

TALMA GORDON.

BY PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

A fascinating story illustrative of the effect of "EXPANSION" on the future development of the Anglo-Saxon throughout the world.

15 CENTS A NUMBER.

OCTOBER, 1900.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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



H. O. FRANKLIN.  
One of the U.S. Guards at the Paris Exposition. (See p. 294.)

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

5 Park Square . . BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

195

# The Colored American Magazine

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TO BE FOUND IN THE

## Colored American Magazine

DURING THE YEAR 1901.

(New Volume begins with November issue.)

WE take pleasure in presenting to our readers and the public the following prospectus of a few of the principal features that will appear in THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE during the coming year.

While our magazine has been before the public but a short time, the widespread interest it has aroused and the hearty reception it has received from the race throughout this country, as well as other parts of the world, have encouraged us as publishers to make such plans for the future as will assure an illustrated monthly magazine of the highest character, devoted exclusively to the interests of the Colored Race.

The following Serials, Short Stories, Series and Short and Timely Articles will appear during the new year, beginning with the November number:

### Famous Men of the Negro Race.

By Pauline E. Hopkins, author of "Contending Forces."



HON. BLANCHE K. BRUCE.

The object of this Series is to place before the public the wonderful deeds and brilliant achievements which have been accomplished by men of color throughout the world.

To the Negro is denied the stimulus of referring to the deeds of distinguished ancestors, to their valor and patriotism. He is distinguished only as the former slave of the country. Truth gives him the history of a patriot, a brave soldier, the defender of the country from foreign invaders, a "God-fearing producer of the nation's wealth." As such we propose to show him in a series of twelve sketches taken from the lives of eminent self-made Negroes.

We intend to make this Series interesting studies of the Negro as a soldier, citizen and statesman. They will be given in the form of biographical character sketches, fully illustrated, and will preserve the fascinating individual personality of each man.

**TOUSSAINT L'OVERTURE.** An article treating of the life, times, and character of the slave who proved himself so fully the man of the hour.

**Hon. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.** So many biographies have been written of Frederick Douglass that it would seem impossible to find anything new to say, but we shall endeavor to give an unique chapter in the life of this famous man.

**Hon. BLANCHE K. BRUCE.** A brilliant politician who honored his race by filling his place as U. S. Senator, and as Register of the U. S. Treasury, so admirably.

**Hon. ROBERT BROWNE ELLIOTT.** This illustrious man was the first Negro to enter Congress. He was a distinguished statesman, ripe scholar, and bold defender of the liberties of the people.

**Hon. J. MERCER LANGSTON, A.B., A.M., LL.D.** Succeeded in educating himself although hampered by prejudice hedged about by obstacles. Rose to be a brilliant member of the Bar, and had the distinguished honor of representing the United States Government as Minister and Consul-General to Hayti, for eight years under President Hayes.

**WM. WELLS BROWN, M.D.** The famous abolitionist, who escaped from slavery, educated himself while he assisted others to freedom, and made an enviable place for himself in the world of letters.

**CHARLES LENOX REMOND.** Though never a slave, had all the difficulties of caste to surmount. A brilliant orator, he "earned a place in anti-slavery history worthy a monument, as well as extended biography."

**Hon. LEWIS HAYDEN.** "Yours for the rights of man." Born a slave, he made himself famous as an abolitionist and member of the world-famous underground railroad.

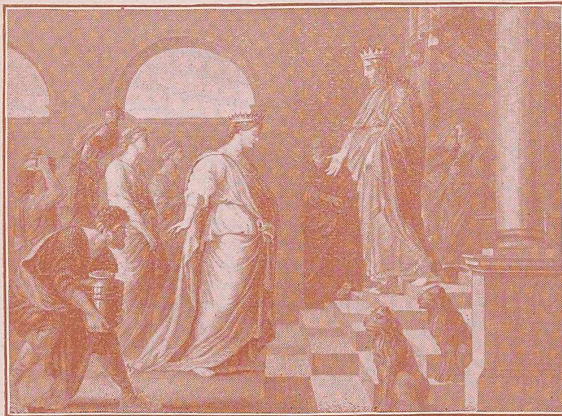
**Dr. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.** Great advocate of industrial education for the Negro. A self-made man, he has raised himself to the position of the most famous colored man now living.

**Sergeant WM. H. CARNEY.** Famous sergeant of the 54th Massachusetts, first colored regiment organized in free states, Colonel Robert G. Shaw, commanding. His bravery in planting the regimental flag on the works of Fort Wagner has made him renowned in history. We shall give the thrilling story from his own lips.

**ROBERT MORRIS.** Self-made man and brilliant barrister. First Negro admitted to Suffolk Bar. Interesting story of a life struggle for advancement and its successful accomplishment.

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This series of Bible stories will be thoroughly orthodox in fact, but will treat the old, old stories of the Sacred Book in a novel and interesting manner. They cannot fail to interest every reader. The Series will be fully illustrated from photographs and paintings.

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### MORDECAI AND HAMAN.

The Doom of a Race and Its Fulfillment.



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By SARAH A. ALLEN.

A powerful narrative story of love and intrigue, founded on events which happened in the exciting times which immediately followed the assassination of President Lincoln. A story of the Republic in the power of Southern caste prejudice toward the Negro.

Southern caste prejudice has grown stronger year by year for thirty-five years, and the determination of the South to dominate or annihilate the Negro, has grown world-famous, and to all human seeming is but in its inception. Read the fate of Hagar's daughter, an outcast in the wilderness like Ishmael of old. This popular serial will begin during the year, and will be complete in twelve installments. Illustrated by original drawings.

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An intensely interesting narrative of life under the great canvas of the traveling show. The daily routine of a mammoth circus; training the animals; rehearsals of the performers; the show in winter quarters; "billing" the route; accidents and amusements of the circus folk; the "wagon" show of other days; the stupendous magnitude of the "railroad" show of the present. Compiled from long personal association with the owners, managers, performers and advance agents of America's greatest circuses. Will appear in two installments.

## INTERESTING HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

By S. E. F. C. C. HAMEDOE, a Professor F. G. S. I.

We shall publish a series of articles by this famous traveler, treating in a most fascinating manner the lives of certain of the Colored Race who are but little known in America. Professor Hamedoe is already the master of eight different languages, and is at present learning Chinese. Among the first to be published will be:

**General Antonio Maceo.**

**Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia.** A direct descendant of Solomon the Great and the Queen of Sheba.

**Simon Sam, President of Hayti.**

**Osceola, the Great Seminole Chief.**

**Lobengula, the Great Savage Chief.**

**Khama, the Christian Chief of the Matabele.**

**Cetawajo and the King of Ashanti and his 3,333 wives.**

Others will be announced later.

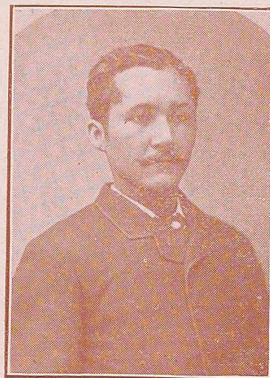
## Helpful Thoughts for Young Men.

Suggested by those who have made large successes in their several callings.

This series of articles, each by a successful Colored Business Man, will give to our youth and young men that inspiration and guidance which we trust will enable many thousands to take their places among the business men of the country during the next decade. The authors of these articles have been chosen from all sections of this country, and their experience and suggestions will therefore appeal to all our readers.

It is by integrity and persistency on your part, young men, that the vexed "Color" question will be settled, and settled permanently. Young men of the race, the destinies of many thousands are in your hands to make or mar. *Think deeply, act nobly, go forward manfully,* and as sure as there is an unseen power guiding this universe, so surely shall you win the respect of all mankind.

We are able at the present time to announce two of the authors in this series; viz.: Alexander D. Robinson of Boston, Mass., and Preston Taylor of Nashville, Tenn. Others will be announced from time to time. The author's portrait will appear with each article.



ALEXANDER D. ROBINSON,  
BOSTON, MASS.

## Helps and Suggestions for Young Women.



MRS. ANNIE G. BROWN.

The future of a race lies in the physical and moral development of its youth, their powers of endurance, and the ease with which they adapt themselves to their surroundings.

Desiring to help in this work we have adopted the valuable method of object-lesson teaching, and a number of prominent women who have been successful in life will tell "how they did it," in a series of entertaining articles. Among the authors in this series we have already secured Mrs. Hannah Smith and Mrs. Alice A. Casneau of Boston, together with Mrs. Annie G. Brown, widow of Dr. Wm. W. Brown, who is well known for her great work in the cause of temperance.

## Bishops of the African M. E. Church.

There will appear in this magazine from time to time sketches of the lives and works of many of the Bishops of the African M. E. Church. These will be written by intimate personal friends of the several Bishops, and will treat not only of the Bishops during their ministry, but will give a condensed life history of the men. The series will be fully illustrated by portraits, etc.

## SHORT STORIES OF SPECIAL WORTH.

It is in this department that the authors of lesser note will receive their recognition. We urgently request all who may have a story or an idea that can be adapted, to write us at once. We give most careful attention to all MSS. received, and will report on same as promptly as possible. We want a magazine *Of the Race, By the Race, For the Race.*

## TIMELY ARTICLES AND POEMS.

Our Race is fast approaching a crisis in its history in this country. What will be the final outcome? Let us have your ideas as they come to you. We shall be glad to publish them. We shall also give you from time to time the best thought of many of the brightest minds of the "Race" on this important question. White friends of the Race who are making a study of this same question will also contribute their ideas as to its proper solution.

## HERE AND THERE.

This department, which has proved so very popular during the volume just closed, will be continued throughout next year. Let our subscribers and friends see to it that all matters of social and general interest are reported to us for its pages. Let us hear from every part of this country, and in fact the world. We desire this department to carry to the race throughout the land the feeling of brotherly interest in one another that will effectually bind us into one solid whole, and thus enable us to work more successfully for the rights of the Race. *In Union is Strength.*

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

We shall endeavor in the future as in the past to make this department the one feature of our magazine that shall voice the best and highest thoughts for the good of the race, on all important questions of the hour.

On all phases of our life at home and abroad, including the best solution of the vexed "Color" question here in America, we shall devote our best thoughts and highest endeavors. Should there be any question in regard to which any reader wishes to make special inquiry, we will do our best to answer them.

The issues for an entire year, twelve numbers, cost but \$1.50. Single copies, 15 cents. Sample copy (back number) mailed on receipt of 5 cents. Issued on the first of the month.

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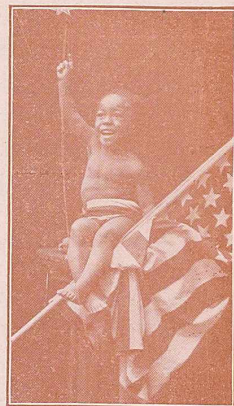
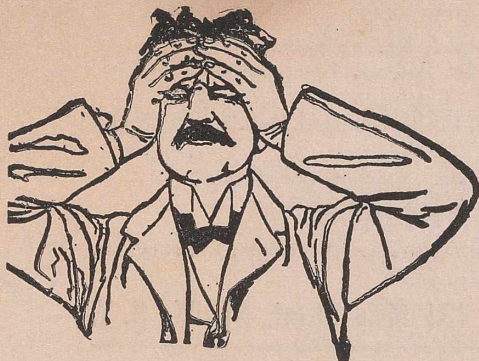


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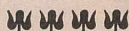
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Mention this Magazine.

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A Religious and Temperance Weekly.

ESTABLISHED MAY 30, 1896.

SIZE: From 4 to 6 pages. Size of pages, 20x26 inches, 8 columns.

CIRCULATION: A sworn average circulation of 3,500 copies each week.

The Florida Evangelist Publishing Co.

J. MILTON WALDRON, EDITOR.  
A. W. PRICE, BUSINESS MANAGER.  
P. O. Box "A," JACKSONVILLE, FLA.



## PROSPECTUS . . .

of the New Romance of Colored Life,

# “Contending Forces.”

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---

WE beg to announce to the friends of Miss PAULINE E. HOPKINS of Cambridge, Mass., and the public, a romance written by Miss Hopkins, entitled “CONTENDING FORCES.” This is pre-eminently a race-work dedicated to the best interest of the Negro everywhere.

**THE STORY.**—The incidents portrayed in this important and valuable romance of Negro life, North and South, have actually occurred, ample proof of which may be found in the archives of the Court House at Newbern, N. C., and at the seat of government at Washington, D. C.

The author has endeavored to tell an impartial story, leaving it to the reader to draw conclusions; but she has presented both sides of the dark picture—lynching and concubinage—truthfully and without vituperation, introducing enough of the exquisitely droll humor peculiar to the Negro to give a bright touch to an otherwise gruesome subject.

**OF WHAT USE IS FICTION TO THE COLORED RACE AT THE PRESENT CRISIS IN ITS HISTORY?**—They have historians, lecturers, ministers, judges, and lawyers of signal brilliancy and renown; but, after all, it is the simple, homely tale told in an unassuming manner which cements the bond of brotherhood among all classes and all complexions. If the writer is true to life, he will give us pictures of manners and customs, present the religious, political, and social condition of a people, preserving in this way a valuable record of the growth and development of a people from generation to generation. **No one will do this for the race. They must themselves develop the men and women who can and will do this work faithfully.**

**TIME OF PUBLICATION.**— We desire to announce that the book will be ready for distribution early in October. Those who have already subscribed will find when the work appears, that they have lost nothing by waiting, and that their interests have been duly considered; while those who favor us with their orders from now on will find us willing to make **special arrangements** in order to place a copy of this work in every household in the United States. Miss Hopkins presented this work before the Woman's Era Club of Boston on November 15, 1899, with instant success. She will be glad to give readings before women's clubs in any section of the country. **Terms on application.**

**CONDITION OF PUBLICATION.**— Owing to the peculiar nature of this work, the publishers deem it advisable to place it before the public by **subscription.** We offer a fine work of about four hundred pages, good paper, clear print, bound in **CLOTH** and ornamented in gold and color, and most beautifully **ILLUSTRATED,** at the very low cost of \$1.50 upon delivery. Send in your name as a subscriber and help the work. Club women wanted as agents. Liberal commission. Address

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*I hereby subscribe for one copy of the new romance by Pauline E. Hopkins, entitled, "Contending Forces," and agree to pay \$1.50 on the delivery of the same, bound in cloth.*

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.....Town.

.....State.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

RECOGNIZING an immediate need of a Race Journal other than our current local periodicals, we have organized a Company, to be known as the Colored Co-operative Publishing Company, which Company has already begun the issuing of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

We therefore appeal to you separately and collectively to lend your assistance toward the perpetuation of a history of the Negro race.

We have Theologians, Artists, Scientists, but for a lack of natural outlet their best efforts in art and literature have to a certain degree grown dormant.

### PURPOSE.

Is the introduction of a monthly magazine of merit into every Negro family, which shall be a credit to the present and future generations.

This magazine shall be devoted to the higher culture of Religion, Literature, Science, Music and Art of the Negro, universally. Acting as a stimulus to old and young, the old to higher achievements, the young to emulate their example.

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

The contributions shall be from leading writers, novelists and scientists. All phases of fact, fiction and tradition of the Negro shall be vividly depicted by cuts and photographs.

### MEMBERSHIP.

By investment of any amount of cash over \$5.00 which shall entitle to a Certificate of Deposit, which shall draw a percentage in cash in proportion to the aggregate face value of Certificate.

All cash investments entitle to a full membership from the date of First Certificate of Deposit and to all dividends that the Company shall declare. Books always open to members on presentation of Certificate of Deposit.

### ANNUAL MEETING.

A meeting shall be held at the expiration of the first year, and annually thereafter, to arrange affairs pertaining to the Company.

### QUORUM.

Two-thirds of the Holders of Certificates will be a quorum.

**Colored Co-operative Publishing Company,**  
5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

Following is the list of our agents as far as appointed, arranged by states. We shall add to the list from month to month.

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*From photo by Purdy, Boston.*

THE YOUNG COLORED AMERICAN.

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## TALMA GORDON.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

THE Canterbury Club of Boston was holding its regular monthly meeting at the palatial Beacon-street residence of Dr. William Thornton, expert medical practitioner and specialist. All the members were present, because some rare opinions were to be aired by men of profound thought on a question of vital importance to the life of the Republic, and because the club celebrated its anniversary in a home usually closed to society. The Doctor's winters, since his marriage, were passed at his summer home near his celebrated sanatorium. This winter found him in town with his wife and two boys. We had heard much of the beauty of the former, who was entirely unknown to social life, and about whose life and marriage we felt sure a romantic interest attached. The Doctor himself was too bright a luminary of the professional world to remain long hidden without creating comment. We had accepted the invitation to dine with alacrity, knowing that we should be welcomed to a banquet that would feast both eye and palate; but we had not been favored by even a glimpse of the hostess. The subject for discussion was: "Expansion; Its Effect upon the Future Development of the Anglo-Saxon throughout the World."

Dinner was over, but we still sat about the social board discussing the question of the hour. The Hon. Herbert Clapp, eminent jurist and politician, had painted in glowing colors the advantages to be gained by the increase of wealth and the exalted position which expansion would give the United States

in the councils of the great governments of the world. In smoothly flowing sentences marshalled in rhetorical order, with compact ideas, and incisive argument, he drew an effective picture with all the persuasive eloquence of the trained orator.

Joseph Whitman, the theologian of world-wide fame, accepted the arguments of Mr. Clapp, but subordinated all to the great opportunity which expansion would give to the religious enthusiast. None could doubt the sincerity of this man, who looked once into the idealized face on which heaven had set the seal of consecration.

Various opinions were advanced by the twenty-five men present, but the host said nothing; he glanced from one to another with a look of amusement in his shrewd gray-blue eyes. "Wonderful eyes," said his patients who came under their magic spell. "A wonderful man and a wonderful mind," agreed his contemporaries, as they heard in amazement of some great cure of chronic or malignant disease which approached the supernatural.

"What do you think of this question, Doctor?" finally asked the president, turning to the silent host.

"Your arguments are good; they would convince almost anyone."

"But not Doctor Thornton," laughed the theologian.

"I acquiesce which ever way the result turns. Still, I like to view both sides of a question. We have considered but one tonight. Did you ever think that in spite of our prejudices against amalgamation, some of our descendants, indeed many of them, will inevitably intermarry among those far-off tribes of dark-skinned peoples, if they become a part of this great Union?"

"Among the lower classes that may occur, but not to any great extent," remarked a college president.

"My experience teaches me that it will occur among all classes, and to an appalling extent," replied the Doctor.

"You don't believe in intermarriage with other races?"

"Yes, most emphatically, when they possess decent moral development and physical perfection, for then we develop a



superior being in the progeny born of the intermarriage. But if we are not ready to receive and assimilate the new material which will be brought to mingle with our pure Anglo-Saxon stream, we should call a halt in our expansion policy."

"I must confess, Doctor, that in the idea of amalgamation you present a new thought to my mind. Will you not favor us with a few of your main points?" asked the president of the club, breaking the silence which followed the Doctor's remarks.

"Yes, Doctor, give us your theories on the subject. We may not agree with you, but we are all open to conviction."

The Doctor removed the half-consumed cigar from his lips, drank what remained in his glass of the choice Burgundy, and leaning back in his chair contemplated the earnest faces before him.

We may make laws, but laws are but straws in the hands of Omnipotence.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will."

And no man may combat fate. Given a man, propinquity, opportunity fascinating femininity, and there you are. Black, white, green, yellow — nothing will prevent intermarriage. Position, wealth, family, friends — all sink into insignificance before the God-implanted instinct that made Adam, awakening from a deep sleep and finding the woman beside him, accept Eve as bone of his bone; he cared not nor questioned whence she came. So it is with the sons of Adam ever since, through the law of heredity which makes us all one common family. And so it will be with us in our re-formation of this old Republic. Perhaps I can make my meaning clearer by illustration, and with your permission I will tell you a story which came under my observation as a practitioner.

Doubtless all of you heard of the terrible tragedy which occurred at Gordonville, Mass., some years ago, when Capt. Jonathan Gordon, his wife and little son were murdered. I suppose that I am the only man on this side the Atlantic, outside of the police, who can tell you the true story of that crime.

I knew Captain Gordon well; it was through his persuasions that I bought a place in Gordonville and settled down to spending my summers in that charming rural neighborhood. I had rendered the Captain what he was pleased to call valuable medical help, and I became his family physician. Captain Gordon was a retired sea captain, formerly engaged in the East India trade. All his ancestors had been such; but when the bottom fell out of that business he established the Gordonville Mills with his first wife's money, and settled down as a money-making manufacturer of cotton cloth. The Gordons were old New England Puritans who had come over in the "Mayflower"; they had owned Gordon Hall for more than a hundred years. It was a baronial-like pile of granite with towers, standing on a hill which commanded a superb view of Massachusetts Bay and the surrounding country. I imagine the Gordon star was under a cloud about the time Captain Jonathan married his first wife, Miss Isabel Franklin of Boston, who brought to him the money which mended the broken fortunes of the Gordon house, and restored this old Puritan stock to its rightful position. In the person of Captain Gordon the austerity of manner and indomitable will-power that he had inherited were combined with a temper that brooked no contradiction.

The first wife died at the birth of her third child, leaving him two daughters, Jeannette and Talma. Very soon after her death the Captain married again. I have heard it rumored that the Gordon girls did not get on very well with their step-mother. She was a woman with no fortune of her own, and envied the large portion left by the first Mrs. Gordon to her daughters.

Jeannette was tall, dark, and stern like her father; Talma was like her dead mother, and possessed of great talent, so great that her father sent her to the American Academy at Rome, to develop the gift. It was the hottest of July days when her friends were bidden to an afternoon party on the lawn and a dance in the evening, to welcome Talma Gordon among them again. I watched her as she moved about among her guests, a fairylike blonde in floating white draperies, her

face a study in delicate changing tints, like the heart of a flower, sparkling in smiles about the mouth to end in merry laughter in the clear blue eyes. There were all the subtle allurements of birth, wealth and culture about the exquisite creature :

“Smiling, frowning evermore,  
Thou art perfect in love-lore,  
Ever varying Madeline,”

quoted a celebrated writer as he stood apart with me, gazing upon the scene before us. He sighed as he looked at the girl.

“Doctor, there is genius and passion in her face. Sometime our little friend will do wonderful things. But is it desirable to be singled out for special blessings by the gods? Genius always carries with it intense capacity for suffering: ‘Whom the gods love die young.’”

“Ah,” I replied, “do not name death and Talma Gordon together. Cease your dismal croakings; such talk is rank heresy.”

The dazzling daylight dropped slowly into summer twilight. The merriment continued; more guests arrived; the great dancing pagoda built for the occasion was lighted by myriads of Japanese lanterns. The strains from the band grew sweeter and sweeter, and “all went merry as a marriage bell.” It was a rare treat to have this party at Gordon Hall, for Captain Jonathan was not given to hospitality. We broke up shortly before midnight, with expressions of delight from all the guests.

I was a bachelor then, without ties. Captain Gordon insisted upon my having a bed at the Hall. I did not fall asleep readily; there seemed to be something in the air that forbade it. I was still awake when a distant clock struck the second hour of the morning. Suddenly the heavens were lighted by a sheet of ghastly light; a terrific midsummer thunderstorm was breaking over the sleeping town. A lurid flash lit up all the landscape, painting the trees in grotesque shapes against the murky sky, and defining clearly the sullen blackness of the waters of the bay breaking in grandeur against the rocky coast. I had arisen and put back the draperies from the windows, to have an unobstructed view of the grand scene. A low muttering com-

ing nearer and nearer, a terrific roar, and then a tremendous downpour. The storm had burst.

Now the uncanny howling of a dog mingled with the rattling volleys of thunder. I heard the opening and closing of doors; the servants were about looking after things. It was impossible to sleep. The lightning was more vivid. There was a blinding flash of a greenish-white tinge mingled with the crash of falling timbers. Then before my startled gaze arose columns of red flames reflected against the sky. "Heaven help us!" I cried; "it is the left tower; it has been struck and is on fire!"

I hurried on my clothes and stepped into the corridor; the girls were there before me. Jeannette came up to me instantly with anxious face. "Oh, Doctor Thornton, what shall we do? papa and mamma and little Johnny are in the old left tower. It is on fire. I have knocked and knocked, but get no answer."

"Don't be alarmed," said I soothingly. "Jenkins, ring the alarm bell," I continued, turning to the butler who was standing near; "the rest follow me. We will force the entrance to the Captain's room."

Instantly, it seemed to me, the bell boomed out upon the now silent air, for the storm had died down as quickly as it arose; and as our little procession paused before the entrance to the old left tower, we could distinguish the sound of the fire engines already on their way from the village.

The door resisted all our efforts; there seemed to be a barrier against it which nothing could move. The flames were gaining headway. Still the same deathly silence within the rooms.

"Oh, will they never get here?" cried Talma, ringing her hands in terror. Jeannette said nothing, but her face was ashen. The servants were huddled together in a panic-stricken group. I can never tell you what a relief it was when we heard the first sound of the firemen's voices, saw their quick movements, and heard the ringing of the axes with which they cut away every obstacle to our entrance to the rooms. The neighbors who had just enjoyed the hospitality of the house were now gathered around offering all the assistance in their power. In less than

fifteen minutes the fire was out, and the men began to bear the unconscious inmates from the ruins. They carried them to the pagoda so lately the scene of mirth and pleasure, and I took up my station there, ready to assume my professional duties. The Captain was nearest me; and as I stooped to make the necessary examination I reeled away from the ghastly sight which confronted me — *gentlemen, across the Captain's throat was a deep gash that severed the jugular vein!*

The Doctor paused, and the hand with which he refilled his glass trembled violently.

“What is it, Doctor?” cried the men, gathering about me.

“Take the women away; this is murder!”

“Murder!” cried Jeannette, as she fell against the side of the pagoda.

“Murder!” screamed Talma, staring at me as if unable to grasp my meaning.

I continued my examination of the bodies, and found that the same thing had happened to Mrs. Gordon and to little Johnny.

The police were notified; and when the sun rose over the dripping town he found them in charge of Gordon Hall, the servants standing in excited knots talking over the crime, the friends of the family confounded, and the two girls trying to comfort each other and realize the terrible misfortune that had overtaken them.

Nothing in the rooms of the left tower seemed to have been disturbed. The door of communication between the rooms of the husband and wife was open, as they had arranged it for the night. Little Johnny's crib was placed beside his mother's bed. In it he was found as though never awakened by the storm. It was quite evident that the assassin was no common ruffian. The chief gave strict orders for a watch to be kept on all strangers or suspicious characters who were seen in the neighborhood. He made inquiries among the servants, seeing each one separately, but there was nothing gained from them. No one had heard anything suspicious; all had been awakened by the storm. The chief was puzzled. Here was a triple crime for which no motive could be assigned.

"What do you think of it?" I asked him, as we stood together on the lawn.

"It is my opinion that the deed was committed by one of the higher classes, which makes the mystery more difficult to solve. I tell you, Doctor, there are mysteries that never come to light, and this, I think, is one of them."

While we were talking Jenkins, the butler, an old and trusted servant, came up to the chief and saluted respectfully. "Want to speak with me, Jenkins?" he asked. The man nodded, and they walked away together.

The story of the inquest was short, but appalling. It was shown that Talma had been allowed to go abroad to study because she and Mrs. Gordon did not get on well together. From the testimony of Jenkins it seemed that Talma and her father had quarrelled bitterly about her lover, a young artist whom she had met at Rome, who was unknown to fame, and very poor. There had been terrible things said by each, and threats even had passed, all of which now rose up in judgment against the unhappy girl. The examination of the family solicitor revealed the fact that Captain Gordon intended to leave his daughters only a small annuity, the bulk of the fortune going to his son Jonathan, junior. This was a monstrous injustice, as everyone felt. In vain Talma protested her innocence. Someone must have done it. No one would be benefited so much by these deaths as she and her sister. Moreover, the will, together with other papers, was nowhere to be found. Not the slightest clue bearing upon the disturbing elements in this family, if any there were, was to be found. As the only surviving relatives, Jeannette and Talma became joint heirs to an immense fortune, which only for the bloody tragedy just enacted would, in all probability, have passed them by. Here was the motive. The case was very black against Talma. The foreman stood up. The silence was intense: We "find that Capt. Jonathan Gordon, Mary E. Gordon and Jonathan Gordon, junior, all deceased, came to their deaths by means of a knife or other sharp instrument in the hands of Talma Gordon." The girl was like one stricken with death. The

flower-like mouth was drawn and pinched; the great sapphire-blue eyes were black with passionate anguish, terror and despair. She was placed in jail to await her trial at the fall session of the criminal court. The excitement in the hitherto quiet town rose to fever heat. Many points in the evidence seemed incomplete to thinking men. The weapon could not be found, nor could it be divined what had become of it. No reason could be given for the murder except the quarrel between Talma and her father and the ill will which existed between the girl and her stepmother.

When the trial was called Jeannette sat beside Talma in the prisoner's dock; both were arrayed in deepest mourning. Talma was pale and careworn, but seemed uplifted, spiritualized, as it were. Upon Jeannette the full realization of her sister's peril seemed to weigh heavily. She had changed much too: hollow cheeks, tottering steps, eyes blazing with fever, all suggestive of rapid and premature decay. From far-off Italy Edward Turner, growing famous in the art world, came to stand beside his girl-love in this hour of anguish.

The trial was a memorable one. No additional evidence had been collected to strengthen the prosecution; when the attorney-general rose to open the case against Talma he knew, as everyone else did, that he could not convict solely on the evidence adduced. What was given did not always bear upon the case, and brought out strange stories of Captain Jonathan's methods. Tales were told of sailors who had sworn to take his life, in revenge for injuries inflicted upon them by his hand. One or two clues were followed, but without avail. The judge summed up the evidence impartially, giving the prisoner the benefit of the doubt. The points in hand furnished valuable collateral evidence, but were not direct proof. Although the moral presumption was against the prisoner, legal evidence was lacking to actually convict. The jury found the prisoner "Not Guilty," owing to the fact that the evidence was entirely circumstantial. The verdict was received in painful silence; then a murmur of discontent ran through the great crowd.

"She must have done it," said one; "who else has been benefited by the horrible deed?"

"A poor woman would not have fared so well at the hands of the jury, nor a homely one either, for that matter," said another.

The great Gordon trial was ended; innocent or guilty, Talma Gordon could not be tried again. She was free; but her liberty, with blasted prospects and fair fame gone forever, was valueless to her. She seemed to have but one object in her mind: to find the murderer or murderers of her parents and half-brother. By her direction the shrewdest of detectives were employed and money flowed like water, but to no purpose; the Gordon tragedy remained a mystery. I had consented to act as one of the trustees of the immense Gordon estates and business interests, and by my advice the Misses Gordon went abroad. A year later I received a letter from Edward Turner, saying that Jeannette Gordon had died suddenly at Rome, and that Talma, after refusing all his entreaties for an early marriage, had disappeared, leaving no clue as to her whereabouts. I could give the poor fellow no comfort, although I had been duly notified of the death of Jeannette by Talma, in a letter telling me where to forward her remittances, and at the same time requesting me to keep her present residence secret, especially from Edward.

I had established a sanitarium for the cure of chronic diseases at Gordonville, and absorbed in the cares of my profession I gave little thought to the Gordons. I seemed fated to be involved in mysteries.

A man claiming to be an Englishman, and fresh from the California gold fields, engaged board and professional service at my retreat. I found him suffering in the grasp of the tubercle-fiend — the last stages. He called himself Simon Cameron. Seldom have I seen so fascinating and wicked a face. The lines of the mouth were cruel, the eyes cold and sharp, the smile mocking and evil. He had money in plenty but seemed to have no friends, for he had received no letters and had had no visitors in the time he had been with us. He was an enigma to me; and his nationality puzzled me, for of course I did not



believe his story of being English. The peaceful influence of the house seemed to sooth him in a measure, and make his last steps to the mysterious valley as easy as possible. For a time he improved, and would sit or walk about the grounds and sing sweet songs for the pleasure of the other inmates. Strange to say, his malady only affected his voice at times. He sang quaint songs in a silvery tenor of great purity and sweetness that was delicious to the listening ear:

“A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail  
And bends the gallant mast;  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys;  
While like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lea.”

There are few singers on the lyric stage who could surpass Simon Cameron.

One night, a few weeks after Cameron's arrival, I sat in my office making up my accounts when the door opened and closed; I glanced up, expecting to see a servant. A lady advanced toward me. She threw back her veil, and then I saw that Talma Gordon, or her ghost, stood before me. After the first excitement of our meeting was over, she told me she had come direct from Paris, to place herself in my care. I had studied her attentively during the first moments of our meeting, and I felt that she was right; unless something unforeseen happened to arouse her from the stupor into which she seemed to have fallen, the last Gordon was doomed to an early death. The next day I told her I had cabled Edward Turner to come to her.

“It will do no good; I cannot marry him,” was her only comment.

“Have you no feeling of pity for that faithful fellow?” I asked her sternly, provoked by her seeming indifference. I shall never forget the varied emotions depicted on her speaking face. Fully revealed to my gaze was the sight of a human

soul tortured beyond the point of endurance; suffering all things, enduring all things, in the silent agony of despair.

In a few days Edward arrived, and Talma consented to see him and explain her refusal to keep her promise to him. You must be present, Doctor; it is due your long, tried friendship to know that I have not been fickle, but have acted from the best and strongest motives.

I shall never forget that day. It was directly after lunch that we met in the library. I was greatly excited, expecting I knew not what. Edward was agitated, too. Talma was the only calm one. She handed me what seemed to be a letter, with the request that I would read it. Even now I think I can repeat every word of the document, so indelibly are the words engraved upon my mind:

MY DARLING SISTER TALMA: When you read these lines I shall be no more, for I shall not live to see your life blasted by the same knowledge that has blighted mine.

One evening, about a year before your expected return from Rome, I climbed into a hammock in one corner of the veranda outside the breakfast-room windows, intending to spend the twilight hours in lazy comfort, for it was very hot, enervating August weather. I fell asleep. I was awakened by voices. Because of the heat the rooms had been left in semi-darkness. As I lay there, lazily enjoying the beauty of the perfect summer night, my wandering thoughts were arrested by words spoken by our father to Mrs. Gordon, for they were the occupants of the breakfast-room.

"Never fear, Mary; Johnny shall have it all — money, houses, land and business."

"But if you do go first, Jonathan, what will happen if the girls contest the will? People will think that they ought to have the money as it appears to be theirs by law. I never could survive the terrible disgrace of the story."

"Don't borrow trouble; all you would need to do would be to show them papers I have drawn up, and they would be glad to take their annuity and say nothing. After all, I do not



CHARLES BYRON SMITH.

One of the United States Guards at the Paris Exposition.

(See page 293.)



MRS. JOHNSTON.

One of the leaders of social life in Pueblo, Col.

think it is so bad. Jeannette can teach; Talma can paint; six hundred dollars a year is quite enough for them."

I had been somewhat mystified by the conversation until now. This last remark solved the riddle. What could he mean? teach, paint, six hundred a year! With my usual impetuosity I sprang from my resting-place, and in a moment stood in the room confronting my father, and asking what he meant. I could see plainly that both were disconcerted by my unexpected appearance.

"Ah, wretched girl! you have been listening. But what could I expect of your mother's daughter?"

At these words I felt the indignant blood rush to my head in a torrent. So it had been all my life. Before you could remember, Talma, I had felt my little heart swell with anger at the disparaging hints and slurs concerning our mother. Now was my time. I determined that tonight I would know why she was looked upon as an outcast, and her children subjected to every humiliation. So I replied to my father in bitter anger:

"I was not listening; I fell asleep in the hammock. What do you mean by a paltry six hundred a year each to Talma and to me? 'My mother's daughter' demands an explanation from you, sir, of the meaning of the monstrous injustice that you have always practised toward my sister and me."

"Speak more respectfully to your father, Jeannette," broke in Mrs. Gordon.

"How is it, madam, that you look for respect from one whom you have delighted to torment ever since you came into this most unhappy family?"

"Hush, both of you," said Captain Gordon, who seemed to have recovered from the dismay into which my sudden appearance and passionate words had plunged him. "I think I may as well tell you as to wait. Since you know so much, you may as well know the whole miserable story." He motioned me to a seat. I could see that he was deeply agitated. I seated myself in a chair he pointed out, in wonder and expectation,—expectation of I knew not what. I trembled. This was a supreme moment in my life; I felt it. The air was

heavy with the intense stillness that had settled over us as the common sounds of day gave place to the early quiet of the rural evening. I could see Mrs. Gordon's face as she sat within the radius of the lighted hallway. There was a smile of triumph upon it. I clinched my hands and bit my lips until the blood came, in the effort to keep from screaming. What was I about to hear? At last he spoke:

"I was disappointed at your birth, and also at the birth of Talma. I wanted a male heir. When I knew that I should again be a father I was torn by hope and fear, but I comforted myself with the thought that luck would be with me in the birth of the third child. When the doctor brought me word that a son was born to the house of Gordon, I was wild with delight, and did not notice his disturbed countenance. In the midst of my joy he said to me:

"Captain Gordon, there is something strange about this birth. I want you to see this child."

Quelling my exultation I followed him to the nursery, and there, lying in the cradle, I saw a child dark as a mulatto, with the characteristic features of the Negro! I was stunned. Gradually it dawned upon me that there was something radically wrong. I turned to the doctor for an explanation.

"There is but one explanation, Captain Gordon; there is Negro blood in this child."

"There is no Negro blood in my veins," I said proudly. Then I paused — *the mother!* — I glanced at the doctor. He was watching me intently. The same thought was in his mind. I must have lived a thousand years in that cursed five seconds that I stood there confronting the physician and trying to think. "Come," said I to him, "let us end this suspense." Without thinking of consequences, I hurried away to your mother and accused her of infidelity to her marriage vows. I raved like a madman. Your mother fell into convulsions; her life was despaired of. I sent for Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, and then I learned the truth. They were childless. One year while on a Southern tour, they befriended an octoroon girl who had been abandoned by her white lover. Her child was a

beautiful girl baby. They, being Northern born, thought little of caste distinction because the child showed no trace of Negro blood. They determined to adopt it. They went abroad, secretly sending back word to their friends at a proper time, of the birth of a little daughter. No one doubted the truth of the statement. They made Isabel their heiress, and all went well until the birth of your brother. Your mother and the unfortunate babe died. This is the story which, if known, would bring dire disgrace upon the Gordon family.

To appease my righteous wrath, Mr. Franklin left a codicil to his will by which all the property is left at my disposal save a small annuity to you and your sister.

I sat there after he had finished his story, stunned by what I had heard. I understood, now, Mrs. Gordon's half contemptuous toleration and lack of consideration for us both. As I rose from my seat to leave the room I said to Captain Gordon:

"Still, in spite of all, sir, I am a Gordon, legally born. I will not tamely give up my birthright."

I left that room a broken-hearted girl, filled with a desire for revenge upon this man, my father, who by his manner disowned us without a regret. Not once in that remarkable interview did he speak of our mother as his wife; he quietly repudiated her and us with all the cold cruelty of relentless caste prejudice. I heard the treatment of your lover's proposal; I knew why Captain Gordon's consent to your marriage was withheld.

The night of the reception and dance was the chance for which I had waited, planned and watched. I crept from my window into the ivy-vines, and so down, down, until I stood upon the window-sill of Captain Gordon's room in the old left tower. How did I do it, you ask? I do not know. The house was silent after the revel; the darkness of the gathering storm favored me, too. The lawyer was there that day. The will was signed and put safely away among my father's papers. I was determined to have the will and the other documents bearing upon the case, and I would have revenge, too, for the cruelties we had suffered. With the old East Indian dagger

firmly grasped I entered the room and found—that my revenge had been forestalled! The horror of the discovery I made that night restored me to reason and a realization of the crime I meditated. Scarce knowing what I did, I sought and found the papers, and crept back to my room as I had come. Do you wonder that my disease is past medical aid?"

I looked at Edward as I finished. He sat, his face covered with his hands. Finally he looked up with a glance of haggard despair: "God! Doctor, but this is too much. I could stand the stigma of murder, but add to that the pollution of Negro blood! No man is brave enough to face such a situation."

"It is as I thought it would be," said Talma sadly, while the tears poured over her white face. "I do not blame you, Edward."

He rose from his chair, rung my hand in a convulsive clasp, turned to Talma and bowed profoundly, with his eyes fixed upon the floor, hesitated, turned, paused, bowed again and abruptly left the room. So those two who had been lovers, parted. I turned to Talma, expecting her to give way. She smiled a pitiful smile, and said: "You see, Doctor, I knew best."

From that on she failed rapidly. I was restless. If only I could rouse her to an interest in life, she might live to old age. So rich, so young, so beautiful, so talented, so pure; I grew savage thinking of the injustice of the world. I had not reckoned on the power that never sleeps. Something was about to happen.

On visiting Cameron next morning I found him approaching the end. He had been sinking for a week very rapidly. As I sat by the bedside holding his emaciated hand, he fixed his bright, wicked eyes on me, and asked: "How long have I got to live?"

"Candidly, but a few hours."

"Thank you; well, I want death; I am not afraid to die. Doctor, Cameron is not my name."

"I never supposed it was."



"No? You are sharper than I thought. I heard all your talk yesterday with Talma Gordon. Curse the whole race!"

He clasped his bony fingers around my arm and gasped: "*I murdered the Gordons!*"

Had I the pen of a Dumas I could not paint Cameron as he told his story. It is a question with me whether this wheeling planet, home of the suffering, doubting, dying, may not hold worse agonies on its smiling surface than those of the conventional hell. I sent for Talma and a lawyer. We gave him stimulants, and then with broken intervals of coughing and prostration we got the story of the Gordon murder. I give it to you in a few words:

"I am an East Indian, but my name does not matter, Cameron is as good as any. There is many a soul crying in heaven and hell for vengeance on Jonathan Gordon. Gold was his idol; and many a good man walked the plank, and many a gallant ship was stripped of her treasure, to satisfy his lust for gold. His blackest crime was the murder of my father, who was his friend, and had sailed with him for many a year as mate. One night these two went ashore together to bury their treasure. My father never returned from that expedition. His body was afterward found with a bullet through the heart on the shore where the vessel stopped that night. It was the custom then among pirates for the captain to kill the men who helped bury their treasure. Captain Gordon was no better than a pirate. An East Indian never forgets, and I swore by my mother's deathbed to hunt Captain Gordon down until I had avenged my father's murder. I had the plans of the Gordon estate, and fixed on the night of the reception in honor of Talma as the time for my vengeance. There is a secret entrance from the shore to the chambers where Captain Gordon slept; no one knew of it save the Captain and trusted members of his crew. My mother gave me the plans, and entrance and escape were easy."

"So the great mystery was solved. In a few hours Cameron was no more. We placed the confession in the hands of the police, and there the matter ended."

“But what became of Talma Gordon?” questioned the president. “Did she die?”

“Gentlemen,” said the Doctor, rising to his feet and sweeping the faces of the company with his eagle gaze, “gentlemen, if you will follow me to the drawing-room, I shall have much pleasure in introducing you to my wife — *née* Talma Gordon.”

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## NEW WARS,

BENJAMIN GRIFFITH BRAWLEY.

HURL on the lance! Break up the ancient peace!  
Now let the arrow hiss in air and sing;  
Now let the spear-point on the armor ring;  
Sound forth the call to wars that never cease!

Ye hoot the yellow Mongol from your land;  
But forth to regions all his own ye go  
To reap the riches of his overflow,  
And just ye call the working of your hand!

Now see the scramble of the Christian host —  
Them all press forward for the spoil that's won;  
New wars! new wars! ris'n on the olden one —  
And this, *this* the enlightened freeman's boast!

But greater is the strife than here would seem,  
And wider realms embracing than the East,  
For that is but the remnant of the feast.  
I had a vision. (Was it all a dream?)

The weary Titan groaned beneath the weight  
Of nations growing weaker day by day,  
Whose men he deemed but men of minor clay,  
And destinies he wrought for them their fate.

And why, methought, does not the giant's creed  
Cast off the weaklings that would warp his might,  
And leave alone the wretches in their plight?  
No answer save "I would not" from his greed.

So freedom hails th' advance of king and queen;  
The march of mind goes on o'er field and flood;  
Republics curb the weak with shows of blood;  
And lordly priests profess the Nazarene!

Yet hear the trumpet and the cannon's roar,  
The orphan's crying and the widow's wail;  
But what of them? Unfurl the sail! flay! flail!  
On! on! on to the mighty breach once more!

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## PARIS AND THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

MORRIS LEWIS, PARIS, FRANCE.

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

THE Paris Exposition of 1900 is now nearing the end. As the closing days appear in the distance, and before the work of dismantling is begun, it is well in a brief way to review the work and achievement of the nations of the earth since the World's Fair of 1893.

The main part of this Exposition is the Champ de Mars section, the court of which is surrounded by the grand palaces of Mining, Metallurgy, Textiles, Machinery, Electricity, Agriculture, Chemical Industries, Transportation, Education, Liberal Arts, etc. The area from the great Chateau d'Eau in the center of the Champ de Mars, past the Tour Eiffel, across the Seine river to the Trocadero, with the colony buildings on the right and left of the Trocadero, forms one grand panorama, viewed from any point. The grounds between the fountain and the tower

are artistically laid off in grass-plots and flower-beds, gravel walks with chairs and settees for all. Artistic lamp-posts are placed all through this park, and at night, in conjunction with the electric fountain, make this almost a fairyland.

Along the right bank of the Seine are the buildings of the Army and Navy; Merchant Marine; Schneider's building of heavy forging and armor plate; Hygiene and Sanitation; pavilions of Mexico, Siberia, Sweden, Spain, Austria, Great Britain, Germany, Hungary, United States, Turkey and Italy. On the left bank we find cafes: Vieux Paris, Social Economy, Horticulture and Ville de Paris. This brings us to the Alexander III. Bridge, which was dedicated by the Czar of Russia in 1894.

To the right from the Alexander Bridge is the Invalides Section of Varied Industries, both French and foreign. The broad avenue running between these two sections looks directly upon the Hotel des Invalides, and the gilt dome of the tomb of Napoleon rises in the background. To the left of the Alexander Bridge we find on one side of the avenue the Beaux Arts Palace, and on the other the Petit Palace. This avenue leads to the Champs Elysees entrance to the Exposition.

On one side of the river included in the Exposition is the Rue de Nations for national buildings, and on the other the Rue de Paris, similar to the Chicago Midway Plaisance. Here are found many cafes, theatres and small shows, the principal ones being the Palais de la Dance and the Loie Fuller Theatre.

Returning to the buildings on the Champ de Mars we find exhibited in the first section mining machinery, steel forgings, minerals, tins, hardware, etc. In the United States section we find the finest collection of minerals: gold, crystal, etc. We here also find wonderful specimens of petrified wood. Next we view the Textile section, with a retrospective exhibit of apparel from 1700. This section presents to visitors the French fashions in all their gorgeousness, consisting of handsome gowns from Worth and others of the Avenue de la Paix. In the United States section of Textiles there is a fine collection of furs, silks, cotton goods, woolens, etc. Here, too, is installed a typical

American shoe factory, where American-made shoes are turned out before the eyes of the many visitors. From this point an escalator is in operation, running to the second floor, which is quite different in design from the French endless belt, being a veritable moving stairway. This American invention is a marvel of construction not only to Europeans but to Americans as well. Next we find the gas motors, steam engines, electric motors, etc. In the next section the Tripler Liquid Air exhibit draws the largest crowd, while tools operated by compressed air secure the attention of those interested in small hand articles of machinery. In the Electrical section there are of course many things to interest one, wireless telegraphy being the latest invention. The exhibit in education is quite complete, and gives at once the true idea of the excellence of our institutions, and their great number. Photographs are shown of all the principal schools and colleges throughout the United States.

Just outside of the main building on the Avenue Suffren side of the Champ de Mars is the Agricultural Annex. In this building are the principal exhibits of harvesting machinery and tools. On the top floor is installed the Corn Kitchen, which is destined to be the entering wedge for the use of corn as a food by the Europeans. Two colored women from the United States lend greatly to the kitchen, and "Aunt Jemima's" corn-cakes are noted all over the Exposition.

The guard force for the United States sections is composed of some of our best young men, most of whom are college students. Among them are two colored guards, whose pictures are presented herewith: Mr. C. B. Smith from Chicago and Lieut. H. O. Franklin of New Orleans.

Mr. Charles Byron Smith was born in Washington, D. C., and received his principal schooling at Howard University. After leaving Howard, by his own efforts he succeeded in adding to his store of knowledge, and in 1889 went to Chicago, where after a short period he took the governmental post-office examination for a clerical position in the Chicago post-office. In the examination in which Mr. Smith took part, out of 1,092

only 146 were successful in passing the required examination. A few of these were soon appointed, Mr. Smith being one of this number. During Mr. Smith's term in the post-office his examination averages have been very high, in one instance reaching 99.2 per cent as letter distributor. Mr. Smith held this position until appointed an American Guard to the Paris Exposition of 1900, in February, 1900, when he left for Paris. He has been stationed at the Publishers' Building, and has creditably performed his duties.

H. O. Franklin was born March 24, 1874, in Thibodaux, Parish of Lafourche, Louisiana, finished his schooling at Straight University, New Orleans, La., and was a banking-house employee for six years previous to being commissioned Second Lieutenant, May, 1898, in the 9th U. S. Vol. Infantry, which regiment he assisted in organizing and served with throughout the province of Santiago, Cuba, during the Spanish-American War. After being discharged from the service by reason of the muster-out of his regiment, May 25, 1899, at Camp Meade, Pa., he went back to New Orleans and successfully engaged in mercantile business, disposing of his place December last for the purpose of establishing himself in Cuba; but finding the island very unsettled he left Havana and came to Paris, where he was appointed one of the United States Guards.

The Chateau d'Eau is built so as to form a connecting link between the grand palaces on either side of the Champ de Mars, and is really the front of the Electrical Palace. The chateau is a series of waterfalls, under and at the edge of each fall there being many electric lights, the water falling from one to the other a distance of about one hundred feet. At the very top of the chateau and above the illumination lights is a many-pointed star centered with a woman's figure, which is the key to the entire effect which spreads out far below. The electric fountains in front of the chateau and forming a part thereof in the pond, are twelve in number, six on either side. At night when the fountain is in full operation, and amid the changing colored lights upon the water, this presents a grand spectacle to the hundreds who are always present.

Back from the Chateau d'Eau, rising giant-like, is the Tour Eiffel, 333 meters high, or 999 feet. At night this tower is brilliantly illuminated with rows of incandescent lights, which outline its graceful frame.

The Negro Exhibit in the Palace of Social Economy on the banks of the Seine is one of particular interest, in that it shows to the world the progress made by a race of but thirty years' freedom. This exhibit is successfully installed in a corner of the United States section, and among other objects consists chiefly of photographs of the Negro educational institutions of the United States. Booker T. Washington's school at Tuskegee, Ala., has on exhibition a very fine collection of work turned out at the school, consisting of wood-turning, joining, painting, graining, forging, harness-making, etc. A large portrait of Booker T. Washington hangs above the exhibit. Large pictures of the late Hon. B. K. Bruce, and Hon. Judson W. Lyons, the present Register of the Treasury, are here exhibited, together with two five-thousand-dollar government bonds, bearing the respective signatures of these distinguished colored gentlemen. Many books are here by colored authors. A series of charts giving statistics with reference to the status of the Negro in the United States, and especially in the state of Georgia, are neatly arranged in wing frames. These were prepared at Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga., under the direction of Prof. W. E. B. DuBois. A bronze statuette of the Hon. Frederick Douglass is on exhibition, this being a facsimile of the statue to Douglass in Rochester, N. Y. This collective exhibit has received a "grand prize."

In the Palace of Beaux Arts is to be found H. O. Tanner's painting, "Daniel in the Lion's Den," while in the United States National Pavilion Mr. Tanner has two pictures, "The Lion Hunt" and "Hills near Jerusalem." Mr. Tanner receives a silver medal as an award from the Exposition.



## THE STRESS OF IMPULSE.

MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO VIII.

ROGER DOLLOFF, a detective, while journeying to San Francisco to investigate the robbery of the Third National Bank, meets with serious injury in the wreck of the Overland Limited, and is nursed back to health by Marie Chartier, a passenger on the same train. He falls in love with, and marries her, and they resume the interrupted journey. The cashier, who has robbed the bank, fears betrayal by his accomplice and secretly and in disguise embarks on a sailing vessel bound for Panama. While Dolloff is conferring with the president of the bank, Marie is confronted by a man at their hotel, and faints from the shock of recognition. It is James Fairfax, her husband, whom she had believed dead when she married Dolloff. He is a gambler and worse, and importunes her to cast in her lot with him again, a proposition which she scorns. Dolloff, entering the hotel as Fairfax leaves it, recognizes the latter, and having his suspicions aroused by this chance meeting with one whom he knows to be a rogue, soon establishes the fact that he had a hand in the bank robbery. Dolloff goes to South America in pursuit of the fleeing cashier, and stumbles upon his camping-place in the forest. In Dolloff's absence Marie is abducted by Fairfax.

## CHAPTER IX.

AT Dolloff's signal the two sailors glided silently from tree to tree until they had assumed positions effectually cutting off the retreat of the man who, startled by a sudden footstep, sprang to his feet and confronted the detective.

For a moment he glared at Dolloff in silence; then, shrugging his shoulders, said: "Ah, gentlemen, I was not expecting visitors."

"So it would appear," responded Dolloff; "but our errand can be briefly stated. I have a warrant for your arrest."

"On what charge, pray?"

"Robbery of the Third National Bank of San Francisco."

The man laughed derisively. "Your warrant is worthless here, as perhaps you know."

"I do know it perfectly well," responded Dolloff; "and that being the case, I must request you to waive formality and accompany me on board my vessel. When we are within the limits of the jurisdiction of American law I will serve the warrant on you in proper form."

"And what if I refuse to accede to any such unlawful and high-handed proceeding?" queried the cashier.

"Then I must use force," responded Dolloff grimly; and his captive, glancing about on the three determined faces, made



a virtue of necessity and yielded, though not without a vigorous protest at the irregularity of the arrest.

After a night passed in the forest camp, the return journey to the coast was begun; and four days later, when the yacht's prow turned northward, Dolloff had the satisfaction of knowing that his prisoner was safe on board. No restraint was placed upon him during the voyage until, when within the three-mile limit of San Francisco bay, he was formally placed under arrest. Immediately after landing he was conveyed to the bank for identification by the president of that institution, and thence to a prison cell to await his time of trial.

Dolloff's first thought, after he had seen his prisoner safely caged, was naturally of Marie, and hastening to the hotel, he was passing through the lobby when the clerk accosted him.

"A letter for you from your wife, Mr. Dolloff," said that functionary, advancing to meet him.

"A letter from my wife?" queried Dolloff in amazement.

"Yes," was the reply. "She left here shortly after your departure, and instructed me to give you this letter immediately upon your return."

Dolloff took the missive, and with a sense of impending trouble, broke the seal. Its brief contents did not serve to allay his apprehension. It was the letter of a nervous, worried woman, incoherent in places, and hinting at some vague calamity that menaced the writer. It ended with an appeal to him to hasten to the address given, an appeal that he did not disregard.

Hastily securing a cab, an hour later he stood impatiently waiting at the door of a neat cottage in a quiet suburb of the city.

In response to his energetic ring a pleasant-faced woman appeared, whose first word in answer to his query plunged him into the deeper depths of his apprehension.

No, Mrs. Dolloff was not there; had not been there, in fact, since the day when she had engaged a room and board some weeks before.

Stunned by this information, he re-entered the cab and was driven rapidly back to the hotel. Arrived there, the closest

questioning of the clerk was without result. Mrs. Dolloff had settled for her room, had taken her baggage, and departed on a certain evening, without a word as to her intended destination. No, he was very sorry, but he could not describe the driver of the carriage in which she had gone away.

Utterly at a loss as to what course to pursue, Dolloff left the hotel and walked aimlessly about the streets in a half-distracted state of mind until, overcome with fatigue, the tolling of the midnight hour from a near-by steeple warned him that he must seek rest.

His after-recollection of the week that followed was as of a lingering nightmare. He haunted the cab stands, the depots and police headquarters. The headlines of murders and suicides in the morning papers danced bewilderingly before his eyes. In the crowds which thronged the sidewalks at night he often fancied he could see a familiar form, and after following for blocks would find that it was not the one he sought.

As the days wore on he plunged deeper into the city's noisy current. From the cold, dim silence of the morgue he emerged with the sweat of mental agony on his brow. With a shuddering sense of despair tugging at his heart, he roamed through narrow, ill-paved streets, where the babel of low grogshops smote the ear. Through the length and breadth of the city's under-world, he made his way, all to no purpose. Not the slightest clue to Marie's mysterious disappearance could he discover.

Entering the hotel one evening, haggard and worn with anxiety and fatigue, a hearty voice greeted him, and he turned to grasp the outstretched hand of a fellow detective whom he had last seen in New York.

"Heard you were here, so I looked you up," said the newcomer.

Dolloff, as eager in his desperation to grasp at a friendly straw as a drowning man, led the way to a quiet corner of the lobby, and unburdened himself of his perplexity.

"H'm, that *is* a bad state of affairs," said the other when he had finished. "If I can help you in any way I'll gladly do it."



MISS A. LOUISE CONNELLY.

Vice-President Young People's Literary Circle, Mt. Olivet Baptist Church,  
New York City.

Sunday-school Teacher and Social Leader.



REV. SYLVESTER S. BRYAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

(See page 331.)

By the way, I see by the papers that the Third National case has been worked up. How did you do the trick?"

Whereupon Dolloff entered briefly into the particulars, ending with the expressed regret that he had allowed Fairfax to slip through his fingers.

"Was 'Happy Jack' in it? As it happens, I can give you a tip on him. I saw him board a southbound train at New York three weeks ago, with the woman he used to call his wife. It's my opinion they were bound for Georgia. I've heard he has a father back in the mountains—a regular fire-eating, deputy-shooting moonshiner, with more than a local reputation for general cussedness. I believe his stronghold isn't far from Chilhowee. Devilish pretty woman that Fairfax calls his wife. I understand she left him two or three years ago. At any rate, he's been doing business alone for some time. But they left New York on the same train, so they must have patched up their differences."

"I didn't know he was married," said Dolloff, idly curious. "I've only known him for a year or so."

"Oh, yes, he's married, or claims to be. I believe the girl comes of a good family, and didn't know his real character when she married him. Her name was Chartier—Marie Chartier."

#### CHAPTER X.

SINCE early morn the vibrant heat of a midsummer day in Southern Georgia had rested on the land. Now, at the coming of dusk, a few lingering rays of sunshine fell slantingly athwart the one rambling street of Chilhowee, blotching with vivid coloring the creaking stage as the jaded mules were halted before the alluring shadows of the vine-draped tavern porch. The driver deftly flicked a fly from the near-wheeler's dusty flank with his blacksnake whip, wound the lines about the brake, and leisurely descended from his seat.

The wide-swung door of the low-roofed, rambling structure revealed a cool vista of semi-darkness, from which floated certain sounds and savory odors which gave inviting promise of

hospitable welcome to the weary travelers, who slowly clambered from the stage and shook the choking yellow dust from their garments in little shimmering clouds. They were few in number: a cotton planter returning from a trip up country, a "cracker woman" from the lower valley, then two or three commonplace Southern types. The appearance of the last passenger to descend, whose garb and manner proclaimed him to be a Northerner, caused a little ripple of interest among the group of loungers who had gathered at the advent of the stage.

The newcomer appeared unconscious of the stir his arrival had created, and included the onlookers in one friendly glance as he mounted the steps of the porch and was met by the genial "Colonel" who presided at the tavern bar.

When he had done full justice to the bountiful Southern supper the newcomer strolled forth to gaze at the vista of winding valley, with the twilight softening the angularities of the towering mountains stretching away to the sky-line on either hand, one vast expanse of green, broken only by the yellow, twisting thread of the stage-road and a few gray points of rocky peaks, enpurpled in the distance by the setting sun. Later, he found a comfortable seat upon the porch, lighted a cigar, and listened far into the evening to the drawling conversation of the loungers, each of whom in the gathering dusk soon became a mere indistinct bulk, accentuated by the fitful glow from a corncob pipe.

Silence at last fell upon the little group, and one by one the shadowy forms faded away into the night, till the Colonel and his guest were left alone.

"You're from th' No'th, I reckon?" queried the Colonel.

"Yes; from New York," was the reply.

"'Sposen hit air right smart of a town?"

"Well, rather," assented the newcomer.

"Never went projeckin' up thet a'way," continued the Colonel. "I was ter New O'leans quite a spell when I was younger, but Chilhowee's big enough fer me now."

"Pop," a shrill voice arose from the dim back regions, "thet sow air in th' garden truck agen."

"Dad blame her onery hide!" ejaculated the Colonel, starting for the spot, whence sounds of scurrying footsteps and a series of racuous grunts floating back from a distance soon announced that the intruder had been routed.

"Thet pesky razor back air th' meanest varmint 'at ever rooted," said the Colonel, as he resumed his seat in a splint-bottomed chair tilted back against a pillar of the porch. "She'll crawl through th' tightest rail fence 'at ever was built; an' if she can't crawl through, she'll climb plum over hit."

"It must be very annoying."

"Hit shorely air," assented the Colonel, relighting his pipe.

The brilliant Southern moon crept up over the mountain before them, flooding the valley with its mellow radiance. The Northerner lighted a fresh cigar, and leaning back in comfort, watched the shadows of tree and rock grow shorter. Suddenly a long, wailing cry broke the stillness, echoing from peak to peak, rising and falling in shrill cadences and dying away in a lingering sob that startled him to his feet.

"Hit's only a painter callin' ter hit's mate," said the Colonel. "You'll hear th' answer in a minute," and indeed, as they listened, the same sobbing wail was repeated from a distance.

"Rather an uncanny sound," observed the stranger. "What is a painter, anyway?"

"Hit's a cross atween a wild-cat an' a panther," answered the Colonel, "an' worse than both put together. They ain't much bigger'n a good-sized hound, an' they'll lick anythin' twice their size 'at walks. Some calls 'em catamounts, an' some calls 'em Indian devils, but they's pizen bad, whatever you calls 'em."

With this introduction the Colonel went on to relate several stirring tales of encounters with the wild animals that roamed the mountains or made their lairs in the fastnesses of the swamps in the bottom-lands. He had been a mighty hunter in his youth, and having a fund of dry humor and a certain facility in anecdote, his recital proved highly interesting to the listener.

At last the Colonel knocked the ashes from his corn-cob,

and remarking, "I reckon you 'uns 'll want ter sleep a spell," led the way into the house.

Chilhowee, at the time of the newcomer's advent, was, to quote one conversant with the facts, "A blame innercent lookin' place, likewise most bodaciously swimmin' in moonshine," an allusion not to the radiance of the heavenly orb, but the fiery water-white liquor surreptitiously distilled by the mountaineers, who held it to be their inalienable right to convert the product of the soil into the most profitable commodity.

"Big" Bob Reno, the county sheriff, had found Chilhowee a knotty problem for solution. Although the very keystone of the blockading district, various carefully planned raids had resulted in the discomfiture of the officers, and an ambitious gauger who had volunteered to serve as spy was found one morning at the foot of a blasted pine with a neatly perforated bullet-hole in his back.

A few months of resultless raids and three sudden vacancies in his posse had apparently convinced Bob of the futility of further effort toward the moral betterment of Chilhowee, and the producers and runners of "mountain dew" again pursued their occupation unmolested.

The Colonel voiced the general sentiment of the community when he spat thoughtfully and copiously at the ear of a sleeping hound and oracularly declared it to be "p'int blank in'terference with Providence, suh, ter *deprive* yer feller man of th' means of subsistence, suh."

These little matters, naturally, were beyond the ken of "the stranger," as he was universally referred to, who soon became a familiar sight as he roamed about the little hamlet and over the low hills along the valley, quietly observant of his surroundings and smoking a brand of cigars that caused the Colonel's eyes to moisten with unalloyed delight.

The tall, gaunt mountaineers who slouched solemnly into the hamlet with their rifles and troops of black and yellow hounds, lean and unkempt as their masters, seemed to possess for "the stranger" a never-ending interest, and while carefully sustaining an appearance of careless good-fellowship, it might have been



observed that he allowed no word of their conversation to escape his ears, when chance, or design, threw them in his way.

#### CHAPTER XI.

NOT long after "the stranger's" arrival at Chilhowee he expressed a desire to pass a week or two in the home of some mountaineer, where he might hunt and explore the mountains as fancy dictated.

The Colonel sighed at the prospective loss of a profitable guest, and after some deliberation "reckoned" that "Jim Bludsoe, over on Old Baldy," might be induced to become his host.

"Hit air plum shore lonesome enough there ter suit anybody," was the ending of the Colonel's description of the locality.

The very place, "the stranger" declared, that he would have chosen. Accordingly, at an early hour on the following day appeared the tavern equipage, the omnipresent buckboard, drawn by a sleek and solemn mule, with the Colonel as charioteer.

They forded the yellow water of the "branch" and headed for the frowning side of Old Baldy, following a rude road that soon became little more than a bridle path, where the sure-footed mule plodded placidly along, deprecatingly wagging a tremulous ear when the reluctant buckboard, coyly poised on stump or tussock, plunged abruptly ahead on its erratic course. Conversation languished, as close attention was required to locate approaching obstructions and anticipate the resultant pitches of the unstable vehicle. Their way zigzagged gradually up the mountain side until at last the Colonel drew rein and announced that the balance of the way must be covered on foot.

They descended from the buckboard and gazed out across the valley. Far below a few toy houses scattered along a narrow ribbon of dusty yellow marked the site of Chilhowee, while a busy little mountain stream, stumbling along among the

blackjack roots at their feet, grew in the distance to a sedately flowing river.

After a short climb up the winding footpath the shrill clamoring of a pack of hounds announced the vicinity of a habitation, and a moment later they emerged on the border of a clearing and beheld a log cabin clinging to the mountain side. A lazy curl of smoke floated from the huge stick-and-mud chimney. A wrinkled, saffron-hued native woman stood in the doorway, languidly chewing a snuff-stick, while a number of tousled, not over-clean children mingled with the dogs that surrounded them. When the object of the visit had been stated the woman said:

"Jim air over on th' no'th fork, a'huntin' squirrels; you all's 'll hev ter wait a spell an' dicker with him."

It was not long until Bludsoe appeared, crossing the little clearing with the slouching, seemingly sluggish tread of the mountaineer, that easily distances the trained athlete. His would-be guest observed him keenly. Notably tall, even among his kind, his sinewy frame displayed a rude grace. A tuft of coal-black, wiry hair depended from his chin, while an oddly shaped cicatrix, drawing back a corner of his lip, a relic of an old encounter with a catamount, produced at first glance an effect of continual smiling, dissipated at once by the glittering eyes and shaggy brows surmounting the aquiline features. His rifle hung easily in the hollow of his arm, but apparently his hunting had been unsuccessful, a fact upon which the Colonel did not comment.

Bludsoe at first appeared somewhat sulky and suspicious, but in the end agreed to "the stranger's" proposition, and the Colonel departed with the understanding that he was to return at the end of two weeks and carry him back to Chilhowee.

A rough ladder, leading to a trap-door, gave access to the room in the upper story where the newcomer's few impedimenta were placed. A cord bedstead with corn-husk mattress and homespun coverings occupied one corner, while a rude stool and a shelf against the wall completed the furnishings. A few pegs had been driven in the hewn rafters upon which to

hang clothing, and a heavy shutter, when opened, admitted light.

Venison steak broiled over the glowing coals in the great open fireplace, sweet potatoes baked in the hot ashes, snowy grits and crisp corn-pone, with strong black coffee, composed his first repast.

The visitor's unaffected manner and evident interest in his surroundings soon made the entire family his friends, even Bludsoe somewhat abating his surly attitude. To the oldest daughter, Maggie, a timid wild rose with the early-fading bloom of the mountain women, this stranger from the unknown North seemed a wondrous being.

Day after day he wandered over the mountain, meeting odd bits of scenery at every turn. Occasionally he met a mountaineer, carrying the inevitable rifle, who would briefly salute him with "Howdy," and pass stolidly along.

Sometimes at night he heard voices near the cabin, and on cautiously opening his shutter a trifle could see in the moonlight men with kegs on their shoulders going down the pathway leading to the settlement.

One day while seated on a log idly watching an almost imperceptible curl of smoke rising from a spot further up the mountain, Maggie appeared, coming down the winding path with quick, sure tread.

At "the stranger's" invitation she seated herself on the log beside him and made shy response to his efforts to draw her into conversation. Finally, with an air of mere idle curiosity, he confided to her a desire to see a "moonshine" distillery, which picturesque scene, he declared, he had long wished to observe.

Maggie, visibly perturbed, gravely asserted that detection in such a project would mean sure death. However, "the stranger's" powers of persuasion were not slight, and in the end she acknowledged that she knew the location of a still, and agreed to guide him to it.

Leading him in silence by a devious, scarcely discernible trail, gradually ascending a detached peak of the mountain,

they came at length to comparatively level ground. Here, leaving the path, she plunged into a dense thicket, through which they slowly and cautiously worked their way. Having progressed in this manner for some distance, Maggie at last motioned a halt, and carefully pushing aside the leaves for a little space allowed him to peer through the opening.

Before them lay a small clearing, on the opposite side of which was a low-roofed, nondescript structure, half cave, half shed, near the entrance to which stood a stalwart mountaineer, leaning carelessly upon his rifle. Others were busily engaged within the still-house, from which emanated the pungent odor of the boiling mash.

But it was not on these forms that "the stranger's" gaze was fixed. Seated on a log, with his back turned to the silent watchers, moodily staring at the ground, was a slightly built man whose garb consorted illy with his surroundings. "The stranger" started violently as another form, that of a woman, emerged from a nearly concealed path into the clearing. At her appearance the man seated on the log sprang to his feet and advanced to meet her.

Despite the distance that separated them, "the stranger" could see that the woman looked pale and wan, and he noted that at the man's approach she cast on him a glance of mingled fear and aversion, and drew herself up haughtily.

As Dolloff — for it was none other — gazed from his place of concealment upon the meeting of Fairfax and Marie, there leapt into his eyes the fierce light of love and hate — love, not yet extinguished, for the woman he had believed his wife; hate, deep and bitter, for the scoundrel who had cursed her life.

When he saw her draw back from Fairfax's touch, Dolloff started impulsively forward, and would inevitably have betrayed their hiding-place had not Maggie, in swift alarm, placed a restraining grasp upon his arm.

[*To be continued.*]

## CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

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*J. E. JONES, President.      A. L. TOLIVER, Vice-President.*  
*THOS. A. LIGGINS, Treas.      GILES B. JACKSON, Sec.*

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THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, which will hereafter be the official organ of the above Association, will publish from month to month the regular reports of the doings of the Association, as reported by the secretary, Giles B. Jackson, Esq. Every member and friend of the Association should become a regular subscriber for this magazine, and so keep in touch with the latest efforts for the betterment of the race. We will this month publish the Address and Declaration of Purposes on which the Association is founded.

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Recognizing the Fatherhood of God, in that he does all things well.

*First.*— We believe that all men are born free and equal, and should be treated as such by their fellowmen.

*Second.*— There should not be any discrimination on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

*Third.*— We believe in the equality of all men before the law, and that they should not be discriminated against, on account of their color, in public carriages; and that all men should be endowed with their political rights, and should not be disfranchised by constitutional amendments or by legislative enactments of any of the states.

*Fourth.*— That no man should be deprived of his life, liberty or property without due process of law, and a trial by a jury of his peers; therefore, lynching should be obliterated among civilized nations, and especially the Southern States, where it is frequently perpetrated and tolerated by hanging, shooting and burning at the stake.

Now, therefore, believing in the principles above enunciated, we complain that each and every principle aforesaid is being daily violated by some of our white fellow-citizens of the Southern States, in that they have practically disfranchised the whole

colored population of all of the said Southern States, on account of their color, by constitutional amendments or legislative enactments; that thousands of colored men have been lynched and some burnt at the stake without an opportunity to prove their innocence; that in a great many cases it has been proven that innocent men have been lynched, and the explanation for this was that they being "Negroes" it made no difference, they having no rights that a white man was bound to respect.

In order to humiliate, proscribe and degrade the colored citizens of this country, all of the Southern States, with two exceptions, have, through their legislatures, passed laws making it a crime for white and colored persons to ride in the same car; there are laws upon the statute books of these States providing for the "Jim Crow car" for the transportation of colored people, which is denounced by the best constitutional lawyers of this country as being unconstitutional and in violation of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States; and will be so declared when properly presented to the Supreme Court of the United States. It is also held by the same lawyers that the laws enacted by the said Southern States disfranchising the colored citizens and depriving them of their right to vote are also unconstitutional and cannot be sustained before the Supreme Court of this country; and since we are taxed to support the government, we feel that we have the right to participate in governmental affairs.

Believing as we do that the laws complained of are unconstitutional, which constitutionality should be tested through the proper courts of this land, we have therefore organized ourselves into an association known as "The National Council of the Constitutional Rights Association of the United States," for the purpose of defending and contending for our every right, guaranteed to us by the Constitution of the United States, and for this purpose we propose to employ some of the best constitutional lawyers of this country to invoke the aid of the proper courts in our behalf, and have these unholy, degrading and discriminating laws reviewed by the highest court of the land. We therefore appeal to our colored brethren throughout the country and ask the aid of our white sympathizers in the North as well as in the South to contribute to the fund now being raised to defray the expenses of our cause; we call upon the women of our race to come to our rescue in raising this money.

We suggest the organization of subordinate councils of the Constitutional Rights Association in the different cities and towns throughout the United States, by electing a President,

Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and a Financial Committee of not less than five, and when money is collected, to forward the same to Thomas A. Liggins, Treasurer of the National Council of the Constitutional Rights Association, True Reformers Savings Bank, No. 604 N. Second Street, Richmond, Va.; and for any other information write to Giles B. Jackson, No. 812 E. Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

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The Association has engaged the services of the Hon. A. E. Pillsbury, ex-Attorney-General of Massachusetts, and Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge of Lexington, Ky. Upon consultation with these lawyers, we find it absolutely important to employ two or three Southern lawyers who reside in the states in which we propose to test these laws. To make a successful fight against the said laws, and also the Jim Crow Car Laws, which provide separate coaches for the white and colored passengers in these states, it will necessarily cost us between \$10,000 and \$12,000. We have only the public to look to for assistance in raising the money necessary, and find it rather uphill business in raising the money in the South. We therefore appeal to our colored brethren in the North and West to help us in our struggle for right and justice. All contributions will be acknowledged in the columns of this magazine.



## QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER COLORED PROTEGES.

CHARLES WINSLOW.

BISHOP JAMES JOHNSON, who, although a colored man, was consecrated Bishop of Lagos on the Gold Coast, was recently commanded, July 2, to escort to Windsor an African lady, Mrs. Randle, once the daughter of a chieftain, but taken in a slave-raid and given by the King of Dahomey to the late Captain Forbes, then commanding a British cruiser. He brought the little slave child to England and presented her to the Queen, who became godmother to the girl, had her educated at her expense, and, when she grew up and married a Mr. Randle, a Negro merchant at Lagos, gave her her trousseau and a dower suitable to her position. Of several children, the eldest of whom is a godchild of the Princess of Battenburg, two accompanied her on her visit to the Queen, who gave them her hand to kiss, and in her motherly way kissed Mrs. Randle and the little ones, and gave them several little gifts at parting.

To Bishop Johnson she was very gracious, making anxious inquiries about the late rising in the Ashantee country, and concerning the climate during the wet season on the west coast of Africa, and the dangers likely to arise therefrom and to affect the health of her troops, especially of those European officers who were engaged in repressing the revolt. When the party left the royal presence they were taken in charge by the ladies-in-waiting and shown over Windsor Castle.

The New York *Journal*, which has also duly chronicled this interesting incident, and which claims to champion the rights and interests of the masses of the people, heads an otherwise interesting and decent article with "All Coons Look Alike to Her Gracious Majesty, Victoria Imperatrix," and for a sub-head adds "My Gal is a High-born Lady"; as if it could not bear or dare to inform the world that the low, mean prejudice which prevents the average American from being just and generous to



red, yellow and dark skinned races has no place in the heart of one of the most aristocratic and the most powerful women upon the whole earth.

This prejudice, which extends very largely, even to the most highly civilized Latin races, is generally strongest with those who are so doubtful of their own claims to respect and fair dealing, that they cannot afford to lose the privilege of feeling that there is a race or individual who is without doubt immeasurably below them.

The correspondent of the *Journal* goes on to speak of the fact that Sir Samuel Lewis, a full-blooded Negro, and member of the Legislative Council of Sierra Leone, had been made a Knight of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, an honor usually reserved for colonial governors and distinguished diplomatists, generals and admirals. It also says: "Nor is it only in England that people of color are treated with this consideration. In France the only general who has covered himself with military glory since the days of the Franco-German war, and who is now in supreme military command of France's vast possessions in the Far Orient, is General Dodds, a mulatto, a fact which did not prevent him from being invested with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and with being considered by the anti-military party as the most dangerous of all soldier candidates for the presidency of the republic.

"At Madrid I have seen the entire guard turn out at the royal palace in honor of the Negro envoy of the Haytian republic, whilst at Lisbon I have been present when the late king solemnly and in the presence of his whole court invested three full-blooded Negroes, two from the west coast of Africa and one from the east coast, with the dignity of knighthood of the Order of Christ. Moreover, one of the principal personages of the Portuguese Court in those days was an aged Negress who had been with the Queen ever since her marriage, and who was chief of Her Majesty's attendants and maids, besides being her most trusted counsellor and influential advisor; the Queen in her turn having her husband, the late King Luis, entirely under her thumb and blindly submissive to her will."

The colored people of the United States are true Americans, whose proudest boast is to claim descent from, or close family ties with, some brave colored soldier of the great Civil War, or an humbler yet loving and prized connection with some family whose men have been able and honored servants of the republic.

It is well for England that her rulers, taught by our fore fathers, have learned to recognize intellect, ability, bravery and true manliness and womanhood under any color of skin, or difference of race or religion. It is worthy of the hearty appreciation of every true man and woman that Victoria, Queen of England, Empress of India, and recognized ruler of realms and colonies almost innumerable, proud and aristocratic to an extreme in many matters, is at heart able to love and appreciate a little African girl, saved by her officer from brutality unnamable, and made a noble, intelligent and happy wife and mother.

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## THE TYRANNY OF THE SOUTH.

ROBERT W. CARTER.

THE tyrannical ruling spirit now prevailing in the South is not the evidence of advancement of Christianity or the grandeur of civilization, but the influence of savage usurpation which is degrading the civil communities wherein mob violence and lynch laws are paramount to civil judgment. No state or nation of people can continue the pursuit of happiness and at the same time continue the practice of savagery in way of mob violence. And if the South will continue such heinous practices as it has adopted, and will persist in disgracing the fair land of the sunny clime, what was said of the Negro at the late Montgomery Race Conference (that he is going back instead of coming forward) will be true in fact of the white race, especially in southern sections.

For science and philosophy plainly indicate that one race cannot ascend to a higher standard of civilization while another race living within are sinking in degradation and ignorance. If, therefore, the superior desire to crush the inferior, they cannot do so without bringing shame upon their country, sorrow

in the community wherein they live, and grief to the loved ones of their bosom. Slavery went on for some time; went on increasing in horrors until the country was enrobed in a mantle of shame, went on until Northern freedom, Northern Christianity and Northern civilization could no longer stand it.

The appreciation of freedom and the spirit of right and of justice to all men so prevalent in the North, is what gave the death-blow to slavery in the South. And it is yet the same spirit of civilization, of right and of justice to all citizens alike, that is now fighting mob violence and the tyrannical lynch laws so much appreciated in the sunny clime.

As long as certain sections of the American Republic contend for white supremacy and the right of the minority to rule without the consent of the majority, strife will occupy the place of peace, ignorance will take the stand of intelligence, the church will lose its sanctity and the government its high integrity, while mob violence will be the ruling spirit and lynch law supreme.

It should be the pride of every citizen to promote good will and aid the progress of education, that intellectual qualifications may follow and be the test of superiority in the community wherein he resides. Then prosperity would be on every hand, and to the glory and honor of the American Republic, the dignity and the grandeur of civilization would be supreme, and not mob violence and Judge Lynch presiding to the lasting disgrace of a free country and a civilized community. It is no test of superiority or evidence of white supremacy that men are burned at stake or suspended from limbs of trees, for accusations not proven by the civil courts.

It is sad to see editorials in leading newspapers in and near where these heinous crimes occur, taking the side with laws executed so repugnant to the grandeur of civilization. Their side should be the side of culture, of refinement and education, the welfare of the community and the care and dignity of home, of humanity and justice for all but inhumanity and injustice toward none. Then every citizen would appreciate in fact the protection of a free country, and become equally interested in its progress.

## CHIROPODY AND DERMATOLOGY.

DR. T. W. MCKENZIE.

IN the gradual advance of time mankind has ever proven himself eager to grasp the inspiration of the age in which he lives by surmounting difficulties, arresting the forces of nature, and thus making them subservient to his will, proving that he, though by Divine injunction, is placed a little lower than the angels, is the masterpiece of creation.

Man, endowed with a mind capable of indefinite expansion, showing that his Maker created him a progressive being, has in all ages been searching out cause and effect, until today he has found that the entire universe is but a network of science.

We will accordingly consider the science of chiropody. Briefly stated, chiropody is a scientific method of treating diseases of the feet.

In nearly every walk in life there are many persons who are sufferers daily from one or more diseases of the feet. The question is often asked: Why, or from what causes are these troubles?

Having devoted many years to the study of this science, as well as for some years being an experienced practitioner, treating and curing the most difficult cases, I beg leave to inform you that the causes are numerous. Generally, diseases result from some improper care or ill use of the feet. Frequently it is that of placing the feet in poorly fitting shoes, either too large or too small.

Either of these causes is liable to create friction, and from this, pain or disorder of some kind is readily recognized.

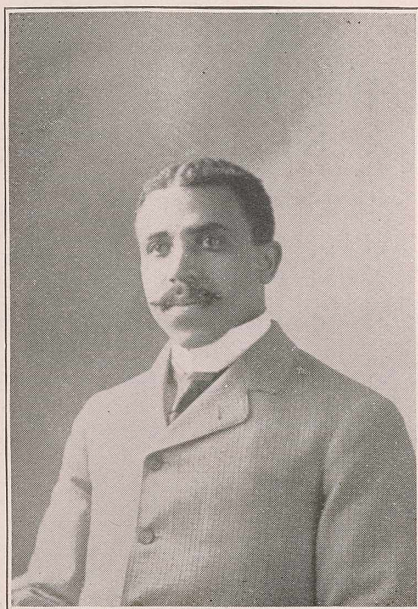
Ofttimes a boy or girl moving clumsily along will strike his or her toe against something, an apparent small accident. Left unguarded or not properly attended at the proper time, sooner or later discontentment arises; and nine out of ten cases one or more corns will result, sometimes as late as twenty years after the cause which produced them.



A TYPICAL FILIPINO BUSINESS WOMAN.

From photograph sent THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE from Manila.

(See page 332 )



DR. T. W. MCKENZIE.

Boston, Mass.

(See page 316.)

Corns and bunions are very susceptible to hygroscopic influences; that is, they are largely affected by the temperature.

Every person should place special stress upon the feet, because they are important members of the body, and at all times should receive that special care which nature has intended they should have.

When once out of order no one is more important to seek to bring relief than he who has made the study and treatment of the feet a specialty.

Dermatology is a kindred branch of scientific treatment to that of chiropody, but its function is to deal chiefly with diseases of the skin.

The skin is composed of two parts; viz., the cuticle and cutis, or the outer and inner skin, forming a complete covering for the human structure. In this elastic robe are thousands of very small tube-like cells, composing a meshwork of minute pores through which a large quantity of waste matter is expelled from the body in the form of perspiration, sensible or insensible. This process of emitting wastes is closely allied to skin-making. Deep in the cells a new skin is made which, by a peculiar working of nature rises gradually to the surface, taking the place of the cutis, while the cutis that of the cuticle, and the cuticle finally in turn disappears as waste, in the form of scales, sometimes scabs, etc.

Hence it is readily seen that in the external part of the body there is a continual evolution. There is an abnormal growth of hair on the body, divided into several groups; but that which we propose to consider is that occupying the regions of the face. Here have been noted occurring various facial diseases resulting from innumerable causes.

Some of them are very painful indeed, as well as disclosing the facial beauty. Like other ills which fraught mankind's path of brief existence here, he should not defer or withhold any means in having them removed. The sooner the better, because the evil increases with great rapidity. In conclusion, I would urge you to give the best attention to your body in its various parts, as no one can get the most and best from life who is hampered with bodily infirmities.

## THROWN INTO FAVOR.

CHARLES STEWARD.

SHE made a grimace of pain and blushed profusely, as Paul Gifford dismounted from his wheel and crossed the road to where she was sitting.

"My wheel tripped over a stone, and I sprained my ankle."

"I'll help you, willingly; is your wheel too damaged to ride?"

"I can't ride, my foot pains so." He seemed so stupid. "I was in dread of having to stay here all night. It's so lonely, too; and the mosquitoes thick and merciless. I've sat here two hours. Only one wagon passed; and the men in it seemed so rowdy I made a pretence of fixing my wheel. But I'm so grateful you happened this way."

"You can't ride with a sprained ankle, and you can't walk. Perhaps" — and Paul looked up and down the road with the idea of procuring a horse and wagon at a farmer's; but remembered there was not a dwelling for miles.

"I must try to hobble along."

She had removed the shoe from the injured foot, and began now to draw it on, with alternating little spasms of distress and forced smiles. Paul seemed to be attentive to the last faint pencillings of the amber autumn sunset and the cheery twilight lay of the toads and crickets in the woods and fields, till once he turned and saw her eyes gleaming with tears, though she laughed and still tugged coaxingly at the shoe.

"Don't try that," and he took hold of her arm.

She stopped as if exhausted, and gazed up into his face helplessly.

"I'm going for a wagon," he said doggedly.

"No, no; lend me your knife; this shoe shall go on. There," slitting the shoe, "now it fits: have you a piece of twine?"

Paul found courage to bind the shoe on, and helped the girl to rise; she leaned heavily on his shoulder, and tried to limp forward. "Oh, I can't go on; and I'm causing you so much trouble; and we are strangers."



"The trouble is nothing. Your injuries need immediate care. Suppose I help you to mount; then I can shove your wheel and tow mine; that will make a gain in speed."

He placed her upon the saddle and knotted his handkerchief into a sling, looping it over the handle-bars to hold the swollen ankle up from the pedal. She laughed merrily.

"You're a real nurse. But it's too bad to trouble you so; you'll be so fagged when you get to Dover. You need not walk so fast; my ankle is less painful now. I hope you live in Dover?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I'm so glad, because, you know, I should be sorry if you had to travel further than Dover. As for that, I'd beg papa to ask you to stay all night at our house. But couldn't you get on your wheel? Perhaps I can pedal with my good foot."

"We'll try that after we get up this hill."

And at the top of the hill Paul mounted his wheel, and, holding a handle of his companion's wheel, they sped smoothly to the bottom and a mile or two on the level road, till Paul's arm ached. He changed at intervals from side to side, and had strained either arm strengthless and sore when they reached the reservoir, whence the road descends clear to the heart of Dover.

"Oh, we're nearly home!" and the girl clapped her hands. "Turn this corner; that house on the right; here we are at last!"

Paul trundled his charge round a gravelly walk through a lawn, and lifted her bodily across a long portico. By the light of the door-lamp he observed she was pale; and as she rested upon his arm, murmuring, "You've been very kind to me," he was suddenly aware of her uncommon beauty.

A tall, somewhat grey gentleman in a study-coat answered the ring.

"Why, Fanny! why, what's this? sick? hurt?"

"My wheel" —

"Lizzie! Lizzie!" and a kind-faced lady hurried to the door.

"Oh, my darling! are you much hurt? Papa, don't stand here; run, call the doctor."

Seeing his services at an end, Paul slipped away home, and but casually spoke of the incident at supper. But the next morning, as he was reading the *Dover Pioneer*, a paragraph showed him the incident was not yet concluded.

Miss Fanny Abington, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Squire Abington, met with a very painful accident while out on her wheel yesterday afternoon. She was on her way home from Milton, and when five miles out of town her wheel struck a stone; the young lady was thrown violently to the ground, and badly wrenched her ankle. She suffered a great deal during the night, but is resting comfortably this morning. She was assisted to her home by a young wheelman of this city, name unknown; and Squire Abington wishes us to announce that he earnestly requests the young man to call at his residence as soon as convenient.

Paul decided to go that evening. He wondered why he had been urgently requested to call. Perhaps the squire intended to reward him, just as many others with a surplus of this world's coined sweat would be prompted to do in such a case. The thought of having to face an offer of money almost deterred him from responding to the summons. Perhaps, though, the squire, whom Paul's mother called tight-fisted, would not attempt to play generous, and merely wanted to see him to learn his version of the accident. And it may be the lithe, graceful figure, the nut-brown hair, the smooth, oval face, the pleading eyes, the helpless dependence of the injured girl upon him during her home-coming, drew him on and silenced all other considerations.

The squire met him at the door with a gruff "Good evening, sir," and looked him up and down.

"Oh, er, you air, I suppose, er, the young man who helped my daughter home last night. Come in; yes, yes; I want to talk with you."

And the squire chattered in a string all the way to his study.

"You did my daughter a great kindness, yes, yes, a great kindness; and we all appreciate it. She says you put yourself to a vast amount of trouble; yes, er, lemme see, er, here's your

handkerchief. That's your name on it, I fancy. Mr. Gifford, I assure you I'm happy to know you. Related to Jim Gifford?"

"I'm his son."

"Oh, you air. I knew your father; he's dead now; yes, yes, I rec'leck. Family still living in Dover? But yes, I know; my wife sees your ma at temperance meetings. Well, er, Mr. — Gifford, you deserve all the praise we can give you. My daughter suffered frightfully last night, yes, yes."

"She's much better this morning, I saw by the *Pioneer*."

"Much better this morning, much better, yes, yes. Read the *Pioneer*, eh? A very enterprising paper, ain't it? Now, er, Mr. — Mr. — Gifford, we highly appreciate your services, and, er, I'm unable to show our appreciation better than by giving you this poor return," and he held out a check to Paul, who had already begun to hate the man. The insult tweaked his mettle.

"It is belittling Miss Abington to seek to remunerate a mere courtesy toward her; and as for me, it is reward sufficient to have had the privilege of giving her assistance."

The squire stared agape, and Paul had backed out to the front door before the squire again spoke.

"Good-night, Mr. Abington."

"Er, good — good — night, sir."

Within a fortnight or so Paul one morning saw Miss Abington awheel on the road to Milton. She was accompanied by another girl; and as they rode by, Miss Abington was chatting gayly, and did not so much as nod or look toward him. He felt some little irritation to be thus unnoticed. Was it a purposed slight? or, as she had not seen him since the accident, was it simply an innocent failure of memory? It gave him a fillip of pleasure when, a few hundred yards ahead of him, the girls dismounted to adjust a pedal, and as he rode up, Miss Abington's companion accosted him.

"Will you kindly fix my wheel?"

"Oh, it's Mr. Gifford!" exclaimed Miss Abington, with the spasmodic bravery of a drawing-room debutante; "it was you who helped me home," and then she introduced him to Miss

Sewell. "Isn't it very warm today?" she added, pressing both palms to her cheeks, which were as red as the autumn-dyed woodbine. But it would not be fair to impute the crimson prettiness to anything but the physical exercise of a healthy girl. Miss Sewell laughed mischievously; and Paul, in tightening a nut, hurt his fingers. He might have agreed with Miss Abington that the day was certainly warm.

"Since we are all going the same direction, Mr. Gifford, will you not join us?" asked Miss Sewell.

Paul could not refuse; and the three pedaled along, interchanging small talk till they came to Milton, where Paul was to leave them.

"I'm very glad to have met you, Mr. Gifford," said Miss Sewell; "I've heard Tom Mason speak of you. You know him — he's in your class at college. I knew you to be Mr. Gifford when we passed you," and she laughed and glanced toward Miss Abington, who might still have called the day warm. "By the way, Fanny, since Mr. Gifford and you are both to go back to Dover this afternoon, why not make the trip together? Then I can keep you with me longer."

Miss Sewell's brisk way of leveling the obstacles of etiquette, though it kept Miss Abington's cheeks always aglow, was far from being disagreeable to Paul, who was secretly grateful toward Miss Sewell for these goodly strokes. That afternoon, as he glided along by the side of Miss Abington, the ten miles between Milton and Dover were traversed in what seemed to him a surprisingly short space of time. The ground had sped under him.

Of course after that he often met Miss Abington awheel, and equally, of course, when he was back at college they corresponded. He felt insecure, however, because she had not even hinted an invitation to call on her; and he was not taken by surprise when this delightful exchange of sentiment was rudely broken by a brief note to the effect that her father had forbidden it: but he was so discomfited that he had no desire to pass the Christmas vacation in Dover, though nothing could deter him from going there, when Easter came and with it good 'cycling weather.

"I can't understand papa," said Fanny, as she and Paul were one day wheeling together; "and I do so hate to disobey him."

"And Fanny, I hate to coax you out with me, since he forbids it." But he continued to coax and she to disobey.

On a certain morning Paul was puzzled to receive a note inviting him to come at once to the squire's office, an invitation that he accepted with alacrity. He loved Fanny manfully; and like all true lovers who see only roses and stars, he fancied the squire might have softened toward him. When he arrived at the office he met the squire coming out.

"Er, good morning, er, Mr. — Gifford. Glad to see you. I'm, er, just off on a little matter. You got my message, eh? Well, er, jump in," offering Paul a seat in a phaeton before the door; "we can talk on the way."

As they bowled along the streets and out upon the Milton road, Paul thought the horses required a great deal of attention. The squire's tongue was never weary of re-enforcing rein and whip to check or spur them. "Whope sir! Who-ope! Come up, sir! Been shut up too long a spell; feel your oats. Now look at that scamp! Steady, Mack! There! How does that taste? You, Jess! Want a dose, too? There! Whope! Who-ope! Reckon that'll hold you to your places. A fine pair, eh, Mr. Gifford? That nigh horse is a leetle soft; but ever see two go better together? Hello! here we are."

They turned from the road into a grove of pines and came to a halt in a glade. The squire hitched the team and stripped off his coats. Things seemed shaping for a duel.

"Er, Mr. Gifford, maybe you'd best shed yours, too."

"It's not yet apparent to me why I'm here."

"We're going to have a knock. Know how to use your fists? But p'r'aps we'd best prefer wras'ling. Any good at that?"

"Not an expert."

"Well, er, Mr. Gifford, I'll come to the point: you're getting too blamed attentive to my daughter, and that, too, when I've put a veto on your pretensions. My daughter tells me she handed you my decision; but you insist on an appeal. Well,

I'm going to offer you a fair show to make out your case. Now, I don't care a button for new-fangled regulations on wras'ling; but I'm for throwing hard and heavy; and either you've got to larrup me or I'll larrup you; and the best two throws out of three wins. Ready?"

At a nod from Paul, who could not believe the squire serious, the pair closed, and Paul was dazed to find himself in an instant flat on the ground, with the squire puffing triumphantly over him.

"Chalk one for me," and the squire stood off awhile, mopping his brow.

The next bout, Paul, who was a little angered by the squire's tricking him to the contest, lifted his opponet aloft and flung him to the ground so heavily the doughty gentleman of the bar groaned aloud. But he was to his feet quickly; and before Paul had recovered, the pair had clinched again, the squire struggling and panting feverishly.

"Plague on the luck!" and the squire was down the second time.

"Well, I'll be blowed! You cooked me; yes, yes, you cooked me to a turn," and he rose with a limp, extending his hand to Paul, who shook it good naturedly. "You're good, blamed good; and your father was good before you. Me and him used to have it hot and heavy, wras'ling; though honors stood about even between us. But I like your timber, yes, I do."

Paul smiled, and helped the squire into the carriage. As they drove back to Dover the squire did not permit defeat to slacken his tongue.

"Yes, yes, you're a good 'un, er, Mr. Gifford, a blamed good 'un; and you've got the timber for a lawyer. Fanny tells me you're reading law. Where'll you set up shop — in this state? Yes? That's good. Always room at the top, ha, ha; and, er, lemme see; well, er, Paul, I mean Mr. Gifford — Fanny calls you Paul; she's pled your cause — er, I never had a *thing* 'gainst you, er, Mr. Gifford; only I didn't fancy things to run along 'thout my knowledge; see? a father's pride, you understand."

Paul assented that he understood very well; and the squire went on.

"And, er, Paul, so you like my daughter, eh? She's a fine girl now, ain't she? Do you love her? and you'd knock a man down for her, would you, that is, er, under strong provocation?"

Paul stammered out something about protecting her as a man should.

"I believe that; yes, yes, I believe that. Well, I'll not intermeddle between you; and — er, Paul, my office stands open as your jumping-off place when you're ready to begin practice."

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### BOOK NOTES.

"THE AMERICAN CITIZEN." No more adequate idea of the scope of this excellent work can be given than by quoting the author's words: "I have had specially in view the large class of boys and girls in the upper grades of grammar schools and in high schools, or academies, as well as many adults who may wish to make a beginning in the study of citizenship. Only a few scholars can be expected to go to college or to take a thorough course in Political Economy and Politics. But all must become citizens with the responsibility of action in private or public upon various grave and difficult problems. They ought not, surely, to meet those problems without some intelligent and serious view of their meaning." Mr. Charles F. Dole has in this work given a most comprehensive, clear and convincing outline of the qualities making for good citizenship, and puts forth strong and able argument for the repeal of certain existing evils. (Published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.)

M. L. O.

"THE YOUNG CITIZEN." A preliminary volume to "The American Citizen," by the same author, is dedicated to the boys and girls of America, into whose keeping as citizens and patriots will soon be given the welfare of our nation. In this work, which is intended as a reader for the school and home, Mr. Dole presents the subject of which it treats in a manner that cannot fail to make it interesting as well as instructive to its readers. It is a most excellent book to place in the hands of a

boy or girl arrived at an age when their interest should be aroused to the things that concern the welfare of the individual and the nation. (Published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.)  
M. L. O.

"AVENGING THE MAINE." That the spirit of music and of poesy is inherent in the Negro race, we have abundant evidence. And now appears a little volume of verse entitled "Avenging the Maine, and Other Poems"; the work of a young Negro poet, struggling despite sadly hampering circumstances to give expression to the poetic longing of his soul. The author of this collection of poems, now in its second edition, is James Ephraim McGirt, whose picture appeared in last month's issue of THE COLORED AMERICAN. He is an example of the type of earnest truth-seekers in whom lies the greatest hope for the future of the race. (Published for the author by Edwards & Broughton, Raleigh, N. C.)  
M. L. O.

THINGS CHINESE. Being notes on various subjects connected with China. By J. Dyer Ball, M.R.A.S., H.M., Civil Service, Hongkong.

In the book produced by Mr. Ball there is a large accumulation of interesting facts relative to China and the Chinese. That the author is not a scientific man is evident from the reading of such chapters as those upon insects, geology, zoology and some others; but the volume is not intended to be scientific. It is written rather from a popular point of view that those whose eyes are now turning more and more toward the Yellow Kingdom, may by its aid be able to learn something of Chinese history, something of its folk-lore, its legends, the manners and customs of the people there, that seem so curious in their Orientalism when looked at with occidental eyes.

The Chinese are a hard-working and industrious people. Their ways are not our ways, nor are their thoughts our thoughts. It is therefore not always desirable to measure the Chinese by Western standards. Their language means nothing to Americans generally. They have amusements that are unknown to us. Their "incense assemblies," where incense is burned that imitates "the perfume of the lotus, the smell of the summer breeze and the odor of the autumn wind," lacks the prototypical among us. The Chinese have accomplished the "dwarfing" of trees and shrubs that we may only observe with marvel, but not with the hope of rivalry. Their very eyes are oblique when measured by our standards. They have jinricki-



shas in the place of our wagons and carriages. Infanticide prevails to an alarming extent. Their laws are parental in authority, and such a principle as of a man being considered innocent until proved guilty, and of no man criminating himself, are absolutely unknown to them. A prisoner must, however, confess crime before he can be punished, but unfortunately the utility of this safeguard is somewhat if not entirely nullified by the introduction of torture, if needs be, to induce confession. Chinese art, the native pottery and carvings of Jade and other stones, all are quaint and curious. We must pay a tribute to the results they are able to reach by industry, skill and perseverance.

The Chinese practice of medicine is to us full of horrors. Some of the food eaten by them would not be acceptable to us. We would scarcely be willing to exchange with the Chinese, but yet they are for the most part happy and contented with the conditions with which they are surrounded.

The book introduces to the reader's notice many things not always known of the Chinese. It is a volume to which one may turn, and by means of it catch a bird's-eye view of a peculiar people. Those who are following the war in China (and who is not?) will find in "Things Chinese" something more than a primer of information. It is a veritable handbook of the subject of which it treats. (Imported by Scribner, N. Y.)

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## HERE AND THERE.

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

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S letter of acceptance evidenced his familiarity and deep interest in a number of public questions. But he failed to enter his protest against those Southern States that are depriving the colored citizens of their votes.

— *Philadelphia Weekly Tribune.*

∴

THAT was a signal victory won by Afro-American laborers when the Miners' Union of Birmingham, Ala., forced open the door of the Trades' Council for our carpenters, masons, etc.

BISHOP ARNETT writes the editor of the *Courant* and says he will support Mr. Bryan. — *Boston Courant of Sept. 8.*

∴

THE Negro race, on bended knees, has begged with outstretched hands too long for protection. With a weapon in one hand and a just cause behind it, he has got to rise up and demand his rights by force. Justice never bowed nor bended. — *Galveston (Texas) Idea.*

∴

THE white business stores of Lexington, Ky., are employing colored clerks. Graves, Cox & Co. set the example by employing Sam L. Tolley, who has held this position a number of years. The Kaufman Clothing Company was next, who have in their charge Noah Woolridge. Also Mr. Louis Adler, the shoe man, has recently added to his force J. B. Caulder. All white business which has large Negro patronage should have one or two Negro clerks.

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#### WHAT MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE RACE SAY ABOUT OUR MAGAZINE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16, 1900.

I HAVE examined with interest two copies of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Both from a literary and typographical standpoint it reflects great credit upon its editors and managers. Its aims are commendable, and if the *same high standard is maintained* it should not only command success but accomplish great good.

Very truly yours,

FRANKLIN FISHLER.

[Mr. Fishler is a veteran newspaper man of long and varied experience, who long ago took his place at the head of the class of successful journalists. Mr. Fishler is resident manager of the local office of the American Press Association, New York City.]

∴

I take great pleasure in praising your excellent magazine to the fullest, in all respects. I think that I can safely say that the



present monthlies that have been published for years will find in your creation a foeman worthy of their steel.

A. J. PALMER,  
Gen. Manager, Palmer Mfg. Co.  
Greater New York.

#### TESTIMONIAL RECITAL.

A RECITAL for the benefit of Miss E. E. De Lyon which took place in the parlors of the Hotel Maceo, New York City, was a most brilliant success.

Miss De Lyon is from Jacksonville, Fla., and has been in New York undergoing careful instructions in vocal music under some of the leading masters.

She takes the character of Michiela in *Carmen* as performed by the Theo Drury Opera Company, and this company has also added to their repertoire *Faust*, with Miss De Lyon as Marguerita. This opera will be staged the first of the year.

Miss Fowler, of the original London's Fisk Jubilee Singers, also participated, being the recipient of many bouquets. She has sung before many of the crowned heads of Europe: Queen Victoria, Prince of Wales, Princess Beatrice, etc.

Mr. Chisum of Dallas, Tex., New York's favorite elocutionist, rendered the Castle Scene from *Richelieu* with great ability. He attended the Hayes School of Elocution.

Mr. Rosamond Johnson, song writer and musician, played an able accompaniment.

THE proprietors, Samuel W. Young and Benj. F. Thomas, of the palatial Hotel Maceo, finding their present quarters wholly inadequate for their many patrons, are forming a company to build a large and commodious one, costing not less than one hundred thousand dollars. It is a good move; for the cheapest lodging-house in New York suddenly finds that its rooms are all taken (?) when a colored person applies for lodging. May they be supported in this move.

REV. SYLVESTER S. BRYAN is a native of Newbern, N. C., and is a man of more than ordinary ability, one who has the

best interest of the race truly at heart. As a member of the New York Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Church, his influence for good has been felt in many districts of that connection.

At Rahway, N. J., and Greenport, L. I., he has served with marked ability and eminent Christian zeal. He is of valued assistance to the Rev. F. M. Jacobs, pastor of the Fleet-street A. M. E. Zion Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. In fraternal orders, such as the Masons, True Reformers and the Society of the Sons of North Carolina, Mr. Bryan is well known for his kindheartedness and interest in his fellow-members. He has served in various stations in Progressive Union Fountain, No. 754, of True Reformers, and is the present presiding officer of that fountain. Mr. Bryan owns valuable real estate in the city of Newbern, N. C.

#### FILIPINO WOMEN.

AT a Filipino wedding in Manila the American clergyman, who had lately come to the Philippines, was much astonished to see a Filipino lady smoking a big cigar; and greater was his surprise when, the ceremony over, she tripped out and bought for him a beautiful box of candy. The bride, a good-looking girl of seventeen, took off her slipper to show the guests a bruise on her foot. Other female guests all during the ceremony smoked cigarettes. But in this behavior, so strange to Americans, there was nothing to indicate a lack of modesty; and not one of the ladies seemed to realize the least impropriety in what each did.

It is this simple-heartedness which is one of the most noticeable traits in the character of Filipino women. But with all their naivete they are intensely practical in business, and easily hold a place in the foreground in competition with the resident Japanese and Chinese tradeswomen. Their business activity is confined chiefly to keeping booths in markets, where they carry on much of the trade in dry and fancy goods and bric-a-brac, many articles of which they themselves manufacture by hand. In ability to fabricate tasteful ornaments from cheap materials, the Filipinos far excel Americans.

Beautiful and highly cultivated women are not rare among

the Filipinos. Many of them have been educated abroad, particularly at Hong Kong. Not so grand nor so stately as Hawaiian women, with whom they are sometimes compared, the Filipino women are more handsome, and certainly more practical and less indolent. C. S.

∴  
**McKINLEY NOT INDORSED.**

AT the meeting of the National Afro-American Press Association just held at Indianapolis, Ind., we note that a resolution to indorse the administration of President McKinley was voted down.

∴  
 THE German government has just applied to Principal Washington in a cablegram for three Tuskegee graduates to take charge of and conduct a model farm in one of the German provinces in the west coast of Africa. This is highly significant.

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**EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

DR. D. P. REID, the prominent colored dentist of New York, whom the *Phrenological Journal* of September spoke so highly, will have an article for an early issue of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE. The doctor is intellectual and learned in his profession, and from the anxiety of our white publications to have his opinions and contributions, we can but look forward to an interesting and instructive article.

∴  
 WE take pleasure to announce to our musical readers an article from Prof. Theo Drury upon "Science of Vocal Culture," for December number.

∴  
 THE advance sales of Miss Pauline E. Hopkins' "Contending Forces" have been enormous, considering this to be her first work published in book form. She is a woman of great versatility, deep thought, and wide scope of observation. We predict for her book (now in publication) the success it merits. Her article in this number is but a foretaste of what is to follow.

**NEGRO AND FILIPINO.**

[From the Lewiston Journal.]

IT seems to be well agreed that the recent session of the Negro business men at Boston was a revelation to all except the closest student of the race question in the South. This meeting was serious, purposeful, intense in its zeal for the elevation of the Negro, full of sensible consideration of the mission of the race in business and in society, and finally, it disappointed those friends of the enemies of Negro education who looked in it for a display of the frivolous buffoonery that distinguishes the cake-walk darkey and the Negro specialist.

Alongside this convention put the recent scenes at New Orleans, Akron, New York,—the unbridled license of white men burning, killing and destroying,—and the picture is not beautiful from our standpoint.

The Negro has his faults. He is but emerging from the blackest night of ignorance, idolatry, lust and bestiality. He is out of slavery into liberty; but with him as with others it is the fittest that survives and the best and strongest that marches in the van.

Political demagogues who cry upon the corners for liberty to the Tagalogs and the Sulus shut their eyes and ears to the disfranchisement of this people whom Lincoln freed.

Anti-imperialists who sweat blood because McKinley, in obedience to the Senate, assumes to place the flag in Manila and to defend it there, are silent over the act that Louisiana and Mississippi pass laws that admit the vote to white men who cannot read or write and deny it to black men because they cannot read or write.

The fact is, that here in this nation the very sins which they wrongfully impute to the Republican party in the Philippines, they cultivate and promote within the body politic of the states of the nation that hate the Negro and seek to relegate him to ignorance and superstition in order to perpetuate his servility and his dependence.

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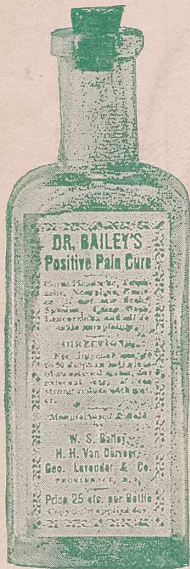
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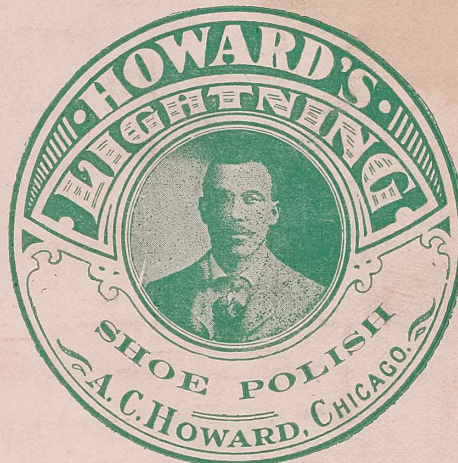
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