

REMNANTS

VOLUME 4. NO. 1.

WILMINGTON, N. C., TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 2, 2019.

PRICE TWO CENT.

Negro Candidates For Mayor of Raleigh.

The people of our city should bestir themselves as to what is to be done with our city after the charter is repealed. The population of Wilmington is largely colored, and not only that, but many of them are taxpayers and men of intelligence. As citizens we should look well to our interests.

—Thursday, February 28, 1895

Decisive Measures Necessary.

The last issue of the Richmond PLANET sets forth some very important facts about how to suppress lynching. We heartily agree with editor Mitchell and must say that since the Negro must defend himself, let him do it in the surest way possible.

We do not believe in lawlessness nor would we lend voice to any sentiment that would mar the pacific relations of the people of our community, but since we are citizens of one government all the states parts of one whole we speak not for our own community much as those parts where lawlessness abound.

Three colored men and two colored women lynched for the supposed murder of one white man near Greenville, Ala.

The PLANET further says—"For our part, we believe every colored man should own a Winchester rifle, and a revolver. He should know how to shoot it.

"Lynching parties should be unceremoniously shot down. They have forfeited their right to the protection of the law. When every lynching is followed by the funeral of one of the lynchers the business will prove unprofitable and prejudiced, blooded-stained white men [will find] some other means for the employment of their idle pastime."

Which we heartily endorse. Some few years ago a driver of one of the busses here ran over and killed a little white boy. It was undoubtedly an accident as the bus was turning a corner at the time. The driver was arrested and sent to jail. It was rumored that the driver would be lynched, whereupon the Negroes assembled and swore they would avenge the prisoner if harm was done him. The threat was sufficient. The mayor ordered out militia to protect the prisoner who was acquitted the next morning upon testimony of white witnesses.

Decisive action on the part of the Negroes in every community will wipe lynch law off the face of the earth.

—Saturday, May 11, 1895

'Twas a Sad Picture.

Last week a case occurred in Richmond, Va., which well reached inhumanity. Morris Hopkins a young colored man was executed. After the execution the poor old distressed father of the unfortunate man came in with a wagon from his

country home to bear away the remains of his son; but this was refused him on the ground that the State Medical College had a claim on it.

Think of what a sad picture this was. The poor old man having to drive away heart broken, deprived of the dead body of his own son and how he would feel when he met his dear wife, who was waiting to get one more gaze upon the dead remains of her boy. "O tempora! O Mores!"

—Saturday, May 25, 1895

A Tribute to the Memory of My Christian Brother, Rev. Andrew Jackson Harris.

Rev. A.J. Harris of Newberne is dead.

—Thursday, June 6, 1895

Fusion Forever.
—Saturday, September 14, 1895

Still Hopeful.

The Richmond PLANET, and the noble generous lawyers, who have heroically befriended and defended the four persons accused of murdering the Mrs. Pollard, and Lunenburg, Va., have need to feel that they have not struggled in vain. This case will go down as one of the most remarkable in the criminal proceedings of Virginia. New precedents have been set, new records made, public sentiment ignored and a desperate fight made to secure protection and justice for these poor helpless Negroes. To have tried the prisoners at Lunenburg would have been a farce, for had an impartial jury acquitted them, the blood-thirsty mob would have brutally butchered them. It was a merciful providence that ordained the removal of the case to Farnville, Va. It may be that after all, the three women who protest their innocence will be pronounced guilty, but the case is more hopeful now than at any time since their arrest. Again we say all honor to Editor Mitchell, to Gov. O'Ferrall, to the brave able lawyers who have done and are doing all that manhood, justice and duty prompt them to do in behalf of the unfortunate and distressed.

—Saturday, May 14, 1896

Editor Alex L. Manley's Outspoken Opinion.

Editor John Mitchell of the Richmond PLANET is a fearless defender of the Negro. He is now and has been for some months busily engaged in defending the poor women connected with the Lunenburg murder. Through his tireless efforts Pokey Barnes was acquitted, even after sentence of death had been passed upon her, and Mary Abernathy has secured a new trial which we trust will result in her acquittal. We consider such a man

one of the greatest heroes of our race.

—Saturday, July 11, 1896

Dear Sir: We, the people, have decided to erect at Concord a cotton mill to be operated by colored laborers, with the firm belief that we can succeed as well as the white race when the same degree of interest is manifested. We have bargained for a site of 100 acres of the most desirable land. Our subscription books show upward of \$10,000 subscribed, with a steady increase. Will you please aid in the enterprise, not in the way of donating, but as stockholder in the mill? Also send names of as many others as you think would likely subscribe, so that we may correspond with them. We are operating a colored building and loan company, which also deserves a liberal share of patronage. Hope to receive your favor soon.

For further particulars address me at Concord, N.C.

Respectfully,
W.C. COLEMAN
—Sunday, July 26, 1896

A Terrible Gondition.

We clip from a private letter received from Pine Bluff, Ark., the sad news that a white man living in Pike county was out in his orchard about three weeks ago cursing God because of the drought. While in the act he caught fire and has been burning ever since. He cannot die nor can any one extinguish the fire. He cannot move from the spot but can talk to any one who comes near him. Hundreds from all over the county are going out to see him.

"It's a terrible thing to fall into the hands of an angry God." (From a letter to the Rev. W. H. Bishop from Rev. J. Lowe, P. E., Pine Bluff Ark.

—Thursday, August 27, 1896

Silly Arguments of Gold Men.

Whatever may be the merits of the controversy between the two standards, many of the arguments of the gold men are certainly silly. For instance, we are told that if you take a silver dollar, and pound it up into a lump with a hammer, you have "presto change," but fifty-three cents. True. But put a gold dollar through the same process, and you have one hundred cents. True again. But why should these things be true? Simply because you can take your mashed gold dollar right back to the mint and have it recoined into a dollar once more, and simply because, with the single standard, no power on earth can recoin your silver dollar any more. But does any one believe for an instant that if he could take his mashed silver dollar back to the mint and have it all once recoined, he would ever sell it for less than one hundred cents, or that any one would be foolish enough to

offer him less. The mere statement of the case is a refutation of the argument sought to be derived from the illustration.

—Thursday, September 17, 1896

A GRAND RECORD.

John Mitchell, Jr., editor of that peerless Negro Journal, The Richmond PLANET, has proven himself a hero of the first magnitude. We have watched the progress of the Lunenburg trial from the beginning to the present, and, were that the sum total of his achievements he could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

John Mitchell, Jr., is one of the youngest public men of our race, but in his short life he has accomplished more for humanity and the race in securing the acquittal of the Lunenburg prisoners, Isaac Jenkins, and the reprieve of Simon S. Walker, who was sentenced to be hanged and is now serving a 20 years sentence in the Virginia penitentiary, than a dozen other men who have been before the people since '65.

Noble, self-sacrificing, we honor him for what he has done for the race in agitation against Lynch Law.

Long may he live to sound the tocsin of alarm when the rights of the Negro are invaded or human life to be protected.

—Saturday, November 7, 1896

There seems to be quite a diversity of opinion as to the advisability of appointing a Negro in the President's cabinet. The idea seems to be rife that such a step would prove disastrous to the success of the party in 1900. The theory advanced by some very able editors, is in effect that the Post started the ball for the purpose of showing the Negro's peculiar capacity to clamor for place. We are not disposed to look at the matter in this way, but on the other hand we believe there are men of great ability in our race, and from a point of service there is no reason why one should not be appointed. We do not intend to argue the case, but simply wish to show that all persons are not of the same mind in this matter.

We believe that Mr. McKinley has sufficient judgment to deal honestly with all classes of the citizenship of this country, and we fail to see where the appointment of the representatives of several millions of people would be other than just, especially when he has learning, ability and the requisite qualifications for a cabinet position. We shall wait until the matter has been discussed more fully before speaking further.

—Friday, January 8, 1897

There are many reasons why the Negro should receive substantial recognition from the

present administration and chief among them is loyalty to Republican principles and party.

—Saturday, January 2, 1897

It is even surprising to us to see such rapid strides as the Negro is making toward prosperity. He drives his own carriage (if it is a poor one), lives in his own house (and many of these as good as the average of his town), sends his children off to college (and these colleges have Negro professors who rank with the very best white professors) and yet this same people was turned out to die only about 30 years ago. Wonderful are the ways of God! Truly there is a noble place for this despised race somewhere in the future of this nation.

—Saturday, February 27, 1897

One of the most degrading pictures of our times is to see our people constantly up before the courts. Why not settle those differences among yourselves? It is through your senselessness that the lawyers and justices are made rich. Many a man's little home has been swept away from him on account of some trifling misunderstanding that could easily have been settled out of court.

—Saturday, April 10, 1897

Absolutely No Distinction.

There has been much talk as to the manager of the Negro department of the Nashville Exposition being maltreated by the Exposition managers. This may be true, and if so, the colored department should certainly be without a head if we were the head manager.

—Saturday, April 17, 1897

Some of our people are very narrow in their prejudices. They seem to think that no one from another place has a right to make a living or become prominent in business here. Mark the result. Renumerative positions are filled by strangers or some one who is not one of the "first families," while those who claim everything by right of birth are practically starved out. If these same men would only go to work at something they will have less time to abuse the men who come among them seeking an honest living.

—Saturday, May 1, 1897

The little disparagement between the PLANET of Richmond, Va., and the Dispatch, ditto, anent the appointment of Mr. Bundy to the naval college at Annapolis has caused the editor of the PLANET to show his fitness to defend his race against all comers, along all lines.

The Dispatch didn't mean one half it said but as a rabid Negro hater and disseminator of venomous sentiment against the Negro, it was compelled to air

itself along this line. That the PLANET didn't come off second best is apparent to anyone who has read the controversy.

—Saturday, May 8, 1897

The Collectorship.

The colored man and brother will get the Custom House appointment. We have advocated all along for a colored man to have this position, and further, we have named a man who we believe should have the appointment. We have not a word to say against Mr. Dancy so far as his qualifications are concerned, but we do say that New Hanover county should have the naming of the man. The man is here and it is surely not fair to us here in this Congressional district for the appointee to come from another.

Most of the negroes in the State have endorsed Hon. John Thomas Howe, and these indorsement were followed by the indorsement of the Republican members of the Legislature, of which body Mr. Howe was a member. The majority of the voters of the New Hanover county have asked that Mr. Howe be appointed, and in the face of all this we see no reason why he should not be appointed.

Mr. Dancy was the aspirant for the office of Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia. Was it political jugglery, meant to deceive the people, or was it a bona fide candidacy? Our Senator will not allow that little joke—that Mr. Dancy controlled the negro legislators in the Senatorial fight—to blind him to his duty in nominating the man who is to be the Collector of Customs for the port of Wilmington.

—Saturday, June 12, 1897

If You Should Know Us As We Are, Read Our Papers.

There is no class of individuals who are criticised, "cussed," imposed upon, maltreated and ridiculed more than the Negro newspaperman, and there is no more potent factor in bringing out the very best parts of our humanity and elevating us to a higher standard than the Negro newspapers. The White press speaks of us as it best knows us—as a lazy, shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow, waiting for an opportunity to commit some heinous crime, or, as a "good old nigger" who knows how to be "respectful to white folks," or, as a "sassy black rascal," whose head is so full of learning that his brains have become addled and his whole desire is to antagonize white people. These are the three classes of Negroes we see represented through the white press and, as a matter of course, the poor Negro gets the worst of every argument from their point of view. Rarely do we see a commendable statement made of a Negro through the white press that it is not qualified by saying that it was unusual for such a thing to be done by a

THE DAILY RECORD.

(Except Sunday.)

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This "Remnants" issue of the Wilmington Daily Record is presented for the public good by the Daily Record Project of Wilmington, N.C. It consists of material, originally published in the famous Record, that has been preserved through quotation or republication in other period newspapers and magazines. It is meant to augment the seven surviving copies of the Record that have previously been identified by the Project and hosted by the North Carolina Digital Heritage Center. Source publications include: *Alamance Gleaner*, *Alexandria Gazette*, *Atlanta Constitution*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Christian Recorder*, *Goldboro Argus*, *Raleigh Gazette*, *Raleigh Morning Post*, *Raleigh News & Observer*, *Richmond PLANET*, *Smithfield Colored American*, *The Wilmington Messenger*, *Topoka Plaindealer*, *Wadesboro Messenger and Intelligencer*, *Washington Bee*, *Wilmington Daily Star*, and the Manly Family Scrapbook at the Cape Fear Museum. We have chosen not to insert the term "sic" throughout. Instead we remind readers that typographical errors came with the territory and belong to the primary documents. This issue has been sponsored by Williston Middle School, D.C. Virgo Preparatory Academy, Friends School of Wilmington, and the University of North Carolina Wilmington. It was conceived by the Third Person Project (thirdpersonproject.org). Long live the Daily Record.

THE DAILY RECORD—MASTHEAD

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JOHN N. GOINS, Business Manager
LEWIN D. MANLY, Foreman
JUPITER TONANS HOWE, Gen'l Traveling Agent
FRANK G. MANLY, Manager
THOMAS BRADLEY, Composer
J. EDWARD CRAWLEY, Composer
AUGUSTA GAUSE, Composer
HENRY T. MANLY, Composer
CAROLINE E. SADGWAR, Composer
THOMAS BROADFOOT CHESNUTT, Printer's Devil
FREDERICK C. SADGWAR, General Representative

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Negro. The Negro newspapers present the other side of the Negro in public. It shows him as a man endowed with the same passions, sentiments and aspirations as any other race. The Negro newspaper is the only medium by which the advancement of the race can be made known; and the delight of the Negro editor is at all times to tell of something that his race has done that will challenge the approval of everybody. Some complain of the poorly gotten-up sheets called newspapers, often criticizing the grammar, rhetoric and everything that does not come up to their standard of perfection. We admit that the average Negro newspaper, from a literary standpoint, would not take first prize in an open-to-all contest, but we challenge the world to find a class of men who have sacrificed more for the good of the race than the men who assume the editorship of the average Negro newspaper. It is not necessary for us to enumerate the many points in the get-up of a Negro newspaper; the principal thing that we would have you understand is the fact that if you don't learn of the Negro's advancement through the Negro newspapers, you will never learn it through any other. If you would know us as we are, read our papers.

—Saturday, July 17, 1897

Resolutions of Respect— Hanover Lodge, No. 14, F.A. & A.M.

WHEREAS, Almighty God in His alwise providence has seen fit to remove from us our beloved brother, William Howe Green, be it

Resolved, That in the death of our worthy brother Hanover

Lodge has lost a good and useful member and the community a promising citizen.

Resolved, That in all his relations with his fellowmen, as a Christian and a citizen, he nobly acquitted himself, and left all who knew him an example of his many virtues.

Resolved, That we express to his bereaved family, relations and friends our deepest sympathy, and earnestly pray that they may receive sufficient strength to bear this great bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the afflicted family.

Resolved, That a copy be sent to the Daily Record and RALEIGH GAZETTE for publication, and that a copy be spread upon a blank page of our minute book dedicated to his memory.

C.H. Hill, W.J. Stewart,
Robert McDonald, *Committee*
—Saturday, September 4, 1897

The Show at Hilton Park.

THE SHOW at Hilton Park by the W.H. Harris's Nickel-Plate Show is a decided success. A performance of wonders was exhibited to a well pleased audience, judging from the long and frequent applause. They introduced wonderful novelties in the show and anyone going will be sure to get their money's worth. The managers are a set of polite and courteous gentlemen, treating all with consideration.

—Tuesday, October 5th, 1897

What Is Expected.

"The Democrats of North Carolina must be made to realize that if they lose the State again next year and the Republicans carry the country again in 1900, there will be ten Negro office-holders in this state where there is one now. The Negroes of North Carolina cast about three-fourths of the Republican votes of the State, and whatever they may have done heretofore, they are now beginning to properly estimate their power, and, with continued Republican success, will make demands of their white leaders to which the latter will be compelled to yield."—Star.

And they made good, sober and intelligent officials, and since we furnish the votes we DEMAND a just distribution of the offices—other opinions to the contrary notwithstanding.

—Thursday, October 28, 1897

Public education is an absolute necessity, and every opportunity should be given the children of both races to become intelligent citizens.

—Saturday, January 29, 1898

The Colored American is already a great paper, printing forty-eight columns each issue. It aspires to print seventy-two columns, may its friends aid it to realize it, Cooper.

—March 12, 1898

Comment of a Colored Editor.

In making up our verdict we are very often prejudiced either for or against a party, as our sympathies are for or against one, and here is where we are apt to commit some terrible blunder. Tuesday night a young offi-

cer was killed by a police officer who was making an arrest. The night before at the same place a police officer attempted to make an arrest and was repulsed by a crowd of hoodlums and finally had to let the prisoner escape. There is a disposition on the part of many, and otherwise respectable citizens to wink at these little infractions of the law, and when an arrest is being made the sympathy usually goes with the culprit rather than the officer. This is not right. An officer goes single handed into a howling mob to make an arrest, and instead of having the cooperation of those around him, he is often jostled and pushed, sometimes assaulted, his life in jeopardy. It is only on rare occasions that a man can keep his wits about him sufficiently to keep from defending himself under such circumstances, and yet he must submit to assault and insult simply because he is a police officer. Take a man in ordinary walks of life, let him pass along the street with a howling, excited mob behind him, with rocks and other missiles thrown at him and he would shoot, and that to kill. A police officer has the same right to protect himself as any one. The lawless element have about concluded that they can run the town. One can scarcely go to church that he is not assaulted by some ruffian, and it is time to throw sympathy away and look straight into the face of the matter. It is not our purpose to justify Police Officer George in his action in shooting the boy Tuesday night. We simply show the other side of the matter, that perhaps some may have seen. The courts are to determine whether the officer's action was justified or not. Let us withhold our verdict till then.

—Sunday, April 17, 1898

The Populists owe their all to their friends, the Republicans. Surely such ingratitude ought not to dwell in the hearts of men who are now drawing their very substance as a result of a coalition between themselves and the Republicans.

—Friday, June 3, 1898

Monday afternoon while Andrew Shepard was passing a board through the rip saw at Parsley's mill the board was thrown back, striking him full in the left breast breaking the bone and causing fatal injuries. Dr. Bellamy was summoned but found that the injured man was past recovery. He was taken to his home, 509 Campbell street, where he died.

—Sunday, July 3, 1898

"Negroes Not Scared"

The Raleigh papers are tumbling over themselves in publishing the supposed fact that the negro volunteers in some of the companies have failed to report. These papers say the cause of the failure is fear. They say the reports of the terrible slaughter of the Tenth Cavalry has given them the 'Santiago fever.' This report may be partly true, but we hardly think it more true of the negro troops than of the whites. In the State of North Carolina before the war there were more than 3,000 enlisted white soldiers in the State militia and yet with all these and the volunteers that have been added, there has

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SPECIAL LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE WIFE OF HIS YOUTH

A short story by Charles W. Chesnutt

Mr. Ryder was going to give a ball. There were several reasons why this was an opportune time for such an event.

Mr. Ryder might aptly be called the dean of the Blue Veins. The original Blue Veins were a little society of colored persons organized in a certain Northern city shortly after the war. Its purpose was to establish and maintain correct social standards among a people whose social condition presented almost inherited room for improvement. By accident, combined perhaps with some natural affinity, the society consisted of individuals who were, generally speaking, more white than black. Some envious outsider made the suggestion that no one was eligible for membership who was not white enough to show blue veins. The suggestion was readily adopted by these who were not of the favored few, and since that time the society, though possessing a longer and more pretentious name, had been known far and wide as the "Blue Vein Society," and its members as the "Blue Veins."

The Blue Veins did not allow that any such requirement existed for admission to their circle, but, on the contrary, declared that character and culture were the only things considered and that if most of their members were light-colored, it was because such persons, as a rule, had had better opportunities to qualify themselves for membership. Opinions differed, too, as to the usefulness of the society. There were those who had been known to assail it violently as a glaring example of the very prejudice from which the colored race had suffered most; and later, when such critics had succeeded in getting on the inside, they had been heard to maintain with zeal and earnestness that the society was a life-boat, an anchor, a bulwark and a shield—a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, to guide their people through the social wilderness. Another alleged prerequisite for Blue Vein membership was that of free birth; and while there was really no such requirement, it is doubtless true that very few of the members would have been unable to meet it if there had been. If there were one or two of the olden members who had come up from the South and from slavery, their history presented enough romantic circumstances to rob their servile origin of its grosser aspects.

While there were no such tests of eligibility, it is true that the Blue Veins had their notions on these subjects, and that not all of them were equally liberal in regard to these things they col-

lectively disclaimed. Mr. Ryder was one of the most conservative. Though he had not been among the founders of this society, but had come in some years later, his genius for social leadership was such that he had speedily become its recognized adviser and head, the custodian of its standards, and the preserver of its traditions. He shaped its social policy, was active in providing for its entertainment, and when the interest fell off, as it sometimes did, he fanned the embers until they burst again into a cheerful flame.

There were still other reasons for his popularity. While he was not as white as some of the Blue Veins, his appearance was such as to confer distinction upon them. His features were of a refined type, his hair was almost straight; he was always neatly dressed; his manners were irrefragable, and his morals above suspicion. He had come to Groveland a young man, and obtaining employment in the office of a railroad company as messenger had in time worked himself up to the position of stationery clerk, having charge of the distribution of the office supplies for the whole company. Although the lack of early training had hindered the orderly development of a naturally fine mind, it had not prevented him from doing a great deal of reading or from forming decidedly literary tastes. Poetry was his passion. He could repeat whole pages of the great English poets; and if his pronunciation was sometimes faulty, his eye, his voice, his gestures, would respond to the changing sentiment with a precision that revealed a poetic soul and disarmed criticism. He was economical, and had saved money; he owned and occupied a very comfortable house on a respectable street. His residence was handsomely furnished, containing among other things a good library, especially rich in poetry, a piano, and some choice engravings. He generally shared his house with some young couple, who looked after his wants and were company for him; for Mr. Ryder was a single man. In the early days of his connection with the Blue Veins he had been regarded as quite a catch, and ladies and their mothers had maneuvered with much ingenuity to capture him. Not, however, until Mrs. Molly Dixon visited Groveland had any woman ever made him wish to change his condition to that of a married man.

Mrs. Dixon had come to Groveland from Washington in the spring, and before the summer was over she had won Mr. Ryder's heart. She possessed many attractive qualities. She was much younger than he; in

fact, he was old enough to have been her father, though no one knew exactly how old he was. She was whiter than he, and better educated. She had moved in the best colored society of the country, at Washington, and had taught in the schools of that city. Such a superior person had been eagerly welcomed to the Blue Vein Society, and had taken a leading part in its activities. Mr. Ryder had at first been attracted by her charms of person, for she was very good looking and not over twenty-five; then by her refined manners and by the vivacity of her wit. Her husband had been a government clerk, and at his death had left a considerable life insurance. She was visiting friends in Groveland, and, finding the town and the people to her liking, had prolonged her stay indefinitely. She had not seemed displeased at Mr. Ryder's attentions, but on the contrary had given him every proper encouragement; indeed, a younger and less cautious man would long since have spoken. But he had made up his mind, and had only to determine the time when he would ask her to be his wife. He decided to give a ball in her honor, and at some time during the evening of the ball to offer her his heart and hand. He had no special fears about the outcome, but, with a little touch of romance, he wanted the surroundings to be in harmony with his own feelings when he should have received the answer he expected.

Mr. Ryder resolved that this ball should mark an epoch in the social history of Groveland. He knew, of course—no one could know better—the entertainments that had taken place in past years, and what must be done to surpass them. His ball must be worthy of the lady in whose honor it was to be given, and must, by the quality of its guests, set an example for the future. He had observed of late a growing liberality, almost a laxity, in social matters, even among members of his own set, and had several times been forced to meet in a social way persons whose complexions and callings in life were hardly up to the standard which he considered proper for the society to maintain. He had a theory of his own.

"I have no race prejudice," he would say, "but we people of mixed blood are ground between the upper and the nether millstone. Our fate lies between absorption by the white race and extinction in the black. The one doesn't want us yet, but may take us in time. The other would welcome us, but it would be for us a backward step. With malice towards none, with charity for

all,' we must do the best we can for ourselves and those who are to follow us. Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

His ball would serve by its exclusiveness to counteract leveling tendencies, and his marriage with Mrs. Dixon would help to further the upward process of absorption he had been wishing and waiting for.

II.

The ball was to take place on Friday night. The house had been put in order, the carpets covered with canvas, the halls and stairs decorated with palms and potted plants; and in the afternoon Mr. Ryder sat on his front porch, which the shade of a vine running up over a wire netting made a cool and pleasant lounging-place. He expected to respond to the toast "The Ladies," at the supper; and from a volume of Tennyson—his favorite poet—was fortifying himself with apt quotations. The volume was open at A Dream of Fair Women. His eyes fell on these lines, and he read them aloud to judge better of their effect:

"At length I saw a lady
within call,
Still than chiseled marble,
standing there;
A daughter of the gods,
divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

He marked the verse, and turning the page read the stanza beginning,

O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret."

He weighed the passage a moment, and decided that it would not do. Mrs. Dixon was the palest lady he expected at the ball, and she was of a rather ruddy complexion, and of lively disposition and buxom build. So he ran over the leaves until his eye rested on the description of Queen Guinevere:

"She seem'd a part of joyous Spring:
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before;
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring.

"She look'd so lovely as she sway'd
The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

As Mr. Ryder murmured these words audibly, with an appreciative thrill, he heard the latch of his gate click, and a light foot-fall sounding on the steps. He turned his head, and saw a woman standing before the door.

She was a little woman, not five foot tall and proportioned to her height. Although she stood erect, and looked around her with very bright and restless eyes, she seemed quite old; for her face was crossed and recrossed with a hundred wrinkles, and around the edges of her bonnet could be soon protruding here and there a tuft of short gray wool. She wore a blue calico gown of ancient cut, a little red shawl fastened around her shoulders with an old-fashioned brass brooch, and a large bonnet profusely ornament-

ed with faded red and yellow artificial flowers. And she was very black—so black that her toothless gums, revealed when she opened her mouth to speak, were not red, but blue. She looked like a bit of the old plantation life, summoned from the past by the wave of a magician's wand, as the poet's fancy had called into being the gracious shapes of which Mr. Ryder had just been reading.

He rose from his chair and came over to where she stood.

"Good-afternoon, madam," he said.

"Good-evenin', suh," she answered, ducking suddenly with a quaint curtsy. Her voice was shrill and piping, but softened somewhat by age. "Is dis yere whar Mistuh Ryduh lib, suh?" she asked, looking around her doubtfully, and glancing into the open windows, through which some of the preparations for the evening were visible.

"Yes," he replied, with an air of kindly patronage, unconsciously flattered by her manner, "I am Mr. Ryder. Did you want to see me?"

"Yes, suh, if I ain't 'sturb'in' of you too much."

"Not at all. Have a seat over here behind the vine, where it is cool. What can I do for you?"

"'Scuse me, suh," she continued, when she had sat down on the edge of a chair; "'scuse me, suh, I's lookin' for my husband'.

I heard you wuz a big man as' had libbed heah a long time, an' I 'lowed you wouldn't min' ef I'd como roun' an' ax you ef you'd eber heard of a merlatter man by de name er Sam Taylor 'quirin' roun' in de chu'ches er-mongs' de people fer his wife 'Liza Jane?'"

Mr. Ryder seemed to think for a moment.

"There used to be many such cases right after the war," he said, "but it has been so long that I have forgotten them. There are very few now. But tell me your story, and it may refresh my memory."

She sat back farther in her chair so as to be more comfortable, and folded her withered hands in her lap.

"My name's 'Liza," she began, "'Liza Jane. W'en I wuz young I us'ter b'long ter Mares Bob Smif, down in ole Missoura. I wuz bawn down dere. W'en I wuz a gal I wuz married ter a man named Jim. But Jim died, an' after dat I married a merlatter man named Sam Taylor. Sam wuz free-bawn, but his mammy and daddy died, an' de w'ite folks 'prenticed him ter my marster fer ter work for 'im 'tel he wuz growed up. Sam worked in de fiel', an' I wuz de cook. One day Ma'y Ann, ole miss's maid, come rushin' out ter de kitchen, an' says she, ' 'Liza Jane, ole marse gwine sell yo' Sam down de ribber.'"

"Go way f'm yere,' says I; 'my husband' 's free!'"

"Don' make no diff'ence. I heerd ole marse tell ole miss he wuz gwine take yo' Sam 'way 'wid 'im ter-morrow, fer he need-ed money, an' he knowed whar he could git a t'ousan dollars fer Sam an' no questions axed."

"W'en Sam come home f'm de fiel', dat night, I tole him 'bout ole marse gwine steal 'im, an' Sam run erway. His time wuz mos' up, an' he swo' dat we'n he wuz twenty-one he would come back an' he'p me run erway, or else save up de money ter buy my freedom. An I know he 'd 'a' done it, fer he thought a heap er me, Sam did. But w'en he come

back he did n' fin' me, fer I wuz n' dere. Ole marse had heerd dat I warned Sam, so he had me whip' an' sol' down do ribber.

"Den de wah broke out, an' w'en it wuz ober' de cullud folks wuz scattered. I went back ter de ole home; but Sam wuz n' dere, an' I could n' l'arn nuffin' 'bout 'im. But I knowed he'd be'n dere to look for me an' had n' foun' me, an' had gone erway ter hunt fer me.

"I's be'n lookin' fer 'im eber sence," she added simply, as though twenty-five years were but a couple of weeks, "an' I knows he's be'n lookin' for me. Fer he sot a heap er sto' by me, Sam did, an' I know he's be'n huntin' fer me all dese years—'less'n he's be'n sick er sump'n, so he could n' work, er out'n his head, so he could n' 'member his promise. I went back down de ribber, fer I 'lowed he'd gone down dere lookin' for me. I's be'n ter Noo Orleans, an' Atlanty, an' Charleston, an' Richmon'; an' w'en I'd be'n all ober de Souf I come to de Norf. Fer I knows I'll fin' 'im some er dese days," she added softly, "er he'll fin' me, an' den we'll bofe be as happy in freedom as we wuz in de ole days befo' de wah." A smile stole over her withered countenance as she paused a moment, and her bright eyes softened into a far-away look.

This was the substance of the old woman's story. She had wandered a little here and there. Mr. Ryder was looking at her curiously when she finished.

"How have you lived all these years?" he asked.

"Cookin', suh. I 's a good cook. Does you know anybody w'at needs a good cook, suh? I 's stoppin' wid a cullud fam'ly roun' de corner yonder 'tel I kin fin' a place."

"Do you really expect to find your husband? He may be dead long ago."

She shook her head emphatically. "Oh no, he ain' dead. De signs an' de tokens tells me. I drempt three nights runnin' on'y dis las' week dat I foun' him."

"He may have married another woman. Your slave marriage would not have prevented him, for you never lived with him after the war, and without that your marriage doesn't count."

"Would n' make no diff'ence wid Sam. He would n' marry no yuther 'ooman 'tel he foun' out 'bout me. I knows it," she added. "Sump'n's be'n tellin' me all dese years dat I's gwine fin' Sam 'fo' I dies."

"Perhaps he's outgrown you, and climbed up in the world where he wouldn't care to have you find him."

"No, indeed, suh," she replied, "Sam ain' dat kin' er man. He wuz good ter me, Sam wuz, but he wuz n' much good ter nobody e'se, fer he wuz one er de triflin'es' han's on de plantation. I 'spec's ter haf ter suppo't 'im w'en I fin' 'im, fer he nebber would work 'less'n he had ter. But den he wuz free, an' he did n' git no pay fer his work, an' I don' blame 'im much. Mebbe he's done better sence he run erway, but I ain' 'spector' much."

"You may have passed him on the street a hundred times during the twenty-five years, and not have known him; time works great changes."

She smiled incredulously. "I 'd know 'im 'mong's a hund'ed men. Fer dey wuz n' no yuther merlatter man like my man

Sam, an' I could n' be mistook. I's toted his picture roun' wid me twenty-five years."

"May I see it?" asked Mr. Ryder. "It might help me to remember whether I have seen the original."

As she drew a small parcel from her bosom, he saw that it was fastened to a string that went around her neck. Removing several wrappers, she brought to light all old-fashioned daguerreotype in a black case. He looked long and intently at this portrait. It was faded with time, but the features were still distinct, and it was easy to see what manner of man it had represented.

He closed the case, and with a show movement handed it back to her.

"I don't know of any man in town who goes by that name," he said, "nor have I heard of any one making such inquiries. But if you will leave me your address, I will give the matter some attention, and if I find out anything I will let you know."

She gave him the number of a house in the neighborhood, and went away, after thanking him warmly.

He wrote down the address on the flyleaf of the volume of Tennyson, and, when she had gone, rose to his feet and stood looking after her curiously. As she walked down the street with mincing step, he saw several persons whom she passed turn and look back at her with a smile of kindly amusement. When she had turned the corner, he went upstairs to his bedroom, and stood for a long time before the mirror of his dressing case, gazing thoughtfully at the reflection of his own face.

III.

At eight o'clock the ballroom was a glare of light and the guests had begun to assemble; for there was a literary programme and some routine business of the society to be gone through with before the dancing. A black servant in evening dress waited at the door and directed the guests to the dressing-rooms.

The occasion was long memorable among the colored people of the city; not alone for the dress and display, but for the high average of intelligence and culture that distinguished the gathering as a whole. There were a number of school-teachers, several young doctors, three or four lawyers, some professional singers, an editor, a lieutenant in the United States army spending his furlough in the city, and others in various polite callings; these were colored, though most of them would not have attracted even a casual glance because of any marked difference from white people. Most of the ladies were in evening costume, and dress coats and dancing pumps were the rule among the men. A band of string music, stationed in an alcove behind a row of palms, played popular airs while the guests were gathering.

The dancing began at half past nine. At eleven o'clock supper was served. Mr. Ryder had left the ballroom some little time before the intermission, but reappeared at the supper-table. The spread was worthy of the occasion, and the guests did full justice to it. When the coffee had been served, the toast-master, Mr. Solomon Sadler, rapped for order. He made a

brief introductory speech, complimenting host and guests, and then presented in their order the toasts of the evening. They were responded to with a very fair display of after-dinner wit.

"The last toast," said the toast-master, when he reached the end of the list, "is one which must appeal to us all. There is no one of us of the sterner sex who is not at some time dependent upon woman—in infancy for protection, in manhood for companionship, in old age for care and comforting. Our good host has been trying to live alone, but the fair faces I see around me to-night prove that he too is largely dependent upon the gentler sex for most that makes life worth living—the society and love of friends—and rumor is at fault if he does not soon yield entire subjection to one of them. Mr. Ryder will now respond to the toast—The Ladies."

There was a pensive look in Mr. Ryder's eyes as he took the floor and adjusted his eyeglasses. He began by speaking of woman as the gift of heaven to man, and after some general observations on the relations of the sexes he said: "But perhaps the quality which most distinguishes woman is her fidelity and devotion to those she loves. History is full of examples, but has recorded none more striking than one which only today came under my notice."

He then related, simply but effectively, the story told by his visitor of the afternoon. He told it in the same soft dialect, which came readily to his lips, while the company listened attentively and sympathetically. For the story had awakened a responsive thrill in many hearts. There were some present who had seen, and others who heard their fathers and grandfathers tell, the wrongs and sufferings of this past generation, and all of them still felt, in their darker moments, the shadow hanging over them. Mr. Ryder went on:

"Such devotion and such confidence are rare even among women. There are many who would have searched a year, some who would have waited five years, a few who might have hoped ten years; but for twenty-five years this woman has retained her affection for and her faith in a man she has not seen or heard of in all that time.

"She came to me today in the hope that I might be able to help her find this long-lost husband. And when she was gone I gave my fancy rein, and imagined a case I will put to you.

"Suppose that this husband, soon after his escape, had learned that his wife had been sold away, and that such inquiry as he could make brought no information of her whereabouts. Suppose that he was young, and she much older than he; that he was light, and she was black; that their marriage was a slave marriage, and legally binding only if they chose to make it so after the war. Suppose, too, that he made his way to the North, as some of us have done, and there, where he had larger opportunities, had improved them, and had in the course of all those years grown to be as different from the ignorant boy who ran away from fear of slavery as the day is from the night. Suppose, even, that he had qualified himself, by industry, by thrift, and by study, to win the friendship and be considered worthy the so-

ciety of such people as these I see around me tonight, gracing my board and filling my heart with gladness; for I am old enough to remember the day when such a gathering would not have been possible in this land. Suppose, too, that, as the years went by, this man's memory of the past grew more and more indistinct, until at last it was rarely, except in his dreams, that any image of this bygone period rose before his mind. And then suppose that accident should bring to his knowledge the fact that the wife of his youth, the wife he had left behind him—not one who had walked by his side and kept pace with him in his upward struggle, but one upon whom advancing years and a laborious life had set their mark—was alive and seeking him, but that he was absolutely safe from recognition or discovery, unless he chose to reveal himself. My friends, what would the man do? I will suppose that he was one who loved honor, and tried to deal justly with all men. I will even carry the case further, and suppose that perhaps he had set his heart upon another, whom he had hoped to call his own. What would he do, or rather what ought he to do, in such a crisis of a lifetime?

"It seemed to me that he might hesitate, and I imagined that I was an old friend, a near friend, and that he had come to me for advice; and I argued the case with him. I tried to discuss it impartially. After we had looked upon the matter from every point of view, I said to him, in words that we all know"

"This above all: to thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Then, finally, I put the question to him, 'Shall you acknowledge her?'

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, friends and companions, I ask you, what should he have done?"

There was something in Mr. Ryder's voice that stirred the hearts of those who sat around him. It suggested more than mere sympathy with an imaginary situation; it seemed rather in the nature of a personal appeal. It was observed, too, that his look rested more especially upon Mrs. Dixon, with a mingled expression of renunciation and inquiry.

She had listened, with parted lips and streaming eyes. She was the first to speak "He should have acknowledged her."

"Yes," they all echoed, "he should have acknowledged her." "My friends and companions," responded Mr. Ryder, "I thank you, one and all. It is the answer I expected, for I knew your hearts."

He turned and walked toward the closed door of an adjoining room, while every eye followed him in wondering curiosity. He came back in a moment, leading by the hand his visitor of the afternoon, who stood startled and trembling at the sudden plunge into this scene of brilliant gayety. She was neatly dressed in gray, and wore the white cap of all elderly woman.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this is the woman, and I am this man, whose story I have told you. Permit me to introduce to you this wife of my youth."

—July 1898

CHOOSE FOR YOURSELF.

We usually advertise a specimen bargain from one of our catalogues, but we don't do so in this advertisement because we're perplexed. Our furniture catalogue consists of 160 pages, every page filled with bargains. Now, how are we to select one? We say to you, if there's anything on earth in the furniture or carpet line that you want, you'll find it in our catalogues at least 40 per cent. cheaper than you can buy it anywhere else.

Would we spend our money advertising our furniture and carpet catalogues (they're absolutely free, not even a stamp necessary) if they weren't worth having? Not much. If you get these catalogues you'll see for yourself what an enormous amount you can save by buying from mill owners and furniture manufacturers like we are.

That carpet catalogue that we are so anxious you should have, is the finest thing an artist ever designed, and you can select carpet from it just as though you were in the sample room of one of our mills, because it's lithographed in ten colors from hand painted plates.

We couldn't exaggerate the value of our furniture catalogue if we tried. Just think of 160 large pages devoted to furniture, and every page filled with bargains. Will you be a friend to yourself? Will you write for these catalogues at once? Address (exactly as below.)

JULIUS HINES & SON,
Dept. 310 Baltimore, Md.

SAW MILLS.

If you need a saw mill, any size, write me before buying elsewhere. I have the most complete line of mills of any dealer or manufacturer in the South.

CORN MILLS.

Very highest grade Stones, at unusually low prices.

WOOD-WORKING MACHINERY,

Planers, Turners, Edgers, Be-Saws, Band Saws, Laths, etc.

ENGINES AND BOILERS.

Talbot and Liddell, Engleberg Rice Huller in stock, quick delivery, low prices.

V. C. BADHAM,
No. 1820 Main St., Columbia, S. C.

Fall Medicine

Is Fully as Important and Beneficial as Spring Medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to keep the blood rich and pure, create an appetite, give good digestion and tone and strengthen the great vital organs. It wards off malaria, fevers and other forms of illness which so readily overcast a weak and debilitated system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion. 25 cents.

PATRONIZE

WM NESTLE, The Druggist

Our 7th and 8th Cross

Who will Serve You Day or Night Call Either

NO 210

Sundays Closed Only During Church, St.

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY

THE PRELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

continued from page 2

not been raised in North Carolina two full regiments of white troops. The negro wanted to go in at first and even now is anxious to do so, but he is so hampered by political jugglery that he feels rather like staying at home than to be made the means whereby political debts can be paid. Let the Governor take politics out of his appointments and you will find plenty of recruits to fill the negro regiments if they are needed.

—Wednesday, July 13, 1898

Mrs. Felton's Speech.

A Mrs. Felton, from Georgia, makes a speech before the Agricultural Society at Tybee, Ga., in which she advocates lynching as an extreme measure. This woman makes a strong plea for womanhood, and if the alleged crimes or rape were half so frequent as is oftentimes reported, her plea would be worthy of consideration.

Mrs. Felton, like many other so-called Christians, loses sight of the basic principle of the religion of Christ in her plea for one class of people as against another. If a missionary spirit is essential for the uplifting of the poor white girls, why is it? The morals of the poor white people are on a par with their colored neighbors of like conditions. And if any one doubts the statement let him visit among them. The whole lump needs to be leavened by those who profess so much religion and showing them that the preservation of virtue is an essential for the life of any people.

Mrs. Felton begins well, for she admits that education will better protect the girls on the farm from the assaulter. This we admit and it should not be confined to the white any more than to the colored girls. The papers are filled often with reports of rapes of white women, and the subsequent lynching of the alleged rapists. The editors pour forth volleys of aspersions against all negroes because of the few who may be guilty. If the papers and speakers of the other race would condemn the commission of crime because it is crime and not try to make it appear that the negroes were the only criminals, they would find their strongest allies in the intelligent negroes themselves, and together the whites and blacks would root the evil out of both races.

We suggest that the whites guard their women more closely, as Mrs. Felton says, thus giving no opportunity for the human fiend, be he white or black. You leave your goods out of doors and then complain because they are taken away.

Poor white men are careless in the matter of protecting their women. Especially on the farms. They are careless of their conduct toward them, and our experience among poor white people in the country teaches us that women of that race are not more particular in the matter of clandestine meetings with colored men, than are the white men with colored women. Meetings of this kind go on for some time until the woman's infatuation or the man's boldness, bring attention to them and the man is lynched for rape. Every negro lynched is called a 'big, burley, black brute,' when, in fact, many of those who have thus been dealt with had white men for their fathers, and were not only not 'black' and 'burley,' but were sufficiently attractive for white girls of culture and re-

finement to fall in love with them, as is very well known to all.

Mrs. Felton must begin at the fountain head if she wishes to purify the stream.

Teach your men purity. Let virtue be something more than an excuse for them to intimidate and torture a helpless people. Tell your men that it is no worse for a black man to be intimate with a white woman, than for a white man to be intimate with a colored woman.

You set yourselves down as a lot of carping hypocrites: in fact, you cry aloud for the virtue of your women while you seek to destroy the morality of ours. Don't think ever that your women will remain pure while you are debauching ours. You sow the seed—the harvest will come in due time.

—Thursday, August 18, 1898

The following resolutions were adopted at the regular session of the Ministerial Union, which is composed of the colored ministers of the city.

Resolved, That the Ministerial Union is in hearty sympathy with the efforts of the Daily Record in defending the rights of their race, and that each minister inform his congregation of the present situation and endeavor to sustain the paper by swelling its subscription list and urging prompt payment.

—Thursday, August 25, 1898

MANLY'S COURSE ENDORSED.

To the Wilmington Daily Record: We the members of the Wilmington District Conference and Sunday school convention in session at Lake Waccamaw, N.C., after seeing the bold yet manly stand that you have taken for our people, yes, our race, especially our ladies, we assure you that you have our approval and endorsement and pledge ourselves to ever stand by you to the hazarding of our lives. We think you a grand man, we think your paper is the paper that every negro should support as long as she stands forth in the protection of the ladies of our race. May you know that we, sir, have espoused your cause, and we purpose to a man to see that you and your paper shall have our support. Mr. Editor, continue your well begun work in the defence of our race, yes, the fair ones of our race, and this conference pledges to support you and your paper.

REV. D. T. MITCHELL, P.E.,
E. S. SIMMONS, Secretary
—Wednesday,
September 14, 1898

The readers of the Record in this section of the State acknowledge it to be the greatest enterprise of the race in the State. The citizens of Wilmington are to be commended for the able manner in which they have rallied in support of an enterprise of which any community or race might feel proud. God hasten the day when every city and town in the State will have an enterprise of this kind for the protection of the race.

—Saturday,
September 17, 1898

A MALIGIOUS LIE REFUTED.

The enemies of The Record, not being content with trying to damage our business, are now

seeking to assail our personal character by stating that we were a party to an intrigue with democrats for the purpose of defeating the republican party in North Carolina. To all such we unhesitatingly say that the statement is a base, malicious lie, born in the brain of some worthless coward who dares not face us with the lying slander. The puerile resolutions of that executive committee has brought them into disgrace with every honest negro, by their vile statement that we were not defending our race. We never have had, do not now, nor never intend to have any understanding with democrats on any account politically.

—Friday, September 23, 1898

ABSTRACT FROM DR. I.S. LEE'S SERMON To The Stevedores Yesterday Afternoon at 3 O'clock.

St. Stephens A.M.E. Church had a very enthusiastic and appreciative congregation yesterday to listen to the special sermon to the stevedores by the pastor Dr. I.S. Lee, D.D. Below we give a brief abstract of the most important part. The choir had arranged special music which was splendidly rendered. Rev. John Richardson made the opening prayer.

Messrs Cato Waddell and Jno. C. Smith took charge of the collection. There were quite a number of stevedores present but not nearly as many as should have attended to hear this eloquent and timely sermon. The text was:

"A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and is punished."—Prov. 22:3.

In this world of changes we have a guarantee that our opportunities tomorrow will be what they are today. In the sunshine of prosperity that we should provide hay against the cloudy days of adversity. As men blessed with physical strength, and are skilled in an important handicraft, you have need to exercise great wisdom and prudence in the conduct of your word and in the disposition of your earnings.

You are in a most important sense the representatives of a poor struggling race in the most critical period of its history. We cannot act rashly or unwise with present opportunities, and hope to escape sad results, by relying upon the mercy and good [text missing] of God.

[Paragraph missing]

Remember that we owe the community something in the way of good citizenship and material prosperity, and we owe coming generations something in the way of char-forming and foundation building and we shall have to answer at the bar of God for the use we make of our time, opportunities and money.

[Paragraph missing]

We are too poor to drink whiskey and yet we spend more money for whiskey alone than we do for groceries, house rent, medicines, clothing and furniture combined. Whiskey is a curse to humanity, socially, mentally, physically, morally, spiritually, domestically and materially, or financially; the subtle child of the devil.

How by mutual co-operation you could establish nice communities and build nice and comfortable homes for your families just outside the city limits and thereby give to your wives and

children wholesome and beneficial employment, in the vegetable garden, with the cow and with the chickens, while you continue your present occupations. And what a blessing it would be to the race and to coming generations.

You have no guarantee that your present occupation will last forever and if it does you can not hope to be always able to engage therein. And so why not live on \$6[.]00 per day now in these your days [of] prosperity knowing that you manage to live on less than \$4[.]00 per day during the summer months when you are not earning any money. Why not do so and of the \$13[.]00 per day paid you why [not] put aside for the future \$7[.]00 per day, or at least the \$3[.]00 or more of your daily earnings that is spent for whiskey?

—Monday, October 17, 1898

A FEW HINTS.

If you have not registered, do so Saturday. That's the last day.

Colored men, keep quiet and respect the law. We gain nothing by being resentful.

Avoid conflicts. It takes two to make a quarrel, so don't you be one of the two.

Every man should ask his neighbor to help him keep order in his immediate neighborhood.

We, in New Hanover County are not fearing mob violence, for the issues of the campaign do not necessitate any such extremity. Those who would be benefitted by the outcome of this election would not ride into office at such an expense, and those who do not hope for the rewards of office, surely would not voluntarily commit crime at the instance of others.

—Wednesday, October 19, 1898

Wilmington, N.C.,
Oct. 18, 1898

Senator J. C. Pritchard:

Dear Sir: Since writing you on September 26th, events have taken place in this community which necessitates some further explanation on my part in order to put myself right before the community here and also to correct any mistaken impression I may have made in your mind.

For the sake of any fancied political advantage I cannot afford to make a one-sided presentation of the situation in this City and County, and by naming only the white officials and leaving out the colored, doubtless some advantage has been taken, and a false color given to the actual situation, to which the business people and tax-payers regardless of party have made serious objections.

As a matter of fact, there are in this County thirty-six magistrates, and colored Register of Deeds and various other minor officials besides some Presidential appointees, and the property owners, tax-payers and business men seriously object to this state of affairs, and there now exists here the most intense feeling against any sort of Negro domination.

There is a greater feeling of unrest and uncertainty about the maintenance of order than I have ever seen and many, even the most conservative, feel that a race conflict is imminent, than which nothing could be more disastrous not only to this City and County but to our party in the State, and rather than to have

riot, arson and bloodshed prevail here, I, Republican though I am, advise giving up the local offices in this County, as there are no national political principles involved in this contest.

I had thought at first that it was merely the usual political cry and the fight for the offices, but I am now convinced the feeling is much deeper than this, as it pervades the whole community and there seems to be a settled determination on the part of the property owners, business men and taxpayers that they will administer City and County Government.

Your friend,
W. H. Chadbourn

[Below is Manly's response to the postmaster's letter, given above]

Changes and Changes.

For the past few weeks we have refrained from discussing matters political, not because our adherence to the Republican party had under gone any changes, but because of the fact that there were no issues from a Republican standpoint, opened at this time; no nominations have been made, hence no candidates to talk about.

A few days ago the Postmaster, Mr. Wm. H. Chadbourn, wrote a letter to Senator Pritchard, setting forth in terse language the misrepresentation of the Democratic press as to the alleged domination of Negroes in Eastern North Carolina. Several of our friends urged us to publish the letter but we refused because from our personal knowledge of the author we were afraid that there would come a postscript or supplement which would completely upset all the good that the aforesaid may perchance have done, thus having [text missing] the unenviable position of having to help him eat crow. The Democratic press took up that letter and published it in its entirety, they published it by paragraph they published it by sentence—each publication of it be punctuated by a terrific fire of comments—until the author of the letter, seeing himself the observed of all observes, and being of an exceedingly modest temperament, decides that it is necessary for him to "explain". Thus is it that the changes begin. With the evident effort on the part of Mr. Chadbourn to excuse himself from further association with the Republican party, as such in the county, it becomes very apparent to any sane man that other changes are going on in this county at this time.

Referring to Mr. Chadbourn just once more, we wish to say that while Mr. Chadbourn repudiates the Negro, as such, and states himself, that there is too much Negro patronage in this county, why is it that he doesn't come away from the pie counter? Has Mr. Chadbourn forgotten that it was a Negro's vote in the last legislature that secured the election of Senator Pritchard, thus securing to Mr. Chadbourn his appointment as postmaster? Does not Mr. Chadbourn know that the single vote which secured the election of Senator Pritchard was cast by the Negro representative from New Hanover County? Well, it was, and had not the Negro representative from New Hanover organized the other Negro members of the House, Senator Pritchard would today be riding his circuit as a country lawyer and Mr. Chadbourn would be giving his undivided attention to his saw mill.

In conclusion we will say that Mr. Chadbourne's "change" will not affect the Republican vote very materially in this County. The [text missing].

—likely Friday, October 19, or Saturday, October 20, 1898

Mr. D.L. Gore Speaks.

In the Messenger of yesterday we read of an extract from a speech delivered by Mr. D.L. Gore, at Harrell's Store, commented upon by the Asboro Courier as follows:

"Mr. D.L. Gore, a prominent merchant of Wilmington, while at the meeting of the eastern Baptist Association at Harrell's Store last week was heard by a populist to say that the democrats in this campaign had made mountains out of mole hills. The democratic papers had said too much. That the Negro was not as mean as they had made out that he was. That in Brunswick county some populists had gone to the democratic party but their papers had said so much that they had driven them back to the people's party."

Views of this sort are presented by many of the progressive business men of this city who do not try to array the races against each other for political purposes. The business interests of this city are of far more importance than the political interests and it seems to us that if the business men of this city were not so shortsighted they would look more to their business from which they hope to prosper.

The years of association with the Negro both in slavery and in freedom has not blotted from the minds of the good white people the fact that the South owes much to the Negro who has built cities, tilled the soil and enriched the people, reserving only a pittance for himself and family.

Mr. Gore only echoes the sentiments of many of our people who know what the Negro is in the south.

A Conservative View.

The following voluntary statement was made by one of Wilmington's most prosperous business men.

"I came to Wilmington several years ago, poor and without friends. I got a job as clerk in a grocery store and by vigil economy saved enough to engage in a small business for myself. My store was located in the eastern section of the city where there was a number of colored families. Since that time I have employed both white and colored men to work for me. Now note this: The colored men who first began working for me are still in my employment. The white men have been changed time and time again. Some of them are prosperous merchants, many of them in other fields of occupation; others of them failed in every way, but now and then remained very long. Those who staid longest were the less valuable to me. The good men soon began to see the value of their services and as soon as an opportunity presented itself they would invariably ask for increase of wages and if an increase was not given they would seek else where for employment. My colored employees have never asked for a raise although they have, some of them, had their wages increased voluntarily.

ly. These colored men are faithful, and never shirk or grumble, no matter how hard they are worked, always ready to brake out in a song while at work, and that white man was never born who can keep pace with a Negro when he begins to sing at his work. They are tractible and honest—by honest I mean that if a Negro steals anything, it is of very little consequence, and his extra services will more than compensate for his speculations. As to politics, that is a matter that I never talk about to my employees, from the fact that I always considered a Negro who would vote the Democratic ticket for pay, as only a little better than a white man who votes the Republican ticket solely for the purpose of obtaining an office, and I wouldn't trust either.

"As servants in the family, we of the South have known nothing else but Negro servants, and I have always felt that the Southern white man or woman who was willing to be a servant was a very poor specimen of a white man or woman, and positively unfit for the job if it was given them; and I for one am not willing to try the experiment of hiring white servants in my house."

This statement was made in the presence of one of Wilmington's most popular Democrats, a man of character and property who says he endorses the above view of the master of employees.

—Monday, October 24, 1898

WHITE LIVERED GOWARDS.

Whereas, Since it has become apparent that there is a disposition to intimidate the voting element of our race by discharging them from various places of employment in the event that they register to vote, and

Whereas, It has come to the notice of us, the colored ladies—the laboring class—that certain of our men have refused to register because of the intimidation mentioned above, we have therefore

Resolved, That every negro who refuses to register his name next Saturday that he may vote, we shall make it our business to deal with him in a way that will not be pleasant. He shall be branded a white-livered coward who would sell his liberty and the liberty of our whole race to the demons who are even now seeking to take away the most sacred rights vouchsafed to any people.

Resolved: That we teach our daughters to recognize only those young men who have the courage and manhood to stand up for the liberty which under God he now has, be he ever so poor. We are further

Resolved, To lend our assistance in every way to perpetuate the liberties we now enjoy, regardless of the insults and threats thrown out at us by those who seek to crush us. We have

Resolved, To teach our children to love the party of manhood's rights and liberties, trusting in god to restore order out of the present confusion. Be it

Resolved Further, That we have these resolutions published in our Daily Record, the one medium that has stood up for our rights when others have forsaken us.

Respectfully submitted,
An Organization of
Colored Ladies.
—Thursday, October 27, 1898

UNEASINESS IN WILMINGTON.

Saturday at 12 p.m. was the time appointed for the holding of the county convention and nomination of county officers. At 10 o'clock the delegates went into caucus and after much speech-making and resolving, it was decided not to nominate a ticket at this time; consequently, there was no need for calling the convention together. It was rumored around the city that the convention or someone had decided not to put up a ticket for county officers at all, but concede everything to the Democrats. We tried to ascertain the truth of this statement but could not. The morning papers, however, came out yesterday with the announcement that there would be no Republican ticket in the field and that everything had been arranged by the Governor. So we presume the county convention must have met late Saturday afternoon, as nothing of this nature had been decided upon at the close of the caucus.

—Tuesday, November 1, 1898

Mr. Dancy Couldn't Speak.

Hon. Jno. C. Dancy, the collector of customs for the port of Wilmington is campaigning in the eastern section of the State. Yesterday he had an appointment to speak at Wilson, but was prevented by the blood thirsty Red Shirts. He came down to Goldsboro and went down the Atlantic and North Carolina railroad towards Kinston and Newbern.

—Thursday, November 3, 1898

Wilmington Riot.

"Poor white men are careless in the matter of protecting their women, especially on the farms. They are careless of their conduct towards them, and our experience among the poor white people in the country teaches us that women of that class are not more particular in the matter of clandestine meetings with colored men than are the white men with colored women. Meetings of this kind go on for some time, until the moment infatuation or the man's boldness brings attention to them and the man is lynched."

—Tuesday, October 25, 1898

The Record failed to appear because the press was broken down.

—Saturday, November 19, 1898

[Almost immediately following the massacre and coup-d'etat that roiled Wilmington in mid-November of 1898—and involved, among other horrors, the destruction by fire of the Daily Record offices—the Manly brothers reestablished their operation in Washington, D.C. The following four articles represent the only known surviving text from the Washington Daily Record's four-year run under their editorship.]

The Daily Record is not a new paper, it is the same paper that was so successfully run in Wilmington, N.C., and which was finally compelled to change its home because of its fight for a single standard of morality.

—February 25, 1899

Deserves Much Praise.

Benjamin Graves, formerly an officer in the Sixth Virginia Volunteers, was recently appointed a captain in one of the

new colored regiments now being recruited for services in the Philippines. Through his own application he was appointed a teacher in the public schools and rather than go to the Philippines to fight the Filipinos he accepted the position of teacher. This is a commendable action. There is nothing for the colored man to gain by going to the Philippines. True, the salary of a captain is perhaps double the salary of a common teacher, but there are other things to be considered. The war in the Philippines is a most unrighteous one and the Negro has not the shadow of a right to ally himself with the forces of invasion if his rights here were carefully guarded. As it is his rights are gradually being withdrawn and yet he is called upon to aid this country in its merciless policy of subjugation of another nation.

Mr. Graves' action in refusing a commission is worthy of much praise and should be the course adopted by many of those who will be called upon to aid this country in this its hour of extremity.

—Saturday, September 30, 1899

Literary Folks.

This is purely a literary age and almost every thoughtful man of more or less prominence is writing a book in which, for the most part, a large amount of himself gets woven into the fabric of his imagination or research. Very distinct from the above observation are the writings of Paul Laurence Dunbar, Charles W. Chesnutt and perhaps two or three more, including Mrs. F. E. W. Harper. These works are purely literary, and stamp the literary impress upon the writers and the race. Mr. Daniel Murray has been engaged for the past few months in making up a complete catalogue of the literary efforts of the race and has himself fallen under the very magic spell and has 'writ a book' or is gathering material for one. We had the pleasure of reviewing a few pages of Mr. Murray's manuscript a few evenings since and were charmed at the style and character of his work. It is Mr. Murray's purpose to collect exact data concerning the eminent men and women of the race, and arrange each in order under a special classification, grouping the events of the period and the men and women of the race who took part in the history of the time. In addition to this, Mr. Murray has, with wonderful skill and ability, made an analogy between the white men and women of like conditions and times, producing effects heretofore entirely left out of similar work by Negro authors. The book promises to be of especial value to students and writers as forming a valuable addition to the home library.

—Friday, May 18, 1900

Mr. A.L. Manley,
Editor 'Daily Record,'
Sir:—

The members and friends of the Lyceum of the 2nd Baptist Church take great pleasure in presenting you with the enclosed cash gift, not only because of the cordial aid and support which you have given said organization through the medium of your paper (The Record) in publishing its proceedings, but as a small token

of their confidence and esteem in you as a man, and as an additional tribute to your worth as a citizen of this community.

Hoping you will accept it in the spirit in which it is given, is the wish of

Yours fraternally

John T.C. Newsome, chairman,
Minnie L. Crutchfield,
Samuel E. Lacey, Committee.

Words cannot easily express our appreciation of the sentiment expressed in the above letter. We have striven as best we could to serve our race, and words of commemoration from such a representative organization as the Second Baptist Lyceum but nerves us to renewed endeavor.

—Sunday, December 23, 1900

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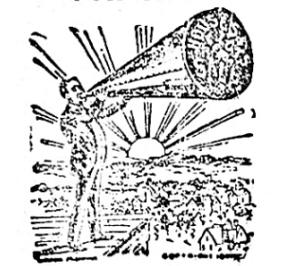
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