PLAINDEALE

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VOLUME IX. NO. 13.

DETROIT, MICH., AUGUST 14, 1891.

WHOLE NO. 429

THOUGHTS ON THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE CHURCH.

Churches Influenced by Local Surroundings.-The Development of the Notion of God,

Like everything else human, the church, so far as its human side is concerned, is narrow, local and provincial. The expansive force is always divine, never human.

"Go ye into all the world," is a divine command. The desire to respond to this command is also divineimplanted. No individual, no would have conceived of, and so successfully carried on, a world-wide scheme for the redemption of the race.

The true spirituality of both an individual and a church is tested by the missionary efforts they put forth. The broad view of the end of religion is due to divine enlightenment. Human character reflects immediate environment, so also the human side of the church is tainted by local influences. The Southern section of the Methodist Episcopal church was so influenced by local conditions as to stand up as steadfastly for the divine institu-tion of slavery as stood up the North-ern portion against it. Had the Southern end of the Methodist church been more in touch with God and less intensely human, it would both have seen and defended the truth.

The moral is this: It is a bad thing for a church when human influences and local and provincial conditions are more potent than the divine influence and divine authority.

The idea to be conveyed can be illustrated by considering the progressive development of the notion of God as held by the Afro-American. The first idea or notion of God held by the Afro-American was very crude. It regarded God as a manlike, but superior being. You know how the old folks used to speak of him as "Massa Jesus," and regarded him as a being

notion prevailing among ed to labors as a Bishop. the general run of people to-day. It still thought of God as manlike, but it added the quality of Kingship, and conceived of him as a great and powerful being, enthroned somewhere in military majesty, ruling the world. It was with this notion that the fathers used to pray, "Oh King Jesus, good Massa, you can do whatever you want to do. Did n't you deliver Daniel from the lion's den, the three Hebrew children from the fiery furnace, and Jonah from the belly of the whale? Won't you answer your servant's pray-

The feeling, aye and the belief, generally obtains that this king-like God interfered in behalf of the slave and by direct volitions brought about emancipation. Colored preachers still attribute sickness and disaster to the anger of "Massa Jesus," the King. Thus human influences have warped and fashioned Christian faith,

It is only as a result of a most careful and liberal education that the average Afro-American can be so elevated above the dominion of early prejudices as to become able to apprehend divine truth as revealed.

A colored preacher could make a fortune by writing a book which would scientifically digest and set forth "theology" as understood and taught by the average Afro-American minister. The idea of "worship" in its true sense, has hardly any place in the conception of religion held by the race. "Worship" means "meeting," and "meeting" means a season of ecstacy. The people have no idea that they are to perform certain rites and ceremonies: they simply come out to "receive"

Christian character is not judged by conduct, but by church standing. Ordinarily the loud and demonstrative people are in the lead. Often you can hear them pray for members of a more modest disposition, in words that imply that the quiet, modest member is without hope of salvation. That a person who does not speak in class and get happy now and then in publie meeting, is or can be Christian, is something you could searcely beat into the head of the ordinary Negro.

Thus it is to be seen that the no tion of God and of religion is very crude and fundamental.

The fact is that nine times out of every ten, when persons shout, it is due to a direct effort put forth by the preacher toward that end, and in no way attributable to divine influence. God doesn't cause anyone to act like a monkey. God has revealed a plan for eunobling man, not for degrading him. What glory to God is there in the wild and insane yells of a frenzied person, worked up to a state of temporary lunacy by a preacher who next day will laughingly remark in confidence to a colleague, "I turned those nigger's livers upside down." Plutarch has heard that very expression fall from the lips of a preacher, one hour after a meeting in which the people had wildly shouted. Every ministerial reader and layman who have overheard preachers talk, understand this. A preacher is a "big gun," when he produce wild demonstrations. When he cannot, he is called cold, "without the spirit." &c.

majority of Afro-American preachers are men who seek to work up the shouting. Do you think they are good teachers and trainers? "Plutarch."

Douglass Resigns.

His Reasons for Leaving His Post at Hayti Were Personal.

Washington, August 10.-In accordance with the prediction contained in Saturday's dispatches, the resignation of Frederick Douglass as Minister to Hayti, was formally announced today at the State Department. The letter in which Mr. Douglass returns his commission is brief and does not enter into any explanation of the reasons which led to his withdrawal, reasons which, as was pointed out on Saturday, were largely private and personal in their character. Mr. Douglass' views on the ill-success of the negotiations for the cession of the Mole St. Nicholas will be made public more fulchurch, lett to the highest promptings of the noblest natural sentiments, ly in an article in "The North American Review," or elsewhere. They were not strictly pertinent to the letter of resignation addressed to Mr. Blaine, which simply expressed with due formality the Minister's desire to abandon a post, the duties of which have become onerous to him. The resignation, in accordance with the terms of the note, will date back to July 30. It is not believed here that another Minister will be appointed before next fall and Mr. Douglass' successor at Port Au Prince will be a white man. Mr. Douglass will now return to the active management of his real estate business in this city.

Bishop Campbell Dead.

He Dies at Philadelphia on Sunday and is Burled Thursday.

Philadelphia, August 10.—Bishop Jabez P. Campbell of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, died in this city last night, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. Bishop Campbell was ordained a bishop in 1868, and for the past four years has been the Bishop of North Carolina, Virginia and Mary-

Bishop Jabez Pitt Campbell, D. D., L.L. D., eighth Bishop of the A. M. E. church, was born in the State of Del-

His feeble health for a long time has warned his thousands of friends to expect the announcement which sped over the wires at sun-rise last Monday morning.

Funeral services were held at Bethel church, Philadelphia, Thursday, August 13th, and were largely attended. Among the Bishops present was the Rt. Rev. John M. Brown, D. D., who, though present at Detroit, and at the point of opening the Michigan conference, upon receiving the sad intelligence made hasty arrengements for the work to be carried on, and started for Philadelphia.

Isaac Murphy's History. The Early Life of the Colored Archer, Whose

Real Name is Burns. From the Chicago Tribune:

There are very few race-horse men in the country who know that the proper name of the "Colored Archer of America" is not Isaac Murphy.

Out at the Garfield park race-track there is an old colored man named Eli Jordan, trainer for the Fleetwood stables, now located at this track. He is known to every owner and jockey of prominence in America, and it is with pleasure that he relates the early history and efforts of the great Isaac.

"Ike's mother lived at my home in L'exington for a great many years," the old trainer said the other day at the track. "She was a great friend of my wife, and about the time that Ike was able to toddle about a horsestall, she took up her home with us. Ike's mother was a Murphy, and when about twenty years old she married a man named Burns. When the little fellow had grown strong enough to hold a bridle he was taught and trained to ride. He was quick, and very rapidly mastered the secrets of successful jockey riding. But I never imagined that the boy would become the great rider he is to-day conceded to be. No, his name is not Isaac Murphy, as almost every lover of race horses supposes, but it is Isaac Burns. The reason he took the name of Murphy was because he was so requested by his mother, who desired that her son ride under the name of her father. The request was made for the reason that the old granddaddy was proud of Isaac and had great hopes of his future as a jockey. The boy, however, rode several races under his right name but they were so insignificant that they are now forgotten, and few now know that the rich and great rider is the same little yellow Ike Burns who rode in the unimportant races about Lexington and Louisville twenty years ago.'

The Test of Galveston has again been sold, and is now known as the Weekly Argus.

Mr. W. E. Henderson, of Salisbury, N. C., has been appointed Deputy Revenue Collector. A large number of Northern Texas

farmers will settle in Oklahoma after their crops are gathered.

The salary of Mr. Richard T. Greener of the Grant Monument Fund Association, has been restored by action of the board which met last week.

A HERALD OF FREEDO

MRS. S. L. WILLIAMS PORTRAYS PRU-DENCE CRANDALL'S STRUGGLES.

Steadfast Devotion in the Face of the Most Determined Persecution.-A Reflective Historical Sketch.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean: All Souls' Church at the corner of Oakwood boulevard, one of the most popular Unitarian churches of this city, is holding interesting vacation services. Its pastor, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, an acknowledged leader among his denomination, is enjoying an outing in Wisconsin, but his church is not closed. When here at work the pastor fills the church with interested listeners, and when away he delegates his work to other hands.

In vacation Sunday services are arranged which relieve the pastor of work and fill the pulpit with laymen and laywomen of the parish. The programmes of the present vacation announce four services in the hands of ladies, the speakers being Miss M. E. Brookings, Miss Katherine Reed, Mrs. S. Laing Williams, and Mrs. Althea A. Ogden.

The subject of the morning hour yesterday was the life and work of Prudence Crandall Philleo, whose recent death is still fresh in the public mind. It was quite appropriate that the splendid character and heroism of this noble woman should be recounted by a member of the race for whom the sacrifice was made.

For this reason added interest was given the occasion by the fact that Mrs. S. Laing Williams, a colored artist and a lady of excellent literary taste, was chosen as speaker of the hour. Mrs Williams was eloquent in her description of Miss Crandall's life, her effort being a finished and scholarly tribute to one of the noblest minds of this century.

In her opening remarks, Mrs. Williams declared that the period from 1800 to 1860 in our National history Jesus," and regarded him as a being of the same order as slave masters, only better, more loving and merciful. The next stage in the development of the notion of God, though still another-pomorphism, was almost identicative proposed by the skillful term twenty-seven of which were devoted by the skillful term twenty-seven of the seven twenty-seven of the seven twenty-seven of the seven twenty-seven of the seven twenty-s constantly refer ring back to the Elizabethan period in English history for those peculiar influences and forces that made men and women immortal, and gave direction and character to the future history of England, so in the first sixty-five years of this century of our own country we are beginning to study and learn many of the best suggestions and lessons taught anywhere on the pages of human history. The period that gave to our history the orators and writers of the anti-slavery struggle, that gave to our National literature Whittier and Lowell, and to our philosophy the names of Channing and Emerson, and to our statesmanship Sumner and Lincoln, was the heroid age of American history.

"It is in this stirring time that we read the story of the life of Prudence Crandall who became a sort of Joan of Arc in that great struggle for human freedom and light.

"Her noble life can best be understood by understanding the spirit and temper of the times in which she lived. Then, in every statute of these commonwealths, in almost every decision of all the National and State courts, in every code and rule of ethics, in social life, in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the lecture room, this mon-strous wrong was sanctified as an institution indispensable to civilization. So firm and unyielding was the prejudice that it required men and women exceptional courage to speak one word of kindly sympathy for the Negro.

"But we can get a clearer idea of the condition of the times and the sentiments of the people as exemplified by the friends and neighbors of Prudence Crandall in the quiet hamlet of Canterbury, Conn. Fifty-four years ago Canterbury, located in Wyndom County, was one of the most attractive and enterprising towns of Connecticut. It had from 1,000 to 1,500 inhabitants, which were largely made up of that sturdy Puritan stock, plain honest people, tillers of the soil, sternly moral in their sentiments, and fairly progressive. Its people were unusually public spirited and united in common efforts toward temperance reforms, business enterprises, and plans for village improvement. "Yet Canterbury would have had

no place in history but for that thing in modern life known as the intellectual development of women. Its people became ambitious to provide for the special education of its young women. They had not learned the important lesson that nothing is so disturbing as increase of intelligence. When Canterbury established its little school for the higher education of its girls sixty years ago, the good fathers and mothers little thought their innocent act would open up the vexatious question of special schools for different hues of American complexions. So when Miss Prudence Crandall, in 1832, opened a young ladies' school she received hearty encouragement from the worthies of the town.

Miss Crandall was 29 years of age when she came to Canterbury, young enough to retain the enthusiasm of her youth, and yet old enough to be guided by reason rather than senti-Possessed of a beautiful face and form, she was also religious, refinediand lady-like, and, as was said by one who knew has, 'she was the very last person in the world who would have been looked upon beforehand as a serpent entering this bit justice and its pity for unfortunate hu- been appointed Deputy County Clerk-

of paradise, and through whom could come such a load of woe. Her school was successful for a time, but suddenly and to the surprise of all her neighbors, she announced her determination to devote the remainder of her life to the education and elevation of the colored race. 'To the law-abiding and moral-lov-

ing people of Canterbury nothing could seem more indecent, shockingly lawless, and abandoned than this determination of Miss Crandall. Not since the days of witchcraft horrors and the Indian savageries had anything so forbidding and hateful afflicted these people as this bold declaration from a well-raised, Christian, and high-minded white girl that she was ready, willing and anxious, and determined to engage in the work of teaching the ways of God, of love and intelligence

"But when, on the second of March, 1833, the now fully enraged citizen read in the Liberator, a paper edited by William Lloyd Garrison, the following announcement, the town of Canterbury was thrown into a state of wildest excitement. The announcement read as follows:
Prudence Crandall, Principal of the

even to girls of African descent.

Canterbury (Conn.) Female Boardingschool, returns her most sincere thanks to those who have patronized her school, and would give information that on the first Monday of April next, her school will be opened for the reception of young ladies and little misses of color. The branches taught are as follows: Arithmetic, English grammar, geography, history, natural and moral philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, drawing and painting, music on the piano, together with the French language.

She was immediately waited upon by a committee of gentlemen, who represented to her that by putting her design into execution she would bring disgrace upon them all.

Her stubbornness but increased the excitement, and on the 9th of March. a meeting was held in the town meeting house to take such measures as would effectually avert the nuisance or abate it, should it be brought into the village.

"The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. After stating the object of the meeting, the Hon. Andrew r. Judson, afterward United States Judge, whose stately home was just in the shadow of this menacing nuisance, supported by the skillful physician, the temperance reformer, and

venerable parson speeches, denouncing Miss Crandall in most violent language, representing her as deliberately planning to bring a blight upon the prosperity of their lair village.

Resolutions were introduced. which were set forth the disgrace and damage that would be brought upon the town if a school for colored girls were set up there, which the terrified voters passed with only one dissenting voice, that of Mr. George S. White. But undismayed by opposition and

threats, and encouraged by William L. Garrison, S. May, and others, Miss Crandall received, according to her announcement, early in April, fifteen or twenty colored young ladies from Philadelphia, New York, Providence and

"This was more than the outraged citizens could endure. The most vindictive and inhuman measures were resorted to. Nothing in the grim history of persecutions can well exceed the conduct of those Canterbury prople against Miss Crandall. It was as if every heart and mind in the village had been suddenly blighted by some pestilence of human cruelty. extraordinary unanimity, all classes and conditions were clamoring for the direst punishment against this one poor, little defenseless Quakeress. The supreme duty of the hour was to rid Canterbury of this pest spot. The basest and most fraudulent means to this end would be sanctified by the established sentiment of the entire commonwealth. Those who taught the gospel of love, grave judges who were proof against injustice of all kinds. The women who were imbued with all the tenderest sentiments and refinements of sympathy made common cause with the vicious elements of Canterbury society against Miss Crandall Foiled in their attempts to frighten

away Miss Orandall's pupils by this means, Mr. Judson and those who acted with him, pressed upon the legislature, then in session, a demand for enactment of a law which should enable them to accomplish their purpose: and in that they succeeded, by securing the enactment, on the 24th of May 1833, known as the "Black Law." "Under this act, Miss Crandall was

in June arrested and temporarily imprisoned in the County Jail. She was twice tried and convicted. Her case was carried to the Supreme Court on an error, and her persecutors defeated on a technicality in July, 1834. "Soon after this a second attempt was made to set the house of Miss

Frandall on fire, the question of her duty to risk the lives of her pupils against this mode of attack was then considered, and upon consultation with friends it was concluded to hold on and bear a little longer, with the hope that this atrocity of attempting to fire the house, and thus expose the lives and property of her neighbors, would frighten the instigators of the persecution, and cause some restraint of the baser sort, but a few nights afterward, about 12 o'clock, on the 9th of September, her house was assaulted by a number of persons with heavy clubs and iron bars, and windows were dashed to pieces. Mr. May was summoned the next morning, and after consultation it was determined that the school should be abandoned.

"To us from this distance is presented a picture of ideal womanhood, with its strength and its patience, its

manity, its helpfulness to the furthest limit of self-sacrifice, its unshrinking purity and nobility; virtues which to high-minded souls ordinarily have the power of magnetism, but to the friends and neighbors of Prudence Crandall were transformed into deadly sins. The poor woman had not a friend left in the town, and was forced at last to yield to the command and leave Canterbury to step out into history as the heroine of liberty for all time to come.

"Soon after she married the Rev. Calvin Philleo, a Baptist minister. A peculiar circumstance in the life of this fine-souled woman was her immediate and continuous obscurity after her marriage.

"Her pronounced alliance with the liberal thought of the time, and her association with the group of thinkers and agitators who were ever more and more aggressive in deprecating the tongue-tied attitude of the orthodox clergy toward slavery, seemed to remove her as far as possible from such a marriage. Whether or not her reverned husband opposed her further interest and active participation in the cause of education, or whether her nervous strength had been exhausted by her harrowing experience at Canterbury is not known in the history of Miss Crandall.

"She lived for a time in New York, then moved to Illinois, and at the death of her husband in 1879, to Elk Falls, Kansas. In her later years she lived a comparatively eventless life, occupied until his death at Elk Falls, with the care of an aged brother, after that more quietly still in the companionship of a niece. She retained her mental powers to a wonderful extent, always interesting in conversation, and to the last she enjoyed any interchange of thought on the topics of the day.

No Separate Association.

Prof. Straker Strikes the Keynote. - No Need of a Colored Bar Association.

In reply to a question as to his views upon the formation of a Colored National Bar Association, Prof. D. A. Straker of this city, wrote denying the necessity of the same, and pointing out the dangers of such an association. Mr. Straker expresses fully the belief of the Plaindealer in the matter and we trust that it will not be

The following is Prof. Straker's letter, taken from the "Brotherhood," Natchez, Miss.:

Detroit, Mich., June 15, 1891.

Bowles, Eaq., Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your letter bearing date the 12th inst., and its contents are noted. You ask my views as to a proposed movement to organize a "Colored National Bar Association." I had heard of this movement ere your information, and I have considered it with much anxiety, yet deliberately. I have reached the conclusion that a Colored National Bar Association would not be profitable to us as members of the legal profession. I know of no other profession in which the brotherhood of man is so fully and largely recognized as the legal, and a colored association can only be necessary to supply a need, secure a right or defend a right denied. Until the colored lawyer has been denied admission to existing State and National Bar Associations, I see no necessity for our separate organization. It may be that this necessity will arise, but I have as yet no personal experience for its need, nor have I heard of such. To organize a Colored National Bar Association is to plant a color barrier more firmly than now exists between us and our white brethren. This is not to be desired. When we shall have organized a colored bar, what can we do that will move us onward and by the side of our white brethren? Will such an organization prove the capacity of a colored lawyer more effectively than if, in the ranks of an association of the whites, he remains as one of them? Is it not making the road easy to discrimination of us on account of color when we voluntarily separate ourselves from the whites? I demand social recognition, that is the right to enjoy and be a part of all social institutions in our land, upon the ground that I am a man, a citizen, an equal before the law. This will not admit me into the home if I desired to make the intrusion. It is our separateness to-day that is our weakness as a race. In Detroit I am regarded as a lawyer with fraternity-in South Carolina it was the same in essence, but not in enjoyment.

These are my views. They are not intended to drag down, but to aid in so building that the superstructure may be permanent. Holding these views, any statement as to time and place is useless. Even in what I have said, I am open to conviction. Agitate the matter and let us hear from the brethren.

Mrs. S. G. Wilson, of Salt Lake City, has lately erected a beautiful brick building on Euclid avenue, and while digging on the premises for well water, found a natural gas well from which her new home will be lighted. Louis Lee, janitor of the Sub-Treas-

ury in St. Louis, was arrested for stealing battered coin last week. Mr. Britton Hurt, of Memphis, was shot and killed by James Green, a young man of 19 years.

Afro-Americans of Pulaski County, Ky., which is Republican, being dissatisfied at the meager amount of patronage they have heretofore received, kicked so vigorously lately that one of their number, Mr. W. L. Owens, has

SOCIAL NEWS OF INTEREST, FROM STATE CENTERS.

ADRLAN NEWS NOTES.

Adrian, Mich., August 10.—Yesterday was an eventful day at the church-Elder Collins, after a year of faithful service, preached his farewell sermon to an appreciative congregation, and as he spoke of the probability of these being his last words to them, their sentiments were expressed by the flowing tears. The Elder has by his grandl disposition, kindly yet loyal council, generous Christianity, faithful service and unimpeachable character, endeared himself not only to the members of his own flock, but to the citizens generally, and should he go elsewhere, they will be enriched at our expense.

At the Second Baptist church Rev. E. L. Scruggs, of Ann Arbor, filled the pulpit, and it is a waste of words to pass encomiums upon him. His words were replete with deep thought and found lodging in the hearts of his hearers. Through his efforts a league amongst the young people was inaube followed by others.

Does it occur to you that we are getting out a good weekly for \$1? We are anxious to make it better. You can help us. We want 10,000 new subscribers. Can't you send us one new subscriber?

Horace E. Craig, of Washington, D. C., is home for a month, visiting his

Among the citizens who visited the G. A. R. encampment and the Emancipation Day celebrations were D. B. Wilson, and sister Cora, Henrietta Harris, Patrick Johnson, Mrs. Anne Waters, Charles Dean, Legrand Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pate and two children and John Simmons.
Thomas Wallace will attend the con-

ference at Detroit next week. T. W. E.

Bay City, August 8.-A grand concert was given by the Sunday School of the Baptist church for the benefit of the church on Thursday, August 6, which was a great success in every respect. It was under the management of the Rev. Brent Harding, with Mrs. Francis Christopher as organist.

The Protective League gave a grand celebration picnic, August 3, at Oaatka Beach. The festivities concluded with a ball in the evening. Jasper Laushee has joined Pitcher

and Picket's Colored Concert and Comedy Company. Miss Carrie Smith returned Monday

The Plaindealer, \$1 per year Urge your best friend to take it. The Plain-

Phalanx," \$2.50. The History alone a drug on the market at 8 cts. per ie worth that much. the Plaindealer.

Miss Mamie Hamilton and Mrs. Lillie High, are visiting in Detroit and

Mr. Stephen Coles expects to start this week for Omaha, Neb.

Mr. Robert Talbot made auflying visit to Detroit and Pontiac last week. Mrs. Maria Lee is visiting friends in Detroit.

Mr. L. Christopher and Mr. Campbell, of Tawas attended the concert Thursday evening.

Eugene Cross, who has been sick for some time, is able to resume his work. Mr. William Talbot is employed with Mr. Brent Harding.

The friends of Mr. Brown, who has been ill for eighteen months, are glad to see him out once more. Mrs. Pierce is the guest of friends in Detroit.

SAGINAW VALLEY NEWS.

Saginaw, Mich., August 10.-The third of August is past and gone, and we have had a remarkably good time. The order of the day consisted of speeches by the following-named gentlemen: Rev. C. A. Johnson, of Bay City, Mr. William Robinson, of Washington, D. C., formerly of Saginaw, Mr. D. Forrest and Rev. Walker, of Saginaw. A very pleasant ball was given in the evening.

Miss Hattie Butler is visiting relatives in Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Dorsey has been to Detroit to meet hiends from Baltimore, Md. Is the Plaindealer worth \$1 a year to you? If so, isn't it worth the same to your neighbor? Urge him to take All the news every week, and a

the Plaindealer. Mr. William Robinson delivered an interesting lecture at the A. M. E. church on Monday evening, on the Emancipation proclamation.

complete novel every month. Take

Miss Maud Harris and sister are the guests of Miss Mamie Hammond. Rev. Hill and lady will leave Wedneeday morning, for the conference at

Detroit. The Rev. Hill is very much dissatissied with his year's work, as the people did not work with him as they should, and it is hoped that if he re turns or not, he will have a more suc-T. F. McC. cessful year.

GRAND HAVEN NOTES.

Grand Haven, Mich., August 12.ican doctor of the Spring Lake mineral springs, is on the sick list.

The Ackley college is under good progress. It will be one of Grand Haven's fine buildings when finished. Mrs. Nelly Williams is on the sick

Grand Haven will soon have electric lights and an electric car line. Some of the machinery is here already for the work to begin.

thirteen pieces, and is making things

A young man of this city joined the Salvation Army against his mother's Mrs. Weaver. will and she threatened to drown herself, but changed her mind when she was at the water's edge.

The corn planter factory boys gave nice time.

bers, and were well pleased. The schools of this city open the first Monday in September.

T. R. G.

BATTLE CREEK DOINGS,

Battle Creek, Mich., August 10.-Quarterly meeting was largely attended Sunday, in spite of the extremely hot weather. Rev. Kulp preached a fine sermon at 3 P. M. The collections were good. Rev. Pope will leave for the annual conference.

Eloisa, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas, died Sunday, aged one year and two months. The funeral was held Tuesday from the residence. Rev. Braumwell offici-

Mrs. George Marshall is very sick at this writing. Mr. A. D. Cook is also on the

eick list. Those that attended the celebration at Ann Arbor, report slim attendance. Several from this city will attend the conference this week at Detroit. Mrs. M. Douglass and Mrs. Martha

James Buckner. There are some in arrears for the Plaindealer. Please pay up and oblige.

Adams, of Muncie, Ind., spent Sunday in the city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs.

PORT HURON LOCALS.

Port Huron, August 11.-A farewell party was tendered Miss Etta Moxley, Saturday evening, August 8th, gurated in the afternoon. Elder by Mrs. Wm. LeVan at her residence Scruggs is alive to all the interests of day morning for her home in Toledo, Ohio, accompanied by Miss Maud Le-Van, who will spend the remainder of vacation in that city.

John Monroe, of Amherstburg, Ont., is in the city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wayner. He will rejoin his brother James on the Ronoake, on Tuesday.

We want the news. If you have a friend in any town where we have no correspondent, send us his name, -we will do the rest.

John Page returned home from Detroit on Friday. Sanford Black, of Chatham, is in

the city. He has secured a position at the Huron house, and expects to remain in the city for some time.

Joe. Matthews spent August 1st at Chatham.

CASSOPONIS NEWS.

Cassopolis, Mich., August 9.—Misses Ida and Bertha Calloway, of Three Rivers, were the guests of Mrs. Z. Beverly, last week.

Miss Rebecca Allen and Miss Powell, of South Bend, attended teachers' examination, Thursday. J. K. Ritter, President of the First

National bank, died on the 30th ult. Ellen Price died on the 2nd inst. The above were missionary workers, and will be missed by the Afro-Americans. Rev. Gregory leaves for Detroit Tuesday, to attend the annual conference. Z. Beverly leaves for Lansing, Wednesday, to attend the Alumni at the State Agricultural College.

dealer and the "History of the Black early the are of fine quality, and

Anna Jones returned from Adrian Saturday, after a years absence.

THE NEWS OF GUELPH.

Guelph, Ont., August 10.-There was a grand time in Hamilton on Monday, August 3rd. A great number were present from all the surrounding places. About twenty-five went from We all had a very pleasant time. The bands were from Canfield, London and Toronto. It is generally thought that the Cantieli band furnished the grandest music, and deserves special mention. There was a base-Torontos, in which the Hamiltons state. were successful. Profs. Logan and Wilson took part in the concert which was given in the evening, and also Miss Veronia Gillam, of Toronto, the bestknown elocutionist of the Afro-Americans of Canada, recited several pieces, which were a credit to her profession. Rev. Mr. Minter was the chief orator, and delivered a grand address, showing the advancement of the colored people.

The celebration was given by, and in behalf of the Odd Fellows Lodge of Hamilton, and was a grand success. Prof. Wilson left on Tuesday for a tour through the Eastern States.

Master Ernest Sheffield is spending his vacation in Collingwood. Mr. Isaac Armstrong and S. Lawson, of Glenallen, were visiting friends

in Guelph, last week. Joseph Lawson, of Wyandotte, spent Sunday with his aunt and uncle in Guelph.

Rev. Mr. Minter delivered his closing address Sunday evening. He leaves for conference in Chatham, on Friday. Diphtheria is very prevalent in this city at present. Fortunately none of the colored people have been affected with it.

Dr. H. Robbin, a graduate of Trinity University, Toronto, has gone to the old country to take a course in the famous Edinburgh Institute. His home is in Jamaica, West Indies.

NEWS NOTES.

Chatham, Ont., August 12.—The doings on the day of the Third of August, week, Yesterday another shot himgust, under the auspices of the Civil self through the head,—could n't have Knights League, passed off very pleasantly. Quite a number of prominent made it somewhat of a romantic afmen made speeches, and all enjoyed the fair by viewing himself in the lookingday's pleasures.

Inion church, North Chatham, Sunternoon service, Rev. J. O'Banyoun ing to cause such results. preached to an appreciative audience. took place on Tuesday, the 5th, at 2 P. M., at the A. M. E. church, of permanently located at Savannah in which she was a member. The soci- October, has furnished the Georgia edety of Willing Workers turned out to ucators much to think and talk of. show the last tribute of respect to one The permanent election of a Presiof its members.

The funeral of the infant son of Mr. The Salvation Army has a band of afternoon, from his house on Gray

Master Henry Judith, of Hamilton, is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Miss Dollie Scott has gone to spend

the remainder of her holidays with some friends in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, of Toronto, a picnic Saturday. They had a very are the guests of Mrs. H. H. Hawkins. election is over. Prof. R. R. Wright, Grand Haven's people attended the troit Tuesday, for the purpose of being act as President temporarily, will, in encampment at Detroit in large num- present at the Michigan annual con- all probability, be elected permanent- town from Canfield, and commenced

Quite a number of the friends our most highly educated and e peri-



THE VERDICT of the JURY for the SHOEMEN, EISMAN & MAY, AT 85 GRATIOT AVE.

WE CIVE YOU A Thorough Training

In all English branches, prepare you to be a good teacher, carry you through a regular college course and graduate you with the degree of A. B. We also teach you how to use the carpenter's and blacksmith's and farmer's tools, how to draw the plan of anything you wish to make or build, how to cook, sew, make dresses, set type, run a printing press, and how to sing and play on the piano or organ.

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY, ATLANTA, GA. We surround you with good Christian influences without any sectarian bias. In short, we offer you a good, all-round education for your head, hand and heart. We place you under experienced teachers, many of them educated in the best universities, colleges and normal schools of the land. We provide you with a comfortable room, steam-heated and lighted, together with plenty of wholesome, well-cooked food, and your washing—all for ten dollars a month. For your tuition we charge one dollar a month in the primary course, one dollar and a half in the grammar, normal and college-preparatory courses, and two dollars in the college course—these prices being less than one-third of the actual cost of the instruction. The 600 students who were present last year found out that the best schooling is the cheapest. If you wish to give all your time to the special mechanical course, learning carpentry, wood-turning, blacksmithing and

mechanical drawing, you can do so for three dollars a month. The regular mechanical course, with half the time in the shop and half in the school-room, is one dollar and a half a month.

The term begins Wednesday, September 30, 1891. It is important to be present the first day. A few needy and deserving HORACE BUMSTEAD, President. pupils can be aided. Catalogue will be sent on application to

A DELIGHTFUL LETTER FROM CLASSIC ATHENS.

Special Correspondence.

Athens, Ga., August 10.-In the north-eastern part of this state, among red hills and wooded dales, is this open. "Classic City of Georgia," from which place your correspondent writes.

Its name is no misnomer, for it is ball game between the Hamiltons and the higher educational center of the

> It has that magnificence of natural scenery, and those general influences terize all places in or near mountainous | Dollar a year. | Some of the public school teachers

> The luxuriant vegetation lends that beauty which if it were wanting, could be supplied with nothing else so satisfying to the eye of him who of their earnings to spend their vacaloves nature. The view of the Blue tion days at some summer resort. I Ridge peaks from any of the surround-speak in particular to teachers because ing hills, adds much to the general picturesque appearance of the city. Railroad and building booms, and extensive commercial enterprise are notably indicative of the very creditable

business of the place. This attempt to briefly describe Athens is intended to be of use only in giving a fair idea of the little city from which you may occasionally hear, our summer resorts in the South, know and in which the Plaindealer will this, accommodations of the best kind

doubtless circulate largely. We venture to remind those subscribers who owe us that if they pay us worn, and in less need of healthful rest, promptly, we can afford to issue a because of his color. It is severely inmuch better paper. Pay up, if you convenient, to say the least, to be the are behind, and see us do it.

With the summer comes that dullof the cities in the South. Athens is young men and ladies, who attend colno exception, and is especially dull and lege during the winter, return from monotonous, as most college centers are in summer vacation. There are mer. a few, however, who are generous enough to break the monotonous come out of school as normal and colstrain, and thus afford the public a legiate graduates, without doubt earn sensation now and then by committing suicide. One hanged himself last strokes. week. Yesterday another shot himbeen much brain lost, of course. He cumstanced to spend the vacation from attending the ordinance of sacra-Quarterly meeting was held in the Both were white, neither of them moneyed enough to have experienced any attend college the ensuing term. It Dr. Frederick Graves, the Afro-Amer- day, by Bishop Wilmore. In the af- financial trouble sufficiently distract-

The State college for colored pupils, The funeral of Miss Emma Parker which is temporarily located at Athens for the summer, but which will be know of the great number of the prominent educators, some of whom hold the first places in some of our universidate. His distance of the prominent educators, some of whom hold the first places in some of our universidate. the first places in some of our universities in the North and South, who have applied for the presidency and professorships in that college for the small sum of seven or eight hundred per annum. More will be known and Mrs. H. C. Barnes. The Rev. J. O'Banyoun visited De- of Augustan, who was sought for to few days in that city. ly. It is due very much to some of business as barber in the Exchange ho me hear from him.

ro-Americans in the South, is low-

Previous years, ere now, the cotton fields were white, the cotton gins in operation, and a few lucky "bossboasting of their bales being the first at market; but this year the North Georgia farmer is having a protracted season in which to peddle watermelons and other commodities peculiar to his commercial pursuits in summer. Cotton has not begun to

Hon. Madison, our popular post-master, has just returned from a visit to your city. He is especially entertaining in telling of his experiences in De-

When you get a good thing at a reasonable price, don't be selfish with it. See that your next door neighso conducive to health, which charac- bor subscribes to the Plaindealer. One

> are at home again from short recreation trips out of the city. It is quite essential that our teachers save enough such few of them recreate abroad, and they especially need to. We have excellent resorts in the state, and railroad fare little or nothing.—but here is the rub in this Southland,—salaries too poor to afford it in general, and there are no desirable accommodations at those places which are otherwise inviting and healthful. In justice to are there, but not for the sable brother, who is none the less tired, weary.

victim to circumstances. Social pleasures are at their low ness which is common to almost all water mark, and will be until the their posts as teachers during the sum-

> The boys and girls of this state who their education by their own hard

There are a very few "who seem to be favorites of fate," and are cirmonths free from mental and physical cares. Almost all must go directly glass at the time to see it well done. from "Commencement exercises" to the country school house, if they would Indianola, July 20th, and very much is encouraging that our institutions are filled with so many pupils who are willing and eager to make such sacrifices which must necessarily be made to afford them an education.

Ere the days of another week fly apace, something will have happened, probably, to furnish more news than this communication contains. Athens, dent, professors, &c., comes off on the like all other places, has its swells and 13th inst. It is certainly interesting, also its ruptures in high life, its Lewis Johnson took place on Sunday to say nothing of the humiliation, to crimes, deaths and marriages. I shall,

CAYUGA CHAT.

Cayuga, Ont., August 10.-Mrs. Duncan, of Hamilton, is visiting her sister. Mr. Ernest H. Barnes has returned

home from Detroit, after spending a Mr. R. Street has removed to this

Quite a number of the friends our most highly educated and e_peri- tel.

visited Detroit to see the conclave.

Lizzie. | our most highly educated and e_peri- tel.

enced men that the dignity of the very | Mr. A. S. Barnes was home on a few creditable positions opened to Ai- flying visit, Friday last. E. H. B.

WINDSOR AND VICINITY

Windsor, Ont., August 10.-Mrs. George Hamilton Johnson is entertaining a number of the visitors. She was agreeably surprised a few evenings since by a party of friends who came to spend the evening with her. Among these present were Mrs. Camp bell, Mrs. McCarthy, of Hamilton, MR Pauline Pickey, of New York, and Mr. Wm. Liverpool, of Washington, D. C.

The residence of Mrs. L. Haggins was beautifully lighted and decorated on the occasion of the reception given in honor of the visitors, by the ladies of Windsor. Music, speeches and waltzing afforded interest to the guests, among whom were Mrs. Jackson, Miss Paterson, Mr. Grayson, Miss M. Smith, Miss Mason, Miss Tompkins, Miss Judson, Miss M. Brown, Mr. H. A. Saunders, Mr. A. S. Bailey, Mr. Wm. Liverpool, Mr. Lewis, Mr. J. W. Butcher, Mr. Ames, Mr. Ward, Mr. D. Bowks, Prof. Layton and Mr. Posey, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. McCarthy, of Ham-Iton, Ont., Mr. Jenkins, of Boston, and Mr. Wm. Bromlett, of Chicago. The home folks were represented by Mrs. York, the Misses Vincent, Nelson, Budd, E. Johnson, S. Long, Dunn, E. and J. Dixon, Messrs. Price and Lambert and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton John-The welcome address was given by Mr. Robert Price and responded to by Co!. Arnold. Prof. Layton sang. Mrs. Johnston and Mrs. Campbell gave readings, and music was furnished by Mrs. Jones and Mr. Lambert.

Greenwood, Miss., August 5.-The corner-stone of the M. E. church will be laid on the 20th, and the exercises promise to be very interesting. Many eminent divines, and Masonic lodger from all the neighboring towns are expected to be present.

We venture to remind those subscribers who owe us that if they pay us promptly, we can afford to issue a much better paper. Pay up, if you are behind, and see us do it.

The second quarterly conference of this year was held July 31st, and premided over by the Rev. W. McDaniel. P. E. The attendance was good. The inclement weather prevented many

The writer and a party of friends made a short, but delightful, visit to enjoyed the sermon of the Rev. S. H. Nevils, pastor of the M. E. church. G. H. H.

The annual conference of the A. M. E. church is in session as we go to press. The Rev. J. H. Alexander is presiding in the absence of Bishop Brown. Many of the prominent men expected, are delayed by Bishop Campbell's death, but as the funeral occurred Thursday, they will probably all

be here by Sunday. The fine drilling of the Knights Templar here attending the conclave this week, was the subject of much favorable comment. Their appearance on the street was very creditable. A full account of their proceedings will be

given next week. Wanted-To sell a half interest in a two-chair barber shop; two bath rooms. If there is an industrious colored man anywhere, who is desirous of finding a good, steady trade, let

Mt. Vernon, Iowa. Box 144.

4t. 43.

The Southerners Came, Saw and Were Conquered.-Not Even a Rerpectable

Opposition.

THE GREY.

BOYS IN BLUE AGAIN DEFEAT

As announced in the Plaindealer last week, the Silver Encampment settled the color line question so far as it is concerned, in a practically unanimous fashion. The majority report was adopted by an overwhelming majority. The following is a report of the proceedings relating thereto:

The Majority Report. Your committee has carefully considered the clear and frank statements of the commander-inchief regarding difficulties existing between posts in the Departments of Louisana and Mississippi. The committee has also considered all the documents submitted to and arguments made before it as to the causes leading to the existing trouble in those departments. The old posts from one to eight inclusive in the Departments of Louisana and Mississippi are composed of white comrades. The new posts from nine to seventeen inclusive, are composed of colored comrades. The contention is that the latter posts are tainted with fraud in their organization. "Our rules and regulations," in the language of the commander-in-chief, "provide a plain procedure for a department to pursue in order to test the validity of such charges." And then he adds:

As the Department of Louisana and Mississippi has never, so far as I am informed, resorted to that procedure, I have held in dealing with those departments that they must be regarded as having a legal existence, until otherwise regularly adjudicated."

This ruling of the commander-in-chief and regulations and the spirit of our organization. The cause of the diffi-ficulty in the Department of Louisana Mississippi must be looked for, in the opinion of your committee, in other lines than that of fraud in the organition of posts composed of colored comrades in that department. mittee thinks, in the following extract men. from the address of the commanderin-chief, viz: "Prior to 1889, the comrades of

white men. The comrades of the new posts were wholly, or nearly so, colpartment to create a second one covdepartment. There being no authority conferred upon the commander-inchief to do this, the application was denied on the legal point without passing upon the merits; the judge-advocate and executive committee of the national council concurring therein. Other communications continued to reach headquarters from various sources to the effect that the condition of our order in the department was in bad plight, and that its destruction was imminent. I therefore ordered a careful inspection by the inspectorgeneral. This was done, but further and counter-charges continued to reach me, and I ordered a second inspection and detailed Comrade Austin, of Ohio, to accompany and assist the inspectorgeneral therein. This second inspec-tion was made in June of this year, and the report thereof is on file.

After most careful and pains-taking investigation, Comrades Burst and Austin recommended "that this encampment authorize the creation of a second department, covering the same territory as several of the existing departments in the South."

This recommendation is supported by memorials addressed to the commander-in-chief by posts 9, 12, 13, 14, 16 and 17, being six of the posts in the department whose membership is composed of colored comrades. Protests against such action have come from comrades of several posts, and also on file. The commander-in-chief then adds:

'From various sources of information that have been accessible to me, I believe a large majority of both white and colored comrades in the Department of Louisana and Mississippi would be in the best interests of all individually, and of their posts and of each department having exclusive jurisdiction over the posts which it may receive.

ble thereto, the following, viz:

and regulations for the government of this association:

They came together as comrades, and happily named this organizations "the Grand Army of the Republic." an organization which, from its birth at Decatur, Ills., in 1866 to this, ts silom its posts' doors, any deserving associations in other respects." (Hisssomrades, however humble, on account es.)

of '61 to '65," as the evidence that he aided in maintaining the honor, integrity and supremacy of the government during the late rebellion, providing, always, that the applicant has done nothing in civil life to cast a stain on his honorable record in liberty's cause. During that flerce struggle for the life of the nation, we stood shoulder to shoulder as comrades tried. It is too late to divide now on the color line. A man who is good enough to stand between the flag and those who would destroy it when the fate of the nation was trembling in the balance, is good enough to be a comrade in any department of the Grand Army of the Republic. No different rule has been, or ever shall be recognized by the survivors of the union army and navy. No department shoul be established for any color or nationality. Last year, in national encampment assembled, under the shades of Bunker Hill Monument, the accredited delegates of the Grand Army of the Republic unanimously indorsed the following words of a distinguished comrade :

"It has been my determination to recognize as a comrade the equal rights of every man, no matter what his color or nationality, provided he has two qualifications—service and an honorable discharge. In this struggie of life the strong should aid the weak; it ennobles the former, and helps to "levate the latter."

The objects sought to be accomplished by the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic are:

"1. To preserve and strengthen those fraternal feelings which bind together the soldiers, sailors and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion, and to perpetuate the memory and history of the dead.

"2. To assist such former comrades in arms as need help and protection and to extend needful aid to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen.

To maintain true allegiance to was both within the letter of our rules the United States of America, based upon a paramount respect for, and fidelity to its constitution and laws; to discountenance whatever tends to weaken loyalty, incites to insurrection, treachery or rebellion, or in any manner impairs the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions, and to encourage the spread of universal The true cause is found, as your com- liberty, equal rights and justice to all

This platform of principles is so broad that all honorably discharged "Prior to 1889, the comrades of soldiers and sailors can stand upon it. the then existing posts were nearly In the opinion of your committee, the all and, perhaps, wholly composed of fact that the department of Mississippi and Louisana consists of posts—a part being composed of white comored men. The Department of Louis-ana and Mississippi, prior to its last is no sufficient reason for making this is no sufficient reason for making this department encampment, acting through its council of administration lations. Our fraternity, charity and took action which practically set these loyalty should be witnessed by our posts out of the order. I held that deeds as well as our words. The recsuch action was unwarranted by the ommendations of the commander-insuch action was unwarranted by the rules and regulations, and the same has since been rescinded, but I understand that the department still refuses to recognize these posts. An application was made to national headquarters nearly a year ago from that determined apart of their post aparters nearly a year ago from that determined apart of their post aparters nearly a year ago from that determined apart of their post aparters nearly a year ago from that determined apart of their post aparters nearly a year ago from that determined apart of their post aparters nearly a year ago from that determined before the committee and claimage that the second disturb. The commander and it was peared before the committee and claimage that the second disturb. The commander and it was peared before the committee and claimage that the second disturb. The commander and it was peared before the committee and claimage that the second disturb. The commander and it was the last will and testament of said deceased have that the eighth day of Surface and ninety-one, Fre ent Edgar disturb. The commander and it was for that reason he gave expression in that the eighth day of Surface and ninety-one, Fre ent Edgar disturb. The commander and it was for that reason he gave expression in that way. I was saying that these ed in argument that it was their unering the same territory as the present derstanding and that of many other of their colored comrades, that they were on'y petitioning for a department to be created in the State of Louisana, the same as in other states, in which all comrades, white and black, should be equally entitled to membership, and, further, that they and those represented by them are opposed to the creation of a separate department. In view of the facts submitted to your committee, it is of the opinion that it would be inexpedient to place the authority with the commander-in-chief ments in states in which there are organized departments. William Warner, John P. Rea, Lucius Fairchild, Henry Paintor.

The Minority Reports,

I concur in the recommendations contained in the address of the commander-in-chief in reference to the difficulties existing in the departments of Louisana ana Mississippi, and therefore recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

Re olved, that the rules and reguations be so changed as to authorize the commander-inchief to organize departments of the Grand Army of the Republic in departments now existing, when ver satisfied, upon proper representations, that they may be organized without detriment to the Grand Army of the Repubile, or any department organization existing in states embraced therein.

W. S. Decker. General Henderson of Iowa, moved the adoption of the majority report. W. S. Decker, Colorado, said:

"I indorse fully what is said in the majority report. I believe that every are strong in the conviction that it co'ored soldier has a right to all the privileges that are accorded to every white soldier in the Grand Army of the order to have a separare departine the Republic. He should be deprived ment in Louisina and some other gulf of nothing that a white soldier has states, made up of such posts as may or may have. That is not the quesapply to come into it; and having con- tion that is presented here. I do not current jurisdiction with the departments already established in such states, concurrent in the respect to rades, I want to state to you here, chartering and mustering of posts, but | that I am the representative of this committee who served with a colored regiment, and I want to say to you that no comrade of the Grand Army The remedy suggested involves an of the Republic will go further than amendment to our rules and regula- I will in extending the hand of fratertions. The committee is informed that nity and charity to the colored soldier; the requisite notice has been given and but, as I said before, that is not the therefore it is properly before the en-campment for its action. The man who ordained and established our rules army and when the war closed, went and regulations adopted, as a pream- South and settled there. They had a right to go down there and establish "We, the soldiers and sailors, and posts of the G. A. R. They did so. honorably discharged soldiers and sail. There are representatives on this floor ors of the army, navy and marine corps to-day that went there ten, twelve of the United States, who have con- or fourteen or more years ago, and essented to this union, having aided in tablished the G. A. R. in the midst of maintaining the honor, integrity and rebels, and they are maintaining themsupremacy of the national government selves as soldiers of the republic, and during the late rebellion, do unite to as members of the posts of the Grand establish a permanent association for Army which have been organized in the objects hereinafter set forth; and those Southern cities. Within the last through our national encampment do two or three years there has arisen a ordain and establish the following rules question between white members of the G. A. R. in the South and those colored soldiers that are living there. Now, what is the proposition? As there is a difficulty existing down there, we say to the colored comrades: You have your colored churches, you have your colored orders of the Masonencampment, has never turned ic fraternity, you have your colored

of his nationality, creed or color. The only qualification for membership is move if there be more hissing in the nied

DETROIT International Fair

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way Trains run Directly to the Grounds Largest and Finest Fair Buildings. and Handsomest Grounds :

insist that we have fair play here.' The senior vice commander-in-chief said, "If there is any more of that from the galleries they will be clear-

the World.

Mr. Wagner of Pennsylvania: What about that which came from the floor? Mr. Campbell of Kansas: "There is no doubt it was in the gallery. It may have been on the floor also. saw it in the gallery. I am opposed to the minority report, but I want the

a fair and full discussion." The senior vice commander-in-chief:

comrades to understand that we want

are instances where the colored people have their organizations, and it is ed for proving said instrument. And it is further not drawing the color line that they ordered, that a copy of this order be published have them.

"Now then we come to the question and I think it a serious one. If you do neet it and settle it properly in this encampment, it will be here a year from now, and it will be here continually until it is settled according to the condition of affairs as we find them in Louisana, Mississippi, South Carolina and the Southern states. You must not judge the conto organize new or provisional depart- dition of affairs down there as you see them in the State of Michigan and other Northern states. My comrades, I will vote for the admission of a colored soldier in my post. Colored men belong to the post in the city in which I live, and they are welcome there. But a different condition of affairsexists down in the Southern cities. These comrades that are sitting here before you in this encampment are earnest G. A. R. men. They are trying to build up the organization in the South. They are trying to get all the white soldiers in, and they are not opposed to the coming in of colored ones. But there is a difference existing between them. They say the colored men are in favor of the organization of colored posts. Some are already in existence down there. They desire that they shall have the privilege of organizing other posts. Let the department be organized there also; that is, give the commander-in-chief power to organize it, not that it shall be done; but say to him, as the report which I have offered here says: Go down there as a true, honest, conscientious G. A. R. man; look over the ground and see whether these colored and white comrades can live together.' If they can live together in the different posts of the South, for God's sake keep them together. But if they cannot, devise

> in and have all the privileges, not to draw the color line-I detest the expression; it does not rightfully apply "Commander-in-chief and comrades," eaid Mr. Warner, "with Comrade Decker, I can say that I know some of the trials and the difficulties and the insults which those brave men in the Southern states have to endure and have endured for wearing the G. A. R. button. In Missouri we march with our colored post. Comrades, when these black men or white men or whatever color or nationality they may be, shouldered the musket in defense of the union, it was not a question of etiquette or of sociability; it was a question of patriotism and loyalty. The black man fought for a flog that never, up to that time, had protected him in anything but bondage. (Applause.) This organization had better bury the old flag, comrades, had better tear the button from the breast, than now, as our heads are silvering o'er with the frosts of years, to go back on the principles for which we (Applause.) Comrade Johnson, a colored member from Washington, and Ritchie, another colored member, Past Commander-in-Chief Fairchild of Wisconsin, and Northcott of Virginia, spoke in favor of the major-

> some means by which the colored men

who fought for the union can come

Miss Stella Hart, of Indianapolis, is in the city.

Mr. Robert Pelham, Sr., accompa-

ity report.

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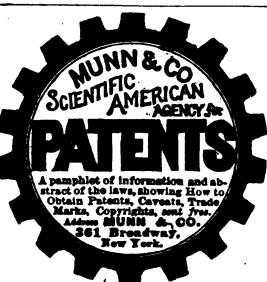
STAT OF MICHIGAN COUNTY OF WAYNE The senior vice commander-in-chief: 5 ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said I should hope no comrade would County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in think so low of his comrade as to hiss him when he is making remarks on the encampment floor."

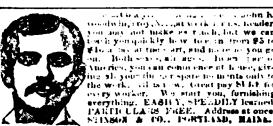
Judge Decker: The hisses did not disturb. The comrade probably did control wayne, held at the Probate Office, held at the Probate next at ten o'clock in the Office gaid Propate three successive w wks previous tosaid day of hearing, in The Plaindraler a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne. EDGAR O. DURFEE,

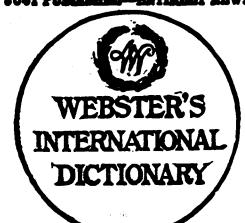
Judge of Probate. (A true copy.) HOMER A. FLINT. Register.



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Cunfford —There have recently been insued several cheap reprints of the 1947 edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, an edition long since superamnusted. These books are given various names,—"Webster's Unabridged," "The Great Webster's Dictionary," "Webster's Big Dictionary," "Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary," are

Many announcements concerning them are from A to an honorable discharge from the "Unit-ed States Army, Navy or Marine Corps" hosed to this minority report, but I urday.

Include the some-in-law, Mess's. Ferguson and Barrier to Bois Blanc last Sat-urday.

Ft. Wayne, Ind. —

Z, is 44 years old, and printed from cheep plates and by photographing the old pages.

Railroad Time Tables. THE SHORT LIER



troit, M.C.R.R. edo, C. H. & D 10.15 am 3 30 pm 12.01 am Arrivo

Lima 9.90 am 12.21 pm 6.00 pm Dayton 12.05 pm 2.55 pm 8.45 pm Hamilton 1.29 nm 8.58 pm 9.46 pm Cincinnati 2.10 pm 4.45 pm 16.30 pm Indianapolis 7.25 pm 7.35 pm 12.35 am 9.20 Am Through parior cars on day trains and Puliman palace cars on night trains between Detroit and

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. M. D. WOODFORD, E. O. M Gen'l Manager. Gun'l Pass. Agt. D. B. TRACY, Nor. Pass, Agent, 105 Jefferson avenue Detroit, Mich.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. Depot foot of Brush street. Central Standard Time Oct. 7th, 1889.

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

DETROIT, GRAND HAVEN & MILWAUEEE R'Y Pepot foot of Brush street. Trains run by Oentrai Standard Time. April 22th, 1880.

*Muskegon & GrandRapids Ext 50 a m Through Mail & Baginaw... 11 00 a m Steamboat Express 480 pm 11 56 a m Pontiac & Orchard Lake Surb †5:55 pm †8:30 am Chicago Express with aleeper. 5 00 p m †Night Express with sleeper...10 30 p m *Daily, Sundays excepted. *Daily

650 a m 1100 a m and 430 p m trains connect a Durand for Saginaw and Bay City.

Grand Rapids Express and Morning Express
have parlor car to Grand Rapids. Stead boat Express has Wagner parlor Buffet

car to Grand Haven.

Chicago Express has elegant Pullman sleeping and Buffet cars to Chicago daily. Night Express has sleeper to Grand Rapids

daily.
Sheeping car burths can be secured at general ticket office, 169 Jefferson avenue, cor. of Wood ward, and at the depot foot of Brush street.

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WABASH RAILROAD, City Ticket Office, 9 Fort street West Deput foot of Tweitin street. Standard time Leare. Arrive.

Indiana ; 's Lafayette, Kansas City and Western Flyer...... *8.26 am St. Louis Express ‡3.30 pm St. Louis Express 13.30 pm 19.35 am St. Louis and had Express..... 19.50pm 111.20 pm Chicago Express 11.35 pm 111.20 pm Chicago Express 19.50 pm 17.30 am Ind Louisville & St. Louis

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10:50 a.m. 1:1 n. C:00 p m. 5:00 p.m. C:00 p.m. Counceting in Union Station, Grand Rapids for THE CHICAGO AND WEST MICHIGAN. Trains leave Grand Rapids for Chicago 10 a.m. 1 p. m., and 11:85 p. m., time five and one-helf hours. Trains leaving Grand Rapids at 11:85 p.th. daily has through sleepers arriving at Chicago

7:06 a, m.
Train leaving Detroit 1:18 p.m., arrives at Grand
Direct connection with C. Rapids 5.05 p. m. Direct connection with C & M. M. Araba neeth. arxiving at Manistee 18:00 p.m., and Traverse City 10:50 n.; arrives as Holland 6:25 p.m.; arrives at Muskegon 7:25 a.m. THE SAGINAW VALLEY AND ST. LOUIS

Is the Shortest Line between Grand Rapids and the Saginaws- Trains leave Grand Rapids 7:30 a.m., 4:30 p.m. Leave East Saginaw 7:30 a.m., 6:10 p.m. Time four and one half hours. WM. A. GAVETT. Gen TAgt, Detrott, Telephone 305.
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from Fort St. CHAS. M. HEALD, Gen'l. Mgr., Grand Bapids. GEO. DuHAVEN, Gen'l. Pass. Agt., Grand Rapids

AGENTS

To Sell Our Royal Book,

"The Black Phalanx."

It'is a history of the Negro Soldiers and gives a full account of their services in fighting for freedom and the Union, from the Revelution to the present time. SPLENDID PLOTURES of the Negro Troops. All my it is the gradest book ever written. Piles of money to be made selling it, for every body wants it. You Can Make Money. One man has already made 600 dollars on 560 books. Don't fall to send at once for circulars and see our liberal Terms to Agents. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Ct., Foston, Cheinsart of St. Lonie, (Bender Description)

Ft. Wayne, Ind. -Rev. J. H. Re

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DETROIT, FRIDAY AUGUST 14, '91.

Headquarters Afro-American League Detroit, Mich., August 11, 1891 It is desirable that a list be obtained at once of all the local branches of the Afro-American League. To secure this end, the Secretaries of all State Leagues, and of all the local branches throughout the different States are requested to put themselves in immediate communication with the Secretary of the Afro-American League.

Address all communications to the Secretary, Box 92, Detroit, Mich.

Wm. H. Anderson, Secretary Afro-American League

All this profession about a loyal South that has accepted the issues of the war, is merest bosh. The names of Union generals so generally honored and revered in Detroit last week, are still hissed in public gatherings in the South, while rebel generals and the lost cause are cheered to the echo.

The personnel of the committee appointed to investigate the "color line question" in the G. A. R., is evidence of the importance of that question. And a committee composed of such sterling men as ex-Commanders, Lucius Fairchild, John P. Rea, William Warner, could hardly have made a different report.

There are some men engaged in fight ing the League, and everything else excepting that which feathers their own nests, and we expect nothing better of them. They are political hacks. whose opinions are regarded by none, and whose motives are understood by all. Editor Hackley is not one of that kind, and we yet hope to see him pitch in and help the rest of us build up something tangible.

Detroit has made a reputation for hospitality during the past week that puts her at the head of liberal cities who love the soldiers that saved the Union. It was almost a unanimous expression of every veteran, "we could not expect more." Mr. E. W. Cottrell, chairman of the Accommodation Committee, has demonstrated unequaled executive ability in managing the vast undertaking he had upon his shoulders. He can now enjoy a wellearned national reputation as a man-

This is the first time in the history of the Union when the governor of a great state, although well and in the city, dared not welcome the grandest organization in the country to the hospitality that the citizens of the state tendered it. It was the expressed opinion of thousands of these veterans that Governor Winans would make an ideal executive officer for Georgia. He could welcome the rebels in gray with much more grace than he could the boys in

It is feared by a few far-seeing Afro-Americans that this color-line fight in the G. A. R. will be renewed in Washington. General Vandervort, of Lincoln. Nebraska, well said that Washington is now a rebel stampingground. That fact alone nearly defeated it for the encampment of '92, although the almost unanimous sentiment before had been in its favor. It is safe to rest assured that any such move will meet the same inglorious defeat it did here. The people of Washington don't vote on the question. The majority report of the committee here will stand like Gibraltar's rock. in the way of any such move. Beside. Colonel Lewis and General Smalls have their eyes wide open. They are veterans still, fighting this time for principle. That caste in the G. A. R. was buried so deep, is due to their untiring

Discrimination as a distinctve feature in the laws of the G. A. R., received its knock-out blow during the encampment here. Those few veterans who now live in the South, and who have been so persistent in pressing the matter, must now either accept the situation or leave the organization. From their actions, it would seem that the demands of southern society with its un-American and rebellious spirit, has displaced their patriotism. Nevertheless, the overwhelming majority of the veterans are still true to the eigitimate principles that were the natural outcome of the war. God bless them for it! They are not ined there would be the least prejuwilling to sacrifice the men who fought | dice shown. On the whole, the Plainso bravely with them, to the sentiment | dealer does not think that the Afro-

had not been definitely settled years ago. During the war when union prisoners were escaping from those hellish Southern prison pens no Caucasian home in all that section of false profession of patriotism, was an asylum to him. The Afro-American was his host, his benefactor, his savior. No thought of discrimination then. It seems almost incredible now that there is a G. A. R. man with soul so dead that he would sacrifice his friend in time of need to the devilish rebellious sentiment of unrepentant rebels.

Those who have imagined that the Afro-American League is on its last legs, have but little idea of the strength of the movement. The states of Illinois, Rhode Island and Iowa have recently formed state organizations; their executive committees have organized, and are prepared to organize local leagues throughout their respective states. The last year was essentially one of organization. The present should be one of action, as it most undoubtedly will be. It would be the wiser policy for those who now so busily criticize the League for the work of the last convention, to wait awhile at least before passing harsh criticism upon it. The Constitution is as flexible and single as it can be for such a large organization, and if it should prove inadequate for work during the present year, it will be easy enough to revise it at Philadelphia next year. For the present, let us all stifle our differences as to plan of organization, our dissatisfaction with the men at the head, and put our shoulders to the wheel to make the League movement an effective one, and make it a prominent factor in restoring to the people the rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution of the Republic.

Quite a number of our contemporaries looked upon the frequent and universal discussion of the Afro-American doubtfully, believing that prejudice was reviving and that the discussion would redound to our hurt. The Plaindealer has ever had faith that discussion would only show that the Afro-American is possessed of the ambition, capability and energy as other races. as well as possessing their vices and weaknesses. Hitherto, the weak and vicious side only of the Afro-Ameri- Army together is neither black nor can has been held up to view. It could not be otherwise as the discussion pro- radeship of war are not to be denied ceeded that the worth of a large and the comradeship of peace. growing minority would also appear. The New York Tribune: The Powhattan Club of Virginia, not long ago, addressed a note to the Richmond School Board asking that the idea of solving the difficulty by makteachers in all the colored schools be ing a separate department of the white. The premise and answer of the Board show that they have come in touch with Afro-American competence, and this is their testimony. Let other Southern educators read and di-

"The Negroes are among us and we recognized it is our duty to make of them possible citizens. It is a wellestablished principle that the best citizens are those who combine with moral and intellectual worth the ability to direct with wise self-control their own affairs. This condition for the It evinces a determination to assert Negroes can only be secured by throwing upon them, so far as accords with prudence, the responsibility of their own elevation.

"The colored teachers in our employ have shown themselves capable, painstaking, ambitious to excel, and careful of both the intellectual and moral improvement of their pupils. They take pride in their positions, and are satisfied; they are anxious to do the best for their race; they are diligent students of methods; they are in sympathy with their pupils and on the same social plane, and by visiting among the patrons of their schools, exercise an influence that is impossible to a white teacher. We have an excellent corps of colored teachers; they are steadily improving by study and experience, and the schools are getting the benefit of their increasing efficien-

There has been a great deal of discussion caused by the attempt of some men in the G. A. R. to create separate departments for the colored and white ex-soldiers, in certain states of the South. This question has been settled now, so far as the G. A. R. is concerned, for all time, and on a right basis. The mere report of ex-Commander Veazeyla speech, recommending that power be given the new commander to create such separate departments if necessary, created a wide stir, and some of our race contempora ries seemed to have imagined that the G. A. R. and the people of Detroit became rampant with prejudice, and the Afro-American buffeted hither and thither, with no more privileges accorded him than he would have received in Southern city. Such, however, was not the case, and so far as the Plaindealer is concerned, it has heard of only one case where a couple of young gentlemen from Ohio entered a drug-store for soda water, and failed to get it, only because they did n't ask it. Inquiry confirms us in this particular anetonce, because the Plaindealer has met persons who were served in that particular place last week, as well as at another establishment. which happens to be the only one in Detroit in which the Plaindealer imag-

among the rank in the parade, occupied posts of honor, were captains of companies, color bearers, evoked more cheers as they plodded along, the separate companies, than others. The effectual stamping out of the race question, the noble, grand speeches made in their behalf, and good treatment everywhere, should mark the Silver Encampment of the G. A. R., as one of the most memorable and pleasing recollections of their lives. As the encampment did Detroit honor, so was the G. A. R. honored by Detroit, and all future places selected for this event, will certainly have to out-do themselves to equal the manner in which Detroit entertained the survivors of the most memorable and far-reaching conflict of modern times.

While Detroit and the nation honor 'the memory of the unreturning brave," who fell on many a wellfought battlefield, and sleep "beneath the magnolia's bloom, or under odorous pines, or in dark malarial swamps," or on some mountain side, or in sunny vales, or who have found rest in the surges of the Atlantic, and in the bosom of the great rivers. Detroit had nothing but laurels and honor for the survivors, irrespective of race or color.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Get "Gems of Deportment," and you'll have both. \$2. Order now.

Current Comment.

The Norwich Bulletin: A unanimous verdict of "well done" greets the Grand Army for its treatment of the color question from all parts of the country where intelligence and patriotism control public utterance.

The Pittsburgh Times: In that which gives the Grand Army its nobility, the Negro soldier had his share. No white soldier ever paused in the charge to study the complexion of the comrade whose bayonet advanced level with his own. No white soldier of the Union ever saw a black face looking along a musket barrel from the opposing lines. The Negro soldier earned his right to a place in the Grand Army of the Repubic, where the white soldier earned his, with his life upon the hazard. Their blood mingled on many a battle-field, shed in the same cause, as freely and bravely by the one as by the other. The tie that binds the Grand white. It is red, and those who have distinguished leaders as I have the given of their veins to it in the com- honor to address, that the time will have his own way. But the law is in-

Despite vicious example, the persecuted race is commendably submissive under outrage. General Veazey's Southern Negro posts would keep whole the minor organizations and rob the white of the pretext for injustice, but it would destroy completely the faint hope the Negro may have entertained of the toleration that belongs to companionship in arms. For this latter reason it has not found favor at the encampment. Moreover, the rules of the order are against it, and the claim that the Negroes themselves desire the change is disputed. The encampment's formal repeal of the Department's action emphasizes the Army's loyalty to its best traditions. the supreme authority at all hazards. It now remains to be seen whether the white members will copy their dusky comrades' laudable trait of acquiesence or carry out the threat of whole-

sale resignation. The New York Press: The Liberia colonization scheme. which crops up every now and then, has for its reason of being, as the French say, the existence of a Liberia Colonization Society, endowed with considerable funds, and whose officers must have some excuse for drawing comfortable salaries. Presumably, if the idea of Liberian colonization should be given up entirely, some public authority or private individuals, heirs of legators, would have ground for looking up the funds bequeathed to the society. This is undoubtedly the milk in the cocoanut of the reactionary movement to send Americans away from America. This is the home of the black Americans. They have the same right here as the descendants of the Hollanders and the Puritans, and Africa has no more call for them than Holland or England for the men who

settled New Amsterdam or Boston. Ex-Senator Bruce voices the right sparit when he says: "If any one imagines that the colored people are going to leave the United States he is mistaken. They were born here, and here they mean to stay. In a spirit of unrest, they. like white men, may move from one State to another. But they don't intend to go outside the himits of the United States, at least in any appreciable numbers. The colored people are becoming educated, and look to the United States as the country of their future development." By all means let the black Americans stay right here where they belong, and where they and their ancestors for generations were born.

RENEW NOW!

And Get This Handsome Book. A Big Offer.

"Gems of Deportment" is one of the most beautiful books ever issued from the American press, the publisher's price of which is \$2.50. This elegant book contains gems of thought from the best writers and thinkers of the world, and is at once a guide to earning, a manual of knowledge, a teacher of etiquette, and a book of beauty. It is superbly illustrated and handsomely bound in English cloth, Receipts, behavior, dress, conversation, education, marriage, divorce, how to travel. It is peculiarly suitable for a holiday of an unconvinced, rebellious spirit. The wonder is that the question of having a color line in the G. A. R., They were well sprinkled to the Airo- it is peculiarly suitable for a nonday getting out a good weekly for \$1? that, the Airo- gift book, and Plaindealer subscribers. We are anxious to make it better. 25, Durand \$2.6 to \$1.75, Ovid year and "Gems of Deportment," only having a color line in the G. A. R., Week. They were well sprinkled \$2. SUBSCRIBE.

They Honored Alger.

Washington Sons of Veterans Call Upon the Popular Ex-Commander

Among the many pleasant presentations and testimonials of the Encampment week, none were more appropriate, more fitting and modest than the presentation to General Russell A. Alger of a gold badge, by Camp 25, Alger Sons of Veterans. The reception at General Alger's home was cordial and pleasing, as noticed in last week's Plaindealer. Lieutenant Ames well expressed the sentiments of his Camp in the following manner:

General:-There are times in the history of our lives when words are inadequate to express the feeling of our hearts; such is mine on this occasion. Could Shakespeare but open to me the field of imagination, and Milton sing the songs of Paradise, words sufficient might be given me to accord to you at least a shadow of that deeper feeling, which cannot be expressed which we and our associates at home entertain for you, but it is impossible. Therefore, should I fall short in performing the duty assigned me, remember it is lack of ability, and not sincerity which causes it.

We are here as representatives of General Russell A. Alger Camp, 25 S. of V., Division of Maryland, Washington, D. C., and have called to do homage to the distinguished commander whose name we bear, and to thank you in behalf of our camp for the honor which you have conferred upon us by permitting us to wear it with your, consent.

Time will not permit me, neither do I deem it necessary, to enter at this time into the history of our organization, nor the composition of its members, for you have long since been made aware of these facts, but suffice it to say they are sons of sires whose records on the battle field from date of enlistment to that of muster-out are those of perfect soldiers whose cardinal principles were loyalty to their country, and obedience to their commander, and, as the sons of such sires. we wish to perpetuate their memories and that of their comrades by keeping alive in our hearts that noble cause for which they fought, and in which you and they were victorious, and this glorious Union preserved.

Actuated by these motives, we have formed this camp, and we trust to do honor to the cause in which we have enlisted and make glad the heart of him whose name we are permitted to

We realize that there is much to be done by us before the present condition of things will be satisfactorily adjusted, but we believe that with such organizations as ours, cherished by the | would entirely obliterate the color line influence and moral support of such on the railway during this warm come when loyalty and not secession; exorable, the brother in white must when friendship and not enmity; when swelter in his crowded coach, while charity and not selfishness will be the his dark-skinned brother sometimes ocdominant element in the American people, and wherever floats the stars and stripes, will exist in fact, the princi- comfort and convenience with the ples for which our fathers fought and died. Liberty, equality and Justice to the Afro-American can well afford to

For the advancement of these principles we have entered the arena, and we give our hearts and hands, and our lives if need be, in bringing about are not sufficiently patronized to pay this much desired result. The height the additional expense, and the trav-of our ambition, the chief end of our eler's wail because he is compelled to existence, is to faithfully carry out the spirit and letter of the principles of our order, Friendship, Charity and Loyalty; but in so doing we will demand reciprocity, and we ask you as one of the great leaders of this Grand Republic to assist to this end, that we might succeed in demonstrating the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood

We are allied to the grandest organization in the land, and constitute no insignificant factor in the nation's welfare, and we propose to stand shoulder to shoulder with that grand old army in all that pertains to the good of the greatest number.

We make you. General, its gallant leader, and we trust when the next bugle sounds that the name of Russell A. Alger will be the standard around which the million veterans. backed by the 60,000 American sons who are organized into camps, and as many more who are not, and finally by the whole American people, and confer upon you the most distinguished honor within the gift of the commonwealth.

This, General, is the greeting of our Camp, and this is the wish of her representation.

I thank you for the consideration you have given us, and the honor you do me in listening to my feeble remarks.

John C. Fremont Post.

Prominent Speakers at Its Last Regular Monting.

To the Detroit Plaindealer: John C. Fremont Post No 406, G. A. R., Department of Michigan, met in regular session Tuesday evening, August 11, on Champlain street between Antoine and Beaubien streets,

W. H. Smith, Commander. Quite a number of visiting comrades were present, the most noted of whom, were Comrade W. Colson, of Shaw Post, No 580, Cincinnati, O., ex-Governor C. C. Antoine, of Oscar Orilbon Post, No. 14, New Orleans, La., and Col. James Lewis, of the same Post and city. Each visiting comrade made a short speech and encouraged the John C. Fremont Post to stand together as one man, as it is a young Post of less than two month's exist-

Col. Lewis and his friends from the South expressed great satisfaction at the work done by the National en-compment, in giving them what they wanted, a new Department for Louisana, not a separate one.

We feel to rejoice with them at the noble stand the old comrades took in standing by their colored comrader. They have said in tones of thunder, "We will never, in field or tent, scorn the Black Regiment."

G. A. R. Detroit, August 12, 1891.

Does it occur to you that we are getting out a good weekly for \$1? one new subscriber?

VARIETY OF THINGS.

The Afro-American League of Albany, N. Y., will ask the President to pardon the Navassa convicts, now confined in the Kings County and Albay penitentiaries. Recent developments from Navassa furnish additional proof that these so-called rioters are being unjustly punished. Afro-Americans all over the country should protest long and loud until these victims of inhumanity and oppression receive their freedom.

Said a prominent Afro-American of Detroit to the Plaindealer before the color question came up in the G. A. R... referring to the expected action that body would take, "I fear that our sep. arate institutions, schools, churches, &c. will yet create for us a great deal of harm." The words were in a sense prophetic, since the argument was used, though in this case without effect. to bolster up the cause of the Negrophobists of the South. The Plaindealer has always been outspoken in its opposition to such institutions, since they serve in a very strong degree to keep up the color line. Separate schools only serve to keep up a race pride that is detrimental to a Republic composed of such a homogeneous population as the United States. The same is likewise true of churches and societies organized on like lines. The condition under which some of these exist in some localities may make them necessary, nevertheless they are wrong in principle, and the harm they do in serving to keep up prejudices, will more than overbalance the temporary advantages they seem to possess.

It is not an uncommon thing for ras-

cals to over-reach themselves and suffer the ills they plan for others. Texas furnishes a case in point. Follow ing the example of neighboring bourbon states, they have adopted the separate coach system, and caused themselves great inconvenience in consequence. Texas is quite a good-sized state and Afro-Americans who travel are few in comparison to the number of whites who do so. When the Afro-American does travel, he is at no trouble for accommodations, the railroad companies must furnish a separate car for him, and while his white brother is crowded to suffocation in the coach reserved for him and sacred from invasion by his dark-hued relative, the Afro-American enjoys, if he pleases, and entire coach which no white man may enter. Necessity has broken down many a barrier, and it cupies a whole car to himself which by law must be equal in all points of white coach. Under the circumstances possess his soul in patience. It's a white man's fuss, and between the companies' growi at the loss occasioned by running separate coaches, which be crowded where he might be comfortable, it is safe to say the separate car law will eventually fall into "innocuous desuetude.''

For the Detroit Fair and Exposition, the C. & W.M., and the D., L. & N. will sell excursion tickets August 25th to September 4th, good to return until Septmeber 5th, inclusive, at one lowest fare for round trip, with 50 cents added for admission to the Exposition. These lines are the "favorites" to Detroit.

Geo DeHaven, G. P. A.

Additional Mere Mention

Miss Hattie Hall is the guest of Mrs. Ann Smith.

Mrs. Reuben Davis was overcome by the heat while looking at the parade. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coursey, of Boston, are guests of Miss Maggie Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Simpson, of To-

ronto, visited friends during the week. Miss Lulu Watson, of Washington, is visiting her uncle, Dr. S. C. Wat-

Mrs. Sally Taylor, of Louisville, is visiting Mrs. A. T. Adelaide, of Madison avenue.

Mrs. John Page and children, of Port Huron, are visiting Mrs. Bibbins, of 177 Wilkins street. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ricks, of Cleve-

land, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Anderson. Mrs. Nancy R. Williams, of Pitts-

burg, is visiting her son, Mr. Walter Anderson, of Wilkins street. Mr. and Mrs. John Loomie will re-

ceive friends from 4 till 7 P. M., this evening in honor of their gueste. A lawn social will be given on Tuesday, August 18, at 799 Beaubien st.,

for the benefit of Bethel church. Admission, 5 cents. The Misses Lee and Joyce, of Columbus, and Mrs. Chestnut, of Cleve-

land, are stopping at Mrs. Smith's, Cutherine street. Mrs. Calvin Campbell and Mrs. Minnie McCarthy, of Williamston, Mich.,

stopped in Detroit en route to Windsor, where they will visit two weeks.

The Funishing Club of Bethel Sunday School, will give a bell breaking festival, Tuesday evening, August 25, for the benefit of the Sunday School. Admission, 10 cents.

Cheap excursion to Grand Rapids. by the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Ry., on Sunday, August 16th. Leave Detroit from Brush street Depot, 6:30 A. M., Gratiot ave., 6:38 A. M., Lake Shore Jct., 6: 44 A. M., Milwankee Jct., 6:50 A. M.

ing return**ing, leav**e Grand Raj P. M. Rate from Detroit only \$3.00, Pontiac, \$2.50, Holly, \$2.25, Fenton, \$2. 25, Durand \$2.00, Corunna and Owos-

Arrive Grand Rapids, 12:15 noon,

so \$1.75, Ovid \$1.50, St. Johns \$1.25, Planty of speed for all

gw Subscribers not receiving The Plansbaler regularly should notify us at once. We desire every copy delivered promptly.

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Auron Lapp, 495 Hastings street. John Williams, 81 Croghan street. Cook and Thomas, 42 Croghan street. Jones and Brewer, 38º Antoine street. W. H. Johnson, 460 Hastings street.

MERE MENTION.

To City Subscribers.

On and after June 1, 1891, all unpaid subscriptions will be charged for at the rate of 50 cents for each three months. The present low price of the Plaindealer,-One Dollar per year, -cannot be allowed to those who do not pay in advance, when bills are presented.

The Plaindealer office is now permanently located on the second floor of the building formerly occupied by the Tribune Printing Company, 13-17 style. I like my comfort and I nev-Rowland street.

Mr Ecton, of Chicago, returned home

H. Weaver, of Chatham, was in the city Saturday.

Miss Ida Griffin is spending her vacation with her mother. Miss Dolly Scott, of Chatham, is

spending her vacation in Detroit. Mrs. Palmer, of Wilkins street, is entertaining Miss Pulpress, of Allegheny. Mr. Chas. N. Hilton, of Denver, Col., spent a few days in the city the past week.

The latest oldest Afro-American to die is Sarah Davis, of Indianapolis, aged 133 years.

Miss Eliza Gibbs, of Washington, D. C., is the guest of Mrs. H. M. Burrell of Wilkins street. Miss Mame Hamilton and Miss Lil-

lie High, of Bay City, are visiting in Detroit and Windsor. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of Worcester,

Mass., are the guests of Mrs. T. Garrison, of Division street.

Mrs. Maggie Porter Cole has returned from her season's work, and will spend her vacation in the city.

Mrs. Alex Moore, Jr., left for Chicago, Tuesday evening. Mr. Moore will remain until next Monday. Mrs. James Jones, of Chicago, is vis-

iting her brother, the Rev. John M. Henderson, of Bethel church. Miss Kate May Williams, of Chicarather, Mr. C.

Williams, 381 Hastings street. Miss Ellen Shipp, of Cincinnati, O., is being entertained by Mrs. M. J. Thompson, of Hastings street.

The Misses Amanda Roper and Claribel Thompson, of Ypsilanti, are the guests of Miss Lillian E. Russell.

Mrs. Mary E. Fletcher, of Shelby-ville, Ky., is visiting her cousin, Mrs. William M. Russell, of Macomb st. Mr. Wm. T. Lewis, of East Avon, N. Y., will return to Kalamazoo in September to complete his college

Mr. and Mrs. Gambolee, of Chicago, attended the excursion to the "Bay" and left Monday evening for a trip up the lakes.

The Rev. John M. Henderson gave a small luncheon party in honor of his cousin, Miss Patterson of Wash-

ington, last week. Mrs. Marion Shadd and her sister, Mrs. Purnell, of Washington, were guests of Miss Fannie Richards dur-

ing the past two weeks. Mrs. Benson and her daughter, Miss Clara Deaver, who visited Miss Gregory last week, left Tuesday on a lake steamer for upper Michigan.

Mrs. S. Laing Williams, who was the guest of Mrs. Pelham during the encampment, returned to her home in Chicago, Tuesday afternoon.

The Rev. J. O'Banyoun, of Chatham, is in the city. He came over to take in the Knights Templar conclave, and

will stay through conference. Mr. Robert Sampson, of La Porte, is visiting relatives in the city.

Mrs. Howard and daughter, of Hamilton, are visiting on Brewster street.

Messrs. Chas. Fisher, James Butcher, Jno. D. Powell, Jr., Miss Jordan and Mrs. Green, of Washington, D. C.,

were among the strangers in the city. Mr. Ernest Barnes, the efficient cor-respondent of the Plaindealer at Cayu-

Mrs. Chas. F. Hill, of 177 Brewster street, entertained during the past week Mrs. L. A. Delaney, Mrs. C. M. Prentiss, of St. Louis, Mo., Mrs. Nancy Butler, of Lansing and Mr. John Hill, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Horn, of Chattanooga, who made many warm friends during her ing to Chattanooga.

Mrs. B. F. Fort is entertaining her nieces, Mrs. George Collins and Mrs. James Toliver, of Battle Creek, Mrs. E. Stewart, Miss Carrie Green, of Jack-

of the home people as were not engaged themselves in entertaining visitors.

The evening was very pleasantly spent by all present.

The reception which was to have been given at Bethel church Wednesday evening as a welcome to the ministers of the Michigan conference, Smith Printing Co., 97 Woodward of Bishop Campbell, who died last Excellent quality of work, prompt Sunday. Bishop Brown, who had service, and courteous treatment to come to Detroit to preside over the conference, left Tuesday evening to attend the funeral.

Our Offer To You!

"Gems of Deportment" is one of the most beautiful books ever issued from the American press, the publisher's price of which is \$2.50. This elegant book contains gems of thought from the best writers and thinkers of the world, and is at once a guide to learning, a manual of knowledge, a teacher of etiquette, and a book of beauty. It is superbly illustrated and handsomely bound in English cloth, gold edges. Receipts, hints, rules of behavior, dress, conversation, education, marriage, divorce, how to travel. It is peculiarly suitable for a holiday gift book, and Plaindealer subscribers can get it for \$1. The Plaindealer one year and "Gems of Deportment," only \$2 SUBSCRIBE.

Glances llere and There.

One can do a great deal with a little money, if he is as shrewd as an old lady whom the Glancer met this week. She had seen so much of the city during her short visit that the Glancer asked her how it had been accomplished. "Well, my dear," said she, "you see I don't care a bit for er walk if I can help it, because my feet are very tender, but a street car does just as well as a carriage. So every day since I've been here I have gone to the city hall, taken a different line of street cars and rode to the end of the route and back. I believe I've seen pretty much the whole town, good parts and bad, and had many pleasant little chats with friends whom I have met during my rides. I've been to your Island park too, and rode over to Windsor and back, and with all have not spent as much as some people would for one afternoon ride in a carriage. They're talking about having street cars in our town, and when they do, I'm going out riding every day. Some people fuss because they can't do as rich people do, but they'd all be happier if they did what they could do. Don't you think so?'' said she. The Glancer assented readily as he shook hands with the dear old philosopher, who had even found enjoyment on a Detroit street car.

Detroit never had so many strangers in its borders in all its history as she did last week, and yet less was done in a concerted way to give them a royal time than ever before. It seems that preparation for the G. A. R., and the extra exertion every one has been compelled to exercise, has paralyzed the social activities of the home folks. But few attempts have been made, and these by individuals. While these were thoroughly successful and enjoyable, the social side of Detroit has not loomed up in its wonted galety. Everybody, however, seems to be enjoying themselves in a sort of go as you please manner. And every-body is certainly welcome to our city. The Glancer has heard many schemes discussed to make the stay of the stranger enjoyable, and the few who are still with us will hardly lack entertainment.

It is a sorry sight to see a woman, as the common expression goes, mashed on herself. One who thinks she is so handsome, se accomplished, so winning in her ways that society with one accord should fall down and pay homage at her feet. However bitter the dose may be, one can tolerate the action that such a self-ideal one's own self creates in a woman. But when a man gets a bad case of the big head, it is nauseating. It was the Glancer's misfortune to run across one or two such fellows, who thought that society moved, existed, and drew its inspiration from their diminutive brains, answered the every call of their timorous voices, and sought them out to pay them deference on every occasion. How sadly they were disappointed! Western society is n't built that way. When you find a man who insists on the title being prefixed to his name openly and boldly, he has got it bad. When the Glancer heard a young man so insist repeatedly, he sighed for that trite little saying of Robert Ruppe'. Robert Burns':

"Oh wad sae power the giftie gi'e

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Straker were 'at home" to their friends and the visitors who are still in the city, Thurs-

day evening. One of the pleasantest social events of last week was a reception given for the visitors by Mr. Thaddeus Warsaw, Jr., at his pretty home on Wat-The Misses Erminie Bell, of Cincinnati, Marie Roxborough, of Louisville, and Mrs. A. J. Bell, of Chicago, Mrs. J. W. Duncan and Mrs. Thomas Bell, of Toledo, are guests of Mrs. Al. Deming, 366 Hastings street.

Mrs. Chas. F. Hill, of 177 Destreet.

The excursion to the "Bay" given in honor of the strangers, Monday, was largely attended, and a success which was only slightly marred by the extreme heat. Warm as it was, however, the younger members of the party who went to dance were not balked in their intentions, but tripped short stay in the city, returned to Chicago Tuesday evening, where she will visit a short time before returnnot bubbling up in the nineties. It was the best opportunity which had been afforded to meet all the guests, James Toliver, of Battle Creek, Mrs. E. Stewart, Miss Carrie Green, of Jackson. Miss Annie Toliver, of Saline, at her home on Prentiss ave.

The reception given by Mrs. M. E. McCoy in honor of Miss Mason, of the Relief Corps. was attended by nearly all the visiting delegates, and as many of the home people as were not engage.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

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In marriage avoid disparities in age, taste, culture and morals. Choose those

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Ought to be considered. In the mysterious processes of nature, which are generalized in the term "growth." there is sometimes a demand on one part of the system at the expense of another. Some of the complications are beyond the reach of diagnostic observation. It is here that

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con, Ga., writes: "We have been using at the Orphan's Home as a remedy for blood complaints and as a general tonic, and have had remarkable results from its use with the children. It is such an excellent tonic and keeps the blood so pure that the system is less liable to disease. It has sured some of our children of scrofula."

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The man who prays loudest and longest usually has something on his conscience. To clean willow furniture use salt and

water. Apply it with a nail-brush, scrub well, and dry thoroughly. If idleness be the root of all evil, then

matrimony is good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work. Many a man who has had the key to the

situation has lost it because he was not in

a condition to discover the keyhole. An old gentleman of great experience savs he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her

A New Englander boasts of a bed spread that was woven in 1759, and has been handed down from generation to genera-

Queen Victoria has in her possession a dress woven entirely of spiders' webs, surpass the most splendid silk. It was a gift from the Empress of Brazil in 1877.

Veils are injurious to the eyes, especially those of crape and those which are spotted or figured. A veil should never be worn, except to protect the eyes from dust or sleet, and then for as short a time

"It has invariably been observed in public bolles," says a certain statesman, "that married men are the best debaters. They may not have a chance to talk much at home, but they have unexampled opportunities to observe and learn."

The frequency of pulse-beat is increased by drinking hot water or tea, diminished by drinking these cold. Adding a warm covering to the clothing of the body increases the pulse by about ten beats a minute. Mental activity diminishes it more or less.

There is a widow in Camden who is thinking seriously of marrying again; but she is so afraid her first husband will be offended that she visits his grave and prays him to forgive her. His grave has been better attended to the last six months than ever before.

"Now, little Marie," said a French lady to her godchild, as they passed a confectioner's shop in which a wealth of sweetmeats was displayed "shall I give you Faith. Hope and Charity in chocolate?" Marie reflected for a moment and then rose to the occasion: "Merci, but I should like the twelve apostles, because they will be more to eat."

GOSSIPY ITEMS.

One of the train dispatchers in the service of the Georgia Southern railroad is a woman, Mrs. Willie Coley.

The house in which Andrew Johnson was born, including the tailor shop and ign over the door, is to be removed to he world's fair at Chicago.

Arabi Pacha, the leader of the Egyptian evolt which England helped the khediye sign over the door, is to be removed to the world's fair at Chicago.

revolt which Eng.and helped the khedive to suppress is reported to be dying in Ceylon where he is a prisoner of state.

Annie Rooney was before Justice Glennon, of Chicago, the other day, charged with disorderly conduct, and the justice permitted her to escape with a fine of \$5 Lady Macdonald has received an auto-

graph letter of sympathy from Queen Victoria. a distinguishing mark of imperial favor perhaps never before accorded to a Canadian ially.

When Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, was in congress, he was the smallest man there in point of physique. But he was a big man in debate and is now getting rich as a railroad attorney.

There is only one woman member of the British national rifle association, Miss Leale, but there are few better marksmen, if the term will apply. At a contest in London she made a total score of 82many of them bull's eyes—out of a possi-

John Adams in his old age went to Faneuil hall to see Stuart's Washington, near which stood his own bust. Pointing to the hero's firmly closed mouth he said: "That great man could hold his tongue, which this fool," tapping his own bust with his cane, 'never could learn."

Henry Labouchere, the famous freelance London editor and member of parliament, is a little fat man whom a correspondent who recently saw him describes as sitting in a leather chair, twiddling a grizzled beard. "He is a millionaire, a radical, an insufferable wag."

CANFIELD ITEMS

Street Brothers are on the warpath already with their steam thresher. We wish them success this season. Mrs. Duncan, of Hamilton, has been

the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. Street. Mr. D. Taylor, of Franklinville, N.

Y., paid us a short visit.
The Canfield Band were in Hamilton on Monday the 3rd inst., at the Emancipation celebration. A special request from the Mayor of Hamilton was sent to the band asking them to present themselves on the platform with him.

Special meetings are being held in the Baptist church, under the control of Brother Ross, of Woodstock College.

Misses Ida Thompson and N. Street have returned home from a few day's visit at Hamilton.

Little Calvin Cane, while playing around a kettle of boiling tar, stepped into it and burnt his foot severely. His foot may have to be ampu-

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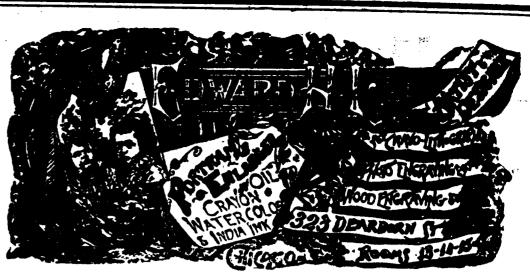
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B.W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn... Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure.

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NO FEAR FROM LEPROSY. Leprosy is a Relic of the Barbaric Ages, and Is Disappearing.

The close commercial relations between California and China have introduced quite a number of lepers into the former from the latter country. A leper hospital in San Francisco has contained as many as fifty-two unfortunates, all of whom were Chinese. No cases, however, have developed from these among the inhabitants of any of the Pacific states. In New York city there have been half a dozen isolated cases during the past ten years, and at the present time the writer sclousness of pickpockets. knows of five cases of leprosy within the city limits. Leprosy is a relic of the barbaric ages, and it is, I think, slowly disappearing from the earth. Civilization and progress will in time complete its effacement. It is but another instance of the "Belated Crab" of Mr. Jackson, and we may join with him in praying heaven to soon remove aches and fevers and cures habitual it. We must not neglect certain safeguards against it, however, for it is an insidious disease. Half a century is often necessary to effect its development in a community, and it may gain a foothold without attracting attention. The action of the government in rigidly quarantining against it is commendable. Lepers, to say the least, are not desirable citizens, and such as reach our shores should be sent back to the places whence they came. The establishment of a lazaretto has been advocated for such cases as have developed among us. I believe it should be done, and hope to see it in the near future, as it will undoubtedly prevent some cases from occurring that would otherwise occur. As a nation we have nothing to fear from leprosy. The conditions do not exist here to cause or even permit the spread of the disease, and it is not conceivable that they will exist until civilization proves a failue. - Dr. Cyrus Edson in North American Re-

Dickens' Caricature.

Miss Dickens has this to say of how her father, the great novelist, viewed a caricature of himself: "There was a penny caricature printed, but by whom I can't say, which greatly delighted him. He writes about it, the letter being dated July 8, 1861: 'I hope you have seen a large-headed photo, with little legs, representing the undersigned, pen in hand, mopping his forehead to knock an idea out. It has just sprung up so abundantly in all the shops that I am ashamed to go about town looking in at the picture windows, which is my delight. It seems to me extraordinarily ludicrous, and much more like the grave writes: I have used your German | figure done in earnest. It made me laugh, when I first came upon it, until I shook again in open, sunlighted Piccadilly.' He returned to Gad's Hill. bringing this with him, and telling us that he had been so amused with it, and so fascinated by it, thinking it so irresistibly funny,' that he stood looking at it, roaring with laughter, until he became conscious of a large and sympathetic audience, laughing so heartily with him that he had to beat a hasty retreat."

The "Pig of the Rushes."

In Ireland the lizard is called 'aire luichair," which, literally translated, means "the pig of the rushes." It is held in great esteem for its curative powers. When caught the person who is anxious to receive the curative power takes the aire luichair in his hand and licks the creature all overhead, feet, belly, legs, sides and tail; and the tongue of the person who thus licks the aire luichair is said to ever afterwards possess the power of taking the pain and sting out of a The aire luichair crawling across the throat of one suffering with quinzy or the hands of a person who has licked or even recently handled one of the little creatures is thought to be a sovereign remedy for that disease. There is also a prevailing idea that the aire luichair is always on the watch to crawl down the throat of any person who happens to fall asleep out of doors.

Bring It With You.

Among the well-known servants of well-known house in Lewiston is one young woman of native "old country" wit, who never is at a loss for an expedient. She attended a call at the door the other day, where a stranger presented himself and asked to see the lady of the house. "What name shall I say?" "Mr. Stiltzenheimer," said he. "Beg pardon, sir?" said she. "Stiltzenheimer," repeated he. The girl hesitated at the name. which was evidently beyond the intricacies of her speech, and then opening the door of the parlor, said with a laugh: "Step in, sir, if you please, and-and bring the name with you."

Raise Your Church Debt.

A nevel plan for extinguishing a church debt has been hit upon in Melbourne, Australia. The church committee—or vestry, as the case may be -divide the total debt among themselves, and each man insures his life for the amount that falls to his share. The policies are transferred to the church, and the annual payments on them are made out of the collections. Then, of course, as the members of committee "drop off," the sums insured on their lives drop in, and later, when the only survivor dies the last instalment of the church debt is paid.

· Marking and

There are allments that rob young women of both Health and Beauty and make them prematurely old. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore both if taken in time.

A husband is either his wife's best friend or worst enemy.

Speer's Wine by the Faculty of H. Y. The Committee of Physicians requested to examine into the merits of the wines of Alfred Speer, report these wines strictly pure, acceptable in flavor, palatable and rich body. Dr. Cyrus Edison says there is no better wine

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Money the Year Round. Miss Smith says: "Can I make \$25 per week in the plating business?" Yes. I make \$4 to \$8 per day plating tableware and jewelry and selling platers. H. K. Deino & Co., Columbus, O., will give you ful! information. A plater costs \$5. Business is light and honorable and makes money the year round.

A READER.

Frugality, as well as affection, is necces sary to domestic happiness.

Fathers and Mothers.

Looking for a school to educate your son or ward? We can heartily recommend the University of Notre Dame, Ind. This famous university will commence its ninety-fifth session Tuesday, Sept. 8th, 1891.

It is thoroughly equipped in every way for the education of its students, morally, mentally, physically, and fits them for a classical or scientific course or for business life.

St. Edward's hall for boys under 13 years of age is unique in the completeness of its equipment. For catalogue and further particulars

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Here are some of the symptoms: Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid, and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. But only a few of these likely to be present at once.

The cure for it—for Catarrh itself, and all the troubles that come from it—a perfect and permanent cure, is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The worst cases yield to its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties. A record of 25 years has proved that to its proprietors -and they're willing to prove it

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EVER before in the history of live stock has such success attended the efforts of breeders in perfecting an animal possessing the power to resist disease, and containing the elements of rapid growth and great size as the OHIO IMPROVED Chester hogs, two having weighed 2,806 lbs. These facts, together with our enormous sales in the States and foreign countries, have excited the envy of competitors, who call in question the facts claimed. We therefore have decided to convince every one of the superiority of this breed by offering to sell a pair ON TIME to the first applicant from each locality with references. Foreign countries having taken steps to re-open their ports for the reception of American pork, also the fact that farmers have sent all sizes to the butcher,

has already caused a lively demand for brood sows and pigs for breeders. They see their mistake, and that the raising of a superior breed of hogs that have a vigorous and strong constitution, with consequent ability to resist the attacks of disease, will in the near future take rank with the most profitable industries. First come first served on a pair on time and an Agency. end address by first mail. The L.B.SILVER CO., Cleveland, O. and secure first chance.

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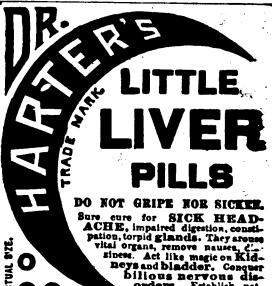


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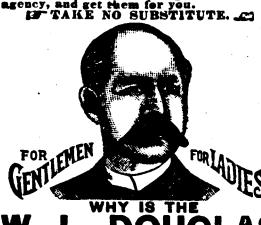
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essen Ave. A. M. E.—Services 10:30 a. m. 7:30 p. m. Sunday School, 2:3, p. m. Rev. M. N. Pharis, pastor.

Becond Baptist.—Croghan street, near Beau-tien. Services at 10::0 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.—Rev. E. H. McDonald,

Corner Antoine and Elizabeth streets. Sunday services: Holy Corne union, 7:00 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sern on, 10:20 a.m. Sunday School, 2:30 p. m. Evening Prayer and Sermon, 4 p. m. C. H. Thompson, D. D., rector.

Shiloh Baptist-Columbia street, near Rivard Services at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School immediately after morning service.—Rev. W. A. Meredith, pastor.

(Brief items of news will be welcome from rither pastors or lavmen.)

Bishops Arnett, of the A. M. E. church, and Hood, of Zion church, have been appointed delegates to the Ecumenical conference, which meets in

Mr. W. Carl Bolivar, of Philadelphia, has presented to the trustees of Bethel church, of that city, the portraits of Rev. Walter Proctor and Rev. Simon Murray, founder of Murray chap-

The Rev. Geo. W. Jones, pastor of Baptist Mission of New York city, has obtained a divorce from his wife, Julia, who is a Cherokee indian. He says he tried to make a Christian of met and supplied their bodily wants. her but could not. She treated him badly, swore at him in Cherokee, refused to take care of his home and finally left him for one of his deacons. He has concluded that beauty is a non-essential in a minister's wife, and when he marries again, will look among the ugly girls for a helpmeet.

In Paterson, N. J., methodist people have begun to keep what they call "Old people's day." Carriages are provided for the aged and infirm, the church is beautifully decorated, and sermon and songs are carefully selected for the occasion. The exercises close with hand-shaking, and never a word of money mars the occasion which is devoted to the entertainment of those whose early zeal is too often forgotten, when age causes them to give up their work to younger and stronger hands.

In the A. M. E. church of Newton, L. I., there is trouble arising from the claim of two ministers to fill the same pulpit. The Rev. J. H. Van Zandt, who has had charge of the church during the past two months, but last Sunday found the pulpit oc-cupied by Rev. John J. White. Mr. Van Zandt resented the intrusion of Mr. White, who finally left the church for a constable. Mr. Van Zandt also sought legal redress, and the matter will probably be taken to the courts for legal adjustment. White is backed by Fueen Hoss, one of the trustees, who had been compelled by Van Zandt Miss Betsey Durling, with whom he had been living twenty-seven years without the marriage cer-

MILWAUKER NEWS,

Milwaukee, Wis., August 10.—The prise offered by the managers of the Plankinton to the waiters for neatness in the dining room, was won this month by Mr. Wm. Harrison. Mr. Harrison was given a close race by Messrs. Frank Bowman and Wm. Payton, who were tie for second place.

A basket picuic given at Soldiers' home by Mrs. Henry Bland and Mrs. Benj. Taylor, was enjoyed by quite a crowd last Tuesday. It was one of the pleasantest social events of the 60880n.

Mr. Willis Johnson and Miss Jennie Grant were united in marriage by the Rev. Williamson, Sunday evening, the 9th inst. Mr. Williams is just recovering from a long and severe ill-

The following telegram was sent to the committee on the "Color line" at G. A. R. encampment at Detroit: To General Lucius Fairchild, Cadil-

lac Hotel, Detroit Mich., fro-Americans of Wisconsin congratu late and thank you and committee for your noble and successful stand in behalf of the colored veterans of the G.

A. B. J. J. Miles, W. T. Grew and others. Is the Plaindealer worth \$1 a year to you? If so, isn't it worth the same to your neighbor? Urge him to take it. All the news every week, and a complete novel every month. Take

the Plaindealer. Mr. Lou Wallace, our delegate to the National convention of the Afro-American League, has some amusing and interesting anecdotes to tell concerning his recent trip in the South, and he tells them in his own inimitable way. Mr. Wallace has an unlimited fund of humor, combined with a gift for extemporaneous speaking that would earn him both fame and shek-

The picnic given out to Milwaukee Garden on the 5th, by the Knights of Pythias, was a success. The address by Rev. Williamson on the "Race Problem" was well received.

els as a lecturer.

The Afro-American League is endeavoring to induce the students of the different colleges, now here in employment during vacation, to give a literary entertainment at an early date, the proceeds of which are to aseist them in continuing their studies. The young men are deserving of all the encouragement possible to give them, and we sincerely hope they will meet with success, should they conclude to favor our community in the above-named manner.

J. B. B.

Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Railway. Cheap Round Trip Tickets to over 300 points, including Chicago, Milwau-kee, Grand Haven, Grand Rapids, Muskegon, Ionia, Saginaw, Bay City, Laneing, Battle Creek, Charlotte, South Bend, and to all prominent points in Michigan.

Tickets will be on sale every day un-th August 18, and will be good to return up to September 25. Call at Company's City office, cor-

ner Woodward and Jefferson avenues, or Company's Depot, foot of Brush

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON VIII-- AUGUST 23 ---CHRIST THE BREAD OF LIFE.

Golden Text: "Lord, Evermore Give Us This Bread"-John VI, 26:40.

	HOME READINGS.
	Mo. Jesus Walking the Sea. John vi. 15-21.
	Tu. Wrong Motives Reprovedvi. 26-31.
ı	W. Heavenly Bread Offered vi. 32-40.
	Th. Life by Faithvi. 41-51.
	Fr. The Querulous Jewsvi. 52-59.
	Sa. The Offended Disciplesvi. 60-66.
	Su. The Faithful Twelvevi. 67-71.

Introductory. -Our lesson for te-day is closely related to the one that engaged our attention last Sunday. The people were so powerfully impressed by the miracle which Jesus wrought in the feeding of the five thousand that they wished to take him and make him a king. To make such a movement upon their part impossible, he secretly withdrew from the midst of them into the solitudes of the mountain. That night he walked upon the stormy sea to overtake his disciples, who had, at his command, taken ship for the other side. On the next day the people followed him to Capernaum, and once more entered into conversation with him.

I. Wrong Motives Reproved. Verses 26-31.-26. "Ye seek me not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves." The trouble with them was that they had considered not the significance of the miracle, but simply the fact that it

27. "Labor not for the meat which perisheth." "Meat" is, of course, food in general. Jesus does not intend to prohibit us from seeking a subsistence, but simply from making it the chief object of our endeavor. 'That meat which endureth unto everlasting life." The abiding food is the grace of God in Christ, which forever quickens and feeds the inner man-not different from the "water" which forever quenches thirst. "Which the Son of man shall give unto you." The Son of man gives it, but only upon the condition of our striving after it. 'Sealed.' That is, authenticated.

28. "What shall we do?" etc. "They see that his words have a moral meaning; that they are to do works pleasing to God. But how to set about this?" Plummer.

29. "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." All that God requires of men is implicitly contained in the moral act of faith in his Son. Meyer well says: "Of this one divinely appointed and all-embracing work—the fundamental virtue required by God-the manifold works are only different manifestations."

"What sign shewest thou?" They had short memories. The events of the day before had slipped out of their minds.

31. "Our fathers did eat manna in the desert." And can you give us free maintenance from the skies, as Moses did?

II. The Heavenly Bread Offered, Verses 32-40.—32. "Moses gave you not that bread," etc. "Jesus quite understands their insinuation: they are contrasting him unfavorably with Moses. He denies both their points: 1. That Moses gave the manna; 2, and that the manna was in the truest sense bread from heaven." Plummer. "The true bread." "The real bread of which the heaven descended manna was the emblem." Whedon.

33. "The bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven." Rather, as the revised version reads, "The bread of God is that which." Jesus does not yet identify himself with the bread; it is still impersonal. "Giveth life." Without this bread, humanity is dead in the view of Jesus, dead spiritually and eternally." Meyer.

34. "Evermore give us this bread." Thinking that it would be a kind of magic food from heaven, a sort of higher manna, they were anxious to obtain so welcome a gift. There is no indication that they understood the words of Jesus in the sense in which they were spoken. The title "Lord," on their lips, was simply a re-

spectful epithet, equivalent to our "Sir." 35. "I am the bread of life." This is the point at which Jesus has all along been aiming. There is a "powerful emphasis" on the word "I." "He that cometh to me shall never hunger," etc. "Coming" to Jesus and "believing" on him are identical things. As continuous acts, they condition and guarantee the everlasting satisfaction of the higher spiritual need, which is symbolized by the appetites of

hunger and thirst. 36. "Ye also have seen me, and believe not." "Ye are fixedly sordid in your views, seeking a feeder for your stomachs, and not a Saviour for your souls."-

Whedon. 36. "All that the Father giveth me shall, come to me." The method by which souls are given to Jesus is through the efficacious influences of grace. The free will may resist or obey these influences. Those who resist are not given to Jesus. "He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out. 10 This must be read in connection with the following verses. The meaning is: "How. could I cast them out, seeing that I am come to do my Father's will, and he wills that they should be received?"-Cam-

bridge Bible. 39. "I should lose nothing." "All who perseveringly believe in him he will as faithfully and as powerfully save as the will of the Father can require."-Whedon.

40. "Every one." Not merely a select few. "Which seeth the Son, and believeth on him." Belief is the necessary condition of the end sought. "May have everlasting life." With all that it contains or implies.

MISSING LINKS.

Portugal owes \$500,000,000. It takes a sailing vessel 125 days to sail. from Philadelphia to San Francisco.

The United States navy has a paper Under the present game laws of News

York the English sparrow is not protected. and it is made a misdemeanor to give food or shelter to that bird.

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M ORDER to increase the circulation of THE PLAINDRALER to 10,000 copies, the price of the paper has been put at ONE DELLAR per year. The publishers, in order to secure this number of subscribers without fall by January 1, 1893, will give to those assisting in introducing THE PLANDRALES into new homes a number of valuable premiums. The premium list includes flawing Machines, Watches, Choice Books, Histories, Household Untensils and Toys.

THE PLAINDALER is the best Newspaper published by Afro-Americans in this country. No paper compares with THE PLAINDRAL ER for fullness of news, enterprise and excellence. Its popularity is proved by the fact that it is now in its 9th Year, circulates in every part of the Union, and is universally acknowledged by the by the press, as being in the front rank of journalism. It is CHEAP, CLEAN, CHEERY and COMPACT, and agents find it the best paper to canvass for.

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The Plaindealer company having secured a number of copies of the Life and Biography of Zachariah Chandler, a superb book, of interest to all good citizens, will send the same to any address, together with the Plaindealer for one year, for the low price of \$2.00 for both book and paper.

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I.

Since my name has become so widely known in the world, and my discovery the subject of conversation wherever civilized men do congregate, I have, through the agency of one of the establishments that have recently sprung up, and which for a moderate fee distribute to individuals such cuttings from newspapers as may concern them, been made acquainted with a considerable amount of gossip more or less truthfully connected with my private affairs. This nuisance began to come upon me shortly after the publication some years since of my work. "The Secret of Life." The reader will remember, if this short history of facts is ever made public in years to come, that the appearance of this book created a great sensation, even in what is called English society.

Everybody appeared to have read "The Secret of Life," or pretended to have read it, and it was no uncommon thing to meet ladies who evidently knew far more about the whole matter than I did after many years' study. But it—society I mean—seems soon to have tired of the scientific aspect of the question, not even the interest attaching to the origin and cause of existence could keep its attention fixed on that for long.

Unfortunately, however, curiosity passed from my book to myself. It seemed to strike people as wonderful that they should never have heard anything of the Dr. Gosden (for this was before Her Majesty was graciously pleased, somewhat against my own inclinations, to make me a baronet), who happened to be able to discover the

Secret of Life, and accordingly they, or rather some of the society papers, set themselves to supply the want. Thus it was that a good deal of rather ill-natured talk got about as to what had been the exact relationship between myself and my fellow-laborer, Miss Denelly. I say ill-natured advisedly, for there was nothing more than that; but still, at the best, it was, and indeed is calculated to give pain to myself and to the lady concerned, whose conduct throughout has been morally blameless, and such as I can conscientiously say on the whole commends itself to my reason, however much it may jar upon my prejudices.

And now with this short apology to myself for setting down on paper a passage in my private history, I will tell the story, such as it is. I say "to myself," for probably it will never be made public, and if it is, it will be in accordance with the judgment of my executors after my death, so I shall have nothing to do with it.

I am now a middle-aged man, and have been a doctor for many years. While I was still walking the hospitals, my mother died and left me all her property, which amounted to four hundred a year, and on this slight encouragement, having quiet and domestic tastes, I went the way that young men generally do go when circumstances permit of it, and instantly got married. My wife, who possessed some small means, was a lady of my own age; and, owing to circumstances which I need not enter into here, had a cousin dependent upon her, a girl of about thirteen. That girl was Fanny Denelly, and my wife made it a condition of our marriage, to which I readily consented, that she should live with us.

I shall never forget the impression that the young lady made upon me when she came to join us in our little house at Fulham, after we went there to settle at the end of our honeymoon. As it happened, I had only seen her once or twice before, and then in the most casual way, or in the dusk, so this was the first opportunity I had of studying her. She was only a young girl between fourteen and fifteen, I think, but still there was something striking about her. Her hair, which was black and lustrous, was braided back from a most ample forehead. The eyes were large and dark, not sleepy like most dark eyes, but intelligent and almost stern in their expression. The rest of the face was well cut but massive, and rather masculine in appearance, and even at that age the girl gave promise of great beauty of form to which she afterward attained. For the rest she was exceedingly quiet, and exceedingly useful, and though we did not speak much together, it soon became evident that she liked me.

A year after my marriage my wife unhappily became the victim of a bad accident in a cab, as a result of which our child John was a cripple from his birth. To this unfortunate babe, Miss Denelly, or Fanny, as we called her, took a violent affection, which, as the child's intelligence expanded, was amply returned. Indeed, he cared more for her than for his mother and myself put together, and I think that the cause of their mutual attachment was to be found in Fanny's remarkable strength of body and character. The poor, weak, deformed boy rested on solid depths of nature, as some by faith are able to rest on Providence, with a sense of absolute security. However much pain he was in, he

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would become quiet when she came and took him in her strong arms and nursed him. Oddly enough, too, it was almost the same thing with my wife.

She had never got over the effects of her accident, and the shock of the birth of our crippled boy. Indeed, as the years went on, she seemed to grow weaker and weaker, and to rely more and more absolutely on Fanny.

The germ, small as a mustard-seed, which has now, after so many years of experimental labor and patient thought, grown up into the great tree of my discovery, lay in my mind in the form of a dormant speculation from the very commencement of my medical career. After my marriage it began to grow and take root there, but for some years I went on with my every-day practice, which was that of a consulting doctor in the city, and said nothing about it. The fact was that the whole seemed too wild, and I was afraid of being set down as one of those enthusiasts who spend all their lives in chasing a shadow.

At last, however, my secret grew too heavy for me to bear, and one night, after dinner, acting on some sudden impulse, I began to unfold it to my wife and Fanny. At first my wife was much interested, and said that it all sounded like one of Poe's tales, but presently, when I got more to the intricate parts of my theory, for it was nothing but a theory then, she fell into a brown study, and after a while broke into the conversation. I thought she was following my line of argument, and about to question it, and was rather disgusted when she said:

"Excuse me, Geoffrey, but did you remember to send that check for the coals?"

I supposed I looked put out, at any rate I stopped abruptly.

"Don't be vexed with me for interrupting, dear," she went on, "but I want to know about the coals, and I haven't been able to get a word in edgeways for the last twenty minutes."

"Quite so," I replied, with dignity. "Pray don't apologize; no doubt the coals are more important than my discovery."

"Nonsense, dear," she answered, with a smile; "of course, if there was anything in what you say, it would be very important. But if your story is true, you are as bad as that man Darwin, who believes that we are all descended from monkeys, and what we are told in the Bible about Eve being made out of Adam's rib falls to the ground. So you see it must be nonsense, and the coals are the most important after all."

Now my dear wife was one of the sweetest as she certainly was one of the best, women in the world, but on one point she was always prepared to lose her temper, and that point was Adam's ribs. So, being aware of this, I held my tongue, and after talking a little more about the coals, she said that she did not feel well, and was going to bed.

CHAPTER II.

ALL the time that I had been holding forth. until my eloquence was quenched by the coal question, Fanny was sitting opposite to me, watching my face with all her eyes. Evidently she was interested in what I had to say, though she sat so silont. She was now seventeen or eighteen years of age, and a very fine young woman indeed, but a remarkably silent one.

When my wife had bidden us good-night and gone, I filled my pipe and lighted it, for I was ruffled, and smoking has a soothing effect upon my nerves.

"Geoffrey," said Fanny, when I had finished,

yours a new one? I mean, has it ever entered anybody's brain before?"

"So far as I am aware," I answered, "it is the one exception that was wanted to prove Solomon's rule—it is absolutely and completely new." (This has subsequently turned out to be the fact.)

"If I understand you rightly, your idea, if it can be established, will furnish a rational explanation of the phenomenon of life."

"Quite so," I answered, for her interpretation was in every way accurate, almost pedantically so.

"And," she went on, "the certainty of the practical immortality of the soul, or rather of the 'ego'or individual identity, will follow as a necessary consequence, will it not?"

"Yes. Individual immortality of everything that has life is the key-stone of the arch. If that is wanting there is nothing in my discovery."

"And this immortality will be quite independent of any known system of religion?"

"Certainly, as most people understand religion, namely as typified by the tenets of a particular sect, but not by any means independent of natural religion, and on the other hand altogether dependent on the existence of a supreme, and in the end, all-triumphant power of good, which, if my theory can be upheld, will then be proved beyond the possibility of a doubt."

Fanny thought for a moment or two, and then spoke again.

"Do you know, Geoffrey, if you carry this through, you will go down to posterity as one of the greatest men in the whole world, perhaps as the very greatest!"

I knew from the tone of her voice that she meant what she said, and also that if all this could be proved, her prophecy would probably be fulfilled.

"Yes," I said, "but I suppose that to work the whole thing out, and prove it, would take a lifetime. To begin with, the premises would have to be established and an enormous amount of special knowledge acquired, from the groundwork of which, and from the records of thousands of noted cases of mental phenomena, that it would take years to collect, one would have to work slowly up toward the light. A man would be obliged to give his entire time to the subject, and in my case even that would not suffice, for I am no mathematician, and, unless I am mistaken, the issue will depend almost entirely upon the mathematical power of the investigator. He could not even employ anybody to do part of the work for him, for the calculator must himself be imbued with the spirit that directs the calculations, and be prepared to bend them this way or that, to omit this factor and to pick up the other as circumstances require. Now, as you know, I am little short of a fool at mathematics, and therefore on this point alone I am Life will never be discovered by me, though perhaps I shall be able to put some one else on the track of it."

"Yes," said the girl, quietly, "that is true enough, but you forget one thing. If you are not a mathematician, I am, and I can enter into your ideas, Geoffrey, for I believe that we have grown very much alike during the last four or five years—I mean in mind."

I started, for both her statements were perfectly accurate. The girl had remarkable mathematical faculty, almost approaching to genius. I had procured for her the best instruction that I could, but she had now arrived at that point when instructors were of no further use to her. In those days, of course, there were not the fafor she always called me Geoffrey, "is this idea of cilities for female education that there are now,

and though it is not so very long ago, learning in women was not thought so very highly of. Men rather said, with Martial: "Sit non doctissima conjunx," and so her gift had hitherto not proved of any great service to her. Also she was right in saying that we had grown alike in mind and ways of thought. She had come into the house quite young, but young as she was, she had always been a great companion to me. Not that she was much of a talker, but she understood how to listen and to show that she was giving her attention to what was being said, a thing that in my opinion a very few women can do. And I suppose that in this way, she, in the course of time, became thoroughly imbued with my ideas, and, in short, that her mind, as I thought, took its color from my own. At any rate, it did so superficially, and I know that she would understand the drift of my thoughts long before anybody else did, and would even sometimes find words to clothe them before I could myself.

"Why should we not work on the Secret of Life together, Geoffrey?" she said, fixing her dark eyes on my face.

"My dear," I answered, "you know not what you do! Are you prepared to give up your youth, and perhaps all your life, to a search and a study which may and probably will after all prove chimerical? Remember that such a thing is not to be lightly taken up, or, if once taken up, lightly abandoned. If I make up my mind to understand it, I shall practically be obliged to give up my practice as a doctor to it: and the same, remember, applies to you, for I should prove a hard task-master. You would have to abandon all the every-day aims and pleasures of your sex and youth, to scorn delights and live laborious days, on the chance of benefiting humanity and for the certainty of encountering opposition and ridicule."

"Yes," she said, "but I am willing to do that. I want to become somebody and to do something with my life, not just to go out like one little candle in a lighted ball-room and never be missed."

"Very well, Fanny, so be it. I only hope you have not undertaken a task beyond your strength. If you have not, you are a very remarkable woman, that is all."

At that moment our conversation was disturbed by the sound of a person falling heavily on the floor of the room above us, which was occupied by my wife.

Without another word we both turned and ran up-stairs. I knocked at the door, but, getting no answer, entered, accompanied by Fanny, to find my dear wife lying in her dressing-gown in a dead faint before the toilet-table. We lifted her up to the bed, and with great difficulty brought her round, but this fainting fit was the commencement of her last illness. Her consti out of the race, and I fear that the Secret of | tution appeared to have entirely broken up, and all we could do was to prolong her life by a few months.

It was a most heart-breaking business, and one on which even at this distance of time I do not care to dwell. I was deeply attached to my wife; indeed, she was my first and only love in the sense in which the word is generally used; but my love and care availed but little against the forward march of the Destroyer. For three months we fought against him, but he came on as surely and relentlessly as the tide, and at last the end was upon us. Before her death her mind cleared, as the sun often does in sinking, and she spoke to me so sweetly, and yet so hopefully, that her tender words almost broke my heart. And yet it was a happy death. I have seen many people die, but I never remember one

who was so completely borne up across the dark gulf upon the wings of child-like faith. All her fears and grief were for me, for herself she had none. When at last she had kissed her boy and bade him farewell—thank Heaven he was not old enough to understand what it meant—and said her last word to me, she sent for Fanny and kissed her too.

"Good-bye, my love," she said; "you must look after Geoffrey and the boy when I am gone," and then, as though a sudden idea struck her, she took the girl's hand and placed it in mine. "You will just suit each other," she said, with a faint smile, and those were the last words she spoke.

Fanny colored and said nothing. I remember thinking afterward that most women would have cried.

And then the end came and left me broken-hearted.

It was the night after the funeral, and I was walking up and down my little study, struggling against a distress that only seemed to further overwhelm me the more I tried to bear up against it, and thinking with that helpless bitterness that does come upon us at such times, wrapping us, as it were, in a mist of regret, of the many little things I might have done to make my dear wife happier while she lived, and of the irreparable void her loss had left in my life. It was well for her, I was sure of that, for what can be better than to sleep? But in those days that certainty of a future individual existence, which I have now been able through my discoveries to reach to, was not present with me. It only loomed as a possibility at the end of an untraveled vista. She was gone, and no echo came from where she was. How could I know that I had not lost her forever? Or, even if she lived in some dim heaven, that I too should make my way thither, and find her unchanged; for remember that change is death! It has all passed now. I am as sure as I write these words that at no distant date I shall stand face to face with her again, as I am that the earth travels round the sun. The science that has unalterably demonstrated the earth's course has also vindicated that inborn instinct of humanity so much attacked of late days, and demonstrated its truth to me beyond the possibility of doubt. But I did not know it then.

"I shall never see her again, never!" I cried in my agony, "and I have nothing left to live for!"

"Perhaps you will not," said a quiet voice at my elbow, "but you have your child and your work left to live for. And if there is anything in your discovery, you will see her through all the ages."

It was Fanny, who had come into the room without my noticing it, and somehow her presence and her words brought comfort to me.

III.

About three months after my dear wife's death, Fanny Denelly and I commenced our investigations in good earnest. But, as I had prophesied, I soon discovered that I could not serve two masters. It was practically impossible for me to carry on the every-day work of my profession, and at the same time give up my mind to the almost appalling undertaking I had in hand. Any spare time that was left to me, after providing for my day's work, was more than occupied in collecting notes of those particular kinds of physical and mental, or, to coin a word, spirituo-mental phenomena—some of which are, as readers of "The Secret of Life" may see, exceedingly rare—that I required as a

groundwork of my argument, and with the carrying on of a voluminous correspondence with such scientific men all over the world as did not set me down as a dreamer, or worse. So I had to make up my mind either to do one thing or the other, give up my search after the moral philosopher's stone, or surrender the lease of my chambers in the city. For some months I worked double tides, and hesitated, but at last my decision could no longer be postponed, it must be one thing or the other. So in my perplexity I consulted Fanny, and having laid the whole matter before her, asked her which course she thought I ought to take. Her answer was prompt and unhesitating. It was to the effect that I should give up my profession and devote myself exclusively to my investigations.

"You have six hundred a year to live on," she said, "and therefore will not starve; and, if you succeed, you will achieve immortal fame; for you will have found the way to minister to a mind diseased, and, if you fail, you will have acquired an enormous mass of knowledge which you may be able to turn to account in some other way. I have no doubt myself on the matter. Think of what the reward before you is."

I did not quite like Fanny's way of putting the matter. She always seemed to me to dwell too much upon the personal advantages that would result from my success. Now such a quest as mine is not for the individual; it is for the whole wide world, and for the millions and millions who are yet to live upon it. What does it matter who finds, provided that the truth is found? Why, any right-thinking man should be glad, if his circumstances will permit of it, to give his life to such a cause; ay, even if he knows that, so far as he is concerned, he will never reach the goal, but be trodden down and forgotten. He should be glad and happy, I say, if he can only think that some more fortunate seeker will be able to step a pace forward on his prostrate form. But, after all, even the best and widest-minded women, as I have found them, will look at things in a strictly personal light. I do not think that as a class they care much for humanity at large, or would go far out of their way to help it; of course, I mean if they are certain that nobody will hear of their good work. But this is only an opinion.

I pointed this out to Fanny, who shrugged her handsome shoulders, and said that really she did not think it mattered much which way one looked at it; the great thing was to succeed.

Well, I took her advice, partly because it fell in with my own views, and partly because I have always paid more attention to Fanny than to any other living creature. Indeed, to this day I hold her judgment in almost childish veneration. It was a hard wrench to me, giving up the outward and visible following of my profession, more especially as I was then in a fair way to achieve considerable success in it; but it had to be done. I felt it my duty to do it, and so I made the best of it. What was still harder, however, was the reception that my decision met with among such few relatives as I possessed, and my friends and acquaintances. They remonstrated with me personally and by letter, and annoyed me in every way, and upon every possible occasion. Even relatives with whom I had never had the slightest intercourse thought this a good opportunity to inaugurate an epistolary acquaintance. One old aunt wrote to ask what amount of truth there was in the rumor that I had given up my profession, and what I had taken to in place of it? I replied that I was devoting myself to scientific research. An answer came by return of post, to the effect that, having heard that I was doing so well as a

doctor, she had recognized my talents in her will. This she had, on receipt of my letter of explanation, at once given instructions to alter by the omission of my name; she was not going to have her money squandered on scientific researches, which always ended in smoke. "Science, indeed," her letter ended. "Why you might as well have taken to looking for the North Pole or even literature!"

Finding my resolution unalterable—for one of my few good points is that I do not turn back—I was, however, soon given up by the whole family as an irreclaimable ne'r-do-well, and it was, I believe, even hinted among them that I was not altogether responsible for my actions. At any rate, the rumor did get round, and whether it was owing to this or to the fact that I could no longer be looked upon as an individual who was likely to make money, I soon noticed a decided change in the manner of my acquaintance, professional and lay, toward me. Before, their attitude had at least been respectful; now it was, if not contemptuous, at least tinged with superior pity.

Well, I put up with it all humbly enough, but now that my position is such that these very people who have treated me with contumely for so many years, go about and boast of their intimacy with me, and are even so kind as to supply the papers with the supposed details of my private lire, I will confess that the pill was a bitter one for me to swallow. Not that I was altogether without comfort, faintly foreseeing the hour of triumph that has come.

Besides, even when we must perforce do worship to Mammon and bow the knee to Baal, there are yet consolations. It is something to feel with the keen instinct which knows no error that the minds of those contemptuous scoffers, who think so well of themselves and so ill of you, are to your mind as the ditch-mud is to the mirror reflecting heaven's own light; that in you there dwells a spark of the glorious creative fire of which they know nothing, and cannot even understand; and that they, the rich, the respected, the prosperous and unctuously happy, are as far beneath you, whom they despise as an unsuccessful dreamer, in all that really tends to make a man divine, as their dogs and horses are beneath them.

That was how I thought in those days, and I think so still, though now that it is showered in upon me, I do not care much for that world-wide praise I used to covet in my bitterer and more lonely moments, when imminent failure seemed to press me round like the darkness closing in. It is too rank and too undiscerning, and much of it is merely tribute to success and not to the brain and work that won it.

In short, as will be understood with difficulty, being human, I felt all this neglect of which I have striven to show the color, pretty sharply, and though I submitted, and was perfectly able to analyze its causes, it gave my mind a misanthropic turn, from which it has never quite recovered, for the world's adulation can never atone for the world's contempt, or even for the neglect of those around us who make our world. And thus as time went on I gradually acquired a greater and greater dislike to mixing in society, and began to attach myself more and more to my studies and to Fanny, who became by degrees the only person that I thoroughly trusted and relied on in the world.

When my dear wife had been dead eighteen months, it occurred to me that there were inconveniencies attaching to our mode of life, and that if she saw matters in the same light, it would be well to draw the bond of friendship and affection yet closer by marriage. Not that I was in

love with Fanny Denelly in the sense in which the term is generally used. Indeed, it was one of her great charms in my eyes that it seemed possible to live on the terms of the closest friendship and affection with her without any nonsense of the sort being imported into the intimacy, either on one side or the other. Also, as far as I was concerned, I had buried all passion of that kind with my dear wife, and my speculations occupied my mind far too entirely to allow of the entry into it of any of those degrading imitations to which imaginative and intelligent men are, oddly enough, especially liable if they are not very hard worked, probably on account of the greater irritability and sensitiveness of their brains.

What I looked forward to in marrying Fanny Denelly was a reasonable and sensible companionship entered into for the comfort of congenial society and to further the end to which we had both devoted our lives. Also I was desirous of giving my unfortunate boy a permanent substitute for his dead mother, and one whom he dearly loved. Accordingly, I took an occasion one evening after dinner to speak to Fanny about the question, before we settled down to our night's work. This I did with some trepidation, for however well you may think you understand a woman, it is not always possible to know how she will take a matter of the sort. Still I put the best face on it that I could, and talked for a quarter of an hour without stopping.

All the time she sat still with her hands behind her head, and her dark eyes fixed upon my face, and never said a word.

You are a very curious man, Geoffrey," she answered, with a little laugh when at last I had done.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because you have put the whole question before me as though marriage were a chapter out of 'The Secret of Life.'"

"Well, for the matter of that, so it generally is," I said.

"And you have not said one word of affection. It has all been business, from beginning to end."

"My dear Fanny," I answered, "you know how deeply I am attached to you. I did not think it necessary to enlarge upon the point."

"Yes," she answered, gently, and with a new light shining in her eyes, "but it is a point that women like to hear enlarged upon. I am only a woman, after all, Geoffrey. I am not all scientific and mathematical."

I saw that I had made a mistake, and had appealed too much to the reasoning side of her nature as opposed to the sentimental. To tell the truth, when one lives day by day with a woman, and all one's talk is of the highest problems of existence, one is apt to forget that these matters are, after all, only more or less accidental to her, and that the basis of flesh and blood, on which they are built up, remains the same. In short, one gets to view her more in the light of a man.

A man can lose his old Adam in studies or aspirations, or in devotion to a cause: but a woman, so far as my experience goes, and as the moral of this story tends to prove, can never quite get rid of the original Eve.

"My dearest Fanny," I said, "forgive me," and then I took another line of argument with her which I need not enter into-for that tale has been told so often before, and besides one always looks back at those sort of things with a kind of mental blush. Sufficient to say that it proved effective.

"I will marry you, dearest Geoffrey," she |

murmured at last, "and I hope that in looking together for the Secret of Life, we shall find the secret of Happiness also."

"Very well, love," I said; "and now that we have settled that, let us get to our work. We have lost an hour already!"

IV.

When once we had made up our minds to get married, we both of us came to the conclusion that the sooner we did so the better; more especially as the introduction of a new factor into our relationship was to my unaccustomed mind in a certain sense improper and irksome, although by no means unpleasant. Also it wasted time and tended to direct our attention from the vast undertaking to which we were pledged. Accordingly, within a very few days of the occurrence already described, I visited a registery, and having, as it seemed to me, paid several unnecessary fees, provided myself with a license. On my way back I walked down Fleet Street, thinking amiably of getting married and Dr. Johnson, and intending to take the omnibus at Charing Cross. As I went I happened to look up, and my eye fell upon a notice to the effect that a certain well-known life assurance company had its offices within the building opposite. Then it was that the idea first occurred to me that I ought to insure my life, so that, should anything happen to me, Fanny might have something to keep her from poverty. As it was, she would have absolutely nothing. All that I had, and that my wife had brought with her, was strictly settled upon the boy John in such a way that I could not even give my subsequent wife a life interest in it, or a part of it. I stopped there in the street, and having given the matter a few moments' consideration, came to the conclusion that it was my duty to provide for Fanny to some small extent—say two thousand pounds.

Upon this decision, I crossed the road-way, and, entering the office, made some inquiries from a clerk. As it happened, the doctor attached to the company was at that moment in attendance and disengaged, so thinking that I could not do better than get a disagreeable business over at once, I sent up my card and asked to see him. The messenger returned presently, with a request that I would "step up," which I accordingly did, to find myself, to my astonismant, in the presence of an old fellow-student of my own, with whom I had in former days been tolerably intimate, but whom I had not seen for years. We greeted each other cordially enough, and after a few minutes' talk I told him the business I had in hand, and he began his medical examination with the series of stock questions which doctors always put upon these occasions.

The only point upon which he dwelt at all was insanity, and he was so persistent upon this matter that I perceived he had heard some of the rumors about me being mentally deranged. which my friends and relations had so materially assisted to spread. However, I got through that part of the business, and then I undid my shirt, and he proceeded with the physical examination First he applied the stethoscope to my heart, and quickly removed it, evidently satisfied. Then he placed it over my right lung and listened. While he did so, I saw his face change, and a thrill of fear shot through me as it suddenly came into my mind that I had experienced some trouble there of late, of which I had taken no notice, and which had, indeed, quite passed out of my mind. Next he tried the other lung, and placed the stethoscope on the

calm a face as I could, for I could tell from his look that there was something very wrong.

"Come, Gosden, you are a medical man yourself, and a clever one, and there is no need for me to tell you about it."

"Upon my word," I answered, "I know nothing of what you mean. I have not bothered about my own health for years; but, now I think of it, I have had some local trouble on the chest, last winter especially. What is it? It is better to know the worst."

"Our rule here," he answered, dryly, "is not to make any communication to the person examined; but, as we are brother practitioners, I suppose I may dispense with it, and tell you at once that I cannot recommend your life to the board to be insured upon any terms. That is what is the matter with you, old fellow," and he went on, in terms too technical for me to write down here, to describe the symptoms of one of the most deadliest, and yet most uncertain, forms of lung disease, in short to pass sentence of death upon me.

I do not think that I am a coward, and I hope I took it well. The bitter irony of the whole thing lay in the fact that while I was in active practice, I had made this form of disease a special study, and used to flatter myself that I could stop it, or at any rate stave it off indefinitely, if only I could get at it in time. I might have stopped my own, if I had known about it. Ah! who shall heat the physician?

"Well, there you are Gosden," went on my friend; "you know as much about it as I do; you may live three years, and you may live thirty, but the odds are against you lasting five. You know what an uncertain thing it is. There is only one thing certain about it, and that is, that it will kill you sooner or later. I speak plainly, because we are both accustomed to face these sort of facts. Perhaps you had better take another opinion."

I shook my head. Now that my attention had been called to it, no opinions could help me. He was perfectly right, I might go very shortly, or I might live till well on into middle life. As the event has proved, I have lived, but I am not far from the end of my tether now.

"Are you of opinion," I asked, "that my form of disease is likely to prove hereditary?"

I knew what his answer would be, but I put the question as a forlorn hope.

"Of course. I should consider that it would certainly be hereditary; and, what is more, it is extremely probable that your wife would contract it also. But why do you ask? You are not going to get married again, are you?"

"I am engaged to be married."

"Well," he replied, "of course it is an awkward thing to talk to a man about, but if you take my advice, you will be a little more honorable than most people are under the circumstances, and break the match off."

"I am quite of your opinion," I said, "and now I will bid you good-day."

"Well, good-bye, Gosden. I don't think it will be of any use my making a report to the board unless you wish it. Don't worry yourself, old fellow, and keep your chest warm, and you may see fifty yet!"

In another minute I was in Fleet Street again. and felt vaguely astonished that it should look just the same as it did a quarter of an hour before. Most of us have experienced this sensaion when some radical change of circumstance has suddenly fallen upon us. It seems curious that the great hurrying world should be so dead to our individuality and heedless of our most vital hopes. A quarter of an hour before, I was "What is the matter?" I asked, keeping as a man with a prospect of a long and useful, per-

haps a most eminent career. Also I was just going to be married to a congenial wife. Now I was, as I then thought, doomed to an early grave, and as for the wife, the idea had to be abandoned. I was in honor bound to abandon it for her sake, and for the sake of possible chil-

Well, I walked on to Charing Cross, and took the omnibus as I had intended. I remember that there was a fat woman in it, who insisted upon carrying a still fatter pug dog, and quarreled with the conductor seriously in consequence. All this took place in the month of December, and by the time I got home it was beginning to grow dark. I went straight into the study: Fanny was there, and the lamp was lighted. When I entered she flung down her pen, and jumping up, came forward and kissed me; and, as she did so, I thought what a splen did looking woman she had grown into, with her intellectual face and shapely form, and somehow the reflection sent a sharp pang through me. Now that I knew that I must lose her, it seemed to me that I loved her almost as I had loved my dead wife, and indeed I have often noticed that we never know how much we value a thing till we are called upon to resign it. Certainly I noticed it now.

"Well, dear," she said, "have you got it? Why, what is the matter with you?"

"Sit down, Fanny," I answered, "and I will tell you, only you must try to bear it as well as you can."

She seated herself in her calm, determined way, although I could see that she was anxious, and I began at the beginning, and went straight through my story without skipping a word. As soon as she understood its drift her face set like a stone, and she heard me to the end without interruption or movement.

"Well, Geoffrey," she said, in a low voice, when at last I had done, "and what is to be the end of it all?"

"This: that our marriage cannot come offand death!"

"Why cannot our marriage come off?"

"I have told you why, dear. A man afflicted as I am has no right to send his affliction down to future generations. People are fond of calling the inevitable result of such conduct the decree of Providence, but it is the cause of most of the misery in the world, and as medical men know well enough, a wicked and selfish thing to do."

"The world does not seem to think so. One sees such marriages every day."

"Yes, because the world is blind, and mad, and bad."

"I don't agree with you, Geoffrey," she answered, with passion. "Our lives are our own, posterity must look after itself. We have a right to make the best of our lives, such as they are, without consulting the interests of those who may never exist. If they do exist, then they must take their chance, and bear their burdens as we bear ours. All this talk about the future and posterity is nonsense. What will posterity care for us that we should care for it? We cannot affect it one way or the other; it is hopeless to expect to turn Nature out of her path. We are nothing but feathers blown about by the wind, and all we can do is to go where the wind blows us, and when we fall, to fall as softly as we may."

I looked up astonished. I had no idea that Fanny held views as merciless, and, opposed to all pure altruism as they were, in a sense, unanswerable. Indeed, I had heard her express notions directly contrary, and at the moment was totally at a loss to account for the change.

Of course, however, the explanation was easy enough. Theory had come into conflict with interest, and, as is often the case even in the most highly developed people, it was so much the worse for the theory.

"I am sorry to hear you speak so, dear," I said. "I hoped and thought that you would have supported me in a very painful resolution. The blow is hard enough to bear, even with your help; without, it is almost unendurable."

She rose from her chair, and then for the first time I realized the depth of her emotion. Her beautiful eyes flashed, her bosom heaved, and she slowly crushed the paper she held in her hand to shield her face from the fire, into a shapeless mass, and then threw it down.

"You have no heart," she said. "Do you suppose it is nothing to me, who was going to marry you within a week, to lose my husband and to be obliged to fall back again into this half life, this very twilight of a life? Oh! Geoffrey, think again," and she stretched out her arms toward me, and looked at me, and spoke in accents of impassioned tenderness. "Think," she went on, "can you not give up your scruples for me? Am I not worth straining a point in your conscience? There is nothing in the world, Geoffrey, that a man can profit by in exchange for his love. Soon this disease will take a hold of you, and then you will grow weak, and miserable, and incapable of enjoyment. Live now while you can, and leave the consequences to Providence, or rather to the workings of those unchanging rules which we call Providence. Look at me: I am beautiful, and I love you, and my intellect is almost as great as your own. Don't throw me away for a theory, Geoffrey."

All the time that she was speaking she drew slowly nearer to me, her arms outstretched and her great eyes glowing and changing in the shaded light. And now the arms closed round me, and she lay upon my heart and gazed into my face, till I thought that I should be overcome. But, thank Heaven! somehow for conscience' sake I found the resolution to hold to what I knew to be the right. I think it was the recollection of my dear wife that came over me at that moment, and induced a sudden feeling of revulsion to the beautiful woman who lay in my arms, and who did not scruple to resort to such means to turn me from my duty. Had it not been for the thought, I am sure that being but a man, and therefore weak, I should have yielded and then there would have been no possibility of further retreat. As it were, I, with a desperate effort, wrenched myself free from her.

"It is of no use, Fanny," I cried, in despair. "I will not do it! I think that it would be wicked for a man in my condition to get married. This distresses me beyond measure; but if I yielded to you I should be doing a shameful thing. Forgive me, Fanny, it is not my fault, I did not | this brooding, nothing ever seemed to come. know. It is hard enough," I added, with a natural burst of indignation, "to be suddenly doomed to a terrible death without having to go through this agony," and with a sudden motion I flung the wedding license into the

She watched it burn, and then sunk back in the chair, covered her face in her hands and said no more. In this position she remained for nearly half an hour. Then she rose, and with a stern cold face that it almost frightened me to look upon, returned to her work, which was now once more the chief bond between us; nor was the subject of our engagement alluded to again for many months. Nobody had known of it, and nobody knew that it had come to an end. And so it died and went the way of dead things into what seems to be forgetfulness,

but is in truth the gate-way into those new and endless halls of perpetuated life on whose walls evil and unhappy records of the past, blazoned in letters of fire, are the lamps to light us down from misery to misery.

But putting aside the mental trouble into which this most melancholy affair plunged me, it gave me much cause for reflection. Making all allowance for the natural disappointment and distress of a woman who was, I suppose, warmly attached to me at the time, I could not help seeing that her conduct threw a new and altogether unsuspected light upon Fanny's character. It showed me that, so far from understanding her completely, as I had vainly supposed to be the case, I really knew little or nothing about her. There were depths in her mind that I had not fathomed, and in all probability never should fathom. I had taken her for an open-hearted woman of great intellectual capacity that removed her far above the every-day level of her sex, and directed her ambitions almost entirely toward the goal of mental triumph. Now I saw that the diagnosis must be modified. In all her outburst there had not been one single word of pity for my heavy misfortunes, or one word of sympathy with the self-sacrifice which she must have known involved a dreadful struggle between my inclinations and my conscience. She had looked at the matter from her own point of view, and the stand-point of her own interest solely. Her emotion had for a few moments drawn the curtain from her inner self, and the new personality that was thus revealed did not altogether edify me. Still, I felt that there was great excuse for her, and so put by the matter with the sigh we give the past and the dead.

After this unfortunate occurrence, I made up my mind that Fanny would take some opportunity to throw up her work and go away and leave us; but she did not take this course. Either because she was too fond of my poor boy John, who, as he grew older, became more and more attached to her, or because she saw no better opening—not being possessed of independent means—she evidently made up her mind to stop on in the house and continue to devote herself to the search for the great Secret of Life. I think myself that it was mainly on account of the boy, who loved her with an entirety that at times almost alarmed me, and to whom she was undoubtedly devoted.

But from that time a change came over Fanny's mental attitude towards me, which was as palpable as it was indefinable. Outwardly there was no change, but in reality a veil fell between us, through which I could not see. It fell and covered up her nature; nor could I guess what went on behind it. Only I knew that she developed a strange habit of brooding silently about matters not connected with our work, and that. of all Now I know that she was building up far-reach. ing plans for the future, which had for their object her escape from what she had come to consider was a hateful and unprofitable condition of servitude.

Meanwhile our work advanced but slowly. 1 could take anybody who is curious to the big fireproof chest in the corner of this very room, and show him two hundred-weight or more paper covered with abortive calculations worked by Fanny, and equally abortive letter-press written by myself during those years of incessant labor. In vain we toiled; Nature would not give up her secret to us! We had indeed found the lock, and fashioned key after key to turn it. But, do what we would, and file as we would, they would none of them fit, or, even if they fitted, they would not turn. And then we would begin again; again, after months of labor, to fail miserably.

During these dark years I worked with the energy of despair, and Fanny followed, doggedly, patiently, and uncomplainingly in my steps. Her work was splendid in its enduring hopelessness. Te begin with, so far as I was concerned, though my disease made but little visible progress, I feared that my sand was running out, and that none would be able to take up the broken threads. Therefore I worked as those work whose time is short and who have much to do. Then, too, I was haunted by the dread of ultimate failure. Had I, after all, given up my life to a dream?

At last, however, a ray of light came, as it always-yes, always-will to those who are strong and patient, and watch the sky long enough.

I was sitting in my arm-chair, smoking, one night after Fanny had gone to bed, and fell into a sort of doze, to wake up with a start and—an inspiration. I saw it all now; we had been working at the wrong end, searching for the roots among the topmost twigs of the great trees! I think that I was really inspired that night; an angel had breathed on me in my sleep. At any rate, I sat here, at this same table at which I am writing now, till the dawn crept in through the shutters, and covered sheet after sheet with the ideas that rose one after another in my brain, in the most perfect order and continuity. When at last my hand refused to hold the pen any longer, I stumbled off to bed, leaving behind me a sketch of the letter-press of all the essential problems finally dealt with in the work known as "The Secret of Life."

Next day we began again upon these new lines, though I did not tell Fanny of the great hopes that rose in my heart. I had assured her that we were on the right track so many times, that I did not like to say anything more about it. But when I explained the course I meant to adopt, she instantly seized upon its salient mathematical points, and showed me what lines she meant to follow in her Sisyphus-like search after the inscrutable factor, which, when found, would, if properly applied, make clear to us whence we came and whither we go-that "open sesame" before whose magic sound the womb of unfathomed time would give up its secrets, and the mystery of the grave be made clear to the wondering eyes of all mankind.

Between two or three months after we had started on this new course, I received a letter from a lady, a distant cousin of my own, whom I had known slightly many years before, asking me to do her a service. Notwithstanding what If you do that, you will soon get well." they considered my insane deviation from the beaten paths that lead or may lead to wealth and social success, my relatives still occasionally wrote to me when they thought I could be of any use to them. In this case the lady, whose name was Mrs. Hide-Thompson, had an only son aged twenty-eight, who was already in possession of very large estates and a considerable fortune in personality. His name was, or rather is, Joseph; and as he was an only child, in the event of talk! And yet you just said that there was whose death all the landed property would pass to some distant Thompson without the Hide. his existence was more valuable in the eyes of a discerning world than that of most Josephs.

Joseph, it appeared from his mother's letter, had fallen into a very bad state of health. He had, it seemed, been a "little wild," and she was therefore very anxious about him. The local doctor, for Joseph lived in the provinces when he was not living in town, in the stronger sense

of the word, stated that he would do well to put himself under regular medical care for a month or so. Would I take him in? The expenses would of course be met. She knew that I kept up a warm interest in my relations, and was so very clever, although unfortunately I had abandoned active practice. Then followed a couple of sides of note-paper full of the symptoms of the young man's disorders, which did not seem to me to be of a grave nature. I threw this letter across the table to Fanny without making any remark, and she read it attentively through.

"Well," she said, "what are you going to do ?"

"Do," I answered, peevishly; "see the people further first! I have got other things to attend to."

"I think that you are wrong," she answered, in an indifferent voice; "this young man is your relation, and very rich. I know that he has at least eight thousand a year, and one should always do a good turn to people with so much money. Also, what he would pay would be very useful to us. I assure you, that I hardly know how to make both ends meet, and there is twentyseven pounds to pay the Frenchman who collected those returns for you in the Paris hospitals; he has written twice for the money."

I reflected. What she said about the twentyseven pounds was quite true-I certainly did not know where to look for it. There was a spare room in the house, and probably the young gentleman was inoffensive. If he was not, he could go.

"Very well," I said, "he can come if he likes; but I warn you, you will have to amuse him! I shall attend to his treatment, and there will be an end of it."

She looked up quickly. "It is not much in my line, unless he cares for mathematics," she answered. "I have seen five men under fifty here, during the last five years-exactly one a year. However, I will try."

A week after this conversation, Mr. Joseph Hide-Thompson arrived, carefully swaddled in costly furs. He was a miserable little specimen of humanity-thin, freckled, weak-eyed, and with straight, sandy hair. But I soon found out that he was sharp—sharp as a ferret. On his arrival, just before dinner, I had some talk with him about his ailments. As I had expected, he had nothing serious the matter with him, and was only suffering from indulgence in a mode of life to which his feeble constitution was not adapted.

"There is no need for you to come to stay here, you know," I said. "All you want is to lead a quiet life, and avoid wine and late hours.

"And if I don't, Gosden, what then?" he answered, in his thin, high-pitched voice. "Hang it all! You talk as though it were nothing; but it is no joke to a fellow to have to give up pleasures at my age."

"If you don't, you will die sooner or laterthat's all."

His face fell considerably at this statement.

"Die!" he said. "Die! How brutally you nothing much the matter with me; though I tell you, I do feel ill, dreadfully ill! Sometimes I am so bad, especially in the mornings, that I could almost cry. What shall I do to cure myself?"

"I will tell you. Get married, drink nothing but claret, and get to bed every night at ten."

"Get married!" he gasped. "Oh! But it's an awful thing to do, it ties a fellow up so! Besides, I don't know who to marry."

At this moment our conversation was broken | has been, I can tell you, Geoffrey!"

off by Fanny's entrance. She was dressed in an evening gown, with a red flower in her dark, shining hair, and looked what she was, a most striking and imposing woman. Her beauty is of the imperial order, and lies more in her presence, and if I may use the word about a woman, her atmosphere, than her features, and I saw with a smile that it quite overcame my little patient, who stammered and stuttered, and held out his wrong hand when I introduced him. It turned out afterward that he had been under the impression that Miss Denelly was an elderly housekeeper. At dinner, however, he recovered his equilibrium and began to chatter away about all sorts of things, with a sort of low cleverness which was rather amusing, though I confess that being old-fashioned, I could not keep pace with it. Fanny, however, entered into his talk in a manner which astonished me. I had no idea that her mind was so versatile, or that she knew anything about billiards and horse-racing, or even French novels.

At ten o'clock I told Mr. Joseph he had better begin his cure by going to bed, and this he did reluctantly enough. When he had gone, I asked Fanny what she thought of him!

"Think of him!" she answered, looking up, for she was plunged in one of her reveries. "Oh! I think that he is a mixture between a fox and a fool, and the ugliest little man I ever saw!"

I laughed at this complimentary summary, and we set to work.

After this first evening I neither saw nor heard much of Mr. Joseph, except at meals. Fanny looked after him, and when she was at work he amused himself by sitting in an armchair and reading French novels in a translation, for preference. Once he asked permission to come in and see us work, and after about half an hour of it he went, saying that it was awfully clever, but "all rot, you know." and that we had much better devote our talents to making books on the Derby.

"Idiot!" remarked Fanny, in a tone of withering contempt, when the door had closed on him; and that was the only opinion I heard her express with reference to him till the catastrophe came.

One morning, when Joseph had been with us about a fortnight, having been at work very late on the previous night, and feeling tired and not too well, I did not come down to breakfast till ten o'clock. Usually, we breakfasted at halfpast eight. To my surprise, I found that the tea was not made, and that Fanny had apparently not yet had her breakfast. This was a most unusual occurrence, and while I was still wondering what it could mean, she came into the room with her bonnet and cloak on.

"Why, my dear Fanny!" I said, "where on earth have you been?"

"To church," she answered, coolly, with a dark little smile.

"What have you been doing there?" I asked again.

"Getting married," was the reply.

I gasped for breath, and the room seemed to swim round me.

"Surely, you are joking," I said, faintly.

"Oh! not at all. Here is my wedding-ring," and she held up her hand; "I am Mrs. Hide-Thompson!"

"What!" I almost shricked. "Do you mean to tell me that you have married that little wretch? Why, he has only been in the house ten days."

"Sixteen days," she corrected, "and I have been engaged to him for ten, and weary work it "Then I suppose you are going away?" I jerked out. "And how about our work, and—John?"

I saw a spasm of pain pass over her face at the mention of the boy's name; for I believe that she loved the poor cripple child, if she ever did really love anything.

"The work must take care of itself, Geoffrey. You must discover the Secret of Life yourself; or perhaps you had better put the whole thing in the fire and go back to practice. At any rate, it has served my turn, and I have done with it!"

"I don't understand you!" I answered, sinking into a chair. "Perhaps if you are not in too great a hurry you will explain a little."

"Of course I will, when I have poured out your tea. There now, listen, and I will give you a lesson in human nature, which, with all your brains, you very much want, Geoffrey. I have been in this house for fourteen years, and I will begin by telling you that from the day that I came in till to-day, when I go out, you have never understood me in the least. You have always looked upon me as a simple-minded woman of intellectual capacity, and with a genius for mathematics, and no aims beyond the discovery of scientific secrets. Now, I will tell you. When I first came to this house as a girl of fourteen, I fell in love with you. You need not look astonished-young girls sometimes do that sort of things. You were good looking in those days, and very clever, as you are now; and then you were really and truly a gentleman, and one sees so few gentlemen—I always think they are the scarcest people in the world!

"Well, I nursed my secret passion and held it so tight that neither you nor your wife even guessed it. Even in those days I could form a clear opinion, and I saw that she would not live long, and that the time would come when I should step into her shoes. So I played upon her weak points, to strengthen my hold over her, and waited. In due course the time came. You were a long time before you proposed to me after her death, and your head was so full of your work that I believe you would have been longer, had I not, by means that were imperceptible to you, kept continually turning your mind into that channel. Even then you did not love me as I wanted to be loved; but I knew that this would come after marriage. And then came the crash, and the sudden appearance of an obstacle against which no scheme of mine could prevail, overwhelmed and confused me, filling me with a sense of impotence that I have never experienced before or since. If you could know, Geoffrey, what a flood of unutterable contempt rushed into my mind, as I heard you maundering on about your scruples and posterity! It drowned my passion. I felt that I was well rid of a man who could in cold blood give me up to satisfy what he was pleased to call his conscience! But perhaps you will never quite know or understand how near I went to killing vou that night!'

Here I started—the whole thing was like a nightmare. Fanny laughed.

"Don't be frightened," Fanny went on; "there's nothing more melodramatic to come. I am glad to say that prudential considerations prevailed! Well, after that fiasco, I reviewed the position and determined to stay on—partly, from habit, partly on account of John—partly, Indeed chiefly, because I was still foolish enough to believe in the Secret of Life business, and foresaw that when it did succeed my name would be made, and that I should then, backed as I am by my personal appearance and capacities, be able to marry whom I liked, or, if I pre-

ferred it, not to marry, but to follow any career in life that might recommend itself to me.

"At last, however, the end came. I lost all faith in our work, and saw that you and I had only been making fools of ourselves; and consequently I determined to sever a connection that could not bring me credit or profit, either now or in the future, and, being a woman, the only way that I could possibly sever it with advantage was by marriage. For a long time I could not fall in with anybody rich enough; when at last a happy accident brought the man within my reach—by the way, I had thought of him for several years—and, of course, I took my chance, and married him before anybody could interfere. What is more, I actually persuaded him to enter into an engagement to settle four thousand a year to my separate use; so you see I shall in reality be totally independent of the

"And what do you mean to do with yourself now?" I asked, feebly.

"Do! I mean to bask in the sunshine and drink the wine of life—to know what pleasure and power mean, to live and become rich and great, and avenge myself upon everybody who has ever slighted or injured me! Oh, yes, I shall do it, too! I shall use even that miserable little Joseph, whom I just now had the pleasure of promising to love, honor and obey, as a means to advance myself. He is a poor creature, but sharp enough to be a member of Parliament, you know.

"That reminds me, he is waiting for me at his club; he was afraid to come back and face you. so I must be going. Well, good-bye, Geoffrey; I hope that you will think kindly of me sometimes. notwithstanding it all, and although I have for the first time in my life indulged in the luxury of telling you everything that is in my mind. Ah, you don't know what a luxury it is to be able to speak the truth just for once! Do you know, now that I am going to leave you—it is very odd —but I almost feel as though I loved you again, as I used to so many years ago! At least I am glad to have spent all this time with you, though it was often dreary enough, because I know that I shall never meet a man like you again, and my mind leaves you hardened and braced and polished by contact with your bright intellect, and by the constant study and application you have insisted on till it has become a second nature to me. I shall miss you, Geoffrey, but not so much as you will miss me. You will be miserable without me, and no other woman can ever fill my place, because I do not believe that you can find any who is my equal in intellectual resource. You see what happens to people who indulge in scruples! Are you not sorry that you did not marry me now?"

"Fanny," I answered, solemnly, for by this time I comprehended the whole horror of the position, "I thank the Providence which preserved me from joining my life to that of a woman so wicked as yourself!"

"Really, Geoffrey, you are quite energetic! I suppose that you are piqued at my going. Well, I must be going, but before I go I will lay down a little axiom for your future guidance; I fear you will think it cynical, but the truth is often cynical. 'Never trust a woman again. Remember that she always has a motive. If she is under twenty-five, seek for it in her passions; after that in her self interest.'"

At this moment her face changed, and as it did I heard the tap! tap! of poor John's crutches as he came down the passage. The door opened and the boy entered—a feeble, undersized lad, with a pinched-up white face and a pair of beautiful blue eyes.

"Cousin Fanny," he said (he always called her cousin), as he entered, "where are you? I have been looking for you everywhere. Why have they been taking away your big box? You are not going away to stay without me, are you?"

"Your cousin is going away for good, John," I said; and next moment I regretted it, for it was dreadful to see the look of agony that came upon the poor lad's face. He loved Fanny with all the strength of his sensitive and exaggerated nature, and for years had scarcely been able to bear her absence. even for a day.

"Oh, no! no!" he screamed, hobbling up to her and catching hold of her dress in his hands. "Don't say you're going, cousin! You can't go and leave me behind."

"Geoffrey," she said in a choked voice, "let me take the boy with me. He is my weak point. I love him as though he were my own. Let me take him. He shall be looked after!"

"I had rather see him dead!" I answered, sternly, little guessing how soon I should be taken at my word. She stooped down and kissed the lad, and then turned and went swiftly—almost at a run. He seized his crutches and limped down the passage after her at an astonishing pace, calling her by name as he went, till presently one of the crutches slipped, and he fell helpless upon the stone flooring, and lay there, still screaming to her through the hall door, which she slammed behind her When I reached him he was in a fit!

The whole thing formed the most horrible, and in its way the most tragic scene that I ever saw; and I often dream of it even now. And here I may add that my poor boy never recovered from the shock. He lingered three months and then died in his sleep, apparently from pure inanition. Well, it was a merciful release from a life of almost constant pain!

That was the last time that I ever saw Fanny Denelly, or rather Fanny Hide-Thompson.

VI.

When John had temporarily recovered under the treatment that I had applied, seeing that I could do nothing else for him, I gave him a sleeping-draught, and as soon as it had taken effect, I went down-stairs into the study in a very strange state of mind. I felt as though I had received some dreadful physical shock. I had believed in and trusted Fanny as I had trusted no other woman on earth, except my dear wife, and the lurid light in which she now suddenly revealed herself after these long years positively staggered and blinded me! And yet, after it all, I was astonished to find that I remained fond of the woman, and missed her dreadfully. Indeed, it was a year or more before I got over the feeling, and then I only did it by the exercise of great self-control. I had grown to depend upon her so entirely that her help and society seemed a necessity to me, quite alone as I was in the world. Indeed, had it not been for my own rather well-developed pride, I do not think I should ever have got over it. But this came to the rescue. I could not bear to reflect that I was intellectually and socially bound to the chariot wheels of a woman who had for years been making a tool of me, and who was, after all, my inferior. And so by degrees I did get over it; but it has left its mark on me—yes, it has left its mark!

And then it was on that same disastrous morning that a wonder happened, so strangely and opportunely, that I have at times been almost inclined to attribute it to the direct interference of Providential Power. When I was worn out with thinking, I turned to my work,

more from habit than anything else, I think, only to be once more overcome by the reflection that there too I was helpless. The work could not go on without the calculations, and who was to do them now that Fanny had deserted me? I could not, and it would be the task of years to teach anybody else, however clever, for the understanding of them had grown with the experience. Besides this, I could never afford to pay a man of the necessary ability. It appeared, therefore, that there was an end of my search for the Secret of life, to which I had devoted the best years of my precarious existence. It was all but lost labor, and would benefit neither myself nor mankind. This conviction rushed upon me as I stood there by the pile of papers; then for the first time I quite broke down under the accumulated weight of sorrows, and, putting my hands before my face, I sobbed like a child! The paroxysm passed, and with it passed, too, all my high ambitions. I must give it up, and go back a failure to what little practice I could get, until such time as the end

As I stooped to gather up the various papers, I noticed that on the table before me lay a great sheet of Fanny's calculations, which she had been employed upon the previous night. The top of the sheet was covered with two dense armies of figures and symbols, marching this way and that, but toward the bottom they thinned out wonderfully, till there remained two little lines only of those that had survived the crooked ways of mathematical war. Evidently she had thrown down her pen (as she sometimes would) just before the termination of the problem, which I was aware she had been engaged on for several days. I knew but little of the higher mathematics, but I could see that if the left-hand line were subtracted from the right, the difference would be the result sought for, provided the problem had been worked out without error. I took a pencil and did this idly enough. The first time I made a mistake, but even with the mistake the result was sufficiently startling to make me rub my eyes. I did it again, and then sank back into the chair behind me with a gasp, and trembling as though I had unwittingly raised a ghost!

And no wonder. For there before me was the Key to the great Secret for which we had been wearily seeking so many years! There was no mistake about it! I knew what it ought to be, and what conditions it must fulfill; and there it was, the last product of scores of sheets of abstruse calculations based upon laws that could not lie. There it was! She had stopped just short of it, and at length I had triumphed!—the last obstacle to success, complete, absolute success, was gone! I had wrung the answer to the great question which torments the world from the stony heart of the almighty law that governs it!

"If she had known this, Fanny would not have gone!" I said aloud, and then, what between one thing and another, I fainted!

Exactly six months from that day my book, "The Secret of Life," appeared, and everybody will remember the excitement that ensued. Of course, propositions so startling were violently attacked, but I only smiled and waited; for I knew that my conclusions could no more be seriously disputed than the law of gravitation. And now the attackers are all silent, and mankind (I say it without false modesty and without pride) blesses the man who, through the goodness of Providence, has been the means of demonstrating the glorious cause and objects of our hitherto inexplicable existence, and of sup-

plying the key to the mystery of life, and the agony of death, that is, as the religions foreshadowed, but the portal to the larger and more perfect life. Yes! My work is done, and well done, and I can die in peace, knowing that even here I shall never be forgotten!

A week after the book appeared, I received from Fanny this rather weakly worded letter:

"DEAR GEOFFREY," it began, "so you have found it! And you have had the generosity to publicly acknowledge my share in the work; and my name will go down to future generations linked with yours! It is more than I deserve, though it is just what I should have expected from you. Had I known how near we were to success, I would never have gone away. I am very wealthy, and, in a small, unsatisfactory fashion, powerful, also, as I told you I should be, and shall be more so soon. Joseph has got into Parliament, where, notwithstanding the competition, I think that his entire want of principle ought to carry him a long way. And yet, Geoffrey, I miss you as much as ever, and almost long for the old days. It is hard to have to mix with a set of fools, who smile and gabble, but cannot even understand what it is that we, or rather you, have done. I was so sorry to hear about John. Well, we must each to our own fate. Good-bye. FANNY."

I returned no answer to this letter, nor have I ever seen Fanny since, and I hope I never shall see her again! Of course, everybody has a right to look after his or her own interests, and on this ground I do not like to think too hardly of her. I used to believe that there was a great deal of prejudiced nonsense talked about women, and that they were as capable of real and good work and of devotion to a single end as we men are. Many and many is the argument that I have had with Fanny herself on this point, for she was wont scornfully to declare that marriage was the average woman's one object in life, and the education of a family the one thing she was capable of carrying out in a satisfactory manner. But now I confess that my belief is shaken, though I know that it is unjust to judge a great and widely differing class from the experience of an individual. And, after all, she was well within her right, and it is impossible to blame her. I had absolutely no claim upon her, and she was undoubtedly wise to provide for herself in life, when so good an opportunity came in her way. It was a little abrupt, and her explanations were rather cynical; but I have no cause of complaint. I could not marry her myself; why should I have objected to her marrying anybody else-even that young man Joseph?

And yet, and I only say it to show how weak I am, I am still fond of Fanny Hide-Thompson, and still feel sad when I think of her sudden and final departure. Next to my wife's death, it has been the greatest shock of my life. If she had stopped with me, she should have had her full share in my triumph, and of all the honors and good things that have followed on its heels. She overcalculated herself, she saw too far, and yet not far enough. But I dare say that, after all, this is but another form of the personal vanity to which I fear I am constitutionally liable, and, as such, a weakness to be mortified, especially when a man is hobbling as fast as I am toward the quiet church-yard gates. Well, this is the true history of my relations with Fanny Denelly.

[THE END.]

Winner or Loser? -- George -- "Would you marry me under any circumstances?" Maud-"No; why do you ask?" George—"Just to decide a bet."—Puck.

JINNY.

SHE had no paw ner maw

Ner any brood ner kin,

'N that's huccome it happened Thet we all took her in, A poor, peaked little critter, Red-headed, pale an' thin, Six boys thar was o' we uns, An' pap he used to 'gree Thet five of us wus likely As you would wish to see; An' one of us wus slowly. . 3 An' thet thar one wus me. An' Jinny used to pleg me For bein' big an' lean.
All hands an' feet an' freckles, The thickest ever seen. She jedged 'twas only sunburn Kept me from lookin' green. Pirst off I didn't mind it Them funnin' ways of bern. But when she took to growin' Like a slim young forest fern, An' did her hair up on top, why Her jokes began to burn. I knowd I wasn't nothin' Set off 'ginst John an' Jim, -An' Bud, well, he was sightly, An' Ted, I looked at him, An' sensed his chance with Jinny Wus big an' mine wus slim. So I 'lowed to never mention How much I keered for her; Cuz I jedge to pine in secret It passes easier Then to pine with folks a-knowin' Just what you're pinin' fer. I tried a friendly manner An' talked with her right smart About her beaux an' reckoned She hedn't any heart; An' one day when I said so Her eyes eyes flew wide apart. In a suddint, cur'us fashion, An' the blue looked wet, an' she Wus pink as any rose bush, An' I, well, when I see Thet blush, the truth is She's goin' to marry me! —St. Louis Critic.

ACTING COLTY.

A MAN who appeared to be at least sixty-five years old, and was lame and gray and almost toothless, entered a Michigan avenue barber shop the other day and said;

"Guess I'll kinder slick up a little for the spring campaign. Guess you may shave me." "See here," said the barber, as he got seated in the chair, "let me go ahead and fix you up

just as if you were going to get married tonight."
"Say! Did anybody tell ye?" whispered the old man.

"No, not exactly."

"But you tumbled."
"Yes."

"Kinder give myself away by acting so colty,

Herald.

eh ?" "That's it." "Well, it's coming off to-night, and I suppose I orter to fix up a leetle. How old would you

judge I am ?" "Well, you see, you have sort o' gone to seed by neglecting your appearance. I can fix you so you won't look a day older than—than fifty.'

You kin! How much?" "Well, shaving, hair-cutting and dying will

cost you a dollar and a half." "Go in? Put on a little extra dye and call it \$2! Guess I do look purty old in the face, but you can fix me up there, and I'll throw away this cane; rub up my legs with liniment and for the next week I'll jump off a street car without its stopping or break my back trying!"—Chicago

A Confession.—Aunt Mabel—"Why, Johnny, how the sun has tanned you!" Johnny-"No, it wasn't the sun that tanned me. It was papa." -Munsey's Weekly.

To Shoot Annie Rooney.—Prof. Half Rest (at a park concert)-"Why these unrestrained tears, my friend? Have you received sudden bad tidings, that you sob aloud in a public place?" Happy Whiskers.—"They are tears of joy old man! See that programme: 'Little Annie Rooney to be executed by the military band at 2:30.' To think the little cuss is dead at last! It's too good to be true. Tell 'em to dig her grave deep, stranger!" [Exits, weeping ecstatically.]—Judge.

THANKSGIVING IN THE OLD HOME.

LIEB the patient moss to the rifted hill The wee brown house is clinging; A last year's nest that is lone and still, Though it first was filled with singing. Then fleet were the children's patting feet, And their trilling childish laughter, And merry voices were sweet, oh! sweet, Ringing from floor to rufter.

The beautiful darlings one by one, From the nest's safe shelter flying. Went forth in the sheen of the morning sun, Their fluttering pinions trying. But oft as the reaping time is o'er.

And the hoar-frost crisps the stubble. They haste to the little crib once more From the great world's toil and trouble.

And the mother herself is at the pane, With a hand the dim eye shading, And the flush of girlhood tints again The cheek that is thin and fading. For her boys and girls are coming home, The mother's kiss their guerdon, As they came ere yet they had learned to roam. Or bowed to the task and burden.

Over the door's worn sill they troop, The skies of youth above them.
The blessing of God on the happy group, Who have mother left to love them. They well may smile in the face of care, To whom such grace is given: A mother's faith and a mother's prayer, Holding them close to heaven.

For her, as she clasps her bearded son; With a heart that's brimming over, She's tenderly blending two in one, Her boy and her boyish lover. And half of her soul is reft away. So twine the dead and the living, In the little home wherein to-day, Her children keep Thanksgiving.

There are tiny hands that pull her gown, And small heads bright and golden; The childish laugh and the childish frown. And the dimpled fingers folden, That brings again to the mother breast The spell of the sunny weather, When she hushed her brood in the crowded nest, And all were glad together.

A truce to the jarring notes of life, The cries of pain and passion, Over this lull in the eager strife, Love hovers, Eden fashion. In the wee brown house were lessons taught Of strong and sturdy living, And ever where honest hearts have wrought, God hears the true Thanksgiving. -Margaret E. Sangster.

The Secret Panel.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THAT extensive range of lofty hills in the northern parts of Germany, known as the Hartz Mountains, has for centuries been made the scene of various ghostly transactions; and thousands of German peasants at the present day regard some portion of this territory as a bona fide spirit land. The traveler who may chance to rest beneath any of the hospitable roofs in this vicinity will find ample material for the foundation of romance and novelty, provided he will give his kind hostess an hour or two of patient listening. Most of the legends of these mountains are deeply affecting—some of them are within the bounds of reason; but generally they are rather beyond the ken of rational visions. Yet, for all their improbability, the greater portion of them rest upon the basis of solid facts.

In the story we are about to relate some of that material which superstition weaves into the fabric of wonder, is necessarily introduced; but yet we shall leave the reader in none of those unsettled moods which are the result of "things

not understood."

Near the northern extremity of the Hartz Mountains is situated the city of Wolfenbuttel, which is the capital of a principality bearing the same name. The castle, which has since been the residence of a somewhat powerful line of dukes, was, in the year 1668, in possession of the Baron Waldrec, a brave old soldier of the iron stamp. He had no family of his own, and to have some object upon which to rest his warm affections, he had taken beneath his roof the family of his younger brother, Rudolph, who lived mostly on the bounty of the baron. The baroness had mysteriously disappeared some nineteen years before, and was supposed to have been drowned, and that, too, at a time when her husband was expecting her shortly to present him with an heir.

One evening Sir Rudolph returned from a somewhat protracted visit to the country, and immediately summoned his eldest daughter, Theresa, to attend him in the large chamber in the western wing of the castle. There was anxiety and something akin to fear stamped upon Rudolph's countenance, as he passed up and down the chamber, waiting for the arrival of his daughter. When she at length came, he commenced:

"Well, Theresa, I have seen the young baronet, Sir Frederic Enstein, and have ascertained the long cause of his absence from us."

"And what can it be, father?"

"You would hardly guess the truth; but yet it is nothing strange, after all. The fact is, he has by some means discovered that we aimed at a union between him and yourself; and his affections being already engrossed in a fair damsel whom chance has thrown in his way, he deems it injudicious to-"

"Ah, yes, I see," interrupted Theresa; "he fears that I should form an unrequited attachment, and that, too, for him; so he is magnanimous enough not to trust his captivating self

near me.' "But I thought you really loved Frederic En-

stein." "So I dil; but do you think that I can be made to bow beneath a man's neglect? No. Sir Frederic Enstein shall find that I at least, can brook his neglect. But who is this favored damsel!"

"There is the pith of the matter. It is the daughter of old Joseph, the gardener.' "So he has taken a fancy to some rural, unso-phisticated maid, has he? I'll thwart him."

"My daughter, there is something deeper than mere love and pique in this matter. My brother has made his will, and this same Frederic Enstein is to come in possession of nearly one half of the whole estate, leaving the rest to be equally divided among my three sons, reserving for yourself and me only a small annual income. It appears that Frederic served under him during his last campaign, and twice saved his life. The emperor bestowed a baronetcy upon him in honor of his bravery, and the baron has taken it into his head to finish the work, by awarding to him a princely portion. Do you not see how much we both lose through this young man?

For some moments the fair girl seemed lost in deep thought. At length, raising her large dark eyes full to the face of her father, she asked, in slow and measured tones:

"But is there not something back of all that you have mentioned—something deeper still than wills and bestowments?

Sir Rudolph trembled—then turned pale. He gazed fixedly into the face of his daughter, but could discern nothing there save, a steady, inquiring expression. He composed himself, and asked:

"What does your question aim at? I certainly

fail to comprehend your meaning.'

"O, nothing; I merely asked the question because I thought something appeared to weigh at times upon your mind; and if I am to assist you in any plan, it is but right that I should know the actual state of affairs, so that I may work understandingly."

"You have already heard all that is necessary; and if you possess that pride which belongs to your nature, you will second my plan."

"And what is that plan?"
"It is to remove the girl who holds so much

power over Frederic."

"Ah, yes; I understand." For a moment Theresa hesitated, but at length added: "You must concoct your plan, and then let me know it. In the meantime I would be left alone."

As the door closed upon the retiring form of his daughter, Sir Rudolph commenced pacing back and forth in an uneasy study. He little knew the spirit with which he had to deal. Theresa was at heart a noble girl; but she knew that her father meditated some scheme of iniquity, and she was determined to frustrate it if possible; and in order to do this, she must seemingly acquiesce until she could get fully acquainted with his plans. There was one other thing she wished to understand. She had seen enough to satisfy her that some unfair means had already been adopted by her father. He seemed troubled at times, and would frequently lock himself up in his chamber during a whole day. Besides all this, Theresa had plighted her vows of affection to Colonel Walstein, a young officer who frequently visited her uncle. It pained her to be obliged to dissemble before her parent, but she deemed that circumstances fully justified her.

Sir Rudolph still continued to pace up and

down the large apartment. The gray twilight was fast deepening into darker shades, and Rudolph's mind seemed to correspond with the sombre hues that were gathering around. Occasionally he would stop and clasp his hands over his forehead—then start forward again—his mind seemed troubled, and some phantom appeared to be constantly riding upon his memory. He approached the extremity of the chamber, and was about to turn, when he raised his eyes. An exclamation of horror burst from his lips, and he started back, trembling in every limb. There, before him, stood an object that struck terror to his soul. It was the Spirit of the Hartz Mountains. How she came, or whither, he heeded not; but the object of her intrusion—what was it? People said her presence boded no good, and he certainly was in no frame of mind to feel easy under her piercing gaze. She spoke:

"Rudolph Waldrec, beware!"

"Who are you, and what would you with me?" gasped the stricken man.

"I am one who knows you well. Your whole life is a plain tale to me."

He strained his starting eye-balls to their utmost tension to pierce beneath those long matted locks; but he only saw her gleaming eyes, and her thin finger, as it was raised menacingly toward him.

"Rudolph Waldrec, years ago I saw a woman drowning—I heard her scream in the agony of despair. She might have been saved. Did you

see it?'
"Woman—fiend—devil! whatever you be you cannot—"

He did not finish the sentence; he started back and rubbed his eyes—but she was gone; where or how he could not divine. All was still

save the beatings of his own heart. The cot of old Joseph, the gardener, was situated at the foot of a large mountain, and thither Theresa Waldrec bent her steps early on the morning succeeding her interview with her father. She knocked at the door, and was answered by the old man himself. She desired to see and speak with his daughter, and was kindly introduced into the house and invited to take a seat. She was left alone a few moments, when the door opened and a young girl entered, who bade the visitor welcome, and reported herself as the person sought after. She was a noble looking girl, cast in nature's healthiest mold; and from her full brow and gleaming eyes there shone forth a mind and soul of humanity. Theresa wondered not that Frederic Enstein should love the girl before her, and in a moment she had determined that no scheme of her father's should cast its evil on her head. "You may be somewhat surprised," continued Theresa, as her companion seated herself, "that I should the seated herself," that I should be somewhat surprised. thus seek you; but I have something of importance to communicate. To be frank, I will come at once to the business of my visit. Does not Frederic Enstein sometimes visit here?

The fair girl blushed, and for a moment was deeply perplexed; but a pure heart has nothing to fear; and she frankly answered:

"He does."

"And did he ever mention to you the name of Theresa Waldrec?" "He has, lady."

"He has told you that she desired his hand in marriage?"

"No; his remarks touching that lady have ever been friendly and respectful. But—"

"But what? I am the lady in question, and I assure you that I have the best of motives in

thus addressing you."
"Well, then, he has made some allusion to a desire of your father to that effect, but you were not included in the affair."

"I thank you, my fair friend, for your frankness, and will tell you why I sought you. It is true that my father desires the union of Frederic and myself, but my desires lay not that way. I love him as a brother, but my faith is already plighted to another. Frederic is worthy your best love and esteem, and you shall have my influence to make you happy.'

The young girl laid her head upon the bosom of her visitor and wept. She poured out her gratitude in blessings, and thanked her warmly

for her kindness.

"And now," continued Theresa, as she rose to depart, "some steps may be taken to prevent this union; but trust to me, and all my power shall be at your service. But I do not yet know your name.

"Euphemia Rothburt, my kind lady."

"I shall never forget that name. My uncle's wife was called Euphemia. But farewell for the present. I shall see you again ere long."

Theresa left the cot with a glad heart. She

had made a fellow-creature happier by her visit, and she felt truly rewarded. Her path home lay through a long park that belonged to the castle, and as she was passing along, meditating upon the incidents of her visit, she felt a hand laid lightly upon her shoulder, and turning suddenly around, she beheld the Spirit of the Hartz Mountains. She had never seen the spirit before; but she had often heard a description of the form which this wanderer took when she desired to clothe herself with a material body; and she could not doubt that she now stood in her presence. Her doubts, if any she had, were removed as the intruder addressed her.

"Lady, be not alarmed. Men call me a wandering spirit, and so I am; but they also say that I would harm them—which is not true. I am with the guilty, and stir up the soul with remorse; but the pure and innocent have nothing to fear. I know the situation in which you are placed; I know the conversation that took place last evening between yourself and your father—nay, start not—I heard it all. You will ere long want assistance, and I will be near to render it; and in the meantime I would have you prepare your feelings for a severe trial. Your father's every feeling is a crime—it has grown upon

"Pray explain to me, if you can," exclaimed Theresa, tremblingly, seizing the old woman's arm, "what is it that weighs so heavily upon my father's mind?"

"No, not now, lady; but you shall know ere long. You have nothing to fear from his interposition against your wishes; his present plans can never succeed, fortify them as he will. There is an eye upon his movements he wots not of. Farewell."

The old woman waved her hand as Theresa attempted to speak, and disappeard amougst the shrubbery. The fair girl pursued her way towards the castle in a thoughtful mood, somewhat surprised, withal, that she had not been alarmed at the presence of the wandering spirit; but her anxiety was in another direction, and she had felt only surprise and curiosity, where there might otherwise have been alarm. When she arrived at the courtyard she found a number of horses just arrived, and was informed that the riders had gone into the castle. Her heart leaped with a quick motion as she recognized the livery of Colonel Walstein, and hastily entering the building, she sought her own chamber, and prepared to meet the visitors.

An hour afterwards Walstein and Theresa were wandering together in the park. She told her lover all that had happened, even to her interview with the mountain spirit, and begged of him to remain till matters were settled. She had a fearful foreboding that some dreadful calamity was about to break over her head; she knew not what, neither had she least idea of its nature or source; but she could read in the aspect of things about her a tale of woe.

Shortly after we left Walstein and Theresa in the park, Baron Waldree left his room and sought his brother. The baron was a powerfully built man, about fifty years of age, with a frank, benevolent countenance, upon which were marked in unmistakable characters, a noble soul and a stout heart. He found his brother sitting moodily in his own chamber, and drawing a chair to his side, addressed him:

"Come, Rudolph, why are you so melancholy thely? What has happened that should thus keep you confined? I am about to relinquish my command in the army, and shall in future heep you company most of the time; but you must throw off this moody fit and be yourself. Why, the people tell me that you do nothing lately but mope around the castle like a man hunting for his brains; and here I have been at home a week, and have not had your company on hour since I arrived."

Rudolph felt uneasy under the gaze of the raron's eye, nor could be look into his frank, open countenance, without trembling, and when he learned that his brother had resigned his post in the service, and was to make the castle his fusure field of operations, he drew a quick breath and turned a shade paler.

"I am really glad that you are to remain with as," replied Rudolph, composing himself as much as possible; "but I am not well. If I am not so friendly as I should be, you will know what cause to attribute it to—to the fact that I am laboring under a severe indisposition.'

"I am sorry that you are so unfortunate," replied the baron, "but you will soon recover, I trust, and then we may expect your company. I have a subject, however, that I desire to speak to you upon at the present time, and I am in hopes that you will give it your candid consideration. You are well acquainted with my friend,

Colonel Walstein, who has just arrived here, and who intends to spend a short time at the castle. He is a fine young fellow, and is an honor to his country, and I feel proud in acknowledging his friendship. He has long cherished an attachment for your daughter, and—why, what is the matter? Why do you stare so—are you ill?"

"No, no; say nothing to me of this."

"Why, what has possessed you, my dear brother! I was about to ask you to give your daughter's hand to this young man; her heart I am sure he already possesses—and I do not certainly see anything objectionable in the proposition. Theresa is old enough to be married, and Egbert Walstein would make her a good

husband."
"Do not urge this matter further—at least, till I have seen my daughter; for she has never spoken of such a matter to me, and this is the first intimation that I have had of it."

The baron was surprised at his brother's extraordinary behavior, and was at a loss to divine its cause. He saw, however, that there was something deeper than he could hope to fathom, and he deemed it expedient to act for the present upon Rudolph's suggestion, and wait till he had spoken with his daughter upon

It was growing dark as the baron left his brother's room, and after spending an hour or two with his guests, during which time he explained to Walstein the result of his late interview, he sought his chamber, and was about to retire for the night, when he heard a slight tap upon the door, which he answered by a kind "Come in."

The door opened, and Theresa Waldrec entered and took a seat by the side of her uncle. "What has started you out, my fair niece?"

mildly asked the baron.

"Do not think me forward, dear uncle; but Egbert has told me that you have seen my father, and has also informed me of the result of your conference. Now I feel sure that I can unbosom my case to you without fear of ill.'

"That you can, dear girl," tenderly replied the old baron, laying his hand upon her head, and gazing with a fond look into her face.

"Well then, before I see my father, I desire that you should know on what principle he is acting. I would not expose my father's fault, were it not necessary to preserve myself from participating in it; and besides, I know that I am doing it to one who will be kind and lenient to him.'

"You may repose the most implicit confidence in me," remarked the baron, as Theresa hesitated in her recital. "Now go on, and you may be sure of my aid and protection.

"My father has become acquainted with the contents of your will; he informs me that by that instrument Frederic Enstein is one of the principal legatees, while I and himself are only to receive a small annual income. Accordingly, he has set his heart upon my union with Frederic, and seems determined to effect it; and I am to be made a mere tool for the purpose of securing this wealth. Now, how shall I act? I can never marry Enstein, were I so disposed, he loves another."

"Your father's assertions relative to the will are all true; but how he came in possession of the knowledge is more than I can tell. When I made my will I was engaged in war, and my life could hardly be said to be my own; and at that time I expected that Frederic would have been your husband, and had the instrument drawn up accordingly; but since my arrival at the castle, I have found out the true state of affairs, and have some thoughts of altering that will; but without doing that, I shall have enough to make yourself and Walstein comfortable. During my last campaign, I received two heavy ransoms, amounting to over ten thousand ducats, and this I intend to bestow upon you, in the event of your marriage. But your father must not know it—he must act upon a more manly principle."

"O, I thank you, my dear uncle, for your kindness; but how shall I appease my father?"

"Refer him to Frederic Enstein. Tell him that you can do nothing, till he first obtains some sort of an answer from the gentleman in question. But he must be very foolish indeed, when he knows that Frederic is bound by promise to another, thus to persist in his scheme."

Theresa shuddered as she thought of her father's plan in relation to poor Euphemia, and asked her uncle if he knew the girl who thus

stood in the way of her father's plans.
"Yes," answered the baron, "and she is one of the loveliest creatures I eversaw; you would love her if you but knew her."

"I trust I shall soon become better acquaint-

ed with her; I have seen her. But I hope all will yet be well."

As Theresa retired, the baron went to his desk, and unlocking a small drawer, took therefrom a roll of parchment, which he opened and began to read. It was his will. As he sat meditating upon the disposition therein made of his property, with the instrument lying open upon the table before him, he heard a slight rustling by his side, and on looking up, he started back in amazement, as his eyes rested upon the tall commanding figure of the Spirit of the Hartz Mountains.

"Baron Waldrec, that instrument is null and

void."

"How, woman?" exclaimed he, as he collected his scattered senses. "What brought you here? You certainly came not in at the door. Is it true, then, that you ride about upon the wind?"

"Never mind how I came here; but wherefore you shall know. Again I tell you, that instrument is good for nothing."

"Perhaps you can tell me why?"

The stout baron trembled beneath the piercing gaze of his strange visitor; why, he could not tell; he was unused to fear; but as he saw the gleaming eyes peering out from beneath the thick-matted hair that hung down over her face and shoulders, his heart beat tumultuously.

"You shall know what you require soon enough," replied the intruder; "but not now. You owe me a pledge, and thus I claim its redemption."

Saying this, she took the parchment from the table and commenced tearing it in pieces.

"Now, by my faith," exclaimed the baron, as he started forward, "you go too far."
"Stand back, Baron Waldrec. Look here!"

And she threw the heavy mantle from off her bosom, upon which glittered a heavy jewelled

"What!" faintly gasped the baron as he sank trembling into his chair, and pressed his hand upon his burning brow, "the vision of my fearful dream?"

"'Twas not a dream, Waldrec."

He removed his hand from his brow, and looked up; but his visitor was gone.

Rudolph Waldrec had spoken with his daughter upon the subject of her marriage with Frederic Enstein, and had also informed her that she must not think for a moment of young Walstein. Theresa could not forbear weeping; but she expressed no wish to her father—neither did she say aught against his proprosals; but she merely desired that he would speak with Frederic, and obtain from him some word in relation to the affair, before he pressed her further. To this he consented, and without further remark withdrew.

It was in the middle of the day that Rudolph took his way towards the cot of Joseph Rothburt. He found the old man in, and entering and closing the doors, he seated himself by his side, and opened upon the business of his visit.

"You have a daughter, called Euphemia, have you not?"

"I have," replied the old man.

"Could you allow her to visit the castle for a few days? The Lady Theresa desires her attendance." "Well, that depends pretty much upon her

own decision. I will call her and see." The girl was called, and upon being questioned, she expressed a ready willingness to accompany their visitor, provided her father would go to the castle with her. This did not exactly suit the purpose of Rudolph; but he had no alternative, and accordingly he made no objection to the plan proposed, and the little party soon set out for the walk. They had not proceeded more than half way through the long park, when a slight rustling in the bushes caused old Joseph to turn his head, and at that moment he was seized in the powerful grasp of a man who sprang from the shrubbery, and dragged him to the earth. A second ruffian treated Rudolph in the same manner, while the trembling girl was gagged, and borne off through the park, by a third. Rudolph offered a seeming resistance, but it was slight, and he was easily bound to a neighboring tree, when his captor went to his companion's assistance, and the old man was

also securely fastened. Rudolph cursed and swore, and for about fifteen minutes apparently used every exertion to release himself. At length he managed to get his hands free, and was soon in a situation to assist his neighbor, who had as yet said but very little. When they were both clear of confinement, the old man wept like a child. He was only conscious that he had been robbed of all his earthly comfort, and for a few moments

the thought of pursuit entered not into his head; but a little reflection, and the consolation of his companion, soon aroused him, and he joined in a plan for pursuit. But all search was fruitless; The inmates of the castle were all started out, but to no effect. No traces of the abductors or the girl could be found, and at dark the pursuit was given up.

Theresa heard the tale from her father's lips; but she evaded his questions, and disbelieved his statement. It was hard for her to look her father in the face, for she believed him to be a guilty man, and she embraced the first opportunity to release herself from his presence, and seek her own chamber. Then she gave way to a flood of tears, and amid the conflicting emotions of love and fear, she wept herself to sleep.

That night there were strange noises heard about the old castle. Doors were opened and shut—heavy footsteps resounded through the old archways—and deep down in the bowels of the heavy building resounded low, rumbling moans. About midnight a troop of horsemen arrived, and demanded admittance at the gate. The old porter raised the portcullis, and Frederic Enstein, together with his attendants, entered the courtyard. The baron was soon up, and his young friend received a hearty welcome; but the joy of that welcome was lost, when he received the intelligence of Euphemia's abduction. He had been to the cottage, but could only learn there that old Joseph and his daughter had gone to the castle. He would immediately have started out in search of his promised bride, but the baron dissuaded him from the purpose, and it was settled that in the morning all hands should join in a general and thorough search.

The new-comers were soon ensconced in their respective beds and quietness was beginning to settle down over the castle, when a most piercing cry issued from the chamber of Sir Ru-dolph. The baron had not fallen asleep, and hastily dressing himself, he proceeded at once to the room of his brother. He found Rudolph sitting up in his bed, with his hands clasped tightly over his eyes, and his limbs trembling at

every joint.

"What has happened?" asked the baron, as he stepped near to his brother's bed-side.

"See! there! there!" exclaimed the terrorstricken man, extending his hands toward the further part of the room.

"I see nothing," answered the baron, as he looked in the direction pointed out. "Thank heaven, she's gone! O, God! what a fearful sight!"

"Why, you've been dreaming, Rudolph." "Dreaming? Yes, 'twas a dream; but the Lord preserve me from another such.

After vainly endeavoring to obtain some explicit statement from his brother of what had really happened, the baron once more sought his pillow, and endeavored to compose himself to sleep.

The morning dawned, and at an early hour the inmates of the castle were assembled in the courtyard, all ready to mount their horses for the contemplated search, when a single horseman approached the gate, and entered. It was a priest. He had promised Frederic he would be in attendance to perform the marriage ceremony. But he found himself called upon to perform a different office—that of administering

consolation to a soul deeply afflicted.

Another horse galloped into the court; but a cold shudder ran through the assembly as the saddle, and waving her hand for the people to follow her, she entered the castle and proceeded at once to a large hall, where she was coon joined by the baron and his friends. Rudolph, alone, followed not. The new-comer noticed this, and called for him; but his limbs would hardly support him, and when he had been assisted to the hall, he looked more dead than alive. He dared not meet the gaze of the mountain spirit.

Not a breath broke upon the stillness that reigned in that old hall, as the spectral visitor gazed around upon the assembly. She stooped down and placed her hand upon the edge of a panel near the wall, and with a sudden motion threw it back from its place, and as she stepped back, the form of Euphemia Rothburt issued

from the aperture.

Frederic Enstein gave one bound and clasped to his bosom the restored object of his affection. A surprise almost akin to terror was stamped upon the features of the crowd; Rudolph be-trayed the keenest anguish. The Mountain Spirit stepped forward, and placing the hand of Johnny. They don't bring anything to school

the fair girl in that of Frederic, she led them to the astonished baron, and said:

"Give them your blessing, Baron Waldrec." A fervent "God bless my children!" trem-

bled upon the old man's lips. "Waldrec, you have blessed your daughter."

The long, black robe fell from that strange form—she threw the flowing brown hair back from her face, and gazing for a moment upon the tear-wet features of the baron, she fell with a bursting heart upon his bosom. The old man started back, and gazed for a moment into that face. Then he opened his arms—one word escaped from his lips—"Euphemia!" and he clasped to his bosom his long lost wife.

Rudolph Waldrec started from his positiongave one groan and his guilt-burdened spirit was

away from earth.

"Poor Rudolph, how much he has suffered," exclaimed the baroness, as she arose from the bosom of her husband and gazed upon the corpse. She continued: "You shall know what all this means. It is now more than nineteen years since I attempted to cross the lake in my little skiff. Rudolph Waldrec saw me overturned within a short distance of the shore, and he might have easily have saved me; but my cries he heeded not, and with a cold look he turned from the bank, and left me to my fate. But an old fortune-teller was near and drew me to the shore; but before she released me, she obtained from me a promise that I would not leave her till she consented. In a few days my child was born, and as I lay upon a rough couch in her hut, gazing with rapture upon the innocent face of my intant, she took it from me, and before she would return it, she had laid me under a most fearful oath. She told me she should die before I left my bed, and I was to take her place-assume her garb and calling, without revealing myself to a living soul till the preservation of a human life rendered it necessary. Her prediction was fulfilled.

"As soon as I was able to go out, I placed my

child under the care of Joseph and have since lived upon the hopes this moment realized. Many secret passages well known to myself about the castle have often answered my objects; and hour after hour I have sat by the bed-side of my husband, and drank in pure delight in watching his calm features. Rudolph, too, has been made the recipient of my nocturnal visits. But the danger of my daughter released me from my vow, and I am now happy.

Every heart there beat in joyful concord. Theresa's countenance wore a shade of sadness; but 'twas not deep laid. And the same day that saw Frederic and Euphemia united, beamed also upon the union of Walstein and Ther-

EFFIE'S THANKSGIVING.

"I GUESS I'll have a Sanksgiving dinner of my very own," said little Effie Angell.

She had been watching with great interest the preparations for the grand dinner at home; the chickens and turkeys, the puddings and pies, and the beautiful red cranberry sauce, all attracted her attention, and filled her with a wish to have a dinner for her own family.

Her family was made up of dolls, a poodle, and a kitten, and a very nice family it was. The dolls were all well behaved and quiet; the kitten was good-tempered, and the poodle was very bright and loving, and was always dressed in white wool.

their eyes rested upon the rider. It was the Spirit of the Hartz Mountains. She slid from yours," Effic said to her mother, "cause then

you'll be so busy that you cannot kelp me."
"Very well," said Mrs. Angell; "you can
have it to-day, and I will give you some cold chicken and currant jelly and frosted cake. But who are you going to have for guests?"

"Why, Snowflake, and Whitenose, and all the

dollies, of course."

" And no little girl or boy?" "Why, mamma, would you? I didn't think of that."

"I think it would be a nice plan to set your dinner on the little wooden table that stands in my room and invite somebody to eat it with you."

"What, have a real dinner, and not play eat! Why, mamma, I think that would be splendid; but who shall I invite?"

"Whom would you like to invite?"

"There is Clara Weston." "She has enough to eat at home." "Why, of course she has, mamma."

"Can't you think of some little girl who is often hungry, because her mamma is poor?"

"Let me see-yes, there is Mamie Hart and

for lunch but a little thin slice of bread, and sometimes a herring; and they look so pale and poor, mamma."

"Then suppose you invite Mamie and Johnny. I will see that you have enough for them to eat.

Effie was delighted with the idea; and putting on her little jacket and her new hat with the scarlet wing, she hurried to Mrs. Hart's. The children's eyes sparkled with joy when

Effic told her errand, and Mrs. Hart promised that they should attend the dinner in good season. Then Effie ran home and began her prepara-

Her mamma gave her her little tea-plates, and the smallest knives and forks that she possessed. She had pretty white mugs for drinking cups. and milk in a tiny white pitcher with gold bands.

Mrs. Angell cut up the smallest chicken she had, and put it all on the table. She sliced a plateful of fresh bread, and brought out of her store of preserves two glasses of lovely currant jelly. I cannot tell you how pretty the table looked when it was all set, and a bouquet of roses and geranium leaves put in the centre.

Mamie and Johnny came at the exact time. Snowflake, the poodle, and Whitenose, the kitty, had napkins pinned around their necks, and were put into chairs, by the side of a chair full of dolls.

I must say that the dolls behaved best, though the poodle and the kitten did very well, considering that this was their first Thanksgiving din-

Mamie and Johnny ate all the chicken they could, for the first time in their lives, and you can easily believe that there wasn't a bit of jelly left.

They had great fun after dinner, playing school, and meeting, and housekeeping, and when night came, Effie said to her mother:

"I've had a beautiful time, and I'm so glad that I invited poor children to my Sankegiving -Mrs. M. F. Butls.

A BOILING LAKE

THERE is a lake of boiling water in the Island of Dominica, lying in the mountains behind Roseau, and in the valleys surrounding it are many solfataras, or volcanic sulphur vents. In fact, the boiling lake is little better than a crater filled with scalding water constantly fed by mountain streams, and through which the pentup gases find vent and are rejected.

The temperature of the water on the margins of the lake range from 180 deg. to 190 deg. Fahrenheit. In the middle, exactly over the gas vents, it is believed to be about 300 deg. Where this active action takes place the water is said to rise two, three, or even four feet above the general surface level of the lake, the cone often dividing so that the orifices through which the gas escapes are legion in number. This violent disturbance over the gas jets causes a violent action over the whole surface of the lake. and though the cones appear to be special vents, the sulphurous vapors rise with equal density over its entire surface.

Contrary to what one would suppose, there seems to be in no case violent action of the escaping gases, such as explosions or detonations. The water is of a dark gray color, and, having been boiled over and over for thousands of years, has become thick and slimy with sulphur. As the inless to the lake are rapidly closing, it is believed that it will soon assume the character of a geyser or sulphurous crater.

SPLINTERS.

Some men buy umbrellas, some men achieve them, and some get wet and swear.—Texas Sift-

Mamma—(to little 5 year-old daughter)— "What is my little Nellie smiling about so prettily?" Little Nellie (with a wise look)-"I's jest finkin' of my foughts, mamma; zat is all."— Epoch.

MEDICAL Nomenclature.—Quizzle—"Why do you call your physician 'Pelican?' That's not his name, is it? Franklee—"Oh, no; merely a little pet name I have given him, on account of the size of his last bill.—Pharm. Era.

Buggs (proprietor of cross-roads jewelry store) -Helio there ! who's below? A voice below-A

burglar; I am looking for your sterling silver.
Buggs—Hold on; I'll be up in a minute and help
you.—Jewelers' Circular.
"Now, Tommy," said that young man's
mother, after a heated encounter in which he had come out second best, "say your prayers right away and get into bed." "I already said 'em, maw," answered Tommy, "as soon as I found out you meant to gimme me a lickin', but it didn't work."—Terre Haute Express.

Missing Pages

The following pages are missing from The Plaindealer issue: August 14, 1891

Pages: 12 & 13

at the nursery-door, and then down the stairs, out through the pretty porch, one spring into

Oh, it did not take long, and we were on our way—on our journey that meant life or death for him and for me-worse than death if the worst befell.

I dare not hurry much at first; I knew that the hedges had eyes, and the trees ears. How they sighed above my head as the evening wind swayed them gently.

I clutched my hand on the handle of my riding whip. I set my teeth hard. I fought for patience.

Every moment was a "jewel of great price," and yet I dare not hurry. Not yet. Once the terrible gloom of the thick wood past, and then the terrible choice of the two roads would be before me.

My heart beat so thick and fast I scarce could draw my breath; and just as we were near the thickest part of the bush and trees something stirred, while Lassie gave a sudden start and then a bound.

"Steady, steady, little one," I said, speaking out loud, "it is but a poor, silly sheep that has strayed into the wood."

Lassie trembled, as I could feel, but she stepped on quietly enough, and—Heaven knows where a woman's strength comes from at such times—I let the reins drop loosely on his shining neck, and sang to myself as I went along.

The ears that listened could not think a woman rode a race of life and death for the sake of the man she loved, could they?

We had reached the fork of the two roads, the dark shadow of the wood lay behind us. A touch and the mare stood still.

"Which? which? O my God! help me! guide me!" I prayed.

Then I let the reins fall an Lassie's neck, closed my eyes, and gently urged her on. She took the way that lay to the left. The choice was made.

Maddening thoughts throbbed in my brain. Was John even now, as Lassie's hoofs rang out on the hard road, coming along the almost parallel route, each step of his trusty steed leading him nearer to death? or had some blessed chance delayed him? Should I find him at the mill? Would Heaven be so merciful to me?

Three miles! three miles! Did ever the road, gleaming palely white before me in the gathering dusk, seem so long before! The night, like a soft curtain, was falling upon the world. I saw a single star glimmering above, the robin sang

We were in the open country; we passed no more dwellings where lights twinkled through the trees, and seemed to speak of human companionship and happy homes. Alone in the twilight two solitary figures—my mare and I.
"On, Lassie, on!" I cried to her. "Faster,

I saw the smoky canopy that overhung the town, though now-ominous sign!-it was less dense than its wont. I could have cried aloud for joy.

"Lassie! Lassie! make good speed, little mare! we have not an instant to spare."

The road seemed to rush along beneath us. "Quicker, quicker! make good speed! make good speed, little mare!"

I touched her flanks lightly with my whip; she tossed her pretty head, flung off the white foam that had gathered in her bridle, and sprang forward with added life and spirit.

"Lassie! dear Lassie! bonnie Lassie! see the tall chimneys are in sight; we are getting nearer him now, Lassie; we shall save him yet."

I knew not what words I had uttered in my mad excitement; hitherto I had managed to keep the curb upon my pain; but now, as the goal of my desires was nearly reached, I could have tossed my arms aloft; I could have shricked out to the night; I could have been guilty of any mad thing.

At the entrance to the town I drew rein, and Lassie and I tried to look as quiet and respectable as we could. As we passed through the narrow streets, where men stood in little groups, and women, with poor, half starved looking children clinging to their petticoats, stared at me and my panting steed. The great gates that led into the mill-yard were closed.

How strange a contrast to when they stood widely opened, and a swarm of men, like bees out of a hive, came pouring through them, while the great bell, that meant "Work is over," clanged out its welcome message.

A man looked through the gateway, and not without some curt expression of amaze.

"Has the master gone?" I asked, in a voice that did not sound like mine.

"Noa, my leddy," he answered in the hard north-country tongue.

Once inside of the yard I stepped from the saddle, and left Lassie standing there panting and foam-flecked. Gathering my habit in my hand I went up the steps into the cold, white-washed passages, and so on to the room I knew well, John's room.

He was writing at a table, and the flaring gas above his head showed me his face, grave and auxious, change to a look of surprise when be saw his wife standing in the door-way.

Perhaps the moment of relief is more trying than the suffering we have waded through to reach it—I cannot tell; but I know as I met my husband's eyes, as I saw John there before me, as I realized the mighty truth that he was saved, I gave a great cry and fell down without sense or life at his feet.

These things happened a long time ago. People have almost forgotton the year of the great strikes. I have not.

Baby is a young giant now, a head taller than his mother, and owns a sister whose inches reach well-nigh to his stalwart shoulder. John still smokes upon the lawn upon a summer's evening, while I sit by; but I tell him he is growing fat and lazy. At which he laughs, and says he shall soon throw over Otway Mills to his son altogether.

Our mother rests now from all earthly sorrow, and her memory is like a beautiful presence among us.

On the table in my own sitting room is a little hoof, shod in a silver shoe. The relic is kept under a glass shade, and I always dust it with my own hands. I am sure you will know without my telling you that it is held dear for the sake of Lassie, the little mare. You will divine that it was one of those willing feet that carried me to Otway Mills, through the dusk of a memorable day, to save a life dearer than my own.

That dear life cost another, for poor Lizzie left her baby motherless, and I had to fulfill my promise. Weakened with fever, and her recent trial, the strain of that errand of love that she set out upon, to warn me of her husband's plot against mine, proved too much for her feeble frame.

I kept my oath sacredly, and no one save John and I knew that Jim's wife, with a noble disloyalty, spoke up "agen her mon."

FACTS ABOUT FLIES.

THE popular notion that house flies walk on the ceiling by the help of the suckers on their feet is a mistaken one. Notwithstanding the testimony on this point of many old and respected authors, the fact is that the fly has no suckers on its feet at all, but each of those six members end in a pair of little cushions and a pair of hooks. The cushions are covered with ever so many knobbed hairs, which are kept moist by an exuding fluid. Thus a fly is able to walk on a smooth wall or ceiling or window pane, and apparently defy the law of gravitation by the adherent power of the moist, hairy pads. You will understand the theory of it if you will touch the moistened end of your forefinger to the window glass or any smooth surface and observe the perceptible adhesion. For walking on rough surfaces the fly's foot cushions are of no use, but the insects are provided with the twelve strong hooks mentioned to do its rough travel with, clinging by them to any such surface as a white-washed wall or cloth.

Another prevalent fallacy is that the smaller flies seen in houses are young ones. As is the case with all insects, the fly's growth is accomplished in the larva state; it ends with the issuing from the pupa and expansion of the wings. Individual flies differ in size or maturity, just as is the case with man and other animals. Every house fly that you see was once a crawling maggot. The eggs laid by the female fly are usually deposited in warm manure or in decomposing vegetation. Each stable in summer that is not kept remarkably clean is a hatching and propagating place for flies. Within twenty-four hours after the eggs are laid they are hatched out into footless maggots, which inhabit the filth they are born in for a week and then contract to little brown objects known as puparia. Within this hardened skin the maggot is transformed into the perfect fly, which crawls out of the pupa-rium five days later, already grown to full size, and wings its way to share your luncheon. A fly lives about three weeks. When the cold weather comes the flies nearly all die; but a few | courtship."-Burlington Free Press.

vigorous females remain torpid in nooks and crannies, thus surviving the winter and continuing their species.

S'POSIN'.

WHILE Judge Copley was sitting in his office the other day looking over some law papers, the door opened and a man hobbled in upon crutches. Proceeding to a chair, and making a cushion of some newspapers, he sat down very gingerly. placed a bandaged leg upon another chair, and said:

"Judge, my name is Briggs. I called in, judge, to get your opinion about a little point of law. Mr. Judge, s'posin' you lived up the 'pike here a half mile, next door to a man named Johnson. And s'posin' you and Johnson was to get into an argument about the human intellect, and you was to say to Johnson that a splendid illustration of the superiority of the human intellect was to be found in the human eye to restrain the ferocity of a wild animal. And s'posin' Johnson was to remark that that was all bosh, because nobody could hold a wild animal with the human eye; and you should declare that you could hold the savagest beast that was ever born if you could once fix your gaze on him.

"Well, then, s'posin' Johnson was to say he'd bet a hundred dollars he could bring a tame animal that you couldn't hold with your eye, and you was to take him up in it, and Johnson was to ask you to come down to his place to settle the bet. You'd go, we'll say, and Johnson'd wander round to the back of the house, and pretty soon come front again with a dog bigger'n any four decent dogs ought to be. And s'posin' Johnson'd let go of that dog and sick him on you, and he come at you like a sixteen inch shell out of a howitzer, and you'd get skeery about it, and try to hold the dog with your eye and couldn't. And s'posin' you'd suddenly conclude that may be your kind of an eye wasn't calculated to hold that kind of a dog, and you'd conclude to break for a plum tree, in order to have a chance to collect your thoughts, and to try to reflect what sort of another eye would be best calculated to mollify that sort of a dog. You ketch my idea, of course?

"Very well, then; s'posin' you'd take your eve off that dog; Johnson, mind you, all the time sicking him on and laughing, and you'd turn and leg it for the tree, and begin to swarm up as fast as you could. Well, sir, s'posin' just as you got three feet from the ground, Johnson's dog would grab you by the leg and hold on like a vise, shaking you until you nearly lost your hold. And s'posin' Johnson was to stand there and holler, 'Fix your eye on him, Briggs! Why don't you manifest the power of the human intellect?' and so on-gassing away with ironical remarks like those; and s'posin' he kept that dog on that leg until he made you swear to pay the bet, and then, at last, had to pry the dog off with a hot poker, bringing away at the same time a pound of your meat in the dog's mouth, so that you had to be carried home on a stretcher, and to hire four doctors to keep you from dying with the lockjaw.

"S'posin' this, what I want to know is, couldn't you sue Johnson for damages, and make him pay heavily for what that dog did? That's what I want to get at."

The Judge thought for a minute and then

"Well, Mr. Briggs, I don't think I could. If I agreed to let Johnson set the dog at me. I should be a party to the transaction and could not recover."

"Do you mean to say that the law won't make that infernal scoundrel, Johnson, suffer for let-ting his dog eat me up?"

"I think not, if you state the case properly."
"It won't, hey?" exclaimed Mr. Briggs, hysterically. "On, very well! very well! It's a beautiful government, this is. Beautiful, ain't it? I s'pose if that dog had chewed me all up and spit me out it 'd 've been all the same to this constitutional republic. But blame me if I don't have satisfaction. I'll kill Johnson, poison his dog, and emigrate to some country where the rights of citizens are protected. If I don't, you may bu'st me open!"

Then Mr. Briggs got on his crutches and hob-bled out. He is still a citizen and will vote at the next election.—Max Adeler.

AFTER the wedding—He—"What are you crying for, love?" She—"Over papa's wedding present—boo-hoo." He—"Why, what's the matter with it?" She—"Why, what's the matter with it?" She-"It's nothing but the receipted bill for the gas we used up during our

The Crossing Sweeper.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

SHE was an odd-looking little old woman, and she was busily engaged in sweeping the crossing at the top of my street when I first saw her.

My attention was attracted to her by the fact of her being where she was. I had lived in Gower Street for three years, I had crossed at that particular crossing almost every day during my residence in that gloomy thoroughfare, and I had naturally come to know the regular crossing sweeper. The regular crossing sweeper was an old man; why had he suddenly resigned his position to the old woman?

I had read some wonderful stories about crossing sweepers, who make fortunes and retire from business, about crossing sweepers who sell "the good will" of their crossing for a good round sum, and about crossing sweepers who leave their crossing to their relatives, just as other citizens leave their estates to theirs. Having these things in my mind, and being addicted to making notes," I at once gave vent to my natural curiosity and asked the new crossing sweeper a few questions.

"Where's old Tom?" I said, "how is it he's

not here?"

"We've changed crossings," she said, quickly,

and went on with her sweeping.

Now I am not a great judge of crossing sweeping, but I have watched the members of the profession at work long enough to know how they go about it, and I instantly came to the conclusion that the old lady was not a very old hand at the business.

She didn't go about the work in the regular way, and although while I stood watching her several people crossed the read, she didn't drop a curtsey or sweep imaginary mud aside in the

regular professional manner.

Perhaps she was a little confused by the way in which I stared at her, and that accounted for her absent-mindedness, for presently when a young lady came across the road the old woman followed her up closely and whined out, "Spare a copper for the poor old crossing sweeper, lady. Please spare a copper." "I haven't one," said the young lady, and passed on. "How do you find business here?" I said, determined to get into conversation with the old lady who had thoroughly piqued my curiosity. "Better than at your old crossing, or not so good?"

I can't say. I ain't been here long enough." With that the old lady walked across to the other side of the road, and began sweeping as

far away as possible.

"She isn't inclined to be friendly," I thought to myself. "Perhaps she thinks I'm a mendicity

man, or something of that sort.'

I had an important appointment in Oxford Street, and so I was unable on this occasion to devote any more time to the study of the new crossing sweeper. After I had walked some little distance along Bedford Square I turned round, and I saw that the old lady was looking after me. Directly she saw that I was watching her she resumed her work.

I was out of doors for the remainder of the day, and it was ten o'clock in the evening before I turned my steps homewards. In passing through Dyott Street, a narrow street in Bloomsbury, in which there still remained a few of the old common lodging-houses, I saw an old man staggering out of a public-house, evidently slightly the worse for liquor.

As I came up to him I recognized him at once. "Why, Tom," I said, "what's the matter with you?"

"Beg your pardon, sir," he mumbled. "Hope you won't think I'm often like this, but—er—I've had a bit of luck and I've took more than's good for me."

"A bit of luck, eh? Sold your crossing to the

old lady, eh?"

"Oh, you noticed her, did you? No, I ain't sold it to her. I have only sold her the broom; but I've let her have the crossing for a week, and she's guv' me two suverins for it—two whole suverins. Rum go, ain't it?"

"Very rum! So the old lady's hired the crossing for a week, eh? Did you know her at

her other crossing?'

"Lor' bless you, sir, I never see her in my life afore. She come to my place where I live, and she says: 'You're the man as sweeps at the top of Keppel Street, Grower Street, ain't you?'

crown for my broom and two suverins if I'd let a mesalliance."

| exchanged friendly greeting her have that crossin' for a week, and I took it. "I should think so, but after all if the young sit down and have a cigar.

"It's a rum go, ain't it, cus it ain't wuth it, and, between you and me, sir, I don't believe the old gal ever swept a crossin' afore in her life.'

"It's a rum go, Tom, but I hope you won't spend all the money in the public-houses, or you'll have the worst of the bargain."

With which piece of good advice I left him and went home.

The next day the old lady was at her crossing again. She was there all the week. When I passed I had a good look at her, and in order to get a better chance I always stopped and felt in my pocket for a copper for some little time, before I drew it out and gave it her. She always thanked me civilly enough, but I felt quite sure she objected to my scrutiny. At the end of the week the old lady disappeared, and old Tom was back in his accustomed place.

From him I could gather nothing, except that the old lady had returned him his broom, and informed him that she thought she should go back

to her own crossing again, "as it paid better."

I made an entry, "The Mysterious Crossing Sweeper," in the little note book which I always carry to jot down odd ideas and notions in, and then the matter passed out of my mind, until it was brought back again in a very curious way.

A few doors from me in Gower Street there lived a lady who, in defiance of the clauses of her lease, took in lodgers. It is a legend in Gower Street that the houses must not be let out in apartments. In order to keep up the respectability of the thoroughfare it is, or was, understood that the lease contained a stringent clause against sticking up bills in the windows or inserting advertisements in newspapers to the effect that lodgings are to let.

The clause, if it exists, is certainly set at defiance, for lodgings are as plentiful in Gower

Street as blackberries in September.

Mrs. Smith, the lady who let the lodgings openly, and with cards and advertisements announced the fact, lived a few doors below me, and I had made her acquaintance through a professional friend of mine who lodged in her house, a young fellow playing at one of the London theatres, by name Richard Lampson, commonly called "Dick."

About a week after the old lady crossingsweeper had resigned her broom in Gower Street I was passing Mrs. Smith's house, when Lampson, who had the dining-room floor, tapped at the window and beckoned me to come in.

"There's been a nice upset here last night," he said. "You know that pretty little woman I told you about, Mrs. Vere, who had the floor above me?

"Yes; I saw her once at the window."

"Well, last night there was a quite a scene here. An old gentleman and an old lady drove up in a cab and asked to see Mrs. Vere. The landlady said she would see if Mrs. Vere was in, but the lady and gentleman followed her, and were in the room right on her heels. Directly Mrs. Vere caught sight of the old gentleman she gave a shriek, and then (the landlady told me all about it) there was a nice to do. The old gentleman, it seems, was Mrs. Vere's papa. The old lady was her mamma, and it was quite a dramatic scene, the end of it being that papa and mamma drove off with their daughter, who seemed much distressed, and was crying bitterly.

"But I thought you told me that Mrs. Vere was married, and that her husband lived here

with her," I interrupted.

"Just so; that is the strangest part in the affair. When she was leaving, the landlady stood at the front door. As the cab had driven away she looked after it down the street, and she declares that she saw Mr. Vere, the husband, standing in the doorway of the opposite house, where he had evidently been watching the proceedings. Instead of coming over he walked let him have them, and I hope I shall never hear away in the opposite direction, and he hasn't of the wretch again.' been here since.

"H'm. I suppose the truth is they were not married."

"No," replied Dick, "I don't think that's the solution of the mystery, for my landlady tells me that the old gentleman gave her a message. 'If my daughter's husband wants to know where she is,' he said, 'refer him to me.' With that he gave her his card, from which she learnt that he was Sir George Elliston, of Farnham Hall, Henley-on-Thames."

"Sir George Elliston-why that must be the

banker. He's a very wealthy man."

"Yes, and its hardly likely that his daughter would occupy a drawing-room floor in Gower Street with a man who wasn't her husband."

"Hardly. It must have been a runaway match, and the man must be somebody the fam-"'Yes, mum,' I sez, 'I am!' Then she outs match, and the man must be somebody the fam-with what she wants. She'd give me half-a- ily strongly disapproved of. It must have been

lady is Vere's wife, the father cannot take her away from him. At any rate, it would be a curious thing for him to stand opposite the house and see it done without interfering-a very curious thing—there must be something more in it than we can guess at."

While we were talking the landlady came into

Dick's room.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Lampson," she said, "I didn't know you had any one with you." "It's all right Mrs. Smith, we were only talking about Mrs. Vere. Have you found out anything fresh?'

"No, but I have just had a telegram from Sir George saying that Mrs. Vere's boxes will be called for to-day, and that I am to give them up. It's very odd, isn't it, we've packed everything, and I don't see that I can keep them, for the rent's paid.

"But what about the husband's property," I asked. "You can't give that up unless he comes for it himself, and I am not sure you are justified

in giving anything up without his sanction."

"He hasn't left any property," replied the landlady, "and that's the oddest thing about the whole affair. He took his portmanteau and his things away yesterday morning, saying he was going away for a week-and yet I'll swear he was standing opposite this house last night. I shall give the young lady's things up to Sir George. I don't want to have any bother or legal proceedings, and I'm quite sure the husband won't interfere. If he'd been going to he'd have done it when his wife was taken away-he wouldn't have waited till her boxes went.

At that moment a cab drove up to the door and a young man got out and knocked. The servant went to the door, and presently came in to say that Sir George Elliston had sent his servant for Mrs. Vere's boxes and any property she'd left in

The boxes and all the things that Mrs. Smith could find were duly brought down and loaded on the cab. Then the young man got in and was driven off.

I was standing with Lampson at his window, watching the proceedings, when all of a sudden I gave an exclamation of surprise.

"What's the matter?" asked Lampson.
"Do you see that old lady who's just come up

the street in a hansom cab?"

Well, what of her? "Oh, nothing; only I'll swear that she's the same old lady who a week ago was sweeping the crossing at Keppel Street. I've stared at her too often not to know her again now.'

"Go on with you—a crossing sweeper in a hansom cab.'

"You may laugh, but I'll wager every shilling I'm worth in the world that I'm right."

At that moment the four-wheel cab with Mrs. Vere's luggage on it turned the corner by Bedford Square, and round the same corner, close behind it, went the hansom cab in which sat the old lady crossing sweeper. What did it mean?

Two days afterwards I received a little further information from Dick about what he called "The Vere mystery." On the same afternoon that Mrs. Vere's luggage had been taken away, Sir George had called at the house himself.

He was thunderstruck when he was told that he had authorized its removal. He had never sent any telegram, he had never instructed any

one to call.

"It's that sooundrel Vere," he exclaimed; 'he was afraid to call himself, and he thought that perhaps after my daughter going away with me you would hesitate to give her things up to him, and so he concocted this little plot. There must be something in the boxes that he wanted or he wouldn't have gone to the trouble. Well,

Mrs. Smith ventured to make a few inquiries, and Sir George instantly, to use a vulgar expression, "dried up." His indignation had led him into saying more than he intended. "My dear madam," he said, "my daughter has married a man who was unable to support her; he has deserted her—I have taken her home. Your rent is paid. That is all you want to know. Pray don't gossip about the matter if you can help it. Good afternoon."

It must have been quite twelve months after the disappearance of Mrs. Vere from Gower Street, that one afternoon I was sitting outside the Cafe de la Paix in Paris when I caught sight of my old friend Inspector Tozer, formerly of Scotland Yard and now of - Street, Strand, Private Detective.

I called to him and he came across and we exchanged friendly greetings-I invited him to

"No thanks, old fellow," he replied, "I'm in

"Got a job on here?" "Yes—I am going up to the Bois—come with

"Certainly."

We hailed a fiacre and away we drove.

"What is it this time, Tozer?" I asked, for I am always keenly alive to the romance of a private inquiry.

"Can't tell you now, my boy. Ask me in six

months' time.

I accepted the hint and talked about something else. We drove through the Arc de Triomphe, and although my companion did not appear to be taking any interest in the scene, I was quite sure he was looking for some one among the occupants of the carriages that drove past us. Suddenly I gripped the detective's

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Look yonder," I cried; "there—at that old lady in the landau."

"I don't think much of the old lady, but the horses are magnificent—they are superb."

"That old woman was a crossing sweeper when I first saw her," I exclaimed.

"Nonsense," he replied. "That old lady is Mrs. Cyrus Cox, of Chicago, widow of a cattle king, and worth Heaven knows how many million dollars. She lives in Paris now.

' And the handsome young man sitting in the carriage by her side—is he her son, then?

"No, my dear fellow-he is her future husband." I was dumbfounded. I could have sworn the old lady was my crossing sweeper, but the landau, the magnificence, the millions-I must have been mistaken—yet I never saw such a resemblance in my life.

"It's a curious story, that old lady's," continued the detective. "She's marrying that young fellow through an advertisement."

"Indeed."

"Yes. It seems the old girl, tired of widowhood, went to a marriage agency in Paris and was advertised. You know the sort of thing: 'A widow of fortune is anxious to meet with a and manner.'

"And this young fellow answered the adver-

tisement?"

"I suppose so. At any rate, that's what Paris gossip says. And I know they're to be married next week at the English Church."

" What's his name?"

"Vaughan—or something of that sort—I should think he was a penniless adventurer and I wish the old girl joy of him."

"Cocher! Hetel Continental!"

The coachman turned the horse's head towards Paris, and we drove back again. It struck me after he had set me down at the Grand that the at once into his sanctum, and heartily weldetective's business in the Bois seemed to be finished as soon as he had seen Mrs. Cyrus Cox and her affianced husband.

Left to myself and to my own thoughts my mind reverted to the old lady crossing sweeper of Gower Street. Mrs. Cox had brought her back most vividly to my mind. Of course, Mrs. Cox, of Chicago, couldn't possibly have been a crossing sweeper, but it was a most extraordi-

nary resemblance.

I stayed in Paris a fortnight, and only saw Inspector Tozer once more. At the end of the fortnight business called me back to London. I left by the morning train, and when I reached Calais they were selling the London papers of communicated to the friends of the young nothat day. I bought a Daily Telegraph, and after bleman, had enabled them to nip the mesalreading the leaders I turned to an inside page.

There a name at once attracted my attention. It was that of Mrs. Cyrus Cox. The paragraph which I read was to the effect that a Mrs. Cyrus Cox, supposed to be the widow of a wealthy American, had been the victim of a fashionable adventurer who had made her acquaintance through an advertisement. The widow had advertised for a husband, and had selected from the written offers received an English gentleman, who called himself Harry Vaughan. The courtship was short; the ceremony took place at the English Church, and the happy couple started to spend their honeymoon in England, by the bride's request. They were to go to Dover and then to proceed to Scotland. On the arrival at Dover the bride complained of being upset by the passage, and did not want to continue her journey for a day or two.

On the second day of their stay, a gentleman arrived at the hotel. He announced himself as arrived at the hotel. He announced himself as a police officer and proceeded at once to arrest to see," said Tozer, as I rose to go. "She's the taken up to London without being allowed to have done it half so cleverly."

explain his situation to his bride. It is understood that a former marriage with a young lady, the daughter of an eminent and wealthy English banker, can be proved.

"Vere," I exclaimed as I dropped the paper.
"Vere," why that's the name of the man who married Mr. George Elliston's daughter. They lived in Gower Street, and it was there I saw the crossing sweeper in a hansom cab following Mrs. Vere's luggage. I'll take my oath now that Mrs. Cyrus Cox was the crossing sweeper.'

When the case came on I was away in the provinces, but I read the account. The first wife was present—she was a Miss Elliston—her marriage was proved. The second wife gave her name as Janet Cox, and described herself as a widow. She related the story of her advertisement and of the marriage, and she stated that her husband had signed all the papers and gone through the ceremony in the name of Henry Vere, explaining to her that Vere was his real name, but that for family reasons he called him-Vaughan.

The prisoner made no defence—there was none to make—and was sentenced to a term of

imprisonment.

Sometime afterwards the name of Vere cropped up again in the Divorce Court—Mrs. Vere sued for a divorce from her husband, Henry Vere, on the ground of bigamy, and the divorce was

eventually granted.

But still the mystery of the crossing sweeper who became an American millionairess, or the American millionairess who became a crossing sweeper remained unexplained. I talked the whole affair over with Dick Lampson, and we summoned Mrs. Smith to our counsel, but we could make nothing of it. We all agreed that it was very curious that Mrs. Vere No. 1, or her friends, should have had such remarkably early information of the second marriage as to get the bridegroom arrested soon after the commencement of his bigamous career.

We wondered what had become of Mrs. Cyrus Cox. Had she returned to Paris to advertise again, or had she taken warning from the fate which had befallen her, and settled down in suitable partner; must be dark, handsome; single blessedness for the remainder of her money no object if of gentlemanly appearance life—or (the suggestion was Dick's) had she developed her old eccentricity, and bought another broom and hired another crossing?

The whole thing might have remained a mysstery to us forever, had I not one day wanted, for professional purposes, to visit the Black Museum at Scotland Yard. Thinking how I could best get an introduction to the officer in charge, which would secure me something more than the cursory glance to which the general public are treated, I remembered my old friend Tozer. I knew he would give me a letter which would secure me all I wanted, and so I went down to the office and sent up my card. I was admitted comed. I explained my business, and Tozer gave me the letter. Then he began to talk about business, and he told me of some highly romantic cases in which he had lately been engaged. One in particular interested me very much. He had prevented a marriage between a young nobleman and a young lady in the chorus of a burlesque theater by means of a young lady detective on his staff. This young lady had actually secured an engagement at the theater, and dressed every night in the same room with the ambitious damsel, and became the bosom friend and repository of all her secrets; and had acquired information which, liance in the bud.

"Very clever," said I. "But it seems rather mean, doesn't it, to do that sort of thing?"

"All's fair in love and the detective business," he replied. "I call it jolly clever. Would you like to see Miss Jones, the girl who did it? You'd never take her for a female detective."

"I should very much like to see her," I replied. The great Tozer struck a bell, and a clerk an-

swered it. "Send Miss Jones to me."

Miss Jones, a remarkably elegant young woman of about twenty-five, entered, and I confess I should never have suspected her calling. We had a little conversation, in which she told us of some remarkable adventures she had had. and then, being called away on business, she left us.

Mr. Vaughan as one Henry Vere on a charge of cleverest woman in England, bar none, and bigamy. In spite of his protest, the gentleman worth her weight in gold. You wouldn't bewas told to consider himself in custody, and was lieve what that woman's done. No man could

With that he rose, went into an inner office and returned with a lady.

He introduced her. "This is Mrs.-

He didn't get any further.

"The crossing sweeper!" I exclaimed. Yes. There, standing before me in Tozer's office, was a little old lady whom I at once recognized as the crossing sweeper of Gower Street, and as Mrs. Cyrus Cox, of the Bois de

Boulogne.

The little old lady had recognized me too. "You didn't believe I was a crossing sweeper!" she said. "Ah! you were a terrible nuisance. I was afraid you might know somebody where the Veres were lodging, and spoil all my plans."

"You were watching the Veres, then?"
"Yes," replied Tozer. "Mrs. Cox—that's her correct name. without the Cyrus, you know-was put on by me to find Miss Elliston, and to find out who the man was with whom she had

eloped.

"She suspected Vere, who was an accomgood many queer transactions; and as she knew he would spot her if she walked about the street and watched in the usual way, and so she hit on the idea of sweeping the crossing. That enabled her to watch the house all day, and as soon as she had seen Miss Elliston at the window and Vere go into the house she was satisfied, and reported to me; and I communicated with Mr. Elliston, who had put the case in my

"She watched the house the day after he took his daughter away, and when her luggage went she guessed what was up, and followed it to Vere's lodgings, where it was taken. He wanted the jewelry and the letters which were in the boxes, I expect. At any rate, that induced her to watch Vere until he left Paris; and then we telegraphed to have the train met by one of our men there, who kept him in view till we wanted him."

"And the marriage?"

"Well, that was a desperate scheme, but it was all Mrs. Cox's idea. Wonderful woman, you are, Cox, to be sure." Mrs. Cox accepted the compliment with a

little toss of her head. "It wasn't very wonderful," she replied, seeing that Mr. Elliston said he would give a thousand pounds to get his daughter freed from the man she was tied to for life, and who was a bad lot, as the girl herself discovered and admitted as soon as she came to her senses. He had simply made love to her and persuaded her to elope and marry him, in order to get money and blackmail the family. Fortunately, we gave Mr. Elliston some information which stopped that, and made my gentleman sing small. When I found that he was settled in Paris I ascertained that he was trying the same

game on with the widow of a shopkeeper. Whether he would have married her I don't know, but I determined that he should marry me. I hired a carriage and pair, lived in grand style in a villa at Neuilly, just outside Paris, and gave out that I was a rich widow and looking out for a husband. I took care that he should hear of me and read the advertisement. The Marriage Bureau lady managed that, and presently, to my great delight, I found the fish was hooked."

"You know the rest," broke in Inspector Tozer. "The marriage was duly solemnized, and Mrs. Cox expressed her intention of settling a large sum of money on her husband. She persuaded him to come for the honeymoon to England, and at once wired me; and I communicated with the police, with the result which you know. Mrs. Cox got rid of her illegal husband, and Miss Elliston of her legal one. Mr. Elliston paid all the expenses, and has behaved very handsomely to Mrs. Cox and myself for severing his daughter from a tie which would have marred her whole life. Clever, wasn't it?"

"Very clever," I said. "But it was a plot. It was collusion."

"Oh, bosh!" exclaimed Tozer. "Nobody not even Vere-knew anything about that, and it wasn't our business to enlighten him. Vere committed bigamy, and if a man or woman commits bigamy that entitles the wife or husband to a divorce, and that was all we wanted. Cox did it, and I don't care where the other comes from, she's the cleverest female detective in London."

I readily admitted that, and congratulated Mrs. Cox on her success; and then I bid Tozer good-day, and went back to tell Dick Lampson that I had fathomed the mystery of the old lady crossing sweeper at last.