

"THE OLD FLAG NEVER TOUCHED THE GROUND, BOYS."

—Sergeant Wm. H. Carney. (See page 84.)

# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

15 CENTS A NUMBER

JUNE, 1901.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE,  
MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FACTS, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF  
THE NEGRO RACE.



MISS DAISY B. HARRIS,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

SEE PAGE 145

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— Editorial from *Leading New York Financial Paper* of November 28th, 1900.

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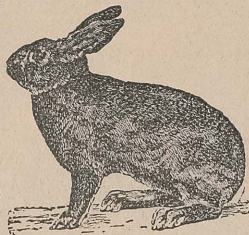
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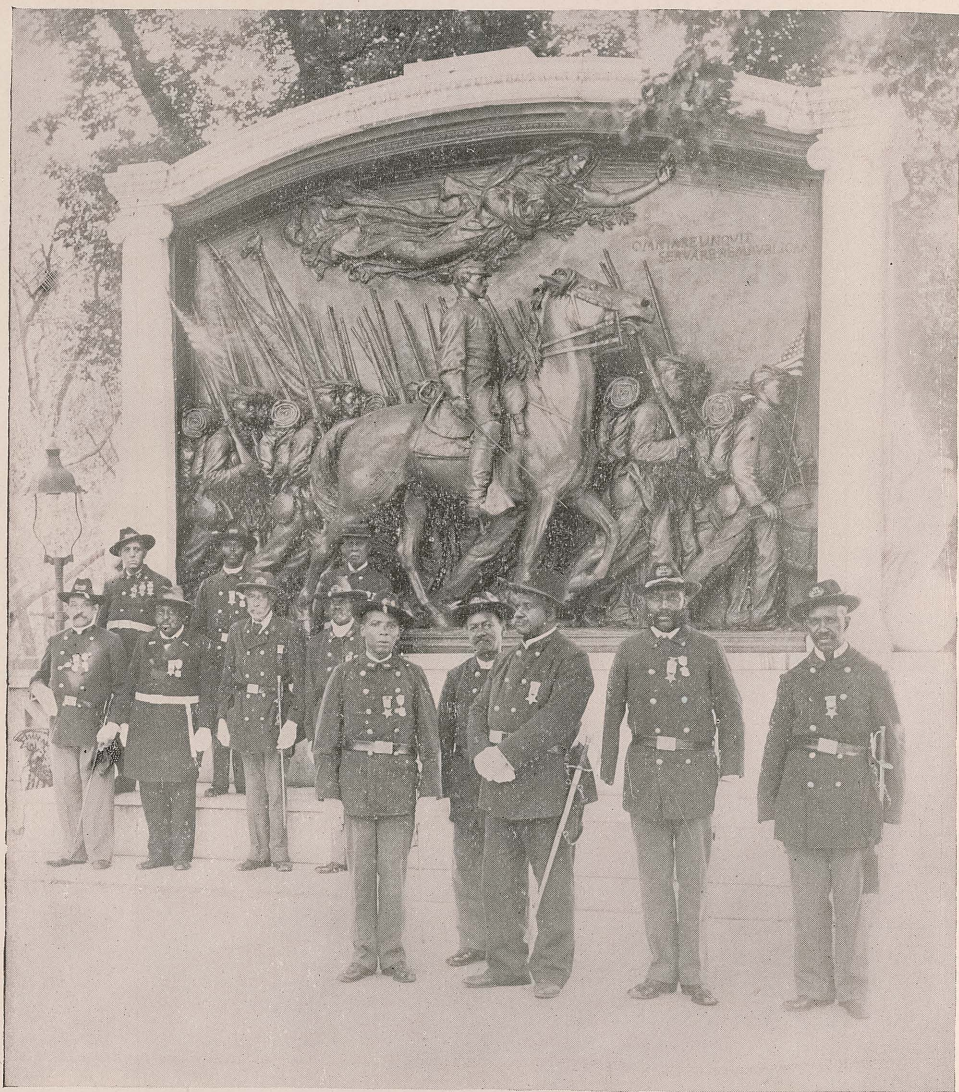
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# The Shaw Memorial Monument



•Boston•Mass.

# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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VOL. III.

JUNE, 1901.

No. 2

---

## JUNE LYRICS.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

### IN MY GARDEN.

Today 'tis sunny June, the breeze is soft  
And pauses sweetly dying where I sit,  
Here in my dear old garden where aloft  
The tuneful birds about me sing and flit.

And here today no longing breaks my calm.  
No mad desire fraught with ceaseless strife,  
For roses, lilies, aloe-balls have balm  
To sooth away the harsher thoughts of life.

This is the place to doze and sink to dreams  
As all the while the roses bud and bloom,  
And sweet birds warble, and the murmuring streams  
And honeyed bees blend in harmonious tune.

So here today this fresh green June is sweet,  
And in my garden dreaming o'er and o'er  
I drowse beneath its perfume and its heat  
And fill my heart full of sweet nature's lore.

### JUNE.

Again when nature glows  
With a sweet smile of tender rident bloom ;  
And when the fragrant rose  
Makes odorous the air with its perfume ;

The happy June descends  
Amid us, with her softly warbling birds,  
Whose winged concert blends  
Euphonious, sounds too full and sweet for words.

## FAMOUS MEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.

## SARGEANT WILLIAM H. CARNEY.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

While THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE for June is in press, the whole of this great nation, as one man, will perform the solemn duties of Memorial Day.

It is a pleasant task—that of commemorating and revering once each year, the memory of those men who have laid upon the altar of Liberty the most precious of earthly possessions—life. Greater love than this hath no man. It is fitting then, that from among our famous men, we select for this issue the story of the life of Sergeant Carney, still living in New Bedford, Mass.

The Civil War is counted one of the greatest epochs of the nineteenth century, and the history of the Union army the most romantic in the military history of the world. The fame of Grecian valor stirs the blood, and in fancy one realizes, as if by participation, the youth going forth to his first experience of battle; the mother giving him his shield; her perfect forgetfulness of mother-love or mother-fear expressed in her parting words: "With your shield, or on it."

We turn to Rome, at whose shrine the military hero bows the knee in homage and in awe; her romantic history, intrepid valor and mighty prowess fills the world with admiration; her influence broods and casts its shadow over the scholar and soldier today as freshly as it did centuries ago. She stands unrivalled in her grim glory, and there she will stand for ages to come.

Adown the aisles of Time the fame of Charles the Great has marched triumphantly from the middle ages. A man of vast ideas, brilliant statesmanship and knightly courage, he has left an indelible impress on the pages of history. In

the eighteenth century Napoleon passed meteor-like across the horizon in his wonderful career. Up they go! Pelion on Ossa piled! Brilliancy on top of brilliancy; great leaders with great minds; far-reaching and grasping ambition, one on the other. The desire for self-aggrandizement which pervades the careers of these Titans of supremacy, is too apparent for us to feel more than a cold admiration forced upon us by greatness. But when we at last reach the great war of the Rebellion, we have sympathy and admiration combined: sympathy for its motive which in its holiness was almost God-like; admiration for courage never surpassed.

The soldiers of the Army of the Republic! What historian, however brilliant, can ever do them justice! This is a fitting time to look backward and think of their incomparable deeds of valor: Fort Wagner, Fort Fisher, Fort Pillow, Olustee and many others indelibly stamped upon the hearts of the American people.

There is in this country today a band of patriots whose achievements in, and connection with the war, are deserving of separate mention—the black contingent of the Grand Army of the Republic.

On July 21, 1861, occurred the memorable battle of Bull Run. The two great armies met, fought, and finally one fled to Washington, the other to Richmond.

Governor Andrew had offered to President Lincoln colored troops. "Mr. Andrew," said the President, "you are ahead of time."

Time and again the strength of the two armies was tried on many a bloody field;

time and again defeat desolated the Federal forces. Man said: This is a white man's war, but God said otherwise.

Sorrow sat enthroned in every household at the North. Despair stalked abroad. Here comes in the Negro. This

teeth. The 200,000 black troops who marched into the thick of the fray brought hope in their shining countenances, "good luck" in their iron frames and brawny sinews. Then, indeed, as in old Bible days, the sun stood still, that



SARGEANT WILLIAM H. CARNEY.

was the position: The government trembling on the edge of an abyss; order fled, terror reigned.

"Will the Negro fight?" "Try him and see," said Governor Andrew. Then the Governor's proposition was accepted, and in a night, as it were, warriors grim and implacable sprang from the peaceful occupations of civil life armed to the

tide of victory might not be stayed by night.

The Fifty-fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry was called into the service of the United States by the President under the Act of Congress, passed July 21, 1861. Recruiting began February 9, 1863, in Boston. A camp of rendezvous was opened at "Camp

Meigs," Readville, Mass., on February 21, with a squad of twenty-seven men; and by the end of March, five companies were recruited, comprising four hundred and fourteen men. This number was doubled during April; and, on May 12, the regiment was full. Every State in the United States was represented in this celebrated regiment, and almost every nation on the globe contributed colored men to help found it. Interest in the Fifty-fourth is world-wide and not confined to one section. Among the recruits was William H. Carney.

Orders were received for it to proceed to the Department of the South, and the regiment broke camp on May 28, and landed in Boston to receive the colors which were to be presented by the Governor on the Common.

The regiment formed in hollow square, distinguished persons occupying the centre. The flags were four in number,—a national flag, presented by young colored ladies of Boston; a national ensign, presented by the "Colored Ladies' Relief Society"; an emblematic banner, presented by ladies and gentlemen of Boston, friends of the regiment; and a flag presented by relatives and friends of the late Lieutenant Putnam. The emblematic flag was of white silk, handsomely embroidered, having on one side a figure of the Goddess of Justice, with the words, "Liberty, Loyalty and Unity" around it. Lieutenant Putnam's flag bore a cross with a blue field, surmounted with the motto, "In hoc signo vinces." All were of finest quality and workmanship. In presenting the flags the Governor said:

"I shall follow you, Mr. Commander, your officers, and your men, with a friendly and personal solicitude, to say nothing of official care. My own personal honor, if I have any, is identified with yours. I stand or fall as a man and a magistrate, with the rise or fall in the history of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment.

"I have also the honor, Mr. Commander, to present to you the State colors of Massachusetts,—the State colors of the old Bay State, borne already by fifty-three regiments of Massachusetts soldiers, white men thus far, now to be borne by the Fifty-fourth Regiment of soldiers, not less of Massachusetts than the others. Whatever may be said, Mr. Commander, of any other flag which has ever kissed the sunlight, or been borne on any field, I have the pride and honor to be able to declare before you, your regiment, and these witnesses, that, from the beginning up till now, the State colors of Massachusetts have never been surrendered to any foe. You will never part with that flag so long as a splinter of the staff or a thread of its web remains within your grasp."

To the Governor's remarks Colonel Shaw replied briefly:

"Your Excellency:—We accept these flags with feelings of deep gratitude. They will remind us not only of the cause we are fighting for, and of our country, but of the friends we have left behind us, who have thus far taken so much interest in this regiment, and who, we know, will follow us in our career. Though the greater number of men in this regiment are not Massachusetts men, I know there is not one who will not be proud to fight and serve under our flag. We may have an opportunity to show that you have not made a mistake in intrusting the honor of the State to a colored regiment!—the first State that has sent one to the war."

These words were indelibly stamped upon the hearts of those Negro soldiers. Times of heroism are times of danger, but with that knowledge came an utter contempt for safety. Many of them had once been slaves at the South; some had been free for years; others had escaped after the breaking out of the war. Most of them had relatives still in bondage, and had a double object in joining the regiment. They were willing to risk their



lives for the freedom of those left behind; and if they failed in that, they might, at least, have an opportunity of settling with the old boss for past cruelties. Each man, therefore, registered a vow in heaven that day to conquer or die.

On July 16, 1863, the Fifty-fourth Regiment was attacked by the enemy, on James Island, in which a fight of two hours' duration took place, the Rebels greatly outnumbering the Union forces. The Fifty-fourth, however, drove the enemy before them. About ten o'clock in the evening of the next day Colonel Shaw received orders to report to General George C. Strong, at Morris Island, to whose brigade the regiment was transferred.

On July 18, about four P.M., they began their march for Fort Wagner, without food or rest. They reached General Strong's headquarters about six and a half o'clock, and halted for five minutes. The General expressed a great desire to give them food and stimulants; but it was too late, as they had to lead the charge. They had been without tents during the pelting rains of Thursday and Friday nights. General Strong was impressed with the high character of the regiment and its officers; he wished to assign them to the post where the most severe work was to be done and the highest honors won.

When they had come within six hundred yards of Fort Wagner, they formed in line of battle, the colonel heading the first, and the major the second battalion. This was within musket-shot of the enemy. There was little firing from the enemy; a solid shot falling between the battalion, and another to the right, but no musketry. The regiment was addressed by General Strong and by Colonel Shaw. Officer of the Day, John Brown, R. A. Bell Post 134, reports Colonel Shaw's words to have been: "Men, yonder lies the fort. You are the first black men of Massachusetts; the eyes of the world are upon you. You are novices yet in the

art of war, but at such a time as this age is nothing, but blood is what tells."

At seven and a half o'clock the order for the charge was given. They advanced at quick time, changed to double-quick when at some distance on.

When about one hundred yards from the fort the rebel musketry opened with such terrible effect, that for an instant the first battalion hesitated,—but only for an instant; for Colonel Shaw, springing to the front and waving his sword, shouted, "Forward, my brave boys!" and with a cheer and a shout they rushed through the ditch, gained the parapet on the right, and were soon engaged in a hand to hand conflict with the enemy. Colonel Shaw was one of the first to scale the walls. He stood erect to urge forward his men, and while shouting for them to press on, was pulled by a hook over the fort, down upon the cruel points of sharpened sticks and other materials which formed the stockade. If any life remained when his body finally touched the ground, it was probably most cruelly extinguished.

The Fifty-fourth were intrepid soldiers; only the fall of Colonel Shaw prevented their entering the fort. Before the war ended the Rebels offered fifty thousand dollars in gold for the colonel and soldiers of the Fifty-fourth!

Before the regiment reached the parapet of the fort the color-sergeant was wounded; and, while in the act of falling, the colors were seized by Sergeant William H. Carney, who bore them up, and mounted the parapet, where, he, too, received four severe wounds. But, on orders being given to retire, the color-bearer, though almost disabled, still held the emblem of liberty in the air, and followed his regiment by the aid of his comrades, and succeeded in reaching the hospital, where he fell exhausted and almost lifeless on the floor, saying,—“The old flag never touched the ground, boys!”

Surely the honor of Massachusetts was safe in such hands!

The following correspondence tells its own story:

New York, 596 Broadway, Room 10.  
December 13, 1865.

To Adjutant-General of Massachusetts,  
Boston:

Sir—Will you please give me the name of some officers of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts colored regiment, so that I can obtain information concerning the famous assault that regiment made on Fort Wagner? I wish to learn the facts relating to the wounded color-bearer, who, though severely wounded, bore the flag heroically while crawling from the parapet to his retreating or repulsed regiment. It would make a splendid subject for a statuette.

Respectfully,  
T. H. BARTLETT,  
"Sculptor."

Boston, December 18, 1865.

William Schouler, Adjutant-General:

Dear Sir—Your letter of the 15th to my brother, enclosing one from Mr. Bartlett, and requesting me to furnish a statement of facts relating to Sergeant Carney, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, is received. The following statement is, to the best of my knowledge and belief, correct. During the assault upon Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863, the sergeant, carrying the national colors of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, fell; but, before the colors reached the ground, Sergeant Carney of Company C grasped them and bore them to the parapet of the fort, where he received wounds in both legs, in the breast, and in the right arm; he, however, refused to give up his trust. When the regiment retired from the fort, Sergeant Carney, by the aid of his comrades, succeeded in reaching the hospital, still holding on to the flag, where he fell, exhausted and almost lifeless, on the floor, saying, "The old flag never touched the ground, boys."

Sergeant Carney is an African of, I should think, full blood; of very limited education, but very intelligent; bright

face, lips and nose finely cut, head rather round, skin very dark, height about five feet eight inches; not very athletic or muscular; has lived in New Bedford, Mass., for many years.

E. N. HALLOWELL,  
"Late Colonel, etc."

We will add that Sergeant Carney was born about 1840, being twenty-two years of age at time of enlistment, March, 1863. He is living still in New Bedford, following the business of letter-carrier. He is highly respected by all citizens.

When inquiry was made at Fort Wagner, under flag of truce, for the body of Colonel Shaw, the answer was: "We have buried him with his niggers! Neither death nor the grave has divided the young martyr and hero from the race for which he died; and a people will remember in the coming centuries, when it plays its part in history, that 'he was buried with his niggers!'"

"They buried him with his niggers!"

Together they fought and died.  
There was room for them all where they laid him,

(The grave was deep and wide),  
For his beauty and youth and valor,  
Their patience and love and pain;  
And at the last day together  
They shall all be found again.

"They buried him with his niggers!"

A wide grave should it be.  
They buried more in that shallow trench  
Than human eye could see.  
Ay! all the shames and sorrows  
Of more than a hundred years  
Lie under the weight of that Southern soil  
Despite those cruel sneers.

"They buried him with his niggers!"

But the glorious soul's set free  
Are leading the van of the army  
That fights for liberty.  
Brothers in death, in glory  
The same palm-branches bear;  
And the crown is as bright o'er the sable  
brows  
As over the golden hair."

The Negro soldier went to war to fight for sacred Liberty; for half rations and half pay, for no quarter from a venomous foe. The brilliancy of their victories followed close upon each other; their gal-

lantry and noble deed will live as long as history lives. "Oh, the wild charge they made, all the world wondered!"

Today we have a right to mourn doubly, to remember the sufferings and sacrifices of the past, to remember the sufferings and sacrifices of the present, and in anxious dread, await the future. Compromise and political necessity forced the war. Compromise and political necessity are showing their false, smiling faces all over the country. Compromise and political necessity hope to force us away from this country, or else grind our ambitious advance down to serfdom. But not yet, friends; the same God lives and is supreme today that lived in '60, '61, '62, '63 and '64, and has ruled this country up to 1901, and intends to make the black people a race without fear or reproach. Never did the Negro prove recreant to his trust,—at home with his master's family or on the field of battle he was faithful to his duty and to the flag. The South has that against us. The Negro represented great money investments, unbounded wealth. Rebellion lost the Southern gentleman his

capital, his living; he has that against us. Without the Negro the war would probably have ended differently. They have that against us. And so, as the weakest object, the South today takes out of the Negro its losses and its revenge.

Our fate on this continent hangs tremblingly in the balance, but we still have faith in Divine love and pity. The past of the Negro has proved him a warrior, strong and intrepid; the present, a scholar capable of the closest application to his books and of accomplishing all that any student can hope to accomplish. The future is a fair unwritten page which we can make what we choose. In years to come the Negro youth will gather on Memorial Day to live over the story of the deeds of the brave; and some will say: "Grandfather fought at Wagner, or Great-grandfather fell at Fort Fisher."

May that future Afro-American realize the benefits of sacrifices, hopes and prayers.

Almighty and Omnipotent God, in Thee we trust! Into Thy hands we give ourselves and our race!

## RAINILAIARIVONY, PRIME MINISTER OF MADAGASCAR.

S. E. F. C. C. HAMEDOE, A PROF. F. G. S. I.

The origin of the name Madagascar is an unsolved enigma, and all the voyagers of the past and present have been unable to clearly denote its origin. The official class in Madagascar known as the Hovas call their Island *Izao wy anivon waka*, which means the universe in the midst of the waters.

Many claim that the name is due to Marco-Polo, and some have claimed it was due to Arabian and Portuguese navigators. The island lies east of the Dark Continent, separated by the Mozambique Channel and extends from  $12^{\circ} 2'$  to  $25^{\circ} 18'$  south latitude. It is about one thousand

miles long, with an average breadth of two hundred and fifty miles. The island contains nearly two hundred and thirty thousand square miles, and has a population of about five million five hundred souls. They are a much mixed race, yet in their coast cities, despite this fact, one language is mainly spoken. In all the provinces you will find you can make yourself easily understood, and whether your courier is from Ambohimarina, Andrananandriano or Tsimanampetsata he will have no difficulty as there is only a slight difference in the accent.

To travel comfortably in Madagascar

is most expensive, and you must have plenty of money if you wish to go very far. The native men are the horses, and you must go in a Filanjana (Palanquin) with from four to six bearers.

Among the many strange points of their language the thing that appealed most to me was their town names. In talking to some of their chiefs, they claimed it was good common sense that caused them to substitute one word for

you suddenly be transferred to Antanarivo, the Capitol, you would find the people neatly dressed, the women in white



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RANAIVALOMJAKA III, QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

FROM "EUROPE IN AFRICA IN THE XIX. CENTURY"

two or three. Every town or public place carries with it a special divination, for example: "Ambohimanga"—"at the blue town," "Ambohedava"—"at the long town," "Ambohimanjaka Ambohitrandriana"—"at the Kings and Princesses' town," "Ambohitrandriamanitra"—"God's Rock Sky Pointing," "Imanondrolanitra and Ifotsizavana"—the place of much mist, "Ambohijanamasoandro"—"Hill of the children of the Sun."

Many are named after animals, and Ambatolahinandrianisiahana means "the place of the garden." You will also find their dress and habits peculiar. Should



KING RADAMA II., OF MADAGASCAR.

cotton gowns like dresses, many plain, others neatly embroidered and with white and black lambas thrown over their



RAVONINAHITRINIARIVA, MADAGASCAR'S MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

shoulders. The men, in white cotton pants and lambas, and straw hats of a peculiar shape, something like the

Chinese felt hats worn here in America, with large black bands. Many of their lambas are made from the "Sagus Rofia" or Moufia tree, and some from Cocoons; especially the handsome silk ones worn by the nobles or the official class. Agri-

much in a practical way that I think the name "builders tree" would be more appropriate.

You will find half of the houses on the east coast covered with the leaf of this tree, and if you are thirsty you have but



RAINILAIARIVONY, PRIME MINISTER OF MADAGASCAR.

culturally, the country is very rich, as maize, wheat, rice and all tropical fruits abound. The Flora and Fauna are marvels to the whole world, and its famous "travellers tree" stands without a parallel. From the dried bark of this tree floors are made, the boards measuring eighteen by thirty inches, and in fact it is used so

to thrust your spear in the bulb of one of its leaves and immediately therefrom gushes forth a pint to a quart of clear sweet water. You can also readily gather bread from the bread-fruit tree. With the stems of this "travellers tree" you can build house partitions, and often the sides of the houses are made of it, and



THE TWO UPPER PORTRAITS ARE HOVA OFFICERS.  
THE LOWER LEFT-HAND PORTRAIT IS ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE PALACE.  
THE LOWER RIGHT-HAND PORTRAIT IS A HOVA PRINCESS, DAUGHTER OF PRINCE RAMONJA.



FROM AN OLD PRINT.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS ROYAL OF MADAGASCAR.

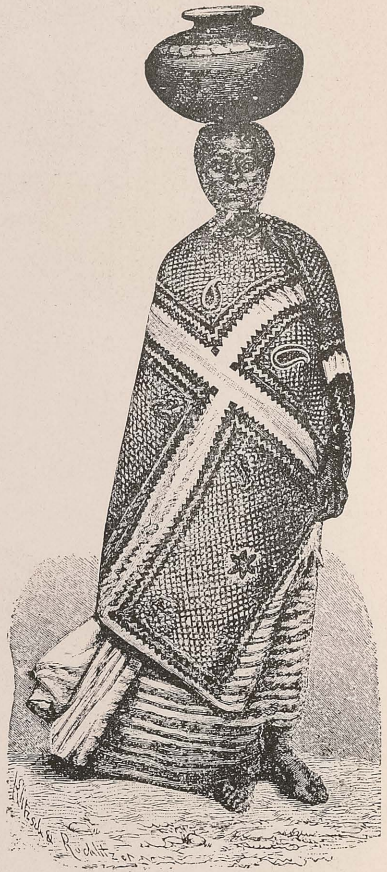
should you have a package to wrap up you have but to take a leaf and use it for wrapping paper, and at the same time use one of the stems for a string to bind it with.

In dye-stuffs, minerals, and valuable woods Madagascar is very rich, and the

been her chief colony until she acquired Madagascar, which is considered the pearl of her oriental possessions. Ever since she seized the Isle Ste Marie, and in 1840 obtained the island of Nosi-be, and in 1882, after having shelled some of the coast cities, claimed a protectorate over the Sakalave territory on the North West coast, as some of her possessions.



A HOVA CITIZEN.



A BETSILO WATER GIRL.

keen-eyed American minister, Mr. Waller, did well to obtain the timbered land concessions, which cost him a long imprisonment by the French Government, and he was released only by special request of the President of the United States appealing directly to the President of France.

France has grown richer every year by the aid of her Colonies. Algeria has

The Governor protested against it and sent Embassies to the United States and also to England.

To the Arabian travellers, Madagascar was known at least a thousand years ago, and since the westerner has discovered a part of his false pride, he has begun to learn the fact that even these simple people of Madagascar, though living in the same primitive way for many years,





A SAKALAVIAN GIRL.



A BETSIMISAKARA GIRL.



A SAKALAVIAN WOMAN.



A TSINOFANANTSY GIRL.

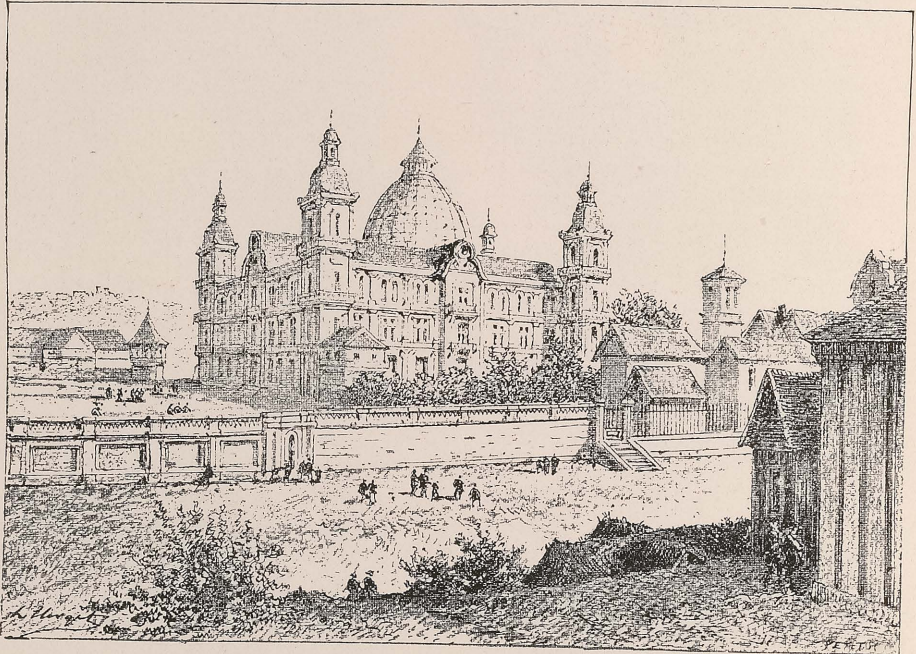
TYPES OF HEAD DRESSING IN MADAGASCAR.

have historical traditions together with a literature that help to solve many an historical enigma.

In 1506 when the famous navigator Soares visited Madagascar, he found them under tribal government, and until the middle of the 17th Century they were still disunited. At that time the powerful West Coast tribe, known as the Sakalaves, made an attempt at organiza-

der one head, and that head must be a Hova. Ever since that day Malagasy have recognized them as the official or privileged class.

Andrianampoinimerina was elected ruler of Madagascar, with the title of Radama Ist, but better known as Radama the Great. At the beginning of his reign the people had much liberty, but it soon became a military government and the



THE PALACE OF THE PRIME MINISTER OF MADAGASCAR

tion and brought many of the Chiefs together, forming a government which embraced about half the island, and this continued until about the beginning of the 18th Century, when the Hova Government began to sow the seeds of a stronger and more powerful dynasty. At that time Impoina and his son Andrianampoinimerina called all of the petty chiefs together and began his address by using this proverb, which you will hear in all parts of Madagascar even today, "A single tree does not make a forest, but the thoughts of many constitute a government." After holding many councils they decided to put all of Madagascar un-

people's rights, as always under such conditions, suffered greatly thereby, but from that day until 1895 the world has recognized a Hova as the head of the government.

France and Portugal both sought to make treaties with Radama I, but without success, and in 1817 the English Governor of Mauritius signed a treaty with King Radama I, the principal cause of which was the abolition of slavery, and in order that it might be effective he paid in behalf of the government an annuity of one thousand dollars in silver yearly, together with arms and ammunition, and sent officers from the British army to in-

struct the King's officers in the use of modern fire arms, as well as the European system of maneuvers.

In the year 1818 the missionary societies sent out their representatives to look after the spiritual needs of the people and they were escorted with great pomp and ceremony to the Capitol, where they were well received and warmly welcomed by the King, as the English were in great favor at court. They studied the language and taught the young men and women many useful trades, and within ten years from fourteen to fifteen thousand natives could read and write, and many of them had professed Christianity. From this time on intercourse with foreigners became a thing of reality and the chiefs began to grow rich and very independent, and prosperity reigned supreme in all of that section that had the benefit of foreign intercourse. Thus it may be truthfully said that the treaty between Sir Robert Farquar, Governor of Mauritius, and King Radama I was one of the most important in Malagasy history.

As with most good men, their lives and useful deeds are many times cut short, and King Radama's reign was brought to a close in 1828 by his death, at thirty-six years of age. He was, like Napoleon Bonaparte, one hundred years in advance of the times, and at his death the enlightening and advancing of Malagasy humanitarianism seem to have stopped.

His successor was Prince Rakotobe, eldest son of the King's sister, but he was assassinated at the death of his predecessor and Queen Ranavalomjaka came to the throne.

She was a Hova of the old type, and believing in all of the old tribal superstitions and ancestral worship, she became an inherent enemy to Christianity. The schools and missions were suppressed, and religious persecution became severe, while all the treaty rights signed between Governor Farquar and King Radama I, were virtually annulled by

the Queen's Council. • The idol worshipers obtained the Queen's ear, and their rights were soon restored as in the good old times, and in 1835 the profession of Christianity was positively prohibited by the Queen. It finally became so disagreeable for the missionaries that they were obliged to leave the island.

Nine years after, in 1844, the Queen's order was issued prohibiting the removal of natives from the island under any pretext whatever. This order was disregarded by the foreign Governments, which gave grave offence to the Queen. The Governor then applied native laws to foreign residents, and this in turn gave much offence to the white traders in the island, especially at Tamatave, the chief eastern port.

They appealed to the English government at Mauritius, and the French government at the Isle of Bourbon. These two governments sent three man-of-war, one English and two French, to work in concerted action and to adjust the differences then existing between them. But all attempts at a parley met with decided rebuff, and it was then decided to shell Tamatave and land troops, which was done. However, they were forced to retire after the battle, leaving thirteen of their number killed, and whose heads were cut off and placed on poles in front of the fort, being left for a memento, as the Queen said, of our Christian friends. It was surely a case of the unlucky number—thirteen.

It was thus made very hard for the traders, and the government further gave orders prohibiting the exportation of all kinds of produce. This was a serious blow to the islands of Bourbon and Mauritius, for they were dependent to a great extent upon Madagascar for beef, fowls and rice. As this move meant ruin to many merchants at St. Louis, the two governors sent the English and French Admirals, Dacres and Cécile, whose errand was to restore by any means possible, friendly relations, but at each meet-

ing the Queen's Ministers only said to them, "If you are our friends why do you destroy our forts and shoot the Queen's subjects? Look at our forts at Tamatave; it shows how friendly you are. We do not want anything to do with you Christians. Simply leave us alone; we can live without you." After this all amicable discourse was cut off for about eight years.

The Queen's Ministers blamed Christianity and the Christians for all the mishaps, together with the break in their foreign relations, and they decided in 1836 to wipe it out. All Christians were ordered out of the country and agents were sent to every corner to spy out and bring them to the Capitol, that they might be made examples of.

They seized the converts and forced them to drink "Tangena" (poisoned water). If after drinking this they lived, they could be trusted; if they died, the government was rid of an enemy. If a person was caught reading a book, or practicing any of the codes of Christian worship, they were severely punished, either by fine, imprisonment or unredeemable slavery, the very issue for which England was paying an annuity to the King before the breaking out of hostilities.

A devoted native Christian woman, Rasalama, was put to death publicly in 1836, and in 1838 Rafaralahy, who was also a nobleman, and had accompanied Rasalama, shared her fate. Four of his companions, who afterwards came to England, saved their lives by escaping, after many hardships. Many others became outcasts and wanderers from place to place, amid great suffering and numerous perils, many times concealing themselves in the forests, where wild animals and serpents often attacked them. They also lived in caves of mountains, on fruits and edible roots.

This condition lasted until 1842, when sixteen of them were betrayed and brought back to the Capitol, where nine

of them were executed. This persecution of the Christians had a somewhat different effect from what was originally expected, and many of the nobles began to lose faith in their idols. Too much blood was being spilled, and the Queen's son, then in his seventeenth year, in 1846 held a conference and declared himself a Christian. He was baptized, and despite all of the influence brought to bear against it at court, he remained a Christian.

His influence brought Ramonja, a Prince of the highest rank, and son of the Queen's sister, to become a Christian. These conversions were most odious to the Queen, who regarded them as a heavy spell cast upon her people by the Christians. So angry did she become that she called all of her ministers together, and after a long council, issued the following decree: "If any baptize, administer or receive baptism, I will put them to death, thus said Ranavalomjaka, for they change the prayers of the twelve Kings. Therefore search and spy, and if you find any doing these things, man or woman, take them, that we may kill them. For you and I will kill them, even though they be half of the people. For to change what the ancestors have ordered and done, and to pray to the ancestors of foreigners, not to Andriampoinemerina and Lehidama, and the idols that sanctified the twelve Kings, and twelve mountains that are worshiped. Whoever changes these commands, I make known to all the people, and I will kill, saith Ranavalomjaka."

Those who were condemned to die under this decree were treated in the most debased and horrible manner. They were wrapped in old dirty mats with rags stuffed in their mouths, while sixteen or seventeen were tied to a long pole laid across their necks, with one guard taking hold of each end. They were thus driven to the place of execution. One young woman was allowed to walk behind them in the procession, by special order of the

prime minister, and at the execution she begged to share the same fate as her companions. But the prime minister, declaring that she had been bewitched, and was under the spell cast upon her by those foreign devils, exiled her. Of these prisoners thirteen were taken to the famous rock or cliff at Antananarivo, where they were swung over, with a possible drop of a thousand feet. While an incantation was said in Malagasy feticism for the repose of their souls, the rope was cut, and falling, they smashed out their brains. This was considered a most disgraceful death, but one even more so was reserved for the four nobles. They were to be burned alive, as a special example to those who worshiped the ancestors of foreigners.

Among these were two of which it is necessary to make special mention. Andriampinery and his wife Ramanandana were rich before they became Christians and in special favor with the officials of the former government, while no special state function was considered complete without them. But under Ranavolomjaka's Government and the Queen's decree, they became outcasts and when captured they were brought back to be executed as an example to other high officials.

They were tied between two stakes amidst two piles of fagots and given their choice to renounce Christianity or suffer death at the stake. They preferred death, and the prime minister gave orders to apply the torch. Amid a mob of seventy-five thousand people, all crowding to see some expected miracle, the fires slowly caught, and there was added to the pages of history the death of two true Christian martyrs.

I was shown a list, said on of the officials of the foreign delegation, which showed that of the number persecuted thirty-seven were of the privileged class, who had preached. They were reduced to unredeemable slavery with their wives and children. Sixty-seven who had

books in their houses were made slaves and their property confiscated by the government. Two thousand and fifty-five were fined one dollar each; eighteen were put to death by drinking Tengena; fourteen were hurled from the Precipice at the Capitol, and four were burnt alive. The Queen's spying system also brought more than two thousand more to the Capitol for trial, and as might have been expected, many deserted the cause.

Yet despite this persecution, many of those who witnessed those awful scenes of cruelty were deeply touched, and despite the Queen's decree, many applied for fellowship in the Christian church. In 1852 word was heralded to all the exiles that it would not be long before they would be able to return to their much beloved homes.

In the year 1853 the English government sent an agent to Tamatave with orders to proceed, if possible, to Antananarivo, the Capitol, and to endeavor, if possible, to reopen negotiations of friendship with the Malagasy government. When their ship anchored at Tamatave the harbor-master came out in a canoe rowed by sixteen men, and inquired of them their mission in the harbor of Tamatave. "To reopen negotiations with the Queen," was their reply. The harbor-master then said, "If you wish to be friendly, why do you shoot our citizens and burn our forts? If we wish to live in your country we must abide by your laws, and if you wish to live in Madagascar you must abide by our laws, whether you like them or not. Otherwise leave the country, as they are the laws of Madagascar and our Honored Queen."

The next day, after much parleying, the Governor, Rainandriampondry of Tamatave, informed them that no trade relations could be opened with Madagascar until the British Government had made an apology for insulting her majesty, and had further paid an indemnity to her Majesty's Government for shooting her subjects and burning her forts.

The chief judge of Tamatave, Rainivehivitra, was sent for and talked freely with the people, and after fifteen days he informed them that for an apology and \$75,000 indemnity paid the Queen, that she would open all of her ports to the English, but not to the French. She refused positively to open them to the French under any consideration. The money for this indemnity was subscribed in less than an hour by the merchants of Mauritius, who had suffered so much from the break in negotiations, and it was received in the Queen's office at Antananarivo Asoratany, on October twenty-third, 1853, and the ports were opened. No special concessions of any sort were made and all customs receipts belonged to her majesty the Queen. The decree was signed by Rainikietaka 13th, officer of the Palace.

Nothing of special import occurred until the year 1861, when her most Pagan Majesty, Ranavalomjaka, gave up the ghost, and her Christian son, Radama II, was proclaimed King. He immediately sought to undo all of the evil that had been done by his mother, but the ministers greatly opposed him, and when he sent an invitation to the Governor of Mauritius to send an envoy to Antananarivo, he was assassinated by them in his Council Chamber in the same manner as Julius Cæsar. His wife, Rasohernia, succeeded him and reigned until 1868, making treaties with England, France and the United States.

After her there came upon the scene a man of the people, Rainilaiarivony, Prime Minister of Madagascar, and King in all but name. He was born in Ambohidalambo, and his father, though poor, was one of the most conspicuous figures under Ranavalona I, and he was governor in 1863. It was by his orders that Radama II was assassinated or strangled, and later his two sons took possession of the palace and were the promoters of his widow's succession as queen, electing her subject to their orders.

But the elder brother, Ravoninahitini, had the right of way. He was, however, a great drinker, and soon proved very unsatisfactory to the government. Rainilaiarivony seeing his brother's weakness, walked upright and prospered by his brother's example of debauchery, and finally grasped the reigns of government, in the year 1867.

This so angered Ravonianhitini that he attempted to assassinate him, but he was caught red-handed and put in chains with all of his accomplices. Schools and colleges have flourished under Rainilaiarivony's instruction. Over seventy-five thousand children have been put under instruction and the army has been recruited to more than forty thousand men, under an English officer, Col. Willoughby. Rainilaiarivony appealed to the United States when Grant was President, to stop French pressure on Madagascar, and he has always fought their claims as unjust.

He allowed no obstacle to stand in his way, however large or small it might be, and his system of government spies was so carefully arranged that it was said men one thousand miles away were almost afraid to think, for fear that the prime minister would know of them. He has the reputation of being a politician who never broke his word.

In person he is slightly below the average height, with a short mustache; cares nothing for the thoughts of others, especially in reference to his dress. He daily walks around the city frequently in his sandals and clothed only in a gown. The people all take off their hats when he passes, and he is always courteous and affable to his most menial subjects. His eyes are keen and penetrating and he is a very early riser. He is much liked by foreigners, with the exception of the French, whose interests he has always fought. He married a noble Hova lady and from their union sprang eighteen children. The Protestant religion became the religion of state, and in 1869 he divorced his wife to marry Radama's

young widow. As a diplomat he has no superior in Europe if the world.

As in most royal families whenever a king dies, a great many claimants arise, and if there is any possible chance to gain the throne there is always a fierce struggle. Probably the best claimant was Razafinandriamanitra, niece of Radama the Great, and great-granddaughter of Andriananpioniemerina, who was the head of the now official class of Hovas. However, Princess Razafindrahety ascended the throne under the title of Ranavolomjaka III. She was the young widow of Retremo, brother of Prince Ramahatra, one of the most prominent Hovas of the time. It was claimed that he was poisoned, as two other members of his family died under similar circumstances, Princess Rampilasiniovo dying in less than two days. This princess was not entitled to the crown, and as she was poor and as the habits of Princess Rasiamananoro were so irregular, she was set aside and Ranavolona III elected instead and crowned November 22nd, 1883, in the presence of two hundred and fifty thousand people. The Queen is of medium height, slender, and a trifle darker than most Hova women, with jet black hair, soft eyes and small hands and feet.

She tries hard to assume a European air, wearing European clothing. Her gowns are very costly and are made by Worth at Paris, but, like the Mikado of Japan, she speaks only in her native tongue. She was the sole owner of all the land in Madagascar, and no one could possess a foot of the same without having first obtained her sanction. No foreigner could, under any consideration, own any land. He could lease it for ninety-nine years, and at the end of that period any improvements made belonged to the crown.

The Queen loves dancing, and to hear them play upon the "Valia" a native guitar. She visits cock-fights and enjoys all of the native sports. When she goes

out in a Filanjana, borne by sixteen sturdy blacks, she has mounted in front an eagle, and over her head is carried a large red parasol. She dines always with the Prime Minister, and at a table set apart from the other nobles, as no one but the King or Prime Minister can sit at the same table with the Queen. The princes and princesses were forbidden to use knives and forks in Her Majesty's presence, hence all of the food was served in dishes cut up before being placed on the table.

The constitution forbade the Queen to leave the country, and she accordingly seldom left the province of Imerina, going only to her favorite resorts, Tsinjoarivo, her country place, and Mohazoarivo, another resort near the old Capitol of Ambohimanga, the sacred city, to pay her respects to her ancestors.

She has always been very superstitious, and it has been with great difficulty that she has allowed her picture to be taken. Ambohimanga was the old Capitol of Imerina, and Antananarivo was chosen as the new site and beautified by Prince Rainilaiarivony, who employed an army of Europeans to lay it out and beautify it. You can see the palace of the Prime Minister thirty miles from the Capitol as it sets upon a hill and its great domes look like burnished silver. The Capitol is situated four thousand six hundred feet above the sea level, and with its one hundred thousand inhabitants, it has no superior in Europe. No foreigner can fully conceive the grandeur of Antananarivo, without a journey to this almost unknown Capitol.

In all parts of the Kingdom the styles are set at the Capital and you could at the court of every Chief or Governor see the same costumes as at the Capital.

France's earliest claims to Madagascar date back from the year 1842, when the French signed a treaty with the Sakalaves, which they now claim placed Madagascar under their protectorate, and they seized the islands of Nosibe. This

claim being so flimsy, however, they tried to negotiate another in 1868, which would give them the right they had previously claimed. Rainilaiarivony refused in the name of the Queen to accept it, and Tamatave was bombarded and Mojoanga was occupied by the French forces. They expected this last attack to bring them to terms, but such was not the case.

Again they presented the three demands: (1) That the French were to have guaranteed to them all of this island north of the 16th parallel. (2) An indemnity for one million francs. (3) A voice in matters affecting the Hova Government.

A council of war was again held and Rianilaairivony promptly refused, unless Ranavalonia was recognized Queen of all Madagascar. After a few days later Admiral Pierre again bombarded Tamatave with six man-of-war. The Hovas then tried unsuccessfully to burn the town, and retired. The French then took possession and everything existed as it had been until 1885, when they again attacked another town, destroying it completely, and again negotiations were open and Rainilaairivony once more informed them that no protectorate would be considered under any pretext whatever, but

that they would pay the claim for one million francs. To this the admiral refused, and immediately opened the war in real earnest. Col. Willoughby, in command of her majesty's forces, directed the fighting in person, and in spite of the fact that the French had six warships behind their men, they had to retreat, leaving sixty of their dead and wounded on the field. A few days afterwards they fought another battle with their old allies, the Sakalaves, at their backs, and were again defeated.

In December, 1885, they signed a treaty of peace and a commission was sent to France. They were received and feted as equals by President Grévy and the word protectorate was not mentioned. Then England and Germany, in order to have a free hand in Africa, signed a treaty with France, abandoning all claim on Madagascar. In 1894 the French sent an expedition to Madagascar, under General Galieni, who conquered the island and declared it a Colony of France, exiling the King and Queen to Algeria, and thus ending the Malagasy Kingdom, and hoisted the tri-color of France over one of the richest and most salubrious islands of the world.

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## INFLUENCE.

JAMES R. TIMS.

The soul hangs in a balance, tempest tossed—  
 Swayed by the shifting winds of saved and lost.  
 A hair's weight, placed upon the even scale,  
 Lifts high the soul, or sinks it in the rale.  
 Two voices cleave the vibrant air with melody;  
 One sings of joys that are, the other, joys to be—  
 Sway towards the one and earthly joys are crossed;  
 Sway towards the other and Heaven is lost.



## THE SOLUTION TO "THE NEGRO PROBLEM."

AUGUSTUS M. HODGES.

The century just closed has surpassed all others in material progress; in art, science, and the general advancement of mankind toward a brighter, better and more perfect future. With the birth of the 20th century "man's inhumanity to man"—the spirit of prejudice against an accident of birth, race color or previous condition is fast disappearing, like the morning mist, as the bright sun of civilization rises toward its zenith, and man learns through a broader education, and better mental vision, that often his less favored fellow man, given the same start in the race of life and progression, would be his equal; that we all have a common heritage of virtues and failings, no matter from what branch of the human race we may descend.

The world is indeed growing wiser and better and the new century finds in its pathway many progressive plans for the advancement of the human family. One of the unsolved problems left at the door of the new born century and one for which many schemes have been advanced is the "Negro Problem." This problem is receiving much attention from the Anglo-American with a philanthropic mind, and the Afro-American with the welfare of his race at heart. It is, as a rule, being scientifically and logically debated by the leading statesmen and jurists in the country.

Can this question be solved? Can the barrier be removed and the gateway leading to all the blessings of American citizenship be opened to the Negro? I unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative. The key to the solution is within our grasp. The solution to the "Negro Problem" is wealth, and the stepping stone to wealth

is business industry. As early as 1894 Booker T. Washington saw this philosopher's stone when he remarked: "Let there be twenty black men in any Southern town worth \$1,000,000 and there will be no 'race question' in that town."

The idol of our American brother in white is the MIGHTY DOLLAR, and he will not let the race, color, creed, or previous condition of its custodian keep him from worshipping at its shrine. The colored business man who could place his autograph upon a check for \$500,000 would be as agreeable company in any but a strictly private or family gathering as the fairest Anglo-Saxon. He would be "tolerated" by those above him in the social world anxious to get his trade and his dollars. He would be "tolerated" in the manner the objectionable white business man (Hebrew, for example) is tolerated by those above his "set" but not above his dollars. It is true, what would seem in both cases to be social equality and the right hand of fellowship, would be only a sham, a mockery, a deception; still, the counterfeits would be so perfect they would puzzle even experts.

They would answer all the ends of common life, however; for, if the false looks so nearly like the true, we cannot tell the one from the other, which is true of human nature in general at its present stage of development.

The solution to the "Negro Problem" is wealth; the key to wealth is business—legalized speculation—selling for more than what you paid; only this, and nothing more.

We are, as a whole, working people, and are found in the vanguard of bread-winners, all of whom spend nine-tenths

of their earnings for the needs of life: food, clothing and shelter. It is a well known fact that, although we are not epicures, we spend the greater part of our earnings for food; in fact, we are all consumers, but there are very few sellers among us. We, as before stated, work for wages, and each week we spend our earnings with the grocer, butcher, baker, dry goods merchant and others who sell the necessaries of life. Millions of dollars are annually paid by our people for these needs of life and few, very few, of these dollars find their way into the tills of Negro merchants.

The money spent for our bread and butter could be kept within the confines of the race by the simple method of co-operation. Let fifty colored men in every town in the South (men with families) form a company; let each man put in twenty dollars—the company will then have one thousand dollars capital, a sufficient sum to open a first-class grocery or general store. The store should be located in or near the business section of the town. The goods should be of the same quality as those offered for sale by other shopkeepers. Let the company cater to the general public, and try to keep in stock some articles needed by the community but not kept at any other of the stores in town, and sell these articles at cost price, or at a small loss. This would be a business trick (“there are tricks in all trades” except the quill driver’s) which wears the mask of an advertisement. If the town is a very small one, try to make the store the largest and best stocked one in town. The colored store-keepers and stockholders should be friendly and polite to everyone in town, black and white; should avoid political, social and religious questions (“say nothing but saw wood”). By these business methods the company would soon be agreeably surprised to find among its patrons some of the “best citizens” of the town.

The company should conduct all of its business from the start in a strictly busi-

ness manner, starting off with plainly worded articles of agreement, signed and countersigned according to the laws of the State. Appended to this agreement should be the solemn promise of each and every member of the company to buy all of his goods at the company’s store (when working, for cash) and to use every honorable means to get others to do so. The next important thing for the welfare of the company is confidence. Its members must have sufficient confidence in one another—in its president, its secretary, its treasurer and its shop-keeper, to allow them to place the earnings of the venture into the legitimate channels of business without being constantly watched or called to account. These officials should be placed under the proper bonds and not hounded to death.

A family of five will spend at least twenty dollars per month each, or five fifty families of the company thus spending twenty dollars each would amount to one thousand dollars per month, or twelve thousand dollars per year. Should but one-fourth of this amount be clear profit, the company would have three thousand dollars, which would have been placed in the pockets of some other shopkeepers had the co-operative store not existed. Is it logical to suppose that the company would not, during the year, succeed in getting some of the town trade? We will take the small figure of twenty-five regular customers, for example.

If these twenty-five patrons spend twenty dollars per month each, or five hundred as a whole, the total yearly sales of the company would amount to eighteen thousand dollars and show a profit of four thousand five hundred dollars.

One-half of this amount should be kept as a reserve fund for the store use, and the other half invested at once in real estate.

Outside of nearly every town in the South, near enough to build suitable

homes for its working people, can be found worn out farms, too poor to raise even the traditional corn which the squirrels eat from the stalks, sitting upon their haunches.

The owners of these "farms" are always ready to sell for cash, and the company should purchase one of these tracts of land and cut it up into building lots and offer the same to the colored people of the town at a fair market value.

A branch store should be opened in the new settlement, and in a few years the members of the company would find themselves upon the road to wealth and respect. The "race question" in that section would begin to be solved and the final solution would be reached when the fifty members of the company were the richest men in town.

These figures may seem fabulous and the whole article read like a story from the "Arabian Nights."

I hope, however, that fifty Colored Americans in every thown in the South will be inspired to test the truthfulness of the assertion.

It is through wealth and education that civilization with all its full blessings comes to the lowly people of any time or nation. No civilization can endure that does not rest upon the wealth and economic consuming capacity of the great mass of all classes. The future of the Colored American will grow brighter and brighter until it breaks forth into the perfect day of full American citizenship.

We are a part of this country's people; we are here to stay, and will solve the "Negro Problem" upon the same lines Russia and Ireland must solve their problems. It is not a political or social problem that stands in our way; it is one of economy and of wealth.

"The mournful past is dead and gone,  
Look forward for a brighter morn."

## AUNT 'RIA'S TEN DOLLARS.

GEORGIA F. STEWART.

"Ria, I hate ter ax you, but can't you gin me dem ten dollars w'at you's ben savin' all dis long time?"

"Who dat? You, 'Lije? You git back mighty soon. I hope an' trus' yo' quick settlement wus a good un. W'at yer say 'bout ten dollars? Dat all yer got in de settlin' wid dem six five hunderds?"

Elijah Davis had gone from home that morning with six bales of cotton, weighing five hundred pounds each, and his wife had been looking forward to his return, though not so early, with a great deal of anxiety. All this year she had guarded ten dollars which represented their income from eight bales the previous year, hoping to increase the sum with this year's receipts.

Elijah seated himself on the block of oak at the door, on which was a tin basin, recently polished with sand and soft soap. This he and Maria used for bathing their faces, and there was another of smaller size near by for the use of the little ones, of whom there were six, ranging from four months to nine years.

"I be dah pres'n'y. Dese greens'll sho' be good an' greazy." After pressing down the greens, which seemed to prefer any place to the kettle in which they were boiling, she put more fresh coals on the cover of the oven, which contained the bread. Before joining her husband she turned to the other side of the chimney, which was five feet wide, and from a large oven about the size of a half bushel meas-

ure she took perhaps two dozen sweet potatoes, put them on a large tin and left them on the hearth to cool.

"W'at yer want? Bread? Eat dem taters while I's talkin' ter yer daddy." This remark was addressed to the children, who realized the hour.

"Come out in de shade, Ria. Too hot to talk business in deah."

"De wedder 'pears cool to me. I bin feelin' lak a chill all dis mawnin'. Yer know my min', and yourn, too, is turned agin so much 'spishuns, but somehow I cud'n he'p sayin', "dis cool air mak' me feel onezy 'bout 'Lije'. Ain't dat foolish fer me, who 'tends so many good meetin's at de church an' up to de school whar all de good books an' papers is read to us, an', Oh! de fine talks o' de folks fum de Norf."

"Go long wid it, 'Lije. I'se ready now." With this she smoothed her clean check apron, which she had drawn from its accustomed hook as she passed from the house, and her soiled one left in its place, and folded her hands in her lap.

"You's er 'oman w'at laks things dun right. I allus wus proud on yer. Ef you 'member—an' you is too business-fied to furgit—year fo' dis las', seben bales fotch us out twenty-five dollars behin', but dere wus plenty co'n to las' fur stock an' all. See?"

"Yes, but—"

"Now to git de understandin', lemme finish. Las' year de crop remounted to eight bales. All de back debts wus paid an' Mister Bradley said: "Lijah Davis, you's de first man dis year to come out an' hav' cash in year hands. A red cross goes down by yo' name."

"Yes, an' since den, Ria Davis bin holdin' dem ten dollars, an' keepin' count on all dat comes fum Mister Bradley's sto', too. Listen to me, now. 'Two piece o' check fur me an' de chillun, five dollars; one piece o' sheet'n, two dollars; fo' pair shoes, five dollars; dat's twelve dollars an' er—"

"Wal, I promus to be back soon wid

de ten dollars, 'kase I knowed yer didn't want no 'counts caid over ter nex' year, an' so I 'spect yer feelin's an' come ter splain matters ter you."

"Wa'r de ten dollars yer talkin' 'bout?"

"Yo' ten dollars, Ria. It's de bes' step ter take, ef yer want ter hav' clean 'count Krismus day."

"'Lije Davis, dem ten dollars is now part er me, an' I specks fur it ter stay so. You an' Mister Bradley bin doin' yo' kind er settlin' ev'y year, an' yer kin do it de same dis year."

"Folks allus called yo' a sensible 'oman, now den don' lose yer rep. Tain't no use puttin' yer hands akimbo an' marchin' up an' down lak yer min' is made up ter argify wid de Madestry. Be kam. All I can do is to stick ter de plow 'n make de chil'n stick ter de books; so der'll be somebody else to figger 'long wid Mister Bradley. W'at yer doin', Ria? Is you gwine down wid me?"

"I's gwine war I orter been gone years ago."

About four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. William Lyons, a young lawyer of the town of Milton, was seated in his office, reviewing the day and congratulating himself on his success, when some one rapped at the door. The face which responded to his "Come!" was indeed a familiar one, much to his surprise.

"Well! Well! How have you been, Aunt Maria, and what brings you here?" She curtsied, and began by laying the ten dollars on his desk, and giving its history along with her trials for the past years, since she and "Lije" had been working for themselves.

"Yer know 'bout de morgig' sistum. Ev'y time yer feel yer gittin' free somp'n come over yer an' press yer down ag'in. When I felt today lak my heart gwine break to part wid dis money, Miss Ad'line's, yer dear mudder's words, I 'membered, an' so I's come ter you. She told me nebber ter suffer, but ter go ter her William, an' he wud he'p me. Now,

Mister William, all I wants is a patch o' my own, an' dis ten dollars 'll pay yer fur lettin' me hav' it; an' w'en I raise my crop I'll pay yer fur de land."

"Sit down and rest yourself, Aunt Maria. In a few moments I shall be back."

Aunt Maria was very tired, as she had walked seven miles. While she rested on one of the comfortable chairs everything in the office seemed to breathe comforting messages to her. She determined then and there that her ambition would assert itself; that she would not wait for the children, but would do her part towards educating them—she would make a home for them. On Mr. Lyon's return he read to Aunt Maria as follows:

"For and in consideration of ten dollars paid to me this twenty-ninth day of November, 1899, by Maria Davis, I, William Lyons, do hereby sell, grant and convey to said Maria Davis, her heirs and assigns, two acres of farming land," etc.

On her way home she stopped to speak to Mr. Bradley, telling him what she had done, and that the ten dollars had gone to pay for her land, but that she would pay him if he would trust her. He willingly accepted her word as guarantee of the payment. When she reached home she unwrapped the paper, and said to Elijah, "Here's my ten dollars, 't hav' an' t' hol' two acres o' farmin' lan'. Yer must set ter work ter git out de timbers termorer mornin'."

The distance to Simon Reese's, the nearest neighbor's, was not less than two miles, but the joy of her new possessions had made the distance much less for Aunt Maria this evening. The news, which was too good to keep, was hailed with delight by the Reese family.

"Woen er good 'oman lak you set her heart 'pon doin' somp'n de Lord 'll he'p her. Ain't nuttin' lef' here er li'l scrap cotton, an' I kin pick dat ober myse'f; den I'll start Simon an' de boys ober deah by daylight. Good night, Sis' Ria. God he'p you."

Meanwhile Elijah had not been idle. His plans had been made while he watched "de house an' de chil'n."

Squire Evans had used Elijah and his team at odd times during the year, in consideration of which he had promised to run the plow for him in the spring. At early dawn next morning Elijah "steps over" to Squire Evans', a distance of three miles, and "arranges" for help in getting out timber instead of plowing.

"I 'spec' yer hav' to bake right sharp er bread, Ria, 'kase Squire Ivins lemme hav' fo' han's today."

"W'at yer say? Lawd bless me! Ain't it s'prisin' w'at ten dollars kin do w'en it starts to workin'? All de year it jes' was er lone ten dollars, an' now in two days it done git to be two acres o' farmin' land', Bre'r Simon Reese an' his two boys fur de whole day, an' fo' good han's fum Squire Ivins."

"Sis' Ria! Oh, Sis' Ria!"

"Git me some mo' trash chil'n; dis dinner orter been gone, for now de sun at twe'v' o'clock, already."

"Oh, Sis' Ri-a-h-!"

"Hush! 'Pears ter me I hear 'em callin' me."

"Sis' Ria!"

"'Pon my soul, ef dat ain't Sis' Reese! Step over an' come along, chile."

"Jes' run 'ere to de fence, Sis' Ria."

Aunt Maria had just patted in the last "pone" of bread, and heaped her "lid" with coals.

"All right, Sis' Reese, but I pow'ful rushed."

She immersed her hands in a basin of cold water, which caused the corn-meal dough to fall from them, for she used her hands from beginning to finish in preparing the lovely oval-shaped "pones." On reaching the fence she had finished wiping her hands on the bottom of her apron.

"I jes' run 'cross de fiel' to fetch yer some bile dinner, ter help you out. I dunno ef you know'd it, but Simon stepped over ter see Bre'r Collins an'

Bre'r Ha'is, dis mornin', an' 'bout dem t'ain't no need ter 'splain, 'kase dey split 'nough boa'ds in er day ter kiver Miss Ad'line's big house, an' dey can eat 'cord'n'ly."

With this she handed over a pail and a bag.

"Dem mighty fine, juicy, yaller yams, an' you'll see, for short, de bread, I jes' drapped in de pot an' biled it all to-gedder."

"De good angel sont you heah ter day. Uphm! Doan' de smell good!"

"Here's yer dinner, 'Liji. Dis is er

lubly place ter res, 'g'in' de fence, under dese shade trees."

Aunt Maria, with the assistance of two of the children, had brought down the dinner. Both quantity and quality delighted the men, as they beheld the feast.

Parson Davis, as his neighbors commonly called him, had never failed to ask a blessing upon the scantiest meal. Now, standing in the shade of the sweet-gum trees, he took Aunt "Ria's" hand in his, and raising his eyes to Heaven, gave God thanks for what was truly a Feast of Thanksgiving.

## FASCINATING BIBLE STORIES.

### JOSEPH AND MOSES, OR ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL.

So the rule of Pharaoh prospered; all the more that the wisdom of Joseph had prepared against the seven years of famine, such store of corn and barley, as no other ruler had laid up before him; and because that the famine became so great that not only upper and lower Egypt, but the people of Philistia, Canaan and Arabia, must perforce come to the King's granaries to buy food, until they had no longer silver or gold wherewith to buy.

And when their money was all spent Joseph gave them corn for their cattle and flocks, until all the cattle of Egypt were in the hands of Pharaoh and his servants, whereof the brethren of Joseph were the chief herdsmen, and thereafter and at the last, a great multitude sold their land for food, so that Pharaoh owned the lands of all Egypt, save and except such lands as were dedicated unto the Gods, or owned by the priests thereof; and the people who were homeless Joseph removed into the cities throughout Egypt, even as it seemed good unto him.

But at the last Joseph said unto the people, who had sold their lands, "Behold I have bought you and your land of Pharaoh; lo! here is seed that you may sow your lands, and of the increase thereof ye shall give one-fifth part unto Pharaoh, and four parts thereof shall be your own, for seed of the field and for food for your household, and your little ones." And the Egyptians said, "Thou hast saved our lives; let us find grace in the sight of my Lord, and we will be Pharaoh's servants."

So Joseph made the law, which was over Egypt for many years, that Pharaoh should receive one-fifth part of all that was raised in the land of Egypt. Only the priests were left their lands and flocks, and the brothers of Joseph became rich as they cared for the cattle and sheep of Pharaoh, the which they guarded against the wild beasts of the field, and the robbers of Philistia, and the Wilderness. Also Jacob their father endured and increased in riches, and saw his sons and their posterity increase and multiply greatly; for of old time the land

of Egypt hath been famed for the increase of grain and of flocks and herds and of the children of men; so that whereas Jacob and his children and children's children numbered but seventy and one whenas he came down into Egypt they had become a great people and of great possessions in this new land. And when Jacob was old and stricken with years he called Joseph his son, and said unto him, "If thou hast love and reverence for thy father, deal kindly and truly with me, and grant me this last request."

"Bury me not I pray thee in this land of Egypt, wherein I have dwelt with thee in peace; for this is not the land whereof God himself spake unto Abraham our father, 'Unto thy seed will I give this land.' Well was it for me and mine that thou wast brought herein, and raised up to be not only the savior of this land and people of Egypt, but of all thy kindred and people. Yet would I lie with my father, and with her who was dearest unto me and thee, even at Bethlehem."

Then Joseph said, "I will do as thou hast said, O my father." But Israel said, "Nay, but thou shalt swear it unto me" which thing Joseph confirmed with an oath. And thereafter Israel bowed himself in silent prayer, for his heart was in the land of Canaan.

Sometime after these things there came a messenger unto Joseph, saying, "Behold thy father is sick." And he took with him his two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim, and they told Jacob, "Behold, thy son Joseph cometh unto thee." Israel gathered the remnants of his strength and sat upon the cushions of his bed. Blind with age, and worn with mortal weakness, Israel spake unto Joseph, of the days of his youth, wherein the living God had appeared unto him even at Luz, in the land of Canaan, and had blessed him, and promised unto him and to his seed after him that land for an everlasting possession. Wherein also his wife Rachel, the dearly beloved, had died in

child-birth, "while there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath," and now lay there buried.

"Whereof," he said, "thy two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, which were born unto thee here before I came unto thee in this land of Egypt, are also heirs; for they are my sons, even as Reuben and Simeon; they shall be mine." The heirs of thy body begotten after them may be thine, and shall inherit of thee according to thine inheritance."

And seeing dimly the sons of Joseph, Jacob said, "Who are these?" Joseph said, "They are my sons, whom God hath given me in this place." Then said Jacob, "Bring them unto me, I pray thee, and I will bless them."

So Joseph brought the lads unto their grand sire, and he kissed them and embraced them, and said unto Joseph, "See now! Once I had not thought to see thy face again, and lo, God hath showed me thy children." And Joseph drew the lads from between his father's knees, and holding Ephraim, with his right hand towards Israel's left hand, and Manasseh with his left hand toward Israel's right, bowed his face to the ground, before his father. But Israel stretched out his right hand and laid it upon Ephraim's head, who was the youngest, and his left hand upon the head of Manasseh, the first born, and he blessed Joseph his son, and said, "God, before whom my father's Abraham and Isaac did walk; the God which fed me all my life long unto this day; the angel which redeemed me from all evil; bless these lads, and let my name be named upon them, and the names of my fathers Abraham and Isaac; and let them become a multitude in the midst of the earth."

Then Joseph, seeing that his father had laid his right hand on the head of Ephraim, the youngest, would have removed it unto the head of Manasseh, the first born, saying, "Not so my father; for this is the first-born; put the right hand upon his head."

But Israel said, "I know it well my son; a great people shall he become, and great in his day and generation; but Ephraim, his younger brother, shall be greater than he, and a greater multitude shall be his posterity; for in this wise doth Israel bless, saying, 'God bless Ephraim and Manasseh.'"

The three rose to their feet; and Jacob said unto Joseph, "Behold I die, but God shall be with you all and bring you again unto the land of your fathers. Moreover unto thee have I given one portion above thy brethren, which I took out of the hand of the Amorite, with my sword and with my bow."

And when he had thus spoken, he called upon his sons, who were without the tent; and when they were met, his voice rang out clear and strong as they had not heard it for years,

"Gather around me, that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days. Gather for the last time, and hear ye sons of Jacob, and hearken unto Israel, your father."

"Reuben! thou wast the first born of my might, and early strength; and shouldst have been the excellency of my dignity and power. Yet unstable as water thou shalt not excel; because of shameful things, thy birthright hath passed from thee."

"Simeon and Levi were brothers in violence; instruments of cruelty were within their habitations. My soul was not in their secrets, nor mine honor united with their offences; for in their anger they slew, and in their self-will they laid waste a city. Cursed be their anger for it was fierce, and their wrath for it was cruel; divided shall ye be in Israel in the days that are to come."

"Judah, thou art the pride of thy brethren; thy hand shalt grasp the necks of our enemies; thy father's children shall bow down unto thee. As a lion's whelp goeth up from his prey, thou, my son, shalt bear thyself; he stoopeth down and croucheth himself as an old lion;

who shall dare to awaken his wrath? The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet, until Shiloh come, and gather all people unto him."

"Zebulon shall dwell by the havens of the sea, and among the tall ships; for his borders shall be unto Sidon."

"Isaachar is a strong ass, lying down between two burdens; and seeing that rest is good, and the land pleasant to live in, he shall lend his shoulders to the burden, and become a servant to tribute."

"Dan shall give judges to his people as one of the great tribes of Israel. To their foes he shall be a serpent in the way, an adder in the path, which biteth the horse's heels so that the rider falleth backward. Gad is fearless and enduring; a troop shall overcome him, but he shall overcome at the last. Out of Asher shall be brought rich bread; he shall yield royal dainties for the tables of kings."

"Naphtali is graceful as a deer let loose; and his words are sweet and pleasant."

"Joseph is a fruitful bough beside a fountain, whose branches rest upon a sunny wall. The archers grieved and hated, and shot at him, but his bow was unbroken, and his hands were strengthened by the mighty God of Jacob, even by the God of the fathers who shall help thee; and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee with great blessings; high as the heavens above, deep as the depths beneath; blessings such as a mother giveth to her first born. Let the blessings of thy father, greater than those of my father's before me, more boundless than the uttermost boundary of the everlasting hills, lie upon the head of Joseph, and the crowned head of him who was thrust away from his brethren."

"Benjamin shall raven as a wolf; in the morning he shall rend the prey, and in the evening divide the spoil."

And having thus admonished his sons, and foretold unto each of them the



destinies of his house, he spake lastly of himself, saying: "I am about to be gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers, in the cave which is in the field of Ephron the Hittite; in the cave of Machpelah, before Mamre in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought of Ephron the Hittite for a burial place.

"There lie buried, Abraham and Sarai, Isaac and Rebekah; and there I buried Leah in the field and the cave bought of the children of Heth."

As he ceased speaking, Jacob sank back upon his bed insensible, and gave up the ghost; and Joseph fell upon his father's face and kissed him and wept exceedingly.

Thereafter he commanded the embalmers to embalm the body of his father even as kings are embalmed; and the Egyptians mourned publicly for Israel three score and ten days.

And Joseph sought permission of Pharaoh to go up out of Egypt and to bury his father as he had sworn unto Jacob, and Pharaoh said, "Go up and bury thy father as he hath made you swear."

And with Joseph went up a great following; his captains and the nobles and wise men of the land of Egypt, with all his own relatives and retainers and the families and servants of his father and brothers. Only their little ones and herds were left behind in Goshen.

And with them went heavy horsemen, and chariots, from the eastern garrisons of Egypt. A very great company they came unto the threshing floor of Atad, beyond Jordan, and with a great and very sore lamentation Joseph mourned for his father seven days. Then the sons of Jacob laid him in the cave of the field of Machpelah as he had commanded them. But when that great company had returned into Egypt, Joseph's brethren feared, and said among themselves, "Now that our father is dead, peradventure Joseph will hate us, and will certainly requite us all the evil which we did unto him."

And they sent a messenger unto Joseph, saying, "Thy father did command before he died, saying, 'So shall ye say unto Joseph, Forgive, I pray thee now the trespass of thy brethren and their sons, for they did unto thee evil.' Now, we pray thee, forgive the trespass of the servants of the God of thy father," and at this message Joseph covered his face and wept.

His brethren also went unto him, and fell down before his face and cried, "Behold we be thy servants."

And Joseph said, "Fear not; am I in the place of God to judge and punish?" As for you ye thought to do evil against me; but God meant that it should be for good to save much people alive. Now, therefore, fear ye not; for I will nourish you and your little ones." So he comforted them, and spoke kindly to them all.

And Joseph lived one hundred and ten years, and saw Ephraim's children of the third generation; and the children of Machir, the son of Manasseh, were brought up on his knees.

Pharaoh after Pharaoh passed away, and dynasty succeeded dynasty during his life days, but Joseph was still held in love and honor; and it is said of old time, that after his death he was worshipped as a god, not only by the Egyptians, but by the Greeks, who said that he sometimes appeared unto the Egyptians as the God Hermes, about the time of the Nile inundations, flying with sandals an ell long; and that at such times there followed a season of great and abundant harvests. But during his life he was as a shield unto the sons of Israel, and they gathered riches and cattle and became men of renown in that country.

But one more great sorrow was his; to wit, the slaying of the sons of Ephraim, nine in number, who went up against the men of Gath to drive off their cattle, stolen in a great raid. These the men of Gath took at advantage and slew,

sparing none alive; so that Ephraim was left childless, and mourned many days, but his brothers came to comfort him.

And when he was about to depart, Joseph said unto his brethren, "I die, but God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land unto the land which he gave for an inheritance unto Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Now swear to me that in the days when God shall visit you, to lead you up out of Egypt, ye shall surely carry my bones from hence."

So Joseph died, being one hundred and ten years old, and was embalmed after the manner of the Egyptians.

Long after the death of Joseph the children of Israel increased abundantly and became a mighty people, and rich in cattle. But thereafter arose a new Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, and hated all shepherds because of the evil that had been wrought of old time by the Shepherd-Kings.

And he took counsel with his wise men how he might break the power of the sons of Israel, for he feared to drive them out into that land of Canaan, whereof their memory was now but as a dream.

And Pharaoh set over them task-masters, to afflict them with over-work and heavy burdens, and made them build the treasure cities of Pithom and Rameses; also, to dig great canals and deepen the channels of rivers, and other great labors.

But the more they were afflicted, the stronger grew the children of Israel, and the greater their multitude became, so that the Egyptians knew not what to do. Then Jannes and Jambres, two of the wise men of Egypt, who stood before Pharaoh to divine what was to befall, came before Pharaoh, and Jannes said: "O Pharaoh, a child is to be born this year, of the Israelites living within thy borders, who shall redeem his people and make of them a great nation; and at the same time shall bring upon the Egyptian people such humiliation and losses, as shall astonish the world. For so great shall be the virtue of the man

thus born, and the glory which he shall attain, that he shall be famous throughout the world for all ages."

And Pharaoh straitly charged all his people, saying, "Every son of the Hebrews that is born this year ye shall cast into the river, but every daughter ye shall save alive." Wherefore many children were slain, but many were concealed and privately nurtured; albeit the king slew many who disobeyed his orders to slay every man-child of the people of Israel.

There was a man, hight Amram, a descendant of Levi the son of Jacob, who was a good man and true, and not forgetful of the law of God. And his wife Jochebed had born him a son, Aaron, and a daughter, Miriam.

To him in a vision came the Angel of God and recalled unto him the traditions of his house. How Sarai, being old, had born Isaac unto Abraham, who had left Canaan unto Isaac, Arabia unto Ishmael, and Troglodytis unto the sons of Keturah, the wife of his old age; and how the children of Israel, from the seventy who had come into Egypt in the Great Famine, had become 600,000 souls; until for fear of the birth of one who should bring this great people out of bondage and give it a place among the nations, Pharaoh had decreed the murder of every man-child of the sons of Israel.

"And to thee, of all men," said the Angel, "it is decreed that this child, out of dread of whom the Egyptians have doomed the Israelitish children to destruction, shall be thy child, and shall deliver the Hebrew nation from the Egyptians."

Whereupon in that same year, Jochebed the wife of Amram bore a son, which, with great pains, they concealed for three months from the servants of Pharaoh. But being assured that they could no longer conceal him, for he was a lusty child, and exceedingly strong and beautiful, Amram bethought himself of

the promise of God, that he would care for the child, that no harm might come unto him. Long thereafter Miriam the prophetess, told of those evil days and nights, when, with tears, her father and mother wove the dry rushes which Aaron, the first born son of Amram, had gathered beside the river against the family needs. A broad hollow, spoon-like ark they wove, and covered it without with asphaltum and pitch until no water could penetrate; and as they worked, Amram told the traditions of his ancient house; of the promises of Jehovah, eternal and all-powerful, who had saved Isaac at the altar and Joseph from pit and prison.

He was oppressed and broken in spirit by a King who knew not Joseph, and had carried war, fierce and unsparing into the land of Canaan, and all Philistia and throughout the great Wilderness, whence in the days of Abraham and Jacob the tribes had been wont to come in peace with their flocks and herds, when the springs failed and the pastures were spent. "Yet Amram trusted God, and when the ark was finished blessed the lusty, handsome babe that for a night or two they trained to sleep soundly within its shelter, until the ever-haunting fear of detection, and the ruthless destruction of Amram and all his house forbade further hesitation. It was just before dawn that Jochebed, bearing in her arms the little ark, laid it among the flags in a sequestered nook of the Tanitic branch of the Nile and returned unto her house, softly weeping. But Miriam, the sister of the babe, stood a little way off to see what should befall.

And it came to pass that the daughter of Pharaoh came down to the river to bathe therein and, with her maidens, walked by the side of the river, and she saw the ark and bade one of her maidens to fetch it. And when it was opened she saw the child, and the babe awoke and wept; and she had compassion on the child, for she said, "Behold, this is one of the Hebrew children."

Then came Miriam, and looked upon the princess and the ark with the babe therein, as is the manner of little maids, and saw that the daughter of Pharaoh wished well unto the child.

So she said unto the princess, "Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?"

And Pharaoh's daughter said, "Go!" and the little maid went and brought Jochebed, the child's mother.

And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, "Take this child away and nurse it for me and I will give thee thy wages," and Jochebed, the wife of Amram, took her own child back into his own father's house, and they had no fear of the officers of the King, for they said, "We are paid to care for this child by the daughter of Pharaoh."

And the child grew in beauty and stature beyond all expectation; in so much, that when he was three years old the daughter of Pharaoh, who in ancient writing is hight Thermuthis and was married, ardently desired him for her own; for she had no children. And Jochebed wept softly when she took him away, for Thermuthis had said, "If I have not brought forth this child myself, I have at least brought him forth out of the river. Wherefore she called his name Mesu or Maussa; that is, "Brought Forth."

Now the fated year had then long passed in which Pharaoh had sought out the men-children of the Israelites to slay them, and Thermuthis arrayed Moses in purple and fine linen, and carried him in her arms into the presence of the king. And whereas the Pharaoh admired and fondled the babe, she said unto the king, "I have no child of my own, and this babe was brought by the river unto me and is beautiful in strength. Aye! even beyond the wont of mortals. I will make him my heir and perchance the heir of Egypt."

Then the king laughed, and took the

child and carressed it, and the crown of Egypt, even the Uraeus of Lower Egypt was upon his head, and Pharaoh put the diadem into the hands of Moses that he might play therewith and perchance set it upon his own head. But Moses, like a froward child, threw down the diadem and set his little feet thereon, and Jannes the Wise stood in the presence of the king.

Wherefore Jannes tried to kill the child, and when Thermuthis withstood him, cried in a frightful manner: "This child, O King, is he of whom the gods foretold, that if we kill him we shall avoid a great danger, which prediction he himself attests by trampling upon thy royalty and spurning thy dominion with his feet. Remove him, therefore, from the way, O King, and take away from the Jews that Deliverer, for whom they hope."

But Thermuthis snatched away the child; and Rameses himself, although ill at ease, would not bereave her of him. Wherefore, Moses lived in the palace of Rameses and was educated in the temples of Zoan, whereof the Egyptians have written:

"Its fields abound in good things and the lives of its people are spent in endless plenty and abundance. Its canals are alive with fish, its lakes swarm with birds, its gardens are green with vegetables. There is no end to the rows of lentils, and honey sweet melons grow in thousands. Huge barns are full of wheat and millet; onions and sesame fill great fields, and the apple, almond, vine and fig tree are laden with splendid fruit. Sweet is the wine of Rameses, for the people of Zoan mix it with the honey of thousands of hives."

"The red fish of the lotus canal, great Borian-fish from the ponds, carp and pike from the great canal, fat-fish and Kepti-Pennu from the pools of the inundation, and great Hauraz-fish from the full mouths of the Nile below Tanis, are sold in the markets. The dwellers along the city canal produce salt; and they of

the lake district of Pahir, gather natron; many long-oared ships enter the havens daily; plenty and abundance is perpetual. Happy is he who dwells in that city which Rameses-Miamun hath builded."

"Upon the entrance of the King into the city all alike, the common people as well as the nobles, rejoiced, saying, 'Come! Let us celebrate to him his god-like and his mortal feasts.' Thereupon the dwellers of the reedy lake Thufi came in laden with lilies, and those of Shensor with papyrus blooms; great loads of fruit from the nurseries, flowers from their gardens and buds from the lakes came in as tribute, with fish from the sea coast and the great lakes."

The youths of the Conqueror's city stood at their doorways clad in gorgeous raiment, their hair finely curled and soft with fragrant oil, their hands full of branches and flowers and sweet smelling garlands. All the people were assembled and neighbor vied with neighbor. Delicious wines flowed like water, and their sherbets were mixed with almonds and honey. There was store of cider; beer from Kati was sold by vessels in the harbor; the sweet songs of their maidens were set to the choicest airs of Memphis. They sat together, eating and drinking with joyous hearts, and joined the numberless multitude that ceaselessly walked the streets. Such was the new city in the day of the entry of King Rameseu-Miamun in the early morning of the monthly feast of Kihith."

In this city was Moses nurtured, and became exceedingly wise in all knowledge of the Egyptians. Also, he was of great stature and beauty; in so much, that men and women turned to gaze after him as he passed along the streets. Moreover, it is said that when he was grown to man's estate the Ethiopians invaded the land of Khem, and for that Rameses at first chastised them, sent a great multitude which took city after city in upper Egypt, and conquered it, even unto Memphis itself. And there-

after every general that was sent against the Ethiopians was defeated, for Rameses was stricken in years and could no longer lead his armies as of old time. Wherefore, Thermuthis besought Moses to lead an army against the enemy, for an oracle had said that he alone could command victory. But she distrusted the priests and reminded them that they had been warned by the same oracle to slay Moses, and had diligently sought his life. Wherefore she made them swear by their chiefest gods and the life of Pharaoh that they would in no wise seek to slay or injure him.

Then, whereas, all the generals of Pharaoh had followed the banks of the great river Nile, by which the Ethiopian king lay in wait for the Egyptians, or fenced the ways with strong camps and walled cities; Moses led his armies across the deserts, which no man before him had been able to pass. And when certain parts of these deserts were full of deadly vipers and flying serpents, whose bite is death remediless, Moses carried certain great cages on wheels, wherein were tame ibises, which, being let out, slew and ate the serpents; so that few were bitten, and thus unexpectedly, from the trackless deserts, he fell upon the Ethiopians and defeated them, with great slaughter in many battles.

At last only Saba, now called Meroe, remained unto the Ethiopians; but this city was exceedingly strong and nearly surrounded by the Nile, with the smaller streams of Astapas and Artaboras. Moses fought before the city in his chariots and commanded his troops and slew many. And Tharbis, the daughter of the Ethiopian King, saw Moses as he fought with the champions of her people and desired him in marriage, and at last she found a messenger, and agreed with Moses, that she would open to him the gates of Meroe if he would make her his wife. This, it is declared by men of old, Moses did, and afterwards governed Saba until he returned to Zoan in triumph.

But Moses was by no means unmindful of his birth or his people, and so far as he could showed favors to them and procured privileges for his family and nation. He also carefully studied their religion and traditions, and talked much with the elders, whose parents or grand-sires had once been rich and free. But he saw that nothing could be done to free the Hebrews, by the consent of the King, and of the elders and priests of Khem. Also, there were many of the Hebrews who were not evilly entreated, who said unto him, "Go to now! This is but a change in the destinies of our people, which cometh of natural causes, and the evolution of the race. No one man can do anything to change these evil things or to redeem our people. Also," said they, "most of them, if they could, would do unto the Egyptians what the Egyptians have done unto them. Is it not the order of things that the great oppress the ignorant and that the few hold in subjection the many? Also, we are persuaded that most of our people are better off as they are, than if they were made free."

"Behold they are now well cared for and clothed upon; every man hath steady labor and carrieth unto his task food, and to spare. What shall it profit them to be free, as thou sayest, to go out into the wilderness, to fight and perish, and to build up a new nation? Truly a few old men, and those given unto vain complainings, prate of Abraham and Isaac, of Jacob and Joseph, and of the traditions, which are now as worn-out garments, and wineskins which are empty and too rotten to fill again. Why dost thou seek to stir up discontent against the King and rail against the prosperity and happiness which he hath given us? Wherefore, for a while, Moses returned unto his foster-mother; but these things sunk into his heart, and he could not endure tyranny, nor patiently countenance the sordid and animal lusts, which prevented so many from seeking justice for them-

selves, or, even providing nobly for their own souls and those of their posterity." And at last, as he chanced to go out one day among his Hebrew fellows and looked upon them as they sweated and groaned under heavy burdens, he saw a man of Israel fall in his place and an Egyptian beating him without mercy. For a moment he looked on, but the Egyptian had no mercy, and was killing the man. Then Moses looked this way and that, and seeing that no other Egyptian was nigh, he fell upon that task-master and slew him and hid his body in the sand.

And on the second day, he found two

of the Hebrews striving together and said unto the one who did the wrong, "Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow?" But he answered him impudently and said, "Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? Intendest thou to kill me as thou didst kill the Egyptian yesterday?" And Moses feared and said, "Surely the thing is known."

Then Pharaoh heard, and sought to slay Moses. But Moses, warned in time, took raiment and weapons, and fled from the face of Pharaoh going by lonely ways and narrow paths into the land of Midian.

## THE MOTHER'S QUESTION.

AUGUSTUS M. HODGES.

As visions of the past, by memory led,  
 From every opening vista crowd the mind,  
 Till all our present duties fade—have fled,  
 And Time rolls back to years far, far behind;  
 If, by some strange enchantment we could be  
 Then winged from matrons, back again to youth,  
 Would we return once more to girlhood's glee—  
 Would we return? I ask. Pray, speak the truth!  
 Would you return?

Would you recall to earth, from peaceful sleep,  
 Fond parents; have them break their heavenly rest,  
 To toil again, to watch, to mourn, to weep  
 O'er cares and troubles, only you know best?  
 Would you return to fleeting youth again,  
 And hush the prattle in your baby's cot  
 Aft' all these years of care, of toil, of pain?  
 A mother's feeling tells me I would not—  
 Would you—return?

## HAGAR'S DAUGHTER.\*

*A Story of Southern Caste Prejudice.*

SARAH A. ALLEN.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO VIII.

DURING December, 1860, the rebellious political spirit of the country leaped all barriers and culminated in treason.

Closely associated with the Confederate leaders, was St. Clair Enson, son of an aristocratic Maryland family, who hoped, by rendering valuable aid to the founders of the new government, to re-establish himself socially and financially. While in Charleston, S. C., attending the convention preliminary to the formation of the new government, he received a letter announcing the birth of his brother's heiress. This enraged Enson who saw in it the loss of his patrimony. He fell in with a notorious slave-trader named Walker, who accompanied him on his homeward trip on the steamer "Planter." Walker offers to show him a way out of his difficulties for ten thousand dollars.

St. Clair Enson's brother Ellis had married Miss Hagar Sargeant a beauty and an heiress. A daughter was born. Soon after this St. Clair arrives at Enson Hall accompanied by

Walker. He claims that Enson was a slave of his on the plantation. Enson denies the charge.

Walker explains that, being childless, Mr. and Mrs. Sargeant, while living at St. Louis, took an octoroon slave from him to bring up. He declares that Hagar is that child, and produces papers to prove his claim. Hagar recognizes the man, and faints at sight of him.

Ellis buys Hagar and the child of Walker. Unable to bear the disgrace of having married a Negress, decided to leave home, but loving his wife very dearly, concludes to go abroad, and live where they are unknown. St. Clair overhears the plan and informs Walker. Enson leaves home to make arrangements for journey. At end of three weeks his dead body is found in some woods on the estate.

Hagar accuses St. Clair and Walker of murdering Ellis. Then St. Clair gives Walker permission to sell Hagar and the child in the Washington slave market. Hagar, with the child, leaps into the Potomac River.

## CHAPTER IX.

## TWENTY YEARS LATER.

It was a fine afternoon in early winter in the year 1882, in the city of Washington, the beautiful capital of our great Republic. Pennsylvania Avenue was literally crammed with foot-passengers and many merry sleighing parties, intent on getting as much enjoyment as possible out of the day.

Freezing weather had been followed by a generous fall of frozen, down-like flakes. Quick to take advantage of a short-lived pleasure, vehicles of every description were flying along the avenue filled with the élite of the gay city. The stream of well-dressed pedestrians moved swiftly over the snowy pavements, for the air was too cold for prolonged lingering, watching with interest, in which envy mingled to some extent, the occupants of the handsome carriages gliding along so rapidly on polished runners. Every notable of the capital was there from the President in his double-runner to the humble clerk in a single-seated modest rig.

A sumptuous Russian sleigh drawn by two splendid black horses, with a statuesque driver in ebony handling the ribbons, attracted the attention of the crowd as it dashed down the avenue and paused near the capitol steps. Two ladies were its occupants. The elder was handsome enough to demand more than a passing glance from the most indifferent, but her young companion was a picture as she nestled in luxurious ease among the costly robes, wrapped in rich furs, from which her delicate face shone out like a star upon the curious throng. That she was a stranger to the crowd could be easily told from the questioning glances which followed the turn-out.

As they passed the Treasury Department two men, both past their first youth, though one was at least twenty years older than the other, came down the steps, and paused a moment, to follow with their eyes the Russian sleigh with the beautiful girl, before mingling with the living stream that flowed from between the great stone columns and spread itself through the magnificent streets of the national capital.

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"Really, Benson," remarked the elder man as they resumed their walk, "the most beautiful girl I have seen for many a day. You know everyone worth knowing; who is she?"

At this moment an elderly man of dark complexion, in stylish street costume, but with a decidedly Western air, came down the capitol steps followed by a young man. Both were warmly greeted by the occupants of the sleigh. The dark man spoke a few words to the driver, then both men entered the carriage and it dashed off rapidly.

"That is Senator Bowen, his wife and daughter. He is the new millionaire senator from California. I am not acquainted with the ladies, but after their ball I intend to become assiduous in my attentions."

"Oh! then they are the Bowens! How I wish I knew them. I predict a sensation over the young beauty. Who's the young man?"

"Cuthbert Sumner, my private secretary. Deuced fine fellow, too."

The conversation drifted away from the Bowens, and they were apparently forgotten.

"How was it at the Clarks' last night, Benson, as bad as you expected?"

"Worse if possible. It was devilish slow! Nothing stronger than bouillon, not a chance to buck the tiger even for one moment, not a decent looking woman in the rooms. All the women fit for pleasant company give that woman's house a wide berth. Dashed if I blame 'em. The only thing that gives the Clarks a standing is his position. I can't see how he puts up with her. If I had a sanctimonious woman like her for a wife I'd cut and run for it, dashed if I wouldn't."

His companion laughed long and loud.

"No fun for you there, eh, Benson? My boy, you'll never fit into the dignified position of a father of his country, I fear. Oh, well; it's hard to teach an old dog new tricks." "Yes, but think of not being

able to give your friends a decent time, because your wife has a fad on temperance and thinks it a sin to smell a claret cup or a brandy-and-soda. A man with a wife of that sort ought to leave her at home, where she could rule the roost to her heart's content. The seat of government is no place for a missionary." "Well, there's always a way to remedy such things when you know your hostess."

"Of course, of course," General Benson hastened to reply. "Our bouillon was washed down with Russian tea a la Russe. We doctored it in the coat-room."

The two men indulged in a hearty laugh.

"Well, Benson, you'll do," remarked the elder when their mirth had somewhat subsided. "For a dignified chief of a division you're a rare bird."

After a moment's silence, General Benson asked:

"Is Amelia come?"

"Yes, got here last night?"

"Good. It's a relief to be with a woman who can join a man in a social glass, have a cigar with him, or hold her own in winning or losing a game with no Sunday-school nonsense about her. It's hard work keeping up to it, Major; one needs a friend to help one out."

"When's the session end?"

"Next week, thank heaven."

"Sick of politics, too, old man?"

"No; but it's been nothing but wind. Words—words—words—"

"And mutual abuse," broke in the Major, laughing. "Exactly; with nothing accomplished. Can't seem to throw much dust in the eyes of these old fossils."

"The truth is, Benson, the South has a hard, rough road before her to even things up with the North; we've got to go slow until some of the old fire-eaters die out and a new generation comes in."

"It'll be slow enough, never you fear. At present we are in a Slough of Despond; heaven knows when we'll get out



of it. My position in the Treasury brings the secret workings under my eye. I know."

"Slough!" retorted the Major; "call it a bog at once. And to think of the money we have lost for the Cause."

"And my exile abroad that my mix-up in the Lincoln assassination caused me. Do you know, Major, if it were known that I am my father's son, they'd hang me even now with little ceremony."

"Thank God they don't know it, my boy, and take courage."

"I'll get mine out of it by hook or by crook," replied Benson with a savage look. "The country owes me a fortune, and I'm bound to have it."

The two had reached the corner made historical by the time-honored political headquarters, Willard's Hotel. They paused before separating.

"By the by, Major, I'll get you cards for the Bowens' ball if you like. It would be a great chance for Amelia."

"If I like! Why, man, I'll be your everlasting debtor."

"Very well; consider it done."

"A thousand thanks." The friends parted.

General Benson entered the hotel, where he had apartments, and the Major wended his way to his home, a handsome house in a quiet side street.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE FAMILY OF A MILLIONAIRE.

Senator Zenas Bowen, newly elected senator from California, and many times a millionaire, occupied a mansion on 16th Street, N. W., in close proximity to the homes of many politicians who have made the city of Washington famous at home and abroad.

There were three persons in the Bowen family—the Honorable Zenas Bowen, his wife Estelle and his daughter Jewel. This was his second season in Washington. The first year he was in the House and his work there was so satisfactory

to his constituents that the next season he was elected with a great flourish of trumpets to fill the seat in the Senate, made vacant by a retiring senator.

The Honorable Zenas was an example of the possibilities of individual expansion under the rule of popular government. Every characteristic of his was of the self-made pattern. In familiar conversation with intimate friends, it was his habit to fall into the use of ungrammatical phrases, and, in this, one might easily trace the rugged windings of a life of hardship among the great unwashed before success had crowned his labors and steered his bark into its present smooth harbor. He possessed a rare nature: one of those genial men whom the West is constantly sending out to enrich society. He had begun life as a mate on a Mississippi steamboat. When the Civil War broke out, he joined the Federal forces, and at its close was mustered out as "Major Bowen." His wife dying about this time, he took his child, Jewel, and journeyed to California, invested his small savings in mining property in the Black Hills. His profits were fabulous; he counted his pile way up in the millions.

His appearance was peculiar. Middle height, lank and graceless. He had the hair and skin of an Indian, but his eyes were a shrewd and steely gray, wherein one saw the spirit of the man of the world, experienced in business and having that courage, when aroused, which is common to genial men of deadly disposition. Firm lips that suggested sternness gave greater character to his face, but his temper was known to be most mild. He dressed with scrupulous neatness, generally in black broadcloth. There was no denying his awkwardness; no amount of polish could make him otherwise. His relation to his family was most tender, his wife and daughter literally worshipping the noble soul that dwelt within its ungainly casket.

After Fortune had smiled on him, one

day while stopping at the Bohemian, a favorite resort in 'Frisco, he was waited on by a young woman of great beauty. The Senator fell in love with her immediately and at the end of a week proposed marriage. Fortunate it was for him that Estelle Marks, as she was called, was an honorable woman who would not betray his confidence. She accepted his offer, vowing he should never have cause to regret his act. One might have thought from her eager acceptance that in it she found escape, liberty, hope.

"Yes," she said, "I will marry you."

He was dazed. He could not speak for one moment so choked was he with ecstasy at his own good fortune. He covered his eyes with his hand, and then he said in a hoarse voice: "I swear to make you happy. My own happiness seems more than I can believe."

Then she stooped suddenly and kissed his hand. He asked her where she would like to live.

"Anywhere you think best," was her reply.

He assured her that the North Pole, Egypt, Africa,—all were one to him, with her and his little daughter. And so they were married.

He had never regretted the step. Estelle was a mother to the motherless child, and being a well-educated woman, versed in the usages of polite society, despite her recent position as a waitress in a hotel, soon had Jewel at a first-class school, where she could be fitted for the position that her father's wealth would give her. Nor did Estelle's good work end there. She recognized her husband's sterling worth in business and morals, and insisted upon his entering the arena of politics. Thanks to her cleverness, he made no mistakes and many hits which no one thought of tracing to his wife's rare talents. Not that Bowen was a fool; far from it. Mrs. Bowen simply fulfilled woman's mission in making her husband's career successful by the exercise of her own intuitive powers. His public

speeches were marked by rugged good sense. His advice was sagacious. He soon had enthusiastic partisans and became at last a powerful leader in the politics of the Pacific Slope. All in all, Mrs. Bowen was a grand woman and Senator Bowen took great delight in trying to further her plans for a high social position for himself and the child.

Jewel Bowen's beauty was of the Saxon type, dazzling fair, with creamy roseate skin. Her hair was fair, with streaks of copper in it; her eyes, gray with thick short lashes, at times iridescent. Her nose superbly Grecian. Her lips beautifully firm, but rather serious than smiling.

Jewell was not unconscious of her attractions. She had been loved, flattered, worshipped for twenty years. She was proud with the pride of conscious worth that demanded homage as a tribute to her beauty—to herself.

Her tastes were luxuriously simple; she reveled in the dainty accessories of the toilet. To the outside world her dress was severely plain, but her dressmaker's bill attested to the cost of her elegant simplicity.

It was but a short time since Jewel had been transported from her quiet Canadian convent into the whirl of Washington life, a splendid house, more pretty dresses than she could number, a beautiful mother, albeit a step-mother, more indulgent than most mothers, fairly adoring the sweet and graceful girl so full of youth's alluring charm, and a father who was the noblest, tenderest and wisest of men. But she was a happy-hearted girl, full of the joy of youth and perfect health. She presented a bright image to the eye all through the fall, as she galloped over the surrounding country on her thoroughbred mare, followed by her groom and two or three dogs yapping at her heels.

There was perfect accord between her and her step-mother. Mrs. Bowen shared the Senator's worship of Jewel. From

the moment the two had met and the child had held her little arms toward her, blinking her great gray eyes in the light that had awakened her from her slumbers, and had nestled her downy head in the new mother's neck with a sigh of content, almost instantly falling asleep again, with the words: "Oh, pitty, pitty lady!"

Estelle Bowen had kissed her passionately again and again, and from that time Jewel had been like her very own. The young step-mother trained the child carefully for five years, then very reluctantly sent her to the convent of the Sacred Heart at Montreal, where she had remained until she was eighteen. Then followed a year abroad, and her meeting with Cuthbert Sumner.

About this time events crowded upon each other in her young life. Her father's rise was rapid in the money world and, together with his political record, gave his family access to the wealthiest and most influential society of the country.

Cuthbert Sumner, her acknowledged lover, was an only child of New England ancestry favored by fortune like herself. His father, a wealthy manufacturer, was the owner of a business that had been in the Sumner family for many generations. His mother had died while he was yet a lad. It was a dull home. The son just leaving Harvard, had been expected to assume the responsibilities of his father's establishment, but having no taste for a commercial life, and being fitted by nature as well as education for a career in politics, his father reluctantly gave his consent that Cuthbert should have his wish after a few years spent in travel had acquainted him with the great world.

Mr. Sumner, senior, finding his son's desires still unchanged upon his return from abroad, used his influence and obtained for him a position in the Treasury as private secretary in General Benson's department. So young Sumner was duly launched upon the sea of politics. The world of fashion surged about him and

he soon found himself a welcome guest in certain homes. He had little leisure for society, but sought it more after he attended Jewel Bowen's "coming-out" reception, a year previous to this chronicle. There he had seen a maiden in white, her arms laden with fragrant flowers, with beautiful fearless eyes which looked directly into the secret depths of his heart.

Sumner was twenty-six and this was not his first experience with women. He had been in love with the sex, more or less, since the day he left off knee-breeches. As he looked into Jewel's eyes he remembered some of his experiences with a pang of regret. He was no better, no worse than most young fellows. He had played some, flirted some, had even been gloriously hilarious once, for all of which his conscience now whipped him soundly. Jewel looked upon him with mingled feelings, in which curiosity was uppermost. In her world money was the potent factor; but in this man she saw the result of generations of culture and wealth combined.

One afternoon when they were calling, about the time of her "coming-out" party, a friend of Mrs. Bowen had mentioned him: "Such a fascinating man! and so handsome! Will you let me bring him? He's a man you must know, of course, and the sooner the better."

"We shall be very pleased," Mrs. Bowen replied; "any friend of yours is welcome."

"Thanks. That's settled then."

"He looks very different from the most of the men one meets in Washington," remarked Jewel, who was examining the pictured face that smiled at her from its ornate frame on the mantel.

"How?"

"Oh, I don't know. More manly, I suppose would explain it."

"Wait till you know him," returned the matron with a meaning smile.

"Cuthbert Sumner," Jewel repeated to herself. Yes, they talk so much of him, all the women seem to have lost their

hearts to him. I wonder if he will, after all, be worth the knowing."

That was the beginning. The end was in sight from the time they first met. It was a desperate case on both sides. None was surprised at the announcement of the engagement the previous winter. It was understood that the wedding would take place at Easter.

"The Bowens are in town." That meant a vast deal to the important section of Washington's world which constitutes "society," for the splendid mansion, closed since the daughter's brief introduction to society, it was rumored, would be added to the list of places where one could dance, dine and flirt. Festivities were to open with a ball—a marvel of splendor, for which five hundred invitations had been issued.

Senator Bowen was walking down the avenue the next afternoon, on his way home, when he was joined by General Benson, who had developed lately a passion for his society. The two men frequented the same clubs and transacted much official business together, but there had been nothing approaching intimacy between them. If the shrewd Westerner had given expression to his secret thoughts they would have run somewhat in the following vein:

"Got a hang-dog look about that off eye which tells me he's a tarnation mean cuss on occasion. He's all good looks and soft sawder. However, that don't worry me any; it's none o' my funeral."

After the two men had exchanged the usual civilities, the latest political question looming up on the horizon was discussed; finally, the conversation turned upon the coming ball.

"By the by, Senator, I wish I dared ask for cards for a friend of mine and his daughter. They have just arrived in town for the season, and know no one. He, the father, is the newly-appointed president of the Arrow-head mines; the daughter is lovely; a fine foil for Miss

Jewel. Unexceptional people, and all that."

"Certainly, General," the Senator hastened to reply. "What address?"

With profuse thanks, General Benson handed him a card, on which appeared the name:

HENRY C. MADISON.

Corcoran Building. Washington, D. C.

"I will speak to Mrs. Bowen right away.

Mrs. Bowen and Jewel were enjoying a leisure hour before dinner, in lounging chairs before the blazing grate-fire in the former's sitting-room. There was a little purr of gratification from both women as they heard a well-known step in the hall.

"Well' here you both are," was Senator Bowen's greeting as he kissed his wife and daughter and flung himself wearily into a chair.

"Tired?" asked his wife.

"Yes, some of these dumb-headed aristocrats are worse to steer into a good paying bit of business for the benefit of the government treasury, than a bucking broncho."

"How late you are, papa," here broke in Jewel from her perch on her father's knee, where she was diligently searching his pockets. It had been her custom from babyhood, and never yet had her search been unrewarded.

"I'd have been here earlier only I met General Benson and he always has so many questions to ask, especially about my little lass, that he kept me no end of time."

"Don't be wicked, papa," smiled Jewel, "because you spoil me; you think everyone must see with your eyes."

"Ah! pet; it's just wonderful how well all the old and young single fellows know me since you have grown up. But we won't listen to 'em just yet, Blossom; not even Sumner shall part us for a good bit; your pa just can't lose you for a good spell, I reckon."

"No man shall part us, dad ; if he takes me, he must take the whole family," replied Jewel with a loving pat on the sal-low cheek.

"We'll see, we'll see. There's another bid for an invite to your shin-dig," he continued, with a laugh, as he tossed the card given him by General Benson into his wife's lap. It's mighty pleasant to be made much of ; it's worth while getting rich just to see how money can change the complexion of things, and how cordial the whole world can be to one man if he's got the spondulix."

"My dear Zenas," said Mrs. Bowen, with a shake of her head and a comical smile on her face, "don't talk the vernacular of the gold mines here in Washington. You'll be eternally disgraced."

"Well, Mrs. Senator, I've fit the enemy, tackled grizzlies, starved, been locked up in the pens of Libby Prison, and I've come out first best every time, but this thing you call society beats me. The women make me dizzy, the men make me sick, and a mighty little of it makes me ready to quit, fairly squashed. Them's my sentiments."

A cry of delight broke from Jewel,— "O dad!" as she brought to view a package in a white paper. Mrs. Bowen left her seat to join in the frolic that ensued to gain possession of it. At last the mysterious bundle was unwrapped, the box opened and a pearl necklace brought to view of wonderful beauty and value. The senator's eyes were full of the glint and glister of love and pride as he watched the faces of his wife and daughter. After a moment he brought out another package, which he gave to his wife.

"There, Mrs. Senator, there's your diamond star you've been pining after for a month. I ordered them quite a while ago ; happened to be passing Smith's and stopped in, found 'em ready and here they be. What women see in such gew-gaws is a puzzler to me. I can tolerate such hankering in a young 'un, but being you're not a chicken, Mrs. Senator,

and not in the market, and still good looking enough to make any man restless with no ornaments but a clean calico frock, your fancies are a conundrum to yours truly. But these women folks must be humored, I suppose."

With this the Senator plunged into his dressing-room, which adjoined his wife's sitting-room, and began the work of dressing for dinner and the theatre.

"Cuthbert coming?" he called to his daughter, who still lingered.

"Yes, papa."

"Jewel, dear, have Venus be particular with your toilet tonight ; I will overlook you when she has finished."

"That the name of your new maid, Blossom?" the Senator's voice demanded. There were many grunts, groans and growls issuing from the privacy where his evening toilet was progressing because of refractory collar buttons and other unruly accessories.

"Yes, papa."

"Hump! Name enough to hang her : Venus, the goddess of love and beauty! Can she earn her salt?"

He appeared at the door now struggling into an evening vest. He employed no man, declaring no valley de chamber should boss him around. He'd always been free and didn't propose to end his days in slavery to any slick-pated fashion-plate who didn't know the color of gold from the inside of a brass kettle.

"I don't know what I would do without her. I have been intending to speak to you for some time concerning her brother. He is a genius, and Venus has given up her hopes of becoming a school teacher among her people to earn money to help develop his talents. Can't we do something for them, papa?" I have said nothing to her yet."

"Hump! You're always picking up lame animals, Blossom ; from a little shaver it's been the same. If you keep it up in Washington, you'll have all the black beggars in the city ringing the area bell. However, I'll look the matter

up. If the girl ain't too proud to go out as a servant to help herself along, there may be something in her."

## CHAPTER XI.

### WHO IS SHE?

At eight that evening—Theatre was filled to overflowing, for Modjeska was to interpret the heart-breaking story of "Camille." Senator Bowen and his handsome wife; Jewel and Cuthbert Sumner occupied a box, and were watching intently the mimic portrayal of life. Jewel was listening earnestly to Modjeska's words; the grand rendering of the life story of a passionate, loving, erring, noble woman's heart touched her deeply. The high-bred grace, the dainty foreign accent, the naturalness of the actress, held her in thrall and she did not take her eyes from the stage. As the curtain went down on the second act she lifted her glass and slowly scanned the house. Suddenly she paused with a heart that throbbed strangely. Directly across from her sat a woman—young in years, but with the mature air of a woman of the world. "Surely," thought Jewel, "I know that face." The girl had a woman's voluptuous beauty with great dusky eyes and wonderful red-gold hair. Her dress of moss-green satin and gold fell away from snowy neck and arms on which diamonds gleamed. Just then Sumner uttered an exclamation of surprise. He had turned, almost at the same moment with Jewel, and swept a careless glance over the house, bowing to several, mostly well-known people either by profession or social standing, but had declined to see more than one fair one's invitation. Passing, as it were, a box on the left, his glance had rested on a face that instantly arrested it and caused him to exclaim. An elderly man sat with the vision of loveliness. In repose the girl's face lost some of its beauty and seemed care-worn; one felt impressed that girlhood's innocence had not remained untouched.

The lady was watching their box intently, and seeing herself discovered smiled a brilliant smile of recognition as she inclined her head in Sumner's direction holding his glance for one instant in a way that seemed to call him to her side. He bowed, then turned his head away with a feeling of confusion that annoyed him. He did not offer to go to her, however.

"Do you know her? Who is she, Cuthbert?" asked Jewel, intercepting both smile and bow.

"It is Miss Madison," he replied, lifting his glass nonchalantly. "I did not know she was in Washington. I have not seen her for three years. Looking remarkably well, is she not?"

"She is glorious! Her face somehow seems familiar to me. I must have met her. Have you seen much of her?"

"Can't say that I have. Met her at a ball at Cape May. But I found the place so dull I packed up and went home. After that I went abroad. Then I met a sweet little woman who has led me captive at her chariot wheels ever since."

Then followed some talk dear to the souls of lovers and the beauty opposite was forgotten. But throughout the next act Jewel felt her heart contract as the dusk eyes followed her movements with a restless, smouldering fire in their depths that pained her to see.

Amelia Madison watched the box opposite with hungry intensity. She was studying Jewel's face mentally saying: "There is not another woman in the house like her. She is like a strain of Mozart, a spray of lilies. My God! how he looks at her—he never looked at me like that! He respects her; he worships her—"

She sank back in breathless misery.

Aurelia Madison and Cuthbert Sumner had met one summer at Cape May. They had loved and been betrothed; had quarreled fiercely over a flirtation on her part and had separated in bitterness and pain; and yet the man was relieved way down in a corner of his heart for he had felt

dimly, after the first rapture was over, that he was making a mistake, that she was not the woman to command the respect of his friends nor to bring him complete happiness. Yet after a fashion she fascinated him. Her grace, her beauty, thrilled his blood with rapture that he thought then was Love. Love came to him a later guest, and the purity and tenderness of Jewel's sweet face blotted out forever the summer splendor of Aurelia Madison's presence. Now it was all over; he knew he had never loved her, and that he was fortunate to have found it out in time.

No one knew of this episode in Aurelia Madison's life. Her father had been away on one of his periodical tours, and the girl was accountable to none but an old governess who acted as chaperone.

Since that time she had led a reckless life. Had lived at Monte Carlo two seasons, aiding her father in his games of chance, luring the gilded youth to lose their money without murmuring. Hers had been a precarious life and a dangerous one. Sometimes they were reduced to expedients. But through it all the girl held her peace, set her teeth hard, and waited for the day when she should again meet Cuthbert Sumner, trusting to the effect of her great beauty, and the fact that he had once loved her passionately, to re-establish her power over the man she worshipped. Once his wife, she told herself, she would shake off all her hideous past and become an honest matron. Honesty she viewed as a luxury for the wealthy to enjoy. Thank heaven, Cuthbert Sumner's wife could afford to be honest. They had met again, but how? All her hopes were dust.

Now she saw Jewel lift her eyes to his with devotion, love and faith in them; she saw him look down eagerly, with truest, tenderest love. The last act was on. She could bear it no longer, but rose impatiently, with rage and hatred in her heart, and attended by her father, left the house. When next Jewel stole a glance

in the direction of the stranger her place was empty.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A PLOT FOR TEN MILLIONS.

It was near nine o'clock the next morning and General Benson was still invisible. His colored valet was moving about noiselessly, making ready for his master. Breakfast was on the table in its silver covers. A bell rang; Isaac disappeared.

General Benson's renown as a great social leader rested, not only on his lavish expenditure and luxurious style of living at Willard's Hotel, where he monopolized one of the most expensive suites, but upon his mental and physical attributes as well. The ladies all voted him a charming fellow. He had a remarkably sweet and caressing voice, which added to his attractions. The many women to whom he had vowed eternal fidelity at one moment, only to abandon heartlessly the next at the rise of a new star in the firmament of beauty, sighed and wept at his defection and voted him the most perfect lover imaginable. It was hinted that one girl had committed suicide solely on his account. But still the ladies believed in his professions.

The members of the various clubs that he affected acknowledged him to be an admirable card-player, a good horseman, an expert with sword or revolver, as well as an unusually agreeable companion in a search after pleasure; generous, too, with his money. But with all his popularity and increase of fame, his fortune declined, and he found himself at the present time embarrassed for money, his capital growing smaller each month in spite of a large salary. Debts of honor must be met, and to keep a good name one's opponent must sometimes win. Then, too, he was growing old; he car-

ried his years well, but fifty was looming perilously near.

He and his friend Major Henry Clay Madison, President of the Arrow-Head Mining Company of Colorado, newly established in the city, had a mutual interest in the great scheme that was to make the fortunes of the different shareholders, but even the generous payments he received as his share of the profits made out of verdant men of means who became easy prey because of General Benson's sweet persuasive voice and exalted position in the political world, failed to assist him out of his financial dilemma. Within a month a new scheme had entered his mind,—one that dazzled him the possibilities were so great, a scheme which if successfully handled would put millions in the pockets of a trio of unscrupulous adventurers,—Major Madison and his daughter and himself.

As the clock chimed nine, General Benson entered the room and seated himself at the breakfast table. A moment later his valet informed him that Major and Miss Madison wished to see him.

"Very well; show them in, at once."

Presently the valet ushered them in. The major we have mentioned before; he was short, stout, more than fifty, with gray hair and ferret-like eyes, close-set, and a greenish-gray of peculiar ugliness; a close observer would take exception to them immediately. He was scrupulously attired in the height of fashion. He was accompanied by the strange beauty who had attended the theatre the night before.

"Well, General, you sent for us and here we are. How are you?" was the major's greeting as he shook hands with General Benson and then flung himself into an arm-chair.

"Very well, indeed, thanks, Madison. What is it indeed you, Aurelia?" he exclaimed on beholding the girl. "How delightful to have you with us once again!"

The lady inclined her head slightly in answer to her host's warm greeting, ignored his offered hand, and subsided

onto a chair with a preoccupied air, a slight frown puckering her forehead.

"Don't mind Aurelia, General; she's mooning as usual," laughed her father.

"You are looking very fit, Major," remarked Benson, recovering from the confusion caused by Aurelia's coolness. "Have a B. and S.?"

"Don't care if I do."

Benson poured a brandy-and-soda for his guest and another for himself; passed the cigars to him and the cigarettes to Miss Madison. She took one, lit it, and drew away in a manner that showed her keen enjoyment. A smile passed over Benson's face as he covertly watched her.

"Well, Madison," the General said, after a few moments' enjoyment of the weed, "I sent for you to come here this morning on a matter of business, because I shall not be able to call on you at any time today, for I may have to go out of town at any moment on some confounded office business. It's a nuisance, I say. The office interferes too much with a man's pleasure. If my plans succeed I'll cut the whole thing."

"Indeed! I imagine we are mutually interested when you speak of 'business.' You're not ruined I take it. Do you want to borrow money of me?" said the Major with a laugh as he drew his chair a trifle closer to his friend. The lady evinced no interest in the conversation.

"On the contrary, I wish to offer you a chance to make some."

"You are extremely kind, Benson; you could not have chosen a more opportune time for your offer. Will you believe it—I was compelled to part with a diamond pin this morning," replied Madison, touching his polished shirt-front. "But what can I do for you?"

"Since we joined forces, Madison, on the strictly respectable basis, we have gained fame and influence, and but little money. It takes money to maintain our position, and plenty of it. This you know. I have studied the situation and



am convinced that our only surety for providing for the future lies in a coup that shall net us millions, on which we may retire."

"Yes, but how to get it," replied Madison with a mournful shake of the head. "Work is not in our line, unsafe expedients are dangerous and not to be thought of. I do not fancy running my head into a noose. One can't do much but go straight here, and money's a scarce article."

"Be patient. You need have no apprehension that I shall suggest anything dangerous, Madison; though the time was when you were the risky one and I the one to hesitate," with a significant uplifting of the eyebrows.

"True; but time has changed my ideas. I have a hankering for respectability that amounts to a passion."

"Remain as respectable as you wish, my friend; I have a legitimate scheme that will make us masters of ten millions! No risk; nothing necessary but judicious diplomacy."

Miss Madison had evinced no interest until now, but at the words "ten millions" uttered by this man whom she knew to be practical, astute in business and no dreamer, she seemed to awaken from her lethargy. She retained her self-possession, however, and maintained her unruffled calm, remarking carelessly, even sarcastically: "May I ask the nature of the plan, General, and where my usefulness comes in?"

"I was about to explain that point, my dear; but first permit me to ask a question,—has the idea of acquiring a fortune by a wealthy marriage ever occurred to you?"

"Yes, I admit it has. But you know too well my reasons for hesitating in such a course."

Benson moved uneasily in his seat, and for a moment his eyes dropped under the steady gaze that the girl bent upon him—eyes large, dreamy, melting, dazzling the senses, but at this moment bale-

ful. A dull flush mounted to his brow.

"See here, Aurelia, have you tried to find an opportunity?"

"Possibly," she answered coldly.

"And you met with no success?"

"Evidently not, as I am single."

"Then your efforts were misdirected."

"Do you think so?" mockingly.

"Most assuredly I do. Your attention was bestowed upon men for whom you had conceived a real liking. That is not the way to bring success in such a venture.

"It is the wrong lead for a woman like me,—an adventuress, to forget her position for one instant and allow her heart to guide her head. What fool wrote 'Poverty is no crime?' I know of none greater. It is responsible for every crime committed under the sun. It is a foul curse!"

"Why, Aurelia, girl, what has come to you this morning? You talk like a man with the blue devils after losing all night at poker," said her father.

Her answer was a shrug of her handsome shoulders as she resumed her listless attitude.

"Listen to me; I will unfold a scheme that shall remove the curse of poverty, and give you for a husband a man who will fill the bill, heart and all."

He rose, approached the mantel, and turning his back upon it, rested both elbows on the marble—a position which brought him face to face with his guests, and asked: "Are you acquainted with Cuthbert Sumner?"

"Know him by sight and reputation. Clerk in your department," replied Madison. Aurelia did not speak, but a flush came into her face, a light to her eyes. One might have felt the thrill that passed over her form.

"What do you think of him?"

"He's all right; a genial fellow, but careful not to go too far; handsome, too, by Jove. No money, though?"

"O yes," nodded Benson. "Only in the department for experience in political

life. His father's very wealthy. New England manufacturer."

"Indeed!"

"He's the one I've picked out for our lady here."

"But he's engaged," broke in Aurelia.

"Exactly. And that brings me to the rest of the scheme. Sumner is about to marry Bowen's daughter. By the way, Aurelia, you got the cards for the ball, did you not?" Aurelia bowed in assent.

"Jewel Bowen is the Senator's only child, and his heiress. She will receive ten millions upon her wedding day. What I propose is that Aurelia fascinate the gentleman, thus leaving the field clear for me. I have taken a decided fancy to Miss Bowen and her fortune. If I succeed there is a million for you, Madison, and another for Aurelia. Sumner, too, has pots of money, and we shall all be able to settle down into quiet respectability. What do you think of my plan?"

"By Jove, Benson," blurted out Major Madison, fairly thunder-struck at the magnificence of the vista opened before him, "what a splendid idea! how admirably you have planned things!" Benson nodded and smiled:

"All remains with Aurelia, and certainly with her magnificent beauty to help us, we need fear no failure."

"Spare me your compliments. This is probably your last chance, General. So you think I can win this Mr. Sumner from his betrothed?" she said.

"Precisely."

"That is a droll idea. Do you think—"

"I think, I repeat, that you can easily make the person referred to sufficiently in love with you to do anything you ask."

Suppose he proves obdurate? What

then? You cannot judge all men alike."

"Break the engagement, if you can do nothing more. During a fit of insanity, if it lasts but a week, an hour even, you will have ample time to accomplish my desires."

"And then?"

"I will look after mademoiselle. It will make no difference to you. Your compensation will be my affair. It is only his money that you would want."

"Oh, I see!" There was a world of sarcasm in the three words uttered by a smiling mouth. "My dear General, you are indeed a marvel! No one knows better than you how to make love to a young girl."

"You are the cleverest woman I know, Aurelia. I knew you would comprehend the situation perfectly." After a moment's reflection the girl replied: "Yes, I think I'll try it. It will probably be announced before long that the marriage is broken off. I will earn my million, never fear. I shall, doubtless, find it an agreeable task."

"And a husband, too, my girl," added her father.

"Perhaps."

"Are we to be intimate friends or simply business acquaintances?" asked the Major of General Benson.

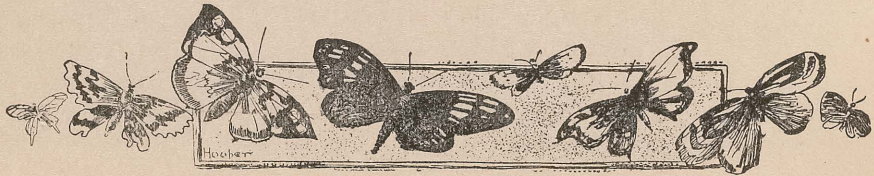
"Business friends will be best. Let us have no appearance of collusion."

"When shall we see you again?" asked the Major as they rose to go.

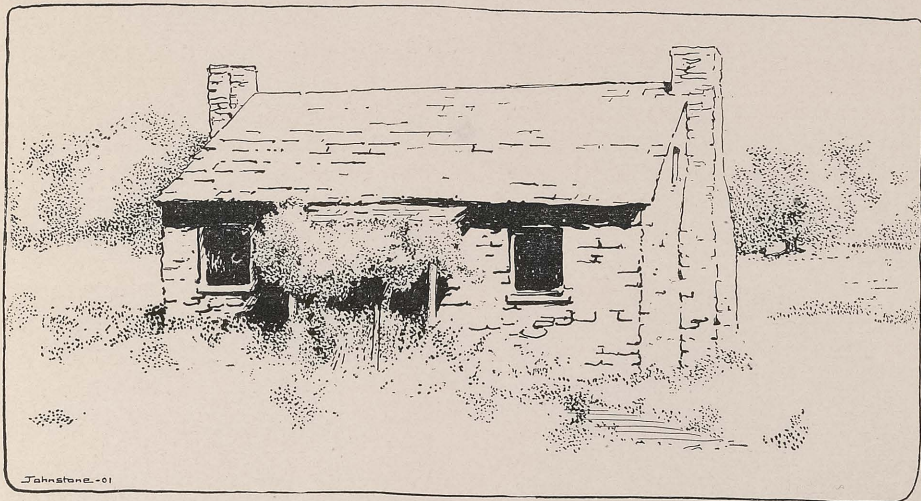
"Just as soon as you have something to tell me. How fortunate that Aurelia has never been introduced to Washington society. She will take the place by storm."

Then the friends separated.

(To be Continued.)



# TO MY OLD HOME



Richard · Cecil · Rogers

Dear old weather beaten cabin,  
Thy roof lets in the rain,  
Thy windows where I used to sit  
Are void of every pane.  
But around those shattered windows,  
The air is sweet as wine,  
And the burly buzzing bumble-bee  
Flits round the flowery vine.

Dear old forsaken cabin,  
With your rude fireplace wide,  
My heart is almost breaking  
For a seat at thy fireside.  
My heart is aching, aching—  
For the home I loved so dear,  
For the old wood fire so cheering,  
And my old shuck-bottomed chair.

Dear old deserted cabin,  
Not a spark thy fireplace warms ;  
And the rude old walls that sheltered me  
Are open to the storms.  
But still I love you better—  
Than any spot on earth,  
For 'tis to thee, rude cabin,  
I owe my humble birth.

## THE PREVAILING STYLES FOR EARLY SUMMER.

MME. RUMFORD, NEW YORK CITY.

The Summer Girl will be glad to know that the shirt-waist reappears with a very slight alteration, yet the change is sufficient to be noted by the "Ladies of Fashion."



MME. RUMFORD, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The variations in the old and new shirt-waist are principally in the sleeve. The sleeve being mostly cut in one piece and fitted to the arm by one seam; it fits rather close from shoulder to elbow, and broadens gradually from elbow to wrist, where the fullness is gathered and finished with a cuff or wrist-band made of tucking, edged with narrow lace or some contrasting material. The regulation sleeve will also be worn again in a slightly modified form. The cuffs will be straight and narrower than those of last season, measuring in width not more than three inches.

The fancier waist appears with a more dressy sleeve, a model that has an upper three-quarter length sleeve, to which is joined the full puff or under sleeve, finished with a narrow cuff that turns back from the hand.

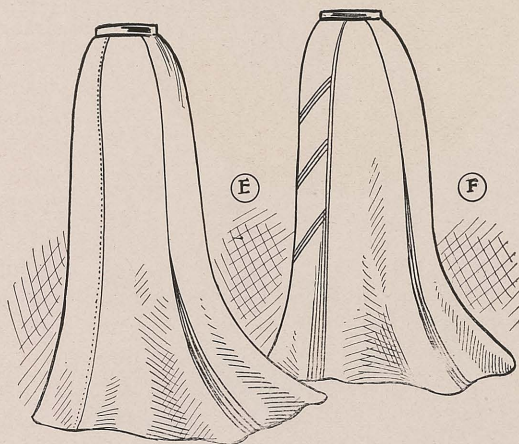
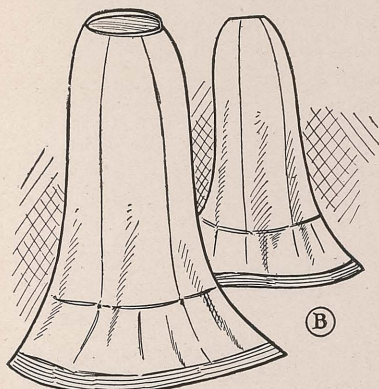
Collars of the same material as the waist are worn. They are the plain standing, surmounted by a turn-over collar of about one inch. The white linen collar that the "Shirt-waist Girl" so hates to part with, will also be worn.

Trimmings will be very lavishly applied again, particularly on the silk waist. Those made of organdy, lawn, swiss and nainsook, will appear with alternate tucking, edged with lace and lace inserting in the front; the back will also be tucked from the neck down, and fitted smoothly in at the belt, which gives a slim, graceful appearance to the wearer.

The tailor shirt-waist will be the most desirable for general wear, the back of which is smooth fitting across the shoulders with a very little fulness at the waist line; the fronts are either gathered or plaited at the neck (the yoke does not appear). The right front is finished with a narrow plait, through which the closing is effected by means of button-holes instead of studs. The fulness at the waist line of front blouses slightly over the belt, which is carried very low to emphasize the much-admired dip that is fully two inches lower in front. This waist is worn mostly over the low bust corset, which gives that effective curve so much admired by the fashionable women. The desirable material for the tailor shirt-waist will be duck, linen pique and cotton cheviots; also, mercerized chambray, oxford and pamama, which are new and very desirable. Gingham in plain stripes and old-time shot effects

will be very popular. Scotch flannel is less expensive than the French and makes a very charming waist for seashore, golf and other out-door sports. Lilac, violet blue, lavender and heliotrope

The up-to-date taffeta skirt will be worn with the dainty white shirt-waist, such as French dotted Swiss and mouseline-de-soie. The taffeta skirt will be more worn than any previous season. It

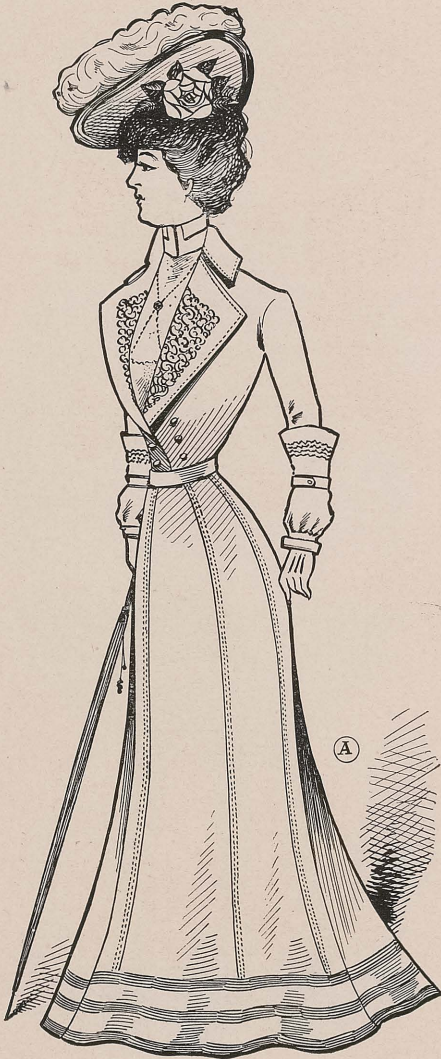


DESIGNED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, BY MME. RUMFORD.

will be the colors worn in early summer. Turquoise, Delft porcelain, sapphire, old blue, dove, gray, old rose and a variety of pinks follow, with delicious greens in seseda, emerald, apple sea-foam and leaf shades, in mid-summer.

will be more elaborately trimmed with a very wide flare at the bottom, completely hiding the feet. The smartest skirts will have a heavily appliqued Spanish flounce over accordion plaited ruffles, edged with black chenille. The skirt above the

flounce will consist of five hem-stitched tucks all around, fitted closely over the hips and finished with an inverted box plait at the back. This skirt will be very expensive, but not more so than beauti-



DESIGNED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, BY MME. RUMFORD.

ful. The tailor skirt will also be tucked; in fact, throughout the season tucking will be fashionable for both skirt and waist.

The latest eton has an attractive little

vest made of a contrasting color to that used for the remainder of the jacket. Etons of wash material will have vests of embroidery.

The favored costume for the June bride will be made of soft transparent material, such as white silk, dotted mull and silk organdy over white corded silk. Bridal roses will be used, being preferred this season to orange blossoms. The princess skirt will be used for weddings and receptions.

Figure A portrays a handsome walking costume of electric green venetian cloth, trimmed with maroon velvet bands and heavy ecru lace over electric green silk and ornamented with gold buttons.

Figure B shows a seven-gored skirt with Spanish flounce, with a narrow ruffle of lace or a band of gimp at the bottom. To be made of wash goods, such as Scotch, silk, gingham and German linen. A front and back view of a very unique jacket for street wear is shown on Figure C. It can be made with any desirable shade of cloth, with gold buttons, a high standing collar and narrow velvet cuffs. This jacket, made of red kersey and finished with black velvet, is very stylish. White lawn and Swiss are used to develop the shirt-waist on Figure D. It can be made with or without the fitted body lining. This waist is tucked back and front; pearl buttons add the decoration.

Figures E and F—Ladies' five gored flare skirts, finished with an inverted box plait at the back. Skirt on Figure F is decorated with three straps of velvet at the left side. These skirts will be used for street wear with shirt-waists of different material.

#### "MILLINERY."

The milliner windows were never so much admired as they are this season. The models are the most skilful ever before produced.



DESIGNED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, BY MME. RUMFORD.

The flat hat being the leading fad, the toque turban and bonnet have been superseded. At present it is unquestionably a rival to all other styles of head dress. One of the most attractive hats are made of several layers of different colored tulle, which gives a glacé effect, both novel and attractive. The black tulle, dotted with gold and silver, and dotted white malines are much admired for this style of hat. Exquisite foliage, leaves of gold and silver, transparent tissue, are used for trimmings also, mingled with white or black crepe lisse roses, peonies, or poppies with gilt stamens.

A very charming way of using these flowers is to cover the outer brim of the hat completely, from the lower portion of the crown out to the extreme edge of the brim. The flat hat, turned back from the front with a crown of foliage, leaves of gold and silver; the brim of pink tulle edged with black velvet, with a wreath of pink roses on the underneath part of brim, running from centre front to centre of left side, where the brim turns down gradually to the back, the lower edge of brim fits closely to the hair; this is very becoming and smart for the pompadour girl. The aigrette is trying to make its appearance again, but it is very evident that the flowers are preferable.

The black and white hat is always admired. They will be worn this season as they have been in the foregoing seasons. One of the most beautiful creations will consist of four layers of white tulle, edged with narrow bands of black velvet ribbon. The crown will have white lace over black tulle with two large plumes of black and white reaching from the front edge of brim to the back on either side, turned slightly from the left side with a large rosette of white tulle sur-

mounted with black lace. The stems of the plumes will be concealed under a large jeweled buckle.

The black toque will be almost completely covered with white roses and black ribbon bows, or rosettes covered with white lace. Ribbons will be used very extensively for trimmings, wide ribbon being the most desirous. The gossamer and liberty satins being the most favored, there is also a new gossamer known as "gaze satin." This is as light as gauze, with a satin finish and is very easily draped. In many of the hats of light blue, pink and butter color, bows of black velvet ribbon will be seen passed through gilt buckles, which make a very attractive hat.

Hat No. I., on our illustrated page, is a charming creation of three layers of butter-colored tulle, over a wire frame, with a large rosette of narrow black velvet ribbon between the second and third layer on the right side; a flat crown of black lace straw with a large white rose in front.

Hat No. II. is of black straw with a very fluffy band of tucked blue mull, with dip both back and front, and finished with a large buckle on the right side. This is very jaunty and is used for outing purposes.

No. III. is a model of white straw, faced with four bands of royal purple velvet, with a wreath of white crush roses extending from centre front to back on the left side, with a large bow of purple velvet ribbon on the right. The shape is a slight improvement on the walking hat.

Hat No. IV. is black chip straw of Neapolitan style trimmed with black ostrich feathers which fall over the brim to the front, with a large bunch of violets on the left side, which make a very dressy hat.





HERE AND THERE.

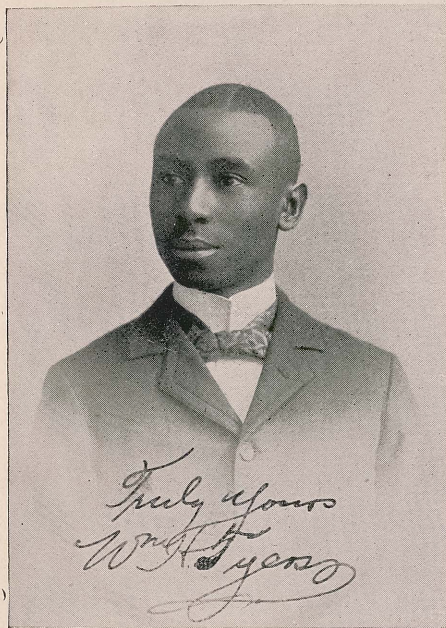
[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout the country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

One of the most interesting personalities of the South is James C. Stith of Norfolk, Va., artist and dramatic reader.

Mr. Stith has painted a number of pictures, the best known of which are the portrait of James Barrow Hope, founder of the Norfolk Landmark; a Bohemian character sketch entitled "What They

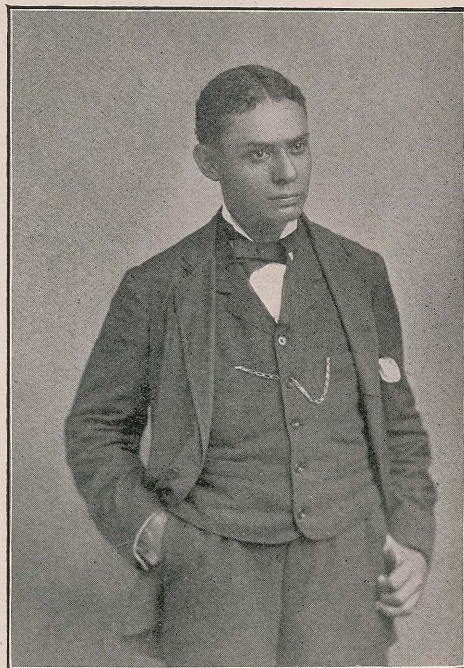
fore the most cultured audiences of the South, notably at Old Point, Va., where he appeared as Richard III. before the guests of the Hotel Chamberlin.

His conception of the "Raven" is a wonderful interpretation of that weird and startling literary delirium. He



WILLIAM H. TYERS, NEW YORK CITY.

(SEE PAGE 146.)



JAMES C. STITH, NORFOLK, VA.

Saw In The Morning," which was exhibited at the Atlanta Exhibition, receiving much favorable comment, and "Morning Watch," exhibited in Norfolk, Va., and sold by Vickery & Co.

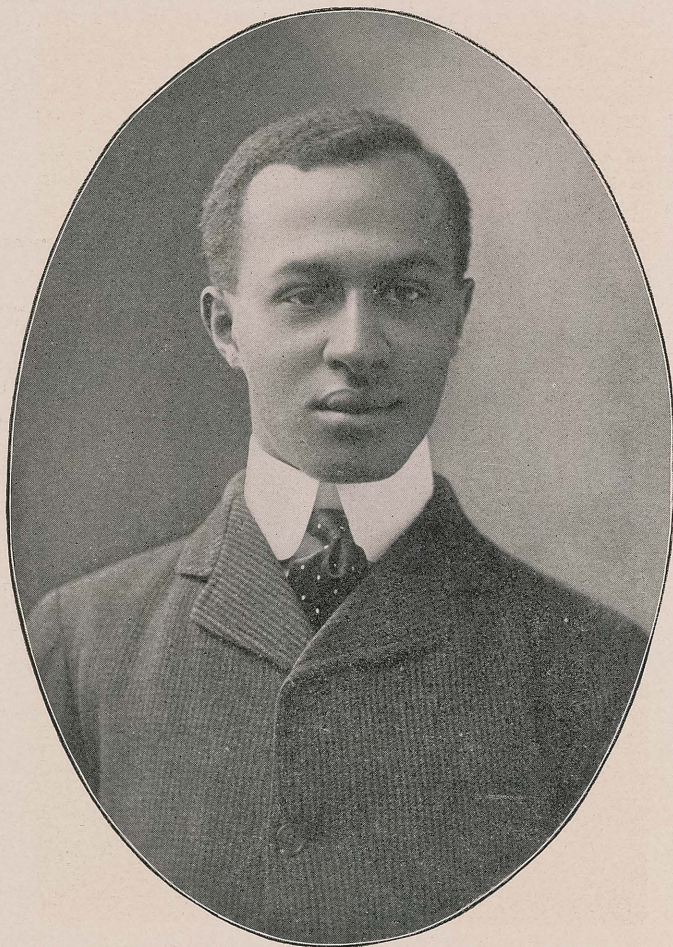
It is, however, as a dramatist and impersonator that Mr. Stith is best known. He is an enthusiastic Shakesperian student and has rendered his conception of some of the great bards characters, be-

makes you see with powerful realism the dream pictures of that mysterious poem as perhaps no one else has done, and leaves you deep in the "Shadow that shall be lifted never more."

Mr. Stith is an honorable member of the celebrated Friday Night Club of Portsmouth, Va., and it is before this club that his best dramatic studies have been produced.

MR. FREDERICK BONNER, who this year graduates from Yale College, received his elementary training in the Winchester public grammar school and graduated among the brightest of his class, as class speaker, in '92. He en-

quality was soon observed in Mr. Bonner even while in the High School, and his fellow students showed him their appreciation by conferring the honor of Class Orator upon him, which he most successfully carried out, winning the



FREDERICK BONNER. A GRADUATE OF YALE COLLEGE, CLASS OF '01.

tered the Hillhouse High School in the following autumn, and while there steadily advanced in his studies and had the further honor of being elected a member of the Glee Club, as first tenor.

Mr. Bonner is a most fluent speaker and possesses a quality of oratory that makes his addresses very popular. This

good wishes and congratulations of all who heard him. Mr. Bonner graduated in June, 1896.

He entered Yale College with the class of 1901. During his course he distinguished himself by taking second prize in elocution in his sophomore year.

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Mr. Bonner is energetic and efficient and is highly recommended by the Faculty of the College as a bright young man with a very prosperous future before him.

There are seven in the present Freshman class. Mr. Hawkins comes from Baltimore, Md., where he prepared for college. Having spent three years in the college preparatory, and one year in the college department of Morgan College,



M. A. HAWKINS. A GRADUATE OF HARVARD COLLEGE, CLASS OF '01.

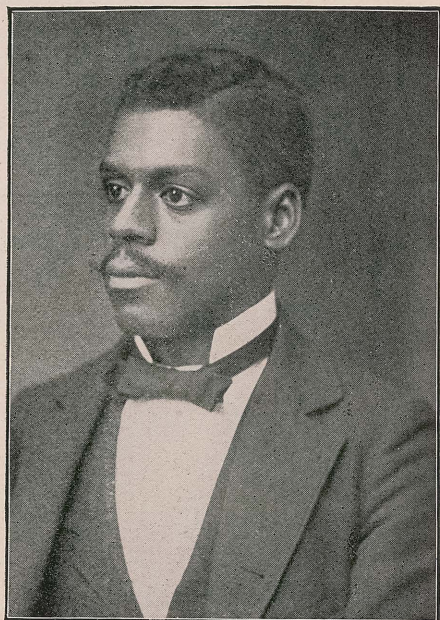
MR. M. A. HAWKINS, who this year graduates from Harvard College, holds a unique position, in that he is the only man of color in the graduation class of three hundred and eighty-eight members. This condition is not likely to be repeated after next year, since two or more Negroes are entering in every Freshman class.

he entered Harvard in the fall of 1897 with the class of 1901. He graduates with the degree of A.B.

It gives us pleasure to present this month a most striking likeness of Bob Cole, the senior member of the firm of Cole & Johnson. More people will remember Mr. Cole as the funny tramp,



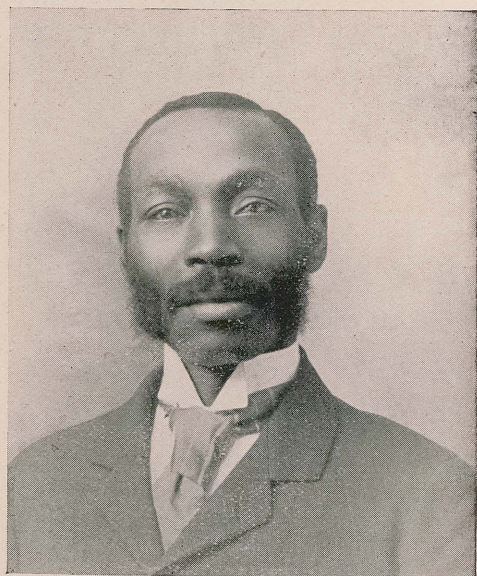
HARRY L. FREEMAN,  
Cleveland, O.  
(See page 147.)



E. A. LONG,  
Christiansburg Industrial Institute.  
(See page 146.)



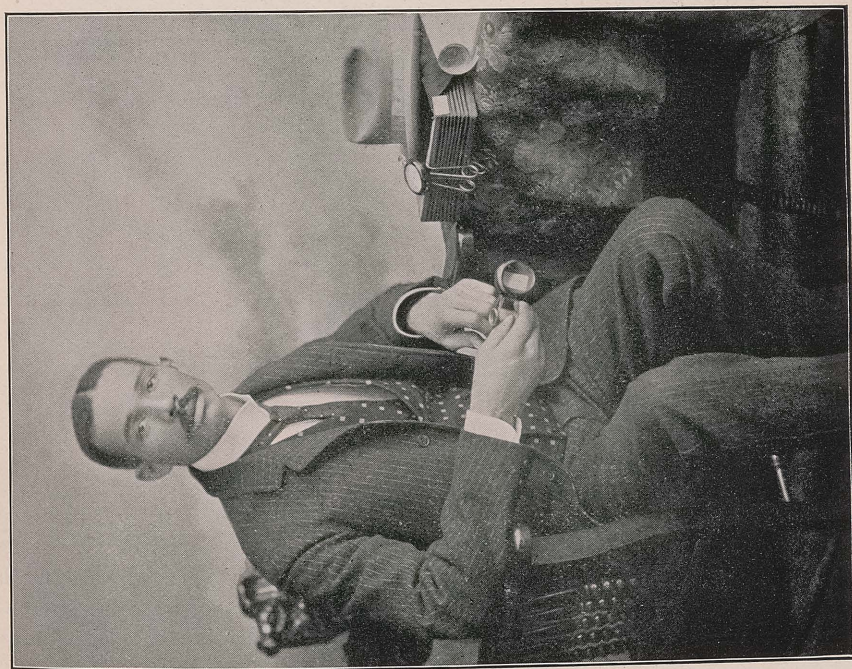
MRS. J. W. PETERSON,  
Buffalo, N. Y.  
(See page 145.)



J. W. PETERSON,  
Buffalo, N. Y.  
(See page 145.)



REV. W. G. AVANT, NEW BERNE, N. C.  
(See page 148.)



J. D. WILLIAMS, DETROIT, MICH.  
(See page 147.)

who says so many strikingly funny things and performs so many grotesque and nimble dance steps in that funny play, "A Trip to Coontown."

Mr. Cole is a Southerner by birth. Born and raised in Georgia and a student of the Atlanta University, Mr. Cole's

will be "The Negro and the Stage." This will appear in the July number of this magazine. Mr. Cole's standing in the front ranks of our public men will add great interest to his articles.

Miss Edna Alexander, whose portrait



BOB COLE.

happiest moments are when speaking of his many friends and endearing reminiscences of Southland, recalling scenes and rehearsing incidents of his childhood and college life.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE has secured a series of articles from Mr. Cole's pen, the first of which to appear

appears in this issue, is a most interesting personage. Young in years, possessed with the most impressive style of Oriental beauty of face, with a figure like unto a Milo Venus, a wreath of raven tresses of the Indian maiden type and with a voice which rings with marvelous sweetness. All the above blessings, which

it has been Miss Alexander's good fortune to inherit, she bears with such unassuming and unaffected good grace, that one is wonderfully impressed at her simplicity.

When the representative of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE called on

"Just a few facts about your birth, parents, school-life, stage-life, and future intentions. I am sure they would prove doubly interesting, Miss Alexander, to your admiring public," assured the interviewer.

"I have always been under the im-



MISS EDNA ALEXANDER.

her at the residence of the Misses Hodges, where she resided during her engagement here with "A Trip to Coontown" at the Grand Theatre in Boston, he found that she exhibited the same degree of modesty that her "paler sisters" do when they are asked to tell something of themselves.

pression that the public would much rather hear me sing than talk," she answered, "but as you insist, I might as well begin at once and rid myself of the ordeal. I was born in Woodstock, Canada; soon after which my parents moved to Toledo, O., thence to Chicago, where I spent most of my school-life. It was



DR. R. EMMETT JONES,  
Richmond, Va.  
(See page 149.)

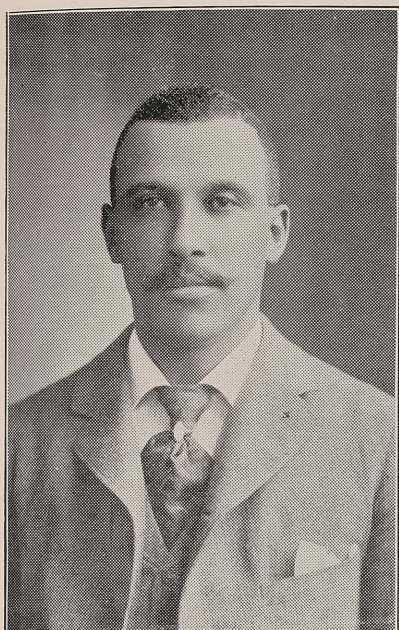


MRS. ANNA WELLS FITTS,  
Chicago, Ill.  
(See page 154.)



BUILDING OF THE WOMAN'S CENTRAL LEAGUE TRAINING SCHOOL,  
Richmond, Va. (See page 148.)





A. C. HOWARD,  
Chicago, Ill.  
(See page 149.)



MISS GERTRUDE M. MOORE,  
Chicago, Ill.  
(See page 152.)



MRS. GEO. W. ALEXANDER,  
Chicago, Ill.  
(See page 150.)



GEO. PALMER,  
Chicago, Ill.  
(See page 151.)



FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL DELAROCHE.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

(SEE PAGE 113.)

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as a member of Quin Chapel choir that I first discovered I could sing a little.

"My mother soon placed me under competent teachers. I was delighted at having a chance to study music. I studied hard, and was soon rewarded for my pains by being promoted to leading soprano in Quin Chapel choir. I held that position for sometime, and was thus engaged when Messrs. Cole and Johnson made my mother an offer for me to travel with their company. At first she objected, but after numerous consultations and assurances she consented. Then I made that herculean leap from the choir loft to the stage. Stage life to me at first was a blank disappointment. I expected it to be like the Frenchman would say, "One grand, sweet song," but instead of its being "one grand, sweet song," it is one never-ceasing task of trying to please, filled with anxiety and expectation; work and sacrifice continually spurred on by checkered ambition, striving always to satisfy a fretful public.

"Still after you succeed in satisfying them they doubly repay you. Along with all the dissatisfactions with the hardships of stage life, there comes a certain satisfaction in being able to please the public.

"I shall go straight to my home in Chicago when the season closes. My summer I shall spend in study and designing for my mother's large millinery establishment."

At this point of the interview the correspondent sighting a strangely tinted envelope bearing a foreign post-mark, grew more inquisitive. Noting the Cuban stamp and addressed to the dusky Cantatrice, and calling to mind the latest rumor of marriage of a Cuban nobleman and a prima donna, he timidly interrogated:

"Is there any truth in the statement of your marriage to a foreigner, and retiring from the stage, Miss Alexander?"

"Well! What is it that the public don't know?" she answered blushing. "In this instance they know or seem to want to know more than I know myself. 'Tis true I met Señor Fernandez during my stay in Jacksonville last winter and we grew to be quite friendly, and we correspond regularly now," she said reluctantly, "but Señor Fernandez is in Cuba looking after his sugar plantation and I am in the United States singing, and just what we intend to do I will have to let the public find out for themselves."

---

MISS DAISY B. HARRIS, a teacher in charge of a primary grade in the Central School of Louisville, Ky., is a graduate of the High School in the Class of '97.

MISS HARRIS, who is one of the social leaders in her home city, is noted as a critic of literary productions and is a brilliant conversationalist.

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Among the many successful men of the race who are crowding to the front at the present time, we take pleasure in noting the progress of Mr. J. W. Peterson of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Peterson was born in Southampton County, Va., but left there in 1868 and went to Albion, N. Y., where he studied engineering and worked at that business for fourteen years. He went to Buffalo, N. Y., in 1899 and organized a business company to help forward the race. This company was duly incorporated on December 10th, 1900. Mr. Peterson wishes every man and woman of the race, who desire to better the condition of our people, to join in this company he has formed. The company will ultimately be able to place all its members on a good substantial business basis.

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MRS. J. W. PETERSON of Buffalo, N. Y., was born at Albion, N. Y., and after taking the ordinary school course, entered the employ of her mother, Mrs. C.

Beecher, who conducted a hair establishment. After learning this business in all its departments, she became a partner with her mother, until 1892, when, after her mother's death, she retired from the business. Mrs. Peterson came to Buffalo, N. Y., in 1893.

WILLIAM H. TYERS is a native of Petersburg, Virginia, and came to New York City with his parents when but a boy. As a child he displayed great fondness for music, and possessed more than ordinary natural ability in this line. After applying himself assiduously to the study of composition and arrangement, he decided to enter the race as an author. His first composition was the "Bugle Call," which at once met with popular favor with the great orchestra leaders of the metropolis. Having accepted the position of director of a theatrical company, he visited nearly all the larger cities of Europe. It was during his visit to Germany that the great teacher and composer, Gaspari of Hamburg, became interested in him and gave him much encouragement and instruction.

Soon after his return to America Mr. Tyers was employed by the publishing house of F. A. Mills as pianist, arranger and proofreader of all the music published and handled through the house. From the start Mr. Tyers was popular with the musicians of the metropolis as an arranger and composer. After having served Mr. Mills for over two years he accepted a similar position with the publishing house of Joseph W. Stern & Co. of New York City. Mr. Tyers is one of the few colored members in the Musical Mutual Protective Union of New York City, having passed the regular form of examination at the age of twenty-one.

E. A. LONG was born at Tuskegee, Ala., October 8, 1871—the town made famous by the noted Booker T. Wash-

ington and his school. His parents were ex-slaves, neither of whom could read or write. Mr. Long attended a few sessions of the Model Training School in connection with the Tuskegee Institute.

From Tuskegee he went to Birmingham, Ala., with his parents, in 1887. After working at various places he was employed in the office of a colored newspaper at Birmingham. This position brought him in contact with many educated colored people and did much to stimulate in him a desire for better training. In 1891 he entered the Tuskegee Institute and worked at the printer's trade, by means of which he paid his way through school, graduating in '95, from both the Normal and Printing Departments.

From Tuskegee he returned to his adopted home in Birmingham, where, for a time, he was engaged in the publication of a newspaper, and for a further time as assistant bookkeeper in the Alabama Penny Savings Bank at that place. From Birmingham he went to accept the position he now holds in the Christiansburg Industrial Institute.

Mr. Long has strong poetic tendencies which he inherited from his father, who, though unlettered, had the rare gift of narrating incidents and experiences of his life in a most wonderful manner.

CARLYLE is credited with saying that genius is nothing more nor less than a capacity for work.

Mankind was intended to work, and without the ability to work man could not exist.

In a broad sense mankind has a capacity for work, but that would not make all men geniuses. So in the sense that Carlyle meant, the capacity is that which produces great things, carries out great enterprises, makes startling inventions and produces great works of art.

In contradistinction to genius we have talent, which from my idea of its

meaning cannot be confused with genius.

The one—talent—is the heaven-born gift, ours from birth—or before. The other—genius—is ours by acquirement, by diligence, by intense and earnest application, and we only come into full possession of our prize when we have earned it.

Talent and genius are too often used as synonomous terms, but they are not so. They can both, however, be embodied in one person, and when they are the result or combination produces what all the world looks up to with admiration—a true genius.

HARRY LAWRENCE FREEMAN, an Afro-American, is still a young man, having been born in Cleveland, Ohio, October 9th, 1869; and yet from a casual inspection of the list of really huge works which he has composed within the last few years, one would say without any previous knowledge of the composer, that it was the work of a life time for any man. But Mr. Freeman's work has only just begun. He is on the threshold of his career and has unconquered worlds before him.

We do not know anything about Mr. Freeman's antecedents, and whether or not his divine gift is his by heritage or whether in him is the beginning of a line of talented musicians. But it really has no bearing on the subject, for that he is so rarely gifted there is no room for doubt.

Mr. Freeman has spent nearly all of his life in Cleveland. Five years were spent in Denver, Colorado, where he studied music in a desultory sort of fashion; with little idea of making it a profession. On his return to Cleveland, however, he began to compose his large works. He then determined to equip himself for his work by further serious study, and placed himself in the hands of Johann H. Beck, a man who ranks among the foremost in the country for harmony, composition and instrumentation.

Since Mr. Freeman's study with Mr. Beck, he has not produced so many large works, but has confided his labors chiefly to smaller forms—cantatas, songs, etc., and with admirable success.

Mr. Freeman has been steadily securing a hold on the public ear and during the last year has had several notable musical gatherings. Once at the Ohio Music Teachers' Association, when on the evening of December 27th, 1900, Mr. Edwin H. Douglass, a tenor of national reputation, sang two of his songs, "If thou did'st love" and "The Shepherd," and again at the March, 1901, concert of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, where his "Intermezzo" and "Prayer" from "Nada," a music drama in one act, were played.

On both occasions the selections were heartily received and congratulations poured in on the young composer from all sides. Mr. Freeman's music is national in the highest degree. In listening to his weird harmonies and melodies, one is transported to a musical realm that is as strange and beautiful as it is unknown. It is certainly original territory in composition and we predict for him—providing, he keeps the steady, even balance he has so far maintained—a future in American musical affairs second to none of the contemporary composers. To us the most promising and satisfactory phase of Mr. Freeman's work is the fact that the admirable superstructure which he is so steadily rearing, is firmly grounded on a solid musical basis.

CHARLES L. BURNHAM,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

J. D. WILLIAMS, the Afro-American inventor of the non-magnetic watch-holder, was born on a farm near the State line of Louisiana and Texas, February 28, 1870. At the age of seven his parents moved to Shreveport, La., which is situated on the beautiful banks of the

Red River. Mr. Williams entered the public school in '78, remaining until the age of fourteen and, like many youths, became tired of school life, and desiring to see more of the world, left home for Dallas, Tex., where he secured a position with the Dallas Morning News as press boy. On account of his faithfulness and ambition, he was promoted until he completed the trade and became a competent pressman. In '87 resigned his position and left for Chicago, since which time he has travelled extensively in the United States, Canada and Mexico. He left Chicago in '96. In '99, at Detroit, he secured a position with the Detroit United Railway Co. After being in their employ for a short time he observed the awkward manner of all the motormen in carrying their watches; all inventions for this purpose had proved a failure, and many complaints were made by the motormen, as the continued jar of the car was very detrimental to the works of the watch. Mr. Williams finally completed the invention above mentioned, which is simple, useful, answers the required purposes, and critics have nothing to say. This case can also be used to advantage on locomotives and automobiles.

REV. W. G. AVANT, Rector of St. Cyprian Episcopal Church, New Berne, N. C., is one of the most influential citizens, regardless of race. His church is now a most progressive institution. It is in the centre of the city, on an elevated position and owns its property, consisting of a triangular block, upon which stands a church over one hundred years old, once owned by the whites. It is generally admitted by both white and colored that the Rector is not surpassed (in the city) as a preacher and as a scholar. He has been in New Berne two years and was the principal promoter and first president of the Elm City Drug Co., which is doing a most successful business.

He is a carpenter by trade, and has planned and constructed a Rectory upon the Church block with all modern improvements. Rev. Avant married one of New Berne's fair daughters, and with a bright baby boy of seven months, his home life is ideal. Rev. Avant is a great lover of Race enterprises, and has succeeded in getting a most liberal offer from a white friend to aid the Race, by setting aside a tract of land as an enterprise in cotton.

His proposition is to have homes laid off, and occupied by cotton raisers, who can pay for them in a course of years, and to have erected on the same tract, which is near to the railroad and waterfront, a cotton gin, an oil mill and a cotton factory. He is trying to effect this and hopes to be successful, as he has with him the best people of both races.

#### THE WOMAN'S CENTRAL LEAGUE TRAINING SCHOOL.

Today, in all sections of free America, weighty, economic and sociological problems are pressing for solution. Many of the most serious grow out of the poorly-adjusted relations existing between labor and capital, between employer and employed.

The "household service question is one phase of it" that is demanding immediate attention in most of our large cities, and is arousing the ladies to a sense of their new responsibilities in connection with it.

The scientific investigation of the subject of household economics and sanitation proves the necessity for an intelligent co-operation between the housekeeper and her servants, if any reform is to be made in this department of woman's kingdom; it also proves that cooking and housework must be raised from the rank of contemptible drudgery, degrading to the persons who do it, to a science and profession, the practice of which will be creditable and respectable

in proportion to the skill and fidelity of the individual worker.

In the South the "household service" question is merged in the race problem, which is of necessity, a distinctly southern responsibility, one that only a Christian South and time can work out to the credit of both races. A practical belief in the brotherhood of man, and in the obligation of the stranger to help bear the burden of the weaker, will eventually work good out of evil. God, the Father of all races, whose Providence is so distinctly seen in the world's history, has permitted the two races to grow up side by side in the South, that the white man may shave his religion and civilization with the colored, and that the colored man may have the best opportunities for development. "God is no respecter of persons" or races. All have the opportunity to develop, and all have the opportunity to assist others in their development. And opportunity means obligation.

In harmony with these fundamental facts of human life, Dr. R. Emmett Jones of Richmond, Va., has been maturing plans and soliciting funds for some time past, preparatory to the opening of an industrial training school for colored women. Many of the best citizens of Richmond have endorsed his plans and contributed generously to their success.

The Woman's Central League Training School and Hospital was organized

October 5th, 1898, by Dr. R. E. Jones.

The objects of the League are to give industrial, financial and educational training to its members; the operating of a hospital and training school for nurses of the sick; the training of domestic help; the operating of a Woman's Exchange in all its various branches, and the encouragement, development and operating of any and all kinds of occupation, trades and labor peculiar to women. There are classes in cooking, dress-making, trained nursing, care and feeding of children, and housework.

The medical staff consists of Dr. R. Emmett Jones, surgeon-in-chief; Dr. Frazier, house surgeon; Dr. E. R. Jefferson, Dr. C. P. White, Dr. S. G. Jones, Dr. A. W. G. Farrar, Dr. P. B. Ramsey, Dr. J. Meade Benson, Dr. D. A. Ferguson.

On the consulting staff are: Drs. George Ben Johnson, Christopher Thompkins, George Ross, D. A. Kuyk, Jacob Micheaux and J. C. Draton.

On November 24th, 1899, the large three-story building, No. 412 and 414 North Third street, Richmond, Va., was purchased at a cost of six thousand dollars. Two thousand of this amount has been paid and the building thoroughly overhauled at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars, making the total cost seven thousand five hundred dollars. The League is a charitable institution and dependent upon the public for support.

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## CHICAGO NOTES.

ALBRETA MOORE SMITH.

Five years ago, while experimenting with chemicals in one of the large laboratories of the city, a young colored man discovered the fact that, several chemicals combined proportionately, would produce an excellent shoe polish. The

idea thus vaguely conceived, did not take material form until many weary days and nights had been spent in earnest study.

When Mr. A. C. Howard, formerly of Boston, imparted his secret findings to several friends, they ambiguously shook

their heads in a manner customary of doubting Thomas, and said: "It is a useless expenditure of time and money for there are now too many competitors in the field for you to succeed." But with an innate feeling of confidence in his own ability, he renewed his researches more diligently, with the hope of producing a staple article that would quickly win public favor.

During the four years which followed, the many obstacles which always arise to discourage the ambitious were met and surmounted.

At the Paris exposition Mr. Howard displayed thirty different styles of packages of shoe polish, making his display the largest Negro exhibit shipped from the United States. A similar exhibit, only larger and grander, will be in evidence at the Pan-American.

Mr. Howard's Chicago plant runs day and night, and yet the supply does not meet the demand. The labeling, packing, shipping, delivering, corking, book-keeping and typewriting is all done by a large number of Negro men, women, boys and girls. This force of employes would rapidly increase if all Negroes who purchase shoe polish will demand Howard's, and accept no other. It is on sale at all leading shoe dealers, druggists and department stores. Thus, in purchasing an article which compares propitiously, in point of excellency and general suitability, with any polish now on sale, you will also assist in maintaining an independent Negro enterprise.

Mr. Howard is a thorough race man,—one who has abiding faith in the ultimate salvation of the race in all walks of life. He is a strong advocate of the old proverb: "God helps those who help themselves." He also believes, if more of our men and women would venture far out into the commercial seas, success would eventually crown their every effort. We should fall in line at the head of the rank and not at the end. When

we shall have assimilated such advice thoroughly, together with our own natural qualifications, prejudice to a large extent will be obliterated.

Mr. Howard endeavors to impress upon the minds of all with whom he comes in contact the fact that he is selling his goods upon their merits and not upon his "color."

All strangers coming to the city should not leave without visiting his store; there, you will receive a warm welcome and become greatly interested in the workings of his establishment.

As with the majority of men who are successful in business, Mr. Howard owes much of his present prosperity to his wife, who has ever been a source of great encouragement and inspiration.

We take great pride in presenting to the many readers of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE a brief sketch of Mrs. Geo. W. Alexander, one of Chicago's oldest and best established milliners.

At the age of nineteen, Mrs. Alexander entered the employ of one of the largest wholesale millinery stores of Toledo. Millinery then, was almost an unknown art to Negro women, and her employers took especial pride in teaching her the many intricacies of the trade.

At the expiration of her apprenticeship she came to Chicago, where she secured employment in one of our largest Jewish millinery stores. At that time she was the only Negro milliner in the city.

After four years' hard work in this establishment, she succeeded in accumulating enough capital to open a store of her own. This was eleven years ago. She has been in business ever since,—with the exception of two years, when she was forced to retire, owing to ill-health.

Her present place of business is a large, commodious store furnished beautifully—with tasty chapeaus and other

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feminine furbelows in evidence every where. She employs four girls and at this season of the year works day and night.

Since her entrance into the business world she has employed a hundred or more apprentices, but only a few of this number ever completed the trade. She finds white girls to be more persevering than Negro girls and hopes to see the day when we can point with pride to the stores of many Negro women who have successfully completed the trade and are able to cope with any class of milliners, in point of artistic taste and competency. She urges girls of artistic taste only to attempt the study of this branch of work, which, like all others, is full of many disappointments and vexations before even moderate success is attained.

Of the various trades which in the past has not appealed kindly to many Negro men and boys, plumbing stands pre-eminent. We cannot give any good reason for this deprecatory fact, other than the Labor Unions are largely responsible for this condition of affairs. A great evolution, however, has been recently wrought in these circles and Negro men can now secure employment in this branch of work if they will but qualify themselves.

Chicago has one Negro plumber who is a recognized master of his trade, Mr. Geo. Palmer. Although a very young man, his life has been full of eventful incidents which are largely responsible for his present success.

At the tender age of fourteen, he left his Canadian home, fully determined to make a way for himself in the business world. Arriving in Detroit, Mich., alone and unacquainted, he anxiously sought work at whatsoever his hands could find to do. After much wandering about he finally secured employment in a blacksmith shop. After gaining a good knowledge of this trade he entered the service

of P. Tute, owner of one of the largest plumbing establishments in Detroit.

After nine years' apprenticeship he left the firm, having won the distinction of being the only apprentice who served his entire term.

Without much capital, he successfully carried on a business of his own for two years. At this period a longing to see the world took possession of him and he sought employment with the Pullman Palace Car Co., which afforded him the opportunity sought.

Like most persons who have a fixed purpose in life, he could find no rest of mind in traveling about, so he located in Chicago. Prejudice was strong against all Negro tradesmen at that time and his struggles were hard and long, but he remained immutable in his purpose.

Having reached the place where he felt warranted in establishing a business for himself, he applied for a license which was refused, owing to one of the laws, which says: "Plumbers seeking a license must be vouched for by three master plumbers who have a license and for whom said applicant has worked."

Never daunted, he began business in a neat, little shop without a license. Despite the many petty annoyances which the Union constantly made for him, in two years' time he made an enviable record in plumbing circles. Being a non-union man, when strikes were on he had more work than he could properly attend to.

The Plumber's Union finally saw in this young journeyman a dangerous foe. They sought him out and graciously extended him an invitation to join their fold. He wisely did so and today is deemed a general favorite. Color is now a dream of the past. In the distribution of patronage he is never discriminated against. Out of several hundred members he is the only Negro man. He is now a master plumber, having several apprentices in his employ.

The city demands a bond of three thousand dollars from all employing plumbers. This holds employers responsible for any damages done persons or property by his employees while on duty. Mr. Palmer has been in Chicago eight years. Three-fourths of his patrons are white.

As a member of the Master Plumbers' Association he receives a great deal of work, but he is hindered in his best efforts by a lack of funds, which is the only chasm between many competent Negroes and success.

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Prominent among the many notable displays which delighted the eyes of the Paris exposition spectators, was a white, silk, crocheted spread, sham and bolster, the work of Miss Gertrude M. Moore of Chicago. Many weary months' toil were given to these articles of beauty before they were completed.

These three pieces of exquisite workmanship appeared in the windows of several of Chicago's largest department stores two years ago. Many eager purchasers were found, but none were willing to pay the price demanded, which was proportionately small for articles of such intrinsic value.

The set won second prize at the Paris exposition, and the valuation put upon it by the judges was of such a nature, that Miss Moore feels more than justified in retaining her valuable collection until a favorable offer is received.

The set appeared at the Atlanta exposition, where it won meritorious mention; it will also be seen at the Pan-American.

Miss Moore is an experienced dress-maker and contemplates finishing her trade abroad, if she can successfully push to completion her present plans. She is a member of the Eastern Star, one of the officers of the Ladies' Kadosh, No. 32, and a native Chicagoan.

No business man in Chicago finds more favor with the ladies than Mr. E. P. Marshall, one of Chicago's wholesale ice-cream and confectionery manufacturers.

Five years ago, without any ostentatious display he opened a small ice-cream parlor. A visit to his present place of business today, readily convinces one that success partially, if not wholly, has attended his footsteps.

In the main office there is a neat desk, behind which sits Mrs. Marshall, the power behind the throne, busily receiving and entering orders. In the rear, a large ice-cream plant is stationed, from which during the busy season over six hundred gallons of cream are turned out per month, to the delectation of his many feminine patrons.

We believe we are safe in saying that no Negro business man or woman has ever overcome more obstacles and opposition than Mr. Marshall. When one takes into consideration the fact that he started in business an inexperienced young man, whose largest stock in trade was unbounded faith in his attempts, his present success is commendatory and worthy of emulation.

Today he enjoys a prosperous and paying business, which is the result of many sacrifices made by himself and wife.

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Of the multifarious works of mankind, which appeal strongly to the better nature of the masses, none has a more benign influence than charity. Charity is emblematic of God's own nature, Love, Hope and Charity; it inspires a feeling of deep respect and reverence in the hearts of saint and sinner alike.

The successful charity worker must be a patient, conscientious and hopeful Christian, who has the interest and love of all conditions of humanity at heart. Must be a firm believer in immolation and ever willing to do whatsoever is demanded of him without one thought of self or recompense. This formula, we all

know, should be strictly adhered to, but whether it is possible to do so in these strenuous days, each philanthropist can best answer for himself.

In our present sphere of civilization the word is greatly misused and abused. It is well said: "Charity covers a multitude of sins." Too often is it dragged from its lofty heights down to the most abhorrent pits, to meet the requirements of some of the most nefarious commercial, political and social schemes.

A sup of water given to the fainting traveler, a piece of bread to the starving wayfarer, and a few pennies to the blind, halt and maimed, is all done for sweet charity's sake. Charity commands the attention of men when other powers fail.

Many charitable organizations and institutions have been founded, but like mushrooms which spring up in the night, have disappeared as suddenly as they came. They could not have been truly in earnest or they would not have failed. God permits none of His best works to be hindered on their way. It is simply "the survival of the fittest."

One of the noblest and truest organizations, whose work is true charity, is the United Order of King's Daughters; its membership includes thousands and extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the arid jungles of Africa to the snowy summits of Iceland. In every city, town and village where civilization is in evidence, a circle of King's Daughters can be found.

Of the hundred or more Circles located in Chicago, one of the youngest and most active is the Progressive Circle of King's Daughter's of Bethel Church.

Organized a little over three years ago, it has done much to ingratiate itself into the hearts and favor of Chicago citizens. It has ever tried to maintain the principles of the order upon which their faith is founded, namely, to work In His Name.

Since its organization, the sufferings

of hundreds of people have been alleviated. Many tons of coal, barrels of provisions, boxes of clothing, medicine, trained nurses, doctors, transportation, etc., have been furnished all needy applicants. In connection with this, large sums of money have been raised, a portion of which went to their church and the remainder to one of the leading Negro colleges of the country.

A room, which is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," has been furnished in Provident Hospital at the cost of about a hundred dollars.

This Circle of women is now endeavoring to open and maintain a lunch-room for the benefit of the children who attend the school located in their district.

The Circle's home is situated in the heart of the Negro population; therefore, its work has been purely practical and especially helpful to the citizens residing in their locality.

The condition which surrounds them is in some instances deplorable, for many children of the community are greatly in need of a strong, moral influence to save them from themselves.

The parents of nearly fifty per cent of these children labor assiduously all day, and are compelled to leave their children, many of whom are of a tender age, alone, without parental control.

There is no doubt that these dear parents love their children and earnestly pray for their welfare, but it is apparent to the thinking mind that any child who is compelled to remain at home all day without parental restraint, is subjected to many temptations; Satan's emissaries are ever on the alert for prey.

It is this condition the Progressive Circle hopes to ameliorate. They are endeavoring to enlist all the forces possible to assist them in their efforts and earnestly solicit the co-operation of all who are interested in the progress of the race.

The membership of this organization

numbers fifty—subdivided into five bands, presided over by a leader. The president, or leader of the entire flock, is Mrs. Anna Wells Fitts, a young woman of many accomplishments, who is efficiently equipped to fill so high and exalted a position by virtue of her moral, intellectual and religious qualifications. She is also an active business woman, being daily employed in the management

of her husband's printing office.

This Circle of King's Daughters, like all worthy movements, does not always behold the silver lining in the clouds, yet they do not feel discouraged.

"If a smile they can renew  
As their journey they pursue!  
Oh! the good they all can do  
While the days are going by."

## A FEAST WITH THE FILIPINOS.

LIEUT. H. F. WHEATON, 49TH INFANTRY.

In going from place to place in this strange land and seeing many things both novel and interesting, one hardly knows of what to write. Having just returned from a grand feast held in a town called Sanchez Mira, about twenty miles from Abulug, where I am stationed, and having enjoyed myself so well while there, I may be able to recall a few of the many interesting ceremonies. I left Abulug in a small boat to make one of my regular monthly trips, as Acting Quartermaster, through the Sub-district in which the 2nd Battalion of the 49th Infantry is stationed, and on arriving at Sanchez Mira found that I was just in time for one of the many feasts that are given there during each year.

I was also fortunate in finding Captain E. L. Baker, Company L, 49th Infantry, and Captain William C. Warmesley, Assistant Surgeon of our regiment, already there from Claveria and having their comfort cared for by Lieutenant A. M. Ray, who commanded the station.

So much has been said of the poor Filipino, and largely by people that have never been in the Philippines, that I will not venture, as an authority, on his faults and virtues, or what is best for him, but

will tell a little of their real life as I have seen it.

Upon entering the town a most pleasing spectacle met the eye. Flags and many decorations, together with the bright-hued costumes of the *senoritas*, contrasting strangely with the dark and plain clothes of the men, produced an almost dazzling effect as they thronged the large plaza in the centre of the town, some going into the large church, others gathering about the stand in front of the Tribunal building waiting for the sports to begin, while over all could be heard soft, sweet music, which was being played in different parts of the town.

This gay scene was directly opposite to the condition of affairs last March (1900), when Captain D. J. Gilmer, who was then 1st Lieutenant of Company H, 49th Infantry, with a handful of men, took possession of the town, and after continued hikes and brushes with rebellious bands, brought about this condition of peace. The sports were those with which we are all more or less familiar. The first was a number of young men that lined up on horseback and charged at a string of finger rings suspended by little ribbons. The youth who

was successful in spearing and carrying away one of these rings was rewarded with a prize given by one of the girls in the judge's stand.

Then came a game somewhat similar, but rather contrary to our humane ideas, even though humanity is strangely construed by some people.

Live chickens were hung up in a row on a rope, head downward, and the riders would come galloping rapidly toward them, but just as they would pass under the line, at the same time making a grab at the chickens' heads, the rope would be given a vigorous jerk, which would make the feat of snatching off a chicken's head very difficult.

But repeated attempts proved successful and in a short time the headless bodies of the unfortunate fowls gave proof of the dexterity of the enthusiastic contestants for glory and the approving smiles of the dark-eyed *senoritas* who applauded vigorously, as each one in turn rode up to the stand with a chicken's head to claim his reward.

While this sport was hardly calculated to elevate or improve one's mind, it was soon forgotten in the ludicrous ones that followed. Greased pole climbing and the ingenious methods employed by ambitious youths to reach the coveted prize at the top, were very novel and amusing and also displayed the abundant and natural athletic development of these sons of Nature.

Next, a shallow, basin-shaped, cooking utensil with a piece of silver money pasted on its sooty bottom was hung by a string, and the manner of getting this coin, and the appearance of the fellow's

face after vigorous attempts were made to get it, elicited shouts of laughter. The aspirant was compelled to obtain the piece of money solely by getting it off with his teeth while his hands were crossed behind him.

All day long the native bands from the neighboring towns furnished music, and dancing for those whose taste was for that style of amusement. The natives are very graceful dancers and there are very few comparatively, who cannot dance.

In the afternoon came the inevitable cock fights, the diversion that is most dear to the Filipino. The feasting was continuous and the order of the day was open-house to everyone. Their knowledge of the duties of host and hostess in dispensing hospitality is above reproach, and to the officers visiting them every possible attention was shown. In the evening the officers attended a large ball which was really the climax of the festivities, but judge my surprise, when after an introductory strain from the band a formation was made for nothing more nor less than a good old Virginia reel. There was no resisting and I took part in it with great enjoyment and they danced it splendidly, ending with several fancy figures that were quite unique.

Such is the life in general when there is no disturbing element to interfere,—Work, church, cock fighting and feasting. Their feast days are very numerous, but as all of this levity came to a close and we all started homeward I took with me very pleasant thoughts of a pleasant day among the Filipinos.



## A RETROSPECT.

ADA B. JACKSON.

We know what we have experienced in the past, what we are now experiencing, but what we are to experience as a race in the future we know not.

It is not the motive of the writer to cast black shadows, full of gloom and sadness, before our readers; but being peculiarly situated as we are, it is well to review the past attentively, draw conclusions slowly, and form plans wisely for the future.

We cannot go back and take leap after leap, and thus efface the ignorance, superstition and effects of centuries of slavery in something less than forty years.

We have now reached the point in our progress where each step must be surely taken. Vices, immoralities and ignorance must be dealt with in a logical manner.

The Negro is quick to acquire knowledge. He can learn anything that other men can. Yet there are grave reasons why the most thoughtful men of the race should be deeply concerned.

It is well to look upon the efforts and accomplishments of our leaders with pride. We feel that the Negro has proven, in many instances, that he is capable of having bestowed upon him as much of the culture as is given to the more fortunate of the Anglo-Saxon Race.

But when we realize that we number something over ten millions, and we count up our best, does the percentage make a good showing? Much has been said about the Negro. He is now a topic of constant discussion in our land, and this fact that he is discussed more than any other people in the United States, should awaken us and cause us to be on the alert.

In reading the pages of ancient and modern history, we find that men have either done their best or have been ex-

terminated, when driven into a corner. The Negro is, as it were, cornered. We find that certain of the southern states are legislating in such a way, that the result will be most unfavorable to the Negro, both as to school and suffrage privileges.

This is unfortunate for both races. No race of people can reach the highest plane of civilization who deals unfairly with a weaker race.

Read the history of the Egyptians and ancient Romans and you will find that the oppressors sank to the level, or lower than the oppressed.

The strong become stronger only in proportion as they make those stronger about them.

We as a race must not rest on our oars. We have really just begun the struggle. There have been dark days. Perhaps there are darker ones to be lived through.

When the sun shines and flowers bloom we forget the bleak days of winter and air ourselves in the warmth of the sunlight and inhale the fragrance of the beautiful flowers. We look at the bright skies and countless stars and are as happy as the little bird, who trills her notes of joy amidst the fragrant apple blossoms.

We think not of danger and sorrow, but give ourselves up to luxurious enjoyment of the present.

'Tis the fortune or misfortune of the masses to thoroughly enjoy today and give no thought to the morrow. The masses must be taught the lesson of the ant, that though the sun shines today, there are grave responsibilities awaiting us tomorrow, and we must always have an eye single to that fact.

Compare the South today with the South of thirty years ago and note what



a change. Occupations that were then beneath the white man and only fit for Negroes are now being eagerly sought for by him. This means, that unless the Negro arouses himself and learns to do his work better than other people, and asks for fewer vacations, the poor white man of the South and foreigners of the North will usurp his place as laborers in that section.

In the dark days, when blank despair held sway and there seemed no hope beyond, the poor old fathers and mothers, who are now sleeping quietly in the land of the just, prayed silently for days of freedom and independence. They left us

without knowing that what they had so anxiously prayed for, would be the heritage of their offspring. We will do well to emulate their example.

We know not what our future is to be; we know what we desire it to be. If we, as a race, would become the peer of any nation of the earth, we must let honesty, industry and truth characterize all our actions. Look not back upon past achievements and let that satisfy us. The past has cared for itself. 'Tis the living present and unknown future that we must silently, patiently and prayerfully consider each day and hour of our existence.

## RACE ISSUES.

The following report from St. Thomas, D. W. I., taken from the daily press, cannot fail to be of much interest:—

While the people here are doing a great deal of guessing on the annexation question, and are evidently anxiously awaiting developments of the Copenhagen-Washington negotiations, they are extremely reticent and refuse to express an opinion to foreigners. But it has been ascertained that the merchants would be well satisfied with the change, provided this port remains free, as at present.

The merchants consider it inevitable that the islands must some time come under American control. They do not seem pleased as what they hear of American progress in Porto Rico. Such a thing as a tariff is unknown here. With a closed port, the consensus of opinion seems to be that the islands would be worse off than now.

After the question of a free port, the next objection is the race question. It is an exception to meet a white man here. The average American is surprised at the intelligence of these colored people. Many of them have been graduated from French, English or German universities

and their general knowledge of world affairs is astonishing.

"If we come under the American flag how will we be looked upon by the American people?" asked a prominent merchant who is one of the first in this little commercial world, although he is a Negro.

"We are naturally anxious to know what our status will be. Now we can send our children to Europe to be educated, and they will be received with the respect due them. We are colored, but we have the refinement and the education of the white man, and we feel we are their equals. We can go to England or on the continent without embarrassment. Can you mention a hotel in New York or any other American city where we would dare to register?"

"If we come under American rule, our trade must be with Americans. Could we go to the United States to purchase our stock without being humiliated?"

Should the United States acquire these islands she will have a difficult problem to solve in the race question. As a rule, however, the residents here seem to expect annexation and are prepared to meet the inevitable.

## EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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While our many readers were enjoying our anniversary number, the offices of the magazine were being moved to our new apartments.

These consist of a suite of handsome offices, together with mailing and stock-room, which will give ample room for the constantly increasing business of our publishing house. We feel sure that our readers will be glad to hear of our success, as evinced by the fact that we require over four times as much floor space as has been occupied during the past year.

In an early issue of the magazine we shall publish a full description of our new "Home," with photographs of the various rooms and departments.

RICHARD M. ROBINSON, a cultivated musician of New York City, was recently assigned as an assistant supervisor of music, and when it was discovered that he was a Negro the trouble began. A number of white principals objected, but when the superintendent, Prof. Jasper, assured them that he would not allow any discrimination, they immediately withdrew their objections. "The sun do move," and merit will soon be the criterion in America.

The watches that we are offering for eight new subscribers, are still giving general satisfaction, and all of our premium workers are delighted with them. Scarcely a day passes that we do not receive orders for several of these beautiful gifts.

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FLORENCE R. JACKSON.

We have a way by which you can get a full year's subscription to THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE FREE, including the beautiful art picture of "The Young Colored American." Does this proposition interest you? If so, write us at once for full particulars of our Free Subscription Offer, which has already proved to be exceedingly popular, as a large number of names now on our lists are through this offer. It is most liberal, and will enable you to receive the only high-class magazine published exclusively in the interest of the race, for the term of one year, WITHOUT COSTING YOU A CENT. How can we do it? Write us and see.

We note from one of our southern papers the following:—

"A number of leading white men of means in Dallas, Tex., have organized a company to erect a cotton mill, with the agreement in advance that only colored operatives shall be employed. Colored men have taken ten thousand dollars of the company's bonds. This is one of the hopeful signs of the times. White men and colored men must unite their interests in business enterprises and in this way assist all classes."



We never depreciate the races working in harmony along any line for the advancement of the race; but we fear such companies would never have been organized even with such an agreement, if the South did not recognize what a power a few cotton mills run and controlled by Negroes would be.

We have Negro enterprises, "Ye men of Texas," all over this country, which need your support and where you have the show of being not only operators (we have been that long enough) but controllers and directors. Let not your forces be divided (we feel that badly enough in our churches).

In the South "Cotton is King," and it was the staple product which made the South bloom with plenteousness before the war. Cotton is worked from its planting to its shipping mainly by Negroes and there their work ends, just where the real profit begins.

Throw your aid in helping to build up your Negro institutions as landmarks of thrift and business ability, by which the coming generations can travel on to prosperity and the respect of the world.

When you have succeeded in building up a profitable business you can get all the white capital you wish, only "the shoe will be on the other foot" and you will control and direct and they will put up the money.

**NEGRO ENTERPRISES FIRST! THEN, IF NECESSARY, LET SPECULATION FOLLOW.**

There is a move on foot, headed by D. A. Ferguson, D. D. S., of Richmond, Va., to organize the colored dentists of the United States into a regular organization, as they seem to be barred out from joining that of the "white brothers," no matter what the qualifications.

For this purpose they are to hold their first meeting in Washington, D. C., in July. Unity in all forms has its influence for good. Where there is a feeling of brotherly spirit shown along any line, it is compelled to spread its influence to others, and this move will call forth a

greater drawing together of forces now unconcentrated.

May the physicians soon follow with their association, and we are ready to cooperate with all moves which tend to bind the Negro in closer bonds.

### AN APPEAL!

Whereas, The city of Jacksonville was visited by a most destructive fire on Friday, May 3d, 1901, that has destroyed the homes of two Presiding Elders, one Pastor, two widows of deceased Pastors, one hundred and fifty families of our membership, together with those of thousands of others; also totally destroying our Cookman institute property, Ebenezer Church and furniture, the Parsonage, together with the entire effects of the Pastor, Rev. J. F. Elliott, thus causing great suffering and untold privation;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, Presiding Elders, Pastors and laymen of the Ministerial Relief Association of the Florida Conference, do hereby make this our humble appeal to our members and friends throughout the land to send immediate relief—in money, clothes, food, etc.—to supplement what is being done by the General Relief Committee.

All remittances sent to Rev. S. A. Huger, Presiding Elder of the Jacksonville District, will be thankfully received and acknowledged.

Rev. S. A. Huger, Pres., 753 Orange st.; Rev. J. P. Patterson, Sec., Presiding Elder Gainesville District; Rev. S. P. Pratt, Treas., Pastor Simpson M. E. Church; R. R. Robinson, Corresponding Sec.

The sketch of the "Life and Work of The Late Rev. John Jasper" which we expected to publish in this issue, has been somewhat delayed in preparation. It will appear, however, in an early issue, probably July, and we can assure our large circle of readers that it will be a most interesting as well as comprehensive article.

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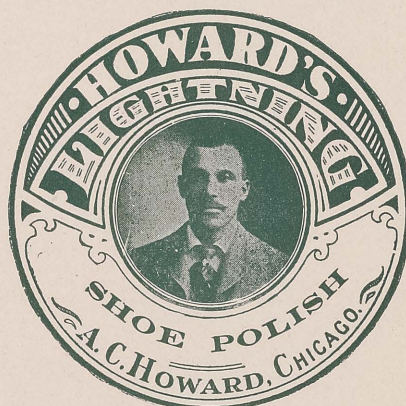
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