

"THE STRESS OF IMPULSE," A New Serial by MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE,  
BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER.

15 CENTS A NUMBER.

AUGUST, 1900.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

.. An Illustrated Monthly, devoted  
to Literature, Science, Music, Art,  
Religion, Facts, Fiction and Tradi-  
tions of the Negro Race. . . . .



MISS MAMIE WILLIAMS.  
(See page 180.)

PUBLISHED BY  
**THE COLORED CO-OPERATIVE  
PUBLISHING COMPANY**

232 WEST CANTON STREET,  
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

# The Colored American Magazine

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 A YEAR . . . . . 15 CENTS A NUMBER

## CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1900.

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(See page 188.)

# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1900.

NO. 3.

## THE STRESS OF IMPULSE.

MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE.

### CHAPTER I.

THE drawing-room car of the Overland Limited was well filled. When the great depot at Chicago had been left behind, Roger Dolloff settled himself comfortably after the manner of the experienced traveler and glanced about the car to see what manner of people should be his companions on the two-thousand-mile journey that lay before him. It was his custom to make little mental sketches of the people with whom he came in contact — an occupation that served to agreeably pass many otherwise dull moments. His glance quickly passed over several commonplace tourists and business men, mentally cataloguing them as uninteresting, and rested on a girl — for at first glance she seemed scarcely more — a few seats in front of him.

She could not be older than twenty-five, he decided. She was very pretty — the profile of her face, framed in a mass of glossy hair, presented to his view as she half turned to watch the cross-streets of West Chicago slipping by, was faultless in its contour and dainty in its coloring. She was dressed in mourning, and the perfect simplicity of her costume served to etherealize her beauty. Her quiet ease of bearing bespoke the fact that she was accustomed to traveling alone. Thus far his musing carried him, then he spread open the evening paper and soon became engrossed in its contents.

The early September dusk enfolded them, and the street lamps in the towns through which they rushed began to blink knowingly at them as they passed, while the semaphore signals stood like silent sentinels along the way.

At Dixon, where they paused a few moments for the panting engine to catch its breath after the hundred-mile dash, Dolloff rose and made his way into the buffet smoking-car, where he delivered himself up to the enjoyment of a good cigar. A half hour later he returned to his seat in the drawing-room car and glanced again at the slender figure clad in black. She was reading now, while stray locks of her glorious hair shone like burnished ebony in the radiance of the brightly-glowing lights overhead, and he could not see her face.

When Clinton had been left behind the porter came and made up the berths, and through the night the hurrying train sped on with its precious freight, while the sleeping passengers felt no premonition of impending danger.

Dolloff lay with wide-open eyes, thinking of the mission on which he was embarked. It was an important one — doubly important for the bearing that it might have on his future. A month earlier the news of a startling bank robbery in San Francisco had been flashed across the continent. A million and a half in gold and notes had disappeared. The best detective talent of the West had failed ignominiously to bring the robbers to justice, and the cumbersome machinery of the law was at a standstill. A reward of twenty-five thousand dollars was offered for their apprehension, and Roger Dolloff had determined to secure it. One of the youngest of his profession, he was rapidly becoming known as one of the most successful, and the fame of his exploits had gone abroad. If successful in his present undertaking, his reputation would be assured.

He closed his eyes and tried to compose himself to sleep. His thoughts took another turn, and a slender, black-robed figure came and stood beside him. A strand of her perfumed hair floated across his eyes, and he wondered vaguely why she was in mourning. For her mother, probably — or mayhap, a sister. Then he fell asleep.

How long he slept he knew not, till a strange rocking and jolting of the car awoke him. He tried to rise. There came a sudden terrible shock; he felt himself hurled violently from the berth, felt a sudden sharp pain in his right arm, then a terrible weight pressing upon him. For a moment all was still; then shrieks and groans arose about him. He tried to cry out, struggled to throw off the awful weight that pinned him down; there came a sense of suffocation, and then he knew no more.

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN Dolloff next became fully conscious of existence, he looked about in amazement at his surroundings. There had been some faint prefiguring of consciousness when sharp pains had racked him and strong, firm hands had bandaged his shattered arm; but when a gentle presence had hovered round him and a light touch soothed his fevered brow, he had slumbered again.

Now he woke and felt the same presence near him, and when he weakly raised his head and attempted to speak, the slender, black-robed figure that had pervaded his dreams came toward him from the window. She placed a soft, cool palm on his hot forehead with a gently commanding motion.

"You must be perfectly quiet," she said, "and not try to talk, or I shall send for the doctor, and leave you to him."

He gazed up into her eyes for a moment, sighed contentedly like a tired child, and fell into a quiet, dreamless sleep that lasted for hours.

When he woke again the doctor was leaning over him, and it was evening.

"He will do nicely, now," the doctor was saying. "You are an admirable nurse, Miss Chartier."

The one addressed met Dolloff's questioning look with a bright smile, and when the doctor had departed, anticipated the flood of questions trembling on her patient's lips by telling him briefly the particulars of the railroad wreck, her own miraculous escape unharmed, and his rescue from the ruins

of the burning car with a broken arm and a slight concussion of the brain. "And now," she concluded, "you are not to ask questions or to excite yourself in any way."

"Two things I must know," said Dolloff. "How does it come about that you are my nurse, and how long is it since the accident happened?"

"There were quite a number of passengers injured, and so few nurses available," she responded simply, "and I have had some little experience, so I volunteered my services. It has been — let me see — eight days since you were hurt."

Dolloff groaned with the swift realization that he might as well bid adieu to all hope of winning the twenty-five thousand dollars reward.

"Does your arm hurt?" she queried anxiously.

"No," responded Dolloff, "I merely thought of something."

"You mustn't think, if it affects you like that," she protested, and Dolloff smiled grimly and held his peace.

Given a young and impetuous man, smitten down as Dolloff was, and a nurse, also young and distractingly pretty, as well as tenderly observant of her patient's every whim, and there is but one possible result. When, a week later, Dolloff was able to occupy an armchair by the window and idly watch the passers by, he was as deeply in love as a man might be. His nurse, when the necessity for her ministrations was past, would have left him to his newspaper and the visits of the colored waiter, but he pleaded his loneliness so convincingly that she yielded to his desire for her presence, and for the greater part of each day busied herself with some dainty needlework, while he lay back in his armchair and contentedly watched her face through half-closed eyes.

Somewhat to his own amazement the loss of his chance of gaining the reward had ceased to trouble him, so long as he could have Marie Chartier by his side.

On her part, knowing his feelings toward her better even than Dolloff himself did, she had taken a long walk one afternoon and thought over the situation of affairs very carefully. On her return to the hotel she had hovered over Dolloff with

such an air of protecting tenderness that he felt encouraged almost to the point of a declaration of his love.

Life had not been a path of roses for Marie, and her twenty-five years had been productive of more and varied experiences than fall to the lot of most women. Now that there appeared a promise of quiet and peace very alluring to her tired feet, she was minded to make the most of it. If only certain episodes in her past life could be forever kept from Dolloff's knowledge. But once married to him, if awkward things came to his ears she felt perfectly confident of her ability to convince him of her virtue. She would risk it, at any rate, she decided, and shrugged her shapely shoulders. The shrug settled Dolloff's fate.

### CHAPTER III.

TWO weeks of daily companionship with Marie plunged Dolloff into the far depths of his infatuation; and when, at the end of that time, she declared there was no further excuse for her visits, he was correspondingly aggrieved.

"But you mustn't desert me now," he protested. "I can't spare you. I should die of loneliness. The doctor says that I must not go out for another week, and to sit by this window alone all day — ugh!" he looked up at her with the expression of a spoiled child.

Marie was standing beside his chair, her hands loosely clasped before her, her head turned so that he could not see her eyes. Her heart, usually a well-behaved organ, was beating at a quite prodigious rate. Her lips were drawn to a tense line, but she spoke softly, without looking at him.

"I would gladly do as you wish," she said, "but — I am all alone in the world, and — the world is harsh in its judgment." She ended with a little sob that may, or may not, have been a spontaneous expression of her feelings. At any rate, it went straight to Dolloff's heart, and with his uninjured arm he clasped her tightly.

"Little girl," said he very tenderly, "I want you with me always. Will you stay?"

She dropped down beside his chair and hid her face against his shoulder. She was strongly tempted to tell him everything, to show him all her past, that she might honestly accept his love if it stood the test, or — but she lacked the sturdiness of soul to subject it to the strain, and the impulse was crushed down, never to rise again with equal strength.

He stroked her hair in silence for a moment, then gently drew her face from its resting-place and kissed her as an honest-hearted boy kisses his first sweetheart.

She was thankful for the dusk, that he could not read her eyes, and clung to him for a moment like one rescued from some great peril. Then she drew his face to hers with her arms about his neck, and kissed him once — twice — swiftly, passionately, and fled from the room, leaving him with every nerve tingling as from an electric shock.

Before her mirror, a few moments later, with the lights brightly gleaming, she gazed at her reflection with wide-open, wondering eyes.

"I love him!" she cried in a hushed, amazed voice; and again, "I love him!" Then she fell upon her knees beside the bed, buried her face in her extended arms, and sobbed wildly, uncontrollably.

When she entered Dolloff's room the next day he had just finished reading a letter, and his eyes were shining with excitement.

"My lucky star is in the ascendant!" he cried as he drew her to him and kissed her. "Here's a letter from the president of the bank, saying that the robbers have not yet been apprehended, and begging me to come on as soon as I am able, to confer with the officials.

"You must go with me," he declared. "We will be married a week from today, and go direct to San Francisco. It will be rather a novel honeymoon — hunting down a bank robber," and he laughed boyishly.

Marie would have demurred at the suddenness of it all, but he vigorously overruled her objections, and in the end she submitted to his plans.

It was an odd-appearing couple that stood before the minister in the parlor of the hotel a week later — the bride dressed in mourning and the groom with his right arm in a sling. The doctor who had attended Dolloff, and who had conceived an immense admiration for Marie's capabilities as a nurse, attended the ceremony and partook of the modest little wedding dinner as the guest of honor, and congratulated the groom with a heartiness that left nothing to be desired.

The interrupted journey was resumed, and they sped away toward San Francisco, Dolloff radiantly happy — Marie with a dawning sense of peace and serenity that was very welcome.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE cashier of the Third National Bank of San Francisco sat at his desk, gazing at a sheet of paper covered with long columns of figures. A neat little memorandum book lay open by his elbow. He leaned his head upon his hand, and closing his eyes as if in pain, whispered to himself, "Seventy-five thousand dollars." He drew in his breath sharply. "Seventy-five — thousand — dollars."

Beyond the railing the porter stood pensively flicking at an imaginary speck of dust with his feather duster. The cashier turned in his chair. "You may go now, Dennis," said he, adding in a kindly tone, "how is the little one getting along?"

"Better, sor, thank you kindly, sor. The doctor do be after saying that she'll soon be well again," and Dennis, glad to be at liberty, hurried away.

It was past the closing hour, and the rest of the bank's force had left for the day. Since the robbery the cashier had often remained to lock the doors himself. This afternoon, as the bright sunlight streamed in upon his desk, he sat with moody eyes, staring down the dark vista of the future. Today he was trusted and honored by a whole community. Tomorrow he would be an object of scorn and loathing — his name a by-word and reproach. His was the old, old story: a position of supreme trust gained by long years of rectitude; a sense of

distaste for the monotony of his existence; a little dabbling in speculation; small losses, then larger ones; a pressing need met with money that was not his own; an ever-deepening entanglement; and now—the end. He smiled grimly as he thought of what capital the papers would make of the sweet morsel of news that would be born on the morrow.

He had played his last card with masterly shrewdness, and he had lost. After appropriating seventy-five thousand dollars of the bank's funds, the eve of the annual accounting came upon him without resource for replacing it. With wiliness born of desperation he had planned the robbery that had so far baffled the detectives, thereby covering the tracks of his defalcation and leaving him with a substantial sum in hand. But one fatal factor had a place in the situation. The measure of his necessity had demanded an accomplice in the crime, for whose service he had paid, and heavily.

Thus far detection had been practically impossible, so cleverly had he laid his plans, but now an unforeseen contingency had arisen. The accomplice he had chosen had most pressing reasons for wishing to avoid the attention of the officers of the law, regardless of his latest exploit. This fact the cashier had counted upon as a measure of safety against disloyalty to himself. And but for the breaking of one cog in the wheel of circumstances all would have been well. The accomplice had done his work, had received his share of the spoils, and before daybreak was speeding away on the Southern Pacific Railroad toward the Mexican border. He was a gambler by nature and profession, and with the gaming fever running riot in his veins and the means to gratify his passion at hand, he could not withstand the temptation that assailed him. A poker game was started in the smoking-car in which he rode, and he took a hand. Ill luck perched upon his shoulder, and in two days' time of the thousands with which he had left San Francisco but a few beggarly hundreds remained.

A week later he was back in San Francisco, penniless and utterly desperate, and making extortionate demands upon his superior in crime as the price of his further silence. In the

intervening weeks the cashier had experienced a vivid foretaste of purgatory; tomorrow the eastern detective would arrive, and now there remained but one last chance — flight. Thirty-five hundred miles away lay safety. With the turn of the tide that night a sailing vessel bound for Panama would leave the Golden Gate with the cashier as a member of the crew. He was a splendid sailor, the captain had been heavily bribed, and his disguise he believed to be secure from detection if the vessel should be overhauled.

At ten o'clock the next morning Dolloff, seated in the private office of the bank's president, was discussing the situation with a much agitated man. The president's haggard face and trembling hands bespoke the strain under which he was laboring.

"This last blow is the hardest," he moaned. "The robbery was bad enough, but the discovery that the man whom I have loved as a son and trusted utterly for years has betrayed that love and trust, has broken my heart. But he shall be brought to justice. Nothing shall shield him now. Young man!" he cried, rising to his feet in his excitement, "I have been informed that no clue is too obscure for you to follow. Find this man, and I will double the reward!"

"I will find him," said Dolloff quietly.

Marie had accompanied her husband to the bank, and when he left her at its entrance, returned slowly toward the hotel, stopping at a florist's stand to purchase a flower which she fastened at her bosom. When she resumed her walk a man emerging from a cigar store on the opposite side of the street chanced a glance across and see her. He gave a quick start of surprised recognition, seemed to hesitate for a moment, then crossed the street, and keeping at a certain distance behind her, dogged her footsteps to the hotel. She passed slowly up the stairway and along the hall, entering her room without looking around. A moment later, as she was removing her hat, a low knock startled her. Opening the door, she glanced at the man standing before her, his face wreathed in a triumphant, evil smile, gave utterance to one low cry of terror, and fell fainting at his feet.

[*To be continued.*]

## THE FALL OF THE BASTILE.

MORRIS LEWIS, PARIS, FRANCE.

*(Attaché to the U. S. Commission to the Paris Exposition.)*

FROM Friday evening, July 13, to Sunday evening, July 15, Paris has been in her gayest holiday dress, a grander fete than has been celebrated in Paris since the visit of the Czar and Czarina of Russia a few years ago. This particular celebration, occurring as it does in the midst of the great International Exposition, would naturally make it one of greater magnitude, and I dare say the Exposition period will experience no finer display of a nation's patriotism than has just been presented.

For days past the streets of Paris have been studded with rows of great red pylons, from the tops of which float the banners of the Republic. Strings of paper lanterns have been strung across the streets, and on the more important thoroughfares beautifully festooned lines of electric incandescent lights have been swung from pole to pole. Band-stands have been erected seemingly at every corner, in preparation for the annual street balls, when all Paris dances and makes merry.

This all in celebration of the taking of the Bastile from the royalty by the populace of Paris in 1830, from about which time dates the ending of the era of royalty and the beginning of the present Republic of France, a sister Republic to the great United States of America.

This day, July 14, the chosen day for this celebration, opened with a fine sun and a beautiful cloudless sky. In the early afternoon President Loubet, accompanied by the Minister of War, reviewed the Paris garrison of soldiers, numbering about twenty-five thousand troops: cavalry, artillery, infantry, etc.

In the evening Paris was illuminated everywhere, and bands and small orchestras occupied the band-stands, and the crowds danced, drank, shouted and sang,—all is "Vive La France."

The greatest illuminations were to be seen on the Boulevards Madeleine, Capucines des Italiennes, Avenue du Fourth Sep-

tembre and the Rue Royal leading from the Madeleine to the Place de la Concord. Not only does the Rue Royal lead to Place de la Concord, but the great and only Champs Elysees, the most wonderful drive in the world, leads to this magnificent spot in Paris, where but a few years ago the guillotine did its deadly work of execution, and where now stands in its center the Egyptian obelisk.

Tonight the Champs Elysees presents a seething mass of humanity cordoned on each side by cabs and automobiles, slowly wending their way through the multitudes, all this being tinged by a seeming endless string of gaslights. From the gayly bedecked Arc de Triomphe at the Place de l'Etoile, to the Place de la Concord this human mass of beings goes onward to witness the greatest pyrotechnic display that has been seen since the days of the Chicago World's Fair in 1893.

What a panorama! After being in the mob making my way to the Place de la Concord, before me slowly and majestically from the Eastern skies there arose a most splendid full moon, which came up as if to view the great display about to take place; and when "La Lune" reached a point which seemed directly over the obelisk and in the center of the monumental square, it seemed to stop and hover as if in contemplation of its wondrous beauty as its soft light shed itself upon the thousands of faces so full of national patriotism, and, seemingly the cue of the program, the rockets and bombs began their annual participation in France's yearly celebration. There were showers of stars, there were bombs of blue, white and red; there were sunbursts; there were grand set pieces; and ere the last rocket was fired the French populace, filled to intoxication with what they had seen, singly, in pairs, in crowds, in mobs, started, where — no one seemed to know; but within one or two hours after the fireworks had ceased the crowds had slowly melted from Place de la Concord and had surrounded the hundreds of band kiosks, and were all dancing in wild appreciation of Belle France with a united reverberating "Vive La Republique."

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## YOUNG MEN'S CONGRESSIONAL CLUB MOCK TRIAL.

(Continued.)

MARY E. v. SAM O. WIREGRASS.

FORMER ASKS FOR ABSOLUTE SEPARATION FOR ALLEGED CRUELTY.

*Plea for the Defence:*

HON. OBEDIAH SWIPES, LL.D., Ph. D., ETC., ETC.

DE honorable jedges: I has been selected as de returney in dis Kase, in behaf ob dis defendenant hear, Mr. Wiregrass. But befo I *begins* to procede to turn de X-ray ob common sense upon de pile o' rubbish dat has been heaped up hear, an dat has been called *Testamony* by dat are *liar* ober dare (lawyer assumes a threatening attitude)—ercuse me—I ment *lawer*,—yeas, I ment lawer—but *it's all* the same. As I was gwine to say, your honorable jedges—befo I go into de details ob dis muchly celebrated Kase, I want to felicitate just for a *few* moments on de character ob dis hear good man: to begin wif, he has a farm outside er town hear whare he raises dese good ole sweet potatoes,—an shoats an are, an, oh I forgit what you call em (woman witness, “Chickens!”—general confusion), Sh! s-h, whos dat said chicken in dis crowd? (Faces audience.) If dat was a *man* who said chicken at this kritical moment I don't know *what* I wouldn't do to him. As I was gwine to say, Mr. Wiregrass is indede a grate man; but dat are wife ober dare o' his is one o' dese hear “*New women*,” an just because he didn't think as she *thunk*—she was chasing him around de room wid a *red hot* poker!

Am it strange to you dat he fought in self defense? Do you wonder, dat he used his *razer*? Do you marble at de fact dat he used a *base ball* bat? Now passing ober de *testamony* ob Mrs. Peacemaker who belongs to de same church as I does, I want to take up de *testamony* ob dat are upstart ob a gal ober dare, Miss Soapsuds—who haint got sense enuf to come

in out o' de rain. (Reads from court record.) Miss Soapsuds, *four* eleven forty-four Comonwelth Abenue; *bizness*, washing an ironing! Ho, ho! ho! ho! (laughs fully one minute) *Bizness*, washing an ironing; — why de honorable judges, dat are gal's *chief* bizness is minding *oder* people's bizness, and as for de *truth*, dat are gal was *never* known to tell de truth in *her* life.

But who am de cause ob all ob dese bones of contention? Who am de instigations ob all o' dese jurisdictionary proceedings? Dare dey are right *dare*, an I want to come down upon de head o' dat are culmination of hypocrisy and beuty like a *ton o' bricks*! — An as for her returney, I want to hurl at him de quartet ob *egotism* and *verbosity* like de *roaring* earthquakes ob *Mozambique*! (Fires torpedo, women witnesses faint, and intense confusion.) As I was gwine to say, your honorable judges, you mustn't loose sight o' de fact that Mr. Wiregrass is indede a *grate* man, an his name will go down in history wif such men as Cæsar, wif such mèn as Dewey, Li Hung Chang — an — Bill Nye. An *deir* names will be hung upon de star ob popular approbal wha dey will shine *foreber* in one continuous amalgamation, an in one *eternal lumification*!

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## FROM OUR FRIENDS IN THE FAR EAST.

[The following is from a letter sent his mother, by Capt. W. H. Jackson, U. S. A., now at Manila. It cannot fail to be of interest to our readers.]

YOU have long ago received my letter from Japan, and perhaps have been wondering what had become of me since. But here I am safe and well in Manila, after a long, long sail over the blue Pacific.

We left Japan, having had as fine a reception by the people of that country as any one could wish. We stayed in Japan two weeks, and had plenty of opportunity for sight-seeing. Our regiment landed at Yokohama and gave a parade; so we had the honor of being the first troops from a friendly country to

land on Japanese soil with rifles. Our passage from Japan to Manila was indeed a beautiful one, for our way lay through the "Inland Sea" bordered by many beautiful cities and towns, and every possible inch of the land cultivated. I doubt if the scenery could be surpassed by any in the world.

The weather during the voyage was all one could wish, so of course we enjoyed ourselves hugely. We arrived at Manila in fine form, ready for any work, after such a very pleasant time in Japan, and after some delay, landed and were ordered to go to the "North line" for duty. The city of Manila is strongly guarded on all sides by troops. The main battle-lines are on the north and south sides of the city. We have been placed in General Walls' Brigade, 1st Division, 8th Army Corps, and are in one of the most important positions on the line, being but a very short distance from the city proper, and the very spot upon which many notable engagements took place during the Spanish-American War.

We are situated on the La Loura Ex Deposito line, with headquarters at the La Loura Church. Our regiment is placed by companies along the line stretching about five miles in length. I am placed here at La Loura Church, with the regiment at headquarters, thus having the most desirable place in the regiment. We are doing very little fighting, I am sorry to say, not enough to give us any worry. The backbone of the Philippine insurrection is broken, and the so-called "Army" is now but a number of scattered bands, and we have to resort to our old tactics of Porto Rico and chase them from place to place. They are excellent runners, and hard to catch. I had the good fortune to be selected to make the march of our regiment. My company was selected from the whole regiment to make a two days' march after a large band of these robbers, called "Ladrones." We marched about twenty miles out to their "roosting" place, but they caught sight of us and ran away. We encamped at the river over night, and after a scout we marched back to camp, thus making forty miles in the two days.

Our men were in excellent shape when we arrived at camp, not a man left behind. We were highly complimented by the



CAPT. W. H. JACKSON.

46th Regt., U. S. A., now at Manila, P. I.



MRS. OLIVIA WARD BUSH.

Author of "Driftwood and Other Poems."

colonel for the excellent way in which we marched out and finished. The city of Manila is quite large, there being two parts, the new and the old city. The people are especially friendly to the colored soldiers, always saying there is no difference between them and us.

The insurgents even sent out placards to the colored officers and men, asking us not to fight against them, because we were of the same color. But we only laugh, for we are U. S. soldiers, and all the enemies of the U. S. government look alike to us, hence we go along with the killing, just as with other people.

You need have no fears for my health; our camp is healthy, and the officers and men in fine shape. We have little or no illness in our regiment, for the men are quite a hardy set of young men, and are as strong as any in the whole army. I hope you are in good health, and that you have not suffered from the cold during the winter. Just think, here it is February, and I am sitting in my negligee shirt without a coat, under a canvas writing to you, the thermometer registering about eighty in the shade, while I know how cold it is now in and around Boston. It is perfect weather here, no rain to speak of, but we shall have plenty of that after the first of June.

During the day we cannot do much after 9 o'clock in the morning and until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on account of the heat, but the mornings and nights are fine. Our letters are few and far between, owing to the great distance that separates us, but it is only for a while; the time will soon pass, and again you will once more see me.



## LOUISIANA "CIVILIZATION."

*(From the New Orleans Times-Democrat, July 28.)*

THE Negro, on reaching Customhouse Street, darted from the sidewalk out into the middle of the street. This was the worst manœuvre that he could have made, as it brought him directly under the light from an arc lamp, located on a nearby corner. When the Negro came plainly in view of the foremost of the closely following mob they directed a volley at him.

Half a dozen pistols flashed simultaneously, and one of the bullets evidently found its mark, for the Negro stopped short, threw up his hands, wavered for a moment, and then started to run again. This stop, slight as it was, proved fatal to the Negro's chances, for he had not gotten twenty steps farther, when several of the men in advance of the others reached his side. A burly fellow, grabbing him with one hand, dealt him a terrific blow on the head with the other.

The wounded man sank to the ground. The crowd pressed around him and began to beat him and stamp him. The men in the rear pressed forward, and those beating the man were shoved forward. The half-dead Negro, when he was freed from his assailants, crawled over to the gutter. The men behind, however, stopped pushing when those in front yelled: "We've got him"; and then it was that the attack on the bleeding Negro was resumed. A vicious kick directed at the Negro's head sent him into the gutter, and for a moment the body sank from view beneath the muddy, slimy water.

"Pull him out; don't let him drown," was the cry; and instantly several of the men around the half-drowned Negro bent down and drew the body out. Twisting the body around, they drew the head and shoulders up on the street, while from the waist down the Negro's body remained under the water. As soon as the crowd saw that the Negro was still alive, they again began to beat and kick him.

Every few moments they would stop and, striking matches,

look into the man's face to see if he still lived. To better see if he was dead they would stick lighted matches to his eyes. Finally, believing he was dead, they left him and started out to look for other Negroes.

Just about this time some one yelled: "He ain't dead"; and the men came back and renewed the attack. While the men were beating and pounding the prostrate form with stones and sticks, a man in the crowd ran up, and crying, "I'll fix the d— Negro," poked the muzzle of a pistol almost against the body and fired. This shot must have ended the man's life, for he lay like a stone; and realizing that they were wasting energy in further attacks, the men left their victim lying in the street.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.—Can any one question, in view of the above condition of affairs, the necessity of the Colored Race uniting for self-protection? We have just received a letter from an agent of the magazine in New Orleans, which reads as follows: "We have had such a riot between the white and colored people. The whites went so far as to kill our old grandfather and grandmother, one fifty-five years and the other seventy-five years old. The mob was running up and down the street howling and crying, 'Kill a nigger and don't leave one. Kill any one you meet so long as he is a nigger, for they are all just alike.' They also burned down one of our fine schools. As a colored man has no protection here, my husband and I will leave on the 12th of August for Chicago."

And this letter comes from one of the fairest cities in Free America.

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#### FIRST COLORED JUDGE IN KENTUCKY. ISAAC BLACK SELECTED,

THIS is something new under the sun. Kentuckians witnessed the trial of a white man by a colored judge. It is the first case in the record of the state. It was the case of Detective Harding *v.* Councilman Bradford for assault, both white. When the case was called there was such a rush on the docket that the parties agreed to a special judge, and our worthy lawyer and townsman, Isaac Black, was selected. A jury was empaneled, the case tried, and a verdict as to Harding of not guilty.

**BETH'S TRIUMPH.***(A Two-Part Story.)*

ANNE BETHEL SCALES.

## PART I.

It was the year 1899. We were Seniors in college; it does not seem good policy to mention the name of that college, since certain particulars are yet too fresh within the minds of some people closely connected with it, to permit personalities.

Our school and its appendages — which included several wee white cottages for teachers, the proverbial well-house and old oaken bucket, boys' dormitory, and other out-houses,—were not a dream of loveliness or architectural splendor; they would not have enraptured the soul of an artist, or given the headache to those jovial farmers who came to us by having them ransacking their dusty old craniums, for adjectives of praise to describe our accommodations. But there were some dear spots and some pretty spots; there was the knoll with the honeysuckle, which we dubbed "Mars Hill";—the green place where the daisies grew and the ants crawled upon us, we called "The Park." Here, shielded by an elevation from the prying eyes of our old maiden matron, we would in the evenings eat our lunch of sweetmeats and sing "On the Wabash," and discuss the intricate machinery of the school when there was a hitch, or when we wished there might be one.

Did you ever notice, reader, that after you leave school everything connected with it is dear to you, even the hitches?

The Seniors were enjoying the first day of their vacation week. Louise and I had gone to "The Park"; not a Prep. was in sight. We had decided to read to each other alternately—the story was Paul Dunbar's "Uncalled." A few pages were read, commented upon,—and, for the time, forgotten. The magazine fell from Louise's listless hands to her lap, and as I took it to continue the reading, she said: "Don't

read any more, Beth, not even that delightful story;—I want to talk to you.”

“Why, certainly I won’t read if you wish me not to, dear, but you need not look so serious about it, even if you don’t wish my grating voice to massacre your nerves.” At this bit of railery she smiled, a wee fleeting smile of protest.

“You know that you have an excellent voice, my little chum, but I do want to make you my confidant; I am in a terrible dilemma, and I want to see if two heads can’t find a way out of it.”

I was lying at her feet, but the idea of sharing a *secret* acted as a tonic, and I sprang into a sitting posture soon enough to see two glistening tears glide down her cheeks.

Louise was no baby; but a tall, beautiful, strong-minded girl, with two soft peach-blooms upon her cheeks, and a complexion like the richest of Jersey cream; hair, probably not so nice or beautiful as that of some of our other girls—mine for example, but it invariably looked better; teeth and eyes that fairly scintillated when she smiled; hands that must have had *music* in invisible letters written on them—large, but shapely, and long, beautiful fingers that could draw music from a piano and compel you to watch them, as if fascinated. She was more lovely than usual today, in her pretty holiday organdy and pink bonnet; the latter she had now thrown aside. This was the vision that was crying.

I put my arms around her and drew her to me,—don’t look so alarmingly shocked, reader,—I am a girl! According to the latest mirror census, I have a shock of thick red-brown hair, which my friends please me by calling auburn; a nondescript complexion, a face that might pass, were it not for the bane of my life—its nose; a figure that would do my face credit did I not chum with a girl who had a much prettier one. My own ordinary looks formed a becoming background for Louise’s more exquisite charms (especially when viewed comparatively). I was not ignorant of this last fact, but it caused me no chagrin whatever in its acknowledgment. But to my story: She lay against my breast sobbing as though her heart would break,

all her studied, pent-up composure of weeks finding relief in a flood of tears. Her sobs subsided, and I held her still closer. She looked up, her eyes gleaming through tears, and said:

"Don't think me a baby, Beth, but save me from that man!"

The thought that Louise was growing dramatic presented itself. I did not express it, but said simply: "From whom, dearie?" I could think of no one but Tom.

"No, not Tom!" she said vehemently, "but Mr. Warwick." Then her dramatic mien and meaning flashed on me. I had warned her against him, and she had taken the lecture tardily. I thought that her wilfulness but emphasized the words of the great Walpole when he said: "It is idle to talk a young woman in love out of her passion; love does not live in the ear,"—and I kept silent.

He, meaning Mr. Jerome Warwick, also according to his version of the story a Virginia lawyer, had only been in the city of L—— a month, and yet since the day of his arrival, and upon that day occurred the monthly rhetoricals, he had made the school the favorite rendezvous of his evenings. It was only the night before that he had attended the Alumni Banquet, and made himself the cynosure of all eyes, and subject of many comments, by his bold but *very* courteous manner, handsome person and fashionable apparel. I noticed, as did everyone else, that he paid marked attention to Louise. She told me that during the progress of the fete he came to where she and Tom were having a fond tete-a-tete within the bay window of the library. But no; I will let Louise tell you her own story.

"Mr. Warwick came to us with his usual suave smile and punctilious manner, Beth. I introduced him to Tom, which was no sooner done than he asked that dear boy if he would excuse me for a short interval. He had dogged my steps all the evening, and just when I thought I had escaped him, he surprised me with such audacity as this! Tom looked quickly, entreatingly at me, and said blandly—too blandly in truth: 'Just as Miss Trent wishes it.' My lips had framed a haughty refusal. But before I spoke I looked (truly the woman who deliberates is lost) at that evil genius, and when his piercing

black eyes met mine, I said *yes* as mechanically as some one in a dream, and took his arm. He turned our steps toward the library porch, where hung Japanese lanterns and floral decorations of all kinds. A premonitive shudder shook my form — I truly dreaded the interview — and this dread was accentuated by the knowledge that I was powerless to avert it. He is a wicked, unscrupulous man, Beth, and he did not use any preliminary at all, but taking my hand, and compelling my eyes to meet his by the power of an implacable will, he said as truthfully as a better man might have done: 'I asked you here, Louise, because I love you and I wish to take you away as my wife. I have never loved any woman before you, and that is saying a good deal, taking into consideration the fact that I am not a young man. You have been evading me, and I am not one to brook evasion or thwarted purpose. I have the license in my pocket; the minister I have caused to be an invited guest. All is ready. Marry me tonight and I will remain in the city as before, keeping the marriage a profound secret until after Commencement night; then we leave for my home in the western part of the state. A refusal will do no good; if you do not marry me now, you will never know what peace is until you do.'

"Oh, Beth, and all that time his great, dreadful eyes were telling me to acquiesce. I do believe that there is some snake nature in that man, and it is all concentrated in his eyes.

"As I realized my danger, all my past life spread out before me with its kaleidoscopic features, mostly bright and beautiful; all my future misery with him aroused in me a revulsion of feeling greater than any magnetic power of his could master. I sprang deftly aside, evaded his grasping hand, and ran to my room.

"What must I do, Beth? Tom is surprised and angry; this man is my shadow. If I report to the President it will necessitate a faculty meeting, and you know that will incur scandal; true, I could tell Tom, but his temper and headstrong, thoughtless action will do more harm than good. A week from tonight is Commencement night; I am valedictorian, and don't want to leave for home till school closes."

I was surprised, indignant, but could only sigh, and say uningenuously, that it is too bad to be only a woman. "Ah!" she said, with more than her usual spirited impatience: "I expected you to help me, tell me something of which I am ignorant. I would not have told you had I known that you, like myself, could only sigh, sigh! I looked for more than that from you, the *brilliant, gifted, scholastic Beth*."

There was a note of bitterest irony in her voice as she spoke, and I looked at her in blank amazement; feeling toward her at that moment, as I never had before, and hope to never feel again. Women do not bear with one another's caprices as readily as they should. Louise had not the temper or fortitude allotted to angels, yet she had never spoken crossly to me before. And now, I did not even think she cared for the wound she had inflicted, because she left me and walked hurriedly up the path; the stile was reached, she hesitated a moment, and returning wound her arms around me, saying in a scarcely articulate whisper: "Can you ever forgive me, darling little sister?"

I returned her pressure with vengeance, and told her that I understood. Probably my voice sounded a trifle lachrymionous, for she looked hastily down, and asked quizzically, "Are *you* crying, Beth?" I had never been known to cry during my six years' stay at school (something unheard of in a girl!). So to her question I answered with a merry laugh, in which she joined, and the threatening gulf between us was abridged.

Naturally, I was not as much worried over the confidential disclosure as Louise. I regarded it as a contingency to be looked for in any love affair where there are too many lords to a lady. Every such condition of affairs invariably ends the same — disastrously. In some cases of course the ruin is greater than in others; but that also is a law from nature's code, and he who offends must of necessity accept fate's allotment (whether it be great or small). Truly said the sage: "Experience is that dear school in which fools deign to take their only lessons." And that very truth has made every man a fool.

Luncheon bell rang—at school it is the salve that heals temporarily, even grief's wound, and we went slowly back to the dining-hall.

The girls had an unpleasant habit of privately calling our dear (?) matron "Eyes"; whose real name by the way was Smith, but she affected a more pretentious way of spelling it by inserting "y" and ending it in "e,"—it looked well in print too;—dear soul, I wish I could say the same of her picture I saw in a paper once. Well, as the Romans do, so do I,—this same "Eyes" came bouncing toward us (she could bounce, for she had an excellent figure, but what she paid for it I am at present unable to say) saying in her usual hurried, flurried, scared sort of way: "Girls, where in the world have *you two* been?" Her emphasis was called for,—*we two* were likely to be found just anywhere impromptu curiosity or pre-meditated plans took us. Fan—I mean Louise had cried, and it is simply wonderful how these aquatic emissions relieve persons addicted to them—and was now looking and acting like her old self again; so to "Eyes'" query she replied with a knowing nonchalant shake of the head, and her gay little laugh: "Ah, mater" ("Eyes" liked that word, it sounded young and caressing), "were we wanted?"

"Yes, dear; you had a visitor—Mr. Warwick."

"Well," Louise said brusquely, "I'm glad I wasn't here," and we passed into the dining-hall.

I scarcely saw Louise after luncheon, for she would never, not even for her dearest friend, or for ignorance of a certain lesson on the morrow, miss her afternoon nap; sometimes it was ten minutes, again two hours that she slept,—but whether long or short, it came. So I went to play tennis and left her to entertain Morpheus.

At supper she reappeared looking as immaculate as ever, that immaculateness which gives the other girl a loose feeling, forces her hand involuntarily to her head to smooth the wind-tossed hair,—and also opportunity to make a covenant saying that tomorrow evening I'll wear my new pink shirtwaist.

*My* room-mate as it happened was a Prep.; moreover, she

had a hearty disliking for *her* room-mate, and would "bunk" out, making frequent and sometimes long nocturnal absences. After taps had sounded she would mightily please me by evading the vigilance of "Eyes," and visit the girls who knew how to appreciate her garrulous proclivities better than I did. Tonight a bargain had been struck, and contract signed, that she would remain from home one week, relinquishing her place to Louise. Hence eight o'clock finds two members of the "T. S. T." (a club to which we belonged) domiciled and chatting gaily. "Eyes" ruled the back corridor, or Prepdorm, at night, and another good little teacher, whose memory among others I really hold dear, was too far away on our hall to know that *we two* were cooking chocolate or talking above a whisper.

Ten o'clock found us in bed. Between then and the time I awoke to find myself sweltering in perspiration, and scared out of my wits, seemed an age. I had dreamed, and such a dream! Was it the outcome of our talk of the morning? Did it bring the traditional warning? Or had it no significance other than that the effect had been caused by the piece of refractory meat that I had eaten the night preceding? I am not superstitious, nor easily frightened, but don't think it pleasant to be awakened after a mysterious dream in the wintry gloom of the early morning, when every black-robed piece of furniture seems to say: "I am here to prove that your dream was not at all a dream, but reality." You can't explain anything to your companion, because she is a sleepy-head, and worst of all, should you arouse her, what have you to tell? In my case I should have said: 'Oh, Louise, I have had such a terrible dream,'—and she—well, would have given an indescribable grunt, and again yielded herself to the caresses of sleep. Next morning I was mum on the subject, but when on the two following nights my presence in Slumbertown was greeted by the same denouement, I resolved not to remain silent. Night, because of these suggestive visitations, had grown terrible to me. I dare not sleep for fear I would dream. Not that I was afraid of a mere dream, but I was afraid of its persistence, its apparent truthfulness to life, and if true, its malignant effect upon the

lives and destinies of my loved ones. I must tell some one, and yet — who? Louise? No; she had enough to keep her morbid and thoughtful.

But, ah! why had I not thought of him before? There is De. I was sure that he would listen, and not say that it was only a romantic, womanish fancy of mine, even if he thought so. No one loved De more than we, his classmates did — and no one deserved that affection more than he. If we remained in our rooms with real or pretended headaches, he was solicitous; the other young men might laughingly insinuate that our Psychology, or a certain unwritten paper, had more to do with our absence than the headache; but it was De who sent the consoling box of bon-bons, and the little: "I hope you will be down in the morning." If things went wrong, it was De who offered to right them, and who never forgot that a Senior girl was not the only one to whom he owed a tip of the hat and the social courtesies. He was a brother, especially to the T. S. T. We called him De, and it was a contraction of his real name; while it had no special significance, it had an endearing sound. I could easily see him, since we were allowed this week as a merited respite from months of most careful work. I believe there was only one who would not acknowledge that she was satisfied with our progress; for after we had long since crossed the line where we might have been termed novices, "Eyes" remarked that she would like to see the "prospective Seniors" after school hours. We were more conscious of the height we had attained, and careful lest our dignity be not recognized at that time than we were upon graduation, so none of us fell in love with the woman or her appellation, and I am afraid we showed that we did not.

[*To be concluded.*]



## BLACK IS, AS BLACK DOES.

*(A Dream.)*

ANGELINA W. GRIMKE.

It came to me one dark, rainy morning as I was half awake and half asleep. The wind was blowing drearily, and I listened to the swish of the rain upon the glass and the dripping from the eaves. As I lay listening I thought many things, and my thoughts grew hazier and hazier, and I fell into deep slumber.

Then methought a great feeling of peace came upon me and that all my cares were falling from me, and rolling away — away into infinity. As I lay with my eyes closed this great feeling of peace increased, and my heart was glad within me. Then some one touched me lightly upon the shoulder and eyes, causing my heart to give a great bound, for I was not prepared for the loveliness of the scene which now burst upon my sight. Stretched all around was a wide, green, grassy plain. Each little blade of grass sang in the gentle wind, and here and there massive trees spread their branches. The leaves and the birds made music, while the river passing through the meadow sparkled and sang as it sped on its way. Listening, I heard no discord, for all the voices blended with each other, mingling, and swelling, and making one grand sweet song. I longed to sing too, and I lifted up my voice, but no song came, so that I wondered. Then a voice at my side answered: "Thou art not one of us yet." The voice was sweeter than the babbling brook, more tender than the voice of a mother to her erring child, lower than the beating of the restless surf on the shore. Then I turned to see whence this voice came. As I looked I fell upon my face weeping.

For there stood before me a figure clad in white. As she moved she seemed like a snowy-white cloud, which sails o'er the sky in summertime. A soft light shone above, around, behind, illuminating her. It was not for this I fell to weeping.

I had looked upon the face, and the truth which shone forth from the mild eyes, the sweetness which smiled around the mouth, and all the pity, the mercy, the kindness, expressed in that divine countenance, revealed to me how wicked I was, and had been. But she took me by the hand, bidding me arise, and kissed me on the brow. Between my sobs I asked: "Where am I?" The low voice answered: "This is heaven." I said: "Who art thou?" She answered: "One of the lovers of God." And as she spoke that name the heavens brightened, the grass sang sweeter, as did the leaves and the birds, also the silvery river. Looking up I saw that she was no longer by my side, but was moving o'er the plain, and turning she beckoned to me. I followed without knowing why.

Thus we passed silently over the velvety grass, o'er hill and dale, by laughing brooks and swift-flowing rivers. Often turning she smiled upon me, but on and on we went; now and then other bright spirits passed us, all smiling kindly upon me as they went their way. Some came and kissed my forehead and said they were glad to see me, and I was happy, *so* happy. Then methought we came to a city, but ah! so unlike our cities: no hurrying this and that way, no deafening roar of passing wagons, no shrieking hucksters, no loud talking, no anxious, worried faces. All was peace. And as we passed up the noiseless streets many spirits clad in spotless white, and gleaming with that ineffable light, passed, and all smiled and greeted me tenderly as they went their shining way.

Then we came to a great hall. The doors thereby were three and opened wide, and I saw many people going in through the first door, but they were not clad in snowy white, and I could see no light illumining their bodies. I asked: "Pray tell me who are these?" And the spirit said: "These are those, like you, who have just come from earth." And as she spoke I saw some passing forth from the second door, clad in white, but I saw no light, and I said perplexed: "Pray who are these, and why does no light illuminate them?" She answered: "These are they whom our *Father* has blessed of those who have just come from earth, and they will have the

light when they have been with us a long time, when they have done some service which has particularly gratified "*our Father*." She had scarcely ceased speaking when I saw several ragged ones, with looks downcast, coming through the third door; and I asked: "Pray who are these?" As she answered her voice trembled, and gazing upon her I saw a tear glide down her cheek, as she answered, simply: "The lost." And, groaning within me I said: "Pray what is this place?" And solemnly she answered: "This is where God weeds out the wicked from the good." And as she ceased speaking she glided to the first door and beckoned me.

We came within a hall, large and gloomy, and we passed down one end, and looking up I saw a great, dazzling light, that was all; for I fell upon the floor, overcome. I had looked upon *God*! As I lay I heard his voice now low and tender beyond expression, now stern and mighty, like the roll of thunder. When I took courage I gazed around, but I dared not look upon *His* face again.

I saw a vast multitude of those lately come from earth, waiting to stand before the bar of judgment; also those who had been tried, passing out through the doors. Looking at my companion I saw that she was gazing upon *God*, and his brightness shone upon her face, and I was dazzled and looked down. When I glanced upon the throng of the lately dead, I saw one pass to the bar, and fall with a loud cry for mercy. I heard him weeping and confessing all his sins, excusing himself in nothing, and I saw that his skin was black; looking closer I saw that he was lame, torn, and bleeding, and quite unrecognizable, for most of his features were gone. I saw him waving his poor stumps of arms, begging for mercy. By these tokens I knew that he came from my country, and that he was one of an oppressed race; for in America, alas! it makes a difference whether a man's *skin* be black or white. Nothing was said, but I perceived that he had been foully murdered.

I heard *God's* voice speaking to him and I was lost in its sweetness. It seemed to me I was floating down a stream of loveliness, and I was so happy. When He ceased I thought I

had gently come to some bank, and all was peace and rest. And I saw the man pass from the bar, and that he was clad in pure white. Beautiful spirits came and tended his wounds, and lo! he stood forth glorified, a dim light shining round him. I looked at my companion and she smiled, and then I understood. And behold another stood before the *Judgment-seat*. I did not hear *him* beg for mercy, but I heard him telling all the good he had done, and I heard a sound as of distant mutterings of thunder, and I felt the angry flashings above the *Judgment-seat*. And I saw the man waiting calmly in his own conceit. And I heard the muffled thunder of God's voice asking: "And didst thou treat all my children justly?" And I heard the man say: "Yea, yea, O Lord!" And I heard God again: "Whether their skin was black or white?" And the man answered: "Yea, yea, Lord," and laughed.

Then I heard the thunder of God's voice saying: "I know thee, who thou art; it wast thou who didst murder yon man, one of my faithful servants; it wast thou who didst hate and torture him, and who trampled upon and crushed him; but inas-much as thou didst this wrong unto him, thou didst it unto me. Begone!" And I saw him who was condemned stagger from the bar, and that his hands and his clothes were covered with blood, and that he left behind him footprints tracked in blood; and as I looked at him more closely I saw that his skin was white, but that his *soul* was black. For it makes a difference in heaven whether a man's *soul* be black or white!

And I beheld the man with the black skin creep up to the *Judgment-seat* and sob, brokenly: "Forgive, oh, forgive my brother, for he knew not what he did." And I felt my heart beating and tumbling against my side,—and I awoke. The wind was moaning drearily, the rain was still sobbing against the glass, and I lay there and wept.



## PUTNAM'S WOLF DEN.

O. S. BORNE.

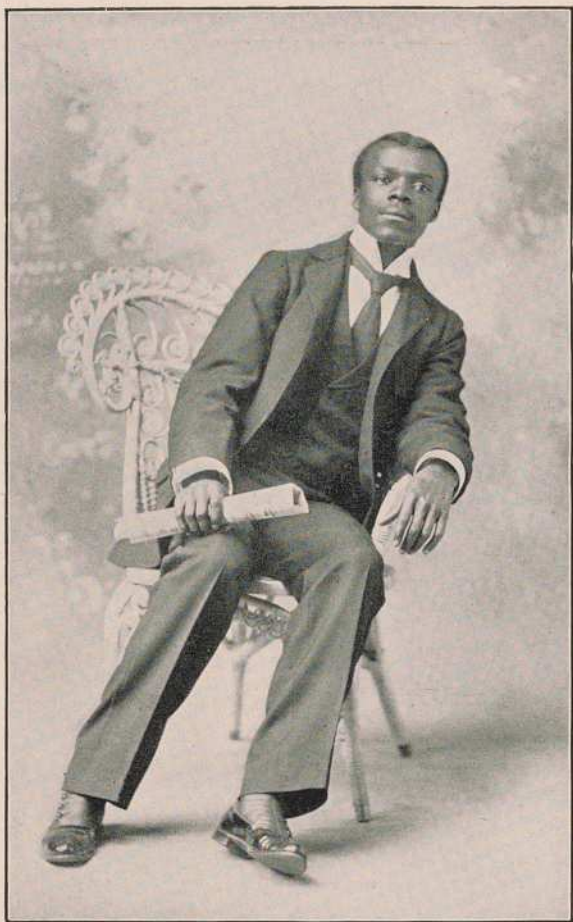
THE reproduction given herewith is from an excellent photograph of the famous spot in Pomfret, Conn., known as Putnam's Wolf Den. The story, though old, may be unknown to some of our readers, and runs as follows:

For several years an enormous wolf had levied tribute from the farmers round about Pomfret, killing sheep and cattle, evading traps, outwitting dogs, and baffling the hunters and enraged farmers who sought to slay her. Israel Putnam, the future great general, then a young farmer, was one of the sufferers from her depredations. In the winter of 1742-3 she had grown so bold and become such an intolerable nuisance that the farmers organized a hunting party and scoured the surrounding country in her pursuit. A light snowfall enabled them to track her to her lair upon a hillside near Putnam's farm, where the day was wasted in fruitless efforts to force her from her impregnable position in a cave among the granite boulders. Dogs sent in to drive her forth came back cowed and wounded by her cruel fangs. Straw and brimstone burned at the cavern's mouth had no effect. Putnam at last appeared upon the scene with dog and gun, and volunteered to essay the capture of the wolf. Divesting himself of coat and waistcoat, with a rope fastened round his body and a blazing torch in hand, he slowly crawled down the black, icy, narrow passage, and at its farthest extremity descried the glaring eyeballs of the savage monster. Drawn forth by his companions he descended a second time with torch and gun, and as the wolf was about to charge, brought her down with one unerring shot. Putnam and the wolf were drawn out together, and thus was Pomfret's last wolf slain, and her most famous hero first brought to notice for the reckless bravery and daring that distinguished his after life.



PUTNAM'S WOLF DEN.

Pomfret, Conn.



W. HENRY THOMAS.

Dramatist and Manager of the "Thomas Newark Dramatic Company."

## LEO GOWONGO'S TRICKS.

[As per our promise in the May issue of "The Colored American Magazine," we give herewith explanations by Mr. Gowongo of two of his popular tricks. Further tricks will be explained in future issues.]

## THE HINDOO EGG-BAG TRICK.

THIS is a very amusing trick if performed with dexterity. It should be much practised before being attempted in public. A bag should be made, about twelve inches or fourteen inches long and ten inches wide, with a large hem open in the left-hand side. The eggs should be taken up one at a time, blowing upon them to impart a little magical power, then place them in the hem on right-hand side of the opening. In showing the bag empty hold it firmly with the right hand and turn with the left. To produce the eggs, lower the right hand, take out one at a time. While taking out the eggs place the left hand between the eggs taken out and those which remain in the hem. The bag must be shown empty each time after producing an egg.

## HANDKERCHIEFS TRANSFORMED.

FOR this trick you will require three colored and three white handkerchiefs. Cut a piece from the center of one of the white handkerchiefs and a similar piece from one of the colored handkerchiefs. Fasten the colored center into the white handkerchief and the white center into the colored. Have these wrapped in a piece of paper, and lay them at the back of your table. Have the bottom cut from two ordinary black glass wine bottles, and insert a cork at the bottom of the neck of each bottle (from the inside). In one bottle place a white handkerchief and in the other a colored one. Fill the necks of the bottles: one with port and the other with sherry wine (which the corks will keep from running into the bottles upon the handkerchiefs). Put the port wine into the bottle with the colored handkerchief, the sherry with the white.

It will be necessary for you to have two confederates among your audience, one of whom will lend you your third white

handkerchief and the other the colored, so that when requesting two handkerchiefs from your audience your confederates can be ready to supply you. Ask that some one in the audience will come forward to assist you, and giving him a knife, ask him to mark the borrowed handkerchiefs so they will be recognized again. If you hold them correctly he will cut a piece from the center. At this you can profess to be very much displeased. Take the larger pieces and show them to the audience and supposed owners, saying that you will endeavor to repair the damage. Step to your table, and in wrapping them in a paper substitute the package of handkerchiefs already prepared (with the mismatched centers).

Ask the person on the stage to hold this package well above his head, in full view of the audience. Take the pieces which were cut from the center of the borrowed handkerchiefs and burn them. Placing what remains in your pistol, aim at the package and say "one, two, three — handkerchiefs be made whole." Fire at the package and ask the gentleman holding it to undo it, when much amusement will be occasioned by the fact that the white handkerchief has a red patch, and *vice versa*. Tell your audience with much affectation that you regret the blunder, and will endeavor to correct it. Take both handkerchiefs, place them on a plate, pour a little spirits of wine over them, and set on fire. While they are burning ask the gentleman assistant if he will take a little wine. If he says yes,—ask him if he prefers port or sherry. Give him a glass of the one he prefers out of the prepared bottle, meanwhile taking a glass from the other bottle yourself. By this time the handkerchiefs will be entirely burned. Load your pistol with the ashes from the handkerchiefs, and pointing the pistol towards the two bottles say you intend to make the handkerchiefs appear whole in them. Count "one, two, three, pass" (then fire). Break the two bottles over your tray and show the handkerchiefs completely restored, returning them to your friends with thanks.

This trick has a very good effect when well done. It takes three things to become a good magician: they are practice, practice again, and again.

## SHALL THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT BE REPEALED?

ROBERT W. CARTER.

AT the Race Conference recently held at Montgomery, Ala., Mr. W. Bourke Cockran, an Irish lawyer of New York, took a prominent part.

The influence of his argument was to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment of the National Constitution as a means to solve the Negro problem, and as the only way to settle the difference now existing between the two races in the South. "That the racial antagonism and mutual distrust which evidently exist in the South are due to the fact that the legal status of the Negro in theory is not his status in fact." "That the suppression of this antagonism is the thing needed." "That the Fifteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution is, in fact, inoperative."

"That it is like a dead limb on a tree; that it had been denied public support, and lynched by the states, so to speak." With all of Mr. Cockran's legal learning and splendid eloquence, he forgot that he himself is an immigrant, having fled his own native land to enjoy the liberty of the United States (which is readily given him and also his fellow countrymen, who came to America to better their condition). And yet according to the constitutional laws of the Federal Government, neither Mr. Cockran nor any of his countrymen have the same right to enjoy all of the privileges as the Negro. Mr. Cockran is an ex-representative, having been honored to a seat in the National House of Representatives by the great state of New York.

He may some day be governor; but one thing sure: he cannot be president. According to his nativity he is not eligible; but according to the Negro's nativity he is eligible to become president, or hold any office in the gift of this republic.

"No person except a natural born citizen or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this Constitution,

shall be eligible to the office of president." This leaves Mr. Cockran out, and permits the Negro in. Mr. Cockran came to America in 1871; the Negro came in 1620, just two hundred and fifty-one years ahead of him. This, then, is the Negro's home, his native land, the land of his birth and the home of his toil; where he toiled for years uncompensated, though in the "land of the free" and "home of the brave."

But at the end of this long period of unpaid toil — two hundred and fifty years of long suffering — the Negro gained his citizenship as a result of civil war, in which he had bravely fought. Through the instrumentality of Northern opinions the ballot was placed in his hand. The Fifteenth Amendment, then, is the basis of citizenship, especially for the Negro, for it says: "The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." These enunciations have been our pillar of cloud by day endeavoring to attain a higher degree of civilization, and a lamp to us at night in search of intelligence. The Fifteenth Amendment is the companion of the Negro by day and his bosom friend at night; it is the basis of citizenship in the pursuit of life and liberty; a guarantee of protection in the pursuit of happiness.

But Mr. Bourke Cockran would repeal the Fifteenth Amendment, the life-giver to happiness, to intelligence, to advancement and civilization, and have the Negroes to throw themselves back upon the legislatures of their several states for justice in politics, in civil courts, and in everything that pertains to the Negro as a man. But I repeat that the legislatures of the several states in the South had the power for two and a half centuries to elevate the Negro, to give him political justice, and to recognize him as a man in their courts of law. But did they do it? Did they put in the hands of the black man the ballot and the power to cast it? How many school teachers and college professors of the Negro race do we find on record teaching and instructing before the promulgation of the Fifteenth Amendment as a part of constitutional law? If the legislatures of the

Southern States had continued to hold in their power the right of making laws for the Negro race, where would the race be today? Would they now be paying taxes on five hundred million dollars' worth of property? I think not. Let us think a moment upon the past. The Negro race possesses more and has accomplished more in thirty-five years of freedom than in the time from 1620 to 1865; yet in face of this plain fact, we are told by Mr. Cockran and others of that conference that the Negro is going back instead of coming forward. We walked the long road of slavery, and entered the path of freedom ignorant and poor. Yet in thirty-five years of travel we have among us lawyers and doctors, school teachers, professors in colleges, learned ministers of the gospel, and men of classic eloquence who conduct themselves with dignity and grace in the legislative halls of the nation. We can point with pride to banks owned and controlled by persons of color. Does this look like going back, or coming forward?

One great danger to any country, government, state, church or society, is ignorance. Ignorance is the embodiment of contention, the seed of strife, and the soil in which prejudice grows. Therefore in order to mitigate the race antagonism in the South they must educate the poor, whites and the Negroes both alike; teach them the pride, the care, and dignity of home. Then will there be less strife, less contention, and less prejudice between the two races. The promotion of intelligence, of Christianity and civilization is the thing needed for the suppression of race antagonism in the South; more so than the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment. And Mr. Cockran would have proved himself a more noble man had he given his splendid eloquence upon that particular theme; for these great principles and guides to civilization must continue to advance.

It was for the promotion of intelligence, of Christianity, of civilization and of these principles that the culture and cream of Northern society combated four long years against the flower of Southern aristocracy; that the learning and burning eloquence of Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson and Richard Yates; that the brilliant speeches of Thaddeus Stevens,

James M. Ashley and many other statesmen of legal learning stood uncompromising until the Fifteenth Amendment became a law. The spirit and force which was then against the Amendment becoming a law, were from Southern men. The same spirit and force is in favor of its repeal now. But it will not be repealed; it is there and there to remain, there to promote, encourage and stimulate citizenship; there to fill the benighted soul with inspiration and hope.

If the Fifteenth Amendment was repealed the Southern spirit is yet ambitious and tyrannical; they would want to go further. There is the Thirteenth Amendment and also the Fourteenth Amendment; both are in favor of civilization and citizenship. If they would succeed in getting the Fifteenth Amendment repealed, they would of necessity contend for the repeal of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments. The Thirteenth Amendment is against slavery and involuntary servitude. The Fourteenth Amendment recognizes "All persons born or naturalized" as "citizens of the United States," and the Fifteenth Amendment gives them all the right to vote. Therefore the three amendments are in harmony, and in favor of right and justice, of freedom and the advancement of citizenship.

It is too late now for Mr. Cockran and other white men who look with disdain upon the colored race, to create enough sentiment and public opinion to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment. They can never get the entire Negro race in the condition of servitude,—where they were forty years ago. Freedom is too much appreciated and liberty ever sublime, and among the white race we have noble friends who are ever ready to give us help when we are inclined to help ourselves. The best culture of the country has always been in favor of right, justice, intelligence, civilization and the advancement of Christianity.



## THE OLD OR THE NEW FAITH. WHICH?

*(A brief review of the present political situation.)*

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL.

THE colored voter must make at the coming election the most important decision of his whole political experience, and one which however solved must of necessity seem to him at best a choice of evils. The Republican party of 1860 overthrew that unholy alliance between the slave power of the South and the greedy commercialism and political self-seeking of its Northern allies; and later, in the Civil War, directed the military, naval and political action which destroyed slavery, conferred universal suffrage upon the enfranchised, and for a season protected them and the loyal whites of the South against their enemies. Its record during the years of its superiority, as the liberator and educator of the Afro-American, is one which will shine resplendent through the ages as an example of unswerving and courageous devotion to liberty and humanity.

How that lofty and noble policy was abandoned at the bidding of the political intriguers and selfish financiers and commercialists who conspired to control a party thus endeared to the masses of the people, it is hardly necessary to relate. All men know, or should know, how the loyal blacks, and for that matter the loyal whites, of the South, were abandoned to their foes, to serve the ambition of this or that candidate for high office. Hundreds of murders and thousands of minor outrages perpetrated by the Ku-Klux and their nameless imitators, were followed by myriads of injustices, public and private; contrary to the law of the land, defiant of federal, state, or municipal authority, and yet ignored, concealed and condoned, that Republican traders and bankers might be free to make money, and Northern politicians control the government, and acquire wealth and prestige.

Since that shameful surrender and miscarriage of justice the

Republican party has never atoned for its treachery, or shown any disposition to effectually vindicate its great amendments to the Federal Constitution, or adequately protect or avenge its Afro-American allies who have suffered or fallen in its service.

This lamentable sacrifice of its ancient renown and benign prestige has been made complete by its utter surrender of principle and action to the supposed necessities of modern finance and the arrogant demands of great industrial interests and conspiracies. As the people of Israel, under the very shadow of Sinai forgot the miracles of Moses and the wrath and mercies of the living God, to set up a golden calf, so the great Republican party turned its back on its glorious record as the champion of universal liberty and savior of the republic, and subordinated all other considerations to the supposed needs of an utterly selfish and largely destructive struggle for gain and place. Today its real strength is not the love and confidence of the masses, or the admiration and devotion of the educated and professional classes. It is mainly kept in power by party organization and discipline, profuse expenditure, a subsidized press, the personal influence of myriads of office-holders, and a system of financial and commercial terrorism, which confronts every honest opponent with a persecution which is utterly foreign to the spirit of a republic.

In the last twenty years it has gradually practically endorsed these articles of political faith: First.—The American people cannot be trusted to decide by popular vote such measures as are usually settled in the state and national legislatures, by swapping votes of confirmation and appropriation, or more or less ingenious and direct bribery. Second.—A great bonded debt, giving a safe revenue to those who are too rich and cultured to labor, is the only safe foundation for a natural banking system and currency, which, while incidentally giving double profits to the banker, shall secure and increase the general prosperity by making it impossible for the masses to borrow money. Third.—That all men not essentially and completely republican in politics, are from that very fact

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mentally and morally inferior, and in general "little better than the wicked"; and that a good Republican is fully justified in refusing to employ, or in discharging from his employment, any fellow-citizen who, after being duly admonished, persists in such political heresy.

Of late such advanced thinkers as Charles Dudley Warner and hosts of favorable critics have declared that the Negro is innately inferior to the white man, and so handicapped by centuries of oppression and degradation as to be unfitted to receive equal privileges, which they must be made to earn and secure by generations of struggle and education. A large number of sages like Senators Hanna of Ohio, Beveridge of Indiana, Nelson and Davis of Minnesota, Lodge and Hoar of Massachusetts, and their like, further practically declare that every dark-skinned race is unfitted to exercise self-government; and therefore when once placed by chance of war, diplomatic arrangement, or the mysterious decrees of Divine Providence, under the flag of the United States, must be so controlled, taxed, governed, educated, privileged and otherwise dealt with, as shall seem best to the said virtuous and sapient senators and their associates, and most profitable for their special friends and constituents. Co-related to this remarkable article of political faith is a general endowment of an extension of territory, military and naval forces, diplomatic corps, and a semi-political semi-commercial secret service, which shall make the United States a colonizing, conquering world-power like Great Britain, to be like her impoverished by immense expenditures, and feared or hated by every other nation. Lastly.—The leaders and directors of Republican policy teach that the concentration of transportation, manufacturing, financial and commercial enterprises into the hands of a few concerns is best adapted to make men in the mass intelligent, enterprising, and truly free and happy; and to discourage those evils which in the past have scourged mankind, because of the extortion, injustice, selfishness, arrogance, and cruelty of little great men who have hitherto partially controlled the wealth and industries of a people.

It is hard to see what hope of personal attainment and real independence is left to men of "inferior races" who now or hereafter may live under the dominance of the United States, or indeed to the average white citizen, when these tendencies shall have done their perfect work.

Daily the importance of the citizen as an individual factor in the life of this age diminishes, and with it his standard of right and sense of duty as a citizen and a man. "If these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" If the Anglo-Saxon is to lose his self-reliant spirit and hope of better things, what chance is there for the Negro to say: "Am I not a man, and a brother?" I am utterly at a loss to understand how any man who hopes to rise through honest means to a manly independence and deserved prosperity, can seek it through the guidance and dominance of the Republican party.

As Lincoln said in 1856: "Little by little, but steadily as a man's march to the grave, we have been giving up the old for the new faith. Near eighty years ago we began by declaring that all men were created equal, but from that beginning we have run down to the other declaration, that for some men to enslave others is a "sacred right of self-government." These principles cannot stand together. They are as opposite as God and mammon. Then it was the Democratic party which, captured by the greedy and selfish of that day, had bade adieu to the traditions of a noble and generous past. Today the Republican party in its turn has been captured and made the mouthpiece and handmaid of human arrogance and greed.

The Democratic party embraces a great many leaders whose attitude toward the Negro race is antagonistic, and some who are utterly cruel, wicked and indefensible. Most of these, however, are in the Southern States, where ancient antagonisms and prejudices still bias the minds of many otherwise excellent men. There are, however, many men in the Southern Democracy who honestly desire and seek a just and happy issue out of the present difficulties. In the North the Democratic party has been practically reorganized in its spirit and leadership. The

old war-horses have largely passed away, or have severed their relations with a party now largely controlled by men who were once Republicans, but have left the party. These men are carrying on a campaign of education in which they attempt to secure votes, not by appeals to sectional religions, denominational or partisan prejudices, but by a reasonable presentation of the facts which should be considered by every voter who honestly desires to vote for the best interests of the American people. Their fearlessness and plain-speaking; the ability and courage with which they have met the ridicule, abuse and misrepresentation of a subsidized and partisan press; their sublime trust in the conscience and honesty of the American people, and the final victory of justice and right, are in strange contrast to the utterances of the president and some of his associates, whose mental and moral somersaults have secured a national notoriety of late. Their splendid fight for justice and truth recalls the early days of the Anti-Slavery and "Free Soil" struggles, when the founders of the present Republican party exhibited a like devotion and conscientious conviction and received the same obloquy as their political successors deal out to all who in the least degree differ from the party creed, or fail to support party men and measures. The large proportion of the old leaders of the Democratic party have either become Republicans or attempted to conceal their lack of sympathy with the reversion to original and ancient Democratic principles, by the ostensible organization of another Democratic party. In this they have failed to secure a following sufficient to do more than to ensure at the last election the success of the Republican ticket; in most of the states their defection insured their complete loss of prestige and prominence in municipal and state politics.

The Democratic party now stands for a repudiation of all policies which will enable the United States to hold colonies or dependencies in which the conditions of labor, business and American citizenship are to be settled by special congressional action, and not by laws of universal application to all and every section of the republic. It cannot welcome conditions which

must bring the Union into alliance or conflict with European nations, "whose ways are not our ways," "whose thoughts are not our thoughts," and whose ancient prejudices and policies render it impossible for us to work in unison together.

The Democratic party of today wants a currency system which is honest and impartial, whose laws do not enable the money loaner and banker to burden the community with responsibilities which they themselves do not and will not assume. It chooses to support a candidate for the presidency who, whether right or wrong, stands by his guns, and is prepared to forfeit his candidacy rather than disguise his convictions. In many states it has enrolled among its leaders colored gentlemen who have proved the insincerity of Republican protestations and pledges, and prefer to labor with the new Democracy in the coming campaign. The Democratic party of the United States is anxious to treat justly — and as the armies and fleets of France treated our fathers in the Revolution — the inhabitants of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. They have opposed to them every large monopoly, financial, commercial and educational, in the country; and a thousand greedy parasites which grow fat at the cost of the people of the United States, fear investigation and punishment.

It is not my province to tell the men of another race how to vote, nor has it been my purpose to diminish the ancient claims of the Republican party upon the Afro-American, or to ignore the past errors or present condition of the Democratic party; but I feel certain that the Republican party as at present directed and controlled has no more right to its name and the record of its illustrious predecessors than would a convocation headed by the Czar of Russia and the Emperors of Austria and Prussia. From it a people struggling for freedom; its own poorer and more dependent citizens, and the African whom it has already abandoned and betrayed, have nothing to hope but a chance to live on such terms as may seem most beneficial to the tremendous monopolies which it has brought into existence.

The discontent in our own cities; the costly and endless

struggle for conquest in the Philippines; and the Chinese situation, which in all human probability will eventually lead to the most gigantic war of modern times, warn us that to mind their own business is a sufficient task for even the gigantic energies of the American people.

In the long and costly struggle which confronts the nation there is no chance for the settlement of those social, political and industrial matters which have so long demanded solution; nor can there be an acquisition of territory into which a new Moses may lead an Israel out of bondage.

We may send myriads to fertilize Asiatic islands and deserts with their bones, and expend millions to extend the operations of a few trusts and financiers; but the people, white and black, will do the fighting and the dying, pay the taxes and profits of politician and monopolist, and see themselves and their children ever becoming more dependent upon a greedy and arrogant plutocracy.

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#### ONCE BETTER THAN NEVER.

MRS. A—— was the recognized gossip of the neighborhood, and well she defended her prestige. Her excessive prattle only came to an end after exhaustion.

A few days ago she had occasion to visit a prominent dentist's office, and whilst he was busy in his laboratory, she, feeling fatigued from her long gossip with Mrs. B—— around the corner upon "the domestic affairs of Mrs. C——'s household," fell asleep.

She was discovered by two of the foremost practical jokers of the town. Hastily communing, one more courageous than his comrade, slipped into the office, and while she still unconsciously slumbered, placed upon her closed mouth the notice, "Closed for Repairs."

Suffice to say the dentist did not work upon her teeth that day, and not for many more to come.

## PENAL SENTENCE.

T. H. JOHNSON, M.D.

THERE is little sympathy or reason in sending a young man or young woman for two years to that kind of a prison for grand larceny; it is but the corruption of society at last when penal sentences, deserving for life of highwaymen, bank robbery, etc. Kleptomania is a disease,—the intuitive inbred peculiarity of the parent,—the sin in the blood somewhere between the first and fourth generation of the parents. Can you revolutionize this principle of sin by revenge in this way? You only corrupt society by spoiling the life of an individual whom you might educate by example,—in education against the principle you simply change the buffoon into a fiend to come back upon society for revenge. The mixed cosmopolitan of the Gentile, unlike the Jew, as God forbid Solomon of the association of Aminite women, so it is the mixing of the blood of the people without history. For correction of the criminal conduct of this minor class there should be "Reform Institutions" and "Industrial Grounds" of twenty thousand acres or so,—all walled in as in the Chinese cities. Let these men there study art,—go to school,—till the ground, and raise corn, wheat and potatoes. Idleness in the cities is the breeding-ground of many ills. Man is our brother, and we should save him by proper rules. Let this be both for state and county — and to prevent idleness of the county jail, setting up like a night hawk in a cage awaiting a lazy sentence. In the state institution allow the subject earnings, that he may be frugal. A bank account at the same institution, that when he is out he may have means with which to work. In having means, ambition and pride of his remaining a citizen. Out of his earnings, while in the institution, send home a weekly allowance to parents or family; and if he owes an indebtedness outside, allow him to pay, thus making a better element in our city by helping man to improve himself and save the children of men from reproach.

Diseases of the blood in its ten classes, included in lecture course; the office of the blood in its physical aspect, as builder and repairer to all animal economy, in relation to diseases and crime demands a more intelligent attention. In respect to constitutional diseases I made a special tour over the United States and Canada; and in spending three years and three months on the Atlantic coast at cosmopolitan points, Boston and New York, and on the Pacific coast, San Francisco and Oakland, some two years, and a season at Saratoga Springs, and a time in Chicago, the Lake City, in treating both Jew and Gentile, and in noting tendencies of the blood by birth and condition of intuitive in these heavy-populated cities, census of 1890.

In these named cities the American born is about one-fourth.

The object was to study diseases by their different diagnosis through cosmopolitan mixed tendencies of the blood of different nationalities of their own sanguinary diseases; the Gentile, unlike the Jew, possesses mixed tendencies of the blood. Hence an American's kinsfolk is everybody, and everybody's kinsfolk is here.

In the simple passport of American authority of condition in allowing mixed tendencies of disposition, disease and crime to effect the blood and result in a criminal disposition of the mind. With that of our mixed state laws of medical authority in prescribing for the sick, two-thirds are unlearned in the art; and in going on in this simple wisdom until salaciousness of crime and disease has a mixed tendency, until in that mixed strumous diathesis it effects the constitution of nearly all the people. In the two Kansas cities of Central America (United States) the mixed tendencies of all the states with the outside world of citizenship makes this field one among the most difficult in practice. My prayer in the earnestness of this all — that all men shall now and henceforth serve God and live, rather than ignorantly serve the devil and die; and that there may come a new era in the age as never before to aid the sons and daughters of men of perfect righteousness of the law. The most important subject on earth, from its sacredness depending the hope of the glorious body and, still important, the redemption

of a righteous soul, is that marriage be made an intelligent system by a rule of education, that men and women may see the first principle (that of love in each other), as nature recommends them as worthy subjects to unite in replenishing the earth. Because he that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. (I John 4:7.) Let me entreat each couple before union, for the sake of your children and to save absolute condemnation to yourselves, to read prayerfully the 29th and 30th verses of Romans, the 8th chapter. This article written Christmas morning, the morning of the birth of the world's Redeemer, as commemorative as that of the resurrection day of our Lord. His triumph over *Death, Hell* and the *Grave*; His own self bore our sins in *His* own body on the tree, that we, being dead unto sin, should look unto righteousness; by whose stripes we should be healed. (I Peter 2-24.)

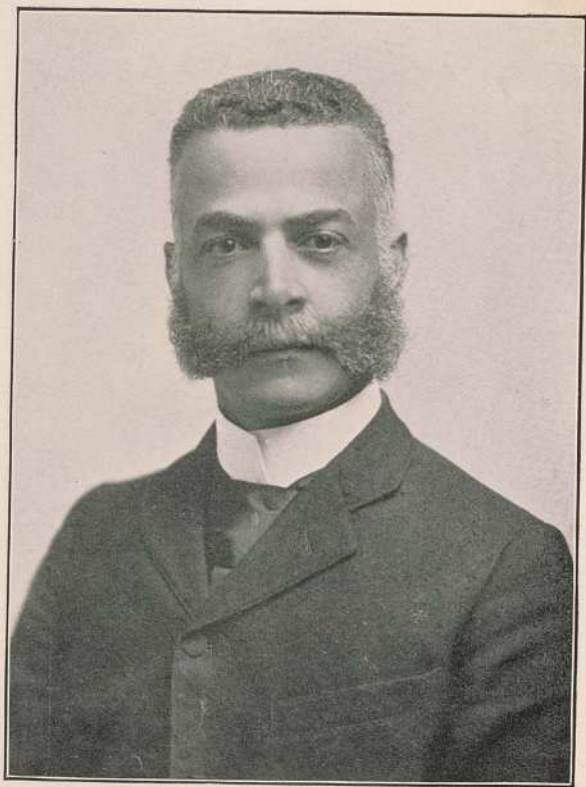
The Golden Rule laid down the Royal Path of life is: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." To study words is knowledge. You are taught to study language,—language is a fabric, but words are the filling; if not so, the fabric is woven in the crazy quilt. Never be afraid to tell what you know. The educated fool is he who gets the words without the wisdom; hence the unaffable of the ignoble. The tune is the noise; the time the art: the tune carrying on words throughout endless ages. Learn how to say no,—for no other word has added so fatal as yes. Never accept a black dollar,—a white one is worth a million to it. Learn what the conscience is,—if not, you may injure it for life. You know you are apt to speak of others,—never measure any other man's life by your own. You cannot make it right any way you fit it. Never say he hasn't my degree, for you may not have his conviction; remember if you are induced by love there's no higher degree, but the devil's counterfeit is passion.





MADAME PERKINS OF BOSTON, MASS.

A Soprano Singer of Professional Note.



HON. ARCHIBALD GRIMKE.

American Ex-Consul to Santo Domingo.

## HERE AND THERE.

[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout the country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general views and interest.]

HON. ARCHIBALD GRIMKE, ex-Consul to Santo Domingo, author, biographer and race-man; a man of sterling worth and demeanor, compelling respect from all with whom he comes in contact. As an author he, as in all things, is a success. In the two volumes assigned to him in the American Reformer Series; viz., the "Life of William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist," and that of "Charles Sumner, the Scholar in Politics," the author has tried to give a comprehensive view of the forces, moral and political, which combined to achieve the downfall of slavery and the slave power in the United States.

He held the post of special writer upon the *Boston Herald* and *Traveler* for many years, also contributing articles from time to time, "Colonel Shaw" and "Anti-Slavery Boston," etc., to the *New England Magazine*.

Consul to Santo Domingo from 1894 to 1898, which office he performed with credit to himself, country and race. He served as secretary of the Board of Trustees to the Westboro Insane Hospital\* for ten years. He was the first alternate to the Republican national convention at Chicago, which nominated Blaine.

But as to his feelings toward the party that has promised us so much and given so little, are as the majority of our best thinking men of color, who deplore the general ruination of politics; and the systematic disregard of axioms, and platforms as set forth by their forefathers.

\* Doctor Fuller, a colored physician of note, has an important position in this hospital as analyzer of the constituents of the blood (plasma or liquid sanguinis, corpuscles, etc.). To determine the deficiencies, or superfluities, as an excess or deficiency, has a marked bearing upon systemic diseases. In all animals, except those which form the lowest class (protozoa), the distribution of the nutritious materials to the various parts of the body, as well as the collection of the effete matters, prior to their expulsion, is carried on by the medium of a fluid which circulates through the different parts of the body. This fluid is the blood. Too much attention cannot be paid to this necessary adjunct to good health and long life.

THE Calvary Baptist Church of Boston, Rev. Geo. E. Stevens, pastor, has as co-workers towards its "Building Fund" some of the brightest and most intelligent young ladies and gentlemen of Boston. Much aid is derived from the efforts of the Young Men's Congressional Club, F. W. Linton, president, a club of Boston's future statesmen and scholars; and the Charity Club, composed of young ladies, many of whom will aid these statesmen and scholars to win their laurels, Miss Lillian Lewis, president.

Rev. Geo. E. Stevens is doing much towards the uplifting of the race and the establishment of Christianity. An example of his energy can be better seen and appreciated around his church.

..

WE were pleased to receive a visit from Mr. W. H. Armstead of St. Louis, J. W. Carter of Burlington, Ia., Mr. James Dotson of New York; they expressed themselves as highly pleased with the magazine, and recommended it to all.

..

THE Helen Gould party which visited Boston last month had Mr. Eugene Calhoun as the "Chief of Affairs," who attends to the whole charge of her private train. He is an energetic man of color, and has had this position for some time.

..

#### VIRGINIA UNION UNIVERSITY.

RICHMOND with its immediate suburbs contains nearly one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and is one of the largest cities of the South. In manufactures and in culture, in all that is included in modern civilization, it holds a leading place. It is a center of education and thought. No city south of Washington is of equal historic interest; none is so favorably situated for attracting Northern visitors. To see and hear the eminent men who live in Richmond, or who visit the city, is a rare privilege and inspiration. In addition to these advantages there are also found in Richmond the most favorable religious influences. Richmond may well be called "The City of

Churches," — which fact gives to it a high moral tone, exceptionally valuable to the students of the University. In but few communities of equal size is there found less of temptation to young men while they are pursuing their college course. The numerous churches of the city afford students also an exceptional opportunity for Christian work.

The grounds of the University comprise thirty acres, on the northwest boundary of the city, adjoining Hartshorn Memorial College. They include land suitable both for cultivation and for athletic sports. Around the buildings the property is adapted to landscape gardening, and in a few years it will be beautifully laid out. On the summit of a gentle elevation are located the new buildings. These are constructed of gray granite, as beautiful a material for large edifices as can be found. The interior is finished in Georgia pine, with quartered floors. Probably there is no finer group of buildings in the South.

COUNSEL for Frank Irving of Virginia entered an appeal to the Supreme Court in the case of Sheridan Ford.

Ford was a slave in Virginia, where he went under the name of Frank Irving. Learning that his family was to be sold away from him, he arranged to take it North and then to Canada by way of the underground railroad. In this effort he failed, and only succeeded in getting away himself. He settled in New Bedford, where he took the name of Sheridan Ford and married another woman. From New Bedford he removed to Chelsea, and upon his death L. A. Ford, his son by the second marriage, was appointed administrator of the estate. Frank Irving, a son by the previous marriage in Virginia, then applied to the probate court for the revocation of the decree appointing Ford administrator, and for his own appointment to that position. This application was denied by Judge Grant some months ago, and the case now goes to the Supreme Court, where several interesting questions in regard to slave marriages will come up for adjudication.

THE Lucy Stone Club, an organization of colored women lately formed to raise money to establish a home for old folks and orphans of our race, reports success beyond expectations. Those who have subscribed to the fund include many prominent people of Worcester who are in hearty sympathy with the movement. The amount of money pledged is a large one. At present there is no home in Worcester where aged colored people are admitted, and there is a large field for such an institution.

The officers of The Lucy Stone Club are: Mrs. Walter M. Coshburn, president; Mrs. Estella Pinkney Clough, first vice-president; Mrs. Amos Weber, second vice-president; Mrs. Miles R. Gordon, secretary; Mrs. Bradford Grant, recording secretary; Dr. Mary Schuyler, treasurer.

..

EVA E. GAY, the subject of this sketch, is one of the most promising pupils of the exclusive class of the Lillian Middleton-Cox School of Elocution and Dramatic Art of Chelsea, Mass., a school which many histrionic stars of the American stage can point with pride as receiving a thorough foundation upon which to build their justly-won laurels from an exacting, critical public.

Petit in form, vivacious in spirit and conversation — with an eye for the humorous, witty enough not to offend. Each lineament and peculiarity of her different subjects are studied with care and discernment, so clearly depicted as to sway the most caustic and severe audience to tears and laughter as she moves swiftly in her recitations from tragedy to humor.

"How We Beat the Captain's Favorite," one of her masterpieces given at the "Annual Recital," was all that could be wished, and was fully appreciated by an army of critics of high art, who are always present at these recitals.

The exclusiveness of this renowned school is so severe that we must look with pride to the entree of Miss Gay, who by her ability and strict application has won for herself (thereby the race) the praise and good will of her teachers and classmates, opening the eyes of many to the possibilities inherent in the race.



"THE Negro's Part in New National Problems," by Frank Putnam of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, the article in the June number which caused such a furor among our white contemporaries, can be secured by sending ten cents in stamps, and we will mail that number to you. Only a limited number procurable.

..

REV. CHAS. S. MORRIS' reply to Bourke Cockran in a discourse given at Berkeley Temple, Boston, Mass., was scholarly and pointed. With all regard to Mr. Cockran's oratorical ability, if he had been present to give his speech, the comparison would have settled his argument. The subject was: "Shall the Blackman Be Enslaved?" The church has a white congregation, and if they were to have decided the issue, the Negro would never suffer. Do not argue the issue with man, woman or child, as the subject is too near and dear to be raggedly handled; convincing argument and actions will win.

..

PROVIDENCE, R. I., the home of the Queen of Song, otherwise Flora Batson Bergen, and of Black Patti, otherwise Madame Sisseretta Jones, both world-famous sopranos, and the finest of our race, has in Miss Mamie Williams another nightingale who bids fair to become as famous as her predecessors. Miss Williams, who is a young lady of pleasing disposition, has a natural talent for music, and her voice is of that fine, sweet caliber that holds one entranced from the beginning to the end of a selection. Although just emerging from her teens, Miss Williams is the proud possessor of numerous medals won in competition. As she is ambitious and energetic, we feel assured that it will not be long before she will be as well known as either Flora or Sisseretta.

..

"THE National Council of the Constitutional Rights Association of the United States," with headquarters at Richmond, Va., Rev. J. E. Jones, president, and Giles B. Jackson, secretary, is organizing and consummating for a genuine fight against oppressive and repressive laws of the South.

A CIRCULAR has been sent out by Mr. Booker T. Washington, for the purpose of calling together men and women of the race in business to organize a National Negro Business League. Meeting in Boston, Aug. 23 and 24, 1900.

THE Drury Grand Opera Company of New York, being the only complete company of colored Grand Opera performers in the world, are not for an instant resting upon their justly-won laurels of their first performance at Lexington Avenue Opera House of New York City, but are extending their conquests by giving a performance on Aug. 6 at the Park Opera House, Asbury Park, N. J. This being the first occasion that Grand Opera has been given at Asbury Park by any company, and promises to be a gala day in that lovely city's domain.

Mr. Theo. Drury, the energetic promoter and instructor, is indefatigable in his strenuous efforts to put his talented company in the foremost rank of opera performers, and clearly proving that we, as a race, are something more than the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water," and with a half chance will prove the good which is within us, to the credit of ourselves and aggrandizement of our country.

MR. W. HENRY THOMAS, the rising young playwright who is at the head of the Thomas Newark Dramatic Company of Newark, N. J., is the author of five dramas, three of which have already been presented to the public with credit to himself and his fine company. They will appear in Orange, Elizabeth, Jersey City and New York during the months of September and October. For dates write "The Colored American Magazine."



## EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WE present this month what we feel sure is the best number of "The Colored American Magazine" so far issued. On account of delays in procuring our contributions, especially the serial, "The Stress of Impulse," which starts in this, we decided to omit the July number, which makes this issue No. 3 of the volume. There will be no further delays, however, in the issue of the magazine, and all subscribers will have their subscription extended one month to make up for the omission.

Each issue of the magazine will in the future contain, not only the short stories and articles of general interest, but we shall begin in an early issue the publishing of historical and biographical articles of persons and incidents famous in the history of the race. We shall aim, not only to give our patrons a periodical that will entertain, but instruct as well.

We would ask every subscriber to this magazine to send us in the names of persons who would be interested in seeing a sample copy of the same. Help us in this way to enlarge our subscription list to at least 25,000 by the Fall of this year.

This is the only first-class illustrated monthly published in America exclusively in the interests of the Colored Race, and we urgently request your co-operation to make it a permanent monument to the glory of our people.

## OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

WE start our Photographic Contest in this issue. All yearly subscribers are eligible to entry. Forward your photos, and we will have them carefully numbered, and will announce the prize-winner in our November issue.

The *first prize* will be a *Ray Special Folding Camera*, for the best, as follows: This camera combines all the elements of desirability, practicability, value, and has been especially designed for a large number who desire a folding camera of first quality. It takes a picture 4 x 5 inches, made in cycle-folding

style, and is very compact; best material only is used in its construction, and covered with genuine seal-grain leather; equipped with a very fine achromatic lens of an improved Meniscus type; time and instantaneous shutter; reversible view finder; focusing scale; Ray workmanship throughout.

The *second prize* will be a *Ray Complete Developing Outfit*, consisting of a full set of trays, chemicals, printing-frames, etc.

Contest open to all subscribers, amateurs and professional, for the most artistic, comic, etc.

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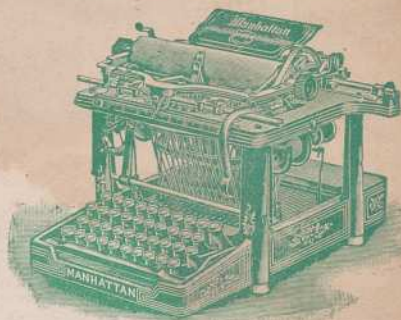
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