had charge of the normal department at Central Tennessee college, has become a member of Rust's faculty as Professor of Natural Sciences.

Sunday, 20th inst., Bishop Malleu, of New Orleans, delivered two very interesting and soul-stirring sermons here. One at the university, the other at Asbury chapel.

W. J. Day is convalescent.

Miss Addie B. Talbot left for Pine Bluff, Ark., just before Christmas.

Elder J. M. Shumbert, of Columbus, Miss., came upon the 27th inst.

Rev. B. H. S. Ferguson being sick, Prof. D. W. Byrd filled the pulpit, and preached a very appropriate sermon on last Sunday.

J. J. Chifcoat has returned to his school at Byalla.

Miss Susie Revels, the charming daughter of Dr. Revels, left to resume her school at Oxford, on the 28th inst.

Mr. D. H. Henderson is sick with the la grippe.

Miss Ida B. Wells, of the Memphis Free Speech, came down and visited Rust, her alma mater, a few days ago.

Mr. Charles Craine, of Rust, has been elected principal of the city school at Sardis, Miss.

The Peanut social given by the matron of the Girls' Home was a most enjoyable affair.

Mr. G. G. Logan spent Christmas at Oxford, with friends and relatives.

The ladies of Asbury chapel, with Miss Gibson as manager, will give a "Manifold" entertainment, at the church, on New Year's night.

The public schools of the county all reopened on the 28th inst.

Horatius.

Findlay Mention.

Findlay, O., Jan. 4.—Miss Maggie Everts died Jan. 1, and was taken to her home in Sandusky by her friends, Mrs. J. King, and Mrs. Wilber Ransom, where she was buried Sunday.

There are many cases of grip in the city. Mrs. Wright, Elder Mason, Mrs. York, and T. J. Bond are able to be out once more.

Mrs. Chas. Johnson is expected home this week.

A series of religious meetings were begun Sunday night.

Mrs. Wright, of Adrian, who has been spending the holidays with her mother, returned home this morning.

Mr. A. R. Cooper made a business trip to Cincinnati last week.

Mr. B. F. Allen spent last week in Columbus. He has been nominated for engraving clerk.

Mr. W. H. White left Findlay Saturday night.

T. A. Y.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Anthony P. Silvas, of New Orleans, was arrested for stabbing a friend. He was innocent, but was so badly frightened by the accusation that he fell in a fit and died.

"Auntie" Henrietta Harrison, an ex-slave, 105 years old, of Harrisburg, Pa., was roasted to death while endeavoring to light her pipe at the stove. The old lady, who retained her faculties to a remarkable degree, lived with her niece who worked out all day. The old woman had been preparing supper, and paused to rest and smoke. In stooping to light her pipe her dress caught fire and she died before aid could reach her.

Mr. Johnson Van Dyar has issued a small book of poems under the title of "Revels of Fancy."

In Concordia Parish, La., an Afro-American killed a white man during an altercation between them, and then made his escape. The party of lynchmen who started out to avenge the white man's death had to have a victim, and not being able to find the murderer, killed his uncle on the plea that there was a conspiracy between the two.

In the 21,000 race schools in this country there are enrolled 1,199,410 pupils.

J. F. Chesney, the lawyer of Natchez, Miss., sentenced to six years in the Detroit house of correction for swindling Afro-Americans out of pension money, collected over \$5,000, but paid to his clients only \$1,000.

Dr. Ida Gray, Cincinnati, Ohio, is a very small lady, pretty and modest, but she has pluck and energy enough to make herself a success. It has not been more than three years ago since she graduated from the university of Michigan as a doctor of dental surgery. For a time she was engaged in the office of Dr. Taft, but not being content with this arrangement Dr. Gray, established dental parlors of her own, her practice is growing, and she is making money. There are a great many of our young women who might follow in her footsteps. The profession is by no means overcrowded, and in all the cities and larger towns an opening may be found.

Frederick Douglass recently secured a place as clerk in the Agricultural Department for the daughter of his old master in the days of slavery. The lady was brought up in extreme luxury, but has for ten years experienced great privations; and when the case was presented to Secretary Rusik he appreciated its poetic and pathetic aspects. Though Mr. Douglass was once the chattel of this lady's father and was actually sold at the block like an ox or a mule, he not only exerted himself in her behalf, but agreed not to reveal his own instrumentality in her success. The fact came out, however, in another way.

A dividend of five per cent has been declared by the Board of Directors of the Afro-American real estate association of New Orleans, on all shares of which 20 per cent. of value or more has been paid.

Miss Cora Lee Watson, who was married to Mr. Harry M. Griffin, of Madison, Ind., in Chicago last week, at the residence of Dr. E. C. Bentley, wore a gown of cream fabric, with a bridal veil of tulle. Her only attendant was Miss Edna French who acted as flower girl.

At a fire in Clarkston Tennessee, January 12, the old Planter's Hotel, occupied by several Afro-American families and McNebee Bros., dry goods, were burned. Loss and insurance not given.

Van Herst and Dixon have been matched for \$2,500 a side.

An Afro-American is suing the manager of the opera house at Kingston, N. Y., for \$5,000 because he was refused admittance to seats in the orchestra which tickets in his possession called for.

Lansing Gleanings.

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 4.—The concert given by the Nameless club for the purpose of reducing the debt on the parsonage, was very successful, \$32 being cleared. For this desirable result many thanks are due Mr. George Valentine.

A series of meetings have been commenced at the A. M. E. church.

Among the many friends who visited Lansing during the holidays were Misses Hattie Byrd and Lula Freeman, of Cleveland, Miss Alice Allen and brother, of Howell, Messrs. Homer McKinney, Neil Lucas and Edward Lewis, of Owosso, and Mrs. Davis, of St. Johns.

Many friends are welcoming Mr. and Mrs. N. E. King, who are guests of Mrs. F. A. Walker.

About forty young people took possession of Mr. Turner Byrd's house Wednesday evening, perpetrating an enjoyable surprise on Miss Hattie Byrd, who leaves for Cleveland Thursday.

AN UNCANNY LEGEND.

THE WEIRD STORY TOLD OF A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY.

Killed by a Wandering Band of Indians—How the First Settlers Were Wiped From the Face of the Earth.

There is an uncanny local legend of the lower end of the Chartiers creek valley, near Pittsburg, which is known to the older inhabitants of that section as "The Scalp Legend of the Chartiers," says the Dispatch.

A mile or so up the creek the valley opens out, making a beautiful pastoral expanse of fertile bottom land. The view over and upon this from the hilly heights at the rear of Sheridan is lovely by day and weird by night. The last named element in the night scene is partially caused by the flickering gas fires from the wells in the Chartiers field.

At an early date in the pioneer history of this section, and long before the days of Indian warfare had ended, an adventurous voyager ran his canoe into the mouth of Chartiers creek. Attracted by its sylvan scenery and the prospects of finding a good location to settle upon, he paddled up a short distance, and then explored further along the left bank as he ascended. After particularly examining the locality he chose and marked out a "tomahawk" claim, with fine timber and water and a southern exposure. Hither the next spring he came, with his wife, a little boy and girl and a brother who was slightly his junior.

But one fateful evening in early summer the brothers returned from a long and successful day's hunt and found the cabin was a smoldering heap of ruins. Partially in the ashes were the charred, mangled and scalped forms of the young wife and children. The Indians had evidently been gone for some hours.

Controlling their agony as best they could, the brothers tenderly removed and sadly buried the remains of their loved ones beneath an immense sycamore upon the banks of a little brook that ran by their cabin and headed up in the Sheridan Hills. Then they left the country, started eastward to go over the mountains, but never reached the settlements or were afterward heard of, and it was supposed that they were killed by some wandering band of Indians. The only clew to this pathetic bit of pioneer history that they left was a letter written on some birch bark, inclosed in a rude envelope of the same texture, and stuck in a split sapling at the river's edge at the mouth of the creek. This was fortunately found, shortly afterward, by a band of white explorers, who still later conveyed the intelligence East.

But now comes the ghostly legacy of this tragedy, which goes by the name of "The Scalp Legend of the Chartiers." Concerning it it is affirmed by the country folk and earlier settlers of this little valley that on some summer nights to this day the shrieks of these murdered innocents may be distinctly heard, and when storms arise they are blended with the blood curdling whoops of the painted savages. And further and more awful still, that in the oppressive silence of warm summer evenings things strangely like the ignis-fatuus, or jack-o'-lantern, may be observed to float hither and thither over the scene of the massacre, and to wander up and down the banks of the little run between the hills and the creek.

Some people have always stoutly maintained that these apparitions are the spirits of the wife and children as they go searching and vainly calling for help from husband, brother and father. Others have with equal certainty held that they were nothing but what is commonly known as jack-o'-lanterns, drifting hither and thither upon the wings of the moist evening breezes. But the majority of the earliest settlers insist that the original legend is sustained by the oldest, and, therefore, uncontrovertible testimony. This is that the spectral objects, which all unite in saying seem to emit a peculiar radiance, two more golden than the other, are nothing else but the tresses and scalps of the three murdered ones.

These they declare with bated breath, lowered voice and superstitious terror, hover about the place and steal through the midnight air with a ghost-like uncertainty. Whenever they drift from the shadows into the moonbeams, or are revealed by the lightning flashes, the tresses of the mother and daughter, which were auburn, shine with a silvery, golden radiance. The hair is upright, as if held in the barbarous though unseen hands of their slayers, while from the pendant scalps beneath drops of blood fall and stain the flowers.

Vacations Wanted.

The ways and sayings of the Baboos, or educated natives of India in the employ of the government, are a source of continual amusement to the English in that country. They frequently misuse the big words of which they are fond in a laughable way. There was no misuse of English,

however, in a plea for a holiday recently put forward by the Baboos employed in the government geographical department at Calcutta. They asked the supreme authorities to close the office because "they were suffering from perspiration and a want of enthusiasm for their work."

It is no surprise to learn that the hard authorities denied the modest request. What long vacations some Americans would be entitled to if a plea of this kind were accounted valid!—Youth's Companion.

CHAMPAGNE CORKS.

Why It Is Necessary to Make Them by Hand Labor.

The reason for making champagne corks by hand is curious and interesting, says the New York Sun. The cork-machine is provided with circular knives of razor-like edge. Now, the crude cork is so rough and hard that if it were applied to one of these rapidly revolving knives the knife would at once be ruined. So crude cork that is to be cut by machinery must be softened in a steam-vat. It comes out almost pulpy and cuts like cheese. But the steam takes the "life" out of the cork. Its elasticity is gone, never to be recovered, and when the machine-cut cork is driven into a bottle the cork tends to shrink and permit the leakage. Furthermore the machine-made cork is mathematically round, while the necks of bottles are more or less irregular. As the machine-made cork has lost its elasticity its smooth, round surface can not fill any irregularity in the neck of the bottle, and here is another source of leakage. The hand-made cork is quite a different affair. The crude cork to be cut by hand is first soaked in tepid water until almost ready to swell. In this condition it is taken out and turned over to the cutter. Spanish cork-cutters use three knives. One is a long curved knife arranged with a gauge for regulating the size of the piece of cork cut off. This knife is used for cutting the cork into long strips. Another and smaller knife cuts the strips up into blocks, and a third and very sharp knife is used for producing the finished cork. This knife has a blade of fine steel nearly hidden in a jacket of iron. The iron pocket is to give the knife rigidity, and the corkcutter applies not the knife to the cork, but the cork to the knife. He rests the cork on the edge of a table and presses the cork down upon the blade. The tendency of this is to curve the blade, and a curved blade would produce a hollow cork. German and American corkcutters use a thin knife, which comes from the factory straight, but is bent by the corkcutters themselves. The curved side is turned up in working and the result is that the kink straightens under the pressure of the cork and the latter is cut straight and not concave. The cork-cutter always has a whetstone on his table and a strap upon his knee. He applies the knife to the strap after each cork is cut and less frequently to the whetstone. Cork has a peculiar power of dulling the sharp steel with which it is cut. Hand-made corks retain their elasticity, and, not being mathematically round, they easily snug themselves into the irregularities of bottle necks. Before being driven into a bottle of wine the cork is soaked in water and then moistened with wine. It goes in tight, absorbs some of the wine, swells, and remains swollen. When corks have been handled much in cutting they are washed clean in a weak solution of oxalic acid before being used.

THE VANDERBILT MILLIONS.

A Little Flaw Nearly Made a Big Rumpus Over the Will.

Commodore Vanderbilt spent the last days of his life in a great big old house that stood in that aristocratic portion of New York city, Washington Square, and he had married for a second wife a sweet young woman of the South. He was anxious to write a will over which there could be no disagreeing when he should have passed away. When the will was completed it was submitted to several brilliant and high-priced legal lights, among whom was William M. Everts, and they all, for fees of \$10,000 or thereabouts, pronounced the document unimpeachable.

But the will remained a subject of uneasiness to the commodore, and one day he was told of a young lawyer who had been in the office of the register of wills for some years, and who was something of an expert in the matter of wills. "Send him a copy of mine and a small fee!" It was done. And the young man in going over the paper found a flaw, and reported it. The discovery was referred to the legal lights before mentioned, and they all agreed that the point was well taken. The breach was healed, and there was no legal controversy over the Vanderbilt millions.—Washington Star.

Slavery Still Exists.

Slavery still exists in Portuguese India. A Brahmin at Kalloda, possesses a village of thirty-two huts where every soul is as truly his slave and property as in the olden days; and recently a Portuguese traveling from Goa, spoke openly of the slaves on his estate.

BUYING THE WEDDING RING.

Habits of Couples in Choosing Golden Fetters.

Just think of it! One jewelry store on the Bowery claims to sell over four hundred wedding rings a year. And yet we hear the cry "men are not marrying." If one out of the many stores that supply these golden fetters of matrimony can dispose of such a number within a year, what must the sales amount to when all those that are supplied by other firms are added? Surely somebody's getting married. Down on the Bowery, near Grand street, there hangs a golden hoop large enough to marry all the brides on that side of town. It is hung above a jewelry store, and can be seen as well from the elevated road as from the sidewalk. It was from the window of a downtown train that I first caught sight of it. A young country-looking couple that sat near by also noticed the giant-like emblem of wedlock, and I heard the girl whisper: "Oh, Willie, there's where we got our ring." But Willie didn't look until the car had passed the store; then he raised his eyebrows a little and said: "I see," indifferently, and turned again to the paper he had been perusing. The girl bit her lips, and looked down at the gold band upon her ungloved hand.

At the next station I left the train and visited the store where "Willie" had bought the ring. One of the salesmen said, in answer to a question, "There isn't as much sentiment in the business as one might suppose. By the time the happy couple arrives here they have got beyond the blushing stage of heart disease, and they buy the ring in the most matter-of-fact way. Sometimes the man and woman come together, but usually the gentleman comes alone to get the ring."

"Do women ever select and pay for their own wedding rings?" Not very often, although there was a lady here last week who did so. When a couple come in together the man picks out a ring and asks his 'friend' if it will do, and she invariably answers, "Yes." Then he pays for it, and that's all there is about it.

"What size of ring is usually required?" I asked. "In this part of the city," replied the practical salesman, "from six and a quarter to seven are the usual sizes; but they run smaller uptown on Broadway."

Upon the counter he then placed two trays containing wedding rings. Some of them appeared too large for any finger but that of a giant; yet it happens sometimes that these are not large enough for a would-be purchaser. It is customary among the Germans for both the man and woman to buy a ring and make a mutual gift on the wedding day.

The price of a wedding ring on the Bowery ranges all the way from \$8 to \$25, the average price being \$10 or \$15. In style, the old-fashioned plain round circle is generally preferred, because it is as comfortable in the dishpan as in the drawingroom, and the sentimental little wife need never take it off for fear of its being spoiled.

When asked how long it usually took to purchase a wedding ring, the salesman laughed, and answered that in his fourteen years' experience it had never taken a couple longer than half an hour to select one, usually ten minutes. "The woman seems to think it's best to hurry in the buying or her escort's mind may change on the subject."

"We have never," said he, "had a ring that was brought returned because the marriage didn't come off. Sometimes a gentleman orders a ring made that is too heavy for the slender finger that is to wear it, and then he brings it back and we take off some of the gold. Frequently, too, people bring us old rings to be melted and made over, but this we refuse to do."

"Why?" I asked. "Because we cannot promise to give them back the same gold that they brought us," he answered. "Of course, we send the article to be made over to the workmen, but it is thrown into the same crucible as all the other gold and who knows after that which was 'grandma's ring' or the 'baby's spoon,' not we, surely." He then told a story of two couples who had ordered four rings made that weighed three ounces altogether. They were brothers who married sisters, and notwithstanding the well-known superstition in regard to such marriages—that one out of the four will die before the year is past—these people are alive and happy, and they have been married six years.

Clover Seed in Germany.

The wealthy firms of Kiev are engaged exclusively in the shipment of clover seed to Germany, and they do a rushing business. The German farmers never allow clover to ripen in their field, for it exhausts the soil. They mow it before the seed develops and import their seed from Russia every year.

Sure of It.

"I wish you would pay your bill, sir," said Kutaway.

"I'll pay you next month," returned Pottletow.

"That's what you said last month, sir."

"I know it—I reiterate the statement."—New York Truth.

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

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

THE ELITE RESTAURANT,

2814 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
W. H. QUARLES, PROPRIETOR.
OPFN ALL NIGHT.

We make a specialty of good coffee.

The Plaindealer always for sale at the following places:

- Saginaw—Miss Hattie Butler 656 Sherman avenue.
- Boston, Mass.—W. L. Reed, 93 1-2 Cambridge Street, and J. W. Sherman 115 Cambridge Street.
- Lansing—Crotty Bros. and F. F. Russell, newsdealers.
- Niles, Mich.—Miss Mabel Bannister.
- Milwaukee, Wis.—S. B. Bell, 739 3rd Street.
- Kalamazoo—Hiram Wilson, 717 Michigan avenue.
- Marion, Ind.—Mrs Anna Julius.
- South Bend, Ind.—C. A. Mitchell, 835 West Thomas street.
- Birmingham, Ala.—W. H. Moss, 1908 4th. avenue.
- Bay City, Mich.—W. D. Richardson.
- Clinton, Mich.—F. Kirchgessner.

CHAS. CUNNINGHAM
Caterer and Confectioner.
Ice Cream, Water Ices and Fine Cakes. Silver, Linen and Dishes to Rent. Special Rates to Churches and Sunday Schools. **303 Woodward Ave.,** Detroit, Mich.
Wedding and Birthday Cakes a Specialty.
TELEPHONE 4794.

NEGRO AGENTS WANTED

To Sell Our Royal Book, "The Black Phalanx." It is a history of the Negro Soldiers and gives a full account of their services in fighting for freedom and the Union, from the Revolution to the present time. **SPLENDID PICTURES** of the Negro Troops. All say it is the grandest book ever written. Piles of money to be made selling it, foreverbody wants it. **You Can Make Money.** One man has already made 600 dollars on 500 books. Don't fall behind at once for distributors and see our Liberal Terms to Agents. Address **AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.,** Hartford, Ct., Boston, Cincinnati or St. Louis. (Illustrations on page)

Scientific American Agency for **PATENTS**
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, ETC.
For information and free Handbook write to **MUNN & CO.,** 311 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the **Scientific American**
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Address **MUNN & CO.,** PUBLISHERS, 311 Broadway, New York.

THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF Wayne in chancery. Jennie Murray complainant vs. James Murray, defendant. At a session of said Court held at the court room in the City of Detroit in said County on Monday the 30th day of November, 1891. Present: Hon. George Gartner, Circuit Judge. On rro 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. And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date thereof said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in The Detroit Plaindealer, a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said County once in each week for six weeks in succession. (Signed) **GEORGE GARTNER,** Circuit Judge. **D. AUGUSTUS STRAKER,** Complainant's Solicitor. Dated November 30th, 1891, Detroit, Mich. **SAMUEL STEWART,** A true copy. Depy Clerk.

DICKERMAN'S

PHARMACY,
Or. 29th St & Armour Av., Chicago
Prescriptions a Specialty.

S. J. EVANS,

DEALER IN
KEROSENE & GASOLINE,
2912 ARMOUR AVE.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Jasper R. Taylor,

SAMPLE ROOM
284 TWENTYNINTH ST.,
CHICAGO.
Between State and Dearborn.

OYSTER SEASON OF 1891

—AT THE—

Albany Cafe,

286 29th St. - CHICAGO.
MRS. T. H. RUSSELL,

The hope of the traveller is realized in **THE** new mileage book of the **C. H. & D.** that is sold for Twenty Dollars. The **UNIVERSAL** ticket between Cincinnati, Chicago, Indianapolis, Toledo, Niagara Falls, St. Louis, Salamanca, Ann Arbor, Buffalo, Ft. Wayne, Cadillac, Peoria and Cleveland. A **MILEAGE BOOK** to a thousand best points at the low rate of two cents per mile. Buy it.

WILLIAM LOOK,

(Late Circuit Judge.)
Attorney & Counselor
at Law.
HAS REMOVED
His Offices to
Nos. 55 and 56 McGraw Building.
DETROIT, MICH.

FIRE INSURANCE
AND REAL ESTATE
GOODRICH BROS.,
Walker Block
26 West First Street
DETROIT, MICH.

C. G. Wynn

PHOTOGRAPHER

Studio 106 Miami Ave.,
(Formerly 242 Woodward Ave.)
Detroit, - Mich.
Near Grand Circus Park.
Telephone 20 54.

Contributor—"You complain of my article being verbose and empty rhetoric; but just look at your editorials!" Editor "Yes, but then you know I give all the people will stand of that kind of stuff without calling upon outside aid."—Boston Transcript.

Irate Passenger (to horse-car conductor, who has tried to collect fare twice, and carried him beyond his crossing)—"Yed suit the electric cars better nor this. I'm thinkin'." Horse-Car Conductor—"Why so, sir?" Irate Passenger—"Ye're sich a divil o' a non-conductor, ye're are."

Epech. A mother was calling the attention of her little boy to the moon, which was to be seen clearly, but pallidly, in the early afternoon. "Why, you can't see the moon in the day time!" replied the youngster. "Oh, yes you can—there it is over the trees!" The little fellow looked and had to admit the fact that he saw it, but he added, "Tain't lighted, anyhow.—Babyhood.

THE CRY OF RUSSIA.

Where all the Russias sweep northward
and eastward,
League and league on, the black land,
the white,
We in our misery, sorrowful prisoners,
Send up our voice through the deep winter
night.
Dost thou hear, Lord God!
From the foul mine, from the gray, squalid
prison,
Where the chained wand'ers toll onward
to die,
Over the whip-crack and over the death-
shot,
Dost thou hear, Lord God!
We that were men, once the stately, the
stalwart,
Chief's blood and king's blood, aflame in
our breast,
Broken now, shattered now, sinking and
dying,
Still, while the life holds, our cry shall not
rest.
Dost thou hear, Lord God!
We that were women, once delicate,
beautiful,
Nursed amid roses, on lily leaves laid,
Naked now, bleeding now, scourged and
tormented,
Cry with a strong voice, and are not
afraid.
Dost thou hear, Lord God!
Still for a moment, ye saintly ones glori-
fied—
Still your clear voices that sing round the
throne!
Once, only once, on the silence of blessed-
ness
Let our keen anguish fall, sobbing alone
Dost thou hear, Lord God!
Nay, but the earth hears. From south
ward, from westward
Where men breathe freedom, nor faint
with the bliss,
Over the freemen's sea, sweeping resist-
lessly,
Comes a deep murmur our ears cannot
miss.
Dost thou hear, Lord God!
Murmur of pity, of anger, of sorrow,
Murmur of comfort, of brotherly cheer;
Saying they weep for us, they, the glad-
hearted,
Saying they weep for us, free without
fear.
Dost thou hear, Lord God!
Courage, O Brothers! O sisters of stead-
fastness,
Look up once more through the anguish,
the pain!
Where love is, there is God, mighty, all-
merciful.
Now are our tears and our blood not in
vain.
Dost thou hear, Lord God!
—Laura F. Richards.

MIGUEL'S RIDE.

Juan Lopez settled his feet in his
stirrups and galloped away, a day's
ride through sage brush and cactus,
to the great Rancho Santa Anita, for
the grape picking.
His two motherless little boys
watched until there was only a cloud
of dust rising above the chaparral,
and that, at last was lost in the ar-
royo.
Miguel, brown-faced and sturdy,
was four years older than the delicate
Felipe. They were used to being left
alone—these little ones—and, in a
few days, Mateo would come down
from the city. Good Mateo, who was
so jolly. Felipe was always better
and brighter when Mateo was there to
sing his funny songs and tell his funny
stories.
In both cabins this opening had its
four sides thickly studded with long,
projecting nails, making both ingress
and egress a tedious and painful per-
formance. Unlike the second cabin,
this one, which goes by the name of
the Home of the Sacred Hermit, con-
sists of two parts, a kind of veranda
and sleeping apartment, the latter not
being more than four feet wide and
eight feet long, and of so scant a
height that a man of ordinary stature
cannot stand upright in it.
A spring or pool about six feet
square is inclosed in a kind of frame
work near by, and has so sluggish a
current, if current at all, that a thick
and uninviting scum accumulates upon
its surface. The guide, upon his
knees, with hat reverently removed,
brushed away the scum and drank
heartily of the water, vainly urging
the party to follow his example. This
he said, was the Blessed Spring, and
its history, together with that of the
crosses and the cabins, was thus given
by him when the trip had ended.
The days passed—Monday, Tuesday,
and Wednesday. Mateo did not come.
Alas! for Mateo. One night when
the red wine raged in his hot blood,
he struck a man down, and fought
like a wild beast when officers bound
him. Then outraged justice spoke,
and for ninety days his swarthy face
yellowed and grew haggard behind
prison bars.
Felipe grew very bad, parched with
fever and gnawed and bitten by sharp
pains. He pushed away the tortillas
that Miguel cooked with such care,
and cried night and day for water.
A vaquero passing, stopped for a
drink from the olla, and said, in awk-
ward Spanish: "Get him a doctor and
some medicine, or he will die," and
then clattered away.
"A doctor and medicine"—Miguel
knew how much doctors charged to
visit that out-of-the-way place. Many
times he had heard his father groan
over the great expense of his mother's
illness. One must be paid who saves
life, and it cost so much to die. He
looked into his thin pocket-book—only

a few small pieces of silver. Where
could he get money? His gaze
wandered around the poor adobe
house. No inspiration in the bare
walls. Two gaunt dogs, with hind
legs preposterously long, prowled
about the smooth-swept yard. No
money in those vagabond creatures.
A little way from the house, in a
shabby corral, stood Chispa—dear old
Chispa. A year ago a dealer had
come up from below with a band of
horses. One was sick, and had been
kicked and badly hurt. The sorry
beast was about to have his sufferings
ended by a merciful bullet, when the
man, seeing the two little boys, pre-
sented the horse to them with exag-
gerated kindness. Under their father's
directions, the young surgeons worked
with such a will that the poor beast
lived, and, with halting step, carried
the two boys many long miles.
A rush of tears burned Miguel's
eyes with a sudden smart. Chispa
must be sold. Accustomed to act for
himself, his plans were soon laid. He
knew something of the city and where
to find the doctor's office, for he had
been there with his father, and per-
haps he would see Mateo; so, in the
twilight of the dawn, when the stars
were growing pale, he left Felipe in a
stipor, which he thought sleep, and
started on his long ride.
The day had been dull at the horse-
market on the outskirts of the city. A
few men loitered about. A news-boy,
with aspirations turfward, strolled in
and examined, with the eye of a
jockey, a horse tied to the fence.
"Say, look at the little greaser kid
and Maud S!" he suddenly called out,
and burst into a loud laugh, as Miguel,
faint from hunger and loss of sleep,
rode slowly in.
"Hello, sonny! Where ye goin'
with that rack-o-bones?" demanded a
helper.
Miguel shook his head.
"No savvy, heh? Can't talk United
States?" He winked at his compan-
ions. "Well, I'll have some fun with
him, and then turn him over to 'Old
Man,' any way?"
Old Manuel was in the barn, sleep-
ing the sleep of the night-watch whose
morning dram had been unusually
strong, all unaware of the tragedy
going on the yard.
"Bring me that bottle off'n the shelf
in the corner, Jim—the one with the
cross-bones on. Don't let the kid see
ye."
Miguel stood mutely by, his heart
torn with anxiety about Felipe, and sick
with the thought of parting with
Chispa.
The bottle had been brought, and,
under the pretext of examining the
horse, the man lifted its mane and
poured a few drops of oil on its neck.
With a frantic plunge the poor brute
reared and pranced, while the by-
standers feigned terror and amaze-
ment.
When the paroxysm was over, they
gathered nearer with solemn shakes of
the head, and one man, whose sole
knowledge of Spanish consisted of a
few oaths, exclaimed: "The devil!"
Miguel looked at him in horror.
Had the evil one taken possession of
their pet? With his whole heart he
prayed to all the saints he could re-
member for help.
The horse had been walked around
the yard. His tormentor again slyly
tipped the bottle, and Chispa kicked
and threw himself on the ground in a
frenzy. The crowd grew larger as
the joke went around, and the smothered
laughter broke into shouts and
course jests.
Miguel grew deadly white and
shook like a leaf. Even in his help-
less ignorance he felt in his heart that
these jeering men were doing some-
thing to bewitch poor Chispa—and
Felipe dying alone! A little longer
he stood, his lips twitching, and then,
with a wild burst of denunciation, he
wrenched the bridle away from the
newsboy and threw himself on Chispa's
back. With his foot he struck
the hand that held the bottle, spilling
the contents on the blanket. He dashed
out of the yard, pursued by the
shouts of the men.
The proprietor came in then from
his luncheon.
"What's up?" he asked.
"Only a joke on a Mexican kid. A
few drops of croton on an old nag."
Miguel tried to turn Chispa toward
the doctor's office, but his trembling
hand was too weak to guide the fright-
ened horse. He dashed through the
streets, the cries of the people,
the clanging car-bells, and the barking
dogs driving him utterly mad.
On and on to the river, thundering
over the bridge, the foam flying from
his mouth, and the boy clinging with
both arms around his neck. The
houses were fewer and the way rough-
er now. Here were deep cuts, and
there the road had been built over
wide gullies. Chispa stumbled, then
regained his footing, but his strength
was evidently well-nigh spent.
They reached a spot where the road
was banked high, with tufts growing
at its foot. The oil had soaked
through the blanket and touched the
back of the tortured beast. Again he
reared, and the hands that clasped
his neck let go their hold. Miguel
pitched headlong down the steep bank,
and Chispa galloped on alone, for his
little master lay with his life crushed
out and his troubled heart still.

All day Felipe called in vain, grow-
ing weaker and weaker as night came
on.
"Miguel—agua—agua," he mut-
tered; but only the piercing wail of
the coyote fell upon the air. Miguel
lay among the tufts with his face up-
turned to the stars.
"Miguel—Mig—" the black eyes
flashed wide open, but the name
dropped unfinished from lips stiffened
in death.—The Argonaut.

HE EARNED THE CLOTHES.
Because He Had Invented the Shrewd-
est Trick of the Season.
A woman living up in Harlem was
telling the other day how she took an
innocent part in the playing of a
clever dodge by a bold and successful
swindler, says the New York Adver-
tiser.
The woman in question occupies a
large house and rents rooms to men
only. To her recently came a prepos-
sessing looking youth of good address,
desiring to look at the second floor
hall bed-room, if it was vacant, and
an examination proved to be satisfac-
tory.
"I will take it for a week," said the
young man. "I want to go and get
some of my things. I will be back in
half an hour and pay you for the room
on taking possession."
The young man departed and not
long after came back with a comforta-
ble bundle under his arm and accom-
panied by another young fellow, to
whom he said:
"Just sit down here in the parlor
while I go upstairs; I'll be down in a
minute."
Youth No. 1 goes up-stairs. Youth
No. 2 settles himself in the parlor
and waits. Presently the lady of the
house enters and learns that her new
"roomer" is up-stairs and will be
down directly. The up-stairs man
does not descend, however, and the
waiting youth says carelessly: "Well,
I suppose you might as well pay this
bill now as any time."
"Bill! What bill?"
"Why, this little bill for your son's
clothes."
"But, good gracious, I haven't any
son."
"What? That fellow that just went
up-stairs isn't your son? Why, he
came to our store, bought a suit of
clothes, and said if I came down with
him his mother would pay for them."
An immediate search of the hall
bed-room, second floor, followed, but
the bird had flown after donning the
new plumage and leaving the old be-
hind.
The manager of the clothing house,
summoned to the scene, reflected a
moment after hearing the story and
concluded: "Well, that's the sharp-
est trick I've seen played this season.
The risk of detection that fellow ran is
enough to let him out. He can have
the clothes."
TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.
Heat, Milk and Rest, but the Greatest
of These is Rest.
The hospital idea in the treatment
of the insane is nowhere better exem-
plified than at the State Homeopathic
Hospital for the Insane at Middletown
N. Y., writes C. R. Hammerton in the
Chautauquan. The surroundings
amid which the patients live are in
themselves an inspiration of peace and
a mental tonic.
The contrast between the modern
and old-fashioned manner of treat-
ment is manifested as soon as a patient
arrives. He is treated as a sick man,
not as a prisoner, and this distinction
is constantly maintained. In proof of
the new hypothesis, it is said that
very rarely does the patient enter the
hospital in good physical condition. To
this end most patients are put to bed
when they arrive and quiet and rest
are imposed for a long time. Com-
bined with this a most liberal and nu-
tritious diet is provided. One great
feature of Middletown hospital diet is
hot milk. The patients drink great
quantities of it. No opiates are ad-
ministered to quiet violent patients,
but large quantities of hot milk are
prescribed, and it is said that a full
stomach is one of the most calming
influences that can be provided. In
fact, in summing up the best physical
means for recuperating the worn and
wasted systems of the insane, Dr.
Tolcott says they may be stated in
three words: "heat, milk and rest, but
the greatest of these is rest."
Sizing Up a Russian.
An illustrious British diplomatist
and pro-consul, still happily extant,
being accredited her majesty's embas-
sador at St. Petersburg, thought it
would be expedient, while passing
through Berlin, to pay a visit to
Prince Bismarck, whom he knew to
have previously represented Prussia
in the Muscovite capital. He was
especially anxious to gain from so
competent an authority some really
trustworthy hints as to the character
of the people among whom he was to
sojourn. The chancellor summed up
his appreciation of the honest Rus-
sian peasant and the polished Russian
scoundrel in one curt and incisive
sentence: "The Russian," he said,
"is a capital fellow until he tucks
his shirt in."—Argonaut.
Nicaragua needs water badly, and Amer-
ican well drillers with pumping outfits are
in demand.

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.

Terre Haute, Ind
Terre Haute, Ind., Jan. 4.—The Uni-
on Literary society met on Monday
evening, and the following program
was rendered: Address by T. E. Guth-
rie; banjo solo, Mr. Grant Crowe; ora-
tion, Prof. C. F. Stokes; mandolin so-
lo, Mr. Watson Lewis; address, Mr.
Manuel; after which refreshments
were served.
Mr. Simon P. Smith and Miss Nel-
lie LaMont were married Thursday
evening at the residence of the bride's
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hall.
They left for St. Louis at 9:45 with
the best wishes of their many friends.
The East End club gave a grand
reception at the residence of Mr. and
Mrs. John Lewis on Wednesday even-
ing. About forty were present.
Mr. Pascal Saulters departed this
life, Dec. 29. Interment at Woodlawn
Jan. 1. He was the last of a family
of eleven children. Rev. J. W. Stanton
preached the funeral sermon in an
eloquent manner.
The 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs.
C. H. Washington died last week of
diphtheria. All of the family are af-
flicted.
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jackson gave
a social party on Friday evening at
their residence on South 14th street.
La grippe is raging in this vicinity.
Among those who have succumbed
is Judge James M. Allen. In a great
many cases it is causing insanity.
Mr. Wm. Matthews, of the health
office has been adjudged insane and
taken to Indianapolis.
Mrs. Sweete Rachel is slowly re-
covering from a severe attack of ty-
phoid fever.
Miss Addie Williams has resigned
her position at Edgewood farm, and
while resting will board with Mr. and
Mrs. R. R. K. Manuel.
Subscribe for the Plaindealer which
can be found at 1910 Wabash avenue.
Unit.

**ICE CREAM
FLINN & DURFEE'S**
One Quart 30c Two Quarts 50c One
Dollar per Gallon Delivered.
SPECIAL RATES to Churches, Societies and
Boarding Houses.
TELEPHONE 257.
304 MICHIGAN AVENUE.

ATTENTION!
MILLIONS IN IT!
Pensions and Bounties.
New Laws, New Rulings,
New Decisions,
Soldiers, Sailors.
Their Widows, Children,
Mothers, Fathers, Sisters
and Brothers entitled to
PENSIONS.
NEW LAW.
Soldiers and Sailors who have become
disabled since the war are entitled to
Pension—No evidence required.
WIDOWS and CHILDREN
Are entitled to pension—regardless of
cause of the soldier's death—Thou-
sands of claims heretofore reject-
ed are now good.
Apply at once to
L. W. PULIES,
Ex-U. S. Examiner of Pensions, Solic-
itor of Claims and Patents.
Office, 1738 Tenth Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.
Lock Box 445.

Cheapest Wall Paper House
—In the City—
Paper 3, 4 and 5c per Roll.
White - 6 cts
Gilt - 8 and 10
Painting
Paper Hanging
and Decorating.
James Cliff
210 Michigan Avenue.

A. Laitner,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
White Wash, Kalsomine, Paints, Varnish
Horse Scrub Shoe, Hair and Cloth
BRUSHES, ETC.
87 Gratiot Ave.,
DETROIT, MICH
TELEPHONE 249.

JAMES CORNELL
Painting In All Branches.
Dealer in Wall Paper.
Paper Hanging
and Free coloring
Wall Paper 3 cents per Roll
60 MICHIGAN AVENUE.

"YOU WE MEAN"
—SMOKE—
"VIM,"
THE BEST 5c CIGAR ON EARTH
ED. BURK'S,
36 MONROE AVE WE MAKE 'EM

Is Your House or
Household Furniture
Insured
Against Loss or Damage by
FIRE?
If Not Get Your Rates From
W. W. FERGUSON
FIRE INSURANCE &
REAL ESTATE AGENT.
Office 101 Griswold St.
TELEPHONE 2105 DETROIT, MICH.
Or 225 Alfred Street.

Valentine Geist. Charles Geist.
V. Geist & Son
Undertakers AND
Practical Embalmers.
51 Monroe Ave., Detroit.
Established in 1861.
TELEPHONE 637

THE PLAINEALER.

Issued Every Friday.

TERMS—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

By mail or carrier, per annum \$1.00
Six months, .75
Three months, .50

The PLAINEALER Company Publishers, Tribune Building, 11 Rowland Street.

Entered at the Post Office at Detroit, Mich., as Second-class matter.

Address all communications to THE PLAINEALER Company, Box 93, Detroit, Mich.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, '92.

SOME REASONS WHY ADVERTISERS

SHOULD USE THE COLUMNS OF

The Plainealer.

The Plainealer is a valuable and attractive medium.

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

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

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

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

Persistent advertising pays. Try The Plainealer.

Quite a number of our exchanges have been crowing about how we would chastise Chill in the event of war. If the interview with Secretary Tracy be correct as to the relative strength of our navy and that of Chill, the boot might be on the other foot. Chill might take some of the conceit out of us.

Mr. Blanch K. Bruce is being quite severely censured because it is claimed he secured the dismissal of J. E. Bruce, (Bruce Grit) from a clerkship in one of the departments. To be what is sauce for the Goose etc., applies. Mr. J. E. Bruce has been doing his utmost to smirch his reputation and influence of both. B. K. Bruce and auditor John R. Lynch. If these gentlemen have turned on him and crushed him, it is unmanly for him to whine now. Messrs Bruce and Lynch would not be men did they not resent the foul manner in which they have been pursued by certain newspaper scribblers.

Virginia Kentucky, and North Carolina are threatened with separate car laws. There is no more reason why they should exist in these states than in South Carolina, where such a law was recently defeated. It however is incumbent upon the Afro-Americans in these states to unite to oppose such class measures, and to enlist in their aid all the whites favorably disposed towards them. For this purpose the Citizens' Rights Association would perhaps form a better medium than any of the strictly race organization.

When the Plainealer considers the origin of the masses among the Afro-Americans it begins to think that perhaps too much is expected of them in the way of unity by those who seek to correct the wrongs that are inflicted upon them.

The Democrats of Louisiana, with characteristic kindness, wants the Afro-American to take no part in the coming election. They declare that to do so will be taking an advantage of the split in the Democratic party, which is a party of principles (no doubt lottery principles) to place in power unscrupulous men of the Republican party. The humane penalty prescribed for any infraction of this injunction is that no Afro-American may expect to wake up alive after retiring at night. The men who compose this party of principles expect to send him to his long home, like any band of midnight assassins might do. And this is the enlightened South, the new South, that want no interference in their humane treatment of the Afro-American. This is the crowd of assassins before which our last Republican Senate quailed and dared not pass an election bill.

The Boston Republican had a fine and timely editorial last week, on the advisability of President Harrison appointing an Afro-American as one of the Circuit Judges of Appeal. News also comes from Washington that there is a air of expectancy among Afro-Americans at the capital that Mr. Harrison will consider our claim in the three appointments yet to be made. It has been a source of wonder to the Plainealer why our exchanges have not been more earnest in pressing this demand on the President since men qualified and able in every respect have been presented for his consideration. There are a number of these contemporaries claiming to be Republicans, they certainly can see that this question will be made an issue in the next campaign and no doubt they stand ready to augment the dissatisfaction. The spirit of independence was never so widely manifest among Afro-Americans as now. What we have said before, we repeat now, let us urge properly and present our claims, first ere we conjure up alights to kick about. The Plainealer believes that with the proper urging that President Harrison will give us this appointment, whether it be Prof. Straker or some other capable man.

The lynching of an Afro-American down in Mississippi recently developed a new feature, and showed that the people who resort to these outrageous methods, have utter contempt of the law, or that public sentiment is so strong in their favor, that they could not be convicted of the offense even if their identity was known and they were brought to trial. In this case the lynching was an exceedingly cold blooded affair, and the parties took along with them a photographer with his camera so as to secure a thorough likeness in every particular of the affair. Writing of this deed, and its remarkable depravity a correspondent of the Memphis Appeal-Avalanche say:

It may be that there are some occasions where a venturesome artist, in the interest of an enterprising journal, secretly follows a lynching party, and takes a rough picture with a snapshot camera, but, in this instance, the artist is part and parcel of the arrangements, and the cold-blooded boldness of these men standing there in the presence of their dead victim—dangling at a rope's end—strikes a chill to the heart of the beholder. And, however deserving of death the Negro was, still, his helplessness, thus coldly held up to view, contrasts so strongly with the boastful unfeelingness of his executioners as to almost turn the scale in his favor, and call down heavy condemnation on the heads of his slayers.

The Plainealer repeats to the Statesman that a cause or organization shall fall or rise upon its own merits. There is room and work enough for a dozen organizations like the League and Constitutional Union, and not one of them should rely for growth upon detractions of the other. The Plainealer has not one word to say against either organization or any other whose object is similar. The fact that Mr. W. H. Anderson is secretary of the League, and part and parcel of the Plainealer does not make it favor this organization as against another. In these matters the Plainealer endeavors to be just, and to be just one can not be too strictly partisan, lest he be comes blinded to the good that exists elsewhere.

Since the inception of the Afro-American League there have been formed thirteen state organizations instead of three as stated by the Statesman and local leagues have been formed in nearly every state of the Union. The reason why these leagues have not accomplished greater work is because the executive committees have not had energy enough to push matters, and make their local leagues a factor in their communities, yet the Plainealer is informed that there are many local organizations that are doing much good. Through the medium of members of these organizations and supported by them the civil rights of the Afro-American have been settled satisfactorily by the courts in two states. It was because T. Thos. Fortune was secretary of the Afro-American League that he received outside support that he did when he made his appeal for aid. In the two years of its existence it has accomplished some good, its influence in some communities has been more beneficial than in others, according to the activity displayed there in. It has started and won suits at law, it has been the medium by which business enterprises have been started, it has moulded sentiment and for these reasons organizations of these kind must be encouraged and support-

ed, and any effort to disparage any is certainly harmful to the interests of the Afro-American.

There is a movement on foot to build a monument in Richmond, Va., in memory of the slaves who were faithful to the families of their masters during the war of the rebellion. While it is true that the fidelity of these men has never been paralleled in history under such circumstances, and that they are deserving of recognition for the lesson in humanity they taught their white neighbors, this recognition should be more than a mere monument of stone. These old slaves and their families need education, they need protection against outrages and lynchings, they need protection against jim crow car and other discriminating legislation. Such monuments as these builded in the hearts and characters of men, would be more enduring and beneficial than all the piles of stones that may be erected. The influences of such monuments would be two fold. They would fill the Afro-American with laudable ambitions and teach the white American forbearance.

In speaking of the jim crow car law now pending before the Virginia legislature, a Southern journal has erected a standard of justice, which if heeded and pursued will be a monument in itself to cement the races together in an effort for a better and nobler civilization, giving each respect for the other. The article referred to reads as follows.

"The proposition to compel all railroads operated in Virginia to provide separate coaches for white and colored passengers, as suggested in the Governor's message and outlined in a bill presented to the legislature a few days ago, is a most deplorable scheme—both wrong and impolitic. Wrong, because it possesses the worst feature of class legislation i. e., personal discomfort and annoyance—if not persecution. It is too late in the centuries for a humane people to attempt to justify such a scheme after hundreds of years of close association with the African race. So long as these people were slaves no one ever thought of such legislation as this, though the relations of the two races were closer than they are now; but since slaves have become people and all well-meaning people are seeking to elevate this down-trodden race, it is proposed to put a ban upon them and build a barrier against their progress. If it were possible there would be some sense in legislation that would provide separate apartments for refined and coarse people. It does work a hardship to a true gentleman or lady to be compelled to ride in the same car with many of the low and rude specimens of humanity which frequent passenger trains, that it would be impossible to make the distinction along a color line, for some of the most repulsive people are white and the whitest skin often covers the blackest heart, while many of the colored people are well-bred and the majority of them, we believe, deport themselves with reasonable decency and dignity in public places.

And this matter is peculiarly impolitic just at this juncture.—Virginia cannot afford to cloud the splendid spectacle of her material wealth, which she is now preparing to present to the world, with even a shadow of shame. She cannot afford to have an unbidden spectre stand beside her magnificent exhibit at Chicago and dim its lustre with the record of her last legislature—and thus cause the very people whom we most need to interest to pass us by."

The Study Chair.

A large sacrifice of means and energy must often be made to sustain a good Newspaper. A fact too little appreciated by the masses. The editors of our papers are poorly paid for their service. Their work is largely gratuitous. Yet they are among our best benefactors. Every family should subscribe for a good paper and keep abreast of the current of religious and secular thought. If it can afford but one, take the paper that is in closest touch with your interests.

The plea of bankruptcy is often resorted to to evade honest debts. The moral law requires a man who becomes a bankrupt, to voluntarily transfer his property to trustees to be turned into money and distributed equitably among his creditors. The bankrupt law is not intended to render relief to a dishonest debtor. Such relief, which has come to be quite common in practice, is a perversion of its object.

A mastery of the English language should precede the study of the classics. It is pitiable to see men attempt to quote Hebrew, Greek and Latin who cannot speak English correctly.

In a christian life all of the graces should be in perfect harmony, and should give forth no discordant sound.

The real wages which a workman seeks are simply comfortable means of subsistence.

The Jew preserves a distinct identity. He does not amalgamate readily with any other people either in blood or sentiment.

The Scripture doctrine of election includes all who were willing to be saved. No teaching of the Bible has been more incusted with dogma than this. Yet freed from speculation, none is more simple.

Much that seems real in human life is veritable tinsel and froth, which only needs an emergency to test its instability. It is common for the loudst trumpets to give false sounds. By their fruits ye shall know them, is our only safe guide.

The true heart may be concealed, but it is silently developing or destroying the soul.

The surgeon sometimes makes a painful incision in search of a puss cavity. Yet he does it in kindness and for the good of the patient. The sentimental think him cruel. But that incision saves the patients life. So must the christian minister in the face of a false sentiment probe deeply into latent sins in love for the souls of his people.

It does not speak well for a householder to have the outside of the platter alone clean. We naturally mistrust her cleanliness when we discover dirt that is hidden. To have a clean parlor does not convince us of tidiness, if the remainder of the house is slovenly.

A preacher should preach the gospel to others which he is endeavoring to live. It is the grossest form of hypocrisy to rail against others for vices in which he himself indulges.

There are false comforters in the world. Some of these magnify our natural weakness. Others exalt God's mercy and eliminate his justice.

The interests of the souls of men are safe only in the most skillful hands. God claims the service of the wisest and best of his creatures.

James M. Henderson.

West Superior Notes.

West Superior, Wis., Dec. 31.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Greyson, celebrated their first wedding anniversary Christmas day, having been married one year, the 24th of Dec. Mrs. Greyson, was a recipient of a number of handsome and costly presents. Mr. Greyson, presented her with a silver set, china, and embroidered slippers, Master Loyd Hopson, a beautiful fancy fan, Susie Butler. About 5 p. m. a very inviting dinner was spread for 16. Those present were Mrs. R. Hopson, J. Morsey, R. Webb, A. Schoelle, Misses Lily Black, Julia Richey, Susie, Helen Butler, Messrs R. Webb, Hopson, J. Mosley, C. McDonald, W. and H. Richardson, R. Mensour, F. Johnson, and B. Weston. Mrs. J. Stokes, entertained W. H. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Stokes, at dinner next.

The Independent club gives its first select masquerade ball. The club consist of ladies and it being leap year they will do all in their power to make it a successful affair. The patrons are, Mrs. J. Grayson, J. Mosly, R. Hopson, and W. H. Perry. Messrs J. Grayson, J. Mosly and B. Weston.

Mrs. R. Hopson, entertained a pleasant dinner party at her home Sunday afternoon. Those present were Mrs. N. H. Berry, Messrs W. H. Berry, F. Johnson, R. Hopson, Putman, and F. Johnson, R. Hopson, I. Putman, and B. Weston. Misses Susie and Helen Butler.

Mrs. F. Johnson, is spending the holidays with her mother.

Important to You.

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

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

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

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

The World of Business.

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

The wheat crop of the United States and Canada is 650,000,000 bushels. We have yet 150,000,000 bushels to send abroad.

There are 4,300 men hard at work on the 14 buildings going up on the world's fair grounds.

The great West is calling for water ways and artesian wells and conventions will be held next year to further these schemes.

Chicago and the Northwest want deep water to tide water but this will be opposed by the mighty railroad interests between New York and Chicago.

A third enlargement of the Welland canal is soon to take place.

The Northwest will fight the railroads as far as they can with cheap water transportation.

The Hennepin canal will connect Chicago with the Mississippi.

Several new large steel works are projected and enlargements of old works will soon be made.

The iron trade enters the new year in better condition by far than 1891 opened.

The bridge builders are working to their fullest capacity.

Real estate people and land owners look for a general appreciation of land all over the country during 1892. There are evidences of improvement already.

In the banks of England are three thousand million dollars lying idle, or offered at a low rate of interest.

All this favorable condition of things means increased prosperity in the New Year.

The government has been asked to demand that all bridges to be hereafter built across the Hudson river shall be one span from abutment to abutment and shall be 140 feet above the river.

A ship canal is to be built around Niagara Falls.

Two strong points in the business situation are first, that \$28,000,000 in gold have been received since September and the volume of freight East from Chicago was 120,000 tons against 30,000 tons for the same week last year and against an average of 40,000 to 50,000 usually.

The railroad companies are nearly all making money. The gain over last year for the first ten months this year is 6 1/2 per cent. The surplus received at New York is \$20,000,000 against 4 1/2 million dollars at this time last year. The deposits in bank are now higher than they ever were, viz: \$448,000,000.

A grand coal basin has just been discovered in Northern Mexico, including 2,000,000 acres, in a field 20 miles wide, and 50 miles long. The coal ranges from 64 to 78 per cent in fixed carbon. It is 125 miles from the Southern Pacific. A line is to be built to it, and 1,800 miles of road will be supplied with coal.

Forty-two whaling vessels recently arrived at San Francisco with 13,125 barrels of oil and 220,000 pounds of bone. A vessel is being built to carry 70,000 carcasses of frozen sheep from New Zealand.

Bankers, whose field of observation, and experience is limited by "paper-day" demands, seem to agree that there will be a strain on the banks to meet business requirements next year an opinion which is perhaps based on the fact of steady growth. Those higher up in financial management know that it has been only by the ablest financial generalship, aided by an accidental crop, that serious conditions have been avoided. The politicians will probably meddle just enough with tariff and silver agitations to keep the public reminded that these topics will be footballs for future national political tournament.

The year closes under satisfactory conditions, but there are dangers to be considered, such as a hurtful fluctuation of prices, growing out of the presentation of large requirements. Shrewd business men recognize this danger, and in a multitude of individual cases this month, danger has been averted by liberal contracts for raw material.

The great body of the people are waiting to see what everybody else does. If wisdom prevails there will be nothing but a natural demand, because the producing capacity in every branch of activity is such that no harm can result to slow buyers, provided there is a normal demand.

Manufacturers say that raw material is at the lowest point for years, and that the demonstrated fact of bottom prices having been actually reached will stimulate an upward movement in values with the enlarging demand that seems to be in sight.

Among mining interests on the Pacific slope, a sort of revival in enterprise is showing itself, but is confined to well defined properties where much capital is necessary. Haphazard hydraulic mining is over, and the new operations will be conducted for the most part by strong combinations. The possible enlargement of the field for silver, perhaps, has something to do with this growing interest.

In and around Chicago 125 miles of track are loaded with cars that cannot be unloaded; a thing unheard of in the history of railroading.

The elevators are crowded and the farmers are calling for more cars.

The big cotton crop is not as much of a blessing as it looks. The planters contracted debts when cotton was worth 10 cents per pound while at present they are getting only 7 cents and many of the planters are unable to pay their debts. J. M. D.

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, 486 Hastings street.
John Williams, 51 Croghan street.
Cook and Thomas, 49 Croghan street.
Jones and Brewer, 259 Antoine street.
W. H. Johnson, 486 Hastings street.

MERE MENTION.

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

Plaindealer Readers

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

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

The Ohio Falls Express has this pleasant notice of Mr. Richard Harrison, who is traveling through Kentucky: "Mr. Richard B. Harrison, Ottawa, Canada, gave a reading at Jacob street Tabernacle, December 29. Mr. Harrison is computed to be the best elocutionist and dramatic reader of our race, and it was a rare treat for those who were fortunate enough to be entertained by him. By request he will give another reading, probably the first of next month."

Frank Shewcraft started Monday as letter carrier under the tutelage of Frank Jackson.

A reception was given Monday evening at the residence of Mr. Benj. Lambert, in honor of Misses Childers, Brooks and De Janette, of Oberlin. Vocal selections were given by each of the ladies.

The ladies of St. Matthew's altar committee extend hearty thanks to the patrons of the fair held by them during the holidays, the net proceeds of which were \$142.08. The quilt sale, including the autograph quilt, which it was impossible to hold during the fair, will be held Easter Monday.

Nobody but a woman can write scientifically of woman's apparel. The man who attempts it! Most. It is different with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Either sex is fully acquainted with the merits of this noted remedy.

At six o'clock Sunday evening, Miss Annie Beeler entertained Mr. Will Robinson, of Wellington, at dinner. Covers were laid for twelve and a menu comprising six courses was served. The decorations were carnations and geraniums, a geranium leaf being the feature of the menu cards, which were kept by the guests as souvenirs of a charming evening. Miss Beeler, who is noted for the graceful ease with which she entertains, was at her best and was ably seconded by her guest, who came in typical holiday humor. Music appropriate to the evening added much to the pleasure of the guests. Among those present were Miss De Janette, of Oberlin, Miss Emma Gould, of Lexington, Mich., Miss Lillie Preston, Miss Amanda Luckett, and Miss Florence Cole, and Messrs. Robinson, of Wellington, O., Nash, of St. Louis, Bert Johnson, Arthur Palmer, Al Chappee and John Langston.

The ladies from Oberlin returned to their studies Tuesday after a delightful visit.

Last year several young men who were successful contestants in the Civil Service examination, received appointments. This year applicants for the examinations are very numerous.

Mr. Starks, who loses his position at Nall's by the firm going out of business, will be employed in the clothing department at Mabley's.

The masquerade New Year's night, at Fraternity hall was largely attended though but few were masked.

Miss Mary Taylor left New Year's day for a month's visit with her parents in London.

Mr. Walter Stowers who has been ill with the grip, has recovered.

Mr. Ben B. Peigham, who neglected to have the mumps in his youth, has been forced to give them some attention during the past week.

New Year's evening was delightfully spent by a few young people at the residence of Miss Lulu B. Gregory. Among those present were Miss Bowler, of Jefferson, O., and Mr. Robt. Peigham, Jr. Cards formed the evening's amusement.

Mrs. Fred H. Johnson of West Superior, Wis., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. J. Thompson, 336 Hastings street.

Mrs. H. B. Gordon and Mrs. M. J. Thompson and daughter Gertrude, were guests of Mrs. T. S. Roadman during the Grand Lodge season of Good Samaritans at Ypsilanti. Mr. Robt. Peigham, Jr., who spent the holidays in the city with relatives, has returned to Duluth.

Miss Susie Dowdre returned to Jefferson, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Anderson have returned from Cincinnati.

The Detroit Social club elected officers for the ensuing year last Tuesday evening. The election resulted as follows: Pres., Jas. H. Dickinson; Vice Pres., Wm. H. Anderson; Recording Secretary, F. B. Peigham; Financial Secretary, Chas. R. Webb.

The Maccabees is the only fraternal benefit organization in Michigan that makes no color discrimination, and there is a movement on foot to establish a tent here among our young men.

It gives me pleasure to certify that Lieutenant Busiek of the Central Police District used Salvation Oil on a rheumatic arm. A few applications relieved him and wrought a permanent cure. Salvation Oil if called in will verify this statement.

Serg't. H. A. Ryan, Central Police Station Balto., Md. Mrs. Johnson, mother of Mrs. Chappee, of Clinton street, is seriously ill.

Mr. Chas. R. Webb has returned from a pleasant visit to Pittsburg, Pa. While there he was the honored guest at several social events, one of the most delightful being a progressive euchre party given by Miss Winnie Anderson.

Mrs. J. H. Alexander and daughter spent the holidays with friends in Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Isabella Hill is visiting in Saline, Mich.

Mrs. Morton, of Ypsilanti, was in the city last week visiting Mrs. Bibbins, of Wilkins street.

Mr. Jesse Wise is suffering from a stroke of paralysis.

Mr. Theodore Crosby and Miss Carrie Hill were married last Thursday night.

Miss Alberta Tucker, of Clinton street, has been very sick.

Miss De Janette, of Oberlin, is visiting Mrs. McDonald.

Prof. Thompson will assist Miss Webb, the organist of the Ind. Baptist Sunday school, with his violin. School is opened every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. All are welcome.

Mrs. E. M. McCoy, of 586 Lincoln avenue, gave a tea Saturday evening in honor of the ladies visiting her from Oberlin, and Mr. Will Robinson, of Wellington, O. Covers were laid for eleven and a tempting repast served by the hostess.

John C. Fremont Post No 406, Department of Michigan, held its installation and camp-fire Friday evening at its hall, 200 Randolph street. Past Commander Davey of Fairbanks Post mustered the post, and afterward delivered a fine address. The commander-elect, W. A. Smith, and others, also addressed the assemblage. Everything passed off in good style.

A new order respecting pro confesso divorce suits made Monday morning was broken Tuesday afternoon for the first time. Jacob W. James, a colored man, appeared before Judge Brevoort and proved by several witnesses that Julia E. James, his wife, had done naughty things, and was granted a divorce. Julia was not present, and an order pro confesso and affidavit of regularity showed that her whereabouts could not be discovered. The case is not on the docket for January, and no order has been entered placing it there.

John Wilson, the Cadillac hotel waiter, died at Emergency hospital Tuesday evening from injuries received on the head by a fall in the court of the hotel last Saturday. Coroner Downs will hold an inquest Thursday at 10:30 a. m.

The Christmas entertainment of the Second Baptist Sunday school, held Thursday evening of last week, was an enjoyable success. After a few preliminary exercises, the pretty little dialogue of "Goosey, Goosey, Gander" was charmingly given by the very little people of the Sunday school. Santa Claus then appeared in his favorite role of giving away presents.

Mrs. Geo. W. Cheek, was called to Cleveland, Saturday, by the illness of her father, Mr. Henderson, but did not arrive there until after his death.

Mrs. Williams, the aged mother of Mrs. Makoe, died New Year's morning, and was buried from the home of her daughter, Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m.

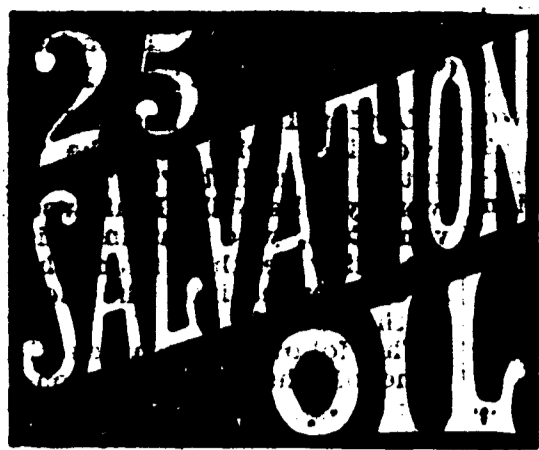
Miss Amanda Luckett, who has been a sufferer from the grip for some time, returned to school, Monday.

Mr. Wm. Robinson, who was the guest of Mr. Albert Johnson, holiday week, returned home to Oberlin, Monday morning.

One of the pleasant events of the holiday week was the charming theater party, New Year's night, to see Robson in "The Henrietta."

The Second Baptist Church.

The annual meeting of the Second Baptist church was held last night. The report of the clerk showed the present membership of the church to be 175. During the year four new members have been admitted and the church has lost five by death. The treasurer reported that the receipts of the year were \$609.90 and the disbursements \$603.43, leaving a balance of \$6.47. George W. Hill and Charles Clemens were elected trustees for three years. H. F. Thompson clerk, and John Miner, treasurer, were



BULL'S For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive persons. **COUGH SYRUP** For Sale by all Druggists.

re-elected. The church is at present without a pastor.

Bethel Church.

Desiring that the many friends of Bethel church, and the public in general should know of the progress of Bethel, the following statement for the quarter ending Jan. 5th, is submitted: The total amount of money raised from Oct. 3th to Jan 5th is \$1,241.63. Of this sum, \$230.72 belongs to the stewards' department, and \$1,000.91 to the trustees'.

For the first time in the fifty years of Bethel's history the entire supply of winter fuel was laid in at once and is about all paid for. All of the current expenses have been promptly paid, our floating debts have been reduced, the interest on the mortgage debt is paid up to date and a nice slice has been cut off of the principal. We have so managed as to reduce the interest \$164.60 per year, i. e., from now on we will have \$164.60 less interest to pay annually. That is a saving of \$493.80 for the term of our bonded debt. Although there are several other large payments abreast of us this year we are all feeling greatly encouraged and, having our payments paid to date, hope to keep ahead.

We are very much indebted to our distinguished fellow citizen, Prof. D. A. Straker, for large and substantial aid in raising the money to meet our last payment. If the gratitude and prayers of those whom he has so generously assisted avail much, Prof. Straker's pathway through life will be full of blessedness. When the reports are all in we hope to give the list of those who have contributed to make this quarter so successful. I am proud to say that more than \$900 of the \$1,241.63 was given by members of the church and congregation. Yours faithfully, John M. Henderson, Pastor.

A Discrimination.

Rev. J. A. C. Smith, represented in a declaration filed in the Wayne Circuit Court Detroit, on Saturday that he is the pastor of the First M. E. Church of Detroit, has received the countenance and support of his fellow citizens both white and colored and has always conducted himself in a sober and orderly manner. On December 25, 1891, he states, he went to the ice cream parlor conducted by W. P. Murray at 195 Woodward avenue and asked a clerk to accommodate him and his daughter with dishes of ice cream. He says he started for the apartment in which there several vacant tables and where ice cream was usually served but was told that he could not be served there; that if he desired to be served he and his daughter could eat their dish of cream from a counter, which at that time was filled with toys. He asked the price of the cream and was told that it would be twenty cents, which he was willing to pay, but he insisted upon knowing why he could not be given a seat at one of the regular tables. He was told in reply that it was against the rules of the house to serve colored people there. Before going out Mr. Smith met Mr. Murray and was again told that colored people could not be served in the apartment where the tables were provided, but that they could be served at the counter. Feeling that he was not treated properly, he left the store and yesterday commenced suit against Mr. Murray for \$5,000 damages, by D. A. Straker, his attorney. The refusal of Mr. Murray to serve him in the parlors, the plaintiff says, is a discrimination, as well as his common law rights.

Across the Border.

The Rev. Smith, by request, has resigned the pastorate of the B. M. E. church. The young men of the Golden Star social club presented him with a handsome overcoat on the eve of his departure.

Father Hawkins, who has just returned from a tour in England, conducted services at the B. M. E. church Sunday. He also gave a lecture on the events of his trip which was highly entertaining to those present.

The Rev. Mr. Minter, of Guelph, spent Sunday in the city and assisted Father Hawkins. He returned home Monday.

Miss Pearl Newsome, of Bellefontaine, O., is spending the winter with her aunt, Mrs. Taylor.

Mr. Harris and Mrs. Fleming were married Tuesday.

When the crops are paid for it will add a great deal more wealth. Our wheat exports this season foot up 66,000,000 bushels wheat against 17,000,000 last season to this date. The exports of breadstuffs for five months foot up \$125,000,000 in value against \$81,000,000 for some five months last year.

THE RIGHT KIND OF FOOTWEAR AT THE RIGHT TIME AND AT RIGHT PRICES. FOR YOUR WIFE, YOUR HUSBAND OR YOUR FRIEND, A PAIR OF OUR SLIPPERS IS THE RIGHT THING. **EISMAN & MAY,** YOUR SHOEMEN. AT 85 GRATIOT AVENUE.

Read the Detroit Plaindealer. All the News \$1 per year.

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

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

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

A TASTEFUL BONNET.
From The Plaindealer, Nov. 28.

Address THE PLAINDEALER, DETROIT, MICH.

Charming Stories. Clever Anecdotes. Bright Editorials

T. A. COLE,
Furniture
—AND—
Piano Moving,
364 DIVISION ST.
Baggage Express in connection.
Prompt service.

HENRY MERDIAN,
—DEALS IN—
COAL,
WOOD, COKE
—AND—
CHARCOAL.
392 Atwater Street, foot Riopelle.
Telephone 839.

GRAND STEAM LAUNDRY
196 Randolph Street,
Lyceum Theatre Block.
Lace Curtains and Prompt Work a Specialty.
Goods Called For And Delivered.
Telephone 448.

Go TO
C. R. RICHARDSON & CO'S
GREAT INVENTORY
SHOE SALE.
41 and 43 MONROE VE.

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

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

LOVE AND MUSIC.

The lights and shadows gather
Across the quiet room,
And through the open window
The roses wait perfume.
Amid the gathering shadows,
The sunlight on her hair,
She sits, my gray-eyed darling,
My lady, pure and fair.
Her white hands softly linger
Upon the organ's keys,
And then a burst of music
Rolls out in melodies.
Night's shadows gather round us,
From the sunset's glory cast;
The music pales to silence,
Like a story that is past.
Then from my place beside her,
My soul deep thrilled with bliss,
I reach and draw her to me,
With Love's one perfect kiss.
—Sat. Evening Post.

WHAT HE BROUGHT.

It's a poor place," said Mrs. Gore, looking helplessly around the dreary old farmhouse kitchen, as she stood there with one little child in her arms and another clinging to her skirts. "But I've always heard tell that beggars mustn't be choosers."
It was more than a year now since the Black farm had been left to the mercy of the suns and the rains, a deserted shell. People said that the old house was nearly a hundred years old, certainly looked it, with that huge mass of chimney stacks, the sloping roof, the tiny-paned windows, and the low ceiling, which seemed almost to touch your head as you crossed the moulding threshold. Until George Gore's little house took fire, one windy June night, and was burned to the ground, and Mrs. Gore and her little ones could only escape with their lives.
"It's just our luck," said Mrs. Gore plaintively. "Just as you'd got your shoe-shop fitted up and the new stock here comes a visitation of Providence and swallows up all we're worth in the world! I've almost a mind to give up!"
"Cheer up, mother," said George Gore, who had one of those elastic temperaments which are absolutely unquenchable. "It ain't so bad but what it might have been wuss. You're safe and so be I, and so are the dear little children! And we ain't none of us hurt, the good Lord be praised! And Squire Sedley will let me have this place for ten pounds a year. It's a little ruinous, to be sure, but we can make a room or so habitable, at least; and it's warm weather, so we don't mind a loose place or so on the boards; and I can have a little garden, and there's a power o' fruit down in the garden, if once we can get the weeds out! And if I can't make new shoes, I can at least get a job among the neighbors to cobble old ones. And you shan't starve, Sylv, neither you nor the children, my girl! Eh! Hello! Who's that?"
The squire hemmed and hawed. "Wal," said he, "I hope it won't be no objection; but it's old Uncle Black! He will come here every day. He can't get over the notion that he lives here yet! They've done everything they can to keep him in the workhouse, but he will wander over here and sit by the hour on the door-steps."
As he spoke the shrivelled little figure of a very old man came slowly up the weed-grown path, leaning heavily on his staff. As he neared the door and saw strange faces around him, he took off his battered straw hat, so that the wind blew his straggling silver hair about, with a strangely picturesque effect.
"You're welcome, ladies and gentlemen," he said in a feeble cracked voice, "kindly welcome. My son, Matthew, and his wife are somewhere about the place. I'm very old, and can't talk much; but you're welcome," so saying, he sat down on the sunny doorstep, and the children crept softly to him, and looked wonderingly into his face.
"I'll speak to the relieving officer," said Squire Sedley. "They'll keep him locked up, so he won't trouble you."
"No they won't," said George Gore, bringing his big fist down on the wooden mantel; "not if I know it! Do you think I'm going to have the old creature bullied from pillar to post?—bless his old heart! He shall come here if he pleases, and there shan't no one prevent him. Who knows but that he may bring us luck?"
"He shall stay here," announced George Gore. "What signifies his sit and sup to an able-bodied man like me? I may be old and forsaken one day myself, you know." "George, you never did stop to calculate things," said Mrs. Gore feebly.
"There's some things as the Lord ever meant us to calculate," said George, bluffly. "He calls me Mat, don't you hear? He thinks I'm his boy. And please God, I'll take that boy's place to him."
So the weeks and months and years rept on, and old Uncle Black never knew that he was solitary and alone in the world. While George Gore labored patiently on, striving always against a certain element which the gods of the East call "Kismet," and our stolid Englishman designates in his simple parlance, "bad luck," Squire Sedley pursed up his thin

lips. "Gore is behind with his rent again," said he. "Gore is a peculiar man. I couldn't afford to take in the whole neighborhood as a matter of charity. And the railway company have offered me a thousand pounds for the place to turn into a goods yard; and I'd be a fool to keep on losing money as I be now."
So that George Gore and his family were once more on the verge of being turned out, when, one stormy sunset, a stout, dark man came to the door—a man who had something indescribably foreign in his air and dress, and whose features were partially concealed by a heavy white beard. "Folks at home?" said he, peering around with dark, keen eyes, which missed not a single auxiliary of the scene.
"Well, they be now," said George Gore, who had moved his bench close to the window to take advantage of the last red light in the sky to mend Dr. Thorne's calf-skin shoe; "but there's no tellin' how long they will be if Squire Sedley sells out to the new railroad corporation? Ain't that something new?"
"Praps you're a stranger hereabouts," said George, driving his awl energetically into the leather.
"Praps you don't know that this is the old Black place, and that Matthew Black was lost at sea the Lord only knows how many years ago, and that his old father was put in the workhouse."
"In the workhouse! In the workhouse!" repeated the stranger. "Is old Elihu Black on the parish?"
"He was, until me and my wife took him back here," explained George. "He never understood how things was, and came here every day, just as if his folks had the place yet; so we took him here to live—poor old man! and made him as comfortable as we could. And that's him now a settin' by the fire."
Without an invitation the stranger crossed the threshold, and seizing George Gore's hand, wrung it heartily. "God bless you!" said he. "God look mercifully upon you when you, too, are old and feeble! for I am Matthew Black, come home from the far east, and Elihu is my father; and I'd ha' been here long ago if I'd ha' thought it had come to this!"
"Eh!" said George Gore, dropping last and awl both. "Why, you was lost at sea, off the brig Sarah Mary, in the China Sea?"
"Wrecked; but not lost," said Matthew Black. "And I began the world over again in the East. I couldn't bear to come home penniless; and then I heard the Lord knows how, that the folks were all dead; so says I to myself, what's the use? And then things prospered with me, and everything I touched seemed to turn to money, and a great longing came upon me to see the old home again before I died; so here I am. And my father—"
He advanced and stood before the silver-haired old man, with bared brow and reverent eyes. "Father!" said he. "Father! don't you know me? Matthew?"
Uncle Elihu looked up with a puzzled air, and then pointed with a trembling forefinger to George Gore, sitting by the window. "That is my son Matthew," said he. "My son who has been very good to me." And he fell once more to staring into the fire. After this nothing could shake his firm belief that Matthew was an imposter, and George Gore his son and protector.
Matthew Black drew a long sigh that was like a groan. "And I've come back all in vain," said he, "after dreamin' of it all these years." He remained only a week, and then went away again.
"I don't know how or when I shall come back," he said to Mrs. Gore. But the old place is yours. I've bought it and settled it hard and fast on you. And father is to have an allowance and remain here always. But money can't pay for all you've done for him, and—" "Stop!" cried George Gore. "We must talk about this 'ere a bit. We—"
But muttering something about being too late for the train Matthew Black tore himself away and vanished.
Three months afterwards there came authentic tidings of his death at sea, and then it transpired that George Gore and family were his heirs, with only the charge of a life maintenance for poor old Uncle Elihu. And all the neighbors marvelled at the good fortune which had attended the stalwart shoemaker.
"It was quite true what you said, George," said Mrs. Gore, bursting into tears. "Uncle Elihu has brought us luck."—Saturday Evening Post.

A WOMAN'S LIFE.

Her Different Age as Seen by an Observing Feminine Eye.
A wee mother is carefully putting her favorite doll to bed. With tender solicitude she carefully removes each dainty garment and fastens on the tiny nightgown. Then with a fond kiss, she hugs her treasure to her and places it in its little cradle. After patting it gently she tiptoes out of the room as the twilight peeps curiously in.
A fair maiden stands before her looking glass adding the last touches to her evening toilet. Her lover will soon be here! Her eyes are full of innocent love-light! She looks eagerly at her reflection in the glass! How glad she is that she is pretty! She frowns a little at a wrinkle that will not stay just as it should. A ring comes at the door and she hastens away to meet her beloved.
A young wife sits anxiously watching for her husband. At each approaching footstep her heart beats rapturously, and then grows heavy with disappointment. She will not go indoors, it is so sweet out there! The creeping shadows cheer her trembling soul; so she waits and wishes, and the shadows lengthen into darkened night.
A mother is rocking her baby to sleep. He looks at her gravely while they move to and fro, as if asking how the bright sunshine must leave and the ugly shadows hide her dear face from him. There is a wealth of wisdom in his great, sweet eyes. He holds tightly to her dress, as if to keep her near him. When at last, his eyes are closed she disengages the loving hand, kisses him lightly—as he must not be awakened—and arises to put him into his crib. Then she sinks back into her chair and begins to rock again. It is so pleasant to rest in the twilight, and he is so sweet to nurse.
A woman kneels by a fresh made grave. The head board stares coldly at her and seems to say over and over again the words inscribed upon it. He was her only child and she was a widow. With tear-laden eyes she bends lower and lower, till her lips rest upon the earth. She longs to kiss the quiet form it is hiding from her! And the twilight seems to hurry past and lose itself in the darkness.
A careworn old woman sits watching the shadows come, they are friends to her—friends that she welcomes, for they always sing the same old song to her, "One day nearer home." And she smiles on them her thanks. She too repeats "One day nearer home." And so life—woman's life—goes on in the twilight till rest comes to her weary body and joy to her aching heart—till her spirit reaches its home, where never a shadow can fall upon it.—New Orleans Picayune.

Didn't Know of Any Accident.
A great many people know of the instructions which every railroad issues to its employes in regard to secrecy concerning the business of the company, and especially in the case of an accident. On the Maine Central the employes are always found extremely noncommunicative concerning accidents, and in illustration of this prevailing custom an exchange tells the following amusing story:
"The reporter that accompanied the special train to the scene of the wreck hurried down the embankment and found a man with one arm in a sling, a bandage over one eye, his front teeth gone and his nose knocked four points to the starboard, sitting on a broken truck of the sleeping car, and surveying the horrible run all about him.
"Can you give me some particulars of this accident?" he asked, taking out his notebook.
"I haven't heard of any accident, young man," replied the disfigured party stiffly.
He was one of the officers of the road.—Maine State Press.

Fitting a Dress.
Sitting in a woman's tailor shop one day I heard a cry from the fitting-room, then a heavy fall, and then the sound of feet rushing to and fro in wildest haste.
"What is the matter?" I said to an attendant.
"A woman who was being fitted has fainted," she said. "That is all."
"Is that a common occurrence?"
"Oh, yes indeed; it happens nearly every day."
"Tight lacing?"
No; not as a rule. Sometimes it may be from that, but very seldom. It is caused usually by standing too long. You know it is very difficult to stand still any length of time. A woman who can walk all day cannot stand in one place fifteen minutes. They feel faint—try to fight it off, and, if the fitter is intent upon her work and does not notice, over they go in a dead faint.—New York Recorder.

It Is a Benefit.
No less eminent authority than Sir William Gull, of Great Britain, has said that the benefit derived from a university education such as girls get at Newnham and Girton makes them and their children stronger and healthier. Also that the percentage of childless marriages is less with the educated women and the percentage of children that survive infancy is larger.



\$5.00 FORMER PRICE \$7.00! \$5.00 FORMER PRICE \$7.00!
Forward at once Photograph, Tin-type or Daguerrotype, and have a Beautiful, Permanent, Portrait enlarged, 14x17 elegantly framed and complete, **FOR \$5.00**
The Finest work and full Satisfaction Guaranteed in every Instance!
FULL LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT AND FRAME \$10.
ENCRAVING AND COMMERCIAL DESIGNING.
Cuts for Newspapers, Catalogues, Books and publications of every description. Monograms, Trade Marks, Business Cards, Letter Heads, Charts, etc., in outline or line-work; Zinc Etching, Photo-Engraving, Crayon-Lithograph or Wood Cut. Single column portraits for Newspapers \$2.00.
AGENTS WANTED
In every city in the Union, good commission. Send stamp for List.
Edward H. Lee,
323 DEARBORN ST. Rooms 13-14-15. CHICAGO, ILL.

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.

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 a mewhere "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.

AGENTS WANTED.
A book may be greater than a battle.—Bacon.
A good book is the best friend.—Tupper.
THE
AFRO-AMERICAN PRESS,
ITS EDITORS
By L. GARLAND PERIN
Illustrated with 150 FINE PORTRAITS.
MANY OF WHICH HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUBLISHED.
John B. Eversum, P. A. Bell, Stephen Mayne, Jas. McCune Smith, Chas. B. Ray, Samuel R. Ward, Willis A. Hodges and others.
A new chapter in the world's history. No other book or encyclopedia contains it. Agents are wanted at once to carry it to the millions who are waiting for it. Apply quickly for terms and exclusive territory to
WILLEY & CO., Publishers,
195 and 197 STATE ST., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINE
ATTACHMENTS
TREADLE
WOODWORK
NEW YORK SEWING MACHINE CO. CHICAGO
CHICAGO, 25 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.
DETROIT, 100 W. WABASH ST.
FOR SALE BY
'TROUT BROS.,'
255 Woodward Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

HUMPHREYS'
HOMOEOPATHIC
SPECIFIC No. 28
In use 20 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. 50¢ per vial, or 1 vial and large vial powder, for \$1.50. 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 of 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, 3 to 4 p. m. Complete service.

Cook & Thomas, Prop.
JOHN BREITMEYER & SONS,
Florists & Rose Growers
Popular Flowers in their Season.
These Collections of Typical Plants on Exhibitions.
Cor. Gratiot and Miami Avenues.
DETROIT - - - MICH

PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY
18 & 20 GRATIOT AVE.
Lace Curtains A Specialty.
Windsor, Chatham, and London, Ont.
First class work warranted. Telephone 321
New Prices. No Accounts Kept
The Best Work Guaranteed.
Shirts - - - 10¢
Collars - - - 2¢
Cuffs - - - 4¢

Woman's NEW WORKS ALWAYS.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

The heavy wool cloths so popular this season, make up to advantage in most any style of cape-cloak, especially for young ladies. They have the advantage of durability also, and are especially suitable for school girls. The following is



A MODEST COSTUME.

and proves good taste on the mother's part, who no doubt selected the design for her daughter.



A WORTH EVENING DRESS.

This is an elaborate evening dress entirely in black and white, appropriate for slight mourning toilette. This new model is also handsomely carried out in bright colors—notice in cerise silk strewn with cream-colored olives, the garniture of gold embroidery and passementerie, with flowers of natural colors, roses, chrysanthemums or narcissus.

The original dress is of black silk, with white olive-shaped figures. The bodice is bluntly rounded in front, with long coat back sloped in bias seams below the waist. Black and white are combined with consummate art on the front of the bodice, black is used for the satin girdle to make the waist look small, while the effect of breadth is given above by white silk overlaid with tulle embroidered in small black beads, the lower part cut out in star shape. The top of the waist is surrounded with white roses without foliage, surmounted by a tucker in white tulle. A drapery of white tulle around the armholes forms sleeves, and the shoulders are lightened by black lace on toupetts over puffs of white tulle, with narcissus flowers between the tulle and lace.

The skirt opens on the left side to show the white silk skirt underneath trimmed with touches of ribbon, white ribbon of white ribbons lined with black. One side of the open skirt has a reverse of white silk covered with embroidered tulle, like that on the bodice; the other is edged with passementerie of fine jet beads. A graduated flounce of lace is attached by clusters of roses. The long, sweeping train, with a bias seam down the middle of the back, falls almost to a point at the end and is trimmed with thickly-clustered knots of black ribbon. The hair surmounted by an ornament of black and white feathers held by a diamond star. Long white gloves and a black lace fan complete this charming toilette.

Some kindly disposed person has thought out a cure for the blues, and if you are haunted by the "little blue devils," it may be doing you a good turn to tell you how to drive them away. This cure is for the "Jills" who have not yet been supplied with a manly "Jack," whose possession in itself is a cure for every ill to which the maiden heart is susceptible. So, maidens "all forlorn," provide yourself with an "I book"—any blank book will do—and separate it in halves, one to be dedicated to the pleasant things which are said of you and the other to those which are not so agreeable. Faithfully chronicle them all, and when you feel that all the world is indigo, just sit down and read that so and so said your smile was like a ray of sunshine, your manner very elegant, your taste in dressing equi-

site, your voice rivals the nightingale, etc., and see if the skies do not brighten and earth seem a very desirable place of residence after all. The use of the other side? Why to be sure, when you have read how sweet you are, how good, how amiable, how altogether perfect, it may happen that you may get to thinking altogether too much of yourself, then the other side will prove salutary reading. Thus using the two halves of the book as correctives on each other, you will develop into a nature so charming that the "blues" will forever disappear, and your entire life become "coeur de rose."

How many New Year's resolutions did you make? I won't ask you how many you have kept because, well I know in spite of the fact, that in the privacy of your own room, on New Year's eve, you gave all your pet sins an overhauling and solemnly resolved that "you wouldn't" chew gum; that you would never flirt again under any provocation; that you would go to bed early; that you would make yourself a model housekeeper; go to church regularly, not waste your money on caramels and bonbons, darn your own stockings, rise at the first call in the morning, and neither gossip yourself nor listen to any one else do so." The chances are that before the nights shades fell on New Year's day, those you didn't break you forgot all about, and "92" will find you and your neighbors trudging along in the same old ruts which you traveled in "91." Such weak creatures are we.

They do say that the woman of correct taste carries only the pure white linen or cambric handkerchief capable of being put to the use for which it was originally intended. Who uses the exquisite bits of embroidered lace, which seems this season to have surpassed in beauty the loveliest specimens of the past? Those who are not correct in taste, I suppose, and their name is legion, for from nearly every bodice or waistcoat peep these dainty conceits.

Two things to which woman is addicted and for which she has long been subject to man's ridicule, she no longer affects. She does not struggle with a hairpin to button her gloves because in her new purse of snake skin there comes a delicate affair in gold and enamel with which she manages the refractory fastenings with an air of pride. And she no longer cuts the leaves of the latest magazine with her forefinger, because among her Christmas gifts was a handsome knife of filigree work and silver, so pretty that she delights in its use, and so small that even a "pocketless woman" can find some place to keep it.



(WITH AND WITHOUT HER CLOAK.)

Speaking of "pocketless woman," the trials she once endured disposing of her keys would fill a book, and she generally never knew where they were, and didn't care if she didn't, because she didn't lock anything up; but one woman got a little silver — with golden pegs on it, and now all the rest have put their possessions under lock and key and hung the keys on the golden hooks, which is an excellent thing as long as it lasts.

"I am strictly in it," said a sweet little miss to me the other day. She looked altogether too demure to use slang but as she would say herself this "right in line" with all the latest novelties, slang included. The novelty to which she referred this time was a bow-knot of silver with a gem in the center. Look beneath the chin of every other girl you meet

and you will find they are wearing a bow-knot of silver or gold, sometimes jeweled, again severely plain, save for a tiny diamond at the center. The bow-knot is not always confined to brooches, however, hat-pin and stick-pins are all given this artistic twist. Watches dangle from these coquetish pieces of jewelry, and big hats and little bonnets are kept in place by spear ornamented with the same design.

Miss Mollie Barnett of Cincinnati, was the winner of the Remington typewriter, No. 2, valued at \$100, which was offered by the Union Baptist Sunday school, December 20, to the person bringing in the largest amount of money. Miss Barnett brought in \$101.25 and won the prize



(AT AN AFTERNOON TEA.)

which she appreciates very highly.

Washington society is outdoing itself this season. Among their visitors are a number of young ladies from Boston and Cambridge, and balls, assemblies, teas, and receptions have filled the holiday hours with pleasure. At the assembly given Monday under the auspices of Parker N. Bailey and J. W. Cole, Mrs. Cole and Miss Marguerite Lewis as patronesses, the toilettes of the visitors were beautiful. Mrs. J. H. Lewis wore a white silk under white lace embroidered with gold; Miss Annie Hare wore white mousseline de sole over pink silk, with lace sleeves; Miss Fannie Bailey, blue figured India silk, blue Brussels net sleeves; Miss Lillian Lewis, foulard silk; Miss Helen Stevens, of Philadelphia, white braided swiss over pink silk; Miss Edna Nahaar, gray cloth.

A woman's Bazar and Exchange has been organized in Harlem in interest of the Afro-American women of New York, being the only organization of the kind in the city. Any lady may become a member or may deposit articles for sale. Terms of membership and conditions to depositors may be learned from ladies in attendance at the store rooms. A fair has been in progress at the store rooms at 423 Lenox avenue (near 131st street) in behalf of the bazar and exchange and will continue for a few days longer. A few ladies have donated several very handsome articles for which the members of the bazar are very grateful.

South Bend Jottings.

South Bend, Ind., Jan. 2.—Mr. Thomas Sprets, of Allegon, who has been visiting his sister Mrs. Walker, returned home last Wednesday.

Mrs. Christie Mitchell, is visiting at Fort Wayne, instead of Chain Lake. Mr. Moxley, wife and two children are all victims of the grip, Mr. Moxley, is very sick.

A banquet was given in honor of Grand Master of State, Mr. R. Robinson, of Connersville, Ind. by the G. N. O. of O. F. on the evening of Dec. 31. Mr. Robinson, gave entertaining lectures to the Oddfellows on the 31 and to the Household of Ruth, January 1.

Mr. Anderson Coker, was taken seriously ill with the grip Sunday evening.

Mr. Alexander Scott, Mr. Walter Powell, and Mrs. Lily White, are ill.

The blizzard Sunday materially affected the attendance at all the religious services.

Mr. H. C. Adams, is visiting his father in Norwalk, O.

Battle Creek Notes.

Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 4.—Christmas was passed very quietly in our city.

La grippe seems to have gotten a firm hold on our city; it is said that about one-third of the population is suffering with this epidemic.

From Nichols & Shepard company 25 men are out and the shop has closed one of its foundrys. It is hoped the present cold weather will check the disease.

Rev. W. O. Allen, of Day, Mich., has accepted a pastoral call from the Second Baptist church of this city. He preached his first sermon Sunday.

Mrs. Maggie Connor is very ill with pneumonia.

Mr. Andrew Chase is recovering from the grip.

Miss F. L. Shipperth is visiting in Amherstburg, Ont.

Mr. Wm. Woodlin, a former graduate of our city, spent the holidays in the city. Mr. Woodlin is taking a medical course at Ann Arbor.

Mrs. F. Thomas is very ill. B. S.

At Newburgh, N. Y., the proprietor of the Pickwick hotel was convicted of assault upon a very neat and well-dressed Afro-American lady and was sentenced to four months imprisonment in the Albany penitentiary.

The citizens' committee, of New Orleans, has collected over \$2,600 to be used as a fund to test the separate car law.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER.

Her Son's Loathsome Disease Removed.

Boy Only Twelve Years Old—Chronic Catarrh—Great Discharge From Nose and Throat.

All's Well That Ends Well.

Chippewa Falls, Wis., Dec. 4, 1891. The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.—Gentlemen: It is with great pleasure that I write of the benefit derived from your remedy, Pe-ru-na. My little boy, about twelve years old, has always been troubled with catarrh very bad several years, and I had great fears of his going into consumption. He had a bad cough that I could not check, and his head was in a terrible condition. His head discharged so much for years that it was a charge on my mind to keep him supplied with handkerchiefs. I got at hand. It was astonishing how he could discharge so much from his nose. I commenced to give him Pe-ru-na about a month ago, and the discharge from his head is entirely stopped, and also his cough. He now does not have to use a handkerchief at all. The Pe-ru-na seems to act like magic in his case. I feel as if I can not find words to express my gratitude for the medicine; but I do regret that I never tried it for him, and had given up trying to have him cured when I saw the disease so thoroughly explained in the paper by Dr. Hartman I thought I would try his medicine. I never will be without Pe-ru-na in the house, and I will recommend it to all my friends.

Mrs. A. E. Ackerman,

E. Grand Ave., Chippewa Falls, Wis. Used according to the directions, Pe-ru-na will secure the family against catarrh, colds, coughs, pneumonia, pleurisy, bronchitis, and consumption. It is a fact of ever-increasing astonishment that so many otherwise sensible and provident people will, for the neglect of so simple a precaution as to have a bottle of Pe-ru-na at hand, bring upon themselves the needless suffering and foolish expense that a professional man is forced to witness every day.

A cold in the head, which a single bottle of Pe-ru-na will cure, soon becomes a case of chronic catarrh, which will require many bottles to entirely cure. A sore throat, which one bottle of Pe-ru-na will cure, soon becomes chronic pharyngitis or enlarged tonsils, which will require many bottles. A slight cough, which, without a vestige of doubt, would soon disappear with the use of Pe-ru-na, becomes chronic bronchitis, which require a persistent use of Pe-ru-na for some time. Every practicing physician sees many cases of consumption each year due directly to a neglect of coughs, etc., which, if Pe-ru-na had been kept in the house and used according to directions, would have been prevented.

In no other department of domestic arrangements is there such stupendous disregard of the welfare of the family as in guarding against the common ills of life by the use of effective and reliable family remedies. It the following advice could reach every household in the land, and with such eloquence as to win obedience, it would convey a blessing to each of a value that would be difficult to exaggerate. The advice is this: Get a bottle of Pe-ru-na, read the instructions on the bottle until they are thoroughly understood, do exactly as they direct, and no catarrh, cold cough, sore throat, bronchitis, pleurisy, pneumonia, or any other climatic disease will disturb the peace of the household so long as this is continued. To have this remedy at hand before the attack comes, to become intelligent as to its use, is only the most common foresight used in all other departments of ordinary business.

Send to The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company of Columbus, Ohio, for a free pamphlet on the treatment of Catarrh, La Grippe, Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all the climatic diseases of winter.

Those financial managers who have the actual and advisory control of the millions of idle and opportunity-waiting wealth, especially in Eastern financial centers, are not united in opinion or in conclusions as to the best probable course to be pursued during the coming year. Doubtless many who control money and securities will advise a continuance of the past conservative policy. Stock speculation, from many evidences, will receive an impetus, because of the estimated fifteen-per-cent increase in gross earning capacity in freight.

The Detroit, Lansing and Northern.

Three Elegant Trains to and from Grand Rapids Daily, except Sunday. Five Express Trains to and from Lansing Daily, except Sunday. Leave Detroit:

7:00 a.m. 10:55 a.m. 1:15 p.m.

4:50 p.m. 5:45 p.m.

Connecting at Union Station, Grand Rapids, for THE CHICAGO AND WEST MICHIGAN.

Trains leave Grand Rapids for Chicago 9 a.m., 11:35 p.m., and 11:35 p.m., five hours and fifteen minutes. Trains leaving Grand Rapids at 11:35 p.m. daily has through sleepers arriving at Chicago 7:35 a.m.

Trains leaving Detroit 1:15 p.m., arrive at Grand Rapids 6:15 p.m. Direct connection with C. & W. M. train north, arriving at Manistee 10:15 p.m.; Traverse City, 10:55 p.m., and Elk Rapids, 11:55 p.m.; arrives at Holland 6:25 p.m.; arrives at Muskegon 7:35 p.m.

THE SAGINAW VALLEY AND ST. LOUIS.

In the Shortest Line between Grand Rapids and the Saginaw. Trains leave Grand Rapids 7:30 a.m., 4:15 p.m. Leave Saginaw 7:35 a.m., 5:25 p.m. Trains four and one-quarter hours.

W. M. A. GAYETT, Gen'l. Agt., Detroit.

Telephone 883.

Freight and Ticket Office, Hammond Building, Grand Floor, 120 Griswold St., also catraene from Fort St.

CHAS. H. HEALD, Gen'l. Mgr., Grand Rapids.

GEO. DEHAVEN, Gen'l. Pass. Agt., Grand Rapids.

Church News.

Method A. M. E.—Corner of Hastings and Capitol streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School, 9:30 p. m.—Rev. John M. H. Henson, pastor.

Methodist A. M. E.—Cathlamet street, near Deaibam. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School, 9:30 p. m.—Rev. J. H. Alexander, pastor.

Methodist A. M. E.—Services 10:30 a. m. 7:30 p. m. Sunday School, 9:30 p. m. Rev. N. Pharis, pastor.

Second Baptist.—Craghan street, near Benn street. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School, 9:30 p. m.—Rev. W. M. McDonald, pastor.

St. Matthew's Episcopal.—Corner Antoine and Elizabeth streets. Sunday services: Holy Communion, 7:50 a. m. Morning Prayer and Communion, 10:30 a. m. Sunday School, 9:30 p. m. Evening Prayer and Sacrament, 4 p. m. C. E. Thompson, D. D., rector.

Method Baptist.—Columbia street, near Rivard street. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School immediately after morning service.—Rev. W. A. Marechka, pastor.

Judging from the tone of Bishop Turner's letters to the Recorder each week, he is not yet disenchanted with Africa. So far he speaks in tones of commendation of all he sees. It is significant, however, that the good bishop has not resolved to cast his lot forever in the favored clime, but still speaks of the time when he will return to America's prejudiced shores.

The Rev. T. W. Henderson in an article to the Recorder says that he can name three hundred churches in the bounds of two adjoining episcopal districts that have not had a visit from a bishop on an average of once in ten years.

Children are very apt critics, and many an adult when "sized up" by his young folks would hardly feel flattered by the verdict, although forced to acknowledge its truthfulness. A story is told of a Western minister who was not exceptional in not always making his practice and preaching agree. One day in the company of listeners to a story of adventure which he was graphically relating, was his own little girl. When he had finished she looked in his face very gravely and said: "Is that true, or are you just preaching now, papa?"

A distinguished Unitarian theologian closed a paper which he read before a notable Boston audience the other day, with this paragraph: "The thought that God himself, in very person, once trod the earth, that he took little children in his arms and blessed them, that he touched the sick and they were well, and called to the dead and they lived, and that he spoke as man never could have spoken, was the fairest earthly image that men have formed of Deity. Now that this vision is passing away, as a cloud is dissolved in the heavens may it be to us as the morning cloud that is lost in the fullness of the light of a perfect day."

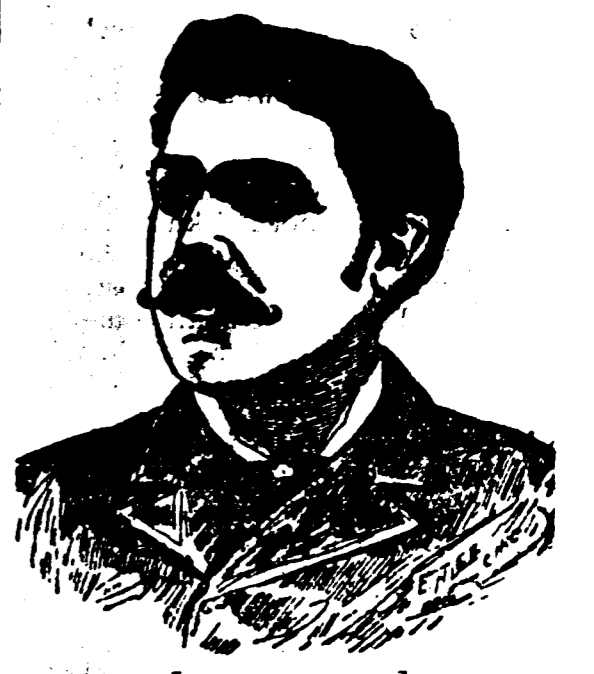
The heads of the Salvation army have instituted a funeral reform. No black is to be worn, only a white band on the left arm. Instead of a hearse there will be an open cart or wagon. The company will march to the grave, singing to the music of a band, and will return at quickstep. Concerning this reform the New York Sun says: "The new way is surely more reasonable and not less Christian and reverent than the old. The mystery of death is no greater than the mystery of birth, and should not evoke, as a duty, an unavailing sorrow. A brave, quick march, a fair ribbon on the arm, and a short, resonant song of praise, such is not an unflattering farewell to a soldier of the cross who has fought a good fight and entered into rest."

The Rev. A. Parker, of the London mission, has so endeared himself to the native population in Denares, India, that they have heeded his warnings against intemperance, and a short time since 40,000 of the caste of Ahirs signed themselves total abstainers from intoxicating drinks.

Ell M. Turner, of Halpin, Miss., was burned out Christmas night, losing all the effects of his grocery and other valuables connected with his office as postmaster. His stock was partially insured, but not enough to prevent comparatively total loss. The fire was caused by a lamp explosion.

The mother of Mr. John Dancy, of the Star of Zion, died recently.

WM. GEIST. LOUIS R. GEIST



(WILLIAM GEIST.)

Geist Bros.

UNDERTAKERS

AND EMBALMERS,

73 Gratiot Ave. Near Miami Ave. Detroit, - Michigan. Telephone 2313.