

THE APPEAL KEEPS IN FRONT BECAUSE: 1-It aims to publish all the news possible. 2-It does so impartially, wasting no words. 3-Its correspondents are able and energetic.

THE APPEAL

THE APPEAL STEADILY GAINS BECAUSE: 4-It is the organ of ALL Afro-Americans. 5-It is not controlled by any ring or clique. 6-It asks no support but the people's.

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THE GREAT PLAGUES

REMINERS OF THE DAYS OF EPIDEMICS.

How the Stricken Inhabitants of Towns in the Middle Ages Combated the Evils of the Times—Plague Stones.

The story of the great plague of London is familiar to readers of history and has been dealt with by many writers of fiction.

Even the bypaths of history supply much suggestive matter, while hidden away in church wardens and other old accounts are many items that remind us of those days.

Here, for example, are two entries from the parish accounts of St. Mary Woolnoth, London:

1553-4. Item, for setting a cross upon one Allen's doors in the sicknesse time... Item, paid for setting two red crosses upon Anthony Bound his door...

The crosses were about a foot in length. The crosses served as a caution against entering such houses.

In various parts of England the plague stones are silent reminders of the time when epidemics laid low so many inhabitants both in town and country.

A stone in the Derby Arboretum bears the following inscription: "Headless Cross or Market Stone—This stone formed part of the ancient Cross at the upper end of Friar Gate, and was used by the inhabitants of Derby as a market stone during the visitation of the plague, 1665. It is thus described by Hutton in his 'History of Derby':"

"1665—Derby was again visited by the plague at the same time in which London fell under the severe calamity. The town was forsaken; the farmers declined the market place; and grass grew upon that spot which had furnished the supports of life.

"To prevent a famine, the inhabitants erected at the top of Nuns' Green, one or two hundred yards from the buildings, now Friar Gate, what bore the name of Headless Cross, consisting of about four quadrangular steps, five feet high. I knew it in perfection.

"Hither the market people, having their mouth primed with tobacco as a preservative, brought their provisions, stood at a distance from their property, and at a greater from the town's people, with whom they were to traffic.

"The buyer was not suffered to touch any of the articles before purchase; when the agreement was finished he took the good and deposited the money in a vessel filled with vinegar, set for that purpose."

The mention of tobacco in the foregoing inscription is a curiosity, showing that the weed was then regarded as a very efficacious preventive.

Winchester suffered much from the plague in 1666. On the downs near the city are numerous curiously shaped mounds, which are said to cover the pits into which the dead were cast.

When the pestilence raged a primitive kind of quarantine was practiced. The country folk supplied food, which was placed on a stone outside the city, and in exchange the citizens placed money in a bowl of water.

The old plague stone still remains, built into the base of a monument, which bears an inscription as follows:

"This monument is erected by the Society of Natives, on the very spot of ground from which the markets were removed, and whose basis is the very stone on which exchanges were made whilst the city lay under the scourge of the destroying pestilence, in the year sixteen hundred sixty-six. The Society of Natives was founded on the 26th of August, 1669, for the relief of the widows and orphans of their fellow-citizens who died of the great plague."

Beneath a spreading tree in the grounds of Tothby house, near Alford, Lincolnshire, is a plague stone. About 275 years ago the inhabitants of Spilsby and the surrounding villages day after day toiled up to the top of Miles Cross hill, which overlooks the wide marsh country, with Alford lying just at the foot.

At the top they left food, etc., for the poor sufferers and took in return money deposited in vessels containing water or other liquid placed on the plague stone. Then the people of Alford came up the other side of the hill for their supplies. Thus the two parties kept well apart—Chambers' Journal.

Vesuvius Long at Work. The most recent excavations show that Vesuvius began its work as a conservator of antiquity earlier than the memorable year A. D. 79. During the excavations in the valley of the Sarno, near San Marzano, some most interesting antiquities have come to light. These had been covered up by a volcanic deposit about six feet thick, which points to an eruption of Vesuvius which must have taken place in the seventh century before Christ. The relics include a Greek burying place, archaic Italian tombs and various bronzes and terra-cottas.

Emerald as Big as a Walnut. It is said Mrs. Schwab's jewels are as fine as any owned in New York. To hear her Pittsburgh friends discuss them one would believe she dissolved pearls in her breakfast coffee. "Mrs. Schwab has an emerald as large as a walnut," you will hear Pittsburghers say. This emerald has been worn in New York as a lavalliere. It is a large and uncommonly clear stone and is heart-shaped. But it lacks insignificant beside her diamond necklace. This has drops and festoons and a clasp composed of a large solitaire.—New York Press.

AN ODD INDIAN BELIEF.

Tradition Connected With the Division Into Castes.

According to the tradition of one of the tribes of India, the sun created a man and a woman at the beginning of time and this couple had twelve children. When they had all come to an age to shift for themselves the sun divided them into pairs and placed food of all kinds before them. On their choice depended the fate of their descendants. Those who took vegetables only became the ancestors of the highest caste of all, the Brahmans, while the Santals, the lowest of all castes, spring from those who chose pigs. The Kols declare that they are descended from those who took bullocks' flesh and to the sustaining power of the food of their choice the Larks, or fighting Kols, attribute their strength and fine physique.

When the latter at the beginning of the last century first met English troops they were quickly impressed with the fighting powers of the strangers, and, finding that they, too, ate bullocks' flesh, the Kols paid them the great compliment of assigning them the same pair of ancestors as the Kols. But by the time eleven pairs had chosen their share of the food provided there was nothing left for the unfortunate twelfth couple, and they had to beg food from the others who had fared better. From this unlucky pair spring the Ghassis, who, do not work, but support themselves on the charity and leavings of others.

NOT A BLOOD RELATION. Death of Life's Partner Caused a Fine Distinction.

It was in one of the farming districts of New England. The young folks had banded themselves together for monthly jollifications during the winter and were about to celebrate the last dance of the season, as well as a couple of engagements which had resulted from the assemblies. Ben Hawkins, the local Paginini, and his Stradivarius had been engaged to lead them through the mazes of the country dance, and all were looking forward to the "time of their life."

But death, inconsiderately claimed Mrs. Hawkins for his own on the afternoon of the eventful party. The young people gathered as arranged, but bemoaned the absence of "Old Ben," and games were being substituted for the dancing, when lo! Hawkins and his fiddle appeared on the scene.

Great astonishment and many questions greeted the old man, but he calmly slipped his fiddle out of its green bag and as he meditatively rubbed the resin on the bow said:

"Wall, yes, Maria's gone; died this afternoon, but I reckon 'tain't no sin for me to play for you to-night, seein' she wa'n't no blood relation."

Peculiar Marriage Ceremony. Among the Khertrias of India the marriage ceremony is quite elaborate. After many preliminaries the priest begins this singular performance: Taking a small portion of the hair of the bride and groom in turn, from the center of the forehead, he draws it down to the bridge of the nose. Then, pouring oil on the top of the head, he watches it carefully as it trickles down the portion of hair. If the oil runs straight on to the tip of the nose their future will be fortunate, but if it spreads over the forehead or trickles off on either side of the nose bad luck is sure to follow. Their fortunes told, generally to their own satisfaction, the essential and irrevocable part of the ceremony takes place. Standing up side by side, but with faces strictly averted, the bride and bridegroom mark each other's foreheads with "sindur" (vermillion). Great care is always taken that neither shall catch a glimpse of the other during this important process, which finally makes the couple man and wife.

A Canny Preacher. Major Pond was a discreet man, but he occasionally told one celebrity a good story at the expense of another. One of his favorite stories was of an American preacher who preached in England under his management.

The sermons attracted greater audiences than either manager or preacher had expected, and at length, one night, as manager and managed sat talking upon the steps of a great London church after the delivery of a successful sermon in a neighboring hall, the dissatisfied preacher struck for higher wages, and brought such arguments to bear that the manager felt it necessary to yield.

It was a costly talk for Major Pond, but he keenly enjoyed the humor of the situation and took great pleasure in picturing the great preacher seated in the moonlight upon the cathedral step bargaining for higher pay for preaching the gospel.—New York Sun.

Snake Captures Dog. Harry Metzger of Boston went to the Mountain Tea hills yesterday in search of mountain tea. He was accompanied by a young beagle hound. The hound became separated from Metzger and soon attracted him by its yelping. He found the hound in a small open space in the underbrush, and firmly wrapped around the animal was a large snake.

Flood Benefits One Man. The Missouri river flood has given P. C. Nuckles of Rochport, Mo., a new house, completely furnished. The high water drove Mr. Nuckles away from his farm, and when he returned to it he found on his land a comparatively new house, which was in good condition, despite its watery journey. There is nothing about it to indicate who the owner is.

CAPTURED LION IN SEWER

Frank Bostock, Well-Known Animal Trainer, Tells of an Exciting Time at Birmingham, England, With Runaway Jungle Monarch.

There is a fascination about wild-animal training from which few who have once felt it ever escape. It is the fascination of constant danger, of taking your life in your hand daily, and of pitting your will against the bloodthirsty ferocity of wild beasts.

In his book "The Training of Wild Animals," just published by the Century Company, Mr. Frank C. Bostock, one of the greatest wild-beast tamers and trainers in the world, gives us an insight into the perils and pleasures of animal training.

Told in his own words, it is one of the most thrilling stories ever written and possesses as well many other elements of interest.

"A thrilling experience of mine in Birmingham, England, in 1889 may show the critical situation in which a wild-animal showman is sometimes placed," writes Mr. Bostock.

"A country fair was being held at the time. We had an African lion, a handsome beast, which had killed one man and wounded several attendants at various times. The only thing we could do was to keep him quiet

with canvas so that the lion might not be seen and set off for the sewer. "Then, with three of my attendants, I went three blocks back, lowering ropes down each of the manholes on our way until we pretended we had found the lion and then I lowered myself into the depths through the third manhole. The next thing was to fire blank cartridges, blow horns and shout as loudly as possible. "The attendants suddenly capped the cage door down with a shout and the cry went up that 'we had him.' "Meanwhile I was in a perfect bath of cold perspiration, for matters were extremely serious and knew not what to do next.

"The fears of the people were allayed for the present, and a probable riot had been stopped only just in time; but the lion was still in the sewer. He might get out at any moment—might be out even then, for all I knew—or he might roar again and so let his whereabouts be known and my deception, which would cause a greater riot than before.

"As soon as possible I placed trusty men with iron bars at the mouth of



the sewer, and, as, fortunately, the lion stopped his roaring and contented himself with perambulating up and down the sewer through the narrow miles of tunneling, things were quiet for the time.

"When everything had been done that was possible I went to bed, but as that was the most anxious night I have ever had, it is scarcely necessary for me to say that sleep was out of the question.

"On the afternoon of the following day the chief of police of Birmingham came to see me and congratulated me on my marvelous pluck and daring. This made me feel worse than before, and I at once made a clean breast of the whole thing.

"I shall never forget that man's face when he realized that the lion was still in the sewer. It was a wonderful study for any mind reader. At first he was inclined to blame me, but when I showed him I had probably stopped a panic, and that my own liabilities in the matter were pretty grave possibilities to face, he sympathized with me, and added that any help he could give me I might have.

"I at once asked for five hundred men of the police force and also asked that he would instruct the superintendent of sewers to send me the bravest men he could spare, with their topboots, ladders, ropes and revolvers with them, so that, should the lion appear, any man could do his best to shoot him at sight.

"We arranged that we should set out five minutes to twelve midnight, so that we might avoid any crowd following us, and so spreading the report.

"At the appointed time the police and sewer-men turned out, and I have never seen so many murderous weapons at one time in my life. Each man looked like a walking arsenal, but every one of them had been sworn to secrecy.

"Then three trusty men and myself, accompanied by my giant boar hound Marco, entered the sewer through a manhole. It was as dark as a pocket. Suddenly Marco barked and I heard close ahead a throaty growl and I knew that the lion was afoot.

"In another second a terrific fight was raging between the boar hound and the lion. The dog got the worst of it and soon returned badly clawed and bitten

There was an eight-foot fall in the rear of the sewer, and this was evidently his reason for being so reluctant to turn back until frightened by the kettle. We did not know of this, and consequently tumbled headlong into it.

"We were not hurt, and as the lion was now roaring terrifically we followed him up and soon found out the cause of his trouble. In the act of falling he had caught his hind legs and quarters in one of the slip-nooses, which had been dropped down the manhole to secure him, and was hanging head downward from the manhole.

"Other strong ropes were let down immediately, for he would soon have died in that position, and we were fortunate enough to secure his head and forepaws. The cage was then placed at the manhole, and when we had run the ropes through the cage and out over the sidewalk the men began to haul, and in this unkingly fashion the king of beasts was dragged into his cage."—New York World.

GENIUS SHOWN IN BEGGING.

Why Work When You Can Secure Good Money Without It?

It is hard to beat the beggar game in Italy. A fleet-footed urchin grabbed a girl and bounded like a chamois over an intervening short cut, heading us off at the next turn. He and his maiden fell into a fox-trot by the side of the carriage.

"Look, noble gentlemen!" he began, look, beautiful lady! See the little ragazza—the poor girl—have pity on her! See, noble signor—you can not refuse to give her something—your heart is too good—you are too generous, too noble, too handsome, to refuse. Have pity on her dreadful state, for look—she has one gray eye and one black one!"

We stopped at the carriage. It was true. The maiden had indeed partial colored eyes, in addition to which she rejoiced in a most appalling squint. I gave her one copper.

Hereupon her escort set up a howl at being ignored.

"But why should you have anything?" I asked.

"You ought to give me two coppers," he replied with a twinkle, "for I have two black eyes, and she has only one."

I was vanquished. I gave him his two coppers. I don't believe in beggars, but I think he earned them.—Argonaut.

NATURE'S USE FOR FLOWERS.

All of Them Serve Properly Appointed Purpose.

Dr. Andrew Wilson writes: "If we assumed that flowers were merely evolved to gratify human senses we should be entertaining a woefully limited view of nature. The botanist will tell you that everything about a flower is meant to favor one end. That end is the production of seeds and the propagation of the species.

The colors of flowers—nay, even the little splashes of a hue or tint seen on a petal—are intended to attract insects that they may carry off the fertilizing dust, or pollen, to other flowers of the same, or near, species and thus insure a sturdier race as the result of cross-fertilization. It is to this end also that your flowers are many of them sweet scented. The perfume is another kind of invitation to the insect world. The honey they secrete forms a third attraction—the most practical of all, perhaps. Then the arrangement of the flowers on the stalk, the times of opening and shutting of the flowers and the position of the stamens and pistils, are all so many features whereby nature is giving each plant a help on the way."

The Force of Example.

A gentleman who has just returned from Guatemala vouches for this parrot story. A good woman of the city had a bird which she prized highly, but it had one bad habit. Whenever she came in in the morning the bird would ejaculate:

"Oh, I wish to the Lord the old woman was dead!"

She confided to her minister and he suggested sending his parrot over, adding that by association the lady's bird would learn nice phrases.

A day or two later, when this woman entered the room, her parrot ejaculated, as usual:

"Oh, I wish to the Lord the old woman was dead!"

Whereupon the minister's bird cocked its head to one side and fervently added:

"The Lord hear our prayer!"

Beauteous Summer.

Earth has doffed the bridal raiment which her virgin form arrayed. Fairest far the graceful mother than the shy and trembling maid. As the iris to the bluebell as the heather to the ling. As the sunshine to the twilight, so is summer to the spring.

Golden on her golden bosom is the waving of the corn. Bright and lean and red the popples that her comely waist adorn. And she weaves the thousand emerald A tins that play among her trees. In the brilliance of the banner she is fluttering to the breeze.

There's a honeysuckle garland bound about her shapely head. Sending down its scented tendrils with her neck and breast to wed. And the roses and carnations in her tangled tresses meet. As they wind about her body on the way to kiss her feet.

Now she knows no thought of sorrow, and her only uttered sigh is a breath of fragrant perfume in a rustling field of rye. And she laughs through every moment of her sun-baked life. Where her streamlets chase the pebbles and her silver fountains play.

Told Out of School.

The infant terrible is always with us, and in making trouble runs a close race with the wagging tongue of scandal. Accompanied by her young hopeful a woman was calling on a friend who happened to live in one of a row of houses of exactly the same appearance.

"The great objection to living in a row of houses," remarked the hostess, "is the liability of making a mistake. Do you ever have any difficulty, my dear?"

"Oh, no," replied the little friend, breaking in unexpectedly. "Ma says she can always tell your house by the dirty windows."

Found Curious Ring.

Frank Munroe, of Porter, Mass., has a curious ring which he found near Whitman lake. It is of wood and is in the form of a signet ring with a silver shield set in where the seal should be. Diamond shaped pieces of silver are also set in either side of the ring.

Quite the Reverse.

Singleton—"I say, old man, doesn't your spending so much time at the club get you in trouble at home?"

Wedgery—"On the contrary, dear boy, it keeps me out of it."

VANISHED RELIGION

INTERESTING RELICS FOUND IN SOUTHERN MEXICO.

Show Artistic Excellence That is Superior to the Work of the Egyptians—Hieroglyphics That Can Not Be Deciphered.

Among the reliefs photographed by Herr Toeber Maier during his trips up the Usumasintla river, in Southern Mexico and Northern Guatemala, are carvings of gods or priests holding in the right hand a short staff which ends below in a snake's head and seems to support a small idol with a peculiar snout, or it may be merely a monkey. If monkey, certainly it is conventionalized enough. The attitude is generally one of offering something to a deity, but not always.

The maskings usually have miniature head dresses with bushy plumes like the gods and priests and warriors; perhaps they wear masses having long noses or snouts.

A Intel found at Yascalilan appears to represent an interview between the god Quetzalcoatl and his priest. In the right hand of the god there is the curved stick or support ending in a snake's head, and this stick seems to connect with a belt round the waist of the small figure. The latter has anklets, wristlets, tight-fitting, patterned clothes, or perhaps merely decorations like tattooing on the limbs. The oldest thing of all is the fact that the priest has a mankin almost identical which he holds up to the god's mankin, so that they seem to be shaking hands or boxing with each other with raised hands. The effect is that of two pigmies or monkeys wearing masks held by broad girdles, and these supported by curving staves.

In this sculpture Quetzalcoatl has a helmet and plumes nearly as high as himself, composed of the conventionalized head of a serpent and the gorgeous feathers of the quetzal. He has what seems a transverse nose ornament, necklaces, a shoulder decoration or cape with medallions having faces a broad breast ornament, a still broader girdle with three large mask decorations, a skirt of sea shells and a long flamboyant girdle pendant falling almost to the ground between his feet.

About opposite his thighs, which are partly bare, this pendant takes the shape of a forked cross. All the spaces not occupied by the two large and two small figures are filled with hieroglyphs no one has yet deciphered. Purely as decorations, these glyphs surpass anything known in other parts of the world. Those carved by the Egyptians, for example, are certainly handsome, and are technically more polished work, but in artistic effectiveness they must yield the palm to these mysterious records of by-gone civilizations, owing to the symmetrical round forms of the latter and the so-called ranks which are massed in various squares. These afford a most pleasing contrast to the sweeping plumes of the headdresses and the ornaments suspended from the collars and girdles of the figures.

When one imagines these extraordinary clever carvings, brilliant with color and the priest performing their solemn dances around the altars, with the idol standing or squatted in the dim niche behind, one can understand the power of this race of warriors and artists must have exercised over the population that once animated one of the most fertile regions of Mexico and Guatemala.—New York Times.

WHEN LITTLE SISTER SCORED

Had the Best of Argument in the Matter of Noses.

Out in the East End is a young woman whose little sister is much inclined to ask numerous questions, and though she is sometimes a little slow about understanding things in general, she was quick to see a point as most little girls of six. The other day Little Sister asked Big Sister the direction to the home of a new acquaintance. Big Sister tried her best to make the way plain, to no avail, and finally becoming exasperated, exclaimed:

"Oh, follow your nose, Nan, and you will finally find the place."

"Well, if you ever follow your nose," came the quick retort, "you will go up, and up, and up, and be an angel by and by, which you're not now."

Which reference to a nose inclined to be pugged ended the controversy.—Pittsburg Gazette.

The Newer Education.

Have you ever had any other ambitions than clothes and marriage? If so, did they interfere with these aims in any way?

Have you ever had any desire to marry an American? How long did it last?

Do you think you would ever get tired of seeing your name in the society columns?

Can you take a snub? Would you mind being divorced if by so doing you could strengthen your position socially?

Do you consider tables as vulgar?

Cupid's Candle. Round her flaming heart they hover, Lured by loveliness they go. Methinks, every man a lover. Captive to its gleam and glow.

Old and young, the blind and blinking—Fascinated, frenzied things—How they flutter, never thinking, What a doom awaits their wings!

It is all the same old story— Pleasure hung upon a breath; Just a chance to taste of glory. Draws a legion down to death.

Fire is dangerous to handle; Love is an uncertain flame; But the game is worth the candle. When the candle's worth the game!