

THE PLAIN DEALER.

TOPEKA KANSAS
SOCIETY
KANSAS HISTORICAL

VOLUME VII. NO. 19.

DETROIT, MICH., SEPTEMBER 27, 1889.

WHOLE NO. 329.

A FAVORABLE CHANCE.

WILL THE ADMINISTRATION IMPROVE IT OR THROW IT AWAY?

The Afro-American Waits—He Will Fight If He Must—The Odds Against Him—Welcome the Prodigals.

To the Editor of THE PLAIN DEALER.

The Chicago Tribune, with motives generous and true, has essayed an apology for the lack of discipline and organization on the part of the Southern Negro. It expresses the unequivocal opinion that his condition must remain hopelessly indefensible before an armed force of white men.

Bourbon Democrats see in this statement the possibility of fine capital and the effect of an impression that must prove very misleading; for, they accept it with a degree of complacency and satisfaction that is beautifully flattering. "That is it in a nutshell," says the Memphis Avalanche. The conclusion is well drawn, being based upon false premises, and that too not blindly.

But assuredly some radical changes have taken place since the enfranchisement of the colored people in the South, which are manifest in the general feeling and conduct of the younger colored element of to-day; and while it is a fact that they are more conservative, conciliatory, concisive and prudent, they are nevertheless more combative, aggressive and uncompromising, when fully resolved in their own defense. They have already surveyed the field, have counted the odds, and understand quite well the actual tendency of the public pulse. They know the probable action of the general government in every movement on the part of the Southern whites toward themselves, hence they deprecate a conflict of any kind with the whites. Their constant plea is for peace and protection and to be let alone, for they well know that in every emergency the feelings of the whites, irrespective of party, are mutualized and unanimous against them.

Uninfluenced by motives of selfish gain, the Negro stands almost instinctively for right and justice, even though it be against one of his race. He is partial to the white man and desires his friendship. The Tribune says "He can never stand before the guns of the white man, but scampers away at the report of the first gun." Be this as it may, it is evident that he is not yet equipped to stand against the odds and die bravely in his own defense, but we are witnesses that there has been some very brave dying in Mississippi when the chances were about equal. Now let him once realize that the sentiment of the country is for justice at any cost; that the government steels against public crime means prompt retribution in protecting the lives of all of its citizens at home as well as abroad and that the chances in the fight with any set of men are as good as with another, it will be seen how striking the showing in the present time.

But the Negro does not want to fight. He fails to understand why citizens of the same government should be found in deadly combat against each other; he shrinks from the idea of shedding the blood of his own fellow-citizens, and he cannot see why there should be a war waged upon him. He is no miscreant, moved with the desperate intent of a burglar. No wonder that he staggers at the wrongs heaped upon him. But again, when once convinced that his chances are equal, or that they be unequal when extermination is intended, discipline and organization will show themselves with magic force and the world will find in him the pluck and courage born of genuine heroism.

Good will is a ruling power in his breast toward his white neighbor, because he finds himself with no just cause, like a stray dog on the highway, the target of every other nation on the globe. Gradually he comes to see his own condition in a most alarming light, and it bewilders him to become assured that to be free and to be a citizen of America means to him persecution and death. Then it is not discipline and organization alone that he needs, it is the assurance of his government alike with his white brother that while in facing death justice shall be meted to him. Opposed by a thousand barriers, yet he recognizes that his country expects well of him and having been loyal in every ordeal, he would of all patriotic citizens seem to be enrolled among the riotous and rebellious. Standing abreast of his present condition he hopefully longs for a better state of affairs.

But, now comes the Pittsburg Post with the deceitful pretext that the Negro has become indifferent to voting and that it was a blunder on the part of the government to invest him with the franchise. If this be true, is there not cause for this apathy? Hamp red, hounded and killed for the sake of this endearing right, we doubt that any people could feel a deeper concern for the suffrage. But, despite the charge of the Post, he seeks the right against all odds and demands in the name of his government protection in asserting that right. The Democratic press of the North has at no time in our national history been tardy in awakening sectional strife, and it seems that the Post would gladly verify its charge in substantiating

the guilty fantasy of the new demand in some of the states to divest the Negro of the right to vote.

Mississippi is favoring a constitutional convention to this, and, ignoring the fact that such a law must come in direct conflict with the general laws. The democracy of Mississippi is quite capable of such blunders, while it credits them to the general government. The Negro may relapse into cold indifference, he may show the white of his eye and deem it best in the face of opposing obstacles to stay away from the polls, but like the prophets of old he ventures the prediction that matters can not always remain as they are. Believing in God, believing in the progressive spirit of a free people and in the management of a government grand in its conceptions and onward destiny to a better feeling and broader national thought, he will stand or fall upon his own merits and eventually take his place in common with other citizens.

From the Administration of President Lincoln down to the present, perhaps none more than this has a more favorable opportunity to exercise and assert the powers of the nation. Grave and mighty are the responsibilities attending coming events and it remains to be seen whether the advantage gained on the side of Republican liberty through the changing vicissitudes of fortune shall be improved or thrown away. Whether a vigorous or uncompromising government shall be exerted to rescue the cause of universal freedom, or whether a blustering display of empty statesmanship shall be the order of the day. Paradoxical as it may appear, there has been not a single step in the cause of liberty, except upon grounds of expediency. In all the struggles of our country the immunities and blessings which came to the Negro were the result of forced necessity. A grander and happier moment was at hand when all our national troubles might have been wiped out forever. It was at the framing of the national constitution. But, the opportunity was thrown away, for it was then that the assembled heads led on by Jefferson, Franklin and Washington might have settled upon equal terms the question of American freedom. Each administration since the adoption of the constitution has been conducted under measures of compromise and dreadful policy. None more so than those of Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan. But the present moment is propitious, and while it is true that every political right is guaranteed, yet the mad howl of bourbon politicians is heard in the midst of the storm, betokening the calm which must ultimately follow.

Says one of these political madcaps, "The educated Negro is not worth his salt in anything." In this declaration he slaps himself in the face, and in his rare kicks out the foundation of all intellectual and moral education and becomes the world's champion of the greatest nonsense and childlike babbling of this or any century. Education helps man generally, just as medicine helps and heals and builds up the physical system. It helps all races of men, and he who argues to the contrary knows not its need, knows not its value and must be incapable of developing his mental power or must be morally and hopelessly dishonest.

Though stern and unrelentingly be the endeavor to down the race at any sacrifice, a better and brighter day awaits the faithful workers whose lives are consecrated to truth and duty. Let all who see the right labor to win in every battle. Let erring prodigals come home to stay, let our highest cultured and best minds remain in ranks, let the Fortunes, the Turners and the Clarks come and welcome and marshaling themselves into one grand knighthood, beckon on the coming host to do nobly for the cause of equal rights and justice to all men. SENTINEL.

Scared to Death.
In Culpepper, Va., the people are all agitated over a mystic case of stone throwing which has been disturbing an Afro-American family named Morton. For nearly two weeks showers of stones have been hurled at the house from some mysterious source and the most vigilant watch has not succeeded in discovering from whence they come. Priest and people are alike discomfited at the strange occurrence and in the absence of any other explanation are inclined to accredit it to supernatural causes.

Disclaims the Relationship.
Mrs. Annie Evans, of Memphis, Tenn., has brought suit against Policeman Conway, of that city, for \$5,000. Conway with the freshness characteristic of a certain class of whites addressed Mrs. Evans as "Auntie." She retaliated by calling him a name, whereupon he abused his authority by arresting her and she has called the turn by suing him.

Our Idea of Respect.
Raleigh, (N. C.), *Star of Zion*: If respect from any race is to be won by cringing and playing the sycophant and being obsequious then we do not wish to win their respect. Our idea of respect is that won by acting the man—the bold, brave, courageous, undaunted man—and we seek to win it in no other way.

A Word About Firewater.
Pittsburg, (Pa.), *Spokesman*: The Negro should let the white man drink his own fire water. He makes it and sells it, let him drink it himself. Save your money, educate your children, and buy yourself a home.

The Tuskegee Normal Institute, of Tuskegee, Alabama, which was started by Prof. T. Washington about eight years ago has collected a library of 4000 books.

THIRTY THOUSAND OF 'EM

YOUNG AFRO-AMERICAN STUDENTS AND SOME INSTRUCTORS.

Highly Endorsed—Mr. Lynch's Good Work—Changes in the High School—Africanized and Improved—Mr. Douglass Complimented.

Special to THE PLAIN DEALER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 23.—The public schools of this city were opened today, and the streets are literally alive with the thirty thousand school children who will begin again to receive their daily mental pabulum at the public expense. Some changes have been made in the teachers corps at the High School due to the resignation of Mr. Robert H. Terrell, who has just been appointed to the Chief of Division in the Treasury department, and to the continued absence of Miss Mollie Church, whose leave of absence has been extended a year to enable her to spend the fall and winter in Southern Italy. Miss Church has already spent more than a year in study and travel in continental Europe, and was to return from Berlin this month in time to take up her duties again in the High School here, but she prefers remaining abroad another year. Mr. Arthur Langston's declination of the appointment offered him here in the High School, gave rise to the appointment of Mr. Kelly Miller, an alumnus of Howard University, and at present a member of the Senior class of John Hopkins University, Baltimore. Mr. Miller is fairly counted a genius in mathematics, and he will have an opportunity to give place to this particular bent of his genius in our Colored High School. There is still another vacancy in the High School and it is said that this position will be tendered to Mr. Parker N. Bailey, a graduate of Harvard class of '81. Mr. Bailey is at present a clerk in the Commissary General's office, War Department, but taught school here several years immediately following his graduation. Miss Bessie Cook who has just returned from a three years' stay in France, Germany and Switzerland, has taken a position as assistant in the Normal department of Howard University. Miss Cook's native ability and extended experience will make her a valuable worker at Howard University.

Mr. Terrell is in daily receipt of piles of letters congratulating him upon his recent good fortune in securing the important appointment mentioned above. The appointment is assigned to Massachusetts, and his endorsers include the entire Massachusetts delegation in Congress, several members of the Harvard faculty, and many prominent and wealthy gentlemen who were in the class with him at Harvard. Secretary Windom expresses himself as particularly pleased at having an opportunity to give substantial recognition to a young colored man whose character and ability were so flatteringly recommended. But, the strength of Mr. Terrell's endorsements, great as it was, was not sufficient in itself to give his claims preference over other equally well recommended, and it needed the special intervention of a man sufficiently high in authority to ask special attention to this application. This person proved to be the Hon. John R. Lynch, of Mississippi. He had a vacant chiefship in his bureau, and desiring to place some worthy young colored man there, he was brave enough to stem the current of adverse criticism, and demand that the same recognition which had been given him be given to another colored man also. The fact that Mr. Lynch himself is a colored man, that he has a young colored lady as his private secretary at a salary of \$1,400 per annum, and that now a colored chief of division has been appointed in his bureau at a salary of \$2,000, has given rise to the cry that an attempt is being made to Africanize the Fourth Auditor's office. To Africanize a bureau with such material as these three appointments represent means to improve it, and nobody can reasonably object to improvement.

Of course this silly cry was to be expected. Nobody foresaw it quicker than Mr. Lynch, but he was brave enough to be defiant, when defiance was the role to play; he was loyal enough to his race to espouse their cause in high places as well as in low places. Some more of our "leaders" might follow this example with profit. Two more colored men were appointed to \$1,000 clerkships in the war department last week; Capt. Thomas S. Kelly, of Louisiana, and Mr. Henry Wallace, of South Carolina.

The Navy department has complimented Hon. Frederick Douglass, minister to Hayti, by tending him passage on the U. S. S. Dispatch from Washington to Norfolk and by detailing another government vessel, the Ossipee, to convey Minister and Mrs. Douglass to Port-au-Prince. They leave next Saturday. EDWIN.

Too Concocted to Do So.
New York *Sun*: At the Brooklyn Jockey Club races yesterday every winning horse was ridden by a colored jockey. In view of the small proportion of colored jockeys, this was a large triumph and a glorious cake for them. The haughty Caucasian has an excellent opportunity to let himself down several pegs.

The "Colored Capital Saving" bank, established in Washington, D. C., last October has 400 depositors. The average monthly deposit is now \$14,000.

A LITTLE DISAGREEMENT

Among the Bourbons of Atlanta, Georgia.

A meeting of the Young Men's Democratic League was held Wednesday night, Sept. 18th, at Atlanta, Ga., which, though called to condemn the recent whipping of Negroes at East Point, adopted resolutions of a opposite character. It is alleged that the meeting was packed in the interest of Vice-President Daniel Hall of the league, who is charged with complicity in the whipping. The resolutions adopted are as follows:

Resolved, That it is the sense of the league that the course of the Atlanta Constitution in publishing the inflammatory account of the East Point whipping is calculated to do injustice to members of this league and unduly influence the administration of public justice, and is hereby condemned.

Resolved, That the failure of the said Constitution to publish the facts in relation to the whipping of a sick white man and a white lady by two stalwart Negro men is unfair to this section, and is hereby condemned.

Resolved, That impartial justice demands that the fact in relation to the whipping of said white man and his wife, and the way-laying of the Central Railroad train at Eastport, the attack of an insolent Negro on the chief of police of this city and the incendiary card of one W. A. Pledger, and the shooting of the white man at Rutledge be thoroughly investigated and the offenders be brought to speedy justice, and that Henry W. Grady of the Atlanta Constitution is requested to publish the fact.

The Constitution of Thursday morning, the 19th, said: We reaffirm with emphasis every word that we have said on the subject, and shall continue to insist that the matter be thoroughly sifted and that the guilty shall be punished.

WHAT HE BUILDS ON.

Captain Pledger's Boldness is His Greatest Safety.

Philadelphia *Enquirer*: Captain William A. Pledger, chairman of the Colored National Executive Committee, is a bold man. In issuing a call to the Negroes of Georgia to meet in convention at Atlanta, November 13, for the material interests, the moral betterment and the political benefits of the Negroes of Georgia and of the nation at large, he charges that Negroes have been murdered in five counties in Georgia because Cleveland was defeated; that Negroes were whipped in the suburbs of Atlanta with the police present; that teachers have been driven out, ministers of the Gospel beaten, farmers driven from their farms, and houses and churches burned—all on account of the race troubles. Finally, he declares that it would be the height of folly to hold the convention in Atlanta during the Piedmont Exposition, which closes on November 10, as the delegates would be "insulted and massacred" by the crowd in attendance at the fair. This is a pretty serious indictment of the state of Georgia to be made in an official document, and we shall expect to see it indignantly denied by the Southern papers generally. But Captain Pledger is specific in his charges and is doubtless prepared to furnish proof of them. His boldness is probably his greatest safety now, for the white element, however incensed at his disclosures, will know better than to confirm his assertions by killing him.

MR. DOUGLASS TRAVELS INSTATE.

Prejudice Compels The Department of State to Come to His Relief.

Those persons who claim that wealth, education and refinement among Afro-Americans will release the race of some of the disadvantages under which they labor now must have their opinions changed by the fact that even the Hon. Fred Douglass found trouble in securing comfortable accommodations on steamers going South. The prejudice which renders it impossible to secure state rooms on Potomac and Chesapeake streams, or first-class railroad fare is as active against Minister Douglass as though he were a more obscure personage, and it is to the everlasting disgrace of this government that one of its accredited Ministers to a foreign country would have been compelled to sleep on a lounge going down the Potomac, or sit up in a smoking car from Washington to Norfolk had the Department of State not ordered the United States' steamship Dispatch to convey him to Norfolk from where he will start on the United States Man-of-War, Ossipee for Port-au-Prince.

Re-See But Little Credit.

Pittsburgh, (Pa.), *Spokesman*: The Cleveland Gazette and other Negro papers, who from time to time, fire off their little pop-guns at Hon. Fred Douglass, reflect but little credit upon themselves or their race. But fire away gentlemen, you will never be able to get him down to your size.

Epiphany College at Baltimore opens its fall term with twenty-nine students, and ten more are expected. Five of these are Afro-Americans, and all intend to become missionary priests among the Negroes of the Southern states.

Get your friends to subscribe for THE PLAIN DEALER.

CAPT. PLEDGER'S CALL.

GEORGIANS REQUESTED TO CONVENE FOR DELIBERATION.

The Wrongs of the Race Must Be Redressed—The Case Presented—What to Ask of Congress.

Captain William Pledger, issues his call, as Chairman of the Colored National Executive Committee, which was created in 1886. Pledger begins by thanking God that the Negro holds the balance of power in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, New York and Connecticut, and suggests that the colored people "too often draw upon God for what he has already given them, viz., strength to do for themselves."

Pledger suggests that they rely less on an any particular party, but stand independent. After a review of the relation of the races, Pledger goes on to say:

"There are now a million of Negroes in Georgia, and you are a power for good or bad. Let that power be for good. While fools parade the streets because they have lost government jobs, and insult the chief of the Nation by vile conduct, murder Negroes because Cleveland was defeated for President, as has been the case in Egbert, Ogelthorpe, Fulton, Lowndes Wilkes and other counties in this state, and whip innocent Negroes, as in the suburbs of this great city of the Empire State, with the police present observing closed carriages going from the city for no other possible reason than that of siding and abetting in the work of whipping, and drive teachers from their places of work because they are teaching the Negro children, and burn the houses and churches of our people throughout the state and drive them from their farms after preparing crops for the harvest without giving them a dollar, beat unmercifully our ministers of the gospel; yet, fellow citizens, if you do not on the spur of the moment defend your homes and families against the immediate trespasses of these violators of law, wait on the sober judgment of the authorities that be and the sentiment that you shall create by an intelligent discussion of these matters in convention assembled."

"The Negro problem is upon the nation and like Banquo's ghost will not down, though demagogues for the sake of controlling the delegates to a gubernatorial convention from a few backwoods counties would suffer every Negro in the state to be killed. You must present your case to the world and appoint a committee to wait on the President and Congress of the United States and tell them to scale the representation of Congress for Georgia from ten members to five or six."

"Tell them that you are for years willing to do without voting, but insist that men who are not entitled to that representation given you shall not have it. Expect nothing from any political party, except from that which does most for you. Urge our brethren in the North to study the question here and vote accordingly. As to leaving the South, let all mankind know that you are Americans, were born here, reared here, and here you expect to die and sleep by the side of your fathers, where you had one. Agitate and continue to do so till you get every right you are entitled to."

"Now, to the end that you may do something for the material interests, the moral betterment and political benefits of the Negro of Georgia specially, and the black man of the Nation generally, I hereby call upon the colored citizens of Georgia to assemble at the county site of their respective counties and select delegates to the number equal to twice as many members as such counties shall have in the lower House of the General Assembly and add that these delegates assemble in the city of Atlanta on Tuesday, the 12th of November, 1889. The reason this convention is called for that day is the Piedmont Exposition will open on the 7th of October and close November 10th, and under the influence of the present excitement with an influx of persons unfriendly to you during that time, a colored man's life would not be safe in the city of Atlanta, and it would be the height of folly to invite him here to be insulted and massacred."

"It was only a few days ago the colored Odd Fellows of this place invited their brethren from abroad to take part in their anniversary exercises, and while the evening repast was going on, white men patrolled the streets with Winchester rifles without interference by the city authorities, menaced and committed assault and battery upon a number of our people."

W. A. PLEDGER, Chairman Colored National Executive Committee and member of said committee with Rev. John Watts for the State of Georgia.

Afro-Americans, of Philadelphia, are aroused over the continued outrages on the race in the South and have called a meeting for investigation of the trouble. They have resolved to proceed with calmness and deliberation, but will earnestly seek a practical method for the relief of their friends in the South.

The Rev. J. M. Adams, of the A. M. E. church, of Albany, Ga., who was at one time a missionary to Africa is judging from his work, qualified as well as called. His labors in the past thirteen years have been as successful as arduous, and in Albany where he has accomplished wonders during his eight months residence, he is revered by his people.

To Correspondents: Don't Be Late.

We cannot insure the publication of correspondence which reaches us later than Tuesday.

All matter for publication must reach us by Tuesday noon to insure insertion in the following issue.

Personal notices are not wanted.

Do not write matter for publication and business orders upon the same sheet of paper.

Want of space will not permit of extended notices of entertainments, parties, receptions, etc.

Make your letters and communications as short as possible.

Sign your full name, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Be brief, in time, and do not say "So and so" is sick when he only has the finger ache!

Agents, Attention!

Our agents are required to make returns and remittances for the papers of the preceding month not later than the tenth of each month.

No papers are to be sold on credit unless the agent chooses to pay for them and run the risk of collecting.

Excuses and promises do not pay our expenses, etc.

PLANNEDALE CO. LAY Bldg. W.

PLANNEDALE CO.

Sept. 24.—Mr. James Smith is on the sick list. He went to Huntington last week to cook, but while there he was taken very sick and came home Friday.

Their Old Pastor Back Again.—The congregation of Spring street church are very much pleased over the return of their pastor for the third year.

Removed to Toledo.

BAY CITY, Sept. 24.—Mr. James Miller and family have removed to Toledo, we wish them health and prosperity in their new home.

LOOKER ON.

Why He Looks Happy.—Cassopolis, Sept. 21.—Third week of circuit court began Monday.

And pension and one thousand two hundred and nine dollars back pension was the cause.—Chas. Burm. of Calvin, has rented his farm and is soon to be a citizen of Cassopolis.

AN INDEPENDENT VIEW OF IT.

The Negro Haters Accused of Infidelity By The Chicago Mail.

Opinions on the race question are as numerous as the situation is interesting. Press and people fairly bristle with news on the subject, and with so much wisdom floating around loose something beneficial ought to eventually result.

"The Republican organs are bound by tradition to declare that the South is in reality a state of rebellion and that the constitutional amendment providing suffrage to the blacks is persistently overridden. They thus injure the chances of Chicago for the world's fair by exciting among the Southern people a hatred against the north-west.

AN INFAMOUS VERDICT.

Jim Dixon of Guntersville Acquitted Though Proved Guilty.

MELTONVILLE, Ala., Sept. 14.—At the Circuit Court just closed at Guntersville James Nixon, a white man, was acquitted of the murder of Allen Dancy, though he was proven guilty.

Trouble With the Salvation Army.

BATTLE CREEK, Sept. 23.—The A. M. E. church was well filled Sunday morning and evening to hear our new pastor the Rev. Pope, who preached two very able sermons.

Sunday.—It is said that the Association has agreed to furnish a pastor to all the denominations not having one and consequently the church in our city will hereafter be supplied with a pastor.

AFRO-AMERICAN Y. M. C. A.

An Entertaining Program For Their National Convention.

The National convention of the Y. M. C. A. will convene at the Centre street M. E. church, Louisville, Ky., Oct. 20 to 25, 1889.

FIRST DAY.

Welcome Address. Albert Mack, Chairman National Executive Committee. Response, Hon. S. A. McElwee, Nashville, Tenn.

SECOND DAY.

Address: "The Elements of Success," Prof. W. S. Scarborough of Wilberforce University.

THIRD DAY.

Address: "The Growth of Religious Institutions," H. C. Smith, editor of the Cleveland Gazette.

Address: "The Demands of the Age," Hon. John M. Langston, Virginia.

Address: "The Pluck We Must Have," Hon. John Mitchell, Jr., editor of the Richmond Planet, Richmond, Va.

Address: "Position of Louisville, the Y. M. C. A. in the Ministry," Rev. Wm. Jamison, Louisville, Ky.

Address: "Evils Begetting Ministers in the Political Field," Prof. C. F. Sneed, State University, Louisville, Ky.

Address: "The Good We Have Accomplished," Albert White, Louisville, Ky.

Any person or persons desiring to attend the coming National convention of Y. M. C. A. to be held in this city, will oblige the National Executive Committee by sending and getting circulars.

Some fishermen while engaged near Belfast, Ireland, picked up a large seagull which was seen approaching the boat with wings outspread floating on the water, but quite dead.

Assistant Secretary Bussey has decided that a dishonorable discharge from the army or navy does not bar a soldier or sailor from receiving a pension.

In Andover, Conn., recently C. Bradbury, a prominent farmer, was suffering from rheumatism. He could hardly hobble and life was a burden, when one day he heard of a faith curer.

Depot foot of Brush street. Central Standard Time. Oct. 7th, 1889.

Depot foot of Twelfth street. Standard time. Arrive.

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LIVELY TURNS OF THOUGHT.

Some Toronto houses give the half holiday earlier in the week than Saturday.

A Hartford firm makes all the leggings for United States soldiers and sailors.

Fall River hands fainted from heat and talk of shutting down till cooler weather.

A Belfast firm has just made a vessel 582 feet long, 100 feet less than the Great Eastern.

The boy bakers in San Francisco's industrial school make bread for all the public institutions.

A Swedish butter-extractor delivers butter from fresh milk at the rate of a pound a minute.

The Hawaiian government has been asked to incorporate the Pacific Cable Company, with a capital of \$1,000,000, but with the power to increase to a limit of \$10,000,000.

A young man, aged twenty-one, committed suicide at Leeds after writing this letter: "I am going to commit suicide on Friday morning as I want to be buried on bank holiday (Monday), so that I will disappoint my cousin Annie, who is to be married that day, so there will be a funeral instead of a wedding. I hope you will attend my funeral. I will meet you in heaven."

The story comes from Leighton, Miss., that John Davis, while hunting the other day, shot and killed a snake of the moccasin variety that measured 16 feet 5 inches in length and 21 inches in circumference.

Amid the records which Solicitor of the Treasury Hepburn found among the files of that office when he took possession were a number of "revised records of personal suits and judgments," known among the clerks in the office as the "old docketts."

English commissioners of education do not recommend music as an occupation for the blind. Although it is a favorite pursuit among blind persons, competition in England is so keen among even seeing musicians that only exceptionally good training can command success, and many, indifferently taught, relapse into playing in public houses or in the streets, and, not infrequently, into sheer beggary.

A good story is told of a man in Bath Me., who, although a widower well along in years, is as much of a gallant as ever, and has lately been paying much attention to a lady in another town.

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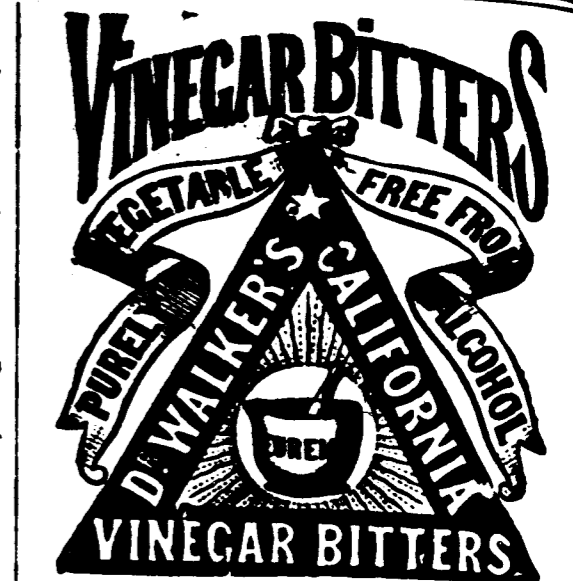
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Depot foot of Twelfth street. Standard time. Arrive.

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The only non-Alcoholic Vegetable medicine put up in liquid form ever discovered.

It is not a vile, fancy drink made of rum, beer, whisky, or refuse liquors, sticed and sweetened to please the taste, but a purely vegetable preparation, made from native California herbs.

Twenty-five years' use have demonstrated to millions of sufferers throughout the civilized world, that of all the medicines ever discovered, Vinemar Bitters only possesses perfect and wonderful curative effects upon those troubled with the following diseases, viz:

Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Bile, Scrophula, Skin Diseases, Jaundice, Gout, Pile, Biliousness, and all other diseases arising from blood impurities, and a Vermifuge it is the best in the world, being death to all worms that infest the human system.

It is always safe to take at any time, or under any condition of the system, for old or young, or for either sex. It is put up in two styles. The old is slightly bitter, and is the stronger in cathartic effect. The new style is very pleasant to the taste and a perfect non-medicine for delicate women or children. Each kind is distinctly marked on top of carton.

Many families keep both kinds on hand, as they form a complete medicine chest.

A family medicine, for the use of the lady, a children and men of sedentary habits, the New Style Vinemar Bitters has no equal in the world. It is invaluable for curing the ailments that beset children, and gently regulates the diseases to which women at every period of life are subject.

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VINEMAR BITTERS.

The only Temperance Bitters known, it stimulates the Brain and quiets the Nerves, regulates the Bowels and renders a perfect blood circulation through the human veins, which is sure to restore perfect health.

GEO. W. DAVIS, of 169 Barron St., New Orleans, La., writes under date of May 19th, 1888 as follows:

I have been going to the Hot Springs, Ark., for after years of itching humors, and for the first time I have just used three bottles of Vinemar Bitters, and it has done me more good than the springs. It is the best medicine made.

JOSEPH J. EAGAN, of No. 75 West St., New York, says: "I have not been without Vinemar Bitters for the past twelve years, and consider it a whole medicine chest in our family."

MRS. MATTIE FERGUSON, of Dryden, N. Y., says: "Vinemar Bitters is the best medicine I ever tried; it saved my life."

T. F. BAILEY, of Humboldt, Iowa, says: "Vinemar Bitters cured me of paralysis ten years ago, and recd. 'y' it cured me of rheumatism."

VINEMAR BITTERS.

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Table with columns for Train No., Direction, and Time. Includes routes to Toledo, Detroit, and Springfield.

DETROIT, GRAND HAVEN & MILWAUKEE RY

Depot foot of Brush street. Tr. run by Central Standard Time. June 24th, 1889. Includes routes to Chicago, St. Louis, and Milwaukee.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Table with columns for Train No., Direction, and Time. Includes routes to Toronto, Montreal, and St. Louis.

WABASH RAILROAD.

Table with columns for Train No., Direction, and Time. Includes routes to St. Louis, Chicago, and Detroit.

HOW IT LOOKS TO HIMMAN.

An Interesting Field For The Footkiller—
The Political Judgment of the South.

Cleveland Leader: There appears to be an office trust in the South, for the sole advantage and behoof of the white man. I have noticed in the newspapers lately two or three cases in which colored men have been appointed postmasters in small towns in Mississippi and Alabama, but the white people "wouldn't have it." With-out resorting to violence or direct opposition to the constituted authorities, the latter have, by various ingenious devices, entirely prevented the Negro postmasters from entering upon their duties. The question of honest and efficient service is not raised; it is simply the old prejudice of color, which declares that only white men shall rule or hold office. I have been personally informed as to one of these cases, in which the appointee is as white as many of the more favored race, having barely a visibly more favored African blood. He is said to be educated, intelligent, and in every way well qualified to be postmaster as any white man in town. But he is only a "nigger," with an adjective before the word, and for him to hold the smallest official position would be monstrous. Those white people could never endure it at all!

I cannot imagine, on this or any other planet, a more inviting field of operations for the foot-killer than those places where they have gone into spasms over the appointment of colored postmasters. Those people have Negroes to cook all their food, do their housework, and tend their babies, they daily mix with Negroes in buying and selling and in all the vocations of life, but at the thought of a Negro handling their mail and—angels and ministers of grace defend us!—writing "P. M." after his name, they lift their hands in amazement and horror. What a terrible thing it is, to be sure! A Negro postmaster, even though he be nine tenths white! Shall we submit to such an indignity? Perish the thought!—at least as long as there are not officers enough to go around among the white men.

Mr Cleveland was as dear to these people as the apple of their eye, but he appointed several Negroes to office. It is true he had to hunt around with a lantern to find any colored men who were Democrats but he did finally succeed in this and gave them public positions. Why didn't these Southern people take him across their knees and spank him for doing such an un-Democratic thing? Why is it any more Democratic for President Harrison to do it than for President Cleveland? Perhaps the latter was too tender of the feelings of his Southern friends to curage them by appointing Negro postmasters, but he appointed a Negro Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, which is more lucrative than ninety-nine in every hundred postoffices in the whole South. The people of Washington have been doing business with the Recorder for four years without any qualms or gasps on account of his color. The did "kick" though fruitlessly, because Mr. Cleveland imported him from New York instead of appointing a colored man who was a resident of the district. But the people here don't vote and have political influence, and that is the reason why he did that. If Mr. Harrison should appoint a Negro from Texas to a postmastership in Alabama there might be ground for complaint, but even then it would be the same principle on which Mr. Cleveland acted. As long as they worship this political Jugernaut let them hold their peace.

THE RACE QUESTION IN CHURCH.

Where the Line of Distinction Should Be Drawn.

The Race question is troublesome wherever it appears whether in church or state, but one would suppose that the high range of thought and devotion to principle which actuate the clergy of a great church should have long since settled the difference in the Protestant Episcopal churches of the South. That they are not settled is evinced in an interview with the Rev. Walter C. Clapp assistant at Mt. Cavalry of Baltimore, in which he says:

"It is certain that something must be done with the race question. If not, the work among the colored people will certainly be seriously injured and cannot be carried on successfully. I think the church should, in some emphatic way, declare itself, so that people can understand its position in regard to the colored population. The church should make it plain that on the race question it is at least as large-hearted as the Nation. That would be the true spirit of catholicity. The only ground of distinction, if there must be any, should be on the line of intelligence and actual ability, so that a colored man intellectually equal to a white priest, proven to be so by his theological and collegiate graduations, should be so recognized by the church. The colored people fully recognize this, and ask nothing more than a recognition of ability and worth among them. I have even heard colored persons favor an educational limit to the right of suffrage under the laws of the state. All they ask is that there shall not be a color line drawn as such. I am decidedly of the impression that if the church would speak her mind a large majority would take the same ground that I do. If the church is going to do anything for the colored people she should at once lay aside her temporizing policy and express, by emphatic resolutions, her catholicity on this issue."

INVEST IN WINCHESTER RIFLES.

Does Any Fair-Minded White Man Obje-ct?

The Athens, Georgia, Clipper of Sept. 14, in noting the many outrages recently perpetrated on the defenseless blacks of the South, ends up with the following strong editorial comment and THE PLAIN-DEALER is pleased to see it:

"Have you read the above? Did your blood run cold? What do you think of it?"

Has it any lessons for you? Let us point out two or three. A large number of colored men have purchased homes. Now it is time for them to know it is their whole duty to protect those homes, if necessary with your lives. It is your duty then to invest the next money you possibly save in a first-class Winchester rifle or a Smith and Wesson, and then as God lives, as you have a home to protect, as you have little ones left to you by heaven to defend and protect, and then as you call yourself a sovereign citizen of America, if need be use it, and use it with vengeance. Does any fair-minded white man object to this in the face of the above?"

A STRANGE STORY.

A Nursing Baby Found in the Care of A Wolf.

Some 20 months ago a woman living on the banks of the Brazos in Texas missed her three months old baby from the pallet where she had left it lying during an absence of a few minutes. Search was made for the infant, but no trace of it could be discovered, and the whole affair was wrapped in profound mystery until a few days ago. A party of gentlemen were riding through a somewhat unfrequented portion of the thick woods that border the river, when they were startled by seeing a strange object run across the road. Thinking at first sight that it was a wild animal, several of the party were about to fire on it, when the one who had been nearest to it called to them not to shoot, but to ride it down instead. This was done with difficulty, for the underbrush was thick, but at last the creature was overtaken in a dense copse. It was half running, half leaping, first on all fours and then nearly upright.

The gentlemen dismounted and attempted to lay hands upon it, but, chattering frigh-fully and savagely biting and scratching it broke away from them. They could see that it had a human face, though the brown body was covered with long, tangled hair, and the nails of the feet and hands so long and curved as to be claws. It ran with incredible swiftness, getting over fallen trees dense masses of creepers at a rate that obliged its pursuers to exert themselves to the utmost to keep it in view. It finally ran into an immense oak tree that lay uprooted in the ground, and the hollow trunk of which formed a yawning cavern. By the dint of poking in the tree with sticks the party succeeded in driving out an old wolf, which immediately took to its heels. It was not pursued, as it was not the object sought. This, too, was finally dislodged and lassoed with a lariat made of hides. It bit and scratched so fiercely that it was thought advisable not to approach it, and it was half dragged, half led home with the lariat about its neck, howling and yelping like a wolf.

The fact of the Negro woman's child having disappeared was well known to all, and it was decided that this must be the child. The old wolf had evidently stolen it and for some reason adopted it as its own. The mother declared this conjecture was correct, claiming that her child had a malformation of one ear, which peculiarity was found in the monster. It is kept tied up in her cabin, suffering no one to lay hands upon it and is fed on raw meat, as it refuses to touch any other food. The woman has hopes that she may yet awaken the human in it, but in the meantime she is reaping a harvest from the crowds who come daily from all parts of the country to inspect the strange creature.

THE STRAWSONIZER.

A Novel Agricultural Implement at the Paris Exposition.

Perhaps no single implement at the Paris exposition is attracting so much attention as the Strawsonizer, says the American Agriculturist. In shape it appears something like a two-wheeled cart, with some apparatus near the axle and a hopper above. It is an automatic distributor, and will distribute in a minute spray either liquid or powdered fertilizers and insecticides in the form of a dry powder. The claim is made that it will also broadcast all kind of fine grain in any quantity and with absolute evenness. The broadcasting of seeds, insecticides, fertilizers, etc., can be done at the rate of from four to eight acres per hour. It distributes these various articles in the form of a spray, spreading them more evenly in a subdivided condition than was ever before attained. This can be inferred from the fact that the Strawsonizer will distribute as small a quantity as fifty pounds of nitrate of soda per acre with great evenness, or one gallon of petroleum can be sprayed like fine dew over an acre. With the proper attachments the spray can be thrown over the trees, hop-vines, grape-vines, etc., and will doubtless come into general use for applying paris green and other insecticides to orchards, vineyards, and potatoes, and all other crops. For distributing small quantities of liquid poisons or offensive matter it is especially valuable. The machine is worked by one horse and a boy to drive. The practicability of the machine seems to have been thoroughly demonstrated by repeated tests last year, and this season several Strawsonizers are at work in England and France. It is probable that the Strawsonizer will be on the American market in 1890.

A postal card costs but one cent on which you can send notices to THE PLAIN-DEALER of any item of interest to our patrons and the general public.

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

Paper bottles, it is claimed, are better than glass.

Boston is worth \$30,000,000 more than she was last year.

The existence of a diamond trust is denied in New York.

Brooklyn has a woman blacksmith and a female undertaker.

Of New York's 1,500,000 inhabitants 1,100,000 live in tenements.

Machinery has not yet entered the manufacture of French clay pipes.

W. S. Huntington says railroads will soon make 100 miles per hour.

Hamilton (Ont.) bakers were fined \$5 for selling bread under legal weight.

Chicago has been licensed to hold a world's fair. The capital is \$5,000,000.

Syracuse Bros Tailor's union does not allow one boss to employ over forty hands.

A man named Cool has just died at Glens Falls, N. Y., at the age of 94 years. The world rarely keeps Cool so long.

St. Paul is persecuting the Salvation Army. St. Paul used to do this regularly a few centuries ago, but it was supposed that his amendment was lasting.

A Minnesota milkman was gored to death by a bull on Sunday last. No man unaccustomed to dealing with cattle has any business trying to manage them.

Lady Guinness is to have a necklace containing stones worth \$125,000. Her knightly husband insists that all the gems shall be XXX and no 'arf and 'arf business about it.

There will be seventeen contested seats in the next House of Representatives. They are all contested by Republicans. There were originally nineteen, but two have been withdrawn.

A Scranton, Pa., "fence" organized a theft trust, hiring clerks in various stores to steal for him. Here, at last, is an honest trust which does not take a round-about way to rob people.

The czar's mastiff was recently killed in a railway accident. The czar is wise enough to fervently hope that he may meet the same death. In Russia a dog is safer than an absolute monarch.

The menaces of Sitting Bull, to prevent the signing of the treaty disposing of the Sioux reservation, drove a Harvard student, named Everett Corbin, insane. He was acting as clerk to the commission.

The production of watermelons is so great and the price so low that it is now proposed to make syrup from their juice. One would suppose that if their cultivation did not yield "sugar" it would not yield syrup.

Pennsylvania averages four railroad accidents and three riots a week, with mine disasters, fires, floods and strikes to fill in the gaps. The Keystone state should reform and do penance for its manifold sins.

An Indiana schoolmaster whipped one of the "big girls" of his flock for kissing a boy, and now she has preferred the charge against the teacher of having kissed her against her will. Kissing does not always go by favor.

There has been sent by mail from London to New York a cylinder bearing an address by General Boulanger to his friends in America, who can go and hear it ground out on a phonograph at a cyclorama show in New York.

L. G. Fulton, assistant general freight agent of the Northern Pacific railroad, says the total value of the property destroyed by the recent fire at Spokane Falls will not exceed \$5,000,000. The Northern Pacific loss will be under \$100,000.

The British Legislation has informed the State Department that the governor general of Canada, under the powers given him by the laws of the Dominion, has reduced the export duty on pine logs from \$3 to \$2 a thousand feet, board measure.

The queen has talked some nice little compliments into the phonograph and sent instrument, cylinder and all, to Edison. She is probably certain that the inventor will say "Thank you, ma'am," into another and dispatch the second machine to her.

A saloonkeeper of Wyoming Territory shot a customer who owed him \$3. The customer may recover, but the saloonman will not, as he was hanged by the neck until he was dead by a mob. There is such a thing as being too energetic in making collections.

Some people in Arkansas have a peculiar idea of fun. A party of serenaders in that state the other day, tied a 10-year-old boy to a half-broken horse, then fastened bells on the animal's tail and started it away. The boy was killed, and a St. Louis paper condemns the "sport" as cruel.

The Society of the Army of the Cumberland will hold its next annual reunion September 19, 20 and 21 on the battlefield of Chickamauga. Many thousands of union veterans are expected to be present. During the reunion the Chickamauga Memorial Association is to be organized. The society has for its purpose the purchase and preservation by the government of the Chickamauga battlefield and the making of a national park there.

Professor W. K. Perry made a balloon ascension at Mount Holly, N. C., recently. At an elevation of seven hundred feet a seam in the gas bag burst, and the gas escaped, the bag falling over the parachute and dragging it to one side, in spite of the aeronaut's efforts to free it. The fall to the ground took only about ten seconds, but was fortunately eased by the parachute. Perry's shoulder was dislocated, his side and back injured, and one rib broken. His injuries are not considered fatal.

The pension office granted Richard Whiting a pension of \$24 per month on account of nervous prostration and impairment of mind. This was subsequently increased to \$50 per month. At a still later date it was reduced to \$3 per month through an error made by a surgeon. Upon application the case has been reopened, and under a decision of Assistant Secretary Bussey of the interior department the pensioner has been granted an allowance of \$72 per month and pension arrears from the date of his discharge in 1865 at the rates provided in the several acts of congress enacted from time to time. His arrears will aggregate about \$12,000.

WINGED MISSILES.

Corn and potatoes will be a light crop in South Jersey.

The table glass ware manufacturers are preparing to form a trust.

Farmers' Union, with 1,500,000 members, talk of amalgamating.

Heavy rains in the city of Mexico have caused considerable damage.

The tobacco crop of York county, Pa., promises to be very large and fine.

Dr. Nansen, the explorer, says that the ice in Greenland is 6,000 feet thick.

The Spanish government will adopt submarine torpedo vessels for the navy.

Crop reports from Austro-Hungary indicate about three-fourths of an average yield.

A canal scheme to irrigate 5,000, 00 acres of arid land in North Dakota has been projected.

The work of rebuilding the burned city of Spokane Falls, W. T., has commenced.

A runaway train on the Duluth and Iron Range railroad attained a speed of 110 miles an hour.

The wheat crop of Minnesota and the Dakotas will be between 85,000,000 and 90,000,000 bushels.

An experimental electric motor at Baltimore, Md., has successfully made 2 miles a minute on a circular track of 2 miles.

A scheme to import negroes from the United States into Mexico is receiving no encouragement from the Mexican people.

In 1881 five eighths of the people owned their homes, and only three-eighths were the prey of landlordism. In 1881 only three-eighths owned their own homes and five eighths were reduced to the rank of tenants.

Almost the hardness of the diamond is said to be given by German workmen to steel-engraving tools. The tools are made white hot, plunged repeatedly into sealing wax until cold, and then just touched with oil of turpentine.

The big four-masted schooner John Paul, lately launched at Bath, Me., is a marine wonder in her way. She went from Bath to Norfolk, Va., loaded there with 2,450 tons of coal, and reached Providence, all in eleven days, which is steamer time. The Paul is 210 feet long, forty-four feet wide and twenty-one feet depth of hold. All hoisting is done by steam, even to the clewing up of the big topsails. She is wire-rigged, and spreads 7,000 yards of canvas.

The pearl oyster, containing the pearl, and whose shell is lined with the brilliantly tinted mother-of-pearl used in so many ways, is found chiefly about the southern coasts of Asia. An uncomfortably sharp substance entering the shell is covered by the inmate, thus forming a pearl. This habit has been utilized to force the oyster to produce pearls, sometimes the form of a cross being placed in the shell to be converted into a beautiful ornament. They are taken from the bed of the sea by divers.

An amusing marriage took place in Elberton, Ga., the other day. A couple came into the court house to be married. A new justice was called in. He had no form, and improvised a ceremony. He first ordered the couple to join hands, and then, after hesitating a while, he asked the groom these questions: "Will you stick to this woman through thick and thin, up and down, right and left, hot or cold, wet or dry, and have no other wife but her? If you will you can have her for a wife." Similar questions having been propounded to the woman, and affirmative answers having been given, he pronounced them husband and wife.

A beautiful live white owl is on exhibition at a music store in Louisville. It was sent by L. J. Smith, of Niagara Falls, and belongs to a very rare species. It was captured by a young hunter in the woods near Quebec. It was found in a hollow tree, and was secured with a net. The habitation of the bird is in the extreme north, so Mr. Smith wrote them when he sent the owl, and only extremely cold weather drives it as far south as Quebec. So far as known only seven of the birds have been captured or killed in Canada during the last three years. The one on exhibition is a perfect specimen. It is snow white, and about the size and shape of the common large owl.

Very few consumers of wheaten products are aware of the fact that crackers are the oldest form of bread. Fragments of unfermented cakes were discovered in the Swiss lake dwellings, which belong to the neolithic age of the world. Although this rude form of bread was early discarded for the fermented variety, yet in this, as in many other matters, it was found convenient to return to a discarded and apparently valueless process. Thin, unfermented cakes were found to possess merits for special purposes. They would keep good for a great length of time, and thus afforded wholesome and nutritious food in a portable and convenient form. The simplicity of their making and baking was also a point in their favor.

Along the shore of the Oneida Lake there is an Indian grave, where at times a weird and supernatural light makes its appearance. It is described as a ball of fire about the size of a large orange, and sways to and fro in the air about twenty feet from the ground, continuing its irregular movements within a space about one hundred feet square. People have attempted to go near enough to solve the mystery, but it would suddenly disappear before reaching it. A very peculiar story is told by the neighbors near the spot. They claim that many years ago the locality was part of an Indian reservation. A man by the name of Belknap frequently dreamed that there was a creak in the Indian cemetery containing immense treasures, and that if he went there at the hour when graveyards yawn he could secure it. These dreams were repeated so often that they had a strong effect, and he went there with pick and shovel according to instructions, but he failed to turn round three times when he found the creak, as the dream directed. He went to pick it up, but was stunned by a flash of lightning, and the creak disappeared. Since that time the spot has been haunted by the mysterious light.

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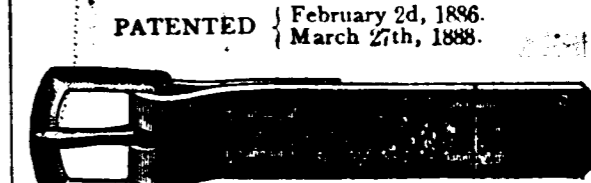
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Published Weekly Friday
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By mail or carrier, per annum, \$1.50
Six months, .75
Three months, .40
[Entered at the Post Office at Detroit, Mich., as second-class matter.]
THE PLAINDEALER Company, Publishers Tribune Building Bowland St.
Address all communications to THE PLAINDEALER Co., Box 22, Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, '00.

THE Atlanta Constitution has been condemned by a mass meeting for daring to reproach the wanton beating of inoffensive Afro-Americans. It seems to us that if the South could get rid of a class of its white citizens it would derive a great benefit.

RUNNING streams are always pure and sweet and are never stagnant and offensive. So races that are always active and agitated keep their morals and liberties pure and sweet and are always on guard ready to protect or defend them. In constant motion they are also always essaying new fields to enter and conquer. Can not the Afro-American take pattern?

THE opposition manifested by some Afro-Americans in Ohio against the Republican party has vanished, and the paper which was most rabid in attacking Republicanism now considers that Afro-American who would support the Democratic party in view of the outrages and race troubles in the South to be utterly devoid of manhood and race pride. And the Independent is right.

IN EVERY city and town in the United States where Afro-Americans reside, they should come together in mass meetings to condemn the outrages in the South and make a general appeal to National authority to do something to check them. Several cities in the East have already done this. Are our Western cities to be considered as possessing less interest in the welfare of the Afro-American in the South?

THE PLAINDEALER was both surprised and pleased at the reappearance of the Southern Christian Recorder. This journal a few weeks ago was suppressed, its editor, the Rev. M. BRYANT, arrested and put in jail because of a retaliating article which appeared in the Selma Independent, which created some sentiment. THE PLAINDEALER is also happy to note that the Recorder has lost none of the fearless tone which characterized it before its suppression.

THAT monumental fraud, C. A. JOHNSON, who advertises himself as a lecturer, has been making an ass of himself down in Washington and in an Afro-American church. We think it high time that our churches were closed to such ignorant and disgraceful performances. It is almost as easy for a fraud to secure a church to practice his chicanery in as it is a public hall; he has to pay for the hall and he can generally get the church on prospective commissions. Such side shows are a disgrace to pastor and congregation.

THE Indianapolis Journal attributes this sudden outbreak of race troubles in the South, in which the atrocities of Ku Klux days are again enacted, to the disappointed Democratic office holders, who are being displaced by the present administration. The Cleveland Leader published a summary of the personal observations of one of its editors which bears out the opinion of the Sentinel. When in Meridian, Mississippi, bourbons howled themselves hoarse over the returns of their own state made so by bulldozing. They supposed the offices theirs again, and being disappointed they are now venting their spite on Afro-Americans to whom they attribute all their grievances.

IF THE Afro-American of the North is at all interested in the fate of the Afro-American of the South; if he wishes to avert another civil war in this country, which would be all the more horrible because of the animosities engendered by race troubles which now appear to be on the increase; if he wishes to show to the American people that he is the ideal citizen influenced by patriotism and love of country, whose sole idea is the harmonizing of the interests of all classes of the people, he must organize for the express object of making an appeal to the patriotism, justice, intelligence and the love of liberty, characteristic of the true Americans, for their united aid in bringing about a peaceful solution of the troubles agitating the South.

EX-SENATOR BRUCE and Auditor JOHN R. LYNCH were both booked for emancipation day speeches last week. In fact greedy speculators have kept up a continued round of celebration since the first of August. Of course our prominent men have given their countenance, because they no doubt are paid to orate. In view of the Bothern outrages which are now as bold and relentless as in kluks days, we should turn our minds to alleviating our

present distress rather than furthering the schemes of speculators in a meaningless celebration, for this is what our emancipation celebrations are coming to. It is time emancipation was dropped until we secure the rights and immunities of full citizenship.

SENATOR BLAIR, who has become quite prominent through his advocacy of National aid for education, addressed the "Colored Men's League" of Boston last week. Among other things which he said in favor of the educational measure that will be before the next congress, was that the National government could not, under the constitution, interfere in state affairs, hence it is powerless either to repress or punish the crimes now being enacted in the South. The subject of this assertion has virtually been passed upon by our supreme court, and the matter is well settled as to open interference in local self government. But we still contend that every constitutional provision, under which our next congress can proceed should be taken advantage of. National control of National elections is an important step and should be insisted upon. Beside, the influence of the President is a great moral force in righting wrong. What he said concerning bulldozing and crime during the canvass was looked upon as the mouthpiece of a political candidate; what he says as President is viewed in an entirely different manner. CYRUS G. LUCE, our own honored Governor of Michigan, had the backbone to tell a company of Southern editors during their meeting here that he intended to use every energy to try and make his colored fellow-citizens feel like men. It had its influence, coming from the Governor of so great a commonwealth. It is the men of position who form public opinion—the power behind the throne to just laws. We will say to Mr. McCANTS STEWART that only so far did we denounce Mr. CLEVELAND. With the patronage he doled out among bourbons, one word from him would have been as good as ten "civil rights" statutes.

IT is rather peculiar, in view of the constant claim of Southerners of their unbiased justice, that in every instance where Afro-Americans have been whipped, shot or their churches and school houses burned or their persons otherwise outraged; that the dispatches always read, "the perpetrators are unknown." On the other hand the Afro-American is always apprehended for the slightest infraction of the law. In case of race troubles no matter who is to blame, he alone is imprisoned. In Georgia recently the Atlanta Constitution denounced the brutal whipping of Afro-Americans when the names of prominent citizens were connected with the affair. The Governor subsequently offered \$100 for the arrest of the guilty parties, and although these same men have presided over meetings to denounce Mr GRADY and his paper, no arrests or convictions have been made. In Louisiana the same heinous practices have prevailed and no arrests made, although the guilty parties are well known. With all these unpunished and open crimes staring them in the face, the South cries out to the general government, "let us alone" and boldly assert that they will resist any Federal interference in their lawless way. We trust that resistance will be necessary, and if need be that the Afro-American will be again called out to defend his country. There will be no JEFF DAVIS left next time, nor enough bourbons to again defy the general government so soon after amnesty has been granted.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Grady's New South May Be Possible Yet.

Mail and Express: The Atlanta Constitution declares that "it cannot be denied that there is at present a more uneasy feeling in the South between the whites and blacks than has been known in twenty years." After reviewing the situation it says: "As for the white people there is but one thing for them to do. That is to do right. To protect the Negro in his rights—to give him justice and friendship and counsel. To punish those who wrong him. To hold to this course to the very last—and to quiet with strong and resolute hand the storm that threatens." That is very good advice. There is reason for sincere regret that it was not adopted twenty years ago. Had that been done there would not to-day be a more uneasy feeling in the South between the two races than there has been in twenty years. The South has made its own bed and in it will have to lie.

HIS WEATHER EYE OPEN.

Prof. Langston Will Not Forget That He Has an Iron in the Fire.

Springfield Republican: Prof. Langston, the colored Republican who recently came out in a letter favoring Mahone for governor of Virginia, is not so thoroughly harmonized as the public had a right to infer from his letter. He claims that Mahone has made no promises about adding him in gaining a seat in congress, and says that he does not propose to place himself where in the event of Mahone's success the boss could say to him: "You did good work for us in the campaign, but we can't support your claim for a seat in congress because there is a kink in your hair."

Every Question Wait the Settlement of This.

"There may be legislative remedies in sight when we can once again possess both branches of the national congress and have an executive at Washington who has not been created by these crimes against the ballot. Whatever they are, we will seek them out and put them into force, not in the spirit of enmity against the men who fought against us—forgetting the war, but only insisting that now, nearly a quarter of a century after it is over, a free ballot shall not be denied to Republicans in these states where rebels have been rehabilitated with a full citizenship. Every question waits the settlement of this. The tariff question would be settled already if the 1,000,000 black laborers in the South had their own representation in the House of Representatives."—President Harrison to the Michigan club, Feb. 1888.

FOR HIS EDUCATIONAL BILL.

Senator Blair Addresses Afro-Americans of Boston.

United States Senator Henry W. Blair of New Hampshire addressed the Afro-Americans of Boston at the First African church on Charles street Wednesday evening, Sept. 18. E. E. Walker of Charlestown presided. Mr. Blair's subject was the Blair educational bill. The church was entirely filled, and each person entering was given a circular appeal, "To the Colored Voters of Massachusetts" in the interest of Lieutenant-Governor, John Q. A. Brackett for Governor. Senator Blair said:

The white race had a thousand years' start in the process of development and civilization. When the war demolished the constitution of the Southern States, it did not in itself give the colored men freedom, because it did not remove the difference between them and the white people. Individual development must make men free. On the statute book the colored man is free today, but why does he not vote? Simply because he has not yet felt the transforming power of education. It is quite true that the colored man is deprived of his rights at the South, and the United States government powerless to right his wrongs. But the government is in the control of one means of righting these wrongs, and that is by educating the people of the South. For this purpose it ought to appropriate money from the National treasury.

The colored people of the South cannot vote, but in Massachusetts, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania they hold the balance of power, and are in a position to demand their rights. Here in Massachusetts you are in a position to demand in your party platform a plank demanding national aid for the cause of education. If the allot of the colored people in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio were cast with reference to such education, it would be found as effective as the bayonet at Appomattox.

Senator Blair here explained the provisions of his bill for National education, going through it section by section at some length. Continuing, he asked if the necessity existed for the National government to provide for the education of its citizens. He answered that it did when the state failed to provide for the education of the children. Had Garfield lived said Mr. Blair, this bill would have become a law before now. God willing, it shall still go on the statute books at some early day. I feel justified in claiming that the constitutionality of the bill is without question. Senators Hoar and Cullom and many other eminent statesmen are agreed upon that point.

It is probable that the situation in some parts of the South is improving, but it is doubtful if that is true as regards the whole section. Illiteracy is on the increase, even in the Northern states. Dr. William T. Harris, who has been cited as saying that the situation in the South is improving, is in favor of this bill. Those who oppose it want to thrust a poisoned dagger into our school system itself. The New York Herald, which once favored this bill, has evidently seen a great light and now opposes it. What that light was God only knows, if it is a kind of light with which He has anything to do. I am for the public schools. We have a surplus, and that surplus is enough to do this work. If the children are not educated, we shall soon have neither country nor surplus. This is a greater economic question than even the tariff, and of as much importance to the North as to the South.

At the conclusion of his speech Mr. Blair was given three cheers by the audience at the suggestion of the chairman, and the meeting adjourned.

Pretty Umbrellas—Where They Can Be Had Good and Cheap.

It is not policy to wait until a rainy day to buy an umbrella. The old adage says any fool will carry an umbrella on a rainy day, but it is a wise man who carries his umbrella on a clear day. This holds good in regard to buying them. C. Lingemann & Co., 26 Monroe avenue, are the oldest and best known manufacturers and dealers in this city. They are exhibiting a splendid stock of these serviceable protectors from the rain, and we would advise you to lose no time in seeing them.

Files, Files, Files.

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

Read THE PLAINDEALER.

ABOUT PERSONS AND THINGS.

Bethel church, of Chicago, has been sold for \$41,000.

Mr. Wm. E. Mathews, of Washington, has returned from Europe.

The Hon. Fred Douglass will sail for Hayti on Saturday, Sept. 28.

The A. M. E. congregation, of Norfolk, Va., have built a church costing \$40,000.

The Odd Fellows, of Nashville, occupy a hall owned by Mr. Brown an Afro-American.

Miss Nellie Knox is employed as saleswoman in J. A. Rink's cloak house of Indianapolis.

Joseph Douglass, the grandson of the Hon. Fred Douglass, has entered the Conservatory of Music at Boston.

United States' Marshall Beyers, of Birmingham, Al., is under arrest for the murder of an Afro-American of that city.

Mr. Frank T. Hyman has been promoted to the position of book-keeper in the 6th Auditor's office of Washington, D. C.

Cadet Chas. Young, who graduated this year from West Point, has been appointed second lieutenant of the 10th Cavalry.

The Rev. M. E. Bryant has been released from the Selma, (Al.), jail under bonds for \$800 to appear for trial when called.

Mr. Geo. Payne, an Afro-American dude, of Omaha had to pay \$19.59 for speaking to Miss Belinda Daffodil without the formality of an introduction.

Of the twenty-two positions not under civil service rule in the Agricultural department at Washington, thirteen were given to Afro-Americans by Secretary Rush.

A reporter of the Atlanta Constitution, who saw the whipping of the East Point Negroes, is in jail for refusing to testify before the grand jury, and the Constitution says it serves him right.

Henry Williams, an eighteen year old boy, of Charlestown, S. C., while working on the new convent building of that place, fell to the ground a distance of 31 feet and sustained internal injuries.

Lewis Butler, of Columbia, S. C., who was convicted of grand larceny and sentenced to ten years in penitentiary three years ago, was pardoned by the governor last week and died ten minutes after he reached home.

The three children of Frank Jackson, of Charleston, S. C., died so mysteriously and their death was so closely followed by the serious illness of the fourth child that many persons suspect poisoning and the bodies will be exhumed for investigation.

Wiley Anderson, a respected young school teacher, of La Flore county, Miss., was arrested during the recent race trouble in that state and confined to jail. While therein, dread of what his captors might inflict upon him, unbalanced his mind and he committed suicide.

Annie Chase, of Anne Arundale county, Md., on being approached by some of her friends at a church meeting to go to the mourners' bench, refused saying, if she went she hoped God would strike her dead. Later on she concluded to go and dropped dead as she knelt down.

EDITOR LEE ON DETROIT.

And a Number of Its Representatives.

From the Christian Recorder.
If President Isaac M. Burgan had not grown weary of single bliss, we might not have reached the lake region this fall. This event, full of interest to more than those writing their destinies, because in it two educators leagued their powers, two cultured members of our race consecrated an additional fireside and enkindled a new light on the way of millions, emanating from darkness to light, held us in the old French town, Detroit, two days, Sept. 4th and 5th.

At the wedding reception, as well as otherwise, we met many of the representatives of old, refined and progressive families, as the Lamberts, Fergusons, Pelhams, Beards, Moores, and others, besides many who, though not among the old, are among the progressive families, as the Smiths and Lewises. We need not describe the wedding, as we clip from THE PLAINDEALER, the excellent description given by Mrs. M. E. Lambert, whom we had the pleasure of meeting at her splendid home.

The Rev. James M. Henderson, who has completed the third year in the pastorate of Bethel church, and who, ere this, is entering either upon the fourth there or the first somewhere else, has made an excellent record in Detroit as a minister of unquestionable piety, consistency and scholarship a minister who never preaches a sermon that he has not written—a rare case in our ministry. We did not see the Rev. Brown, pastor of Ebenezer.

The Rev. Henderson and people have arranged to erect a new and spacious building for the Bethel Society.

THE DETROIT PLAINDEALER's editorial staff is composed of thoughtful, new young men, and both admired and strengthened by an accomplished young lady, sister of the Pelhams.

Mrs. M. E. Lambert, of Detroit, the popular western writer, whose facile and potent pen is well known by our readers, will soon bring out a new book.

Mr. Frederick Pelham, younger brother of the PLAINDEALER Pelham, ranks far above the average civil engineer of his years.

The Union Ball club are anxious to play a match game with the "Natural Gas," "Waynes" or "Russell House Bell Boys" on any grounds selected. Address Rice and Slaughter, Room 4, Merrill Block.

Mrs. J. H. Brown and Mrs. A. Getwell, of Toledo, are visiting at the residence of Mrs. Geo. Smith, 318 Mullett street.

Mr. Irreal Jackson who has been catching for the Clinton Base Ball club the past season attended the exposition this week.

Mrs. Thos. Garrison of No. 18 Division street, Detroit, is pleased to inform strangers arriving in the city to attend the great exposition, that she is prepared to accommodate a few with Lodging and Boarding at moderate rates. Adv.

A VARIETY OF THINGS.

The Georgia legislature took action lately on a resolution supported by Senator Gibbs to expel Afro-Americans from the state, the result being a tie vote. The president of the Senate voting no, Gibbs made a bitter speech in which he advocated the whipping of Negroes, and like atrocities, and wound up by a saying that the state was not large enough for the two races. It is now in order for Mr. Gibbs to emigrate.

The American National Baptist Convention adopted the following resolution before its close Wednesday, Sept. 18th: The convention believes the truest interest of the colored people lies in the acceptance of the Horace Greely doctrine of "Young men, go west," where they may obtain land and grow up with the country. We ask the president of the United States to recommend to the United States congress an appropriation of \$100,000,000 to aid the colored people to leave the South. A committee was appointed to lay these resolutions before the president.

The Trinity, (La.), Herald winds up a ranting editorial with the statement that "God never intended the Negro to be educated. Like the horse he was destined to work for what he eats." Well the Negro and the horse both show their superiority to the Herald editor in that they work for what they eat instead of living off the stolen products of other men's labors. True to the old Southern instinct, the Herald man believes that laziness is the distinctive characteristic of a gentleman and that the laborer to be effective should be an ignorant. The scrubbiest old wind-broken plug in the pasture is superior to a man who deliberately lays in the procession of progress the avrage Southern education, but even education can not supply a natural deficiency of common sense and it is fair that the Herald man should write himself down an ass.

Amanda Worthy of Delord, Fla., fired at a coachman snake which was chasing one of her chickens, and shot the Methodist minister instead. It was a perfectly natural mishap and the minister should have sought shelter when he saw Amanda with a gun. Instead of giving thanks that he did not succeed in killing him the ungratful gentleman had her arrested and fined \$5 a day cost.

The South has made a great record for brutality and barbarism, but it will not go down to fame on that score. The following clipped from a Texas paper shows that they do the "Annals" act down there in no mean fashion:

"A boy 13 years of age son of a farmer near N. W. Texas, climbed up a corn stalk in order to get half an ear of corn which was to be roasted for the whole family. He sat astride of the ear and began to saw off half of it, as that was all he could carry to the house. While doing this he slipped and fell, but managing to save himself by being caught on the top of a stalk of millet, and copping his arms around it he slipped safely to the ground but his rapid descent on the cloth on fire and he was badly burned on the limbs and body. He then put out the fire by crawling into a cucumber."

The old aunties and uncles often give a deal of good advice, although deprived of educational opportunities. They are keen observers and often supply with what is known as "horse sense"—the deficiency left by the want of education. The adv. of an uneducated Boston mother to her children, for whom she was sacrificing all in order that they might attend school, is worthy of circulation:

"Don't look down on your people," she said to her child, "because you have education. God gave you education to lift them up. Don't spend your lives trying to be mistaken for white folks. It's your business to be black."

At the session of the African Methodist Episcopal conference at Zion church of Rochester, N. Y., last week one of the ergymen, who was urging his brethren to contribute to the collection, said: "I've heard somewhere of a church that died of too much giving. If I could locate that church I would travel a long way to see it, and then I would climb up to the eaves, by the light of the moon, and I would say: 'Blessed are they that die in the Lord.'"

Bishop Thompson of the Zion A. M. E. church, who is a Southern man, while presiding over the conference of that church which convened lately in Rochester, in an interview with a reporter of the Democrat and Chronicle on the state of affairs in the South, said:

"The colored people will not leave the South until the Almighty takes them out, as He did the Israelites from Egypt. They have many friends among the white people, and it is only the heads that are causing the trouble. The white people of the South cannot get along without the colored people. They cannot raise the cotton and sugar. Some very unscrupulous men have been persuaded that the colored people, some of them at least, will not leave, no matter how much they are oppressed."

"What about the killing of 100 Negroes in Louisiana?"

"They ought not to have killed them. The Negro is a bad man when he gets stirred."

"What is the nature of these oppressive laws you speak of?"

"In some parts of the South they have passed law forbidding the Negroes to catch fish or kill even a squirrel. These laws are passed on a day for purposes of oppression. But, as I say, our people, many of them will submit to anything rather than leave. I think the solution of the race problem will come through education. As it is now the church and the ministry act as reinforcing forces and will continue to do so in proportion as education progresses."

First Meeting.

The ladies of the society of "Willing Workers," are hereby notified that the first meeting of the season will be held Thursday afternoon, Oct. 8, at the residence of Mrs. Robert Pelham, 228 Alfred street. The members are earnestly requested to be present to make special arrangements for the winter work. Also all friends and charitably disposed ladies are cordially invited to be present. By order of the President, Mrs. H. C. Clark.
Detroit, Sept. 17th '00.

Wanted.

10,000 Ladies and Gentlemen to call on their Druggist for a sample of the Garfield Tea.

CITY DEPARTMENT.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

THE PLAIN DEALER always for sale at the following places:

Aaron Lapp, 496 Hastings street.
John Williams, 81 Croghan street.
Smith and Thomas, 42 Croghan street.
Little Herrmann, 341 Croghan street.
J. L. Smith, 417 Hastings street.
Jones and Brewer, 389 Antoine street.
Wm. Burnett, 29 Monroe avenue.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Local notices of all descriptions one cent per word for the first insertion, and half a cent per word for each subsequent insertion. No notice taken for less than twenty-five cents.
Wedding presents, etc., two cents each description.
Display advertisements 50 cents per inch for one insertion. Special terms for contract advertising. All advertisements and subscriptions are payable in advance.

MERE MENTION.

Motto: Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Mrs. Mary Hightower, of Toledo, spent Sunday in the city.

A large number of Toledo people attended the exposition this week.

Do not fail to read W. Moeller & Co.'s announcement in this paper.

Miss Fairfax of Bay City, was the guest of Miss Lyda Cole last week.

Mr. Cero Cook Miss Theresa Hautf were married Wednesday evening.

Mr. Harry Duncan of Chicago, spent part of his vacation in Detroit.

Endowment Day at Bethel Church will be the first Sunday in October.

Mr. Rudd, of the Catholic Tribune, of Cincinnati, visited Detroit Sunday.

Mr. Wm. Campbell of Amherstburg, Ont spent a few days in the city last week.

Mrs. John Cameron of Toledo, is visiting Mrs. Geo. Smith, 313 Mullett street.

Chas. Stevens who was seriously wounded two or three weeks ago is recovering.

Mr. George Bowdre of Jefferson, O., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Wm. Anderson.

Miss Bessie Miller, who has been ill for the past two months, is slowly recovering.

Miss Mable Mcfford left the city Thursday for Waco, Tex., where she will teach school.

Miss Ida Henderson of Cleveland, spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Geo. W. Cheek.

Mrs. Woodfern of Alma, Mich., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Smith, of Kentucky street.

Mr. Wellington Johnson and family left for Washington, D. C., their future home, last Monday.

Mrs. James Dye will leave Saturday for Chicago, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Beasley.

Mrs. Campbell of Spring Lake, and her daughter, Miss Mary Campbell, are visiting friends in the city.

The Rev. Frank and Mr. Murrey of Louisville, Ky., visited Mr. Thad. Warsaw, Sr., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore, of Cleveland, accompanied by Miss Whiting, are the guests of Miss Mary Ward.

When you need the services of a practical and expert dentist, call on Dr. Snyder over 246 Woodward avenue.

Mrs. Bertie Bibbins and Mr. Stephen Robinson went to Lansing Tuesday to attend the session of the Grand court.

Mrs. Margaret Banks, of Chicago, visited Detroit during the week, the guest of Mrs. Mary Proctor of Champlain street.

Mr. Albert W. Hill ex-assistant city assessor has been appointed gauger for Detroit by Revenue Collector James H. Stone.

Miss Mary Houston, of Marquette, and Mrs. M. Jackson, of Toledo, were the guests of Mrs. Postal Smith during the past week.

The election of officers for Bethel Sunday school was postponed until next Sunday when it is hoped a larger number will be in attendance.

Mrs. Woodfork, at 46 Sherman street, is prepared to furnish first-class accommodations to parties desiring board or room.

If the Afro-American will not organize he may expect the discrimination practiced against him will increase.

All of the latest styles in gentlemen's headgear can be found at Wm. J. Kernaghan's, the hatter, at 12 Michigan avenue. Call and patronize him.

If you desire to obtain a business education do not fail to read the advertisement of the Detroit Business College which appears in another column.

If the rights of the individual are worth anything they should be protected and the best way to protect them is through organized effort.

Mrs. Wm. H. Thomas of Washington D. C. who has been the visiting her sister Mrs. Tines was called home suddenly last Tuesday to attend her daughter who is ill.

Waldemar Gepp who has opened up a new jewelry store at 186 Gratiot avenue, carries a fine stock of goods in the jewelry line. Read his adv. and give him a call.

Are you not ashamed to be an idler, when your influence combined with that of others might do something to mitigate the evils under which the race labors in the South?

Is it not time for the Afro-American of Detroit to have a mass meeting, condemning the outrages committed in the South, and the discrimination practiced in the North?

Madames Brown and Vaughn, of Toledo, took in the exposition last week. Also Miss Annie and Mattie Camp, Messrs Chester, Mitchell, Frank Vaughn, Robert Slaughter were in the city Sunday.

Running streams are always pure and sweet, and are never stagnant or offensive, so races that are acting and always agitated keep their liberties pure and are always on guard and ready to protect them. In constant motion they are also always essaying new fields to enter and conquer. Do we do this in the city?

Prof. and Mrs. L. Watson, who gave two successful performances at Birmingham, Mich., will give a grand entertainment at the I. O. of U. B. and S. of J. Hall Hilsendengen Block, Thursday evening, Oct. 3. Every one young and old should attend this performance. Prof. Watson performs on twenty different musical instruments. Admission 15 cents.

Young men did it ever occur to you that your time could be better spent than in hanging around that barber shop or lounging around that saloon? If you have leisure can you not fit yourself to occupy a higher station in life?

Mr. J. J. Richardson and Miss Weber of Bay City visited THE PLAIN DEALER office Wednesday evening.

\$3-\$3-\$3—That is what you can get pants for at Lewis Golden's—worth \$6. Don't forget the place! Lewis Golden, 28 Michigan avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Malvern formerly of Chicago late of Painesville, O. are visiting Mrs. S. H. Obikiah, 518 1-2 Antoine Street.

Mrs. M. E. McCoy has removed to No. 8 Jefferson avenue and has furnished rooms where she can accommodate several gentlemen, hotel or railroad men, at a reasonable price. Adv.

A Grand Musical and Literary entertainment will be given on the Fourth Anniversary of the I. O. of U. B. and S. of J. under the auspices of True Principal Council No. 1, at their hall room 15 Hilsendengen Block, Tuesday evening October 29, 1899. Some of the best vocal and instrumental talent has been secured for the occasion in order that this may prove one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the season. Admission 15 cents. Adv.

Miss Sadie Cisco, of Toledo, was visiting in the city this week.

THE "LOUVRE,"
188 RANDOLPH ST.
(Miner's Grand Theatre Block.)

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY
Largest Assortment,
Correct Styles
And Lowest Prices.

We have stylish goods for the poor, for the middle classes, for the rich, at the same prices that have made the "Louvre" so popular.

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WALDEMAR GEPP,
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Watchmaker and Jeweler,
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Watches, Clocks and Fine Jewelry.

All kinds of Repairing neatly and promptly done on short notice. A specialty of Fine Watches. Chronometers and Music Box repairing. All work guaranteed for one year. A large stock of Watches of all makes, Clocks and Fine Jewelry on hand.

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TWENTY-THREE YEARS' PRACTICE.

"Vitalized Air" administered for.....75c
Teeth Extracted for.....25c
Teeth Filled with Gold for \$1.00 and up.
Teeth Filled with Gold and Platinum
Allows.....75c to \$1.00
Teeth Filled with White Filling for....50c
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of "Vitalized Air," which is made fresh every day; is warranted pure and perfectly harmless. All other anesthetics are dangerous.

246 WOODWARD AV.
And 34 Monroe St., Grand Rapids.

Piles Of all kinds treated successfully without pain, danger or detention. See the **WALTON'S PILES PROLAPSE** and **ULCERATION** of the hemorrhoids, by the celebrated
DR. BRINKERHOFF
SYSTEM.
A Book on Diseases of the Rectum and Hemorrhoids, mailed free on application. Good references. Good results. Guaranteed. Write for free literature.
DR. KISKADDEN
Diseases of Women
Gynecology and Obstetrics
A SPECIALTY.
Office Hours, (except Wednesdays and Thursdays) 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 8 to 10 P. M.
233 WOODWARD AVE., DETROIT

Dollars
and SENSE in EDUCATION.
A business education secured at the DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY will give you the means to earn and save money. Open to gentlemen, ladies, boys and girls. Students received any time. Day and evening sessions. 149 Griswold St., Detroit. Call or send for large illustrated catalogue.

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Fine 8 x 10 GILT PHOTO FRAMES from 23c up.

Fine large OIL PAINTING, Gilt Frame, at only \$1.75.

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"NATURAL GAS"

—AND—
"NEW ELDORADO"

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—Don't forget the number—

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A. J. Herrmann's.

"YOU WE MEAN"

—SMOKE—
"VIM,"

THE BEST 5c CIGAR ON EARTH.

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The Best Work Guaranteed.

Shirts - 10c.
Collars - 2c.
Cuffs - 4c.

FOR BELLE ISLE PARK.

The Detroit, Belle Isle and Windsor Ferry Co.'s boats leave foot of Woodward avenue every half hour (weather permitting) from 9 a. m. to 9:30 p. m. Last boat from Belle Isle at 10 p. m. Fare—round trip, 10 cts; children, half price. From foot of 14th street every hour from 9:45 a. m. until 8:30 p. m. Leave Belle Isle every hour from 10:20 a. m. until 9:20 p. m.

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BOARDING & LODGING.

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Mrs. Walker has moved from Larned street to Champlain street.

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It is the unanimous verdict of good judges that our display of

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positively eclipses anything of the kind ever seen in the Northwest. We neither enlarge or edge when we say that for elegance, excellence and durability we stand far and above all like exhibitors; not only do we excel in quality of material and workmanship but also in quantity.

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That of unceasing and tremendous business has been awarded us by the public for our extremely low prices. People do us the fairness to think that when we have the wit to put good work and cloth together we have the shrewdness to sweeten them with prices that don't let them grow old on our counters. Take for instance

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Those which would cost you \$10, \$15 and \$20 elsewhere in the state we sell you for \$7.50, \$10 and \$15. Same low prices the rule in our Men's, Boys' and Children's Winter Overcoats.

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DUTCH JELLY,
THE GREAT SKIN TONIC.

Cures Eczema, Pimples, Moth Patches and all eruptions of the skin.

A NIGHT IN WHITECHAPEL.

A Journalist Visits the Wickedest Spot in the World.

THE RESORT OF THIEVES.

Prize Fighters and Low Women—An Appalling Saturday Night—Drunken Women and Children—A Graphic Picture.

Special Correspondence.

English romancers have had no more fruitful topic than crime and criminals, and for many years the Seven Dials and Petticoat lane have been the localities where the villains of fiction were supposed to have their habitation. No novel was complete without reference to the crooks of the localities named. The Seven Dials was indeed a thug's paradise, and Petticoat lane a place where murderers, thieves, prize fighters, scarlet women and robbers held high carnival. But time has changed all this. The two sections of London above referred to are bad



IN THE GROGGERY.

enough in all conscience, but Whitechapel has completely eclipsed them and to-day the East End of London has no rival in the world as the hot-bed of sin, misery and squalor. Denver, the Black hills country and the mining camps of the far west, and Australia, never in the midday of their sin could hold a candle to Whitechapel. It is a new Sodom and Gomorrah and stands alone among the big cities as the wickedest spot in the world. New York and Chicago are wicked enough, but they are as suckling babes to Whitechapel. Paris is a city of gilt-edged sin. It is below the surface, and is done with an art that may somewhat palliate its enormity. Berlin, Vienna, Brussels and Liverpool may well hang their heads in shame, but none of them can in the slightest degree approach Whitechapel. The scenes nightly enacted there, the drunken orgies, the filthy talk, the bestiality of it all is appalling in the extreme, and cannot be depicted in cold type.

The recent unequalled performance of the skillful carver who hid his talent under the anonymity of Jack the Ripper, has brought Whitechapel squarely to the front, and the dashing American tourist bent on taking in London town first inquires the route to Whitechapel. There are many ways of seeing it. If you go in a hansom in daylight, and simply drive along the Mile road there is little to be seen that cannot be duplicated in the city proper or in Liverpool, Berlin, Vienna, San Francisco, New Orleans, Chicago or New York. If you go on top of one of the four horse buggies, as many persons do, you come away with a confused idea of dirty children, drunken women, a glare of yellow lights, and the sickening odor of decayed fish and vegetables. If you would see it at its worst, go on a Saturday night and remain until Sunday morning. Walk from any point beyond the Bank of England through the crooked streets and alleys, with only here and there a light, and you will see Whitechapel at its worst and at a time when you will remember it to your dying day.

It was my good fortune to fall in with a Scotland yard detective, who, for a consideration, agreed to accompany me. He was a typical English detective, a looker-on more than a worker, brave as a lion, a man known to most of the wretched gang who make up the London crooks, and who had won the blue ribbon of his bureau for personal bravery and acuteness.



A STREET SCENE.

"Put on the oldest and shabbiest clothing you have," he advised me, "and leave at home your jewelry, your valuables and all your money but enough to carry you through, and meet me at the Three Nuns tavern at 11 o'clock. Don't take any firearms. It might be well, however, to carry a good, keen-edged knife. A London

crook is afraid of a knife. You will not have to use it, but if we should get into a tight corner the sight of it will make the rascals fly."

It was a beautiful night, a trifle warm but fairly comfortable. A big, glorious harvest moon hung in the sky like a ball of molten fire. Myriad stars looked down from a perfect sky. The streets were thronged with humanity. The doors of the Three Nuns tavern swung to and fro, a thirsty crowd surging in and a drunken mob elbowing its way out. A dozen or more bartenders were on duty. They were collarless, wore their shirtsleeves rolled up to their elbows, and now and then wiped their sweaty faces with a greasy, beer-soaked rag that they also used for wiping the mugs and counter. In the crowd were longshoremen, blue jackets, children who had never known childhood, teamsters, clerks, women young and old, and children from babes in arms to young men and women. Everybody was drinking. The men smoked and swore. The women shouted coarse epithets at their husbands, brothers, or fathers. The girls stood at the bar in a brazen style, while the men kissed and hugged them with perfect freedom. Where some peculiarly atrocious thing was done or some unusually filthy suggestion made the girls smiled a half tipsy smile, while the men leered at them. Or, perhaps, one woman not quite so drunk as her neighbors, took umbrage at the liberties, and spat in her companion's face or dashed a mug of foaming beer over him. This was always the signal for a wild guffaw that could be heard across the street and attracted more visitors. A policeman pushed open the door, playfully chucked a girl under the chin, took her mug of beer from her, drank it himself and continued his round. Over in another corner a drunken mother was holding a pewter mug of beer to the lips of a dirty-faced 2-year-old child, who boasted of only one garment to cover his nakedness, and who probably never wore shoes or stockings. The little fellow was as tipsy as a lord in the hunting season, and by reason of his queer grimaces and the way he had of staggering for a step or two, then falling, afforded infinite amusement for those sober enough to enjoy it. Seated in an old chair was a young woman, hatless, shoeless, stockingless, with hair streaming down her back and her eyes almost burned out from the use of liquor, drinking gin by the glass while a young dock rat hovered over her, and trying to be witty as the poor creature rolled into the sawdust on the floor at his feet hopelessly drunk. What there was going on in the crowded rooms in the rear of the tavern I did not care to investigate. But from the bawdy songs and shouts I judged the occupants were enjoying high jinks. As I passed out a couple of brawny-armed bartenders were rudely shoving the drunken men and women into the streets.



WHITECHAPEL MAIDENS.

A breath of fresh air was welcome indeed. We passed along a few doors to another place, where a big sign in gold letters, "Gin Palace," told that its proprietor was at any rate candid. A peep through the door revealed scenes somewhat like those which we had witnessed in the "Three Nuns." Along a block or two we moved and a neighboring clock chimed 12. The electric light and the ill-smelling petroleum lamps made the street as light as day. Here is an old clothes store and next to it a gin place, then a cheap restaurant, where "stinking" fish are frying in the window and going off like hot cakes at a penny each. They are still hot, and are wrapped in dirty newspapers for purchasers, who sneak away in some dark ally to devour them. The odor was paralyzing. Now and then we came upon big fine looking stores and sometimes a group of innocent looking factory girls, in smart red jerseys, eager for a frolic. But these were rare. Unless appearances are deceptive the maiden tribute is still paid in Whitechapel, for the stamp of sin and degradation seemed to be set on half the women encountered. Hucksters thronged the streets and shouted their wares in stentorian tones. There are Punch and Judy shows, places to try your skill in shooting machines for inflating your lungs, and all sorts of places for the sale of penny gimcracks. The men smoke their pipes as they move along, now and then singing and shouting. The women join in with them and high above the shout is often heard a paralyzing oth. So it goes on block after block. As we come full upon a crowd of young ruffians on a corner they see my companion, the detective, and in a twinkling, like scared rats, have scattered and hidden themselves. They knew the detective's face, and when one gave the alarm the others knew better than to tarry.

"I had one of them up on suspicion of being 'Jack the Ripper,'" the de-

tective sententiously remarks, "and I guess they thought it would be safer to run."

How shall I describe the thieves, foot-pads and murderers who call Whitechapel their home? They are a low-lived, brazen, dirty, filthy set, who would murder for a shilling or attempt to crack the Bank of England for a pound. They swarmed the streets, nodding familiarly to the police, fought among themselves, danced, sang, swore, drank, in fact did as they pleased, and the police looked on and smiled, for be it known that the London bobby never interferes unless some one makes a complaint. Even on the Strand, in Piccadilly Circus, in Oxford street, in the Haymarket, or wherever the crowd of brazen women congregate to scoot passers by, the police take no cognizance of them unless the person accosted complains. And in Whitechapel they are particularly free to do as they please.

Hour after hour we walk through the streets. The glorious harvest moon is melting away. In the east the first gray signs of dawn are visible. From a hallway where half a dozen persons are stretched on the floor asleep comes the moaning of a woman. In her arms she holds the cold form of a 3 month's old babe. Its life went out with the tide, and her shrieks are pitiful to hear. How long the babe had been dead no one could tell, nor whether it died from natural causes, a fall or suffocation. We know not. And the mother can tell nothing. She, like all her companions, laid down in her drunken stupor to sleep, and when she awoke her lifeless child lay at her side.

It is 7 o'clock as we emerge into the Mile road and start toward the city proper. The streets are still crowded. The fish vendors are preparing their stale fish for their customers' breakfast, or perhaps a kidney pudding for a penny, or fried eels and mashed potatoes for a like sum. The odor of stale beer, putrid vegetables and fish prevades everything. The old clo' men are standing in their doorways and urge us to enter and buy a real good suit of clothing for four shillings. The gin palaces have many occupants and a new set of bartenders began work at 7 o'clock. Every hallway and stoop, and even the wagons in the streets have their occupants sleeping the sleep of the drunkard. Here and there the degraded and lost women couch in windows, and with many honeyed words and gestures bid us enter. The milkmen's wagons are rattling through the streets. Newsboys are crying out the Sunday papers. St. Paul's church bells are pealing out the glad tidings that another Sabbath has come, and as we pass by the Three Nuns, tired of head and feet, we see the lights still burning, a score of men standing at the bar and the drunken mother with her baby boy lies snoring soundly in an adjoining alley. The little fellow has lost his only garment and is as naked as when born. As we step over him a childish smile illumines his face and the dimple in his sickly cheek was moving.

Who can tell what stirred his boyish brain and made him smile this glorious morning? DAVID WECHSLER.

Princess Louise Elevated by Her Marriage.

An Englishman who is particularly well informed on the state affairs of his country said to a New York Graphic man: "There has been a deal of talk about the Princess Louise of Wales descending to marry Lord Fife, or rather his grace the duke of Fife, and most people would be a good deal surprised to learn that she is in some very real, legal ways elevated by the union. I'll explain. As the daughter of the prince of Wales, supposing she had committed a crime—begging her pardon for the supposition—she would have been tried by the ordinary courts; there would have been no other way. She is not the queen's daughter; she is not the princess royal; she is, or rather was, no one that the law took account of as anybody in particular. Now, however, she is a duchess, a peer of the realm, and can only be tried by the house of lords. See?"

Two Lilies.

Upon the water of the lake
In shore where gentle ripples break,
The pure water lily lies,
And looks up to the sunlit skies.

It faces wave and wind and sun,
Yet to it these no harm has done;
For still the lily day and night
Is clad in robes of purest white.

Of, as the languorous afternoon
Broods o'er the broad and still lagoon,
A little maid from yonder town
To the lake's margin wanders down.

The little maiden with delight
Looks on the lily clothed in white;
She wonders that a thing so fair
Should lie upon the waters there.

You lily has a spotless gown;
But, fairer lily of the town,
Though waves of sin about thee roll,
Thou hast a white and spotless soul.

—Exchange.

A Bird's Nest in a Letter-Box.

In a letter-box at the farm of White Park, Castle Douglas, says the Pall Mall Gazette, there was to have been seen, a week or so ago, a tom-tit's nest, containing five young birds. Though when building the nest the material was frequently removed, the mother bird in its perseverance gained its way, the nest was built, and five eggs safely hatched. During the incubation letters were frequently found right over the little dame, and at other times it managed to push some of the letters out at the aperture by which the postman had put them in. If Mr. McAdam happened to open the box himself it would raise its wings and hiss as if angry at the intrusion. When his niece went, which was generally the case, it was quite pleased, and allowed her to stroke its plumage.

READ

What the PHYSICIANS and the HOUSE OF GOOD SHEPHERD

—SAY OF—

DIAMOND TEA.

The only safe remedy for any person to use.

Diamond Tea is a vegetable compound, composed entirely of Herbs, containing no minerals whatsoever.

The best system regulator now before the public. Purifies the Blood, Cures Liver and Kidney Troubles, Constipation and Female Complaints.

DR. DUFFIELD, Health Officer, City of Detroit, after examining Diamond Tea, says it contains no injurious substances whatever.

DR. WM. I. HAMLIN, 209 Lafayette Avenue, Detroit, says: I am personally acquainted with the action of Diamond Tea, and believe it to be a valuable remedy in its way.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd having used the Diamond Tea and finding it such an excellent remedy and to be all that is claimed for it, use it altogether as a general medicine for the institution.

SISTERS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD,
By Sister M. Raphael.

Be sure that you ask for Diamond Tea and take no other. For sale by all Druggists at 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per package, or mailed on receipt of price by the

DIAMOND TEA COMPANY,

47 State Street,
DETROIT, MICH.

THE DIME SAVINGS BANK

Open Every Evening.

4 PER CENT

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

Peninsular Savings Bank.

94 Griswold Street.

Capital, \$250,000.

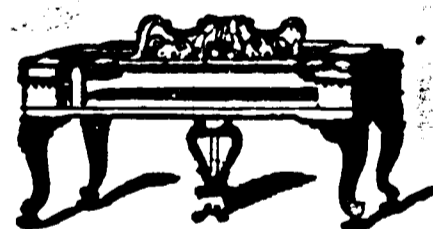
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Accounts solicited and every accommodation extended consistent with safe banking.

JOSEPH B. MOORE, Cashier.

BARGAINS IN

Pianos & Organs.



We are now very heavily stocked with all kinds of Pianos, both new and second-hand. We have in the last few months received a large number of fine Square Pianos in exchange for former, Debing Bradbury and other Pianos, which we will sell at very low figures for the next two weeks, as follows:

- 1 Chickering, like new, \$260
- 1 Haines Bros., fine, 240
- 1 Knabe, 250
- 1 Hallett & Davis, 85
- 1 Vose & Sons, 175
- 1 Reel & Sons, 180
- 1 Julius Bauer, 200
- 1 Great Union, 150
- 1 Story & Camp, 150
- 1 J. P. Hale, 100
- 1 Small Upright, 85
- 1 Stodart & Dunham, 75
- 1 Bradbury, 75
- 1 Hallett & Davis, 75
- 1 Bennett & Co., 85
- 4 Secondhand Estey Organs, \$25 to 30

And a large number of different makes, all sold on from \$8 to \$8 payment, according to value.

GRINNELL BROS.,

228 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, the receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper W. A. Noz, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

1889.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Fall term of this well-known institution will open on September 18, when such students will be received into its INDUSTRIAL, NORMAL PREPARATORY and COLLEGE DEPARTMENTS as shall be found sufficiently advanced in their studies.

The THEOLOGICAL, MEDICAL and LAW DEPARTMENTS open on Oct. 1.

Tuition free except in Law and Medicine. No distinction of race or sex. Those desiring a genuine Higher Education will find here particular advantages. Students competent to enter the College course will receive special aid if necessary.

Send for Catalogue.
J. B. JOHNSON,
Secretary.

MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE.—Take notice that on the 4th day of October, 1889, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Griswold street entrance to the City Hall in Detroit, the place of holding the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne, Michigan, there will be sold at public vendue the northern 27 feet of lot 55 and of the easterly 10 feet in width of lot 56 in section 6 of the Governor and Judge's plan of the City of Detroit in said County of Wayne, said sale being made to satisfy a mortgage on said premises dated January 16, 1887, given by James J. Atkinson to the Michigan Fire and Marine Insurance Company, recorded January 17, 1887, and after war's assigned to the undersigned company, and on which there is claimed to be due on 1st date the sum of four thousand one hundred and thirty dollars.
Detroit, June 24, 1889.
MICHIGAN INVESTMENT COMPANY, Limited.

The Great English Prescription Cures Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Emissions, Impotency and all Diseases caused by self-abuse or in discretion. One package, \$1, six \$5. [Imported] by mail. Write for Pamphlet. [Address] Parke's Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

"Is the Best." Detroit Evening Journal: "THE DETROIT PLAINDEALER, which is nearly six years old, is the best journal published exclusively in the colored people's interest there is in the country."

THE STEEPLE AND THE VINE.

The steeple stood so grand and high,
It challenged the gaze of the passers by.
"Who so lofty, I say,
Look ye over the way?"
A gentle voice at its foot made plaint,
"Give me support, or I fall, I fall;
I'm only a clinging vine,
Let me about thee twine."
The steeple barely deigned to look at
The gentle tendrils clasping it,
And with a superior air
Sustained the vinelet fair.
Over the stone, so stained and gray,
The beautiful verdure found its way
From base to lofty spire,
Ever reaching higher.
The marvelous growth in its graceful lines
Wreathes and drapes and waves and twines,
Clasping with loving arms,
Giv'ng its many charms.
Till even the haughty granite smiles
Beneath the tender, witching wiles,
Seeing itself adorned
By the humble vinelet scorned.
"This is my pride of all, I own;
It is sweeter not to be alone;
Grace can add to ruggedness,
And love alone can bless."
—J. A. in Boston Transcript.

AN ANGEL.

Of course I was an old maid, any
body in Maple Ridge could have told
you that, and a good many would have
said I was several years older than the
old family Bible admitted.
I felt all my three and thirty years,
and knew that the dark little face that
looked back at me so soberly from the
cracked mirror showed them beyond
question. But, what of that! I had
other things to think of than that I was
an old maid—many others.

There was poor Susie, our pet, the
youngest of us all, who would marry
handsome, reckless Noll Daesher, who,
after a wild life of only a few years,
ended it in a drunkard's grave, and
left poor Susie and her two babies to
me.

Nor was that all, for Fred, our eldest,
the pride of our old father and mother's
hearts, must marry too—which was
well enough, only after one brief year
in his city office he, too, grew sick and
died—but oh, so peacefully, so nobly!
"You'll care for my wife and baby,
Mary?" he said, looking at me so
pleadingly, and I answered: "Yes,
Fred, always."

So it wasn't much wonder I looked
old, since only my little dress-making
shop stood between us all and starva-
tion.

Father and mother had become so
feeble they could only sit on the side
of the chimney and talk of their trials
and sorrows.

Susie took upon herself the care of
the large household, and I've shed
many a secret tear at night thinking
how wan and white she was growing,
our beautiful little Susie.

What did Fred's wife do? I—that's
a sore subject; no one ever said any-
thing, but I have seen Susie shut her
lips in a strange way when "the lady"
swept into our simple meals and never
offered to soil her white hands even to
wash her own dishes or clothes.

"She's never been taught to work, I
suppose," I thought, "poor thing!"
Then I bent lower over my sewing
and t up a little later.

Things had gone on in this way for
nearly a year, until one night when it
was growing very late, Susie came in
and shut the door of my shop carefully.

"What is it, my dear?" I said cheer-
fully, for there was a look on her face
that troubled me.

"Mary," she said, sinking down at
my side and laying her pretty golden
head on my knee, "my poor Mary!"
and then she began to sob so pitifully.

"What is it, my darling; tell me,
won't you?"

"Oh, Mary, so good, so unselfish. I
can't bear it. You are working your-
self to death for me and mine. I've
thought it and thought and planned, and
there's only one way."

"I don't understand—how hot your
cheeks are. You're going to be sick."
"I'm going to die. Don't look so
startled. I'm very wicked and foolish,
but I can't see you kill yourself nor
my precious children starve. I'm only
—going to get married," desper-
ately.

"Then I felt her whole body shud-
der."

"Yes, darling, but who?"

"I'm going to marry Mr. Caleb Lef-
fingwell."

"Susie! You are mad!"

"No, he proposed to-night as I left
the store, and I accepted him, that's
all; why don't you congratulate me?"

"Because I can't, for I know—oh,
my darling! I know you don't love
him!"

"Love! I loved once and got a sweet
reward. Yes, I'm in love with the
old miser's money; that's honest."

"Hush! Never mind, sleep on it,
pet. We'll talk about it to-morrow; I
must finish this dress now."

"Mary, do stop and rest, you unself-
ish housekeeper! Your burden shall
be lightened. I'm not half as miser-
able as you fancy."

But I knew how much she suffered,
and I sighed, for things had come to a
very bad state. What with poor father
down with the rheumatism and Susie's
children suffering for shoes, and none
of us too warmly clad, unless it was
"the lady"—that is what Susie had
called Fred's wife to me more than
once; but I could only sigh and remem-
ber that they were her old gowns.

Nevertheless it did seem hard that
she and her baby should have the one
spare room and a fire, and coal so dear.

But la me, I had promised. Such a
rosebud as that little cooing baby was!
If I'd had time to have cuddled it by
the hour, and, strange to say, the mother
had called it "Mary." She never said
it was for me, and I often wondered,
but never asked her—for somehow all

us simple folks were a bit afraid of
"the lady."

It was a dull rainy evening in
February when poor Susie came to me
with her pitiful story of sacrifice she
had resolved to make. I remember
very particularly, because Mrs. Great-
house was to have a party on the 25th,
the next night, and I was hurried with
her gown.

"She came in quite early for it, but
the rich silk was all finished. I
trembled a mite as she scanned it so
closely, but she found no fault what-
ever, and paid me the \$5 for it prompt-
ly. Her last words were:

"You are looking far from well, Mary.
Tom would hardly recognize his old
sweetheart if he could see you now.
You need rest, my dear; do take some."
Then she passed out.

"Good advice, excellent," said Susie
in a hard voice, and I was glad she had
not noticed what Mrs. Greathouse said
about her brother.

"I wish you had charged her fifteen
instead of five, Mary. The dress was
worth it."

"Yes, I know," I answered, drear-
ily; "but even that would not have
paid all the bills." And for the first
time in Susie's presence I broke down
and cried.

Even as I wept softly and Susie tried
to comfort me, somebody entered the
little shop, and, bending over Susie
and me, dropped a letter in my lap—a
great, big, funny-looking affair.

"A letter! Oh, Mary! who would
send you a letter?" said Susie.

"The lady" paused a moment in the
shadow of the room, and I tore off the
envelope, and there fell into my lap a
great lot of bank bills.

"Money!" cried Susie, "money!
Who—what does it mean? Oh, here's
a note! Listen:

"Dear Mary: Accept a little present
from a loving friend."
"That was all; we looked at each other
stupidly.

"Who could have sent it? Oh, Sus-
ie, it's a mistake!" I gasped.

"No, it is not; the letter is sent to
you and is for you. I find it is just
\$100. I am so glad!"

I kept the money. I needed it sore-
ly, and they all said it really was mine;
but I felt uneasy all the time, and won-
dered and wondered, for we hadn't a
rich relation in the world. But even
that hundred dollars would not last
forever, and by and by I saw Susie
looking over her old things and trying
to make up her mind that the time had
come when she could tell her betroth-
ed husband that she was ready. Poor,
poor little Susie!

"I've set the day at last," she said.
"It's to be next Tuesday." Then she
began to sob.

Once more "the lady" entered and
dropped in my lap another letter and a
book.

This letter was not so bulky, but
when I opened it I found it contained
two bills of a hundred dollars each.

"What—who?" I began vaguely as
before, when once more "the lady"
bent over Susie and I, and winding her
white arms around our necks, fell into
a violent fit of weeping.

"Oh, my sisters!" she sobbed, when
she could speak. "Do you think me
blind as well as heartless? Do you
think you are to do all the work and
me none? Dear, patient fingers!" and
to our astonishment she kissed first my
needle-pricked hand and then Susie's
chapped and toil-marked.

"There's the book," she continued;
"read it when you can. I began it
when my husband was first taken ill.
I fancied I could get it done in time to
help him, but I couldn't. Yet he
knows—he must know, how glad I am
to be able to help those so dear to
him."

"Florence," I said, in wonder, "what
are you talking about?"

"Why, my book; it is there in your
lap, as well as the money for it—a por-
tion of it. I always scribbled more or
less, but in a careless way, until I saw
the great need, and then I found I
could write even better than I dared
hope. I never told, because I wanted
to surprise you, Susie, little sister,
don't dream of that distasteful mar-
riage. I was so afraid it wouldn't come
in time to save you. And Mary,
gentle one, I've something for you even
better than gold. I—forgive me! I
found out all about your sad lover in
the west, and I sent a little bird with
a message of your faithfulness, your
noble life, and the answer came (Oh,
the west is not very far away): 'I'm
coming!'"

I wondered why Susie, with such a
face of peace and joy as I had not seen
her wear for years, should look
startled and step back, while "the
lady"—oh, such a lady—stood between
me and the door.

Suddenly she bent and kissed my hot
cheek, and deftly snatching the comb
that held my curls so very primly—as I
deemed most becoming a staid old
maid—she fled with Susie into the next
room and closed the door.

I knew then why she had held her-
self so persistently before me, for,
standing on the threshold of the out-
side door stood a tall man, tanned and
bearded.

I could not speak. I would have
fled, too, but I could not move.

The tall man smiled and approach-
ed me, took me in his arms and
whispered:

"Is it my own little Mary?"

And somehow in his sheltering arms
I found my tongue and answered bold-
ly:

"Yes, Tom."

We call her "the lady" still, some-
times, for she is famous now and rich,
and Susie and her children live with
her. The old folks have found a better
home with Fred, and I can not help
but think they told him how we love
his wife and all the happiness she
brought us.—Exchange.

Uncle Archie's Wife.

CHAPTER II.

My mother's story made a great
impression on me; and from that time
two ideas were clearly fixed in my
mind—one that uncle Archie was a
much more interesting person than I
had hitherto thought him; the other
that at some, I hoped distant, day I,
Irene Gerrard, should surely be mis-
tress of the grand old house that I
loved very honestly and sincerely on
its own merits alone.

I will do myself the justice to say
that I kept the last idea as much as
possible in the back ground of my
thoughts, and never allowed
even mother to discuss my
future greatness with me; but
nevertheless the thought of it
colored my whole life, and when Dick
Martineau asked me to marry him—
which he did quite suddenly at a
tennis party one day—I—well, when I
had ceased to feel dazzled and confus-
ed and taken by storm, and quite ab-
surdly happy—I began to think of
uncle Archie, and to wonder what he
would say to such a match for the last
of the Gerrards—for every one in
Ludleigh knew that Dick was as poor
as he was good looking.

I suppose my troubled thoughts
were expressed pretty plainly in my
face; for Dick said suddenly, in a tone
of anxiety that was in striking con-
trast to the happy laugh in his blue
eyes—

"Are you repenting already, that
you look so portentously grave, Miss
Irene Gerrard? Do you wish to with-
draw that sweet little admission I ex-
tracted just now, and substitute a
cool, 'Oh, if you please, sir, it was all
a mistake—I rather dislike you than
not.'?"

I laughed outright at this, though
my cheeks grew hot under the tender
triumph of his gaze.

"You are talking nonsense now,"
I said, shaking my head ruefully.
"You know I like you, Mr. Martineau."

He bared his sunny head, gave a
sweeping bow, and interrupted me
there.

"You are too good, Miss Gerrard!
Believe me, I reciprocate the feeling"
—with mock fervor and theatrical em-
phasis, for which he deserved to have
his ears boxed at least; and I suppose
he thought so himself presently, for,
when he found I did not speak, he
came a little nearer, and said in his
softest and most persuasive tone,
"Have I offended you, Irene? Or is
it possible, my darling, that that mon-
strous supposition is founded on fact—
that you really wish to unsay the
words that made me so happy just
now?"

"No, no! Oh, Dick, you know its
not that!" I answered, half laughing,
half crying in my wild hysterical
alarm; for, soft as his voice was, there
was an expression of sternness in his
eyes—for good or ill, Dick Martineau
was a strong man, not to be
trifled or dealt lightly with in any
way.

"What is it then, Irene?"—seizing
my hands and forcing me to meet his
earnest, steadfast gaze. "Do you
think Mrs. Gerrard will object—will
refuse to give you to me?"

"No, mother likes you so much I
am sure she will be glad," I answer-
ed shyly, but with absolute sincerity;
and Dick drew me to him with a con-
tented laugh.

"Then, if you and Mrs. Gerrard are
on my side, there is no one else to
fear, Irene?"

"Oh, yes, there is—uncle Archie.
He has such strange ideas."

"I know he is a confirmed woman-
hater," Dick broke in mirthfully.
"But will he insist on your turning
man-hater to keep him company,
Irene?"

"No, no—you do not understand!"
I replied, a little fretfully; and Dick's
tone changed at once. He clasped
my hands firmly and looked steadily
and keenly at my face.

"Perhaps I do, Irene. Shall I state
the case from your point of view?
Your uncle Archie is a very rich man
and you are his heiress, if he choose
to make you so."

"Dick," I interrupted eagerly, for
all at once I seemed to see my own
thoughts and actions in a new and
despicable light—"Dick, you are
cruel! It is not that—not only that."

"I know it is not only that, my
dear," he answered, with a sudden
tightening pressure of his strong kind
hands. "If it were, you would not be
the girl I love so dearly, my beautiful
true-hearted Irene. But there is
something of 'that' in your thoughts,
is there not?"

"Perhaps," I admitted meekly.
"Uncle Archie has been so good to us,
Dick; he has filled my father's place,
and has almost my father's right to—
to—"

"To approve or condemn your
choice? I grant all that, dear, but
even from his verdict there is a last
appeal to yourself. You are the one
judge here, Irene. You think your
uncle will object to me—that he will
think me too poor a man to marry
the heiress of Ludleigh Hall?"

He stated the case as against him-
self and me with such perfect simpli-
city and frankness that it hardly
seemed difficult to answer and agree
with him.

"It is quite possible he may."
"And if he does? What shall you
answer, Irene, if he tells you I am a
fortune hunter?"

"Oh, Dick," I exclaimed in passion-
ate indignation, "I think you may
trust me to answer such a charge as
that!"

"To answer? Yes. But will you
do more—will you help me to disap-
prove it? I am not asking a little
thing or putting your love to a light
test; but you and I must understand
each other once for all. Suppose
your uncle bids you choose between
Ludleigh Hall and me—what answer
will you give him then, Irene?"

My heart beat so violently for a few
minutes that I felt quite confused and
giddy; and then I knew—knew that
there was no choice left for me to
make. It would cost me a cruel pang
for me to give up that life long dream
of reigning at Ludleigh Hall; but to
give up Dick—I would sooner give up
life itself.

With a laughing cry I put my hands
upon my lover's breast and raised my
lips to his; and Dick took the answer
from them, though I did not speak a
word.

After that we talked the matter
over in a sensible, practical fashion as
we strolled home together. Having
put the possible worst before me in
the strongest and most convincing
way, Dick was disposed to take rather
optimist views of our position and
Uncle Archie's probable behavior
towards us.

"I quite agree that a duke would be
no more than your merits," Miss
Gerrard," he said with the affectionate
laughing glance I found it so hard and
yet so sweet to meet; "but, unluckily,
dukes do not abound in this corner of
the world, and so—"

"And we must not put up with such
small deer as fortune does send in our
way. Mr. Martineau, fortunately I
am lowly minded, and do not ask
much of fate."

He laughed, and then rejoined more
earnestly—

"After all, so long as we have faith
in each other, nothing matters much.
We shall have the bread and cheese
to start with, dear; and afterwards—
who knows?—all the prizes in my pro-
fession may fall to my share; I will
not despair of winning anything when
once I have won you."

His voice softened with inexpressible
pride and fondness as he uttered
the last word. We had reached our
garden gate then; and, as we walked
into the cool shady sitting-room where
mother sat placidly do ing, with the
work-basket full of colored silks be-
side her and the kitten comfortably
curled up in her lap, I was blushing so
vividly, and looking, I am sure, so
happy, that her suspicions were awak-
ened at once.

"Irene and—Mr. Martineau!"
she cried, blinking at us as though
something in our appearance dazzled
her eyes. "Have you been walking
too fast, child, or—is anything the
matter?"

"Neither," answered Dick in his
usual mirthful fashion, that did not
admit of fencing or delay. "Irene
and I have some thing to tell you, Mrs.
Gerrard—or perhaps you guess?"

"Irene?" mother echoed, in a half
stupidified tone, giving in an odd mixture
of alarm and admiration at the bold
young stranger who made so free with
her daughter's name.

"Yes, Irene—my Irene," Dick an-
swered, unabashed. "She has given
herself to me, Mrs. Gerrard; and you,
I hope, will confirm the gift."

He seized her hand, looking so
eager and handsome that I knew
mother, if she had ever wavered,
would be completely won.

She looked at him and at me, shook
her head, sighed, smiled and said—
"Since you seem to have settled
things between you, Mr. Martineau, I
do not know that there is much left
for me to say."

"Yes, you can make us both very
happy by saying just these few words
—'Dick, I can trust you with Irene;
make her as happy as she deserves to
be.'"

And mother—bless her!—actually
did repeat the words he dictated as
obediently as a little child, and, when
she had finished, kissed us both, saying
fervently—

"You must not rob me of a daugh-
ter, Dick; you must let me gain a son.
Irene and I have always been so much
to each other, were so alone in the
world that—Why, bless you,
child, I had forgotten!"

The last words were uttered in a
changed and terror-stricken tone.
Mother's pretty face had lost all its
fresh color; her blue eyes wore an ex-
pression of startled and conscious
guilt. I knew what turn her thoughts
had taken, and so did Dick; but we
both left the task of explanation to
her.

"We had all forgotten your Uncle
Archie," she said, with a piteous sigh.
"My dear Irene, how terribly impru-
dent we have been!"

"Less so than you think, Mrs. Ger-
rard," Dick broke in cheerily. "Irene
and I have already discussed Mr. Ger-
rard's possible objection to me."

"Irene's fate is in his hands,"
mother muttered dolefully; whereat
Dick and I exchanged glances, I shook
my head in silent protest, and Dick
answered in a cheerful confident tone:
"Not quite, I think. But we will

not ride out to meet troubles. Mr.
Gerrard may, after all, approve of me,
and have faith in my future; or, if he
does not—"

The sentence seemed finished,
though he said no more than that; and
we soon fell to talking of other things
in an easy, cozy and comfortable
manner as though we three—mother,
he and I—had occupied our present
positions to each other for years rather
than hours.

We agreed on many things before
we parted that night—among others,
that Dick should write to uncle Archie,
who was then at Paris, telling him the
whole story of our engagement frank-
ly and at once.

"I know he will be vexed Irene,"
said mother, with a whisper, after
Dick had gone. "It is a most impru-
dent marriage, look at it how you will!
As a friend, Mr. Martineau is a very
charming young man—oh, thank you,
my dear; I know how much that kiss
is worth; but let me finish my sentence
please!—as a friend, Dick Martineau
is delightful; but, as a husband for
Miss Gerrard of the Hall, he really
ought to have something of his own."

"So he ought, if fortune went by
merit not by favor; so he will have,
thanks to himself, by-and-by," I an-
swered, with happy flippancy; "at
any rate, if Miss Gerrard of the Hall
may not have the husband of her
choice, she will have none at all, but
live and die a most respected and
respectable old maid."

"Irene!"—"Mother darling!"

We looked at each other for a few
moments, and mother's eyes were
filled with dismay; then I drew my
stool up beside her chair as I used to
do when I was a little child, as she
liked me to do still when we were
alone together, and, leaning my arms
on her lap, looked up into her dear
kind old face.

"Mother dear, this is not a joke—it
is a matter of life and death to me!"
I said earnestly. "I hope uncle Archie
will be kind; I hope he will under-
stand; but if he does not—if he makes
me choose between the Hall—and
Dick, I shall let the Hall go."

Mother was very good to me then.
My words, I know, struck like an axe
at the very root of the one cherished
hope of her life; but she did not scold
nor try to change my purpose in any
way; she just gave one quick-
searching glance, then bent her head
and kissed me, saying gently—

"Indeed, my dear, I hope your
uncle will be kind. All we can do now
is just to wait and hope."

We did wait—not too hopefully, I
think—for about a week; and then
uncle Archie's letter came—a letter
that electrified us all, and gave poor
mother a shock from which she found
it hard to recover.

Letter, I have said; but there were
letters for us all. How well I remem-
ber the afternoon they came! Dick
and I had been making languid half-
hearted attempts to play a
game at tennis; but the weather
was very hot, and we were
too restless and excited to settle
steadily to anything in those days. It
was a relief to us both, I think, when
mother appeared in the verandah ex-
citedly waving a couple of envelopes.

"From uncle Archie, Dick!" I cried
as I threw my racquet down and ran
to mother at once.

Dick followed slowly, and stood at
the foot of the steps, looking up at
us with a deep flush on his bronze
skin and an eager light in his blue
eyes.

"I would not open the letter till you
came," said mother, with a tremulous
laugh. "There is one for you, Irene,
and one directed here for Dick. I
think it is a happy argu that he
should write to us all—don't you?"

"Open your letter and see. You
shall tell us the news, dear," I cried,
endeavoring to subdue my own intense
excitement as I began to feel a little
nervous about her. Mother was never
over-strong, and I had got into a
habit of watching her carefully now.

As she glanced over the closely-
written flimsy sheet of foreign note-
paper, I watched her pretty face close-
ly, and saw it change in a curious
fashion. Surprise, bewilderment, and
then startled incredulous anger, were
in turn reflected there; then suddenly
she started to her feet, trembling, her
face deathly pale.

"Irene, what does it mean? Your
uncle must be mad!" she cried ve-
hemently.

I began to tremble too, and turned
appealingly to Dick, who had been
quietly reading his own letter, and
who increased my wonder by looking
by no means dissatisfied with its con-
tents. He came forward at once,
and answered mother's question him-
self.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Wise Courtier.

An eastern potentate once asked a
group of his courtiers whom they
thought the greatest man, himself or
his father. At first he could elicit no
reply to so dangerous a question. At
last a wily old courtier said: "Your
father, sire; for though you are equal
to your father in all other respects, in
this he is superior to you—that he had
a greater son than any you have." He
was promoted on the spot. San
Francisco Argonaut.

Glances Here and There

THAT practice in anything makes perfect the actions of those we meet on the street or in public buildings, affords daily proof. The young man who thinks he can assume attitudes on the street corners that may be dispensed with at will is sadly mistaken. Unconsciously, perhaps, these little habits which show a want of good breeding grow upon one and it is difficult to lay them aside. The other Sunday in church we noticed a young gentleman who stood up to recite the Apostle's creed with his hands in his pockets. He might have been unconscious of it, but the attitude stamped him a boor in the eyes of refined people. The only sure way to cultivate the little elegancies of life is to make daily use of them and then in the house of worship as elsewhere we shall not outrage the proprieties by unseemly postures.

IT is time for the people of Detroit to put themselves in line with some of the other cities who have organized Afro-American leagues, and to act with them in appealing to Federal authority to step in and assure control of those states where the individual is not protected by the law, where churches and school houses are burned, where women are butchered and men are lynched, where they are beaten on railway trains, and where the right guaranteed by the Constitution are withheld.

THE genius of the Afro-American was conspicuous by its absence at the exhibition. The only exhibit by them being the lubricating cup of Mr. Elijah McCoy. In the ladies department especially where the display in artistic needle work, was abundant none of it was the handiwork of our ladies. We know that the ability was not lacking, but no thought or time had been given to preparation and hence visitors to the great show carried away no proof of the skill and industry of our ladies.

THE new church edifice to be erected by Bethel church is still in the dim future. The trustees stand halting on the beach and fear to launch away. The members of the church, and congregation have been very patient until patience has ceased to be a virtue. With the coming cold weather the walls which were not proof against heat, will not shut out the frost and the outlook is not a cheerful one. The officary have come to the Red Sea of their difficulties and evidently lack faith necessary to effect a passage. Claiming, as they do, to be followers of the Great Deliverer, their faith should cause them to go forward trusting, and like the old Israelites the way will be opened before them.

Amusements

MINEK'S GRAND THEATRE.
Kellar the magician is mystifying the exposition visitors and delighting all of the large audiences who throng to see him this week. A special matinee will be given Saturday afternoon for ladies and children when the general will be 50 cents, children 25 cents.

WHITNEY'S DETROIT OPERA HOUSE.
Miss Abbot as usual is pleasing her audiences and delighting the critics at the Detroit and will be seen the remainder of the week in "La Trovate", "Martha" and Chimes of Normandy. Next week J. K. Emmet will be the attraction.

WHITNEY'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Standing room only is the legend which greets the belated visitor to Whitney's this week the "New Passion Slave" proving an excellent card for exposition week. The popular melo drama, "Lights and shadows" will be given during the whole of next week.

The Blood is Life!
J. M. Loose Red Clover Co., Detroit:
I cheerfully furnish the following for publication:

Mrs. S., age 86, cancerous face (cell cancer.) has tried many physicians, and on presentation to me was a horrible sight to look upon, nose partly eaten away, deep pits in cheeks, forehead and chin. As a last hope I put her on Loose's Extract Red Clover—large doses internally, and as a local application, I used the solid extract in plaster form. She improved rapidly from the first week, and in four months was entirely well. Now eighteen months since first treatment and no signs of return.
JOHN J. WEAVER.

Ulceration of the leg (Idolent Ulcer.) Recovered entirely after three months' treatment with Red Clover Extract and Solid Extract dressing. Now one year since treatment, and no sign of return.

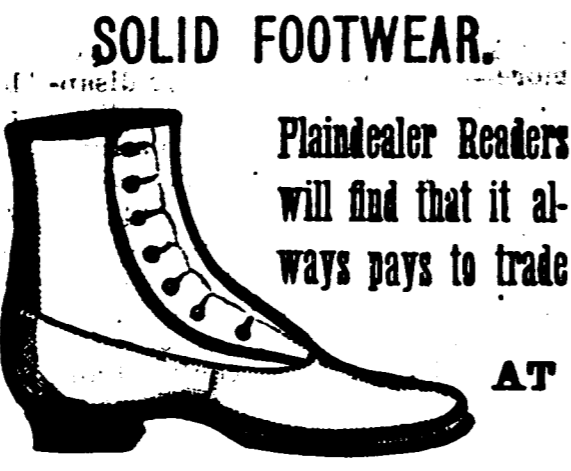
Cancer of Lip and Skin Disease. Entirely cured with three months' treatment with Red Clover Extract and Solid Extract Dressing. Now over year and no sign of return. H. B. Secondary Syphilis was entirely cured by Red Clover Extract in three months, with none of the after results such as are left by mercury in such cases.

If you have any doubting physicians, they can write to me and I will give them a full history of each case. Dr. W. H. Yarnell.

Write for testimonials. For sale by.

Successful in other Fields.
WINDSOR, Sept. 25.—Ever since the opening of the schools on the Second of September, the Colored school has been short of teachers and pupils in the advanced grades have been compelled to remain out of school. Some of the citizens should investigate the matter and see if something can not be done to supply a teacher.—We are glad to note the recovery of Masters Alfred Riley and Piner, who have been ill with typhoid malaria.—On ladies' day (Tuesday) a large number of Windsor people attended the Detroit exposition.—The fair in Windsor suffers this year from its close proximity to the Detroit exposition.—Mr. Chas. Andrews has been visiting his mother during the past week. Charlie is one of the most enterprising young men who seeing no prospect of realizing his ambition in Windsor has been forced to seek other fields. He is now located at Bault Ste Marie and has half an interest in one of the largest restaurants at the "Boo". Though young and colored he is recognized as one of the enterprising men of that city.

"Tis a Feat to Fit the Feet."

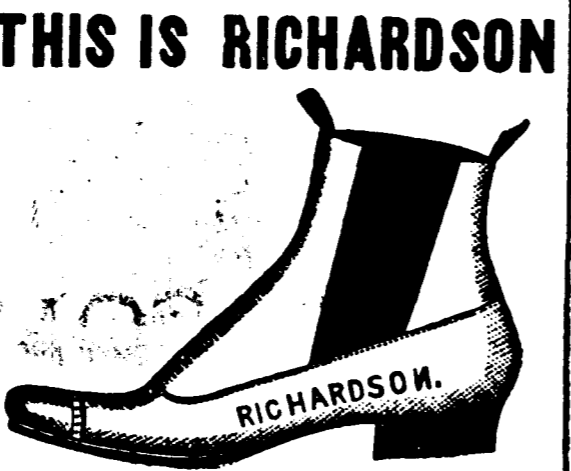


SOLID FOOTWEAR.

Plaindealer Readers will find that it always pays to trade AT
J. V. LISEE & CO
"THE SHOEMEN."
146 Woodward Avenue.
We carry complete lines and make the most pleasing prices in the city.

READ THIS!
Save Your Children.
The Enemies of Childhood.

The undersigned clips the following from the Detroit Commercial Advertiser:
This is my first visit at the "round table," and Villa's letter about worms in children is what brings me here. My child was so bad that he had spasms. I knew that worms were the source of the trouble, but a safe remedy I could not find. I tried everything I had heard of that I dared to, got worm medicine from every drug store in town, and nothing did any good until I tried Stekete's Worm Medicine. I have not much faith in patent medicines generally, but I had heard enough about Doctor Stekete, of Grand Rapids, to know that he was an honorable man and would not recommend a medicine unless it was all that he claimed it to be. I got the medicine, and it proved a perfect success. It is perfectly harmless, and no one need be afraid to give it to the most delicate child. It is not powerful enough to kill the worms; you get them alive and kicking. If you cannot get it of your druggist send to Doctor Stekete, Grand Rapids, Mich., for it.
Mrs. M. H. Jackson, Mich.
Ask for Stekete's Worm Destroyer.
GEO. G. STEKETEE,
Grand Rapids, Mich.



THIS IS RICHARDSON
BARGAIN WEEK
—IN—
BOOTS AND SHOES.
YOU WILL SAVE MONEY BY CALLING AT ONCE.
41 & 43 Monroe Avenue.

MARKET LUNCH ROOM,
JOHN J. PETERSON & P. D. DANCY,
Proprietors.
First Class Meals 15c and 25c.
No. 58 Cadillac Square,
OPPOSITE MARKET.

JAS. A. DOSTON.

BILLIARD
—AND—
POOL PARLOR.
34 MONROE AVE. Up-Stairs.
Detroit, Mich.
ENTRANCE ON FARMER STREET.
Advertise in THE PLAINDEALER.



SOME PUMPKINS

The Detroit Exposition is "some pumpkins," and they say the biggest pumpkin in the whole show is MABLEY & COMPANY'S display. This firm has erected cases at the intersection of the two main aisles of the main building that cost over \$10,000 to build—each of them being elegant stores in themselves and each crowded with goods—Samples of the leading lines to be found in their 12 stores in the city, which everybody knows forms the largest retail establishment in the state of Michigan. Each of these 12 stores [62 departments] have been crowded full with CLOTHING, [Men's Bys' and Children's], MERCHANT TAILORING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, LADIES' and GENTS' FURNISHINGS, LADIES' SUITS, WRAPS, MILLINERY, FANCY GOODS, ART POTTERY, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, PICTURES, BOOKS, TOYS, Etc., to meet the wants of everybody. Prices here are guaranteed to be 10 to 50 per cent. below those asked by smaller and exclusive dealers.
No one visiting Detroit should fail to wander through the leading Shopping Emporium of the state—to see the most celebrated commercial sight in Detroit, i. e.,
MABLEY & COMPANY'S
12 Stores—62 Departments—2+ Acres Floor Surface.

THE Michigan Steam Laundry,
has removed to its new quarters,
104 RANDOLPH STREET,
between Congress and Larned streets, where they will be glad to see their friends as well as any new customer.
Prices as always the lowest.
LOUIS LANG,
Proprietor.

BURNETT'S SHAVING PARLOR
W. E. BURNETT having re-opened and re-fitted his barber shop at 52 Croghan street, desires the patronage of the general public. Competent workmen always in attendance. Give us a Call.
The patronage of Visitors to the city especially solicited.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAYNE.
S. vs. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-seventh day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the Matter of the Estate of Lorenzo Hurst, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Lewis Hurst, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to him. It is ordered that Tuesday, the first day of October, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be a pointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in THE PLAINDEALER, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Wayne.
EDGAR O. DURFEE,
Judge of Probate.
(A true copy.)
HOMER A. FLINT,
Register.

FOR PORT HURON AND WAY POINTS.
STAR-COLE LINE STEAMERS.
TWO TRIPS DAILY.
LEAVE FOOT OF GRISWOLD ST
Week Days at 8 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sundays at 9:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. City time. Returning arrives at 11:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.
C. F. BELLMAN, G. F. a.

No Imposition!

We are positively offering the most stylish and durable **STIFF HAT FOR \$2.50** ever offered and an endless variety of \$3 and \$4 hats of the very latest design.

OUR \$4.00 SILK HAT IS BEYOND COMPARE!

A raft of Fall neckwear. All shapes, shades and prices. Call and be convinced.

W. MOELLER & CO.,
62 Monroe Avenue,
Corner Randolph Street.

KERNAGHAN, the HATTER.
12 MICHIGAN AVE., Opp. CITY HALL.
Has just received the latest styles in Hats and Gents' Fine Furnishing Goods.

H. RIDIGER. G. N. REIMOLD

R. AND R. MERCHANT TAILORS.
194 Randolph Street.
White's Opera House Block.