

THE PLAIN DEALER.

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DETROIT, MICH., OCTOBER 4, 1889.

WHOLE NO. 330.

EN ROUTE FOR HAYTI.

NO NEW THING FOR AN AFRO-AMERICAN D. PLOMAT.

The Government Vessel Used Before—The Accomplished Sub-Minister—Will Douglass Stand the Climate?

The United States sloop-of-war Kearsarge will sail from this port some time tomorrow, Oct. 1, with Minister Frederick Douglass, his wife, and one of his granddaughters, and a private secretary abroad, bound for Hayti. The Kearsarge only returned from a three months' stay in the waters of the Black Republic a short time ago. She was preparing for the return voyage at the Brooklyn Navy Yard yesterday and will be ready to sail on Tuesday, when Mr. Douglass will be ready to go. Commander E. M. Shepherd returned from a leave of absence yesterday to take charge of the vessel.

The Kearsarge will remain in Haytian waters until the new Minister is comfortably situated ashore. The baggage of the party was sent aboard Saturday, and Mr. Douglass and his party will probably go aboard tonight. The Captain's cabin has been made ready for their use. There are but two staterooms, and it is thought likely that Capt. Shepherd will take up his quarters in the wardroom during the trip down. He expressed much regret yesterday that his cabin was not more commodious for the accommodation of his passengers, but Mr. Douglass and his party will undoubtedly be very comfortable.

The dispatches from Washington stating that Mr. Douglass could not sail on the Osipee because both Commander Kellogg and Lieutenant Commander Evans objected to him on account of his color naturally aroused much interest at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Secretary Tracy had denied that such was the case and the general opinion at the navy yard yesterday was that neither Kellogg nor Evans had made any such objection. That an officer of the United States Navy should do anything but his duty when directed by his government in such a case is held to be improbable. Commander Ramsey said that he did not believe there was a word of truth in the story. "I was in the office of the Secretary at Washington," he said, "when the dispatches relative to the Osipee arrived. The engineers at Norfolk had found that her boilers were in a condition that would not permit her to go to sea for two weeks, and they so reported it. The Government wanted to have Mr. Douglass in Hayti as soon as possible, and another vessel had to be selected. The Yorktown had been loaned to the State Department for other purposes, and the Kearsarge was the only vessel available. I know positively that Lieutenant Commander Evans was anxious to take the Osipee to Hayti, and that he was ready and willing to make things as comfortable as possible for Mr. Douglass. I am also certain that the reports printed about Commander Kellogg are without foundation. I have heard for some time that he was anxious to be relieved of the command of the Osipee.

"It is nothing new for a colored diplomat to be carried on a Government vessel, and no question of this sort has ever come up before. Mr. Douglass himself has been carried in one of the vessels of the navy, and Mr. Thompson, the last Minister to Hayti, was carried aboard in the cabin of the Atlanta for three weeks. When Mr. Douglass was appointed and it was arranged that he should go aboard the Osipee at Norfolk, the Dispatch was ordered to bring him from Newport to Norfolk, and would, of course, have done so had it not been found necessary to change the plans and send the Kearsarge instead of the Osipee. When the commander of a vessel is ordered to take a person or persons from one place to another, it is not his business to make any inquiries. His duty is to do as he is directed."

Capt. Shepherd of the Kearsarge certainly seemed to have no objection to the Douglass party. He will make their stay on his vessel as pleasant as possible. He did not think that Commander Kellogg or Lieutenant Commander Evans had any such objections as were attributed to them.

Mrs. Douglass, who accompanies her husband to the Black Republic, is a white woman, and is the aged colored leader's second wife. They were married Jan. 24, 1884, and her name was Helen M. Pitts. She had been a copist in Mr. Douglass's office, and at the time of her marriage was thirty-five years of age. Her husband was seventy-three.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 29.—E. D. Bassett of this city, formerly Haytian Consul at New York, and previously United States Minister at Hayti, will sail for Hayti Tuesday in company with Frederick Douglass. Although Legitimate and Mr. Bassett were on friendly terms, it is well known in this city that the latter sympathized with Hippolyte all through the recent struggle on the island and the appointment of Mr. Douglass as Minister to the little republic affords Mr. Bassett an opportunity to re-enter the diplomatic service. Mr. Douglass is well advanced in years and although in good health cannot be expected to attend to the routine duties of the office. The diplomatic language of Hayti is French, and Mr. Bassett is an accomplished French scholar. He has spent several years on the island and is familiar with the people and their institutions. For this reason he has been chosen by Mr. Douglass to go with him and act as a sort of sub Minister.

While Mr. Douglass will have the honor Mr. Bassett will be expected to perform the duties of the position. Mr. Bassett's position will be more important than that of private secretary. He will be Minister Douglass's right-hand man while in Hayti, and be responsible to the Minister for the conduct of the office.

A New Haven lawyer, with whom Bassett consulted last week before his departure for New York, said to day: "I can't understand why Douglass is going to that country as Minister except it be to get the prestige of being Minister. He is getting to be pretty old now, and besides, he is independently rich. But, more than all, he has never lived in Hayti, and at his age it is difficult for a man to become acclimated. There is more fever and more disease to the square inch than there is to any other country on earth. Fred Douglass will never stand it. Bassett, however, could live there forever, because he is accustomed to life in the island. It is my opinion that Douglass will be glad enough to get home again. It's not the country for him and he will find it out. If he resigns, it may be in the order of things for Bassett to succeed to the Ministry. He knows the country from top to bottom, and it will not be surprising to me to see him Minister to Hayti again before another year has passed."

HOPEFUL FOR THE FUTURE.

John R. Lynch's Opinion of the Southern Problem.

J. R. Lynch, Fourth Auditor of the National Treasury, thinks the government has it in its power to remedy existing evils in the South, and on being asked about the present condition of affairs South said:

"It is no worse than it has been for a number of years. In spite of many serious drawbacks I am still hopeful for the future. This hope is based principally upon the fact that notwithstanding that the Democrats have had control in the National government during the last four years accessions from the whites to the Republican party have been still going on at the South. There are more white men in the Republican party of the South to-day than there was thirty-four years ago, and this, too, in spite of the false cry raised by the Democratic leaders of threatened Negro supremacy. If the National Republican administration and the Republican party of the nation should take an aggressive but just and lawful stand in favor of upholding the majesty of the law and insisting upon honest elections at the South, my candid judgment is that it will be supported by the public sentiment of the country and the solid South will be a thing of the past."

WHAT BOURBONS OBJECT TO.

The "Leveling Up" of the Race Not Desirable.

"The Southern race problem will finally be solved by the schools. The report of the Commissioner of Education, showing that the gain in school attendance in the South in ten years is largely in excess of the increase of population, is an encouraging sign. The progress of education among both blacks and whites means the improvement of social and political conditions. With intelligence on both sides, the difficulties will at last adjust themselves to mutual satisfaction."—Indianapolis Journal.

You do not seem to contemplate the fact that the difficulties of the race problem seem only to increase with the education and elevation of the black people. It is the leveling up of the black people that seems to be the most offensive and inflammatory thing possible in the South where race disturbance have recently made their appearance.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Demand Will Be Made.

Detroit Tribune: The bourbon organ of Mt. Sterling, Ky., which by the way is a thrifty-looking paper, rises to remark as follows: "Encouraged by such articles as we copied last week from the Detroit Tribune, it is to be expected that the colored people will grow immensely in their own estimation and talk big."

The Tribune article referred to recognized the fact that the colored people have certain rights under the constitution which the Southern bourbons ought to feel bound to respect. It is to be hoped that the colored people will "grow" enough "in their own estimation" to demand and secure the full enjoyment of those rights.

He Spoke As One Having Authority.

Milwaukee Sentinel: At the Abolitionist reunion in Boston last Monday, Bishop Turner, of the A. M. E. church, the first colored chaplain in the United States army, said: "I know the South and I know my race. I pronounce, in the name of 7,000,000 Negroes in the South, that the charge of brutal assaults by them upon white women is an abominable falsehood. We have remained there over 200 years, and never before has this charge been made."

"Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon, while Porphyro upon her face doth look" and wonders what has swelled it so. When he finds it is neuralgia however, he does not lose his head, but having twenty five cents in his inside pocket invests in a bottle of Salvation Oil.

PITHY PARAGRAPHS.

NOTES EVERYWHERE SOUGHT FOR OUR READERS.

A Liberal Lay-out Prepared For Mid-summer Readers.

Mr. W. H. Boneparte of Hampton, Va., has been refused a new trial.

The Rev. R. Ricketts, of Kansas City, Mo., has broken ground for his new \$10,000 hall.

J. H. Lewis the successful tailor of Boston, has opened a branch store in Providence, R. I.

John J. Clark, of Paulding, Ohio, has been appointed county school examiner for a term of three years.

G. W. Braxdel of Talladega county, Alabama, has been appointed a deputy collector of Internal Revenue.

J. W. Cromwell, of the People's Advocate, has been appointed principal of one of the schools of Washington, D. C.

The Washington Cadet Corps visited Philadelphia last week and made a fine impression on the citizens of the "Quaker City."

Ben Leonard, of Charleston, S. C., killed his paramour because she insisted that he could not join the church and live in adultery with her.

A short stage line is to be established in Richmond, Va., to run over the principal thoroughfares from which Afro-Americans will be excluded.

Charles Franklyn, the porter who was killed in the railroad accident on the New York Central railroad, was buried at Palestine, N. Y., Sunday.

J. H. Rabbitts esq., Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Clark county, Ohio, has appointed Mr. Chas. W. Filmore, a young law student, deputy in his office.

At Greenbrier, W. Va., last Friday night a boy named Egan shot and instantly killed an Afro-American named Joseph Rose in a dispute over a companion of the former.

C. H. J. Taylor, who wrote an open letter on the wrongs of the race, recently, has been warned not to go to Columbia, Ga., where he is due to defend some law cases.

No school for Afro-Americans will be provided by the citizens of Selma, Ala., this school year because the whites need a new school and all the available funds will be expended on it.

Mr. Jasper Gibbs, of Minneapolis, has bought and furnished in the latest style, a first-class restaurant in a fashionable locality and begins business for himself with every indication for success.

The citizens of Belden, Texas, have been officially notified that they must make the bond of their newly appointed Afro-American postman or lose their post office, and they are madder than blue blazes.

Dr. Peter Still, an herb doctor, of Burlington, N. J., was arrested last Tuesday for practicing without a diploma, after he had healed a woman of a disease that the regular physicians declared was incurable.

Columbus discovered America and Edison invented the phonograph, but it remained for Dr. Buil to invent the remedy of the age, "The Cough Sprup," the kingly cure.

State Senator Joel P. Walker, of Meriden, Miss., will publish himself an idiot next January by introducing in the state senate a bill prohibiting any man with Negro blood from holding a political state office.

At Atlanta, Ga., Ernest Wellingham, the Afro-American pugilist, was killed by a blow from the fist of Tom Branch Sept. 28rd. The men were sparring when Branch knocked Willingham out, breaking his neck.

Messrs J. H. Thompson, M. L. Fowkes, A. H. Hendricks and Albert Boyd visited General Alger during his stay in Birmingham, Alabama, and were much pleased with the General's cordial reception and pleasant conversation.

The emancipation celebration at Springfield, Illinois, was not so great an affair as it had been advertised to be. The 10,000 celebrants dwindled down to 2000 and the parade was a rather tame affair. John R. Lynch made a good speech.

Afro-American clergymen of the Episcopal church are dissatisfied with their status in that church and have presented a memorial to the general convention of clergymen asking, "What is the condition of the colored man in the church?"

An Afro-American couple entered the office of a justice of the peace, at Jeffersonville, and asked how much it would cost to be made one. When informed that the fee was \$3 they left saying that they had been told they could get married for 19 cents in Indiana.

The Afro-American base ball team of Albany, among whom were three Cuban Giants, played the whites of that city on September 27, for a purse of fifty dollars and were defeated. The Cuban Giants played the white club the next day and won by a score of 19 to 1.

Amy Briggs, of Goodland, Va., created a stampede in a church meeting there by rushing in with a razor crying, "Now I want to see the devil." From the haste which most good people made to get out of her way one would infer that they were all conscious of entertaining his Satanic Majesty at times.

BROTHERS WHO DO NOT AGREE.

Two Prominent Afro-American Ministers Parties in a Scandal.

PALASTINE, Tex., Sept. 22.—Probably no other town in east Texas has so many different "colored" religious denominations churches, societies, etc., as are located at Palastine. Now all of these churches with their numerous followings are highly wrought up over the recent culmination of a long standing personal controversy between the Rev. Nathan Still of the "colored" Methodist church and the Rev. R. H. Boyd of the "colored" Baptist church. For several years past Still has been separated from his wife, Louisa Still, and divorce proceedings are now pending in the district court. During the period of separation Still, as Boyd says, by means of letters and in conversation in church circles all the way down from Palastine to Willis, has accused the Rev. Boyd of being the author of his domestic infelicity.

About ten days ago Still called on County Attorney Ewing and deposited with him an unsworn document signed by one Bettie Brown of Huntsville, in which she criticises voluminously that during the meeting of a Baptist association at Huntsville the Rev. Boyd and Mrs. Still occupied a room at her house as man and wife for over a week. This document was forwarded to County Attorney Brown at Huntsville, who after investigation returned it with the statement that Mrs. Bettie Brown has pronounced it a forgery, knew nothing about it or the facts it contained and in fact was illiterate and unable to write. Upon this the Rev. Boyd made an affidavit against the Rev. Still, charging him with circulating a libel. The latter was arrested Saturday evening. He waived examination today and was placed under bond to await his trial at the October term of the county court.

Boyd's church has preferred charges against him, but the investigation is delayed until the result of Still's trial is known. Both the parties are men of note in "colored" church circles throughout the state. Elder Boyd is a prominent politician among the "colored" republicans of east Texas, and stumped a big territory for prohibition during the late campaign. Still has not made his bond, but as he has expressed his intention of going after scalps as soon as he is released, other developments in the shape of counter prosecutions may be expected.

TRUE CHRISTIANITY.

How One Church Exhibits It in Milwaukee.

The trouble between Manager Litt and the colored population of Milwaukee over the admission of the latter to the parquet of the Bijou theater has received a fresh impetus from a sermon delivered yesterday by the Rev. Charles Stanley Lester of St. Paul's Episcopal church, one of the most fashionable of the city. To a large congregation composed of wealthy business and professional men the clergyman, from the text "God is No Respector of Persons," delivered a strong arraignment of Manager Litt for his action in excluding colored people from certain parts of the Bijou. While tickets were not refused to gamblers, drunkards, thieves, and prostitutes, provided their skin was white, there should be no denial of the same privilege to a black man simply for the reason of his color. "It is evident," said the preacher, "that the theater in question expects to draw its patrons only from the ill-bred classes, but that there are not enough people in Milwaukee to resent and punish this contemptible barbarism is sad to chronicle. The Christian church, in so far as it is Christian, will fight against this American iniquity." The sermon has been printed in pamphlet form for circulation. Mr. Lester is very much in earnest in his crusade and is said to have his congregation behind him.

POETIC JUSTICE

Would Seat Fred Douglass in the Presidential Chair.

The 25th anniversary of the issuing of the emancipation proclamation by President Lincoln was celebrated Monday, Sept. 26, in the Melonron and Tremont Temple with appropriate ceremonies. The celebration opened with a public meeting in the Melonron under the auspices of Wendell Phillips club and the Colored National League. The meeting was largely attended. Warner Johnson of Cambridge presided and the Rev. Joshua Young of Groton, the only clergy man officiating at the funeral of John Brown, offered opening prayer. The address of welcome was by George W. Putman of Malden, who outlined the struggles of the Abolitionists and progress of the colored race for the past 25 years, and said it would be poetic justice to see Fred Douglass in the Presidential chair.

Mr. Marvin B. Lincoln, Deacon Conant of New-Hampshire, aged 87, Daniel Whitney, aged 79, and several others made remarks. Several select readings were given. The Hutchins family contributed some stirring music.

Wanted.

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

AGAIN THE LEAGUE.

LANGSTON INVITED TO ASSUME THE LEADERSHIP.

Prominent Afro-Americans Join in the Invitation—Mr. Langston's Reply.

Special to THE PLAIN DEALER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 2, '89
Mr. William E. Matthews, of this city, who has just returned from Europe, in a letter to the Hon. J. M. Langston, has called his attention to the renewed evidence of the necessity of forming an organization among Afro-Americans and expressed himself in favor of Mr. Fortune's idea of a National League. Messrs Pinchback, T. McCants Stewart, Rev. Walters, T. J. Minton, John M. Lynch, E. P. Blyden and other prominent Afro-Americans concur with him, and his letter to Mr. Langston contains a request that he (Langston) shall assume the leadership of the League, to which Mr. Langston replied as follows:

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Sept. 27.—Mr. William E. Matthews, Washington, D. C. My Dear Sir: I have read and considered with interest your excellent letter of the 19th instant, and I thank you for it. The subject which you present and your thoughtful, statesmanlike manner of presentation greatly move me. You have had the opportunity of seeing and considering our condition from a standpoint from without and in the light of other National surroundings and experiences. I shall assume the authority to thank you in behalf of our race. There is nothing in which I am so profoundly interested as the protection and advancement of the colored American, and to nothing I am so ready to dedicate all my powers as to his general welfare. As to the importance, the necessity, and the dignity of the work to which you refer in his behalf there can be but a single opinion. If, upon further consultation with our friends, it should be felt that I should lead off in this movement, I will do so. Once more thanking you, I am ever, for our race, your obedient servant,
JOHN M. LANGSTON.

WILL INVITE HIS ASSOCIATES.

How Representative McIver Will Have the Second Nuptial Knot Tied.

New York Sun: Aged Representative McIver, the colored State Legislator of Georgia, is looking for a wife. When he finds a mate he proposes to be married in a novel manner. His wife died on the 11th of last July, but his home looked so lonely that he has determined to get him another partner. He heard of a very likely girl down in Macon and went there yesterday to see if she would suit.

When he was asked in Atlanta about his trip he replied: "I saw the girl, but nothing more than a pleasant talk passed between us."

"Do you think you will ask her to change her name?"

"Well, I won't answer that question. I will only say I am casting about to find some one who will suit me."

"If you'll get married, Mac," said Representative Clifton, of Savannah, "I'll give you the finest beaver in Atlanta."

"I shall invite the General Assembly to the wedding, sir," replied the old man, bowing low and smiling in a way that showed to full advantage his white teeth. "Yes, sir, when I have found the woman, I intend to be married on the floor of this House. I shall get one of the clergymen in the House to perform the ceremony and every member shall be invited. I will ask the Speaker to occupy his seat and I will take my stand in front of his desk with the women of my choice and there, facing my brethren of the House, I will once more assume the matrimonial yoke. I believe in doing everything in order, sir."

"You are right and we'll all be there," replied several members, while the old man resumed his seat, his white handkerchief and his palmetto fan.

THEIR ONLY ESCAPE

Is Conforming to Principles of Justice and Humanity.

New York Sun: It is a reflection upon the sense of justice and intelligence of the Southern white people that in discussing the Negro question there the Negro editors are more dignified and patriotic than their white brethren of the editorial profession. This is a truth and a harsh one—all the harsher, in fact, because, and rightly, more is expected of the white men than the black men of the South. They have had better opportunities, but have not improved them as well. There are the disagreeable but the incontrovertible facts, and we regret them as sincerely as any Southern citizen, I should to the breaking wheel of race and political prejudice, can do. There is but one escape for the white people of the South, and that is by conforming their policies to the principles and teachings of humanity and justice.

Read THE PLAIN DEALER.

To Correspondents: Don't Be Late.

We cannot insure the publication of correspondence which reaches us later than Tuesday. A number of our correspondents should pay attention to the hints below. Don't blame us if your letters are not published. Editor.

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

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Agents Attention!

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

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Presented With A Gold Watch.

BATTLE CREEK, Sept. 30.—After a long and painful illness Mrs. Rebecca Dixon passed quietly to rest on the 24th. The funeral was held from the second Baptist church on the 26th, and was largely attended.

Manifesting Unusual Interest.

GRAND RAPIDS, Oct. 2.—There was an unusual interest manifested at the Spring street A. M. E. church Sunday. Quite a large number assembled at 10:30 a. m. to listen to the opening sermon of their pastor for the third conference year.

Visitors To The Fair.

LANSING, Sept. 25.—The state fair was a grand success. Among the guests were Mrs. J. Freeman and daughter, Mrs. Davis and Miss Lulu Freeman, of Ann Arbor.

LANSING, Sept. 29.—The grand court convened in our city Tuesday, Sept. 24, the delegates were Mr. Steven Robinson and Miss Bertie Bibbina, of Detroit.

Lizzie Young and her sister of Marshal, charged with infanticide, have been bound over for trial.

SEVEN AVOCATIONS

In Which Afro-Americans are More or Less Successful.

CHATHAM, Sept. 24.—I wish to say a word about the Afro-American as a politician, a waiter, a baker, a laborer, a mechanic, a farmer and a preacher.

As a waiter he is unexcelled by any race, that being one of the callings in life to which he has been trained and especially fitted for.

As a barber those who have become skilled in the art of shaving, hair cutting and all the other branches belonging to it, and making it a business, saving their earnings, have and still must succeed well.

As a laborer taking all things into consideration, he is unexcelled if equalled by any race of people; from this fact his willingness to work and please his employer, his submissiveness in not flaring up at every unpleasant word spoken by his employer, or organizing strikes to disturb trade and throw communities and business into confusion, cutting off for a time the circulation of millions of dollars from among the laboring mechanical classes who must need it, and increase the cost living cannot be laid to his charge, and he therefore ought to command equal advantages with any other race on this continent, and I believe would if more united in their effort to float the rich stock of labor in the labor market of this and other countries.

As a mechanic in all the lines of trade and art where equal opportunities have been afforded him with equal advantages, he has proven himself in common the equal of any other race of men, and his failure to succeed with other races is because he is not pushing enough in his claims on the dominant race who gave his stock of labor the preference in the labor market when he was a slave and who now in many instances look upon him with scorn and contempt.

As a farmer, no race should excel him, for that has been the chief employment of his forefathers for over two hundred and fifty years, and therefore should be a part of his very nature, and whatever there may be in the sciences of farming there may be valuable information wanted, this he can always obtain from his neighboring farmer.

And a cultured ministry of high moral character whose councils will lead the people to the higher walks of life and therefore break the tribal idea of dividing the people into little bands called churches, by ignorant men calling themselves preachers, but have no other object in view than to lead a few people to gather their support from them and in their name beg the honest earnings of other people.

Good For Beast But Not For Man.

Joe Bullock, his wife, of Memphis, and Frank Branchford, who boards with them, found that what may be a very good drink for a horse is not at all desirable for a man.

Enough of Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., Sep. 20.—The Negroes of Cobb county, one of the richest in the state, held a meeting Sept. 19, in favor of colonization in some of the northwestern states.

The World is Our Field.

Lend us your ear. The demon of Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Constipation invades the bulwark of health, impairs the appetite and distresses the stomach.

An opportunity is here offered by which one of the best, surest, most palatable, effective and magical remedies in the world may be secured on trial, free of charge. It is American Peppine.

For sale by all druggists: 50c per oz., \$5.00 per pound, or will be shipped direct from our laboratory free of freight and packing.

Over 1000 testimonials from some of the most prominent physicians and citizens of Europe and America as to its worth as a permanent cure for either of the above mentioned complaints.

Swelling Their Numbers.

FT. WAYNE, Sept. 30.—Miss Susan Roberts and Mr. Albert Roberts, of Wabash, Ind., were in the city Monday enroute to Ypsilanti, Mich.—Mrs. Ida Taylor of Three Rivers, Mich., came to this city Monday to join her husband who has taken partnership with J. H. Roberts in the Tonsorial business and expects to make this their future home.

Failed to Receive The Plaintiff Last Week. SOUTH BEND, Sept. 25.—The weather is very cold here and heavy frosts have seriously damaged corn and tomatoes.

White Depravity.

An atrocious murder was committed near Crainsville. A colored girl named Rena Sain, while passing near an unfrequented road to a neighbor's house, was criminally assaulted and her throat cut from ear to ear.

What Fools These Mortals Be.

Some Afro-American cranks in South Carolina has named his boy Grover Cleveland. Aside from the fact that Cleveland was a democrat and therefore pledged against the welfare of the Negro, what is there in his character as published to the world that any sensible father would want his son to emulate.

Piles, Piles, Piles.

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

The Rev. W. B. Johnson, C. W. Fitzhugh, Rev. J. M. Townsend, Col. P. H. Carson and L. L. Simmons, of Washington, D. C., have been appointed by the Philanthropic Literary Society to acquaint President Harrison of their resolutions denouncing the killing of Afro-Americans in the South, and asking for the passage of the Blair educational bill.

The Rev. J. M. Elliott of Selma, Ala., who though an Afro-American, is one of the most enterprising citizens of the town, finding himself unpleasantly situated because of his efforts in behalf of the Rev. Bryant has concluded to leave the state of Alabama.

There is a bell in the village of Saxville that is known among the villagers as "Jeff Davis' bell." It was brought to Wisconsin by a band of discharged veterans at the close of the war.

The Afro-Americans of Todd county, Ky., and Montgomery county, Md., have organized a stock company with a capital of \$25,000, and will hold a county fair beginning October 10.

Mr. Chas. V. Lewis and Miss Emma L. Spencer of Chicago, formerly of Detroit, were united in marriage in St. Louis Wednesday, Sept. 18th, at the residence of the bride's grandmother.

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

John Goslow, a street-car driver in San Jose, Cal., has been arrested for fast driving, and a new crop of headlines, based on "what's in a name?" may be expected from the Pacific slope.

A very old pear tree is now standing on the grounds of W. H. Smith in Richmond, Me. Its exact age is not known, but its identity can be traced back for 20 years. It still bears fruit.

It is claimed that a new discovery in tanning will revolutionize the leather business and make shoes five times as durable as now. The revolution will be not only in shoemaking but in lasting.

A girl caught the small-pox on a Pacific Mail steamer and her father has sued the company for \$25,000. It is not enough that the patient is pitted. Something more substantial than sympathy is wanted.

A bird, snow white, and standing seven feet high, is reported to have been shot at Dundee, Ind. It weighs less than four pounds. For want of the proper name, the people call it the "phantom heron."

A feminine summer boarder, who last week killed a rattlesnake in Passaic county, N. J., will wear the tanned skin of her victim as a girdle. She gave the snake a "belt" and it politely reciprocated.

There is a growing exportation of American hogs to Mexico, but the duty charged on Mexican pigs entering this country has compelled the shutting down of lead mines in that country. This is not reciprocity.

"Grace" was a title assumed by Henry IV. of England in 1399. "Excellent Grace" was assumed by Henry VI., about 1433. This continued the title by which the king was addressed till 1603, the time of James I., when it was succeeded by the title "Majesty."

Dr. Waac, the principal of King's college, said in the course of a recent speech that although the study of dead languages might be very valuable in developing intellectual faculties and sympathies, he could not see why the same degree of mental intelligence could not be promoted by the study of modern languages, and particularly by the study of English classics.

There was one thing at Hatfield with which the shah was much struck, says the Manchester Guardian, the magnificent chapel in which service is daily said while the family are in residence. The shah wished to know if all the English nobility had prayer-houses, and was much amazed to learn that the son of the prime minister was the parish priest in Hatfield.

A religious society has been formed in Cleveland under the name of the Cleveland Evangelization society, which has bought a wagon, with the intention of having the vehicle driven through the streets of Cleveland on Sundays and of having addresses made from it on religious topics.

The holidays of the Paris board school children are holidays indeed. The municipal council allots a considerable sum of money to the school authorities for sending the most deserving pupils on holiday tours.

A couple of good natured Frenchmen got into a quarrel and challenged each other to fight. The morning of the duel they and their seconds tramped through the woods to the fatal spot, when one of the duellists, the challenging party, tripped and fell.

Pigeon-flying is growing to be an absorbing amusement in England, particularly among the Birmingham laborers. The spread of the sport has developed quite a new branch of railway traffic. It is the practice of fliers to send their birds in baskets, addressed to the station-master at a particular station, with the request that he release them, mark on a label the time that they were released, and return the basket.

Visitors to the Paris exposition seem just now intent on illustrating the superfluity of the very appliances of civilization which the world show is designed to develop. Thus Herr Loewy of the Vienna Extrablatt, showed it was quite possible for an Austrian to see the exposition without availing himself of the railways if he only possessed a gig and knew how to drive it.

Investigations have been made by Dr. Lawson to test M. Barriere's proposed employment of refuse cocoonant fiber for the automatic closing of shot-holes. According to this a quantity of the powdered refuse is taken before it is quite dry and subjected to a heavy pressure, under which it forms a sort of brittle millboard.



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

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

Twenty-five years ago we demonstrated to millions of sufferers throughout the civilized world, that of all the medicines ever discovered, Vinegar Bitters only possessed a perfect and successful curative effect upon those troubled with the following diseases, viz:

VINEGAR BITTERS.

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

GEO. W. DAVIS, of 169 Barron St., New Orleans, La., writes under date of May 29th, 1898 as follows:

"I have been going to the Hot Springs, Ark., for fifteen years for a itching humor on my back. I have just used two bottles of Vinegar Bitters, and it has done me more good than the springs. It is the best medicine made."

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

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

T. F. BAILEY, of Humboldt, Iowa, says: "Vinegar Bitters cured me of paralytic in seven years ago, and recd. 'y it cured me of rheumatism."

VINEGAR BITTERS

The Great Blood Purifier and Health Restorer. Cures all kinds of Headache, also Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

Send for a beautiful book, free.

Address E. H. McDONALD DRUG CO., 532 Washington St., New York.

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

LOUIS LANG, Proprietor. MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE.—Take notice that on the 4th day of October, 1898, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Circuit Court entrance to the City Hall in Detroit, the place of holding the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne, Michigan, there will be sold at public vendue the northern 27 feet of lot 55 and of the eastern 10 feet in width of lot 56 in section 8 of the Governor and Judge's lot of the City of Detroit in said County of Wayne, said sale being made to satisfy a mortgage on said premises dated January 18, 1887, given by Jas. A. Atkinson to the Michigan Fire and Marine Insurance Company, recorded January 17, 1887, and approved by the undersigned company, and on which there is due to be paid on 1st date the sum of four thousand one hundred and thirty dollars. Detroit, June 24, 1898. MICHIGAN INVESTMENT COMPANY, Limited.

Advertisement for 'SOMETHING NEW' featuring a circular logo with 'LOOSE'S RED CLOVER' and 'PILE REMEDY' text, and a detailed description of the product's benefits for hemorrhoids.

DRAWING THE COLOR LINE.

An Appeal For a More Just, Manly and Consistent Condition of Things. North.

The Detroit Tribune, the metropolitan Republican paper of Michigan, has long been outspoken in behalf of the Afro-American and his rights as an American citizen, and THE PLAINDEALER takes pleasure in republishing the following article clipped from the Tribune's editorial column, in as much as it shows a willingness to look into "the state of the case up here in the North."

"There are increasing evidences in various parts of the South that the color line is being drawn with increasing rigidity. Not content with establishing customs of an exclusive character, the spirit is threatening to take form in the enactment of laws that shall give legal sanction to the intolerance. This is only worse because it renders more difficult the mollorating effect of a benign public opinion that shall gradually modify and ultimately remove an unworthy and un-American prejudice founded solely on color and caste.

This condition of things is seriously to be deplored. There has been a hopeful progress in the right direction since the war. It has been very slow and gradual it is true, but it has been marked and positive. With further time for dispassionate consideration on the part of the Southern whites and the steady growth of education, thrift and wealth among the blacks, there is every reason to look for a continual progress in the amelioration of the asperities of existing opinion. There is good ground for the hope that another quarter of a century will show a much larger advance in this right direction than the past has witnessed.

But meanwhile what is the state of the case up here in the North, so loud in its professions of the freedom and equality of all men? Are public sentiment and practice here quite up to par? Are they in such a position that we can with propriety expose to our Southern friends at the unwise and unkind spirit which refuses to ride with a decent, well-behaved black man or woman in the same railroad car, or sit in the same theater or church, and in general grant them the same civil rights which they themselves enjoy?

True, there are no violent outrages committed here upon the blacks for political purposes; no disfranchisements, or anything of that sort, but are clean, intelligent and cultivated black people, welcomed at our hotels? If not, why not? It certainly is not because the proprietors are not willing to take a black man's money just as soon as they would a white man's. It is just as good, and they are desirous of getting all they can. The fact is only explainable on the ground that they are afraid of losing white men's money by reason of their objecting to even so remote and insignificant an association. How long is it since colored people of high character and approved position were refused permission to sit at one of the several tables in the dining hall of one of the hotels in Detroit, and were compelled to go into a side room to themselves before their meals would be served to them?

Look in another direction. Take the labor organizations of this or any other Northern city. Do colored men appear in their ranks? Have they an equal chance with other artisans in these combinations for mental improvement and help? Would they be welcome members? Could they get in as members at all? If not, why not?

And if this deplorable state of things exists here in the North, with what grace or effect can we reason with our friends in the South to secure a removal of a like condition of things there? Is it not time that we were more just, manly and consistent in these things in the North? And if we can attend to such a position will not our influence be immeasurably more potent in securing the necessary reconstruction which the South so greatly needs today?"

BETTER SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

Charles D. Horner Nominated for State Representative.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 2.—On Wednesday evening of last week, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac M. Troy tendered their guest, Mrs. Jacobs, of Natchez, Miss., a reception at their beautiful home on Walnut Hills. Beautiful decorations added to the occasion and from 7 to 11 the guests had quite a pleasant time. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Thos. A. Troy, Mr. and Mrs. Eljah Chinn, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Boone, Mrs. Mary Liverpool and daughters, Blanch and Ida, Miss Arizona Kye, Mrs. Cornelia A. Carl, of Chicago, Miss Ada, Davis, of Louisiana, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. DeHart, Mrs. John B. Kearns, Mrs. H. A. Clark, Mrs. M. A. Willis and a host of others.

Mr. Isam Andrews, of Nashville, is the guest of his brother, Mr. Virgil Johnson, of Perry street.

Miss Ada Davis, of New Orleans, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fountain C. Lewis, Jr. Miss Davis' father was once a resident of this city her grandfather was once the Chief of Police of New Orleans.

Miss Jennie L. Peck, of Iowa City, delivered a lecture on "Missionary Work" at Mount St. church, on the 26.

Mrs. M. B. Churchill and her mother, Mrs. Overha, are visiting friends and relatives at Louisville, Ky.

The colored schools are better attended than the most sanguine of the teachers in them anticipated. Two teachers only have resigned to fill more lucrative positions; Prof. Samuel W. Clark, and Miss Rebecca E. Elliott. The others are all employed and will so continue to the end of the year.

Mr. Charles D. Horner who received the nomination upon the Republican ticket for State Representative, is an active energetic and young man, at present and for ten years past employed in our public schools. He is fully capable of representing, not only his race, but the community that will elect him. His nomination is a compliment to the race.

When the term of Mr. Fred Raine, our present County Auditor, shall have expired, it will end a term of three years and ten months. During all of this time Mr.

Raine has found it impossible to fill a position in his office with a colored clerk or janitor. Against the open protest of the race in this county, he has been renominated by the late Republican Convention. The colored voters propose to cast their ballots against Mr. Raine on the 5th of next month.

A man named Gabriel, living at Monterey, Cal., claims to be 150 years old. The Gabriel family has a weakness for blowing its own horn.

The newspapers of the United States owe an apology to A. Bentley Worthington. Many of them have credited him with less wives than he has.

Queen Victoria has been appointed to the command of the First Dragon Guards of Berlin. The troops will be at once instructed in the broom drill.

The product of pig iron in Alabama for the first six months of this year was 3,833,346 tons, against 19,696 tons for the same period of last year.

The judge of probate of Candor, D. T., has disappeared with a large amount of the people's cash. Candor will compel him to return, if he is found.

The forest fires which have been raging in Montana have destroyed timber and other property to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars.

Massachusetts factory laws are being enforced. Children are not allowed to clean the machines, and girls must tie up their hair to avoid being scalped.

A man in Chicago threatens suicide if that city does not prove to be larger than Brooklyn. His fellow-citizens do not care what he does, if he will only live long enough to be counted.

An Arkansas hermit with a criminal record is guarded by six dogs and six goats. Any man of experience would prefer to meet all six of the dogs rather than one of the goats.

The number of cigarettes manufactured last year was 2,150,000,000, nearly 300,000,000 more than during the previous year. Reports as to the mortality of the year are awaited with interest.

The undertakers fear that they cannot live if the Brown-Sequard experiment becomes a demonstrated success. In that case let them take the Brown-Sequard treatment and they cannot die.

Great Britain is negotiating a commercial treaty with Japan, by which the whole interior of Japan is to be opened to British trade, and Great Britain will surrender the present judicial privileges of her subjects in Japan.

The brightest of English magazines have but small circulation compared with those of America. The New Review, into which Archibald Graves is putting so much energy, starts off with only twenty-five thousand copies.

It is stated that the fossilized hand of a gigantic man recently found at Kearney, Neb., being broken open, was found to contain a number of diamonds. Perhaps he held too many for the others in the game, and hence is a fossil.

The University of Oxford commands facilities for printing in 150 languages. Just how many languages the editor commands when speaking of the proof-reader is not stated. Fifteen thousand would be about the comparative figure.

The ice cream terror is reported to have given place to a new and even more formidable obstacle to the happiness of young men at the summer resorts. It is all the style now for young gallants to buy little balloons to match their young ladies' dresses.

One of the best tributes to the regard in which women are held is found in the fact that men, the world over, revolt at the thought of hanging one of that sex, even though she may have committed murder. This feeling is so strong in England that Mrs. Maybrick may escape the full penalty of the law.

Why Did She Do It.

I saw her strolling by the sea,
A sweet, a shy and winsome miss,
And as she shyly glanced at me,
I threw her stealthily a kiss.

She looked around—the winsome miss—
No prying eyes were there to see,
Responding to my warded kiss,
She waved her handkerchief to me.

We're married. She's no more a miss,
And oft I ask myself in grief:
Why did I throw that fatal kiss?
Why did she wave her handkerchief?

—Boston Courier.

The Great Salt Lake Climate.

Dr. Niles, of Salt Lake City, writing to the Medical Record on the climatic treatment of consumption, enumerates among the requisites of a suitable climate for pulmonary invalids an altitude of 3,500 to 6,000 feet, dryness, equability, plenty of sunshine, freedom from sand and wind storms, comparative coolness. He considers that the region of Great Salt Lake offers most of these benefits and that there is an additional advantage of possible salt water bathing for those cases in which it is useful. He remarks that even in the most favorable localities (climatic) consumption may occur as a result of bad hygienic surroundings, habits of living, etc., and that practically there is no ideal climate, or climate that is bound to cure all cases of consumption.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections also a powerful and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all its various Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, the receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. It is by mail by addressing with stamp naming this paper W. A. Noyes, 169 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

LIVELY TURNS OF THOUGHT.

Switzerland has built 1,000 inns since tourists began to visit her.

British soldiers not in possession of swimming certificates are forbidden to enter boats for purposes of recreation.

"Birch bark" lawn parties are the latest in Maine. The invitations are written on birch bark, and the refreshments served from plates of the same material.

Thomas Furlong, of Pasadena, Cal., is an ardent amateur naturalist. His latest addition to his collection was 300 tarantulas that he hatched in an incubator.

There are about a hundred species of mosquito in the world, occurring in all climates. England has eight or ten species, for mosquitoes, as well as Hessian flies, are as common in England as white butterflies. Most, if not all, of the British species bite in very hot weather, when apparently, like their betters, they require more liquid refreshment.

It looks as though France was the greatest country for horse racing in the world. For Sunday three weeks ago twenty-five meetings were advertised, and for the following Sunday twenty. It should be remembered, though, for comparison, that the French concentrate their racing on Sunday, while England and America run during the week.

There was a terrific thunderstorm at Standing Rock Indian Agency the other day. It frightened the aborigines thoroughly, and with reason, for one bolt of lightning struck a wigwam in which were five Indians, killing White Horse and Black Eagle outright and stunning the others. One did not recover; the other two were unconscious for several hours.

A big Chinese colony located near Lake Pontchartrain is making considerable money catching fish and shrimps. The shrimps are boiled, when the shells are removed, after which they are allowed to dry and smoke over a slow hickory fire, and are then packed and shipped to New York, San Francisco and other cities with large Chinese populations. The industry is said to be a very growing one.

A nine-year-old son of Maine, living eleven miles from Bangor, heard of the electric lights in that city, and teased his father to take him there that he might see them. The father said he hadn't time. A few days afterward the boy was missed. His father drove straight to Bangor, and at 9 o'clock that night found him under an electric light, gazing in open-eyed delight. He had walked all the way. A Maine newspaper thinks that the boy may be a future Edison.

A New England manufacturer says that street musicians are a serious expense to manufacturing companies in country towns. A gypsy girl playing a tambourine recently passed his establishment, and he says, cost the company about \$200. Every employe in the big factory ran to a window, and work was suspended for fully a quarter of an hour. Every circus parade costs them hundreds of dollars, and when a minstrel brass band marches by it costs from \$25 to \$50.

The largest brook trout ever caught on this continent was landed the other day at Spring Creek, New York. The fish weighs six pounds and two ounces, and its proportions are perfect. This is one of the species of brown trout, the spawn of which was imported from Germany and received at the New York state hatchery on Feb. 13, 1884, so that its age cannot be more than between five and six years. The largest ever caught previously weighed a trifle over five pounds.

The Swami of southern India have always been greatly celebrated for their skill as jewelers, but the forms and figures usually made have been of a character that was inadmissible in western society. A Parsee gentleman, having obtained the appointment of Indian jeweler to the queen of England, obtained sufficient influence among the Swami to induce them to abandon their old style, and the result was a beautifully wrought casket for Princess Louise, of a workmanship comparatively unknown.

Lath county, Idaho, comes to the front with an ice mine. The discovery was made in Pine Creek Canon, 2,000 feet above the sea. A chilling current of air coming from the direction of a bed of moss was the first thing that attracted the attention of a party of geologists to it. They removed the moss and discovered a vein of ice 500 feet long and from 4 to 6 inches thick. The several layers of bowlders, debris, and ice alternated to a depth of forty feet. The geologists think this formation belongs to the glacial period.

The old saying, "He took the bull by the horns," was verified at Portsmouth, Ohio, by George Eaves, who owns a beautiful tract of land just east of the city proper. He was crossing the field wherein his bull is pastured, when the bovine became infuriated and rushed at him. Seizing the bull by the horns as it came within reach, and throwing his legs about its neck, Eaves was carried in this position across the field with the speed of the wind and into the fence, against which he was badly jammed. His injuries are regarded as fatal.

It is estimated that over \$2,500,000,000 is invested in the dairy business in this country; that 15,000,000 cows supply the raw material; that to feed these cows 60,000,000 acres of land is under cultivation; that 750,000 men are employed in the business, and over 1,000,000 horses. The cows and horses each year eat 80,000,000 tons of hay, 9,000,000 of corn-meal, about as much oatmeal, 275,000,000 bushels of oats, 2,000,000 bushels of bran, and 30,000,000 bushels of corn. It costs \$450,000,000 a year to feed these animals and \$180,000,000 to pay the hired help.

At the dance in Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's stable at Newport, the other night, an improvised electric plant furnished the illuminations up-stairs and down. Over the carriage doors hung bright red peppers, and all over the ceiling were frescoes of pumpkins, squashes, egg plants and other garden vegetables, the groundwork being of oak leaves, and oak leaves were used for the decorations of the sides, leaving places for floral panels in the shape of horse collars and yokes for oxen. Flowers were also made up to represent harnesses, hung about as if on pegs.

Reliable information from Blisfield, Mercer county, W. Va., shows the recent lynching of the Negro Samuel Garner to have been an outrage on a par with the hanging of John Turner in Greenbrier county late in July. Like Turner, Garner was lynched for a crime he never committed. He was charged with a criminal assault on a 7-year-old girl. The girl was several years older and had made an appointment with Garner. The Mercer county authorities have made a number of arrests of persons having a hand in the lynching, and the suspects are in jail at Princeton.

D. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Inipient Consumption, and all other respiratory affections. It is a registered Trade-Mark to wit: A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red Strap Around the Neck, and the facsimile signatures of John W. Bull & A. C. Meyer & Co. Sole Proprietors, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Chew Lange's Plus—The great Tobacco Antidote—Price 10 Cts.—Sold by all Druggists.

FOR THE BROWN LOOSE'S RED FLOWER BLOSSOM

For Sale by all Druggists.

CINCINNATI THROUGH CAR LINE.

Trains leave Detroit from Mich. Central R. R. South Bound North Bound

No. 25	No. 1	No. 26	No. 2	
Daily	Daily	Daily	Except Sunday	
from	Daily	Daily	Sunday	
Toledo	Leave	Leave	Arrive	
Detroit	7:10 am	7:20 pm	8:10 am	5:25 pm
Toledo	10:40 am	11:00 pm	6:55 am	3:2 pm
Lima	1:40 pm	1:40 am	3:15 am	12:30 pm
Sibley	2:52 pm	2:51 am	1:54 am	11:18 am
Canton	4:35 pm	4:35 am	12:25 pm	9:40 am
Hamilton	5:44 pm	5:32 am	11:05 pm	8:24 am
Cin. S. J.	6:31 pm	6:31 am	10:08 pm	7:48 am
Cincinnati	8:35 pm	6:35 am	10:00 pm	7:45 am

*Daily, except Sunday.
Trains Nos. 1 and 26 have through sleepers between Detroit and Cincinnati year round. Trains Nos. 2 and 25 have through Parlor Cars between Detroit and Cincinnati daily except Sunday.
Connections are made in Cincinnati with roads for the South, Southeast and Southwest, and in same depot for St. Louis and West.
Remember the C. H. & D. R. R. also has through car service between Cincinnati and Indianapolis Cincinnati and St. Louis, Cincinnati and Springfield, Ill., and Keokuk, Iowa.
Ask for tickets via C. H. & D. R. R.
For full information, tickets, sleeping car space, etc., inquire of or address D. B. Tracy, Northern Pass. Agt., Detroit, Mich.; John Bestallie, District Pass. Agt., Toledo, O.; or General Passenger Agent's Office, No. 200 W. 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.
CHAS. H. ROCKWELL, C. C. WAITE, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt. D. P. & Gen'l Manager.

Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R. Y. Depot foot of Brush street. Tr. ns run by Central Standard Time. Sept. 30th, 1899.

Le ve.	Ar rive.
*Morning & Chicago Ex.	11:35 a m
*Through Mail & Chicago.	5:59 pm
*Stamboat Express.	4:50 pm
*Chicago Express with sleeper.	7:45 pm
*Night Express with sleeper.	10:50 pm
*Daily, Sundays excepted. Daily	7:20 a m

Morning Mail has elegant through coach Detroit to Michigan via Owosso and T. S. & M. Ry. Grand Rapids Express has parlor car to Grand Rapids.
Chicago Express has elegant Pullman sleeping and Buffet cars to Chicago daily.
Night Express has sleeper to Grand Haven daily.
Sleeping car berths can be secured at general ticket office, 169 Jefferson avenue, cor. of Woodward, and at the depot foot of Brush street.
E. J. PIERCE, W. J. SPICER, City Ticket Agt. General Manager, Detroit.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Depot foot of Brush street. Central Standard Time. Oct. 7th, 1899.

Le ve.	Ar rive.
*9:00 a m. Toronto, Montreal and East.	10:40 a m
*12:00 m. Port Huron.	4:00 pm
*4:30 p m. Port Huron Express.	7:10 pm
*11:00 p m. Toronto & Montreal Ex.	9:10 p m

WABASH RAILROAD.

Depot foot of Twelfth street. Standard time

Le ve.	Ar rive.
Wabash Western Flyer.	7:25 am
*6:45 am	
St. Louis Express.	11:55 am
*1:35 pm	
St. Louis and Ind. Express.	11:30 pm
*11:30 pm	
Chicago Accommodation.	11:05 pm
*11:05 pm	
Adrian Accommodation.	14:00 pm
*14:00 pm	
Chicago Express.	19:50 pm
*19:50 pm	
Ind. Louisville & St. Louis Express.	10:15 pm
*10:15 pm	
*Daily, except Sunday. (Except Saturday, except Monday.)	

City ticket office, 169 Jefferson avenue.
E. F. WOLFSCHLAGER, City Ticket Agent.
R. G. BUTLER, Commercial Agent.

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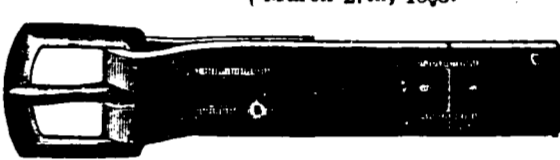
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NO SEWING OR RIVETING!
No special tools. A common hammer will do the work. It is the most simple and handy little device known. Can be applied to any portion of a harness. They are put up, one gross, assorted sizes, in a tin box, handy to carry in the pocket ready for any emergency. Ask your dealer for them.

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Sole Manufacturers and Patentees.
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DETROIT FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, '89.

THE New Orleans *Times-Democrat* has a weekly fit over corrupt government of the carp-t-bag rule. It hasn't said much about the latest bond steal accomplished by approved bourbons. Kentucky was in the same boat recently owing to the defalcations of her State Treasurer.

GEN. ALGER and one or two other Northern capitalists have purchased a 15,000 tract of land in Tennessee. This represents over 23 school districts, counting a district to every section. Some bourbon will soon be telling us how he taxes himself to 'educate the Negro' on this very tract soon.

THE Detroit International Fair and Exposition was a success in every particular and we are pleased that so many Afro-Americans visited it, although but one entered his products in the display. The one entered was a creditable exhibition of inventive genius. We trust that another year will find others competing for prizes with their products.

THE cry of war in Europe has lost its potency in affecting the money markets. The powers continue to growl and reports say war is inevitable, yet outside of military circles people are pursuing the even tenor of their way, leaving the outcome to the future. Canada has even been trying to ride Uncle SAM over the Behring Sea trouble, but she can't do it, you know.

IF THERE is any one thing more than another that has started the spirit of Ku Kluxism in the South, it was the election of Gen. HARRISON as President. It has been stated again and again by bourbon papers that his election was due to the Afro-American vote in the close states. Notwithstanding this and the fact that he has been President seven months, he has said no word in condemnation of such wrongs.

ALTHOUGH JEFF DAVIS lives by virtue of Northern charity toward a vanquished foe, and is allowed to stay in America by the same measure of leniency from our government, he manages to get out of his hole once or twice a year to breathe rebellious defiance at the laws of a land he has forfeited the right to call his own. JEFF DAVIS and Mrs. PARSONS, of Chicago, have two souls with a single thought—to destroy this government.

IN THE judgement of the *Detroit Journal*, Afro-Americans should feel flattered because Louisiana white officials have imitated them in stealing large sums from the State Treasury. Most other people thought that in so doing they simply followed their natural propensity to take everything that came their way. But, granting the *Journal's* view to be the correct one, it is the white man's time to feel flattered now, as the "Negroes" in Navassa have very successfully imitated white brutality in the recent troubles on the island of Navassa.

DR. J. M. TOWNSEND has made a few very bold utterances for an office holder. Few Afro-Americans who have occupied his position would have dared to take his stand. None have ever done so, although there is little question that their opportunities have been abundant. When it was intimated to him that it might jeopardize his position to attend a meeting to protest against the wrongs imposed on his race he said boldly: "If my holding office depends upon my keeping still about the wrongs of my people, I will hand in my resignation before midnight." We need such men as this in office more than we need offices.

BE IT said to the credit of the intelligent Southerners that a number of them are protesting earnestly against outrage and for the supremacy of the law for all races. A persistent effort in this direction would be worth millions of dollars of capital, as it would stay the just criticisms of its wrongs and lawlessness which now make capital and labor fearful of its inducements. All justice asks is the strict enforcement of fair laws. It is all the Afro-American asks. If he can not stand with his white brethren then in intellect and energy, let him go down before the inevitable. It can not then be said he was shot down without warrant of law.

A FEW of the men who are most likely to be indicted by the Grand Jury have made a bold attempt to belittle the significance of such an indictment. They are probably not aware that public sentiment

is backing the investigation now being made. Some times it takes a good deal to arouse the people, but rumors of open bribery and malfeasance in office started an agitation which has revealed considerable official rottenness. These men, now making light of the work of the Grand Jury, may have time to repent of their folly behind prison bars, for, with public sentiment in its present condition, a Recorder's court jury will probably be as earnest in its work as the Grand Jury.

MESSERS MATTHEWS, LANGSTON et al: Put Michigan down as ready and willing to co-operate in any movement for the good of the race. "God helps them that help themselves."

IT HAS been patent for some time that the state of anarchy in the South, engendered by race feeling and politics, could not long exist without creating counter feeling in the North. Numbers of journals and men have been speaking out in open meeting concerning the flagrant outrages perpetrated on a defenseless and innocent people in open violation of law. Although this condemnation has been general, Chicago journals have been most persistent and severe in their view of such a state of affairs, and in consequence the bourbon, with his characteristic manner of bulldozing is attempting to muzzle the press of that city with threats. They propose to try and defeat Chicago for the World's Fair unless its representatives say less about Southern affairs which means, in other words, lawlessness. Northern people can't be bulldozed in that way. It was tried on Col. SHEPARD of the *Mail and Express* to a shameful degree during the National Press Convention here but it only mad him the more staunch in his advocacy of right. The South has constantly made assurances that they wish to fraternize with the North in feeling and in purpose, but always at the sacrifice of the Afro-American. A few of our boys in blue have fallen in with the sentiment, and some have gone so far as to pat the bourbon on the back in his extreme measure of prejudice; but the great body of the G. A. R. men believe that the principle on which victory was obtained should not be sacrificed now for the smiles of ex-rebels. Liberty was the price of the rebellion with all its blood and carnage and assured citizenship to the Afro-American—its legitimate outgrowth. Gen. O. O. HOWARD spoke the sentiment of thousands of loyal men when he said: "This government should be as strong to protect a one-armed soldier in the honorable discharge of his duty in Atlanta as it is to protect a venerable United States judge in the discharge of his duty in California." This, taken in connection with Gen. SHERMAN's speech at Cincinnati at the re-union of the Army of the Tennessee, shows how the sentiment of loyal men is set in regard to this era of Southern political murders. We give his words on the subject:

"We fought the holiest war ever fought on God's earth. A larger amount of result was accomplished from that war than from any Caesarian or Napoleonic war. We made peace on a continent. We raised the standard of our nationality a thousandfold. We lost nothing but slavery. The people in the South lost that. They bet on the wrong card and lost."

"Now they are betting on another card. They consented to the amendments to the constitution as a point of concession for not being otherwise punished, and they came back into the Union with a five-fifths vote for their representation in congress instead of three-fifths. It is not right; it is not honest; it is not honorable. [Cheers.] It is not such as a soldier knight will do. Therefore these Negroes must have the rights which the constitution gives them or the states must be deprived of that proportion of their representation in congress. [Uproarious applause.] That's a legitimate result of the war, honest and honorable, and the war won't be over until that is done. [Cheers.] Don't unhook your waist belts too much. We won't have any fighting, though. Reason will surely master that problem. It is not so bad as it all seems. It is time that the wisdom of our rulers should handle that proposition. I merely state it and let it take its course."

THE REV. S. GRAVES of Atlanta (Ga.) Seminary writes a letter to the *Christian Herald* of this city soliciting funds for the proper equipment of that school and remarks incidentally that "the hope, not of the colored man alone, but of the whole Southland, lies in the true Christian education of the Negro," which is a mistaken idea which pervades too generally among white missionaries in the South. The ills of the South originated from the lack of true Christianity among the whites, and they will endure until the Rev. GRAVES or some other good brother imparts "a true Christian education," not only to the "Negro," but to his white oppressors.

A true Christian education is an excellent thing for any race of people to acquire and may be relied upon to smooth the "Negro's" path to Heaven if it does not ameliorate his condition on earth; but the Rev. GRAVES should not be selfish in confining it to the "Negro" alone. He should leaven up the entire mass and give the white man a show for developing into a

respectable American citizen as well as the black man. A monopoly of religion on one side and "cussedness" on the other will be as inimical to the best interests of the South in the future as it has been in the past.

"There is Vast Power in a Protest."

"As to the Southern aspect of this question, I have first to suggest that it is in the power of the free people of the North, those who love the constitution and a free and equal ballot, those who, while claiming this high privilege for themselves, will deny it to no other man, to welcome a president who shall not come into office, into the enjoyment of the usufruct of these crimes, against the ballot, that will be great gain. And then we should aim to place in the Southern states, in every office exercising federal authority, men whose local influence will be against these frauds. * * * Then again we shall keep ourselves free from all partisanship if we lift our voice steadily and constantly in protest against these offenses. There is vast power in a protest. Public opinion is the most potent monarch this world knows to-day. Czars tremble in its presence; and we may bring to bear upon this question a public sentiment, by bold and fearless denunciation of it that will do a great deal toward correcting it. Why, my countrymen, we meet now and then with these Irish-Americans and lift our voice in denunciation of the wrongs which England is perpetrating upon Ireland. We do not elect any members of parliament, but the voice of free America protests; against these centuries of wrongs has had a most potent influence in creating, stimulating and sustaining the liberal policy of William E. Gladstone and his associates. Cannot we do as much for oppressed America?—President Harrison, Feb. 1888"

RECENTLY a number of the more representative Southern journals have condemned quite severely the open and cruel outrages perpetrated on the peaceful Afro-Americans in their midst. They placed their censure on the grounds of justice and the fact that such practices hindered the material growth of the South. We had been led to expect that a new era in sentiment was about to "re-avail" that would remove every question of race conflict, but subsequent occurrences prove the mistake. Very few partisan journals can lift themselves out of the rut of prejudice long enough to take a stand for right. Not two weeks ago the *Times Democrat*, of New Orleans, published an account of the South's growth in educational institutions and industrial advantages, accompanying this report was a statement of the president of the educational commission of each state. That of Virginia relative to the progress of Afro-Americans was the most favorable yet that same journal calls upon white Virginians not to disgrace their state in breaking the solid record of the South." It further says that the political contest in that state is between intelligence and virtue on one side and ignorance and vice on the other. The two statements published hardly a week apart are not in harmony. One or the other must be a palpable open lie. Either the Afro-American is industrious and becoming educated in Virginia or he is totally ignorant and vicious. The whole matter is plain on its face. When it comes to elections any appeal to prejudice and violence is used, and the violence condemned afterward for the purpose of blinding fair minded people. Everyone expected more of the respectable journalism of the South. Taking the record of to-day the Afro-American, with all his charged ignorance, is more liberal and consistent than the bourbon.

THE suggestion of the *Detroit Tribune* that the American flag float over all our public schools, has met with a hearty response. A large number of the schools have already taken action on the matter and others are preparing to do so. There is no question that a stronger patriotic sentiment will be created in the youths who will form the intelligence of the next generation in this country. For side by side with the educational advantages which they have on account of our free school system, will be the idea of a sound and stable government able to secure peace that these advantages may obtain. A similar step inaugurated in the Southern states would change the patriotism of that section until in a few years the thought of "states rights" would no longer predominate. If the *Tribune* will only pay half of the cost of a flag for the *Free Press*—a patriot flag that would raise that journal above party long enough to be just to all men in condemning crime or extolling virtue—THE PLAINDEALER will gladly pay the other half.

Get your friends to subscribe for THE PLAINDEALER.

Every Question Waits the Settlement of This.

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

A Bloodless War. Troy Times: The Negroes of Alabama are combining to do no more work for the whites, whether out of doors or within. The men are deserting the farms and the women the kitchens in pursuance of this movement of the colored people to retaliate for the wrongs which they are suffering at the hands of the dominant race. This is a warfare which sheds no blood, but it will reach the core of the trouble all the more effectively. Without the help of the Negro, the average Southern white is a comparatively helpless person in the department of manual labor. For this new form of strike, the Democratic Caucasian has himself to thank.

Keeps His Own Counsel. Minneapolis Tribune: Ex Gov. P. B. Pinchback, of Louisiana, came down from Saratoga yesterday to take a flyer at the races at Morris park, says the New York Star. How he made out no one knows but himself. The singular colored man is one of those quiet bettors who never shows the slightest concern whether the game is with him or against him. It is said that he lays a great deal of money on the horses and no race meeting is quite complete without his presence in the betting ring. He can quite well afford to enjoy his penchant of the reports are true that he has an income of \$40,000 a year.

Made Good Music. Charleston World: The World was serenaded this morning by three colored youths, who called themselves, the Twin Brothers Band. They played on two guitars, a fiddle, snout organ, and a call bell, and really made delightful music. The "twin" who played the guitar, mouth organ and call bell, the last named with his foot, had but one arm. He manipulated the guitar by a stick tied to his stump. The violinist imitated the mocking bird to perfection. After rendering a number of arias they departed begging the World to say, however, that they can be engaged for balls, dancing schools, etc.

What's the Matter With Townsend? Freeman's Journal: Where are the leaders who can be seen in every nook and corner during campaign years prating and bellowing about human rights? The Negro is being victimized by the same enemy who tries to control elections. Not one prominent Negro politician has been heard from in defense of his race in this so-called "race war." Has federal patronage muzzled their mouths, and have they all become clams?

Negro Journal's Verdict. Boston Times: "Boston Coons Want Something," says the Times in speaking of a conference of the leading colored men of Boston, who organized a movement that might conduce to their interests politically. If the Times had been honored with a seat in that meeting in order to size up its cerebrum with Negro brain, it would have discovered to its full satisfaction that the Times was also in want of something.

That's Where They Show Their Nerve. Norwich Bulletin: If the "chivalry" of the South forbids colored men to ride in the same car with white men, common honesty and decency should prohibit Southern railroads from taking colored men's money and selling the tickets for cars out of which they are to be ejected later on.

A Jewel They Never Possessed. Toledo Blade: The Southern Bourbons tell us that the Negroes largely vote the Democratic ticket, and that to allow fair elections in the South would result in "nigger domination." These two statements do not consist; but consistency was never known to Bourbon logic.

They Need the Lesson. Charleston Budget: The "bottom question" in Southern life has been well said to be neither political nor social, but industrial. In the South we must impress upon the minds of the youth, both white and colored, the true principle of the dignity of labor.

He's No Prophet. Inter Ocean: Senator Gibbs, of Georgia, says that the country is not big enough for the Yankee and the Negro. The Senator has forgotten that the Yankee and the Negro fought side by side a few years ago and brought Georgia back into the Union. Gibbs is not a Yankee, that's evident.

Saved by His Books. Topeka Capital: A Negro saved his life in Marshall, Mo., Sunday by padding his body with school books. He was shot, as he expected, but not killed, which goes to refute the assertion that school books are of no use in Missouri.

Cafés are out for the marriage of Mr. Ed Watson and Miss Carrie Clayton.

A VARIETY OF THINGS.

The Commercial Gazette of Cincinnati says: A few years ago a little colored girl, a pupil of Gaines High School, engaged services to Dr. J. Taft, dentist, as office girl, and in a short time became deeply interested in dentistry. Unknown to her employer she picked up knowledge sufficient to extract teeth and perform more important operations. Dr. Taft became interested in the girl and advised a regular course of dentistry at the Michigan University. Miss Ida Gray—for this is her name—obtained the means necessary to enroll as a regular dental student in that institution, and has completed her second course of lectures. She will graduate there next June. Meantime she assists Dr. Taft during vacations and is developing a decided talent for her profession. She is also building up a good practice among the intelligent colored people, who are justly proud of her as the first lady dentist in this country. Miss Gray is well educated, refined in language and manners, and although an orphan and without influence, has won many friends by her superior personal qualities.

Although Harvard has had fewer representatives among the hotels in the White Mountains than other colleges, yet a graduate of the present year served as an elevator guide in one of the largest of them during the past summer. He is an Afro-American and in addition to his work at the hotel has given readings at neighboring houses.

The Rev. Geo. Rows of the Plymouth Congregational church of Charleston, S. C., has issued a circular to several Afro-American societies asking for contributions to enable him to bring a bill against the Georgia Railroad before the Inter-State Commerce commission. He and a number of other Afro-Americans who had purchased first class tickets for Chicago were rejected from a first-class coach and forced to ride in a "Jim Crow Car." He proposes to bring suit before the Inter-State commission rather than sue for personal damages in Georgia, because he realizes that white juries do not scruple to perjure themselves when the claimant is an Afro-American. J. W. Cromwell of the Peoples' Advocate of Washington, has been retained by the Rev. Rows.

The Ethiopian Embassy which the Emperor Menelik has sent to Italy to stipulate a political treaty, is headed by D. J. Makonnen, a cousin of the Emperor and Governor of Harr. The instance is noteworthy from the fact that it is the first example in the history of Ethiopia of persons of high rank being charged with such a mission. In general the Abyssinian Sovereign gave similar trusts to monks or persons of small importance. The envoys are the bearers of many gifts to King Umberto and it is said that the steam navigation, the railways, the great cities, the manufacturing of arms make a great impression on the semi-barbarians, the recital of which will serve for a nine days wonder in their home on the Dark Continent.

The Burlington Hawkeye, the Republican organ of Burlington, Iowa, in its new column recently spoke of an Afro-American woman as having "deserted her sixteen pickaninnies." This paper sees fit occasionally to lift its voice in defense of the oppressed brother in black and has at times played quite a little enthusiasm on the subject. To be consistent, however, it should find some form of expression by which Northern people will know when it is referring to members of the human family.

The Mayor of New Orleans was compelled to issue an order closing the Afro-American churches of that city at an early hour on account of the noise made. The Baptist Messenger, in commenting on the matter, says, and very truly, that the day is past for such exhibitions of excessive excitement. It condemns freely the pastor who encourages it to the extent that peaceable citizens are compelled to invoke the law to protect themselves. It further says that those who are most loud are generally the most low in their Christian and moral conduct. The camp meeting is another relic of slavery days at which the antics of the worshippers are little better than the worshippers of Buddha. The intelligent pastor must frown down the exhibitions of excitement that go beyond reason.

They Know A Thing or Two. New York Sun: It is interesting to read in Rohlf's recent account of Money in Africa that even the untutored black kicks vigorously if he finds that the circulating medium fluctuates in value. Strips of native cotton cloth were once used extensively in Soudan as money. The strips were cut in lengths, the standard of measurement being the distance from the end of the longest finger to the elbow. Of course, there was a large variety of lengths, and in time everybody tried to pay his debts in short and collect his dues in long strips. The result was that financial transactions very often ended in a big row, and when Rohlf visited the country cotton money was in deep disgrace and had been almost entirely superseded by Kauri shells, which are still the small change of a large part of Africa.

They Look to Alger. One of THE PLAINDEALER'S Southern exchanges of last week contained the following:

"How long before justice is accorded the colored ex-Union soldiers of the South? For years they have been trying to secure a charter for the establishment of a G. A. R. post, but for some reason they have signally failed. Gen. Alger, the recently elected grand commander of the G. A. R., should look into the matter and see that justice is done."

The Huntsville (Ala.) Gazette had the following among its local mentions: "Mr. P. J. Crenshaw is in receipt of a letter from department commander F. G. Shepard informing him that he will be here Sunday, Oct. 5th, 1889, to organize the John A. Logan Post of the G. A. R."

"One of the Ablest." Austin (Tex.) Sun: The "Sun" acknowledges the receipt of "THE DETROIT PLAINDEALER." Thanks. "THE PLAINDEALER" is a five column, eight page weekly, published at Detroit, Michigan, and is one of the ablest papers published by colored men in this country. It is fearless and outspoken upon all subjects that affect the race, in the advocacy of right.

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- J. L. Smith, 417 Hastings street.
- Jones and Brewer, 327 Antoine street.
- Wm. Burnett, 29 Monroe avenue.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

MERE MENTION.

Mrs. J. L. Martin, is visiting in Cincinnati.
 Mrs. Jenkins, of Harriet street, is visiting in Lansing.
 Mrs. Ed Brown, of Cleveland, is visiting in the city.
 Mrs. Julia Marston of Washington, is visiting Mrs. Straker.
 Mrs. Middleton Hill has returned from a short visit to Almaida, Mich.
 The Rev. J. M. Henderson has removed to Winder street near the Bishop school.
 Miss Amy Watson will leave Saturday for an extended visit to Washington, D. C.
 Mr. J. Henderson, of Hamilton, Ont., has returned after spending part of his vacation in the city visiting friends.
 The Rev. Henderson of Bethel church has called the young people to meet next Tuesday in the organization of the Lyceum.
 \$3-\$3-\$3-That is what you can get pants for at Lewis Golden's-worth \$6. Don't forget the place! Lewis Golden, 28 Michigan avenue.
 Mr. Frank E. Jackson left Monday for his home in Akron after a pleasant visit with his cousins, Mrs. Nat Willett and Miss Jennie Harberd.
 Mrs. Adelaide Smith was united in marriage to Mr. John C. Vennell at her residence on Mullet street Wednesday in the presence of a few friends.
 Mrs. Woodfork, at 46 Sherman street, is prepared to furnish first-class accommodations to parties desiring board or room. Adv.
 Miss Lillian Russell entertained a few friends Wednesday evening in honor of her guest, Mrs. Jennie E. Kennedy, of Port Huron. Several musical selections were rendered and the evening was very pleasantly spent.
 Mrs. Thos. Garrison of No. 13 Division street, Detroit, is pleased to inform strangers arriving in the city to attend the great exposition, that she is prepared to accommodate a few with Lodging and Boarding at moderate rates. Adv.
 Mrs. David Carneal, who has been visiting friends in Ohio, has returned. Mrs. Carneal attended the session of the Ohio conference of the A. M. E. church, and met with a number of the clergy with whom Detroit people are well acquainted.
 The Hon. D. A. Straker has brought suit against the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad company for \$10,000 damages for killing Mr. Anderson on July 3rd, '89, by running over his body and causing his death at the foot of Hastings street. The plaintiff is James, Marshall administrator.
 The enterprising firm of Partridge and Company are now prepared to supply patrons with excellent bargains in fall goods in underwear, hosiery, dress goods and lace curtains. Their bankrupt sale of boots and shoes and great sale of housefurnishing goods is the sensation of the season. Call and examine their fine display.
 Mr. Wm. Lewis was elected superintendent of Bethel Sunday school Sunday in place of Mr. Walter Stowers, who has filled the position so long and so acceptably. Mr. Stowers' resignation was received with regret by the entire school. Many of the older members making touching remarks showing their appreciation of his labors among the children.
 Charles Miller, aged 28, an Afro-American laborer who lived at Lexington, Mich., took rat poison yesterday noon at the house of his aunt, Mrs. McCoy, 780 Hastings street, where he had been visiting. The ambulance conveyed him to Harper hospital, where he died about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Coroner Brown will hold an inquest this evening.
 The Meykdi Literary club gave a reception and waltzing party to the visitors in the city at the residence of Dr. L. N. Johnson, Thursday evening, Sept. 27. Though an entirely informal affair, it was characterized by the usual enjoyable features for which Meykdi entertainments are noted, and a pleasant evening was spent by all present. Among the strangers were Miss Fairfax of Bay City.
 The offer of Mr. Adolph Enggass to the watch trade deserves public attention. The inducements he now offers makes it possible for everyone to obtain a good watch of superior make, with printed guarantee certificate from the manufacturer and a written guarantee from Mr. Enggass. These watches are sold at cash prices by weekly installments of one dollar per week or five dollars per month. Take advantage of these excellent terms.

A Grand Musical and Literary entertainment will be given on the Fourth Anniversary of the I. O. U. B. and S. of J. under the auspices of True Principal Council No. 1, at their hall room 16 Hilsen Degen Block, Tuesday evening October 29, 1889. Some of the best vocal and instrumental talent has been secured for the occasion in order that this may prove one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the season. Admission 15 cents. adv.

Windsor Notes.
 A concert was given by the Band of Hope, on the night of the 3rd, at the Baptist church, and was very largely attended. Among the features that deserve special mention, was a solo by Mrs. Williams and an address by Mr. R. C. Barnes. They are both new residents of Windsor and promise to become very valuable citizens. Mrs. Williams is an accomplished vocalist, Mr. Barnes a young lawyer of most favorable promises.

Mrs. Chas. Porter presented her husband with a fine bouncing girl on the 28th, and Charlie walks around with a conscious air of pride.
 The Windsor Literary Association will hold their opening meeting next Wednesday evening at the B. M. E. church, commencing at 8 o'clock.
 Windsor, Oct. 4.

Fifth Anniversary.
 Zach Chandler Lodge will celebrate their fifth anniversary at their hall, corner Gratiot avenue and Hastings street, Thursday evening Oct. 24th. The committee will make this one of the pleasing events of the season. Good music in attendance. Refreshments will be served. The public in general are invited to attend. Admission, 25c. Committee of arrangements: Nathaniel Wilson, John Warren, W. J. Coates, Russell and Edward Watson.

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

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RALPH'S APOLOGY.

The Lesson Taught by a Mother's Love and Devotion.

As Ralph Darrow rode slowly through the main street of the little country town of Greenfield one September day, feeling very impatient that the stout oak stick he carried could not urge old Dolly into a pace faster than a jog-trot, he heard the big clock on the Baptist church strike twelve.

With the first stroke the blood sprang to his face like a flame; but by the time the last had struck, he was as pale as it is possible for a sun-burned country lad to become. Twelve o'clock! and it was only six when he left home after his early breakfast to go to Silas Ashton's on an errand; and his mother had urged him to make haste back, reminding him that it was Monday, and the water must be brought from the well for the washing. Ralph had expected to be away little more than an hour, for it was only two miles to the Ashton farm; but after attending to the errand he had gone to look at Luke Ashton's rabbits, and then to try shooting at a target with a brand new pistol, which proved such interesting sport that the time slipped away without his really being conscious of it. The recollection of his mother's charge to return as soon as possible did not occur to him until he heard an impatient neigh from Dolly, grown weary of standing at the hitching-post. He left then without further delay, but his conscience troubled him very much on the way home; and the discovery that it was twelve o'clock filled him with dismay. Not only did he feel sure of a severe whipping from his father, but he knew his mother must have suffered great anxiety about him, probably imagining that he had met with some accident. He was not surprised as he drew near home to see her standing at the gate, looking anxiously down the road.

"Ralph, my dear boy," she said, as soon as he came within speaking distance. "I have been so worried about you. What kept you so long?"

"I got to shooting at a target with Luke and forgot all about the time, mother," answered Ralph, in a low voice, his face expressing his shame and contrition.

Mrs. Darrow was silent a moment, and then, as Ralph sprang from the saddle, she laid her hand tenderly on his shoulder.

"I am glad, very glad, for your sake, dear, that your father happens to be away," she said, gently. "He left home just after you did, and will not be back until to-morrow."

Ralph drew a long breath of relief. "But—who drew the water, mother?"

"I drew it, my son."

"Oh, mother, and carried it all to the house?"

"Yes, my dear, there was no one else to do it, you know. Your sisters are too small to help me much."

Not a word, not even a look of reproach! As Ralph led old Dolly to the barn and threw down some hay from the loft for her, he almost wished his father had not gone away, for perhaps if he had received a thrashing he would not have felt so utterly wretched as he did now.

A whipping was no novelty to Ralph, for his father was a stern, hard man, who believed in the use of the rod as a means of discipline, and never spared it. Ralph was an only son, and a bright and talented boy, but he could not recollect ever having received a word of love or praise from his father, whom he feared and avoided. But he loved his gentle, brown-eyed mother. She was always loving, tender and merciful, and shielded him from his father's wrath whenever it was possible for her to do so, sorrowing much that she could not convince her husband that it was better to govern through love than fear.

As Ralph entered the kitchen after feeding Dolly and saw the weary, worn look on his mother's face, he felt more conscious-stricken than ever, and could not eat the dinner she set before him. "But it isn't as if I was always running off and having fun," he said to himself, trying to find excuses for his conduct. "I hardly ever get an hour to myself. It is work, work from morning to night, and an awful crime if I'm idle even ten minutes. And it isn't fair. I don't believe any other fellow would stand it a single day. And I might beg on my knees from dawn to dark, and father wouldn't give me a pistol! I believe he'd thrash me if I only mentioned such a thing!"

And thinking thus, raking up one by one all the injuries of which he had been the victim, and comparing his life with that of several of his friends, Ralph at length arrived at the conclusion that after all he had not been guilty of anything very wicked in spending the morning at Luke Ashton's and that he had been foolish to allow his conscience to trouble him for even a moment.

And after that whenever it pricked him a little he refused to listen to it, and felt angry and impatient that he could not forget the whole matter. And he offered no apology to his mother.

"So much would not be expected of me if I were not always so willing to work," he thought, resentfully. "Father ought to have a cistern dug, and a pump in the kitchen, like Mr. Ashton's. Luke never has to bring water from the well, and I don't see why I should."

Two or three days after the visit to Ashton's, Ralph had the misfortune to sprain his right arm in jumping from a beam in the barn, and in spite of the most diligent rubbing with a liniment warranted to cure all sprains, bumps and bruises in short order, he suffered a deal of pain and passed a sleepless night. He was standing in the barnyard the next morning feeding the hens, when his father came out of the stable leading the handsome black horse he always rode when going on a day's journey.

"This stable is in very bad condition, Ralph," he said, as he tightened the girths of the saddle. "It looks as if it had not been cleaned for a week. Be sure to attend to it to-day. The sooner you get at it the better."

"But, father, I have sprained my arm, you know. I couldn't handle a shovel to save my life," cried Ralph. "Can't I hire old Moses to do it?"

"No. It is your work, and you must do it."

"But, father—"

"Not another word, sir," interrupted his father, in a tone which always sent the blood from Ralph's heart. "I want the work done and I want you to do it. Your sprained arm is merely an excuse to be idle. If this stable is not cleaned when I return to-night I will give you cause to regret it; and I positively forbid your allowing Moses to touch it."

He sprang on his horse and rode off at a gallop, heedless that his son had sunk upon a heap of laths, and had covered his face with his hands to conceal the tears that started to his eyes.

Mrs. Darrow had been standing by the kitchen window, and heard all that had passed. She now came to where Ralph lay, and bent lovingly over him.

"It would not be possible for you to use your arm. I know, my son," she said. "It would be of no use to try."

"Oh, mother, it gives me pain to move it ever so little. But what can I do? You know how terrible father will whip me if the work isn't done, and he won't believe I'm not able to do it."

"Don't worry about it now, Ralph. We will try to find some way out of it. I want you to go to Greenfield after some groceries I need, and when you return we will talk about the stable."

"Talking won't do any good, I'm afraid, mother," replied Ralph, as he rose, and went to put the harness on Dolly. "And I must take the whipping, I suppose."

He drove to the kitchen door on his return from the village two hours later, and lifted from the light wagon the basket of groceries he had brought.

"Where is mother?" he asked of his little sister Jennie, who was skipping rope in the back yard.

"I don't know—she's been gone ever so long," answered the little girl. "I guess she's in the stable hunting eggs."

As old Dolly's hoofs struck the stones of the paving at the entrance to the barnyard, the doors of the stable were thrown open, and Ralph saw his mother standing inside, a shovel in her hand.

"Back so soon, Ralph," she said, cheerily.

But Ralph did not answer. He sprang from the wagon, gave a hurried look about the stable, and then, with a strange, choking sensation in his throat, threw himself upon a pile of hay by the barn stairs, and burst into tears.

"Ralph! Ralph! my dear boy!" and his mother bent over him, her own tears falling fast.

"Oh, mother! mother! Why, why did you do it?" he cried, when he could speak.

"Because I love you, my son, and would save you from a punishment you do not deserve. It was not so very much to do, my dear; I am not so tired as you suppose."

"Not very much! Oh, mother, it was a hundred times too much to do for me," and then Ralph sat up and with arms about his mother's neck, uttered in broken words that apology he had longed but been too proud to make.

And what a load was off his mind when it was done, and his mother's tender kiss of forgiveness was on his cheek! You may be sure that as long as he had a home beneath his father's roof, Ralph never again neglected a duty to his mother.

It has been over forty years since this incident happened which I have related, but in telling it to me only a few days ago, Ralph—grown gray and wrinkled—could not restrain his emotion as he spoke of the long dead mother to whom he owed the only love and tenderness his childhood ever knew.—Florence B. Halliwell, in Chicago Standard.

The Duty of Health.

"No point in the warfare against diseases," writes Dr. Richardson, "is so important as that of getting the women of the household to work heart and soul after good health in the household. Fresh air and wholesome nourishment, regular hours and happy surroundings would cure many irritable nerves, prevent many a fit of passion and brighten up many a sluggish and torpid mind."

In their capacity of health preservers women should insist upon all over whom they have any influence attending to regular bathing, for without it the skin can not long remain in a healthy state.

If the house-mother, as the Germans call her, is worried and irritable, the children become dull, depressed and also irritable; the husband grows discontented, and either adds to the general worry or seeks his pleasures out of doors. Many women look upon devotion to their households and neglect of themselves as heroic, and glory in sufferings endured, as they think, for the benefit of their husbands and families; but if they injure their health by such self-imposed injuries the loss to their families is very serious.

The best and cheapest physicians are Dr. Quiet, Dr. Diet and Dr. Merryman, but they are not consulted by some women as much as they ought to be. Often a woman will go on laboring at whatever she may have in hand when aching head and limbs and tired eyes have long ago indicated that rest was needful. She says that she does not care what she eats, and that anything will do for her. She hurries through her meals, and either runs about or begins to work directly after eating. "This is not the way," says Dr. Diet, "to keep a good digestion." Dr. Merryman prescribes exercise in the open air, and as much change of scene and amusement as is compatible with honest work.

Women ought to be the preservers of the health of others, but this they can not be if they neglect their own health. "Get health," writes Emerson; "no labor, pains, temperance, poverty nor exercise that can gain it must be grudged. For sickness is a cannibal which eats up all the life and youth it can lay hold of, and absorbs its own sons and daughters. I figure it as a pale, wailing, distracted phantom, absolutely selfish, attentive to its sensations, and afflicting other souls with meanness and mopings, and with ministrations to its voracity of trifles."

Gentility—As Some Understand It.

Gentle it is to have soft hands,
But not gentle to work on lands;
Gentle it is to lie in bed,
But not gentle to earn your bread;
Gentle it is to cringe and bow,
But not gentle to sow or plow;
Gentle it is to play the beau,
But not gentle to reap or mow;
Gentle it is to keep a gig,
But not gentle to hoe or dig;
Gentle it is in trade to fall,
But not gentle to swing a flail;
Gentle it is to play a fool,
But not gentle to keep a school;
Gentle it is to cheat your tailor,
But not gentle to be a sailor;
Gentle it is to fight a duel,
But not gentle to cut your fuel;
Gentle it is to eat rich cake,
But not gentle to cook or bake;
Gentle it is to have the blues,
But not gentle to wear thick shoes;
Gentle it is to roll in wealth,
But not gentle to have good health;
Gentle it is to "cut" a friend,
But not gentle your clothes to mend;
Gentle it is to make a show,
But not gentle poor folks to know;
Gentle it is to go away,
But not gentle at home to stay;
Gentle it is to smirk and smile,
But not gentle to shun all guile;
Gentle it is to be a knave,
But not gentle your cash to save;
Gentle it is to make a bet,
But not gentle to pay a debt;
Gentle it is to play at dice,
But not gentle to take advice;
Gentle it is to curse and swear,
But not gentle old clothes to wear;
Gentle it is to know a lord,
But not gentle to pay your board;
Gentle it is to skip and hop,
But not gentle to keep a shop.

The Theorist.

Bobby—Your mother hit you only once for breaking the window. I wish my mother wouldn't hit me more than that.

Little Johnnie—That's 'cause you don't holler loud enough.—New York Sun.

Art Prejudices.

Art Patron—"I should like to have your candid opinion of that picture."

Artist—"Well, Sir, to me it seems like a daub, but perhaps I am prejudiced. You see, it's by a friend of mine."—New York Weekly.

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

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

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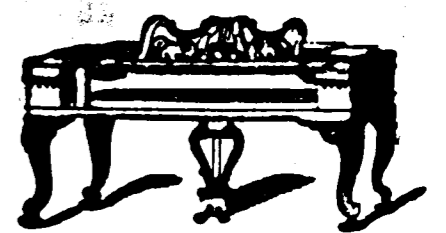
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BARGAINS IN Pianos & Organs.



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

1 Chickering, like new,	\$260.
1 Haines Bros., fine,	240
1 Knabe,	250
1 Hallett & Davis,	85
1 Vose & Sons,	175
1 Reel & Scns,	160
1 Julius Bauer,	200
1 Great Union,	150
1 Story & Camp,	150
1 J. P. Hale,	100
1 Small Upright,	85
1 Stodart & Dunham,	75
1 Bradbury,	75
1 Hallett & Davis,	75
1 Bennett & Co.,	65
4 Secondhand Estey Organs,	\$25 to 60

And a large number of different makes, all sold on from \$3 to \$8 payment, according to value.

GRINNELL BROS.,
228 Woodward avenue, Detroit.

FIRST LOVE.

OWEN MEREDITH.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed—
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is
not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was
dead.
And then we women cannot choose our
lot.
My little boy begins to bubble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer;
He has his father's eager eyes, I know,
And they say, too, his mother's sunny
hair.
But when he sleeps and smiles upon my
knee,
And I can feel his hot breath come and
go,
I think of one—heaven help and pity me—
Who loved me, and whom I loved long
ago.
But blame us women not if some appear
Too cold at times and some too gay and
light.
Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are
hard to bear.
Who knows the past, and who can judge
us right.

Uncle Archie's Wife.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"I do not think Mr. Gerrard at all mad," he said cheerfully; "and his meaning is very plain—he does not object to me."
I uttered a cry of hysterical delight, which mother echoed with an exclamation of passionate scorn.
"You think that good news, poor misguided child! You are inclined to congratulate yourself and thank him, I suppose, Irene?"
"Why, yes, mother! Why should I not?" I asked, looking helplessly from one to the other, the two, who seemed to understand while I was so completely in the dark, "if uncle Archie has been kind and reasonable?"

"Kind and reasonable!" exclaimed mother, with a despairing groan. "Oh, yes, my dear—he has been very kind, very reasonable—he has not deceived or played with us in any way!"
The tears were coursing down her flushed cheeks now; her indignation and anger were fast yielding to hysterical grief.

We were now in the drawing-room, and mother had sunk into an easy-chair. I knelt beside her, trying to soothe and induce her to explain, though naturally enough, I too was in a state of intense excitement.

"Let me read the letter, or shall I read my own?" I whispered. "You are paining and perplexing me, mother, and you might set your fears at rest with a word. Either uncle Archie consents, or—"

"He consents then!" interjected mother, with a fresh outburst of tears. "But, wait a moment, child—there is no need to shower benedictions upon his head! He consents because he has no longer any particular right or reason to object; he was married himself last week."

CHAPTER III.

A few minutes' silence followed mother's tearful speech; then the tragic calm was broken by the most incongruous and out-of-place sound possible, nothing less than Dick's bright, boyish, irrepressible laughter.

Mother responded to that irreverent laugh with a shuddering sigh, and I looked round at my unsympathetic lover with reproachful eyes; but he was not in the least abashed, only favored me with an encouraging nod and smile, and came over to mother's side.

"Now look here, Mrs. Gerrard—we must not go making a tragedy out of all this," he said with a practical air. "I should not have laughed, I admit; but really the joke was a little bit too good. Mr. Gerrard has managed to turn the tables upon us with a vengeance, has he not?"

"Oh, it is cruel to make us the laughing stock of Ludleigh now, after having deceived us like this for so many years. For myself I would not mind; but Irene, my poor Irene, every one will pity her."

I chanced to look up and meet Dick's bright glance just as poor mother made her helpless lament, and somehow found myself smiling too. If I had been not only deprived of my much-talked-of heiress-ship, but turned out of house and home, I do not think I should have considered myself a very pitiable object.

"Do not fret for me, mother," I said cheerily, and without the least effort; "and do not grudge poor uncle Archie the happiness that has come so late in life."

"Happiness!" mother echoed, with a scornful sob. "You are talking like a child, Irene. He does not deserve to be happy, and will not be; of course he has been duped by some clever adventures—one of the dreadful creatures that abound, I am told, all over the Continent; and, depend upon it, he will soon see her in her true colors—will soon discover the horrible blunder he has made. But, in the meantime, he will bring her home to the Hall—I shall see her where I have hoped to see you, Irene. Oh, it is of no use talking, child—I can find no consolation in the whole affair!"

"But I can; and so will you, by-and-by, when you have got accustomed to the queer ideas," observed Dick,

with the patient, persistent cheerfulness that was overcoming even mother's indignation and sense of injury at last. "You are a sensible woman, Mrs. Gerrard, with plenty of pride and pluck to keep you up; and, though no doubt you feel a bit sore at first, you will soon get over that, and join Irene in welcoming her uncle's wife."

"Never—never!" murmured mother, turning her face away, but the words were uttered in a listless manner, so that there seemed but little finality about the protest; and Dick was not disconcerted at all—he even ventured to parody her phrase.

"Yes, soon—soon—I am a true prophet, believe me! For my own part," he went on with a swift change of tone, "I am delighted at the turn things have taken—delighted and relieved since they clear a great difficulty out of my way. You do not know, Mrs. Gerrard, what a terrible and appalling person the Squire's heiress was to me long a while I had given Irene Gerrard my whole heart. More than once—nay, more than a dozen times—I vowed to myself that I must conquer my love and give up all hope of winning her."

Dear Dick—dear, brave, generous Dick—how noble and handsome he looked, with that bright flush on his bronzed cheek, that eager sparkle in his eyes! I could hardly see him for my tears—tears of purest joy and pride and gratitude. I seemed then, for the first time, to understand and how great my triumph had been—how overpowering was the force of that love that had conquered his pride and drawn the sweetest tenderest words a woman ever listened to from his reluctant lips. And there were people who would pity me—even my own dear mother was disposed to think me ill-used and worthy of commiseration because uncle Archie had taken a wife in his old age, because I should be a little less rich than I had expected to be by-and-by! I could have laughed aloud at the absurd idea. As though such a trifle could matter to the proud and lucky girl who, some time in the happy future, would be Dick Martineau's wife!

Dick noticed and answered my smile, and went on brightly—

"Fate and Irene were a little too strong for me, Mrs. Gerrard—and somehow my secret was told. I do not know how; perhaps her eyes asked it if her lips did not."

"Dick, how dare you?" I interjected blushing vividly at this libel on my maidenly self. "I remember that afternoon if you do not. I know you starled and took me completely by surprise. I thought you were going to say something about the game or the weather, as we stood resting under the tree, and quite suddenly it was that."

With which lucid explanation I retired behind mother's chair.

"Oh, was it, my dear? No doubt you are right—as I told you, my memory is a little misty on that point. All I can clearly call to mind is your answer, which, while it made me wildly happy, filled me with a feeling of remorse—I was asking you to give up so much for my sake; for, in my sober and reflective moments, it seemed to me that Mr. Gerrard must inevitably suspect my motives and object to me, and that I must either rob Irene of all she had grown to look upon as her right or give her up. I was not strong enough to suppress my love for her, nor vain enough to think I could make full compensation for all her losses, if I persisted in claiming her hand. But thank Heaven it will be all smooth sailing now!"

"Thank Heaven, then, Dick, for uncle Archie's wife, since she has helped us out of our terrible difficulty. But I am not flattered, sir, to find that you took me with such extreme reluctance after all."

Dick laughed, not making the least attempt to defend himself. Mother looked at us with a puzzled smile, and said, in a half-reproachful tone—

"Well, well, young people are queer creatures. I suppose you two care for nothing while you have each other."

"And you, mother," cried Dick and I, and though poor mother shook her head and did her best to maintain her role of gentle martyrdom, she could not help being pleased with the spontaneity of our reply.

"You are good children," she said, looking from Dick's face to mine; "but I cannot understand you, all the same. I thought Irene, at least, had some love for the old Hall, and would regret being shut out from the house in which her father was born."

"Indeed I should, mother," I broke in, indignantly. "But why should we contemplate being shut out from the dear old place? Do you think uncle Archie's wife will be such a Gorgon as to object to the visits of her husband's nearest relatives—or that he has married some wholly unrepresentable creature?"

"Heaven knows what he has married!" mother answered bitterly, and I seemed to measure all the depth of her disappointment as I heard the harsh words fall from her gentle lips; for as a rule, she was most charitable in all her judgments, and always set her face against scandalous gossip.

ried. But we can hardly imagine that he has made a very wise or prudent choice. When men of his age fall in love, there is no supreme act of folly that they will not commit."

"Well, let us hope that uncle Archie has not been tempted to do anything that is not for his good," I said with a successful attempt at cheerful unconcern; "and, at any rate, until she makes her appearance and says or does something to convict herself, let us give Mrs. Archie the benefit of the doubt."

Dick nodded approvingly at me; and from that time, and through the busy weeks that followed, I kept persistently to that argument, with the result that I persuaded mother to make the best of the unfortunate event and answer uncle Archie's apologetic letter with a few cold but friendly words. More I could not extort; and even this concession cost me much coaxing and her many tears.

"I cannot pretend that I think he has behaved well—and I will not, Irene. He does not think it himself," she said, as she directed the letter with a reluctant hand. "For your sake, and for the sake of old times, I will not quarrel; but, having treated us as he has, he cannot expect compliments and congratulations from me."

I felt there was some justice and truth in her words, and, though I would not make the admission, did not attempt to controvert them. Uncle Archie's letters were not only unquestionably apologetic—they were curiously reticent. He told us that he was married and that his wife was young, but of her name and antecedents said simply nothing.

Naturally the curiosity felt on this point was not confined to ourselves, but was shared by all Ludleigh, through which the news of the Squire's marriage spread like wildfire. "Never had the gossip of the place had so fine a feast of wonder and conjecture; and, I am sure, my ears, as well as those of my uncle and my unknown aunt, should have tingled from morning till night if there was any truth in the old saying.

Dick had gone back to his temple chambers to plunge with double zest into the work that was for two now; and mother shut herself up and refused to see all callers for a fortnight; so I had to bear the brunt of all the gossip, to answer all the questions, and to endure the scarcely-veiled pity of my kind friends as best I might.

I found the condolence especially just a little trying at first; but, by dint of a natural cheerfulness of disposition, I got through the ordeal at last, and, I believe, won a general verdict that "poor Irene Gerrard bore her disappointment singularly well"—and perhaps, in the circumstances, that was as much as I could expect.

It was not until the day preceding that fixed for Uncle Archie's arrival home with his bride that I succeeded in coaxing mother to show herself once more among her friends at Mrs. Marshall's afternoon-tea; and then our arrival caused quite a flutter in the well-tiled dressing-room—where about twenty ladies—young, old and middle-aged—were, as I well know, enjoying the *affaire Gerrard* with quite as much heartiness as their tea and cake.

Indeed I heard the sharp voice of Mrs. Knyvett, the attorney's wife, as we followed the trim little maid into the room.

Yes, I am sure there will be a sensational scene of some kind to-morrow. Irene carries off her disappointment very well; but the poor old lady has not the spirit to conceal her disgust. Depend upon it, she will either refuse to go to the Hall, or, if Irene makes her give in on that point, she will say something cruelly sarcastic to the bride."

I felt my cheeks flush as I listened to the spiteful words. I knew Mrs. Knyvett had no cause to love me, seeing how persistently she had tried to catch Dick Martineau for one of her girls; but I felt indignant at the meanness of her revenge, and still more resentful of the familiarly repeated "Irene," when the spiteful creature had never called me anything but "Miss Gerrard" to my face.

However, angry as I was, I forgave her the next moment, when mother said, with brightening eyes and flushed face which told me she too had heard—

"Never mind Mrs. Knyvett, Irene. I have been a very silly old woman, and deserve to have unpleasant things said about me; and for you—well, I think all Ludleigh is aware of her grudge to you."

The next moment she was shaking hands with Mrs. Marshall, and distributing nods and smiles among the rest of the company in quite her old duchess-like, faintly patronizing fashion—a fashion that did not seem to please the more malicious-minded among them at all. I saw Mrs. Knyvett and Miss Green exchange glances of dismay, and I smiled contentedly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

New York Sun: Agent—Sir, let me sell you a set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica in twenty-four volumes—Mr. Dolley (interrupting) I have no use for it at all, my man, I have just graduated from college.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know how much time the average man consumes per week in getting shaved?" queried Mr. Bowser, as he entered the house the other evening with a parcel under his arm.

"I do not."
"Well, I figure it at an hour and a half, to say nothing of the expense. One also runs many risks by shaving in a public place."

"Yes."
"And I shall hereafter shave myself. I can do it in seven or eight minutes, at a cost of less than two cents, and I run no risk of barber's itch or having my throat cut by some lunatic."

"Well, I hope you'll make a success of it, but—"

"There you go! Did I ever attempt anything you didn't discourage?"
"But you know you tried it twice and gave it up and threw your outfits away in disgust."

"And why? Because some one used my razors to cut kindling wood!"

"Mr. Bowser!"

"At least it appeared that way to me. And I got a lame arm, and we went off on a visit, and there were several other reasons. From this time forward I shall shave myself, and I shall begin after supper."

After supper he prepared himself with three towels and a quart of hot water and went up stairs to begin operations. I crept softly up and took a seat on the landing just as Mr. Bowser had removed coat and vest and collar and was mixing the lather. While he was soaping his face I heard him growl several times, and afterwards ascertained that it was caused by his jabbing the brush into his eyes and mouth by mistake. About one-half of the lather was deposited on his shirt front before he got through. He was just seventeen minutes getting ready for the razor, and when he took it up I heard him mutter:

"This thing handles mighty awkward! If that fellow has gone and sold me a left-handed razor I'll prosecute him to the last ditch!"

He held it in various positions to get "the hang," and when he finally got it, he made a careful motion along his right cheek. To his great surprise and delight he didn't cut his head off. On the contrary, he shaved off a whole spoonful of lather, and I heard him chuckling:

"Egad! But I'm getting there with both feet! No barber could beat that!"
Mr. Bowser wears a mustache, and is very proud of it. At the third or fourth scrape along his cheek one end of the mustache got in the way of the razor and a share of it was carried overboard, so to speak.

"By thunder," gasped Mr. Bowser as he regarded the damage, and he carefully washed all the lather off that side to closer inspect the calamity. Investigation proved that the damage was not beyond repair, and he renewed the lather and went ahead.

In the course of the next fifteen minutes Mr. Bowser must have removed as many as two hairs from his face, and he uttered fully 100 sighs and grunts. He tried the razor in his right hand and in his left, and in every conceivable position, and he brushed on the lather until a hoe would scarcely have scraped it off.

"You see," I heard him saying to himself, "a fellow has to fool around awhile to get confidence in himself. I expected it would take me about half an hour this time, but inside of a week I'll make a clean shave inside of five minutes. There—that's a good job."

He wet a towel and wiped the lather off his face and took a look in the glass. The result astonished him. So far as he could see he had not removed one single beard. He had scraped off the lather, but the beard was still there. He growled away for awhile, and then mixed a fresh lot of lather and brushed it on, and after satisfying himself that the razor's edge was all right by cutting a hair pulled from his head, he laid it against his chin. He gradually turned it up and began to scrape, and I heard him softly saying:

"Now, then, I've got the real hang of it. I was carrying it too flat. There's a trick."
Two things suddenly happened. He cut the left corner of his mustache off and gashed his chin at the same stroke, and the next instant he bounded out into the hall and shouted for me.

"Well, what is it?" I asked as I rose up.
"Look here! I'm fatally wounded!" he cried, as he danced around the hall.
"Let me see. Why, it's nothing but a slight cut. Let me wash the lather off."

It was a lively cut and bled freely for a quarter of an hour, during which time Mr. Bowser did a great deal of sighing and groaning, and forgot about his mustache. When I had plastered up the cut he returned to the glass,

discovered that his mustache was lopsided, and wheeled on me to exclaim: "Look at it! Look at that, Mrs. Bowser!"

"Yes, you haggled your mustache. I'll get the shears and trim it off."

"Never! Keep right away from me! Mrs. Bowser, your plot has been discovered!"

"Don't be so foolish, Mr. Bowser. I told you I didn't believe you could shave yourself."

"It is all as plain as day now!" he continued, as he upset the lather cup and walked through its contents, "you probably figured that I'd cut my throat. You were sitting at the head of the stairs to catch my death rattle!"

"Did I tell you to bring home that razor? Didn't I try to discourage you from shaving?"

He turned from me without a reply, and I went down stairs. He came down after about half an hour. He had been obliged to sacrifice a third of his mustache to get it in proper shape again, and the lather which had gotten into his eyes gave him the appearance of having wept for a week.

"It's too bad," I said, breaking a long and embarrassing silence.

"Oh, it is, is it?" he sneered in reply. "Too bad that I'm not lying a headless corpse up stairs, and you figuring on my life insurance!"

"Well, it's no use to talk to you, Mr. Bowser."

"Not a bit, Mrs. Bowser. You had a plan. I checked it. You stand revealed in your true light as a would-be Borgia or worse. This is the last straw, Mrs. Bowser—the very last. In the morning we will talk business."

But when morning came he didn't have a word to say. I found his shaving outfit in the side yard, where he had thrown it from the window, and the girl is now using the razor to peel potatoes.—Detroit Free Press.

It Tells Your Age.

The latest "drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot" machine to make its public appearance is a device calculated to make the unlighted observer believe that the evil one is behind it all. It is a neat little nickel-plated instrument, set up on a polished wooden pedestal, and will tell any man's age—and any woman's, too—with an invariable accuracy that is startling. The instrument itself is about twelve inches high, and in its face are set six vertical rows of figures, running in an uneven, jerky way, from five to eighty. Over each column is a sort of little piston rod, with a flat metal top.

The printed directions tell you to first drop your nickel in the slot, then press your foot hard down on a little pedal that projects from the base of the pedestal. This done, you are instructed by a printed slip which pops out just underneath the figures to press with your finger the piston rod over each of the columns which contain the two figures of your age. Thus, if you are 26 years old, say, you find that number in one of the columns and press down the rod. Immediately there pops into view the figure 8. You look for another column with 26 in it, press the rod, and the figure 10 comes quickly out. Then you find in other 26 in another column, press the rod, and 8 is the result. Add 8, 10 and 8 together and you discover that you are 26 years old. It is very simple, and if you are honest with it the machine never fails.

The arrangements of the figures so that the age of a guesser may be discovered is a very old scheme, but it has never before been mechanically developed.—New York Times.

Wanted to Make Himself Safe.

Out in Dakota territory the Norwegians are all republicans, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and nothing thus far has been able to swerve them from their allegiance to that party. One Col. John Ely was a democratic member of the last Dakota legislature. He was taken very sick some time during the session and it was thought he was about to die. Capt. Tom Edison and other friends attended him one evening Tom walked in and asked:

"Well, John, how are you getting on?"

"Poorly, mighty poorly, Tom. I'm afraid I'm going to die," said Ely.

"I don't know but you will," replied Edison. "You look awful bad, John."

"I know it, I know it," said Ely. And in a few moments he added:

"Tom, there's one thing I want you to do for me if I die."

"What is it?" asked Edison in a sympathetic tone, getting ready to receive a deathbed commission.

"Tom," said Ely, "if I die I want you to see that I am buried in a Norwegian burying-ground."

"What—what—that's that for?" ejaculated Edison.

"Because," said Ely, without a break in his solemn manner, "because the devil will never think of looking for a democrat among the Norwegians."

Glances Here and There

PLANS for making the long winter evenings pass pleasantly and profitably are being busily discussed now. Of the many suggestions advanced that of forming conversation clubs or parties is the most popular. In these days of light social chit-chat and society gossip the noble art of conversation is sadly neglected. Few of our younger people are sufficiently up in the current topics to be able to converse fluently on any subject. The lyceums and literary clubs are excellent aids to literary culture, but usually after the regular exercise the remainder of the evening is devoted to an exchange of social civilities. There is seldom any criticism of the exercises presented and hence no opportunity for the expression of individual opinions.

We think an informal evening gathering, where each one who came would be expected to contribute something toward the general entertainment, would offer just the means for the cultivation of our powers in this direction. A talk on a recent magazine article, a review of the latest book or a discussion of some social problem are all fruitful fields for investigation. Of course we cannot become good talkers without having something to talk about, so the superficial reader of newspapers would be stimulated to make a more careful study of the topics of the hour. To have opinions and to be able to express them clearly in good English is as desirable an accomplishment as that of music or painting and is within the reach of all.

CITY Councillor McGrath is much troubled because the enforcement of the new election law, provides that every elector shall register in person, and that all naturalized citizens shall show their citizen papers where they appear for registration. It's too bad, isn't it, Mr. McGrath, that all those citizens (?) who appeared before the council during war times and pleaded the alien racket to escape the draft, will now be cut off together with the large number that were made citizens by taking the court records to their homes by such great Democratic politicians as Johnny Enright, etc.

HE is a wise man who is prepared to meet the changes of our variable climate. The sudden change from the heat of summer to these chilly autumnal days finds many unprepared. Resort is made to light-colored spring coats and delicate wraps which look extremely out of place. The busy housewife scolds her recreant lord whose patience is already at a low ebb as he tugs at a refractory stove-pipe on Saturday night. It is the old story, the seasons are not accommodating, the thermometer rushes up to 90° in an unceremonious manner and without any warning and as rudely descends to zero, keeping unfortunate humanity perpetually trying to prepare for the season that has just passed.

WE were strolling over the Island Park one morning recently, when we met two young men who had evidently been fishing, and had met with uncommon luck for they were each swinging a large bunch of fish. A satisfied, complacent smile seemed to say, "We are first-rate anglers." We should have left with this impression had we not a few minutes later come to an enclosure where these scaly denizens of the deep were caught and secured. We stood awhile watching the huge fishing nets which were brought in heavily laden. Here then was an explanation of the trophies that we had seen so triumphantly displayed by our would be disciples of Isaac Walton. No need to toil all night and catch nothing, or burden one's conscience with the fabrication of specious fish stories when the desired result could be reached by a resort to this fishing pond.

A MOVEMENT to abolish smoking on the street cars has been successful in several Western cities, and the selfishness of the man who smokes will ere long invite the movement here. On the open cars, no matter what the direction of the wind, this species of the American hog has ensconced in his reserved seats in the rear, puffed his malodorous weed to the discomfort of women and children all summer. On the ferry he has spoiled the pleasure of the ride for many an invalid by the same impoliteness and during the exposition in a crowded coach two men, who, judging from their apparel and conversation had been accustomed to advantages which ought to have made them gentlemen, exhibited their innate boorishness and added to the discomfort of the crowded passengers by smoking during the entire trip. A truly polite person is always at a disadvantage with a boor and generally prefers a little discomfort to a fuss, so by the forbearance of the true lady or gentleman these boors are allowed to exist, but eventually public opinion will demand that this nuisance shall be abated and the inveterate smoker will have to go.

Amusements.

MINEK'S GRAND THEATRE.
Mr. Charles L. Davis as "Alvin Joslin" in the new play of "One of the Old Stock" was greeted cordially last night. Having represented the same character more than three thousand times to the satisfaction of his audiences, Mr. Davis needs no introduction in this, his new venture. The play is a good one and the scenery a feature of the performance. The pathetic series of home pictures "The Old Homestead" is announced for next week, and its hold on the popular taste warrants large and well attended audiences.

WHITNEY'S DETROIT OPERA HOUSE.

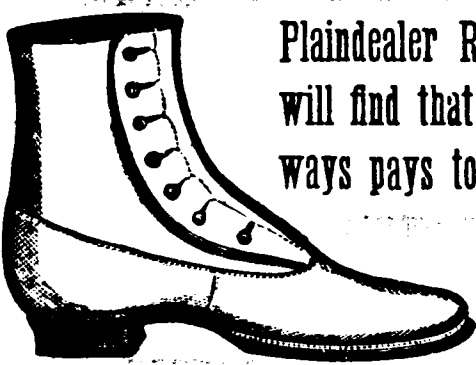
J. K. Emmett and his little friends are pleasing his audiences as usual in "Fritz in a Madhouse." The play is a delightful one and Emmett at his best. Robert Mantell in an excellent repertory which includes the popular Mombars, O bello and Raphael, will appear the whole of next week.

To Pray for Their Enemies.

The National Colored Baptist convention, at Indianapolis, has fixed the third Sunday in October as a day for fasting and prayer by the colored people, who are expected to assemble at their churches and devoutly ask for deliverance from hate, violence and death at the hands of the whites.

"Tis a Feat to Fit the Feet."

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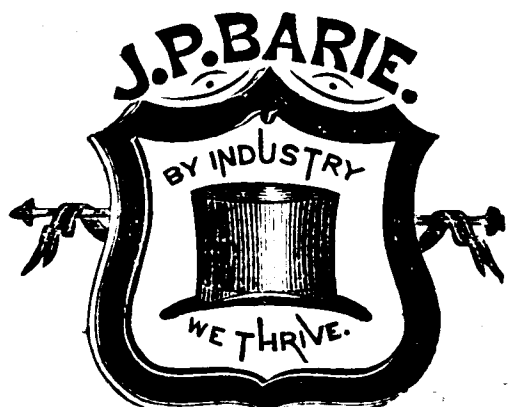
The Enemies of Childhood.

The undersigned clips the following from the Detroit Commercial Advertiser:

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

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<p>UNDERWEAR.</p> <p>Men's Scotch Gray Shirts and Drawers, extra quality, at 29c, 37 1-2c and 50c.</p> <p>No squarer bargains to be found in the United States.</p> <p>Ladies' White Merino Vests at 42c, worth 50c.</p> <p>Children's Scarlet Underwear at a Sacrifice.</p>	<p>50 PIECES</p> <p>Empress Dress Goods, all colors, something Stylish, New and Nobby, at 75c per yard, cheap at \$1.00.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">OUR 60c</p> <p>48-inch Henrietta Cloth, in all shades, beats the world.</p>	<p>OUR 20,000 DOLLAR Bankrupt Stock</p> <p style="text-align: center;">—OF—</p> <p>Ladies', Misses' and Children's, Men's, Boys' and Youths'</p> <p style="text-align: center;">SHOES</p> <p>is the town talk. Sale now going. Prices less than 50c on the dollar.</p>
<p>GREAT FALL Opening Sale</p> <p>of Cloaks, Wraps and Jerseys. Prices lower than the lowest.</p> <p>1,000 Tailor-made Striped NEWMARKETS, worth \$6 to \$7, given away for \$2.99. Come quick or they will be gone. Other goods in proportion.</p>	<p>LACE CURTAINS.</p> <p>NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY.</p> <p>\$1.00 Lace Curtains for... 55c \$2.00 Lace Curtains for... \$1.50 \$3.00 Lace Curtains for... \$2 Finest Chenille Portieres, from \$1.75 up</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Tremendous Bargains in Curtain Scrim.</p>	<p>HOSIERY.</p> <p>pairs of the best 45c Cashmere Hose, Black and Oxfords, for \$1.00.</p> <p>37 1-2c Black Cashmere Hose for 25c.</p> <p>29c Cashmere Hose in Colors for 19c.</p>

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Each watch has a printed guarantee certificate from the manufacturer warranted to wear from **fifteen to twenty-five** years. Besides, we give our own written guarantee.

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