

Negro Peasant Proprietors.

The negro-labor question is much discussed in the southern journals. While some "negro haters," like "Hamburg Massacre" Butler, denounce the colored laborers as idle, lazy and worthless, the balance of opinion is quite the other way, and most of the planters and farmers agree in giving the colored race a fair character for industry, diligence and thrift.

Wherever the colored men are owners of their farms or little plantations, they are able to hold their own with their white neighbors. Peasant-proprietors, as in the case of the more favored race, though perhaps with less degree, conferred on the colored people a sense of responsibility and the conservatism of ownership has spurred them to industry and begotten in them habits of thrift and carefulness. The circumstances under which the colored people of America became free have not been favorable to their becoming peasant owners, and it is not surprising that most of them are not their own farmers and plantations, however, is yearly increasing, and the indications are that it will continue to increase. It may be interesting, therefore to examine into the condition of a negro population where the majority are peasant owners. This is the case in the island of Jamaica.

Of the half-million of inhabitants of the island of Jamaica almost all (except the European merchants of the towns, the English soldiery, and the English officials) are negroes. Their occupation consists mostly of fruit-raising and sugar-cane and coffee cultivation. Since their emancipation they have made great progress, and have most of them become owners of their own little plots of ground averaging from three to four acres. There are in the island 52,000 holdings. Of these 19,000 are not over an acre, and 20,000 are between two and three acres. In the old days of slavery sugar-cane cultivation was the principal industry of the island. It was asserted by those who opposed the abolition that with emancipation this industry would languish and die. It was said the negroes would not engage in the hard work required unless under absolute compulsion. This has been totally disproved by the events. The exports of sugar and rum last year were larger than for any year since 1839, and in the meantime various other productive industries have been established by the emancipated negro peasant proprietors, adding greatly to the wealth of the island. The value of the coffee exported in 1879 alone was \$1,245,000. But the most noticeable advance made by the Jamaica negroes is in the cultivation of fruit, which they send largely to this country. In 1867 the whole fruit trade with the United States amounted to \$3750; last year 35,000,000 oranges alone were sent here, and the total value of the fruit trade was \$333,000.

It should also be stated that while the export trade has been growing yearly as the negroes continue to grow in knowledge, and as the number of negro peasant proprietors increases, there has been a falling off in imports. Thus last year the imports were \$550,000 less than the previous year, and in the matter of breadstuffs alone, which form the staple import, there was a falling off in value from \$3,000,000 in 1875 to \$2,420,000 in 1882. The people are learning each year to depend more and more on home produce, and are becoming more skilled in cultivation.

When the negroes were emancipated there was hardly a peasant proprietor in the whole island. There are now 52,000, mostly negroes, and all have acquired their little holdings from the white planters by purchase. Their ownership is the fruit of honest, patient toil. It has been a hard struggle, up-hill work, so far, but their progress has been great. It will be a greater success, however, if they have now a firmer foundation on which to build; if they are their own masters, the owners of their own land. There is hope ahead. What peasant proprietor has done for the whites of France and Belgium it will also do for the negroes of the West Indies and the United States. It will make them thrifty and industrious, and will bring them prosperity.—Chicago Tribune.

He Humored Him.

A New York stock-broker who was on his way to Buffalo last week observed, says the Wall Street Daily News, that one of his fellow-passengers was closely regarding him, and after a time the man came over and asked:

"Didn't I see you in Chicago in 1879?" The broker wasn't in Chicago that year, but thinking to humor the stranger he replied in the affirmative.

"Don't you remember of hunting a poor devil a silver half-dollar once in front of the Tremont?" "I do."

"Well, I'm the chap. I was hard up, out of work, and about ready to commit suicide. That money made a new man of me. By one lucky shift and another I am worth \$25,000."

"Ah! glad to hear it." "And now I want you to take \$5 in place of 50 cents. I can't feel easy until the debt is paid."

The broker protested and objected, but finally, just to humor the man, he took his \$5 bill and gave him back \$15. The stranger soon withdrew and everything might have ended then and there if the broker, on reaching Buffalo, hadn't ascertained that the "twenty" was a counterfeit, and that he was \$15 out of pocket.

Just north of El Paso, Tex., there is a bold and picturesque mountain. On the day of the Java disaster a gentleman on this mountain heard rumblings in its recesses, and felt a number of severe shocks.

New York's imports last week were \$8, 673,880. There has been a falling off since January of \$40,500,000.

SOLD.

I met her on the rustic bridge That spans the outlet to the lake; Departing day glowed on the ridge, And birds were hushed in tree and brake; Upon me as I gazed entranced; But once she turned her lustrous eyes, Within them dreamed sweet symphonies, And joy and love serenely glanced.

Now here I stand awaiting her, I know this is her favorite place; She comes and from behind you fir. Appears in all her heavenly grace. Transcendent maid in beauty's face— Confound the day I for her pleased Her father and his big, thick case. Are but a few short steps behind.

ON THE "DAISY DEE."

"Fannie," said papa, one evening, as he sat smoking on the piazza. "Fred Allen has a proposal to make you."

"A proposal, papa?" I echoed, quite startled by so unexpected an announcement.

"He spoke to me on the subject," continued papa, calmly puffing away at his Havana, "and, of course I told him you would be the proper one to decide. I know him to be a sensible, steady young fellow, who will take great care of you, and for my part I have no objection—none in the world. I'll order a good supper packed in the city, so you will have no trouble about that; and we'll invite a few friends and make a regular frolic of it. Like all young fellows, he's impatient when he gets any such thing in his head; but that, I told him, you must decide."

Papa paused, but really I was unable to venture a remark.

"Better get up some kind of a water-proof rig," he continued. "These yachts leak like the mischief, sometimes, though I believe the 'Daisy Dee' is one of the best of the lot."

"Oh!" said I, my nerves somewhat restored to their equilibrium; "Fred wants to go yachting, then. I didn't know exactly what you meant, papa."

"Yes, my dear. As I think I told you, he proposes a moonlight sail up the Hudson. We will start about six in the evening, and keep up the river as long as the wind holds out. You might have that pretty little Spanish girl that we boarded with last winter, and your Cousin Nettie, and any one you please. The 'Daisy' holds ten very comfortably."

"Don't you think we might invite Cousin Jack, too?" I asked, with a mischievous glance at Belle.

"Your Cousin Jack," said papa, somewhat severely, "had much better stay at home, and get some law into that silly pate of his. Let him come, though, since Nettie is to be invited. But don't forget the little Spanish girl. Do you know, my dears—between you and me—I strongly suspect that the little Fred has come to an understanding."

"And it will be a first-rate thing for him," said papa, musingly—"a first-rate thing! Her father is the head of a Spanish house, with which we have large dealings, and is the owner, besides, of two sugar plantations and a tobacco warehouse in charge, and has had her remittances in charge, and from appearances, my dear, I should say there was something serious in the wind. At any rate, we'll leave her up here, Fan, and do all you can to throw them together, my dear—all you can."

So I gave papa a kiss, and promised that I would.

The next Thursday was the evening agreed upon, and, long before the appointed hour, a merry party was assembled upon our front piazza, ready for a start.

There was Cousin Nettie—a laughing, blue-eyed, little romp, whose life was conscientiously devoted to fun and frolic—and her friend, Miss Laura Lossing, who (as Nettie confided to me, with a very dry face) was—

"An invalid, Fan, and an awful bore; but as long as she was visiting me, I had to bring her along."

Papa, Fred Allen and a friend of his named Robert Stanley, were already down with the yacht, and Nettie's brother Jack—a handsome young scapegrace of two-and-twenty—commanded all the forces.

Last, but by no means least, was the heroine of the occasion, Miss Corita Pisano, Fred's innamorata. She was a graceful little brunette, with great, dreamy black eyes, and a confusion of jet black hair. She had a scarlet shawl thrown over her white dress, and a scarlet bird perched upon her black hat, and with her bright colors, big eyes and broken English was considered very bewitching.

The General was harnessed to a large wagon, hired for the occasion, and by six o'clock we were all safely deposited on the "Daisy Dee," a trim little yacht, painted in white and gold, and floating like a water bird on the quiet waves.

Papa was there, Fred was there; the supper was there, packed in the most enticing of hamper; the wind was fair, the tide favorable, everything was in high spirits, and everything was progressing admirably, when Miss Lossing cast a damper upon the first glow of our pleasure by sinking into a corner of the boat, and declaring it would be impossible for her to proceed.

Miss Lossing was attired in a pale blue muslin; the fragility of her constitution had demanded a shawl and sacque, and the exigencies of the occasion a water-proof—all of which we had duly provided but another necessity had been completely overlooked. Her vinegarrette was forgotten!

"You know, my dear Jeanette, mamma never permits me to travel without aromatic ammonia."

"The duce!" muttered Jack who foresaw what was coming.

"If it would not be asking too much, Mr. King," whispered Miss Laura, plaintively, "would you stop to the nearest pharmacist, and purchase for me a small vial?"

"My dear Laura, the boat is just about to start, and there is not a druggist's within a mile of us," said Nettie impatiently. "I will be obliged to return, then."

said Miss Lossing, resignedly. "Your carriage is still waiting I see. Don't give yourself any uneasiness, Miss Fannie; we are all so accustomed to self-indulgence. Don't think of me dear Jeanette; pray enjoy your—well, wouldn't trouble too much, Mr. King," continued this martyr, somewhat spitefully, "may I request you to help me to the carriage? I dare not venture, I assure you, Miss Fannie—I dare not venture on a journey without a restorative."

"If it's only a question of restoratives," said Fred, advancing to the rescue—"the lady need not be in the least concerned. My friend Mr. Stanley here, who is a medical man—ahem!—always travels provided for every contingency. Bob, we've got restoratives aboard, haven't we?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Stanley; "first-class, too, I think—oh, Mr. Fannie?" "Dear me," said Miss Lossing, sinking back amid her cushions, "this is truly a comfort—a medical man on board, I suppose you have not taken your degree, sir?"

"No, Miss," replied Mr. Stanley, who, to my certain knowledge, was clerk in a law office—"no, miss; I am still an aspirant for professional honors."

"A student, then? There must be something so interesting in the study of medicine! As Doctor Bloomer, our family physician, often says, 'Such a class as yours, Miss Laura, is a treasure to science—yes, I do assure you, Mr. Stanley, six physicians—have been unable to decide whether these death-like faints of mine arise from weakness of the heart, or a confusion of the head.'"

Mr. Stanley looked as if he, too, thought it a matter of doubt.

Meanwhile the "Daisy Dee" had lifted her anchor, and spread her white wings to the evening breeze. Fred, looking very handsome in his white linen sailor suit, and Cousin Jack, who was sitting with Belle, while Nettie was mischievously listening to Mr. Stanley's conversation with our charming valetudinarian.

I had peeped into the little cabin with its crimson hangings; discovered the little cupboard, where, in a glass case and china jar, were a variety of bottles and vials; and, with its tinted shade; straightened my sailor-hat before the swinging-mirror—thinking the while what a cozy little nest this would be for some sailor's bride—when a neglected duty flashed across my mind—Miss Corita and our matchmaking!

Yes, as papa had said, 'twould be a good thing for Fred—a very good thing. She was young and beautiful, and rich! I really never saw such solitaires as she wore for ear-drops, not to mention the sugar-plantations and tobacco-warehouse; and poor Fred has only his moderate salary and no expectations.

I looked up on deck. Miss Corita was seated pensively on the stern. The evening breeze fluttered her scarlet ribbons, and she looked like some bright-winged tropical bird, poised for a flight. She was alone, but I fancied there was a wistful look in her dark eyes, which I was not slow to interpret; for there was Fred, seated at papa's side, smiling and nodding, and Cousin Jack—Fred, whose embarrassment at meeting Miss Corita had not escaped me, now assuming a hypocritical unconsciousness that there were two sugar plantations and a tobacco-warehouse waiting for him at the stern.

Tact is essentially a woman's prerogative, for nothing masculine was ever known to possess it—from roosters up. A man with tact would be an alarming rarity, especially a woman without it is a mere social fungus.

Too subtle to be analyzed, too ethereal to be described, too mighty to be conquered, tact is woman's charm and woman's weapon—bestowed, perhaps, by the serpent during his private tele-tete with Eve, before his first and fatal swoon upon the scene and spoiled all.

"Papa!" called from the cabin, "won't you come down and help me with this hamper? It is time to think of supper."

"I am the workman of this firm, Miss Fannie," said Fred, tossing away his cigar and springing to his feet. "But you won't do, Mr. Allen."

I answered impatiently. "Papa knows just where everything is."

"But I have a natural faculty for discovering where everything is," said the stupid fellow, coming down the steps, "especially in the edible line. Let me assist you, Miss Fannie. You don't know how useful I can be. I am a regular capital hand at household virtue—equal to anything from deviling a crab to crabbing the—"

"Go away, Fred!" I said laughing. "I don't want you here, and I won't have you!"

"Pain," said Fred, seating himself on the ice-cream freezer—"plain and positive, but slightly premature. So you won't have me, Miss Fannie?"

"No," said I, blushing in spite of myself before Fred's laughing eyes; "you're just in the way. Take your feet off that pile of plates; and there—there is somebody calling you!"

And to my great relief "somebody" was.

"Senior Captain," said a melodious voice above us (Miss Corita's patience had given way, and no wonder)—"Senior, will you be so good—I am sorry to be so troubling—but my leg's in a drop down from hole in de boat. If you would reach it for me—"

Fred looked up, and saw a white-and-scarlet vision beaming down upon him from the passageway.

"Dear little Fan," he recovered, and so was his allegiance; for, in less than three minutes, the senior captain was dutifully seated at Miss Corita's side, chatting most volubly in Spanish.

Our supper was a complete success, as the achievements of a French restaurateur always are. We had French coffee, handed around in quaint little thimble-shaped cups, and French rolls that were a mere puff and suggestion; French chicken that was chiefly frizzed paper and parsley, and French salad that was a grickly mystery. But American independence asserted itself in the devilled crabs—each a spicy bon-bon—crisped to a turn in its scarlet shell; in

the Jersey peaches, whose downy cheeks glowed with the sun's first kisses; and in the cream, that was unmistakably cream, and not chemistry. Miss Corita is charming; was hovering in a very room of anxiety between inclinations and fears.

"Devil'd crabs! Don't ask me such a thing, Mr. Stanley! I will never survive such an indigestion! Perfectly harmless! And can you really assure me, as a medical man, that all devils are harmless? Well, just one little morsel then, as you say it is well spiced. Coffee! ah! I fear 'twill be too much for my nerves—a little more cream then. This chicken is very delicate—may I trouble you for another wing? My physician prescribes a rigorous diet, but nutritious. 'Build up!' as he often says to me; 'my dear Miss Laura, the true wisdom in our profession is to build up. My motto, as my oldest patients can testify, has always been to build up!'"

"Exactly so," murmured Mr. Stanley, making another inroad upon his crab; and a very judicious motto it is both in law and physic."

"But it's a very difficult matter to build oneself up, sometimes," sighed Miss Laura, plaintively.

"It is, indeed, miss," assented Mr. Stanley, feelingly—"and a dented sight easier to pull oneself down."

"I really don't think I could have struggled on," continued Miss Lossing. "If it were not for tonics. Have you ever tried the 'Ferro phosphated elixir of Calissaya bark,' Mr. Stanley?"

"The what, miss?" said Mr. Stanley, startled, momentarily, from his Escalopian dignity.

"'Ferro phosphated elixir of Calissaya bark.' Its effects are, I may say, miraculous."

"I should think so," murmured Mr. Stanley "quite galvanic."

"I have always felt," said Miss Laura, "that the healing waters, stirred by the angel, must have signified 'Ferro phosphated elixir.' Or, as good Doctor Bloomer remarked, when he brought it to me, in dark blue bottles, at three dollars apiece: 'This, Miss Laura, is truly heaven sent blessing!' And so it is, Mr. Stanley; assure you, so it is."

The last rays of sunset had by this time paled upon the western hills, leaving only a faint, rosy flush in sky and sea. A gentle breeze filled the sails of the "Daisy," and fluttered the scarlet pennants that streamed from the mast and stern. A merry boating song was struck up by Cousin Jack, while Belle and Nettie joined their clear, sweet voices in the chorus.

Papa and Mr. Stanley were smoking and comparing notes of travel. Both had been sailors and had seen many climes. I listened dreamily as they recalled half-forgotten experiences—of life in tropic isles, beneath the spreading palms and coconuts in Arctic seas, illumined by one long, strange daylight—in saltry Eastern lands, where man, shorn of his strength, develops such weird, stealthy powers, that existence seems colored by enchantment, oppressed by mystery.

And still, through all the songs, and tales, and laughter, came the murmur of voices from the stern, where Miss Corita sat, with flushed cheeks and brightened eyes, and Fred seemed laying vigorous siege to the sugar plantation in the most melodious Spanish.

Then the rosy flush faded from the sky and air; the shadows crept over the widening waters, and the wooded shores seemed to melt farther away in the haze distance—for the blue waves of the Tappan Zee rippled 'neath the "Daisy's" prow, and the fresh breeze swept blithely up from the ocean, as when it wafted northward old Hendrick Hudson and his goblin crew. We were in Irving's garden-land, transcribed by Irving's graceful pen. The shores that his genius has made classic ground stretched mistily before us; the shadows gathering around them seemed fraught with dreams and spells.

A little boat belonging to the yacht, attached by a rope, was moving toward it—a dainty cockle-shell affair, with white awning and crimson cushions. Tempted which to pull, dainty motion, I drew it close up to the side of the yacht, whence I easily stepped in.

"Where are you going, Fan?" asked Belle, in horrified amazement.

"To Fairy-land," I answered, laughing; "who bids for a passage?"

"First bid!" called a voice from the stern, and the next moment my little skill nearly rocked over, as Fred Allen sprang aboard.

"Miss Corita! Fred, draw the boat closer, so Miss Corita can step on board."

"Confound Miss Corita!" said Fred, savagely, cutting the rope as he spoke. "I beg your pardon, Miss Fannie," he continued, apologetically; "but it's enough to make a fellow swear."

Rejected! Well, well—I really couldn't blame him so much for expressing his feelings forcibly. Rejected, of course! I was fawned upon by Spanish girls if not to fill with me, I am a regular capital hand at household virtue—equal to anything from deviling a crab to crabbing the—

"Here was a masculine gratitude! after all my plans, all my interests, all my tact! But one can't expect either reason or right from a disappointed lover."

"Never mind, Fred," said I, magnanimously offering a crumb of comfort; "don't despair—she may change her mind."

"The Lord forbid!" was the fervent rejoinder. "She has changed it forty times already."

"Tut tut! Then it is only a lover's quarrel. Fred, I thought you had more sense."

"Sense!" echoed Fred, ruefully. "I was the worst fool in the world to get mixed up in such a business. Nobody would have dared to touch me if I hadn't been so stupid. 'Papa did,' I interrupted. 'Your father did!' said Fred, blankly. 'And he thought you were acting well—most judiciously.'"

"The denou he did!" muttered Fred. "Indeed, it was at his proposal that Miss Corita was invited; for you know that—that a moonlight sail—well, we thought it would be just the time to make love—"

"Maka love!" echoed Fred, with a queer smile breaking over his face. "Whew! So that's where the wind lies, is it?"

"Papa said—that is, we all concluded—in short—I continued confusedly for the matter seemed to take a slight in Fred's dancing eyes—"that you would naturally like to be thrown together, and we would do all we could for you."

"I really can't express my obligations to you, Miss Fannie," said Fred, dryly. "On the next time you attempt match-making for me, don't pitch upon another man's wife!"

"Another man's wife!"—I fairly shuddered with proper horror—"do you mean Miss Corita—?"

"Is Senora Enrica Ferral. Married six months ago, to a crack-brained Spaniard of mine, whose folly I was mad enough to aid and abet."

"And why is she not with him? When is he?"

"In Cuba. His lady, after having married her penniless lover privately, remained here until she could draw sufficiently on the paternal funds to procure any unpleasant consequences. There will be a jolly row when the old don discovers he has a son-in-law not of his own choosing."

"But you, Fred?"

"The confidential friend, adviser, of cat's paw of the whole transaction, your service, Miss Fannie. What between writing letters, drawing checks, throwing dust in the eyes of our Spanish correspondents, buying tickets that were never used, and engaging passages that never were taken, that woman has made my life a burden to me. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I saw her waiting for me to-day. I tried to evade her, but I had no use. She cornered me at once, and for the last three hours has been inquiring to me a detailed account of the thirty-five pieces of baggage that I am to go through the custom-house for her, and the absolute impossibility of leaving one of them behind."

"So, she is going away, then?"

"Yes," said Fred, with an air of great relief; "she is. At least, I am in hopes that she is. I am to buy her ticket, and ship her to her husband, in three o'clock on Saturday. And if I have anything to do with a runaway match again," added Fred, with increasing fervor, "may I never get married myself!"

It was not until after the Cuban steamer sailed that papa, who was an old acquaintance of Madam Corita's father, admitted to our confidence, and learned how he and I were innocently endeavoring to promote bigamy.

A FEROCIOUS FANATIC.

An Erie Madman Nails His Son to a Cross and Tries to Burn Him. Buffalo Special to St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The eastern part of Erie, Pa., is intensely excited over the blood-curdling freaks of a man crazed by religion. Sylvester Knott, a well-to-do farmer, lives on a comparatively isolated spot on the bank of Lake Erie, is the fanatic who decries as the theme of public conversation. Some months ago he attended a meeting of the Salvation Army at Franklin, where the first seeds of insanity were sown. Since then his brain has by degrees grown more inflamed, and now his frenzy knows no check. For two weeks past he has dived up and down the lake shore, regardless of sunshine or storm, deluging on salvation schemes, "picturing" horrors of Judgment day, and calling upon sinners to worship God or be damned. Yesterday morning he nailed a large cross in the water, which he said would nullify his sins. Having the boy would be tormented with bull-fire forever unless he died in death of mankind's Redeemer. With strength well-nigh superhuman, Knott held the lad firmly while driving a nail through the little fellow's hand, bleeding his precious palm for the crucifixion. The deed was interrupted by the woodcutters who happened to be passing. Leaving his son hanging the fanatic first striking down one of the men with a hammer, then leaping into the lake. A search for his hiding-place proved fruitless, and it was thought had been drowned, but such was not the case. Before midnight the crazy fanatic returned, smashed the door of his house, and knocked Mrs. Knott senseless at a single blow. Entering a chamber where his only daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, lay sleeping he bound her hand and foot and cast her to a lonely place in the forest, with hundreds of cords of wood, were sent to nail his eight-year-old boy, and the madman secured his child.

"Even as Abraham did with Isaac, will I offer you as a burnt offering to the Lord," chanted the madman, setting the funeral pyre on fire, and climbing flames soon licked the eyelids of the girl, whose meretricious looks were music to the madman's ears. Implored the Almighty to accept sacrifice as an atonement for the deeds committed by him in years gone, and added fresh fuel to the fire. But help arrived in time to prevent consummation of the fearful deed. Young men, crossing a party saw a light and heard the young girl's screams. One felled the demented while his companion scattered the logs and fagots and lifted the almost nude den from her fiery bed. The madman, that fettered her limbs were taken to those of the unconscious fanatic. Knott is painfully burned on the lower extremities, and there are blisters on her shoulders, arms and sides. So awful was her experience the doors of an asylum may open to daughter as well as the father. She is night and day, and it is feared her son is permanently dethroned.