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LET THE NEGRO ALOONE.

Press dispatches from Washington state that the president is very much worried because the citizens of the United States do not concur with him and co-operate in bringing the two races together.

Very naturally the president is "worried." The storm of disapproval of his acts in establishing social equality at the white house reached his ears and caused even him to ponder over what he was doing. His acts practically amount to a re-opening of the old and nearly healed wound of sectional feeling, in that it is a reprimand amounting, virtually, to an insult to the south and southern people, who have striven so hard and earnestly for a solution of the race question, who had thought to have reached a satisfactory solution of the problem, to the white people of the United States anyhow, by placing the negro on a better and safer plane than a political one. Now the president begins anew the strife by foisting upon the people of the south negro office-holders and further insults southern people by inviting to meet them, at a reception at the white house, negroes and their wives and daughters.

It is believed by those who know the negro best that he is better off in his present state without the suffrage, and the mistake that was made nearly forty years ago by those who did not know him, had been remedied to his advantage, when the president and those of his ilk are again rousing the unnatural desires in him by forcing upon him a position that ordinarily he would not expect nor strive for, and for which he is by nature totally unfit to fill, as seen through the glasses of those who know him best.

The negro does not aspire to this position, and it is only when he is incited by those who understand him least that he is placed in this false position.

Southern people are tired of this situation, as also is the negro, and all would like to settle the question, and with the co-operation of the intelligent negro and leading men of the north it could be settled quickly. No one in the south, neither white or black, wants a continuance of this condition, and the negro especially would be benefited.

It is a breeder of discord between the north and south and will continue to be a bone of contention so long as the president's policy is continued. And as the New Orleans Times-Democrat says:

Why should sectionalism open its bleared and bloodshot eyes again? Once it was put away—put away in its bullet-riddled and blood-stained regimentals. Long since the vines have clambered above the broken shafts of cannon, and the wrens, nesting in the caves of the ruined castle, had been twittering the song of love, peace and humanity. The nation was restful.

Why this sudden rippling of the waters? Is the black man ever to remain the bone of contention? Who and what is he that he should remain so persistently to the fore?

Let alone, allowed to move along the even tenor of his unimaginative way, he is the most gentle, the most docile of all human creatures. Roused once, because of grievance, real or fictitious, and he is a fiend incarnate. What son of the south can recall the faithfulness and devotion of the black man to his master's family during and before the war without a prayer that he may be saved from his pretended friends at the north? He would have died on the doormat for his master's family. Since the war the picture is changed, and, often, he has sought to despoil what in the erstwhile he would have staked his life to protect.

And who is to blame for it all? Surely not the poor, ignorant, misguided slave of yesterday. The dishonor is on whiter skins than his. The blood is on the hand which gave him the ballot with its immense responsibilities, too complex to fit well his simple nature. He did not know, and has never learned, the meaning of it all. Still puny politicians must keep the black man to the fore. He must keep his place in the calendar of current things. Other issues may come up. None can overshadow him. He is the most pernicious and most persistent problem that ever stirred the politics of any country.

In the meantime the world should place his crimes, and the crimes too often committed against him, the lynchings, the burnings and all the other unspeakably shocking offenses, not to his door, nor at the door of the white men of the south who stand for the integrity of Caucasian blood, but at the door of political desperadoes who jarred him out his naturally docile and gentle status by giving him the ballot and attempting to fit his simple nature to the complex and heavy responsibilities of American citizenship.

This is all true and some one high in authority may be responsible for acts done that cannot be recalled, as a result of raising false hopes in a people who cannot hope to realize them—that of social equality.

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NEW SHORT STORIES

Li Hung Chang's Last Words.

Historical fancy has put into the mouths of dying great men words which they never uttered. Farewell phrases of the eminent must naturally be in keeping with the life records those who spoke them; consequently the world generally will always be more ready to believe that William Pitt exclaimed, "My country, oh, my country!" as he passed away than it will be to credit the story that his last intelligible words were a request for a meat pie.

Li Hung Chang has not been dead long enough to have his "last words" published for the edification of mankind, so that the tale told by Dr. Robert Collman, Jr., of Philadelphia is entitled to whatever assurance of contradiction or embellishment is conferred by priority of publication. Dr. Collman, who is now visiting Philadelphia, is private secretary to Prince Su, lord high chamberlain to the emperor of China, and was one of the physicians who attended Li Hung Chang during that great viceroy's last illness. The story was Dr. Velde, a German. The night before Li Hung Chang died Collman and Velde made their usual evening visit. They had been dining at their club and wore dress clothes. The sick man surveyed their costumes with a twinkle in his eyes and remarked: "Ah, evening dress! Have you come to dine with me?"

Then he turned in bed and lapsed into unconsciousness, from which he never afterward rallied.

At least this is the story attributed to Dr. Collman.

Mixed the Statues.

It is related of a rural Scotchman who was visiting Glasgow that he was shown among other things the statue of Sir John Moore, which is an erect figure. He brought another country visitor soon afterward to see the statue, but, not being topographically posted, arrived at the statue of James Watt, which is in a sitting attitude.



"HE SAT DOWN SINCE I SAW HIM LAST." Feeling somewhat puzzled as to the identity of what was before him with what he recollected to have seen, he at length disposed of the difficulty by exclaiming: "Odd, man! He sat down since I saw him last!"

Another by Lackaye. It is perhaps just as well that Wilton Lackaye be credited with saying all the bright things attributed to actors. They have to be laid at some one's door or else they cease to be interesting.

At a banquet of the Dramatists' club held recently it is recorded that the witty Wilton said many good things. Among others he told of the man who submitted a play to him. He (Lackaye) could not see much that was new in it. "Anyway, it was written by an American author," declared the man, trying to awaken Mr. Lackaye's patriotism.

"So I see," replied the actor—"type-written."

At the same banquet Augustus Thomas, the geographical playwright, spoke on "The American Drama."

"Let us remember," began Mr. Thomas.

"The Maine," interrupted Charles Klein.

"And forget 'Colorado,'" chirped Wilton Lackaye.

"And how Charles Frohman refused 'Arizona' and bought 'Colorado,'" remarked Marshall P. Wilder.

The "Ie" in Ships' Names.

Captain H. St. George Lindsay of the White Star liner Celtic was asked the other day why it was that his company persisted in giving its steamers what seemed to him such singularly ill fitting names—as Cymric, Cedric, George and those proposed for the two recently put on the stocks, Corinthian and Athenic. Why always this "ie" at the end of the names?

"Well," responded Captain Lindsay, "we believe, you know, in keeping up the famous 'ie' galaxy, following Majestic, Germanic, Oceanic and the rest, and it is possible that the next boat the company builds will be named the Saisic."

Grace and the Glasses.

Bishop Wilberforce used to tell a story of a greedy clergyman who, when asked to say grace, looked anxiously to see if there were champagne glasses on the table. If there were, he began, "Bountiful Jehovah!" But if he saw only claret glasses he said, "We are not worthy of the least of thy mercies."

THE MOONSHINERS

[Original.]

About ten years after the close of the civil war I took it into my head to visit the ground where I had campaigned as a soldier boy in the Union army, that region being about Jasper, Decker and Shelbyville, Tenn. There was an especial reason for my going. I had been an escaped prisoner of war and had been hunted with bloodhounds upon on the Cumberland plateau. On the west face of the plateau not far from where the university now stands I was taken into a mountaineer's but by a girl about fourteen years old and concealed till my pursuers got tired of the search. The child had retained a place in my memory, and I desired to see her again.

I went to Shelbyville and proceeded from there on horseback to the base of the plateau and then up to where stood the hut in which I had been concealed. A young woman was standing at the door and, to my surprise, recognized me at once. She had changed so much from childhood to womanhood that I did not know her. Our meeting was so delightful that I remained at the place for a week. Mary's parents were dead, and she lived with an uncle. I tried to find out from her how he made a living, but failed to do so.

When I left, I started to walk to Bridgeport, intending there to take a train for home. The uncle offered to show me the way. I accepted his company—I did not need his guidance—and after passing the morning with my sweetheart, sitting beside her on a rock in view of the broad panorama of woods and waters, villages and plantations spread out beneath us, her uncle and I set out together.

I was very much mystified as to the man's treatment of me. Every now and again while we walked side by side, suddenly glancing up, I saw him looking sidewise at me with a cunning gleam in his eye. Besides, I noticed that whenever we came to dangerous footing he invariably left me to go first, and once when we were near a cliff he suddenly stole up on me.

In passing down a steep declivity, I was in front. Suddenly the man gave me a push, with the words, "There's where we put revenue officers!" I fell, bounding from the branches of a tree, and landed on the ground. I was knocked insensible, but soon recovered consciousness, picked myself up and tottered on as best I could till I came to a hamlet, where I found a resting place. It was several days before I was in condition to take my departure.

The next summer I determined to go back to the plateau, first, to bring away the girl whom I had found I could not get on without; second, to get even with her uncle. I disguised myself so that the man at least wouldn't know me and armed myself to the teeth. I went to Tracy, wishing to separate the girl from her uncle, and induced a woman at whose house I put up to send for my sweetheart; the girl not knowing who had instigated the summons. While she was coming I went to the cabin, where I found her uncle. With feigned simplicity I gave him to understand that I was a revenue officer seeking my way to Bridgeport. He offered to accompany me, and I accepted. When he came to the place where he had given me the push, he made the attempt again; but, turning upon him, I covered him with a revolver and walked him back to the cabin.

Meanwhile my sweetheart had gone to Tracy and, finding that the woman who had sent for her had nothing of importance to communicate, had returned and through a window had seen me marching her uncle up to the cabin. She being in shadow, I did not see her. When I came within about fifty feet of her, my revolver hanging from my hand, the muzzle pointing to the ground, I heard a voice:

"Hands up!"

I knew some one whom I could not see had me covered, and my hands went up without delay. Then my girl came out. Her uncle as soon as she had covered me drew a revolver, and I was at the mercy of two weapons.

"Mary," I said in my natural voice.

She dropped her weapon as if she had been shot and stood trembling, then ran to me and, sobbing, threw her arms around my neck.

Her uncle had confessed to her that upon my first visit he had believed me to be a revenue officer and had sent me to my long home. My coming was to her like a return from the dead.

Well, the uncle was considerably cut up when he found I was the man he had supposed he had killed, and for a time was a good deal puzzled what to do with me. We finally compromised by my agreeing to let the matter drop. Being a moonshiner, he had considered putting a revenue man out of the way as legitimate. His niece had long dreaded his being engaged in the illicit business and begged him to give it up. I joined my pleadings with hers and promised if he would come to Ohio I would make him superintendent of a creamery I owned. He consented, and the three of us went out to the still, concealed in a shaded cleft, and, setting it on fire, watched it burn, Mary piling on the dry twigs and laughing and crying by turns from excess of happiness. We also decided to burn the home, which was worthless, and the last sight I saw on the plateau was the flames bursting out of the cabin in which Mary had saved me from my pursuers, where I had fallen in love with her and where my courtship had concluded in so singular a fashion.

Mary and I have been married many years, and our grandchildren are now our chief delight. Her uncle made a valuable superintendent and lived to a good old age. It has been the habit of my life when trouble has threatened me to remember the baying of the dogs that resulted in giving me so devoted a wife.

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