

# THE PLAIN DEALER.

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

VOLUME IX. NO. 29

DETROIT, MICH., DECEMBER 4, 1891.

WHOLE NO. 449.

## PLUTARCH'S TOPICS.

### His Second Paper Upon the Shortcomings of the Laity.

### AN EXAMPLE IN POINT.

#### The Very Few Can't Support and Do Justice to a Church—The Masses at Fault.

There are still many communities where the sight of a preacher going through the streets with brush and bucket, or saw and buck, is not unusual. There are hundreds of pastors serving Negro churches who are compelled to earn their bread. That class of ministers, who are competent to earn a livelihood at other than menial occupations, either support themselves teaching school or else quit the ministry, hence it is that very poor or very mean churches have only the most illiterate men as pastors.

A town with 500 Negro inhabitants and has two colored churches, an A. M. E. and a Baptist, each having about thirty members. Out of the 500 but sixty belong to the colored churches, while the congregations aggregate but 150 who attend with any regularity during a year. Upon these sixty members, with what help they get from the ninety outsiders, rests the task of supporting the two pastors.

As a rule all of those interested in the church are of the poorest and most illiterate class.

They have little money and less ability to plan and manage, hence the churches suffer. The buildings are shabby and an eyesore, the gatherings are noisy, and the neighborhood is soon led to consider the church a nuisance. What should be done? Are the preachers to blame? Are the members entirely to blame? By no means. God and all sensible men will place the guilt upon the more thrifty and intelligent Negroes of the community, who have not enough humanity to take hold and make the church a success. Instead of doing so they sneak off to white churches and become a tolerated but much detested nuisance. The white people, from the preacher down to the sexton, think that these colored folks ought to go out and help their less fortunate brethren instead of sneaking off and deserting them.

But these Negroes have not the moral courage to identify themselves with the more ignorant class, even to the extent of helping them.

Now, suppose some of the better class at A—would go to the churches and take hold to help, what would happen? At first, each reform or improvement they would propose would be objected to by the members. If the new helpers were thin-skinned they would immediately drop the matter and withdraw, but if they were in earnest, and possessed enough moral strength to render them really superior to ignorance, they would smilingly continue their work until the people would at last come to love and follow them. Then a better pastor could be secured and supported and the work would go forward.

Not five school teachers at St. Louis do anything to assist the churches in the moral and intellectual phases of the church work. Those of the teachers who attend church go to white churches and sit in the gallery or in a corner. They are among the most bitter critics who pounce upon the churches and preachers.

This is morally very wrong and places these teachers in a very unfavorable light before thoughtful and conscientious people.

How much wiser and better it would be were they to take hold in the Sunday schools and lend their encouragement to the pastors.

In a certain city of Michigan, one of the most cultured and refined young ladies of the community is of African descent, but, although organist in one of the leading white churches of the city, and honored and respected everywhere, she does not deem it an ignominy to identify herself with her own people, to the extent of rendering cheerfully and willingly all possible assistance in the church. What is the result? The church has been immeasurably benefitted, and at the same time the fair and high-minded benefactress is most highly esteemed by the whites and loved by her own people.

Were the bishops to be more considerate in the appointment of pastors to such churches greater good still would be accomplished. The life of the Metropolitan church at Washington, D. C., is dependent upon about

fifty persons who have nobly taken hold with the struggling members. It is the presence of this element which gives tone and character to that great society. Yet there are hundreds of excellent people who do not lend the slightest aid to any church. There are several little bunches of exquisites, huddled off in struggling squads, who, though they do some good, fail to do one-hundredth as much good as would be accomplished if they have a thousand or so from the masses in with them.

A colored church to meet my ideal should be composed as follows: At least one-tenth of the membership should be composed of some of the best and highest persons of the community, the remainder should be made up of all classes and grades of persons who can be induced to conform to church discipline, and over all should be a pastor who first, is a sound and spiritually minded Christian; second, who is a humanitarian; third, who is a man of intense earnestness and of strong and sterling moral worth; and fourth, a man of refined tastes and good all-round education, and fifth, a forcible orator as well as a clear-cut and positive preacher of ethical truths.

The fact that such men as Messrs. Price and Smallwood are forced to leave the most thickly populated and wealthy States of the South and come North to beg money for the support of schools devoted entirely to the colored people, reflects great discredit upon the well-to-do Negroes of the South. The A. M. E. people blame Rev. W. D. Johnson for not running around begging thousands of dollars from white people to help the colored schools, but when his course is passed upon by a more advanced and manly generation he will be commended for possessing too much self-respect to become a beggar in behalf of a people amply able to take care of themselves. Plutarch.

### MILWAUKEE NEWS.

Milwaukee, Nov. 30.—Eight or ten people gathered at the St. Mark's church Thursday evening, to attend the regular monthly meeting of the Afro-American League, out of that number there were five or six members of the league, the other four or five were spectators. Compared with October meeting this meeting of the league was a dead failure. We are at a loss to account for the lack of interest displayed by our Afro-American citizens, in the league. They are ready, always, to stand on the corners, in bar-rooms and like places and discuss loud and long any wrong fancied or real put on the race, but when a few earnest men get together and attempt an organized plan by which, some of these wrongs can be righted or mitigated, instead of lending their active co-operation to further the movement, the majority either hold themselves aloof to watch and criticize or fail to take any interest whatever, we are sometimes prone to believe that as a race our people are really indifferent to those privileges and rights for which other races have fought and died, or that we can not act together and work out assistance from our Anglo-Saxon friends. It is time we awaken to the fact that if we would do, we must act, not to sit passively by and wait for the Lord to help us, as some of our ministers advise us or to wait either for some white Let us do ourselves; let us show to the world that we ourselves long for liberty with our oppression and that it is not only our white friends who long for it for us and show too that we are not incapable of that high spirit that prompt all men to seek liberty and equality of citizenship. We hope every Afro-American citizen man, woman and child in Milwaukee, will join the league and do all in his power to make the league and its expectations a success.

The committee on the fair report it a financial success.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Burgette are entertaining a prominent visitor in the person of little Miss Antoinette Burgette. The young lady arrived on the 24th inst, and weighs 8-12 pounds. May she remain and ever be the light and joy of a happy home.

Mr. Wm. Miller received the prize at the Plankinton for neatness in dining room, he was closely followed by Mr. J. K. Kelly at W. P. Lameness.

A pleasant surprise party was tendered Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Wallace in honor of the 18th anniversary of their wedding last Tuesday evening. Amongst those present were Messrs. B. T. Taylor, H. Blau, Mr. King, R. Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. Strawler, Rev. and Mrs. Williams, Mrs. A. Johnson, Miss Mary Watson, W. Will Watson, and others.

Mrs. Smith, of Oconomowoc, is quite ill in this city. Her daughter Mrs. Jackson of Chicago, was in the city to visit her last Thursday.

Secretary Townsend of the Afro-American League will soon send to each delinquent member of the league the amount of his indebtedness. We hope each and every one will pay up.

## FOUR-HANDED EUCHRE.

### Mr. and Mrs. Bowser Attempt to Enjoy a Social Game.

### NOT ACCORDING TO HOYLE

#### Mrs. Bowser Holds a Hand to Beat Four of a Kind and Mr. Bowser Gets Mad.

"Smith was asking me to-day," said Mr. Bowser, as he laid down his evening paper, "if we wouldn't drop over some evening and have a four-handed game of euchre with them."

"Why, I should like to go over any evening," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"He and his wife play most every evening."

"Yes?"

"If you only knew how to play we might have a game now and then."

"I have been told that I play fairly well," she quietly replied.

"Have, eh! I suppose we might have a game or two, though of course I can play my cards with my eyes shut. Have you got a pack around?"

"Mr. Bowser, I am perfectly willing to play, but you must promise me not to get mad if you are beaten."

"Mad! What are you talking about! The idea of me getting mad over a game of cards!"

"Do you promise?"

"My dear woman, in about ten minutes from now you will begin to turn red and white and get so mad that a yoke of oxen can't hold you. You are the one to make promises. Get the cards, and if you win one game out of ten I'll buy you a \$20 hat."

"If I win more games than you do—you won't—you won't feel put out?" she asked as they sat down to the table.

"Good lands! but what is the woman talking about? Mrs. Bowser, I've played more games of euchre than you've got hairs in your head, and no one ever knew me to feel anything but serene. A husband who can't play a game of cards with his wife without getting mad had better hang up. Go ahead and deal. The poorest player always has the deal. Hearts is trump, eh! I will proceed to lead this."

Mr. Bowser had a good hand and scored a march, and after counting up he leaned back and laughed and asked:

"Any other little game that you can play better than this, Mrs. Bowser?"

He dealt and scored another point and chuckled some more, and when the game was finished she had scored only one point.

"Beginning to get red in the face already—ha! ha! ha!" he laughed.

"You have promised not to get mad, though, and I shall hold you to it."

She had nothing to say, but secured a march on the new game. Mr. Bowser tried hard to laugh, but three or four minutes later, when the game was finished and she clasped her hands and shouted: "Chicago! there wasn't a sign of a smile on his face as he replied:

"Do you want to wake up the whole town? Perhaps you don't know that I gave you that game just to encourage you. You looked ready to cry."

"Please don't grieve me any more."

"Don't you worry! You don't get another single point to night!"

"She did, though. She got the first point on the new game and he began to look very sober. He brightened up a little when he scored one, but that was all he got on the game."

"That's even games, and I'm a Chicago ahead!" she exclaimed, as she counted.

"Oh, it is, eh! It's a wonder you didn't get the other game, as well! Swindling and cheating at cards don't seem to trouble some people's consciences!"

"But I didn't cheat!"

"Um! Don't try it again, Mrs. Bowser! Spades is trump, and what do you do?"

"I order you up."

"Order me up! What's that for?"

"Because it's the best I've got."

"You can't do it! You have got to pass!"

"No, I haven't. If I think I can make a point I can order you up, of course."

"I don't believe it, but rather than have a great fuss over it I'll take it up. What are you leading the right-bower for?"

"I want to take all the tricks. I can lead any way I want to, can't I?"

"Oh, well, go ahead and see how you'll come out!"

She came out by winning the game, while Mr. Bowser had scored only two points.

"That's a game and a Chicago ahead, Mr. Bowser! Instead of one game out of ten, I've won two out of three!"

"Yes, but how did you win 'em?"

If you'd played honestly, you wouldn't have scored two points on a game! There's the trump. What do you do?"

"I order you up," said Mrs. Bowser.

"Order me up! You can't do it!"

"Of course I can."

"Not much! No one ever heard of such a thing!"

"Hoyle says that if you have a strong hand and think—"

"Hoyle! Hoyle!" he shouted as he rose up and waved his arms around.

"Who is Hoyle? Does Hoyle run this family? Is Hoyle playing this game of cards or are we?"

"But, my dear, Hoyle is authority on cards."

"Never! I allow no man to make rules for me! You either say you'll pass or I don't play any more."

To preserve the peace Mrs. Bowser passed, and he turned down. She then made the trump hearts.

"But you can't do it," he protested.

"When I turn down diamonds how can you make it hearts?"

"Can't I make it what I wish?"

"No, ma'am, you can't—not in this game! If you were playing with some two-year-old baby you might play a baby game, but you've either got to play a straight game or quit!"

"Mr. Bowser, Hoyle says that when your opponent—"

"Hoyle again! I tell you Hoyle has nothing to do with it! There! We don't play any more! I knew how it would end when we sat down!"

"Don't be foolish, Mr. Bowser."

"Foolish! Do you suppose I'm going to sit here and be cheated out of my eye-teeth! It's mighty funny that a woman can't play an honest game of cards!"

"I'm afraid, dear, that you don't really understand the game of euchre," she replied.

"I don't eh? I, who was playing euchre forty years before you were born, don't understand the game! That settles it, Mrs. Bowser—settles it forever! If I should live to be ten thousand years old I'd never play another game with you! I see now why so many husbands are driven from home—why so many go to destruction. It's because they can't find any comfort at home!"

"Mr. Bowser, you promised me before we sat down that—"

"And who raised this row? Who set out to deliberately swindle and cheat? But it's no use to say more. I ought to have known better. Every husband ought to know better. Smith is an infernal old liar and I'm going to bed!"

### FINDLAY NOTES.

Findlay, O. Nov. 30.—Sunday was quarterly meeting day, and as the presiding elder could not be present elder Mason conducted services, the collection was \$14.

Every body enjoyed themselves Thanksgiving evening, at the entertainment, but financially it was not a success as we only cleared \$8.

Mr. Grant Johnson and Mr. T. J. Bond, spent Thanksgiving in Kenton.

Mr. Walter Stump, of Fostoria, is in the city.

Mrs. Beasley of Wheeling, W. Va., has gone home; she spent six weeks with her son and daughter here.

F. A. C. Johnson, is in Fremont with his mother.

Mr. Geo. Wright, of Bellveran, was in the city last week, visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Beasley, a fine daughter

Mr. B. F. Allen, is working hard to get the appointment of Engrossing clerk of the state senate.

T. A. Y.

### WEST SUPERIOR, WIS.

West Superior, Wis., Nov. 23.—Mrs. C. Burnett has returned from her trip to Mattoon, Ill.

Mr. Simms and Rev. Taylor, of Duluth, attended the S. S. services.

Miss Florence Ieland, of New Brighton, Pa., is the guest of Mrs. J. Butler. She expects to remain all winter.

S. C. B.

### MIDDLETOWN, KY.

Middletown, Ky. Nov. 14.—One of the grandest entertainments of the season was given at Dorsey's chapel, on Saturday night, for the benefit of the minister, Rev. Jesse Henry. The church owes its success principally to the efforts of Mrs. E. D. Lawrence and Hattie McKay. These two ladies exerted considerable time and energy to make it a success. Need I say that the delightful savor of their fried fish caused a second appetite to spring up which, could not be appeased so long as a particle remained. While their pastry almost baffles description. Among the amusements were a spelling match, between the contestants of two classes, conducted by C. T. Hervey, teacher; music, and a ticket selling contest between Misses Susie Ebbs and Annie Pope, for a fine parlor lamp; it was a lively contest but the former won the prize. The school children gave a number of toasts and sentiments and accurately recited the names of the 23 presidents. Let us hope that the time may come when they may successfully aspire to such a preeminence.

C. T. H.

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## A BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

### Reads a Sermon to Our Friends, the Enemy, and Comments Upon It.

### THE EX-REBELS WRITE.

#### To Go to War in 1861 Was One Thing, to Go at the Present Day Another.

Two classes of threatening letters are received by the Bystander in regard to the National Citizens' Rights Association and the work it proposes: The one fulminates against himself, and the other announces certain dire results which will ensue if the association does not cease its demand for equality of political rights and civil privilege for the colored citizen of the South.

The Bystander does not propose bandy words with the former. It is not worth while. Whether he live or die is a matter of no moment except to himself. The future of the association no longer depends on him. He might lay down the work to-day and stronger hands would take it up to-morrow.

These correspondents, mad with prejudice and the lust of domination over a race whom it is their sad inheritance to regard as essentially inferior in right, and whom it seems a patriotic duty to deprive of equal privilege, forget when they threaten the Bystander that even if their sanguinary wishes were fulfilled the sentiment they deprecate would be strengthened a thousand times more thereby than it can be by his most earnest endeavor. Alive, he is but one man, alone, without position, somewhat infirm, representing nobody, and controlling no one but himself. If the wish of these men were granted his name would at once become an irresistible force to carry the principles it now but weakly represents to complete fulfillment. Such threats are worse than folly; they are the babblings of utter idiocy. The men who utter them are worthy of attention only as they represent the bias of Southern thought toward proscription and violence. This is the inheritance of slavery. Terror was the sole law on which the preservation of an institution which was regarded as of divine ordainment rested. The slave who attempted to escape put himself beyond the pale of mercy. The tortures to which he was subjected would appal an Apache. The white man who wrote or spoke against it became an outlaw. They set a price upon his head and offered rewards for his assassination. Why was it? Simply because they thought to deter others by such means from a like expression of opinion against the "peculiar institution." It was the result of a profound belief that terror was the most efficient method for the repression of opinions obnoxious to them.

The climax of this tendency is Ku-Kluxism—the epoch of blood and terror.

This most remarkable episode of Christian civilization was bottomed on five specific ideas, all of which were natural resultants of slavery.

1. That God had created the white man superior to the colored race, and made it his religious duty to restrain, control, and dominate the inferior.

2. Because of this, and also because of his belief in the dogma State rights, the typical Southerner regarded the enfranchisement of the colored man as an unpardonable insult to his divinely-ordained superiority, and determined to overthrow it in effect, if not formally.

3. A firm belief that the Negro free could be controlled by terror and his inherited fear of the white man, the same as when he was a slave.

4. A firm conviction that the people of the North were wholly mercenary in character; that they had used the Negro to help put down rebellion; had in a gush of enthusiasm granted him certain naked rights which they had purposely taken good care not to protect and secure by adequate legislation. They admitted a sort of devotion on the part of our soldiers and people to the idea of the Union, but did not believe they really intended to make the Negro a citizen.

5. An almost universal belief that the Republican party cared only for the Negro's vote and not for his rights or condition.

Acting upon these assumptions that element of the population of the South which had inaugurated and maintained the war of rebellion determined to regain power by a method, which, though barbarous, cowardly, and inhuman to a degree never before known in a Christian or civilized nation, was thoroughly in consonance with the spirit and training of slavery. Stated in its simplest terms this plan of procedure was:

1. To terrify the colored voters

[Continued on Fourth Page]



## Young Men and Old.

Both Needed in the Struggle for the Right.

Athens, Ga., Nov. 23.—In one of the Georgia conferences, which met at Monticello not long since, one of the most notable features was the election of delegates to the General Conference. The result of that election was that the successful candidates were the young men of the conference.

It is true, and evidently so, that in other vocations as in the church field, the young men are taking the lead. And why not so? They are equipping themselves for that purpose. To give them the trial certainly means no experiment, for history is teeming with the names of those who have reached the climax of great lives before they reached their fortieth year. But nature must have her course, and ere long the responsibilities which rest upon the shoulders of the silver-hairs must necessarily be assumed either voluntarily or involuntarily by those below. It is not sufficient nor expedient that they lie in wait till the older ones pass over into their everlasting reward, before they occupy places for which they are fully fitted.

One of the greatest hindrances which the younger class have, is the matter of passing by the older ones to fill positions for which they are more capable.

Many of the older ones are naturally sensitive and suspicious, and without exercising that forethought due their years, they rise in open rebellion.

Lawyers, doctors, teachers, preachers, mechanics, men in the political world and in all other vocations are having everyday experiences demonstrative of that fact. A little serious reflection will enable all to conclude what must be the result in the natural course of events.

This age of facilities toward progression has a deeper meaning than the mere matter of choice. Notwithstanding how the tide runs, it is a fact worthy of consideration that the past services of those who have reached their zenith of their glory and are now nearing its horizon, cannot and must not be undervalued. The laurels which they have won were achieved through greater struggles than are the struggles of those upon the present stage of full activity—as unpropitious as the star now seems to be. Although they have not the vitality, the activity to long-er hold the posts which must be filled by men of life and enthusiasm, yet there are positions of honor which their rich experience entitles them to, and which positions must be duly respected.

In the assembly halls filled with men and women who are engaged in the various professions, they have a worthy place.

We have many striking illustrations the pages of history of the great injury resulting from the lead of the impetuous and impulsive of "few years." The example of the Biblical character, Rehoboam, is illustrative of that fact. And one of more recent date and possibly more familiar is the "Young Ireland" which sprang the "Young Ireland" which sprang up in the latter days of Daniel O'Connell, the Irish patriot. The fresh, impulsive, spirited band, lacking sagacity, led by W. Smith O'Brien, was principally impelled by the same motive as O'Connell. Indeed, O'Connell was the power of all that tended toward emancipation from oppression in Ireland; yet his motto—"No force, no violence, no bloodshed,"—was but little regarded by "Young Ireland," that increased the means to bring more of the evil days to Ireland, and thus brought the bitter days upon him whose sole ambition was to liberate his country.

"History," without any planning on our part to that effect, "repeats itself." If there must arise a "Young America," to more harmoniously, more judiciously, and more justly perpetuate American interests, then it must be done in hearty, respectful cooperation with those who in former years fostered our institutions of progress, and promoted all tendencies toward American welfare.

If there must spring up a "Young Afro-American," (and undoubtedly there has already) to more sagaciously, more effectually solve the problem peculiar to them, then it must be done in strict union with those who are no less participants because of the hard and constant experiences which have brought less energy and consequently enthusiasm.

The circumstances which have had much to do with moulding the different periods of life of the respective generations must not lack consideration, and the less favored ones must be dealt with accordingly. Superstition and other evils necessarily resulting from slavery are not to be the means of ridicule and disregard toward those who have been the victims of circumstances over which they had no control. To lend a voice of enlightenment, receiving in return one rich with lessons of experience, is the life that must bind the forces.

There seems to be little or no opportunity of greatness being thrust upon the man and woman of to-day. The difficulties meeting the few who are born great will be but pleasures and pastimes to contend with. The ones who achieve greatness are the ones who will make the world feel their being.

Merit against merit is fast becoming

ing the watchword, and ere long merit alone will win the laurels.

Are the young men and women who are filling the front ranks ready to meet the issue?

If not, are they making ready necessary preparations?

Among the young or the old, or both, the "survival of the fittest" will never lose its force. M. C. J.

### The Home of Rust.

Holly Springs, Miss., Nov. 25.—As I have seen nothing in your paper from this part of the world, I beg space for a few items.

This place is richly favored with educational advantages. More advantages and better facilities here than any place in the State. Here is Rust University; boasting of its broadness of character, and standing among the higher institutions for training the head, hand and heart in all the duties of life. Its halls are crowded every year with students from five or six States. "New Rust Hall" is going up rapidly. When completed, it promises to be one of the finest buildings in the State. Then here is the State Normal school, which derives its support directly from the State, and whose object is the training of young men and women for teaching in the free schools of the State. It, also, is carving out some good material. And as for primary education, we are highly favored.

When we contemplate the much good that is being accomplished through the medium of these Freedmen's Aid schools that have been, and are still being, established by the philanthropic advocates of our cause, a feeling of gratitude is animated in us, to them; and above all, to God for His loving kindness toward us. The people of Mississippi need all the force possible for the advancement of education among them, from the fact that recent laws have disfranchised the voters who are illiterate and not strong property-holders. This calls for more education, so that possibly the State can be freed from her political troubles; and her morals and political affiliations may become as pure as the sleeping snows that carpet the polar regions.

Asbury M. E. church, under the pastorate of Rev. B. H. S. Ferguson, has been rebuilt, and is much finer than before.

Reelina and Walton are doing a first-class grocery business. This is a colored firm, and they are aspiring young commercial lights of "Rust."

The C. M. E. church is undergoing some valuable improvements.

Elder Sewell, of the M. E. church, has had a handsome residence erected.

Dr. H. A. Revels, presiding elder of the M. E. church, is vigorously engaged in his work. His home is beautifully situated and surrounded with convenient appointments; while in his domestic circle are all the refinements and hospitality that could be desired to make home and friends happy. More anon. Tyro.

### NILES NOTES.

Niles, Mich., Nov. 30.—Elder Collins has lathed and plastered the A. M. E. church, since he has been here, this year. He is the right man in the right place.

Wm. Parker, formerly of South Bend, lost his house and contents by fire.

The Second Baptist church was also damaged \$10.

Mrs. Wm. Powers, who has been quite ill for some time, is convalescent.

Elder McClaron filled the pulpit of the A. M. E. church on Sunday. It has been many years since he was here, and he was warmly greeted by his many friends.

Miss Lulu Mill, is here attending the High school.

Mrs. H. E. Wilson, will attend the Missionary convention next week at South Bend.

Andrew Huggard, of South Bend, visited in the city a few days with relatives and friends.

Mr. A. Jenkins, who has been afflicted with paralysis for over three years, is no better. Mabel.

### BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Battle Creek, Nov. 30.—Thanksgiving observed throughout the city. Rev. Mill, held services at the A. M. E. church in the evening.

The social held last week at the A. M. E. church, was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. James McGruder, was called to Canada last week by the death of the latter's sister Mrs. Kirtly.

The Street car war is over, the line will run on Maple street, as was proposed at first, after two injunctions being removed, work delayed and money spent all to no purpose.

Among the many dinners given in our city Thanksgiving was, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Swanagon, a fine dinner was served, among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Gomer who are enroute for Africa.

Miss Cora Mitchell left last week for her home in Day, Cass county Mich.

Mr. E. R. Buckner, is improving from his present illness.

Miss Carrie Jones remains very ill.

Every Afro-American should read the Plaindealer. Your correspondent is desirous of getting more yearly subscribers in our city. There are a number who do not read the Plaindealer, if they did they would not be without it \$1. per year.

B. S.

The following pleasant notice of a lady Detroit is honored in numbering among her residents, is clipped from the Boston Courant, from whom praise received is praise indeed:

## The World of Business.

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

The production of anthracite coal is three-and-a-half million tons in excess, and of bituminous coal several million tons ahead of last year, actual figures not known.

The corn crop is just ascertained to be larger than last year, namely twenty-one hundred million bushels. Manufacturing activity is quite general throughout the country, but not crowding capacity.

Engineers are busy on a multitude of new enterprises which will absorb a great deal of capital and material during the coming twelve months.

The banks are in pretty good condition, considering the economic manner in which they lend money. An apparent surplus is kept, regardless of the necessities of the public.

Indications point to a very busy winter, and to a falling off in commercial features.

Hundreds of new enterprises are projected throughout the country, and they will probably be undertaken during the winter.

Builders are predicting a very busy building year in 1892.

The daily production of petroleum is now 130,000 bbls., the largest ever known.

Silver speculators in London are preparing to advance prices.

The Western railroads are in need of 25,000 more freight cars than they have.

In France and Germany, there is held two thousand million dollars worth of Russian securities.

In Brazil, over 330 million dollars worth of paper money has been printed and issued, and it is greatly depreciated.

Every year, four hundred thousand dollars worth of British shipping goes to the bottom of the ocean. The British ship yards are quite crowded with work.

The Bell Telephone company sold 23,647 instruments during the first ten months of the year.

The next improvement in iron making will be to roll sheets from molten metal.

A shearing machine is in use in England for shearing ingots while hot; it can cut an ingot thirty inches wide and twelve inches thick.

An immense window glass factory is to be built at Kensington, Penna., which will employ 1,800 men, and turn out thirty thousand boxes of window glass per week.

Plate glass production has quadrupled in thirty years.

The American output will soon be twenty-four million square feet per year, which is equal to six hundred acres, or almost a square mile of plate glass.

Sixty men will soon be at work in Indiana making nothing but cathedral glass.

The Canadian Pacific railroad, has just bought 80,000 tons of coal to be mined in Nova Scotia, and shipped west.

Five hundred men have just got to work in the Colorado coal mines.

The latest Government report shows that for the past year the increased deposit of gold at mints was ten million dollars over the previous year, and eighty-three million dollars worth of silver; excess forty-three millions. Previous year an increase of forty millions, or total increase of fifty millions in gold and silver.

The mints last year turned out 120 million pieces of money, worth sixty-three million dollars, or nearly one dollar a head.

Silver fluctuated from 96 cents to \$1.21 per ounce.

The total value of our silver product last year was \$103,000,000.

The exports of merchandise and cereals from the United States for the month of October exceeded one hundred million dollars.

Heavy shipments of merchandise are being made from New Orleans, and the Pacific coast.

A heavy exportation of grain products to European markets is soon expected to set in. Corn has been advanced already in the expectation of a heavy demand.

Western railroads are already blocked with traffic.

Railroad receipts for October show the heaviest gains for several years.

A tremendous volume of products is passing through the channels of trade.

Money is easier, and lenders in Boston, New York and Philadelphia are offering large blocks.

The stock of petroleum at the oil fields is now 13,000,000 barrels.

Additional bessels are being added to the fleet between New York and New Orleans on account of the heavy traffic.

The Southern Pacific railroad is obliged to put on new trains to carry freight.

At the Cramp ship yards, Philadelphia, three thousand men are employed, and 15 million dollars worth of shipping is being constructed.

Eastern cordage manufacturers have formed a trust with six million dollars capital.

A ten-story steel building is to be erected in New York city. The stone wall to be between the steel structure will add nothing to its strength.

Ocean freights have advanced because of the rush of traffic.

Railroads are obliged to refuse more wheat in the West because they have not cars to haul it.

There has been a great increase in emigration during the past eight months. November was 416,000 as against 336,000 for same month of 1890.

New Orleans has been gorged by grain, and railroads have had to stop carrying grain there in consequence.

Louisiana is growing oranges very fast; this years crop will be 250,000 boxes.

The knights of labor now number 270,000.

During the past ten months, English exports have fallen off sixty million dollars.

One day last week there was 1,605 cars of wheat waiting to be unloaded at the elevators of Duluth and Minneapolis. That amount of wheat would fill eight large ocean steamers.

Steam locomotives are to be tried on Chicago street car lines.

Claus Spreckles will build a refinery in Philadelphia, and furnish five million pounds of sugar per day from both his refineries.

Eastern cotton mills are making very little money, only two per cent for the past three months.

Steel plates are being made so strong in England that projectiles on striking them are destroyed.

Buildings in Chicago are running to a great height. The Masonic Temple is 254 feet high, Chamber of Commerce, 200 feet high. Several hotels are from 150 to 200 feet high. Several buildings are being built eight stories high.

There are indications of an upheaval in the West which may cause intense trouble to the politicians, it is true. The Pacific coast is growing in importance, and the Mississippi Valley feels that it has been overpowered by Eastern interests. The ablest men in the West are taking a hand in the new movement in a quiet way, and it is difficult to say what shape it will take.

## Glances Here and There.

One of the difficult things Gleaner has noted is the scarcity of the youths to be employed in stores and learning that one feels he could recommend to trades. He knows of a person who wants a boy, bright, active and intelligent, about 16 years of age, to learn a good trade. The wages in the beginning would be small, not as much as a boy could earn in a barber shop, or as a bell-boy. It would not enable him to act smart, wear fine clothes, and play the young gallant, but in the course of a few years about the time the youth is twenty-one, he would have learned a good trade, in which the skilled workman is always in demand, and he can earn \$3 per day and upward, which is more than he would be able to earn as a barber or waiter, bell-boy or employe in a club house, or a railway porter; beside he will have the advantage of coming in contact with men of ideas, will rub elbows with the whites, and do his part in softening prejudice. And then it is a rare thing to find an Afro-American who is master of his trade, who is intelligent, and who wants to work out of a job. The party has not yet found the boy, neither has the Gleaner.

The Gleaner knows, too, of another party who is on the lookout for some bright youths, who have not the follies the majority possess. The places for which he wants them may in time prove as well for the young men as the one elsewhere spoken of. Since the time he has been on the lookout he could have placed two or three young boys if he only had come across the right kind of material. For a city containing about 8,000 Afro-Americans, this does not speak well for the training of parents.

The minister who comes to Bethel church after the two Rev. Hendersons will find that he will have all that he can do to keep his end up. These gentlemen have spoiled Detroit for the ordinary minister of the A. M. E. church. Why even the learned divine whose circulars proclaim him to be a lecturer of astronomy, hygiene, chemistry, and all the sciences, but furnished them with amusement, and filled them with disgust that such coarse allusions should be made from the pulpit. These puffed-up, conceited men, who think they know it all, are usually sat upon hard in Detroit.

The learned man is usually a modest one, and does not parade his accomplishments through the country on handbills. Rev. Caesar Augustus Algernon Taylor should take notice.

It has always been a matter of speculation to the Gleaner as to what extent the race is harmed by these traveling preachers, who pose as lecturers or professors of all the dead and living languages and a greater part of the sciences. There is the preacher who lectures on the "Secret Places of Thunder," "The Formation of the World," "Electricity," "The Home of the Lightning," and "The Submarine Monsters of the Deep," and there is another who asserts the sun do move, that the earth is flat; locates hell and tells all about it; knows more about the Celestial City than John saw in his apocalyptic vision. Somehow or other these men get their extravagant views, their names and their long titles, that they get from no one knows where, in the papers, and lo, a laugh goes up in derision against the poor Afro-American. Above all these men are so puffed up with self pride and conceit that they don't know when they are being laughed at and made sport of, and they pursue their way unabashed and unchecked, sowing the seed of scorn and derision. If they can pull the wool over the average Afro-American they certainly cannot over the intelligent white man they frequently come in contact with. And as the

race is judged by just such individuals what will the verdict of such men be?

The next meeting of the American Association of Educators of Colored Youth, will be held at Nashville, December 28th and 30th inclusive.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Brandt's two-year-old child had its eye burned out at Saginaw with a red hot poker with which it was playing.

# THE FAIR IS SELLING OUT. EVERYTHING MUST GO!

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

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

No other house can or will offer such bargains.

Come early and often. We will save you lots of money.

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Issued Every Friday.

TERMS—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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

THE PLAINDEALER Company Publishers, Tribune Building, 11 Rowland Street.

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

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

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, '01.

## SOME REASONS WHY ADVERTISERS

SHOULD USE THE COLUMNS OF

## The Plaindealer.

The Plaindealer is a valuable and attractive medium.

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

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

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

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

Persistent advertising pays. Try The Plaindealer.

Trade with our advertisers.

The benefits of rapid transit were clearly apparent to all those who attempted to ride during the recent snow storm.

Ere the Plaindealer again reaches its readers congress will have met and the President will have sent in the names of the nine new appellate judges. We will probably be able to chronicle in our next issue whether he has considered the interests of at least 9,000,000 of his constituents. The question of fitness can be no longer a question with him, for since he intimated that he would consider the name of a capable candidate, the Plaindealer has placed before him testimonials and endorsements of a man which can leave no doubt in his mind on that point. Could the President understand how much such an appointment means to us as a people, now that the matter of ability is settled, he would surely make the appointment as we believe he will.

Whenever the South wishes special legislation from the national congress for its section, the white newspapers call upon the Afro-American to aid them. In so doing they often declare that the Afro-American must join hand and heart with the white American to develop the interests of the South. But the black man asks the white first to join heart and hand with him to stop Southern legislatures from passing laws that discriminate against him and degrade him.

He wants these same men to join him heart and hand in stopping the horrible scenes that accompany lynchings. He wants to be guaranteed a trial by jury when accused of crime. How can the Afro-American join hands with his white neighbor in asking congress to develop the South, when according to his own State law he is not a man. According to the customs of the South his life is not safe from mob violence. It will be a glad day in the South for every intelligent Afro-American when he can feel himself a part of the people in the eyes of the State laws and in public opinion that he may join hands in every effort to build up that section.

### What the President Should Do.

The time draws rapidly near for the opening session of the 52nd Congress, and President Harrison will have the opportunity to merit the confidence reposed in him by Afro-Americans and all true lovers of justice throughout our Republic, and at the same time to deal an effective stroke in politics. For some time

the claims of Afro-Americans to a place on the bench of the new United States Appellate Court have been continually brought to the President's ears, and that these claims are just, by reason of the loyalty and services of this class of the people to the Republic, and the eminent ability, great legal knowledge, and strong endorsements of the men pushed for such a place, can not be doubted one moment.

The great benefit to be attached to such an appointment has been the theme of numerous articles, and needs no recapitulation here. So strongly have they been presented to the President that the Plaindealer feels that the President, who seems to be an earnest and far-seeing man, has given them due consideration, and as a result, will rise to the opportunity and appoint Mr. D. Augustus Straker, or some other fit man, from amongst the applicants, to the judgeship.

In still another way will President Harrison give great satisfaction to all true and earnest Republicans, and that is by the appointment of ex-Judge Albion W. Tourgee to the Interstate Commerce Commission. His knowledge of the law is comprehensive, and aided by a long judicial training, it eminently fits him for the place. A strong champion of justice, either in regarding the rights of individuals or of property, the opponent of injustice, whether it comes in the shape of local prejudices or corporate greed, makes him a person especially desirable for such a position. The journals of Afro-Americans endorse him almost to a unit, and to this class particularly his appointment would be desirable.

These appointments by the President would serve in a great measure to satisfy the discontent among Afro-Americans, and create a solid phalanx for the Republican party in 1892 in those States of the North (New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan and Iowa), where any large defection would cause these States to be lost to the party. It is easily discernible, and there is no use denying the fact, that the policy of party managers in some of the States is repugnant to Afro-Americans. The neglect of proper recognition, and the straying away after the uncertain element in politics, is proving disastrous. The treachery of the silver senators and the weakness of the party in refusing to deal with the rights of the citizen in all sections with a strong hand, is causing a corresponding loss and dissatisfaction among the race, as witness the defection in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and other States, and the formation of Democratic clubs among them in nearly every State of the North.

The administration cannot do better than to recognize these facts, and outside of the merits of the case, which alone would entitle the appointments advocated to be made, seek to negate these conditions by such a recognition of the Afro-American as would close up their ranks, and render victory more certain, and give to the adherents of Republican principles greater enthusiasm, and stronger grounds upon which to base their arguments for the continued ascendancy of the Republican party.

### The Study Chair.

In the operation of all American industries there is an increasing demand for skilled labor. Master mechanics and labor-saving machinery are driving ignorant labor from all lucrative positions.

The Methodist church was the first to give the Sunday school a distinct ecclesiastical recognition in this country, but other churches are equally and in many instances more mindful than Methodist of their little wards today.

God makes no alliance with sin to promote his glory. Doing evil that good may come, can only refer to natural evil. We are never permitted to sin that good may come.

The church must take an uncompromising position on all moral questions. When it does not, it is justly held in contempt. It is far better to be a little exacting than criminally liberal.

The number of books is increasing so rapidly that one needs to exercise great care in making his selections. 30,000,000 are in public circulation, besides the millions in private libraries. At one time, the masses suffered from a scarcity of books. They were then a luxury, which was to be found only in the homes of the rich. Now a danger arises from the abundance of books, a large per cent of which are trashy.

The cultivation of a thankful spirit is a safeguard against the selfishness so natural to the prosperous. The most brilliant speculation is

worthless until it is substantiated by facts. The true idea of salvation includes more than pardon for sin. It is the restoration of the soul to union and harmony with God.

Inductive and deductive reasoning form a continuous chain. Induction begins where deduction ends.

The Christian is estimated by his life rather than by his intellectual belief.

As organizations grow they depart from their original simplicity. Only a fossil can expect things to move forever in a single groove.

The inquisitive American, constantly seeking for innovations and improvements, has lightened the pace which the slow, conservative spirit of England gave to invention.

The antagonism of the church to many so called popular amusements, grows out of the grossness of the amusements. The progressive church offers no objection to amusements the influences of which in the aggregate are more profitable than hurtful.

Satan often blinds us by engrossing our attention with worldly pursuits, by directing our attention chiefly to our outer instead of our inner life.

If Christians who die could direct our obituary addresses, they would have us speak only words of truth and soberness. They could not be pleased with any endeavor to magnify a single virtue, or to conceal a single fault.

JAMES M. HENDERSON.

## A BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

[Continued From First Page.]

by the show of power, fear of starvation, and acts of barbarity, common enough in slave times, when the master had the power of life and death over the disobedient slave, but absolutely incredible in their horror and atrocity in any other form of civilization.

To avoid any apparent conflict with the National authority by professing submission and obedience, and charging those acts of barbarity to unknown and irresponsible parties.

This plan was carried out with an ease and success which amazed no one so much as its originators. Men thought they were putting their necks into the halter when they cautiously undertook this experiment. They found it so easy that they soon scorned the ordinary precautions of conspirators and openly boasted both of method and purposes.

This undertaking, though in conception apparently of the most daring character, in execution was neither difficult nor dangerous.

The slave, though set at liberty by the Nation he had helped to save, received no protection or security, except the mere prohibition of purchase and sale and involuntary servitude. He was, indeed, given the naked right of National citizenship, but no means of enforcing it and no security for that right. He was given neither land, house, nor any means of self-support or opportunity for independent existence.

This most extraordinary fact went very far to convince the people of the South that the freemen of the North had no desire to deal justly by the colored man. They knew that 200,000 of them had served with great efficiency in the Federal army. They knew that other thousands had served as volunteer guides, laborers, spies, and scouts and allies of the Federal forces. In short, they knew, as every man having a grain of sense now perceives, that but for the active co-operation of the colored man the cause of the Union could not have prevailed. In other words, if the colored man had been as enthusiastic in his support of the Confederacy as he was in aiding the cause of the Union there would now be two governments in stead of one.

It is not strange, that, knowing these things, the Southern people did not believe that the North desired anything more than to abandon their colored allies to the tender mercies of their old masters. In truth, there was no doubt a good deal of that feeling. Many thought the war would die out as soon as they were free; some probably hoped it would and a good many would hardly have mourned if it had. It is a hard thing to say, but our Christian civilization is even yet very much afraid of the Negro, and there are no doubt a great many people who would feel a thrill of gratitude rarely equalled if between this date and Christmas some fell disease should destroy every American citizen of African descent, leaving for each one more place open for the importation of a less civilized but Caucasian pauper.

If the Bystander is even now compelled to admit so much, it is not to be wondered at that the Southern revolutionary assassin took much more for granted. It was soon easy for him to convince himself that his repeated declaration of the determination of the whites to die to the very last man, rather than permit any portion of political privilege or authority to attach to a colored citizen, and their frenzied vows never to permit any white man to advocate on Southern soil the doctrine of free speech and equal right to the colored man, exercised a sort of terrifying not to say paralyzing effect upon the moral consciousness of the North.

Now, this was all a mistake. The people of the North failed to secure the individual independence of the slave when he was set free, simply because they had no conception of his needs. Strange as it may seem, not one in a hundred of them had any idea of what slavery was. Even the old Abolitionists were amusingly ignorant of

its character. Almost within a year, some of them have taken the Bystander to task for declaring that there was never any such thing as marriage possible to a slave. They said it could not be true because their masters were Christian people. The people of the North had an imaginary ideal of slavery; nothing more. If they had realized the truth they would have carved out of every master's estate, as they ought to have done, a small homestead for every family of his slaves and made it inalienable for fifty years at least. The South thought they left him naked because they were ashamed of their ally. The truth is they did not even know his nakedness.

This impression was deepened in the minds of the revolutionary terrorists by the fact that the North paid little heed to their acts of unmatched atrocity. There was no doubt in regard to the facts. The killings, the mutilations, the whippings were all admitted. The only question was as to the motive. They asserted that the "best people disapproved," these acts of wild irrepressible youngsters or coarse and vicious groups of "low-down" people.

More than one-half the population—every colored man, every white man who had fought for the Union and every one who professed a belief that the colored man should have equal right as a citizen with the white man—all these asserted the true motive, a firm purpose to overthrow, revolutionize and disfranchise. Of course, the people of the South expected that the Northern people would believe those who had fought with and for them, and had accepted and sought to maintain the political views they had embodied in the constitution.

To the surprise of all the world, the people of the North branded every loyal man of the South, every Federal soldier who had settled there and every colored man as a liar!

Why was it? The South said it was because they hated the "Nigger" and acknowledged the superiority of the "Southern gentleman." The Bystander himself was not cured of that idea until he learned the real cause. The simple fact was that the crimes were so atrocious that the North could not believe that chivalric Christian gentlemen would commit them for the motives ascribed. They could not believe that the terrible Hamburg massacre, where men, women, and children were shot down like sheep—a massacre infinitely more barbarous than that of Wyoming—was caused by the simple fact that the captain of a colored militia company refused to allow the drunken son of a Confederate general to drive a buggy through his lines when drilling on the public streets! Such barbarism was inconceivable in any class at the North, and the Northern people had not yet learned the power of slavery to transform Christian culture into the most fanatic and inhuman barbarity.

All these things induced an arrogant confidence on the part of the dominant class of the South in the idea that usurpation, backed by threats and terror, is invincible if it works under pretense of State authority; that the guaranty of National citizenship is a sham and the people of the North indifferent to the fate of the colored citizen, the denial of equal rights, the suppression of free speech, and the falsification of the popular verdict.

It is this confidence, born of a success unprecedentedly easy because the civilization to which they were opposed could not understand the barbarity born of slavery, that is, no doubt, the occasion of a different class of remonstrances and threats which come to the Bystander concerning the National Citizens' Rights Association.

"Do you not perceive," asks another in an argument so mild as to show his own sincere conviction, "that the best things for our colored friends to do is to quietly submit to the will of the white people which they are powerless to resist, improve such opportunity as they have, and wait until a way may be opened for something better?"

The Bystander admits that there is a certain delusive cogency in this argument. We are all more or less Micawbers. The oppressor always wants the world to wait until it is convenient for him to cease to oppress, while the victim waits in hope that God will work a miracle to relieve him of the responsibility of action. God waits on both. The oppressor grows more insolent; the victim more helpless.

The Bystander is free to admit that he does not see that the colored man has anything to gain by waiting and submitting to wrong. It is a universal principle that the man or the people who accept as a gift what they are entitled to claim as a right loses thereby their right. The man who to secure peaceable enjoyment of his own land pays rent to a false claimant is thereby stopped from denying the other's title. It is just so with liberty. A class who accept life and a little liberty as the gracious gift of another class lose thereby the color of title on which hangs their right to defend.

When an armed minority took forcible possession of the Southern State governments they said: "Just wait a while. We mean all right. We are patriots and Christians. We understand the nigger." We will give him all his rights.

The world has waited. The Negroes' rights have grown less and less. By hook and crook he has been practically deprived of ballotorial power. By violence and terror he is deprived of the right of free assembly and discussion of public affairs. He is denied the right of trial by jury whenever it suits the whim of a

bloodthirsty mob to take his life. He is made the victim of inhuman and barbarous torture in defiance of law. When he refuses to work upon terms fixed by his "superiors" he is killed. When he runs away from his employer he is hunted with dogs and guns and shot down like a wild beast. At one stroke one-third of the voters of Mississippi are deprived of the elective franchise lawfully exercised by them for years. Then comes the "Jim Crow car." The aristocratic Powhattan club, of Richmond, Va., demands the expulsion of the colored teacher from the public schools, and a candidate for superintendent of public schools in Mississippi a few days ago was commended to the voters of the county in these words:

"If you want to be relieved of the burden of supporting Negro schools and see the term of the white schools lengthened in proportion, vote for J. L. Ladd for County Superintendent." He got there.

The purpose to permanently disfranchise, subject, and dominate the Negro throughout the South as a man, as a citizen, and as a laborer, it is no longer possible for any sane man to doubt. To wait is simply to lie still while the new fetters are more securely riveted.

It will be well enough for such as our correspondent to remember too, that the temper of the North in regard to such things is very greatly changed. The world has moved since slavery's brutality culminated in the KuKlux revolution. The civilization of the North will not endure such things. Every colored citizen killed in the lawful assertion of his rights of citizenship will raise up a hundred stout-hearted allies to defend the rights of those who remain. They are growing more and more determined to repress the spirit of slavery. In the Bystander's candid judgment, such an appeal to assassination and terror as this correspondent threatens would very greatly hasten the downfall of the minority usurpation at the South.

Whether this be a correct conclusion or not, there is no reason why a free man should hesitate to demand the equal right citizenship.

It is very probable that before the end is attained there will be a more or less extensive epidemic of murder at the South. This can always be counted on when the colored man chooses to assert any right the white man is not entirely willing he should enjoy. It was just as certain that Negroes would be killed if they refused to pick cotton at 50 cents a hundred pounds as that they should demand a higher rate. It was certain, too, that enough would be killed to prevent the strike from spreading and that any colored man or white detective seeking to find the true extent of the slaughter would, if discovered, be added to the number.

It is even possible that as many as 100,000 colored men may be killed, as he intimates. But such a slaughter would end forever the theory of a white man's government at the South, and it is better that even 100,000 be killed than that 7,000,000 be crowded back into serfdom and helplessness for an indefinite period.

But the Bystander does not believe there is anything to be feared from either of these threats. If the Supreme Court should declare the separate car law unconstitutional the signs would be gracefully painted out. If it should declare the wholesale disfranchisement of voters in Mississippi unlawful the "India-rubber test" would be abandoned. Should the people of the South be convinced that the North was in earnest about National citizenship, and that the colored citizens of the South were in earnest in demanding and achieving equality of lawful right and privilege, it would be granted, not willingly, of course, nor instantly, but ultimately and fully.

But if in this charitable belief the Bystander be in error the duty of the citizen is only enhanced by that fact. The freemen who wrested one-third of our National domain from slavery can not afford to give it back to barbarism, blood, and terror. The interests of Christian civilization the world over demand of the American Republic the ascendancy of law and the protection of the citizen in every part of her domain.

The American people are learning that justice does not pay. They thought the war of rebellion had put an end to all the wrong and woe of slavery; but they are waking up to the fact that it was only one phase of injustice and oppression. They begin to admit that they were themselves neglectful and unjust. They are beginning to realize the truth that they must make reparation for the wrong of slavery—to comprehend that they must make amends for the past, even though as Lincoln declared in his last message, "All the wealth piled up by the bondsmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

They are coming to regard the Negro problem as a just judgment for the heaped up infamies of slavery, and to see that the only reparation that may be made is equal and exact justice and absolute security and protection to its victims. This spirit is certain to grow, and the slavery-nourished demon of proscription and injustice at the South must yield to it or be overthrown by it. To accomplish this peacefully is the task which the National Citizens' Rights Association has set itself to do if it may, or to prepare the Nation to perform forcibly if it must.

Albion W. Tourgee.  
Mayville N. Y., Nov. 27, 1891.

Trade with our advertisers.



## DETROIT DEPARTMENT.

### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

THE PLAINDEALER always for sale at the following places:

Aaron Lapp, 496 Hastings street.  
John Williams, 81 Croghan street.  
Cook and Thomas, 42 Croghan street.  
Jones and Brewer, 389 Antoine street.  
W. H. Johnson, 469 Hastings street.

### MERE MENTION.

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

## Plaindealer Readers

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

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

Trade with our advertisers.

Mr. Burt Ward has returned from a visit to Toledo.

Mr. Fred Slaughter made a flying visit to the city last week.

Mrs. Matilda Robinson, a former resident of Detroit, died recently at her home in St. Paul, Minn.

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

The teachers and scholars of St. Matthew's Sunday school, were given a reception Monday afternoon by Rev. Thompson, pastor of the church.

Mrs. L. Lewis has returned from her home in Hamilton, Ont. She was accompanied by her brother.

Mrs. H. Ward has returned from her visit to Toledo, O.

Mr. Benj. R. Campbell, the Monroe avenue shoemaker, reports that business is tip-top, and that he has all the work he can attend to.

Mrs. H. Joiner has removed from Antoine street to 180 Adelaide street.

Mrs. S. E. Reynolds left for Denver, Col., last week.

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

Mr. Richard Shewcraft has returned from Louisville, Ky.

Miss Lulu Gregory entertained friends in honor of Mr. Shaw, Friday evening.

Mr. Robert Shaw, of the literary class, at Ann Arbor, spent his Thanksgiving holidays in the city.

Miss Theresa Smith, who is attending the normal school at Ypsilanti, spent Thanksgiving in the city.

Communion services were held at Ebenezer church last Sunday.

The Thanksgiving dinner at Bethel church was followed by an entertainment managed by Mrs. Goosey. Throughout the day a large crowd of people visited the church, admiring the decorations, partaking of the good things served and enjoying the evening program.

At the Baptist church the young ladies of the Sunday school gave a pleasing and unique entertainment, a lemon squeeze, which was thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

Mr. Ed Taylor, who has been working in Toledo, has returned to the city again.

Mrs. Wm. Carter and Miss Flora Griffin spent Tuesday in the city enroute from Chatham to Grand Rapids.

Miss Maggie Williams has returned to her home in Dayton, Ohio.

Miss Taylor of Toledo is the guest of Mrs. Dan'l McDowell.

Mrs. John Ward has returned from Toledo where she has been visiting for the past few months.

Miss Tate of Toledo is visiting Mrs. Bush on Mullett street.

The Detroit Social club held its regular monthly meeting at the residence of Mr. Charles Webb on Mullett street, and the regular routine business transacted. The club will give a "club social," on Monday evening, Dec. 27.

Patronize race enterprise. Mr. T. A. Cole is engaged in the furniture moving business and should receive your patronage.

Before going shopping look over the announcements of some of our leading merchants in each issue of the Plaindealer. You get the value of your money at those places, and the

fact that they advertise in the Plaindealer is a sure sign that your trade is wanted.

Mr. Birnie Chappee was called to Monroe last Friday to attend the funeral of his uncle, Mr. Nathaniel Duncanson.

The next meeting of the Willing Workers will be held at Mrs. Wilson's, 244 Adams avenue East.

Lodge No. 2, G. S. and D. S., will give a grand promenade and social at their hall, room 15, Hilsendegen block, on Monday evening, Dec. 7th. Good music. Admission 15 cents.

Lodge No. 2, G. S. and D. S., installed the following officers for the ensuing term, Monday evening: W. C. J. Webster; P. D., M. Smith; R. Jones; D. F., H. Bell, Treas.; L. Banks; D. T., F. Webster; R. S., G. Smith; D. R., C. Williams; F. S., C. Hill; D. T., E. Harberd; Conductor, L. Willis.

Mr. David Webster and his oldest son, of St. Clair, spent a few days in the city this week.

Before buying elsewhere give our advertisers a trial.

Mt. Parn Lodge, No. 2, F. and A. M., held their election of officers Tuesday evening, Dec. 1, at which time the following officers were elected: W. M., C. F. Hill; S. W., John Miner; J. W., T. Burnett; Sec., T. H. Carey; Treas., William Johnson.

Prof. D. A. Straker spoke at Grand Rapids last Wednesday evening, on the topic, "The Equality of the Citizen, the Safety of the Nation."

A nicely furnished front room for a man and wife or two gentlemen, at 164 Clinton street. Mrs. N. Willett.

The West Side Pedro club, which was formed at Miss Anna Glover's residence, 230 Bagg street, on the 19th inst., met last evening at the residence of Miss Katie Tallafiero, 439 Seventh street. A very pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. Richard Harrison has been doing the small towns of Michigan and pleasing audiences with his readings.

Before going shopping look over the announcements of some of our leading merchants in each issue of the Plaindealer. You get the value of your money at those places, and the fact that they advertise in the Plaindealer is a sure sign that your trade is wanted.

### Cheap Excursion to Cincinnati.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R., in connection with the Michigan Central, announces a cheap excursion from Detroit, Dec. 5th. The round trip rate from Detroit will be \$4.20, and tickets will be good going on all regular trains, Dec. 8th. The rate from Toledo will be \$3.00, and an equally low rate will be in effect from all points on the C., H. & D., north of and including Tippecanoe. The tickets are good returning until Dec. 13th inclusive, on any regular train leaving Cincinnati. Ask your local agent for tickets and further information.

Trade where your trade is wanted. Trade with our advertisers.

### An Old Citizen Dead.

Monroe, Mich., Nov. 28.—Mr. Nathaniel Duncanson died suddenly at his late residence on Harrison street, about 9 o'clock on Thursday, Nov. 26. A few minutes after he had retired Miss Mary Duncanson, his daughter, heard groans and she went upstairs to his bedroom and found her father lying upon the floor. She picked him up and put him on the bed. He stretched out and never spoke a word. Mr. Nathaniel Duncanson was born Feb. 17, 1817, in New York State. He came to Monroe county Michigan, with his parents in 1839. He was a painter by trade, and followed his trade until his health failed him, then followed farming until his death. He leaves three children, Mr. John Duncanson, now with Burke & Sons, at their planing-mill, and Misses Mary and Carrie Duncanson.

The funeral was held November 29, and was largely attended by friends and relatives, among whom were Mrs. Johnson, Mr. E. Chappee, Mr. Robert Duncanson and Mr. L. Duncanson.

Before going shopping look over the announcements of some of our leading merchants in each issue of the Plaindealer. You get the value of your money at those places, and the fact that they advertise in the Plaindealer is a sure sign that your trade is wanted.

### A Cheap Excursion to Cincinnati.

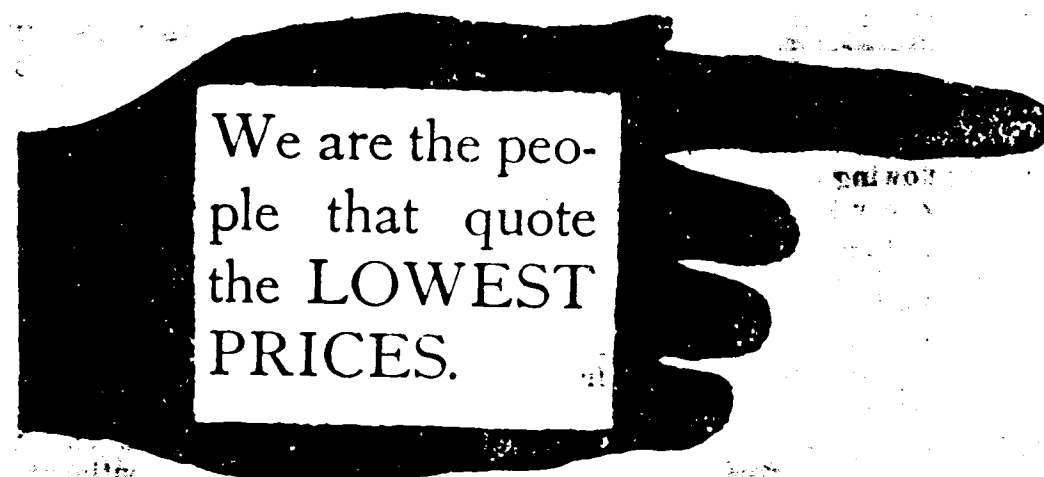
The Michigan Central will sell excursion tickets to Cincinnati and return at \$4.20 for the round trip, good going on any train Dec. 8th and returning on all trains until Dec. 11th. Parlor cars will be run on Day trains and Sleeping cars on night trains.

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

The fact that 146 railroad companies have earned twenty-five million dollars more this year than last, to date, goes very far to strengthen confidence in the improving railway situation.

The receipts of cotton to date are one million bales more than at the same time last year.

Trade where your trade is wanted. Trade with our advertisers.



# WINANS & CO.

## AGAINST THE WORLD.

WE ARE DETROIT'S BARGAIN-GIVERS, and LEAD and BEAT and UNDERSELL!

### CAN YOU REALIZE WHAT THESE PRICES MEAN?

#### PRICES ON SILKS AGAINST THE WORLD.

Evening shades of India, Surah, China and Moire and Fancy Plaid India, value 50c, slashed to... 19c yard  
21-inch Black Surah, worth 65c, for... 46c yard  
20-inch Rhadame, value 75c, slashed to... 46c yard  
22-inch Light Shades China, value 75c, slashed to... 46c yard  
Heavy Black Silks, selling at \$2, slashed to... \$1.00  
6 pieces, was \$1.50, slashed to... 75c yard

#### BLACK DRESS GOODS AGAINST THE WORLD.

All our \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2 Fine Black Dress Goods slashed to... \$1.00 yard  
Broadcloths, Camel's Hair, Whip Cords, Bedford Cords, etc., entire line choice for... \$1.00 yard  
All \$1 Black Goods for... 75c yard  
All 75c Black Goods for... 50c yard  
All 50c Black Goods for... 39c yard  
And 25c and 35c Black Goods for... 19c yard

#### COLORED DRESS GOODS.

All 54-inch Broadcloth, worth \$1.75, \$2, \$2.25, for... \$1.25 yard  
All \$1 Colored Dress Goods at... 75c yard  
All 75c Colored Dress Goods for... 50c yard  
All 50c Colored Dress Goods for... 39c yard  
All 35c and 37c Colored Dress Goods for... 19c yard  
In the 19c lot, Snowflake, Camel's Hair and Plaids, Stripes and Fancies.

#### HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Scarlet Vests, were \$1.00, for... 50c each  
Ladies' 75c Vests for... 50c each  
Ladies' 50c and 60c Vests for... 39c each  
Ladies' 35c and 37c Vests for... 19c each  
Children's (small sizes), value 20c, for... 9c each  
Ladies' \$1.00 Hose for... 75c pair  
Ladies' 75c Hose for... 50c pair  
Ladies' and Gents' 50c and 60c Hose... 39c pair  
Ladies' 50c Wool Hose for... 25c pair  
Children's 25c Wool Ribbed Hose for... 12 1/2c pair

#### GLOVES AND MITTS.

Kid Gloves, value 75c, for... 39c pair  
Great sweep of \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 Kid Gloves, consisting of Mosquetaire and Undressed... 79c pair  
Silk Mitts, were 75c, for... 39c pair  
Children's Wool Mitts, were 20c, for... 9c pair

## A LIST OF SCREAMERS—READ!

Beginning tomorrow morning we will sell ALL SILK RIBBONS IN OUR STORE at 5c yard  
Today's price, 10c, 12 1/2c, 15c, 20c, 25c and 30c yard. Pick of entire stock for 5c.  
Ladies' Fancy Handkerchiefs, very pretty, for... 3c each  
Ladies' 10c Handkerchiefs for... 5c each  
Gents' Large Cashmere Mufflers, worth 35c, for... 12 1/2c each  
Chicago Curling Irons, worth 15c, for... 3c each  
Best Knitting Silk for... 23c ball  
Embroidery Silk... 10c dozen

You Come to the Store and We will do the Greatest Price Cutting Ever Attempted in America.

ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.

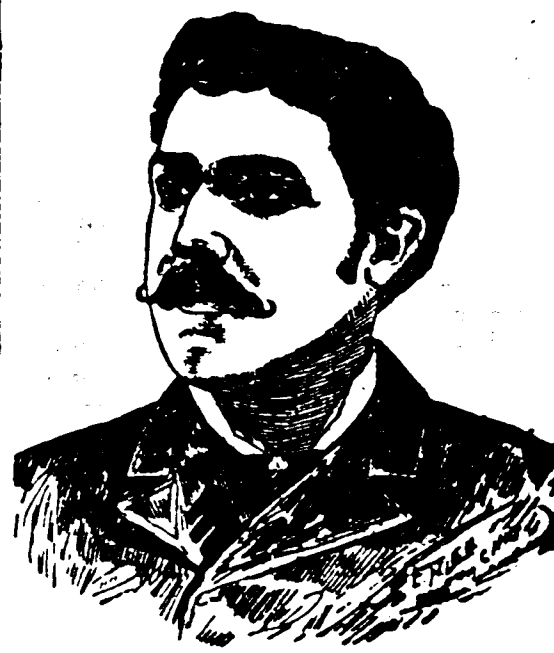
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[WILLIAM GEIST.]

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UNDERTAKERS  
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73 Grand Ave. Near Miami Ave.  
Detroit, - Michigan.  
Telephone 2318.

Furniture

—AND—  
Piano Moving,

364 DIVISION ST.

Baggage Express in connection.  
Prompt service.

HENRY MERDIAN,

—DEALER IN—

COAL,  
WOOD, COKE

—AND—  
CHARCOAL.

392 Atwater Street, foot Biopelle.

Telephone 329.

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

GRAND STEAM LAUNDRY

196 Randolph Street,

Lyceum Theatre Block.

Lace Curtains and Prompt  
Work a Specialty.

Goods Called For And Delivered.  
Telephone 448.

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C. R. RICHARDSON & CO'S

GREAT INVENTORY

SHOE SALE.

41 and 43 MONROE VE.

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



**LORELEI.**

I know not whence it cometh  
That my heart is oppressed with pain.  
A tale of the past enchaineth  
My soul with its magical strain.

'Tis cool, and the daylight waneth,  
The Rhine so peacefully flows,  
And kissed by the sunbeam of even  
The brow of the mountain glows.

The fairest of maidens sitteth  
In wondrous radiance there,  
Her jewels of gold gleam brightly,  
She combeth her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,  
And sings so plaintively.  
Oh, potent and strange is the accent  
Of that wild melody.

The boatman in his frail vessel  
Stands spellbound by its might;  
He sees not the cliffs before him,  
He gazes alone on the height.

Metheinks the waves will swallow  
Both boat and boatman anon,  
And this with her magic singing  
The Lorelei hath done.

—Heinrich Heine.

**AN AVENGING SPIRIT.**

Hark! There it is. The ghost is taking his midnight walk. There can be no mistaking that light step echoing through the wide and silent hallway. It is the ghost.

Springing up I grasp Dalrymple by the arm and give him a raising shake. He starts up with a sleepy, half-frightened look.

"Jack," said I, in an awed whisper, "listen! There is the ghost's step. This house is haunted sure! he's coming down stairs."

Dalrymple rubbed his eyes and sprang to his feet. Ghosts nor men had no terrors for him, and it was for this reason that I had asked him to spend a night with me in this house, about which there were so many stories of ghosts walking at night, and which was so much avoided by the villagers.

And in truth the house's uncanny reputation was not without foundation. It had not been occupied for thirteen years, and was now inhabited by rats and cockroaches, its roof was all moss grown, and all approaches to it were grown up in weeds and briars. No one had cared to go near it in thirteen years. Its last occupant was a rich old man who lived in it only during the summer, and was all alone. For fifteen summers he lived there. The people knew but little of him save that his name was Caspar Troup, and that he was immensely wealthy.

The last seen of him about the village was one day in August just thirteen years before the occurrence of the incident narrated at the beginning of this story. He was observed walking about the place superintending some work that he was having done. The next day the house was shut up and he was seen no more. It was thought that he had returned to the city, and would turn up the next summer. A few months later a younger brother of his came down and removed the furniture and closed up the house. This was the last ever seen of Caspar Troup, and the next summer the house was not opened.

We could hear the footsteps sounding in the hallway just over our heads. It was the ghost and it was coming toward the stairway. Nearer and nearer the footsteps came, and faster my heart beat. Another step—Great God! There it was! Hideous! Horrible!

At last I had seen a ghost! In all my most horrible freaks of imagination I had never conjured up anything half so frightful or hideous as this. It was the figure of an old man, who might have been a thousand years old, so bent, so feeble and decrepit he seemed. He was leaning with one hand on a cane, while with the other he steadied himself on the railing of the stairway. But more horrible than all was the awful gaping cut which extended from one of his ears to the other and which was dripping with blood. His white beard was clotted with blood, and the long white hair which fell in folds over his shoulder was soaked with gore.

This horrible, unearthly figure came down the stairway and stood before us, staring at us with his wild, maniacal, protruding, blood-shot eyes, while his thin lips were twitching nervously and the ghastly wound was gaping open, showing the severed wind pipe. "Who—who are you?" asked Dalrymple, in a husky voice. The creature replied in a squeaking voice without moving his lips, the voice coming out of the frightful gaping wound.

"I," he said, "I am Caspar Troup. And I was murdered here in this house thirteen years ago." "I—Troup—murdered!" was all I could ejaculate. "I mean what I say," continued the ghost. "I was murdered in here. I am a ghost and I am now going to haunt the wretch who gave me that," and he pointed to the gaping, ghastly wound across his throat. "Who—who killed you?" asked Dalrymple.

"His name?" the ghost asked. "Ah, I don't know that. But his face! Ah how many thousand times have I caused it to grow contorted in the most dreadful agony, as I would appear before him suddenly. Before the night he gave me this death wound I used to see him hanging about the vil-

lage with the other loafers. I paid no attention to him then. But on that dreadful night I recognized him as he stood over me with that shining blade drawn. I cried out for mercy, but he would not hear me. He struck the fatal blow. I felt the keen edge of the knife, and then I felt my life blood flowing out and my strength going. Everything appeared in a mist to me and pretty soon all had faded out and I was dead. But I was in another world. I could hold communion with a thousand other wronged beings who had been transformed from life into the ghost world. They told me merry stories of how they at all hours haunted those persons who had wronged them in this world. But in that respect I am a peculiar ghost. I have my regular haunting hour. I remember as my murderer stood over me the clock in an adjoining room chimed the hour of one, and every night just at 1 o'clock I pay my victim—he's my victim now—a visit. And I must be going.

We followed him out through the darkness to the road that led past the house. He moved quickly along the road and we followed, filled with a sensation which I cannot explain. With a ghost on his nightly rounds! This was something strange—passing strange.

Over the hills we followed his ghostship, until the village had been completely left behind. The fields, waving with their harvests of corn, were on either side.

Where was he going? Who was the murderer? These thoughts flitted through my mind a thousand times. Presently he stopped before a large farm house.

I knew the place well. It was the residence of Captain James Simpson, one of the most prominent men in our whole vicinity. "This can not be true," said Dalrymple.

But the ghost gave us no time for words or thoughts. "Follow me," he said, and he entered the house. Bolts and bars have no restraining power against a ghost, for he pushed the door lightly aside, and stepped into the hallway. Evidently he knew the place well. A look of delight, I fancied, came over his face as he beckoned us to follow him up the stairway.

At the top of the stairs he stopped before a door. "This is his room," he said. He turned the knob and went in. The room was dark, but through an open shutter a faint streak of light entered.

On a bed a sleeper was tossing restlessly about. It was Simpson. He moaned, restlessly turned over, and with a frightened start, sat up in bed. His eyes fell upon the ghastly ghost figure standing at the foot of his bed, looking a thousand times more horrible than when we had first seen him.

With a loud cry of terror he sprang from the bed and ran to the farther side of the room. Slowly the ghost went after him. "Take it away! Take it away!" he shrieked. "It's his face, take it away! Oh, God! Take it away!"

Simpson's face was so terribly drawn and contorted by his terrors that one of his most intimate acquaintances would not have known him. The ghost went slowly towards him and, with a maniacal, terrified look, he ran about the room, getting as far from the ghost as the room would allow, shrieking and moaning piteously all the while.

Shrinking in a corner, like a cur at bay, with his bloodshot eyes almost ready to burst from their sockets, Simpson held up his hands toward the ghost and cried out piteously: "Go away now, please go away! I am sorry—so sorry, and this is enough—my God! 'tis enough!" But the avenging spirit did not hear his pleas for mercy. Wherever Simpson went the horrible thing followed him.

For almost an hour it went on thus, when at last Simpson, becoming utterly exhausted, threw himself on the bed and covered his face in his pillow, trying to shut out the hideous sight, and crying out in the most penitent manner. For a moment the ghost hovered over him and was gone. Dalrymple and myself stood rooted to the spot for a few moments, and then, realizing our positions, went back down the stairway and out of the house.

"This is a horrible experience," said Dalrymple, "and a horrible revelation." We walked back home in silence, busy with our own thoughts concerning the novel experience of the night.

The next day I met Simpson on the streets. He spoke to me in his usual happy manner, but I noticed dark lines under his eyes, while he wore a sleepy and dejected look. He was a murderer, and no one but myself and Dalrymple knew and would ever know. Would it do to proclaim him to the world as such, with no proof but the ghost's testimony, and to have the ghost summoned into court? I think not.—Robert L. Adamson, in Atlanta Constitution.

**Erect a Tombstone.**  
A merchant in Brattleboro, Vt., annoyed by the condition of the highway before his store, wrote to a selectman during the latter's temporary absence from town as follows: "Two men stuck in the mud in front of the American House. Shall we attempt to get them out or erect tombstones?"

**GUANO AND NITRATES.**

"NITRATES" IS BUT A NEW NAME FOR GUANO.

Deposits of Guano Covered With Solid Rock of a Thickness of Two Feet—The Origin of the Chilian Rebellion.

Guano is the generic name for the fertilizing compounds which abound near the west coast of South America, opposite Chili and Peru, and in less quantities off the east and northeast coasts of that continent, opposite Guiana and Venezuela, says the New York Observer. The substance which clay-eaters consume in Brazil and in the Carolinas and Georgia has a nitrous ingredient which is nutritious. Newspaper writers now give to the guano of the South American islands the name of "nitrates," and to the newly discovered fertilizing material found in Florida the name of phosphates.

Alexander von Humboldt, who first drew public attention to the guano deposits of the South American islands, gave the following as its analysis: Phosphate of ammonia and lime, with urate and oxalate of ammonia, water, organic matter, and some sand. This compound is nitrogenous to a considerable extent, but surely not enough to warrant the substitution of the name nitrates for the more comprehensive word guano, which consists of the excrement of sea fowls, with their decomposed bodies and eggs, and the remains of seals and other fishes.

Humboldt, in 1801, says the ancient Peruvians recognized guano as a fertilizer, and committed it to the special care of the Incas. He described the deposits as covering the Chincha islands to the depth of fifty or sixty feet, and yet remarked that the deposits of the past 300 years only amounted to a small fraction of an inch in thickness.

In 1810 Sir Humphrey Davy suggested that guano was likely to become valuable as an article of commerce, but not until 1840 did a cargo of it reach England. Peru and Bolivia sold the exclusive right for the islands for nine years for the price of \$40,000, but on account of the rapidly increasing profits of the trade Peru repudiated this contract.

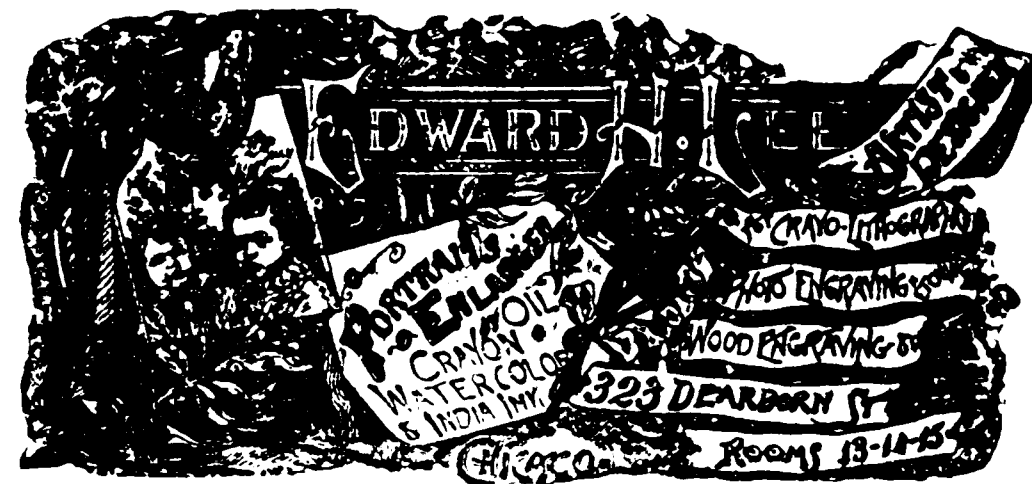
It would seem that the Labos group of guano islands had not been exploited until the business at the Chinchas group had been carried on for ten years or more. Some of these deposits are described as being covered with solid rock of a thickness of two feet, underlaid by the remains of the original deposits—exactly in the condition of the Florida phosphates; this species of rocks being designated by mineralogists as phosphate of lime, a rock found and mined in Canada, as far north as Ottawa, whence it is shipped to Liverpool in large quantities to be used as a fertilizer. Phosphate of lime abounds in northern New York, but it does not seem to be worked to any considerable extent, although it is found as far south as Ball's cave, in Schoharie county. Both in the new and the old formations this rock seems to be as much a product of guano as cream is the product of milk, or as coal is a product of vegetation.

Peru claimed the lion's share of the west coast guano, conceding only a very small share to Bolivia. Chili, which became an independent state in 1817, laid claim to an equal right to participate in this trade; but Peru, which had long domineered over the commerce of the Pacific, arrogantly refused to recognize the equal rights of her southern neighbor.

Anibal Pinto, who became president of Chili in 1876, managed the affairs of that country with signal skill and ability. Under his administration the institutions of learning were increased beyond those of any neighboring state. Agriculture and commerce prospered, and a very efficient navy gave Chili the ability to claim first rank among the South American powers. Ten years ago Peru and Chili were engaged in a fierce encounter by sea and land. Bolivia siding with Peru, which ended with a splendid triumph for Chili, which annexed several of the adjoining provinces of Peru, gained a complete ascendancy by sea and transferred the Chincha and Lobos islands from Peruvian to Chilian control, all in a quarrel which began over the guano deposits.

The recent rebellion and revolution had its origin—as time will demonstrate—in a struggle for a monopoly of the guano trade between proprietors in the northern provinces nearest the guano islands, and the wealthy and powerful members of Balmaceda's junta, most of whom were residents of the central and southern provinces of the republic.

**The Shark.**  
The shark's indifference to pain is notorious. At Wood's Holl, Mass., some years ago, a great many examples were cut open to ascertain the nature of their food and internal parasites, and in some cases the contents of the abdomen were removed entirely. It was supposed that such rough surgery would kill them, but some of the eviscerated specimens were seen swallowing food after the operation as readily as if nothing had happened.



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

The Finest work and full Satisfaction Guaranteed in every Instance!  
FULL, LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT AND FRAME \$10.

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Cuts for Newspapers, Catalogues, Books and publications of every description. Monograms, Trade Marks, Business Cards, Letter Heads, Charts, etc., in outline or line-work; Zinc Etching, Photo-Engraving, Crayo-Lithograph or Wood Cuts. Single column portraits for Newspapers \$2.00.

AGENTS WANTED  
In every city in the Union, good commission. Send stamp for List.

**Edward H. Lee,**  
323 DEARBORN ST. Rooms 12-14-15.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

**H. RIDIGER,**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR,**  
194 Randolph Street.

PANTS to order from \$4 upward.  
SUITS to order from \$20 upward.

H. Ridiger, 194 Randolph Street.  
Miner's Opera House Block.

**NEW HOME**  
SEWING MACHINE  
THE BEST ATTACHMENTS  
THE CHEAPEST WOODWORK

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, N.J.  
CHICAGO, 25 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. SAN FRANCISCO, 100 CALIFORNIA ST.  
BOSTON, 100 WASHINGTON ST. PHILADELPHIA, 100 N. 3RD ST.

**'TROUT BROS.,**  
255 Woodward Avenue,  
DETROIT, MICH.

**HUMPHREYS'**  
HOMOEOPATHIC  
**SPECIFIC No. 28**  
In use 20 years. The only successful remedy for  
**Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,**  
and Prostration from over-work or other causes.  
\$1 per trial, or \$4 trial and large trial powder, for \$2.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO.,  
Cor. William and John Sts., N. Y.

**DR. J. S. HANSON, M. D.**  
Alopathic Physician and Surgeon,  
Office at residence, on East Frank Street.

**DISEASES OF WOMEN A SPECIALTY.**  
**FIRE INSURANCE**  
AND REAL ESTATE  
**GOODRICH BROS.,**  
Walker Block,  
26 West Fort Street  
DETROIT, MICH.

**PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY**  
18 & 20 GRATIOT AVE.  
MICH. CAN.  
D TROUT MICH. CAN.

Lace Curtains A Specialty.  
Windsor, Chatham, and London, Ont.  
First class work warranted. Telephone 321

**New Prices. No Accounts Kept**  
**The Best Work Guaranteed.**

Shirts	-	10C
Collars	-	2C
Cuffs	-	4C

**AGENTS WANTED.**  
A book may be greater than a battle.—Baconfield  
A good book is the best friend.—Tupper.

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**AFRO-AMERICAN PRESS,**  
ITS EDITORS  
By I. GARLAND PENN

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(MANY OF WHICH HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUBLISHED), 1 C.

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**NEW BANNER**  
**BARBER SHOP**  
Brush Street between Macomb and Gratiot Ave.

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

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

**Cook & Thomas, Prop.**

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

Owner's Last Charge.  
"Custer's Last Battle" continues in "all popularity and is still regarded as one of the greatest sights of this city. Don't miss it. Admission 25 cents."



**OLD CHINA.**

My china makes my old room bright—  
On table, shelf and chiffonier,  
Sèvres, Oriental, blue and white,  
Leeds, Worcester, Derby—all are here.

The Stafford figures, quaint and grim,  
The Chelsea shepherdesses, each  
Has its own tale—in twilight dim  
My heart can hear their old world speech.

That tea-cup touched two lovers' hands,  
When Lady Betty poured the tea;  
That jar came from far Mongol lands  
To hold Dorinda's pot-pourri.

My china breathes of days, not hours,  
Of jesses, powder, belle and beau,  
Of sun-dials, secrets, yew-tree bowers,  
And the romance of long ago.

It tells old stories—verse and prose—  
Which no one now has wit to write,  
The sweet sad tales that no one knows,  
The deathless charm of dead delight.

—Sat. Evening Post.

**THE FATAL PROPHECY.**

I wish you would try to discover what this prophecy is which seems to give your friend, Melville, the blues. Indeed he has lost much of his old-time vivacity within the last few days. I don't believe in family legends, you know. Mr. Herndon and I am pained to see Melville Blauvelt, the gentleman that he is, under what he calls the shadow of portending evil.

These words to me from the lips of Therese thrane fell upon my ears in the spacious garden to which we had retired from the heat of the ball-room, and while she talked she pulled a yellow rose to pieces and was scattering the fragments over a bed of violets.

Therese was beautiful, but no one loved her. She had come from the far South, with the hot blood of the tropics in her veins and with eyes aglow with the passion which ebbs and flows under the luscious limes.

It was said, no one knew by whom, that her father was a Cuban insurrectionist who had fallen before a file of Spanish soldiery; but this, if true, did not particularly prejudice us against her. One of those destined letters without a name had spread abroad a rumor to the effect that Therese was a mere adventuress, and with the report fairly awing there were many ready to believe all that was said.

I had heard nothing of my friend Blauvelt's despondency previous to my ball-room companion's words. In fact, I had not seen Melville for several weeks owing to my absence, and when I expressed astonishment at Therese's information she repeated her request with emphasis.

We went home together that night, Blauvelt and I. More than once on the way I approached the delicate subject in my thoughts, but as often I refrained from questioning him.

"I want you to go to my room before we separate," suddenly said he, looking sharply at me. "I have found something which unaccountably affects me. There, don't ask any questions, Claude. Let me tell you all."

Once in his room Blauvelt opened the drawer of a dressing-case and took out a piece of parchment-like paper, which he handed to me without a word.

"Read for yourself," said he, in reply to the mute questioning of my eyes. "Yes, it is a will and a curse. And it affects my very existence."

I opened the old document and glanced at the broadly written name at the beginning:

**IGNACIO MENENDEZ,**  
**HIS WILL AND HIS CURSE.**

Blauvelt who had discarded his coat for the night was warm, leaned against the mantel and a ghastly whiteness enthroned on his handsome face. I read:

In the Sacred Presence, I, Ignacio Menendez, make this, my last will. I bequeath to the children of my chief enemy, the American Captain Blauvelt, the curse of my house. I have been reduced to wretchedness by the machinations of this man, and solely because I won the love of Inez de Castro. I bequeath to his descendants eternal ruin through my blood. My daughter will marry; she will have children. These will marry in time, keeping in beat the hot tropical blood of my revenge. Several generations will pass away, but the descendant of Captain Blauvelt who shall love my blood kin shall receive the benefit of this curse. Done on the ship Isabella, the last of my possessions, this the 24th day of June, 1709.

**IGNACIO MENENDEZ.**

I looked up at Blauvelt and smiled. "The statute of limitations operates against that foolish curse," said I. "The house of Menendez may have been blotted from existence years ago. Is this the thing which has rendered you despondent?"

Blauvelt came forward and took the paper from my hand.

"This has pierced me like a sword," answered he. "I am the only living descendant of the Captain Blauvelt mentioned in the Spaniard's will. I love, madly love, the only person in whose veins flows the blood of Menendez. The curse has blighted my whole life. What did she say to you to-night? Anything about the curse?"

"To whom do you refer?" cried I, forgetting in the excitement of the moment my interview among the flowers with Therese.

"Where is your head, Claude?" He had my arm in his hand and his grip was vise-like in its intensity. "I can mean but one woman—Therese!"

I was speedily conscious that my look had become a stare.

"Where did you find this document?" I asked, holding up the old paper.

"It crossed my path like a serpent of evil. My father died twenty years ago, leaving among certain papers the one you have just read. I found it by the merest accident, but I see in it the hand of fate coming out of the past to blight the love and the life of the descendant of Captain Paul Blauvelt."

"But Therese? Are you sure?"

I was interrupted by the lifting of a hand.

"She is the right person," continued my friend. "It is true that her father was shot to death in Cuba by Spanish soldiers, but the rumor that she is an adventuress is an infamous lie! I was drawn to her from the first moment of our acquaintance—drawn into the meshes of love by the hand of the dead. Any one can see that the blood of the tropics is in Therese's veins. What does Ignacio Menendez say about that same red tide in his accursed document? I wish to heaven I had perished in the charge at Malvern or on the field at Antietam! Therese knows something of her ancestry, but nothing of the existence of the Spaniard's curse. As fate would have it, the night after my discovery of the old paper she told me much about herself. She traced her blood back to the fountain head, and there sat Ignacio Menendez writing his will in the cabin of a vessel of the last century. Not a link of the chain is missing. After the lapse of nearly a century a beautiful woman comes up to avenge the wrongs of her ancestor on the head of his enemy's heir. You smile, Claude. There is a look of contempt in your eyes."

I threw the will and curse of the Spaniard on the table.

"You are right! I don't believe in work of that kind!" I laughed. "The bequeathed plagues of the dead are nothing and I wouldn't give a fig for the curse of Menendez. Tropic blood is warm, Melville. Is a woman like Therese to be thrown aside for a bit of yellow paper covered with curses by a madman of whose history we know nothing?"

A sudden change came over Blauvelt's face. Color came drifting back to his cheeks; he picked up the paper and held it out with a hand at each side.

"By Jove! you're worth your weight in gold, Herndon!" he exclaimed. "I can't give Therese up because of this relic of a century which has gone into the past with its loves and hates. Let us defy the curse of my ancestor's enemy. I shall invite its fulfillment by taking to my heart the queen of the tropics—the last of the race of Menendez."

The following moment the little room resounded with the noise of torn parchment and I saw Blauvelt's eyes flashing with triumph between the severed curse which he held in his hands.

It was a pleasant report which I bore to Therese the day after my interview with my friend.

I thought myself at liberty to tell her all I knew concerning Blauvelt's despondency. She listened with the most intense interest to the last word and I saw her lips set with a resolution that foreshadowed her reply:

"I believe it is all true. I am the Spaniard's legatee. The blood of the tropics is in my veins. The last Blauvelt has found the only Menendez. Some people would call this fate. I call it nothing of the kind. But tell him that if he fears the curse—if he dreads a union with tropic blood—our hands shall fall apart and I will leave him to wed another."

I guessed Blauvelt's answer before I heard its opening syllable.

He had thrown the curse to the winds!

Just five years later almost to the very day I was being driven over a magnolia-shaded road in a Southern carriage which had been sent for me to a country depot.

The air was laden with almost suffocating perfume, and as we turned into the magnificent plantation I burst forth into an enthusiastic estimate of the scene.

"Wait till you see Massa Blauvelt an' his wife," ejaculated my sable Jehu, a relic of the days 'befo de wah.

"Dey am de happiest couple on de globe what hav' hab five years o' honeymoon, an' it like hit's goin' to las' all de time."

Thus prepared to meet my old friend Blauvelt and the lovely Therese, I was driven up to a modernized plantation home.

A moment later I noticed the figure that awaited me at the gate, but at almost the same time I saw that not a vestige of color clung to Blauvelt's cheeks.

His greeting was a silent pressure of the hand, and I went up a flight of broad stone steps into a darkened parlor.

As Blauvelt's hand drew a curtain aside and let in a flood of sunlight, he pointed to a piece of paper lying on a center table among a lot of books.

I picked it up and after one glance let it fall again, as I fixed my eyes on the statue-like man at the window.

In three lines Therese had forever blighted a man's life, for she had

coolly told Blauvelt with her own hand that she had gone with his bitterest foe.

"What of the prophecy now, Claude?" said he, coming forward with a sinister smile at his lips. "From the bottom of my heart I forgive the guilty woman. She was the last of the Menendez, and I am the last Blauvelt. We have been happy here, and all would have been well to the end if she had not been cursed with the blood of the tropics!"

Once a year I go up over the magnolia road. I find a man waiting for me at the stone gate way, and when he has led me into the grand old house of his shaping, he points to a bit of paper lying on a table and murmurs:

"Not her fault, Claude. It was tropic blood!"

**THE COMING OF THE MONSOON**  
How Its Appearance Changes the Face of Nature in India.

"Let me try," says an Indian correspondent, "to give a pen picture of the end of an India summer and the beginning of the period when the monsoon rains descend. Day after day the sun pours down withering heat, the air is sick with it, the ground is as hard as iron and gapes in great cracks as though open-mouthed, pleading to the pitiless sky for a drop of water; the wide expanse of country that a few months past was green and flower-besprinkled is brown, the grass is crisped with a fierce heat and falling to powder if rubbed; the trees, mostly evergreens, are parched and dusty, no breath of air rustles through, no leaf stirs. They resemble great toy trees with leaves of painted wood. There is no sound of life anywhere; the noisy green parrots are silent and hide from the sun in the heart of the densest and leafiest top.

"You may, perhaps, see a crow or mynah sit solitarily on a bow, with drooping wing and gaping beak, helpless in this great purgatory of fire. The monsoon, the monsoon—will it never come? you ask as you toss half naked on your bed, worried by prickly heat and insects which shall be nameless, not the worst of which is the persistent, blood-sucking mosquito. Heat apoplexy has, perhaps, prostrated one or two of your friends and a second in the open air unhelmeted would be certain death. Will the monsoon never come?"

"Every evening the sun drops down in the west like a great ball of fire, but leaves the heat behind him. Morning dawns and the sun sets to blowing his heat furnace strong as ever, the sky is once more a great dome of burnished brass. The monsoon at last blows his warning trumpet and the sighing of the wind to the far-away horizon calls you out from your bed to the veranda.

"Ha! here comes the monsoon. Away on the western horizon a great black cloud wave surges up toward the zenith, blotting out the burnished sky in its progress just as though you poured ink slowly into a brass bowl. Behind this black wave and moving with it is a great dense ebon mass cut every instant by forked lightning and bellowing, deafening thunder. The quick-darting adder tongues of flame flash everywhere, search the bellowing heavens throughout from top to bottom, throughout the whole cloud-packed dome.

"Now for a second, only for a second, the quick-flashing lightning ceases, and an inky blackness, the blackness of Erebus, succeeds and the thunder bellows as Englishman in his sea-girt little isle never heard it bellow. It is no distant rumble gradually growing nearer and culminating in a resounding crack overhead. No; around, about, and just overhead the infernal din never ceases.

"Inside your bungalow the first advancing wind that heralded the monsoon carried with it clouds of blinding dust which is now piled up an inch high on table and chair and shelf. And still the war of the elements goes on. You cannot hear your neighbor's voice, though he shout his utmost; the birds affrighted shriek in the thickets and the native servants huddle themselves together in dark corners for safety. The sky opens its flood-gates and rain in torrents pours down without intermission for eighty or ninety hours on the parched earth. Splash! splash! on the roof—not in showers, but in sheets. That is the monsoon."

**An Old Powder Can.**  
Children, while playing recently round the church at South Paris, Me., discovered a can of powder under the old edifice. From its appearance this can is supposed to have been under the church since 1774, when it was the custom of the colonial patriots to secrete their powder in and near meeting houses. In the year mentioned John Sullivan of Berwick, raised a company of men and going to Fort William and Mary, at Portsmouth, N. H., captured 100 barrels of powder, part of which was concealed in the old church at Durham, Androscoggin county, and used the next year by the minute men at Lexington and Bunker Hill. It is thought that the can found at South Paris is part of the same lot that Captain Sullivan seized from the king's men 117 years ago.

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# Woman's WORK AND WAYS.

## FASHION'S FANCIES.

A great many really good amateur dress makers spoil the effect of their work by a lack of finish. The most successful dress makers are those who give the most attention to details. Unless you expect to rival them in care and painstaking to the minutest item in the great work of building a modern costume don't spoil your goods by cutting into it and trying to make it up of yourself, because you will surely fail and he who runs will read that your gown is only a "home made affair."

Dress linings are no longer made separate from the skirt but are attached to it like the lining of a jacket, and, would you believe it, petticoats are almost entirely discarded. Under



[NEW NOTIONS IN MILLINERY.]

Half the soft clinging cloth skirts so fashionable now, aside from the indispensable under garments, there is nothing worn but a short eider down skirt reaching just below the knee, keeping Millady quite warm and making her much more comfortable than when weighted down by manifold skirts, her worn, jaded looks spoiled the effect of her best gown.

Everyone has a house-dress now, more or less elaborate, and how much more sensible it is to have one or two dresses which are made for home wear only, than to spoil your street suit by wearing it at home or putting on your shabby, half-worn-out dress where you ought to be at your best—at home. If you have the means you may make this dress as elaborate and expensive as a ball dress or reception toilette, for it is permis-



[NEW DESIGNS IN MILLINERY.]

sible to receive your friends thus attired, and in the shops they are showing beautiful firm thick woollens which are at once warm and pretty, and for more dressy wear, black silks with stripes of blue, shrimp pink, and pale yellow. Then there are Bengalines of light weight, in lovely shades of blue, red, beige, and the new red-brown tint, but happily for most of us, the beauty of the home dress does not depend on any of these materials which are expensive, but may be made of cashmere, albatross, flannel or velvet and trimmed with velvet, silk or lace, will prove quite as charming as you may desire. A pretty and new model is given in this week's paper for a dress of this kind.

A beautiful dish for a pink luncheon, is a mould of blanc mange, made of whipped cream, stiffened with gelatine, and served on a crystal dish. Around the blanc mange put whipped cream tinted pink with a drop or two of cochineal, and scatter over all candied rose leaves. It will seem

a dish almost too dainty and beautiful to be cut into, but will prove as good to eat as to look upon.

It has been customary with the very fashionable to entertain their guests by hiring some celebrity at great expense and for some time competition was sharp among social leaders as to who should have the latest "lion," masculine or feminine, of the professional world to interest and amuse their guests. But even Dame Fashion has spasms of good taste, and now the fair hostess gives of her best intellectual gifts for the entertainment of her friends, and in order that the contrast between her performances and those of hired talent may not be too marked, the grand dames are all studying music, elocution or something else, and how busy they are with their classes which must not be allowed to conflict with the pursuit of pleasure.

Watteau plaits which were thought to have had their day appear in everything now—opera coats, ball gowns, tea gowns, and even in night dresses.

If you are having a new silk petticoat made, which you are surely doing if you have not already procured one, have an interlining of flannel to give it the warmth which it will need and which silk does not possess.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Terrell have returned to Washington, and on Tuesday, November 24, were entertain-



[AT AN AFTERNOON TEA.]

ed by Dr. and Mrs. John R. Francis at their residence, 2112 Pennsylvania avenue. The parlors and dining room were beautifully decorated and the beautiful colored light had a pleasing effect on the gowns of the ladies. Besides prominent Washingtonians, there were present Miss Dora Cole, of Philadelphia, Miss Ella Lattimore, of Saratoga, and Lieut. J. H. Alexander, of the Ninth cavalry.

At a wedding which occurred a short time since in New York, the bridesmaids all wore pink dresses and pink bonnets trimmed with forget-me-nots of velvet, and instead of flowers carried prayer books of white kid.

One of the prettiest little trifles for your room is a paper scent sachet, which is made as follows:

Take a soft ball of wool or cotton



[A TROUSSEAU GOWN.]

and perfume it with violet, lavender or any other perfume, and lay it within two squares of tissue paper, the inner square a trifle smaller than the outer, tie it with ribbon to match, and hang it in your clothes closet or over your toilet table. It is inexpensive, pretty and useful, and in far better taste than paper flowers.

### A Commodious Hand-bag.

It is only 9 to 10 inches high and wide and when containing but a few

in thickness; but may be expanded as things are put into it to hold almost half a bushel without appearing bulky.

Anyone can make it for herself. The materials—which may be cheap or costly, according to one's taste and means—are, say: 1 yard surah silk, or any serviceable silk; 1 yard soft



cambric; a strip of worsted java canvas, 9 by 18 inches, 2-1/2 yards of inch ribbon, 11-2 yards heavy silk cord, and a pair of leather handles, or these may be of any dark cord, if the leather ones cannot be obtained.

Cut the cambric lining the size of the silk, less the hem; sew up the sides, leaving an aperture in the silk, for the strings to be drawn in. Turn down a hem 8 inches deep at the top and stitch it twice across to run in the draw-strings. Turn in the edges of the canvas over some flexible cardboard or some stiff lining, and line it inside and apply the cord to the edge. If you can, procure at the sad-

such as used on reticules. Stitch these firmly to the top of the canvas, as seen in the illustration, and attach it to the bag, being careful to place the bottom in the center of the bottom of the bag. Turn in the corners of the bag and fasten them on the inside of the canvas at the bottom. This is to bring the bag into smaller compass. Run the ribbons into the



shir already made for them and the work is completed. When but a small amount is to be carried the upper or fulled side part and the sides can be tucked in so as to form a small reticule, like the upper engraving, but it is capable of very ample expansion when desired, like the lower one.

The bag here illustrated is made entirely of black, inside and outside, but any colors to suit the dress, as olive, drab, brown, etc., may be used. The canvas for the sides is pretty if enlivened by figures or the monogram of the owner.

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