

OUR CHURCHES.

St. Michael's (P. E.) Church, Mint St. Services at 10 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 4 p. m. Rev. P. P. Alston, pastor.

M. E. Church, Graham Street. Services at 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Rev. E. M. Collett, pastor.

First Baptist Church, South Church St. Services at 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 1 p. m. Rev. A. A. Powell, pastor.

Ebenezer Baptist Church, East Second St. Services at 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 1 p. m. Rev. Z. Haughton, pastor.

Presbyterian Church, corner Seventh and College Sts. Services at 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 10 a. m. Rev. R. P. Wyche, pastor.

Clinton Chapel, (A. M. E. Z.) Mint St. Services at 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 1 p. m. Rev. M. Slade, pastor.

Little Rock, (A. M. E. Z.) E. St. Services at 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Rev. Wm. Johnson, pastor.

If your paper has a blue cross mark, it will be stopped till you pay up. We cannot continue to send it to you without some money. Please pay up and let us continue it to you.

LOCAL.

Next Friday is the 10th and that is the day fixed for the concert at Clinton Chapel.

We are informed that Mr. Hill organized a Church this week, a portion are the dissatisfied element of Little Rock.

Farmers are now preparing the land for the next crop. More corn and small grain and less cotton is the wise thing for them to do.

It is thought by some that Austin Cooper was sent off by certain opponents to California emigration, to do just what he has and then return home.

Two hundred and two was the report of the enrollment at Livingstone College last week. It has about reached our number, but let it reach higher.

The *Africo American Presbyterian* refused to publish the paper sent it by the young men's committee of Biddle. Bro. Sanders says his facts were based upon reliable information. From this and what he said in the previous issue of his paper, we suppose he must regard these young men "unworthy the confidence and support of Presbyterians."

If these young men can stand such, we will not complain. It only gave us the sale of fifty extra copies to the young gentlemen. Ours is a newspaper open to the public. We believe in giving both sides a hearing, even if it is a white man against colored. We are satisfied.

Whenever any country is found where the Negro is treated as a man in every respect, let him go to that country. But if he is no more respected, and make no more at some place else than here, let him stay here and work out his destiny on his native soil.

The black man was not created to serve other men; neither was created to be lynched any more than to lynch. God made of one blood all races of men and these lynchers themselves or their posterity will suffer the vengeance of a just God, either in this life or in the hell they are rapidly traveling to.

Strictly speaking, our first choice for President, is Senator Jos. R. Hawley, but we do not think he is an available candidate, hence, if the convention is to name the man we will accept and support the nominee, but if we had the naming of the man we would nominate John Sherman of Ohio.

The emigration question is pressing us harder and harder every day and is becoming sore and aggravating. Is it best for the colored people to continue to go west by tens of thousands as they have from the Southern States, the last three or four years, or how should our leading men advise them? Go or stay, is the question, and it must be answered. Let us take position and better our condition here, or go elsewhere and do so.

Quarterly Meeting.

Presiding Elder Rives closed his quarterly meetings in this city last Sunday at Grace Church. He reports pleasant and successful meetings at

Clinton, Biddle and Grace. The quarterly was the first service held in the new church on B street. Good crowds were out during the day and eight accessions to the church. Rev. R. H. Stitt, the pastor, preached the first sermon in the morning. A Christian and friendly feeling seems to be manifesting itself, and Methodism promises to be united once more in this city.

More Lynching.

We regret to see that three colored men charged with killing a white man were taken out of jail at Plymouth, N. C., last week, by masked men and shot to death. The dread work goes on, but will it come to an end after a while? It is too bad such is not stopped.

The South American Scheme.

It is said that a scheme is on foot to send thousands of colored people from the Southern States to South America. Whether there is really any truth in it, or whether it will amount to anything is more than we can say at this writing. It is said that colored men representing \$2,000,000 are working the scheme. The headquarters is in Missouri, and they propose to pay the expenses of colored people to different States of South America yet to be settled upon. It is said agents are now looking after the climate, terms, etc., and that laborers will be taken from South Carolina and States further south. If there is anything of it more will be learned of it soon.

Bishop A. Hill.

Bishop A. Hill, who was once an elder in Zion Church, has been in the city several days with one or two of his preachers. It was reported that he would preach at Little, Rock last Sunday, as he had been invited by two of the officials of that Church. We are informed that the body of the church is opposed to him or any thing that looks like taking them out of Zion. Deacon John Smith held forth there last Sunday. Mr. Hill is looking well and it seems that he is in some way well cared for. Our people can learn one lesson from Mr. Hill: As soon as he organized a church he started a church school. We must have more church schools. The future church is to be maintained by the intelligence of its members. Then the children must be educated.

The Concert Next Week.

The Star concert under the management of Prof. Jos. C. Price, will be given in Clinton Chapel next Friday night. Prof. Price has two Stars—Misses Adelaide G. Smith and Edno:ah Nahar of Boston. They are the leading talent of the race and our own people should attend the concert and see to what extent Negro talent can be cultivated. Our white citizens are invited to come out and see the possibilities of our race. White citizens have turned out liberally all along the line of the appointments and have insisted on their return to Danville, Va., where they guarantee a full house. No one will regret attending this concert.

Miss Smith's singing is perfect and enchanting. Miss Nahar is one of the best elocutionist in the country.

Prof. Price always pleases and his speech alone is worth the admission.

Austin Cooper's Letter.

It is said that Austin Cooper wrote a letter here to some one begging for money to get back from California, in which he tells bad tales of that country and nothing good or encouraging.

We don't know whether Cooper wrote the letter or not, but if he did, it must be remembered that industry was not one of Mr. Cooper's special characteristics. The fact of his making his living by carrying notes and cleaning up rooms for gentlemen is evidence that he is no more wanted in California than he wants to go. Those who don't like to work here at home, had better stay here or they may fare worse in a strange country.

We have been shown letters from Miss Susana Byers, her mother and others who have recently gone out. They say all are doing well, making good wages and well satisfied. Miss Byers, her mother, Miss Mary Hunter and several of their relatives and acquaintances are in the same neighborhood. Miss Byers gets \$15 per

month for four months yet, then her expenses there will be paid and she will get \$20, furnished room and all expenses. Her mother will get \$25 per month. She says many funny things of the country. It will please our people there if they want to work.

Mr. Will Foster, well known here, has been out there a few months. He writes from Los Angeles. He says everything looks prosperous there. He gets \$3.50 per day painting; carpenters and masons get \$4 to \$5, and all there have plenty of work. R. H. Hunter, Prince Brown, J. C. Roberts, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Graves, and all except Cooper writes it is the freest and best country they ever saw.

A Preacher's Pride.

From a glance over church papers, one might suppose that some preachers are as vain as other men. Aside from their personal demeanor in public and private, some of them show much variety and egotism in their writing to the press. They have the same right to honorable ambition as other men, yet more discretion perhaps is expected of him.

Our preachers write to their church organs often concerning the church work. That is right. The pronoun I is much used in their articles generally, and much is said of their work of building and taking in members, and the contrasts between their own and their predecessor's efforts are well shown up. Not much is said generally of the Sabbath-schools organized, or the church aid societies, the libraries, the missionary societies; and we seldom see the least mention made of the day school taught by the pastor or directly under his supervision. Some of our preachers say, and believe they have not time to teach school. We don't agree with them in this particular. We think every preacher who has a charge in the country, should teach school and supply each of his churches with a teacher. The preacher that is incompetent to teach, should go to school himself. Idleness is the devil's workshop, and a preacher will be as readily employed therein as any body else.

A minister who has a large flock, should be delighted to spend five or six hours a day during the week with the lambs of that flock. What loving preacher of any faith can content himself simply spend two or three hours on Sunday with the old folks endeavoring to instill certain doctrines, while the youth, the hope of the church is either idle or spending tenfold the same time under the immediate instruction of one who possibly instills the doctrines of strange gods. Do they not know that the school teacher has more influence with, and has more to do with shaping the life of a child than any one else, especially the children of uneducated parents? Who ever heard of Catholics employing Protestants to teach their children. Our preachers are too careless as to who teach their children in day as well as Sunday-school. See to the good moral character first; then his literary fitness; then see that he believes in the right God. If our preachers would pride themselves more in this matter, our churches would prosper much and our people would be greatly benefited. This carries with it the idea of an educated ministry in the rural districts, more work and more sacrifice by the ministry and much greater benefits to all concerned.

Deaths in Laurinburg.

On the 10th ult. Mrs. Esther Fairley, wife of Mr. Wm. Fairley died in full triumph of faith. She had been a member of the M. E. Church since 1879 and lived a consistent christian. She leaves a husband and five children. Just before she died she called the family around her and begged them to meet her in heaven. She was 47 years old.

On the 21st ult. Miss Sallie Fairley, daughter of Mr. William Fairley. She was also a member of the M. E. church for nine years and lived a consistent christian to her death. She was 21 years of age and survived her mother only eleven days.

W. H. Smith, P. C.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE.

Far away, and yet so near us, lies a land where a2 have been. Played beside its sparkling waters, danced along its meadows green. Where the busy world we dwell in and its noises only seem Like the echo of a tempest or the shadow of a dream; And it grows not old forever, sweet and young it is today— 'Tis the Land of Little People, where the happy children play. And the things they know and see there are so wonderful and grand, Things that wiser and older folks cannot know nor understand. In the woods they meet the fairies, find the giants in their caves, See the palaces of cloudland and the mermen in the waves, Know what at the birdies sing of, hear the secrets of the flowers— For the Land of Little People is another world than ours. Once 'twas ours; 'tis ours no longer, for when nursery time is o'er Through the Land of Little People we may wander nevermore; But we hear their merry voices and we see them at their play, And our own dark world grows brighter and we seem as young as they, Roaming over shore and meadow, talking to the birds and flowers— For the Land of Little People is a fairer world than ours. —Auckland News.

QUITE CURED.

Maj. Henderson was the most obstinate man imaginable. For a whole hour Lieut. Mapleson tried to convince him that it was the hand and heart of Maude Henderson for which he was pleading, her comfortable little fortune being a matter about which he was supremely indifferent. At the expiration of the hour Maj. Henderson's decision remained unchanged. "Save a thousand pounds of your attachment to my niece, and I will give my consent to your marriage with her. Under no other circumstances will I do so." This was the extent to which the major would commit himself. Save a thousand pounds indeed? Why, a million would be equally possible to a man of refined tastes with but a paltry 200 a year or so besides his pay. Maude waylaid her lover outside the library door. Very pretty she looked as she listened to dear Jack's angry protestations, her cheeks flushed, and her brown eyes filled with tears. "You will be true to me, my darling? pleaded the impetuous lieutenant, as his arms stole around her waist and his tawny mustache pressed her rosy lips. True to him? Indeed and indeed she would be. "You know, dearest, you will be 21 in a fortnight's time and your own mistress. My sweet one will fly with her poor loving Jack; won't she? "Yes"—rather dubiously. It was hard to put aside the prospect of being followed to the altar by a bevy of daintily arrayed bridesmaids, although she was so deeply in love. True, she would soon be of age, and consequently her own mistress, but what would that fact avail her if she were miles away from her lover? And such indeed seemed likely to be the case, for her uncle carried her off to a small village in North Wales the day after Lieut. Mapleson had been told of his fate. Of course she left a note behind for "dear Jack," telling him the name of the village to which they were going, and earnestly begging of him to do "something," although she could think of nothing practical to suggest. On the morning of her 21st birthday Maude came down to breakfast looking fresh and even a little happy. She had honestly tried to be miserable for a whole fortnight, and had succeeded for two days. With youth and health on one's side it is almost impossible to be thoroughly out of spirits for any length of time, however much one may be experiencing the truth of the proverb about "true love," etc. The landlady's bright looking daughter brought in the coffee and rolls. "Mrs. Evans, opposite, has let her front rooms, miss," she volunteered. "A gentleman all by himself came and took them last night." A gentleman, and alone! Maude's spirits rose. "Did you happen to hear Mrs. Evans say what her new lodger is like? I suppose," added naughtily, deceitful Maude, "he is an elderly gentleman." "Yes, miss, quite. He's a bit lame, walks with a stick, and has a long gray beard. His name's Mr. Browne." Maude's spirits fell again. At breakfast, however, she mentioned the new arrival to her uncle. Maj. Henderson was beginning to find North Wales a little dull, so he listened rather readily, thinking that there might perhaps be a prospect of having some one with whom to smoke a friendly pipe. In the course of the morning when the uncle and niece were sitting in one of the many beautiful glens in which the neighborhood abounds, Maude saw a bent figure approaching, walking with a stick. "I think, uncle, that must be Mr. Browne, Mrs. Evans' new lodger," she said. Her uncle looked up from his book. "Out of health, I should say," was Maj. Henderson's comment. "He doesn't look old enough to be so infirm." When the stranger came up to them he paused and inquired the way to the Swallow falls. Maude started. That voice! Her uncle, however, merely made courteous reply. Evidently his suspicions were not aroused. "Excuse me," continued the stranger, "but have I not the pleasure of addressing one who is a neighbor for the time being? I fancied I saw you come out of Honey-suckle cottage this morning with your daughter." "Yes, sir, you are right—at least my niece and I are staying opposite to you." "Your niece?" and the stranger politely raised his hat as he glanced at Maude. "May I inquire if you have been making a long stay in the neighborhood? It is the first time I have visited North Wales, and I should be glad to know the principal spots of interest in the immediate vicinity. My health is so shattered that I cannot undertake long excursions." "This is the commencement of our third week," replied the major. "Like yourself, we have chosen rather to enjoy the scenery within walking distance in preference to traveling about by rail or coach. My niece has been a little upset

lately, so we came here to recruit her health." Maude flushed up indignantly. To speak of the cruel blow which had been dealt her as if it were a mere nothing! "The young lady is looking so fresh and charming that I think she must be on the high road to recovery." This with a stiff, old fashioned bow to Maude. "I was about to say I trusted I might derive as much benefit from the change only I fear that it is too much to expect. Age cannot hope to compete with youth." "With your permission," suggested Maj. Henderson, "my niece and I will accompany you to the falls. They are within a quarter of an hour's walk from here; and I can then give you a few hints about the neighborhood as we go along." Mr. Browne would only be too pleased. Maude walked on by her uncle's side, experiencing a mixture of joy and alarm. She was so delighted to hear that dear voice again; so fearful lest her lover's stratagem should be discovered! Mr. Browne noticed her agitation, and was careful to divert Maj. Henderson's attention from his niece, in case her confusion should betray the secret. The trio had to cross a stream by means of stepping stones. The stranger offered to assist Maude. Managing to keep his back to Maj. Henderson, Mr. Browne, alias Lieut. Mapleson, tenderly pressed Maude's yielding hand, and with a world of expression in his blue eyes whispered: "Be careful, my darling, and all will be well with us." The next morning Mr. Browne called upon Maj. Henderson. "I have just received these, and I thought you would perhaps like to look at them," he said, producing a packet of periodicals. Maj. Henderson was glad to avail himself of the offer, as current literature was rather difficult to procure in so out-of-the-way place. After a little further conversation Mr. Browne was asked if he would care to join the uncle and niece in their morning ramble. Again he would be only too pleased. When the trio had gone some distance Maj. Henderson, wishing to enjoy a quiet half hour read, suggested that he should sit down and rest a little, while Maude conducted Mr. Browne to a spot close by whence a good view of Snowdon could be obtained. "I would fain, like you, rest awhile," replied Mr. Browne; "but as the day is so unusually clear I feel I must make an effort to take advantage of it, especially as this young lady has so kindly consented to act as my guide." And so Mr. Browne hobbled off, with Maude walking patiently beside him. As soon as the trees had hidden the lovers from view Jack drew Maude to him, while she, half laughing and half crying, stroked his long gray beard. "Oh, Jack, what ever made you come like this? What do you intend to do?" "This, my sweetest," and the bold lover drew from his pocket a marriage license and wedding ring. Half playfully the gallant lieutenant removed Maude's glove and slipped on the ring. "What a dear little hand it looks!" he cried rapturously, "and how happy I shall be when I can call its dear owner my sweet little wife." A slight sound fell on their ears, and, looking up, they beheld Maj. Henderson not a hundred yards off. Maude would have been grateful to the earth had it opened at that moment to receive her, but as it showed no signs of accommodating her, she disengaged herself from Mr. Browne's embrace, and hastily handed him back his ring. Mr. Browne was equal to the occasion, although he had grave misgivings as he hobbled toward Maj. Henderson. "Were you hastening to join us? You see we haven't got far. I am a wretched walker at the best of times; and in such scenery as this one feels forced to pace frequently to look around." "I expected to meet you coming back," explained the major. "But I was looking for you in that direction," indicating another path more to the right. "I was quite surprised when I saw you coming toward me." With what feelings of relief did the lovers listen to the major's innocent remarks! At their early dinner the major drew from his pocket a letter which he had received by the morning's post and had forgotten to read. With a polite "Excuse me, my dear," to his niece, he hastily glanced at the contents. "I must leave for London by the 11 o'clock train to-morrow morning," he exclaimed. "This letter is of the utmost importance. How stupid of me to have delayed reading it!" "Am I to accompany you, uncle?" asked Maude faintly. "No, no, my dear; there's no need for you to do that. I shall be back here by the evening of the following day." The major was very preoccupied until dinner was over, but as Maude had also much food for reflection, silence was agreeable to both. "I wonder if I could do anything for Mr. Browne while I am in town?" queried the major. "My dear," turning to Maude, "just write a little note to him asking him to step over for a minute. You know we half promised to show him the way to Fairy Glen this afternoon. I don't feel inclined for any more walking myself, but there is no reason why you shouldn't accompany him, if you are not tired and he is agreeable to the arrangement." Maude's note quickly brought Mr. Browne, and the lovers were soon on their way to Fairy Glen. "My darling, we are in luck's way!" exclaimed Jack. "Your uncle's absence will make matters as simple as an A, B, C guide. I shall have to-morrow to make the necessary arrangements. We can be married the following morning, and by the time your uncle returns in the evening we shall be miles away from here." Maude acquiesced rather reluctantly. She loved Jack dearly, but still she had some compunction about deceiving her uncle, who, with the exception of the unaccountable obstinacy he had shown toward her lover, had always been ready to humor her. Jack, however, drew such a glowing picture of the happiness in store for them, and declared with so much confidence Maj. Henderson's anger would not last more than three weeks when once their irrevocable step was taken, that Maude was much comforted. When they returned Maj. Henderson

pressed Mr. Browne to spend the evening at Honey-suckle cottage. Tea being over, the major asked Maude if she would mind packing his portmanteau for him. "I have laid out the things I wish to take, my dear. You will fit them in more neatly than I could." Maude was delighted to have an opportunity of doing at last a little kindly act. Directly she left the room, the major began fidgeting about, and at length got up and paced the room. Suddenly turning to Mr. Browne, he said: "Comparative stranger as you are to me, I feel as if I must tell you the nature of the business which is calling me to London so unexpectedly. The blow has fallen so unexpectedly that to speak of it would be an immense relief." The stranger was all sympathetic attention in a moment. "Mr. Browne," continued the major excitedly, "this time yesterday I believed that poor girl up stairs to be mistress of a fairly large fortune. Today—if the information I received is correct—I know her to be penniless. And that is not all; the greater part, if not the whole, of my income is lost also." So sympathetic was Mr. Browne that he wanted to know all the details. These, however, the major was unable to furnish, in fact, he could explain nothing satisfactorily, so great was the state of excitement into which he had worked himself. "Hush!" he said, as he heard Maude approaching. "Not a word to her. I would not disturb her peaceful mind for worlds, poor girl, until I am certain how the matter stands." The next day, about an hour after her uncle had left for London, Maude received the following penciled note from Mr. Browne: "My Own Darling: I am the most unlucky dog that ever lived. I passed a wretched night, and this morning I am too ill to leave my bed. To be disabled today, when I was to have arranged for the event which is to make me the happiest man in England! I have sent for the village 'bones,' and if he can but patch me up it may not yet be too late. Send a book back by bearer, to account for having received a letter from your nearly frantic JACK." Poor Maude! The torturing suspense of that day! In the evening she ventured to ask the landlady to inquire how Mr. Browne was. "No better," was the alarming reply. Maude passed a sleepless night. In the morning she received a second note from her dear Jack, even more despairing in its tone than the former one. "Fate is against us," he wrote; "I feel as if I shall never be able to call you mine." In the middle of the day she again sent to inquire after her lover, and was overpowered when she heard he was much better, and was even thinking of getting up, his recovery being fair to be as sudden as his seizure. That evening Maj. Henderson returned. Hardly had he knocked at the door, when Mr. Browne emerged from the opposite cottage. "What news, sir?" asked the sympathetic Mr. Browne. "The worst possible," replied the major, throwing himself into an easy chair, and covering his face with his hands. "That poor girl yonder is a beggar, and I have but a hundred a year left." Maude looked from one to the other in utter bewilderment, and then crossed over to her uncle, trying to comfort him and gain some explanation at the same time. "I feel this is no scene for a stranger to witness," said Mr. Browne. "Sir, you have my deepest sympathy, and I am sure that the present moment I can show it in no better way than by withdrawing." Maude followed her lover to the door. She was much distressed on her uncle's account, but did not fully realize her own loss of fortune. "Are you really better, dear Jack?" she asked anxiously. "Yes, thank you. Quite cured. Good-by," and he was gone. That her lover's leave taking was a little abrupt did strike Maude; she was, however, far too confused by the turn affairs had taken to attach much importance to the first circumstance. When she returned to her uncle he seemed wonderfully better, and at supper he talked cheerfully of their future. Maude passed another sleepless night. She did not so much mind the terrible loss she had sustained on her own account, but she was bitterly disappointed that she could not do all she had promised for her dear Jack. She determined, however, to be the most loving and economical wife possible. At all events, her uncle would not be able to accuse Jack of being mercenary now, and there was much comfort in that reflection. Perhaps, after all, they would be able to have a proper wedding, only, of course, it would have to be a very quiet one. How much nicer that would be than running away and deceiving her uncle, who had always been so kind to her. When she came down to breakfast the next morning she was looking pale and a little worn after her two sleepless nights. The major, however, seemed to have succeeded in throwing off his grief in quite a wonderful manner, and was in almost his usual spirits. "Have you heard how Mr. Browne is this morning?" Maude ventured to ask the landlady's daughter. "Why, miss, he paid me for the week and went off by the mail train last night, declaring he was sure the place didn't suit him." Poor Maude! The blow did indeed fall on her with crushing force. "Dear me, rather sudden! We shall miss the old gentleman, eh, Miss Maude?" said the major, as soon as the uncle and niece were left together. He laid a slight stress on the adjective, and there was a suspicion of fun in his eye. It was, however, no laughing matter to Maude; she, poor girl, unable longer to act her part, burst into an uncontrolled fit of weeping. "Poor child, poor child!" said the major, compassionately; "it's a sharp lesson for you to learn. But it is better to bear a little pain now than to suffer for the remainder of your life, as would most probably have been your fate if I had not paid that scoundrel out in his own coin." The threatened loss of fortune was all a fabrication, Maj. Henderson having