

THE PLAIN DEALER.

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

VOLUME IX. NO. 46

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WHOLE NO 465

PLUTARCH'S TOPICS.

He Contrasts the Advantages of Northern Life,

WITH THOSE OF SOUTHERN

And Makes Some Invidious Comparisons.—You Must Serve the Race.

Notwithstanding the numerous denunciations of Negroes at the South, the increasing barbarities of which the whites are guilty, the sober, industrious, well-balanced black man is steadily gathering to himself wealth and influence.

Either because the necessity is removed or the inclination waned, the bloody methods of carrying elections are less frequently heard of. The driving of black men from the country simply because they are prosperous is an event seldom mentioned any more.

The South has come to the point where it can tolerate, if not appreciate an industrious, thrifty Negro.

There are few localities where we are not permitted to earn our bread and accumulate property in peace so long as we don't get out of the straight and narrow path.

These Negroes who become the victims of Southern brutality and lawlessness are most generally first accused of some crime against the life, liberty, chastity or property of the whites.

The hatred of the Negro, though dying out, is still so full of life that it asserts itself most vigorously when one of us is even suspected of being likely to be under suspicion of being suspiciously related to some criminal act. That is to say, although Negro hatred is dying, it don't pay to monkey with it.

But we can thank God that it is no worse than it is.

The Negro church and school is tolerated and even assisted, Negro laborers, skilled and common, are employed and paid, Negro capital finds chance for profitable investment, and the vast majority of our race find homes in the bloody South.

No effort yet put forth has been a very great success in getting us to flee the South. If we can't be drawn or driven away there must be some potent card that binds us to the land of sun and cotton.

The fact is, the evils are overbalanced by the good—in possession or in prospect. The millions of dollars worth of property, the comfortable homes, the flourishing churches and noble schools, the successful papers, the talented men and cultured women which are ours in the Southland, are facts which no well regulated mind will ignore when studying the situation. The larger liberties and greater advantages possessed by the Northern colored people have not placed them ahead of their Southern brethren in many very marked particulars.

The Northern gambler wears a little better suit, and plays a little bit more genteel a game, the Northern drunkard imbibes a better poison in better surroundings, but the prison or the grave gets there all the same.

The more one contrasts the Northern and Southern Negro, the less able is he to believe that the South is altogether a hell.

Either the Northern Negro is of superior quality or else his environment is better adapted to encourage thrift and activity; how else can you explain the difference in the condition of the race North and South?

Plutarch regards a colored boy or girl in cheap and ill-cut garments, who teaches a backwoods school, as very much superior in usefulness to the beau or belle up North who lives on paper and disdains to do anything to help those who are in distress.

The Godly but ignorant preacher who labors in remote settlements, teaching, in broken English, the pure word of God, is as far superior to the Northern graduate who acts as a manual, as those who use their talents are to those who wrap them in a napkin.

The North has many hundreds of noble youths, but it has not as large a proportion of those who labor for the race as has the South.

The South has a larger proportion of well-to-do Negroes, a larger proportion of educated Negroes who are using their education to benefit themselves and others, and all of this in a land of riot and bloodshed. Up North there are many cities where you can scarcely find teachers enough for the Sabbath schools, although competent persons are abundant. In the South, those who are educated most generally esteem it an honor to be useful. So much in favor of the South—under the shadow of hell though it be.

These conclusions are based on this argument: "No Negro is free from

obligation to serve his race; therefore, those Negroes who despise their race are base and ignoble."

Plutarch is well aware that it will be pretty hard for thousands to accept such a doctrine, yet it does not depend upon popular sentiment for its truth. Plutarch.

THEIR LAST SLEEP.

Deaths of People Prominent and Otherwise.

Rev. W. H. Thurber who has been called the father of Livingston College, because he originated the idea and worked energetically for its establishment, died at New Berne, N. C. where he was stationed, on the 5th inst.

Mr. Eldridge McArthur, a prominent colored citizen of Bay St. Louis, Miss., died in New Orleans, La., Feb. 6, aged 65 years.

Hon. Fred. R. Wright, formerly tax collector and afterward member of the legislature from Terrebonne parish, in Louisiana, died at his residence in New Orleans, March 4, aged 43 years. He was a native of St. Charles parish, and was a faithful friend and companion, and a worthy representative of his race.

Mr. James Conway, of Sterling avenue, an aged, well known and highly esteemed citizen of Cleveland for about forty years, died Wednesday at the hospital after a brief illness.

At Richmond, Va., March 18th, Mrs. Virginia C. Robinson died in the 72d year of her age.

At Petersburg, Va., March 6, the Hon. Armistead Green died in his 42d year.

He was one of the best known colored men in the state. He was at one time a member of the Virginia legislature, member of the board of visitors of the V. N. & C. I., also member of the police corps of Petersburg.

At the age of 57, Mrs. Millie Polk, one of the old landmarks of Augusta, Ga. died last Sunday afternoon March 20th, after a short illness.

Mr. Albert H. Williams, a young man possessing rare attainments, but who was unfortunately a consumptive, died en route to Kansas City, from El Paso, Tex., where he had been endeavoring to renew his lost health, but in vain. He died near Dodge City, Kan.

Dennis Pickens and John Smith, waiters at the Metropolitan hotel, St. Paul, Minn., got into an altercation about some trifling matter, and Pickens cut Smith with a razor so badly that he died from the effects of the wound. He was a young man, and had been married only about 18 months. Both of the men were quiet and orderly in their conduct as a rule, Smith being particularly gentlemanly.

The managers of the hotel since the affair have discharged all Afro-American help and supplied their places with whites.

A COLORED CAPTAIN.

The daily press has recently had much to say concerning the recent promotion of Capt. Schorey to the command of a whaling fleet. Capt. Schorey, the first colored man to be thus honored, has spent most of his life on the high seas. He is a cool, determined, intelligent, and capable man, and has the entire confidence of his employers. He has five vessels under his charge, and is engaged in whaling.

A few weeks ago the many friends of the Captain, who with his family resides at 1774 Eighth street Oakland, Cal., tendered him a fine reception. His elegant home was filled with friends, who spoke their congratulations, and wished him success on his then approaching voyage. Music, recitations and parlor amusements made the hours pass pleasantly. The Captain has an estimable wife and child, and the family have the high regard of Oakland citizens.

Another high and quite unprecedented honor has been won by a colored citizen of Chicago, Dr. Charles E. Bentley, who this week was elected president of the Dental college of Lake Forest University. The annual of this college number nearly 1,200, all of whom, with the exception of Dr. Bentley and two others, are white. Some of these graduates have won national reputation, but none are too proud to give honor where it is due.

By recent contributed articles in the best dental magazines Dr. Bentley has won a high place among the alumni. For this reason the graduates considered him well worthy of the greatest honor in their gift—the election of President. His name was chosen with great enthusiasm, and at the next annual banquet he will preside over their deliberations. At the banquet Tuesday night there were many very distinguished speakers present, among them, Ope Read, Moses P. Handy, Dr. Canfield and Ben Butterworth. Next year the banquet will be still larger, and the deliberations will then be presided over by a colored man.

This shows a degree of fairness

which will make glad the heart of every lover of his race. That out of so few colored men one should take the highest honor in the college is an honor that is highly creditable both to Dr. Bentley and the race he represents.

SOME BUSINESS VENTURES.

Afro-Americans Embark in Various Branches of Trade.

The Afro-American Real Estate Association of New Orleans, La., purchased on last Thursday a piece of property situated on Liberty street, near Poydras, for the sum of \$1,200, 00 cash.

John Bell is a coal dealer and money lender at Winchester, Ky. He is worth about \$25,000. Geo. Gardner also a coal dealer at the same place is worth from \$10, to \$15,000.

T. P. Wilson conducts a grocery, has a fine farm, and takes pride in fine horses. Jas. Robertson, is a boot and shoe maker. Miss Willis, a handsome, intelligent young lady school teacher, owns about \$6,000 worth of real estate.

B. Lawson will open a confectionery store on Chestnut street, Erie, Pa.

The U. B. F. have a manufacturing company at Louisville, Ky., and are prepared to make regalia and uniforms.

R. B. Burns, of Lawrence, Kans., conducts a grocery store.

The Virginia Mercantile Building and Loan association of Richmond, Va., are making preparations to open a large dry goods store this coming fall, and to effect plans for the Colored fair which takes place in September.

The colored head waiters of Boston, who have formed themselves into an organization called the Head Waiters' Progressive Association, decided at their recent meeting at the residence of Mr. Henry McKenny to build a first-class hotel for the accommodation of colored people who would rather stop at such a house instead of at the larger ones in town.

They intend to put up either a new structure or lease the building. If they should lease, the amount that will be expended will be between \$13,000 and \$15,000. If they erect a new building, they reckon on spending \$25,000 or \$30,000 on it. The South End is the place where it will be. Here are the men who are at the head of the association:

President, George F. Betts; vice-president, W. A. Holden; secretary, Henry McKenny; assistant secretary, O. M. Jasper; treasurer, Wm. Smallwood.

It will be on one of the prominent streets.—The Boston Republican.

Mr S. D. Davis, is running a full line of groceries, etc. Danville, Va.

C. C. Williams, keeps a fine grocery and runs a first class restaurant at Warrenton, Ga.

Mr. John H. Davis, has bought out the Roanoke Drug Company, Campbell street, and is now fitting up an artistic apothecary store on the first floor of the Davis Building, and will open soon for business, this is to be the second drug store in the State owned by a colored man.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Buffalo, N. Y., Mar. 29.—A very pleasant party was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Tucker, of Gay street, Monday evening, the occasion being in honor of the 21st birthday of their son, Garrett.

Mr. B. Sutton, of Niagara Falls, was in the city last Wednesday, on a short visit to friends.

The Rev. Dr. Johnson, of Washington, D. C., formerly of this city, is here on a short visit. He expects to return in a few days, accompanied by his mother, who has been very ill.

Miss May Brown, the distinguished elocutionist, of Cleveland, entertained a large and enthusiastic audience at the Michigan Street Baptist church, last Thursday evening. It has been some time since Miss Brown has been here, but she is as interesting as ever and kept the audience in fine humor. Her description of Ben Hur's chariot race was vividly picturesque and interesting. Bab.

INVENTIVE GENIUS

If ever a young man was made to rejoice, it is Mr. J. A. Dixon, formerly of Memphis, Tenn., now of Cincinnati, who has been successful in securing a patent on a car coupling. Mr. Dixon is in the employ of one of the largest carriage and buggy manufactories of Cincinnati, and spends his leisure moments in the way of invention. Edison Bros. of Washington, D. C., take quite an interest in Mr. Dixon and have secured the patent for him. It is thought that Mr. Dixon will exhibit his wonderful invention at the World's Columbian Exposition.

H. D. Scurry, of Vancouver, B. C., has invented a gold digging machine.

A BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

The Responsibility of the Christian Church for Public Evil.

FACTS OF OUR HISTORY.

Three Groups of American Christians—Guilty of Grievous Wrongs.

The Rev. Dr. Meredith, of Brooklyn, Hill coup d'etat in New York in these in a recent sermon, referred to the words:

"There is a villainy going on in this State that makes my cheeks burn with anger. There is not any question, and the courts have said it, that the Senate of New York was stolen; and the man who engineered that theft is the most prominent candidate of one party for the Presidential nomination. I am not talking politics, I am simply talking morals. If this man is accepted as the choice of a great party to sit at the head of the Nation in its Capitol with such a record as that, this pulpit will ring against him until the campaign closes. It is not politics, it is a question of God or Satan."

This is good strong English prose, and well worthy to be in a Christian pulpit. The noblest function of the Christian church is to inspire a love of liberty and justice in the breasts of all rulers of men, and especially in all self-ruling peoples. The Christianity which counsels submission to curable evils or excuses public wrongs and reserves its denunciations exclusively for private and personal acts is a cowardly and contemptible sort, which is fit only for an emasculate humanity. It may do well enough for monks and eunuchs, but men and women who face real life, with its duties and responsibilities, should be made to realize that there is no field of human activity to which the ethics of Christianity do not apply, and no human function in which a man can do harm to his fellows against which the Master has not commissioned His servants to fulminate.

In these days of self-analytical novels, and regurgitant religious sentimentality, we are apt to forget that Christianity is first of all a religion of justice, which demands righteousness, measured by the highest motive to all, and in every relation of life, as the prime requisite of Divine approval. Pity is secondary, and would be in a great measure unnecessary if we had justice. If the Christian pulpit dealt more in the denunciation of known, acknowledged, and bare-faced evils, and less in spiritual opiates and conscience anesthetics, the world would be better off, and the Kingdom of Heaven have more show for being crowded. Public wrongs are far more deleterious to the moral welfare of a people than personal sins. The man who kills another, does a far less harmful act than he who takes away the rights and opportunities of a people, or the cowardly sluggard who stands indifferent, and sees the rights and liberties of a people invaded and usurped.

The Bystander can not refrain, however, from calling attention again to the fact that the ravishment of the rights of the people of New York is but a natural and logical result of the sluggishness of the popular conscience in regard to the usurpation of power and the disregard of personal rights throughout the South, for which indifference the Christian church is in a large degree responsible.

Two facts in our history should never be lost sight of in connection with the responsibility of the Christian church for public evils.

1. The entire Christian church of the South was the active advocate and defender of slavery as a divine institution, and a very large proportion of the Christian church of the North either defended it, or maintained that it was beyond the pale of Christian ethics or ecclesiastical duty to discuss the character of political institutions. No sane man can for a moment doubt that if the Christian church had demanded the application of the golden rule to determine whether one man has a right to enslave another, the institution of slavery would have disappeared long enough before it did, and the American soil need not have been stained by the blood of half a million men poured out to gratify the infamous lust for power which it had generated.

2. From this attitude of the Christian church on the subject of slavery which it has since developed in regard to the social and political conditions of the South. The position of the churches in this respect needs to be carefully stated in order that there be no ground for misunderstanding may arise.

There are three groups of American Christians, each sustaining distinct and peculiar relations to the ques-

tion of personal rights, individual liberty, and constitutional privileges at the South. These classes are: 1. The white churches of the South. 2. The colored churches. 3. The churches of the North.

The first class, without material exception, are who, motivated by the principles which underlay the ecclesiastical support of slavery. They profess, believe and teach the inherent and essential inequality of right between the white and colored races. From this fundamental principle three conclusions naturally result:

1. That the white man has a right to control and dominate the Negro.
2. That the basic principle of Christian ethics must be materially modified in its application to the two races. That is, instead of a white Christian being required to treat a colored man as he would wish to be treated if himself colored, the true practical measure of Christian duty is that he should treat him as he thinks a colored man ought to be treated.
3. That because of these distinctions an act of wrong or outrage done to a colored man or woman is not of the same enormity as if done to a white man or woman, and is of infinitely less enormity than if done to a white man or woman by a colored man or woman, especially if it be a collective and not an individual act.

Very naturally these churches, practically without exception, are opposed to a recognition of the equal rights and equal National citizenship of the colored man, and, therefore, offer but a languid, inefficient, and exoneratory protest against the wrongs done to him in the assertion of this doctrine of radical and inherent inequality. It would almost seem as if the Deity they worshiped was not triune, but quadruple in character, and that of this quadrilateral godhead the "white man" was, by no means, the least important member.

The second class of Christians to whom this question is of especial importance is the colored churches of the country. The first effect of emancipation was to separate white and colored believers. This is often cited as an instance of radical repulsion. It is easily accounted for without such hypothesis. Two facts existed. The whites were just as unwilling to give the blacks recognition and equality in the church as in the state. The blacks were unwilling to leave their church relations in the control of the whites. Beyond this, was the fact that in slavery days the blacks were not allowed to hold religious meetings without a white man being present to prevent their concocting means of uprising or escape from their taskmasters. Naturally, the right to hold meetings by themselves was a visible sign of freedom, and colored churches were the immediate result. These colored churches, being confronted with the universal white sentiment, have generally endeavored to conciliate the same, either by professing more or less willingness to accept the position accorded them by the whites or by ignoring the wrongs of the race and endeavoring to conceal the sentiments of their people in regard to the same.

In both cases they have been guilty of a grievous wrong. Every colored church should be, first of all things, an altar of liberty. To secure the just rights of their people should be the first aim of every colored religious body, and they should never permit the idea to go abroad that the colored man can be induced willingly to submit to wrong. The rights and duties of the citizen, the history of liberty and eternal remonstrance against oppression and injustice should be the prime object of every organized body of colored Christians, and especially of every Christian minister of whatever denomination. Much reproach has been cast upon the colored man's religion for the laxity of moral practice, which slavery impressed upon its half-unwilling converts; but its worst, saddest, and most discouraging defect, is that it has not yet learned that the highest manhood is demanded of the worthy worshiper of the Man-God, Jesus Christ.

The third class of Christian churches, the white churches of the North, have shown the influences of the past upon their relation to Southern conditions not less mark ed than the others. While manifesting the liveliest interest in the colored man as a being capable of salvation, they have refrained, with a scrupulousness which would be laughable if its results were not so sad, from any assertion of his manhood. Upon the question of his right to be saved and to be mentally and morally fitted for salvation, they have been most earnest and forceful in their declarations, but upon his right to live, his right to enjoy equal privilege and opportunities with the white Christians of that region, they have been silent with such manifest and cowardly caution as could hardly have failed to awaken screams of laughter from satanic hosts.

When half a dozen States were wrenched by armed mobs from the control of lawful majorities; when the path to the ballot-box was drenched with innocent blood; when the victims

[Continued on Page Two.]

A BYSTANDER'S NOTES

(Continued From Page One)

of midnight violence were numbered by thousands; when barbarities such as the civilized world has not known for centuries, became familiar facts of Southern life, the white Christians of the North were silent; or, if they spoke of them at all, did so only under their breath in the seclusion of the closet "where only God could hear." Naturally enough, such prayers were not very effectual; and the churches, sequestered with the plea that they could not consider political questions, became finally only echoing vaults in which the rights of man could only be mentioned with extreme caution, especially if in any way connected with the colored race.

By and by the fruits of such apathy became apparent. David B. Hill and Tammany Hall say to themselves: "It is no wrong for men to subvert the rights of the majority by violence and murder in a Southern State, it can be no harm to do it by fraud without violence in a Northern State."

Is it strange that they should arrive at this conclusion? They saw the church and the Nation receive with open arms and crown with civic honors without protest or remonstrance, the men who subverted law, encouraged murder, and organized crime in order to deprive the colored citizen of his constitutional rights and that impulse to general betterment of conditions and character which spring from a general recognition of his equal right. If it was a patriotic and commendable thing to rob the white and colored Republicans of the South of the rights and privileges of citizenship, why should it not be accounted an equally meritorious thing to deprive the Republicans, white and colored, of the State of New York of their constitutional rights and political privileges? To do so was only to rob the same classes of the same rights, and for identically the same purposes, in a much more civilized and less reprehensible manner. Why should the church, that is silent as the grave with reverence to the one, raise a commotion about the other?

There is no good reason for this distinction. In comparison with the bloody revolution which resulted in the usurpation of authority in half a dozen States of the South, and which is the source and origin of the present epidemic of barbarism in that section, the act of Hill and Tammany in New York is an eminently proper and harmless act.

The only plausible reason that can be offered for the different reception given it, is that the Christian conscience has become so debauched by the sophistries of church-defended wrongs against the colored man, that the slaughter of Negro citizens to make them surrender their rights, or the inhuman torture of colored men and women whom the law is impotent to protect, seems even to the tender conscience of the Christian minister a much less reprehensible matter than the theft of an election return in the Capitol at Albany. Why should not the man who stole the return be made a Judge of the Court of Appeals of New York? Were not Butler and Hampton honored members of the Senate because of the campaign of blood and horror they waged in South Carolina in 1876?

Is not Lamar upon the Supreme Court of the United States as a reward for his leadership of the rifle-clubs of Mississippi? If the bloodiest of revolutionary methods are commendable south of the Potomac, why should not the most deft and unobjectionable ones be tolerated in New York? Is it a case of our ox that is gored? Does the church put the mantle of her indignant remonstrance around the rich Republicans of New York and deny even her pity to the Republicans of the South? Is it because they are poor or because they are black that the church of God is deaf to their wrongs?

The crime which has made David B. Hill a Democratic necessity was a gross outrage upon the rights of a free people. It was of the same class as the character as those by which the power of the majority was subverted, and the control of the governmental machinery usurped in half a dozen States of the South. One can hardly restrain a smile at the earnest words in which its author reveals the essential harmony which prevails between thieves even so far removed from each other as New York and Alabama, when he said in his speech at Birmingham the other day:

"I believe that you have the right to control the machinery of your elections, and that the government of the United States has no constitutional or moral right to interfere." It is this which makes the Northern and Southern violators of the rights of citizenship so close of kin, and enables Hill to lean so confidently on the arms of the South for support.

But when we come to compare the crimes of these two types of Democratic revolutionists, we shall be able to understand how, with all their high appreciation of the result, the Southern bull-dozers still look upon Hill with something of the contempt that a buccaneer has for a sneak-thief. Despite the startling character of the crime and the deftness with which the theft was committed, the act of Governor Hill lacked that quality of personal daring and defiance of law at great personal risk, which attended that bloody revolution of the success of which the Southern usurpers now so freely boast. It was a cunning evasion of the law rather than a high-handed and perilous defiance of its power.

When we come to consider them in their results we, too, shall find that the Hill-Tammany fraud in New York is trivial in its enormity beside the

usurpation which transformed a half dozen free States into the most abject and hopeless despotisms ever known.

In New York nothing has really been accomplished except to give the Democracy an uncertain predominance in the Legislature. A Republican can still live in peace in that State; can speak his sentiment openly; can carry on his business without interference or even detriment; can hold public meetings, can organize his party, and, in the counties where he is in the majority, can still regulate and control the county government. He will even be allowed to vote at the next election; to watch the polls; keep an eye on Democratic officials and do all that unrestricted freedom of action will permit to secure a fair count and an honest return.

What is such a half-way job in comparison with the thorough-paced work of the red-handed usurpers of the South? Not only is the Republican not permitted to vote, count nor make return on the day of election in those States, but he is neither allowed to speak, organize, nor discuss political issues at other times. Let us be thankful for the blessings of free speech, public convocation, peaceful organization, by which the crime done in New York may, in time perhaps, be undone. However much we may despise the champion sneak-thief of American politics, let us thank God that he is only a sneak-thief and not the peer in brutality and savagery of the chivalric assassins who hold the power of the South subject to the order of the National Democracy. While we blame the white and colored Republicans of the South for permitting themselves to be overcome by armed usurpation, let us remember that the Republicans of New York had not even the plea of overwhelming force to excuse their supineness. If we of the Republican party cared not enough about this unparalleled crime against liberty which was perpetrated at the South to raise our voices and exercise the power twice conferred upon us by the Nation for its amendment, shall we blame the Democracy for failure to reprobate and repudiate the petty crime against the ballot perpetrated by Hill in New York?

But if one would fully realize the difference in the enormity of these kindred crimes, let him for one moment consider what would be the fate of a minister of the Gospel who should employ like plainness of speech, and manifest equal earnestness of purpose, in denouncing the far more infamous and dangerous criminals who have robbed the Republicans of the South, not only of power, but of liberty also.

Suppose a colored minister in Mississippi were to speak of the crimes against liberty and justice in that State with half the directness with which Dr. Parkhurst discusses the doings of Tammany, what would be the result? Minister and church would vanish from the earth. Civilization would be fortunate if it was spared the ghastly story of a faithful shepherd immolated in the flames of the sanctuary. Nay, if the bluest-blooded of aristocratic Southern divines were even to whisper in the mildest accents, from the sacred desk, reprobation of the acts of those who murdered not only voters but liberty herself to satisfy their lust of power and perpetuate injustice to the colored citizen, that pulpit would assuredly be vacant against the next Sabbath morning, and the divine, if not listening to the music of the angel choir, would be making as straight a wake as a fugitive slave ever left behind him, toward the security which is found in the cooler but healthier regions lying nearer to the pole.

Albion W. Tourgee.
Mayville, N. Y., March 23, 1892.

TEXAS CONVENTION.

Brookston, Texas, Mar. 20.—Pursuant to the call of chairman Loch McDaniel, the Republican convention for the State of Texas, convened in the city of Austin, on the 8th, of March. The attendance was the largest of any State convention heretofore held. While the atmosphere was permeated with general politics, the main topic of discussion was: "Who shall be the leader of the Republican party in Texas?"

The general dissatisfaction of the leading Republicans showed that were losing confidence in the once boasted leader—Mr. N. W. Cuney. The prevailing sentiment seemed to be that Mr. Cuney had risen and reigned, but now is falling. He is charged with a lack of race pride, self-aggrandizement, and of corrupting the party. He is called the waning demagogue. On the morning of the eighth just before the hour of opening the convention, Mr. Cuney, whose penetrating eye had already seen in brazen letters the "hand writing on the wall," became terribly alarmed. He leaped the bounds of parliamentary usages, trampled principle under foot, and did not question truth in the prosecution of his efforts to hold "his own."

Hon. C. M. Ferguson, of Paris, Texas, was the cause of such desperate efforts on the part of the "falling stars," because they saw in him, the embodiment of the principles for future leadership. Mr. Ferguson is one of the brightest young men in the South. He is a race man and is not allied with any party or class, who does not favor or respect the rights of the Afro-American. He is a Republican. He labored almost incessantly during the last presidential campaign, in the State of Indiana, trying to convince the people of that State that president Harrison was the right man. To-day, his labors cease not; and the people are using every effort to make him the chief representative of the party in the State.

Mr. Cuney and his friends did all within their power to keep Mr. Ferguson

and his followers out of the National convention. Mr. Cuney even said that if Mr. Ferguson went, he did not want to go. Now Mr. Ferguson is not only going, but he is going with the majority of delegates in his favor. Mr. Ferguson is supported by the foremost men of the race. He is no doubt the most popular man in the State. At his election, so strong was the sentiment in his favor, that he was literally carried from the hall by his numerous supporters.

R. L. Hoffman.

A CHICAGO CENTENARIAN.

Mrs. Sallie Smith, an aged colored woman who lives with her granddaughter at No. 213 Third avenue, has celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her birth Sunday, the 29th. The century mark found this aged lady, who spent over seventy years of her life in slavery, in good health and remarkable spirits.

Her eyesight is somewhat dim, but otherwise her faculties are almost unimpaired and she bids fair to pass the century mark by a handsome margin.

This aged woman was seen yesterday afternoon by a reporter for The Inter Ocean. She was seated in a rocking-chair, and as she rocked she softly crooned one of the sweet melodies of old plantation days.

Mrs. Smith did not like to talk of her early life at first, but Mrs. Bunch, a fine-looking mulatto woman of middle age, recalled many incidents, and Mrs. Smith soon began to remember things that were as events of yesterday to her, though but few people are now alive who were on earth when they transpired. "It was March 27, 1792, that I was born," she said. "That's a long while ago, but I remember many things that happened on the old plantation when I was a girl. It was in Virginia; my master was Major Clements, an Englishman. I don't know where he came from, but he came across the ocean and brought my mother with him. The Major was a very rich man, and he had a grand plantation in Virginia. There were 400 slaves on the place."

"Do you remember anything about the Major?"

"Yes. He was a very handsome man, and was always very careful about his appearance. When I was a girl I had to wait on him every morning. He had very black hair; almost down to his waist. I used to comb his hair every morning and powder it until it was as white as snow. Then I would tie it with a blue ribbon. He also wore gold knee buckles and silver shoe-buckles, and I had to shine them every morning. I tell you the Major was awful careful of his good clothes."

"How long did you live in Major Clements' family?"

"I always lived in the family, but only under the Major's roof until 1860, when I was given to Mrs. Webb, Major's daughter. She took me to Tennessee in the year 1860. I was a cook in Mrs. Webb's kitchen; in fact I was a cook ever since I was 17 years of age. I cooked for the Major for fifty-one years, and I always stayed with the family as cook. I went to Nashville and lived with the Major's descendants until fourteen years ago, acting as cook."

"They had always said that grand-mother should be left a handsome competence when she was too old to work," broke in Mrs. Bunch, "but they didn't show any sign of doing anything for her and I took her away. She had worked for that family for eighty-six years, and I think that is long enough for anybody to work. I am poor, but I guess I will manage in some way to take care of grand-mother as long as she lives."

"Were you a slave also, Mrs. Bunch?"

"Yes. Our family for four generations belonged to the Webb family, who were the descendants of the old Major. I was about 9 years old when the war broke out."

"Tell him your name, mamma," urged Mrs. Bunch's little girl.

"I will if you won't laugh," said Mrs. Bunch. "I was born on the plantation in Tennessee, and the entire family had a hand in the christening, as I was one of the house servants. Each one gave me a name. The Bible gives my name as follows: Georgianna Washington the Great Josephine Bonaparte Caroline Therese Adelaide Augustus Stanhope Welcome Bunch."

Old Mrs. Smith herself had to laugh at the name with which her granddaughter is afflicted. She herself glories in the simple name of Sallie, and it seems to be enough for her needs.

"I can remember very well the war of 1812," said Mrs. Smith. "There was some fighting down our way, and I remember how the ladies used to mold bullets and carry them to the men in their aprons during the night."

"Did you ever see Washington?"

"Yes. It was near Roanoke, when I was a little girl."

Mrs. Smith bewails the fact that she is not able to go up and down stairs any longer as she is, therefore, debarred from attending church. She has been a member of the Methodist church for eighty-four years, but for the past few years has been unable to attend services. Mrs. Smith accounts for her great age by saying that she has been a widow for sixty-three years, and not having been bothered by the tyrant man for more than half a century she has enjoyed a peaceful, though uneventful life, being taken care of by her granddaughter and great-grandchildren.

Her life has been a singularly uneventful one since the war. She has lived a calm, peaceful life, and has never seen the inside of a theater or dance hall.

You can write it down as true that wherever there is love there will be sacrifice.

IN THE COURTS.

S. J. Hunter, a postal clerk on the L. & N. railroad, between Cincinnati and Louisville, was hurt in a collision and he asks for heavy damages.

The case of State vs. Myett that was pending in the Criminal Court of Baltimore, Md., has been nolle prossed. Properly speaking it was one that should never have been in court. The facts briefly stated are these: Myett, a white man of Annapolis, married a very respectable and handsome colored girl here in Baltimore. Rev. Jas. Frisby performed the ceremony at his parsonage on East street. As soon as the marriage was publicly announced Mr. and Mrs. Myett and Rev. Frisby were instantly arrested and lodged in jail, the former for violating the law prohibiting intermarriage and the latter for performing the ceremony. They were indicted and Lawyer Waring was retained as counsel who demurred to the indictment which Judge Stewart overruled. In the mean time Mr. Myett entered divorce proceedings in the Circuit Court from his bride, which as yet have not been passed upon. Rev. Frisby protested his ignorance of the fact that the man was white, upon the ground that he has seen colored men as white as he was, and coming as he did to his parsonage with the Afro-American lady he thought they were both colored. He was liable to a fine of \$100 for performing the ceremony and Mr. and Mrs. Myett were liable to the punishment of ten years in the penitentiary.

The case of Prof. D. F. Desdunes, for violating the separated car law, was called up Monday March 21, in the District court, at New Orleans. Through J. C. Walker, esq., of counsel, he filed a plea attacking the constitutionality of the law. The District attorney demurred to the plea, and the case was submitted on briefs without oral arguments. Only questions of law are submitted. Judge Murr will render his decision in a few days.

J. Madison Vance of New Orleans has succeeded in getting acquitted an Afro-American who killed a white man, despite the fact that they were white, and the charge of the Judge leaned toward a verdict for manslaughter. The N. O. Picayune is still wondering how it came about.

A decision was rendered by Judge Edwards at Louisville, Ky., in the badly tangled litigation over the proposed changing of the Sixth street school, for colored pupils, into one for white pupils, and the Ninth street school, heretofore occupied by white people, into a school for colored children. The proposed change in the two schools, caused great excitement in the ward in which they were located, and has caused the School Board no end of trouble. A suit was filed against the Louisville School Board by the property owners near the Ninth street school house, who claim that their property will be damaged by the conversion of the house into a school for colored pupils. Judge Edwards says that in law it can not be allowed that a school for one class of pupils will more injuriously affect adjacent property than another. The two races have equal rights, he says, and the statutes require separate accommodation for them. Hence these property owners near the Ninth street school have no cause of complaint which the law recognizes. The plaintiffs claim that the Sixth street house is trust property set aside for the exclusive use of colored pupils and cannot be converted into a place for the use of white children. The judge says that the claim cannot be sustained and holds that the School Board can alone judge for the necessity or the propriety of changing the use of the building. It would be an excess of authority for the court to interfere with the discretion of the Board. For the reason indicated the motion of the defendant to dissolve the injunction which prevented the use of the schools was sustained. The change will not be made till June, when the two schools will be remodelled.

T. McCants Stewart, the lawyer speaking of the case to a reporter of the Brooklyn Eagle, referring to the suit brought by M. W. Caldwell against the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad, stated that he looked upon the suit as one of the most important he had ever been connected with. One of the sole features in connection with it was the fact of its being tried in the North, while the separate car laws were primarily a Southern feature of travel. Still, there were good grounds for it, as the complainants were residents of New York city and the railroad company also had an office here at 80 Broadway. Although Southern judges were fair and impartial, it would be hard to get a jury together that would not find for the corporation.

The Caldwell, Mr. Stewart continued, were people of the utmost refinement and intelligence. Both husband and wife were light in color, while the children were really handsome and the baby could not be distinguished from a white child. Mrs. Caldwell is an amateur soprano singer and a musician of ability, while her husband is a writer of much talent. He has contributed for years to the New York Age, of which T. Thomas Fortune is the editor, and he is now writing a series of special articles for the Detroit Plaindealer.

"The workings of the separate car laws," continued Mr. Stewart, "are something laughable in the extreme. Of course, we deny that the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railway company made any attempt to live up to the laws, but where such an attempt is made it is quite funny, as on the Gould system, to see one car colored man—white the next is so crowded with white people that you

have to hang on to straps as your own beloved elevated. Then, of course, the law is still more peculiarly put into operation. For example, when the trains are in South Kentucky all of the passengers, as they find seats. But the moment the boundary line is reached and the trains run into Tennessee the conductor enters the cars, orders the white people to sit on one side, and the colored folks on the other, and draws a curtain between the two. Then the moment you run out of Georgia into South Carolina the curtain is pulled aside and you are allowed to sit as you please. It is a shameful provision and it is sufficient to bring it into disrepute and ridicule, as well as to lead to total destruction. I shall be very glad to see it abolished."

EDUCATIONAL.

The faculty and scholars of Spelman Seminary in Atlanta, Ga., have need to feel happy and glad. William John D. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Company has just given \$40,000 for a manual and trade department. It would be a good thing if some of the wealthy colored men of the country should follow the example of Mr. Rockefeller and contribute to their ability, something to carry on the great work of education.—The Courier.

William Astor has promised \$100,000, to endow a Negro University at Oklahoma.—The Minor.

That Inter-collegiate League recently formed in Atlanta through the instrumentality of Prof. D. R. Lewis of Atlanta University is a step in the right direction. The upper classes in all the colleges and seminaries in the city have joined, and Mr. H. M. Porter, of the class of '93 at Atlanta University, has been made its first president. This is a felicitous selection. Mr. Porter's home is Atlanta, S. C., only 18 miles from Augusta; he has made remarkable progress while in college, and but for the Savannah, which lies between his home and ours, we should claim him for our own. It is reported that efforts are being made to the Rt. Hon. Frederick Douglass address the League sometime this spring.

Milwaukee News.

Milwaukee, Wis., Mar. 28.—The Wisconsin Afro-American, an Afro-American weekly paper, made its first appearance here on Saturday last. Previous ventures of this kind have been made in Milwaukee and have met with but short-lived success. We trust, however, that Messrs. Brown and Jones, the young and enterprising editors of the Wisconsin Afro-American may meet with more success than their predecessors. Their paper is quite a readable and lively youngster, and promises to fill a long felt want in this community. Gentlemen, you have our best wishes for your unqualified success.

The Literary field its regular weekly Thursday evening meeting at St. Mark's church. The subject of debate was "Shall women vote," with Messrs. Myers and Wallace for the negative, and Elder Williams and Mr. L. Thiel, affirmative. The judges decided the negative won. The program following was equally interesting.

Mr. Travis Buckner and Miss Jessie Smith were united in marriage Monday evening, by the Rev. Williamson.

The judges decided Mr. Jas. Farber won the monthly prize of \$5 offered by the Plunkton house manager for the next dining-room waiter.

The sick are improving. Messrs. Geo. Wexler and Campbell Treat have been added to the list.

The K. of P. made a large number of new members at their last, and are adding to their ranks every meeting.

Mrs. Mattie King entertained Miss Ada Brown, of Chicago, at 5 o'clock tea, Thursday evening.

The K. of P. are seriously contemplating beginning a series of informal dances, to be given one each month. They are only awaiting the approval of the young society people before making the venture. Society circles are now so very dull that we think entertainments of this kind would become popular.

The Thompson murder case was called in the city court this morning. The morning and afternoon was occupied in the endeavor to get a jury, but to no purpose. It will be a difficult matter to find a citizen who has not expressed an opinion of the case.

Findlay Mention.

Findlay, O., Mar. 28.—Elder Mason spent Sunday in Kenton, helping Elder Henderson with his quarterly meeting.

Mrs. Polite left Findlay Saturday for her home in Chicago, after spending about six weeks with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Woods a few days ago.

Mr. Jones, of Columbus, will make Findlay his home for the present.

The Sunday school choir, composed of girls and conducted by Mrs. C. H. Scott, furnished some very nice music, Sunday.

Mr. Emanuel, who came here about a year ago, left this morning for Paulding county.

Ed McClellan, who has been running the court house square barber shop, left this morning for pastures new.

The river was at its highest last night. Several families living in small houses on East Front street were compelled to move to the second story on account of the water covering the first floors.

Mrs. C. H. Scott went to Lima this morning accompanied by her little sister, Miss Alice Pomple, who has been visiting her here.

GOOD FEELING.

For a fair or noble face
 I would not mind ignoble be!
 Though beauty in each grace
 Her own resemblance see!
 They may catch from heaven their spell,
 Like the ruby light recall:
 The home for love to dwell,
 One good feeling's worth them all.

Give me virtue's rose to trace
 Honor's kindling glance and mien;
 Howsoever plain the face
 Beauty is where these are seen!
 E'en ringlets o'er the snow
 Of the whitest neck may fall;
 Of the home for love we know
 One good feeling's worth them all.

Unknown Author.

"JUDGE NOT."

It all happened some years ago, but I think I remember the points quite well. I am not so certain, however, that I shall be able to do the story justice, for I am not a clever raconteur, and you will probably surmise the end long ere I have reached it. My friend—we might call him Smith—my friend Smith was able to be of some service to a man whom he met in a foreign land. The man met with a fatal accident, a few days later, and, together with the valet, Smith volunteered to nurse him. The stranger, feeling he had a claim on Smith because of the first favor, burdened him with the pleasant task of bearing the news of his death to his wife.

Upon Smith's return to England, he carried out his mission, and having done once, he went again. She was a very young woman, and very beautiful, and Smith was irresistibly attracted. Her husband had been a scoundrel, and after a decent lapse of time, she married Smith. For the first four years of their marriage they were so intensely happy that it is possible they proved rather tiresome to their friends. About that time, Smith began to miss money and other articles of value, and was finally able to trace the thefts to the butler. The man vainly denied the charge, and, although none of the missing valuables were found in his possession, he was discharged without a character. This mild measure was adopted because of the intercessions of my friend's wife.

For some weeks Smith entertained no doubt that he had fastened the burglaries on the proper party, but on returning home one evening he found his wife in the library. She had opened his desk by means of a false key, and in her hand held a roll of notes. Guilt was depicted in every feature; she cowered before him—she was a subject in her cowardice.

She had no brother nor any near relative who might help. The man, anxious to find some excuse for her, suggested this; but it was for no relative. It was for herself; yet she had wanted for nothing that money could buy or love devise. He might not have conceived her sin to be so flagrant had she not permitted the servant to suffer in her stead. So far as it was possible, Smith made restitution to the man; but by her silence she had convicted herself of the most heinous of all transgressions in her husband's eyes. There was one way only in which he could explain the matter to himself. He had never believed in kleptomaniacs until then, but it was the one thing upon which his mind centered. And she confessed she had been often impelled to take valuables for which she could have no possible need.

He was a proud man and he was tortured by his discovery. He had regarded his wife, his child, and himself as being made of finer clay than the rest of mankind. His disillusion was complete. The day after she was unmasked she came into a splendid inheritance, but Smith rigorously refused to permit the expenditure of any of it in the household. He dared not leave her for an instant, thinking the desire might come back to her. He sacrificed his pride by telling the true state of affairs to her maid, a trusted servant and together they kept vigilant guard over her. It was the most insidious cruelty he could contrive—one that must have wounded her sorely. She was never permitted to lose sight of her sins. He was inflexible in his course, keeping her always under his relentless eyes. My friend Smith thought himself, in those days, quite capable of accusing and adjudging his prisoner, and seeing that the sentence was properly carried out. When she seemed to forget for an instant her past error, Smith ever so gently turned the thumb-screws. Ah, the really devised modes of exquisite torture that she should properly expiate her crime.

No, she did not rebel; she dreadingly accepted the penalty of her misstep. At first she lived in deadly fear lest she should send her away from him; but when she found it was part of his plan to be with her constantly, she seemed content. She could not, however, would not, grow accustomed to the thought that she had forfeited Smith's love. During the first few days she hovered around him, hoping to lure some expression of pardon from him, some word of love. Never forgetting that she bore his name, he treated her with a cold civility that was more frightful to her than would have been an exhibition of brute force. He was disciplining himself all the while in repressing his feelings,

for, as you have perhaps suspected, he loved her as passionately as ever. She devoted herself exclusively to the child, who had become a source of constant agony to Smith. If he took a fruit or sweetmeat that had been forbidden him, it became to Smith's fevered imagination evidence that he had inherited the mother's weakness; in other days it would have seemed the child's lovable fault or play.

The child slept in the mother's apartments, and Smith was about to retire one night when his wife came in hurriedly, bidding him send immediately for his physician, for the little one was choking. Smith went back with her, and, after seeing the child, left the room—she thought to send for the family physician. She used the simple remedies that had formerly proved effectual, but without avail. She raised her eyes to Smith in agonizing appeal, but he made no movement. At length he told her he had not summoned a physician, believing it better that the child should die.

You are astounded at my friend's action, but he himself did not question the wisdom of his course; perhaps it did not occur to him that he could err. Better, he thought, to cause himself one sharp pang than untold misery to the bitter end. In fact, he thought he was doing a very brave deed—to consign your child to death is not such a simple matter as it might appear. When the mother learned what he had done, she was wildly indignant for an instant, then quietly placed the child in his crib and stoically watched his sufferings. And what had seemed quite right and courageous in himself struck Smith as monstrous in the mother.

Smith was able to dismiss from his mind the idea that he had been instrumental in bringing about the little fellow's death, for it would have been impossible for the physician to reach the house before the child expired. The mother, however, did not reason with so much finesse, and, after the death of her child, failed visibly. In this instance physicians were called in, but what they might have been able to do for the child they could not do for the mother. It is true she could not have found life very joyous but her doctors agreed they had never before seen any one so determined to escape from this world. There was no illness—only a growing languidness, a gradual putting by of the smallest tasks and a want of all will to recover. If ever a woman died of a broken heart, it was my friend's wife.

The explanation did not come from her, but from another quarter. She was delirious for nearly a week before her death. In her lucid moments she would ask the date, then strive to recollect something that elusively evaded her. She was continually murmuring about some money that was to be sent to some one—whom, they could not determine. Smith had been with her all the day, and toward evening, feeling he must be alone for a while to give vent to his misery, went to the library. The morning's mail was awaiting him. The topmost letter was addressed to her in a man's unfamiliar hand. He tore it open, filled with insane jealousy.

Ah, of course you perceive from whom it was. You are in the same position as the novel-reader who, knowing both sides of the story, is aware of the end long before the hero and heroine have lived it out. Unfortunately, Smith knew only his portion of the tale. The missive purported to come from her first husband, whom Smith had helped bury, but whom she believed to be still alive, and cautioned her to send his monthly allowance at once, or he would be under the painful necessity of declaring himself to Smith without delay. It was a pity he had not done so long before, as Smith would have recognized the valet. Does it not seem altogether impossible that she should have been so credulous? So you see the mystery which Smith had believed to be no mystery, was cleared without her speaking, but a little too late, for while Smith was reading the letter she passed away, leaving him in a maze of maddening reflections. He has had a long while to appreciate the bitter paths of the incident, and sometimes ponders on the problem of whether she would have confessed had he not suggested to her the excuse of kleptomania. Knowing the simplicity of her morals, he comprehends the struggle there must have been while the butler was suffering for her. I think Smith would have pardoned her for taking the money to buy the man so that he should not make himself known; even her own silence had he been conscious it was done that she might not be separated from him. Her love for Smith was the one passion of her life, and she paid for it dearly.

The world knows nothing of his history; he does not wear his heart on his sleeve. It is only to me that he confesses how dull he finds life. Yes, I see a great deal of my friend Smith—a great deal too much. Let us drink to his early demise. Believe me, it is what would please him best.

—Argonaut.

What has become of the old fashioned woman who cured her children's sore throats by binding the stockings they took off at night around the throat, with the foot part directly over the throat?

THE WILD BOY OF PINDUS.

He Lives on Herbs, and Roots and Grass Naked.

In an Athenian paper a tale comes from Thessaly of the wild boy on Mt. Pindus: "Demetriades Worthy-of-Honor, the warden of the Kinza forest of Mt. Pindus, was out shooting on the mountain. Being tired, he let the chase of the deer and turned up a path which led through a steep glen to some shepherds' huts where he hoped to drink a cup of the milk of Pindus, milk which is famed to be the best of any. While he was walking quietly up the path he heard a rustling in the underwood and stayed to listen. Through the branches he saw an unknown animal moving very quickly in the same direction as himself, and made ready to fire at it, but was stopped by shouts of the shepherds on the hills above, who called to him not to shoot. He then followed this strange creature, which had the form of a man, and was wholly naked, but ran very fast, sometimes on its feet, but more often on all fours, and reached the sheep cote before him. There he found it eagerly drinking the buttermilk from a trough into which it had run while the cheeses from the morning milking were being pressed. When it saw him near, it ran into the wood and the chief of the shepherds told him its story. 'He is a boy,' he said, 'a Wallachian, the son of a Wallachian, who lived at Castania, on Mt. Pindus. The man went back to Wallachia to seek work, and there he married. He lived there some time, but afterward came back to Pindus. Six years he was absent, and he brought back four or five children. Then he died and left his wife and children to the five roads' (i. e. to fortune.) The woman saw no way of keeping her children in Castania, so she distributed them among her neighbors and went back to her own country. But one of them ran away from the person with whom he was left, and has lived in this part of the forest for four years.

He lives even as you saw him, without clothes. In summer he lives well, and drinks our buttermilk daily. In winter he lives in the cave, and lives on roots and nuts. He has learned no form of speech, neither has he a name. The forest warden determined not to leave him to endure another winter on the mountain, so he bade the shepherds to catch and bind the boy, and fastened a rope to him and took him back to Triccala, where he clothed him and has done what he can to civilize him. He always keeps him with himself, or under the care of some one who can talk, because he seems unable to learn to speak any word, though he imitates the voices of many wild creatures. Nor does he learn to understand the names of things. But animal sounds he mimics well, and he has learned to ride. As his real name is not known his guardian has called him Sciron."

The Dying Prophet.

A singular story comes from Russia of a young man, known as the "Dying Prophet" who for several months past has died, to all appearances, every Saturday, and returned to life every Monday. This person, by name Tagarelli, was born at Tiflis in the Caucasus and has been bed-ridden since early childhood. At the first of the singular phenomena his body was prepared for burial, which was to have taken place on Monday, on which day he returned to life. He declares that he really does die, and is obliged to look upon the book of the Recording Angel, and see on its pages the names of his acquaintances, with a list of their evil deeds and thoughts. These he tells to those of their perpetrators who visit him, and it is said, never makes a mistake. Among others who visited him was a newspaper reporter, who went with the avowed purpose of exposing a fraud, but he rushed from Tagarelli's room with a white face, exclaiming to his friends: "Take me away! I have lived an hour in the day of judgment."—Saturday Evening Post.

Something to Eat.

"Can I get something to eat here?" he inquired humbly of the cook at the kitchen door.

"Oh yea, plenty," she said, with smiling generosity. "You can get a chop at the wood pile, or a loaf out on the bench in the back yard, or a bite of meat from the dog, or a roast from the lady of the house if she sees you, or some club sauce from the hired man, or—"

"Aw, come off the griddle," he interrupted. "You're talkin' through your bonnet. What's the matter with me gittin an ctree at the jail? Fra la, cookie," and he went away.

Trials of the Rich.

First Lady—These servants are becoming more and more impudent every day.

Second Lady—Have you had any recent experience?

Yes, indeed I have. I engaged a cook yesterday, and what do you think the brazen-faced creature did?

"I have no idea."

She said her name was Emma the same as mine. It just made my blood fairly boil. The way I bundled her out of the house was a caution."—Texas Siftings.

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The lynching at Memphis has had a most disparaging effect upon the Afro-Americans of that city. Many are coming North as fast as they can pack up their belongings, and hundreds have already left for Oklahoma and other parts of the West. It has also had a bad effect on its social and business life, as the following from the Free Speech will testify:

The Tennessee Rifles disbanded on Monday night. Bayonets, belts, scabbards, etc., and all state property turned over to R. B. Armour, quartermaster general, 2nd Regiment National Guards of Tennessee. The company was organized a little over 5 years ago. The late lynching and the order from Judge Dubose to take the guns the day after the mob caused the dissolution.

The Afro-American Hall company, a prosperous and creditable institution among the colored people of this city, dissolved last Monday night, and refunded the money to those who had taken stock in it. The recent lynching in our city caused the dissolution.

The People's Grocery company at the "Curve" was sold out last Saturday, the 19th, at sheriff's sale. It contained several hundred dollars worth of goods, but was sold for comparatively nothing. Thus another Negro enterprise has been closed on account of the recent trouble in our city.

The Living Stone, the college journal of Livingston college, of which Rev. J. C. Price is president, is in error when it says that an Afro-American can not get a situation at lathing or plastering. The people of the South seem to have the impression that it is impossible for Afro-Americans to find work at the trades in the North. The truth of the matter is, that in proportion to numbers there are far more Afro-Americans in the trades and all their different branches in the North than in the South. It is not necessary that one should live in the North and be a "waiter or a scullion," as the brilliant but erratic Bishop Turner claims.

The recent lynchings have seemed to stir the souls of men, and from all sides is heard the cry, where are our leaders? The people don't need to cry for the leaders. Let each man that makes this inquiry move himself in the matter, interest his friends, organize and connect himself with some one of the organizations that have been perfected, lend him his financial support, and soon would be inaugurated a great warfare in the courts of the land against the cowardly assassins of innocent men. Don't put your hands in your pocket and wait for some one else. Act!

More than one white person, supposed to have been in the mob at Memphis, has disappeared. Their disappearance or cause of death has been kept quiet, and it is supposed by some that the lynching was the cause. It is said that Calvin McDowell, one of the lynched, wrested a gun from one of the party and fired; also, that he

himself was shot in the hand before he was conquered.

The Memphis Free Speech presents a forcible cartoon in the last issue, that advises the Afro-American of that city to leave the South, and seek for homes in the West.

In the last issue of the New York Age the Hon. John M. Langston calls attention to the vacancy in the court claims, and bids for support in his candidacy thereof as follows:

There is yet a judicial position to be filled by the President at an early day still vacant. It is in the court of claims. It is said among those who affect to know, that President Harrison will certainly name a colored man, lawyer, to such vacancy. This may be the case. It is to be hoped that in such matter we may not be overlooked. While this position in the court of claims may not be so honorable and lucrative, nor offer such opportunity for service to the colored American generally, as one of the circuit court judgeships, it may not be despised, nor even treated lightly. For it is dignified, honorable and full of opportunity for laborious and efficient service.

Very properly, the Age remarked: We were alive to this fact, but we thank Mr. Langston for riveting our attention upon it, as it enables us to say that we believe we voice the opinion of every reputable Afro-American journalist when we say we have no further requests to make of President Harrison in the matter of judgeships. We knew what we wanted, and asked for it and did not get it. If the President has any judgeships remaining to dispose of and thinks of giving an Afro-American one of them, let him go ahead and do it. The matter is entirely within his discretion. The Afro-American Republicans are not beggars.

The Plaindealer is in harmony with this sentiment. It does not think that the public men the race present for high honor should be willing to fill minor positions when they have been so generally endorsed for a higher. It ill befits the dignity of the man thus honored, and it certainly does not improve our status as a people.

There is no little contention in the Democratic party as to what will be its issue in the coming campaign. A few leaders declare it should be the free coinage of silver, while others declare that it should be free trade. In the meantime a Democratic congress dallies away its time, fearing that these issues may prove a Charybdis or Scylla.

Up to date the party has no record to go before the public with, save jawing Republicans at Washington and lynching Afro-Americans in the South. This is a poor, not to say infamous, record, to appeal to suffragists with, but it is the only party policy that the Democrats have been consistent and persistent in carrying out.

Not long ago a writer in the Tribune declared that a man would rather be called by any other name in the English vocabulary than a fool, notwithstanding Shakespeare says there is nothing in a name. This may account for the wrath of the aspiring writer whose manuscripts may be rejected; he imagines himself called a fool. His ire never fails to rise to concert pitch, and ere it subsides the editor is in possession of another manuscript which lays the first effusion in the shade as far as force and feeling is concerned. Now, if there is anything that makes a man practical, it is just what an editor comes in contact with. If variety is the spice of life, he gets little spice in his. Everything is embellished; even the plainest statements must be ornamented, and the editor tires of ornaments as he does of other good things. Another thing that makes the newspaper man appear like a monster to many writers, is that inspiration seems to be a contagion at times. A question will arise; he comments on it and one or two regular correspondents do the same; he sees the subject handled in almost the same manner in at least ten exchanges, and he becomes satiated. Then comes some blooming youth, whom the tail end of that inspired cyclone has struck, and he sends in several embellished, ornamented pages on the same theme, with the request that it be published in full. The editor doesn't feel sorry or spiteful because you think you could improve on his management of the paper. You hold that same thought relative to several other men in their business; he leaves it to them to be sorry and revengeful. This much is true: Whenever a young and an aspiring writer wishes to record the actual success

he has made in business and otherwise, he will find plenty of editors willing to publish it.

The Afro-American exhibit at the world's fair won't be what it might have been had the management acted fairly toward us as a factor in the development of this land. This talk about not asking or granting anything on account of color is only used when wrong has been done and those doing it don't want to be asked to change their course, or when some valuable privilege is being withheld. It was the only pretext upon which Afro-Americans have no part in the management, and according to the same logic it should furnish a pretext for the vigorous kick that is being made. In its last issue, the New York Age says:

A joint bill has been introduced in Congress, carrying an appropriation of \$18,000, to "procure, prepare, compile for publication and publish statistics of the moral, intellectual and industrial progress of the colored people of the United States from January 1, 1863, the date of the emancipation proclamation, to January 1, 1893, as a part of the government exhibit, the same to illustrate the growth of liberty, morality and humanity of the United States." And we will wager a silver dollar against a Chatham street doughnut that some white man will be designated to absorb the largest part of that \$18,000.

The Plaindealer has received "The Thirtieth Milepost," a pamphlet that commemorates the Rev. J. T. Jennifer's thirty years service as minister in the A. M. E. church.

The proprietors of the New York Age will launch the Newark Age and the New Haven Age next week.

The Republican bosses have discarded Hon. James G. Blaine because he acted too friendly toward the Negro. —Springfield Eye.

The Plaindealer has been of the opinion that other causes were responsible for Mr. Blaine's retirement, and so far as it has been able to learn, there has never been any surplus of enthusiasm among Afro-Americans for that magnetic statesman.

The Afro-Americans of Little Rock, Ark., raised six hundred dollars, for the despondent emigrants en route to Oklahoma. This is a substantial way of showing sympathy.

Mart Reddick, a young Mississippi, of Ellisville, of good family, who has recently joined the Republican party and has been made a deputy United States marshal, was, on last Sabbath, whipped and beaten by the young Democrats of his community for his change of political faith.—The Crusader.

This substantiates what the Plaindealer has always said: That there are no free men in this country save the Southern Democrat. Isn't it time for the people of the North to wake up?

For a few months a contest was waged between N. W. Cuney and C. M. Ferguson in contest for leadership and for representation in the Texas delegation to Minneapolis. In the state convention, which met about two weeks ago, eight delegates-at-large were chosen, and among them were both these gentlemen. The fight for leadership, however, continues.

In the current issue of The Freeman, Bishop Turner denies that he ever, by word of mouth or writing, tried to persuade any one to go to Africa. The pessimism he has displayed on former occasions relative to the future of the Afro-American he reiterates, and proceeds in his own peculiar, high-handed, autocratic manner to call those people names who do not agree with him. Bishop Turner is in many things too aggressive to be a successful minister of God.

It is very evident from the information that has slipped out from those in the "inner circles" of the convention to meet at Lansing next week, that the chief purpose, despite the circular that has been issued, is to endorse some one for Minneapolis and to offer probably the same one to the consideration of the Michigan State Republican convention. This in itself is all right, but it certainly reflects upon the people of Michigan that affairs of greater importance than the elevation of a man to office, who so soon forgets them, have so little consideration from a certain set of men.

In other fields than that of politics it is possible for this convention to

relieve itself of some of the odium cast upon it because of the manner in which it was called. Michigan is a state of vast resources. Her mining, agricultural, lumber and manufacturing interests are large. The country is by no means settled, vast tracts of unoccupied lands exist, and there are homes to be had for many industrious thousands. If this convention will establish an immigration bureau, each local delegation that attends it become enthusiastic parts thereof, who will make their business to report to their headquarters any opening for industrious Afro-American families from the South, who are now fleeing from persecution, much good might be accomplished. Thousands of these people could be distributed among the farms, towns and villages of Michigan, and these people, too, in future political contests, would prove an added power by which claims could be enforced.

In another way can it do great service, and that is by the convention securing pledges from each individual member to get lists and secure signers to the objects of the National Citizens' Rights Association, of which that zealous and brave man, Hon. Albion W. Tourgee, is the provisional president. The chief end of this organization is to enlist the whole American people on the side of justice, for the obliteration of race prejudice and hatred, and to set in motion the forces that will ultimately secure for every citizen equal rights and the protection of the law.

Then, too, if the convention will take up the industrial condition of the race in the state of Michigan, and consider the means that will best improve it, it will not have met in vain. With all its free schools, its free public institutions, the free enjoyment of the rights of a citizen, the industrial condition is not what it ought to be. Let the convention strive to lead the way to better this. Something more than resolutions are necessary. In Virginia, co-operative enterprises are being worked with success. Why can't they be tried in Michigan? Why not try the effect of concentration in trade to open up new avenues, and encourage by patronage and support, others to attempt business enterprises. If this convention can lead the minds of the people in these directions it will be worth infinitely more than the political schemes that are hatching.

Two thousand Afro-Americans in Chicago, Monday night, refused to sing "America." This is something serious for the American people to think about, and question that state of affairs which has combined to induce the most loyal of the American people to refuse to offer up homage to our institutions by singing that patriotic hymn. What the Afro-American has done in the line of service to the country when its existence was imperiled, is a matter of history. Equally well known is it that he has been no traitor, never ran astray after "isms," dangerous to the country's welfare.

The question for the American people to ask of themselves is: Are the lives, liberties and properties of these people to be taken away without due process of law, innocent or guilty? Is American prejudice to exist in order to keep them from becoming perfect men and women? Are equal opportunities for life, liberty and happiness to be denied them? If these things are to exist, how long will it be before the act of the people of Chicago will be repeated all over the country? How long will it be before they unite with all the destructive "isms" of our time, and what a powerful force these evils that threaten our republic would have when reinforced by nearly one-seventh of the population of the country. These are serious questions, and before it is too late the republic should stop to consider them.

CURRENT COMMENT

South Western Christian Advocate, (La.):—The Democrats of this State, are now dosing each other with the same medicine which they have been so long accustomed to administer to Republicans; that is the suppression of a free press and speech. In Sabine parish no McEnery speeches were permitted to be made, and a McEnery organ was demolished and the editor driven away. The same thing has been repeated in Natchitoches parish. It makes them squirm, but they must drink it nevertheless. They now see how it goes. They sowed the wind, and are now reaping the whirlwind.

The Inter-Ocean:—The Negroes are

leaving Memphis, and the alarmed for fear they will laborers in their cotton field promise protection to the mob but the grand jury has indicted one for the brutal lynching of the taken from the jail. The white of the South make fair promise of the colored man, but they have yet learned that it is a crime for a white man to kill Negroes.

The New South:—The Southern people ought to be ashamed of the record they are making before the civilized world in the matter of lynching. They but teach inventions which long taught return to plague the inventor.

Mobile Republican:—If the South the best place for the Negro, hell is a much worse place than it is generally believed to be. The devil gives hot lead, but we blame if he can give cold lead in more copious showers than lawless element in the South.

Indianapolis, World:—The World not narrow nor vindictive; we do not, can not, wage war on President Harrison simply because he did appoint a Negro to a federal judgeship. Mr. Harrison, if federal judges should be fought on higher ground than that of failing to appoint a Negro to office. That course is the untenable, most deserving of the term narrow, selfish, that one to flaunt the red flag of war because conditions are not adjusted to the spectacle that cover our own day.

The Free Speech: Memphis stockholder in the various cases that breed crime and disgrace each day.

Springfield Age:—We will soon have a president of the United States who will not be afraid to give eight millions of Afro-Americans representation in the public service commensurate with party strength and influence.

The Crusader:—The President in no wise more bound to appoint a colored man on that bench than was to appoint white men; and if nominees were marked by high character, prominent standing at the eminent service or national reputation, there would be less cause for criticism. But when he reached for two Democrats unknown to their localities and several Republicans with less merit, his course, ignoring Republicans with some to recommend them, simply because of their color, is justly open to approval and condemnation by Republicans.

S. W. Christian Advocate:—President Harrison's failure to give representation to the 8,000,000 Negroes of this country, on the U. S. bench, when he had nine appointments at his disposal, and many colored lawyers of eminent attainments recommended to him for appointment, considerably weakens among his colored fellow citizens North and South. This is emphasized by the fact that two of his appointees are obscure Democrats, while the seven Republicans cannot be above mediocrity.

A VARIETY OF THINGS

Variety of things. Atlanta, Ga., March, 26.—Special Telegram.—Peter Patrick is the name of an Afro-American living near Redge, Ga. The strange thing about this old man is his resemblance to sheep. His color is perfectly black while the hair of his head is black and white, as also is his beard, looks exactly like a white sheep-wool.

He tells that his wool is as soft and thick on his back and shoulders as it is on his face and head, that it covers his entire body. He has a very peculiar appearance about the face. He is a low sheep and oftentimes sleeps with his head a heavy beard when he is 12 years old and it was perfectly white and woolly when it made its appearance.

Memphis, Tenn., March 26.—Sixty-dred and fifty Afro-Americans Memphis Saturday morning, the 25th for Oklahoma. They will make journey in wagons, and on foot, thousand left for the same place today, the 28th. The late lynching precipitated this exodus.

Iowa's civil rights bill, as amended by the Twenty-fourth general assembly, reads as follows: "All persons within this state shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of accommodations, advantages, facilities and privileges of inns, hotels, restaurants, chop houses, eating places, lunch counters and all other places where refreshments are served, public conveyances, barber shops, houses, theaters and all other places of amusement; subject only to conditions and limitations established by law and applicable alike to every person."

Georg Harris, an Afro-American who is employed in the mail department of the Elizabeth, N. J. postoffice, is a justice of the peace.

Mr. James R. Spurgeon of Richmond, Va., is the only Afro-American in Law school.

Afro-Americans in Kansas want delegates to Minneapolis.

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, 496 Hastings street.
John Williams, 81 Croghan street.
Cook and Thomas, 42 Croghan street.
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W. H. Johnson, 469 Hastings street.

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 little daughter of the Rev. James M. Henderson died early Monday morning, and was buried from Bethel church Tuesday afternoon. The services were conducted by the Rev. John M. Henderson and his uncle, and music was furnished by the church choir. The tiny little casket was covered with flowers sent by the many sympathizing friends of Rev. and Mrs. Henderson.

Mr. Augustus Gamble and Mr. Thomas Thompson spent a few days in the city, leaving for home Monday evening.

The Rev. Thomas Henderson preached at Ebenezer church Monday night and at Bethel again Tuesday night to audiences which taxed the capacity of the churches. He left to fulfill an engagement elsewhere Tuesday night, to the regret of many friends made here during his short stay.

Miss Fannie Henderson, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. W. Cheek, left for her home in Cleveland, Wednesday morning.

There's not a joy the earth can give, like the sudden surcease of violent and terrible pain. It is like the rest at the gates of Paradise, but how can it be found? It is the simplest matter in the world. Buy a bottle of Salvation Oil and rub it in.

Special services are being held every evening at Bethel church, to which the public are cordially invited.

Mr. Thaddeus Warsaw, sr., has been appointed assistant engineer of the city hall.

Tracey Slaughter was shot by the notorious Bertha McPherson last week, and taken to St. Mary's hospital.

Miss Mary Jackson, formerly of this city, died in St. Paul, Friday, March 18, of quick consumption, at the city hospital. After her death, Mrs. Mink, who was also at one time a resident of Detroit, took charge of the remains and with the assistance of friends arranged for the burial of the deceased.

The Mortgage Bank & Investment company, of Fargo, North Dakota, write us that they have farms for sale which they have obtained at very low prices under foreclosure, which they will sell at from \$4 to \$7 per acre when the contract is made, the balance to be paid in yearly installments. Most of these farms have considerable of the land under cultivation and houses and barns already built. They also say that they will lease sheep and cattle on shares to the parties purchasing the farms. This would seem to be a prime opportunity for ambitious young men to obtain a start in life.

The Rev. J. McSmith, one of the oldest members of the Michigan conference, died at his home in Richmond, Ind., Tuesday, March 29, and was buried Thursday, at 2 p. m.

Mr. Isaac Collins, of Toronto, visited friends in the city this week.

Messrs. R. Weaver and James Richards, of Chatham, were in the city on a flying visit.

Mr. Joseph Smith, of St. Paul, formerly of Detroit, visited his relatives the past week, and left Tuesday for a visit to Montreal.

Mr. James Smith visited Chatham the first of the week.

Mr. Will Finney is seriously ill.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

A Re-union of the Old and Young at the Bethel Church.

Exaggeration is so common a habit that all have come to regard announcements which promise great things as exaggerations. But Rev. John M. Henderson makes it a rule to avoid all extravagant utterances and seeks never to raise hopes or expectations which may not be fulfilled. In the various entertainments and rallies of Bethel, the results have always justified the announcements. Nothing has fallen below what was promised, although in some cases the results have been surprisingly in excess of the expectations.

This holds true of the old people's meeting last Sabbath.

It seems to be the unanimous opinion that last Sabbath was one of the very greatest and grandest days in the history of the church.

Every feature previously announced was most fully and successfully brought forth.

Morning, afternoon and night the church was filled to the extent of requiring chairs from the chapel to supplement the crowded pews. The bounteous repast prepared for the old folks was partaken of by about fifty, among them being one aged lady who had heard Bishop Allen preach, and whose age exceeds a century. In this solemn gathering of venerable survivors were many historic characters, whose early lives were closely connected with some of the eventful days of primitive African Methodism.

The kind and attentive manner of the young ladies of the Furnishing Club, who served the dinner, was a most eloquent tribute of veneration paid by youth to age. All of the aged who were unable to come otherwise, were comfortably conveyed to the church in hacks paid for by the young men. Thus, the young ladies and the young gentlemen most nobly showed their regard for the aged.

Nine persons were received into membership, among them being several former members. In the afternoon, twenty-eight knelt at the altar to be prayed for, and during the day sixty-four persons requested the prayers of the church.

Rev. T. W. Henderson not only justified the high terms in which he had been announced, but far surpassed them. He preached three sermons, each succeeding one better than its predecessor and each attended by such results as prove beyond doubt the power of the gospel when earnestly and intelligently preached by a true preacher. Methodism has lost much of its power because of its lack of true exponents. Rev. T. W. Henderson stands forth as one of the truest, best types of the Methodist preacher. Thirty years of constant study and experience have rendered him so familiar with the bible and with humanity that the task of bringing to the heart God's truths is performed with an unction and power which cannot fail to win wonderful results.

The possibilities of Bethel church as a power in the community were wonderfully shown forth last Sabbath.

No true lover of his race could fail to feel proud to live in a city possessing so commodious a structure, and capable of filling it with so fine a gathering. The choir, each member of which is a music reader, possesses nine members of rarest merit. The stewards of the church discharged the duties of their office with a dignity born of lay training. Everybody enjoyed the day and many will cherish the memory forever. Not the smallest feature of the success was the collection, amounting to \$55.35, freely and readily laid upon the table. In the past eighteen months Bethel has raised over \$4,000.

Such men as Rev. T. W. Henderson cannot well be spared from the pastorate, yet such men in the Bishopric could not fail to wonderfully increase the church. A fine example is the marvelous achievements of Bishops Grant, Gaines and Arnett. Dr. Derick is another such man. Such men as these never fail to magnify their church in the esteem of all, and call forth its full power.

In Memoriam.

Madam F. E. Preston.

Our dear friend and co-worker:—We, the society of Willing Workers, sympathize deeply with you and your parents in the great loss you have sustained, but your loss is her eternal gain. And were it not that our blessed Lord and Master has told us that there is a time appointed for man to die, our days are numbered, we might say there had been a great injustice done you. But nay, this cannot be. God, and He alone, is just. Were we permitted to go into a beautiful flower garden and make a selection we would gather for ourselves the sweetest, the most fragrant and the most useful. Then we must not murmur nor complain when our God, who possesses all things, gathers for His kingdom the most precious jewels, and while to-day we weep with you and our hearts are made sad, we rejoice with you, too, that Lillian lives again in that sweeter and grander home, sweet Paradise. And we can only ask you to look to Jesus. His love is sufficient for all, and console yourself with these loving thoughts: "Dear mother, don't think of me as in the tomb.

For I shall not see its dark shadow and gloom;

And I shall not fear though the river be wide.

For Jesus will carry me over the tide. "You'll know where to find me, dear mother, in Heaven. Though every fond tie you have cherished be riven.

You'll follow me home to the land of the blest,
Where sighs are not heard and the weary ones rest.
'I'm going to live with the angels so fair;
I'll look for you, mother, and wait for you there,
Where tears do not flow and tears cannot come,
Together we will dwell in that beautiful home."



Do you know why your dresses do not retain that fresh look and trim appearance that you admire so much in your neighbor's? It is because you do not treat them well. It makes all the difference in the world whether you carelessly hang your skirts and waists up in a crowded closet, or whether you dust and air them and then dispose of them so as to protect their folds, trimming and shape. The elaborate sleeves now worn are best kept in shape by putting twists of paper loosely in them, and this is not much trouble to do if the papers are left in the drawer when the waist is taken out, so that they may be ready the next time. Lay the waist flat on the back, making it meet in front as if fastened, and leave the sleeves in the natural position of the arm. If you are fastidious about your belongings you will have a cover of linen with a hemstitched edge and you monogram embroidered on it, to keep the dust from the contents of the drawer. But tissue paper spread over them will do as well. Dress skirts should never be turned wrong side out, and should always be suspended by loops and protected by a curtain, if you want them to look fresh and set well. If you do these things your dress will be a delight to you as long as it lasts; if you don't do them, don't blame your dressmaker because your dress hangs limp and stringy and your waists lose their shape; the fault lies nearer home.

March is an unkind month. She not only reddens the nose and roughens the skin, but she leaves as a result of her piercing winds and severe changes, a heritage of coughs and colds, which, if not really dangerous, are exceedingly disagreeable. Here are some old-fashioned remedies which may prove as efficacious as a high-priced doctor's prescription: For difficult breathing and a dry, feverish mouth and lips, take two bananas, cut them in small pieces, put them in a bottle or jar, cover with plenty of sugar, and cork the bottle tightly; then place the latter in a kettle of cold water, which is gradually brought to a boil. When the boiling point is reached the process is complete, and a thick syrup is formed. Take a teaspoonful every hour. For a miserable, "all-overish" cold which has not developed into anything decided, but may be serious: Roast a lemon until it is quite soft, cut it in half, fill each half with powdered sugar, and eat while warm just before going to bed. It will induce perspiration and relieve hoarseness.

MERE MENTION.

The regular monthly meeting of the Detroit Social club will be held at the residence of Robert Pelham, Alfred street, next Tuesday evening.

The last regular meeting of the Willing Workers society this season, will be held at the residence of Mrs. Thad Warsaw, Jr.

The Willing Workers society was delightfully entertained at the residence of Mrs. Bryant last Thursday afternoon. A delightful lunch was served by the hostess.

A grand excursion to Tennessee and the new South will leave Toledo via the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad, Monday, April 11, at 10:40 p. m., the objective point being Harrison, Tenn. This city is one of the most flourishing in the new South and offers unlimited inducements to the home seeker. Only one fare for the round trip, Harrison and return. Tickets good going only on April 11, and to return until April 20. For rates, tickets, etc., call on or address Geo. J. Clark, land and excursion agent, room 7, Old Library building, Toledo, O., or E. O. McCormick, Gen- Passenger and Ticket agent, Cincinnati, O.


A writer in a Boston paper recommends women to study their countenances by aid of their mirror. Good enough! But then if they do not cure their colds with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup they run the risk of breaking their reflectors and destroying valuable property.

Mr. Fred Slaughter, of 378 Champlain street, is employed in Mr. John R. Wood's office, 117 Griswold street, as stenographer.

Wanted—A good barber; wages \$12, or \$7 with board. References required. A. R. Richey, Houghton, Mich. Fare will be advanced if desired.

Rev. David Robinson, of Agency, Ia., while on his way to Ottumwa to fill an appointment on Sunday, March 13, was struck by a C. B. & Q. train and killed. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn his loss.

Mr. Geo. H. Anderson graduated last Tuesday from the Chicago College of Dental Surgery at Columbia. He was the only colored man.



SOME PEOPLE WHISTLE
TO KEEP UP THEIR COURAGE,
OTHER PEOPLE WHISTLE
WHEN THEY ARE ASTONISHED,
MANY PEOPLE WHISTLE
FOR AMUSEMENT (TO OTHERS),
BUT WE ARE WHISTLING
FOR YOUR TRADE IN FOOTWEAR.
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Samuel Baker (colored) of Albuquerque, N. M., slept three weeks and awoke in very precarious health.

J. G. Charleston, is the second man in the carpet department, of the Palace Furniture and carpet co., St. Paul, Minn.

CHURCH NEWS.

During the Rev. J. T. Jenifer's thirty years of service he has received into the A. M. E. church as probationers 815; received into full fellowship, 495; by letter, 307. Total, 1,617 receptions. Married 269 couples; baptized 526 persons; attended 532 funerals; made 4,000 pastoral visits.

Pinching your minister down to a starvation salary is a poor way to show God that you love him with all your heart—Ram's Horn.

Ours (the M. E. church) is not a geographical nor a race church, but a universal church. We do not not only claim the right of planting our church wherever the old flag floats, but wherever man is found. We own \$150,000,000 in churches and colleges. We contribute to the cause of Christ over \$30,000,000 annually; we have sold over \$7,000,000 of books and periodicals during the past four years; we own the greatest religious publishing house in all this world; and operate more schools and colleges than any other protestant church on God's footstool.—Bishop Newman.

The Roman Catholic Propaganda report over three hundred stations in Africa, and more than seven hundred priests.

The will, probated, of Rev. Epaminondas J. Pierce, of Monmouth, N. J., leaves an estate of \$200,000 to Lincoln University of Oxford, Chester Ucony, Pa., for the purpose of educating colored young men for the ministry, and in case no sufficient number of colored young men shall offer for such ministry, then the institution shall apply the funds for the payment of the expenses of educating and maintaining white young men who wish to become missionaries to Africa under the direction of the American board commissioners for foreign affairs.

Out West they are talking of fitting up the front of the church with mirrors, so the congregation can see who enters without looking around.

Methodist ministers in Philadelphia are required to sign an anti-tobacco pledge.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Wood, of the Presbyterian church of Germantown, Philadelphia, has signified his intention of wearing a gown during the services in his church.

Piqua, O., March 27.—Rev. Richard Meredith has been called as pastor of the Park avenue Baptist church, and will take charge of the church the first Sabbath in April. Elder Meredith is a minister of strong influence and is intelligent also, one that any church can be proud of.

Missionary meeting at Cyrene, A. M. E. church.

Mr. W. H. Ballard will organize a K. of P. lodge here, Tuesday.

Rev. D. M. Turner filled the pulpit of the Park avenue Baptist church last Sunday, morning and evening.

Several of our people went to Troy to-day to attend the Baptizing.

D. A. M.

WANTS TO KNOW

The country wants to know for whom the Plainealer will use its influence—Alger or Harrison. Stop squirming around and let us know.—American Citizen.

PASSING PLEASANTIES.

Mr. Ardup—"Can't you come around to-morrow?" Man with Bill—"No, sir, I never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day."—Chicago Tribune.

"I think I am naturally fitted for operations in real estate," said the young man. "Maybe you are," replied his father. "Suppose you try your hand at drilling post holes for a while."—Washington Star.

"Jack—Miss Hatton, do you believe Solomon was so awfully wise?" Miss H. "Oh, yes." Jack—"I don't. He says: 'A wise son maketh a glad father,' and yet my governor cut down my allowance because I offered to teach him a thing or two."—Punch.

BUSINESS BREVITIES.

Labor bureaus are in twenty-eight states.

The West Grove, Pa., bank has 10,000 dimes on deposit.

More than 25 per cent of the freight of the country is coal.

The English government is constructing a steel plant in India.

Fifty tank steamers are now carrying oil in bulk from this country to Europe.

In the last twenty-five years the New York Central and the Harlem railroads have paid out \$250,000,000 in wages.

Of the 1,223 steamers engaged in carrying grain from America to Europe last year, only four floated the American flag.

In six counties of Lower California there are more than 1,000,000 orange trees bearing and 3,000,000 on the way to productiveness.

The production of gold in British Guiana has risen steadily in the past eight years. Last year's increase was 75 per cent over the previous year, the value being \$1,801,389.

London is wedded to underground railroads. A new one, to be operated by electricity, is projected, which will be less than four miles long and cost nearly \$5,000,000. The tunnel alone is estimated to cost \$2,150,000.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II—APRIL 10—THE KING IN ZION.

Golden Text: Blessed Are All They That Put Their Trust in Him—Psalm: 2: 1-12.

Introductory—The author is believed to be David. Perowne would "connect this Psalm with the events mentioned in 2 Sam. 10," when there was a confederacy of the nations against David; especially as "just about this time the promise was given to which allusion seems to be made in verse 7 of the Psalm." These stanzas are a series of four pictures in reference to the Messiah's kingdom.

I. A Picture of the Scene on Earth.—Vers. 1-3. 1. "Why do the nations?" All the nations besides the Israelites; and now all people who do not love and serve God. "Rage." The Hebrew verb is expressive of the outward agitation which denotes rage. "The peoples." The same as the nations above. "Imagine." To devise, to scheme, to plot. Used in the old English sense, now obsolete. "A vain thing." It was vain, thus resisting God, because there was no reason for it, and because they labored in vain.

2. "The kings of the earth." The leaders, speaking and acting for the nations. "Set themselves." Assume deliberately a hostile attitude.—Perowne. "The rulers." The poetic parallel of kings; and adding all those who by natural superiority and talents are leaders of men. "Against the LORD and his Anointed." Against both, because they are really one. "His Anointed." The original word here is "Messiah," the Anointed One.

3. "Let us break their bands asunder." Those of Jehovah and his Christ, etc. The metaphor is borrowed from restive animals which break the cords, and throw off the yoke.—Perowne. "Cast away their cords." The same idea under another form.

II. A Vision of the Scene in Heaven.—Vers. 4-6. 4. "He that sitteth in the heavens." God that lives and reigns in heaven, in calm tranquility, infinitely above the power of his raging foes. "Shall laugh." Not in mockery or contempt, but in his conscious power. We would say "He smiles at their rage." "The Lord." This is the word for Lord or Sovereign instead of Jehovah. "Shall have them in derision." We have opposition, and must expect it; but God is mightier still, and in his victory shall be our own.

5. "Shall he speak unto them." The change in the rhythm of the original is worthy of notice; it becomes full and sonorous, rolling like the thunder.—Perowne. "In his wrath." Not passion as human anger often is, but intense indignation against sin. "Vex them." Strike terror into their guilty souls by the assertion of his divine purpose to enthroned his son in Zion, and give him the nations as his subjects to be broken with a rod of iron.—Cowles. "Sore displeasure." A stronger and more terrible word than "wrath" above.—Murphy.

6. "Yet have I set my king." They may plot and rebel and oppose all they please, but in spite of all God's king shall reign. "Have set." Have constituted or created (enthroned as king). "My king." One who is to reign for me, and in indissoluble union with me, so that his reigning is identical with mine.—Alexander. "Upon my holy hill of Zion." Zion was the fortified hill, the stronghold, where was David's royal palace, and where he placed the ark and the tabernacle.—Woodworth.

III. The Messiah Proclaims His Divine Authority.—Vers. 7-9. A sudden change of speakers takes place. The Son, the Anointed King, appears and proclaims the Father's counsel concerning him.—Perowne. 7. "I will tell of the decree." The new law of his kingdom. He reigns, not by the will of man, but by the grace of God. "The Lord said unto me, Thou art my son: this day have I begotten thee." This day have I given thee, not existence, which is presupposed, but a new existence, a new career, a throne of the world and of all that is or will be in it.

8. "Ask of me." Even Christ prays the Father and receives for the asking; because he is the example and leader of all. "I will give thee." He as it were, transfers them to Christ, because only through the Messiah can the nations become the loyal kingdom of God. "Thine inheritance. . . thy possession." Inheritance, by right as king; possession, by acquisition as moral conqueror.—Murphy.

9. "Thou shalt break them." Not to be explained as a description of the habitually severe rule of the Messiah, but as a prophecy of what must happen if the nations persist in revolting from the appointed king.—Cheyne. "With a rod of iron." Not with a sceptre of peace, but with the spiked iron mace used in war.—Cheyne. "Dash them to pieces like a potter's vessel." A vessel made of clay easily broken but impossible to mend. The Messiah will quell all rebellion and overcome all opposition.

IV. The Psalmist's Exhortation.—Vers. 10-12. 10. "Now therefore be wise." In view of the fact that the Messiah's kingdom and principles are bound to triumph. "Be instructed." By the facts announced. "Kings. . . judges." All rulers and leaders of the people.

11. "Serve the LORD with fear." Reverence and awe opposed to the careless, thoughtless service. "And rejoice with trembling." No one can realize what is at stake in his salvation and not rejoice with trembling.

12. "Kiss the son." An ancient method of doing homage to the king. "The son." The Messiah. "Lest he be angry." A vehement resentment against perverse disobedience is as much a characteristic of the Messiah as a merciful compassion toward the contrite.—Murphy. "Perish in the way." Lose the way to happiness and heaven. "For his wrath will soon be kindled." It is folly to delay for ere long you will be exposed to the wrath of the Lamb if you will not accept of his love. "Blessed are they." etc. Those that trust him are blessed now and hereafter.

East Saginaw News.

East Saginaw, Mar. 29.—Snow has disappeared, and on last Friday the cheerful warble of the robin was heard in our vicinity, making glad the hearts of every one at the appearance of spring.

The presiding elder preached one of the most beautiful sermons on Tuesday evening that has been listened to for some time. As we have previously said, his visits, though usually brief, are always appreciated and we may say more so this time than ever before, for he left an impression in our city which done a great deal of good, concerning the necessity of a new place of worship, for several have labored under the impression that the place of worship we now have is entirely good enough and because certain members who are dead, etc., took an interest in this church it should remain the same, dilapidated and entirely behind the people of to-day, as it is, if you will allow me so to speak. His ideas, we say, in this direction, were unsurpassed, and led many to meditate as never before.

Elder Hill is progressing very nicely with the parsonage, and much credit is due him, for there never was a more willing and persevering spirit manifested than is shown by Elder Hill, and we sincerely hope more of the people will become interested.

The Protective League met on last Wednesday evening to elect delegates to the convention. There were twenty-five elected. Among the number are Hon. W. Q. Atwood, Messrs. C. W. Ellis, sr., C. W. Ellis, jr., A. L. Hammond, J. Gray, W. L. Goodrich, R. Combine, R. Robinson, S. Brown, and a number of other upright and conscientious gentlemen who are very enthusiastic over the affair, and we feel assured Saginaw will be well represented.

Emma Victoria Brown, whose illness has been so often spoken of, died on Friday morning, March 25. The funeral was held on Monday, from the residence on Jefferson avenue. Elder Hill conducted the services, assisted by the Rev. Johnson, of Bay City. They were very impressive, and the choir rendered some very choice selections. Several friends of the deceased from Bay City attended the funeral, to pay their last respects to the one who was so dearly beloved for her loving and amiable disposition. She was a patient sufferer, and perfectly willing to receive the summons so long expected. She leaves a mother, father and two sisters to mourn her loss, who have the entire sympathy of their friends in their sad bereavement.

Mrs. Williams is in Bay City, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wagner.

Mr. Abraham Logan is in the city.

Mrs. Lincoln Bundy has gone to Flint to attend a leap year party.

Henrietta.

Kalamazoo, Mar. 28.—Kalamazoo is still alive, although it is very quiet.

Mr. H. H. Tillman got his pension last week.

Mr. Bert Shepard visited Three Rivers last week.

Mrs. Helen Jarvis left for Battle Creek, Monday last.

Mrs. S. Coats and daughter Luella, visited Constantine Tuesday.

Miss Benmgarde has been the guest of Miss Dora Tillman.

Miss Lottie Jarvis and aunt, paid a flying visit to Battle Creek, Thursday last.

The Epworth League of this city, is doing splendid work.

Miss Josie Cousins is recovering from her illness.

Preparations are being made at both churches for Easter.

They are holding revival services at the Methodist church, and are having quite a success.

The social at the Baptist church Tuesday evening was quite a success.

Miss Jessie Bontin and Mr. John Harris were united in marriage the first of the month.

Mr. Bert Shepard leaves for Mt. Clemens the first of April.

Mr. Archer left the city for his home in Constantine, Saturday evening.

Mr. Joe Lucas and friend, of Grand Rapids, are visiting in the city.

Mrs. Wright and friends, of Grand Rapids, are the guests of Mrs. S. S. Wheatley.

Mr. Jas. Johnson's new house is almost completed.

Mr. Spence Hedges is on the sick list.

There are mysterious whispers concerning a wedding which is to come off soon. D. E.

Ypsilanti Notes.

Ypsilanti, Mar. 28.—Mrs. Mary Roadman and Mrs. Julia Norris have returned from their two weeks' visit in Lima, O.

Mr. David York has been to Adrian on business for the Grand Lodge of Good Samaritans.

George Crosby died Thursday night, after a long illness, at the age of 19 years, and was buried from his late home, Rev. J. L. Davis officiating.

Mr. I. J. Collins, of Toronto, is visiting friends and relatives in the city.

Mr. Geo. Jewett was in the city, Friday.

The League met Monday to elect delegates to the coming convention.

The Ladies' Lyceum met at the residence of Mrs. Jane Pierce Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Rosa McCoy will address the Y. M. C. A., Sunday. Subject, "The Value of Christian Religion."

Mr. James Kersey is building a new house next to his residence.

Mrs. Harriet Long gave a tea in honor of Mrs. Gaines, of Detroit. Covers were laid for five.

Every one should subscribe for the Plainealer; don't borrow from your neighbors. It is cheap enough, only one dollar per year. R. M.

Grand Rapids Briefs.

Grand Rapids, March 28.—Mrs. Lucy Thurman of Jackson, was the guest of Mrs. J. C. Ford last week while here attending the State Prohibition convention.

The lecture given by her at the Spring street A. M. E. church was largely attended.

The musicale and box social given at Greenwood hall was a success.

Mrs. Minnie Goings of Wealthy avenue, who has been seriously ill, is convalescent.

Miss Wilkinson of Cassopolis, is the guest of Miss Martha Outland.

Miss Bertha Huso of Detroit, is visiting here the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Huso.

Miss Ella Foggy of Chicago, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Curretters.

Miss Ida Wright leaves our city for South Bend Saturday.

The "cake walk" given at Hartman hall Monday night was a success artistically nor financially. It was evident that the Afro-Americans of this city took no stock in the affair, as the walk proper had less than half a dozen participants, which were of the lowest class.

There is to be a "full dress" social given by the ladies of the Messiah Baptist church at Greenwood hall April 7. We hope the ladies will look their best.

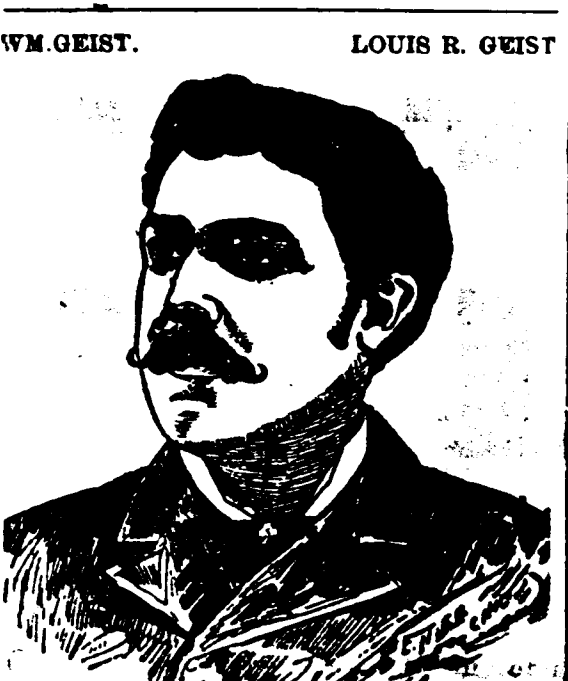
There will be a grand rally at the A. M. E. church. We hope it will be a success. G. C.

Camilla, Ga., March 25.—Six of the lynchings of Larkin Nix are now on trial here for murder. Barney White was to-day convicted and will be hanged in April. The prospects are good for the conviction of the other five. Williams Davis, one of the witnesses for the State, was shot to death last night. The lynching of Larkin Nix was a shocking affair.

The mob which took him from the officers kept him in the woods two days before they killed him. Many other violations of law have grown out of this affair. All the parties engaged in the affair were white. People are not convicted in the South for lynching Afro-Americans.

WM. GEIST. LOUIS R. GEIST

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[WILLIAM GEIST.]

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Any article that lived 22 years of c tion and imitation, and more and more each must have merit. Dobb Electric Soap, first made 1869, is just that article. Those who use it each we and their name is legi save clothes and streng and let soap do the wo All that we can say as to merits, pales into nothing ness, before the story it tell, itself, of its own per purity and quality, if you will give it one trial. Ask your grocer for it. He he it, or will get it. Try it Monday.

There are many imitations. N. B. Soaps in which electricity plays part Dobbins' is the original. all Magnetics, Electric, and Electro-Magnetics. Ask for Dobbins' Soap see that our name is on every wrapper, and if other is sent you by your grocer, when you see ours,—send it back to him. I. L. CRAGIN & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Plainealer always for sale the following places:

Saginaw—Miss Hattie Butler Sherman avenue.

Boston, Mass.—W. L. Reed, 33 Cambridge Street, and J. W. Sherman, 115 Cambridge Street.

Lansing—Crotty Bros. and F. Russell, newsdealers.

Niles, Mich.—Miss Mabel Bannister Milwaukee, Wis.—S. B. Bell, 738 1/2 Street.

Kalamazoo—Hiram Wilson, Michigan avenue.

Marion, Ind.—Mrs Anna Julius.

South Bend, Ind.—C. A. Mitchell, West Thomas street.

Birmingham, Ala.—W. H. Moss, 184 4th. avenue.

Bay City, Mich.—W. D. Richardson.

Clinton, Mich.—F. Kirchgessner.

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Albany Cafe, 266 29th St., CHICAGO. MRS. T. H. RUSSELL.

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*Steamboat Express 4 05 p m 11 50 a m

*Postal Express 5 55 p m 7 55 a m

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*The West; also for Saginaw and Bay City, a. m. and 4 55 p. m. trains have elegant parlor cars attached.

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Sleeping car berths can be secured at the ticket office, 100 Jefferson avenue, north ward, and at the depot foot of Brush street.

E. J. FIERCE, W. J. SPICER, City Ticket Art. General Manager

LITTLE CHILDREN.

in bright abode alone
 children's laughing voices ring
 merry spots, in shadow thrown,
 with their glee are echoing.

haldening these dull paths of ours,
 Loring work by them is done,
 all unconsciously, as flowers
 Spread their sweetness to the sun.

and the heaven that we desire
 Clearest is to those young eyes,
 which, with boundless faith entire,
 upward gaze in trustful wise.

you who would that kingdom see,
 Erring mortal, sin-defiled,
 stand in heart and spirit be
 Like unto a little child.

—Saturday Evening Post.

THE GREAT CINCH.

The scene, a box canyon in southern Arizona was lonely enough. The sky walls shut out the morning sun and the only trees in sight were slender evergreens and thickets of mesquite. The aspect of the rugged landscape was suggestive of their primitive inhabitants, the Apache Indians and the grizzly bear.

Joe, in this secluded spot there were no signs of human life and activity in the shape of a rude miner's "shack" or a roof of overlapping splints. It was a large freshly dug hole in the canyon side.

Joe was picked by a rope tied to his fore legs and an aged burro was feeding on the herbage of the canyon's bottom. The excavation in the mountain side was a raw-looking youth was working moderately, using alternately a pick and a shovel. A shock of tow hair ran wild beneath his hat brim, and a stray tuft like a tassel appeared through a hole in the crown. This fellow was Joe Dobbs, late of Missouri and the object of his labors was to develop Peg Leg Crawford's newly located mine, Great Cinch, in the canyon in the Chiricahua range.

This mine was at present in the shape of a hole in the ground with prospects ahead; but the indications mineral were good and had grown better as the digging went on. A good rock had been cleared away against the rock, and when the proprietor—on a trip to town for supplies—could return, blasting was to begin. Joe was not to share in the profits of the mine's development. He was merely a shiftless boy picked up at Camp Bowie and sent along by Crawford for the sake of his work and company at the price his "grab" and a shadowy promise of wages if the mine turned out well. The decrepit burro had been turned out to die by his Mexican owner, and he had driven him to camp "as a starter for a herd," he said.

Having repaired to the shade of the "back" he cut some slices from the mail piece of bacon for his use and tucked together the embers of the fireplace.

There was no wood cut, and before sitting out to get some Joe sat down to rest. His eye fell on the large valise at Peg Leg Crawford always kept carefully locked and out of the way of arm. In the hurry of departure the miner had left the key in the lock and it occurred to the boy that it would be a good time to see what was inside.

Joe turned the key and opened the valise. It contained two pairs of cotton socks, some specimens of minerals, and a bulky package wrapped in scrap of army blanket.

Joe untied the cord that fastened the parcel and unrolled the covering from a wooden box that had once held algebra raisins. Prying off the top of the box with his knife, he saw that it contained about two dozen of what looked like long, thick candles. Had the youth been more thoughtful, and down more of letters, he would have called out the words, "dynamite dangers," written in blue chalk on the cover but as it was, that inscription seemed unheeded with all the warning risk it conveyed. He had heard vaguely of dynamite, but knew nothing of how it appeared or should be handled. The cylindrical objects before him he had thought might be the form of candy.

I don't see why old Peg Leg should do so mighty perticular 'bout this out-of-stuff," he said to himself as looking up a flake of the substance that had sealed from one of the pieces. He put it in his mouth and tried it with his tongue. It had a sweetish taste and he set his teeth into it.

If Joe had applied his grinders with the force and enthusiasm that he would have shown in cracking a hickory nut, there might have been a premature explosion and my story never have been told; but he quickly discovered a caustic property in the substance and, not liking the flavor, spit it out. He put the box or a flat rock that served as a table, convinced that he was getting nothing of its contents. He was about to glance up the mountain side when he saw the boughs shaking in a breeze. At the back of the camp stood one of those old style army tents chiefly formidable to the one who fires them, known as the "Long Shot." With more animation than he had shown at any former time in the canyon, Joe seized the fire-arm and examined:

"I sees yer, and yer my meat; here goes fur briled squir'l fer dinner" and started up the mountain to secure the game.

The path which he must take to reach the place where he had seen the squirrel was steep and roundabout. When, after hard scrambling over rocks, he came near the place where he had seen the squirrel, that evasive rodent was not to be found. But climbing higher and looking beyond the summit of the ridge into a little mountain park, he saw to the windward among the pine trees across the valley, a red deer, which caused him to abandon the squirrel at once.

"Hit's a great mornin' fur critters astir," said Joe to himself in high glee. "Who'd a think that triffin' squir'l ud a led up to a deer. 'N thar may be sumthin' a heap bigger'n one deer a waitin' fur me."

There was something "a heap bigger a waitin'." Crack, crack, crack came the sharp report of several rifles off on his right; there was a singing of bullets about him, so close that one passed through his hat; and there arose a hideous yelling outcry, which made his flesh creep and for a moment weakened him so much that he nearly tumbled from fright.

The symptoms of returning courage and presence of mind manifested themselves first in Joe's legs, and with no loss of time he ran away as fast as he could making down the valley toward the foothills. A shot or two more whistled by his ears as some Indians, a half-dozen or so in number, leaped up and started after him as fast as deer.

If Joe had kept straight on down the valley the Indians would soon have overtaken and killed him. Fortunately, he had a good start of them, and was luckier still in knowledge of a narrow path—stumbled upon during a previous hunting expedition—which followed the bottom of a fissure leading up the face of a cliff on the side of the ridge that separated this mountain park from the canyon. The opening to this fissure was hidden by wild vines; a turn in the winding valley served to hide his movement from his pursuers—and as they dashed round the rocky promontory and kept on down this valley, Joe was crawling sidewise up the narrow cleft, which took him, after much difficult squeezing and climbing, to a rocky nook near the summit of the ridge, so out of view of any one a few feet away.

Joe was in no hurry to quit his place of refuge, but after a time, when all was quiet, he crept out from his shelter to look about and see if the coast was clear. No Indians were in sight, and he crawled to the summit of the ridge and over the other side until he reached a point which commanded a view of the canyon and the Great Cinch mine. There, in full possession of his camp were seven painted Apaches the same ones undoubtedly that had "jumped" him so recently.

Joe who had hoped that his unpleasant visitors had gone away for good, was far from pleased to see the enemy established in his camp. Peering between the side of the boulder and a Spanish bayonet plant which effectually screened him, the Missouri boy watched the performance of the red men, who were making themselves wholly at home. They had killed his burro, and the choice parts of his carcass, stuck on sticks, were roasting about a fire made of poles torn from the sides of the shack. They had upset and overhauled the valise and pretty much everything else in camp in search of ammunition, "whisk," tobacco, and less valued articles of plunder. The dynamite they perhaps deemed "bad medicine," for it lay in the box on the flat rock where Joe had left it when the squirrel had lured him from the camp.

What specially grieved Joe's heart was their killing of his burro, the only possession he had in the world except the tattered clothes he wore. Now, that after all the fuss he found himself alive, the boy's courage came back sufficiently for him to get very angry over his loss. As a relief to his feelings he cocked the rifle and sighted it at different members of the group, thinking, as he dallied with the trigger, what a pleasure it would give him to send a bullet among them as a sauce to their meal. For a youth of Joe's capacity for doing the wrong thing, this fooling with the trigger was most unwise, as was shown presently when he pulled a trifle too hard; the hammer fell, and the heavy army piece, pointing into the midst of the Indian group, went off with a louder bang and a more emphatic rebound—so it seemed to Joe—than ever before.

The vicious kicking of the gun against his shoulder, the noise and smoke of its explosion, and the feeling of astonishment at its unexpected performance occupied Joe's thoughts for an instant. Before he had time to be frightened at what he had done he was jarred and shaken as if the mountains were rocking, and was stunned by a deafening roar that rent the air. Loose rocks went rolling down the slopes, trees were rushing to the earth, and Joe saw, as in a fantastic dream, the top of a giant pine that had overhung the mine high aloft and still going as if it never would stop. Everything in the canyon seemed to be in the air, flying away from the spot where the camp

had been. After the dust had somewhat settled, Joe, looking down upon the site of the stack, could see there only a great hole in the ground, while a heap of earth had taken the place of the great Cinch tunnel. The shot fired by mistake had missed every Indian and plumped straight into the box of dynamite.

At the time when Joe's shot was fired Peg Leg Crawford, riding a burro and driving his pack animals before him on his way back to the camp, had reached the mouth of the canyon. Another turn in the path would bring him in sight of his mine.

At this point Crawford found his burro's footing unsteady, owing to an unexplainable tremor of the earth. There was a commotion in the air as if several cyclones were fighting for the right of way through the canyon, and a great roar came to his ears as if the thunders of a whole rainy season were combined in one peal. The next thing he realized was that he and his burros were on the ground together in a heap, where, by unanimous consent, they waited until the elements subsided.

When things had quieted down, the old prospector, who was not very nimble on his pins, pulled himself out of the tangle of burros, got his animals on their feet and stumped up the canyon to find out what had happened. He expected to find some part of the body of Joe at a distance more or less remote from the place where the camp had stood.

When he reached the scene of the explosion he looked for some sign of his assistant.

"Joe's gone with the rest, I reckon," he said with a touch of regret. "I'll have a whiff o' my pipe 'n then take a look roun' for the body 'n give it a Christian burial 'f thar's enough left to put in a hole. Hullo! What's that? Hain't the stuff got through fallin' yet?"

There was a rattling down the mountain side, and looking up to ascertain the cause he saw Joseph Dobbs sliding on his back down a sloping face of rock. In making his way to the canyon's bottom to investigate matters the boy had missed his footing, in his excitement, and was coming down by the run much faster than he liked. He landed at the foot of the cliff, torn as to clothing and scratched as to skin, but was regardless of all injuries in his wonder and pride at his unexpected achievement. He was delighted to see Crawford, for he was bursting to brag of his exploit.

"Didn't I fix up that trap for 'em slick?" he said, with the air of one who had carried out a carefully planned purpose.

By good luck the picks and shovels lay where they had escaped injury. So the work of developing the Great Cinch mine went forward with no more extra trouble than the rebuilding of the shack and the removing of the earth blown into the tunnel. To be sure they had no dynamite for blasting, but Crawford felt that his explosives had been put to a good use.

So high was Joe raised in the old prospector's estimation that before they set to work next day he formally adopted him as his "pard," and thereafter that youth dawdled over the pick and shovel with a sense of importance befitting the half-proprietor of the true lead, dips, spurs, angles, and prospective profits of the Great Cinch mine.—Clarence Pullen in the Times-Star.

A Spanish Courtship.
 It is well known that in Spain the methods of courtship are often times singular. Generally the lover signifies his choice by coming for three successive evenings with a guitar and singing a serenade under the fair one's window; and if he is regarded by the young woman's parents as an eligible candidate, he is invited into the house.

In Andalusia, a Spanish province, a still more singular custom has lately been observed. When a young man there aspires to the hand of a young lady, he calls for three successive days at her parents' house, at the same hour. The third day he always brings a cane, and goes away, leaving it behind, apparently forgetting it.

If his suit is regarded with favor, the young girl keeps the cane, and gives it back to him when he calls the next day.

This makes him her affianced husband.

But if, on the contrary, the young man's suit is not pleasing to the family, his cane is thrown out of the window into the street. This is regarded as a delicate way of telling him that he need not call again; and the young man who has lingered near meanwhile, reads his own fate in the indignity put upon his walking-stick.—Saturday Evening Post.

Charity.

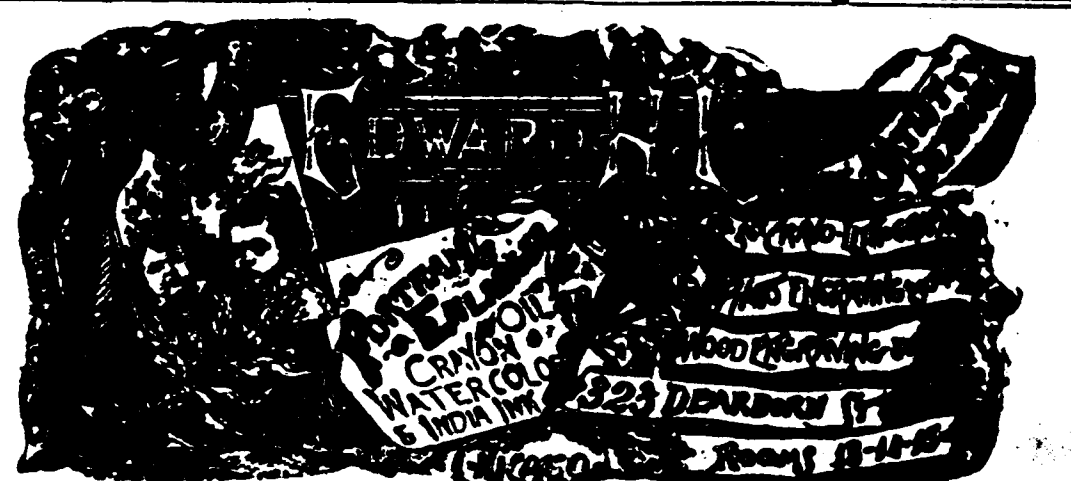
"Can you give me two fives for a ten?" asked a Philadelphia millionaire to whom a charity committee had applied for a contribution.

"Certainly, sir," eagerly replied the spokesman, handing out two five-dollar bills.

"What's this?" inquired the money king.

"Why, two fives for a ten. Isn't that what you said?"

"Possibly I did. Possibly I did," he said reflectively, "but I meant ten cents."—Texas Sittings.



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A book may be greater than a Little.—Bacon.
 A good book is the best friend.—Tupper.

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Woman's NEW WORKS AND WAYS.

Erie, Pa., has two Afro-American teachers in her public schools, Misses Eva C. Burtleigh and Miss M. Dickson.

Miss Mary Jones of Raleigh, N. C., better known as the "Southern Mocking Bird," who has recently finished her musical education under the very best German and Italian professors of New York City, has traveled extensively through the northern cities. She is a wonderful Prima Donna and elocutionist.

At Kansas City, Miss Minnie Robinson and Miss Edna Thompkins were engaged to sing to a white audience in a certain hall on Main street. They were requested to sing something funny (something akin to the minstrel idea). The young ladies assented and neatly prepared to take their places on the stage. In the meanwhile it was whispered among the audience that a plantation song would be next. Finally the girls were announced and called forward. With queenly, ladylike movement they advanced to the front of the stage and sang a song that was as new, accomplished and elevated in the musical world as any that had preceded or come after them.

The audience which had anticipated something entirely different at first were perplexed, but as the sweet bird musical voices began to take effect in earnest the audience was gradually worked up to a high pitch of excitement. Eyes glared, heads stretched and ears bent to catch the words in wonder and astonishment and the girls by the loveliest effort of the evening held their hearers spell bound. It was simply grand. It evoked loud and continued applause. Encore after encore. "That's it girls." Paralyze them.

FASHION'S FANCIES

All the girls are collecting cups and saucers now. When the collection is complete it is in order to invite the guests to a swell tea, where the collection may be admired. Ingenuity and taste combined are to mark these functions. If you want to enjoy them, the price of admission is a cup or a silver spoon.

A little boy had heard a great deal about "confirmation underwear," so he went to a Sunday school a few Sundays ago, and when the superintendent asked what confirmation meant, he was so sure that he knew that he held up both of his hands. "Very well," said the superintendent, "you may tell us what confirmation means." "Please, sir," said the little fellow, "it's when your shirt and drawers are made together."

Did you ever watch the demeanor of persons unfamiliar with the service at the Episcopal church? You can see the determination to conceal their ignorance written on their brows. They generally choose some one, in whose knowledge of the requirements they have confidence, and follow his movements with a fidelity that is touching. They follow hard after the model as he goes through the appropriate motions, and bring up the rear gallantly with their belated reverences. After a while they are sure they've got the hang of the thing and are less watchful, but an unexpected move on the part of the audience destroys their confidence and fills them with so much confusion that the service is considerably advanced before they recover, and of course this causes more mistakes and more confusion. When the service is over it is not strange that their exhaustion and chagrin causes them to wonder where the religion and devotion comes in. An honest confession of ignorance is a very wholesome thing and many a time saves one from considerable mortification.

What do you think happened at a very swell dinner the other day? When the sweets came on the table an empty cornucopia was placed at each lady's plate. After much secret wondering as to its use one, braver than the rest, confessed her ignorance and asked to be enlightened. You will be surprised when I tell you it was to be filled and taken home to the children. Of all the new fads one comes upon, I think this quite the nicest. It is sure to be popular with the little ones, whose childish query, "What did you bring me?" is so familiar.

In spite of all the talk to the contrary, the bell skirt is with us and likely to remain during the coming season. It is graceful and pretty, and most people like it, but even if you don't like it you will have to wear it, for dressmakers absolutely decline to make a skirt in any other style.

And of all despots the modern dressmaker is the most absolute. With all the rush of Easter work, wedding trousseaus and going-away gowns, she is literally rushed to death, and if you want to have a gown this season you must be too exacting, for she will throw you over without compunction, no matter how readily you agree to pay the exorbitant prices she exacts. The iceman, the plumber and the dressmaker are three of a kind. The rest of humanity are not "in it."

If you are bound to be fashionable at all hazards, you will probably wear the "Russian blouse" this season, as it is one of the novelties. Novel, it may be, but neither pretty nor graceful. On some figures it will be very suggestive of a bag tied with a string, and likely those will be the ones on whom it will be seen, as so few of us are gifted to see ourselves with our neighbors' eyes. The Russians may be blessed with figures which that particular kind of waist adorns, but on this side of the water they are out of place on any other than a girl of fourteen or sixteen, and even for them there are prettier fashions.

A safe, pleasant night-light, which is inexpensive as well, is a piece of candle weighted so that it will float in a glass of water. Try it.

Poor table linen is poor economy. A handsome damask tablecloth will be the delight of the hostess for any number of years, while a cheaper one is not satisfactory even when new. The large initial is no longer embroidered on napkins, though of course if your beautiful best napkins have been marked in that manner you will not throw them away. The latest idea, however, is to write your initial across the corner and embroider it in over-and-over stitch, adding, if you are very industrious and care for something elaborate, a spray of forget-me-nots underneath the initials.

Of course you have been to the openings and looked over the new gowns, suspender suits, blouses, reefers, blazers, parasols, veils, Kersey coats, novelties in gloves, fans, corsets and above all, the spring hats and bonnets. And did you ever see such a bewildering variety of styles in colors, shapes and flowers? And do you like blue roses and grasses so vividly green that they make you wink? Of course you don't, and if you are wise you'll leave them where they are as novelties on the milliner's table. Those ultra styles are seldom becoming, and never in good taste.

Checked homespun of two colors make stylish gowns, and so does the Invercauld cloth with its diagonal stripes and knickerbocker effects, and the Abergeldie with the silk lines and flecks of color. These splashes of contrasting tints are wonderfully effective, and are introduced into checks, lattice-work, speckled grounds, and the curious diagonal shapes. These in larger designs are used for cloaks, and so are the broche vicunas.

The Swiss belt appears in various forms, the newest being in the Russian style, viz., a light toned leather toolled in gold. Steel plays its part alone, and with gold and silver; there is much gulphure of silk and tinsel thread, as well as of jet, introduced for trimmings, and also as jacket-pieces, which are applied on to the bodices of ever material they may be.

Mullins are to the fore again especially those with interwoven white spots and printed flowers in solid color. These are likely to be extremely well worn as the season advances, also washing crepons and



the sephyras which show the new features in this year's fashions, viz., the puckered stripes in white, alternating with blue, pink, or other tape lines about an inch wide. They have the merit of durability, and make up well. The railway stripes have come in again in sephyras, and some of the washing dresses have broche effects. The scavenger skirt has a name at last, and it describes the trailing dress to a nicety. A Bellevue physician pronounces it the best conductor of disease in the modern trousseau. Tail-

ors have been fighting against it, but in spite of professional protest, the foolish creatures of fashion will continue to wear it this spring. It drags its filthy length up Broadway, down Fifth avenue, along Sixth avenue and around Madison and Union squares every day and all evening, but it is gratifying to know that blind adherence to fashion began to wane when the higher education of women became popular. Delaines have been brought out this year in the most delightful patterns. There are bunches of chrysanthemums, pansies, convolvulus, marguer-



ites, and many other flowers, on white and cream grounds, which appear to have been just gathered and thrown down in a careless, but most natural fashion. They really are charming specimens of painting, the more natural the sprig, the more fashionable. Those who do not care for light colors may have dark blues and black, stone color, plum and various other tints. The light blues and the light salmons are fashionable, and such mixtures as stone and pink, cream and gray, etc. They all savor of the Paysanne costume, which Marie Antoinette and the beautiful women of her day affected, and some of the patterns are actually copied from that time; for example, pretty shaped baskets, suspended by long loops and bows of ribbon, intermixed with buckets, arrows, quivers, rakes and watering-cans—most rustic in their effect.

SOCIETY GOSSIP

Mrs. Nellie Brown Mitchell and Miss Edna E. Brown, of Boston, who have been visiting Washington, D. C., have been honored guests at several delightful social luncheons. Among these pleasant events, the "musical" given by Mr. and Mrs. Merrivether, and the large dancing party are noted.

Rocky Mountain lodge, 2320, G. U. O. of O. F., of Denver, Col., made the tenth anniversary of their establishment a brilliant social event.

"The event of the season," is what the Cleveland, O., Progressive Social club's full dress ball and banquet at Excelsior hall, Tuesday evening, April 19, promises to be.

One of the features at a leap year party at Youngstown, O., was the matching of valentines. They were cut, and the gentleman having the corresponding part of the lady's valentine was her escort for the evening.

The New York and Newport Ugly Fishing club was entertained at the residence of the secretary, Mr. E. V. C. Eato, on the evening of the 18th inst. A collation was served and a pleasant evening was enjoyed by the members present. The club has reached the twenty-fifth year of its existence, Mr. J. W. Mara, its present commodore, and Mr. Geo. E. Greene being two of the original members.

T. Thomas Fortune spent a few days at New Haven, Conn., last week, the guest of E. D. Bassett.

Mrs. R. T. Hill, of Richmond, Va., is visiting in Baltimore.

Last Saturday evening, the 19th, the American Union club held a meeting at the residence of S. W. Thompson, 2729 Dearborn street, Chicago, at which time its book of subscriptions was opened, and at this writing 160 shares have been sold. A special feature of this occasion was the exhibition of the plans and specifications of a fine four-story club house, drawn by architect Henry Ives Cobbe, to cost \$35,000. The association will elect its directory soon.

AND THEY MARRIED.

At New Orleans, La., March 12th, Miss Mary P. Adams was married to Mr. Geo. V. Watts.

At McCommeville, O., March 17th, Miss Annie E. Bibe, was married to Mr. Jud O. Rivers, of Leesville. Mr. Rivers was at one time editor of the Connotton Valley Times, and is at present agent and telegraph operator for the Wheeling and Lake Erie railroad, at his home.

At Indianapolis, Ind., Miss Flora Elkins and Mr. Wiley G. Hays were married at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Elkins, 540 Mississippi street, on the 17th.

At Selma, Ala., Miss Sophronia Walker was married to Mr. Emanuel Davis, March 2nd. Mr. Davis is one of Selma's most successful business men.

At Des Moines, Ia., March 24, Miss Mary E. Evans was married to Mr.

Leroy Roberts.

At Louisville, Ky., week before last, Miss Emma Burk was married to Mr. Richard Mason.

A very brilliant wedding was solemnized at the residence of Mrs. James Bell, 28 Buckingham street Boston Mass., on Wednesday evening the 23rd, at 8 o'clock. The contracting parties were Mr. A. B. Fisher and Miss Ella Davis.

The wedding of Edward H. Winn and Miss Jennie A. Brown, took place at Pittsburg March 12th.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL

Robert Troy, Jr., is cashier in the Ohio State national bank.

Geo. Cartwright, of Jamestown, O., has been nominated for councilman.

Thos. Kennedy, Delaware, O., is a candidate on the Republican ticket for assessor.

The oratorio of the Messiah will be produced at Fisk university, April 1. Of the five physicians and surgeons of the Eclectic college, who graduated last week at Indianapolis, two were colored, Messrs. T. W. Burton and C. A. Pettiford.

Mr. Moses Rogers, Merced county, California, is said to be worth \$150,000.

Six hundred and fifty Afro-Americans left Memphis Tenn., Saturday, for Oklahoma.

Three hundred delegates are expected to attend the Afro-American Democratic convention at Council Bluffs, May 10. The president, S. L. Marsh, is leaving no stone unturned to make this the largest Democratic Afro-American demonstration ever held in Iowa, and says it will excel the colored Republican convention to be held in this city.

E. J. Adams is a member of the Chicago Typographical union, and is employed in the large printing establishment of Rand, McNally & Co.

One thousand Afro-American laborers left Birmingham, Ala., two weeks ago to work on a new branch of the New York Central railroad, planned to penetrate the Adirondacks. They get \$1.50 per day.

Of the eight delegates-at-large to Minneapolis from Texas, four are Afro-Americans.

Col. J. W. Thompson, editor of the People's Journal, will leave for Havana, Cuba, next week, via the Plant Steamship line.

Mr. Fox, formerly a grocer of Hartford, Conn., who died a short time ago, remembered in his will an old servant of his by the name of Daniels to the extent of \$3,000, and two other colored men whom he used to like because of their industrious efforts to make men of themselves, \$2,500 each.

W. G. Jackson is candidate for the nomination of councilman at Terre Haute, Ind.

Dr. H. R. Hawkins, of Dayton, graduated from the Cleveland Medical college last week with high honors.

C. H. Allen, of Ironton, O., is a candidate for assessor.

There are five Afro-American telegraph operators in Ohio; four on the Lake Shore and one on the W. & L. E. railroad.

Dr. J. T. Whitson, of Topeka, Kan., has been employed by the Santa Fe Co., to select miners in the states of Va., W. Va., and Penn.

A race war in which two men were killed occurred among the Niagra Falls tunnel workmen between Negroes and Poles.

Dr. W. T. Merchant, is an Afro-American physician, employed by a coal mine in that part of West Virginia as "the Valley."

Mr. Leon Jordan, has been endorsed for delegate at large from Missouri to Minneapolis.

Roanoke, Va., keeps three Afro-American lawyers and one physician busy.

Letitia Taylor, of Denver, Col., met with a very painful and almost fatal accident, caused by the explosion of a lamp beside which she was reading.

Nelson Kemper, of Delaware, Ohio, fell with a lead pencil in his mouth. The pencil ran fully an inch into his throat.

At Lafayette, La., March 13, an old colored woman, while returning home from Cote Gelee, accidentally set fire to her clothing with her pipe, and before help could be given her she was burned to death. She was about 70 years old, and that probably accounts for her helpless condition in the accident.

The industrial home at Morrilstown, Tenn., will be finished in May.

A JUDGE GIVING TESTIMONY

An Important Case Summed Up as Follows.

Chronic Catarrh—Twenty Years—Cured On Lungs—Could Get No Relief—Permanent Cure at Last.

New Vienna, Clinton County, O. Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co.,—Gentle: I take pleasure in testifying to your medicines. I have used about one bottle and a half, and can say I am a new man. Have had catarrh about twenty years. Before I knew what it was it had settled on my lungs and breast, but can now say I am well. Was in the army, could get no medicine that would relieve me. Yours truly, W. D. Williams.

Probate Judge of Clinton County. While it is a fact that Pe-ru-na can be relied on to cure chronic catarrh in all stages and varieties, yet it is not often that it will so quickly cure a case of as long standing as the above. Hence it is that so many patients fail in finding a cure because of their unwillingness to continue treatment long enough. Many people who have had chronic catarrh for five, ten, and even fifteen years, will follow treatment for a few weeks, and then, because they are not cured, give up in despair and try something else. These patients never follow any one treatment long enough to test its merits, and consequently never find a cure. It is a well known law of disease that the longer it has run the more tenaciously it becomes fastened to its victim.

The difficulty with which catarrh is cured has led to the invention of a host of remedies which produce temporary relief only. The unthinking masses expect to find some remedy which will cure them in a few days, and to take advantage of this false hope, many compounds which have instant but transient effect have been devised. The people try these catarrh cures one after another, but disappointment is the invariable result, until very many sincerely believe that no cure is possible.

CATARRH IS A SYSTEMIC DISEASE, and therefore requires persistent internal treatment, sometimes for many months, before a permanent cure is effected. The mucous lining of the cavities of the head, throat, lungs, etc., are made up of a network of minute blood-vessels called capillaries. The capillaries are very small elastic tubes, which, in all cases of chronic catarrh, are congested or bulged out with blood so long that the elasticity of the tubes are entirely destroyed. The nerves which supply these capillaries with vitality are called the "vasa-motor" nerves.

Any medicine to reach the real difficulty and exert the slightest curative action in any case of catarrh must operate directly on the vasa-motor system of nerves. As soon as these nerves become strengthened and stimulated by the action of a proper remedy they restore to the capillary vessels of the various mucous membranes of the body their normal elasticity. Then, and only then, will the catarrh be permanently cured. This it will be seen that catarrh is not a blood disease, as many suppose, but rather a disease of the mucous blood vessels. This explains why it is that so many excellent blood medicines utterly fail to cure catarrh.

Colds, winter coughs, bronchitis, sore throat and pleurisy are all catarrhal affections, and consequently are quickly curable by Pe-ru-na. Each bottle of Pe-ru-na is accompanied by full directions for use, and is kept by most druggists. Get your druggist to order it for you if he does not already keep it.

A pamphlet on the cause and cure of all catarrhal diseases and consumption sent free to any address by The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Co., Columbus, O.

Near Canton, Mo., a rowboat containing eight colored men, capsized in the Mississippi, Saturday, and six of the men were drowned.

Mr. Buford Chandler, residing at South 11th st., Springfield, Ill., met with a serious accident at the Black Diamond mines, March 16, by an explosion, his head, face and hands being burned.

At Denver, Col., March 26—Detectives to-day arrested Arthur Louis Ward, colored, charged with assault. The crime was committed some two weeks ago near Ottawa, Ill., and was particularly atrocious, the victim being a sick woman with a young baby. Three other persons implicated have been captured in Illinois.

Three colored and one white counterfeiters have been arrested at Nevada, Mo.

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