COLORED WOMEN TO MEET

National League Will Consider Several Important Questions.

CONVENTION THIS WEEK

Proposed Consolidation With the Federation of Afro-American Women Will Receive Attention and the Colored Orphans' Home in Washington Will Also Be Discussed.

Two of the most important questions to be considered at the convention of the National League of Colored Women, which is to be opened in the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, July 14, for a three days' session, will be the establishment of an institution in this city and the matter of consolidating with the Federation of Afro-American Women, another colored organization of considerable renown.

The three days' session of the league will be largely attended and the several topics of interest will be entered into by the women with a good deal of earnest endeavor, for they have shown that they are capable of carrying through whatever they undertake.

The National League of Colored Women was founded by Mrs. Helen A. Cook of Washington, four years ago. It grew out of the desire on the part of several women who believed that in unity more good to the women and children of the colored race could be accomplished. No thought of an interstate or a National League of Colored Women was given, but so interested did the women of other States and other sections become that a great correspondence was opened between Mrs. Cook and other colored women of these sections, and the result is that through statements made by women all over the country it was decided that the time had arrived for a united movement to aid and to benefit and to advance their fellow-women, and the result is that Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Grimke, and others here issued an invitation to the colored women of the country to come here and hold the first convention of the league.

A LARGE GATHERING.

The invitation has been largely accepted and there promises to be a most enthusiastic gathering of colored women.

The meeting promises, too, to be one of unusual intelligence, for among those who are expected to attend are Miss Boulden of Cambridge Mass., who has the distinction of being the first colored woman appointed to preside over a white school; Miss Flora Lewis, a member of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia Press; Miss Julia F. Jones and Mrs. L. J. Coppinger, two noted teachers of Philadelphia; Mrs. James A. Handy of Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. L. M. Olden and Mrs. Ensley of Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Yates of Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Laura E. Titus of Norfolk, Va.; Miss C. L. Franklin, superintendent of the Colored Orphans' Home at Harper's Ferry; Dr. Rebecca Cole of Philadelphia; Mrs. Hunton of Richmond, Mrs. J. W. E. Bowen of Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Helen A. Cook, Mrs. Mary Terrell, Mrs. C. F. Grimke, and Miss A. V. Tompkins, of Washington, and others from various parts of the country.

The three-days' sessions of the League will be held in the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, the Rev. F. J. Grimke pastor, who will deliver an address of welcome to the delegates and to those in attendance. The three topics which will be the general ideas of discussion during the convention will be "Woman as an Educator," "Woman in the Professions," and "Woman in the Home." On these topics short papers will be read and addresses made by the delegates and others present.

The visitors, it is understood, will be entertained by their friends here, and there has been a general desire among the better class of colored people to do this.

One of the women who is greatly interested and who is taking a prominent part in the management of the convention, has said that besides questions of deepest interest to the league as an organization, requiring the presence and consideration of its members, there remains always the great question of education—the divinely imposed task of teaching the young—which falls to women without their volition and leaves them no power of choice.

SOME OF THEIR OBJECTS.

"How best they shall foster the growth of the sterling virtues, truth, honesty, faithfulness to duty; how assist in forming habits of industry, thrift and self-denial; by what means they may surround children, even in the humblest homes, with the refining influences of gentleness and courtesy. These are some of the questions the consideration of which gives supreme value to conferences of women, not mere mental activity, but work with a definite aim—practical work, whose results will be felt in every-day life.

"It is hoped that our women will come together with chapters from their own experiences, so that we may learn from our failures, as well as our successes, with well digested plans, to be modified, improved by comparison with others, so that our meeting will gain something real for ourselves, our children and humanity.

Matters pertaining to the welfare, the improvement and advancement of the colored race, and women and children in particular, will be the subjects that will be more fully discussed at the coming convention of the league. Another matter that will attract and command the attention of those present will be the important question of consolidating with the Afro-American Women's Association. At a conference held in Boston last year a resolution for enlarging and strengthening the work by a union of forces was adopted by the Federation of Afro-American Women looking to a union with the National League of Colored Women.

MET AT ATLANTA.

In pursuance of this resolution, a conference committee met at Atlanta during the session of the woman's congress, and a basis of union was reached, which included a proposition for a joint convention. From some cause or other an unexpected hitch occurred, and it will be impossible to have the joint convention this year. The Federation of Afro-American Women will, however, meet in Washington the week following the adjournment of the league, when it is possible some steps may be taken in the matter of uniting the two bodies, so that a joint convention may be held next year.

In addition to the three topics mentioned above it is quite certain that the women will discuss the affairs of the Girls' Reform School of the District of Columbia, of which there was some talk a few months ago. The women take the ground that as the institution is devoted entirely to the care of colored girls the colored people are entitled and should have at least one representative on the board of management, and they propose to agitate the subject until they obtain this concession.

Several topics of the utmost importance have occupied the attention of the members of the Washington League, but during all the interests of the Capital City have not been forgotten. The educational and industrial work began two years ago and has since grown to splendid and moste ncouraging proportions. The effort to secure a building and to establish an institution for the league also continues and will be brought up in the convention at the proper time for consideration.

BUILDING INDISPENSABLE.

The possession of such a building is, in the minds of a good many, indespensable to the success of the league. Such a building, one belonging to the league, would aid very materially in the work, for it would put the league in a position of independence and remove the necessity of asking for accommodations from other associations who are fortunate enough to possess buildings or halls of their own.

As showing the great necessity for the accomplishment of the work the league has set out to perform it may be mentioned that in the District of Columbia, according to the census of 1890, there were 41,866 colored females, and these outnumbered the males by 8,000. Of these 14,536 are between the ages of five and twenty, and most of them attend the several grades of the public schools. Of those between fourteen and eighteen years there are at present over 400 in the public high school.

Twenty-six of the graduates each have an opportunity to enter the normal school, making during the four years' course 104 who may reasonably expect to be employed in the public schools, while the other 300 or more are without any prospect of remunerative employment.

A few of these may enter the professions, but the majority may be doomed to disappointment. One of the women connected with the league refers to the census of 1870, and says, "there were reported 338 occupations open to women. If the statement were modified so as to refer to colored women, we should have to say they may not be employed as saleswomen, clerks, cashiers, telegraph operators, typewriters, etc.; they will not be received in factories, book binderies, the work rooms of milliners, and so on through the list. There is, therefore, nothing for them to fall back upon except domestic service, and they are not even prepared for that. Attention has been frequently called to the fact that they are being crowded out of the lighter and better paid places because of their want of system. But twelve years of mental and manual training in the public schools prepare them admirably to enter upon the higher grades of labor. The moral aspect of the question should also have great weight, the temptations and besetments of a great city being doubled to all who have no regular occupation."

COMMITTEES APPOINTED.

Committees have been appointed to care for the visitors and delegates, and a royal time is expected by those who will be present. Every effort is being made to make the convention a big success and the visit of delegates and visitors a most pleasant one.

The committees, headed as follows, will entertain the delegates and visitors to the convention:

Program, Mrs. A. J. Cooper; printing, Mrs. I. D. Bailey; comfort, Mrs. A. E. Murray; reception, Mrs. H. A. Cook; refreshments, Mrs. Emily Lee; music, Mrs. A. L. Davis; decorations, Mrs. Elizabeth Shippen; finance, Mrs. A. V. Tompkins; badges, Miss A. F. Howard; excursions, Miss E. A. Cook; bureau of information, Miss J. C. Grant; correspondence, Miss C. L. Franklin.

The day following the close of the convention—Friday—it is hoped to be able to have a grand reception by the members of the league who reside in Washington to the delegates to the convention and those who accompany them.

THE PURCHASE OF WIVES.

Countries Where Legal Marriage Follows the Payment of a Price.

Pall Mall Gazette.

There are many countries in which, if a man wishes to be legally married, he has to go out and buy a wife, though the market prices of that article varies considerably. In Uganda you can get what you require for two or three bullocks, or even for six good sewing needles, or perhaps a box of percussion caps; while inferior wives can be picked up in exchange for a coat, and if one is indifferent to health and beauty, for a pair of shoes.

In the Caroline Islands wives are cheap. A father will let you marry his daughter, if you give him a little fruit or a small present of fish, while in Samoa matrimony runs you into pigs and canoes; among the Fijians, into whales' teeth and muskets. In Tartary it is best to marry beneath you (you can do it on a few pounds of butter), because a man who has lofty notions of a marriage with one of the upper ten must be an owner of horses.

The aborigines of Australia manage their marriages upon a most equitable principle. If A wishes to marry B's sister, he allows him to marry his own; or if B happens to be a widower, then his daughter will do just as well. One of the most objectionable forms of gaining a wife is to work for her, a habit practiced among many uncivilized nations, its only advantage being that a man can get a wife on credit, though his father-in-law takes good care that he serves his time. Among some races you have to do your work before you get your wife, as Jacob had to serve for Leah and for Rachel.

Marriage by exchange and purchase is not customary among uncivilized nations only. In Central America and Peru a man has to work for his bride.

In China a present is given by the father of the bridegroom, the amount of which is agreed upon by both the families. The Japanese make use of a similar custom, though, in their case, the giving of presents is the most important part of the whole marriage ceremony, for after these have been delivered and formally accepted, neither of the contracting parties is able to go back.

Wife-purchase appears to have been the basis of Indo-European marriage before the separation of the peoples took place. Manu mentions the Asura form of marriage as one of purchase, and according to Aristotle the ancient Greeks were in the habit of buying their brides; for in the Homeric age a maiden was called by a name which signified "one who brings her parents many oxen."

The old Scandinavians believed that even the gods had paid a price for their wives, and in Germany the expression "to purchase a wife" was in vogue until the end of the middle ages. The old inhabitants of Ireland and Wales were accustomed to buy their wives with gold and silver or land. In Servia, at the beginning of our century, girls had reached such a price that Black George reduced their value to one ducat.

Among many savage nations the equivalents of a wife are varied and grotesque. Poor Bashkirs purchase theirs with cart loads of wood or hay; the Indian Kisans, with two baskets of rice and a rupee; a tribe in California, with half a string of dentalium shell, and among the Padams, a rude people of India, the suitor shows his intentions by gifts of field mice and squirrels.

The Czar Tackles a Strike.

The world has been having an opportunity to see how the Russian Czar would handle a strike. Some 40,000 cotton and woolen operatives have been on strike in and around St. Petersburg. The authorities had provided mounted troops of cruel Cossacks, armed with wire whips, and had the strikers come out in an assemblage, even to collect their back pay, these Cossacks would have ridden them down mercilessly. But the striking moujiks kept in their houses and could not be drawn into the streets. This left the Czar's agents perfectly impotent to subdue the strike, which at last accounts was still on. Passive resistance, while peaceful, is the most formidable species of opposition to handle. Even Russian czars cannot compel a man to work against his will in vocations that are not strictly public concerns.

His Idea of Prison.

At the recent meeting of the charities and correction conference at Grand Rapids, Mich., Judge Grant of the Michigan supreme court, said: "The State prison should not be a place for turkey dinners, socials, ball games, literature and the like. Is it a punishment when a prisoner sentenced to confinement is allowed to wait upon the family of the warden, or to have some other easy place, which is generally as good for him as he would have outside? In some cases we find the prison cells decorated with lace curtains and tables covered with the best books of the day."—Chicago Chronicle.

Abyssinia's Three Climates.

Abyssinia, according to M. Marcel, a French traveler, has three climates, according to the altitude above the sea. In the low country or valleys bananas, dates, indigo, cotton and other tropical plants flourish, elephants, lions, giraffes, zebras and gazellas abound. The intermediate zone recalls the climate of Sicily or of Andalusia in Spain. There is good pasture for flocks and herds in the highest region.—Chicago Chronicle.

Personally Conducted Tours to Niagara Falls via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The passenger department of the Pennsylvania Railroad announces a series of personally conducted tours to Niagara Falls, leaving Washington by special train, 7:30 a. m., July 23, August 6 and 20, September 5 and 17. Rate, $10. Tickets good for ten days. jy12-6t-eod

NOTED MEN BURIED HERE

Well-Known Names on Washington Tombstones.

REPRESENT ALL STATES

Congressional Cemetery and Oak Hill Contain the Largest Number of Dead Celebrities—Statesmen, Soldiers, Authors and Others Rest in the City's Cemeteries.

If there be any excuse for resurrecting a subject so dead as graveyards Washington of all other cities furnishes an ample one, since it is here that every State in the Union has its quota of representatives who are silently awaiting the great examination which shall determine whether or not they may be admitted to the happier state of Eternal Life.

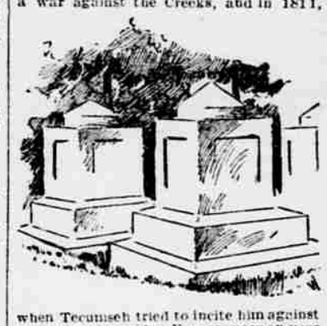
The venerating sightseer from anywhere and everywhere can find, in a spot obscure or noted, within these repositories of the dead, some names to thrill his heart with memories of deeds which have made the histories of nations resplendent with glory or individual lives in some happy past pleasantly connected with his own.

Speaking of history, one of the most interesting places in this connection is Congressional Cemetery, particularly in the older parts where monuments have been erected to keep green the memories of so many of our eminent dead.

As one enters the gate on the right-hand side, at the north entrance, the Tingey lot, said to have been the first laid out in the cemetery, brings to mind a family prominent in naval circles many years ago, and a little farther on a large monument, broad at the base and terminating in a time-worn, mildewed pyramid, blazons the name of George Clinton, soldier of the Revolution, governor of New York, and Vice President of the United States. The monument was erected by his children. It has his likeness on one side and on the other two swords crossed.

Not far from here is the monument placed by order of Congress over the grave of Elbridge Gerry, also a former Vice President of the nation and governor of Massachusetts, whose name furnished the first syllable for the famous Gerrymander.

The next point of interest, an old gray stone shaft, would probably be called by the red man a portal to the Celestial Hunting Grounds, through which the spirit of Pushmataha—a Choctaw brave—passed on his way to the chase. Belonging to a tribe of Indians which boasted of its ancient lineage, Pushmataha exhibited his eccentricity of character by declaring that he had neither parent nor ancestor, except the lightning, which struck a large tree and sent him forth in the prime of life. He served with Gen. Claiborne of Mississippi in a war against the Creeks, and in 1811,



when Tecumseh tried to incite him against the whites, he said: "You are now on your way, Tecumseh, to court an alliance with the Muscogees; they abhor the white man, and on hearing your warwhoop will be ready to strike; but the Choctaws and Muscogees can never travel on the warpath together, for the Choctaws hold the pipe of peace with the white man."

DEATH OF PUSHMATAHA.

The sturdy old warrior was always a warm friend to the whites, and denounced any conspiracy against them in those picturesque yet forcible phrases which fall from the lips of his race as easily and as tempestuously as the torrent dashes over Niagara. In 1824 Pushmataha visited Washington in behalf of his tribe, and while here died of pneumonia. His last words are carved on the old gray shaft in Congressional cemetery, where he was buried: "When I am dead, fire the big guns over me."

This great chief, like those of today, had his shortcomings. He was not an ardent prohibitionist, and often his "nights out with the boys" made it necessary for his war bonnet to be enlarged before it could be worn in council next day. He married two wives—doubtless to prevent a breach of promise suit, though his alleged reason was that the wars do not leave a warrior apiece for the squaws, and that, as every woman is entitled to a husband, he accepted big amy as a sacred duty.

Capt. Leathers, owner of the Mississippi River steamer Natchez, by his admiration for the warrior's deeds in battle, and by his own rugged eloquence, gained the nickname of Pushmataha, by which he was known to the day of his death, about two weeks ago in the city of New Orleans. Capt. Leathers had many friends in Washington. During his visits here he always made the National Hotel his headquarters, and was often seen driving out to the Congressional cemetery to take a look at Pushmataha's grave. There was an excellent portrait of the big chief on board the Natchez when she was burned.

Near Pushmataha's resting place is the tomb of Tobias Lear, Washington's private secretary, and also the unmarked graves of a child of Henry Clay and one of John C. Calhoun. The graves of these children are level with the ground, and no one would know where to find them without recourse to the records.

Near the center of the cemetery one finds the graves of William Wirt, Attorney General of the United States from 1817 to 1821; the famous Dr. Dunn, of his city, who lost his life saving a little child; Capt. Mannix, Major Gen. Rawlins and Philip Barbour, at one time an associate justice of the Supreme Court.

MONUMENT TO ARSENAL VICTIMS.

On the extreme west side is the monument erected to the victims of the Arsenal ex-

plosion in 1864. It has a broad pedestal, surmounted by a tall shaft, carved in ivy leaves and other beautiful designs. At the top the drooping figure of a woman is expressive of sorrow for the terrible fate of the brave girls whose names are inscribed on the shaft.

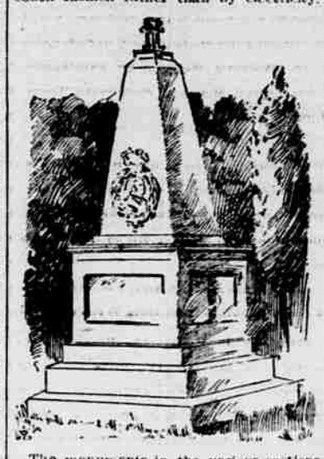
In the early days of the century it was intended that a memorial tablet should be placed to perpetuate the name of every United States Senator and Representative; but dead Congressmen multiplied like compound interest, and it soon became apparent that, beside the expense incurred, the cemetery would be filled to overflowing with these tablets, so the custom was abolished. The argument for economy might well be used against Congressional funerals.

There are two or three hundred members of the legislative branch remembered by these memorial stones, and the earliest death noted in the group occurred in 1790. Among them are the names of John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Samuel Allyne Otis of North Carolina, secretary of the United States Senate after the adoption of the Constitution; John Quincy Adams, Nathan Dixon of Massachusetts, J. W. Hornbeck of Pennsylvania, and Theodoric Bland, who was one of the minority which opposed the ratification of the Federal Constitution when the subject was debated in the Virginia convention.

If the free coinage idol of today be a reincarnation of this departed statesman, night visitors to the cemetery may feel the presence of a restless spirit hovering about the monument—a spirit that changes the elm trees to silver poplars, and hypnotizes melancholy tree toads until the wild wind, bringing back the echo of their voices, is infiltrated with the croaking of 16 to 1.

WERE ALL FAMOUS.

All the names recorded on these time-worn stones were famous in their day; for it was a time when to be a representative in the national council was to be what the children call "some pumpkins"—when the distance between a statesman and the people was greater than it is today—a time when ordinary brains moved stage-coach fashion rather than by electricity.



The monuments in the various sections are constructed very much on the same plan, but there is a marked dissimilarity between the old and the new tombs. The old vaults are low and broad, made usually of brick; and one is covered in such a way that its top resembles a man-of-war.

There are two very queer-looking tombs, which are almost exactly like the sarcophagi dug from the ruins of ancient cities. One is over the grave of Admiral Benham, a hero of the Mexican and civil wars, and the other has the name of Benjamin P. McNeal inscribed at the head.

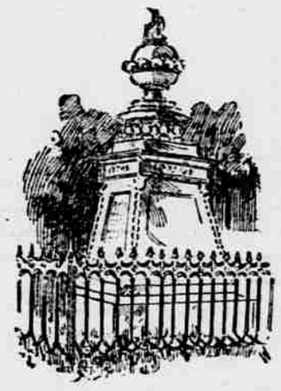
The new vaults are built chiefly in the terraces. Most of them have gray stone fronts and bright iron gates, making each look like the vestibule of some beautiful home.

The southern part of the cemetery bids fair to rival all others in beauty, if not in historical interest. It is a gradual slope, with here and there an irregular terrace, swathed during summer in velvety grass, and sloping nearly down to the Potomac, which would lend beauty and dignity to the scene were it not for the fact that it teems with excitement at this point and is strangely out of harmony with the abode of the dead. It is a pity that cities will finally grow up around graveyards, to disturb their wonderful calm.

As I stood on the southern slope one day last week, silently watching two men digging a grave, gleeful shouts from the river bank drew my attention to half a dozen pickaninnies paddling in the shallow water. People were hurrying to and fro across the Eastern Branch bridge, some on foot, some in carriages, and others in rumbling carts. A train of cars dashed past, groaning with its enormous weight, and hushing all other sounds in its mighty roar, while each breath drawn and and expelled by the ponderous engine seemed to shriek, "Life, forever life!" Then I glanced back from the turmoil into the open grave, and its silence offered an eloquent contradiction.

PICTURESQUE OAK HILL.

Picturesque Oak Hill seems further retired from the world, though Georgetown is gradually creeping up to its confines. It has loftier trees than the Congressional, the shrubbery is more dense, and beyond Rock Creek—an irregular stream flowing along by the precipice morning its northern boundary—is a wilderness of trees in-



terspersed with several lonely, dilapidated dwelling houses.

I once knew a lovely woman whose Christian life had not quite dispelled her horror of death. During her first visit to Oak Hill she gazed intently at the terraces, with their labyrinth of paths like a tangled skein of thread, their wealth of flowers outlined against a soft green background, luring birds and even timid squirrels to enjoy their fragrance. Then she looked at the pure white marble looming up on all sides around her, and said: "I should not have such a dread of the grave if I could rest here." Could any higher compliment be paid this beautiful spot?

The cemetery was chartered by Congress in the year 1849. Two names prominently connected with its history are those of its superintendent, Mr. J. Motter, and his assistant, Mr. Fred N. Sommerville, a veritable encyclopedia in matters relating to the cemetery and the dead buried there.

It is peculiarly appropriate to the sacredness of the place, that near its principal entrance the statue of Bishop Pinkney stands as if ready to bless all who enter with the spirit of a benediction his noble lips so often repeated in life. The statue is on a broad pedestal, decorated on one side with a bishop's miter, and on the other with a cross and crown. The name of his wife, Elizabeth Lloyd Pinkney, is inscribed on the same stone.

MONUMENT TO PAYNE.

Some distance from the Pinkney mound is the monument erected by W. W. Corcoran to John Howard Payne, well known as a poet and dramatist, and famous as the author of "Home, Sweet Home." There is a basso-relievo carving of books, and one of wreath and harp on the shaft, which is surmounted by a marble bust of the poet. The slab, brought from Tunis, where he was twice United States consul, is decorated with our country's coat of arms, and also recounts Payne's fame as a writer. The loveliest tribute of all is on the monument.

"Sure when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angles said:
'Welcome to heaven's Home, Sweet Home.'"

Under an old slab rests Lorenzo Dow, famous in his day as a minister of no church, no creed, except simple Christianity. It is said that he never missed but one engagement, though his appointments were often made two years ahead. Today his eccentricities would be termed "crankiness," and the fact that he met the lady who became his wife one day and married her the next would strengthen the impression. In his case, however, the result of this sudden consummation proved entirely satisfactory, for the lady was as much interested in saving souls as was her worthy husband.

One of Jefferson Davis' children was buried here, but several years ago the body was removed to Richmond, Va., and interred with the other members of the family.

In the northeastern corner of the cemetery, on one of those flowery terraces, lies the body of Peggy O'Neal, forgotten now by children whose ancestors were charmed by her wonderful wit and beauty. Her husband, John H. Eaton, is buried near by. He was United States Senator from Tennessee for eighteen years, entered Jackson's Cabinet as Secretary of War, was one time governor of Florida, and at another minister to the court of Madrid.

The Corcoran mausoleum, situated on a grassy mound, presents an imposing appearance, with its large Doric columns, making it resemble a Grecian temple in appearance, but not inspiration, since it is dedicated to the god of philanthropy—a god practically unknown to the ancients.

Three very prominent people buried not far from here are Edwin M. Stanton, Alexander de Bodisco, chamberlain and private counselor to his majesty Emperor of all the Russias, and James G. Blaine, whose grave is as yet unmarked, save by a solitary tree standing guard as the sentinel of time, and a small white stone bearing the initials J. G. B.

ARMY AND NAVY REPRESENTED.

The army and navy are well represented. The great stone vaults and lofty shafts are written o'er with such names as Gen. S. Churchill, Gen. Joseph K. Barnes, Major Gen. S. S. Carroll, Major Gen. Reno, Major Gen. Charles Griffin, Joseph Smith, U. S. A.; William Thomas Carroll; Rear Admiral G. M. Powell, U. S. N., and hundreds of others.

A unique vault is that of the Linthicum family. The interior is like a miniature church, and at the far end a softened light breaks through a stained glass window representing the crucifixion.

The chapel where the last services are held over the dead is a small vine-covered building, unpretentious and well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. But the best custom is the old-fashioned one of following loved ones to the grave and hearing the solemn words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," uttered, while clods of earth fall from the spade on the casket, hiding it forever from view.

Other cemeteries in the District of Columbia are Glenwood, situated beyond North Capitol street. Here also is a German burying ground; and Mount Olivet, in an obscure corner of which lies the body of a woman whose disembodied spirit cares naught now that her grave is grass-grown and neglected, nor that the small weather-beaten stone at its head bears only the name Mrs. Surratt.

SUE FITE RAMSEY.

BOARD ADOPTS RULES.

Regulations for Examination of Candidates for Police Surgeon.

The regular medical board of the District, having consented to conduct the examination of candidates for appointments as police surgeons, met yesterday at the District Building, Dr. Kleinschmidt presiding, and adopted the rules for observance on the occasion, among which are these:

The examination will be as to the knowledge of the applicants in anatomy, practice, surgery, materia medica, therapeutics, toxicology, and of the practical duties of a police surgeon.

Candidates will be required to designate their papers either by number or motto, and to inclose a slip containing that number or motto with his name in a separate envelope to be handed to the board.

Each candidate will also be required to state on honor at the close that he has neither given or received information on any of the subjects under examination during the progress of the examination.

The examination will begin at 1 o'clock p. m. on Tuesday next, and continue until 6 o'clock.

No visitors will be admitted to the room during the exercises.

House of Peter the Great.

Peter the Great's house at Zaandam, in Holland, has just been inclosed within a protecting building. The opening ceremony was performed in the presence of the Russian consul general and other notabilities. The building bears a commemorative tablet with the following inscriptions, in Dutch and Russian: "In 1697 the Czar Peter the Great dwelt in this house on the Krimp from 18th to 25th of August. In May, 1698, he visited it on his way back to Russia. 1717 the Czar Peter the Great again visited it with the Empress Catherine and their suite. In 1818 King William I, of the Netherlands, bought it for the purpose of offering it to the Grand Duchess Anna Pavlovna, married in 1816 to the hereditary prince, afterward King William II. In 1866 King William III presented Peter the Great's house as a gift to the Emperor Alexander."—Exchange.

Served Him Right.

The driver of a heavy depot wagon, passing along a Germantown thoroughfare, descried a short distance before his turnout what seemed to be the red rear lights of a couple of bicycles. He determined to have some "fun." Whipping his horse into a gallop he bore down upon the lights, merrily chuckling to himself, "See me scater 'em!" An instant later something did scatter and the driver found himself extended upon the bottom of an exceedingly moist ditch, his carriage lying on its side and his horse tearing the harness to pieces in frantic efforts to get away. The supposed bicycle lamps turned out to be red lanterns guarding a ditch freshly dug to receive water pipes. The wind had imparted sufficient motion to help the illusion.—Philadelphia Record.

Jameson Thought Them Lucky.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree is said to have been the first to inform Dr. Jameson of the final fate of his fellow revolutionists. While she was in court listening to the examination of Dr. Jim and his companions, Tree received a telegram saying that a fine of $25,000 was to be paid by each of the four reformers. She passed the telegram to the doctor, who, having read it, returned it with the following expression of opinion on its contents written in pencil: "And they were lucky to get off so easily."—Exchange.

Grant's Troublesome Soldier.

Gen. Grant used to tell a story of a soldier in a certain regiment during the war who was continually bothering him by asking favors. Grant one day said to him: "Look here; I believe you are the most troublesome man in the union army!"

The man quickly replied: "Why, that is funny, sir."

"Funny! How do you make it out funny?"

"Because it is just what the enemy says about you."—Harper's Round Table.

New Reading for the Initials.

On one occasion the late John Stetson went to New York. At that time the "L" roads did not run on Sunday. Stetson took a walk with Jack Haverly on this day, and was disgusted because he could not take a ride on the road. Happening to see the letters "M. E. R. R.," which stood for Metropolitan Elevated Railroad, Haverly asked John what they meant. "Blessed if I know," replied John, "Methodist Episcopal Railroad, I guess."

Something New About Ribs.

Two ladies were being shown the wonders of the X ray recently by Prof. Robinson of Bowdoin College, and one was looking through the other with the fluoroscope. "Can you see the ribs?" asked the polite professor. "Oh, yes; very plainly," was the answer, "but I never knew before that they extended up and down." And then it was the duty of the scientist to explain that steel corset ribs, as well as human bone ribs, are disclosed by the merciless X rays.

An Evident Omission.

Ancient History Man—Here are the names of some of the tribes inhabiting Canaan—the Kenites, the Kennizzites, the Kadmonites, the Hittites, the Perizzites, the Amorites, the Girgashites, the Hivites, the Jebusites, and the Moabites.

Man from New Jersey—How about the mosquito bites?—Judge.

One Fare for the Round Trip to Milwaukee, Wis., via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On account of meeting of the Baptist Young People's Union of America at Milwaukee, Wis., the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell, July 12, 14, 15, tickets to that point at rate of one fare for the round trip. jy12-3t

KEEPING OUT THE ALIENS

How Uncle Sam Guards the Big Ports.

ARMY OF WATCHDOGS

Immigrants Are Closely Scrutinized and if Not Within the Law Are Promptly Sent Back—How They Are Questioned and Examined—Scenes at Ellis Island.

(Copyright, 1896.)

On a little island, fifteen minutes down New York Bay, live the most trusted officials in the employ of Uncle Sam. They are the Commissioners of Immigration, the trusty watchdogs that guard the gates of the country and keep the unworthy from entering. Many of the unworthy have money and could bribe their entrance here. But the watchdogs are true. They eye them and forbid them to pass the gates, no matter how hard they may beg admittance.

Ellis Island has the honor of receiving a quarter of a million people a year who want to come to this country and enjoy its privileges. They embark upon a steamship—which is responsible for their characters—and come over here. The first snag they strike is the health officer at quarantine, but if no sickness is aboard they sail on until they come to Ellis Island. Here they must get off and walk past the portals of the United States—past the watchdogs, the Commissioners of Immigration!

FACING THE WATCHDOGS.

Instead of finding themselves in a land flowing with clover honey and pure milk they view only a small island of perhaps six acres, with government buildings scattered all over it, and quickly they are hustled into a room from which they are taken one by one and questioned. The questions are put by the board of inquiry, and so rapidly are they plied to the waiting guests that 500 can easily be passed through their hands in a day. Some days 600 land, and then the board must be extra quick, for twenty-four hours is all the time allowed at the "gateway," where the board of inquiry is.

These are the men who are the watchdogs. They take the pedigree of the man or woman and compare it with that written in the ship's books. Every steamship vouches for the character of its emigrants before bringing them over. If a ship brings over an unworthy character it must carry him back without charge to the government. If it brings over too many unworthy ones, it loses caste with the Ellis Island authorities, and for a long time the eye of suspicion is bent upon all who come by that line.

If the man's story agrees with the one he told when he embarked, and if he can support himself in this country, he is passed along to the waiting boats and brought to Castle Garden. But if he hesitates or makes a statement that does not correspond with what he said before, or if he is without money or friends, then he is hustled aside into the "pen" to be deported to his own country.

The watchdogs are very careful. Their eyes seem gifted with second-sight. They can see through a good suit of clothes to a man's heart, and they can tell if he is speaking the truth about his past and his future. They do it by instinct.

The head of the watchdogs is Dr. Senner, and his close assistant is Edward F. McSweeney. These are the men who are personally and directly responsible for the character and livelihood of every man who steps foot in this country.

THE CRUCIAL TEST.

Those whom they reject must go through the board of special inquiry, consisting of George W. Ellis, Col. Hayes, Capt. Converse and Major Simpsey. The last is the universal interpreter and has a fine martial history. He came here as companion in arms to Louis Kossuth.

The watchdogs stationed at the gates by Uncle Sam demand that every man and each woman should have an occupation, a trade, a means of earning a living. Those who cannot mention such trade or means are brought to a standstill. There is one alternative for them. Have they wealthy friends who will support them? If so, where are the wealthy friends, and what bonds will they give that this man is not to be a beggar on the streets?

A man engaged to be married to a wealthy girl in this country can land if the girl "qualifies." She must show herself at the island, display her money and declare that, though the man has no trade or occupation, she can and will support him. There are a few such men. But very many more of the penniless and occupationless are women. They came over to marry their sweethearts and keep house for them. They will produce in the next generation good American citizens.

The watchdogs on the island take in these cases at a glance, and quickly they can tell if all is as told to them. Any man or woman with a good record in the old country, and with the ability to do something here, to cook a good dinner, lay bricks well, cut stone, drive horses, bake bread or set type, can get into this country without any trouble, but there are lots that have not such qualifications. Their mere word will not do. They must bring recommendations from the old country.

On Ellis Island are several "institutions." One of these is the lawyers who infest it. They get hold of the persons forbidden to land, and if they have $10 they offer to conduct them past the board of special inquiry and get them as far as New York.

The board of special inquiry takes the men before them one by one out of the "pen." The pen is where they are sent to stay until being taken back home. It is a grass plot with a little building upon it, where they can be fairly comfortable. Most of them have their mattresses and can lie down and nap until the steamship arrives.

LEGAL HELP.

But they do not go home thus contentedly. They will and must go into the land of the free. As they stand in the pen looking wistfully at their voyage companions embarking to go to the city the lawyers approach them. Do they want him to accompany them past the board of special inquiry? Yes! "For $10 he will do so."

Then comes the most trying cross-examination known in history. On one side the row of careful watchdogs—the four men with watchful eyes—and on the other the unhappy immigrant and his lawyer friend. The latter then puts in his best plea. This is remarkable chiefly for verbiage. The most highflown terms are used, the most gorgeous comparison made, the most pathetic appeals directed toward the whole world, and all to get the board to admit the man to the country.

"Esteemed gentlemen, the Board of Special Inquiry, I have with mean honorable gentleman, Caesar Papageorgopulus, who desires to become a citizen of America. Like his glorious namesake he has conquered the old world in trade, art, letters and power and he desires to add one more star to his lustrous crown in uniting himself to us in this glorious freed land."

"Has he got any money?" ask the hardened officials.

"Money! Dollars! Forsooth, gold is plenteous with him! To be sure, he does not carry his possessions with him, neither do our millionaires. But he leaves them with his friends. Like Caesar he is weeping now at the perfidy of one, Brutes Edipaninonis, who gave his true word that he would be here to conduct in triumph the steps of this, my client, Papageorgopulus to the city."

"He'll have to wait till he gets here. If he's got money to pay his board, he can stay a few days. If he hasn't he must go back today."

"But, honorable gentlemen, my client will appeal to the President!"

"He will have to appeal from Italy. Officer, deport that man as soon as possible."

And so the case closes—the man to recuperate his honorable stomach with frankfurters purchased from an Ellis Island stand, and the watchdogs to pass on to the next applicant.

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