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2000 Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs at 25 cents worth 50 cents. Seventeen New Patterns of Handkerchiefs at 5 cents worth 10 cents. 300 pins Ladies regular made fancy color opera hose at 50c. worth 90c. Ladies fine Embroidered Silk and Chiffon Hdkfs., at 25c. worth 50c. Another shipment of the celebrated "Perfection" Shirt at 45 cents.

Anchor Brand Shirts reduced to 75 cents. Our University Shirts at 98 cents, New Shades and Patterns. New lot of Suspenders Silk Ends, Patent Buckles at 25c. worth 50c. All 15 cent Collars Now at 8 cents. Gents. Random Camels Hair Underwear at 50 cents worth 75 cents.

Gents. 50 cent Four-in-Hand Scarfs at 25 cents. Embroidered Lawn Bows at 10 cents worth 25 cents. Extra Fine Chemise at 45 cents worth 80 cents. Jersey Vests at 10 cents worth 25 cents. Jersey Vests in Black Lisle Thread at 25 cents worth 50 cents.

Celebrated Best Fitting Corsets in blue, pink, red, black or drab at 50c. All worth double. Great Reduction in Ladies Wrappers, Muslin and Merino Underwear, Hosiery and Gloves. 360 More Yards of Zephyrette Dress Goods at 6 cents a Yard. This is all that is left.

Come and inspect our stock this week, it will pay you.

D. SIMON, 368 STATE.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The Venerable Ex-Slave Finds Much to Occupy His Time.

Reviewing Great Events—Some of the Gems in His Library—He Thinks Pugnacious Peter Jackson is a Great Missionary.

(CONTINUED)

Just beyond the Eastern branch, on the outskirts of Washington, embowered in a magnificent cluster of oaks which have withstood the fierce tempests of many winters, is the home of Frederick Douglass.

Few names in American history are surrounded with more of the romance that delights the youthful and instructs the old than that of this man, born a slave on the eastern shore of Maryland three-quarters of a century ago. He has been the center of every vicissitude. The confidante of William Lloyd Garrison, he was none the less the peer of



MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Wendell Phillips in the oratory which aroused the public conscience to its sense of duty, and led ultimately to the enfranchisement of a race. He was present, practically, at the birth of aggressive anti-slavery agitation; he watched with interest the birth of the free soil party, and when the republican party first saw the light of day, with its face set firmly against the further extension of slave territory and the insolent domination of the slave power, he clapped his hands for joy, as does the devout Moslem when he first sees the royal sun glint the western hills with prisms that outshine the luster of the diamond.

As a slave he first gained his freedom by strategy. As an orator in the anti-slavery convention he spoke as one having authority—as one into whose soul had entered the steel of unutterable sorrows. As a freeman and a citizen the respect of mankind has been heaped upon his head and public trusts of great honor have been laid in his lap by a grateful party and sanctioned by the approving masses of a great nation; in his old age, with his wife and children and grandchildren about him, he rests in the evening of his life from his



FREDERICK DOUGLASS, JR.

labors, as one who has borne the heat and the burden of the day, in a villa that is one of the finest and most desirable in the republic, a villa whose original proprietor stipulated in the deed of transfer that the property should never be owned by a descendant of the African race.

Fred Douglass is a venerable, a picturesque and an historic character, in whom the general public will always have a certain interest.

"I am an old man now," said Mr. Douglass, as he looked afar over the navy yard and rested his vision on the towering shaft of the Washington monument outlined against the southern sky. "From this vantage ground I have a magnificent view of the most magnificent city on the continent, and I view,



MRS. SPRAGUE.

also, the history of the country for a half century as well as the history as it transpires from day to day. "How do I spend my time? I rise at five in the morning, walk over my grounds and spend most of the day in answering a large correspondence, in reading my favorite authors and in writing an occasional article for a newspaper or a magazine. In the afternoon I usually go for a drive.

FURIES OF THE DESERT.

Trouble Between Women Warriors of Dahomey and the French.

Past Experiences with the Savages—They Must Be Brought to Subjection—Present Situation—What the Amazons Look Like.

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The tricolor is waving in Dahomey, the west coast of Africa, where the warlike hosts of France have again invaded the country of King Behanzin. This savage potentate has gone back to his old trick of violating treaties, and has thus drawn down upon his head for the second time within two years the naval and military vengeance of the republic. I have been requested to give some personal account of that strange country, gained during the campaign of 1890, during which I served as an infantry officer.

"I was first married fifty-four years ago," said Mr. Douglass. "My first wife died ten years ago, and two years thereafter I married my present wife. The fact is, I look upon my life, as a whole, while it has some rough places in it, as having been singularly happy."

Mr. Douglass is somewhat of a violinist. He learned to manipulate the instrument in his youth. When the young folks of Washington gather about him at his Cedar Hill home, as they often do, he frequently accompanies some expert pianist of them with the violin to the general satisfaction of his guests. Mr. Douglass is very fond of young people and their society. His grandson, Joseph, inherits Mr. Douglass' musical gifts, and is not only a professional violinist but has written some excellent scores. Joseph is Mr. Douglass' favorite grandchild.

Mr. Douglass laughingly acknowledged that in his youth he was guilty of perpetrating some verse, all of which was destroyed when the files of his paper were burned. In the white heat of the anti-slavery agitation he wrote a poem, only one stanza of which he could recall. This he recited to me in a voice



LOUIS DOUGLASS.

and accentuation which made it sound grand and heroic. I give the stanza here: The pathway of tyrants is heavy with sorrows; The very air they breathe is heavy with sorrows; Agonizing heart throbs convulse them while sleeping; And the wind whispers death as over them sweeping.

In his extensive and select library I saw splendid busts of Feuerbach and Strauss. One of the most striking engravings on the walls of the library is one of Joseph Cinque, the chief of the Amistad captives. An etching of Wendell Phillips when he was a young man is much prized by Mr. Douglass as a personal gift from the great orator. A steel engraving of William Lloyd Garrison at thirty-five and of Charles Sumner at thirty attract the eye at once, as does also one of James G. Birney, the forerunner of John C. Fremont and Abraham Lincoln. A bas relief of



C. B. DOUGLASS.

Dante overlooks all the pictures on the wall, including one of Elizabeth Cary Stanton, bearing a striking resemblance to the first Lord Chatham. Mr. Douglass was particular to point out to me a rich but modest picture of the home of John G. Whittier at Haverhill. "Don't forget Peter's picture," exclaimed Mr. Douglass.

"Why, Peter Jackson, of course," said Mr. Douglass, admiringly gazing upon the massive proportions of the Afro-Australian pugilist. "I consider him one of the best missionaries abroad." As the silver moon lifted her horns above the romantic hills of Maryland, I turned away from the delightful arcadia of the sage of Anacostea and soon buried myself in the heat and the fruitless ambitions of the nation's capital, marveling whether the repose of old age be not preferable to the feverish aspirations of selfish or of patriotic maturity.

Sensible Suggestion. "My work speaks for itself," said the barber, proudly. "Then why don't you keep still awhile and give it a chance?" asked Biggerstaff. —Brooklyn Life. A Fair-Weather Optimist. "Barton is an optimistic fellow." "Very—when everything goes right." —Judge.

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KING BEHANZIN.

fantasy officer. In view of the great seriousness of the present complications—which may indirectly result in a collision between Germany and France—and the general public interest they have aroused, I think I can give the reader some timely and amusing information about war in Dahomey, and the true inwardness of the present situation.

Dahomey is an extraordinary land, peopled by a still more extraordinary race of semi-naked savages. Its seaboard is almost unvaried in its barren monotony of rugged mountain, scarcely diversified by a bay or inlet or the encouraging vista of a seaport town. The eye, wearied in its efforts to pierce the blue haze of tropical horizon, sees everywhere a monotonous coast expanse of dense green brushwood, glittering beneath the merciless rays of a vertical sun. Upon rounding the coast of Guinea the voyager is pleased to leave behind him a country which even repelled the ocean pirates of the past, and has long been forsaken by the most adventurous colonists.

Casting anchor at last before Kotonou, we see on the shore a settlement of wooden houses, painted blue and a score of straw-thatched cabins in the foggy distance. From the top of a lofty pole the flag of France is flying and a Senegalese tirailleur paces to and fro, evidencing by his jaunty and soldierlike mien the utter contempt he feels for the savage denizens whom his allegiance to France causes him to regard as deadly foes. We reach the shore by means of a surf boat, the crew of which, entirely naked, sing in chorus a propitiatory song to Atroko, the Dahomeyan genius of the sea. Bending to the oars with strong arms and set teeth, the sturdy blacks, directed by the pilot in a strident voice, make the boat—or pirogue—skim over the summit of the white capped waves with a swiftness that nearly takes away our breath. When the boat grates upon the beach we are carried ashore in the arms of stalwart negroes. The curious

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DAHOMEYAN RAPPERS.

have frequently been upset and fallen victims to the numerous sharks infesting these waters. Kotonou, where we have now succeeded in effecting our landing upon Dahomeyan terra-firma, signifies, in the Fon language, "the mouth of the river of death," and it is a place inseparably connected with the several conflicts that have occurred between the arms of France and the dusky hordes of Dahomey. Here the hottest fight in the campaign of 1890 took place upon the fourth day of March. Had it not been for the intrepid bravery of Lieut. Comperat, a young officer of the marines, the entire French force would have been annihilated. During the night of the third of March and the early morning of the fourth, under cover of the intense darkness and the additionally favorable circumstance of a violent storm, King Behanzin decided to make a move upon the French camp. The attack was well planned, and every care taken to insure the probability of success. Without noise, or lights, and in careful military order,

the forces of Dahomey took up their position in a forest situated about two hundred yards from the French lines. Here they rested, awaiting the arrival of dawn with the intention of commencing hostilities at cockcrow. The French force was composed of three hundred tirailleurs of the native Senegalese infantry and troops from the Gaboon country, and it was billeted in the factories of Messrs. Regis and Fabre, two French merchants engaged in business at Kotonou.

The arrangement of our forces was adroitly planned, being the result of a thorough knowledge of the difficulties of the situation created by the peculiar war tactics of the Dahomeyans and the nature of the ground. Four small posts formed one section in echelon representing the base of an isosceles triangle having upon one flank the open sea and on the other a canal leading to the Denham lake. Instead of posting solitary advanced sentries, as is customary, we advanced, for the most part, in pairs, and overcame, forty garrides civilly, with two pieces of mountain artillery, formed the second line drawn up near a somewhat rude structure pretentiously called the "Sanatorium."

The vigil of the naval infantry continued without any occurrence happening to disturb the monotony of "sentry go." All the world seemed asleep, the silence of the night remained unbroken. The men of the post, however, were wide awake indeed, especially Lieut. Comperat, who commanded the most exposed of all the posts to the north of a certain spot where a fort was in course of construction. About a quarter before 5 o'clock a. m. the terrific storm of wind and rain which had been raging all night suddenly began to abate, and through the rifted clouds the moon's rays shone forth cheerily. Lieut. Comperat, of whom I may casually remark that his first instruction in the military art was obtained during his brief attachment to the Third Regiment of Zouaves, he having graduated from the Ecole Saint Maixent in 1884, heard suspicious sounds coming through the thick humid air; it seemed to the officer that he could distinguish the noise of muffled footsteps. Instantly the trumpet was sounded and the lieutenant formed his men in a position to resist attack, and no sooner had this been accomplished than, amid a storm of wild yells, hurrahs and savage war cries, an immense crowd of warriors threw themselves against the bastion protecting the French position and endeavored to penetrate it. Then Comperat's voice rang out distinctly, giving the command to fire. This first volley was followed by three simultaneous ones in return. The Gaboon soldiers were calm and confident in their demeanor under fire, the severity of which

was not to be compared with that of the Dahomeyan Amazons. The Frenchmen were in a serious dilemma; they endeavored to make a sortie with the object of clearing the ditch in front of the works, and in the attempt three men were killed and eight placed hors de combat. The little fort was now quite surrounded and side by side by the greatest forms of lashed and wounded Dahomeyans and Frenchmen. The gallant Comperat rallied his entire force, and regardless of his wounds, resolved to fight it out to the death, if need be, at the post of duty. He waited—the slightest hesitation on his part would have served to precipitate a panic. But relief was at hand. Lieut. Lagaspie, a fellow-graduate of Comperat's at the Ecole militaire, came up at the charge with a platoon of Senegalese infantry. Day had now dawned and the enemy fell back. They had hitherto displayed the most astounding bravery, but it was of little avail against the tenacious solidarity of our Gaboon allies. The neighborhood of the fort bore ghastly traces of the fight; everywhere around the bodies of the slain, among whom Dahomeyans vastly exceeded French, piled one upon the other. The black corpses of men and women, decapitated members lying around in pools of blood with open mouths and eyes, the former grinning hideously, with set, gleaming teeth, and the latter fixedly staring skyward in the glassy gaze of death.

Beyond the line of battle the Dahomeyans were again forming themselves into an attacking force, divided into two separate sections. Their tactics soon became plain enough: A body of 1,000 warriors and 800 Amazons marched forward against the Fort of Comperat and another body containing about 1,200 men debouched to the southward in the direction of the factories and the telegraph office. The Fetichmen marched at the head of each contingent without arms, but carrying a horse's tail, which they waved for the double purpose of urging the ranks forward to the assault and of acting as a charm against the weapons of the whites. The combatants carried a saber in one

hand and a gun in the other. They fired wildly and without taking aim. The slaves came along in line ready to receive the discharged rifles and quickly recharge them. The wounded were abandoned, their severed heads being carried as trophies for future presentation to the king. The column advancing southward had already begun the attack with great vigor and driven back our guard posted at Petite-Agoe with a loss of five men killed on our side. Following up this success the savages pressed on until they encountered Le-moine's company, which forced them to retreat against the forest, where a battery of marine artillery, under command of Capt. Sane, of the warship Leopold Fourrier, hastened the discomfiture of the engagement. At 6:15 a. m. the Dahomeyans essayed to return to the offensive, but were again repulsed by our artillery, and between 6:40 and 9 o'clock they vainly endeavored to remobilize their forces. At 9:30 even the most intrepid retreated, abandoning their dead, numbering 120 warriors and 7 Amazons. Our flying patrols soon brought word that the plain below was covered with corpses. We left 8 dead on the field, of whom 2 were Europeans, and 26 men of Lemoine's detachment were wounded.

It was thought at the time that King Behanzin would never return, but the rashness of this conjecture has since been realized, for the king has returned with a vengeance, within the last few weeks. The cause of the present trouble is the failure of Dahomey's ruler to observe the terms of the treaty he entered into with France in October, 1890. By this treaty the rights of the French at Kotonou were recognized and assured immunity from disturbance, yet for several months past the small garrison at Kotonou has been harassed perpetually by the Dahomeyans. The unfavorable season prevented the French from operating to advantage in the field, and this circumstance led the friendly tribes who act as their allies exposed to the vengeance of the hostiles. One special cause of trouble is King Behanzin's persistence in asserting rights over the kingdom of Porto-Novo, the ruler of which, Toffa, long since sought and obtained the protectorate of France, yet he has lately been the constant victim of Dahomeyan incursions into his territory. France has now taken the field with the firm determination of bringing matters to a climax and forcing Behanzin to come to his senses. The arrival of reinforcements enabled Col. Dodds, the French commander, to take measures for the complete protection of the Dahomeyan coast.

He has fortified all his positions and enlarged the circle of outposts, and has now arranged matters so that he can command communications between Porto-Novo and Sakete, on the Adjara river, near the English territory in Lagos, and also from Porto-Novo to Dangbo. French warships despatched to the coast of Africa have bombarded all the towns on the shore line, while the land forces, advancing into the interior, have stormed and burned the villages, fighting the opposing bands of Dahomeyans, and it is well known that in these conflicts the French loss was very slight, but that of the enemy was severe. France is in this war to stay, but the nature of the country her soldiers have to fight in and the methods of the foe she has to contend with may possibly entail considerable expenditure of blood and treasure. Ours can be only one result, however protracted the struggle.

France's chief object is to protect her commercial interests in Dahomey. Formerly Portugal had similar interests there, but in recent years she has evinced little solicitude about them, and has even abandoned a fort she used to occupy at Whydah. A certain feature of the situation which may eventually become of considerable importance is this part of Africa, and it is well known that the Dahomeyans have received supplies of arms and ammunition from the German merchants. One German house at Whydah is represented by a Herr Richter, who has so completely won the affections of Behanzin as to have almost assumed the dignity of a court official. From him the Dahomeyans have acquired much instruction in mobilizing as tirailleurs and also in the manipulation of field pieces and in marksmanship. The king's troops are regularly drilled, and the chief instructor has been Richter. When it was resolved to attack the town of Whydah, Col. Dodds notified the European residents and gave them time to leave, whereupon they all did leave with the exception of the Germans, who declined to accept the notice. Whether this may or may not yet become the nucleus of an international difficulty between France and Germany is a question of grave uncertainty in the minds of many.

J. C. DURAMEL. An Afflicted Woman. "Isn't Mrs. Cabbage troubled with strabismus?" "Not that I know of, but she is awfully cross-eyed." —Judge. An Epitaph. The king of the cannibals might have saved. He passed from earthly labors. And kind missionaries wrote over his grave: "A man who loved his neighbors." —Litt.

A SUMMER REVERIE.

By JOEL BENTON.

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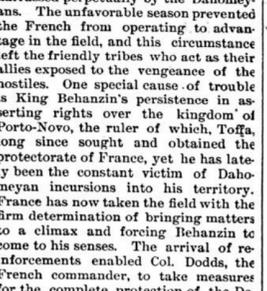
Just because she passed along Through the tall grass and the daisies— One fair maid of matchless graces— Sweeter grew the wood bird's song, And the clear brook's muffled tinkle On its bed of shams and pebbles. Fell more voiceful. Was it wrong— Spurred by summer's blissful powers— That I filled her arms with flowers?



"ONE FAIR MAID."

Just because she passed along— In midsummer's queen-like glory, Came again the old, old story. Told in tale and wreathed in song. Meadow lilies bowed before us. And the birds' far-echoed chorus. Could hardly half their joy proclaiming. While softer bent the arching skies. Rich with cloud-built gossamers.

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SEEKING FOR THE LOST.

If You Have a Missing Friend or Relative Read This Column.

All Who Mourn a Missing Father, Mother, Brother, Son, Sister, Wife, Husband or Daughter, Should Read This Column Every Week.

There are many persons throughout this great land who mourn some missing relative. Many home circles are rendered unhappy by the fact that there is a vacant chair. This Appeal, ever willing to lend its aid toward ameliorating the sufferings of all mankind, has concluded to devote a column to those who seek missing relatives. This column is open to all, whether subscribers or not, FREE. Any person who wishes to find a missing relative may visit this column without money and without price." Send description of the missing one, also date and place when last seen or heard from. The large circulation of THE APPEAL, covering as it does every State and Territory in the United States, may make this service of inestimable value to some persons who now mourn the loss of loved ones.

LUCK SAMPLES—She was last heard from in La Grange, Tex., in 1876. She had one daughter by the name of Edna E. Adams, W. S. Hunter, 80 E. Main New Albany, Ind. 3-26-92.

JOHN BUTLER—I wish to find my brother John Butler who lived with me in 1876. He was then at Zanesville, Pa. Any information will be gladly received by Thomas Butler, 2540 21st street, Chicago, Ill. 5-28-92.

SANDY MCGOWAN—I would like to find my son Sandy McGowan. He was sold by James McGowan to slay a convict in Kentucky. Please address his mother, Mrs. Nellie McGowan, 71 Leavitt street, Chicago, Ill. 16-7-92.

WASHINGTON SHIP—I wish to find my uncle Washington Ship. I left him in Wayne County, N. C. My name was Grace Ship. I had an aunt named Hannah Keth. Address Mrs. Grace White, DuQuoin, Ill. 8-26-92.

NICODEMUS JOHNSON—Would like to know the whereabouts of my brother Nicodemus Johnson a native of Philadelphia, Pa. When last heard from was in New York. Address Wm. S. Johnson, 221 Dryades street, New Orleans, La. 5-28-92.

I would like to find my sister, Henrietta Jane Stalcup. Lived with Jack Harris, Westport, Mo., when last heard from. Any information will be gratefully received by Chas. J. Stalcup, 1022 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill. 4-10-92.

STEPHEN CRAB—I wish to find my husband, Stephen Crab of Phenix, Ill. He belonged to Jerry Crab in Platte Co., Mo. He ran away 3 or 4 years before the war. I used to belong to William Clay. Address, Mrs. Sara B. Crab, Westport, Mo. 6-11-92.

ANDREW HERN—I desire to find my son Andrew Hern. He left here in 1887, heard from him by year ago, was then in California, Los Angeles County. Any information will be gratefully received by Rebecca Seale, 130 South 3d street, St. Marys, Mo. 6-11-92.

ANNIE COMBS—I wish to find my mother Annie Combs, sister Susan Combs. When last saw them in Enterprise, Miss., in 1860. Any tidings of either of them will be gratefully received by B. C. Combs, 402 Spring street, Rock, Ark. 6-11-92.

GADSDON JONES—I desire to find my son Gadsdon Jones. He left Winabro, Mo., in June 1881. Last heard from at Wyand, Ky. Any information will be gratefully received by Lexington, Ga. Address, Mrs. Rebecca Jones, Winabro, S. C. 8-26-92.

GEORGE TEARELL—I wish to know the whereabouts of my brother George Tearell. The last heard from him was in 1880. Any information will be gratefully received by John Tearell, Branch street, Zanesville, Ohio. 6-11-92.

EDWARD MILLER—I wish to know the whereabouts of Edward Miller and Henry Miller. Last heard of in Lexington, Ky. Mother's name was Sarah Miller. Any information will be gratefully received by Mrs. Mary Miller Fountain Alley Zanesville, Ohio. 6-11-92.

JACOB JONES—I wish to find my uncle Jacob Jones. I saw him in Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1864 or 1868. He was a Union soldier. I do not know the number of his regiment. He was a small boy at that time. Address, H. F. Jones, Davitt's Folk County, Ga. 8-26-92.

I desire to find my mother, Hannah Bagler, who went to Texas about 1860. She was last seen in Franklin Co., Alabama, and has not heard from her since. Address, Mrs. J. B. Bagler, 1520 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. 6-11-92.

SILAS MITCHELL—I wish to find Silas Mitchell son of Mrs. Harriet Mitchell. He was born in Northumberland Co., Va. He was taken from his mother the second year of his life. Any information will be gratefully received by Harriet Hunt, New Philadelphia, Ohio. 5-28-92.

ALEX WOOD—Information is desired of the whereabouts of Alex. Wood, a member of the U. S. Colored troops, who was in the 24th regt. of his army in 1864. The last time I heard from him was in Chicago, J. A. Simmons, Kane Springs, Ky. 6-11-92.

SAMUEL T. SAVOY—I should like to learn the whereabouts of my husband, Samuel T. Savoy. He left home four months ago and has not been seen or heard from since. Any information would be gratefully received by Mrs. Emma Savoy, 157 N. Second street, Columbus, O. 1-21-92.

HARRIE DICKENSON—I want to find my mother Harrie Dickenson, who belonged to a family of "Whites" at Hampton, Va. She has two daughters, Elsie Washington and Rose Smith. Respectfully her niece, Sadie Roberts, Washington, S. W. cor. 31st and Olive, St. Louis, Mo. 1-21-92.

NANCY MOONAN—I wish to find my mother Nancy Moonan. I was born in Memphis, Tenn. My father's name was Enoch Moonan. Any information of her whereabouts will be gratefully received by Ida Biles, 37 14th street, La Fayette, Ind. 6-11-92.

WILLIAM FLEMING—I desire to find William Fleming and Anderson Fleming. Their father's name was William Fleming. There were two daughters, Lucy and Anna. They were both in New York. Their birth place was Middleville, Tenn. The capital of Georgia. The father was a member of the Montgomery, Ala. Address, Mrs. Anna De Bal, 126 W. 35th street, New York City. 4-9-92.

J. H. KING—I would like to find my brother, J. H. King. I last met him in New Orleans in 1888. He left there for the City of Mexico. I have not heard from him since 1890, when his address was "Aparado" Corrao, No. 499, Mexico. He is forsworn. Address, Thos. J. Rogers, 741-65 st., Englewood, Chicago, Ill. 6-11-92.

BARB DEBOW—I have a brother that was lost from me in Nashville, Tenn., in 1870 or a little after Hood's raid on Nashville. His name or the name he went by as he was very small was Babe Debow. His father's name was John Debow. He was with my family by the name of Richardson in Nashville, Tenn. Any tidings of him will be gratefully received by Thomas B. Robinson, 1428 Cass ave., St. Louis, Mo. 12-13-92.

I desire to find my sisters Emily, Octavia and Rhoda, and my brother James Lettich and James Lettich. We belonged to Maj. Tom Lettich at Liberty, Bedford Co., Va., before the war. I last saw them in New York. They were brought to Mississippi by a speculator and sold to one Abe Chilton, with whom they lived until freedom. My name was Francis Lettich and my mother's name was Mrs. Frances Chilton, Sherrill, Ark. Address, Mrs. Frances Chilton, Sherrill, Ark. 6-11-92.

Unlooked-for Pleasure. "Miss Gasket, I love you dearly," confessed Mr. Smithers. "I am so glad," replied Miss Gasket fervently. "You make me intensely happy," he replied. "I hope I shall continue to do so, for I am to be your stepmother."

Very High. "Does Markham stand high in literature?" "He must, he has just completed his tenth story."

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