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And now they have gone, this senate and house of representatives, gone, with only three months more of unhappy life left in them. What are we to say? One year of almost continuous session, and what have they done, and how have they done it? The Republicans cannot use the language of reproach, of invective or abuse. The whole vocabulary has been exhausted by themselves speaking of themselves. We cannot hope to equal, in commenting on the senate, the tremendous and effective words of the president of their own choice. If we were to search the whole dictionary of diatribe, we could not equal the charge of "party perfidy and party dishonor" made by the president against the senate and received by the house of representatives, with its 100 Democratic majority, with cheers and applause.

Condemned Themselves. If we were to comment upon the president and his action, we could not use language half so damaging as Democratic senators used in open senate with uplifted hands, asseverating the truth of personal betrayal and personal bad faith. If we were to comment upon the house of representatives and its leaders, we should be deemed guilty of gross partisanship if we used even their own words in describing their own actions.

What a condition for a partisan critic to be in, to be obliged in common decency to use softer words about his enemies than they use about themselves! And the enemies are not saints in embryo, beating their breasts and confessing their transgressions to reach the heights of sainthood through the depths of sin. Oh, no! They are simply earnest men standing by the broken business of a whole country and trying to tell who destroyed it, and having met success we obviously cannot use any language of reproach or of harshness. Earlier and— for that purpose—worthier hands have gathered all those laurels. All we can say is that all the three sides are probably right. The president and senate have told the truth about each other and the house about itself.

A Slight Review. With this simple expression of faith in their veracity, let us turn to a slight review of what they have done. There is no doubt that this review will be as distasteful and unsatisfactory to the majority of honest Democrats as to Republicans themselves. Whatever good there has been done has been spoiled in the doing. If the house has yielded to the dictates of a long denounced common sense and adopted proper rules, it was only after all sound precedent had been violated in the attempt to avoid the necessity. If the congress has repealed the purchasing clause of the Sherman act, it was only done after such long delay as has deprived the country of any advantage the repeal might have given it. Nor has the mystery of the collapse of the compromise and the connection of the president therewith ever been cleared up. Whether he consented to that compromise or not is not for me to say. That is a family secret, but it is no family secret that that compromise was not repudiated until after the Republican members were sounded and it was clear that they would have no part or lot in it.

Two such misunderstandings as these between the president and the senate, if Republican, would have caused a sensation as of burned woolen among the people. But the Democracy has limitations as to morality very much enlarged. That party seems to realize what General Butler said in jest—"that nobody was truly unassailable until his character was gone."

The tariff bill of "perfidy and dishonor" has become a law, and an interesting law it is. How a Democratic senate, believing in the platform of its party, could have passed it, how a Democratic house could have passed it, having 100 majority, is simply incomprehensible. How the president could have permitted it to become a law is simply an impossible study in human nature. How can the country reconcile this action with its former estimate of him? He was deemed by a very large part of the people as a man of sound common sense and of great will power. His reputation for good sense certainly had a shock in the case of the Sandwich Islands. And this is more likely to suffer from the contrast between the letter to Wilson and the surrender to Gorman. I was not one of those who expected such a result. Surrender was in the capitulation. He ought to have handed in his side arms and signed the bill.

A Mere Cipher. If he did not consent, then by both house and senate he has been pronounced to be not even a factor in the transaction. Hereafter the president, instead of standing on a Mogrump and

viral pedestal, must be reckoned with the rest of them, and the regrets will not all be on the Democratic side.

The truth about the Wilson bill is that it was a foolish bill when it went out of the ways and means committee and was made still more foolish in the house. It had neither policy nor practice, and yet it has been erected into a golden calf, to be worshiped by party conventions, and that, too, with the consent and approval of their own Moses. The senate bill does have some regard to the business of the country in spots, but it will prove a failure, like the other, though not to the same degree. The strikes in Fall River, New Bedford and elsewhere over the cotton schedule, said to be the best ever made, show, as a prominent Democratic capitalist put it, that "labor has got to liquidate." Stocks have liquidated—that is, gone down one-half—except Sugar. Labor is to do the same. But there will be this difference: Stocks are submissive, laborers are not.

Lying Statements. Already the free traders are spreading all over the country lying statements of how much cheaper carriage cloth, cashmere, worsted coatings, challies (but not sugar), will be hereafter because the tariff tax is taken off. Well, those operations in Fall River and New Bedford will buy none of them this week at least, and the operatives all over the country will buy fewer of them after "labor has liquidated." "Liquidated labor" will buy very few carriages to get the benefit of cheap carriage cloth and will indulge very seldom in union melton coats, and the men who make the equivalent of carriage cloths and union meltons—the product of our woolen mills—will be lucky if they are not "liquidated" into the tramp gang. The process of liquidating has begun, and when it is ended what then? More "liquidation." Does not Wilson, chairman of the ways and means committee, declare that the fight has begun to end only in absolute free trade? Does not Mills re-echo the same thing in a bewildering meditation, which seems to indicate that a citadel is outside the city gates, but the tenor of which is unmistakable? Does not the president himself in his latest contribution to the complete letter writer tell us that this act "furnishes a vantage ground from which must be waged further aggressive operations against protected monopoly and governmental favoritism?" The president must have referred to protection to American industry, for he uses the sacred language of his guild.

Not Sugar. He could not have meant sugar, for in his last published epistle, with most lovely but unmistakable circumlocution, he exhorted the brethren not to be frightened at that, and was as tender to it in a veiled way as he was and is openly for its brother tenant of the same hotel floor, the Dominion Coal company. Why should we comment on the poggun bills? They sleep side by side in the heavens of rest. It is bad to be dead, but it must be disgusting to be a dead bump. They cannot even hang on them, the little shreds of hypocrisy for which they were intended. Mr. Carlisle has smoothed even the hillock on the graves. The world enjoys very greatly the Democratic denunciation of trusts today. And how good all this talk! The deeds of these people may not be all that the decalogue demands, but their language is. Their votes are wrong, their actions are fatal, but fine out the banner and warcry of "St. Pecksniff and down with monopoly!" and the public will forget the Sugar trust they did aid and even the Coal trust they tried to aid.

Some Quotations. History does not lack parallels. Said the Rev. Mr. Stiggins of blessed memory, "All tarts is vanities," and yet down the reverend throat there oozed its way a "vanity" which had sugar in it—"warm, my dear young friends, with three lumps of sugar to the tumbler." "I left Baby Charles and Steenie—the Duke of Buckingham—laying his duty before him," said King James of the reprobate Delgarno. "Oh, Geordie Puglins, Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence."

The president clings, almost to weariness, to his free raw material. What is there in it? Nothing but fantasy and delusion. What defense is there for protection at all except in the broad doctrine that this country should do its own work and exploit its own resources, or on the broad doctrine that full wages should be paid its workmen? Are not the men who dig coal out of the mines as worthy of encouragement as the people who toil in mills?

One thing cannot be reiterated too often, and I touch upon it again. This country is weary almost unto death of these disputes about tariff. We are above all things weary of this long inaction and uncertainty. We were ready to seize at anything if only it were a finality. "Give us something we can figure on and let us alone," was the cry. But, alas! even that repose is denied us. The leader in the house declares we shall have no rest. The leader in the senate still talks of storming the citadel, and the defeated president, subdued, and, as he says, taking his place among the rank and file, "with one voice proclaim a new agitation and a new crusade." More than that, Mr. Cockran and Mr. Tom Johnson and all the outspoken

brave men who would have fought the act to its death proclaim their undying hostility thereto.

Democratic Unity. Whatever the Democrats think of each other, whatever they say of each other, however much they may differ as to details, they are united everywhere in the struggle for the overthrow of the bill now become a law after two years of the unhappiest uncertainty. We are promised two years more unless the house be wrested from the grasp of these men and the hands of Mills and Wilson, of Cookran, Johnson and the president are staid. But the American people will take care of that, not Republicans alone, but honest, sensible people of all parties and of all faiths.

One year and a quarter of such government will suffice for half a century. Men begin to see now that the prosperity of this country was not a matter of course, a thing which happened of itself, but was the result of sensible measures, of a sound system and a wise forecast. However short the Republican party may have come of perfection, it governed, on the whole, wisely and well, and we shall soon see its like again.

Long Lived Russians. It has long been a well established fact that abnormal longevity is more common among the Russians than among any other of the European nations. From an official report collated from well authenticated local registers it now appears that the government of Kiev takes the first place of all Russian provinces in this respect. During last year, it is officially stated, there were 14 centenarian deaths registered in that government. In the city of Kiev one man died aged 110 years, while within the suburban circle two women died aged respectively 102 and 104 years.

In Berdichev two men reached the respective ages of 101 and 114 years. In Vasilkov another patriarch died in his one hundred and fiftieth year. In the same district there died a Jewess aged 105; in Svanigorodka, a man of 110 years; in Tarascha, another of 105; in Uman, two men aged respectively 106 and 102 years; in Radomytel, a Jew aged 107 and a Christian aged 103, and lastly, a man of 105 years died at Toherkassy. Here are 14 persons, dying within the same year and within the limits of one district, whose united ages amount to 1,489 years. According to the Saratov journals there is still living in that government an ancient veteran of the first Napoleon's army, formerly Lieutenant Savin, and since 1812 known as Nicolai Alexandrovitch Savin, who has celebrated 126 birthdays.—London News.

What Is the Cause? A young woman who is not a spiritualist looked up the other day to see the photograph of a deceased friend on the mantelpiece oscillating to and fro. At first she thought the motion was caused by the wind, but it continued with such absolute regularity that she finally rose and closed doors and windows, which made not the slightest difference. After an hour or two the picture ceased vibrating, and a lamp and a pile of books on a table took up the same motion and kept it up all day and all the next day. Since then, a week ago, the looking glass attached to her bureau has swayed slightly at intervals. The movement is slight, but sufficient to be plainly seen, and in the case of the mirror the objects reflected seem to dance slightly up and down as a consequence of its motion. The house and street on which it is situated in a suburban town were absolutely quiet when the movements began, and there was no visible nor conjecturable cause for the phenomena, and the young woman argues, not unreasonably, that there is no conjecturable reason for a spirit to jiggle the furniture. But the facts remain, and facts are stubborn things.—Philadelphia Press.

Sherman's Service. The Ohio senator is three years older than Webster was when he made his last notable oratorical effort, the "seventh of March" speech, and is three months older than the great expounder was at his death. He is more than three years older than was Calhoun when the great South Carolinian addressed the senate for the last time. Clay was the oldest of the great triumvirate, but when he spoke to the senate for the last time his age was only two years greater than Sherman's.

Undoubtedly Sherman will beat this record. It is now almost 40 years since the distinguished Ohioan was first chosen to congress, and his present term extends nearly five years longer. He has been in public office more years than Clay, although the latter's career from his first entrance into political life until his exit, counting the different periods in which he was in retirement, covered a longer time than Sherman's service.—Baltimore American.

Damascus Bazaars. To the lovers of strange goods the bazaars of Damascus are far more alluring than those of Cairo and Constantinople. The capacious chests of the merchants contain much that we would buy were our purses longer. Old embroideries of wonderful colors, delicate china, silks of many hues, swords of cunning workmanship—all these lie piled beside us on the floor. It is but seldom that a really good specimen of the Damascus sword

can be obtained, for the art of working and engraving steel is dead. These swords were made of alternate layers of iron and steel, so finely tempered that the blade would bend to the hilt without breaking, with an edge so keen that no coat of mail could resist it, and a surface so highly polished that when a Moslem wished to arrange his turban he used his sword for a looking glass.—Good Words.

Swimming Cavalry. Some very interesting exercises in swimming cavalry took place lately on the Kabul river at Peshawar. The Thirtieth D. C. O. Bengal lancers have been practicing their horses in a large tank in their lines and on the river for some time. One squadron took over along the river bank and kept up a steady fire to protect the passage of the other squadron, who placed all their arms, accoutrements and clothes in large country boats and conducted their horses into the water. Some horses seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves in the water; others became unmanageable from fear. However, the opposite bank was reached and warpaint resumed, and the squadron was with most creditable rapidity taking measures to protect their comrades, who then crossed in like manner.—Broad Arrow.

British Emigration. There has been a large falling off in emigration from the British islands thus far in the present year. The number of emigrants to the United States in the first seven months was 76,394, as compared with 144,327 in the same period last year. Less than half the usual number sought homes in British North America, and slightly fewer have gone to the Australasian colonies. The general result is that emigrants to all parts have been 112,440, as against 204,129 in 1892.

Swain's Spangles. "Trim up your old hat and black silk waist with gelatin spangles," said the girl as the trimming counter to me. "They will look as good as new." She showed me the pretty black spangles, all neatly ranged in rows, and black braid just ready to sew on. I trimmed up my hat and made my shabby old waist look resplendent, and then I hid me to the seashore.

I sat on the beach enjoying the sweet, refreshing breezes which wafted their fragrance over my city heated brow. I wondered why every one looked at me so attentively in passing, but of course attributed it all to my fine appearance in my gelatin bespangled garments, when a swell young girl came up to me and gently said:

"Excuse me, ma'am, but your face is all black."

I frantically wiped my brow with my handkerchief, and, horrible to relate, those awful gelatin spangles had melted in the damp sea air and had run all over my face.

As soon as I could get where there was a mirror I looked at myself, and, oh, what a sight I was!

The day was done for me. I returned to the heated city, determined I would let the woman know what a delusion and a snare the gelatin spangle is. Never choose them for seaside wear, fair reader, or, like me, you will go home in mourning and with drooping feathers.—New York Herald.

Why She Didn't Vote. Massachusetts women can vote if they choose for members of the local school boards. Some choose and some do not, and some of the reasons why some of the ladies do not are instructive. A young bride who has been living only a few months in a small manufacturing town in the Bay State was excited and delighted when told she might vote. She had lived in Rhode Island, where no such privilege prevailed. It happened, though, that, although young, she was still a couple of months older than her husband, and when, with a pretty air of importance, she went to the registry office she was dumfounded when she was formally asked her age.

"But I want to vote—just vote," she pleaded.

"But, my dear Mrs. B—," said the registry clerk—who was in her husband's employ—"all the ladies do, and why should you care of all ladies?"

"Well, I won't. So there!" And she fluttered indignantly away. Her husband told me this story with great delight, which I thought shabby of him.—New York Press.

The Kentucky Kind of Woman. Mrs. W. E. McPheerson, wife of our town marshal, was passing the skirt of a wood a few days ago and was confronted by a rattlesnake immediately in her pathway. His snakeship instinctively gave the usual signal warning with his rattles, coiled himself up and elevated his head preparatory to battle. The brave little woman, instead of screaming like a wildcat and fainting away, as many women do when they see a mouse on the floor, seized the first weapon she could lay her hands on and opened the battle and soon dispatched the brute. She then deliberately took out her pocketknife, and as dexterously as a skilled hunter would skin a deer took off his hide and brought it home with her and stuffed it with bran, and now has it on exhibition at her residence. The snake was of the yellow species, measured nearly 5 feet in length and had nine rattles and a button.—Hazel Green (Ky.) Herald.