

# Dayton Tattler.

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## DAYTON TATTLER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
THE DAYTON TATTLER CO.

PAUL L. DUNBAR - - - - Editor  
VAL W. ANDERSON - - - Associate

CHESTER B. BROADY, - Bus. Mgr. and  
FRANK J. MITCHELL, - - - Assistant

WILLIAM LASON, - - - Local Reporters

Address all business communications to  
the DAYTON TATTLER CO. All  
other communications to the editor, Paul  
Dunbar, No. 9 West Second Street.

All communications intended for publication  
must be in by Wednesday of each  
week.

TERMS: One Dollar and a Half a  
Year in Advance. Six Months, 75c.  
Three Months, 50c.

Good live agents wanted in the sur-  
rounding towns.

### Dodges of London Beggars.

The barefoot dodge is a favorite one with beggars in London. During the Christmas season I saw one lousy knave take off his shoes and stockings, leaving them in a bar-room, and then pick his way over the cold cobblestones of the street, singing a melancholy ditty and holding out his hand for pence. Every English beggar that accosts you reminds you that he is a "poor" fellow. "Oh, please give a penny to a poor devil," "Please help a poor old man," "Please remember a poor lad," "Please buy a box of matches of a poor old woman"—these are the entreaties which come to you from every side. The alleged poverty of these people is their stock in trade. Then, again, the most hideous monstrosities are to be met with upon the street corners—maimed, scarred, and deformed creatures who seek to profit by their hideousness. Many of these creatures are well-to-do. At the corner of Tottenham Court road and Oxford street sits a woman as fat as butter, comfortably clad, and wearing a cheerful expression. A placard suspended from her neck informs the passer-by that "this poor woman is blind," that she "is afflicted with fits," and that she is trying to earn enough to pay for being "tapped for the dropsy." This professional rides to and from her place of business in a cab. Oxford street is patrolled by several blind men who affect dogs and lugubrious songs and dismal countenances. These fellows have entered into a sort of business partnership, and they are rich. Suggest to a London beggar that he apply to one of the numerous homes or asylums for the indigent and afflicted, and see how quick he is to resent the idea. The street-sweepers are a prosperous class, and an impertinent. A young lady of my acquaintance (she is now in Chicago) handed one of these fellows a penny with the spoliotic explanation that it was all the small change she had. Seizing the coin the fellow returned, insolently: "You ought to be

ashamed of yourself for not having more."

The real cunning beggars are the gamins who ply their trade in Holborn and in the city proper. These are the little chaps who accost you with: "Please buy a paper, me lord," and, "Let me help you to a cab, your ladyship." This shrewd flattery seldom fails of its purpose; it is particularly effective with Americans.—Chicago News.

### A Golden Chance.

We had got through to Silver City by stage without adventure, writes a New York Sun correspondent, and perhaps I had more reason than any other passenger to felicitate myself on the fact, as I was carrying \$8,000 in greenbacks for a friend who was going into business. The day after arriving a strange man came to the office and asked if he could have a few minutes private conversation. He looked like a prospector or silver finder, and I took him in to the inner office, where he quietly sat down and began: "I am no hand to beat around the bush, but believe in coming straight to the point."

"Well?"

"Well, you brought \$8,000 with you yesterday."

"Suppose I did?"

"I knew you were coming, and for three days I was posted to intercept you. I intended to hold up your stage and take everything."

"Why didn't you do it?"

"That's what I'm coming to. My infernal burro stumbled with me at a bad place and pitched me off, and for a whole day I hardly moved a rod. I'm so sore and lame now that I can scarcely get about."

"Well?"

"The kernal of this thing is just here. You were my meat, fair and square. Then \$8,000 was as good as in my own pocket. Owing to circumstances beyond my control you pulled through. It was a stroke of luck. I lost my animal and both my revolvers, and am hurt besides. Are you honorable enough to give me a per cent. on that money to go into business again?"

He wanted 3 per cent., but I finally got off with \$30, and he bought a revolver and some blankets with it and went off and stopped a stage and was shot through the head.—Sel.

### Wanamaker's Evident Strength.

It will be in order one of these days for Mr. John Wanamaker to bring suits for damages against the papers that are so industriously engaged in circulating reports that he is financially embarrassed. If there had been a weak spot in his business, the reports that have been circulated abroad would certainly have precipitated a failure. Milwaukee Sentinel.

### He Found his Vocation.

"I went into a store in Boston in 1861 to buy a pair of gloves," said a veteran Chicago drummer, at the Oliver House yesterday. "I was waited on by a beardless young man who looked too weak and effeminate to ever enlist, but he did enlist, and the way he got to the front in fighting and winning shoulder straps was a caution. Before he was in the service two years and before he was twenty three he was a brigadier-general and when the war closed he was a major-general. In the store where I bought he gives the other clerks called him 'Nelse.' He is now the great Indian fighter, Gen. Nelson A. Miles."

### Air Ship Soon to Fly.

"Within three weeks we will sail into Chicago in the first of our air ships," declared E. J. Pennington, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago. Mr. Pennington, who is the principal inventor of the air ship soon to be tried for the first time, had gone to Chicago to attend a meeting of the stockholders of the Mount Carmel Aeronautic Navigation Company, that convened at the hotel December 10th. It was virtually the first meeting of the stockholders of this corporation, which, it is alleged, has already a paid-up stock of \$20,000,000. It is proposed to invest this great sum in the manufacture of ships for traveling in the air.

Mr. Pennington, a neatly dressed, intelligent and studious-looking man of about thirty years of age, explained that the first of the ships was nearing completion, and that the plans for a trial trip over the country had already been completed. This trial will occur in about three weeks. The ship, he said, will start from the place of its manufacture at Mount Carmel and travel to St. Louis, a distance of 185 miles. From there it will sail up to Chicago, and from there to New York. Mr. Pennington and his associate, Mr. R. H. Butler, propose to make the trip, taking with them a half dozen newspaper representatives and any of the stockholders who wish to accompany them. The vessel with which the first trial will be made is two hundred feet in length. The cabin will be made of aluminium.

He--I have never yet met the woman I thought I could marry.

She--No; they are very hard to please, as a rule.--Life.

Indignant Shopper--I thought you warranted this black to be fast color.

Salesman (nonchalantly)--Yes; don't it run all right?--Yenonines News.

First Boy--Did you catch anything?

Second Boy--Not until I got home.--San Francisco Wasp.

HAVE YOUR  
**CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER**  
AND SAVE MONEY.

We can make you clothes for less money than any ready made house in the city, and for trimmings and workmanship we are unsurpassed by any merchant tailor.

Pants, \$3.00; Suits, \$15.00; Overcoats, \$15.00 and upwards.

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We have come to stay. We most cordially invite the public to call and get our prices before purchasing their holiday presents, as we are well known for low prices. We make repairing of watches, clocks and jewelry a specialty.  
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But you has been to see the nice holiday Presents in Jewelry at  
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5 South Main St. Dayton, Ohio.

**A. ZOLG & CO, Merchant Tailors,**  
11 East Fifth St., New Barney Block, Next to Post Office.

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Good live agents wanted in the sur-  
rounding towns.

A good motto for every one to  
adopt is, "pay as you go." A  
great deal of confusion and distress  
to agents would be avoided by  
following out this simple rule.  
Debt is a terrible degrader; noth-  
ing can make a man more miser-  
able in the eyes of the world than  
the knowledge that he is in debt.  
So keep out of it and when the  
collector comes around to your  
houses, go down into your pockets  
and bring up something for him,  
thus helping both yourselves and  
us.

Sitting Bull is dead. He was  
killed by Indian officers while re-  
sisting arrest. He is dead. Peace  
to his ashes, and may all his cunning  
devilry and general cursed-  
ness die with him. May he trip  
joyously along to the happy hun-  
ting grounds by the side of his  
"Messiah." And when he gets  
his Messiah, the aforesaid gen-  
tlemen may keep him there,  
evermore and eternally.

It is with solemn regret that we  
chronicle the death of Mr. Valen-  
tine Winters, an old, universally  
known and respected citizen. He  
was one of the men whose worth  
and business ability made Dayton  
worthy of her name, the Gem  
City. The example of his life is  
one worthy of being followed to the  
very letter, and they are very plain  
and helpful "foot-prints" which he  
has "left upon the sands of time."

We thought, at one time, that  
Dayton was going to fall into the  
front rank with other Ohio cities,  
as a patron and nourisher of  
amateur theatricals. We thought  
that we should soon have a drama-  
tic organization here which  
should rival the club in Cleveland,  
of which editor Smith was so just-  
ly proud. But we were doomed  
to disappointment. The taste for  
amateur theatricals is decreasing,  
whether from lack of interest in  
the participants or lack of ability  
to entertain an audience, we know  
not. However, the art is declin-  
ing, and the several clubs which  
sprang up like mushrooms, are  
now slipping quietly away into  
"innocuous desuetude." This  
pleasure is too great a one to be  
allowed to decline. "Wake out";  
you people of ability, wake out  
from your slumber.

The new sewer will strike some  
of our citizens pretty heavily when  
it comes to taxation, but as yet  
we have heard no serious kicking.  
They must be satisfied, for if they  
were not, we should have heard  
from them, long ere this. You  
know well, that the Afro-Ameri-  
can is not one to remain silent  
under oppression or even fancied  
oppression. When kicking is need-

ed they know how to kick. Speak-  
ing of kicking, the TATTLER has had  
a little experience already. We  
append the note received by one  
of our members.

Dayton, Ohio, Dec. 22, 1890.  
C. B. B.-M.-I am proud of your  
bright weekly, but I think it was poorly  
named. The name will eventually  
kill it. As a friend we advise you to  
change the name and it will live.

AFRO.

When we read that we went up  
into a corner and smiled. The  
name will kill it, well, if any set  
of people are such noddy heads,  
as to let the name of a paper hide  
its merits, why they don't deserve  
a representative sheet. But we  
can not believe that there is more  
than one such ignoramus, (excuse  
the word) in this city, or like  
Sodom and Gomorrah it would  
long ago have been justly destroyed.  
"As a friend I advise you to  
change the name." Cool. If  
"Afro" had been kind enough to  
use his own cognomen, instead of  
sneakingly hiding behind the  
shadow of a name, we should ad-  
vocate electing him immediately  
a member of the TATTLER com-  
pany, and paying him a salary,  
to offer friendly advice. No, friend  
"Afro," not even for your sake  
can we change our name, for it is  
a good one. The province of the  
newspaper is to tell, that's what  
we're going to do. So overlook  
the name so displeasing to you.  
"What's in a name?" A rose by  
any other name would smell as  
sweet. So Shakespeare said and  
so say we. Selah.

True Manhood.

This is a subject that should be  
deeply considered by every man  
who has an interest in his day or  
generation. It is important be-  
cause it deals with the practical  
realities of life. In this subject  
there is a grand lesson to be taught,  
and if we can but succeed in drop-  
ping a thought that may assist in  
impressing the truths of this les-  
son, then will we say that we have  
been amply rewarded for the la-  
bor spent in the effort.

At this juncture allow us to re-  
mark that as important as this  
subject may seem, only now and  
then do we see some one lifting  
up a voice in favor of true man-  
hood, and the steady, earnest  
workers that should be in the  
field fighting manfully for the  
right are few.

This subject, as its title implies,  
embraces two important propo-  
sitions: 1st, manhood in its liberal  
acceptations of the term. 2nd,  
manhood in the sense of being  
true. 1st.-Then what is man-  
hood? It is defined by Mr. Web-  
ster as being the adult years in  
man. Then to be in possession of  
manhood literally speaking is to be  
according to law, twenty-one years  
of age. But to be a true man  
greater requirements than simply  
age are necessary. Which require-  
ments we now consider. In the  
second place the question may be  
asked, "What is it to be a true  
man?" We answer, young men,  
there are certain qualities that we  
must possess, to do, and be all  
that becomes men. We must  
possess integrity in order that we  
may win public esteem and confi-  
dence. Industry, that we may  
gather as it were honey from the  
flowers of labor. Energy, that we  
may rise above everything that  
may impede our progress. Econ-  
omy and frugality, that we may  
preserve the fruits of our labor.  
Last but not least, intelligence.

The man that possesses these  
qualities is a man in the sense of  
being true. Such a man stands  
immovable before every onslaught  
from the world. True to himself,  
true to his God, true to every

prompting of duty, his inner life  
is like a mountain lake in mid  
summer, reflecting within its pure  
bright bosom the blue sky above.  
No motive is sufficiently powerful  
to move him from the path of  
right. Money cannot purchase  
his consent to a wrong act. Pleas-  
ure cannot entice him from the  
ways of justice. The pleadings  
of friendship and the threatenings  
of enmity are alike powerless to  
swerve him from the accomplish-  
ment of a just purpose.

True manhood is a jewel, whose  
luster outshines the dazzling sun,  
it grows brighter and brighter  
every day of its use. True man-  
hood is a possession that time with  
its gliding ages cannot wear out,  
a possession that misfortune cannot  
diminish. No combination of  
circumstances can rob us of it.

True manhood is to care for  
others and to give up self.  
He who has true manhood will  
be patient in trouble, calm in  
trial, trusting in adversity, tem-  
perate in prosperity. His heart  
is ever open to the cry of the bur-  
dened, his hand is ever ready to  
help those who are afflicted.

In conclusion, dear friends, es-  
pecially, the young men, allow  
me to say that if you would be  
at peace, if you would be happy,  
if you would be honored by others,  
if you would be lifted God-wad,  
then compenise at once with an  
unbroken reliance on Providence,  
and thus reach the portals of true  
manhood. F. J. MITCHELL.

The Language We Speak.

Some one has said that the elean-  
gance of one's language, more  
than elegance of attire, is the  
mark of the true lady or gentle-  
man. A little observation on the  
part of any reasonably intelligent  
person will convince him that  
this conclusion is, in a large mea-  
sure, correct.

In view of this fact, it is right  
and proper that all who lay claim  
to intelligence, and all who are  
trying to keep abreast of the  
times, should at all times endeavor  
to use the very best language  
at our command.

Our leading men and women,  
by reason of the positions they  
occupy and the influence they  
wield, are, or rather ought to be,  
our models in this respect. The  
language of the uncultured and  
ill-mannered arab of the highway  
should never be adopted in the  
homes of a cultivated and progres-  
sive people. The inelegant and  
ungrammatical expressions of the  
careless and ignorant should be  
carefully avoided by our young  
ladies and gentlemen who have  
had good school advantages. But  
beyond and above all the language  
of the streets and slums should  
not be heard from the sacred desk.  
Ministers of the Gospel, who take  
the language of the street into  
the church, yea, into the very  
pulpit, can not but know that  
they offend a large proportion of  
the congregation, and at the same  
time, lower their own dignity by  
so doing.

The imperative demand of the  
hour is for leaders who lead, not  
downward and backward, but ever  
forward and upward. Another  
very disgusting practice in vogue  
among our public speakers is the  
use of language of doubtful inter-  
pretation before mixed audiences.  
The modest and well-mannered  
are often made to blush with  
shame on account of coarse, inde-  
licat and totally unnecessary ex-  
pressions.

Let all of those who notice this  
be brought endeavor, by all means  
in their power, to improve them-  
selves in this regard. Let us  
strive to make the language we  
use, and the words we utter, drop

from our lips like coins fresh  
from the mint, pure, perfect and  
exact.

CAMEO.

A Splendid Event.

The holidays were enlivened by  
a grand banquet given at Diester  
Hall, by a club of popular young  
ladies. About seventy-five or a  
hundred guests were present, and  
enjoyed themselves during the  
evening with dancing and other  
kindred amusements.

The supper was unimpeachable  
and made a number question who  
the caterer could be. The table  
fairly groaned with its weight of  
excellent viands.

The march of the supper was a  
sight worth seeing. The hand-  
some faces and beautiful costumes  
of the ladies, offset by the more  
sober hues of the gentlemen's  
dress, made a magnificent picture.

Success, unrivaled success, is  
the word to apply to the enter-  
tainment, and great credit is due  
to the young ladies who planned  
it, and labored so industriously  
to entertain. Those present from  
a distance were, Miss Fannie  
Harris, of Cleveland, Ohio, and  
Messrs. Snowden, Crawford, and  
Woodford, of Springfield.

Christmas at the Baptist Church.

Wednesday evening an event  
of considerable note took place at  
the Baptist church. The occasion  
was the presentation, by the  
Sunday school, of the beautiful  
and tuneful Christmas cantata,  
entitled, "Frost Queen and Santa  
Claus." The principal characters  
were assumed by Messrs. Marion  
Thomas and J. Witbeck, and Mrs.  
Witbeck; and they were assist-  
ed by a large chorus of the Sab-  
bath-school scholars.

The opening duet was skillfully  
sung by Miss Dora Writchel and  
Mrs. Witbeck, and they were fol-  
lowed by the presentation of the  
cantata, which was put on in  
splendid style.

The solo, by little Jessie Brown,  
was sweetly rendered and much  
appreciated by the audience, and  
in fact, every member on the pro-  
gramme was so excellently carried  
out, that the audience was more  
than pleased.

Especially commendable, was  
the excellent characterization of  
the part of the Frost Queen, by  
Miss Dora Writchel. Much of the  
success of the entertainment was  
due to the accompaniment by  
Mrs. Clark, who presided at the  
organ.

The Santa Claus tent was well  
constructed, well conducted, and  
what is better, well filled. And  
the presents were rapidly distrib-  
uted, bringing joy to many a  
heart.

On the whole it was one of the  
happiest Christmases that the  
church and Sunday-school have  
seen.

One young gentleman was  
heard to remark that this (what-  
ever this might be) was the first  
present he had received from a  
Christmas tree or tent in five  
years, while his companion repli-  
ed that it was the first he had  
from such a source in ten. And  
he remarked that he would like  
to have it published, especially in  
the TATTLER; so, my friend, here  
it is. W. J. M.

CITY ITEMS.

Miss Hattie Snell will spend the  
holidays in Chambersburg.

Mrs. Lula Bowman, of Tiffin,  
Ohio, is in the city, the guest of  
her mother, Mrs. Coleman, of  
Perry street.

The Messrs. Freeman, of Lima,  
are in the city on business.

Messrs. Coleman and Hamilton,  
of Yellow Springs, have been  
spending the holidays here, they  
left to-day.

Miss Brown, of Toledo, arrived  
in the city Wednesday evening,  
and is the guest of Miss Luella  
Finley, of West Mead street.

Messrs. Crawford, Woodward  
and Snowden, of Springfield, were  
in the city, Thursday evening and  
attended the party at Diester Hall.

The Christmas exercises held at  
Eaker street church were quite a  
success, their chimney, made of  
boxes of candy, was quite an artistic  
affair.

Miss Carrie Jenkins, of James-  
town, is in the city.

Miss Myrtle Commander, of  
Portsmouth, will spend the holi-  
days in this city.

Miss Fannie Harris, of Clevel-  
and is in the city.

Oysters, Acme Fish Co., Tel. 787.

Little Lillie, the daughter of  
Mr. Porter Jackson is on the sick  
list.

Mrs. Margaret Job, formerly of  
Xenia, is now a resident of this  
city.

Mrs. J. E. Artis was summoned  
to Paris, Illinois, last Saturday,  
where her father is lying in a  
critical condition.

Mrs. J. H. Finley left Thursday  
for Danville, Virginia.

Among the Daytonians who  
will spend the holidays in Spring-  
field, are Mrs. Harvey Walker,  
Miss Luella Finley and her guest  
Miss Brown, also Preston Finley  
and C. B. Broady.

Ed. Howard, from Wilberforce  
University, is in the city.

Mrs. Geo. Williams, of the West  
Side, is able to be out again.

John Peters is home from  
Cleveland where he is studying  
medicine.

Mrs. Henry Tandy, of Lexing-  
ton, Kentucky, will spend a few  
days here, the guest of Mr. and  
Mrs. Geo. Henderson, of State  
street.

Mrs. Marion Thomas, of Sprague  
street, left Saturday, to visit rel-  
atives in Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. Lyons, of Riverdale, who  
has been quite ill is reported  
much better.

The guests of Cooper Hotel pre-  
sented Harry Holmes with a hand-  
some gold watch.

Mr. Chas. Buckner, of the Beck-  
el, received from his walters, a  
very handsome silver-headed cane.

Henry Clark, of Chicago, is vis-  
iting in this city, the guest of his  
aunt, Mrs. Retic More.

Harry Clark, brother of the  
above, will be in the city soon.

Rev. Wright, of Middletown,  
visited the city Sunday, and  
preached an eloquent and instruct-  
ive sermon at the A. M. E. Church.

Mr. James Turner, of Detroit,  
Mich., is in the city.

Mrs. Hattie Anderson held a  
tally-pull at her home on Mead  
street, Tuesday evening. A very  
pleasant time was spent by all  
present. It was in honor of Miss  
Stewart, who left for home,  
Wednesday.

The boys, of the Cooper House,  
presented Harry Holmes with a  
fine traveling valise, for Christmas.

Charlie Clark has his delivery  
wagon on the road and is working  
up quite a prosperous trade over  
in town.

We are glad to hear that a number of enterprising Westsiders have organized a building and loan association. It is a good thing and push will make it go. Keep it up for you are benefiting not only yourselves, but your race.

**The Bogus Baron De Guyn.**

He'd an aristocratic exterior And was built on a magnificent plan; In his grace quite superior To the average orthodox man. He was dressed with a studied propriety From his head to the soles of his feet. And he cut a wide swath in society, As received by the country's elite.

The fair sex he loved with sincerity, With a leading tongue quite superior; To whom he spoke of his posterity; Each day with an eloquent tongue. When describing his castle aerial The ladies' would open their eyes And think in the mart matrimonial The Baron must be a grand prize.

The mothers of maids rich and beautiful Would urge on their daughters to win By attention most loving and dutiful. The heart of this Baron De Guyn. A Boston girl wooed him successfully— A girl with a million in gold. Whom her rivals, in chagrin, distressfully.

Declared to be ugly and old. But, alas for the Baron's nobility! Before he'd been married a week Detectives with great inventivity. His imperial presence did seek. And judge of the young wife's astonishment. When she found that her husband was rash. Was a criminal barber in tongsishment. And haven of titling and cash.

—John S. Gray, in N. Y. Herald.

**NUMEROUS.**

New Salesman—What are you all laughing at? I don't see anything funny in that story.

Old Salesman (in a whisper)—It's old Spotob, the proprietor, that's telling it.

New Salesman (loudly)—Ha! ha! ha! —Chicago Tribune.

"Do you ever, in your lonely hours, find yourself addressing the moon?"

"No, indeed," said the Boston girl. "I have never been introduced to the moon: I only know it by sight." —Bazar.

Miss Antique (taking politely offered seat in a crowded street-car)—Thank you my little man. You have been taught to be polite, I am glad to see. Does your mother tell you to always give up your seat-to ladies?

Polite Boy—No'm, not all ladies, only old ladies. —New York Weekly.

Brushley—It's awful annoying, Mary! Just as I am getting in the last touches on the canvas the blamed cat has to have a fit.

Mrs. Brushley—Perhaps she caught a glimpse of the picture, dear. —Judge.

Henderson—That was a good thing your wife got off at the theatre last night. It pleased me ever so much.

Williamson—What was it? Henderson—Her bonnet.

Clarence (courting Miss Alice observes that her little toddler of a brother has been staring at him from the parlor doorway full five minutes)—Why are you looking at me so, Tommy? Tommy—Waiting for you to propose to Alice.

Alice—Oh, Tommy, how come you to say such a thing? Tommy—Cause ma said if he proposed you'd fling yourself right at him, an' I want ter see you—Chatter.

Miss Prim (to her little nephew)—You should not say that the water is unhealthy, but unhealth-

ful. How can water be unhealthy? Nephew—I don't know, aunty; but you often hear of well water. —Lawrence American.

**CINCINNATI.**

Polar Star Lodge No 1, K. of P. nominated the following candidates: Ed. Committee, C. C.; W. Redus, V. C.; Robt. Carter, Prelate; A. J. Riggs, K. R. S.; L. H. Wilson, M. E.; S. T. Saeed, M. F. The election will be held at their next regular meeting.

Wilson Division has organized a club whose object is to furnish its members with tickets for New York. It is run on the installment plan, each member contributing one dollar each. It is a success, so Capt. Saeed says, and advises all to adopt a similar measure.

Mr. R. J. Harlan has been made granite inspector by the Board of City Affairs.

Mrs. Minnie Brown paid our city a visit. She was formerly a resident of this city, but now of Detroit, Michigan. It has been fifty years since she left this city. This is a great record, for few attain this age, much less living to absent themselves for this decade.

Excelsior Division's entertainment committee was entertained by Sir Knight Chas. Schooley. After indulging in the innocent, they were seated to a sumptuous repast in which they devoured without pomp. They make a specialty of this business—destruction.

The Colored Orphan Asylum received \$1,700 by bequest of Mrs. Hannah Cooper.

Mrs. William Hall, wife of our popular letter-carrier, who has been on the sick list, is convalescing.

Mr. Lafayette Coffey one of Cincinnati's shrewd and intelligent citizens, has been appointed a Deputy Sheriff by Sheriff-elect Val Heim. Good boy, Bud.

Mrs. Florence Turner, one of society's staunch advocates, departed this life Sunday night. In her demise Cincinnati and our populace at large deplores this sad and sudden bereavement. The deceased was a lady who was known for her generosity, benevolence and kindness which marked her traits of character. Her burial occurred from her late residence on Pierson street.

If push, energy, thrift, economy, industry, or anything else that tends to show propriety, the residents of the suburb, Cumingsville, deserve more praise than they get. The writer will give a few names of our people who own their own homes:

Mr. James Bryant has just built his second house on Emore street, worth \$5,000. Mr. Chas. Horner, correspondent for the Indianapolis World, owns his home on Dirt street. Mr. William Hall, our popular letter-carrier, has one on Roll avenue. Jeff. Smith has a nice five-to-ten frame. Messrs. Andrew Lewis, Jno. Wrenn, P. Ware, O. Brannon, John Kelley, and Peterson, Messdames Redmoor, Jones, Green, and Holmes, and many others, have property, which combined would aggregate from \$75,000 to \$100,000, including two churches which are also valuable. Now, how is this for push and energy?

The Household of Ruth entertainment at Mond street church did not receive good attendance as there were other attractions billed for the same night. To be successful, don't make dates conflict with some other bodies, because there is an estimated amount of floating patronage. The more plants there are, the greater the itch. Some day these different bodies will find this out.

The Ideal Social club will give an entertainment at Mrs. Thomms' residence, on Ninth street, December 29th. Now the writer does not wish to assume the role of dictator, but as the Pleasure Seekers banquet goes off on the same night; and as their invitations have been extended, it certainly seems to every fair minded person that the right of way belongs to the Pleasure Seekers. First come, first served.

Prof. Chas. Henson assisted by a company of strong local talent will render the cantata, Queen Esther, at Allen Temple on January 1st. Success to you, Charlie.

Mr. R. J. Harlan will tender a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Doll.

Mr. U. L. Jackson is on the sick list.

Mr. Frank Hart, the pedestrian, says that he attended school with Nat Goodwin and Chas. Sheffield, of the firm, Shaffer & Blakesley, in Boston.

**JAY DOUBLETOWN.**

**CINCINNATI CHURCHES.**

There seems to be among our people too much religion, and not enough of friendship and unity. If there was more friendship and unity there would not be so many colored churches in Cincinnati, there would be more true religion, there would be better churches, and free from debt, the membership would be larger, and the world at large better. It is a pity that the two great Baptist churches, Mound street and Zion can not come to an agreement, and save the only church ever built by colored people in Cincinnati. I say it is a pity to let that church be sold, for that is what it will be in less than two years unless some one comes to its rescue. I think that it would be a good plan if all of the secret societies in our city would assume part of the debt which would not be quite a thousand dollars apiece, and turn it into a hall, for as it now is it would be better for a hall than for a church.

It has been years since Cincinnati has had as many eloquent preachers as it has at the present time. Burch and Steward, of Mound Street; A. J. De Hart, of the Walnut Hills Baptist Church; Bundy, of Brown Chapel A. M. E.; G. Zaway, of Allen Temple, A. M. E.; and Moreland, of Seventh St. M. E. of the six, Mooreland stands above them all, he is the most advanced preacher of color who has ever been in Cincinnati. His membership is not over two hundred, while his Sunday attendance is over seven hundred; these he holds spell-bound as it were, for over two hours. He commands attention and respect from all, even his white brethren love to have him at their meeting. Elder Bundy, of the A. M. E. Church, is one of the best lecturers that has occupied our pulpits for years.

Elder Burch was an advanced man of thought. He was almost

too advanced for the church to which he belongs. Were he a Catholic he could be a priest, or of the A. M. E., a bishop. He was a great friend of the children and had more young folks in his church than all the other colored churches in the city together except the Allen Temple. Elder Gazaway, of Allen Temple is not so much of an orator as he is an ecclesiastical lawyer, said to be the best in the connection to which he belongs. Elder Steward, of Mound Street, is an easy speaking sort of a gentleman, tight to the word, and catches the ear and heart of everyone who hears him. Dr. A. J. DeHart, of the Walnut Hills Baptist Church, is a pulpit orator, his discourses are grand, full of logic, while his delivery is pleasant both to the ear and eye. To the old school belongs Darnell, Webb, Fossett, Ferguson, and others of whom Darnell is the most eloquent and logical of this class.

**PROGRESS.**

**The Gambler's Wife.**

Madge—I shall never be his wife now.

Darrell—Oh, yes you shall, do you think that I am going to let this chance to handle that cool thirty thousand which St. Clair settles on you, slip by? Oh, no, I'm going to fight Arthur St. Clair's money.

Madge—What do you mean? Darrell.—You are not well enough know here for your sudden departure to cause any excitement so play out your little game of sloping with Arthur St. Clair, and when you are married and receive your settlement of thirty thousand I shall ask you to give me ten and to fill what ever subsequent demands I may make. This is the price of my silence.

Madge—I will never do it. Darrell.—Oh yes you will, you have gone too far in the mazz to think of returning, so you must go on to the end. You dare not refuse. Will you consent? Madge (aside).—It is my only way out.—I consent.

Darrell.—I thought you would and now I will not detain you longer as you no doubt wish to prepare for your elopement; goodbye, my wife, you have shown me how false a woman can be and I go out from this house tonight to be from this time henceforth to you a stranger, to the world dead.

**ACT II.**

Scene.—A garden at St. Clair's house, Cedar Ridge. Enter old George St. Clair.

Geo. St. Clair.—The longer the world rolls, the bigger fools men get to be; the idea of my son Arthur eloping with a strange woman, and bringing her here. Now, six weeks after his marriage a strange man is seen looting about the place. It looks suspicious, and that wife of his, I've studied her deeply and my knowledge of human character tells me, that though women are at best a bad lot, Madge St. Clair, my son's wife, is the worst of her sex. Why she's got a bad eye. Any man with common sense could see that even his wicked. Her very voice betrays her. They say that love is blind and I am half inclined to believe that it is deaf and dumb also; poor son, my poor son! its a shame that Arthur should throw himself away on such a miserable object, for he is a handsome fel-

low, he resembles me very closely, he's a fool—You Jerry, Jerry, you Irish dog, do you want to pull up every flower in that garden? He there! put that damn dog out of the garden, do you hear? Jary, you found your body, stop racing after that dog, you'll ruin every bed in the garden, come here, you rascal! (Enter Jerry.)

Jerry.—Faith master, it was such jolly fun, to see that dog dig up an' dust.

Geo. St. Clair.—Yes and so my garden beds flying skyward under your feet.

Jerry.—Under moi feet?

Geo. St. Clair.—Yes, yours at the other dog's together but my rascal how come your coat tail gone?

Jerry.—Well, O'll jest tell ye last night of win to say Kitty Maloney, an' faith oh had no more'n stepped into the yard when their big bull dog began to sing me a bass solo. Says it to him, your song's first rate for milody, Mr. Towser, though you be a thrifle toise, and thin without hadin' the compliment except for a grin which he gave me, he began to sing louder. Be off wid ye, sez it, o'm on me way to say Kitty Maloney, an' faith she'll sing me a swater song than iver you can; wid that it turns aroun' to go. But the miserable spalpeen made for mo. Thinkin' we'd have a little friendly chat, o' jumped for a palin' fence, to sit down as course, but I wint claver over it, all except me coat tail, that o' lift instid of a card.

Geo. St. Clair.—Ha, ha, ha, Jerry, Jerry, Jerry, the fools ain't all dead yet.

Jerry.—Not by a long shoot! Geo. St. Clair.—Come on, let's take a drink on it.

(Exeunt; and enter Nellie.)

(To be continued.)

Skinner is certainly the meanest man extant. He has a trick of leaving the door open when he enters a crowded car of a cold winter morning. The passengers growl and look daggers at Skinner, but Skinner doesn't mind it. Presently one of the passengers gets up to go and close the door and Skinner drops into the vacant seat. In his line Skinner is a genius. —Boston Transcript.

It isn't always wise to tackle a Philadelphian. Under a quiet exterior he sometimes conceals a capacity for destructive epigram. "You see," said a New Yorker the other day to a visiting Philadelphian, "there is no grass on our streets." "That is rather surprising," was the quiet reply, "for you have no end of rich dirt on your streets, in which grass would flourish."

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## Dick Slater's New Year's Gift.

The first of January, and it was as cold as a winter day usually gets. A heavy snow had fallen some days before and was frozen upon the ground. The sunlight fell cold and cheerless upon the scattered huts of Rising Camp.

Rising Camp was one of those mushroom towns which sprung up so quickly under the impetus, which the gold fever imparted, in the wildly prosperous days of '49. It was settled rather high up among the hills, and was considered a tolerably prosperous place.

There was one church, eight saloons, and that most valuable of all adjuncts to a western town, a large cemetery, where those rude spirits peacefully rest, whom the swift steel or cold lead had sent to their account; and some even lay there who had died natural deaths.

Day after day the hum of business in the town, the ring of pickaxe and spade sounded among the hills. But to-day no sound of labor was to be heard; all were gathered in-doors and the streets were silent, save in proximity to the saloons which were doing a prosperous business to-day, whence ever and anon issued bursts of merriment, freely mingled with showy and elaborate streaks of profanity. The sound of rolling dice, and the flip of cards as they hit the table, and the dull thud which the bags of shining gold must make as they fall, all gave evidence that it was a holiday in Rising Camp. No work for the Rising Campers on New Year's day.

Inside of the "Dove's Tail," the largest and most pretentious saloon of the place, the night was strange. Thirty or forty were crowded into the large frame room, employing themselves variously. Some were leaning leisurely over the bar, supping luxurious mint juleps and cocktails, for so the bartender with his great diamond glittering in his shirt bosom, insisted upon calling these mixtures, which were the product of his own brain, although an easterner would have failed to recognize them as his favorite drinks. Some were shaking dice or playing cards while others, the worse for drink, were lolling about on the home made sofas which adorned the bar room.

Sitting somewhat apart from the rest with his head upon his hand, was a young man apparently of a somewhat different cast from the rest. He was in the regulation garb of the miner, but the tugged apparel seemed in no way fit for his slight but handsome form. His face was intellectual-looking, open and honest, a face which in a crowded street, one would turn to look upon again. But just now there seemed to be a cloud resting on it, his brows were wrinkled in a frown, one more of pain, than displeasure.

There was a story connected with his life; he had been a rising lawyer in an eastern city and was prospering exceedingly well, when he met and loved the daughter of a rich client; his affection was returned; but the stern father refused to listen to his suit and forbade him to see his daughter again. The result was an elopement and marriage, but for the first few months afterward, times were hard, and it was difficult getting along, then the gold fever took him and leaving his young wife in the stateshe came to California, like so many other deluded vic-

times, expecting to find sudden wealth. He was disappointed.

He took sick, and through other disasters, he found at the end of a year, that he had not accumulated enough to send for his wife. This was a sad blow to him, but he was of a cheerful disposition and was content to struggle on, but when continued reverses met him, he became discouraged and Dick Slater was usually conceded by his fellow citizens in Rising Camp, to be "the doggoned unluckiest chap, that ever breathed."

As he sat there alone, thinking of his misfortunes, the door was opened and a man entered, making directly for Slater, he slapped him on the back exclaiming, "Wake up, old man, what're feelin' so blue about? Yer orter recollect that no night is ever so dark that the sun don't rise agin in the mornin'."

"That's so Sandy," replied Slater, "but I'd almost begun to believe that my morning would never come until the morning of eternity."

"Bosh! I think I begin to see faint streaks o' light already in the sky, an' if them ain't signs o' mornin', Sandy Wilson has been much mistaken." "What do you mean Sandy?" asked Dick. "Come up an' take some 'till' fust," said Sandy. "An' I'll tell you." After drinking, he went on, "Well you see, I went up an' went to pokin' around that place o' yours up there, not that I meant to meddle, but I thought there was gold there an' as I had more experience than you in that sorter thing, I thought I'd be more likely to find it, and I done it begosh." "What!" exclaimed Slater rising. "Sh," said Sandy, raising a warning finger, "We don't want to put none o' these fellows excited, git on yer bat an' come with me."

Half dazed, Dick Slater did as he was bidden and followed his friend out.

"You see Sandy," he said, "I've been feeling pretty blue to-day; I got a letter from my wife back in the states, an' she said she'd got pretty tired of waiting, but then she spruced up and wrote that she was going to send me a New Year's gift; well, the last stage has come and gone and no present yet, not that I care so much for the present itself, but then any little gift like a pair of mittens or your own knitting would make me feel so much nearer to her, and kind of give me push and energy to struggle over all these obstacles."

"Don't you be afeared, that wife o' yours said she was goin' to send you a present, it's a comin' begosh, 'cause when a true woman promises you anything, you're a goin' to git it, I've got lots o' faith in them little critters, I tell you. They're mighty weak, when it comes to a struggle of arms an' hands, but when a heart's got to be torn an' bruised an' broke, it's them little critters that stands it best, begosh; God bless 'em all." And so they trudged along over the frozen snow until "Slater's place" as it was familiarly called was reached.

An examination proved to Dick that his friend was right beyond a doubt. The vein of gold was rich and at last Slater's morning bad come. They stayed at the bud prospecting and planning until dark, and when they turned away to seek the center of the town again, Dick remarked, "I am full of thankfulness for this good luck, and yet I am troubled about that

New Year's gift. It may have been lost on the road, and that would grieve Jenny so, for she hasn't anything to lose, poor child."

"Don't you mind about that present, when it comes it'll be here, begosh, an' there won't be no more anxiety an' worry about it. I'm jest as sure, begosh, that that present's a comin' as if it war before me now, begosh, what the dev—!"

He checked the exclamation and both men stood staring at the figure of a woman which leaned against a rock in front of them. Looking up she roused them from their stupor by asking, "Can you tell me—?" At the sound of the voice, Dick Slater, brushing Sandy out of his way, bounded forward, "Jenny," he cried. "Dick, my husband!" and then as though the pent up fountains of long years were unloosed she wept upon his breast.

At last he asked, "How came you here, Jenny?" "Well, you see, she answered half laughing, half crying, "my money ran out at the station before this, and I had to walk, I told them that I loved who I was, and they directed me New Year, and I am here as your New Year's gift."

A silent embrace was his only answer, and as they wended their way to his hut, which was now a home, Sandy muttered, "forgo me, begosh!" Slater caught the words and laughing in very joy of heart, he introduced his wife. And the last words that were heard as they entered the house were, "I was sure that present was comin' begosh!"

FRANK MAYNE TEMPLETON.

## She Knew All About It.

Just about midnight the other night four men at the Abbey sat looking at a fifth. The fifth one was drunker than the other four. While all men were created equal, some men get drunk twice as fast as others.

"It will never do to send him home in this condition," said one of the four after a long silence.

"No, it would break his wife's heart," added a second.

"But we can't leave here and if we turn him out the police will run him in," observed the third.

"I have been thinking," mused the fourth. "He has a telephone at his rooms. Here is one—here. I will make it my painful duty to inform his waiting and anxious wife that he won't be home to-night."

He went to the telephone, got her call and began:

"Mrs. Shifter, I desire to communicate with you regarding your husband."

"Well, go ahead."

"He is down here."

"I know that much."

"In descending the stairs leading to the lodge-room he fell and sprained his neck."

"Are you sure he didn't break his neck?"

"It is not a serious sprain, but we think it better to let him lie on the sofa in the ante-room until morning. Rest assured that he will have the best of care. We are doing ev—"

"Say!" broke in a sharp voice, "you bundle him into a cab, and drive him up here, where I can keep him hidden until that drunk goes off! He won't be sober until to-morrow night."

"My dear mad—"

"Get out! If he is sleepy drunk put water on his head.

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That's the way I always do."

"Will you let me inform you that—"

"No, sir, I won't. Throw water on his head, get him into a cab and send him here, for it's most midnight now and it will take me half an hour to get his boots off and push him up-stairs! Remember—pour water on his head and yell 'fire' in his ear."—Sel.

## NUMEROUS.

"Is the tooth unbound, Doctor?"

"No. You have the largest mouth in the world. It contains a whole ache."

He—Keep quiet a minute, and I'll catch that obnoxious fly.

She—Oh, don't try to, please. I saw you playing ball yesterday.

Johnson—Why, Grizzly, your party back so soon! Did not Miss Bigfoot enjoy the lake?"

Grizzly—No; but I believe her objections are somewhat personal. You see, she was sitting on the edge of the dock and the water cast reflections on her feet.—West Shore.

An Apsin man read in a paper that the family should always be the scene of laughter and merriment, and that no meal should be passed in the moody silence that so often characterizes these occasions. The idea struck him so favorably that when his family was gathered around the table that evening he said:

"Now, this sort o' thing of keepin' go blamed mum at meals has got to stop. You hear me? You girls, put in an' tell stories, an' keep up agreeable sort o' talk, like an' you boys, laugh and be jolly, or I'll take and dust your jackets with a grape-vine till you can't stand. Now begin!"

The glare that he sent around the table made the family as funny as a funeral.—Texas Signings.

Recently a lady took her little boy to a church in Leeds. He was a very little boy, and it was his first visit to church. The organ began to play, and the child turned to his mother and asked in a loud whisper:

"What's that, mamma?"

"Hush, dear, it's the organ."

"An organ in church?"

whispered the small boy, evidently much astonished and impressed.

Then a pause of expectation, and a clergyman, small of stature, appeared in very gorgeous vestments.

"Oh, look, mamma!" called out the enfant terrible in clear accents, "Is that the monkey?—Leeds Mercury.

An old Scotch lady who lived at considerable distance from the parish church was in the habit of driving over to the service. Her coachman, when he considered the services nearly at an end, would slip out quietly for the purpose of having the carriage ready by the time the service was concluded.

One Sunday John returned to the church, and after hanging about the door for a considerable time, grew impatient, and, popping in his head discovered the minister haranguing as hard as ever. Creeping down the aisle toward his mistress, he whispered in her ear—

"Is he no near due yet?"

"Dune!" returned the old lady in a high state of indignation, for her patience had been exhausted.

"He's done half an hour since, but he'll no stop."

The two men who had been sitting together in the seat near the door of the car became engaged in an animated controversy, and their loud voices attracted the attention of all the other passengers. Suddenly one of them rose up and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you to decide a disputed point. My friend here insists that not more than three persons out of five believe they have souls. I take a more cheerful view of humanity. Will all of you who believe you have souls raise your right hands?"

Every right hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said, with a smile. "Keep them up just a moment. Now, will all of you who believe in a hereafter please raise your left hand also?"

Every left hand in the car went up.

"Thank you again," he said. "Now, while all of you have your hands raised," he continued, drawing a pair of revolvers and leveling them, "my friend here will go down the aisle and relieve you of whatever valuables you may happen to have. Lively now, Jim."—Chicago Tribune.