

THE PLAIN DEALER

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WHOLE NO. 336.

AN IMPORTANT MATTER

OF NO PARTY, BUT AN APPEAL TO THE CONSCIENCE OF THE LAND.

The Great Weapon—Take Up the Cudgel—Power is the Only Guarantee For Right—Work, Tact, Silence and Self Abnegation.

Bystander in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

One of the recent facts touching the question of the negro's relation to our National affairs is the proposed convention for the purpose of organizing a National league of colored men. The object of such an organization is, broadly stated to promote the interests of the colored race in the United States. The first thing to be done will, of course, be to determine what is practicable for the Negro to do to promote his own real enfranchisement, secure redress of the wrong which attach to his condition, and obtain for himself equal and unrestricted privilege and opportunity as a citizen and in business. From the point of view of an outsider who sympathizes with the work to be done, believes in the necessity of its being done by the race itself in a large measure, and realizes the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment, the proposed organization is a matter of very great importance.

Some Republican journals have seriously discouraged this project, insisting that the Republican party is devoted to securing equal rights and opportunities to the colored man, and that he needs no other organization to promote his interests. "What would be thought," asks one, "if a National convention of white men should be called to promote the interest of the white race?" Well, just such conventions are called and have long been in vogue. Until within thirty years such a thing as the interest of the colored man being considered in any political convention, except by the little squad of Abolitionists who persistently camped upon a neglected corner of the political field greatly to the annoyance of the other occupants, was never dreamed of. Even now the Democratic party boasts itself a "white man's party," and at the South never professed to be anything else.

In fact, our entire civilization has been either positively or tacitly white. In those regions where the Negro has not been actually distinguished against he has rarely been regarded as a fit subject for those influences which develop and exalt.

The claim that the Republican party is all the organization the Negro requires comes with very bad grace from the organs of a party which has shown itself thus far quite unable to deal with the questions touching his rights as a man and a citizen—a party with the record of inconsistency of 1876 upon its shoulders—an inconsistency so glaring that it seems impossible that any Northern Republican of average sensibility should ever ask a colored man to rely upon that party to remedy the evils which attach to his condition, at least until that crime against good faith and common sense has been retrieved.

The simple fact is that the Republican party is just like any other party. It seeks success and, within certain limits, it advocates and does whatever its leaders and manipulators believe will secure success and avoids what they believe will endanger that result. This is the very highest merit of the party system, which makes it the most perfect instrumentality of progress yet devised for a self-governing people. Strong, resolute, intense men, looking over the field of public sentiment, adjust this idea or that to be uppermost in the popular mind, and so order an advance along this or that portion of the line of policy the party occupies and expect the rest without abandoning their position to remain comparatively quiet in any particular struggle. It is for this reason that the Republican party, after twenty-five years of aggressive movement along the line of individual right, turned again to the front the old Whig principle of protection and fought its battle almost solely on that issue. It was not because it had not abandoned the principle of equal right and privilege, but because the leaders believed that success was more probable if the attack was made on another part of the line. Many of its leaders, both during the campaign and since that time, have favored relegating the question of the rights of the colored man to the background. They have "had enough of the nigger," they say.

This is only natural, but it has an especial significance for the colored man. Whenever he shall make his rights and wrongs so prominent in the public mind that the leaders of the Republican party are morally certain of defeat unless they shall earnestly and effectually seek to secure the one and redress the other, then their condition will receive its attention and remedial measures of a practical and effective character will be adopted or proposed as an issue on which it will join battle with its opponent. The purpose of such a league as is proposed, should not be either to antagonize or promote the interests of the Republican party. That is a body quite as able to take care of itself.

Its object should be to so present the interest and condition of the colored citizenship of the United States to the mind and conscience of the land, that no party will dare ignore the question—to compel the leaders of the Republican party to make the cause of the oppressed citizen their own, as they once did the cause of the slave. The hope of success is the mainspring of all party action. There may be wheels and balances and escape-ments, but the power which moves them all is the prospect of success. The politician may clean the works, oil the bearings, and adjust the movements, but public sentiment is the key which sets them all in motion and strains the spring which is the continuing motor.

But this is not the true test of the propriety and advisability of such a measure as the League proposed. Organization is the great weapon with which the battles of modern civilization are fought. It is the common instrument by which the strong oppress the weak, and the weak resist the aggressions of the strong. It is the power which arms the hand of capital and makes the protest of labor effectual. The Negro race in America represents 8,000,000 souls having a common interest peculiar to themselves and laboring under specific disabilities. Their first duty to themselves and the world is to organize for the redress of grievances and use the power conferred upon them to compel the granting of equal privilege and opportunity to the Negro as a citizen. Let them hunt for redress just as the same number of white men having a common grievance would do—with a club.

It is high time the colored man took up the cudgels for the assertion of his rights himself. There will never be any more Garrisons or Phillipses to fight his battles for him. It is not desirable that there should be. Liberty is a boon that can never be given to any race or a people. It must always be won by those who would enjoy it. All that others can do is to give a race a chance to be free. The colored man in the United States has passed the period of tutelage. He must define and assert his strength—make himself felt—if he expects to win equal right and privilege as a man.

The first thing to be done in the assertion of his right is to show that he has power. Establish a colored League in the United States where a solid, earnest membership, large enough in half a dozen States of the North to turn the scale in an election, and the Republican party will no longer be apathetic in regard to his citizenship at the South. Even the Democracy may begin to have some respect for him. Let the Negro of the North use the collective force of his race, not to secure what is termed "recognition"—an office and a little pelf for individuals—but use it as his noble exemplar the old time Abolitionists used their power—to bring fuller liberty to his race at the South. It amounts to nothing that A, B, or C, with the black skin is given an official position in some city or State in the North. It is civil and political liberty for the race at the South that is to be achieved. And this can only be obtained by compelling by united, harmonious action backed by demonstrable power, the active assertion of the rights of National citizenship to supplement and make effective its empty definition.

If the same number of native white citizens of the United States had a like common interest and common grievance there would have been such an organization long ago. Respect is always accorded to power and nothing but power. Weakness may awaken pity and pity may induce people to give alms; but power or the show of power is the only thing that gives equality or serves as a guarantee for right.

We have organizations of Irishmen, Germans and other nationalities for the benefit of their countrymen at home and abroad. Farmers assert their power as citizens in order to obtain their rights as producers. Workmen band together to defend themselves against associated employers. By all means let the colored men of the country form a National League to secure their rights as men and citizens.

Two objections are made thus far; the one that such an organization will be used by ambitious men to promote their individual aspirations. Very probably, that will be attempted; very likely it may be done to some extent. It certainly would if the members were white and there is no reason to believe that the colored man is exempt from such frailties. That is simply one of the things to be guarded against if possible, if not, the matter will end in failure, and the race must wait until it grows men big enough to see beyond the verge of their own shadow. It is better the Negro should fail in repeated efforts at self-assertion for a hundred years, however, than that he should let another year pass by without any effort in his own behalf.

It is also urged that such a movement will make trouble for Negroes at the South. No doubt it will. As soon as the "bull-dozer" sees that the colored man is in earnest in his determination to enjoy the rights the Nation has granted him, another epoch of bloodshed is about as certain to be inaugurated as the sun is to shine. It is one of the inevitable consequences of having been once subjected by unlawful

force, that such a crusade is certain to be begun against them without any fear of law and in utter contempt of National authority. It will probably require several hundred, perhaps several thousand lives, to organize such a league in the States of the South. It will be claimed that they are "organizing against the whites," and the world will be asked to listen to and believe once more, that fondly cherished lie, that men of Christian character have met together in the shade of the night to devise ways and means for "ravishing all the white women in the region," which has so long been declared the prime objection of "nigger risings," or to kill all the white men and burn all the white houses of a county or State. And thereupon a few "niggers" will have to be slaughtered here and there, to preserve "the peace of society," in defense of our white civilization" and the assertion of Christian purity!

These things may be expected. The question to be solved is whether the colored race in America has yet developed martyrs enough of that sort to make such a movement effective. It has produced thousands who have died in patient endurance of wrong, has it yet grown men brave enough to die—one—ten, a score, it may be—in every county of the South to secure their liberty? Such men will not die in vain. Those who come after them will dip their garments in their blood and press forward all the more steadily. There is nothing like the blood of martyrs to establish a good cause. They must furnish their own martyrs, however. The blood of the stranger has done all it can for the American Negro. There are some who believe the race is equal to the emergency. The Bystander is one of them—but it is not certain that any large number of the white people, even of the North, stand with him in this faith, or are even very earnest in the desire that the Negro should win and wear the crown of real enfranchisement.

Three things are all-essential to the success of this plan: 1. The Method: How shall it be most wisely and surely effected? The question is a very large one and will need serious consideration. A race which sent 30,000 refugees from bondage to freedom in twenty years with little to help them but the north star, can surely devise means for effecting such an organization. 2. What it shall do: The first work should be to gather and disseminate facts. For this it must devise agencies. With Garrison and Phillips' waresfare disappeared also their weapons. The people of the North—the conscience of the country—must now be reached in another manner. How? That is the question to be decided. 3. The man who shall direct such a movement. Such a man is born of any race hardly once in a century. Has the Negro race in the United States a man of nerve and power and self-forgetfulness enough, who is also gifted with the supreme quality of holding his tongue? Has it a man, harsh, relentless and self-centered enough to ruthlessly put down the horde of self-seekers who always spring to the front in such a movement, and yet have tact enough to make them all work toward one end? It needs something of Cromwell and something of Parnell, but least of all does it require eloquence or display. Work, tact, silence, and an utter absence of self-seeking—these are the prime qualities in the head of such a league. With such qualities in a leader commanding the confidence of the colored people and the respect of the country more may be done by such an organization toward the real enfranchisement of the Negro and the ultimate settlement of the race problem in two years than is likely to be done in a score of years without effective co-operation with existing instrumentalities by the colored men of the country themselves, acting distinctively and persistently as such, in furtherance of just and fair demands upon our Christian civilization. ALBION W. TOURGEE, Mayville, N. Y., Oct. 31.

ANOTHER CALL

And an Appeal From Washington Afro-Americans.

The Central Bureau of Relief an organization of Washington Afro-Americans have issued an appeal to the earnest advocates of the equal exercise of political and civil rights for the colored American citizens. The appeal says in parts of this country—especially in the southern states—the colored citizens is prevented, by force and fraud, from exercising the rights of an American that are guaranteed to them and other citizens by the Constitution and laws of our common country. This disgraceful and barbarous condition of affairs is asserted to, if not encouraged, by the local governments of these states; and the general government has for nineteen years failed to apply any redress or remedy against these inhuman outrages upon its colored citizens. Believing, however, that a spirit of justice exists among the American people, this organization have issued this circular letter as an earnest appeal to all just and human citizens without regard to sex, race, creed, or political faith to assist their effort to remove this foul blot upon American civilization. The appeal is signed "in the behalf of seven millions of outraged colored American citizens" by the officers and executive committee of the bureau. A call has also been issued for a national convention to be held at Washington, D. C., on the first Monday in February, 1890.

THE SITUATION AS IT IS.

WRONGS OF THE SOUTH REBUKED BY AFRO-AMERICANS NORTH.

What Becomes of the Ship?—What Concerns Us Most—What They Can Do—A Triple Tragedy—An Interesting Class—Western Visitors.

Special Correspondence to THE PLAIN DEALER. WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 12.

The thing the most talked about in this locality at present is the recent elections. To say that the general results surprised everybody here would be putting it mildly. Like every other great surprise, the *quidnuncs* are still busying themselves in their efforts to "account for it."

Prominent politicians of both races and of both parties have been interviewed on the subject, and their views, like the weather, present something of a variety. The consensus of opinion, however, is clearly to the point that the policy of the administration on the Southern question has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. That the attitude of the President on the question of protecting the freedom of the ballot in the South is rebuked as halting, vacillating and uncertain; and that the Negro is disheartened with, if not alarmed, at the present condition of affairs in the South under a Republican National administration. A prominent daily in our city published yesterday morning an interview with Hon. Wm. Pitt Kellogg, ex-United States Senator from Louisiana, in which the ex-Senator in substance states, unequivocally, and without mincing his words, that the attitude of the administration towards the defenceless Negro in the South, is one of unfairness, because it is apparently one of indifference; and that the Negro of the North is in sympathy with the Negro of the South, and that the defeat of the Republican party last Tuesday was but the prophesy of a still greater defeat if the Republican party any longer indulges in its indifference to the claims of its Black Allies.

Mr. Kellogg knows the situation, and he told it as it is.

The white leaders of the Republican party may secretly cherish the belief that they can get along without the Negro, but the Negro knows better than that, and he will not fail to make his knowledge avail him something. I do not wish to be misunderstood, or to pose as a prophet or an alarmist. But I mean to say that the Negro is becoming intelligent enough to see that the great party to whose fortune he has clung with a consistency and persistency that often meant death to him, is growing weak in its adherence to its first principles: "Equality of Rights for all Mankind."

He knows that Phillips and Garrison and Sumner and Wilson are dead, but he looks, still in vain, for their successors.

Our great man Mr. Douglass, in a fine philosophical metaphor, once said that "The Republican party is the ship, all else is the sea." And we believe in this, Mr. President, but some of us Negroes know how to swim, and, driven to desperation, we may buckle on life preservers and jump overboard. Then, with an insufficient crew to man her, *what becomes of the ship?* You have but to put your ears to the ground, Sir, to hear the muffled thunder of their discontent. Don't stop up your ears. The Negro's eyes may be closed, but he isn't asleep.

Appointments to office of one rank and another can certainly serve one good purpose, because it affords the means of an honorable and profitable livelihood to a class against whom nearly every avenue to a fair business competition is practically closed in the South on account of the unreasoning and unreasonable prejudice of the whites; but appointments to office are of infinitely less concern to us than is the matter of such legislation and such a determined stand by the administration as will enforce fair elections in the South.

With a chance to vote and to have that vote counted, colored men can secure the election of such men in the South as will protect their educational interests, secure fair and impartial trials for them before Southern courts, and so regulate the labor laws as to secure the Negroes fair compensation for their labor, and thus break up the infernal "store order" system that has mercilessly and systematically robbed the Southern Negroes ever since the war.

All this the Republican party can do. Is it equal to the business?

The triple tragedy which occurred here last week involving the lives of two desperate colored men and one white policeman has been made the occasion for the annual avalanche of criticism against the Washington Negro in general and the criminal class in particular. Two colored men, frenzied with drink and armed with brutal natures and two revolvers got into a quarrel; one man shot the other, and in attempting to escape, encountered a policeman, when a hand-to-hand fight occurred which ended fatally for both. This is the whole story. Bad enough, I admit, but the affair might have occurred anywhere else, with any other race, and under many other different circumstances; yet a certain portion of the Washington press and a certain class of white citizens here are trying to use this circumstance as an argument against the whole Negro race. And thus it comes about that an affair like this is more potential in creating a bad impression of our race than a hundred quiet,

honest, industrious lives could be in creating an impression in our favor.

The neighboring residents on Howard University Hill, at the suggestion of Mr. Andrew F. Hyer, have organized a very interesting Geography class which meets for one hour every Friday evening to discuss questions related to the scientific study of geography. The members of the class, all residing on the Hill and within a couple of blocks of each other, are Prof. and Mrs. Gregory, Prof. Geo. W. Cook and Mr. S. D. Fowler of the University, Major and Mrs. Fleetwood, Ex-Collector and Mrs. John F. Cook and daughter, Mrs. John M. Langston, Miss Mickie Cook, Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Shad, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hilyer, Mr. H. E. Baker and Mr. Kelly Miller of the High school. Mr. Miller opened the series of meetings with an interesting and instructive talk on "The Planetary Movements and Distances and the Seasons and Their Causes."

Mr. John F. Cook followed at the next meeting with an excellent talk on the "Geographical History of the District of Columbia." His talk was replete with reminiscences of the governmental changes that have occurred within the District, the changes in its streets and boundaries, and referred at length to the part taken by the colored astronomer and mathematician Benjamin Banneker, in laying out this capital city. This society promises much in the way of instruction and entertainment for its members during the winter season.

Miss Mattie Allen of Columbus, O., is here as the guest of Mrs. M. M. Holland, and Mrs. Lillie Lee and her mother of the same city are visiting Mrs. Messer here.

Mr. Frank Cook, whose brother Chas. C. Cook, recently declined an election as class orator at Cornell University, left the city yesterday for Helena, Montana, where he will engage in the drug business. Mr. Cook graduated recently from the Pharmacy class at Howard University Medical School, and has since been employed as assistant register clerk in the office of Recorder of Deeds Trotter. He is a young man of excellent character, good education, and a plethoric pocket book. These ought to insure his success.

ASTWOOD SPEAKS HIS PIECE.

And Says Kellogg is Right and Bruce Wrong.

H. C. C. Astwood late consul to San Domingo wrote a very pointed letter to the New York World last week, in which he said that ex-Governor Kellogg "knows whereof he speaks," that he is one of the few white Republicans of Louisiana who maintain the confidence of the Afro-Americans of that state.

He says that certain Afro-Americans "may try and apologize for the Administration if they will, but the fact remains just the same, and Mr. Harrison may just as well understand it now as later on, that the Negro is restless and dissatisfied with his Administration and has no confidence in his pretended promises, but desires facts and facts alone. Ask Langston, Pinchback, McKabe of Kansas, Price and other leading men of the race; ask the leading editors of the leading colored journals of the country, and they will tell you truthfully yes, that the Negro is sore and mighty sore."

In closing, Mr. Astwood thanks Mr. Kellogg as follows: "Gov. Kellogg, you are right; the Negro is dissatisfied and is high up on the fence. As a Negro, let me assure you that you have not only the confidence and respect of the colored people of your own state, but a growing sentiment of confidence and respect of the race throughout the country for your truthful and manly utterances in its behalf."

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

CATARHIAL DEAFNESS CURED. NO MORE USE FOR EAR-TRUMPETS.—TRIUMPH AT LAST.—An infallible remedy for the cure of catarrh and deafness in all its stages, by one who has been a great sufferer from catarrh and almost total deafness.

No catarrh or slimy green and yellow sticky matter discharging from the nose. No deafness. No ringing crackling sounds in the head. No mucous matter lodging in the throat. No occasional hacking cough with throwing up slimy green and yellow sticky matter. It is a blessing that words cannot describe.

For further information write for circulars. Address: F. WORTZ & Co., Wausau, Wisconsin, Drawer 1029. 388

Bourbon Hatred.

The Democrat city committee of Richmond, Virginia, has adopted a resolution calling upon the city authorities to discharge all Afro-Americans in the employ of the city government.

Ex-Senator Bruce denies the allegation that the President sent for him to contradict the report that the Afro-Americans are dissatisfied with the Administration. He was at the White House that day, but did not go for that purpose and the interview was submitted to was not asked for by President Harrison.

George Godfrey, Afro-American heavy-weight of Boston, knocked out Jack Ashton of Providence in 14 rounds Thursday night, Nov. 7, at the Parnell Athletic rooms in Boston. Godfrey came out of the fight with scarcely a scratch and wins a cup valued at \$1,000.

To Correspondents: Don't Be Late.

We cannot insure 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.]

- 1. All matter for publication must reach us by Tuesday noon to insure insertion in the following issue.
2. Personal notes are wanted.
3. Do not write more for publication and business orders upon the same sheet of paper.
4. Want of space will permit of extended notices of entertainments, receptions, etc. Send us the news. Make your letters short and readable.
5. Make your letters & communications as short as possible.
6. Send your FULL NAME for publication, but no guarantee of good faith. No matter if you have been corresponding for years, always send YOUR OWN NAME.
7. Be brief, on time, and do not say Mr. 'So and So' is sick when he catches the finger ache!

Agents, Attention!

Our agents are required to make returns and remittances for the paper of the preceding month not later than the first of each month—and no papers will be sent to any agent who fails to comply with the above.
No papers are to be sent on credit unless the agent chooses to pay for them and runs the risk of collecting.
Excuses and promises not pay our expenses, etc. LAUREL CO. No. 100, W.

Respect the House of God.

ADRIAN, Nov. 11.—Your correspondent regrets the necessity of calling the attention of some of the young people while in the house of God. This is only one thoughtless, and hereafter let us try to improve instead of retrograding. At the Methodist Sunday school election the following officers and teachers were chosen: Supt., T. Wallace; asst. supt., J. J. Bard; sec'y., Miss M. Paton; treas., Mrs. I. Harris; librarian, Mattie Taylor; organist, Miss Minnie McCoy; chorister, Mrs. Lydia Jacobs; teachers, Mr. J. B. Bean, Miss Iola Hartley, Mrs. McCoy. The services in the evening were conducted by the Pastor, Rev. Pharis; next Sunday will be quarterly meeting.—Rev. Jones, of Indian Territory, occupied the pulpit of the second Baptist church last Sunday evening. The Rev. preached a very forcible sermon, he is pleasant in address, forcible in logic, and altogether an instructive speaker.—Master Alex. Waters is confined to his bed by an illness the nature of which is still undetermined. The condition of his sister Mary is still unchanged.—Mrs. Rachel King has been very ill with an acute attack of neuralgia of the stomach, but her condition has largely changed for the better.—Miss Truett, of Warsaw, Ind., is the guest of Miss Susie Bell.—Will Gaskins has become a veritable boot agent, his labors are in behalf of the Adrian Paper company.—On last Monday night a large number of our young people under the leadership of Chas. Clanton, went to Clinton to enjoy the hospitality of the Montgomery family, dancing and refreshments was the order of the evening. It is needless to say that all enjoyed themselves.—Rev. R. Gillard has accepted the call to the Baptist church and enters upon his duties on Nov. 24.—Answer these two questions: Why don't you take some steps toward League organization? Why is there no literary society? Wake up! Improve yourself! YERITAS.

Have Formed a Literary Society.

GRAND RAPIDS, Nov. 13.—Death has again visited our midst and taken from us Mrs. Jane A. Grant, who leaves behind her a husband and eight children to mourn her loss. The bereaved have the sympathy of a large circle of friends. The funeral was held at the Spring street A. M. E. church Sunday at 2 p.m.—Quite a number of literary thinkers came together Wednesday evening at the A. M. E. church and organized a Literary society and elected for its officers the following persons: president, Mr. J. H. Wilson; vice-president, Mrs. G. B. Stewart; secretary, Miss Estella Alexander; assistant secretary, Mr. Robert Bass; treasurer, Rev. J. H. Alexander; sergeant-at-arms, Mr. G. B. Stewart; critic, Mr. W. H. Newman; committee on programme, Mr. Robert Price and others.—Miss Nellie Pettiford who has been visiting with Rev. Alexander and family for three months returned to her home in Franklin, Ind., last Wednesday evening.—Mrs. Wm. Hall is on the sick list.—Mrs. John Freeman is still very ill.—Mr. W. H. Robinson is still confined to his bed.—Mrs. Alexander Jones is able to be out again.—Quarterly meeting at the Spring street A. M. E. church Sunday.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Glen, a daughter.—Those having items for THE PLAINEALER will please leave them at 159 Spring street. J. H. A.

The New Literary Society.

BATTLE CREEK, Nov. 11.—The Rev. Pope has been successful in organizing a society known as the Church Literary Society, with the following officers, Mr. Henry McGoode, president; Miss Alice Woodlin, vice president; Miss Carrie Snodgrass, secretary; Miss Carrie Jones, assistant secretary.—Sunday at the Sabbath school election, the following officers were elected: Mr. Geo. Dalley, superintendent; Mrs. M. L. Snodgrass, assistant superintendent; Miss Carrie Snodgrass, secretary; Miss Julia Pope, assistant secretary; Miss Myrtle Davis, Librarian.—The Oak and Ivy Club met last Friday evening at Mr. A. Dixon's and elected officers for the ensuing year: Miss Cora Mitchell, president; Mr. Luther Bundy, vice-president; Mrs. F. Skipper, treasurer; Miss Josie Chase, secretary. The club will meet every Friday evening at the residences of the different members.—Strawther Lodge, No. 3 F. & A. M., will give a grand festival at their hall, Nov. 21st. All are invited.—Mrs. Mary Jones has returned from a pleasant visit to Kalamazoo.—The Rev. Masters of Ont. was in the city last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Young.—Rev. Gurley spent Sunday at Day, Mich.

Prisoners Set to Work.

MARSHALL, Nov. 10.—Miss Katie Jackson, of Jackson, who has been the guest of Mrs. Chas. Harris, left Monday last for Chicago.—We have fine weather at this writing.—Preparations are being made here for Thanksgiving day.—Monday morning two of the prisoners were chained and set to work pecking stones.

NO COLONIZATION

BUT PROTECTION IN THE LAND THEY HAVE HELPED TO DEVELOP.

Is What the Afro-Americans Need—What Will the Next Congress Do—The League May Aid the Work.

To the Editor of THE PLAINEALER.

Sir:—Perhaps a few words from a native born Mississippian would be read by some of your readers with interest, living as I do in this state, where the voice of the colored man is hushed in politics, I can best regret the pitiable condition of people in other Southern states who are similarly situated. Much has been written, and much has been said by men of great prominence and reputation concerning the treatment of the colored people of the South. It is a well known fact all over this country, both North and South, that the rights of the colored people are abridged in the South, and Mississippi is no exception to the rule. Could the fair minded people of the North but imagine with what anxiety the colored people of this section are watching developments from the present administration, they would send more committees to the President than they now do. Great things are anticipated from the next Congress, and greatest among them all is the huge question of human rights.

It is sincerely hoped that the 51st Congress will pass a law by which the colored man can cast his vote as he pleases and have it counted as he casts it. We hope this will be done especially in National elections. It is a fact that the colored people of the South are gradually becoming indifferent on account of having been so often neglected in the protection and enjoyment of their rights.

So far as appointing colored men to office is concerned, it is conceded that the South gets its quota; but, a few official appointments does not give satisfaction to a people who by the highest law known to the land, are guaranteed certain rights of which they are deprived.

The right to vote is a sacred right and one which every citizen should enjoy unmolested. The rule, heretofore, has been in the North, published in the newspapers and that was all until after a while would come the Congressional investigation which settled it and left the colored man in a worse predicament than he was before.

Are we a part and parcel of the United States? Are we not as dear to this great government as the subjects of England are to her gracious majesty, Queen Victoria?

If so, where is the protection. We know in common with other people that it is the duty of the government to protect its citizens at home and abroad.

Why do the people of the North suppose that an election in the State of Mississippi for state officers can be held with only one ticket in the field, and that one the Democratic ticket?

We have been asked time and time again why we did not fight; well, perhaps we should do so. If we all lived in the North, I suppose we would think so, that is if we had no knowledge of affairs down here; there are scores of men who know the true situation in the South, but those people, or a large number of them who have never been South, have no conception of our affairs and for that reason are loth to believe the reports, it matters not how true they may be.

It is thought by many people here that the League suggested by Mr. Matthews would be the very movement to alleviate the condition of the colored man.

Some steps must be taken, and the sooner it is done the better it will be for all concerned.

We want no colonization in ours. We are at home, the only home that we have. We are in our God-given land and we only want protection from a government which we helped to make, and a country for which our forefathers fought and died. We want to stay here because it is our right, and we have a right to demand of the government, which we helped to make, the protection which we seek. "Only this and Nothing More."

Very respectfully yours, O. L. GARRETT.

Canton, Miss., Nov. 8, '89

Tea Meetings and Festivals.

CAYUGA, Ont., Nov. 11.—The parlor social and concert held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Streets, as usual, brought out a good crowd. After tea had been partaken of Master Earnest Barnes who was called on to take the chair, made an excellent chairman. The church choir opened the concert by singing a quartette, "Oh! Beautiful River," then followed solos, duettes, recitations and readings by Misses Martha and Nettie Streets, William Earnest and Miss Barnes. Miss Ida Thompson, Nettie and Martha Streets, Mr. and Miss Green acquitted themselves nicely. The beaming countenances of those present went to show how they were enjoying themselves.—Barnes and Street's orchestra furnished music again for the Martha Washington tea party given in aid of the Church of England funds on Thanksgiving evening; nearly \$30 was realized.—The Baptist church choir of Canfield furnished music and songs for the Baptist tea meeting at Lynside; \$54 was realized.—The Presbyterian Soiree held at Black Heath; \$62 was the receipts.—Miss Nellie Kennedy and nephew left for their home at Port Huron on Tuesday.—Albert Barnes Tonsorial Art, of Sault Ste. Marie, is home on a visit, and looks well.—Miss A. Taylor of Acton, is visiting Mrs. S. Thompson.—Mrs. Q. Green returned home on Saturday.—Mrs. Barnes and family visited New Credit, Indian Reserve, Sabbath and were entertained by Chief Wood and the Saultes Families.—The farmers are very busy in this district doing their fall work.—Snow fell the past week, but not enough for sleighing though.—Mr. Barnes is Chaplain of the order of Sons of Temperance, in connection with the C. M. church.—Mr. Barnes has purchased a house in Indiana, and will move it down on his lot to be refitted for returning. A. B.

TRIED THE NEW PLAN.

Recalls of Election—Cutting their Eye Teeth—The Afro-American Won.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 11.—On Thursday, the 5th inst., the voters of Massachusetts tried for the first time (what seemingly was very complex on paper) the Australian ballot system, it worked so admirably that to-day it would be hard to find a voter that would utter a word disapproving the system. On this occasion was the state election which resulted in the entire Republican ticket being elected. Mr. Andrew B. Latimore from the 9th ward, was re-elected and is the only colored member in the general court. The make up of the Legislature on party division for 1890 will be 162 Republicans to 78 Democrats, as against 180 Republicans to 60 Democrats last year. The Senate will be 30 Republicans to 10 Democrats, as against 32 Republicans to 8 Democrats last year, this shows a Democratic gain of 18 representatives and 2 senators; the Prohibition vote is increasing and that means no additional strength for the Republicans.

The colored voters in ward 11 are beginning to shape matters for the municipal election which occurs Dec. 10. Since the lesson that was taught the colored voters of this ward by their ward committee of '87, they have learned to take a more aggressive action in the political affairs of this ward, and it looks now, that if they continue in unity, and can keep down a few of the many aspirants that have sprung up so recently among them, they may be able to send a member to the common council this year. Before this letter reaches its readers the Republican voters of Boston may be able to form a definite idea for whom they may vote for as the Republican candidate for Mayor, at this writing it looks very much like done-over-beans, in this case the colored voters of Boston need no advice, for they have only to look over the past year of the municipal affairs to judge and to act wisely for their best interests in the coming municipal campaign. In the meantime the Democrats are getting their ducks in a row, and their ticket is promised to be very strong. The aspirants for the nominations are, it is learned: Hon. Owen A. Galvin, the U. S. District Attorney; Hon. Leopold Morse and ex-congressman Patrick A. Collins. It is said that Boston is a non-partisan city, if so, the colored voters have no fault to find. It is not a question in my mind, but what in the event of the election of either of the two former named Democratic aspirants for the mayoralty of Boston, the colored voters would be given as much recognition under their administration as has been given under the present Mayor for whom all the colored votes save a baker's dozen were cast.

George Godfrey, Boston's colored ex-champion heavy-weight met and settled the question, as to which of the two, he or Jack Ashton, a Providence heavy-weight, was the superior in a prize ring contest in the rooms of the Parnell Athletic club, on the evening of the 7th inst. The contest lasted 14 rounds although in the 8th round it was plainly seen that Mr. Godfrey had the best of his Caucasian brother, so in the 14th round Godfrey was declared the victor and received a \$1,200 trophy. May the Afro-Americans at whatever station he may choose to take as a man rise to the highest ranks and there stay.

Cambridge colored voters, especially those in ward 2 are beginning to get interested in the municipal affairs of that city, and by a circular letter addressed to the colored voters of that ward by Messrs. J. E. Stephenson, B. G. Huzel, A. C. Hull, G. F. Betts and L. F. Baldwin, they propose to meet for the purpose of taking a more aggressive action in securing their rights in the city affairs. PAUL L. WILSON.

Thanksgiving Entertainments.

YPSILANTI, Nov. 11.—Rev. F. Miller left last Wednesday for Chatham. The pulpit was filled Sunday morning and evening by Rev. Brown, of Detroit.—Rev. McSmith, of Ann Arbor, will preach here next Sunday.—Mrs. S. E. Jonson returned Saturday after a very pleasant visit in Detroit.—Mrs. F. Gaines left last week for Cleveland, Ohio.—Miss Carrie Johnson of Chicago, is the guest of Mrs. Francis Sanforth.—Mr. J. P. Matthews, of Lexington Mo., is the guest of his brother, Mr. Chas. Matthews.—There will be a mistletoe festival at the Good Samaritan hall Nov. 14.—One at the Benevolent hall the 15th.—A neekie festival at the Benevolent hall Nov. 21.—A dinner fair and festival at the Good Samaritan hall Thanksgiving.—A dance the 27 by the Star club, at the Light Guard hall. F. P. J.

A Knight of the Grip.

R. A. Hyman a traveling man of Grand Rapids, says: After months of suffering with a very stubborn case of Eczema, or fever sore on my leg, and consulting and taking treatment from a score or more physicians all over the country, Dr. Lemoreux, of Lake View, Mich., told me of Loose's Extract Red Clover. I only used two pounds solid extract and taking four bottles of fluid extract internally, am entirely well. It was the only thing that the sore yielded to and I had tried every anything that had been recommended to me. Dr. Lemoreux considers it one of the very best remedies as a blood purifier in existence. To J. M. Loose Red Clover Co., Detroit, Mich.

Transient Visitors.

FORT WAYNE, Nov. 11.—Mrs. Mary Lugin is still on the sick list.—Mr. Wm. Douglass, of Springfield, Ill., was in the city last week.—Mr. Garrett, of Peru, Ind., passed through our city last Friday enroute to Grand Rapids to bury his mother.—Mrs. Henry Leroy spent Sunday in this city, enroute to Bluffton, Ind., to join her husband—Mrs. Peters, of Marion, Ind., and her mother are visiting relatives and friends.—There will be a festival next Thursday evening at the church. The teachers meeting has been revived and it is hoped the Sunday School teachers will attend as it is the life of a school. J. H. R.

The local columns of THE PLAINEALER are open to all, and if you have any items, send them in, and due attention will be paid them.

WINGED MISSILES.

An excellent quality of brown paper can be produced from peat fiber.

Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, is about to set out for the North Pole. A Pittston, Pa., clothier announces a "great Johnstown flood sale of fine clothing."

Talleyrand laid great stress on a knowledge of what is indispensable to a happy old age.

It's strange that more men don't die of alternately heating and freezing their stomachs.

A ten-foot rattlesnake was killed by Captain Frank Myatt, of Charlestown, S. C., the other day.

Gen. Boulanger is still issuing manifestoes. But his pen is not a whit mightier than his sword.

Vital statistics continue to show a steady decline in the number of births in France from year to year.

Say what you please, there is a great deal of chivalry and there is a great deal of magnanimity even in politics.

The mummy market is now so overstocked that lovers of the antique can obtain specimens for less than \$100.

Ben Butler's book will renew the fight with his old enemies. He will undertake to embalm them in profane history.

The English royal hounds will be abolished after next season, and the hunting establishments at Ascot broken up.

Buffalo Bill and Rosa Bonheur have become great friends. The former is taking lessons in oils from the great artist.

Since Cardinal Manning effected a settlement of the London dockers' strike he is spoken of as the "Grand old Manning."

Mr. Duthie, botanical director for northern India, advocates the use of the flowers of the Calligonum for food in northwestern India.

The California grape crop will be dried and made into brandy chiefly, the supply of wine being already greater than the demand.

The man who said "Give me neither riches nor poverty," did not live in this age. Men were formerly easier satisfied than now.

The new dock at Halifax was subsidized by the city of Halifax, and the Canadian and British governments, to the merry tune of \$600,000.

Southern orators tend to the florid style. Their speeches are pleasant to hear and poor to read. This is a fact but they will not admit it.

England sends word that Mary Anderson is almost entirely well again. Her cheeks are said to be rosy and her form is becoming plump and round.

Boston does not grow rapidly. It only claims a population of 415,000. But Boston holds that it is brains and not vast numbers that make a city.

The death of Eliza Cook has called "The Old Arm Chair" to the front again. It is one of the good old domestic poems that should not be allowed to die.

When Gladstone went to Paris he did not use the hotel elevator but sprang nimbly up the stairs. Age frequently wants others to believe that it is youthful.

Learning is not always the pathway to a living. A former teacher of Latin in one of the high schools in Indiana is now driving a dirt car in Wichita.

Violet Cameron, once an acquaintance of Lord Lansdale, is in London trying to earn a living as a concert-hall star. Violet has become a "little faded flower."

The Scotch system of admitting voluntary patients into lunatic asylums is said to work very satisfactorily. Last year the number of such patients was fifty-five.

Late advices from Mexico are to the effect that the state of Chihuahua is financially embarrassed. A great many people elsewhere are in a chronic state of Chihuahua.

John Connor, of Sault Ste. Marie has a cat which has seven legs and eight paws, with one head, three distinct jaws, and to complete the combination it has two tails.

John Brennan, an inmate of the poorhouse at Shamokin, Pa., has been officially advised that his sister, Mrs. John Carson, died recently in San Francisco and left him \$2,000,000.

The range of the Mannlicher rifle was proved again in a startling manner when an Austrian soldier was killed by one at target practice at a reputed range of over two miles and a half.

On what a slender thread an argument may be based. St. Louis is claiming that it ought to have the World's Fair because it already has a monument erected to the memory of Columbus.

John Jones, a Norristown hunter, has shot with a small rifle an owl-shaped bird of bright yellow and white tints, with a face like a monkey and an ink mark on its breast resembling a heart.

The phylloxera has attacked the Grecian currant, Greece's great staple, threatening grave disaster to Greek finance, as the export duty on the currant is one of the most important elements in the revenue.

And speaking of the Priests of Pallas parade the young man and the maiden, the middle aged, the babes in arms, and the "mothers in Israel" were all there to see the gorgeous spectacular pageant.—K. C. Star.

The value to Scotland of the opportunities for sports is very large. The deer forests, of which there are 109, covering 3,000 square miles of land useless for agriculture, rent for £100,000 annually; £12,500 of this goes to the local taxes.

Professor Lexis, of the University of Göttingen, has published a work in which he proves by statistics that the German universities have twice as many students as can possibly hope to make a living by the respective professions for which they are preparing.

There are forty-eight zoological gardens in the world, six of them being in the United States, located as follows: Philadelphia, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco. These institutions are supported by the cities or by local enterprise.



GRANDEST MODERN DISCOVERY Triumph of Pharmacy.

The only true practical Elixir of Life and Health

is one that promotes digestion, improves the appetite, cleanses the liver, purifies the blood, and stimulates brain and nerves with a refreshing action, and one that may be taken alike by adult or infant. Profane compounds, made of vile rum or bad whiskey, sweetened and flavored under the titles of bitters, tonics, &c., produce effects far worse than the disease for which they are taken.

A GENUINE TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE, far surpassing alcohol in any shape as a tonic, and it might be called

LIQUID LIFE, since it stimulates, invigorates, and regulates digestion, nutrition, secretion, excretion, respiration, and all the functions whereby life is maintained—we literally take in vitality in spoonfuls!

It is not too much to assert that the equal of Vinegar Bitters does not exist, and no counterpart or compound with similar virtues has ever been known.

CALIFORNIA, if remarkable for nothing else, would be immortalized by the production of the medicinal fluids, roots and herbs of which this Bitters is composed.

Many of them used by the Indians and the medical profession in the treatment of chills and fevers, rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia, headaches, liver complaint, kidney disease, jaundice, gout, piles, boils, skin diseases, &c., &c., too numerous to mention, but easily understood when the action of the Bitters on the vital functions is remembered. The discovery was partly accidental but the present

PERFECT BITTERS IS THE RESULT OF SCIENCE. Millions of sufferers have gratefully and gladly endorsed, during the past quarter of a century, the wonderful success of this

PHENOMENAL TONIC OF THE WORLD. In order to meet every probable demand, two fourths of the sea ingredients are now put up.

THE OLD STYLE IS STRONGER, SLIGHTLY BITTER, AND MORE CATHARTIC.

THE NEW STYLE, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND EXPRESSLY ADAPTED TO DELICATE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

REMEMBER There is no disease of low vitality, debility of functions, or nervous prostration for which VINEGAR BITTERS IS NOT CURATIVE, and its singular power of the lower organisms renders it the impalpable foe of

THE DEADLY MICROBE AND OMNIPRESENT BACTERIA. In malarial diseases, cholera, consumption, internal diseases, &c., and so great is its power as a germicide that it is an

UNEQUALLED VERMIFUGE. A book could be written of its virtues, and another of testimonials, but it is only necessary to remember its general action upon the liver, blood, brain and nerves to realize its use in a majority of the ills that flesh is heir to, and that no family should ever be without a bottle of

OLD AND NEW STYLE VINEGAR BITTERS IN THE HOUSE.

Send for our Ladies' book. Address R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO. New York.

SHIRTS, - - - 10c. COLLARS, - - - 2c. CUFFS, - - - 4c

These are the prices charged by The Michigan Steam Laundry,

104 Randolph St., (Between Congress and Larned streets.)

For the best work in the City. Curtains, Ladies' wear, and everything done in the best manner and style.

LOUIS LANG, Proprietor.

SOMETHING NEW.

Do not miss this one over advertised in a paper before. Search for it over-ordered. This is a genuine gold plated watch, made of two heavy plates of 18 karat solid gold over composition metal and warranted to wear for years. It is a beautiful piece of jewelry, and a fine Waltham style, full jeweled, quick train, expansion balance, patent pinion, accurately regulated and adjusted and warranted for 10 years.

Where for \$2.00 we will guarantee it as well as such a watch. These watches are sold every where for \$13.75, but we are getting \$13.75 for the next 60 days. We will introduce them to you for \$2.00. Send for the watch for \$2.00. Send for the watch for \$2.00. Send for the watch for \$2.00.

Guarantee of good faith: We will send you the watch by express C. O. D. subject to examination, if perfectly satisfactory you pay the express balance, \$2.10, otherwise nothing. GRAND OFFER.—Order immediately, sending \$2.00 in full with order and if yours is the first to come we will give you the exclusive agency of your county and send you FREE in addition to the watch a valuable sample outfit of fine solid jewelry, consisting of ring, chain, pins, charms, etc., etc. THE CHICAGO WATCH CO. (Capital \$120,000.) 145 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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Knights of Pythias.

A new order entitled "Knights of Pythias" is about to be established in this city. Mr. H. Tolliver, who is at the head of the movement has already received over fifty applications for membership, and he expects in a short time to obtain a charter. In conversation with Mr. Tolliver, a PLAIN-DEALER representative learned that the Knights of Pythias, comparatively speaking is not an old order although founded a little over nine years ago but it has grown and increased to such an extent that it is now established throughout the whole of the United States. Also, that one may become a member and derive more benefit for the least money than from any other order of the kind in existence. In the meantime and until a permanent organization is effected, meetings are to be held in Miner's Opera House every Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Died of Heart Failure.

Last Monday night Mrs. Anna Snyder of 274 Beaubien-street was found at the corner of Witherell-street and Madison-avenue in a dying condition and taken to one of the city hospitals where she died. Coroner Brown held an inquest Wednesday and the jury returned a verdict to the effect that her death was brought about through heart failure caused by two large tumors, which pressed upon the heart in such a manner as to completely stop its action.

Mrs. Snyder was the aunt of Mr. Will Ernest and a well known citizen.

Simpson, of the Yale College football team, is half back and is said to be an exceptional player.

Raymond Mill's, son of the Rev. John Mills of Mount Holly, N. J., stabbed and severely wounded a storekeeper.

Mr. J. H. Bingham of Beaufort, S. C., made an average of 99 per cent. on his examination for the railway postal service.

The marriage of Mr. William O. Goodell of the Boston post office and Miss Ednah Simmons of Chelsea, Mass., is announced.

Mr. Bonaparte who has been confined at Hampton, Va., on the charge of attempted seduction escaped from gaol last week and has not yet been retaken.

The letter endorsing the League in the issue of THE PLAINDALER dated November 1st, signed O. H. Callercil, should have been credited to Prof. W. H. Council, of Huntville, Ala.

Afro-American of St. Paul Minn. organized a league on Tuesday Nov. 5, the officers of which are Robt. E. Anderson, president; W. H. Davis, secretary; J. W. Smith, treasurer; D. C. Cotton, sergeant-at-arms; Rev. J. M. Henderson, chaplain.

Messrs. Ross Hamilton from Mecklenburg county, Jas. A. Fields, Esq. from Warwick and York counties, and Alexander L. Franklin of New Kent county, were elected to the Virginia legislature at the last election.

Mr. Harry S. Cumming an able young lawyer of Baltimore, Md., read before the Monumental Literary and Scientific Association an able paper on "The Proposed Colored National League." The paper was discussed by members of the Association, many favoring a League and others (among whom was Lawyer E. J. Waring) opposing it on the ground that those who favor it will not be willing to make the necessary sacrifice to insure its success.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Lennox, well known in Detroit, was on November 7th held to the criminal court of Chicago by Justice Prindiville in bonds of \$300. He is charged with threatening to kill Pastor Johnson of the Zion Methodist Episcopal church, against whom for several months he has entertained a bitter enmity. Lennox published a paper which had a circulation of 225. Johnson, too, established a paper and ran his rival out of business. Since this happened Lennox has had Johnson arrested on less than eight times on petty charges, the quarrel culminating in the threat for which Lennox was bound over to the Criminal court.

Forbearance No Longer a Virtue.

GRAND RAPIDS, NOV. 18.—The Afro-American residents of this city are up in arms against the correspondent of a Sunday paper published in Detroit who has been writing of the best people of this city in the most disgraceful manner. A number of ladies held a meeting this week and resolved to rid the community of him, and it was decided not to countenance any lady who even recognized him. The male portion of the community have borne with him hitherto because he is a cripple, but they now assert that he must discontinue his unwarranted attacks on the people or they will resort to extreme measures.

Windsor Notes.

Died of consumption on Tuesday the 13th inst. Mary Holland, age 15 years. Married on the 13th at the residence of Mrs. David Stewart, Miss Mary Grant to Mr. Robert Scott. The Rev. Miller performed the ceremony. The happy couple were the recipients of a collection of a collection of handsome and useful presents.

The Rev. Ware is in limbo, or in other words, in jail, at Sandwich, awaiting his trial on a trial of bigamy. He has two living wives both in Windsor.

Windsor, Nov. 14.

Last Monday evening—a week ago, being the 25th anniversary of the Rev. E. M. McDonald, his many friends, who were desirous of manifesting their esteem and appreciation took advantage of the opportunity and tendered him a pound surprise.

During the evening the Elder was the recipient of many handsome presents, among which was a beautiful bronze lamp in which he will take great pleasure in burning his midnight oil.

Rev. E. M. McDonald returns his sincere thanks to those who so kindly remembered him on the evening of his anniversary and says, "that his feelings of appreciation are inexpressible."

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

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

If Gen. Boulanger is a at all romantic he will choose St. Helena as his place of exile. The Prince of Wales intends to make a tour of Egypt after the royal wedding at Athens.

Spurgeon contemplates retiring from the pulpit. Then there will be a vacancy in London.

Jay Gould has retired from business again in the "absolutely farewell concert" manner.

Now comes the report that the Prince of Wales is suffering from disease of the kidneys.

Is there nothing in a name? The latest candidate for literary favor is Louisa Palmer Heaven.

Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke is now seldom able to leave her room and can do little literary work.

More than four-fifths of the children of scholastic age in Boston, attended the public schools.

President Harrison's troubles are increasing. Carter Harrison now claims to be his third cousin.

Friedrich Spielhagen, the most popular German novelist, recently celebrated his seventieth birthday.

Atchison Globe: This town has a man who is so fat that he has to back up to a door in order to knock.

Natalie has returned to her own country and is queen of the situation. The population seems to be with her.

Wooden vehicle wheels will have to go. Iron wheels will follow on after them. They have made their "debut."

The advanced people of Boston will feel humble when they read that Paris has already opened a Buddhist temple.

Ex-Secretary Endicott will practice law with his son in Boston. It is not always that a son can do so well for his father.

Experiments by a Parisian scientist have proved that daylight entirely ceases in the Mediterranean sea at a depth of 1,518 feet.

James Russell Lowell says that he is going to spend the remainder of his life in this country. He is quite pleased with America.

Capt. Parsons is the oldest living male born in Wilkesbarre, Pa. His yearly rentals from coal lands amount to over \$5,000.

A recent writer says, "Socrates was put to death because he was such a bore." He was one of the men who would talk you to death.

Speaking of Shakespeare Gath says: "I know of no person in any country who stands so far ahead of the next great man below him."

Perry Belmont announces that he will not be a candidate for the seat of the late Sunset Cox, as he has no desire to return to congress.

The Gladstone family believe in the massage treatment. The age and health of the father and mother proclaim that it has been favorable to them.

In France there are 36,000 real blind beggars and 10,000 who pretend to be sightless. Thus it is seen that there is fraud in nearly every kind of trade.

Disproportionableness contains twenty-one letters. It is poking around through the newspapers now on the ground that it is the longest word in the language.

The navy of England has a new national ballad. Henry Russell's song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," has been adopted as the royal march of Great Britain's marines.

Of biographers there is no end, but no one seems to have improved on Plutarch. He has withstood the test of that most searching of critics, Time. He yet awaits a master.

Never travel heavily laden. The Atchison Globe says: It is the man who takes but one trip a year who passes down the Main street of a town with the largest valise in his hand.

When Miss Upson of Nebraska starts for a point she has the reputation of making it. She is again candidate for school superintendent of Gage county and says she is going to be elected.

Henry George is a tireless disseminator of his economic theories. He will soon go to Canada to lecture and from there he will pass to Australia. The burden of his words will be single tax.

New Yorkers can now go to the theater at all times of the day. A new Thespian temple has started there and announces that it will be open from 8 o'clock in the morning until 11 at night.

George Bancroft has a copy of "Don Juan" which Lord Byron gave him, with an autographic note from the author pasted in it. Some people would be "too moral" to possess or prize such a relic.

Missouri's Phoebe Cousins, who has been a long time out of the field on account of ill health, seems likely before many months are past to resume her labor for woman's ballot and the temperance reform.

The announcements of the extensive sales of "Looking Backward" begin to crowd credibility to the wall. The publishers say the 12th edition is now on the market and that it has got ahead of "Ben Hur."

Wealth can indulge in singular hobbies. Banker Clews of New York has a bath house which cost \$50,000. This will seem extravagance to people who never bathe at all, or who use a tin basin which costs fifteen cents.

An exchange says: "Home, Sweet Home," is a very pretty song, but if sung too early in the evening it is liable to hurt the sensitive feelings of the masculine members of the family. There is a time for all things.

Traveling on the Lower Hungary railways is to be made an Eden of delight. The companies are planting along the line of their roads Provence roses. In Kansas sunflowers are the travelers' delight or disgust as his taste may be.

New York, now there is talk of removing General Grant's tomb to Washington, proposes to erect the monument at Riverview, but it pitifully says, "it must have the aid of the G. A. R. and the country at large." There is nothing small in this matter in New York except its contribution.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

How the Preacher of Nubbin Ridge Cast Out Devils.

An Obdurate Young Sinner Who was Forced to "Profess" After a Desperate Struggle—A Bit of Fun in Tennessee—He Didn't Want to Go to Heaven.

In the northern part of Sumner county, Tenn., there is a charming community where the people still adhere to that demonstrative, almost violent sort of religious belief which many years ago was warmly fostered and warmly fought for by old Peter Cartwright. In this community known



"OH, I LOVE YOU WELL ENOUGH," as Nubbin Ridge, the inhabitants are so far removed from the world's throbs and thrills that they do not believe that telegraphic communication is a possibility, and in fact a young fellow who after a short absence from the neighborhood stated that he had seen a whole string of covered wagons pulled by a big chunk of iron that smoked like a tar-kiln was arraigned before a justice of the peace, tried, convicted by twelve solemn jurymen and sentenced to pay a fine of six bushels of cornmeal.

During a recent revival at Nubbin Ridge meeting-house, the chief exhorter, old Dave Henly, was so successful in his mourners' bench persuasiveness that but one sinner remained. This obdurate sinner was a brawny young fellow named Calvin Hicks. Old women sanctified in their own belief, and old men who in the autumn sang loud songs of praise, but who in the spring cut many sly capers while selling seed oats, went to Calvin and tearfully implored him to give Satan a backhanded lick and press his sin-cursed brow down upon the bench of repentance. Calvin continued to chew his tobacco and squirt through his front teeth.

One afternoon while the meeting-house was crowded, a number of the brethren held a consultation with old Dave Henly, and shortly afterward old Dave arose and said: "Everybody that wants to go to heaven, stand up."

"Calvin," said old Dave, "don't you want to go to heaven?"

"Ain't hurtin' to go," Calvin answered.

"Is it possible that you want us to leave you behind?"

"Wall, I don't reckon I'll be so mighty fur behind when you fellers git thar."

"Now look here, Calvin, these folk have put me up as exhorter; they have confidence in me, and I want to tell you right here that you've got to stand up. If you don't shame Satan you shan't shame us. Do you hear?"

"Ain't deaf."

"Wall then, harken to my voice."

"Ain't out a harkenin' to-day."

"Calvin?"

"That's what they call me."

"Air you not goin' to stand up?"

"When I git tired a settin'."

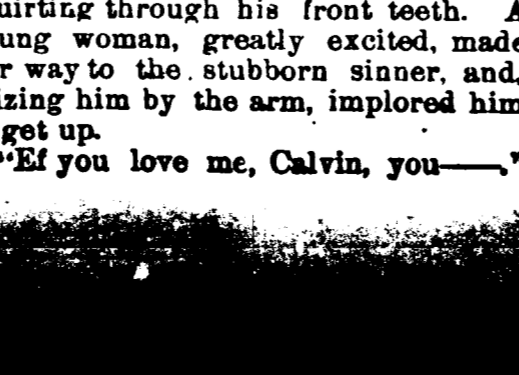
"Young man you air a cuss to this here community."

"Wall, the community is a cuss to me, too."

"Calvin, you have been know'd to git drunk."

"So did old Noah git drunk and I reckon he's all right now."

"Calvin, you go to shindigs and dance."



"Oh, I love you well enough" [squirt].

"If you do's they want you to—if you will only go to heaven I'll marry you to-day."

"Kain't marry me if I go to heaven. They ain't give in marriage thar."

"Oh, you know what I mean. Just see how they air lookin' at you."

"Yes; see how I am looking at them." [Squirt].

"You'll break my heart."

"If I do I'll keep the pieces."

"Air you goin' to git up?"

"Yes, when I get tired a settin'."

"Calvin," said the exhorter, "I am tired foolin' with you."

"All right then, stop."

"I'll not stop yet, want you to understand that. Answer me yes or no. Do you want to go to heaven?"

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you go, then?"

"I am waiting to be called there."

"Mount have to wait a long time."

[Squirt].

"That's all right, but I want you to understand one thing. The brethren have put your case in my hands. They want you to repent and you've got to do it. You stand up now, or I'll whip you, sah."

"You ain't chawed enough hog meat yit."

"We'll see befo' we git through who has chawed the most hog meat. Air you goin' to stand up?"

"Am when I git ready."

"But will you be ready putty soon?"

"When I git tired of sittin'."

Old Dave, brushing aside the people as he advanced, approached Calvin, and, taking him by the ear, said:

"Git up here, now."

Calvin got up—got up with a bound, catching Dave on his hip with a quickness that surprised the old man. The congregation made room, and in a series of irregular bounces, the combatants reached the door and bounded out under the trees. The congregation poured out; the two men capered picturesquely. Calvin got old Dave's head under his arm; Dave bit him painfully in the short ribs. The effect of the bite was so noticeable that an ancient, though much interested brother, remarked:

"The old man's teeth set diggin'."

"The combatants danced a schottish, then softened into a waltz, with chances about equal, but when the performance was suddenly thrown into that species of dancing known as "doing the buck," old Dave, aided by his great experience, tripped Calvin and sprawled him upon the ground.

Too Fresh.

Stark and stiff he sat on a rock, He seemed to have had a most fearful shock; What was the cause of such an attack? He'd found a new joke in an almanac.

Could such things be? The joke had taken the senses away, Like a thunderbolt on a sunny day; To the mad asylum the poor man went, The almanac was to Barnum sent, No wonder greater had he.

Gambling at Long Branch.

Stories of the winnings of men at faro and baccarat at the gambling houses of Saratoga and Long Branch are very much exaggerated by the time they get to New York, says the New York Sun. Not long since it happened that the writer was in Daly's place at Long Branch, when a man who bears a well known name among the 400 of New York, came in and laid a \$20 bill on the table. He won, pulled up a chair, and played half an hour, and quit the game a little over \$1,400 ahead. This amount he counted carefully while at supper with the writer of this paragraph. As the father of the player is of considerable prominence in New York, he was careful to say nothing about the incident. This amount jumped to the extraordinary figure of \$18,000 in the Society Weekly, which was issued last Thursday, and by the time it gets back from a series of peripatetic journeys through the western press it will in all likelihood reach six figures. And the amiable young son of a New York millionaire will be quoted as one of the most daring and hazardous gambling sharps in the country. In point of the fact, he has not played faro more than half a dozen times in his life.

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DETROIT FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, '90.

WERE the results of last week's election a rebuke to the administration for its failure to protest against the wrongs committed against native African citizens?

THE rights of citizens, restriction of immigration, the encouragement of commerce, are the three most important questions that the next Congress ought to deal with.

WITH a provoking regularity every sixth year, the Republican party of Ohio, commits some egregious blunder that gives the State to the enemy and elects Democratic senator.

THE white man's Republican party in the South has received its quarters. We hail its demise with joy, for there should be no room in this country for parties based on color or race. The combined genius of race and color is necessary to solve the problem of our race, and only demagogues seek antagonisms.

THE arguments given by JUDGE TOURNEE, which appears in this week's issue of THE PLAINDEALER, are a sufficient answer to those daily newspapers that want to know wherein a National Afro-American League will enhance the dignity of the Afro-American, and secure to him the privileges and rights belonging to American citizens now denied him.

LET Democracy rejoice, and get all the benefit and enthusiasm it can out of last week's election. It will do Republicans no harm, and it makes Democrats feel good, and that is a rare thing for them. Now, sound the cymbal and beat the drums, ye Democrats! For next year your rejoicing will be turned to mourning, your joy to sorry, and your laughter to tears.

This catering to the Irish vote by political parties is un-American and a great evil. Other nationalities are likely to follow the examples set by them, and instead of the American people becoming homogeneous, there will be as many distinct people here as there are races, all watching with jealous eyes, each other, and ready to fly at one another's throat, while the native American will sink into abject insignificance.

ALTHOUGH the recent Episcopal Convention dodged the color question in determining the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of the Christian man; it by no means silenced the zealous workers who do recognize this truth. The Rev. Phillip Brooks, of Boston, criticised the work of the convention openly and vigorously before his congregation. He says the Platonism in regard to the Negro and his rights in the church, will weaken the denomination.

IF THE participants in the Cronin Case had been Afro-Americans what a hue and cry would have been raised. The enemies of the race would have revealed in the atrocities of "Negro" barbarity, the malefactor would have long since paid penance with their lives, and the race as a whole condemned for the cowardly and inhuman acts of a few. As it is only a few papers with strong American ideas have the courage to treat the subject as it should be. Party organs fear it might drive the Irish from their party, and politicians of both parties are engaged in an undignified and disgraceful scramble to obtain the Irish vote, as if their vote was the only one worth having of all the people in the country.

THE Patriotic Order of the Sons of America are organizing "colored" camps. This is a good movement on the part of that order if its object is to secure the advancement and perpetuation of true American ideas as against the prevalent heresies of the time, for of all the people of the Republic there are none more loyal to our country's flag than the Afro-Americans. But by not confining the Afro-Americans to exclusively colored camps and by giving them all the benefits granted to other members, the order will secure many Afro-Americans—good, earnest, loyal and true citizens, whose membership will reflect honor upon the order. The Yankee Whittier (A. J. PEASE) asks us to favor this order "because as matters now stand the Afro-American cannot get due recognition till they get a big organization to back them up." Herein is the essence of the race not being able to obtain more rapid progress. It has lacked an organization back of them, composed of

true Americans who will create and govern public sentiment favorable to it. If the Patriotic Order of the Sons of America will do this, that is an organization for the Afro-Americans to tie to.

GOVERNOR HILL in his recent speech at Atlanta, Georgia, put himself in the same predicament that the Irishman's friend was when mired in a bog, he is into it up to his knees and head first. Although Governor HILL is a Democrat, he has imbibed sufficiently of the liberal spirit of the North to become somewhat of a humanitarian. In his speech at Atlanta he advised the South to settle their race difficulties amicably, win the Afro-American by kindness and fit him for the duties of citizenship by giving him education and business opportunities. It is claimed that when he uttered these words he was on a political junketing tour preparing his fences for '92. If this be true he failed in his purpose. He may have meant all he said, but subsequent events show his utterances in a Southern State, to have been impolitic. The South has nursed its fallacy of race superiority so long, that any reference to the Afro-American becoming an intelligent, useful citizen, is like a thorn in the flesh. Such outbursts of indignity, and rot as has followed Gov. HILL's remarks show how intolerant and unreasonable the South is. The Memphis *Avant* says of his advice:

"At this juncture the South would never give its support to a candidate who believes that it is in the power of the South to make the Negro a model citizen by spending money to educate him. If that were true, gold would be poured out in a solid stream from every hamlet in the land for the purpose.

It is not a question of money. Money will do many things, but it will not wake a mummy or raise the Negro to the standard of the Caucasian. Every dollar which has been spent for the education of the Negro has been so much worse than thrown away. Gov. Hill will kindly retire to the rear. We want none of him."

That is to say he must recant these humane utterances or he cannot receive the support of the South in convention. If he was nominated however, he would receive the old time Southern majority, because of the policy of his party. Recant or retire is now the Southern fiat to Gov. HILL.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, which assumes a liberal attitude at times, for purposes best known to itself, in commenting on this same speech is as bitter against it, and the progress of the Afro-American as the *Avant*. It lays down two contradictory dogmas, the first of which is:

"The race issue is a natural antagonism; it springs from innate differences between the Negro and the Caucasian, and has nothing whatever to do with education or the lack of education. To the Negro furnished with such learning as he is capable of acquiring there is an even more pronounced antipathy than to the Negro of the cotton field and the kitchen."

This more than any other utterance gives a true insight to the Southern Negro problem, so called. The Afro-American as a slave is all right. As an intelligent, independent citizen, the equal of his former master he is obnoxious. This is the sum and gist of the whole matter. The second bourgeois dogma is as follows:

"The Negro that Gov. Hill has been at the North is not the Negro that is now being discussed; he is not the Negro that must be known by all who desire to speak intelligently of the race issue. These bear the same relation to the mass of blacks as the bankers do to the American public. They are a small fraction of the race."

The same moss covered assertion has ever been used to blind Northern sentiment. These bourgeois would have men believe that there is a radical difference between the Afro-American North and the Afro-American South. It is true there is not the same percentage of ignorance, vice or poverty, because we have had superior advantages, educational and otherwise. But, today, there is a much larger number of learned and property holding Afro-Americans South than North in spite of the disadvantages under unjust laws and mob rule. The South cannot long blind men by these transparent assertions.

THE *National Tribune* published at Washington, D. C., in speaking of the soldier hating horde, says very eloquently:

"If all of the men who burned colored orphan asylums, hung poor Negroes to lamp-posts, and robbed and burned dwelling-houses are not now in the ranks of the soldier-hating horde it is because they are dead, and so, incapable of such offensiveness."

If Quantrell and all his scoundrelly gang of Jameses, Youngers and others of that cut-throat gang, who slaughtered unarmed prisoners and razed defenseless towns, are not now shouting calumnies against Union veterans, it is because most of them are lying in murderers' graves, and others are forced to silence by the discipline of penitentiaries.

If any of the fiends who shipped infested clothing to our great cities are not now denouncing pensioners and pension claimants, with voice and pen, it is because death has forever silenced their tongue and palsied their hands."

Let us arise to ask the *National Tribune* how about the soldier who joins hands with this horde to oppress and discriminate against the Afro-American. We have always loved and honored the soldier.

THE convention of the American Home Missionary Association which closed its session in Chicago last week, presented some interesting statistics as to the need of Christian work in home fields. A young lady missionary from Tennessee, in speaking of her work among the mountain whites, said that the young men insist on bringing their pistols and dirk-knives to school, "to the great discomfort of the teachers." These people number about two million, and surely a state of barbarism that admits of carrying knives and firearms into a lady's school ought to show the need of humanizing and Christian influences in that section of the South. Colonel J. M. Keating, of Memphis, an ex-confederate officer, in his talk before the convention, demanded as the most urgent need of the Southern Afro-American that he should be "let alone, given his rights, education and Christianity." Surely this large, ignorant and degraded population within our borders should have the first claim on our time and money. When the kingdom of God has come to these benighted souls the conversion of the trans-oceanic heathen will be easier work. The conclusion of an editorial, in the *Chicago Journal*, under the heading, "The Heathen at Home is pertinent." It says:

"The fact is that there are as many heathens to look after at home as will require the best energies of all classes of missionaries and reformers. They furnish the work nearest to hand, and their improvement is more to be desired upon grounds of general civilization, as well as of immediate importance to the Republic, than that of foreign savages, however much the latter may need reform. Before converting the Hindoos and Chinese from the error of their ways it might be well to establish a precedent by looking after the material and moral welfare of black and white heathen in the Southern States."

A MISTAKEN NOTION.

The Afro-American Cannot Shirk the Responsibility of Citizenship.

Troy Daily *Times*: Rev. W. H. Sherwood, pastor of the African Episcopal church at Tallahassee, Fla., recently delivered an advisory lecture to his congregation. Here is a passage from what he said:

"The Negro problem admits of but one solution. That is this, the Negro must work. He must come out of politics. There is nothing in politics for the Negro but death. Death to the politician and death for the race he represents. He is too weak to stem the flood. The North has dropped him, and he cannot stand alone and maintain partisan ground. In fact, he is not prepared, if allowed, to share so largely as he thinks in governmental affairs. Empowered with the use of the ballot too soon, it has already worked his ruin. He must get some money.

What the Negro wants is commercial power: then brains and morals with these, he can wield a commanding influence. Without these he must remain at the bottom. God and nature put him there, and I promise you the white man will keep him there. You who are dependent upon these white people for employment better make friends with them. If not, they will fill your places with the poor element of their own race, and with a catapult of the combined forces of money, wealth and intellect they will hurl us out, off, down and under. What trouble the colored man is having he himself is making. The constant clamor of the so-called leaders of the race for political position and power fills the white man with apprehension of Negro rule, thus fanning the flames of race prejudice.

They will not submit to Negro rule, and it cannot be expected of them. Such is unprecedented. So sudden a change from slave to master more than often hangs somebody. The Negro race would be the same under similar circumstances. I repeat it, the Negro must work. Let him go to the top of those resistless superlatives of wealth, character and competence. Elevated upon this basis he will stand; without these he falls. He must give up politics and come out or he will get killed out. I am giving it to you straight."

As to Rev. Mr. Sherwood's advice to work, to gain a competence, it is excellent. Accepted and acted upon by all of his race, it will rapidly develop in happiness, prosperity and influence. A people, with their past, and the peculiar circumstances with which they are surrounded, will always be trodden upon if they continue poor and dependent.

But the insistence to come wholly out of politics is grounded on a mistaken notion. To do that is for the Negroes to surrender their political rights into the keeping of another race. What use the "old masters" would make of such an advantage need not be pictured to any one who has any acquaintance with Southern affairs. The Negro has come into politics to stay; and he can no more shirk the responsibilities of citizenship and prosper than he could, decline the contingencies of emancipation. It looks as if the pastor's view was born of that unmanly principle which hopes to succeed by inoffensiveness and nonentity.

For the Israelites to march out of Egypt involved new and unknown dangers, but it was a great deal better than to remain under the heel of the Pharaohs. The freed men will remain in politics, and some time even the Rev. Mr. Sherwood and their hearers can discuss political questions and go to the polls without being harried by white ruffians. They will, or American institutions will pass into history as a most contemptible failure.

Col. John M. Brown was elected county clerk of Shannic county, Kansas.

A National League.

TO THE COLORED CITIZENS OF THE REPUBLIC:

Being convinced that the time is ripe for the organization of the National Afro-American League, proposed by me two years ago, to successfully combat the denial of our Constitutional and inherent rights, so generally denied or abridged throughout the Republic, and being urged to do so by members of branch leagues all over the country, I, with much reluctance, issue a call to all the branches of the Afro-American League, and invite all clubs and societies organized to secure the rights denied the race, to meet by their representatives in National Convention at Nashville, Tenn., Wednesday, January 15, 1890, for the purpose of organizing a National Afro-American League; the basis of representation to be four delegates for every one hundred members; or one for every 25 members constituting the branch league, club or society desiring to co-operate in the movement for National organization.

Correspondence from all organizations desiring to join in this movement is requested. Very respectfully,
T. THOMAS FORTUNE.

New York, Nov. 4, 1889.

HERE'S A HOWDY DO.

Ex-Gov. Kellogg's Plain Talk Arouses the President.

THE PLAINDEALER of last week contained an account of the lively conversation between ex-Gov. William Pitt Kellogg and Public Printer Palmer, upon a visit of the former to the Public Printing office to urge the appointment of an Afro-American to the insignificant place of laborer. It is now correctly reported that Mr. Kellogg's "little speech" did not please the President, and that the following interview of Mr. Kellogg has seemingly put the President in a peck of trouble:

"When the smoke has cleared away, study the returns from places where the colored vote is strong. You will find that the colored vote has become indifferent, and stayed away from the polls, or has worse yet, voted the Democratic ticket.

"I have seen this thing for weeks. Defeat stared the Republican party in the face from the time that President Harrison formulated his idea for Southern reformation. He has departed from Republican platforms and Republican theories in attempting to build up a white man's party at the south.

"The three most suspicious things in the world are a mouse, capital and the Negro. He is ignorant and unlettered. He doesn't tell what he knows, but he is no fool.

"He has ways of communication we whites know nothing about.

"How was it that for years the Negroes of Louisiana carried the state by 80,000 majority? They had no newspapers.

"I heard from ignorant Negroes 2,000 miles from Washington that President Harrison had discharged his colored employees.

"The Negroes who told me the story could neither read nor write. How did they learn? The President has excited their suspicion, and no southern state can be carried by the Republicans during this administration because the Negro fears that it will not protect him in his rights.

"This is the result of the appointment of ex-confederates and protection Democrats, who will never vote the Republican ticket to office.

"When the colored man stops voting the Republican ticket, where is the Republican party?

Three-fifths of the white vote of America is Democratic. Without the Negro vote the Republican party is dead. The Negro controls the balance of power in five Northern states and twenty Northern Congressional districts. Where will this policy of alienation stop?"

Another report has it that President Harrison after reading the interview on the morning of the 7th sent for ex-Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, and requested him to issue a card in contradiction. A correspondent of a Chicago paper writes to his paper that Mr. Bruce did not see his way to the issuing of a card, even though President Harrison had requested—that is to say ordered—it, even though he entertained for Mr. Harrison that feeling of gratitude which arises from a lively sense of favors to come. But he did consent to have himself interviewed, and a very half-hearted contradiction of Governor Kellogg's statement it was. Indeed, it was largely an admission of the accuracy of what Governor Kellogg had said. Andy Gleason, one of the two joint leaders of the Republican party in the District of Columbia, said yesterday: "Kellogg was right and Bruce knew it, but he was afraid to say what he thought." Well, Bruce has some expectations, and a man with expectations must not always say what he thinks, especially when instructed, as in this case, to say the other thing.

A two cent stamp sent to L. W. Noyes, Chicago, will bring you a package of fine quality blotters. One showing a cunning little cupid dressed only in a traveling cap and grip, is represented as saying: "I am a 'runner' La Verne W. Noyes, the well-known maker of Dictionary Holders, and am here to point out the fact that a book held with the edge up will become filled with dust, soiled and spoiled unless hugged together with strong springs. The Noyes Holders are the only ones thus closely clasping the book. About 125,000 are now in use and the later makes are so greatly improved—indeed are so perfect that Mr. Noyes is sad because nothing more is desired or can be done in this direction.

I have had occasion to try Salvation Oil in my family for both neuralgia and rheumatism. In every instance it effected a permanent cure. I also tried it on my child suffering with a sprained back with like success. I take pleasure in recommending it to all.
P. S. COSTELLO, (Policeman.) 821 Park Ave., Balto., Md.

A VARIETY OF THINGS.

The cry against false leaders is louder now than ever before, but the reasons given as to why our leaders are not patriotic as they might be are quite erroneous. According to the present composition of Afro-American society, the man with cheek is more respected than the man with meritorious principles. We are too trusting, too forgetful and too easily duped. A man seldom gets more than he requires, neither does society. If a man's brass will take him where character and merit only should admit him, the debased and unworthy will sit in high positions. We have a number of men running around the country now laying claim to prominence, who are unfit for society and incapable of governing themselves. Their lives and usefulness have been exposed many times, yet they are received and honored the same as if their lives warranted commendation. We must not kick against what we set up.

MEAN OLD THING.

Fond Mamma—Emily, child, don't get into that crowd. You'll get squeezed.
Emily—That's just like you mother. You never want me to enjoy myself.—Judge.

NOT PRIDE, BUT CAUTION.

Sweet Girl—"Mother, Mr. Nicefellow is coming to take me out riding this afternoon. I may go, mayn't I?"

Mother—"If he drives up with a span of spirited horses you may go, but if he comes with that broken-down old nag he had last time you shan't."

"Why, mother, I didn't suppose you would ever have such foolish pride."

"My dear, a young man who comes with a pair of spirited horses expects to drive with both hands."—Exchange.

THEY HAVE TO HUSTLE.

Simmeral—That adage, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," is all bosh.

Maddox—Why?

Simmeral—Because married men have no leisure.—Life.

A PRETTY SHARP TIT FOR TAT.

She was an old lady from the country, with an eye like an eagle and a nose very much like the beak of that glorious bird of liberty. She had been brought into court as a witness and a sharp little lawyer had her to hand and was trying his level best to upset the old lady in a legal way and at the same time air his knowledge before the crowd of spectators in the room. But the old lady from the start seemed to have the best of it. She was much his superior at Yankee wit and repartee. This at last nettled the little disciple of Blackstone and he exclaimed angrily:

"Madam, you have brass enough in your face to make a large sized kettle." "Quite likely," said the old lady, while her wonderful eyes fairly blazed with wrath, "and it comforts me somewhat to know that you have sap enough in your head to fill it."

ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Afro-Americans are Showing Evidence of Good Citizenship, etc.

Cleveland *Leader*: It cannot be too strongly insisted that, despite what prejudiced utterances may advance in disproof, the educational growth of the colored people, especially in the South, is palpably manifest to all who have watched their progress. The facts lie scattered in one's pathway and are so indisputable that to deny them argues perverseness and mental blindness. The spirit with which they are now seized is healthy and promising, so promising that no concern or fears need be entertained on the part of anyone as to how the colored people are going to use their education.

All along the line they are showing evidences of good citizenship, individual growth is moral and industrial worth, and improved Christian homes. The Southern schools are crowded beyond their capacity with eager, anxious minds, struggling under adverse conditions to get an education. It is not only young people who are in the race, but grown-up men and women, many of whom are advanced in age, and on whom the cares of the world have already heavily set, still they are going on, though disheartened and badgered in many ways, in their effort to better themselves.

Every Southern educational institution is marching yearly to wider and better progress, but none has greater opportunities for doing the most good to the greatest number than the industrial institutions. They are destroying surely the proverbial shiftlessness and idleness with which the colored people have been credited, and are opening their eyes to live useful lives, and be useful to others. The Tuskegee Industrial Institute, whose history is not yet a decade old, has done immense good for the colored people not only of Alabama, but of other States in the South. It teaches all the principal trades and industries in which the race needs to be carefully and intelligently trained. It exists just where it can accomplish the most good and reach a large class needy in every respect. It furnishes a chance to every colored youth, however poor, to improve himself or herself, and its present enrollment of 430 students, coming from twelve States, though the first school quarter has not yet gone, shows that its benefit is recognized and its influence felt. It has sent out sixty-five graduates since it started, some teaching and others working at their trade learned here. It has erected its own buildings, fourteen in all, by student labor, thus giving practical lessons to the students in the various industries, and its property is now valued at \$100,000, and is burdened with no incumbrances. It is under no denominational away, but is religious and Christian in teaching. It has no certain income, save \$3,000 from the State of Alabama, but depends on the philanthropic and generous for its support. It can be readily seen that such a school lives on the faith in its work, and should not die for the want of means to carry it on. X

Tuskegee, Ala., November 4, 1889.

Hon. George S. Hosmer, Presiding Judge of the Wayne Circuit Court, for the September term, appointed a committee of Wm. L. Carpenter, Bryant Walker, D. Augustus Straker, Thomas Jerome and Chas. Swift to examine R. C. Barnes, late of Columbus, Ohio, for admission to practice law at the bar of this state. Time for examination, Monday the 18th inst.

CITY DEPARTMENT.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

THE PLAINDEALER always for sale at the following places:

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- John Williams, 81 Croghan street.
- Smith and Thomas, 42 Croghan street.
- Little Herrmann, 421 Croghan street.
- J. L. Smith, 417 Hastings street.
- Jones and Brewer, 329 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. Thos. Finney is visiting in Cincinnati. Get your friends to subscribe for THE PLAINDEALER. Mr. C. E. Dickerson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is in the city. Mrs. F. E. Preston leaves for Chatham Monday where she will give a reading. Mrs. Frank Thurman, of Jackson, is in the city to attend the Campbell-Bush wedding. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Clark, of Adelaide street, left this week for Alexandria, Va., and Washington, D. C. Miss Amelia Howard, of Toronto, is visiting in the city, the guest of Mrs. Thos. Garrison, of Division street. Mrs. Thoe Finney left last Saturday for an extended visit among friends in Springfield, Dayton and Cincinnati, Ohio. The funeral of Mrs. Martha Webster who died last Friday, took place from Ebenezer church Monday afternoon. Mrs. Smith, of Toronto, arrived in the city Wednesday, to be present at the wedding of her nephew, Mr. Campbell, last evening. Mr. Frank Vaughn, of Toledo, was married to Miss Clark, daughter of Dr. Clark, of this city, Wednesday evening Nov. 6th in Toledo. Mrs. Mary Harberd returned home last Wednesday from Washington, D. C., where she had gone to attend the funeral of her brother. Mrs. Johnson accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Ollie Wells, of Belle River, Ont., attended the wedding of her sister, Miss Julia Bush, last night. The concert contest held at Ebenezer church on Thursday, Nov. 7, was very amusing. The laurels were won by the choir of the Rev. O. Banyoun. Willie Williams, nephew of Mrs. Malone corner Beaubien and Winder streets, is very ill. His friends and the young people especially are earnestly requested to call and see him. Henry Jackson and Charles Dorsey have petitioned the Probate court to have Henry Jackson appointed administrator of the late Susan Jackson's estate. The hearing has been set for November the 26th. The social at Bethel Chapel Tuesday night was well attended. Misses Smith and Russel read entertaining papers, Miss Hemsie gave a reading, Mrs. Gant gave a solo and little Bessie Johnson a recitation. A grand entertainment to be given by Lodge No. 2, Good Samaritans and Daughters of Samaria, at Hillside block, Nov. 20th, assisted by Prof. L. Watson. Admission 15 cents. Adv. Mrs. Frank Thurman, of Jackson, Mich. and her mother, Mrs. Smith, of Detroit, were entertained at tea by Prof. and D. Augustus Straker at their home on Bag Street on Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Thos. F. Cary assisted. Mrs. Jones and her daughter Miss Emily P. Jones of Ann Arbor were in the city last week. Miss Jones came to take the civil service examination for positions in the department at Washington which was held at the high school last Friday. A grand musicale and promenade will be given at Fraternity Hall by the Meykdi Literary Circle and the Minnette Social Club, Thanksgiving evening, November 23. Doors open at 7 p. m., commence at 8. Admission: Adults, 25 cents; children, 15 cents. Finney's orchestra. Adv. At an early hour Sunday morning the Harper hospital ambulance was called to the corner of Illinois and Antoine streets, where a fight had taken place, in which Jacob Underhill, an Afro-American, had his nose and jaw broken. He was taken to his home, 235 Elliot street. Mr. Walsh of the Detroit Literary League will conduct the program for St. Matthews Lyceum on Monday evening next. Mr. Lacy will render musical selections, and a fine musical program will be added. The rooms will be gracefully decorated and the hanging draperies of the stage, will be ready for use for the first time. It is earnestly desired that the guests will come early and get good seats. The ladies of St. Matthews church have postponed their Bazaar for Thanksgiving, which will be held on the 13th and 14th of December, and give all an excellent opportunity of buying their Christmas presents at a low price. The ladies will have the refreshment tables at the entertainment of the Meykdi and Minnette clubs on Thanksgiving night, and will have an excellent menu to offer for the enjoyment of all. Adv. John M. Pierson, 171 Rivard street, while in bed at an early hour a week ago last Sunday, was struck twice on the head with a hatchet, which he says was in the hands of Fred A. Carey, a barber, living in the same house. Carey pleaded not guilty, Monday morning, to a charge of assault with intent to do great bodily harm and had his examination set for November 19. He could not furnish \$500 bail and was locked up.

Chas. Stephens, the lad who was so dangerously assaulted with an ax by Jesse Artist, has so far recovered as to resume work again. Gentlemen wishing board or rooms can find accommodation at 199 Adelaide street at reasonable terms. Adv. Save 10 to 40 per cent on Umbrellas and "buy of the maker." 10,000 to select from in one store. C. Lingermer & Co. 26 years at 26 Monroe avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Gus. Bennett a fine boy. The ladies of Bethel church will give a Thanks giving Dinner in their church on the 28th inst. Dinner will be served from 12 a. m. to 8 p. m. Tickets 25 cents. Adv. \$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. Mrs. Miller, of Clinton street, who was quite ill, is around again. The program rendered by St. Matthews Lyceum last Monday eve., was quite entertaining. Geo. Moebs and Co's great 5 cent "Glimmstengel," Record Breakers" are the most popular cigars sold in the country today. Before the cold weather sets in have the baby's picture taken at Eisenhardt's, 204 & 206 Randolph street. Mr. Richard Shewcraft has been appointed President of Bethel A. M. E. Lyceum. Mr. Burroughs, of Toledo, O., is now in the city. Smoke Geo. Moebs and Co's. celebrated "Ben Hur" and "Glimmstengel" cigars, sold everywhere. There was a very enjoyable social at Odd Fellows' hall Wednesday evening. Mr. Nat. Wall, who was stopping at Mrs. Griffin's, has returned to his home in Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Betz and family, of Columbus, O., have made Detroit their home, and reside at 165 Clinton street. Remember when you want a good smoke get one of Geo. Moebs and Co's celebrated "Glimmstengels," sold everywhere. Persons wishing desirable furnished rooms, with or without board, will find excellent accommodations at Mr. J. L. Martina, 361 Croghan street. Adv. Subscribers who change their place of residence should at once notify THE PLAINDEALER Company so as to insure the prompt delivery of their paper. Always give the old as well as the new address. If Mrs. Thos. Garrison of No. 18 Division street, Detroit, is pleased to inform strangers arriving in the city that she is prepared to accommodate a few with Lodging and Boarding at moderate rates. Adv. Be sure and get one of these fine life size photographs, and gold frames all for \$3.00 only, good until Christmas at Eisenhardt's, 204 & 206 Randolph street. The picture of the new Bethel A. M. E. church which is to be erected on the corner of Napoleon and Hastings streets is on exhibition at F. G. Smith's on Woodward avenue and State street. The devotees of the lost cause can still have the pleasure of attending services at the old stand on Champlain street as it will be used by the Salvation Army for divine worship.

SAVE 25c on the Dollar
By buying OIL CLOTH, RUGS, of which we are closing out a job lot very cheap. Also a lot of Bordered Window Shades on Rollers complete for 35c a piece. Curtain Poles, Picture Frames, etc., at the Wall Paper Store of **C. P. BRANT,** 202 RANDOLPH STREET.

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NOTICE.
WAYNE CO., TREASURER'S OFFICE, DETROIT, NOV. 7, 1889.
Notice is hereby given that the assessors of Detroit will deposit the rolls and warrants of the several wards of the City of Detroit in this office for state and county taxes of the year 1889, where they can be paid until December 15, 1889, without being subject to the extra percentage.
RALPH PHELPS, Jr.,
337 Wayne County Treasurer.

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Teeth extracted without pain by the use of "Vitalized Air," which is made fresh every day; is warranted pure and perfectly harmless. All other anesthetics are dangerous.
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And 34 Monroe St., Grand Rapids.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

An Interesting Tradition of the Blackfoot Indians Revived.

It Grew Out of the Massacre of a Band of Emigrants on the Plains of Montana—A Box of Buttons and the Uneasiness it Caused.

The other day I was up at the Piegan Agency, says a Montana correspondent, and met a grizzled old veteran of the frontier, who remembers when Fort Benton was 750 miles from a railway—as I do myself, for that matter—and who always has some interesting



incidents to recall of those adventurous fur-trading days when this wild region was truly wild.

A couple of ragged, dirty and listless Indians were leaning—almost lying—upon the counter of the agency store.

"You bet!" was old Gray's rejoinder, as I made some such observation to him. "Don't you forget that these Piegans are Blackfeet, and the Blackfeet, you know were the terror of this whole region a few years ago. I've seen these same Piegans make it hot for a whole trading-post mor'n once."

Now the Piegans are limited to a poor reservation, decimated by disease, and forgetting their former glory and the savage glee of the buffalo-hunt, the raid and the fight at dawn, in which their fathers rejoiced.

You have seen in a menagerie the intent and covetous gaze which a leopard bends upon the keeper when he comes in with a basket of meat. Thus, almost, was the gaze of these two Indians now concentrated upon the agent, who, preparing at his desk a remittance of money, was counting out a lot of gold coins.

Old Gray noticed it as well as I, and said it recalled to his memory an incident—or at any rate a tradition—which was well known to the frontiersmen and traders of forty years ago in this vicinity.

About 1845 one of the sub-chiefs, or band leaders, among the Piegan-Blackfeet was a daring spirit named Little Dog, who, though he had the wit to remain at peace with the traders of the American Fur Company, was accustomed to lead his warriors on



long forays, not only into the hunting-grounds and camps of the redskinned enemies of the Blackfeet—and that meant every other tribe within raiding distance—but also against parties of emigrants, traders, trappers or hunters not connected with the posts at Fort Benton or the Marias.

On one such raid Little Dog had forced his way through the country of the Flatheads and Nez Percés down to the bank of the Snake river, in what now is central Idaho. He had been attracted there by the report that white emigrants, in increasing numbers, were passing westward along that lonely road, each company possessing a train of wagons loaded with what to the Indian's eye seemed fabulous wealth. It was in the hope of finding and conquering one of these parties that Little Dog and his followers had risked their lives so far from home.

Disposing his warriors in a situation favorable for attack, the Indian waited and watched with impatience for the coming of a train. At last, far over the yellow plain, the white tops of a few wagons are seen creeping over the back of a ridge, and with feverish scrutiny the lookout counts them and with his fingers signals their number to his anxious companions below.

On they come. They are drawn by oxen which jog lazily forward, their tongues protruding with heat and thirst. The monstrous vehicles move nearer and nearer, until at last the caravan, all unsuspecting of the lurking

foe, rolls into the midst of the ambuscade.

A terrific whooping and the rush of the painted foes surprises the incautious travelers, and while the arrows hurtle, the swinging skull-crackers crash down, and the scalping knife does its swift and bloody work, there is time for little use of guns before all have been struck down and despatched, save perhaps two or three who can steal away and hide in the rocks.

The eager sack of the wagons which followed may be imagined. How each redskin with the childlike glee of the savage, would seize upon and pervert or destroy all he did not understand the value of, and could not employ as an ornament or easily carry away. The preeminence of Little Dog was little regarded at such a time, but it happened that among the things upon which he first laid hands on was a small strong box, carefully stowed under the seat of the foremost wagon.

A blow of his pogamoggan burst it open, and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the chief a great quantity of what he thought to be brass buttons—three or four double handfuls; but none of these buttons had eyes. Now, such buttons, complete, would have been thought a very desirable acquisition by the Indians. But what could be done with them so long as they lacked eyes? They were very heavy, too, and home was far away. Alas! that the white man should make such a mistake as to load his wagon with so useless an article! But Little Dog could not bear to simply throw away these glittering objects; and thinking that some day he might return to this spot, he cached (that is, hid) the box with much care in a crevice of a promontory which jutted into the Snake at that point, sure that he could find it when he wished to.

Perhaps in after years Little Dog's thoughts reverted sometimes to the hidden buttons, but he did not esteem them of sufficient value to warrant another hazardous expedition for their recovery, and they remained in their hiding place unsuspected for twenty years.

Then population began to flow into Montana, and gold coin, unknown to the earlier fur-traders, began to circulate in the territory. Little Dog was at the post one day when a prospector was making some purchases, and he saw eagles and half-eagles lying on the counter. There were his "buttons without eyes!" With them men were buying from the trader pound upon pound of tea, sugar, tobacco, powder—all that the Indian longed for. And



he had enough of those gold pieces hidden away in the dark canon of the Snake to purchase shelvesful of goods over and over. Oh, that he could recover it! How rich he would be in his village—how much dignity he could assume—what gems and horses he would have—how gaily should his young new squaw dress! But time had changed. He was old. The Snake was many a weary day's journey away, and food was scarce. He could only lament the fatuity which had led him to throw the treasure away.

Little Dog told of his "buttons" and how he had hidden them. The people at the fort were interested, and put faith in his story, and at last Mr. Dawson, then in charge of the post, offered to give the old Piegan a pony and provisions, and a large share of the cache, if he would lead him to the spot. Little Dog demurred. His "medicine" was against the expedition, he said, and he feared to go. Dawson urged, until finally the old man consented, and the two started, but Little Dog had marched only a short distance when he was overcome by superstitious fear and turned back, never to risk offending his guardian diety again by such temerity.

"Was the treasure never found?" I asked Gray, when his recital had ceased.

"No, but it has been searched for many a time. In fact, I once took a day to it myself. Little Dog tried to describe to me the exact spot in the canon just before he died, and I thought I found it, but I couldn't locate the cache."

"Do you believe it exists?"

"Certainly I do, and some day some fellow'll hit upon it by pure accident, and he'll wonder how it got there more'n if he seen a coyote saying his prayers."



If this city is to be again revived, the revival will come from somewhere in the west, says "Gath" in his New York letter. The forces of disintegration are altogether more active at present than those of construction; the hysterical critic, bawling for reform, has got the ear of the town, and not improbably a pessimistic stomach existed here before he had arrived. A good many people live in New York who do not want any fair, any great incursion of strangers or any revival. The forces which have commonly prevailed in New York are now next to dumb and stagnant.

OLE'S LULLABY.

A Pathetic Story of a Little Norseman.

A few years ago a Swedish family named Olson left the fatherland and sought a home and fortune in America, the promised land, says the Minneapolis Journal. They were poor, but their hearts were stout, and they feared not for the future so long as they had health and strength. From the confusion and strangeness of Castle Garden they set their faces to the west—the golden northwest. Others might stay and starve in the crowded cities, they said, but they would go where they could claim a bit of land as their own and find health and happiness. The broad prairies of Dakota beckoned them onward, and at last they rested on unbroken soil near Long lake. The Olsons were amazed at the wealth of the land that spread out before them, with the virgin soil waiting for the touch of the husbandman, and they set to work with a will. A year or two passed away. The Olsons had not become rich, but they had a home that, however humble, was theirs, and they were happy.

Harvest time came. The golden grain stood ripe and heavy in the fields. The mother and the eldest children went to help the father with the harvest lest the rain might come and catch them napping. So it happened that one morning little Ween, aged 7, was left all alone to care for his little brother, who was just able to toddle about the house. For an hour or two they amused themselves with their toys and then the little one, in childish glee ran about the room "playing horse." The floor was built of rough, undried boards and in some places had become "sprung." Careless of danger little Ole ran about until he stepped into a crack and fell. The merciless boards closed fast about his foot and held him prisoner. Shrieking with pain he called to his brother for help. Ween tugged away at the boards, but they refused to release their prey. Little Ole's appeals became more and more frantic. Ween went to the door and shouted for help, but no one heard him. At last, frantic with fear he seized a dull ax that stood in the shed and rushed to the little sufferer. Still he could not pry up the boards. There was but one way now; he must cut off the little one's foot! So he raised the dull ax and brought it down. A ragged gash was made and the shrieks grew louder. "Don't cry, Ole, I will soon have you free; and down came the cruel ax again. Again and again it fell, until at last the prisoner was free. The blood frightened Ween, and he took the little one in his arms and sought to soothe it with a song he had heard his mother sing:

"Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, baby, to sleep." Little Ole's cries became fainter and fainter. His head fell lower on his brother's arm and his eyes closed. Ween thought the baby was very white, but still he sat there crooning the cradle song and waiting for the return of his father and mother. High noon came and the mother returned to prepare the frugal noonday meal. No little voices came to greet her with shouts of joy, and her mother's heart stood still with a nameless terror. Into the house she rushed. "Sh! sh!" whispered Ween. "Ole got hurted, but I rocked him to sleep."

Yes, Ole was asleep. His eyes would never open again upon earthly scenes. And little Ween rocked to and fro, singing softly:

"Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, baby, to sleep."

A Fatal Widow.

"Ye a widdier?" asked a long, lank, leathery woman of a distinguished-looking lady dressed in full mourning on a railroad train out in Kansas.

"I am," was the reply, given coldly and haughtily.

"I reckoned so," said the woman calmly, "and I knew how to sympathize with you, especially if he was taken sudden like. I've laid away four good husbands of my own and all taken sudden. One of 'em was blown up in a mine; another got killed in a saw-mill; Bill Johnson got kicked to death by a mule, and Sam Higgins fell off the ruff of the house. My fifth man is out in the smoking-car and I'm skeered ev'ry minnit for fear he'll tumble out o' the winder and break his neck, luck seems to be so ag'in me. That's a right good piece o' crape in your veil. I'd like some like it if I ever have to git any more—and, oh, goin' to change your seat, eh? It is sunny on this side. Guess I'll move over too and set with you until my man gets back, if he ever does git back!"—Time.

Keep Out of Debt.

Every man who would get along in the world should, as far as possible, avoid debt. From the very outset of his career he should sternly resolve to live within his income, however paltry it may be. The art of living easily as to money, is very simple—pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. All the world's wisdom on this subject is most tersely epitomized in the words of Dickens's Micawber: "Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds and six; result, misery." Many a man dates his downfall from the time he began going in debt.

What They Do, Do Well.

Mrs. Hussey: "Bridget, can't you sweep the room without raising such a dust?" Bridget: "Sure, mum, ye wouldn't want me to lave any av it on the floor!"—Puck.

Great inducements for those who will get up a club for

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W. E. BURNETT having re-opened and re-fitted his barber shop at 52 Croghan street, desires the patronage of the general public. Competent workmen always in attendance. Give us a Call.

The patronage of Visitors to the city especially solicited.

Chas. H. Tonak, & Co., [SUCCESSORS TO]

DRIMER'S RESTAURANT

THE MOST POPULAR PLACE IN THE CITY

NEW RESTAURANT! 38 MONROE AVE.

"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. Cars 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 protesting 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 Americans?—President Harrison, Feb. 1888.

THE SHORT LINE

CH&D DETROIT AND TOLEDO TO CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS, LOUISVILLE, AND ALL POINTS SOUTH

Leave	Arrive
Detroit, M.C.R.R. 13:05 am	*2 0 pm *10:00 pm
Toledo, C.H.&D. 4:00 pm	11:55 pm
Arrive	
Lima 12:44 pm	6:25 pm 2:25 am
Dayton 3:50 pm	8:55 pm 5:00 am
Cincinnati 5:50 pm	11:00 pm 7:05 am
Indianapolis 8:30 pm	1:10 am 9:30 am

Through parlor cars on day trains and Pullman palace cars on night trains between Detroit and Cincinnati.

*Daily, except Sunday. M. D. WOODFORD, Gen'l Manager. E. O. McCORMICK, Gen'l Pass. Agt. H. J. RHEIN, Nor. Pass. Agent. Detroit, Mich.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

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

Leave. Arrive.

*8 00 a. m. Toronto, Montreal and East. *9 40 a. m.

*12 00 m. Port Huron. *3 00 a. m.

*4 30 p. m. Fort Huron Express. *6 10 p. m.

*10 50 p. m. Toronto and Montreal Ex. *9 10 p. m.

WABASH RAILROAD

Depot foot of Twelfth street. Standard time.

Leave. Arrive.

Wabash Western Flyer. *8 25 am *6 45 pm

St. Louis Express. *11 55 pm *9 35 am

St. Louis and Ind. Express. *11 30 pm

Chicago Express. *11 55 pm *11 20 pm

Adrian Accommodation. *4 00 pm

Chicago Express. *9 50 pm *6 15 am

Ind. Louisville & St. Louis Express. *9 50 pm *6 15 am

*Daily, except Sunday. *Except Saturday, except Monday.

City ticket office, 107 Jefferson avenue.

E. F. WOLFENBARGER, City Ticket Agent.

R. G. BUTLER, Commercial Agent.

DETROIT, GRAND HAVEN & MILWAUKEE RY

Depot foot of Brush street. Trains run by Central Standard Time. October 14th, 1899.

Leave. Arrive.

*Morning & Chicago Ex. 6:50 a. m. 11:55 a. m.

*Through Mail & Chicago. 10:30 a. m. 4:38 p. m.

*Steamboat Express. 4:50 p. m. 9:45 p. m.

*Chicago Express with sleeper. 8:00 p. m. 7:45 p. m.

*Night Express with sleeper. 10:30 p. m. 7:30 a. m.

*Daily, Sundays excepted. *Daily.

Morning Mail has elegant through coach Detroit to Muskegon 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, 107 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.

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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.

PRICE ONLY 25c PER GROSS.

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Buffalo Specialty Manufacturing Co.

Sole Manufacturers and Patentees.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Marshall, Buffalo, N.Y.

Manufactured by Marshall's Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

Uncle Archie's Wife.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Four days passed wearily away without a word from Dick. Even mother had ceased to wonder and exclaim each time the postman passed our gate without a call, or called to deliver letters that seemed only an insult and offence because they were not from him. Dear mother, how good and patient she was with me then! I know how much it cost her to subdue her natural curiosity and ready indignation at anything that seemed like a slight to her child. And I was grateful to her in my heart; but my nerves were unstrung, and there were moments in which I found the perpetual pity of her eyes harder to bear than any spoken words could have been.

Once I overheard her speaking in a hurried, excited whisper to uncle Archie, who was openly perplexed and annoyed by my lover's mysterious disappearance, and her words made me wince.

"Do not speak to Irene about it—at least not yet," she said eagerly. "Things may come right, you know; and then we should be sorry to have said anything against the young man, though I admit his conduct seems most unaccountable."

"Most infamous, I call it," uncle Archie cried angrily. "The child looks the picture of misery! I cannot bear to meet those pretty proud eyes of hers and think what she has to bear! By George, if I thought that fellow meant to play fast and loose with her—"

Uncle Archie savagely hissed his thick stick and glared so vaguely that mother started up in quick alarm, crying feebly—

"Good gracious, Archie, do not take things so seriously yet! Why should we think the worst at once? And"—drawing herself up with maternal pride—"why should we think that he, or any man, would dare, or wish to jilt Irene?"

"Why?" uncle Archie echoed with a groan. "You are too guileless for this world, Gertrude, if you do not see and know. When this young man asked our poor child to marry him, she was the recognized heiress of the Hall—a prize in the coarsest and most mercenary sense of the word; now—"

"Archie!" I stayed to hear no more. My mother's indignant exclamation broke the spell that had held me a motionless listener until then, and I fled to hide myself and struggle with this new torturing doubt.

Was uncle Archie right? Was it possible that Dick, who had seemed so true and honest—who had declared, with such apparent candor, that the loss of my prospective inheritance had been clear gain to him, since it cleared away a barrier between us—was it possible that Dick had been acting all this time—that, even while he played the part of disinterested lover, he had been secretly plotting and planning to obtain his release? If it were so, how quickly I would set him free! But no, I could not, and would not, entertain that degrading thought even then. It was no less painful to think that Dick had been dazzled and led astray by the spell of an enchantress and had fed from a temptation that he felt himself powerless to resist; but it was easier than to believe him base and mercenary, and there was less of disloyalty in the thought.

Two more days passed; the end of the week had come, and I still knew nothing of my lover's movements. I was standing at the gate resting my hot and aching head against the rough bark of the old tree that guarded our path in sentry fashion and looking aimlessly out upon the deserted high-road, when I was roused from my reverie by the sound of a light quick footstep, coming from the opposite direction to that in which I gazed, and, looking quickly round, found my face almost touching Estelle Gerrard's.

It was early morning still—not later than eight o'clock—and I should almost as soon have expected to meet a ghost or goblin afoot in the fresh morning air as my uncle's beautiful wife. She laughed at that curious laugh of hers, that always suggested to me a silvery peal of bells in which there jarred and jangled one harsh note, and said, with airy pleasantry—

"What a cruelly disappointed look! Do not kill me because I am not the postman, child! I would act as the bearer of good tidings if I could; but, alas, through life that pleasant part has rarely fallen to my share. Have you no tidings of the absent swain, Irene?"

Making as her words were, there was a fierce, eager expression in her eyes as they searched my face with a mercilessly close scrutiny. I had been indignant at first; but suddenly—and unreasonably, as it seemed to me—I began to pity Estelle Gerrard.

With the morning sunlight streaming full upon her, she looked utterly different from the conquering triumphant beauty I found it so hard not to hate. Beautiful she was still; but some curious change had come over her face and marred its brilliant bloom. She looked haggard, anxious, half alarmed and half defiant, and almost, as I thought, old.

"Will you come in?" I asked ignoring her taunting words.

"No, no," she answered impatiently; "I have business, as you may guess by my being out so early—business that will hardly wait. I did not mean you or any one to see me; but, when I caught sight of your woe-begone face—"

What a queer thing it must be to show all one's emotions so plainly! I wonder if you have any idea now how tragically miserable you look?"

I felt my face flush, but did not attempt to answer her words—indeed they were spoken in a reflective tone and much more to herself than to me; but when I made a restless, impatient movement towards the house, she put out her slender hands and seized me quickly by the wrists.

"Wait! I have a few moments still to spare, and there is something I want to say. Irene Gerrard, do you hate me quite? But of course you do! You have every right—every reason to hate me. Have I not robbed you of your Meirship—come between you and—"

"Oh, hush!" I interrupted eagerly, shrinking with an inexpressible dread and terror from the words she seemed likely to say next. "I do not hate you, Mr. Gerrard; I was prepared to welcome you, for my uncle's sake. Whether you have given me any cause to, as you say, hate you, you alone know."

She released my wrists with a strange laugh, shrugged her shoulders, and said drily— "I shall not keep my secret long then, for you and all Ludleigh will know soon. Good-bye, Irene. You are an honest-hearted, generous girl, whether you hate me or not. I almost think I could have liked you if I had tried."

She moved away so quickly that I had not time to try to detain her, or even ask the meaning of her mysterious words—the graceful figure had vanished round the curve of the road before I recovered myself.

"What does she mean? Where can she be going at this hour of the morning?" I wondered, in dire perplexity, as I walked slowly back to the house; but I could find no answer that was even plausibly satisfactory, and mother gave me little help when I appealed to her.

"My dear Irene, how can we possibly account for the eccentricities of your Uncle Archie's wife?" she said, with that tone of asperity she always assumed now when she spoke of Estelle Gerrard. "Extraordinary? Of course it was! Everything she does is extraordinary. Pray do not talk of her; you will spoil my breakfast if you do."

Of course I dropped the subject then, and fell to thinking sadly of Dick's unaccountable and insulting silence. I had been patient—so far, at least, as any outward display of feeling went—long enough; I felt that some show of dignity was necessary now. But how was that dignified resentment to be shown? There was something ludicrous as well as unendurably painful, in the position in which I was placed since I knew neither the reason of my lover's prolonged absence nor even where he was.

I was not destined to remain long in ignorance of Dick's whereabouts. I shall never forget the sharp and cruel pain I felt when Mrs. Knyvett, who with Miss Clarissa Green paid us an extraordinarily early visit that morning, peered sharply into my face and said, with an acrid playfulness—

"Still pale and heavy-eyed, Miss Irene! That is not right! I was saying to Clarissa, as we came along, 'We shall find the roses in full bloom again at the Downer House now that the truant has come back!'"

How hard it was to feel my face turn pale and rigid under the malicious scrutiny of those eyes—how harder far to realise, in all its crushing misery, the meaning of those words! "Come back?" mother echoed. "Who has come, Mrs. Knyvett? And why should Irene have more or less color than usual to-day?"

The two visitors smiled maliciously; then Miss Green said, with her usual simper— "Dear Mrs. Gerrard, it is only a little innocent joke! Of course we were speaking of Mr. Martineau's return."

"Dick Martineau!" I saw the colour rush to mother's cheeks; then she laughed, not very naturally, and added, with a swift warning glance at me, "Oh, did you meet him at the station? Irene was lazier than you; she does not like such early trains."

"Such early trains?" Mrs. Knyvett echoed, with exaggerated perplexity; then her eyes seemed to sparkle with spiteful satisfaction. "Oh, dear Mrs. Gerrard, I did not know he came early in the day! It was quite late—what time should you say Clarissa?"

"Ten minutes to nine; I looked at my watch," Miss Greene answered with grim promptitude and with the satisfied air of one who has obtained corroborative evidence. "Yes," Mrs. Knyvett went on; "just about 9 o'clock last evening we met Mr. Martineau walking with Mrs. Gerrard in the lane. Of course we took it for granted that you and Irene were with the squire somewhere near; but they were so absorbed in conversation that they did not even see us pass. My dear Irene, you are ill!"

"No—no," I cried, passionately pushing away the false face that was bent in cruel mock sympathy above me—"I am quite well—I—Mother, there is uncle Archie in the path!"

Hardly knowing what I did, conscious only of a frenzied longing to escape from the woman who exulted in my misery, I darted through the open window and down the path, and seized my uncle's arm trembling so that I could hardly stand.

He did not seem startled; and when I looked in his face it might have been a reflection of my own, it was so white and woe-begone and wild, with red-rimmed eyes and twitching, ashy lips.

"Irene—you know?" he gasped pitifully. "There is no need for me to speak—to tell you—she has gone!"

"She has gone," I repeated blankly—gone forever?"

"Yes—forever!" he answered swiftly and fiercely. She has deceived me cruelly, Irene! Dick Martineau has taken her away—Irene!"

I heard no more; I uttered a broken cry and fell senseless at my uncle's feet.

CHAPTER IX.

"Mother!" "Irene, darling! Thank heaven, you are better at last! My child, what a week of torture this has been!"

Dimly and indistinctly I saw mother wiping the tears of relief and gratitude from her kind eyes, vaguely I felt her kiss upon my cheek. I did not attempt to answer her or return it; I felt weak, helpless, stupid, and I simply lay there trying to remember—trying to understand.

It was a long, and at first it seemed a hopeless, task; but mind and memory gradually awoke with such a keen pang of agony as almost killed me. I had been very ill, and mother was grateful that my life was spared. Oh, cruel boon! Why—oh, why could I not die, since Dick was false, and life so much more terrible than death!

I turned and hid my face in the pillow with a wild, despairing, heart-broken cry that brought my mother quickly to my side.

"Irene, are you in pain? Or is it—look up and answer me, my child—or is it that you are thinking of—"

"Do not speak of him or her!" I cried. "Oh, mother, let me forget—help me to forget—if you can!"

"Not I, my dear!" mother answered, with what then seemed to me maddening cheerfulness. You are better now, dear—able to understand things as they really are; and though they are bad enough, I fancy you imagine them to be even worse."

"Even worse?" "You must listen, child," mother went on, in her calm matter-of-fact way. "It will be easier to hear the story from me than from your poor uncle, or even from Dick."

"Mother, why will you speak of him to me? I am in my senses now; I know all—his shameful sin—his—his tinge with Uncle Archie's wife!" "Poor child," mother said gently, "no wonder that such fancies maddened and almost killed you! But they are wrong, dear—wrong from first to last! Dick Martineau is the honest upright man we have always thought him to be, and he is your true lover still."

Oh, blessed, blessed words, falling like balm upon my strained ears and tortured heart!

Mother looked a little anxiously at my fast-falling tears; but she was to wise not to know that they had healing in them, and she continued quiet.

"Dick has been with me daily and hourly through this weary week, my right hand support—more than a son to the poor lonely old man at the Hall. I do not know how we should have managed without him, and am sure I can never let him go again."

She paused, and I seized her hand. "Was it all a dream—all delirium, mother? Is nothing changed—no one gone? Not Estelle?"

Mother stopped me there, hesitated, glanced anxiously at my eager face, and said, with a sigh— "I dare say the doctor will scold me but it will do you less harm to hear the truth at once than to lie there racking your brains in a torture of suspense."

"Yes, yes—tell me all! Estelle is gone, you say?"

"Yes; she has gone for ever. She never had any right here, Irene; she was simply an impudent impostor—not Violet Egerton's daughter, and not, thank Heaven, your uncle's wife!"

"And—Dick," I faltered, trying to find the clue that should guide my startled senses through this labyrinth of surprises—"what had Dick to do with her and this?"

"He recognized and unmasked her, and set your uncle free," replied mother, with a triumphant smile. "And now, my dearest child, that is enough to ease your mind of its worst burden—enough for you to hear to-day. The rest of the story Dick must tell you for himself."

TO BE CONTINUED.

An old astrological prediction gives the character of a girl according to the month she is born in, as follows: If a girl is born in January, she will be a prudent housewife, give to melancholy, but good-tempered, and fond of fine clothes.

LIVELY TURNS OF THOUGHT.

Tempering copper, a lost art, is again accomplished.

Auburn, Me., has the biggest shoe works in the world.

Pittsburg has the biggest ax factory; makes \$3,000 per day.

This country has 1,000 canning factories and leads the world.

Cigar-shaped boats are the latest wrinkle in naval architecture.

The king of the Belgians is contemplating a voyage to the Congo.

Mexican railroads have mahogany ties and stations of fine marble.

Magazines that cost 35 cents here are sold in England for 24 cents.

A son of DeQuincy is sergeant-at-arms in the New Zealand parliament.

The ex-president of the ex-confederacy has 100,000 acres of land for sale.

In Sweden a new elevator loads a 2,500 ton vessel with iron ore in a day.

New England shoe firms are having most of their work done in country factories.

The young king of Spain recently attended the theatre for the first time in his life. Gen. Boulanger is now waiting to be struck by Jersey lightning. And he will be hit.

Buffalo complains of Canadians who cross the border daily and work at cut rates.

A man is famous when he is listened to in both hemispheres and not believed in either.

James Russell Lowell says that he is going to spend the remainder of his life in America.

A citizen of North Hampton, N. H., has been a justice of the peace for more than fifty years.

The man who claims the right to think for himself should be tolerant toward those who disagree with him.

A marble statue of the princess of Wales by a French sculptor is to be executed for erection at Copenhagen.

The nation is now threatened with the abominable word "electrocute," meaning to put to death by electricity.

Jeff Davis, Roger Q. Mills, Addison Cammack, and Judge Terry were all born in the same county of Kentucky.

How hard it would be for a great man who is dead to come to life again and live up to his memorials and obituary addresses.

"You say, my son, that you do not stop to think when you begin to speak, but it doesn't matter so much if you only think to stop."

A company has been formed in Berlin to run a line of steamships between Hamburg and Mozambique. The vessels will stop at Zanzibar en route.

Citizen George Francis Train says that New York city cannot secure the World's fair without his assistance, and Citizen Train is in jail in Boston.

The wild-eyed rumor about Canadian preparations for war will doubtless cause a great deal of subdued excitement among the impressive horse marines.

A German paper construes Russia's decision to adopt a small-bore rifle as a peaceful sign. Why? Because they can not shoot so much out of a small bore as out of a big one.

Some of West Chester's jolly jesters threw a half dead snake on the roof of the East Bradford school house, and the varmint created more disturbance than Mary's famous lamb.

An officer at the Massachusetts Reformatory, owns the largest dog in the country. It is of the lion breed of mastiffs, weighs 182 pounds, is 33 inches high and 6 feet 11 inches in length.

Two Indian skeletons, one of them that of a child, were unearthed in a gravel pit on a farm near Columbus, Ind. The grave also contained powder horns, deer horns, and the bones of animals.

Miss Cordelia Meyers, of Newville, Cumberland County, N. Y., has a piano which was owned by the wife of President John Quincy Adams. The instrument is still in excellent condition.

The guns on the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius have been thoroughly tested and have shown themselves sufficiently diabolical to merit the warm approval of this humane government.

A beautiful spring of crystal water, where West Chester folks were wont to tarry, has proved to be an outlet to a filthy sewer, the water being purified by percolation through the soil.

The flock of foreign actors is settling down thickly on these shores. In the meantime many native actors are treading the railway ties in search of imperishable glory and a night's lodging.

A few years ago Antelope Valley, on the Mojave desert, was considered worthless for farming. Last season, however, the people have harvested 60,000 sacks of wheat and the same amount of barley.

Probably the oldest grain-dealer in America is Otis Munroe, the doyen of the Boston corn exchange. He is 91 years old, but hearty and vigorous, and now and then does some active work on 'change.

Members of the Iowa tribe of Indians are very well off. They have been reduced in number to 83 persons and have 2,000 acres of rich farming land, which they are to sell to the government—an average of over 2,400 acres each.

The First Unitarian Church, of Quincy, Mass., celebrated its 250th anniversary last Sunday. John Hancock, father of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, was ordained as its pastor in 1726 and preached there for eighteen years.

An eastern Ohio invalid thinks he contracted rheumatism from a horse chestnut which he carried in his clothes as a preventive. He picked up the nut in the street, and now believes some one else had thrown it there after loading it with the disease.

In Guelf, Ont., the other day, every man, woman and child, so far as could be ascertained, suffered for about four hours with headache, and the local physicians are looking wise and talking about fissures in the earth and the escape of natural gases.

TALK OF THE DAY.

Market Report: Stoves are going up now.

Soup a la Jay Gould—Take a little, stock, six times as much water, and then put in the lamb.

Stranded.—First Thread—"What's the matter?" Second Thread—"I'm broke."

Busy.—First Flea—"How is business?" Second Flea—"I'm on the jump all the time."

Too cheap.—Customer—"How much is that ring?" New jewelry clerk—"It's marked 18c. Eighteen cents, please."

The average car horse is a tender-hearted animal. He is always ready to stop and listen to a tale of woe.

Stranger—"What, in connection with bicycle riding, strikes you most forcibly?" Bicycle rider—"The road."

First thief—"How is your baby getting along?" Second thief—"First rate! He has got so he reaches out for things already."

Dime museum managers should inaugurate a search for a woman who can play cards an entire evening without asking "What's trumps?"

One would imagine that counterfeiters were very exact about their work, considering the danger of detection, and yet they are satisfied if it is passable.

Wickwire—"Have you noticed that we have had some beautiful sunrises during the last week?" Mudge—"No, I've been going to bed early here lately."

The destruction of the Temple of Heaven by fire at Pekin was as unlooked-for event. It was probably not insured, as fire in that direction was not dreaded.

Cantwain—"Say, do you remember that \$5 bill I loaned you?" Owen Long—"Remember it, sir. I never forget a favor like that. You haven't got another one about you, have you?"

A Young Barbarian: Fond mother—"Tommy, darling, this is your birthday. What would you like best?" Tommy (after a moment's reflection)—"I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked."

A crash!—the foreman stood aghast, with type about his shoes. Surveyed the fallen form and said—"Well, there! I've broke the news."

"The empress of Austria sits alternately on either side of her horse," says an article on "Horsemanship for Women." Everybody will be glad to hear that she sits that way alternately and not simultaneously.

Subordinate—"Here's an article on 'Pharaoh and Joseph.' Shall I put it in the local column or among the Miscellaneous Notes?" Proprietor of Bugle—"Somethin' about fero, eh! Put it among the sports, or course."

Reassuring.—Guest (angrily)—"Confound your awkwardness! You've spilt half that soup down my back." Waiter at restaurant (heartily)—"Don't mind it, sir. I'll bring some more. Bless you, there's plenty of soup!"

Where he put his faith.—Long-suffering wife—"How do you expect a woman to provide vitals and drink when you don't bring home no cash Saturday night?" Husband—"Why, M'rrier, the grocer and the butcher ain't moved, has they?"

Mrs. Sadface to Tommy, who had stolen a jar of preserves—"My boy, I know you are sorry. I see it in your face." Tommy (meditatively)—"Yes, mamma, I am. There was a bigger jar on the shelf that I couldn't reach."

He Was in a Minute: He (waiting for an answer)—"Marry me, darling, and you shall never want for anything, although I have a reputation for being rather close." She (coolly)—"Indeed? I never should have suspected it."

Mrs. Wickwire—"If woman were given the credit she deserves I don't think man would be quite so prominent in the world's history." Mr. Wickwire—"I guess you are right. If she could get all the credit she wanted he'd be in the poorhouse."

Forming an opinion: "This," said Mabel to George, "is our new bull dog," and she patted the animal's head carressingly. "Papa bought him this morning. How do you like him?" "I dunno," said George thoughtfully. "Let's see his teeth."

Not to be fooled Mr. Lumpley (whose wife has put in her annual application for a sealskin)—"I am told that the sealskin saccus will not be stylish this winter." Mrs. Lumpley (sagaciously)—"Well, dear I never did care much for style any way."

Downy—"So, you're studying German, eh? Fine language when you get into it." Fleecy—"Yes, but I'm not very far on. I have learned only a few phrases that a fellow finds necessary in the course of the day." Downy—"Ah, I see. Such as 'zwei beer,' etc."

Mme. Chaperone—"Is Mr. — a professional man?" Miss Prue—"I don't know." Mme. Chaperone—"Is he a man of brains?" Miss Prue—"I don't know that, either." Mme. Chaperone—"Why aren't you acquainted with him?" Miss Prue—"Yes, but I've met him only in society."

The summer's over; In means of clover The schoolmaster fair we no more discuss, The boys she teaches, And warms their breeches When the tasks she set them they fail to learn.

Too smart for the place—"Do you know of a boy who wants a situation?" asked one dairyman of another. "Why, I thought you had a good boy." "Well, he got along pretty well; but when I told him to go out and feed the best cow and he dumped a lot of bran into the pump. I thought it was about time to let him go."

Glances Here and There

THE trustees and members of Bethel church have at last adopted the course that THE PLAINDEALER recommended all along and have taken decisive steps toward the new church building. At the meeting Monday night the plans as drawn up by G. W. Myers were exhibited by him and the financial cost of the proposed edifice stated, the church alone will cost \$16,197; pews, \$1,000; heating apparatus, \$1,000; making a total of \$18,197. The gentlemen who made the statement said they would contribute the \$197 as their share, making the cost to the church, \$18,000. After the inspection of the plans the feasibility of accepting the proposition was discussed for half an hour. Everybody was in favor of accepting the offer with one exception, and when the vote was taken it stood 103 to 1. G. W. Myers & Co., who simply waited for the decision of the membership are ready to commence work at once and promise to complete the work by March 1st. Now that the membership have taken the initiative, the prospects are bright for a representative church in keeping with the progressive City of the Straits. It means hard work, but judging from the earnestness displayed Monday night each one is ready to do his part and self help is the key to success.

AS THE season for formal receptions approaches, a word as to their etiquette is a propos. The costume, which is of course, of first importance to ladies, should be elegant and fresh, but the full evening dress is only worn at wedding receptions, it being customary to retain the bonnet and wrap at others. For gentlemen, frock coats and light trousers with light gloves, but not white or cream color, is the proper caper. Music, impromptu dancing and a collation, spread in the dining room, to which guests resort in groups during the reception hours, are the features of a reception. And on the collation the hostess may expend her greatest ingenuity, both as to the attractiveness of the menu and the beauty of its service. Cards should always be left in the hall to be retained by the hostess as mementoes of her guests and to assist her in her next series of calls as the guests at a reception are not required to pay the party call which is expected of them after other entertainment. Guests who cannot attend should send regrets, if the card of invitation bears the letters, R. S. V. P. otherwise they simply enclose visiting cards in an envelope, and send them.

THERE are boors and there are boors, but the worst of all boors is the man who forces you to make enemies or act a lie. You can scarcely visit or attend a public meeting unless you are buttonholed by a dyspeptic with a chronic tale of woe about someone else. He is sure to end up by making out the object of his tirade anything but a gentleman or lady and asks you to agree with him. In fact, during his whole conversation when he thinks he has made an impressive point he stops to ask "Don't you agree with me?" or, "Don't you think so?" You generally feel like kicking such boors around the square but there are so many of them it would keep you too busy. But the boor is so persistent, you must either insult him or assent to what you don't believe. When a person has a plaintive tale to lay before his friends, let him tell it for what it is worth and quit. An equally obnoxious boor is the man who praises everything and calls upon every one else to be as demonstrative as he is. There are many people who respect an honest effort though, perhaps they don't feel like going into ecstasies over it, and don't thank people who try to force them to. No one man carries another's opinion around in his vest pocket, and every man should be content with expressing his individual opinion regardless of others unless expressly delegated for the onerous job.

BETWEEN the hours of eight and ten the bulk of street car traffic comes from the business man. He rides more from a sense of duty than anything else. If cars must be kept going somebody must patronize them so he rides, if not early very often. From the great number who hang on the rear platform, you know that these lords of creation simply wish to pay their fare. They are so solicitous for this privilege that on routes where the cars are frequently tardy they wait long enough for the car to get down town. Or they vary the program by an occasional chase for it on lines where the cars pass every four minutes. A few mornings ago one of these superior creatures had an exciting little chase for it. The car came in view as he gained the sidewalk, and he was about a half block from the corner. He whistled, and at the same time started on a brisk run for the corner. His hat was on one side and his coat stirred by the gentle breeze, waved quite independent of its owner. It was a manly race, but the car passed and he in sheer desperation tore down an adjoining alley, resolved to "head 'ere off," as the small boy says. Perhaps he got there, he certainly deserved too.

THERE is an old but true adage, that you can get too much of a good thing. This is certainly true concerning secret societies in Detroit. It is noble, generous, and charitable for men organize for mutual benefit, to care for the indigent and unfortunate, and to protect the widows and orphans of deceased brothers. The money that men put into these organizations is put in with this idea in view. In the time of health and strength they contribute to the need of others, and thereby lay up for their fidelity to the principles of the order a just claim when adversity shall overtake them. But societies are becoming so numerous now, and the people so divided or overtaxed by belonging to so many, that their usefulness in their line of charity to a brother is seriously impaired. It is not near what it could be, and yet there are men around trying to organize new lodges. What is the matter with a little more fidelity to the old ones?

Dry sermon are bad enough, but for the minister to preach them through his nose is inexcusable. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will save both minister and sermon if taken in time.

JACKSON WHIPS SMITH.

WINNING THE FIGHT EASILY IN TWO ROUNDS.

The Australian Champion Given the Battle on a foul, and Showing Himself the Superior Pugilist at Every Point. —The Englishman Unfair.

Peter Jackson, the Australian champion, and Jem Smith, heavyweight champion of England, met at the Pelican Club, London, England, the morning of November 11, Jackson defeating his opponent with ease in the second round. The fight was to have been a ten-round glove contest for a purse of £1,000, subscribed by the members of the Pelican Club, Lord Lonsdale and Sir John Astley acting as treasurers of the fund. This event served also as the opening of the club's new building and the great gymnasium was filled with such a crowd of notable persons as had never before been brought together in this generation in England to witness a prize fight. Midnight was the hour fixed for the rendezvous, but long before the members collected vouchers at the old Pelican Club and took seats in the splendid amphitheatre attached to the new building. It was 1:15 o'clock this morning when the men stepped into the ring, among those present being Duke Hamilton, Duke Beaufort, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Churston, Lord De Clifford, Marquis Ailesbury, Lord Dudley, Sir John Astley, Sir Maurice Duff Gordon and Sir James Wentworth. Smith was seconded by Jack Harper and Jack Baldrock; Jackson by Jack Fallon and Fitzpatrick. When the men stripped the difference between them was seen to be remarkable. Jackson stood four inches taller, lithe and snawy, and moved with a tiger's easy freedom. Smith was heavy and lumbering, and looked like a cart horse beside a thoroughbred.

The Englishman won the toss for position and a moment later had shaken his dusky antagonist by the hand. Smith was the first to lead, and bringing out his heavy right caught Jackson on the body with a smart thump that was in a twinkling returned with compound interest. Smarting under the applause that was being given to the Britisher by his friends in the crowd, the king of antipodean sluggers stepped close to Smith, and though the latter would have retreated, was forced to protect himself from a succession of vicious blows that Jackson was raining in about the head and breast. Smith then entered into the spirit of his opponent's tactics and heavy exchanges followed, during which Jackson proved himself thus early a far better man, for he avoided the Englishman's heavy blows and himself landed when and where he pleased. When time was called Smith retired to his corner blowing freely, while the Australian was smiling and was perfectly fresh. During the short interval "Parson" Davis, of Chicago, who has charge of the Australian's tour, whispered encouragement into his protegee's ear, and when time was called for the second round both wore satisfying smiles.

Jackson opened by rushing at his opponent and forced the battle at once, knocking Smith all over the inclosure and several times making the latter's chances for holding out until the end of the round look decidedly slim. The Englishman's blows either countered or fell short, and just as a murmur of surprise at the poor showing made by their champion ran through the crowd, Jackson landed with full force a tremendous hit directly under Smith's heart. The latter reeled like a top at the end of its whirl for a moment, then almost fell to the floor, but with creditable courage raised to his full height and placed his arms at length. This seeming sign of return to himself gladdened his admirers who had wagered heavily on the result. Hundreds in the crowd, among them members of parliament, stood up in front of their chairs and cheered wildly. Those further back in the long encircling rows of seats bent over forward and had only eyes and voices for their favorite, whose fate either way was to be decided during the few seconds following. High up in the top rows, where those were seated whose purses were not so pléthoric as those of the nabob down below, the crowd seemed to grow suddenly mad. Their champion's name was shouted loud and often, and one little fat Briton whose face had grown deep red from loss of voice, suddenly fell to the floor completely exhausted in his efforts to cheer his idol on to victory.

Jackson did not take advantage of his opponent's weakness, but awaited the result of the terrific blow he had dealt. Smith, after staggering about and regaining his position, as suddenly again began to reel, for the concussion below his heart was not a temporary injury. In swirling about he finally reached the ropes, to which he held with his right hand, leaning back and guarding as far as he was yet able with his left. In this way Smith was almost fully extended from the ropes toward the center of the ring and in that position it was impossible for Jackson to reach him. The Australian, therefore, simply waited, and for nearly a moment perfect silence reigned throughout the vast, excited throng of spectators. Jackson stood with careless guard, doubtless expecting that at the call of time he would be awarded the battle, but Smith, who had become considerably freshened by his rest, suddenly darted from the ropes, relinquished his hold and, swinging his two brawny arms around, rushed upon the surprised Australian, caught him tight around the waist and with the last spark of his remaining strength raised him ten inches into the air and threw him heavily upon the ground. Exclamations of disgust that speedily grew into a roar resounded through the amphitheatre. The spectators below shouted "Shame!" and those above fairly cursed at their fallen idol's display of unfairness. The umpire, Lord Clifford and the Marquis of Queensberry, consulted a minute and then announced that the fight and purse had been

awarded to Jackson. This decision was received with cheers that shook the vast building.

Smith stepped to the center of the ring and, claiming that he had not fouled intentionally, made a show of resuming with bare knuckles, but the police seized him immediately, and he was after a short time persuaded to shake hands. The contest proved conclusively that Smith is merely a second rate man. His display of temper lost him all his friends among the spectators. Among the large crowd outside the building awaiting the result the defeat of the Englishman caused great surprise, and there was much excitement, but the police soon scattered the roughs.

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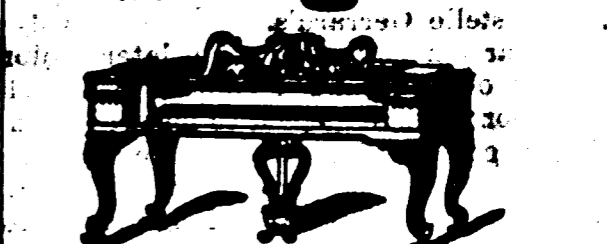
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- 1 J. F. Hale, 100
- 1 Small Upright, 85
- 1 Stodart & Dunham, 75
- 1 Bradbury, 75
- 1 Hallett & Davis, 75
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Read THE PLAINDEALER.