

THE PLAIN DEALER.

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

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WHOLE NO. 456.

PLUTARCH'S TOPICS.

Our Able Correspondent Strikes Vigorously at Prevalent Evil.

CLEAMLINNESS REQUISITE.

The Danger to a Minister's Criticising Certain Sins of Omission.

There are a great many places where persons think nothing of going to church in their everyday clothes. Deacons, local preachers and stewards often turn out wearing hickory or flannel shirts, unblackened boots, and with uncombed heads. Suppose the preacher would say, "brethren, you should clean up and come to church tidy and wearing your best garments." What would be the result? Those who have tried it, know. Uncle Tobe would declare that he for one did not believe in so much style and that he came to church to worship God, not to show off fine clothes. Uncle Ned would denounce fine clothes as of the devil, and so the good but dirty old saints would go on talking until everybody would be down on the "high-toned preacher." Yet the preacher only asked them to be clean and respectable, not fashionable.

In such lack of cleanliness and of a sense of decency there is much evil and oftentimes positive wickedness. The dirty man indicates a dirty home, dirty children, an untidy wife, and a general state of demoralization.

The person who would go as a guest of a respectable family without bathing, shaving, blacking his shoes and fixing up, would never be invited again. If respectable people are so exacting do you not suppose the Lord also esteems cleanliness? For one Plutarch has no confidence in the religion of a man who thinks so little of God's house that he will come in a condition that would be considered unfit for a respectable family.

Dear, gentle reader, there are places where the bodily filth of some saints is so great that a warm room calls forth an odor most obnoxious.

This lack of cleanliness not only indicates a dirty home, but also accompanies a shabby, dirty meeting-house.

Congregations which gather in nice churches dress nicely and are genteel in person and manner. Dirty people don't want new churches with beautiful pews, soft carpets, and stained glass windows; they don't want well-dressed and soft-mannered pastors. The better people of every congregation worshipping in tumble-down old shanties should immediately begin to demand a new and nice building.

These criticisms apply only to certain communities, the number of which are constantly decreasing. The improvement made in this respect during the past ten years is marvelous. The majority of churches are made up of neat, clean and well-dressed persons.

In some places evil exists in the opposite extreme, people over-dress. There are hundreds of really beautiful ladies who spoil their appearance by using bad taste in the selection of tints and colors in dresses, hats and ribbons.

The hints the Plaindealer has lately been giving as to the art of dressing and the new Fashionable Bazar, published by Mrs. Coston, of Cleveland, O., meet a great necessity whether the want has been felt or not.

It does not cost much to dress neatly and tastily; it does, however, require the very best of sense and culture.

No level-headed person of well posed character will dress beyond his means. Cleanliness of person, including nails and teeth, neatness and modesty of garments, and a nice manner, are all possible without much expenditure of money.

Girls should be taught such lessons, not from the pulpit, but by the example of older persons. The congregation preaches louder than the preacher, and oftentimes more effectively. The moral quality of a congregation can deeply impress itself upon a community. When dirty people learn to dress neatly and to be clean, and when extravagant and over-dressed people learn to be modest, then will come the day that sick persons will have comforts and attention while living instead of great spreads of funerals after they are dead. There are many persons who die for the want of attention that three or four dollars would purchase whose funerals cost fifty dollars. That is a barbarous sin, yet to fall to give one of your rela-

tives a grand funeral causes everybody to talk. The sensible people should begin the reform in this matter and show their love to the living as well as to the dead. Often men marry before they have put a modest tomb-stone over the grave of the wife whose coffin they followed from the church with all possible show of grief. Plutarch has seen women who began running with other men before their husbands had closed their last sickness. All such things are wicked, and would be greatly discouraged if the better people would frown down upon them. But the better people stand off and say "why don't the preacher go for 'em?"

We kick and complain about the prejudice existing against us, yet an honest study of the matter would call us down a little. The better class have not yet reached the point of self-assertion in many communities. But they must lead off in every such reform. Nothing substantial will be accomplished until they do.

PLUTARCH.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

At an explosion of uncovered ballast in East 81st., New York City, last Saturday, a fragment of a rock crushed through the side wall of the Union American A. M. E. Church of East 85th street.

The Louisiana Republicans nominated a state ticket last week. All the nominations were white except Volain of St. Johns, for Secretary of State, and L. A. Martinet of St. Martins, editor of the Crusader, for Superintendent of Education.

Tip Top, Va., is principally owned by Afro-Americans.

There are thirteen Afro-American students at Yale college. Wallace A. Clark, formerly of Gallipolis, O., has been given a clerkship in the Adjutant General's office at Columbus, O. Mr. Clark is competent and deserving.

At a competitive examination held at the conservatory of music in New York, Harry T. Burleigh, of Erie, Pa., was one of four successful winners of a free scholarship for a four years course at that institution.

Chicago has five hundred colored men married to white women. These men have organized a beneficial and social society which they call "The Q-Manassch".

At the Post-office, Custom House and Internal Revenue offices of Baltimore, Md., between 75 and 100 Afro-Americans are appointed at salaries ranging from \$2,000 to \$300.

Mr. Willis H. Hatten, who is chief among the farmers near Grantville, Ga., owns 800 acres of the best farming land in this region. He is supposed to be worth \$15,000, also owning 17 mules and two fine buggy horses.

Sioux City has one Afro-American on the police force, one civil engineer, three hotel unions, ten barber shops, five restaurants, one blacksmith shop one lawyer and one doctor. Mr. D. S. D. Bellay, of Jacksonville, Fla., is the only Afro-American in that state who holds a municipal office at the hands of the Democrats, but so efficient has been his services that even they refuse to remove him from the Jacksonville Sanitary Board.

The oldest lady of Elizabeth, Pa., is Mrs. P. Phillips, better known as "Aunt Polly;" she was born in 1786. She can sew and knit with perfect ease.

Geo. A. Sheely of Tampa, one of our most intelligent and efficient young Afro-Americans of South Florida, has been appointed custom house inspector at the port of Tampa. Mr. E. R. Gunby, collector of the port, recommended the appointment.

E. Octavus Mack, A. B., of Paris, Ky., who is a graduate of Howard University at Washington, D. C., and Ann Arbor, Mich., was admitted to the bar last Friday.

D. H. Henderson of Fayetteville, N. C., has been appointed postmaster at that place.

G. H. Miles of Carthage, N. C., is engaged on a work to be called "Poems and Winned." The work will consist of fifty poems by the author, and a portion will be reserved for sermons, essays and addresses of Afro-Americans.

Baltimore has nine Afro-American lawyers, all of whom seem to deserve the confidence of its people.

Chaplain T. G. Steward of the U. S. Army, thinks there is a great opening for Afro-Americans in the service, and wonders why the opportunity is not taken advantage of, and he urges upon the young men to earnestly seek for commission.

Two Afro-Americans have been appointed as patrolmen by the police commission of Wilmington, Del.

Afro-Americans of Gainesville, Fla., are about to organize a Real Estate Mercantile Company.

D. Owen, of Dallas, Tex., controls the largest grocery store run by colored men in Dallas. He employs both white and colored clerks.

Milwaukee News.

Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 26.—Never was a community more shocked, more startled and horrified, than was this last Tuesday morning, when the news was spread abroad that John Thompson, one of our most prominent and highly respected young Afro-Americans had shot his wife and murdered her mother on the previous night. The murder was barbarous in the extreme, the old lady having been first shot through the breast, then beaten into insensibility with the butt of the pistol, after which her throat was cut with a razor, literally from ear to ear, the head being almost severed from the body. Mrs. Thompson escaped from the house with a slight flesh wound in the arm. After murdering his mother-in-law Thompson went in search of his wife, who, however, was safely ensconced in a neighbor's house. The murderer then, clad in only his trousers and his night-wear, shoeless and sockless, with the thermometer hovering near zero, walked 8 or 10 blocks to the police station and gave himself up to justice. There are several different theories advanced as to what could have caused a quiet, inoffensive and well-educated fellow as Thompson, to commit so terrible a crime. One is to the effect that Thompson was insanely jealous of his wife, who is of a retiring disposition. Another, substantiated by some utterances of Thompson himself, is that he and his wife disagreed upon the subject of children and that on one or two occasions he found medicines of the most abominable character in the house that could be used only for the one purpose, and that Thompson driven to desperation by the thought that his wife did not love him, and that both she and her mother had combined to oppose him and make him unhappy, committed the crime for which he will doubtless end his days in the state penitentiary. The funeral of Mrs. Jackson, the mother of Mrs. Thompson, took place from St. Mark's A. M. E. church, Thursday afternoon. The church was crowded to overflowing by both white and colored. Rev. Williamson, assisted by Rev. George Brown, performed the last sad rites. The body was buried in Forest Home cemetery. Some of the guests, the manager, and colored employees of the Plankinton house defrayed the expenses of the funeral, and many of Mrs. Thompson's friends came to her relief most liberally, for which she thanked them through the evening papers. Thompson's trial will be on Friday of this week, when he will enter the somewhat extraordinary plea of self defense.

The protracted meeting at St. Mark's church is being conducted in the most enthusiastic manner. We trust that some of the infants who are being overcome by their many sins and are seeking and have found redemption will "hold out to the end."

We wonder how the Democratic committee felt and looked when the waiters of a Washington restaurant all struck rather than wait on one of their number whom they mistook for an Afro-American. Mr. Auer, the gentleman who was the cause of the trouble, and who is rather dark complexioned, took the matter most good-naturedly and assured Mr. Miles, who spoke to him about the matter, that the Afro-Americans of this state could depend on his hearty co-operation if such a thing as a state's civil rights bill should come up again. Mr. Auer is a wealthy gentleman and recorder of deeds, yet notwithstanding this, while at Washington with the delegation trying to get the national convention for this city, the landlord of one of the principal restaurants of the city informed the delegation that his waiters would not serve them until "that colored man" was removed. It is unnecessary to say the waiters were all white and that "that colored man" was not removed.

There are quite a number of visitors here assisting in the revival at St. Mark's church, and many more are expected this week. J. B. B.

Paw Paw, West Va.

Paw Paw, W. Va., Jan. 25.—Our town presents a very gloomy appearance on account of the prevailing epidemic, la grippe.

School has been suspended during the past week on account of the illness of our teacher, Mrs. Rebecca W. Fox. We are glad to know that she is much better.

There were two deaths during the week, Mrs. King and Mrs. Bell.

Mrs. Howard is seriously ill. The Rev. Mr. Taylor was here this week, assisting the Rev. Mr. Brown in his protracted meeting which was closed on account of illness among the members. Some one in almost every family is ill. Several families have scarlet fever and measles. Everything seems to be affected. Never in the history of the town has there been so much sickness. Reporter.

A Variety of Things.

Mr. Thomas Murray, of Philadelphia Pa., is an energetic business man. He has sold \$5,320 worth of jewelry within three months.

Unity Stock and Loan Association a company composed of Afro-Americans of Philadelphia, has issued their second report. It must be very interesting to the stockholders as the report shows that the association is in a very healthy condition; the first series having gained 91 per cent, and the second and third 78.

W. H. Anderson, of Richmond Va., is one of the most successful book dealers in the South.

There are five Afro-American coal merchants in New Albany, Ind.

J. D. Howard, of Louisville, Ky., has embarked in a lucrative business. The business has been incorporated under the head of the Howard and Conrad Advertising Agency.

The strike on the Arkansas pass railroad is proving beneficial to Afro-Americans, who are usually employed in railroading. The places that were vacated by the whites are being rapidly filled by them. They will fill all the places with the exception of conductor and engineer. All those in Houston who do that kind of work have been enlisted into the service and more from the interior of the state are being added daily. A prominent railroad official was heard to remark that: "If it was possible we would substitute Negro labor altogether on our road as it is the best and can always be relied upon."

The fact that the Roman Catholic church has now two colored priests in this country is paraded and commented upon as if a tremendous flood had been turned loose. The Methodist Episcopal church alone has nearly 2000 colored preachers in her ministerial ranks, while there are at least 18000 colored Methodist preachers, beside many more Baptist preachers. We need watch Rome, but the facts do not warrant the terrible things that some people are predicting in the premises.—S. W. Christian Advocate.

Charleston has had another shock. President Harrison, it is said, had decided at last to appoint Dr. William D. Crum postmaster, to succeed Mr. Mowry, who was appointed by President Cleveland. A newspaper dispatch says this determination has shocked all the white Democrats of Charleston. We don't see why it should. For years Dr. Bozeman was postmaster there. He was a splendid man and very popular. Dr. Crum is a man of superior education and character, and is respected by everybody in Charleston. Then why should his appointment shock Charleston. New York Age.

A prominent doctor says he is justified in making the statement that excessive eating and drinking will cure fifty per cent of all consumptive cases in their first and second stages. He explains at length the tonic influences and power in building up tissues possessed by water, which forms three fourths of the human body, and states that even in health six pints a day are necessary to meet the water waste, and in disease twelve pints charged with carbonic acid. He claims that such treatment gives the very life to the system and tissues demanded in consumption. Heredity was a great danger in consumption, and the laws of the country should forbid the marriage of consumptives. The excessive use of water is likewise good for dyspepsia.

The first coins struck by the United States mint were some half dimes in 1792; the first dimes were struck in France from old silver family plate furnished by Washington, the coins being known as Martha Washington dimes, from the circumstances as noted, and an adaptation of the liberty head to that of Martha Washington.

The railroad committee of the Senate and House of Representatives of the Legislature of Ky., has designated Friday, Jan. 29th at 2 o'clock p.m., as the time when they will hear the arguments and protests against the enactment of a separate car law for Kentucky.

Oil City, Pa., News.

Oil City, Pa., Jan. 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Burch gave a very fine tea party to a number of their lady and gentlemen friends the 13th inst. The guests from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller and Mrs. Denny, of Meadville, Pa., and Mr. Strothers, of Newmarket, Va.

Miss Lida Franklin and Miss Florence Burch, and Miss Veloria Johnson have been quite ill with the grip. Mr. Frank Moore has recovered from the grip. M.

Morris Brown college, of which Mr. A. St. G. Richardson is principal, is being enlarged by the addition of a wing which gives it accommodation for 700 pupils.

Wedding Bells.

A brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen gathered at the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Waldron, 207 West 61st street, New York city, to witness the marriage of Miss Martha Watson to Mr. Moses Jackson, both of Petersburg, Va.

Miss Rosa Marcove to Mr. William Epps, both of Philadelphia, Thursday, Jan. 14th.

At Austin, Texas, January 13th, Miss Emeline Richardson of Austin to Mr. A. J. Stoneham of Stoneham.

One of the most perfect marriages that ever occurred in Tampa, Fla., took place at the A. M. E. church of this city on Tuesday evening, January 5th. Mr. C. C. Green was married to Miss Vinna A. Howard, Rev. Wiley officiating.

Mr. Walter R. Dorsey and Miss Almira E. Kelley of Helena, Montana, were married December 31st.

Miss Belle Stockton, better known among her friends as Birdie, and Rev. D. P. Brown, son of Bishop John M. Brown, were quietly married at 6 p.m. on the 7th inst. at the home of the parents of the bride at St. Paul, Minn., by Rev. D. C. Shief. None but the most intimate friends of the family were present at the ceremony. Rev. and Mrs. D. P. Brown left on the evening train for the East.

At Lebanon, Tenn., Miss Belle Wharton, daughter of one of the most prosperous farmers in that section, was married December 29th to Mr. J. B. Lester.

At Hyde Park, Mass., January 6th, Miss Amanda Priester to Mr. G. B. Oultaw.

At Boston, Mass., December 21st, Fannie Richardson to Mr. Geo. Carter.

At Patterson, N. J. Miss Mary Ellen McCann, of Kentucky, to William E. Hopper.

At Baltimore, Md., Miss Marcelline Douglas to Mr. Wm. Joyce.

At Auburn, N. Y., Miss Araminta Cooper to Mr. Frank Taylor, both of New York city at the residence of the bride's father, Thursday Jan. 7.

At Brooklyn N. Y., Miss Anna Levi to Mr. James L. Bennett.

At the residence of the bride's parents, New Haven, Conn., Miss Florence Handy to Mr. Henry Williams.

At St. Johns Episcopal church, Bridgeport, Conn., Miss Cora Hawley to Mr. A. Ernest Shurter, of Santa Cruz, Danish West Indies.

Findlay Mention.

Findlay, Ohio, Jan. 25.—Elder Harington of Sandusky city is here assisting Elder Mason with his protracted meeting which is doing some good and we hope will do some good.

Mr. A. C. Johnson is able to be on the street.

Mr. B. F. Allen resigned his position as engraving clerk in favor of his son, Beecher, who will fill the position with credit to himself and race.

Mr. W. H. Gray after a short illness has gone back to his duties at Washington.

Owing to the protracted meeting the off-dollars are behind with their quarterly election, which came off last Thursday evening, and resulted as follows: U. Burton, N. G.; J. Tate, V. G.; B. Ramsey, P. N. G.; T. Bond, N. F.; T. A. York, P. N. F.; E. Wilson, P. S.; M. Powell, treasurer. Mrs. G. W. Anderson has been sick but is able to be out again.

We are having very nice sleighing. Messrs. Stort & Jones have bought a barber shop on Sandusky street.

Messrs. McClellan & Flozed have charge of the Adams shop on Court House Square.

Rev. J. Tate, our local preacher, has been given a field of labor to which he will go in a few days. Success to him. He will have charge of Delphos and Middle Creek churches.

News is scarce during the revival meetings. Everything else is laid aside.

Messrs. M. Powell, B. Ramsey and Burt Ramsey were called to Dunkirk very suddenly Saturday to bury their nephew. Mr. Powell's brother, nephew. Mr. Powell's brother returned to Findlay with him. T. A. Y.

Mr. Joseph Hill, instructor of mathematics in the Institute of Colored Youth, died last week from influenza.

Tuskegee Institute receives \$2,000 by the will of the late Dr. Robert Wood, of Jamaica Plains.

"Victoria Earle" has a well written and interesting story in the current number of the Church Review.

L. A. Martinet, editor of the Crusader, has been nominated by the Republicans of Louisiana as superintendent of public instruction. Mr. Terence Trisin, of St. John parish is the nominee for secretary of state on the same ticket.

Mr. F. M. Thurman, of Jackson, Mich., who has been prospecting in Seattle, Wash., has concluded to return home.

THE FORGOTTEN CITY.

Hidden from the sky and sunshine,
Circled in by purple mountains,
Covered o'er by grass and cactus,
Temples old and ruined columns.
Vain are titles, power and glory,
And the deeds of bygone ages;
And the laurel leaf and ivy
On the brow of bards and sages.
Loneliness and desolation
Only now oppress the mind;
And the valor of a nation
Leaves a skeleton behind.
—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A LUCKY JOKE.

"It's only a piece of fun," said Millicent Manton. "Everybody must do something for amusement. And it is so cruelly, senselessly dull at San Jean."
"Dull, eh?" Her elder brother—elder by a good score of years—shugged his shoulders. "You find it dull, do you? Well, you must remember that you insisted on coming, in spite of all our remonstrances. You thought it was a military post, eh, and that there was some flirting to be done? Well, you've found out your mistake by this time."
"Yes, I have," frankly admitted Miss Manton, clasping her hands on top of her curly head. "And I wish to goodness I was back in dear old Chicago! But in the meantime I must try and keep myself alive."
Her blue eyes scintillated wickedly, the corners of her rose leaf lips telegraphed to the answering dimples on cheek and chin. But Hugh Manton regarded her sternly. "Who was that letter to?" he asked.
"To Phyllis Perkins, the school-ma'am."
"Why are you corresponding with her?"
"I'm not. That letter was not from me; it was from David Belfield, the express agent—or at least so she will suppose. He wants to see her—or at least so she will think—up to the station. And she'll go to him. She's just fool enough for that. How he will stare! And how she will long for the cracks in the railway platform to open wide enough for her to be able to slip through and vanish from his sight." And Milly laughed exultingly. Her brother's eyes met in a dark frown. "Is that your idea of fun?" said he. Milly nodded. "A splendid joke," said she. "Such a piece of prim perfection as that Yankee school-ma'am is! I haven't forgotten yet what a scornful look she gave me that night I was teasing poor little Roggy Willis at the sheet and pillow-case party. If David Belfield gives her another such glance when she presents herself uninvited at the station, I shall feel myself avenged. All is fair, you know, on the 1st of April; he's very sick, don't you understand?" she added, coquishly. "He thinks he's going to die, and has something to confide to her first. Oh, you may depend upon it, Hugh, she will lose no time."
"But it is after train time, Milly; she'll have to walk."
"Of course she will; that's part of the joke!" nodded the beauty.
"Look here, Milly," cried Manton, very angrily, "you've done a mean and cruel thing. I did not think it was in a woman to play such a contemptible trick as that."
"Oh, you're setting up to defend the Yankee school-ma'am, are you?" replied Millicent, defiantly. Apparently she is the queen of all hearts.
"I don't care a copper about Miss Perkins," said Manton, "and you know that as well as I do. But I like to see fair play. And I mean to go and tell her that all this is a malicious joke on your part."
"Go by all means," said Milly, calmly. "But I think you'll find yourself too late. Don't look at me so savagely. A long walk won't hurt her, and a short disappointment will only do her good."
She had come to visit her brother at San Jean under the impression that the far Pacific coast was a very lively sort of a place, with plenty of picnics, yachting parties and government officers to pass away the time.
To her amazement she had discovered that San Jean was a wild and solitary nook, far from the luxuries of civilization—a Sahara in the woods.
She had tried her best to get up a flirtation with the foreman of the steam saw-mill and with David Belfield, the handsome young official at the railway express office, but neither of them seemed inclined to respond; and Milly Manton, like "Mariana" in the "Moated Grange," could have cried out in sheer desperation: "I am weary, weary; I would that I were dead!"
"Sick! alone, and something to say to me that must be said! On, I wonder what it can be!" said Phyllis Perkins to herself as she sped with the long, swinging stride of a true daughter of the wilderness through the flower-enamelled woods, springing lightly from stepping-stone to stepping-stone across the foaming bed of the river, pushing her way through thickets of mazzanitha and copses of faintly smelling nutmeg trees. "If only I could have got the note in time to take the train!"
Phyllis was the very embodiment and impersonation of truth and it never for one instant occurred to her

to suspect the authenticity of the summons she had received.
And the sun hung low on the edge of the forest when at last she ran up the rude wooden steps of the unpainted pine building above which towered the rudely traced sign: "San Jean Station."
All was still. The heat of the sun has drawn little bubbling spots of resin out of the green boards, and the sweet spring scents came up from the glen below.
Phyllis knew that the next train did not stop until toward 9 o'clock, so that the quiet and silence seemed not unnatural. She opened the door and went in. No one was there. The door into the ticket office was open, but the seat in front of the desk was empty. Phyllis looked around in some perplexity.
"Mr. Belfield!" she called. The deep mountain side sent back her voice in a muffled echo. A sense of sudden terror came upon her—a blind instinct for flight. In the same instant she thought she heard a groan. Once more she looked all around her.
Surely that groan had risen out of the very depths of the earth, and there, almost at her feet was the iron ring of a trap-door leading to the cellar below. It was the work of an instant for her to lift the door and look down into the black depths.
"Help! help!" moaned a feeble voice. And Phyllis saw lying there, in a cramped attitude, bound hand and foot, with his pallid face streaked with blood, the poor young express agent.
"It is you, Phyllis?" he murmured. "Surely providence must have sent you to my aid! Get a knife—a sharp stone—and cut these cords! They are tearing their way through my flesh! And a drink of water, Phyllis, for heaven's sake! And then—then you must hang out the red light—those brutes have piled rocks on the track just this side of the sharp curve to wreck the train. It's Tuesday night, and the paymaster is coming down from San Francisco with the money to pay off the hands. They'll be waiting not far off for the crash, but you must go on as far up the track as you can run and signal the engineer."
"And leave you?" She had been hurriedly cutting the cruel bonds with her pocket knife, and now helped the victim to struggle into a sitting posture. "Oh, David, you must come too. I can't leave you here to perish!"
He passed his hand vaguely across his forehead. "They struck me down," he said, "when I would not give them the key of the safe. I suppose they thought I was dead when they flung me down there."
She brought him some water in a gourd shell. He drank eagerly and then she bathed the cuts on his forehead and washed the clotted blood out of the fair yellow curls. "Now try to stand," she said. "Yes, you are better now. I'll carry the lantern, and you shall lean on me. The air is delightfully cool and dewy now and the sun has set."
"You are a brave girl," said he, a spasm of agony passing over his face, and if you can be so firm I should not shrink from a little pain. Yes, I will try to walk. Don't touch my arm; I think it's broken. I'm sorry that I can't carry the lantern; it's a heavy, old-fashioned thing. Now, if you'll let me lean on your shoulder—"
"But you are so pale!" "Only from loss of blood. Go on! The farther up the track we get the safer we are. What should I have done if—But," with a sudden perplexed expression on his countenance, "I don't think I quite understand now how you came to be here."
Phyllis lifted her frank eyes to his face in innocent surprise. "Your letter," she said. "Didn't you write?" "I write?" Certainly not. "But you did."
She pulled the crumpled half sheet of paper from her pocket—the letter that had sent such a joyous thrill through her heart. "See! Will you deny your own handwriting?"
"It isn't my handwriting at all. Some one has played a joke on you—or me," he said. "But, oh, what a blessed joke for I should have died if it hadn't been for you—for you, Phyllis!"
That night the red finger of warning pointed from the signal lantern along the track, the train slowed up before the point of danger was reached, and the evil designs of the wreckers were frustrated.
An additional man and plenty of firearms were put on at San Jean station, and an impromptu Vigilance committee sent up from among the saw-mill hands and a sturdy corps of lumbermen down on the river shore.
"But wasn't it strange?" said Phyllis to Mrs. Manton. "Whom do you suppose wrote the letter?"
"I can tell you," said Mrs. Manton. "It was Millicent who wrote it."
"Yes," cried a merry mocking voice, "it was I." And Millie came out in her white serge dress with blue forget-me-nots in her belt, looking very lovely and very inappropriate to her surroundings.
"Didn't I fool you beautifully? And to think that you never suspected!"
Phyllis drew herself up with unconscious dignity. "I could hardly suspect," said she, "that a lady could be guilty of such a trick as that! But I

ought to be grateful, for I was able to save Mr. Belfield's life." And she turned away and walked quietly home.
"There's something more to tell," said Milly, her blue eyes glistening ominously. "She has not told me all; there's something she has kept back. But I can guess it. She has not only saved his life, but she has won his heart. Well, I can't say much for his taste, that's all." She shrugged her shoulders angrily.
Hugh Manton, who had come in for a leather buckle smiled grimly to himself. "Why are you laughing?" Milly wrathfully demanded.
"Oh, for no particular cause," said Hugh. "Only it seems to me that your joke didn't work exactly as you thought it was going to!"

PARROTS AND TREE TOADS.
A Dealer in Those Animals Tells Some Interesting Things.
There are a good many bird stories about this big town, where not only birds but other curiosities are on sale. "How about parrots?" I asked. "The demand is increasing at this season." "How so?" "I do not know. It always does. A good parrot is considered company for many people. Some birds are good talkers." "What do you mean by good talkers?" How many words or phrases are at the command of a clever parrot? "Some of the best of them can speak as many as fifteen or twenty words. They can say they are hungry, thirsty, cold, good-day, ta-ta, and all that; but you must remember the most enjoyable feature of the bird is its grotesque mimicry, utterly incapable of being explained. A fine parrot will go on imitating to the end of its days. In a few years it will be able to repeat an astonishing amount of chaff. If you regard this as talking, why their vocabulary is unlimited."
"You sell frogs and tree-toads, too?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, those are funny creatures to have in a big town."
"Oh, no."
"Well, are the frogs used in aquariums?"
"I suppose so."
"And the tree-toads—say, what do you think?"
"I give it up."
"Are in big demand by young doctors and chemists, who are anxious to learn something of the circulation of the blood. The tree-toad has legs that are almost transparent. The young doctor takes a leg, spreads it out under a microscope, and can see the blood corpuscles chasing each other here and there in the veins of the leg of the toad. We sell hundreds of tree-toads for this purpose every month. Come around some time and I'll borrow a microscope and we'll try it ourselves."—New York World.

Cursed Words of the Yezidees.
The Yezidees, a peculiar Turkish sect, are perhaps the only people in the world which consider certain letters, words and phrases as being cursed, and the person who pronounces them a worthy subject for immediate destruction. They attach no value to human life, and to these ordinary dangers are added those arising from the embarrassing etiquette of conversational intercourse with them; for, if anyone inadvertently speaks the word "devil," "Satan," or anything with the same meaning, he commits a mortal offense, and to cut off his head is a God-pleasing act a sacred duty of the Yezidee, the fulfillment of which will insure him a place in Paradise. In a like manner several letters are wholly banished from their language, chiefly those which contain the sound of "shun." The Arabian word "nallet," "Thou art damned," is also expunged, because it is believed by the Yezidees to have been the word uttered by God when the fallen angels were thrown into hell. These and similar words and phrases are set aside and combinations which do not belong to any language used instead.—St. Louis Republic.

What a Man Will Do.
A man will wade through two feet of snow to go to a dog fight, but six inches of the stuff will keep him away from church.
A man will get up at 4 o'clock in the morning to go fishing, but will calmly allow his better half to build the fire before he does so.
A man will spend a half day reading the latest French novel, but let his wife request him to read a chapter from the Bible to the children and immediately his eyes become unfit for use.
A man will tramp the hills and vales from daybreak to sun-down in search of the wily rabbit and consider it exhilarating exercise, but he will kick like a new shotgun when his wife asks him to take the baby out walking on Sunday afternoon.—New York World.

Found His Level.
Old Friend—"Well, old boy, how have you been getting along? Did you succeed as a novelist?"
Mr. Soarhigh—"No, the publishers said my imagination was too lively—plots lacked probability, you know—so I had to give it up; but I'm doing first rate."
"What at?"
"Writing railroad advertisements."
—New York Weekly.

MOZART'S REQUIEM.
How the Master's Last Great Work Was Written.
The last work of Mozart was a fitting close to the tragedy of his life, writes Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason in the Century. One cannot read the oft-told tale of the "Requiem" without a sympathetic tear. The light of subsequent facts has long since dissipated the atmosphere of mystery that hung over it for so long a time. We know now that it is to the vanity of a man who was willing to make his wife's death the occasion for posing before the world in borrowed plumes as a musical composer that we owe this immortal funeral hymn. With Mozart's extreme susceptibility, heightened by his failing health and his dark outlook, it is not strange that the somber and unknown messenger who appeared before him to order a requiem for a nameless friend seemed to foreshadow his own doom. Haunted by this conviction, he rallied all his drooping energies for this final work. "I wish to condense in it all my art, all my science," he writes to his wife, "and I hope that after my death my enemies as well as my friends, may find in it instruction and a model." He was interrupted in the midst of it by an order to write an opera for the great festival at Prague. "La Clemenza di Tito" was written and put on the stage in eighteen days; then Mozart returned to his last task. He was pursued by the idea that he had been poisoned, and in order to divert his mind his wife took away his work. His spirits revived a little, and after a few days of repose he called for his music again. To a friend, probably Du Ponte, who tried to sustain his courage, he wrote a note in Italian, the last we have from his hand:
"I would willingly follow your counsel, but how can I do it? My mind is struck, and I cannot dispel the image of that unknown man. I see him continually before me; he presses me, pursues me without ceasing, and urges me to composition in spite of myself. When I wish to stop, the repose fatigues and harasses me more than the work. Must I say it? I regard the future without fear or terror. I feel that my hour is about to strike. I touch the limits of my life. I am going to die before having enjoyed the fruits of my talent. Yet life is so beautiful! My career opened under such happy auspices! Alas! one cannot change his destiny. No one here is master of his fate, and I resign myself. It will be as it pleases God; as for myself, I must finish my funeral-hymn."
Into this exalted work he breathed the last flame of his divine genius. In the hymn of death the sorrows, the longings of his life found voice. Who can listen to the sublime and heart-rending strains of the "Lachrymosa" without feeling that beneath the prayer for pity is the cry of a suffering human soul? It is the prayer of the world translated into a form of everlasting beauty by one who adds to the divination of the poet a subtle something born of individual tears.
In the intervals of fever and delirium Mozart still works at the "Requiem," giving directions also to Sussmayer as to its completion. . . . While the public of Vienna was wild with enthusiasm over the "Magic Flute," Mozart followed the nightly performance in his bare little room, with a watch beside him, counting the fast-fleeting moments as the play went on. "Ah! Sophia," he said to his sister-in-law, whom he had thoughtfully asked to stay with Constance the last night of his life, "did I not tell you that I was writing the Requiem for my own funeral?" A few hours before the end he joined the friends at his bedside in singing the parts already finished. At the "Lachrymosa" he began to weep, and could sing no more. He died with the score beside him.
The Women Were of One Opinion.
At a meeting called in memory of the late Lord Lytton, "Owen Meredith," at which favorite quotations from the dead author were to be handed in in writing, every woman present gave the following:
"The heart of man is like that delicate weed
Which requires to be trampled on boldly indeed,
Ere it give forth the fragrance you wish to extract;
'Tis a simile, trust me, if not new, exact."
All the men in the crowd gave in the quotation commencing:
"O, hour of all hours, blessed hour of our dinners!
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized man can not live without cooks.
We may live without love—what is passion but pining!
But where is the man that can live without dining!"
Verily, the poet knew how to touch the different chords of the human heart.—Indianapolis Journal.

University Periodicals.
Among the periodicals now published by the Johns Hopkins university in Baltimore, are the American Chemical Journal, the American Journal of Mathematics and the American Journal of Philology. A large number of the professors of the university are contributors to these periodicals.

BRAVE MEN.
It Is Generally Their Pride That Makes Them So.
"When I run across a man who says that he has never known what fear is," remarked an honored veteran at a recent camp-fire gathering, "I know that man is an unmitigated braggart. He might just as well tell me he had never been hungry. Fear is simply the product of the instinct of self-preservation which is implanted in every man."
"Of all the stories of battle I like best that told of an officer on the field of Waterloo, who, when a companion taunted him with cowardice and called attention to the pallor of his face, replied, 'If you were just half as frightened as I am you would have run away long ago.'"
"It is pride that makes men brave, or, if you like to put it another way, the fear of being thought cowards by their companions. A man who is totally indifferent to what other people think of him (many people think that they are, but they are not) would certainly run away the first time he is brought under fire."
"I know that I am accounted a brave man, but whatever reputation I have for courage I owe to pride and nothing else. But for that I should have displayed the most arrogant cowardice. Take the first thing that gave me a lift on the ladder of fame. A faint attack was to be made on the enemy's outlying fortifications to mask a more serious movement. A message had to be conveyed to the officer in charge of the men in the rifle-pits so that he might know what we were up to and not withdraw his men when we retreated. To get to him one had to pass over three hundred yards of level ground which was exposed to the enemy's musketry fire. I volunteered to do it, not because I had any liking for the job, far from it, but because I wanted my comrades to think that I amounted to something. I give you my word for it that when I came to that level stretch and the bullets began to whistle around me, and I realized that there were a lot of men who were trying to 'pot' me, and whether I got through alive or not simply depended upon the accuracy of their shooting, my hair fairly stood on end with fright, and my knees played a bone solo. 'Thank God,' I said to myself, 'there's nobody else to see how scared I am.' If I could have done it without anybody ever knowing it but myself I would have turned tail and bolted at once, but I knew that my colonel had his field glasses on me and that all the men in my company at least were watching me, so I simply kept on. And I said to myself 'Now, if I run across this stretch they will think that I am afraid, therefore, I will just walk across.' So I kept on walking until I was out of danger. Then when I had delivered my message I walked back and had the same sensations over again, only, if possible, I was a trifle more scared than before."
"But when I got among my own comrades, and my colonel, in the hearing of all of them, said that he had never seen a man risk his life more coolly, and other things equally complimentary, why I felt that I wouldn't mind being twice as badly frightened for the same reward."—New York Herald.

The Oath Was Admissible.
A brave French officer, now on the retired list, who lost his right arm in the Franco-Prussian war, appeared as a witness before court in a city in the south of France a few weeks ago. When called upon to swear that he would tell the truth, in the customary manner, the officer naturally raised his left hand. The counsel for the defendant objected to the witness at once, on the grounds that "an oath taken with the left hand was worthless." The learned judges were unable to decide the question and withdrew to an ante-room for consultation. In a few minutes the solons reappeared and the president read the following decision from a literary and patriotic point of view worthy of a Monsieur Prudhomme: "In consideration of the fact that, when the glorious remnants of our army appear in our courts to respond to their legal duties, we cannot demand that they take oath with those limbs which they have lost in the service of their country, we decide that the oath just made with the left hand of the witness is admissible."
Why He Dressed Loud.
"My son," said a New York merchant, "I should think Miss Flutterby would go back on you, and she is considered quite an heiress, too."
"Why, father," inquired the duke, "should you think that Maud would trifle with my affections?"
"Because you get yourself up in an extravagant style. You dress too loud."
"Yes, I know you think so; but you never take into consideration the fact that Miss Maud is a trifle deaf. That's the reason that I dress loud."—Texas Sittings.

Printer's Ink.
Printer's ink is now made from crude petroleum in Ventura county, California. It is prepared at small expense. The manufacturers are now engaged in experiments to refine it. If these prove successful it will supersede the inks now in use.

PRAYERS.

God, who created me
Nimble and light of limb
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim;
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him;
Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesus, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with thy sword
Swift and sharp and bright;
Thou would I serve if I might;
And conquer if I can—
Fit to day dawn till night,
Take the strength of a man.

Spirit of Love and Truth,
Breathing in grosser clay
The light of flames of youth,
Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay;
From pain, strife, wrong, to be free;
Thy best gift I pray.
Take my spirit to Thee.

—Henry Charles Bucking.

THE MAN-EATER.

In January, 1864, the East Indian (Calabar) arrived at Pondicherry, the little French possession on the Coromandel coast. She was touching at the principal ports in the bay of Bengal for cargo, and took in Pondicherry more as a matter of form than anything else. There was not much freight to be picked up there in those days, but it was a delightful place to spend a short time ashore.

Well, boys on that beautiful Sunday afternoon, when we tumbled down from aloft, after giving the sails a good, snug harbor furl, a strange sight awaited us. Just abaft the foremast were groups of natives with their wares temptingly displayed in baskets of quaint form and design. The tribes on that coast are all born with commercial instincts and can give points to a Hebrew or a native of the Nutmeg state.

Then arose a chorus wild and barbaric: "You buy bananas, sahib; good pomeloes, sahib; guavas, sahib; mangoes—all fine, sweet!"

Under the longboat's lee a couple of snake charmers were busy with their wiles. One had a wooden instrument modeled after the general fashion of a flageolet out of which he evolved a weird and quaint melody in a minor key, calculated to produce melancholia. The snakes seemed to like it, for while he piped they danced. The other fellow tied a big snake in festoons around his neck, another around his waist and looked important all the time saluting and begging for annas—though he wasn't above receiving pica.

On the other side of the boat were two jugglers who had set up an opposition show. These were to my juvenile eyes fakirs of high degree.

"Malum sahib," said one of them to me, producing a large and luscious mango from his basket, "you eat."

I ate it, and it was delicious.

"Give back stone, sahib."

I returned the kernel.

He placed it on the deck and covered it with a strip of cotton cloth. There was no deception. Then one took hold of an instrument of torture called a tom-tom and began to beat it while the other intoned a weird chant. They sat on either side of the mango kernel and the cotton cloth, which was never touched by them.

While the tom-tom was loudest and the song shrillest I noticed the cotton cloth rise up until it assumed the shape of a tent about nine inches high. There was a wild finale and then silence. The cotton cloth was then drawn away and sprouting from the kernel of the mango which I had just devoured was a beautiful young tree of symmetrical proportions and beautiful verdure.

"You give rupee, sahib?"

It was a capital trick and he got the money.

The captain was eager to get ashore and see the Widow Dumaury. He was a capital fellow and had always treated me kindly ashore and afloat. I was only fourth mate, but he was good enough to invite me to accompany him.

The widow Dumaury kept a hotel there and Capt. Kennedy, the commander of the Calabar, was rather sweet upon her.

She was as good as she was beautiful, but to save her soul from perdition she couldn't help a mild flirtation now and then, but she always brought you up with a round turn if anything resembling a grand passion was suggested. Her heart was all with poor Pierre, to whom she was devoted—but still smiled bewitching smiles at the civic officers of the government who used to desert their own bungalows for the superior fascinations of the Hotel Dumaury and sip their eau sucree or their absinthe on its spacious verandas.

Sea captains made the hotel their headquarters and there was scarcely one that put up there that the widow had not promised to be a sister to. Somehow she continued to keep the old salts in subjection and they were found regularly at her table d'hotel basking in the brilliancy of her glances like moths round the glare of a flaring lamp.

their backs to the oars and broke out into a song. (They seem quite unable to do anything without singing on the Coromandel coast.) The Calabar was anchored about two miles out, but it didn't take long to reach the shore. The surf was beating on the sandy beach with a savage roar. Big combers, with snowy crests, were toppling over. The fierce undertow hissed. Our boat's skipper never turned a hair. He shouted directions to his crew, who never stopped their song, and taking advantage of a huge wave steered his craft right on to the beach. The boat was borne along with resistless force and the boiling surf took her up nearly high and dry. Before the receding water could bear her back the carmen leaped out, agile as cats, and in an instant the buoyant craft was hauled on to dry land.

But it was a startling experience to a novice like myself who had never been in Indian surf before.

We were driven to the hotel in a bullock ghari without springs and shaken up considerably. Mme. Dumaury received us with her sunniest and sweetest smile. We reclined in the easiest of chairs on the piazza while small Indian boys fanned the flies off us and the khansaman brought us cooling drinks. While smoking our Lunkah cheroots Capt. Kennedy said:

"The widow is the only woman I ever loved. She doesn't care a rope-yarn for me. Don't say a word to Marie."

Marie was his wife. Alas for the depravity of human nature. What are we going to do about it?

"Brandi-pani laso toom sala!" said the skipper. It was about all the Hindustani he knew. Although the natives all along the Madras coast speak Tamil, Hindustani is understood in all the hotels.

The liquid panacea was brought and the skipper felt better.

Mme. Dumaury was quite charming at dinner that evening. She was dressed in a gauzy sort of gown that I am not man milliner enough to describe, and spoke English with a delightful accent I shall not spoil by attempting to reproduce. The scene was quite novel to me. The waving punkahs, the snowy napery, the shining silver, the khitmutgars waiting behind each chair were agreeable changes from the monotony of life aboard ship.

The punkah-wallahs were kept busy that night. Next morning while the captain and I were taking our chotabazare on the veranda unto us came Mme. Dumaury in a charming negligee wrapper. She was crying bitterly.

She told us how one of her pets—a little native boy named Ramoon—had been eaten by a shark that morning. He had gone out fishing with two other natives and the greedy monster had attacked the catamaran and feasted on Ramoon.

She related how the man-eater had long been the terror of the coast adjacent, and that the natives all declared that ever since he had tasted human flesh several months ago nothing else would be good enough for him. Young Ramoon had been his tenth victim.

"My captain," she said, "I cannot rest until that horrid shark is killed. You are brave; catch him for me."

And she gave him such a beseeching glance that it made me feel envious.

At this moment we heard the report of a gun, and looking seaward saw a puff of smoke from the poop of the Calabar. The captain seized a pair of marine glasses and gazed long and earnestly at his ship.

"My God! Jack," said he to me, "I wonder what's up aboard? There's the ensign hoisted at half-mast."

Without waiting to say good-bye to Madame we hurried to the beach and were soon in a boat pulling madly for the ship. The mate received us at the gangway and told us a sad story. Young Allen, an apprentice had been sent over the stern to touch up the gilded scroll work that adorned her old-fashioned quarter galleries. He had fallen overboard, and a big shark had seized him while he was swimming to the ladder. The shark had dived down with him and he was seen no more. That surely was the man-eater.

Allen was a general favorite and the grief was general.

The captain swore that he would catch that shark. He tried to tempt him with salt pork—a tidbit he dearly loved—with buffalo bump and fowl. All effort, however, seemed thrown away. At last a bright idea struck him. One of the old razor-backed sows in the Portuguese quarter had lately littered. The captain bought one of the pigs and brought it aboard with him. The shark was cruising around waiting for another apprentice. The skipper deftly lashed the shark-hook to the pig's body and threw him overboard, paying out plenty of line. The pig splashed about and swam lustily for his life. The shark made one dash at him, and in a moment he was in his maw. We hauled the devil aboard, and after a fierce battle his tail was cut off.

The captain had solved the problem. This terror of Pondicherry would only bite at living bait.

His jaws and tail were taken ashore to Madame as an evidence of good faith. He was the largest man-eater

ever captured on that coast, being pretty nearly forty feet long. Did the widow reward the captain? She did. She gave him one solitary kiss and took care that her maid was present at the time—for she was well acquainted with the habits of sea captains. Give them an ell and they'll seize a mile.—New York Recorder.

GIRAFFES BECOMING EXTINCT.

Nearly All the South African Antelopes Also Becoming Rare.

An article by Mr. Bryden says that the days of the giraffe are numbered. A few years ago a herd of seventy or eighty of them was often met in various parts of Africa. Mr. Bryden says that nineteen giraffes are now a large herd. They have been hunted so mercilessly, both by natives and foreign sportsmen, that they are rapidly becoming extinct.

The intelligent African King Khama has, however, taken the giraffe under his protection and hopes to save it from extermination. He has forbidden the hunting of the giraffe in his large domain, and in this way he hopes they will multiply in his country. It is an interesting fact that Russia has preserved the European bison from extinction by setting apart a forest of Lithuania for them and permitting no one to molest them.

Recent explorers in southwest Africa say that the fauna has changed greatly during the last forty years. Dr. Henry Slichter, in a paper he read before the British association a few weeks ago, says that antelopes, lions, buffaloes, rhinoceri, giraffes and other large animals where met with in abundance when the country was first explored are no longer to be found in any part of the southwest. Africa on account of their ceaseless slaughter by European hunters, as well as by the natives since the latter have possessed breech-loading guns. The most important among these animals, the elephant, has wholly disappeared from this part of Africa except in the neighborhood of Lake Ngami.

Anderson, one of the early explorers of this region, said that 1,200 pounds of ivory could be bought at Lake Ngami for a musket. According to Livingstone, in three years not less than nine hundred elephants were killed near the little Zonga river alone. How much their number has diminished is shown by the very small ivory export from Wallish bay, which amounts to about fifteen hundred pounds per annum, while in 1875 it was as high as 37,000 pounds. The various kinds of animals would doubtless increase again if some protective measures were taken in their behalf, but there are not many Kalamas among the important men of Africa who have sufficient foresight to endeavor in the interests of their own people to prevent the extermination of these valuable animals.

To Learn a Language.

Some students begin a language for the mere love of knowing foreign tongues; others acquire them either for professional purposes or with the aim of gaining access to foreign literatures. But whatever be the motive, the Boston Herald suggests that it is well to set out with some knowledge of the science of language—some insight into the relations of languages to one another—some grasp of the theories of modern scholars about the origin and development of speech.

To learn language without knowing anything of the science of language is like acquiring the art of putting up electric fixtures without any knowledge of the principles of electrical science.

To approach it, on the other hand, from the standpoint of universal principles is to make the study of it easier and progress in any particular tongue much more rapid.

By knowing, for example, the laws of consonantal interchange we may often discover the meanings of words without being obliged to refer for them to the dictionary. In this way every new language learned makes more easy the acquirement of other tongues of the same or of all allied stocks.

How to Take Hair Off.

Dr. Clasen said that among the best depilatory powders are sulphohydrate of sodium and sulphide of barium. As to the sulphohydrate of sodium, he says, that used as a paste, one part to eight of water, and allowed to remain on it for a very short time, it acts well. But it deteriorates very rapidly and is dangerous to give to a patient, as it is quite capable of producing scars. The sulphide of barium is a safer powder for the purpose. It may be used by mixing fifty parts of it with twenty-five parts each of starch and oxide of zinc. This is mixed with water so as to form a soft paste and spread upon the face. After ten minutes it is scraped off and leaves a smooth skin.—Medical Record.

Too Compatible.

"No, Hiram," said the young girl, sadly. "I cannot be your wife. We are too compatible." "Compatible!" he exclaimed. "Isn't that the very reason why?" "Not in our case, I should probably insist, from motives of economy, on dispensing with a servant and doing my housework, and you would probably let me do it, Hiram."—Saturday Evening Post.

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Dr. Bide reports before the royal geological society in Madrid, the discovery of a strange people in Caceres living in caves and inaccessible retreats speaking a curious language, and possessed of a hairy skin.

A California prune grower has refused an offer from a Bordeaux firm for his prune crop in sacks. They would of course be repacked and shipped as French prunes. But the Californian means to make the profit himself.

Paterson, M. J., has adopted a new seal. It has in place of the American eagle, which was in the old seal, the representation of a man planting a mulberry tree. This was selected as the most appropriate for a city famed for silk industry.

The noted Australian lyre-bird is threatened with total extinction in New South Wales, thanks to the American demand for its tail-feathers to adorn feminine headgear. A single fortnight one agent alone imported 1,000 lyre-birds' tails to the United States.

A four-pronged buck was killed recently near Orlanle, Ga., on the left hind foot of which, just above the hoof, a circular bone of some portion of a cow's skeleton was found firmly clasped. It had worn through the flesh and into the bone of the limb, and disabled the animal.

CURT CUTTINGS.

It takes money to economize.—Chicago Housewife.

Rub the price mark of the present unless it is an expensive one.—Judge.

The aroma of cloves is the breath of suspicion.—Boston Herald.

The unmarried preacher needs both tact and tactics.—New York Herald.

Charity begins to hum when sewing bees are organized to help the poor.—Pittsburg.

It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.—Einghamton Leader.

Though people are too modest to admit it every man is his own hero and every woman her own heroine.—Atchison Globe.

The Atlantic cables ought to be placed under bonds not to transmit any London "society" news for about one year.—Chicago Tribune.

Let a pretty woman go to a man with her troubles and in his sympathy he will fall in love with her, and add to them.—Atchison Globe.

It is pretty generally believed that the village blacksmith took advantage of his position at the bellows to put on airs.—Washington Star.

Most of the departments of art and science pride themselves on what they know; diplomacy prides itself on what it does not know.—Boston Record.

Sound is said to travel over 700 miles an hour, yet we have known the sound of a cat yawning on the back fence to remain right in one spot for five maddening hours.—Boston Courier.

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It is rarely that the Plainealer feels called upon to apologize for the appearance and contents of its various issues, but the ravages of the grip have laid low every one connected with the paper, and we go to press this week, short in every department. We hope by the time our next issue is due that "Hamlet will be himself again."

If the czar of Russia should take it into his head to visit the United States and investigate the labor and criminal systems in the South he could get some pointers on cruelty.

When President Harrison has spanked Child properly and taught her to have some manners at the diplomatic table, we trust he will put on his office coat and attend to some more serious affairs, such as the elevation of an Afro-American to the bench of the Court of Appeals.

Poor Prof. Glisham, of Kansas City remarked, inadvertently of course, to the fact that he read "ten colored papers in a minute," and not having particularized, the whole body of our esteemed contemporaries are heaping up enough wrath to lust the more or less distinguished pedagogue for the rest of his natural existence.

The Appeal says that every one must have appreciated its very fine holiday number and that those contemporaries who did not mention its beauty and merits, are jealous. The Appeal is right in the first instance and wrong in the rest. For there are none who admire the energy and ability with which the Appeal is conducted more than the Plainealer. None have been more pleased at its success. The success of no other journal, or the ability and learning appearing in its columns, detracts nothing from us. Were it so we would deserve to be the loser, for only the fittest, in this case, should survive. It was only through negligence and a combination of circumstances, which cause the apology appearing in this issue, that we did not press the admiration we have always entertained for the Appeal, not alone for the push, energy and ability behind it, but for its consistent and honorable course as well. You can always tell where the Appeal stands. May its prosperity, influence and integrity never grow less.

The jury system of our land has often been criticised and numerous suggestions have been made as to how it could be remedied. The other phase of the question is now engaging the attention of a few of the serious minded. That is, how to fill the offices with good men to administer the law fairly without fear or favor. When judges and prosecuting officers thwart justice through partisanship and prejudice, the last phase of the

question concerning an honest administration of the law, becomes more serious than the first. Sometimes the same men who applaud the miscarriage of justice because it agrees with their prejudices, are called upon to rail at the courts because they have been corrupted.

A SHADOWED MIND.

The Deed of Horror It Led To.

I remember Avis Gray as a small, misshapen little girl, with strange eyes and a habit of flaming out into sudden, unaccountable passions that made her disliked by other children. Perhaps they had a feeling that she was not just like one of themselves. Now Paris dressmakers so robbed the minute figure that the idea of misshapenness scarcely obtruded itself. She limped a little in her high-heeled shoes, but she managed to do it without being conspicuous. The gray-green eyes in the small face were stranger still, but why it would have been difficult to say. Her appearance was studied, dressed, arranged in a marvellous manner. "Why does she do it?" I thought. "For her husband?"

I was Avis' companion now. Time had been—in those happy childhood days and later—when our lot in life had been equal. But that was now over. I would not repine. Life had taken from me more than independence. But that was my secret.

"Pierre is coming back to-morrow," said Avis suddenly to me one day.

"Is he?" I asked quietly. "I am glad for your sake."

She was looking at me absently with her glittering eyes. Her pale cheeks were faintly colored. She actually trembled a little. And they had been married two years. She drew a quick breath.

"Yes! He is coming back, and I shall never let him go away again—never—without me." Her small, thin hands were clasped vehemently together.

"When men lead an active life of affairs, they must leave home some time," I ventured.

"He shall never go again without me!" she repeated more excitedly than before.

There was a silence.

"How long is it since you saw Pierre?" Avis demanded brusquely, fixing me with her strange gaze.

"Four years."

There was another pause. I could feel her eye on me. I went calmly on with the work I held in my hand. She gave one of her sudden, shrill little laughs.

"Well, you will find him as handsome as ever."

"I don't doubt it. Mr. Merritt is a very handsome man."

"He is magnificent! He is the most superb looking man in America."

Poor Avis! Her extravagant expressions and thoughts, her reckless, feverish manner, made me pity her profoundly at times; but at times they were also very fatiguing.

The next day Pierre Merritt came and the ordeal I had most dreaded was quietly passed. I had met him calmly, and now it did not seem to me that anything more could ever happen to me. I had loved him dearly, but he had never known it, and now I saw him again as the husband of another woman. He was dead to me and I put him forever out of my thoughts.

"Well," said Avis to me a week later, "how do you think Pierre is looking?"

"Very well."

"What does that mean? Do you think he looks happy?"

"Why should he not be happy, Avis?"

"Ah! Why, indeed?" She gave one of her enigmatic laughs. Her small fingers twined one about the other with a coruscation of prismatic rays from all her rings. She was never in repose, and since Pierre's return she had seemed to me more restless than ever. "He ought to be happy, ought he not? The Merritt firm was just on the point of bankruptcy when he married me, you know, and all the money poor papa made went to him, for I let him have full control of my fortune, and now the firm has tided over all his difficulties and as prosperous as it ever was. Certainly Pierre ought to be happy."

I looked at her half indignantly.

"You have no right to say that your husband married you for money, Avis."

Once more she laughed shrilly.

"Ah! You think he married me because he loved me?"

"Avis, I don't understand your manner at all," I said coldly. "And I don't understand your words or insinuations."

"Your comprehension is dull. Pierre cares no more for me than"—she snapped the nail of her little finger with her thumb and then sat regarding me with her gleaming eyes.

"I can't believe that." But in truth I did believe it. I had seen it from the first moment.

"Oh, you mean because he is kind," she said. "Yes, he is kind—very kind—to me. I have not a wish that he does not try to gratify. But let me tell you, my dear Gertrude, that is not quite the same thing. I love him. That being the case, I am not satisfied with his simple tolerating me, and being kind and considerate. Do you understand now?"

She had spoken with her airy, sardonic fluency, smiling the while. But suddenly her whole face changed and a sort of spasm passed over it. White, draws, with its glittering eyes, it looked for an instant positively ghastly.

I seized her arm sharply.

"You should not give way to such moods," I said with angry admonition. "Half of this is imagination. Why should not Mr. Merritt love you?"

"He shall! He shall!" The strange tensions of her features gave way. She looked more natural. Then her lip quivered.

"Do you think he will ever care for me, Gertrude? I try so hard to make him! Am I so ungainly—so repulsive—that he cannot? Oh, God! Why should I suffer so?" She suddenly stamped her foot like one in actual physical misery.

"Hush, hush, Avis! We must all suffer. You are not the only one."

"Have you ever suffered? I don't believe it. You are too calm. If you had ever suffered as I do you would not have such quiet eyes. Your voice would not be so low and still. Perhaps you think your people losing all their money—being poor—is a great trouble. But it is nothing—nothing—to what I bear! I—"

She suddenly stopped short. The pathos was gone from her voice and face. These changes swept over her continually. There were times when they seemed to me almost uncanny. She broke into her characteristic laugh.

"Oh, you need not look so shocked and grieved, Gertrude! You are a very good girl, a very good girl; but really, I am quite determined that my husband shall still care for me—a little—some day."

I looked after her as she left the room. I seemed to comprehend, to fathom her, less day by day.

I was still sitting in the same place when the door opened again. I had seen Avis drive off on a round of visits half an hour before. I was dispensed from accompanying her on these occasions, and I thought at first that it was a servant in quest of something.

I started at the sound of Mr. Merritt's voice.

"Are you alone, Miss Watt? Has Mrs.—is Avis not in?"

"She is gone for a drive," I said, making a movement to rise.

"Don't go," he urged, hastily. "I—in fact, I am glad to have an opportunity of speaking to you. None seems to have offered since I have been back, and it has been constantly on my heart—my mind—to express to you a little of the grief—the sympathy—I have felt at meeting you again under such altered circumstances."

He spoke stammeringly, without raising his eyes from the floor, as he sat at a little distance from me. He was pale and his eyes wore a haggard expression. Avis' passionate declaration recurred to my memory. No; he was not happy.

"I have never forgotten those days in your father's house," he resumed, as I murmured some undistinguishable words, "four years ago this past summer."

Now, I had given this man up, reader. I had put him out of my mind and heart. He belonged to another. But this—these reminiscences of those all too brief summer days—I could not bear! It was a touch on the raw nerve.

I moved toward the door.

"One word. There is one word more I wish, I must say," he stammered, more hastily than before and still without looking at me, "it was shortly after my leaving you, Miss Watt, that I heard of your father's sudden failure and of the consequent breaking up of your home. I—I was going back directly. I wished to see you, but at that very moment and as a result of the same financial crisis which ruined your father, our own affairs—my father's and mine—became gravely involved. My father is a very proud man, Miss Watt. He had been accustomed to state, deference, luxury, all his life. His health was in a precarious condition. The final humiliation of bankruptcy would have killed him. I could no longer consult my—my own desires. Other duties seemed to have a claim on me. I—I could not go to you. And a few months later I was engaged to be married."

What had he meant? All that night I lay tossing feverishly on my pillow, chasing away a conviction that would steal in upon me—a thought I had never harbored before, which to harbor now was a pollution to my soul. Then, at dawn of day, I sat upright and faced it. For one long moment I opened the door wide to it, I gave it shelter, I looked at it well from every side. Pierre Merritt had loved me, then, in those dead-gone summer days, as I had loved him, but he had sacrificed himself for his father's sake. The money of Avis, his wife, had saved the old man's life. What then? The past was irrevocable. Who would blame him? He did not know my secret. He never should know it. I had learned the truth now. But in what did it profit me? I buried it deep; I put no headstone over it. Never again, if staunch will could aid me, would I look towards the place where it lay.

The days passed and one was like another, except that Avis grew continually more unaccountable to me. Her inexplicable caprices tried her husband sorely, perhaps, but never by word or glance did he show anger but the tenderest, gentlest kindness toward her. She was more restless than ever, her words more uncertain, she watched Pierre covertly, when he was reading or absorbed in thought, for long minutes at the time, with that strange glitter in her eyes. Then, catching my look, by chance, would break into her laugh.

It commenced to dawn on me that some serious mental trouble threatened her. Such a condition of exaltation, brooding and morbid in turn, could not continue. I had begun to consider whether Mr. Merritt should not be spoken to on the subject when one night I was startled by a wary touch on the knob of my door.

"Who's there?" I called out.

The door happened to be unlocked and as I started up from my pillow it opened slowly and Avis' white-clad figure, carrying a taper, stood on the threshold.

"Good heavens, Avis! What is it?" Her face had a look that froze my blood. Her eyes wore a glassy immobility, like those of a china doll. All the flesh appeared to have melted from her jaw and mouth, the lips were drawn back tightly from the gleaming teeth.

"Come—come with me," she said, still standing there.

"Why? What—"

"Come with me," she repeated as before.

I threw on my dressing gown. I quivered nervously from head to foot.

When she saw me prepared to follow her she turned her head over her shoulder and laid one finger on her bloodless lips with a motion that struck me, somehow, as horrible.

"Sh!"

She crept along the corridor before me. The flaring flame of the taper wavered as she went. She crept to her own door and that she pushed softly open.

"Come!"

There was a night-lamp with a pink shade, but no other light in the room save the taper that Avis carried.

The bed was in the center of the room, the head resting against the wall. It was draped with heavy curtains and these were drawn.

Still holding the taper Avis—how she limped now in her bare feet! How the crooked shoulder showed in the loose white night-robe!—crept up to the bed and drew the curtains asunder and held up the light.

I saw Pierre's placid white face, the lids closed.

"Dead!" she whispered, nodding her head with a slow awkward sagacity.

"Dead! And see how quiet he looks! Is he not beautiful, my bonny lover? Did I not do it well? All over in a minute it was—while he slept—see!"

Her hand plucked back the covering and the shining bit of something acid and steely showed where the heart had beaten.

"You see, he did not love me. I found that out. So this was all I could do."

But my screams had aroused the house and the servants were hurrying in.

Avis yet lives. She has never been violent. She has never sought to do mischief since that night. She is confined in a little house in a beautiful garden and to her attendants she talks all day of Pierre. She thinks he has gone on a journey. Every day she decks herself up in flowers and ribbons in expectancy of his return.

Ten years have passed. I am a companion yet and shall be to the end. But what matter? I can think of him now!

The World of Business.

Interesting Collection of Some of Trade From All Over the World

In a few weeks' time a revival of business will set in which will surprise the whole country.

Business men are already anticipating a more lively time, but they will have a brighter and more active time than they anticipate.

This is not an idle statement, nor is it a prediction.

The real influences are beneath the surface, and hence not observable to the average eye. An immense amount of new business is being checked. Manufacturers, investors, buyers, sellers, promoters and schemers of all kinds, are all hanging back waiting to see what will turn up. They ought, many of them in fact, to have bought two or three months ago, but they have been over cautious, and will certainly be caught in an upward tendency of prices before April 1st. This upward tendency will hurry up thousands of small operators, traders, manufacturers and business men.

The railroad condition is very strong. Some authorities talk about the probable construction this year of five thousand miles; they are two thousand miles under the figure; the total will be seven thousand, and there is evidence of it.

All of the trunk lines east and west of Chicago will extend their mileage. All of the roads in the Southwest will do the same. The strong railway corporations will do the most new work. The increase in earnings for the month of December was seven per cent. over December of last year.

There is enormous demand for money. Last week's loans in New York amounted to nine million dollars. During this month over one hundred million dollars will be disbursed as interest and dividends. This will help to bring the coming activity. Another thing will be the enormous British and European demand for American products.

The total failures last year are figured up by one authority at 12,273; liabilities almost two hundred million dollars.

Most of the failures were in the Southern states where a multitude of new enterprises were started, and were not sufficiently backed with capital.

The New York stock exchanges are getting ready for big work. At the cotton exchange last year forty-one million bales of cotton were sold, that is, each bale was sold six times over. That is a low average.

There will be a strong effort made to pass a free coinage bill in Congress, but it will not go through.

The free coinage ranks are gaining rapidly from the wage-workers and small business men who say they are willing to take all the risks of depreciating values.

The country was never in such a notion as now for trying experiments, and if the people had their way they would try a free coinage experiment with a jump. The banking interests know it, and they are a good deal troubled about it.

Nations, like individuals, sometimes get tired of old ruts, and try to get out.

Nail machines have just been shipped to England. West Superior is a rising city of Wisconsin; its business last year averaged a million dollars per week. Lumber from Washington is to be imported in large quantities to Eastern markets.

Another cable is to be laid between San Francisco and Honolulu.

The problem of the future will be the construction of inland water ways. In no other way can the business interests shake their flats at the railroads.

One little canal in the North-west, called for short, the "Soo," saved freight last year amounting to fifty million dollars, what it would have been had all this freight been hauled by railroads.

The Erie canal has saved hundreds of million of dollars. Canals can be built in many other sections, and ought to be, and will be.

It will take thirty-four million dollars to pay New York city's expenses this year.

Jay Gould's estimated to be worth one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, nearly all made up on Pacific Railroads and Western Union stock.

Americans are purchasing valuable tracts of timber territory in Canada.

The largest and most valuable deposit of Lake ore ever known has just been developed in Minnesota. Thirteen test pits were sunk last fall, eleven hundred feet; it is estimated that there is twenty million dollars within reach in one spot. A railroad will be built next spring, sixty-four miles, to this region.

There are 161 Companies running ocean steamships, of which 64 are doing business in England; 33 in France; 15 in the United States; 12 in Germany; 7 in Spain; 5 in Holland; 6 in Portugal. Italy has three companies. Japan, Denmark and Russia one each.

The Pennsylvania railroad has ordered the building of one hundred locomotives at its own shops; this is about the yearly average. The company will spend three million dollars in making Philadelphia the end of a branch line. The main line will be from Doringtown to Treanton.

Whaleback vessels are coming into general use; several under construction will be between four and five hundred feet long, and be driven by triple expansion engines of five thousand horse power.

Important to You.

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

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

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

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

An equalizing tendency is at work which is, in a certain sense, drawing out manufacturing capacity from some of the larger cities. Railroad men especially speak of this, and they are, as far as is in their power stimulating the movement.

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, 485 Hastings street.
John Williams, 51 Croghan street.
Cook and Thomas, 43 Croghan street.
Jones and Brewer, 327 Antoine street.
W. H. Johnson, 466 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.

Mr. A. M. Kelsey was called home suddenly on the 24th, on account of the death of his father, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Lillian Russell is confined to her home with the rheumatism.

The Willing Workers will hold their next meeting at the residence of Mrs. Wells, of Brewster street.

Mrs. William F. Smith, of Bay City, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Julia Carter.

Mr. Sanford entertained friends at tea, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lewis gave an enjoyable tea, Friday evening.

Mr. Allen Moore, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Moore, died Saturday evening and was buried from the family residence, Wednesday afternoon.

The Detroit social club give their second annual party, Feb. 10th.

An advertisement of an abnormally fat Afro-American woman showing at Wonderland reads "a mountain of colored flesh." Now the Scriptures say "all flesh is grass." Hence, a mountain of grass—a haystack. If the size of the stack be any criterion, and it usually is, Wonderland has had a big harvest.

This is leap year, maiden dear,
Deck your hair and curl your tresses,
Then put the question without fear;
All the answers will be yes—e!

The members of Pythagoras' Lodge F. and A. M., are making every preparation for their fourth annual entertainment, to be given at Fraternity hall, Thursday evening, February 25.

The entertainment will be of the highest standard, and will certainly

The Latest Fan.

It is not the landscape fan which you saw last fall, nor is it the feather fan which was waved over the land so long. It is entirely new and it is perfectly exquisite. And since the fan is such an important part of a woman's dress you may want to get one like it, or some one may give you one as a valentine present. The ground work is of light blue satin, and the sticks are made of mother of pearl, beautifully carved and inlaid with silver.

The center piece of the fan is a portrait of Marguerite—she who is famed in song and story. She is, of course, a beautiful girl, and she is seated upon an old-fashioned chair with the spinning-wheel before her. She is entirely fashioned of duchess lace and the filmy web of the lace forms the drapery for her gown and the chair itself and even the spinning-wheel. Marguerite's face is of the duchess lace, so spun that when it is put upon the fan the groundwork makes a lovely background for her features and sets them forth properly. Two angel cupid flying aloft are holding the strings, or threads of the spinning-wheel, and Marguerite's dainty arched foot is upon the wheel, while her slender hands guide its threads. It is a most beautiful picture and the sentiment conveyed is most delicate. The artist who conceived the idea said that he meant to typify the happy combination which is the American girl's boast, namely, the faculty by which she combines the useful and ornamental, making them her own.

These opportunities are developing in the West and the South especially, and our commercial agencies show that, even in the older states, there is a more rapid increase of small traders than a few years ago.

Adrian News.

Adrian, Mich., Jan. 26.—This week Wednesday evening the citizens of the city of Adrian will have the chance of hearing one of the most able and eloquent of speakers, and a man who in every sense a man for the race, of the race and a race man, and we hope when the Honorable D. A. Straker steps upon the stage at Croswell's Opera House, that he will be greeted by one of the largest audiences ever accorded to an orator in this city.

Miss Lida Jacobs, of Chicago, arrived in this city last week, and will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Rogers. Miss Rogers has a serious case of dropsy, but is much better now than she has been for sometime. Her stay here is to be an indefinite one.

Miss May E. Worthington and Miss Alice M. Chambers of Fayette, Ohio, were the guests of Mr. Thomas Moore for a few days last week. They returned Tuesday.

Mrs. Lizzie Craig returned last week from Dresden, Ont., where she was called to attend the funeral of her mother three weeks ago. Her sister went to Toledo and will reside there.

Miss Emma Taylor will arrive home this week Saturday from Toledo. Miss Laura Jones will accompany her as a guest for a few days.

Miss Mattie Taylor, who has been very ill with rheumatism the past four weeks, is able to get about the house again.

Miss Lida Myers returned to her home in Kalamazoo last week.

Mrs. Chas. Clanton is recovering from a second attack of the grip.

The supper given at Mrs. Waters last Wednesday evening for the benefit of Elder Brown was well served and largely attended, about \$7.00 being realized.

Miss Cora Clanton entertained a large company of friends at her pleasant home Monday evening in honor of the Misses May Worthington and Alice Chambers of Fayette. Cards, games and refreshments were the order of the evening, and a good time enjoyed by all who attended.

The Good Samaritans are preparing for a grand musical and literary entertainment to be given at their hall Feb. 3, and present indications point to a great success. Over 200 tickets have been sold, and it is safe to say that standing room will be at a premium.

On taps! Leap year party. When? Next month. Where? Wait and see. But subscribe for and read The Plaindealer and you'll find out.

Niles Notes.

Niles, Mich., Jan. 25.—Rev. Wm. Collins of the A. M. E. church, is holding a series of revival meetings.

Mrs. H. E. Wilson returned home after a week's visit at Chain Lake, where she has been in the interest of the Woman's Foreign Mission work, and reports that there are more than two hundred cases of "la grippe" and many deaths.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner are very low from the grip.

Miss Belle Curtis is on the sick list. Mr. Andrew Huggart of South Bend, Ind., after a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends, returned home this morning.

Mr. Sanford Hill of Dowagiac, made Mrs. Cal Wilson a flying trip Sunday.

Mrs. Libbie Bannister has been on the sick list, but she is convalescent.

What is the matter with the Bay City and Kalamazoo correspondents. Mr. James Bannister spent Sunday in South Bend, Ind. Reader.

Battle Creek Notes.

Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 25.—The entertainment given on the 20th by the A. M. E. church was largely attended and a success financially.

A pleasant surprise was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Johnson on the 15th inst. in honor of Misses Ella Mitchell and Retta Brown of Chicago, who are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. Choice refreshments were served and a pleasant evening spent by all.

Rev. J. I. Hill will commence his revival meetings Thursday evening. May his efforts be crowned with success. Wedding bells are ringing; will give particulars next week.

Ann Arbor Notes.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Jan. 26.—Miss G. Thompson, of Ypsilanti, spent Saturday and Sunday in the city, the guest of Miss Eva Cooper.

A sleighing party went into the country last Tuesday night. It is reported that several froze their feet.

Miss Loney's leap-year party was a great success on Friday night. All the girls went and took their "best beaux."

A leap year sleigh ride was given last Thursday night. After a delightful ride the party went to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. Bow, of Ypsilanti, where they staid until the clock struck one twice. The following were present: Misses Emily Jones, Maggie Johnson, Carrie Freeman, Josie Thomas, Noma Loney, Minnie and Maude Hall, and Messrs. Edward Watson, Zack Simmons, Eric Dixon, F. J. Ballard, Mack White, Davie Robinson and Geo. Jewett.

Sick list: Mesdames Green, Blackburn and Huick and Messrs. White and Adams. University hall was crowded, Saturday night to listen to the humorist, Bill Nye, and his assistant, A. P. Burbank.

Mrs. Wm. Graves has moved her dressmaking parlors from Main street to her residence on Wall street. Colla.

D! BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25 C

SALVATION OIL

Price only 25 Cts. Sold by all dealers.

Will relieve Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Sores, Burns, Cuts, Wounds, Scalds, Backache, etc.

CHEWLANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Analgesic—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

South Bend Jottings.

South Bend, Ind., Jan. 20.—George Underwood says, "everything is laid on colored people; even James Carter has got the grip."

The Jeffries cornet band under the management of Prof. Chas. W. Jeffries, who, though a young man, is doing excellent work preparatory to standing the storm in the coming campaign.

South Bend boys will skate. Rollers are often put under a man, girls are exchanged and sleigh-rides lead the day.

Miss Lillian White has returned from a visit to Toledo. En route home she spent a few days in Elkhart.

Miss Etta Powell is visiting in La Porte.

Mrs. Hannah Morris is very low with dropsy. She has been confined to her bed for the past three months.

We feel highly elated over the fact that we have one of the finest tonorial artists in the state. Mr. Levi Walden is an expert at his trade and for quickness and neatness is excelled by none, but we fear we will lose him as he has been over to Michigan very frequently, and we are listening to hear the wedding bells. There seems to be great attractions in Kalamazoo and Adrian for the South Bend boys.

The funeral of the late Mr. Churchman was held last Monday afternoon, at Mt. Zion Baptist church. Mr. J. W. Harrison, of Buchanan, father of the deceased, four brothers and one sister were in attendance at the funeral.

A fair will be given at Mt. Zion Baptist church, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, for the benefit of the church.

Mrs. Margaret Smith will visit Adrian soon.

Educational.

Bishop College, a school for the education of the colored people was founded a little over ten years ago by the American Baptist Home Mission Society. Land and building to the value of \$40,000, are now in the possession of the college and a new building to cost about \$20,000, is to be erected during the coming summer; of the above \$40,000, quite a large amount has been raised by the colored Baptists of the state of Texas but by far the largest part has come from friends in the North. \$10,000 for the building are now in hand, and the balance is being collected.

The Medical college of the New Orleans University was dedicated Jan. 3th. The idea of the school originated early 3th. The idea of the school was with Bishop Mallaleu, who collected the money, purchased the property for a medical institution for Afro-Americans. Besides paying \$15,000 for the property he has secured \$5,000 for an endowment fund. It is proposed to raise an endowment of \$200,000 so as to make the institution one of the best medical ones in the South.

It opened for students two years ago last October. Three classes have matriculated, and the first class will graduate Feb. 26th, next, having gone through with a full three years. The building is 114 by 32 feet — is imposing structure.

A lady in New York has agreed to erect a new three story building for the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, at Tuskegee, Ala., to be used for dormitory and class purposes. The building will contain, besides class rooms, between 30 and 40 bed rooms for young men, and the donor not only pays for the building but for all the furniture that goes into it.

W. Scott Miller, brother of Rev. A. P. Miller, of New Haven, Conn., was elected over his opponent, A. G. Keller, as class orator of '92 of Hill House High School. He is the second Afro-American that has received this honor. In 1885 Albert Skinner was elected class orator and graced the hall to the honor of his class and proved a lasting credit to his race.

The Alabama school for Negro Deaf Mutes and Blind was formerly opened for the reception of pupils on the 4th, day of Jan. 1892. All Negro Mute or Blind children, between the ages of eight and twenty, are entitled under the laws of the state to board, tuition medical attendance and school-room expenses free of charge. Provision for clothing the indigent is made by Sec. 1095 of the Code of Alabama.

Mr. Frank Trimble, a young Tennesseean, will graduate from Brown University and be the first Afro-American graduate from that ancient institution. He is vice president of his class and member of the Phi Beta Kappa society, both of which are especially high honors.



SOME PEOPLE WHISTLE

TO KEEP UP THEIR COURAGE,

OTHER PEOPLE WHISTLE

WHEN THEY ARE ASTONISHED,

MANY PEOPLE WHISTLE

FOR AMUSEMENT (TO OTHERS),

BUT WE ARE WHISTLING

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A NARROW ESCAPE.

HAIR-BREADTH ADVENTURE OF A GOLD HUNTER.

In the Clutches of a Band of Geronimo's Bloodthirsty Warriors—How a Glass Eye Saved a Life in Wild Horse Canyon, New Mexico.

During 1881-82 Mr. Rowe resided in the Black Range country, New Mexico, and while there had about as close a call from death at the hands of the Apache Indians as any man who ever entered the domain of the savage and then came forth with scalp intact.

Like all others who went to that locality while the mineral excitement there was going on, Mr. Rowe was prospecting, and made his headquarters in the little gully leading up from Wild Horse canon.

One bright morning in June of 1882 he threw a pick over one shoulder and a gun over the other and left camp in search of the golden treasure, little suspecting that behind a cliff of rocks,



HERE IS AN EYE FOR YOU.

almost directly in his path, lurked the Victoria-Nana combination of Apache cut-throats.

With the exception of the late Geronimo, who is now sojourning at Fort Marion, Fla., for acts of deviltry committed while on the warpath in Arizona and New Mexico, Victoria and Nana were the most noted Apache chiefs who ever murdered a shepherd or set a prairie on fire, and to fall into their clutches was supposed to be sure death.

As Rowe sauntered down the gully, picking float rock as he went, the Indians lay low, and before he was aware of their presence he was right among them. Of course, he was astonished—any one would be under the circumstances—yet he neither dropped dead nor attempted to fight. He stood like a statue, and the Indians, with guns leveled, moved up and disarmed him without saying a word.

There were about twenty in the band, which, under the existing conditions, was sufficient to whip the whole United States government and Mexico thrown in.

Rowe acted in such a meek manner with them and seemed to resign himself to his fate in such an indifferent way that the red devils arrived at the conclusion that it would be no fun to kill him outright; that the craving of their devilish nature would be better satisfied if they had tied him to a tree and tortured him.

With this amiable design Rowe was tied up, with his face toward the Indians. For the purpose of giving him a chance to tear his hair, however, while the torture was in progress, his arms were not tied.

When all was in readiness to begin operations a dispute arose among the savages as to which part of the body would first be dissected, but at the expiration of a ten-minute debate the deadlock was broken by Chief Nana remarking in his native tongue, which Rowe understands quite well, that one eye should first be gouged out, then the ears cut off, the nose split and the teeth knocked out one by one. Each Indian was in turn to perform some cruel part, but Chief Geronimo was to have the pleasure of gouging out the first eye.

Jerking a long, ugly looking knife from his belt he advanced toward the captive, but when within two feet of him Rowe reached up with one hand and yanked out one of his eyes and tossed it to the Chief with the remark "Don't put yourself to so much trouble—old man. Here is an eye for you, and when you want the other just let me know."

The action of Rowe in taking out the eye was a paralyzer on the whole band, and the chief, who had received the token, dropped his knife and made a critical examination of the optic, others gathering about him in all eager endeavor to get a glimpse of the eye that could be lifted out in such a manner.

It was passed from one to the other and commented on, some of the remarks being funny in the extreme. Finally the chief took the eye back to Rowe and informed him that if he could put it back again so it could see he would not molest him further.

With this proposition Rowe gently lifted the eye in pain sight of all and replaced it, whereupon he was told to go his way, the Indians believing that he was something more than a human being. The eye, however, was glass, and is still being carried by Mr. Rowe.

CHAINED IN A CAVERN.

The Adventure of a Man Mistaken by Moonshiners for a Detective.

Mr. Lucien Barrow, of Medina, Ky., left his home two weeks ago to look after some landed interests in Fayette county, to be gone a few days. His family became uneasy at his continued absence and wrote to him as to his whereabouts. They received a letter from the gentleman with whom he was to visit, that he had not been at his house for several months. Mr. Barrow's brother went in search of him, but returned without any clue. The affair remained a mystery until a few days ago when the missing man returned to his home.

"I left home with considerable money," said Mr. Barrow, "intending to purchase some timber lands up there in the hills of Fayette. I went through the country. One evening about 4 o'clock I was riding along at a fast trot in order to make some place to spend the night. The road did not seem to be traveled much, and I began to have fears that I was on the wrong road. About dusk I rode out into a clearing, and just ahead could hear dogs barking. I was presently hailed with 'Hello, stranger, whar you goin'?' I dismounted and told the man my condition, and that I wanted to spend the night with him. He was a big, rough-looking fellow, and had a mean down-cast look about him. He took me to a double log house, built just under a hill, and informed me that I could spend the night there if I would stay.

"I foolishly drew forth a roll of money and handed him a bill. He invited me into the house and said to a tall woman preparing supper: 'Sal, here's a stranger what wants to stay here to-night,' and handed her the money I had given him. The supper consisted of bacon, corn cake and coffee. Soon after supper, being very weary, I stated to my host that I desired to retire. He led the way up a flight of rickety steps to the room I was to occupy. It was a small affair, with egress only through the door. Somehow I felt a sense of uneasiness creeping over me, but feeling very drowsy, I was soon fast asleep. When I regained consciousness it still seemed to be night. I attempted to turn over, when I found I was chained tight and fast. I cried aloud but received no answer. After some time a door suddenly opened and my captor came before me. I indignantly demanded of him why I was thus treated."

"Ah, curse you; you thought you had Bunk Terry in the pen, but you ain't. I knew you was one of them sneaking detectives. You've hunted your last distiller. I told him who I was and where from, but he left me without answering. My meals were brought to me by the woman. She finally released my hands. I worked a whole day on the chains which held my feet, and finally succeeded in releasing them. I found my match box, and, striking one, found that I was in a long cavern extending back as far as the feeble light would allow me to see. I found a small 'agot' among a heap of rubbish, and lighting it started an explosion. I must have gone fifty yards when I saw a faint streak of light ahead. It came from a small hole, through which I hastily crawled, finding myself once more at liberty. I made my way round the hill, keeping well within the shadow of the woods, and saw my jailer sitting on a stump smoking. My horse was grazing some distance off. I slipped to the shed and, procuring the bridle, caught the animal. The man saw me leaving and started on a run toward me, but was soon left behind. I, in several hours arrived at the house of a farmer and related my story.

"He, with several others, accompanied me back to the distiller's home, but the birds had flown with nearly everything of value. A small still was captured. I had strayed over thirty miles from my route. They probably



"CURSE YOU"

drugged the coffee at the first meal and took my senseless body to the cave. They kept me confined for thirteen days. Who the man was or where he came from no one knew."

Groceries Should be Covered Up.

All groceries and household supplies should be put away in their own proper receptacles and not left standing around in paper bags. Keep rice, oatmeal, cracked wheat, tapioca, etc. in close-covered glass jars. Tea and coffee in tin canisters. Meat and flour in covered wooden buckets.

Dr. Frederic L. Mathews, one of the best known physicians of central Illinois, is dead.

MADAGASCAR SLAVERY.

FANAMPOANA, A GIGANTIC, HYDRA-HEADED EVIL.

So Woven in the Life of the People it Can Not Be Dislodged—Horrible Conditions Attendant on This System.

Not only is slavery universal throughout Madagascar, says the San Francisco Examiner, but also is there a still more gigantic evil, and one which is still more surely crushing the manhood and stifling the life of that curious and beautiful country.

"Fanampoana," or forced labor, has a protean shapa. It may be best understood by describing it as partaking of the nature of the corvée; it is also applied to conscription, to all kinds of government service; it is part of the feudal system, and it even sometimes takes the shape of a "logging bee." It would be unjust to the astute old man who presides over the destinies of the people of that country if it were not stated that he has more than once considered a plan by which it might be modified and reformed. But the system is too deeply woven into the inner life of the nation to be dealt with except by a master hand, and then only with the assistance of outside and friendly financial support. For instance, it is one of the main characteristics of "fanampoana" that it supplies the place of the payment of officials throughout the island.

In fact, in all Madagascar no secretary, clerk, artisan, soldier or civilian serving the government in whatever capacity (with the exception of a trifling percentage received by some of the governors of districts) is paid or even fed by the state. "The queen honors them by employing them," so the official euphuemism runs, and they must feed and clothe themselves. But when loyalty takes the shape, as is constantly the case, of carrying vast weights of wood, iron or stone on raw and bleeding shoulders along goat tracks (for roads there are none), through swamps and forests, up and down hills 5,000 feet high, then the additional stimulus of shackles and legrions is needed to persuade the poor captured peasant that on the whole he had better accept the "honors" half starved though he must be. If he runs away he brings punishment on his family and becomes a fugitive and a bushranger; the numerous robber bands are mainly recruited from such runaways. Hundreds of instances could be cited, especially within the last twelve months, to show that this tyranny is becoming more and more unsupportable.

In the first place all the land in Madagascar, with comparatively few exceptions, belongs nominally to the queen, but actually to the government. At the present moment and for many years past the government is and has been completely centered in and despotically ruled by the prime minister, Rainilaiarivony, who, besides his original wife, has married two successive queens of Madagascar. Fortunately for himself and his family his rule has, on the whole, been wise as well as vigorous. In the Sakalava expedition, out of tens of thousands of peasants who were summoned, assembled and even partially drilled throughout the country, only about two thousand could be actually laid hold of, and a few months of fever and numerous desertions quickly reduced this number. Similarly in the alluvial gold fields, which are being worked by forced labor upon the enormous nominal royalty of 55 per cent to the government (45 per cent is divided among the foreign shareholders, directors and superintendents) immense exertions have to be constantly made to keep up the supply of forced labor. Thus it comes about that this most important branch of the national wealth is not developed. Here, as elsewhere, serfdom spells poverty.

Again, in the case of craftsmen and artificers, Madagascar possesses and could produce plenty of men whose talent would compare favorably with that of almost any people in the world. But the moment they show proficiency in their art, they are "fanampoaned," that is, they are honored by being employed by the government or by some powerful official, without wage and without food. A clever craftsman, from whom you buy a work of art in whatever metal, begs you not to say from whom you purchased it, solely for fear of the "honor" which would be in store for him. So if you want a good tin smith, carpenter, or jeweler, you must not search for him among the tradesmen of his own craft; but the clever jeweler is found among the washermen, and so on, in an amusing "bo-peep" of industry.

The queen honors "Raini-be" or "Bootoo" by taking him away from his rice fields just at the season when his labor and supervision are most required for his crop. So the unfortunate "freeman," who is not allowed to send his slave as his substitute—mark the grandeur of the distinction conferred upon him—is remorselessly bled, even to his penultimate dollar if he desires to procure exemption from the honor.



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

THE

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THE OLD HAND-PRESS.

Battered and shattered,
With ink all bespattered,
Still with the strength to annoy and
too bliss
Loved by the editor,
Cursed by the creditor,
Shling and stumbling—the old hand-
press.

Gone are great editors,
Patient, meek creditors,
The far day when it first saw the
light;
Age has but lengthened it,
Riveted, strengthened it—
It a victor in many a fight.

Stars from their setting fall;
Men die forgetting all;
—they may vanish and light may
grow less;
But till Gabriel's horn shall blow,
Ages unborn shall know
It's still in the business—the old
hand-press!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE TOLL BAR.

the month of November, 17—,
at the hour of midnight Simon
ves the gouty toll-keeper of Gwyn-
at asleep in his old oak chair.
knitted nightcap of Welsh wool
been preceded by another kind of
in the shape of a hot glass of
ed ale, and his consequent slumber
heavy enough when he was awake
piercing cry of "Gate! Gate!"
olt and bar being withdrawn,
on stood under the starlit sky,
y to take the toll, and pass the
nger on his way; but, to his aston-
ment, no wheel nor heel was there.
hing but the plaintive "too-who-
who," of the brown owl in the dis-
woods was to be heard. He swung
lantern high, he swung it low, he
ed up the hill and peered into the
t; no one was there. His landlord's
had passed that way at ten that
ing, and there the track lay un-
urbed in its frosty covering.

"Gate! Gate!" again rang out in the
ty night air, and Simon instantly
w down his pen not without some
ot that it was the summons of some
fter-dinner old gentleman, who
ld laugh at the joke and toss him
a-crown.

gain Simon appeared in his cov-
ed doorway, lantern in hand, but
was no mortal make, nor tire
wheel of mortal make. He swung
lantern high; he peered up the
and down the road; he stooped
n, and again found the rime frost
undisturbed in the ruts. Whose
e was like unto that cry of "Gate!"
e? Surely he had heard it before
ewhere! Could it be that of his
ing niece, Elsie, the golden-haired
of fourteen summers, whose play-
delight when on a visit four years
e had been to come to the front
e toll-house and cry "Gate!"
e? followed by ringing laughter
n her old uncle made his appear-
n answer to her false alarm!

The clear shrill cry he had
d that night resembled the voice
Elsie—poor Elsie!

Richard Grimstone had wooed and
er against the wishes of her
le Simon, who disliked the reputa-
for gallantry that Richard had
ained very quickly after his return
a visit to London. Elsie's trust-
ature, however, would believe no
of her lover, and when the bridal
arrived, and she noticed the many
springing amongst the bystanders,
put them down to envy at her
ying off the handsomest man of
illage.

er husband very soon absented
self on pretended calls of business
the market town, and when her
ed cheeks and ill-health betrayed
approaching motherhood, Richard's
avior filled her sinking heart with
rebellion. He said he hated a
face or a piling girl; he liked a
cheek and a nut-brown maid—a
which Elsie had more and more
son to realize, as rumors reached
ears of Richard's squandering his
ney on a blacksmith's daughter of
reputation.

lsie, like many others of her sex,
ld break but not bend; and, having
raided her husband on his deser-
of her at such an approaching
is, he resented the accusation with
urse, and with a blow from his fist
felled Elsie senseless to the floor.
When she recovered she was alone,
had left her without a friend or a
vant in the house, and as she heard
ound of his horse's hoofs dying
y in the distance her brain reeled
she became delirious.

Simon sat in his chair till daylight,
ngely agitated with fears for his
e's safety. At eight o'clock he
to up a basket of brown bread and
h eggs, and taking a stout stick in
d, he went down the road to the
age of an army pensioner who
ivated a small potato patch. Old
es was easily persuaded, to take
arge of the gate until Simon re-
ed, and shortly after Simon ob-
ed a lift in the post-cart going to
ngollen. This vehicle passed
ck Grimstone's farm, and by one
ck Simon was crossing the stile
ing up to the farm.

No good going on here, I see;
e are fences down, gaps in the
es, gates hanging by one hinge."
had signs of bad "farming," and
on went round to the back door,
ch he found open. Some ducks
invaded the stone passage and
ily quacked at the intruder. All

also was silent, and with bated breath
Simon looked in the kitchen. It was
empty and with no fire, even in
the grate. He went into the front
room, that was called the parlor.
The blind was yet drawn down from
the previous night—no one was there;
some tiny pieces of needlework unfin-
ished lay on the table. He called out
"Elsie! Elsie!" No reply came but
the echo of his voice down
the deserted corridor. He mount-
ed the stairs and, peering into
the front room, he saw a
white, heap on the floor, with
a crimson stain flowing from its
lips! "Good God, what villainy has
been here!" cried Simon, in his bitter
wrath, and he tenderly raised the
darling head; then, parting the golden
locks aside, he kissed the forehead,
which was white as alabaster. She
still breathed, so he laid her on the
bed, and then hastily retreated to the
kitchen and made a fire with the
fagots, and discovering the tea-caddy,
made her a hot and strong bowl of
tea. To this he added some brandy
from his own flask, and after such
coaxing and soothing as a nurse em-
ploys to a sick child, he made her
swallow the refreshing draught. He
was rewarded by seeing a flush pass-
ing over her cheek, after which a deep
sigh choked her utterance for a while.
Yet a few moments and her eyes
slowly opened, and Simon, dear Uncle
Simon, kissed them.

"Sleep a bit, my poor dear; I
knewed you was ill, I'm come to see
you comfortably treated."
She put out her hand as if to feel
that her visitor was a reality and no
phantom come to mock her, and Simon
took her hand and rubbed it softly
and cried and cooed over her by turns.
"You shall come away with your
uncle, Elsie, and make an old fool of
him again, if you like. Don't you mind
crying 'Gate! gate!'"

Elsie gathered up her senses and
slowly sat up, pressing her forehead
with both hands. "Gate! gate! Yea,
I did cry 'Gate! gate!' And is it really
my dear old Uncle Simon? The Lord
be thanked, you are come to comfort
me in my misery! Kiss me, uncle,
once again!" and she smiled. "Gate!
gate!" she murmured softly and, fall-
ing from the pillow, a thin stream
of crimson welled from her lips, and
Elsie was dead.

The gate was opened!
November came round again, and
the wild winds made eerie music
around the old toll-house. Poor Simon
grew melancholy in his lonely posi-
tion, and grieved over the sad end of
Elsie, for whom he had fondly hoped a
happy and joyous career. The cattle
fair, with its business and pleasures,
at Cardiff, had attracted all the Welsh
farmers, and Kate, the blacksmith's
daughter, who had married Richard
within a twelve-month of Elsie's death,
had persuaded Richard to sell what
small stock of cattle they had, with a
view to giving up farming altogether.
He only too gladly accepted the idea,
and sent off his cattle to the market
to fetch what they would, while he
followed them a few days afterward in
a gig. But the cattle sold for a "song,"
and he became infuriated with him-
self and all mankind. Returning
homeward with a small remainder of
the purchase money, he drove down
the hill, where stood the old toll-gate,
in a reckless manner, which his black
wre did not understand and which she
resented by tossing her head and break-
ing into a fast trot. Richard cursed
her and flicked her over the ears with
his whip. The mare sprang forward
with a jerk that nearly threw the
driver from his seat. Down, down,
the steep hill she rushed, the gig
swaying from side to side, when Rich-
ard suddenly became aware that be-
yond the next curve of the road was
the toll-gate, that was always shut at
night time, and now it was near mid-
night. Good heavens! If it were
shut he would be smashed to atoms;
before he could pull the mare up. He
pulled hard on the reins, but in vain.
He neared the gate, and cried out
with all his might "Gate! Gate!" Si-
mon, as usual, slumbered at his fire-
side, but in the stillness of the night
his trained ears caught the summons,
and he rubbed his eyes and listened.
Again, "Gate! Gate!" was called in
a maddened tone, and then the sound
of a thousand splinters, curses and
groans. Simon opened his door as
quickly as he could, to find a vehicle
in fragments, a plunging horse and a
dead man. Elsie was avenged on her
murderer.

The gate was shut!—Spare Mo-
ments.

What Streets Are Paved For.

Tax-Payer—That's a very firm and
solid piece of paving you're doing
there, Patrick.

City Employee—Indade an' it's a
foine pace of worruk; and moighty
glad am Ol to see it.

"Why, does it make any difference
with you, Patrick?"

"—Indade, and it does; it will give us
dooble the job a pullin' it up."—Bos-
ton Courier.

A Physiognomist.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Bondclipper,
"what a clever man Mr. Gilhooly is!
He is really quite a physiognomist. I
was telling him last evening that I
had become quite proficient in paint-
ing, and he said:
'I am sure of it, madame; your face
shows it.'"
Chorus—"Indeed."—Texas Siftings.

They Were Close Together.

Mrs. Jinks—"Did you notice that
when Alice and her young man were
in the parlor last night they said
hardly a word all the evening?" Mr.
Jinks—"No; but I saw them when he
said good-night at the door, and I ob-
served that they were very close-
mouthed then."—Lawrence American.

Holding a Baby.
"Will you please hold this baby a
moment, while I go and buy a ticket
to Albany?" asked a sharp-featured
woman with a parrot nose of a spare
little man at the Central depot last
night. "I'd like to accommodate you,
mam," he replied, "but once in St.
Louis a woman gave me a baby to
hold while she went for a drink, and
I've got that baby yet. It keeps me
in poverty to pay that kid's fines now-
adays. Your child may have a bright
moral future before him, but I would
not hold him if you were to post for-
feiture bonds for his good behavior."
—Buffalo Enquirer.

DROWNED BY A CATFISH.

A Thirty-Six Year Old Man Killed by a
Thirty-Six Pound Fish.

There is a lonely, deserted grave-
yard in the hills above the Green
river fifteen miles south of here,
writes a correspondent of the Globe-
Democrat from Calhoun, Ky. It was
once well kept, but that was long,
long ago, before the little white
church was built a few miles further
on. There is a graveyard now near
the white church. Is is well kept,
and has a more modern appearance
than the old burying place in the hills
above the river. There is a sunken
grave near the center of the old grave-
yard, above which there is a plain
limestone slab upon which is rudely
written the quaint inscription:

William Henry Larkin,
36 years old.
He was killed by a catfish.

A native of the hills was found who
had known William Henry Larkin in
life and who also knew well the sin-
gular circumstances that caused his
death. The aforesaid native's recol-
lection of dates is very faulty, but as
nearly as he could make it out, it was
directly after the war between the
states that William Henry Larkin, his
esteemed friend and neighbor, met a
tragic death. Bill Larkin, as he was
known the country around, kept the
ferry over the Green river known as
Larkin's Ferry. Besides the business
of ferryman, Bill followed the humble
avocation of fisherman and supplied
the country folks with choice fresh
fish. There was a big Baptist associ-
ation in session a few miles away from
the ferry, and Bill's fish trade was un-
usually large. He put out every trot
line he had and was doing a flourish-
ing business. Business on the ferry
was also good, and Bill was to use the
natives' language, "making money
hand over fist." One evening he left
home to "run" his trot line, and he
was not seen again until his body
was found cold in death. Bill's
spirit had joined the great ma-
jority upon the other shore. His
body was found by a searching
party on the following day hanging to
one of his trot lines. A large fish-
hook was firmly fastened in the unfor-
tunate man's clothing, and a few
feet from him on the same trot
line there was a large catfish. The
supposition was that Bill was running
the trot line when the big fish jerked
the line, catching a fishing hook in
Bill's clothing and pulling him out of
the boat into the water. The fish
weighed 36 pounds, and Bill was 36
years of age. Those singular facts
were looked upon by the simple coun-
try people thereabouts as positive evi-
dence that Bill's taking off was the di-
vine will of Providence. Bill's funeral
was the largest ever held in that com-
munity, and his remains were laid to
rest in the old church yard beside his
ancestors with the simple ceremony of
the primitive church to which he be-
longed in life. The grass and briars
have grown over Bill's grave for a
quarter of a century or more, but his
widow still lives in the old-fashioned
log house near the river, and she car-
ries on the business just the same as
before Bill was drowned by the fish.

A CHINESE COUNTRY HOUSE.

It Has Only One Main Room, in Which
the Pigs and the Family Live.

A Chinese farm house is a curious
looking abode, says the Jewish Mes-
senger. Usually it is sheltered with
groves of feathered bamboo, and thick,
spreading banyans. The walls are of
clay and wood, and the interior of the
house consists of one main room, ex-
tending from the floor to the tiled
roof, with closet-looking apartments
in the corners for sleeping-rooms.
There is a sliding window in the roof
made out of oyster shells arranged in
rows, while the side windows are mere
wooden shutters.

The floor is bare earth, where at
nightfall there often gathers together
a miscellaneous family of dirty chil-
dren, fowls, jacks, pigeons and a
litter of pigs all living together in
happy harmony. In some districts in-
festated by marauding bands houses are
strongly fortified with high walls,
containing apertures for firearms and
protected by a boat crossed by a rude
drawbridge. With grain, swine and
a well under his roof, the farmer and
his men might hold out against a
year's siege.

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THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY
of Wayne, in chancery, Jennie Murray
complainant vs. James Murray, defendant. At a
session of said Court held at the court room in the
City of Detroit in said County on Monday, the
30th day of November, 1901. Present: Hon.
George Gartner, Circuit Judge. On proof by affi-
davit on file that the defendant, James Murray,
resides out of the State of Michigan and is a
resident of the City of Seattle, in the State of
Washington, on motion of D. Augustus Straker,
attorney for complainant, ordered that said de-
fendant, James Murray, appear and answer in
said cause within four months from date of this
order, and that in default thereof said bill of
complaint be taken as confessed by the said de-
fendant.

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

(Signed) GEORGE GARTNER,
Circuit Judge.
D. AUGUSTUS STRAKER,
Complainant's Attorney.
Dated November 30th, 1901, Detroit, Mich.
SAMUELS KEWART,
A true copy. Deputy Clerk.

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lived 22 years of competi-
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more and more each year,
must have merit. Dobbins'
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1869, is just that article.

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save clothes and strength,
and let soap do the work.
All that we can say as to its
merits, pales into nothing-
ness, before the story it will
tell, itself, of its own perfect
purity and quality, if you
will give it one trial. Ask
your grocer for it. He has
it, or will get it. Try it next
Monday.

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Soaps in which electricity plays no
part Dobbins' is the original one,
all Magnetics, Electric, and Electro-Magnetics are
fraudulent imitations. Ask for Dobbins' Electric,
see that our name is on every wrapper, and if any
other is sent you by your grocer, when you order
ours,—send it back to him.

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WOMAN'S WORK AND WAYS FASHION'S FANCIES.

The low crowned bonnets which look so eccentrically small before they are trimmed, but which become airy creations of grace and beauty are still to be worn.

The Easter bonnet will be tied under the chin with ribbon about two and a-half inches wide, but during the warm weather lace or some other less cumbersome arrangement will be devised.

They say that ornaments of fancy crystal and steel effects are no longer desirable, but let by the yard and in crowns is pretty sure to be popular.

There is now no excuse for that crowning discomfort, an ill-fitting bonnet, with the braids now in vogue a bonnet may be made to exactly fit the head, which was not always the case with the pressed hat.

In spite of many assertions to the contrary the average life of mankind is much longer nowadays than it used to be, and the period which used to be relegated to old age in the average lifetime of men and women has in our time moved further on, especially among people of the world, who naturally do not give up the fight as easily as those whose lives are passed in monotony, with no particular interest in their own generation.

Something that the good-humored girl should remember is "don't smile perpetually." Not alone because it makes you look silly, but because the too constant smile is the source of many disfiguring lines in a face otherwise fair.

Women can vote in Canada, Italy, Finland, Dalmatin, Sweden and Wales. It is said that they are not allowed full franchise in these places, but can at least exercise some voice in controlling the affairs of the country.

Mrs. E. E. Williams, president of the Woman's Afro-American Union, is very ill with the grip complicated with bronchitis. She would be pleased to see her friends at her residence, 335 Lewis avenue, Brooklyn.

The brightest scholar in Mrs. S. T. Rorer's cooking school is Miss Helen M. Burrell, who was last week, upon the recommendation of Mrs. Rorer, appointed teacher of cooking in the public schools of Wilmington, Del. Miss Burrell is the assistant teacher of cooking at the Industrial School of Philadelphia, and is in every way a very clever young woman.

Mrs. Carrie L. Steele, an Afro-American woman, has founded a home for orphan children of her race at Atlanta, Ga., and has succeeded in raising \$3,000, of \$5,000 needed to complete and furnish the building.

Mrs. Maria Lewis, one of the oldest residents of Chicago, died Jan. 6th, aged eighty years. She was worth nearly \$100,000, which she bequeathed as follows: To the Frank W. Rollins family, valuable property fronting on Dearborn and Fourth avenues; to Laura Lewis, an adopted daughter, \$5,000, and to Olivet Baptist church, a snug sum.

Stains and Stickiness.

"I wish I knew of something to take stains and stickiness off my hands," said a young housekeeper, as she rubbed her fingers with a bit of tomato from the can, in a vain endeavor to remove some discolored spots.

"That is easy to find," said her friend, "but it depends somewhat upon the cause of the stains and stickiness that you complain of. I always keep on my washstand bottles containing alcohol, oxalic acid and sal soda. The two latter are in saturated solutions, if you know what that is.

"Many ladies fall in the use of such strong chemicals, because they do not take the trouble to remove all traces of them after using. Thoroughly rinse with pure glycerine and water. A few drops of saturated solution of soda will be found useful when the hands have been in contact with any greasy substance. There are certain gummy oils which no ordinary soap will remove. For these there is nothing better than a little strong soda water.

Whatever may be used, it should be very thoroughly washed off, and the hands may afterwards be rubbed with glycerine or cold cream. It is a very easy matter to keep the hands in good condition if one takes a little pains after every washing of them. A few drops of glycerine or a tiny scrap of honey will prevent roughness and chapping, and will save the owner more annoyance than she would imagine possible.

The Summer Girl.

The summer girl is already giving a far-away thought to her summer gowns. Scotch gingham have made their appearance in the network pattern, which is something new. It is sold in combination with the plain colors. Many of the plain gingham have a narrow silk stripe running through them.

White dresses for the summer are to be embroidered in silk. Pink roses, for-get-me-nots and violets are to be scattered over the white dresses.

Handkerchiefs.

There are handkerchiefs for use and handkerchiefs for ornament. Of the latter there is the greater variety. The silk crepe de chine with round corners are very pretty. The corners are as a rule just outlined with a darker shade of silk than the handkerchief.

One of the daintiest handkerchiefs seen in Paris was of white chiffon, embroidered in silver. Another pretty

one was of yellow chiffon, embroidered in gold thread. White hand-blocked handkerchiefs are used for mourning; also black crepe de chine, embroidered in white. Exquisite handkerchiefs are made of solid embroidery. They are more in vogue now than those of lace.

Designing a House.

The first point to be considered is, of course, the plan. In the actual process of designing a house, the plan cannot be separated from the elevation and sections; the architect's mind keeps playing backwards and forwards from the one to the other, so that the building grows up in his mind as an organic whole.

The results of this work are duly displayed in plan, elevation and section; and this, no doubt, leads to the false impression in the lay mind that the plan and elevation can be considered apart, and are not in necessary relation to each other.

As the plan in embodied in the elevation and sections—that is, in the actual walls of the building, the two must be considered together in practice. With this provision, there are one or two matters which more particularly concern the plan.

The main points to aim at are simplicity and compactness of arrangement, and plenty of light. A long, crooked passage, with constant changes of level, may be very romantic, and admirably adapted to the habits of the "Decameron," but with the hurry of the modern household and the unadroitness of the domestic servant, it means cold dishes and disasters with crockery, and general discomfort and ill-temper.

There has been a tendency lately to overdo the queer corner and the curious passage. I have a book before me, sent out by a well-known firm of furnishers, in which there are half a dozen or more designs for ingle-nooks and bays and recesses, which do not result from any necessity of the plan, but are placed at random with no particular object but that of looking queer.

The real old ingle is quite delightful, with its great cambered oak-beam across the opening, fourteen feet wide or more, and its red-brick floors, and the old muzzle-loader over the chimneypiece, and the little lead-glazed lattice with its dimity curtain; but how far away from this is the affectation of a modern ingle-nook, with its aggressive grate and mechanically-stamped paper frieze and frillings of art-fabrics!

If you are going to have an ingle-nook, at least keep it plain and solid and comfortable, and have a hearth before which you can stretch your legs, and a fireplace big enough to burn a reasonable, good oak log. So, too, with the passages; let them be wide enough for two people to pass, and light enough to prevent their falling into each other's arms.

In country houses the position of the sitting-room is usually determined by the aspect, and in a house of any pretension there is sure to be a good-sized hall and an ample staircase; but the hall is worth a sacrifice even in smaller houses.

The first impression you form of a house is very often the last, and your first impression is formed in the hall. It is not in the least necessary that it should be two stories high. Some of the most charming little halls in seventeenth-century and modern work are long, low rooms, sweet and homely to live in, places never haunted by the ennui of magnificent dreariness.

For a moderate house the one story hall is rather an advantage, because it practically gives another sitting-room; and in quite small country houses, such as those that are used, say, for summer holidays, why not return to the plan of the yeoman's house of the sixteenth century and earlier, when one great hall was the general living room, and at one end were the kitchen and offices and the servants' rooms, and at the other the parlor and the rooms of the master and his family?

A house costing less than \$5,000 could then have room enough for a billiard table or a dance, such as would be quite impossible in the stuffy, respectable house up the village, built by the squire when he came of age.

The reason for such a room would not be mere picturesqueness, but its manifold uses, its essential reasonableness and the same reasonableness would not be afraid of the plainest work; of showing the rafters or the ceiling joists, or of lining the back of the fireplace with honest red brick.—Casell's Magazine of Art for February.

Cylindrical steel cars are to be built at Boston, and several railroads will be equipped with them as soon as they can be turned out.

Compressed air is being very largely used in Paris, instead of electricity or steam, to do a great deal of work. Manufacturing print goods does not pay very well just now; in Fall River, 24 corporations, with a capital of 14 million dollars, paid only one and three quarters per cent for the last quarter, and 12 corporations, with a capital of six millions, paid nothing.

If the manufacturers make but little, the public has the benefit of cheap goods.

DOCTORS DISAGREE. THREE THEORIES ABOUT CATARRH.

Is Catarrh a Local, Constitutional or Systemic Disease. Discussed in a Lecture by Dr. S. B. Hartman at the Surgical Hotel, Columbus, O. Reported For the Press.

There are three distinct theories held by the medical profession as to the nature of the disease known as catarrh. Each of them is believed and taught by different physicians of eminence and equal learning. Briefly stated, they are as follows:

First—That chronic catarrh is a local disease. This theory denies that catarrh is caused either by any derangement of the system or by any constitutional taint, but is solely limited to the part or parts which are visibly affected. The practitioners who hold to this theory treat every case of catarrh locally, and rarely, if ever, give medicine internally. My opinion is, however, that local applications can never cure chronic catarrh.

The second theory of the nature of catarrh is, that it is a constitutional or blood disease. Those who believe this theory to be the true one treat chronic catarrh only with blood medicine, hoping, by cleansing the blood, to eradicate the disease. Thus it is that we find a certain class of physicians hoping to cure catarrh by the use of sarsaparilla, alteratives, and various other compounds to cleanse the system.

The third theory is, that catarrh is a systemic disease, and therefore requires persistent internal treatment, sometimes for many months, before a permanent cure is effected. I believe this theory to be the correct one. The mucous lining of the cavities of the head, throat, lungs, etc., is made up of a network of minute blood vessels called capillaries.

The chronic catarrh is of a mild character, take a tablespoonful of Peruna before each meal and at bedtime, and continue it without the least interruption until a perfect cure is effected. But if the disease is of long standing, and there is much hawking and expectoration, begin with the above dose and gradually increase the dose to two tablespoonfuls before each meal.

If the chronic catarrh be of a mild character, take a tablespoonful of Peruna before each meal and at bedtime, and continue it without the least interruption until a perfect cure is effected. But if the disease is of long standing, and there is much hawking and expectoration, begin with the above dose and gradually increase the dose to two tablespoonfuls before each meal.

Anyone desiring further particulars should write The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Co. of Columbus, O., for a free copy of The Family Physician No. 2—a most admirable treatise on acute and chronic catarrh, coughs, colds, grippe, and all other climatic diseases of winter.

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Among the contributors for the coming year are numbered Mr. John S. Durban, Minister to Hayti, and a trained journalist; Mr. W. E. B. Dubols, the Harvard graduate, who has made a famous record; Mrs. R. H. Terrell (born Church), whose thorough education and culture is well known; Mrs. Von Hise, a story writer of promise; Mr. Elijah W. Smith, one of our few real poets.

The COURANT seeks to give its readers the best thoughts and latest news on subjects moral, political, literary and social, and by no means confines itself to local consideration of these subjects.

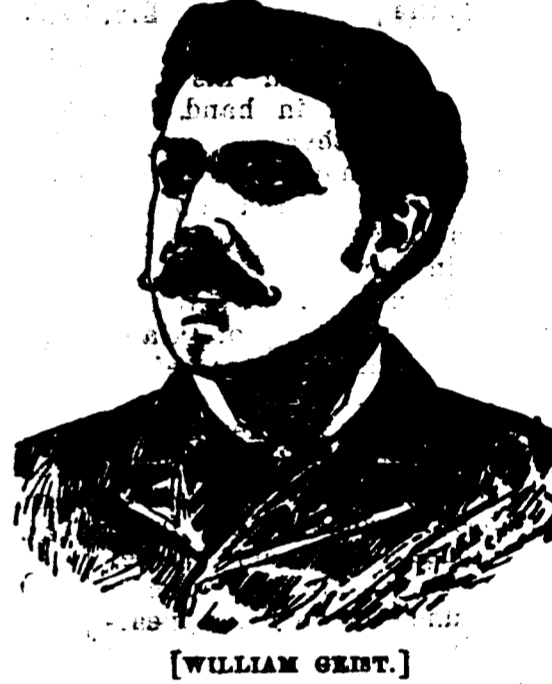
At present it is seeking to gain the opinions of people generally upon Afro-Americans past and present, who take first rank as educators, orators, preachers, writers, politicians, etc.

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