

THE PLAIN DEALER.

VOLUME VII. NO. 45.

DETROIT, MICH., MARCH 28, 1890.

WHOLE NO. 355.

HOWARD'S GOOD WORK

DEMONSTRATES THE "NEGRO'S" ABILITY TO ATTAIN EXCELLENCE.

Convention of Educators—Langston's Contest—What Became of the Votes—Hold Up His Hands—Sull "Risin'."

Special correspondence to THE PLAIN DEALER. WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 18.

The commencement exercises of the medical department of Howard University, which took place at the First Congregational church last Friday evening, marked the close of another year's work in one of the best equipped and most successful medical schools in this country. This institution seems to have grown out of, and to have grown up with the "Negro Problem" in this country. It had its birth at a time when the medical schools of America were generally closed to applicants of the Negro race and of the female sex; and it was to meet and combat this condition of affairs that Howard University broadened the scope of its work so as to include a medical department. Its doors are opened wide to men and women of every race. From its portals every year there go out graduates of both races, who take up the work of their profession in all parts of the country, and attain high rank in their respective communities.

It was with no little pride, I confess, that I sat in that densely packed church last Friday evening and witnessed each feature of the very interesting exercises. The audience was large, representative and appreciative, the decorations of flowers, flags and bunting were unique and pleasing illustrations of decorative art; the musical program by the famous U. S. Marine band of this city, was executed with the excellence always displayed by that organization; but the feature of it all which riveted itself upon my mind, was the spectacle of colored men and white men and a colored lady standing upon the same platform, side by side, each receiving the same, equal, public recognition at the hands of the university, for having successfully prosecuted the same course of professional studies for the period of three years.

This, to be sure, was not a new spectacle even in Washington, for Howard University, through her Medical, Pharmaceutical, Dental and Law Departments, reproduces the scene nearly every year. But I cannot look upon it at any time without being profoundly impressed with its significance as a part of the yet unfinished history of my race in this country, and as a proof of the wonderful work that Howard University is doing to demonstrate that, with ample opportunities, the Negro can rise to any height of excellence, whether the standard be that of mind or manners, morals or money.

The convention of educators called to meet here at the Lincoln Memorial (Congregational) church next week, will bring together many of the most prominent Negro educators in this country. The convention is the project of the "College Alumni of Howard University," and the aim is to secure such a conference among prominent teachers throughout the country as will suggest and promote the best means of obtaining the best results in their educational work. Prof. James M. Gregory, Latin professor at Howard University, Dr. Sull, assistant surgeon in chief of the Freedmen's Hospital and lecturer in the medical department of Howard University, and Messrs. Moss, Fowler and Lawson compose the efficient committee on arrangements. And among those who are to present papers for discussion are Prof. W. S. Scarborough of Wilberforce, Ohio, Messrs. Montgomery, Fowler, Moss, and Waring of this city, Dr. Simmons of Louisville, Rev. Horace Bumstead, president of Atlanta University; Rev. E. M. Brackett, president Stover College; Dr. H. D. Dean, medical department Howard University; and Dr. J. E. Rankin, president of that institution. The teachers of our public schools here, will tender a reception to the members of the conference, on the 27th inst., and arrangements will be made to present them to the President of the United States.

Much interest is being felt here by the friends of Hon. John M. Langston as to the final outcome of his contest before the House of Representatives for the seat now held by Mr. Venable from the 4th Congressional District of Virginia. The case has already been heard by the Committee on Contested Elections, and was ably presented by Mr. Langston and his attorney. There are certain elements involved in the settlement of this case, which lift it above the ordinary Congressional contest, even when the contest is between a white Democrat on the one side and a colored Republican on the other. The cases of Lynch vs. Chalmers, Small vs. Elliot, Miller vs. Elliot and many others now in my mind, represented merely the political struggle between two well defined party organizations, with the preponderance of numbers on the one side and the preponderance of fraud on the other. But the contest now under consideration is a contest practically within the same party organization. True, Mr. Venable is a white Democrat, and Mr. Langston a colored Republican, but every body who knows anything about the tremendous struggle in the 4th Virginia district last fall, knows

that it was a hotly contested, triangular fight among the followers of Langston, as regular Republican nominee; Arnold, as the Republican candidate dictated to, and fastened upon the party by Boss Mahone, and Venable as the nominee of the Democrats. In other words, it is well known that in this struggle Gen. Mahone publicly declared that the time had not come when a Negro should be sent to represent the 4th Virginia district in Congress, and he employed every device at his command to prevent such a possibility, even to the point of assisting the Democrats in manipulating the returns at places where his Republican proteges, Arnold, had no shadow of a chance to make a respectable run.

Gen. Mahone is something of an anomaly in Southern politics. A Southern gentleman of brains, means and culture, he naturally espoused the cause of his section in the late war, and rendered gallant service in her defence on the field of battle. The war over, his good sense survived the passions engendered by the struggle, and he set out at once to build up the material interests of his State. He found helpful associations in this work within the Republican party, and, being wise enough to see it, he was brave enough to adopt it. But there can be no political force, straddling in Virginia "No, sir!" You are black or you are white down there. Gen. Mahone was black for a while. He "sounded all the depths and shoals" of political honor with the votes of his "black allies" in the Republican ranks. But he at last found that his political environment presented to him some very embarrassing alternatives. For instance, he could not rest easy with the spectacle of an able, efficient, energetic and independent Negro coming as his equal to the National Capital to represent a Virginia constituency which included some of the first of the F. F. V's. A little too much, this, even for Gen. Mahone. So, when a man of Prof. Langston's character, capacity and influence, appeared upon the scene to divide honors with Gen. Mahone, the project was to "down" him at all hazards. And right here is presented the plain issue: Has the Republican party and have the American people yet risen to the high plane of justice to the American Negro that will enable them to deal with him according to his ability and merits and not according to his race and complexion?

This is practically the only question presented by this contest. All other questions were settled by the history and results of the campaign. A rapid glance at the statistical political history of that district will reveal some interesting facts. There are, in round numbers, about 33,000 voters there, 20,000 of whom are colored, 13,000 white. The colored people of that district are noted for their business thrift, their general intelligence and their keen political sense. It is said of them that there is not a voting precinct or a hamlet in the whole district where an intelligent and appreciative Republican audience cannot be obtained at any time and on the shortest notice. It is easily deducible from these facts that the colored people there would take an intelligent and active interest in any political struggle affecting their welfare. In the last campaign, Prof. Langston had the support, not only of the large majority of these colored Republicans, but also of a large number of influential and honest white men. The total vote reported was 29,162, divided as follows, Venable (Democrat) 13,229; Langston (Republican) 12,657; and Arnold (white Republican) 3,207—giving Venable a plurality of 641. The result upon which he received the Governor's certificate of election.

It is asserted by the opposition that Langston's candidacy so divided the Republican vote as to destroy the strength of their majority and throw the election with the Democrats. If this had been true, the votes would have gone either to Venable or to Arnold, but the returns show that Venable received nothing more than the full strength of the Democratic vote—only 650 votes more than Cleveland received in the same district at the same election, while Arnold received only 3,207. What became of the other 4,000 votes? The campaign was the most thoroughly worked up of any campaign ever presented in the State; the interest on all sides was kept at the highest point, and this, with the fact that a great National election was at issue at the same moment and in a measure determinable by the same votes, served to poll the full vote of the district. And besides, what inducement was there to deflect the colored votes from Langston to Venable or Arnold? neither of whom is a man of any pretension to special friendship for the colored voters, nor a man of any special ability or influence, while Prof. Langston represents in his ability, character and National reputation, the brightest elements of American manhood. Could Negro voters of the character and qualifications of those voters of that district, have wantonly thrown away that opportunity to be represented in Congress by a man of such proportions? It is little less than an insult to their reason to think it.

Prof. Langston has shown his real character more conspicuously, I think, in the persistency and abandon with which he has prosecuted this contest, than in the preliminary fight of the campaign. He has devoted himself to it, wholly, and spent his money without stint in the effort to present to the American Congress and the American people, the real facts in his case. He has gathered the political history of every voting precinct in the district, for the past ten years, noted the changes and the causes therefor, and carefully compiled the votes of every county, as reported by the last Congressional election. He shows conclusively that in nearly every county, the returns were

"doctored" to compass his defeat. And he has already succeeded in securing a sufficient number of corrections in the previously sworn returns to prove his election beyond a question.

In the revision of the returns from two counties alone (Brunswick and Lunenburg) he has secured more than 2,000 majority. In this fight he needs and should receive the moral support of every loyal Afro American. Let us hold up his hands. A victory for him means a victory for all of us.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Lewis of Boston, are spending a few days in our city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James T. Bradford. Mr. Lewis is the proprietor of a large and profitable tailoring establishment located on one of Boston's most popular business thoroughfares. While on a recent visit to Boston, Mr. Lewis kindly showed me through his business house, and for the quantity and quality of trade handled, the value of the stock carried, the facilities for conducting the business and the interior arrangement of his store, Mr. Lewis is said to have neither superior nor equal in the city of Boston. He gives constant employment to more than 150 persons and carries a stock valued at nearly \$75,000. There is, I am told, a suspicion somewhere in this country that colored men cannot successfully conduct and develop large business enterprises—the people of Boston seem to have outgrown that suspicion. Colored men, after all, are just like other men, they simply want fewer obstacles and more opportunities.

Prof. Wright, principal of the "Ware Academy" at Augusta, Ga., is a candidate for the postmastership of that city and is in town last week to get President Harrison's views on the subject. I think he succeeded—that is, in getting the views. Prof. Wright will be remembered as the hero of Whittier's poem "We's a Risin'." Shortly after the war Gen. O. O. Howard visited the South, and, stopping a while at Augusta, addressed one of the colored school established by the Freedmen's Bureau. He asked the children what he should say of them to his friends in the North. One bright little boy, holding up his hand said "Tell 'em we's a risin'." Prof. Wright was that little boy. Evidently he still wants to be "risin'."

Mr. Morgan's Offer.

To the Editor of THE PLAIN DEALER.
Sir: The large number of letters I have received, relative to my announcement, through your columns that I could secure employment for needy Afro Americans compels me to trespass upon your space once more, in order to explain my offer. My letter was not written to Afro-Americans North who have opportunities for self help, but to those who are located in disagreeable sections of the South, on farms and plantations where they labor hard and are inadequately paid. To these if they could secure transportation for \$18.00, or \$22.00 a month and a peaceful quiet home where they could rear and educate their children, would be a blessing; and my idea in writing was to help such people and not that restless element who are always on the lookout for higher wages elsewhere than where they are located. Mr. Vernon is not having a boom; we are moving along very quietly and my offer grew out of the League idea of removing from places of oppression those who desired to seek peace in the North. When they start from the South they must have some particular destination, and I wished to do my part toward supplying a destination for as many as I could. Hoping that I have made my meaning clear, I am
Yours Truly,
E. S. MORGAN,
March 21st, 1890. Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

ABOUT PERSONS AND THINGS.

Fred Douglass is said to be building a \$9,000 house at Monmouth Branch. The most expert checker player of Rochester, N. Y., is an Afro-American named Jackson. The office from which the Southland is issued, burned recently and the March number will probably be delayed. Jane Simmons, of Milledgeville, Ga., is a professional butcher and beats all the men in killing, cleaning and cutting up hogs. "The African in our Politics" is the title of an article by T. Thomas Fortune which appeared in Frank Leslie's of March 15. John R. Lynch Fourth Auditor of the Treasury was met by a committee and a brass band at Chattanooga, Tenn., where he spoke March 14. The Hon. H. C. C. Astwood who has been seeking re-instatement as Consul at San Domingo, is now an applicant for the Madagascar Mission. Mr. Latortue the minister plenipotentiary of the Haytian Republic to the court of St. James, England, is described as a "full blooded Negro."

Mr. Spofford librarian of the National Library at Washington says the Afro-American readers as a class "eschew fiction for works of a serious and improving character."

Mrs. Annie Johnson who is employed as care taker of one of Vice President Morton's houses in New York, is \$5,000 better off through an investment in the Louisiana lottery. Thomas Garret the well known Afro-American groom died at the Jewett Stock Farm, Friday March 14. He had charge of Jerome Eddy the noted stallion and was a general favorite.

Gun Wa has cured Mrs. Mary Huff of Windsor, of catarrh.

WORSE THAN DEATH.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE CONVICTS HUDDLED IN ONE ROOM.

Unit in The Extreme Degree—Ruling The State—Torn By Blood-hounds—We are Our Brother's Keepers.

Last year the Board of Penitentiary Commissioners of Arkansas, consisting of the Governor, Secretary of State, and Attorney General, investigated the treatment of the prisoners by the lessees of the Penitentiary. They found near Coal Hill 149 convicts in a convict camp, 120 of whom worked in the mines. In a building ninety feet long by eighteen feet wide all the convicts, black and white, sick and well, were huddled together at night in one room on filthy straw, with but one flimsy blanket apiece, the beds "reeking with vermin, and the stench overpowering." They had worked all winter in water and the poisonous air of a coal mine, and slept in wet clothing. "One of the wardens had whipped as many as seventy-five men in one night until the blood ran in a stream from their bodies." Some had been beaten to death. "They found scores of men whose backs were covered with sores and frightfully mutilated." One colored man who failed to accomplish his task had been shot dead in the mines. Another had been

CHAINED UP BY THE NECK, and left suspended until he was dead. Another had been whipped to death by Warden Gaffor, and was "literally flayed alive" and was then put away in a swamp. "Seventy graves in a marsh hole tell the story of the cruelties practiced in the hell in Arkansas."

Is it any wonder that in 1882 when Zeb Ward leased all the convicts in that State, he should refuse to give a report of his work? A southern editor says, "What kind of sentiment is it in these Democratic Southern States that does not actuate the people to arise in a whirlwind of wrath, and wipe out these accursed systems of brutality, and bring the wretches who have practiced them to condign punishment? What kind of civilization is it in the South that allows the existence of horrors that would discredit savages?"

Mr. Moody, member of the Penitentiary Committee of the State Senate of Tennessee, last February, 1889, presented a minority report of investigations of the persons and convict camps to that State report, which was corroborated by the minority report of the committee sent out by the House. They report that the main prison at Nashville is "neatly kept, out is unlit in the extreme degree to the uses of a penitentiary."

THE BRANCH PRISONS

at Coal Creek, Inman, and Tracy Creek, where the convicts work in the mines, are described as "rough board shanties, on par with ordinary stables," very cold, filthy, and unfit for the habitation of human beings; "the bedding dirty and insufficient in quality." Many of the convicts were poorly clad and had on no socks. "Those who presented the report condemned in strong terms the mode of punishment. It was inflicted with a leather strap on the bare back while the convict is lying upon his face, and was administered for failure in getting out their task, and "for nearly everything," the usual number of blows being from five to thirty. "The favorite instrument of torture was a heavy strap, a most brutal instrument. Very few had not felt its sting." The mode of punishment was considered "cruel, inhuman, and barbarous."

Such inhuman treatment calls out the baser passions of the convict and the people who sustain it. They reported "abominable vices" in these branch prisons, and "the little boys are sufferers." The crime of sodomy prevailed. They termed these prisons "hell holes of rage, despair and vice," and regarded the whole system as a "HORROR AND DISGRACE TO THE STATE."

Mr. Moody said, "If I had held my peace the pile haggard faces and emaciated forms of some of these prisoners would have haunted me to my grave and risen up at the judgment to condemn me." They suggested that the convict "be banished to a distant island of the sea" or "killed," as under the present system, reformation is impossible.

The United States Report says of the prisons and prisoners: "Wretched surroundings, bad management, appalling death-rate. The prison system in all ways atrocious. The State makes a large profit from its convict labor." Dr. Simms, Chairman of the Board of Prisons of Tennessee, said in 1886, that a few years ago the State received but a nominal sum for the lease of its prisoners, but at that time not over one hundred thousand dollars, and yet the corporation defied all competition with their work, and that corporation controlled the Legislature. After showing the large death-rate in leasing States, he says:

"It is plain we must have another system *** It is a question of life and death to our country. There is no greater monopoly than the lease system; it is ruining my State; it is doing no good to any State that has it."

MR. FRED WINES.

Secretary of the National Prison Association, says: "The condition of leased prisoners in the South is deplorable in the extreme, especially those in the county

chain-gangs, and is a blot on our American prison system."

The Hon. Mr. Norwood once said publicly: "You have heard of the horrors of the midship in the old slave trade; you have heard of the dead and dying, and of the dying making their cold pillows of the corpses of the dead. You have read of the Wanderer which came to these shores in 1850, on which mortality was so great that the corpses thrown overboard would almost make milestones along her track; across the deep; but I say to you there were no greater horrors in these scenes than we read of in the lamented Alston's report or to be told of by eye witnesses of what has transpired in these convict camps."

It was stated in the prison congress that the mortality in the Alabama prison at one time was forty-one to every hundred annually. I give but little from the information I have gathered from official reports concerning the inhuman treatment of leased prisoners in leasing States. A few, however, lease only part of their convicts.

DAY AND NIGHT MY FEELINGS ARE HARROWED

by reports which come to me from eye witnesses of the cruel treatment of convicts in the mines, on the railroads, on convict farms, in the forests of Texas, and in the pineries of Florida. Trained blood-hounds are kept, and sometimes convicts are torn to pieces by them in their mad efforts to escape, or shot down by their inhuman pursuers. I shall make no apology for presenting this unpleasant subject to the public, harrowing as it is. If there is a class of persons in the United States who need our sympathies and prayers it is the seventy thousand (or more) prisoners, many of whom are mere children.

Ex President Hayes said at the Prison Congress held in Chicago last fall: "It is strange that when so much is spent for police, so little is done to help the condition of the prisoners. The press should give this some attention. Divine beneficence can reclaim any human being. We are our brothers' keepers."

Christ's last act of forgiving love, when upon earth, was shown to a criminal. In conclusion I would ask each one who reads these lines, to take this to God in prayer, imploring him to influence the hearts of our law-makers to put an end to this infamous system. "If thou forbearest to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, behold, we knew it not; doth not he that produces the heart consider it? And he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?"—Prov. xxv, 11-12.

The Far West At Work.

To the Editor of THE PLAIN DEALER.
Permit me to state through the columns of your valuable paper that the Afro-American citizens of San Diego, Cal., although residing on the extreme western boundary of the country and largely separated from the masses of their race by the continent, considering the oppressed condition of the Afro-Americans in the Southern States and other parts of our country, the repeated outrages imposed upon them and the necessity of a national movement among the Afro-Americans met and organized an Afro-American League for the purpose of mutual protection and advancement of the race politically and civilly. They adopted Constitution and By Laws, and elected D. Frey, president; Oliver Padlow, vice president; and Wm. Edward, recording secretary, to serve the term of six months. The evening being far advanced the League adjourned to meet again April 17th, 1890 and complete the election of officers. Harmony prevailed throughout the entire meeting, and judging from the sentiments expressed the prevailing opinion is although the League is far west, they propose to do all in their power to take the yoke of oppression from their fellow Afro-American in the Southern States and leave no stones unturned as the Northern States did, to take from their necks the yoke of slavery from 1861, to 1865, by the sacrifice of brave and loyal citizens.

Mr. Editor the southern white man is like a brave hunter that would confront a lion while protecting her young; but our cause is greater than the lion protecting her young, and we must fight to win; not with the sword, not with the torch, but with the pen and with the help of the great God and just God. To be recognized citizens and endowed with civil political rights as white northern citizens and white southern citizens, we will be. Let the cry go on from the east to the west and from the north to the south, and I can safely say Mr. Editor that the Afro-Americans of California from Del Norte to San Diego, is in true sympathy with all the leagues in the advancement of the Afro-American's Right.
LAWA.

Spelled With A Cap—Let 'er Go.

New York Tribune: The name Afro-American, which is coming into use, is too long for "The Fort Mead (Fia) Progress," and it gives notice that hereafter it will call the colored people "Aframs." The colored people should protest against this new form of outrage.

What's In A Name?

New York Tribune: More queer names. A colored girl in Tennessee bears the following name: Carrie Ann Happy Ann Ann Eliz; Peales Blow-the-Belows Potters Field Rose Ann Thomas.

Windsor Notes.

Mrs. J. W. Lewis of Chatham, Ont. who has been visiting Mrs. J. L. Dunn of Windsor avenue has returned home.

Mr. J. W. Odey of Church street who has been on the sick list for a number of weeks is not any better.

Windsor is soon to have the finest and largest consular emporium that has ever been in the city and it is hoped the friend-will give it a liberal patronage as their old friend J. W. Odey will be on deck.

Miss Ada Wilson, of Ypsilanti has returned home after a pleasant visit with friends in Windsor and Sandwich.

Millionaires will soon be numerous in Windsor for the barbers are giving policy a tight race.

The cry of fire sounded along the line Wednesday, a number gathered in front of Music Hall. But it was only a lamp explosion, and not much damage was done.

The American Salvation Army, of this place, have grown tired of being represented as the Salvation Army, and have taken the name of the Christian Crusaders.

Peace reigns once more in the Second Baptist church of this place, as the members have appointed new officers, and started in the glorious cause once more.

O. AND E.

Showing His Bent.

Robert M. Warren, a lad of 16 years and grand-son of R. H. Warren of Macomb street, has a bright future before him, should he continue in the course in which he at present seems to be inclined. Last Christmas he received, among other gifts, a box of paints, and without instruction he has drawn and painted various landscape views that would adorn many a professional's studio. Although quite young, Master Robert has succeeded remarkably, and with proper training he will, no doubt, by his excellent work, win for himself recognition in the field of Art. At present he is engaged in painting several pictures under contract.

Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

Mrs. Maria Dolton, wife of the late Wm. Dolton and mother of Mrs. Brently, Mrs. George Meriday, Messrs. John and Jerome and Miss Rachel Dolton, of this city after a long and painful illness with dropsy, died Friday March 21st. Mrs. Dolton was known and loved by a large circle of friends for her kindly disposition and generous hospitality, and they deeply sympathize with the relatives in their bereavement, especially Miss Dolton whose life for the past three years has been a loving service to her afflicted mother. Mrs. Dolton was one of the earlier members of the Bethel church and devoted to its interests. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. James Henderson at the family residence, Sunday, March 23.

Gun Wa has cured me entirely, of dyspepsia. Consult him. Captain A. Carson, 135 5th street, Detroit.

Thousand were delighted last Saturday at the very successful opening of the beautiful stores of R. H. Traver the new clothing at 171, 173, 175 Woodward avenue, who promises some fine goods in the ready made trade, and the rarest of bargains. Watch his advertisements.

Mr. Armstead Learo who dropped dead last week on Congress street, has lived in Detroit about eight years, and was 24 years old when he died. He leaves a mother who resides in Ypsilanti, and two brothers George Learo and Charles Learo, of this city. He was buried Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Henry Biggs is in the employ of R. N. Travers at his new clothing house.

Mrs. Anna Morris, the domestic employed at No. 20 Barclay Place who dropped dead Wednesday morning is said by the doctors who conducted the post-mortem examination to have died from aneurism of the heart.

Members of Bethel Sunday School who are interested in the Bonnet Carnival to be given April 17, at Fraternity Hall are requested to meet promptly at four o'clock this Friday afternoon at the residence of Miss Sosa's Warsaw.

Every member and friend of Bethel congregation will be waited upon by members of the school furnishing committee for contributions to the bonnet carnival. A liberal response is requested.

Mrs. Wm. Pierce, of Watson street, is slowly recovering.

Wil Shafer is learning the barber's trade.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Smith, of Calhoun street, is dangerously ill.

Arthur B nge made a short visit to Detroit this week.

Miss Mattie Childers who has been visiting friends in Newark, N. J., and New York city during the past three months, has entered the Columbia Conservatory of music in Brooklyn, N. Y., for a two year's course on the violin.

The young ladies of Bethel Sunday school expect every member of the church to purchase a ticket to the bonnet carnival to be held at Fraternity hall, April, 17.

MARION IND. Mar 18th. —Mr. James D. Day, who has been sick for some time is better. —Last evening at half past three o'clock the angel of death called away Miss Ida Julius, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Julius, formerly of South Bend Ind. She died from consumption and had been ailing for some months and the late disagreeable weather hastened her untimely death at the age of 19 years. Well educated and exceedingly bright, she was the bride of her home. She was converted at the age of 14, she has been a thriving member of the A. M. E. church since that time. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. I. Hill of South Bend at the A. M. E. church this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Miss Ida leaves a father and mother and one sister and two brothers, with many friends to mourn her loss.

I. T. S.

Goshen Notes.
Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Frazier are happy over the advent of a son—Mr. Sanford Lane has accepted a position in Chicago, and left this city last week.
Boz.

TALK OF THE DAY.

It requires an acute ear to hear a cough drop.

Landlady—"How do you like your eggs?" Boarder—"Fresh."

The peel of a banana has a falling infection.—Yonkers Gazette.

The squirrel seeks a warmer climb by going to the sunny side of a tree.

An engagement is a delicate thing. You can't drop one without breaking.

The man with a strong mind who is asked to mind the baby generally doesn't mind it.

The true humorist never smiles—that is, unless somebody else pays for it.

It is not well for a stranger to go alone to a bank when he wishes to get a loan.

The Washington Star thinks it is "love and liquor that makes the world go round."

After the proposal—And do you love him, child? Love him, mamma? I've seen his bank book.

While the true American does not believe in a king he will bet his last cent on four of them.

The less a pair of lovers have to say, when sitting up o' nights, the longer it takes them to say it.

Two of the wealthiest men in the west are said to have been messenger boys. It pays to go slow, after all.

People who are perpetually preaching that honesty is the best policy do not always keep their policies paid up.

"The plot thickens," as Fogg remarked when he sank ankle deep in the mud on the site of his late kitchen garden.

Teacher: "James had sixteen apples and ate fifteen." Small boy in mental arithmetic: "How in thunder did he do it?"

Dignity is a good thing; but if you're in the rear of a big crowd, and wish to see the procession, don't stand on it. Get on a barrel.—Puck.

An item on etiquette says: "Do not smack your lips at the dinner table." It might have added that it is not de rigneur to smack other people's lips there, either.

Little Miss Fanny: "I say, Bob, can you tell me what a widower is?" Master Bob (aged 8): "Don't know, Fanny, unless it's the husband of a widow."—Judge.

Minister (to choir leader)—"I see you have dispensed with Mr. Deop-ton's services." Choir leader—"Yes, sir; I thought a change of base desirable."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Prisoner at the bar," said a North Dakota judge, "your offense deserves to be punished by the state with a term of ten years in prison; but as the state is very hard up at present I will give you only five years."

An American editor incautiously signed his name to a typewriter testimonial, in which he says: "Your typewriter is a splendid companion for a busy editor." The decree for divorce has not been granted, but it is pending.

Boss—"This makes the third day now that you haven't shined my shoes." Cuffy—"Dar's no blackin' in de house, sah." "Why didn't you tell me before?" "Bekase I was afraid you mout buy a box."—Texas Sittings.

Mean business man—Seems to me you take a good while for lunch. You've been gone an hour and a half, and yet restaurants are as thick as hops about here. Poorly-paid clerk—I was hunting for a place within my means.—New York Weekly.

The peacemaker: "D'n't you know it is very wrong to fight, little boy? Wh-t does the good book say?" Tommy (who has just polished off the class bully): "I dunno. I ain't read it no further than David an' Goliath."—Puck.

Started a Paper.
GRAND RAPIDS Mar. 24.—Mr. N. J. Lewis is in our city and has started a paper the title of which is the Grand Rapids Independent. This is not a political paper, but one which will advocate the general interests of our people.—Last Sabbath was an interesting day at the A. M. E. Zion church, 5th avenue, it being the day of their quarterly meeting. Three able sermons were listened to. A large number communed at 3 o'clock. Elder Givens notwithstanding his feeble health, did not fail to give them an able sermon in the evening.—The society of Willing Workers of the Messiah Baptist church, met at the residence of Mr. Wm. Washington, Wednesday 19, to elect officers, with the following result: Mrs. W. Carter, pres. Mrs. P. Custer, vice pres. Mrs. C. J. Minnise, sec. Mrs. J. Owens, asst. Mrs. J. A. Boyer, tress. standing committee, Mesdames, N. Carter, J. Owens, W. H. Brown. Their next meeting will be at W. H. Brown's, 48 Earle street, April 1st.

The members of this church held their meeting morning and evening at Ringette's Hall. Rev. Wm. Yanson, of Cincinnati filled the pulpit at 10:30; Rev. J. W. Johnson the pastor in the evening.—Spring street A. M. E. church have resumed their regular weekly meetings, namely: Class, Tuesday night; Literary Society, Wednesday night; Prayer Meeting, Thursday night.—A pleasant entertainment was given Monday evening for the benefit of the church at which time there was a gold headed umbrella given to the lady receiving the greatest number of votes. Miss Martha Outland was the winner in the contest.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, a girl.
J. W. A.

Mr. Thomas W. Stewart agent for THE PLAINDEALER will visit Grand Rapids April 5th and 7th inclusive. Subscribers and readers of THE PLAINDEALER will please be ready with their subscriptions.

Gun Wa has made a new man of me.
Wm. Stone 1005 Vinewood ave., Detroit

Grand Rapids barbers want to close their shops on Sunday.

PREPARE for EASTER

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Offer All FELT HATS at 10c
Some of them worth \$1.00, but 10c takes your pick.

SPRING HATS offered at prices from 35c to \$1.50
Can't be duplicated elsewhere for one half more.

FLOWERS for Easter Hats and Bonnets sold from 10c up to \$2

TIPS and PLUMES from 25c to \$1.50

All WINGS closed out at 4c; worth from 10c to 50c.

LADIES, YOUR ATTENTION!

We offer Big Bargains in CAMBRIC EMBROIDERIES at 5c and 10c
Usually sold at 8c and 15c, but we bought them cheap and will sell them cheap.

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200 dozen Men's and Boys' WHITE SHIRTS at 24c
Worth 40c anywhere.

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Goods called for & delivered
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For the best work in the City. Curtains Ladies' wear, and everything done in the best manner and style.

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From the Underwriters and will offer it for sale on our SECOND FLOOR,

THURSDAY MORNING!

AND UNTIL SOLD.

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We have just received our Spring Importation of Fine Hosiery and are showing a large assortment of the Celebrated

"DAISY"

BLACK

Stockings for Ladies and Children in Cotton and Lisle.

Prices from 19c to \$1.75 a pair.

Special attention is called to our fine

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[Entered at the Post Office at Detroit, Mich., as second-class matter.]
THE PLAINDEALER COMPANY, Publishers Tribune Building, Howland St.

Address all communications to THE PLAINDEALER CO., Box 92, Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT FRIDAY, MARCH 28, '90

THE decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin in terminating the Bible as a sectarian book shows the lack of familiarity of that body with the book in question.

IF ONE did not know that HENRY M. TURNER was a Bishop of the A. M. E. church, regularly elected and ordained, they would never guess it by his language. People who read his effusions, would say that he was a bar room politician and nothing more.

THE obnoxious features of foreign emigration will continue, and the law is being constantly evaded. It is estimated that 40,000 contract laborers have been imported in less than a year. Two hundred and fifty contract laborers arrived on one vessel week before last.

THERE is some opposition in Michigan to the Afro-American League because the officers of the National body are not allowed to use the influence of the League politically. Such opposition shows that the needs of the Afro-American are not fully recognized by every one.

THE Berrien county convention that formed the Afro-American League was a success. Delegates were elected to attend the State convention in May. The other counties in the State should proceed at once to organize, so that the State convention will be a decided success.

THE Evening Sun, the new exponent of Democracy bids fair to rival The Free Press with its wild prophecies. The prophecy that Michigan will go Democratic this fall has no stronger foundation than the dreams of a partisan enthusiast who is endeavoring to bolster up the courage of his party.

MUCH speculation is being indulged in as to the future of Germany since BISMARCK has resigned. The impulsive temperament of the young Emperor is regarded as being ominous to the peace of Europe. The fact of the whole matter is that certain men in Europe have so long controlled its policies that new blood is looked upon with suspicion as regards ability. Genius and ability are not trusts that can be controlled by individual or corporations.

UNDER the new Democratic gerrymander the map of Ohio, and particularly Hamilton county, looks as if it had been struck by lightning. It is one of the most disgraceful political gerrymanders on record. It is to be hoped that the present Congress will put a stop to such disgraceful acts of partisanship, and establish Congressional districts that will be solid, compact, and contiguous, that the State legislatures can not change at every session.

CONGRESSMAN HOCK of Tennessee, gave testimony in the House of Representatives touching the intelligence of the Afro-Americans who have graced that body, that is worth preserving. He said unreservedly, that these members were peers of their fellow congressmen in intellectual vigor and accomplishments. They were not prodigies either. This is the testimony of thousands in the more ordinary walks of life, who have come in contact with cultured Afro-Americans who can now be found in every part of this country. It would be so in our business houses if business men would only give the race a chance. Both customers and fellow clerks would say as Congressman Hock has said, "he is our peer and as such we esteem him." Added to this testimony from outside sources, is the Afro-American's evidence of his own character and ability in what he is accomplishing against great odds.

THE PLAINDEALER once spoke of the hard-hips census enumerators would encounter in trying to classify the grades of color among the Afro-Americans which is provided for by the tenth census. Judge TOURNEE takes up the argument and criticizes the division as proposed, because forsooth there is every shade of color among us from the "right black" to the "right white," which is true. There are many who still identify themselves with us by association, who could lose their identity and "be white" if they wished. Besides, there is a large army of Spaniards, quite dark Spaniards at that in some cases, and Italians who are trying to rid themselves of the inconveniences that attach to the Afro-American in every sphere, and are passing for white. Although slightly

counterfeit they readily pass as par and are accepted without question. If there were even put upon the octocorn list, their idol would be shattered and repair. We venture the assertion, on existing facts, that a quarter of a million "Negroes," according to the American acceptance of the term, will be placed on the side of the whites. Thus the inherent antipathy of the races as shown by the number almost but not quite, will not be fully developed.

It was apparent that the Blair Bill was doomed before it came to the final vote upon its passage. The measure seemed to drag its way through the Senate, this time and an opposition was developed against it that did not exist before. Senator HAWLEY assailed the consciences of his Republican colleagues by declaring that it was not a party measure, a drama of Northern journals, to kindle at the expenditure only, opposed it on that ground. There has really been no opposition to the bill that is worthy of being called an argument save the expense to the nation; yet the whole amount proposed covering a period of ten years would equal the cost of our army during the last days of the rebellion for one day only. On the other hand the facts were of themselves an argument most effective, had reason obtained. Take for instance the last report of the Superintendent of Public Schools for Louisiana and his school system ranks well among those of the Southern States. These schools are maintained but five months in a year, on the average and the teachers receive an average monthly pay of \$10 for that five months. In remote districts from populous settlements there are no schools whatever. Last year's revenue for public schools in that State amounted to only \$328,000 or \$2.68 per pupil, and this with poor school buildings. The Superintendent further says that it will require twice the amount now raised to provide proper schools for their illiterates, and at least \$500,000 a year to maintain them for eight months in a year. Is not this argument enough for a national aid? And is there any surprise that the masses of the South are densely ignorant? In the face of all this a majority of our United States Senators vote against a measure calculated to relieve this situation. Be it to the credit of Michigan's Senators they both voted for it.

True it was not a party measure, no bill to king to the accomplishment of such grand possibilities as national aid to education can vouchsafe, ought to be partisan. It is for the good of all the people and all men who believe in its principle, should support it. The unfortunate circumstance that went far toward defeating the Blair Bill was that its friends and enemies both dragged party into the case.

THE docility and devotion of the Afro-American as a race, has become a standing expression and an accepted truth. His fidelity to Southern families during the war and his unprecedented meekness have become matters of wondering comment. But there are few cases on record of his individual self-sacrifice to others. Yet there are deeds of this nature that are heroic and pathetic. When Father DAMON, the Catholic priest, gave his life to the lepers, all the world wondered at the sacrifice and with one acclaim said his action was noble beyond the ordinary. When the good sisters of mercy followed in the wake of devastating armies, contrasting charity with the carnage of war, all Christendom called them blessed. Now that KATE DREXEL gives her life and her fortune to the lowly philanthropy gives her unstinting praise there are many instances of self-sacrifice on the part of Afro-Americans that have never become known, that challenge the world for such disinterested devotion; for it is often exercised for enemies of the one who have placed a prescription on them and their race. What more pathetic story has been told than that of an aged slave of the inferior order of beings, offering himself to seven years servitude among the horrors of Southern prisons that the son of his former master might go free. There is no greater human sacrifice on record.

This instance does not stand alone, for during this present Congress, Mr. CHEATHAM of North Carolina sacrificed his patronage with the powers that be, that another son of a former master might retain a Federal position. If these exhibitions of pre eminent qualities do not prove manhood, there is no accomplishment under the sun, innate or acquired that will.

WHEN a man is appointed to an office under the Federal government he becomes the representative of the people in his position, and as such in the discharge of his duties he should be protected. There are many sections in the South where officers are interfered with in their line of duty; their peace is destroyed and their lives are threatened. The Federal government should preserve its dignity, punish all those engaged in such unlawful actions even if it has to do so at the point of the bayonet.

Miss Anna Butler, one of the members of the Philomathean club, was married to Mr. H. Snowden Thursday, March 30.

PAULINA'S VENTURE.

Rebecca Harding Davis in the Independent.
Aunt Betty was a slave, the cook in a family, living, 40 years ago, in a village on the borders of a Southern State. She was one of the most striking figures among the Negroes when they gathered in the evening under the great oak trees by the big spring—a tall, lean mulatto, with a little, piping voice and a timid, irresolute face. She always wore a huge clean apron of bed-ticking, and a red handanna kerchief about her white hair. She had one child, a girl of five, who had the singular beauty so often found in quadroons. They belonged to Dr. Blake. His only daughter Elsie had no other playmate than little Polly, who was to be her maid when both girls were grown. In the meantime Polly, who was as fair as her young mistress, wore her cast-off clothes, ran and rode with her, sat beside her when she took her lessons, and even slept on a cot in her room. In consequence when the war was over, and Aunt Betty much to her dismay found herself free and obliged to earn wages and buy clothes for herself, she had a young girl of 15 on her hands, beautiful, full of energy and hope, and with the tastes and habits of a red-headed white child. Dr. Blake was dead; his widow and daughter left the village, going down to Louisiana to live. "You will go with us, Aunt Betty," said Mrs. Blake. "I cannot afford to pay Polly anything; but she will have her home with us until you teach her to cook as you do, and then she can earn high wages in New Orleans." "Thank you, Miss Laura," said Betty; "goodness knows it takes a load off my mind. I dunno nuffin 'bout money, 'n I never bought a picayune's worth of de chile in my life. Paulina, you suitingly go into de kitchen dis day!" "Miss Laura, I don't want to be a cook," said Polly, coming up to her mistress, her voice hoarse with fright at her own temerity. Mrs. Blake stared at the girl, who was usually gentle and timid. It was as if a mouse had started up to stop her path. "Nonsense!" she said. "Do what your mother bids you." "Mamma," said Elsie, "I do not see why Polly should be a cook. She could earn as much money as a laundress or lady's maid." "I don't—know," said Mrs. Blake, thoughtfully; "I think not." "I'm free now," gasped Polly, vehemently. "Doan go, way Miss Laura. Just listen to me. You are making all my life for me in this minute. Let me speak just once. I can read 'n write same as Miss Elsie. I can do sums 'n play on the piano—all her tunes. She taught me." "Yes; you learned quicker than I did," said Elsie, laughing. "They say there'll be big schools for us now. Why can't I stay here 'n learn, 'n be like white folks? Why must I be a cook?" She held out her hands, trembling. For the first time Mrs. Blake noticed that the girl's face was fine and strong, and her eyes full of intelligence. "I have nothing to say in the matter, child," she said with a yawn. "You be long to yourself now. But you can hardly expect me to support you in your collegiate course; now, you see, turning to Elsie, 'the imprudence of teaching these people anything!'" Polly, alone with her mother, terrified the old woman with the vehemence of her protests. "We are free—free!" she repeated a hundred times. "There is to be a school where I can learn just the same things as Miss Elsie. If she was pore she wouldn't have to be a cook. Why must I? Why can't I be like white folks, Mamma?" Aunt Betty cried and scolded, and then fell to kneading her bread and praying at top of her voice to quiet her soul. But she was sorely shaken. Her child was, after all her child, and to see her like white folks— "If you go wid Miss Elsie she gib you her chile," she suddenly interjected into her prayer. "How you gwine get frocks 'n silk spuns gwine to school, hey?" "The more I know the more I can earn," said Paulina. "There are hundreds of ways of making money when you have been to school." Betty, of course, yielded at last. Mrs. Blake and Elsie departed to return no more. Betty, who was famous as a cook throughout the country, went out as an expert to weddings, parties, etc., and made marvelous pickles, jams and jellies which she sold at a high price. With the money thus earned Polly was sent to one of the universities established for colored people. She studied faithfully; the teachers were competent. At the end of four years she came home. "Never mind them now," said Polly. "All I need is something to do. There was no place as teacher vacant. But I want to begin at once. I want to see you at rest, mamma. You've worked for me long enough. Now I am going to earn the money and you shal have a long holiday." She lifted the withered, yellow hands and kissed them. Aunt Betty's eyes shone with delight and pride in her girl. "An' what you gwine to do, Paulin?" she said. "Oh, I don't know. There are a hundred ways in which an educated woman can earn her living." "A white woman," muttered Betty under her breath. But Polly did not hear her. The village had grown into a thriving town. Polly, eager and hopeful, set out the next day to look for work. It was impossible for her to find a place as teacher in the freedmen's schools. "Twenty graduates of the university are waiting for the first vacancy," said the principal. She went to the large retail store of the town and met Peter Barr at the door. "You advertised for a book-keeper, Mr. Barr?" "I did—I did. Walk in, ma'am. I'm going to try a woman this time. They come cheaper, an' I'm in favor of givin' the fair sex a chance. I suppose you have references?"

"Yes; I am sure you will find them satisfactory." She turned to the window to open her papers. "Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed Barr; "It's Betty's Polly. Hello, gal! Are you a book-keeper?" "I am sure you will find me competent, Mr. Barr," she said earnestly. "I ain't a doubt of it. But it's onusible! Your color, child; you hain't forgot that? I couldn't give you work. Don't be worried now, gal," he said kindly. "You need saleswomen? Try me, Mr. Barr. I you will not trust the books to me, let me go behind the counter." Barr scanned the neat figure and gentle face. "I bet you'd be a sight nicer and politer than them impudent wenches I've got there!" he broke forth. "But I couldn't do it at no price! If you was behind the counter not a customer would come before it." Polly turned to go out. Barr, who had known her since she was a child, was touched by the tears that crept down her cheeks. "I need scrubbin' done. I could give you that?" he said. "If I can do no better, I will scrub," said Polly. "But," she added resolutely, "I am fit for better work than that." Mr. Yeatts, the lawyer, had advertised for a copying clerk. She went to his office and showed him a page of her writing. "Very fair, clear and business-like!" he said. "I can also use the type-writer," she added modestly. "Why, that's just what I want! You don't belong here, I fancy; a new comer, like myself?" "No, I was born here. I belonged to Dr. Blake." "A slave! You're a nigger? Great Scott! You didn't expect me to employ a nigger!" He sprang to his feet and hurried her out of the door. Two weeks passed in such efforts as these. Polly sometimes met with abuse or insult in her efforts to find work, but not often. Her mother was a favorite with the kindly people who had viewed her own efforts to gain an education and standing in the world with astonished amusement as they might have looked at a worm that was trying to stand upright. She came home one night and sat down in front of the fire with set face. "Yoh give up, darlin'?" said Betty. "Yes, I give up. There is no place for a nigger except the kitchen, she said quietly. "Yoh kin help me a lot, Polly," the old woman ventured, after a pause. Polly did not speak for a few minutes. "Mother!" she said, "I'll make a place for myself! It is my head that is trained, not my hands, and I'll live by it! I'll give you rest. You shall have your holiday." A week later the townspeople were surprised to see one of the front windows of Aunt Betty's little house filled with tapes, pins, ribbons, etc., while in the other were rows of jars of jelly and pickles. They had always bought the jelly and pickles, it was convenient to buy their needles and thread at the same place, especially as they were offered at a less price than at Barr's great emporium. After a month or two, when the women of the town had grown used to running into "Polly's" little shop, they began to find their patterns, knit hoods and mittens, and other little trifles that Barr had never brought to the place. Polly herself was always quiet, courteous, quick. Why should one buy jam from her and not a hood? Why indeed? They fell so gradually into the habit of buying from her that they probably never asked themselves the question. As years passed the shop widened to take woolen and cotton stuffs, shoes, china etc. It became a rival to the emporium, Polly had good taste and good judgement in making her purchases. She was satisfied with quick sales and small profits. Her mother gave up work and at last had her long-promised holiday. Polly now has her friends and companions among those of her own people who, like herself, are educated. "How did you find courage to make this venture?" one of them asked her. "There was little courage needed," she said. "There was no reason why a white woman should not pay a colored woman for one kind of service as well as for another, or why I should not earn my living in trade instead of in cooking. The only difficulty was to make them familiar with the idea." Many of Polly's sisters in both the South and the North, educated, modest, intelligent girls, are searching eagerly for work outside of the kitchen. Can they learn nothing from her story?

SOME OF OUR PROFESSIONALS

Miss Cora Lee Watson sang in Chicago at the Prudence Crandall Memorial last week. Miss Florence Williams left New York for the West Indies with a concert company. Miss Ednorah Nahar the well known young reader will be heard in New York April 21. Miss Bessie Warwick the young vocalist of Chicago, sings at Allen Chapel Philadelphia, April 2. Miss Moten, the soprano of Washington left Friday March 21st for Scotland where she will join a jubilee troupe as pianist. W. R. Davis the well known tragedian, will star with a dramatic troupe next season under the management of a New York man. George Dixon, featherweight of Boston, will probably meet Nunc Wallace the featherweight champion of England, for the World's Championship. Distinguished Mr. Butler. Wheeling Intelligence: The Southern Democratic objection to the colored man as a voter rests not on the color of his skin, but on the color of his ticket. If the Negro would vote the Democratic ticket, his vote would appear in the returns of every election, State and National. Senator Butler and his friends know what is complained of, but they would like to obscure the issue. Prof. J. B. Scott, of Pontiac, teacher of Benjo, will be pleased to give lessons to those who desire. For terms and further particulars, Address P. O. Box 429, Pontiac, Mich. 357.

A VARIETY OF THINGS.

The Christian Recorder has put itself in a bad light for an exemplary Journal. It tells indignantly of a pastor who faked a poem, signed his name to it and stoutly maintained it to be his original production. This man is a Reverend administering christianity and morality to the people. He is to be followed both in precept and example, yet he stole and lied about his stealing. The peculiar thing about the whole affair is, for plagiarism is a common vice, that the plagiarist is an ignorant minister, and the severest rebuke administered by the Recorder is, that hereafter such contributions will be published with the name of the real author. Such abuse of honesty by one in this minister's position as a teacher of the people is worthy of rebuke. He should not be spared by any tame indignation lecture. He should be driven from his position until he brought forth works meet for repentance.

Suit for damages to the amount of \$25,000 has been brought against Dr. Maurice B. Early, of New York, for the seduction of Mrs. Mary B. Early a fine looking brunette of that city who claims to be white but is said by the Doctor to have had an Afro-American father. The question of her nationality however is of slight importance. If she has been wronged she should be righted and will be if the New York courts administer justice.

The New York Age calls attention to some statements made by Bishop Foster before the Washington conference at Frederick, Md., recently, which should not have been allowed to pass unrebuked. The Bishop said that before the war "there were just as many good colored preachers as there are now." And the reason he assigned was that they were permitted to sit down in the conference with their white brethren, and they obtained good ideas and instruction from contact with intelligent men. The Afro-American members of the conference, if the Associated Press dispatches are true, made no reply. Perhaps they were struck dumb with amazement.

Instances of the natural antipathy of the races continue to multiply. The dispatches recently are laden with its exhibitions in high life. Two recent cases that have attracted much attention are those of the son and heir of a Chicago millionaire who fell desperately in love with a pretty colored woman and was only enticed to leave her when his money supply was cut off at home. The other and more notable case is that of a nephew of Gen'l Jubal Early, of Louisiana lottery fame. His antipathy for another pretty colored woman led him to be the father of three children by her, and is now the defendant in a breach of promise suit for large damages. This is the same old inherent race antipathy that grew to such proportions during the slave regime, which the source of supply being curtailed, threatened to give us a race of white slaves.

Bishop H. M. Turner has been talking again and, as usual, when he talks he "slops over." The time does not seem far distant when the church which has honored him, may be compelled for its own good to request him to remember that "Silence is golden."

The teachers in one of the poorest school sections in Washington, have inaugurated the plan of keeping on sale the candies, tin-pac and other trifles for which school children generally spend their pennies, and in one week have realized ten dollars on their first investment of three dollars. This plan pursued through the school year, will furnish them with a respectable sum by means of which they can supply themselves with books, apparatus, music, etc., which they need. The plan is an excellent one and other Afro-American schools should try it.

The National and Old Dominion Steamship Companies having had occasion to call in Afro-American laborers, when the Knights of Labor strove to control the shipping interests of the port, now speak in such high terms of the efficiency of their work as to explode the popular notion that they were either too lazy or incapable of such hard labor as is required of men who must handle heavy goods. They have been able to handle freight on North River as readily as their white competitors, and superintendents speak of them as being sober, quiet and thoroughly reliable in their work. From present indications the Afro-American bids fair to displace white immigrants along the Mississippi and the Gulf.

An excellent opportunity is offered by the Wabash line to all who wish to go out and settle on the cheap and fertile lands of the Western States, as they will run two half rate excursions, April 22nd and May 20. The train will run to points in the following states and territories: Iowa, Utah, Texas, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Wyoming, Missouri, Nebraska, Arkansas, Colorado, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, New Mexico, and Indian Territory. Tickets will be good returning for thirty days from date of sale, giving all a chance to go and look over the ground. Chair cars are free on all through trains and the journey can be made in the quickest time on the Wabash, as it has the shortest line. Adv.

A full dress birthday party was given at Odd Fellows Hall last Saturday afternoon and evening in honor of Mrs. Beatrice Thomas of Antoine street. A large number of friends were present and in the afternoon the older people gave way to the little folks who danced after the delightful music furnished by Mr. Koeper's orchestra. After spending an enjoyable afternoon and having a merry time, they in turn, gave up to the older ones who in like manner came in for their share of the pleasure. The affair was a pleasant one.

Readers of THE PLAINDEALER owning property in the city should assure themselves that their taxes have been paid up as it has been decided by the county auditors to notify prosecuting attorney Wilcox to commence suit against all who have failed to pay taxes for the year 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882 and 1883.

Mrs. M. C. Hechtner of No. 960 Jefferson avenue, says Gun Wa has cured her of rheumatism.

Harry Williams has been confined to his home with a severe cold.

Gun Wa has cured Mr. Frank McKay who resides at No. 45 Tillman avenue, Detroit, of general debility.

CITY DEPARTMENT.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

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- John Williams, 81 Croghan street.
- Snith and Thomas, 42 Croghan street.
- Little Herrmann, 241 Croghan street.
- J. L. Smith, 417 Hastings street.
- Jones and Brewer, 387 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.

To Subscribers.

A number of our city patrons are in arrears for their subscriptions and our collectors, Messrs. William Smith and William Webb, will call on them in a few days. Please pay up promptly and greatly oblige.

MERE MENTION.

Pay the collector when he calls.
Ivan Jackson will play with the Omahas this season.
"Billy" Malone left last week to join the "Cuban Giants."
Mr. Samuel Williams of Toledo, was in the city a few days last week.
Miss Alice Ewell of Cleveland, spent Saturday with relatives in this city.
The public are invited to attend the Afro-American League meeting next Thursday night.
Geo. Peters will box with Johnny Green and Geo. Vick at J. M. Burns' benefit next Monday night.
Mr. Robert Brown jr., of Montreal paid a flying visit to his aunt, Mrs. M. E. Dupore, on Saturday last.
The Misses Susie and Julia Williams are visiting their sister Mrs. Waring at her home in Wauseon, Ohio.
The society of Willing Workers will hold their closing meeting Thursday, April 3 at the residence of Mrs. Geo. A. Barrier, 432 Beaubien street.
The attention of the readers of THE PLAIN DEALER is called to the liberal offer of Dr. Navann, under head of "Here is a Chance," in another column.
Mr. Jerome Dalton wishes to return thanks through THE PLAIN DEALER, to his friends for their kind attention during the illness and since the death of his mother.
Wm. Woods who played last season with St. John's Baseball Club, received a telegram Monday morning to join the Gormans of New York as soon as possible.
Little Lewis Scott the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Casius Scott made his debut before the audience at St. Matthew's last Friday as the child in the Widow's Mite, and behaved admirably.
Wm. McCoy of Ypsilanti, brother of Mr. Elijah McCoy of this city, had his skull badly fractured last week. His brother was telegraphed for and left for Ypsilanti yesterday.
Mr. Armistead Learo, the barber who dropped dead on Congress-st. E., Friday afternoon, was buried from his home on Columbia street, Sunday afternoon. Rev. McDonald officiated.
The following names were omitted from the published list of presents at the Sanford anniversary last week, Mrs. Jane McGregory and Miss Mary Palmer contributed to the tea set and Miss Lulu Owens china cup-plate.
The benefit concert given at Queen of Sheba hall last Thursday evening, by Mrs. B. Thomas for Mr. Low, was a success. The hall was crowded and the concert, a splendid one in every particular. The amount realized was \$3.650.
The Philomathean society elected the following officers for the ensuing term: Pres., Mr. James Turner; vice-pres., Mr. James Barnes; chairman, Mr. Morris Green; sec'y, Miss Sarah Moore; asst. sec'y, Miss Anna Starks; treas., Miss Anna Woods; critic, Miss Mary Green; organist, Miss Louisa Brown. The club is preparing to give a grand concert soon.
The Bible tableaux given by the ladies and children of St. Matthew's church last Friday evening crowded the church annex. The tableaux were presented in a very creditable manner but could not be seen to advantage by many present. The following is the list: "Hour of prayer," "The Widows mite," "Children of the Bible." Texts from the sermon on the Mount, Hannah and Samuel, Ten Virgins, and Rock of Ages.
The Bonnet Carnival to be given April 17th is the first of a series of entertainments which the teachers of Bethel Sunday school propose giving to raise money to furnish their school rooms in the new church. All who take part in the exercises will appear in ye bonnets of ye olden times, showing the fantastic shapes which woman's head gear assumed in the 16th and 17th centuries. The program will comprise recitations by the little folks, tableaux and a comedy by the young ladies of the school. Admission 25c's. Adv.

The monthly meeting of the Detroit Afro-American League No. 1 will be held at their hall, Room 15 Hilsentgen Block, Thursday evening April 3rd. Every member is requested to be present. Business of importance will be brought up.
WALTER H. STOWERS sec'y.
W. A. JOHNSON, Pres.

Another cure by Gun Wa—Mr. Alex. A. Ack of Harrow, Ont.—of Catarrh.
The Afro-American League meeting next Thursday night. Don't forget to attend.

stances Here and There.

TRYING on a new pair of shoes is regarded by most people with the same dread as sitting for a photograph or having a tooth pulled, but there is one person in Detroit who really enjoys it. The lady in question was being fitted in a shoe store on Woodward avenue one day this week, and the pleasure which she showed during the ordeal, was as wonderful as exasperating to those who were impatiently waiting their turn to endure the same martyrdom. She was surrounded by shoes of every kind and variety and as each new pair was fitted she daintily lifted her skirts and walked the length of the store, displaying as she walked, a delicately arched foot encased in a boot so small and exquisitely shaped as to explain her joy in ministering to it. Surely, one thought, she must have always worn expensive, well made boots to have retained till middle age a foot so perfectly formed, but this illusion was dispelled when, turning aside from the large pile of fine shoes with which the patient salesman had supplied her, she selected an ordinary pair of three dollar shoes which she had first tried on, and calmly walked out unmindful of the clerk's disgust and the purchasers' surprise.

HAVE you noticed how many very young men of your acquaintance are growing bald and the ingenious excuses they give for this early crop of bald pates? One thinks too much, another keeps his head too warm by wearing his hat constantly while still another claims that excessive cleanliness is responsible for the scarcity of hair on the top of his head where it ought to grow, but the thinnest excuse of all is that it is a mark of higher civilization and that as a man grows intellectual the tendency is to grow less hair, etc. If civilization and a high grade of intelligence have the same blighting effects on the heads of both sexes, the prayer of most women will be, from a too well cultivated intellect, "Good Lord deliver us."

A GREAT many very good people seem to find their principal happiness in the thought that they are so much better than the rest of humanity and manifest their goodness by an utter disregard of the social amenities which less favored people practice. Just why religion should be held as giving those who profess to enjoy its possession, license to pry into their neighbor's affairs, criticize their actions, impute to them wrong motives and comment on their imperfections, is not clear; but it is certain that many who profess to have accepted the rule of love as the law of their lives, exhibit a spirit of carping self-righteousness that ill accords with the profession they make. That this course often begets in those whom they condemn, an unhealthy spirit of counter-criticism is probably regarded by them with indifference as they hold themselves above the opinion of those whom they denounce of the world; but the fact that it subjects the cause they profess to hold dear, to reproach, ought to be to them a sufficient incentive to cultivate more assiduously that "charity which thinketh no evil."

THE young woman of the period who does not possess a folding photograph screen as large as herself, has something yet to which she may look forward. The frame of this new fad is made of oak, and the folds are of silk. Blue, salmon and light brown make a pleasing combination of colors, and when she has inserted in these folds the cabinets and Imperial of her best looking friends, she has an article of furniture over which an artist might rave. In these Lenten days, when beauty is supposed to spend hours of maiden meditation in her boudoir, on pious thoughts intent the photograph screen will furnish a very pleasant little diversion, for what can be more restful than to turn from a contemplation of our own short comings to the little peccadilloes of our friends? And what is more likely to call them to mind than a photograph in which their best points are captured by an artistic setting?

Gun Wa cured my wife of rheumatism and will cure others. Mr. Francis, 25 Wilcox at Detroit.

Mrs. Edward Dupont says Gun Wa cured her and advises ladies to call.

Gun Wa has cured Mr. Jas. Mosey of chronic dyspepsia. He can cure any case of this kind.

Read What a Professional Man of Toledo, Ohio, has to say Mexican Blood Altitative.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Mar. 17.
Dr. Navann, 247 Randolph street: In reply to yours of recent date, asking for my opinion of your preparation known as Mexican Blood Altitative, allow me to say it was first brought to my attention some one year ago, at which time I had a patient who was afflicted with a blood disease of the worst form. One on which I had exhausted all the ordinary remedies for such cases, but without bringing it under control. Then it was I first heard of your medicine, and in desperation, ordered it for my patient, but with little hope of success. Judge of my surprise when I found he immediately began to improve, and in two months not a symptom of the disease was left. Since then I have put it to the most severe tests and in no case has it failed to do the most complete work, always giving the grandest results and in the shortest possible time. You are at liberty to use this letter in bringing before the public one of the best blood medicines ever compounded. Yours with success
F. W. MONTGOMERY M. D.
Prof. of the Electric and Medical Institute, Toledo, Ohio.

MEXICAN BLOOD ALTITATIVE is a vegetable medicine, so compounded as to be, not only very rapid in its work, but also pleasing to the taste. After one trial you will use it and no other blood medicine. Order through your druggist or send direct to office. Price, \$1 per pint bottle, shipped in packages of not less than three bottles.
DR. NAVANN,
247 Randolph st., Detroit, Mich.

Gun Wa cured Mr. Fred Cody of 875 Michigan avenue Detroit, of general debility. He can cure others.

The Memphis Free Speech recently contained an item to the effect that Miss Callie Alexander, formerly of this city, was married. In last week's issue the Free Speech apologizes for the mistake and regrets that it fell into error by publishing what proved to be unsubstantiated rumor.
Mr. Chas. Drewyhour of No. 113 Mt. Elliot street, Detroit, says Gun Wa has cured him of general debility. He can cure similar cases.
Charles Butler, the heavyweight "shoe-string" gambler, paid a \$20 fine to Justice Lamb this week as a result of his St. Patrick's day game at Norris.
Gun Wa has cured Theo Gust who resides at 425 Antietam-st. of rheumatism. He can cure any case of that kind.
Another cure by Gun Wa; Mr. Alexander Frazer, 315 Wills st., He cured me.
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CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25 CENTS

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Edwin F. Mack, Cashier.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING—One must not expect it. But the most satisfactory of securing your own Home is offered by the Prospective Home and Company, 172 Griswold street, Detroit, Michigan. A Thousand Dollar Home costs you but One Thousand and Fifty Dollars up ten years. This includes both interest and principal. If you are not enjoying the comforts of your own fireside, close a savings and write for our circulars! If you can pay rent, you may own your own Home. We are not speculating on real estate, nor in the dollars of the present.
We invest your money and what we advance in a home for your personal use, a d improvement. Are you interested? If so, write us. Adv.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAYNE.
In said session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-first day of March in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the Matter of the Estate of Lucinda Stowers, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Joseph Stowers, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to him or some other suitable person. It is ordered that Tuesday, the twenty-second day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said Probate Court, be a pointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. THE PLAIN DEALER, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.
EDGAR O. DURFEE,
Judge of Probate.
(A true copy.)
HOMER A. FLINT,
Register

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"Vitalized Air" administered for... .75c
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Teeth Filled with Gold for, \$1.00 and up.
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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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ROYAL LOVE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CONTINUED.

VII.

On the second night of the opera the applications for places were too numerous to be received. Among the crowded audience I recognized many of my friends. They persisted in believing an absurd report (first circulated, as I imagine, by the Doctor), which asserted that my interest in the new singer was something more than the interest of an old friend.

The next morning I received a note from the Baroness expressed in these terms:—

"More news! My rooms look out on the wing of the palace in which the Doctor is lodged. Half an hour since, I discovered him at his window, giving a letter to a person who is a stranger to me. The man left the palace immediately afterward. My maid followed him, by my directions. Instead of putting the letter in the post, he took a ticket at the railway station—for what place the servant was unable to discover. Here, you will observe, is a letter important enough to be dispatched by special messenger, and written at a time when we have succeeded in freeing ourselves from the Doctor's suspicions. It is at least possible that he has decided on sending a favorable report of the Princess to the Grand Duke. If this is the case, please consider whether you will not act wisely (in her Highness's interests) by keeping away from the concert."

Viewing this suggestion as another act of impertinence on the part of the Baroness, I persisted in my intention of going to the concert. It was for the Princess to decide what course of conduct I was bound to follow. What did I care for the Doctor's report to the Duke! Shall I own my folly? I do really believe I was jealous of the Duke.

VIII.

Entering the Concert Room, I found the Princess alone on the dais, receiving the company. "Nervous prostration" had made it impossible for the Prince to be present. He was confined to his bed-chamber; and the Doctor was in attendance on him.

I bowed to the Baroness, but she was too seriously offended with me for deigning to take her advice to notice my salutation. Passing into the conservatory, it occurred to me that I might be seen, and possibly suspected, in the interval between the first and second parts of the programme, when the music no longer absorbed the attention of the audience. I went on and waited outside on the steps that led to the garden; keeping the glass door open, so as to hear when the music of the second part of the concert began.

After an interval which seemed to be endless, I saw the Princess approaching me.

I ventured to present myself in the conservatory.

The Princess was dressed with exquisite simplicity, entirely in white. Her only ornaments were white roses in her hair and in her bosom. I was awed; I was silent. Her Highness's sweet smile encouraged me to venture a little nearer. She pointed to a footstool which the Baroness had placed for her. "Are you afraid of me, Ernest?" she asked softly.

Her divinely beautiful eyes rested on me with a look of encouragement. I dropped on my knees at her feet. She had asked if I was afraid of her. This, if I may use such an expression, roused my manhood. My own boldness astonished me. I answered, "Madam, I adore you."

She laid her fair hand on my head, and looked at me thoughtfully. "Forget my rank," she whispered—"have I not set you the example? Suppose that I am nothing but an English Miss. What would you say to me?"

"I should say, I love you."

"Say it to me."

My lips said it on her hand. She bent forward. My heart beats fast at the bare remembrance of it. Oh, heavens, Her Highness kissed me!

"There is your reward," she murmured, "for all that you have sacrificed for my sake. What an effort it must have been to offer the pretense of love to an obscure stranger! The Baroness tells me this actress—this singer—what is she?—is pretty. Is it true?"

The Baroness was quite mischievous enough to have also mentioned the false impression, prevalent about the Court, that I was in love with Jeanne. I attempted to explain. The gracious Princess refused to hear me.

"Do you think I doubt you?" she said. "Distinguished by me, could you waste a look on a person in that rank of life?" She laughed softly, as if the mere idea of such a thing amused her. It was only for a moment, her thoughts took a new direction—they contemplated the uncertain future. "How is this to end?" she asked. "Dear Ernest, we are not in Paradise; we are in a hard cruel world which insists on distinctions in rank. To what unhappy destiny does the fascination which you exercise over me condemn us both?"

She paused—took one of the white roses out of her bosom—touched it with her lips—and gave it to me.

"I wonder whether you feel the burden of life as I feel it," she resumed. "It is immaterial to me whether we are united in this world or in the next. Accept my rose, Ernest, as an assurance that I speak with perfect sincerity. I see but two alternatives before us. One of them (beset with dangers) is elopement. And the other," she added, with truly majestic composure, "is suicide."

Under the irresistible influence of that glorious creature, I contemplated with such equal serenity the perils of elopement and the martyrdom of love, that I was for the moment at a loss how to reply. In that moment, the evil genius of my life appeared in the conservatory. With haste in her steps, with alarm in her face, the Baroness rushed up to her royal mistress, and said, "For God's sake, madam, come away! The Prince desires to speak with you instantly."

Her Highness rose, calmly superior to the vulgar excitement of her lady in waiting. "Think of it to-night," she said to me, "and let me hear from you to-morrow."

She kissed my hand; she gave me a

farewell look. I sunk into the chair that she had just left. Did I think of elopement? Did I think of suicide? The elevating influence of the Princess no longer sustained me; my nature became degraded. Horrid doubts rose in my mind. Did her father suspect us?

IX.

Need I say that I passed a sleepless night?

The morning found me with my pen in hand, confronting the serious responsibility of writing to the Princess, and not knowing what to say. I had already torn up two letters, when Uncle David presented himself with a message from his niece. Jeanne was in trouble, and wanted to ask my advice.

My state of mind, on hearing this, became simply inexplicable. Here was an interruption which ought to have annoyed me. It did nothing of the kind—it inspired me with a feeling of relief.

I naturally expected that the old Frenchman would return with me to his niece, and tell me what had happened. To my surprise, he begged that I would excuse him, and left me without a word of explanation. I found Jeanne walking up and down her little sitting-room, flushed and angry. Fragments of torn paper and heaps of flowers littered the floor; and three unopened jewel-cases appeared to have been thrown into the empty fireplace. She caught me excitedly by the hand the moment I entered the room.

"You are my true friend," she said; "you were present the other night when I sang. Was there anything in my behavior on the stage, which could justify men who call themselves gentlemen in insulting me?"

"My dear, how can you ask the question?"

"I must ask it. Some of them send flowers, and some of them send jewels; and every one of them writes letters—infamous abominable letters—saying they are in love with me, and asking for appointments as if I was—"

She could say no more. Poor dear Jeanne—her head dropped on my shoulder; she burst out crying. Who could see her so cruelly humiliated—the faithful daughter, whose one motive for appearing on the stage had been to preserve her father's good name—and not feel for her as I did? I forgot all considerations of prudence; I thought of nothing but consoling her; I took her in my arms; I dried her tears; I kissed her; I said, "Tell me the name of any one of the wretches who has written to you, and I will make him an example to the rest!" She shook her head, and pointed to the morsels of paper on the floor. "Oh, Ernest, do you think I asked you to come here for any such purpose as that? Those jewels, those hateful jewels, tell me how I can send them back; spare me the sight of them!"

So far, it was easy to console her. I sent the jewels at once to the manager of the theater—with a written notice to be posted at the stage door, stating that they were waiting to be returned to the persons who could describe them.

"Try, my dear, to forget what has happened," I said. "Try to find consolation and encouragement in your art."

"I have lost all interest in my success on the stage," she answered, "now I know the penalty I must pay for it. When my father's memory is clear of reproach, I shall leave the theater never to return to it again."

"Take time to consider, Jeanne."

"I will do anything you ask of me."

I was called away to speak to my servant. I brought with me the secretary's card, having a line written on it: "I am waiting at your rooms, on business which permits of no delay."

As we shook hands, Jeanne asked me if I knew where her uncle was. I could only tell her that he had left me at my own door. She made no remark; but she seemed to be uneasy on receiving that reply.

X.

When I arrived at my rooms, my colleague hurried to meet me the moment I opened the door.

"I am going to surprise you," he said; "and there is no time to prepare you for it. Our chief, the Minister, has seen the Princess this morning, and has been officially informed of an event of importance in the life of the Princess. She is engaged to be married to the Grand Duke."

Engaged to the Duke—and not a word from her to warn me of it! Engaged—after what she had said to me no longer ago than the past night! Had I been made a plaything to—use a great lady? Oh, what degradation! I was furious;—snatched up my hat to go to the palace—to force my way to her—to overwhelm her with reproaches. My friend stopped me. He put an official document into my hand.

"There is your leave of absence from the legation," he said; "beginning from to-day. I have informed the Minister, in strict confidence, of the critical position in which you are placed. He agrees with me that the Princess's inexcusable folly is alone to blame. Leave us, Ernest, by the next train. There is some intrigue going on, and I fear you may be involved in it. You know that the rulers of these little German States can exercise despotic authority, when they choose?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Whether the Prince has acted of his own free will—or whether he has been influenced by some person about him—I am not able to tell you. He has issued an order to arrest an old Frenchman, known to be a republican, and suspected of associating with one of the secret societies in this part of Germany. The conspirator has taken to flight; having friends, as we suppose, who warned him in time. But this, Ernest, is not the worst of it. That charming singer, that modest, pretty girl—"

"You don't mean Jeanne?"

"I am sorry to say I do. Advantage has been taken of her relationship to the old man, to include that innocent creature in political suspicions which it is simply absurd to suppose that she has deserved. She is ordered to leave the Prince's dominions immediately.—Are you going to her?"

"Instantly!" I replied.

Could I feel a moment's hesitation, after the infamous manner in which the Princess had sacrificed me to the Grand Duke? Could I think of the poor girl, friendless, helpless—with nobody near

her but a stupid woman-servant, unable to speak the language of the country—and fail to devote myself to the protection of Jeanne? Thank God, I reached her lodgings in time to tell her what had happened, and to take it on myself to receive the police.

XI.

In three days more, Jeanne was safe in London; having traveled under my escort. I was fortunate enough to find a home for her, in the house of a lady who had been my mother's oldest and dearest friend.

We were separated, a few days afterward, by the distressing news which reached me of the state of my brother's health. I went at once to his house in the country. His medical attendants had lost all hope of saving him; they told me plainly that his release from a life of suffering was near at hand.

While I was still in attendance at his bedside, I heard from the secretary. He inclosed a letter, directed to me in a strange handwriting. I opened the envelope, and looked for the signature. My friend had been entrapped into sending me an anonymous letter.

Besides addressing me in French (a language never used in my experience at the legation), the writer disguised the identity of the persons mentioned by the use of classical names. In spite of these precautions, I felt no difficulty in arriving at a conclusion. My correspondent's special knowledge of Court secrets, and her malicious way of communicating them, betrayed the Baroness.

I translate the letter; restoring to the persons who figure in it the names under which they are already known. The writer began in these satirically familiar terms:

"When you left the Prince's dominions, my dear sir, you no doubt believed yourself to be a free agent. Quite a mistake! You were a mere puppet; and the strings that moved you were pulled by the Doctor."

"Let me tell you how."

"On a certain night, which you will remember, the Princess was unexpectedly summoned to the presence of her father. His physician's skill had succeeded in relieving the illustrious Prince, prostrate under nervous miseries. He was able to attend to a state affair of importance, revealed to him by the Doctor—who then for the first time acknowledged that he had presented himself at Court in a diplomatic, as well as in a medical capacity."

"This state affair related to a proposal for the hand of the Princess, received from the Grand Duke through the authorized medium of the Doctor. Her Highness, being consulted, refused to consider the proposal. The Prince asked her for her reason. She answered, 'I have no wish to be married.' Naturally irritated by such a ridiculous excuse, her father declared positively that the marriage should take place."

"The impression produced on the Grand Duke's favorite and emissary was of a different kind."

"Certain suspicions of the Princess and yourself, which you had successfully contrived to dissipate, revived in the Doctor's mind when he heard the lady's reason for refusing to marry his royal master. It was now too late to regret that he had suffered himself to be misled by cleverly managed appearances. He could not recall the favorable report which he had addressed to the Duke—or withdraw the proposal of marriage which he had been commanded to make."

"In this emergency, the one safe course open to him was to get rid of you—and, at the same time, so to handle circumstances as to excite against you the pride and anger of the Princess. In the pursuit of this latter object he was assisted by one of the ladies in waiting, sincerely interested in the welfare of her gracious mistress, and therefore ardently desirous of seeing her Highness married to the Duke."

"A wretched old French conspirator was made the convenient pivot on which the intrigue turned."

"An order for the arrest of this foreign republican having been first obtained, the Prince was prevailed on to extend his distrust of the Frenchman to the Frenchman's niece. You know this already; but you don't know why it was done. Having believed from the first that you were really in love with the young lady, the Doctor reckoned confidently on your devoting yourself to the protection of a friendless girl, cruelly exiled at an hour's notice."

"The one chance against us was that tender considerations, associated with her Highness, might induce you to hesitate. The lady in waiting easily moved this obstacle out of the way. She abstained from delivering a letter addressed to you, intrusted to her by the Princess. When the great lady asked why she had not received your reply, she was informed (quite truly) that you and the charming opera singer had taken your departure together. You may imagine what her Highness thought of you, and said of you, when I mention in conclusion that she consented, the same day, to marry the Duke."

"So, Mr. Ernest, these clever people tricked you into serving their interests, blindfold. In relating how it was done, I hope I may have assisted you in forming a correct estimate of the state of your own intelligence. You have made a serious mistake in adopting your present profession. Give up diplomacy—and get a farmer to employ you in keeping his sheep."

XII.

Do I sometimes think regretfully of the Princess?

Permit me to mention a circumstance, and to leave my answer to be inferred. Jeanne is Lady Medhurst.

CONCLUDED.

The Happy Home.

Six things are requisite to make a happy home. Integrity must be the architect and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice but the blessings of God.—Hamilton.



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Gun Wa has cured Miss Fannie Powers, 173 Williams avenue, of catarrh. He will cure you.

Gun Wa has cured Mrs. Mary Huff, of Windsor, of catarrh.

Gun Wa has cured Capt. Louis Miner, 26 Chase street, Detroit, of catarrh.

Gun Wa has cured Joseph Carrier, of No. 74 Twentieth street, Detroit, of general debility. He can cure you.

Gun Wa has made a new man of me.—Wm. Stone, 1005 Vinewood avenue, Detroit.

Gun Wa has cured Theo. Gust, who resides at 425 Antietam street, Detroit, of rheumatism. He can cure any case of that kind.

Another cure by Gun Wa—Mr. Alexander Frazer, 315 Willis avenue, Detroit. He cured me.

Gun Wa cured me—Jas. Massey, of Windsor—of chronic dyspepsia. He can cure any case of this kind.

Mrs. Edward Dupont says Gun Wa has cured her and advises ladies to call.

Gun Wa has cured Mrs. Mary Sullivan, of 348 Tillman avenue, Detroit, of stomach trouble. He can cure you.

Gun Wa cured me of rheumatism and can cure you.—Mr. John Kristopherson, 67 Atwater street, Detroit.

Mrs. M. C. Hechtner of No. 960 Jefferson avenue, says Gun Wa has cured her of rheumatism.

Another cure by Gun Wa, Mr. Alex. Afleck, of Harrow, Ont., of catarrh.

Gun Wa cured Mr. Fred Cody, of 375 Michigan avenue, Detroit, of general debility. He can cure others.

Gun Wa has cured Mr. Frank McKay, who resides at No. 45 Tillman avenue, Detroit, of general debility.

Mr. Chas. Drewyour, of No. 112 Mt. Elliot avenue, Detroit, says Gun Wa has cured him of general debility. He can cure similar cases.

If you cannot call and see GUN WA at his office, write to him, enclosing 4 cts. in stamps, and tell him your trouble. He will then tell you at once if his remedies will cure you. If he takes your case be of good cheer; he can help you; he will help you.

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Church News-

(Brief items of news will be welcome from either pastors or laymen.)

The Rev. A. W. Upshaw has succeeded Dr. S. J. Coppin as editor of the Philadelphia Echo.

The Atlantic Presbytery composed mainly of Afro-Americans, voted against revision and is the first presbytery whose vote is so recorded.

The name of the Rev. W. Van Horn, of Newport, R. I., was placed on the Assembly ticket at a Republican caucus held in that city recently.

At Kansas City the Rev. David McGrew pastor of the Baptist church with two other Afro-Americans were run over by a Union Pacific train and killed.

The Texas Christian Appeal, a paper published in the interests of the Christian church in Texas, which has 3,000 members, has only ten names on its subscription list.

The Rev. J. W. E. Bowen, one of the most talented and scholarly men of the race, has been appointed pastor of the Ashbury M. E. church, Washington, D. C.

The Rev. E. E. Jackson, who resigned the pastorate of the Mt. Calvary Baptist church, Norwich, Conn., has been called to the Union Baptist church of Hartford, Conn.

By the decision of the committee representing the Baptist Association of Kentucky, the southern Kentucky Normal School will be located at Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

The peaceful service of the worshippers at the Bethlehem Lutheran church, New Orleans, La., was disturbed one evening last week by a gang of roughs frightening the congregation who no doubt, feared violence.

The American Baptist Home Mission society offers to give \$1,000 toward the completion of the new building of the Arkansas Baptist College, if the Afro-American Baptist will raise \$500 within the next four months.

Geo. Washington, of 150 Dearborn street, Chicago, has compiled a 100 page church directory which furnishes the number of the residence of each church member, that house to house visitation and christian fellowship may be facilitated.

Funds are needed to complete the Virginia Seminary at Lynchburg, an institution for the higher education of the youths of the race, and the Placet calls upon the churches and societies of Richmond to raise the necessary amount to finish the building.

The Bishop Bowman who has been deposed from the bishopric and suspended from the ministry, is not the venerable senior bishop of the M. E. church, who bears the same name (Thomas Bowman), but is of a church called the Evangelical Association.

The St. Paul A. M. E. church of Nashville, Tenn., has generously assisted a young man's ambition to complete his education, to return to Wilberforce, where he will finish the course in theology. The Hon. A. L. McElwee contributed his fare to Cincinnati.

The Southern Christian Recorder agrees with the opinion THE PLAINDEALER expressed about the wisdom of Bishop Turner's erecting such costly monuments over his dead, and thinks that a school named after his wife would have enshrined her memory in the hearts of hundreds of grateful souls.

A novel feature of a fair at the Rush Zion A. M. E. church, Boston, Mass., was the sale of eight pretty maidens, who were auctioned off to eight young men at 50 cents apiece. The auction sale formed the most interesting part of an entertainment which the people of the church held to replenish the treasury.

The Rev. C. B. W. Gordon, of Petersburg, has been compelled to resign the pastorate of the First Baptist church of that city because he advocated taking an independent position in politics, and his congregation were radical Republicans and could tolerate nothing that appeared like affiliation with the Democrats.

The A. M. E. church see that Oklahoma territory being settled so largely by Afro-Americans, opens up a large field for missionary work, and the Southern Recorder is right when it says it needs men with the zeal of a Wesley, Allen, Quinn to plant the church there. The class of men placed over missions are often incompetent and do more harm than good.

Rhoden Mitchell in a communication to the Windsor Lodge, of Windsor, N. C., protests against the demands of the Rev. C. S. Brown of Chewan Academy, and editor of the Baptist Pilot, upon the needy churches of Bertie county for the support of the sectarian institution, and his wholesale denunciation of the faithful pastors who justly refuse to rob their own needy charges for his support.

At last Wednesday evening's session of the Central Pennsylvania M. E. Conference, held in Boston Memorial Hall, Carlisle, Pa., Rev. Mr. Gray said, when the cause of the freedmen and Southerner was under discussion, that "the nation stands over this great, illiterate, conscienceless force as over a magazine which may at any moment, destroy it." He also said that he had personal knowledge of 12 Winchester rifles being sent to as many Afro-Americans in the South.

The Baptists of Minneapolis are highly incensed over a small congregation known as the Zion Baptist church, but which is not recognized by the Baptist union of that city as a Baptist church at all. The society of which the Rev. Lomax was pastor, has injured the other churches by collecting large sums of money ostensibly for church improvement that has never been accounted for. As the members of the Zion church are again in the midst of a periodical collecting tour, John Day Smith, president of the Baptist union desires it to be understood that they are an unauthorized body.

Gun Wa has cured Mrs. Mary Sullivan of 348 Tulman avenue, Detroit, of stomach trouble. He can cure you.

Gun Wa cured me of rheumatism and can cure you. Mr. John Kristopherson, 21 Atwater street, Detroit.

WE SEND occasionally a copy of our paper to persons who are not subscribers. If you are not one this is a reminder to examine it carefully, and then send it to your own name, and hand the paper to one of your friends with the same request. If.

TO LEAGUE ADVOCATES

AND ALL WHO FAVOR A STRONG NATIONAL ORGANIZATION.

Afro-American Leaguers and Officers of the Michigan Protective League to Michigan Citizens.

To the Afro-Americans of Michigan:

We, the undersigned, delegates in the convention at Chicago, that formed the National Afro-American League, and members of the executive committee of the Michigan Protective League favoring the League idea, do hereby call upon all local and protective leagues, all clubs and societies of whatever nature who believe that the National League can be instrumental in elevating the masses, to send delegates to the convention which has been called for the people of Michigan to meet in the city of Detroit, May 13th, 1890, the principal object of which is to consider Michigan's affiliation in National organization.

While at the preliminary meeting in which this call was ordered, neither sufficient time, notice, nor consideration was given to the Afro-American League idea, while the call is not absolutely just to it, and while preparations were under way for a convention of League clubs and their sympathizers to form a State Afro-American League, before the Michigan Protective League call was issued, we are prompted to respond to this call by considerations of time and expense to the Afro-Americans of Michigan, and harmony if possible, so that the greatest good may result.

We feel that the Afro-American League has nothing to fear, despite the handicaps inflicted upon it, from an honest expression in a convention of the people. We believe that a State League will be the most efficient factor in removing the discriminations that circumscribe the sphere of our usefulness in the State of Michigan and we believe that Michigan can be particularly useful to the National League in helping to solve the problem of race.

Under the provisions of the said call, each county can send a delegate for each fifty of its Afro-American inhabitants, provided the number of such delegates does not exceed twenty five. Counties that have less than fifty, are entitled to one delegate. Organization by counties is urged. Let the advocates of the National League be active.

- Signed:
- Wm. H. ANDERSON, Vice pres. National Afro-American League.
 - ALBERT W. HILL, Vice-pres. Mich. Protective League.
 - DANIEL COLE, Secretary Mich. Protective League.
 - ROBERT PELHAM, Jr.
 - G. O. CURTIS,
 - H. G. JACKSON,
 - WALTER H. STOWERS,
 - REV. D. A. GRAHAM,
 - J. D. UNDERWOOD,
 - FRANK EVANS,
 - F. B. PELHAM,
 - FRANK RANDALL.
- Detroit, March 13th, 1890

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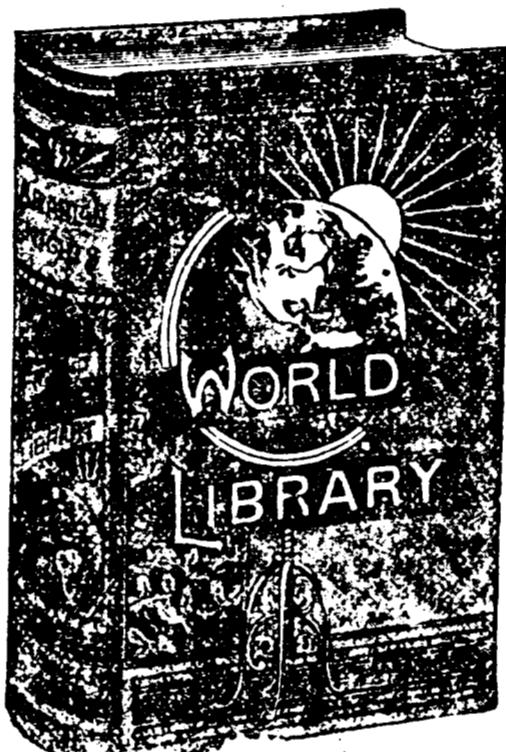
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